

THE BIBLE AS PSYCHIC HISTORY

by REV. G. M. ELLIOTT

TOMORROW

ASTROLOGY; FACTS AND FALLACIES

Dal Lee

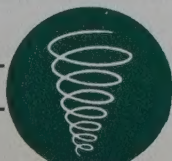
THE HOLY KABALLAH

Kenneth Rexroth

VISION AT GETTYSBURG

M. A. Hancock

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: CURSES FOR A GHOST, by Dorothea Pilz; INDIA'S HOLY MEN GO MODERN, by R. K. Narayan; AT 2:55 A.M., by Gay Allison; WHO KILLED MATA ARUHA?, by Ronald Rose; "A HIDEOUS AND WICKED COUNTRY . . .", by Denys Val Baker; WHAT MAKES "LONG JOHN" RUN?, by Tom O'Neil; TV GILDS A LILY, by Susy Smith; HOW COULD THE TABLE KNOW?, by George Zorab; OR WAS IT A DREAM? by F. E. Wade; Book reviews by Eileen J. Garrett, Michael O'Shaughnessy, Allan Angoff.



TOWARD A NEW SPIRITUAL DOCTRINE

THE global character of revolution, both physical and spiritual, is now making itself felt even in the most passive of minds. The Orient is no longer traditionally passive, but has begun to impress its awakening spirit, for good or ill, upon the West. All of Asia demands political freedom. China, as well as Japan and India, demands that the West adjust its practices to meet their changing values. Civilizations that are thousands of years old, no longer exude charm and complacency. Each in his way demands to use his own initiative within his territory and without.

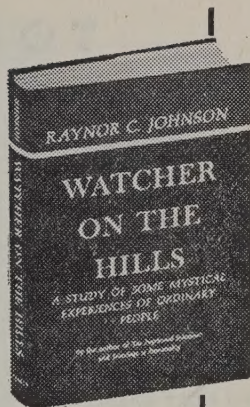
Once we thought that morality and religion could flow along, independent of science, but today, science, with its economic impact, is leading the world without the guidance of religion. The West feels that its own religious dogma serves adequately, while the Orient, with its own conflicting faiths, feels that Oriental teachings are superior, in the enduring meaning of the spirit of man, to that of the West.

Engaged, then, as is all the world in a tug of war for economic independence, art and religion are being lost sight of, at a time when deep-seated problems release emotions that must have aesthetic and spiritual sustenance. The intellectual food of our modern scientific atmosphere is not enough. The Protestant groups, once the reformers, have an old tradition to remember, dating back beyond Luther to St. Thomas, who rejected the old orthodoxy to define a new one. The time has surely come to bring one's own dogmatic beliefs abreast of contemporary science and philosophy.

(Continued on inside back cover)

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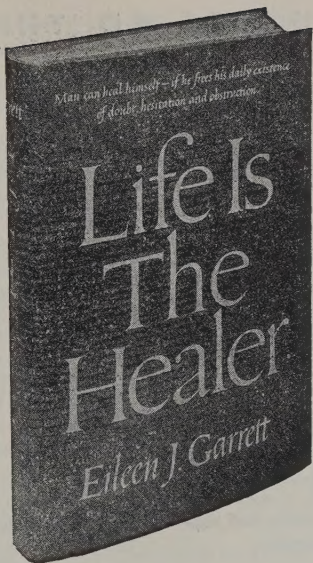
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VOL. 8. No. 3

SUMMER, 1960

WHO KILLED MATA ARUHA? by Ronald Rose	7
OR WAS IT A DREAM? by F. E. Wade	17
VISION AT GETTYSBURG by Mary A. Hancock	21
THE HOLY KABALLAH by Kenneth Rexroth	25
CURSES FOR A GHOST by Dorothea L. Pilz	37
HOW DID THE TABLE KNOW? by George Zorab	44
TV GILDS A LILY by Susy Smith	49
HERE AND HEREAFTER A Book Review by Allan Angoff	55
A NONCHALANT HISTORY OF THE "LITTLE PEOPLE"	
A Book Review by Michael O'Shaughnessy	63
DEATH IN OUR LIVES A Book Review by Eileen J. Garrett	65
WHAT MAKES LONG JOHN RUN? by Tom O'Neil	67
AT 2:55 A.M. by Gay Allison	73
"A HIDEOUS AND WICKED COUNTRY . . ." by Denys Val Baker	76
INDIA'S HOLY MEN GO MODERN by R. K. Narayan	86
ASTROLOGY: FACTS AND FALLACIES by Dal Lee	93
BOOK CONDENSATION:	
THE BIBLE AS PSYCHIC HISTORY by Rev. G. Maurice Elliott	103

Tomorrow, Vol. 8, No. 3, Summer 1960. Published quarterly by Garrett Publications at 50c a copy. Annual subscriptions: \$2 in U.S. and Canada, \$2.50 in foreign countries; two years for \$3.50 in U.S. and Canada, \$4 in foreign countries; three years for \$5 in U.S. and Canada, \$6 in foreign countries. Editorial and Business Offices, 29 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1960 by Garrett Publications. All rights reserved. Second class postage paid at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

GAY ALLISON is the pen name of a New Jersey housewife and grandmother who has traveled widely and lived for many years in New England. She is presently at work on a group of short stories.

ALLAN ANGOFF, who regularly reviews books for TOMORROW, is on the staff of the Montclair, N.J., Public Library. He has written and lectured on problems of publishing and library administration.

DENYS VAL BAKER lives in Cornwall, England, an area which he regards as "the strangest" in "the whole of the British Isles." He is at present engaged in a socio-literary study of the followers and supporters of D. H. Lawrence.

REV. G. MAURICE ELLIOTT was, up to the time of his death last year, Honorary Secretary of the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical Studies in Great Britain. His book *The Bible as Psychic History* (London, 1959), a condensation of which appears in this issue, was published shortly before his death.

MARY A. HANCOCK is a regular contributor of articles to various magazines. For the past few years her two special interests have been Civil War Research and E.S.P. In "Vision at Gettysburg" she is able to combine them.

DAL LEE is the editor of *Astrology Guide*, *Your Personal Astrology*, and *Astrology Yearbook*. His previous contribution to these pages, "Do Astrologers use E.S.P.?" appeared in the issue of Winter 1957.

TOM O'NEIL is the editor of *Psychic Observer*, a spiritualist periodical. His career in entertainment and publishing has included such diverse pursuits as tap dancing, professional golfing and editing.

MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY'S activities have included playwrighting (*The Battle for Heaven*, concerning Mary Baker Eddy), a novel (*Monsieur Moliere*; New York, 1959), and scene designing (NBC-TV). He is New York correspondent of the British weekly *Time and Tide*, and further identifies himself as "a painter, cook, and dog lover."

DOROTHEA L. PILZ has lived in the United States for eight years. Born in Germany, she holds a degree as Distillery Master and has managed her late husband's cognac plant in Alsace-Lorraine. Several of her articles have appeared in *Constanze*, a German women's magazine.

KENNETH REXROTH, painter, critic, and poet, lives in San Francisco. A co-founder of the San Francisco Poetry Center, Mr. Rexroth contributes articles and poems to various magazines.

RONALD ROSE specializes in anthropological parapsychology among the native peoples of Samoa, Australia, and New Zealand. In 1959 he conducted an investigation on the educatability of Australian aborigines for the Commonwealth Office of Education. Mr. Rose, the author of the book *Living Magic*, (1956) is a resident of Canberra, Australia.

(Continued on Page 6)

Announcing the publication of

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(Continued from Page 4)

SUSY SMITH, contributed an earlier article on the treatment of parapsychological subjects on TV, "Television's Psychic Fling," to the Winter, 1957 issue. Miss Smith has made two guest appearances on the Jack Paar Show, being interviewed on the subject of psychic phenomena, and has contributed two chapters to the anthology *Ghosts* (London, 1959).

F. E. WADE is a resident of Dallas, Texas. His article "Or Was It A Dream?" is his first contribution to TOMORROW.

GEORGE ZORAB is the former Honorary Secretary of the Netherlands Society for Psychical Research. He has written many articles and books in the field of parapsychological studies; his latest work is *Parapsychologie* (The Hague, 1959), a handbook of psychical research.

**What is
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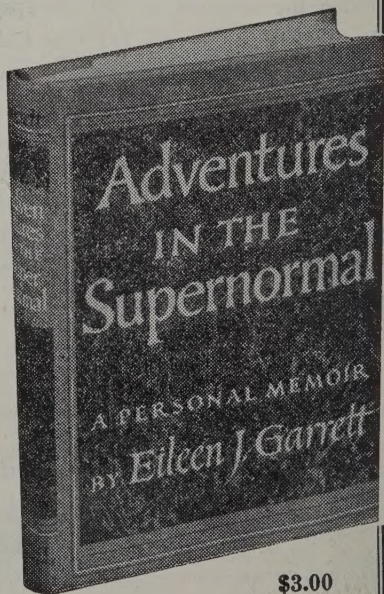
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Family and friends stood sadly around the body of Mata Aruha, trembling as they listened to the old man accuse her murderer

WHO KILLED MATA ARUHA?

Ronald Rose

THERE is a rich valley in the North Island of New Zealand occupied almost exclusively by Maoris. These vigorous Polynesian people whose forbears, six centuries ago, crossed the lonely Pacific by canoe to settle this land, whose grandfathers fought British forces a hundred years ago, today live peacefully with the white man, the pakeha. They have retained much of their old Maori culture and outlook and, in this valley, much of their most valued possession: land.

Follow the road inland from the pakeha town on the coast. You pass through misty hills clothed in their Winter coat of soft greens and hazy violets. These hills still bear the marks of ancient Maori labor, for most of them—those with the flattened tops and remains of deep trenches cut into the sides—were once the sites of fortified villages of the Maoris.

They called these fortified villages pas. With the coming of the white man and his insatiable demand for flax, the pas were moved down from the hilltops to the then-swampy lowlands. Today, in one

section of this valley, in an area of but a few square miles, there are still eight or nine pas, with their weirdly-carved meeting houses facing

These are the communal centers of the tribes and sub-tribes living in the valley. Here they feed and accommodate visitors, and hold all their important functions—the monthly meeting of the tribal committee, hangis or feasts for special occasions of celebration, and tangis when one of their people dies. The meeting house and its nearby hall represent the sacred and the profane in Maori social life.

AKUHATA PA is one of the biggest in the area. Today the marae is crowded, for it is an important occasion. The people are gathered in a wide, shallow arc facing in towards the meeting house, leaving a broad area clear for the chiefs and orators as they take their turn to speak. Up front, seated on stools, in the place of honor, are chiefs and elders from neighboring pas, some with elegantly-carved walking sticks held at a jaunty angle before them, talking gravely to each other. Behind them are their wives, and the younger men and women of the tribe, a few of them sprawled on the grass smoking cigarettes and enjoying the gentle warmth of the sun. Well away from the main area of the marae are the children, their frolics kept in check today by the watchful eyes of one or two of the young married women. Some of them are fully occupied with their younger brothers and sisters, whom they carry carelessly on the hip or blanketed, Eskimo-fashion, on the back.

Along the side of the dusty road, a short distance away, is a strange collection of cars (a few of them with fat brown babies sleeping on the seats), tractors, and horses. There are some buses, too, for today visitors have come from distant parts. And on the outskirts of the crowd there is a small, ragged army of scratching, sniffing, brawling dogs of many sizes, many colors, and many, many breeds.

On the side of the marae there is feverish activity. Young men carry bags of potatoes and dump them in enormous heaps before women, who energetically peel and scrape them. A side of beef swings from the branches of a tree. On a rough table, two young men chop huge slabs of pork into smaller, more manageable pieces, one of them wielding a broad knife and the other a tomahawk. On another

long table near them, a table that sags with the weight, lie row upon row and tier upon tier of dressed poultry. No Maori guest is allowed to want.

Near by, a hollow has been scraped in the rich black soil and above it a pile of wood, several feet high, has been neatly arranged ready for the flame. On top of the wood, the blackened stones of the hangi that have served their purpose so many times before, have been heaped. As the wood of the fire that heats them burns and then collapses with their weight, they will fall into the hollow below to give their gentle heat in turn to the pork and fowls and potatoes that are piled above them and covered with leaves, bags, and soil.

On the marae proper, near the meeting house where attention is focussed, my wife, Lyndon, and I, who have seated ourselves slightly to one side of the courtyard with a very senior chief of the area and some of the elders, can see three old women. The lips and chin of each are tattooed with designs in deep blue. Their greyed hair streams over stooped shoulders as the three old women squat cross-legged talking quietly amongst themselves.

FROM THE HALF-DOZEN PEOPLE ranged on either side of an open coffin on the verandah of the meeting house come discordant moans. The coffin lies on Maori flax mats, with some greenstone and whalebone clubs and priceless old kiwi cloaks, and around it are arranged framed photographs of the children of the occupant, a handsome middle-aged woman.

The body of a woman, Mata Aruha, has been neatly clothed, her long black hair combed and beribboned. A young red-eyed girl, Niniwa Kehua, squats cross-legged next to the coffin. She sways gently back and forth, as she moans an incoherent dirge. Gently, she strokes the hands, the face, of the body and implores, "Come back to us! Oh, come back to us!" The dead woman's husband, Tame, is huddled in a corner of the verandah with blankets around his shoulders. Like his companions, he has been here all night. His brown face is ashen.

A long, powerful black car pulls to a standstill nearby. From it steps a good-looking Maori girl, sleekly but soberly dressed in a grey tailored suit. In her dress and bearing she seems more white than

Maori. Deep from the crowd at the back of the marae come a few cries in mock derision. "Look at the pakeha! Make way for the pakeha!"

The girl smiles with good humor but moves firmly across the marae straight towards the coffin. As she approaches, the three old women come to their feet. They break out in uncontrolled weeping, weeping that is chorused from the verandah of the meeting house and parts of the crowd. The old women call out the ceremonial welcome. "Haere mai! Haere mai! Haeri mai!" To us it sounds like a challenge and a lament.

For a moment the girl stands, head bowed, before the coffin. Tears stream down her face. Ostentatiously she wipes them away with wide sweeps of her hand. The orator who has been discoursing quietly to one side of the meeting house bursts forth with new endeavour, welcoming the relative, extolling the virtues of the dead woman, expressing the sorrow of the gathering—all this, of course, in the Maori tongue.

Now the girl slips off her black, high-heeled shoes (for to tread the ceremonial mats with shoes is indeed an insult) and greets in turn the close relatives of the woman. She grasps their hands and touches noses twice with each in the formal Maori hongī. She steps from the verandah, puts on her shoes, and reaches down for a beer bottle (which now holds water) on the ground beside her. This has been placed here for those who venture close to the dead and all know its use. She washes her hands and thus cleanses herself of the tapu of the corpse.

She moves away towards the crowd on the marae. Her face is now aglow. Cheerfully she greets her friends amongst those gathered here. Someone explains to us, "She has been working as a nurse in Auckland. It is good for her to see her friends again."

So the relatives and friends arrive and pay their respects, and there are short, sharp periods of lament. The size of the crowd on the marae grows. Someone refills the beer bottle. It is a simple drama. In our society, death is usually a close family affair; to the Maoris it is far more public. Lyn and I feel that we are intruders into the domestic sorrow of the dead woman's relatives, but no one else seems to think

this. And today we feel that the dramatic climax is yet to come, that this tangi is to become an affair of even more public interest, for there is an atmosphere of tension and anticipation.

The climax is approaching. A hush falls over the crowd as the orator turns and walks slowly from the marae. All eyes turn to Pou-whare Pekatahi, the senior chief of the area. He grasps his walking stick firmly and rises slowly to his feet. With lumbering dignity he walks across the grass and turns to face the crowd.

He is a man of nearly eighty and big, even by Maori standards. His features are firm and would do credit to a man of fifty; his bull neck and broad shoulders tell of the vigor of his youth when he lived in the tribal way in the rugged hills to the back of the valley. He looks about him with alert, penetrating eyes that fear no man. He plants his stick firmly in the ground and, with both hands resting on it, his feet slightly apart, he begins his oration.

The first part is formal. Then, sensing that the right moment has arrived, the chief thrusts his stick forward, leans heavily on it, and gazes icily around the marae. There is absolute silence. Even the men and women preparing the food pause in their labours, half-peeled potato or bloody knife in hand. He does not shout, but every word rings across the marae.

"This is no ordinary death," he says slowly. "This woman before us was murdered."

He pauses and in the awful silence even the long grasses and the trees seem to stand still.

"This was makutu! This was sorcery!"

The dread word makutu shudders through the groups in gasps and whispers, and a buzz of subdued, excited conversation ripples through the crowd. The old man pauses again until attention returns to him. Then he speaks once more:

"The man who did this thing—I know his capacity for evil—the man who did this thing was Koro Tuna! I denounce him! Koro Tuna took the breath from her body. He stole the life of Mata Aruha in the night, so that even those who were close to her did not hear her last breath. I name him—Koro Tuna!"

LYN AND I knew the story. This was Tuesday. On Sunday afternoon we had been talking to the woman. Even then we had heard accounts of the mischief against her that the priest Koro was attempting to work. Gradually, we built up a picture of what was happening and felt the undercurrent of magical drama sweeping through the apparently placid group with whom we were working. Pouwhare Pekatahi told the whole story on the marae. As he did so we pieced in our small part in the happening.

It had all started a week before. Mata Aruha, usually quiet and reserved, had exchanged heated words with Koro Tuna, for his daughter, a married woman, was carrying on with a man whose wife had died recently. This was not proper, said Mata Aruha. It was not right in the old Maori way, nor was it right according to the principles of the pakeha. Were these people bound by no law, bound by no principles of morality or decency? Was Koro Tuna, a spiritual leader amongst the Maori people in the area, going to allow this to go on? Why had he not stopped it? How could he hold his head high, while his daughter flaunted the bonds of marriage—and with a man whose wife was barely dead?

Koro Tuna told her curtly that what he did or condoned was none of her business, and that what his daughter did was even less so. Who was she to raise her voice in criticism of him and his family?

The argument developed. And then it had come—the threat.

“He told me I would know his power—you know what he meant by that, don’t you?” Mata Aruha had said to her family. “He has threatened me. I am not afraid of Koro Tuna the man, but I know all fears when I think of the powers this man has over life and death. The old-time powers of the tohungas, who could shatter a stone with the power of thought alone, or kill a bird even in its flight with but a glance, these powers have lingered on in this man, and I am afraid. How can my mind have peace?”

Then her brother died. No one could know the chill fears that gripped her in the three mournful days of her brother’s tangi. She returned to her home, weakened in body and low in spirit, exhausted and apprehensive.

Something must be done, said Tame, her husband. She must move her bedding, without delay, to the meeting house and place her mattress next to that of old crippled Kehua, who slept there. He was over eighty and he understood makutu; he could shield her from Koro Tuna's unseen powers. There she could feel safe. There—where carvings and ancient photographs of her ancestors looked down upon her—was spiritual sanctuary. She promptly moved across to the carved, weathered meeting house where Lyn and I found her that Sunday afternoon, alert and, outwardly at least, in good spirits.

We had been looking forward to meeting Mata Aruha for some time; in our quest for people in this area who were known for their psychical experiences, her name had frequently been mentioned. She had practiced as a "medium"—in the spiritualist sense—and still did so on special occasions, we were told. Her specialty was to diagnose people's ailments. When someone was brought to her, she would fall into a trance and through her mouth came the voice of her much-loved daughter who had died nearly ten years before at the age of sixteen. Witnesses of these trances had told us that Mata Aruha's features seemed to become younger as trance settled on her and her slow voice changed to the vibrant, vigorous tones of a teen-age girl. The girl would tell the cause of the patient's trouble and suggest a method of treatment. Told of the many cures she had to her credit, Mata Aruha seemed to us a person of unusual interest.

The meeting house had been crowded when we arrived on Sunday. The air was thick with tobacco smoke. When our eyes became used to the gloom we saw groups of chattering women busily sorting bundles of clothing left by a missionary early in the day. Brown-eyed children peeped at us shyly from behind their mothers' skirts and the carved posts of the house. Old Kehua was stretched out on his mattress, his crutches beside him, a tiny babe in his arms. He broke off from his conversation with the other old men who were squatting by his mattress and greeted us warmly.

He introduced Mata Aruha. With her was Kehua's granddaughter, Niniwa, caring for her. Mata was not well, that was clear, but she seemed reasonably bright. We told her we had heard of her trance powers and explained why we were so interested. We wanted

her to feel that we were not just idle, curious pakehas. But she pleaded that she was tired. She would certainly help us if she could, though she failed to see how she could do so; and would we not call to see her later in the week? Then, perhaps, she would be feeling better. Impatient though we were, we agreed.

Shortly after we left that afternoon—as one of Mata Aruha's relatives told us later and Pouwhare Pekatahi told the people on the marae—Koro Tuna himself visited the meeting house. He talked to the old men; he cast barely a glance at Mata Aruha. The women, having finished the sorting of the clothes, wandered off to prepare the evening meal for the men, who shortly followed them. Koro Tuna left.

Old Kehua, tired with the activities of the day, the visit of the missionary with his bundles of clothing in the morning, and his talks with the pakehas from Australia through the afternoon, dozed. Niniwa Kehua left for a moment the woman she had been tending. When she returned, there was a man crouched beside Mata Aruha. It was Koro Tuna! He had come back into the meeting house. As she stood watching in silent horror, the priest slowly and deliberately took from Mata Aruha's trembling fingers a cigarette, the cigarette she was smoking, put it to his lips and smoked it. He rose and walked quietly out into the grey dusk.

Instantly Niniwa realized all the terrible implications of what she had seen. With one simple act, Koro Tuna had increased a hundred-fold his power over the woman he had threatened. In terms of magic, the part equals the whole. Just as a witchdoctor, in the heart of the African jungles, works his sorcery with a single hair from the person he wishes to harm, or an Australian aboriginal "clever man" with a nail paring, so Koro Tuna had taken a part of his intended victim, her cigarette. Thus the whole of her was virtually in his power.

Niniwa raised the alarm. Soon the meeting house was crowded again. Old Kehua was roused from his slumbers and told what had happened. He listened carefully and, as the full import of Niniwa's almost incoherent narrative dawned upon him, his face darkened.

"Watch her breath," he said, for the old man knew now the form that Koro Tuna's sorcery would take.

Soon afterwards, already laboring to breathe, Mata Aruha passed into unconsciousness. Her last words were, "He is killing me, that Koro Tuna."

At five o'clock in the morning, with her relatives sleeping fitfully near her and only poor Niniwa wide awake, Mata Aruha drew a sharp, sudden breath, and died. Her death certificate says she died of bronchial asthma.

BUT NO DEATH CERTIFICATE tells the whole story. The primary cause of death, as it appears to the examining physician, is stated. Usually there is no reference to the multitude of precipitating causes or the countless factors of heredity and environment, of attitude and belief, that mould a person's life and may eventually shape his death.

The certificate for Mata Aruha does not tell the story of her life—how, from her birth fifty years ago, she had grown up in an atmosphere of magic and superstition. It does not tell of the misty nights by a camp fire or lantern when a tiny brown girl listened with wide eyes and open mouth to the eerie tales told by the old folk, stories of the tohungas and their power over things both in this world and in the other world you cannot see. It does not tell of the feats she herself believed she saw these priests perform—she heard them speaking to the gods and she heard the gods reply to them; she saw them apparently control the elements (it was well known that Koro Tuna's father could divide the waters of the river), and strike men down without raising a hand; and she saw them gaze on the sick and make them well, stroke the injured and restore them to health.

She herself had experienced something of these wonderful powers. Through her, it seemed, the spirit of her daughter had returned from time to time to heal those near to her. And, she had told us in our one brief interview with her, she could gaze out the windows at night or into the mists of the day and see the ghostly hosts of those who had died before. They crowded around her. Mata Aruha lived in two worlds.

But what are the facts? What is the explanation of Mata Aruha's death in terms of our materialistic western ideas? Does Koro Tuna

have some magical power at his command, some power foreign to our culture? Or is his power a more subtle psychological one? Did he kill Mata Aruha with the sort of mind force attributed to old-time priests? Did he precipitate her death by threat and suggestion; or would she have died at this time, whether or not he had threatened her and made magic against her? In other words, what foundation in fact was there for her belief in his powers?

On the surface it might seem easy enough to answer these questions. Actually, they and their kind are some of the most tantalizing confronting scientists today.

We cannot yet give an unequivocal answer to the questions about Koro Tuna. We can only state some probabilities. On the evidence available from experimental sources we can say that it is very unlikely that he wielded actual psychical forces that halted the vital processes in his victim's body. I believe that this is the attitude that would be taken by most parapsychologists; a few might reserve the possibility of an actual psychic force. On the other hand, it is also unlikely that her death would have occurred at that time if the events set in motion by Mata Aruha's argument with the sorcerer had not taken place.

We are left with the explanation that, due to a large number of factors, mostly psychological, Mata Aruha's death was hastened; she died, so to speak, before her time. Her death and the real circumstances of her death are, however, but some of the many mysteries that surround us.

I have changed the names of the persons in this account. This was necessary, for the incident is true and the people who took part in it are still living. The apparent sorcery causing Mata Aruha's death took place amongst a people, some of whose friends and relatives have reached the highest levels—in the professions, in the arts, and in politics—of the western culture. It is but another example of the dominating belief in magic that exists amongst some peoples today—not in the heart of primitive jungle or arid desert, but in a rich farming area in New Zealand. And many a pakeha New Zealander in the cities and towns of this country is, without knowing it, rubbing shoulders today with Koro Tuna, the sorcerer, and men like him.

Savage Indians became dangerous hazards on the Texas frontier; a scalped settler's life was saved only by a recurring vision

OR WAS IT A DREAM?

F. E. Wade

ONE of the first settlers in the now thickly populated area surrounding Austin, the Capital of Texas, was Reuben Hornsby and wife Sarah, with several small children.

Mr. Hornsby was a man of means and built a substantial residence protected by a stockade from hostile Indians. This residence was the outpost of civilization for the then scantily settled Texas. The nearest neighbor, Josiah Wilbarger, was located seven miles down the twisting Colorado River.

Mr. Hornsby was an astute business man; Mrs. Hornsby a wonderful hostess and hospitality radiated from their home. It became a stopping place for homeseekers to the vicinity. Mr. Hornsby and Mr. Wilbarger were both surveyors, and became sort of good-willers for the section, welcoming and helping locate newcomers.

In August of 1833, Mr. Wilbarger rode over to Friend Hornsby's house to escort a party of four men in a land locating trip. The men's names were Strother, Christian, Standifer and Haynie.

About noon, some four miles northwest of present day Austin, they spied an Indian, a-horseback, on a distant hill watching them. Mr. Wilbarger made friendly signs and started riding toward him but the Indian galloped away.

The party traveled another mile until they came to a spring and against Mr. Wilbarger's better judgment, alighted, turned their horses loose to graze and sat down to rest and eat their lunch.

Without warning they were attacked by a group of some fifty Indians, expert with bows and arrows. Strother was killed at once, Christian apparently mortally wounded, Wilbarger was arrowed in the hip and had fallen. The Indians moved in closer and the other two men, thinking their three companions killed, jumped on their horses and headed towards the Hornsby residence.

ALTHOUGH WILBARGER was badly wounded, he managed to rise, get behind a tree, using the other men's guns to defend himself but an arrow in the neck paralyzed him and he fell again. The shrieking, jubilant Indians gathered in to strip and scalp their victims. Wilbarger, apparently dead, was perfectly helpless but was conscious of all that transpired. His clothes were pulled off and a knife passed entirely around his head and the scalp torn off. He afterwards said while he suffered no pain it sounded like a loud clap and roar of thunder.

He lay in a dreamy state of semi-consciousness the rest of the day and all night. At intervals he tried to crawl for help. Visions flitted through his mind bordering on the marvelous and supernatural.

He later affirmed that during the night, while resting against a tree, his sister, Margaret (Mrs. Margaret Clifton of Florissant, St. Louis Co. Mo.) whom he was to learn months later had died the day before in Missouri, appeared to him saying:

"Brother Josiah, you are too weak to go on by yourself. Remain here and before the sun sets friends will come to take you in." And she disappeared in the direction of the Hornsby residence despite his plea for her to stay with him.

The two escaped men found their way back to Hornsby's and spread the alarm, stating their three companions were definitely killed.

About midnight, and it was later verified at about the same time of Mr. Wilbarger's visit by his sister, Mrs. Hornsby jumped up in bed and awakened her husband, speaking so loud that the men in the next room heard her.

"Wilbarger is not dead," she said excitedly, "He sits against a large tree and is scalped. I saw him and know it is so!"

They all re-assured her and remonstrated, even ridiculed her dream and all again returned to bed.

About 3:00 o'clock, she again sprang up under intense excitement, repeating the former statement and added:

"I saw him again. As sure as God lives, Josiah Wilbarger is alive, scalped, and sits under a large tree by himself. I saw him as plainly as I now see you who are present. If you are not cowards, go at once or he will die."

"But," said one of the escaped men, "Mrs. Hornsby, I saw fifty Indians around his body and it is impossible for him to be alive."

"I don't care what you saw," replied the seemingly inspired Mrs. Hornsby, "I saw him as plainly as you could have, and I know he is alive. Go to him at once."

Her husband was hesitant, saying they were too few in number and she and the children would be in danger if left alone.

"Never mind us. We can take to the dogwood thicket and save ourselves. Go, I beg you, to poor Wilbarger."

The men argued they would have to wait for daylight and reinforcements, but she refused to return to bed and busied herself getting food ready so there would be no delay when daylight and help came. She begged them to hurry and pulled a sheet from her bed and said:

"Take this, you will have to bring him back on a litter, he cannot ride a horse."

AFTER A SEARCH, the party found the other two bodies and with reverent ceremony buried them under a large tree. As Wilbarger had stumbled and crawled nearly a mile away, they spent sometime locating him. He was naked and so covered with blood

they hesitated to approach thinking he might be an Indian until he made himself known.

They wrapped him in the sheet the kind Mrs. Hornsby had provided and placed him on a horse with Mr. Hornsby at back to hold him on.

Mrs. Hornsby was a good nurse and took care of Wilbarger until he was able to be moved on a stretcher to his own cabin. The two families forever remained the closest of friends, and both Mrs. Hornsby and Mr. Wilbarger repeatedly told the stories of their experiences that tragic night. They were of such high caliber and integrity, no one questioned the veracity of either, and the stories have come down through a century and a quarter as part of Texas' proud pioneer history.

Mr. Wilbarger's head never healed, though he lived eleven useful years afterwards, reared a large family and became a prosperous citizen. His death came about accidentally, by striking his unhealed head against some timber while working in his cotton gin.

In 1936 the Texas Centennial Commission erected a marker at the homesite of the worthy Hornsby family.

THE POETRY OF MAGIC

POEMS OF MAGIC AND SPELLS. Edited by William Cole. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Cleveland: World Publishing Company. 1960 224pp. \$3.95.

This is as fresh, delicious and satisfying as a Spring Salad! William Cole has compiled a thoroughly delightful selection of poems from the seventeenth century to the present, including that mysterious enchanter among poets, Anonymous. Much of the charm of the book is due to the sensitive drawings by Peggy Bacon, one of those rare illustrators who recognize the relationship between the drawings and the printed page. This is a book for anyone who likes to be happy.

M. O'S.

The mortally wounded Georgian officer lay raving in delirium; those surrounding him were stunned at hearing his final words

VISION AT GETTYSBURG

Mary A. Hancock

THE man lying by the door was already deep in delirium when Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Lane was carried into the Gettysburg farmhouse commandeered for the care of the Confederate wounded. It was late evening of July 1, 1863, and from his pallet in the small room of the field hospital, Lane could still hear the crackling sounds of battle. And despite the throbbing, fiery pain of his own neck-wound, and the strangely disturbing incoherencies of the man by the door, the young colonel was jubilant.

For the savage battle fought on this sultry Pennsylvania Wednesday had ended in victory for Lee's men. The Yanks, whipped and routed from the field, had kept on skedaddling until they reached the high ground south and east of the town of Gettysburg. The bluecoats were there now—less than a mile away—desperately digging in on Cemetery and Culp's hills, decimated and demoralized by today's crushing defeat and stalked by the terrible specter of greater and final disaster tomorrow.

The cost of the Confederate victory was also shattering, Col. Lane knew, especially for his own regiment, the 26th North Carolina. In the thickety ravine near Willoughby's Run men of the 26th had fallen by the hundreds. Fourteen times during the savage, bitterly-contested struggle with the Union's stubbornly valiant "Iron Brigade", the 26th's regimental colors had dropped from the nerveless fingers of dead or wounded color-bearers. And on the fourteenth and last time it was Col. Lane, himself, who picked up the colors and carried them forward, and fell with his battle flag when a retreating Yank turned and fired the minnie ball that tore through his neck and jaw.

But if ever a victory was worth its price in human blood, this one was. General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia had invaded the North, and routed the Yanks on their own ground. The bluecoats were reeling now, and tomorrow Lee could strike the death blow. And on the heels of the Union's disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville only a month ago, another crushing failure could end the war in independence for the Confederate States of America.

Of course, the western armies of the Confederacy were in trouble in Mississippi now, where that tenacious Union general, Grant, was trying to siege the gray garrison of Vicksburg into surrender. If Vicksburg fell, the South's last stronghold on the Mississippi River was lost, and the heart of the Confederacy would be cut off from the west. But the gallant defenders of Vicksburg had held out for nearly two months now, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and his Confederate Army were within striking distance of Vicksburg, and could advance on Grant and lift the siege.

And with Confederate successes at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the South's fierce dream of independence would be glorious reality. The final victory was within grasp on this sultry, windless night of July 1st—as close as the desperate blue lines on Cemetery Hill.

Savoring this vision of victory, Col. Lane drifted finally and gratefully into sleep. It was fitful sleep, though, disturbed throughout the night by the senseless ravings of the man by the door . . .

LANE AWOKE in the hot, seething dawn of July 2, and an early visitor brought him news of his regiment, and the current crop of

battle rumors. Talk was General Lee would attack as soon as Longstreet's corps was up, the visitor said, but some of Longstreet's brigades were still on the march toward the battlefield. And the shattered remnant of Lane's regiment—less than half of the 800 men engaged in yesterday's battle—were bivouacked in the woods now with the rest of Pettigrew's brigade.

The survivors of the 26th North Carolina were somber, of course, saddened by the terrible toll at Willoughby's Run, but they were still full of fight and conversation. Mostly they were swapping guesses on Lee's strategy after he whipped the Yanks here at Gettysburg. Some thought the General would lead them south and take Baltimore and Washington, and others argued he'd head north first, and capture Philadelphia. But wherever it was, it would be a march of triumph, and the men of the 26th had earned their full share of it.

After his visitor left, Lane lay silently on his pallet, mourning his beloved, decimated regiment, and waiting tensely for the artillery roar that would signal the Confederate advance. The mumbblings of the man by the door kept piercing into his thoughts, and finally Lane called the attendant and asked who the poor fellow was, and if something couldn't be done to calm him.

The attendant shook his head grimly. They'd done what they could, he said. The man was an officer, a Georgian, and his wounds were mortal, and that was all they knew about him.

The morning dragged on—breathless, nerve-searing hours that crouched for the kill, but didn't spring. The delirium of the man by the door grew steadily wilder, but by noon there were still no sounds of battle from the fields of Gettysburg. Then suddenly, about one o'clock, the man by the door went silent. And after the long hours of unintelligible ravings, the abrupt hush was strangely shocking to Lane and the other wounded who shared his small hospital room. From every pallet heads turned quickly to rivet full attention on the man by the door.

After a few frozen minutes the Georgian spoke again—clearly and rationally this time—with words that burned themselves indelibly on the minds of every man in the room. Later, after he recovered from his wounds, Lane repeated them awesomely to the men of his com-

mand. And still later they were set down word-for-word in the history of the 26th North Carolina Regiment.

Lucidly and with a strange ring of authority, the Georgian spoke, as though a panorama of events were unfolding before his eyes.

"There now, there now," he said. "Vicksburg has fallen, General Lee is retreating, and the South is whipped. The South is whipped."

And the Georgian was silent again—the silence of death, the attendant told Lane.

LATER IN THE AFTERNOON the sounds of Longstreet's advancing battle lines finally broke the tense stillness of Gettysburg, and when the battle of July 2nd was over, the battered blue defensive lines still stood unbroken. It was a near thing, but the valiant Yanks turned back the gray attack, and the victor of Gettysburg was yet to be decided. And on the next day the battle was lost for the Confederacy with the failure of Pickett's charge.

And on July 4, 1863—*two days* after the dying Georgian's mysterious vision—the Confederate defenders of Vicksburg *did* surrender to General Grant. And on the same July 4th General Lee *did* move south in retreat. And the twin Union victories at Gettysburg in the east and Vicksburg in the west were indeed the beginning of the end for the Confederate cause.

But in the early afternoon of July 2, when the heady scent of victory was strong over the gray lines at Gettysburg, only one man saw the shape of the future—the unknown Georgian who seemed to glimpse two days beyond the barrier of time in a brief, mystical moment before death.



A modern poet, speaking of the key work of Jewish mysticism, sees in it "the doctrine of love as the acting of God in man"

THE HOLY KABALLAH

Kenneth Rexroth

S*O MUCH CONFUSION* surrounds the subject of the Cabala, that it is not surprising that our dictionaries and encyclopedias have difficulty in spelling it. One may spell it with a C or a K, with a double B or a final H—and even if a pact was made between all the lexicographers covering its spelling, it is unlikely that any two scholars would agree upon its history or its meaning. And yet, for all its confusions, the Cabala (Webster prefers the C, and with typical moderation, keeps his b single and his h invisible) cannot be dismissed from the minds of men. It remains, for philosophers, theologians, and learned men and women everywhere, the most fascinating occult doctrine extant.

Roughly, it may be stated that the Cabala is an esoteric system of mystical philosophy, based upon the interpretation of the Biblical scriptures, which assumes that every word, letter, number, and even accent found in the sacred writings, has an occult meaning. It advanced the doctrine that God was the source from which the entire

external world emanated. Evil was explained by the distance of certain emanations from the divine source. Man's soul, existing from eternity, independent from the body, when pure, has supremacy over evil forces, penetrates mysteries, and may even foretell the future. If impure, it must undergo metempsychosis (entrance into a body being a misfortune). Of primary importance are the names of God, found in the scriptures, from which man may discover the power to enact miracles.

The two principal source books of the Cabalists are the Sefer Yezirah (Book of Creation) and the Zohar (known as the Cabalistic Bible). Despite the early Cabalists' claims for the great antiquity of these books, internal evidence reveals great post Biblical sources, from Greek mysticism to medieval science. The Sefer Yezirah was probably developed in the sixth century, and the Zohar in the thirteenth. Although Moses de Leon, the thirteenth century scholar alleged that the Zohar was an ancient text, modern scholarship suggests that the actual author was de Leon himself, though it is agreed that his sources have ancient roots.

A. E. Waite, the late nineteenth century scholar, provided one of the major interpretations of the Cabala in his famous, but long-out-of-print book, The Holy Kaballah. It has now been re-issued by University Books, New Hyde Park, New York, together with a new introduction by Kenneth Rexroth, which TOMORROW reprints for its readers.

Kenneth Rexroth is perhaps best known as one of America's leading poets, and as the translator of Oriental and classical Greek and Latin poetry. A California resident, Mr. Rexroth is active in the current San Francisco poetry movement. In the following essay, he brings his far ranging scholarship and deep personal insight to bear upon the Cabala and upon Waite's classic commentary.

THERE is singularly little on Jewish mysticism of any sort to be found in English. Furthermore, most of it is not very rewarding. Much of it is definitely antagonistic. However the British publisher Routledge published long ago, 1910 in fact, a book, *Aspects of the*

Hebrew Genius, edited by Leon Simon, a collection of essays once given as lectures in the North London Jewish Literary Union. There is a chapter on Jewish mysticism by H. Sperling, and in the very first paragraph he says these tremendous words: "They (the vague mystical yearnings of man) can, however, fitly be compared to that invisible chain that binds husband to wife, parents to children, relation to relation, friend to friend, social unit to social unit. Without these lesser mysticisms society would dissolve into its first atoms; without the larger mysticism man would break away from his Maker and be flung into nothingness." On these words hang all the Law and the Prophets. This is the essence of Judaism. It is also the essence of Jewish mysticism, whether the speculations of Hellenistic Neo-Platonists, Medieval Kabbalists, Polish or Levantine Hasidim, or the sophisticated and fashionable philosophy of Martin Buber.

Kabbalism and Hasidism seem, to a Christian taught in his own religion to view Gnostic and theosophic tendencies as the source of all heresy, to be a kind of Jewish heterodoxy. They are not. Jewish orthodoxy is not defined by the correctness of the answers it gives to metaphysical and cosmological questions. The Torah, the Rites of Passage, the Ceremonies of the Holidays, the poetic and narrative books of the Bible, philosophy and fantasy, from Maimonides to Isaak Singer—the consensus of faith is never broken. Kabbalism is nothing but a transcendental way of looking at the "purely formal" rites of Circumcision, Marriage, Confirmation. There is no "Kabbalistic Mystery," however profound, that cannot be found, clearly and simply exemplified in the ceremonies of Succoth, the Feast of Tabernacles.

Under the influence of millenia of legalistic interpretation of the Law, and guided by the extreme rationalism of Maimonides and other Jewish scholastics, Judaism has come to seem, at least to the outsider, a "religion of the book" in the most extreme sense, a code, rather than living faith. This is illusory. All the Talmuds in the world cannot make a religion. Religion is what people do—act and contemplation. Alfred North Whitehead said it was what man does with his aloneness—a very Protestant, in fact, Lutheran statement, and the expression of a theory rather than of actuality. Even the most extreme neo-Lutheran, Soren Kierkegaard, spent much of his time and energy

struggling with the community of the Church of Denmark. The casuistry of rabbis, the exhortations of prophets—we must never forget that these take place in the context of a people, held together in a rite. That, after all is their only significance—to insure the integrity of the people and the continuity of the rite.

Someone back in the nineteenth century said that religion is what humanity uses to fill in the gap between technology and the physical environment. Historically this was certainly true. But it is a kind of inverse and diminishing definition. Ideally, religion is what would be left after man *knew* everything. Kabbalism, like all other Gnosticisms, does concern itself very much with knowing, with cosmology and cosmogony, the nature and process of the Universe. "You shall know and the knowledge shall make you free." Free for what? Today we are inclined to forget how trapped man was by the recalcitrance of his environment, by puzzling vagaries of the universe. Before the universe could be given significance—"valued" as we say nowadays—it had to be given coherence.

Gnosticism has been accused by its opponents, from Plotinus to the present, of equating coherence and significance, structure and value. This may be true where Gnostic movements have been heretical—split off and isolated from the main body of religious development. Kabbalism is not heterodox. It is a symbolic and aesthetic elaboration of the actual cult of Israel, with which it never loses contact. The Jewish *Prayerbook* as we have it today is essentially a Kabbalistic document. (This Prayerbook—*Siddur*—is not something relegated to Sabbath service in the Synagogue. Both man and woman use it day and night. What the Bible was to the Protestant in the great days of Dissent, this grimoire of Kabbalah is to the orthodox Jew and his wife.) "*Credere est orare, orare est cognoscere,*" said the great Roman Catholic modernist, Father Tyrell, "To believe is to pray, to pray is to know."

When man cannot understand nature, and insofar as he cannot understand it at any point, he is confronted with an actual vacuum, and into this he projects himself. What is sought in Alchemy or the Hermetic Books or the Memphite Theology, or irrational fads like flying saucers, is the basic pattern of the human mind in symbolic

garb, as it presents itself in the individual believer, and behind that, in the enduring structures of the human organism itself. As the speculative constructions of religion fall away as explanations of "reality" they assume the character of symbolic masks of states of the soul. If they persist in the practices of a cult, we say they have been etherealized. It is precisely their irrationality which keeps dogma and ritual alive. If they can be reduced to "common sense" explanations or denial they die away. Only the mysteries survive, because they correspond to the processes of man's eternal life, outward visible signs of inner spiritual realities.

TO GO BACK to the beginning, Kabbalism dates back into the most obscure past of Judaism. What are the distinguishing ideas of Kabbalism? It is first of all a theory of emanations ("degenerative monism" it is called philosophically). The inscrutable Godhead fills and contains the universe. To become active and creative God emanated ten *sephiroth* or intelligences. A prominence is given to one of these emanations, who functions as a female principle in the Deity, a demiurge and a term to creation. This is the final emanation, Mal-kuth the Queen, the physical manifestation of Deity in the universe. She is thought of as a Divine Woman, the Bride of God (like the Shakti of Shiva). Finally, the "innermost secrets" of the Kaballah are what are "occult" in all occultism, erotic mysticism and a group of practices of the sort we call yoga—autonomic nervous system gymnastics. For the Kabbalist the ultimate sacrament is the sexual act, carefully organized and sustained as the most perfect mystical trance. Over the marriage bed hovers the Shekinah. Kabbalism also includes, of course, a group of divinatory and magical practices, manipulations of the alphabet and the text of the Pentateuch, magic spells and rites. All of these elements go back to very early days—to the beginnings of Israel in Palestine, and it is these beginnings which shed most light on both scholarly Kabbalism and popular Hasidism, and, in addition, go far to illuminate the real—the abiding spiritual meaning—of Judaism in all times and places.

By and large the special details of Kabbalism which distinguish it from the mainstreams of Jewish thought are what is "occult" in oc-

cultism everywhere, and most of the world's religions can be reinterpreted in these terms. They give Kabbalism its fascination but they do not give it its substance. As A. E. Waite so well points out—beneath the glittering and mysterious superstructure of the Kabbalah, which purports to be occult Judaism, lies—Judaism.

Kabbalism is probably the only religious movement of the Gnostic type to come full circle in this fashion, to create mysteries and explain them, to hide secrets and discover them, and come at last back to the greater mystery from which it started, but with deeper insights and wider knowledge. Insight and knowledge of what? In the last analysis of the human soul, of man within himself, united with another in marriage, united with his fellows in love. I suppose certain tendencies and individuals in Catholicism have done the same thing. Bonaventura is a sort of enraptured, orthodox Gnostic. There is the Protestant, Jacob Boehme.

In modern times there have been all sorts of rationalizing, philosophizing, psychologizing movements which have in fact accomplished similar ends, from the Theosophists and A. E. Waite himself to Martin Buber and Carl Jung. These are different—either eccentric individuals or modern sophisticated cults. Whoever wrote or gathered and edited the tracts of the *Zohar*, Kabbalism shows all the signs of being a perfectly natural, Near Eastern Gnostic movement, evolved directly from the local soil, the “clerkly lore” of an “anthropological religion.”

It might be wise to note some of these sources. Emanationism is found in the so-called “Memphite Theology,” a text dating back to the beginnings of Egyptian civilization. Four pairs of gods emanate from Ptah in a hierarchy of power, and the creative process is described in language which still echoes in the Gospel of John. The very word “Isis” means “throne” and many of her attributes survive in the terms applied to the Shekinah, to Malkuth, to the personified Wisdom of Proverbs and finally, in the titles of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Pre-Hebraic Palestine is full of Els (Elohim) and Ba'als (Adonai, the Lord) and they all have consorts, at once wives, daughters and mothers—Asherah, Anat, Astarte, Ashtaroth. In Egypt they were identified with Isis, with Hathor, and with Sekmet, wife

and daughter of Ptah, the ultimate creator. In the fifth century we discover Anat in an Aramaic Elephantine papyrus specifically described as the consort of Yahweh.

Asherah survives in the Scriptures as a term for the phallic pillars, *mazzeboth*, which stood beside the altars and in the holy places until the fall of the Temple. But she also survives in person and the story of Elijah is the tale of a bitter struggle with Jezebel, a regal priestess of Ba'al-Asherah. Temples of Asherah and Yahweh stood side by side in ninth century Mizpah. In the seventh century Jeremiah found children in the streets of Jerusalem gathering wood and the fathers kindling the fire and the women kneading the dough to make cakes for the Queen of Heaven. The sacred prostitutes and sodomites of the Goddess appear again and again in the Scriptures. The First Isaiah begets a son with a *zonah*—called a “prophetess” in the King James Version, Jephthah is the son of a *zonah*, Hosea’s description of his relations with a sacred prostitute are amongst the most cryptic in the Bible and as late as the mid seventh century, under Manasseh, the cult was flourishing. With the Assyrian and later Babylonian and then Persian conquests, Ishtar was substituted for Ashteroth, and, as has been pointed out time and again, the “Book of Esther” (simply another English transliteration of Ishtar) is an elaborate euhemerization of the Spring New Year fertility rites and the *heiros gamos*, the sacred marriage—as the folk rites of Purim are paralleled all over the world at the season.

The most likely interpretation of the “Song of Songs” is that it is a collection of songs for group marriage rites, focused in the *heiros gamos* of priestking and priestess, which accompanied the opening of the irrigation channels from the main ditches into the dry fields. In fact, a book which casts great light on the Song of Songs is Granet’s “Festivals and Songs of Ancient China,” an interpretation of the erotic songs of the ancient Chinese collection, the *Shi Ching*. Do not misunderstand, this parallelism does not “prove” diffusion from some imagined prehistoric religious center. It shows the fundamental identity of man’s response to the great rhythms of life. Nothing is more illuminating than to look up “Shekinah” or “Succoth” or “Wisdom” or “Power” or for that matter any of the other epithets of the Sephi-

roth in a good Biblical Concordance, and ponder on the mysterious sentences. Do they just seem mysterious because our attention, with minds full of presuppositions, has been directed to them? I think not.

These words are keys which unlock some of the oldest material in the Scriptures, and they survive because of their traditional sanctity. The post-Esdras editors, working over the old documents, might disguise them, but they did not dare omit them, any more than they dared wipe out the memory of the sacred groves and the pillar circles and the high places. At last the Samaritan Gnostic, Simon Magus, with his consort, the Mystic Helen, a temple prostitute out of Ephesus of the great Mother, comes to meet and struggle with the earliest Christians.

NOW, we must understand that we have come to view "orthodoxy" after millenia of narrowing definition. To some extent the Prophets, some of them, were "orthodox" in this way, or at least they were so represented after the Persian period. But the people knew nothing about these questions. Religion for them was the whole body of cult *acts*, it was what they *did*. We think of such conflicts in terms of Athanasius vs. Arrius, Dominicans vs. Albigensians, Calvin vs. Servetus, Massachusetts vs. the Quakers and witches. They were nothing of the sort. True, the prophetic movement in Judaism and later the Rabbinical schools, represent the slow evolution of such sharpening distinctions and the purging of old practices. But the average inhabitant of Palestine went right on practicing religion as he found it in place—there—in the cult of his ancestors, and even the evolution of Yahvistic monotheism was an enormously drawn out process. The ancient folk ways have never vanished from Judaism, even at its most reformed, and today—the day I am actually writing this—Purim, C. E. 1960—customs whose broken relics we find at the very bottom of mounds of ruins in the Holy Land linger on in the parlors of the thoroughly assimilated and Americanized "High Society" of San Francisco where I live.

Last night I went to a celebration of the hundredth anniversary of one of the city's most fashionable Congregation, an oratorio—a *Purimspiel*—*Queen Esther*, given to a packed Opera House, with a very

Nordic looking Esther. At the reception afterwards the President of the Congregation said, opening his speech, "This is the happiest day of my life," and the Rabbi interrupted, "How about your marriage?" This was a joke, a wisecrack as American as anything on television—and it brought as much laughter from the audience. But it was something more, and it somehow elicited a slightly different kind of stir—an undercurrent that wouldn't have been there with a Gentile audience. That spontaneous joke had touched one of the great nerve centers of Jewry, the Sacrament of Israel, watched over and nourished under the wings of the Shekinah, that gesture, the physical embodiment of the turn in the creative process, the moment at which all being, having reached its last term, begins its long return to the inscrutable and holy center from which it came. On the buffet, along with champagne and caviar were *hamanohren*.

A. E. WAITE, author of *The Holy Kabbalah*, was an odd fish out of an odder barrel. He was not only one of the few persons in modern times, Jew or Gentile, to write a sensible and sound book on Kabbalah. He was a genuine scholar of occultism who himself came out of the welter of occult sects and movements of the end of the last century. He lived in the world of Eliphaz Levi, Stanislas de Guaita, "Papus," Sar Peladan, Mme. Blavatsky, A. P. Sinnett, Macgregor Mathers, Wynn Westcott, Annie Besant, and "Archbishop" Leadbeater, and more American oddities and rascals than you could shake a stick at. Some of these people are genuine literary curiosities and still make fascinating reading. Others are unbelievably fraudulent and silly. But, to a man, they are mines of misinformation, rash hypotheses and unsupported conclusions. They are as far from being scholars as could well be imagined. It is a pity that they all, the whole movement, have never become the subjects of scholarship on a large and really serious scale, because they certainly do represent, like the Marxists or the Neo-Catholics, a significant mass movement of the human mind in its long march out of folly. The subjects they were all interested in are amongst the most interesting subjects for scholarship that exist, but they produced only two scholars, A. E. Waite and G. R. S. Mead. Mead was a Theosophist, and hence suspect in the halls of scholar-

ship, but his is still the only readable translation of the Hermetic literature in English, he edited a Gnostic tractate, the "Pistis Sophia," and he wrote an estimable book on Gnosticism, "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten." There is nothing specially odd or cultish about any of these books. In contrast, the acceptably academic translation of the Hermetica, by Scott, is the work of a Higher Critic, and is a violent, shameless, distortion of the text.

Waite *was* odd, cultish and eccentric. He wrote the most dreadful prose conceivable, an awful mixture of Walter Pater, Cardinal Newman, Arthur Machen and plain vulgar pretentiousness. It is the last survival of the last spasms of literary PreRaphaelitism. Fortunately, though it was common in its day there is nothing left around to compare it with except Sebastian Evan's "High History of the Holy Grail," still to be found on shelves of out of print Everyman's Library, and William Morris' slightly lunatic translation of the Icelandic Sagas into a kind of PreRaphaelite studio code, today utterly unreadable. Waite, however, is not unreadable. You have to read between the balderdash, but it is easy to get used to. Soon you no longer notice it, and he does have, almost always, something very interesting to say. At last the absurd rituals he uses to say the simplest things come to endear him to you, like the wen on grandma's nose.


In his autobiography, Waite gives the impression that his books all came more or less by accident, as assignments from publishers. I rather doubt that, because throughout his life he seems to have followed a definite program. Eventually, and it certainly seems, systematically, he came to cover all the main aspects or traditions or myths of occultism. His works include: *The Secret Tradition in Alchemy*, *The Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross*, *The Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*, *The Hidden Church of the Holy Grail*, *The Pictorial Key to the Tarot*, *Raymund Lull*, *Louis Saint Martin*, and careful editions of the works of Eliphas Levi and the greatest of the English mystical alchemists, Thomas Vaughan, whose works are mysteriously missing from the bibliographies of Dr. Jung's many books on this subject. Besides all this he wrote a lot of dreadful poetry full of Mystic Veils and Clinking Thuribles, and a couple of general statements of his own philosophy— as well as a rather cobwebby autobiography. Self-evi-

dently this is a program, a careful planned work of a lifetime. The remarkable thing about it is that, coming although it does from an era of windy nonsense and smoky pretence, there is nothing seriously wrong with it. They are all books of wide, painstaking scholarship.

Waite went to all the sources he could find, in itself a Herculean labor, and he exposed all the errors of quotation and interpretation in the secondary sources that he could uncover. He is almost always right. Not only is he right, but he never loses, however dear to his heart may be the misty mid-regions of Weir in which he wanders, the true scientific scholar's scepticism. In fact, since he was himself the leader of a "Mystic Circle of Seekers for Illumination," who took his somewhat absurd vows very seriously, he uses this very scholar's scepticism as a mask and a refuge. On the question of the very existence of "Spiritual Alchemy," let alone on the sexual yoga, so plainly illustrated in Chinese works on the subject, for which most alchemy is just a kind of double talk, Waite is non-committal. He leads you to the sources, quotes and analyzes them for you, and leaves you to draw your own conclusions. So likewise with the Grail legend, so with Rosicrucianism, so with occult Freemasonry, so with that *I Ching* of the Western World, the Tarot cards—he strips away the nonsense, exposes the facts, and leaves you to draw your own conclusions. With charlatans he is merciless. Although he is in a sense a product of the school of Eliphas Levi, he never misses a chance to expose the pretensions of that most fascinating of mountebanks. With St. Martin or Lull he is careful, even reverent, although he does an excellent job of taking apart the complicated Lull legend.

"The Holy Kabbalah" is his greatest work. Although he was a kind of Christian, even a sort of Liberal Catholic, Kabbalah is, out of all the past, the closest thing to his own philosophy. He wrote three books on the subject, each later one incorporating and correcting its predecessors. He seems to have read everything he could find on the subject in every language he knew, and meditated on it deeply and long. It has been said that he did not read Hebrew, but I doubt this. There is much in *The Holy Kabbalah* which he could not have found in Knorr von Rosenroth's *Kabbalah Desnudata*, or in the very unsatisfactory French translation of the *Zohar*, the only comprehensive ex-


positions of the Kabbalah itself available to him in any other language than Hebrew. No other Gentile writer on Kabbalism can even remotely be compared to him, and no modern Jewish writers are any better. We have to go back to the great *zaddikim* of Hassidism to find such a thorough Kabbalist, and they, alas, present altogether too many problems of their own to be readily assimilated by anyone in the twentieth century. Kabbalism is the great poem of Judaism, a tree of symbolic jewels showing forth the doctrine of the universe as the vesture of Deity, of the community as the embodiment of Deity, and of love as the acting of God in man.



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HELIX  **PRESS**

After two weeks of being awakened by ghostly noises at night, mother tried praying for the evil ghost before going to bed

CURSES FOR A GHOST

Dorothea L. Pilz

THE two stories of poltergeist phenomena and of an apparition, which I shall relate in this article, do not fall into the run-of-the mill pattern of such events. In the first, curses rather than prayerful words appear to have exorcised an evil presence; in the second, my own mother received a very distinct and quite unghostly warning of a kidnaping. Both events took place around the turn of the century, and centered around families of German-American origin.

It was in 1903 that my mother decided to go back to her native country, as my father had to be away from home for three months. Mother chose this time to visit her parents in the town of Murrhardt, in the West German province of Württemberg. Her father's house stood in the center of town. It was a big and handsome place that he then owned outright, but which had a not-too pleasant history.

Originally, my grandfather's house had been owned by a woman known to us only as the Widow Hirzl. As a young married man,

grandfather had bought two floors in the building to use as living quarters for his family. The Widow Hirzl resented the economic need that had forced her to sell part of her house; she really hated my grandfather and his family, for having to share the building with them. This resentment was so irrational and deep-rooted that, over the years, she set all kinds of traps for members of our family.

On one occasion, the Widow Hirzl put dry peas on the staircase, so that my father—returning from an evening in town—might fall in the dimly lit hall and possibly hurt himself severely. Worse still, the Widow Hirzl even tried to seriously harm my mother's baby sister. When mother was only twelve years old, she surprised the woman in permitting the one-year old to play with a dish full of pins and needles. Mrs. Hirzl had taken the baby secretly to her apartment. It is of some significance to future events that the woman, apparently emotionally unbalanced, laughed fiendishly as the baby tried to put a handful of dangerous needles and pins into her little mouth. Only my mother's intervention saved her baby sister from serious injury.

CAN such destructive emotions survive beyond the grave? Subsequent events would suggest that they can.

After my mother returned to the United States, the Widow Hirzl died. My grandfather bought the rest of the house from her heirs. When mother returned to Murrhardt once more, the third floor had been remodeled to serve as her living quarters.

It had been an exciting but tiring trip, across the ocean and to her home town; my mother slept heavily during the first two nights in the apartment that used to be inhabited by the Widow Hirzl. During the third night, however, mother heard noises that sounded like shuffling steps and sighs. She thought little of it, imagining that the sounds might be coming from a neighboring house with which the building shared a wall. However, on the following nights, the sounds returned. She was awakened, over and over again, by noises that resembled slamming doors, footsteps, and even the abusing voice of a woman. But mother still thought that the sounds might be coming from next door, and she tried to find out how such noises might be communicated quite so clearly and disturbingly.

It was true that my mother had a sensitive's gift of occasionally conceiving apparently extra-sensory sounds and visions. However, she was a modern woman who had just crossed the Atlantic Ocean; and, as she told me later, "the thought of ghosts never once entered my mind. "However, one morning, when mother looked wan and ill at ease, grandfather inquired whether she felt sick. Over the breakfast table, she complained about the noise, suspecting either the neighbors or domestic animals as being the cause.

My grandfather was quite taken aback. He did not say much, but he ordered that the third floor be closed off and locked, and that a room be set aside for mother on the second floor. This decision aroused mother's curiosity. She finally asked grandfather point-blank what was behind his mysterious decision. He admitted that he suspected the ghost of Widow Hirzl of venting her spleen on my family, even after death—and a frightful death it had been: the poor unbalanced woman had hanged herself in the doorway of her bedroom.

Although mother was shocked, she insisted upon staying in her present rooms. And regularly, in the middle of the night, she heard the noises—sometimes loudly, sometimes softly. After two weeks of this, grandfather suggested that she pray for the ghost before retiring and whenever she was awakened in the night.

That night she prayed. Instead of lessening, the noises grew in intensity. Wind was blown in her face and the angry voice of the woman became increasingly abusive. The following day, grandfather taught her Bible verses and special prayers. However, the results were even worse.

One night, mother reached the breaking point. When awakened by the noise, she became furious and called Mrs. Hirzl by name. She accused the widow of all her vicious actions and called her vile names. Suddenly she had the feeling that someone was spitting at her. At that point, mother lost all control. She cursed the spirit with every curse she knew—from both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

A strange quietness ensued. Then, suddenly, a tremendous wind blew through the room. Shrinking back from whatever danger menaced her, mother clung to the bedpost, praying for safety. As suddenly as the wind had come up, it stopped. Her parents, awakened by the

noise, found the bed in the opposite corner of the room. Mother was cowering, like a frightened child, in the middle.

Mother continued to sleep in the room. For the first two nights she awakened, listening for the noise—but none ever came. The ghost had vanished. Filled with vengeance and contemptuous of prayer, the spirit had apparently been silenced by a dose of her own medicine.

THE second episode concerns mother's first visit to the United States. Her cousin, Sophie, was married to a lawyer, Henry W. Shalter. As Shalter was an active member of the South Brooklyn Republican Club, he left his wife alone much of the time. Sophie, being lonely, decided to invite some relatives from Germany to visit her. Mother, then eighteen, was allowed to come for one year, accompanying two couples who were immigrating.

On September 7, 1894, the S.S. Rotterdam docked in New York. The immigrants were quarantined at Ellis Island due to a cholera scare. As mother was single, she was not allowed to stay with her married relatives on the Island. Consequently, on the day of her release from quarantine, there was no one to meet her.

While searching for the others, she carried a valise marked "*Gute Reise*" ("Pleasant Journey") on the side. This marking was a German custom, so anyone having even a small knowledge of languages, could easily identify the nationality of a traveler.

Mother wandered around, unable to find her relatives. Suddenly she was approached by a smiling, friendly man who greeted her in German. He asked whether she was "Miss Clara." Mother replied that she was not. The man then said his name was Schmidt, and that he had a letter for mother; but before he could deliver it, he wanted to be sure of her identity. Of course he knew her name was not Clara—he had just been testing her. The man apologized for his bad German, told her something about himself, inquired about the trip, and then asked mother for her real name and that of her relatives.

Mother, brought up in a straightforward way, trusted Mr. Schmidt and told him her name. He replied that he had already welcomed her relatives, and that they had pointed her out to him. With

a friendly smile, he handed the letter to mother, explaining the unfamiliar handwriting convincingly.

The letter stated that the man was a reliable friend of the family. It added that the Shalters were making a few repairs on their house, and as these would not be finished for several days, mother should temporarily go to the home of Mr. Schmidt; a big welcoming party was planned for that evening. Mr. Schmidt pointed to the Shalters' horse and carriage, introduced Beulah, the family's colored maid, told little incidents about his "good friends" Henry and Sophie, and ushered mother toward the carriage. Beulah carried the valise.

They had almost reached the carriage, when mother stopped. She suddenly visualized the features of her mother in Germany. Entranced she stared at the vision, noting that her mother looked frightened. She pointed, with warning eyes, one finger at the man and shook her head.

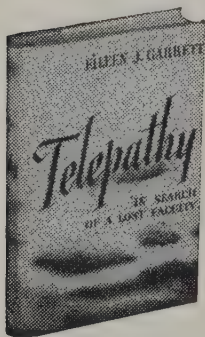
Mother, used to obeying her parents, felt that something was wrong. She shouted, at the top of her voice, the names of her relatives. A policeman appeared on the scene and talked with Mr. Schmidt in rapid English, which mother could not understand. At the same time, her cousin called from a distance. At this point "Beulah" and Schmidt hurried off in the carriage.

The Shalters' later discovered that "Schmidt" and "Beulah" were members of a ring that kidnapped young girls off incoming ships; their ultimate fate was discussed only in excited whispers.



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The university qualifying exam was to be given very shortly; was it possible that the table knew what the questions were?

HOW DID THE TABLE KNOW?

George Zorab

IN June, 1900, the graduating class of the grammar school at Kampen, a small Dutch provincial town near the edge of the Zuiderzee, was preparing for university qualifying examinations. In the evening, after school, a few seventeen or eighteen year old boys used to gather at the home of one of their classmates to talk or play cards.

One night, about a week before the exam, a boy suggested a table tilting seance, instead of the usual game of cards. Gleefully, the boys gathered around a little square table, putting their hands on the top with fingers touching, for an "interrogation of the spirits." The table soon began to shudder; moving slowly backwards and forwards, it indicated a readiness to communicate.

After the usual preliminary questions as to the identity of the "spirit," one of the sitters suddenly asked the table: "If you really are a spirit from beyond the grave, surely you can read the future as an open book. Will you please tell us what is on the written Greek exam?"

For a few minutes the table remained motionless, as if considering the question. Then, it started to tap out the alphabet with two legs—one tap for the letter “a,” two for “b”, and so on. Laboriously, the table spelled out: *Thucydides, Book 7, Chapter 73*. The boys then asked whether this was definitely the correct answer. The table, after some hesitation, wobbled up and down again, spelling out: *Thucydides, Book 5*. This was followed by a chapter number which none of the sitters later remembered.

One student, Derreck Hartgerink, was at the top of his class. Although extremely skeptical about the table tilting, he went home in a thoughtful mood. Thinking over the events of the evening, he concluded that it was all nonsense. However, feeling that there was no harm in trying, he studied the seventh book of Thucydides with great care.

QUALIFYING examinations in the Netherlands are attended by scholarly delegates nominated by the government. However, translations and compositions are selected by the students' own teacher. So, in the case of the exam at Kampen, it was the Professor of Greek, Dr. A. J. Dronckers, who chose the text for translation. The text was then printed on the examination papers. The three Governmental delegates at Kampen were: Prof. J. C. Matthew, Prof. Boissevain, and Dr. J. C. Kapteijn. The text chosen by Dr. Dronckers was: *Thucydides, Book 7, Chapter 73*. The boys wrote their translations, handed them in and waited for the results. One of the delegates, Prof. Boissevain, thought Hartgerink's paper quite good, and gave it a high grade.

Suddenly Dr. Dronckers asked Prof. Boissevain to compare Hartgerink's translation with the Greek text distributed to the students. Prof. Boissevain did so. He was struck by the fact, already noticed by Dr. Dronckers, that Hartgerink had translated the Greek word “elthoon” (“after he had gone up to him.”) This word, although found in the original Thucydides, had been left out of the text given to the students in order to simplify matters. This looked suspicious, and seemed to imply that by some fraudulent means Hartgerink had found out beforehand which text was to be used, studied it, memorized it,

copied it down—but neglected to check whether the exam text was the same as the original.

Hartgerink was asked to explain how he happened to have translated a word that did not appear in the exam. He told how the table had spelled out which chapter would be given, and how he, although not believing in spirit communication, had taken a long shot and scored a bull's eye. That was all, he said; he had simply been lucky.

The delegates, however, thought differently. All the students were questioned in detail; those who had been present at the table tilting session confirmed what Hartgerink had said. They also made it clear that Hartgerink had not been the one to suggest the seance, nor had he asked the table any questions when it started to move. But, interestingly enough, he had been the only one to have gambled on the chosen text.

All those participating in the seance had to take a second exam. They were given *Thucydides, Book 5, Chapter 14*; a remarkable choice in view of the table's second prediction. Hartgerink, however, failed. The delegates were now certain that he had cheated in the first exam.

The committee justified this decision by pointing out that Hartgerink had admitted gaining the knowledge of the translation by spiritualistic means, and that he had used this knowledge. Whatever one desires to believe about the possibilities of the dead, the fact is undeniable—the delegates argued—that Hartgerink did prepare his Greek text beforehand, and thus, in accordance with officially established rules, must have committed a fraudulent act.

THIS case aroused extensive and heated discussion in Dutch magazines and newspapers. Several prominent lawyers maintained that the boy's dismissal was unjustified; what he had done, they asserted, could not be considered cheating, and he should have been treated as all the other candidates present at the seance.

THE QUESTION remains whether the utterances of the table was a "paranormal" phenomenon or simply a chance coincidence. (There is no doubt that table tilting qualifies as a "normal" phenomenon and

a typical example of what in psychical research is known as "motor automatism.") In such a case as this, a chance coincidence can never be wholly excluded, even if the odds of hitting the correct book and chapter are slender; Thucydides' work is divided into eight books, with each book containing more than ninety chapters!

Keeping this in mind, it is highly improbable that the sitters, subconsciously directing the movements of the table with their hands, could make a direct hit by mere guessing. This improbability is increased by the fact that the table's second guess was partly correct.

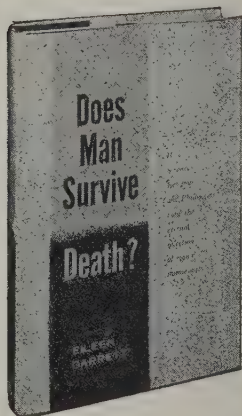
Is it too far-fetched to say that it seemed as if the intelligence manipulating the table actually foresaw which text the sitters would be asked to translate? That poor Hartgerink had been overzealous, and translated a word not appearing in his examination paper, does not, of itself, detract from this hypothesis.

If one rejects chance coincidence and accepts instead the phenomenon as an example of extra-sensory perception, one still has to decide whether the ESP was a telepathic or precognitive nature. Regarding the first utterance of the table, I believe that telepathy would be the most probable explanation. We are, of course, not certain of the real facts, but it is a good guess to say that Dr. Dronckers, at the time of the seance, had already chosen the text. By telepathically reading his mind, the correct answer could be given. If the professor had not made his choice at the moment the boys were having their sitting, it would have been a clear case of precognition.

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PRESS

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Because of a fall a man developed amazing clairvoyant power, but ABC-TV assumed that fiction is more startling than fact

TV GILDS A LILY

Susy Smith

THE picture on the television screen shows a building in flames; a dynamite explosion had gone off in an Amsterdam factory. There are shouts of Nazi soldiers, "Halt! Halt!" Then sounds of pistol shots, crackling flames, the beep-beep of patrol cars and the shrieks of fire engines. A man seeks to escape the pursuing Nazis. He vaults over a sloping roof top, slides down the adjoining building, grips a gutter rail, which rips away under his hands. The man falls down from a great height and strikes his head.

Six days later, the man, Peter Hurkos (Peter Van der Hurk), wakes up in a hospital with a "radar brain."

That was how a two-part television show, last April, presented the events that turned an average Dutchman into a clairvoyant. This scene alone illustrates a good deal that is right and wrong with television "documentaries" in general, and with its treatment of psychic case material in particular. Hurkos may very well be all he claims to

be, "radar brain" and all, but his head injury was neither as melodramatic nor as telegenic as the American viewer was led to believe. For, according to the news release of March 3, 1960, issued by the ABC Television Network for Alcoa Presents, "It was during the Nazi occupation of his native Holland, in the early 40's, that the simple event which changed his entire life occurred. Hurkos was working with his father's house-painting firm. One day he fell 40 feet from a ladder, fracturing his skull." This accident, from which Hurkos' psychic abilities dated, was, by air time, transformed into a colorful act of underground sabotage committed during World War II.

Fiction may well be more spectacular than truth—but is it, in this case, necessary? Isn't it dramatic enough that a man may be able to predict future events, solve crimes, locate missing persons, and tell the past history of an object merely by holding it in his hand?

"Alcoa Presents," which televised "The Hurkos Story," is sponsored by the Aluminum Company of America. It has appeared on the American Broadcasting Company network on Tuesday nights since January, 1959, and will probably return to the nation's living rooms next season. The series is described as "based on investigated cases of premonition, possession, prescience, and other unexplained supernatural phenomena." It has, during its history, shown a wide variety of unusual stories, often well acted by competent and sometimes prominent actors. It has been invariably well hosted by John Newland, an actor with just the right touch of mystery and solemnity in his voice and bearing. There is no doubt that the show has aroused a certain amount of interest and curiosity about the paranormal among its audiences. In fact, it is known to have a steady following among those who like a good "spooky" story.

But, unfortunately, in most cases, each show has left the viewer with the question in his mind—is this really "based on investigated cases" or is it fiction? By the addition of such fantastic fabrications as Nazi soldiers and dynamite explosions where no Nazi soldiers or dynamite explosions were necessary, it would seem to have overplayed its hand to the point that the audience discredits most of what it sees.

Supernormal phenomena are so unbelievable to begin with, that a heavy-handed, overblown fictionalization is enough to swamp it.

Ideally, the documentary approach should be considered. If an incident as unusual as an out-of-body experience, a precognitive dream, or a case of alleged spirit possession were presented as a factual documentary instead of a grisly ghost story, it could be believable as well as interesting. This is what one might wish had been done with the Peter Hurkos story. Hurkos's claims were of such unusual calibre that the producers saw fit to present his life history in two installments, on April 19th and 26th. "The Hurkos Story" was written by Jerome Grushkin, "based on" authenticated sources.

IN PART I, after his dramatic escape from the Nazis, Hurkos awakens in a hospital where he finds he has taken that "one step beyond and become a man with incredible psychic powers." As the first episode concludes, he has not yet adjusted to his new and frightening talents. He is haunted by the fear that he may have caused an innocent man's death. The man in question had a heart attack after he had been charged by Hurkos with having been a traitor during the German occupation of Holland in World War II. (Of course, it was later proved that Hurkos had been right.)

In part II of "The Hurkos Story," the Dutchman migrates to America and learns to live with his supranormal talents. Dr. Henry K. Puharich is credited with bringing the "psychic detective" to the United States for testing. The most interesting part of the dramatization deal with tests Puharich gave Hurkos at the Round Table Foundation, Glen Cove, Maine, where he was director of research. Most of the tests were limited to psychometry—the designation given to the act of a human being holding an object and getting information from it. Hurkos was depicted as showing a greater ability in psychometry than any other phase of extrasensory perception. By touching an object he was said to be able to "tune in" on anyone else who has held it.

Dr. Puharich told the television audience, "The amazing thing about Peter is not so much that he has ESP—many people possess it—but that his percentage of accuracy is so high!" Of course, it wasn't actually Puharich who said this, but an actor who played his part

—and, strangely enough, wore a moustache, although Dr. Puharich himself is clean-shaven. The make-believe Puharich also said:

“Peter was an amazing 80 percent accurate when he touched the objects; his score dropped to 40 percent when he could not see them, and when he couldn’t see *or* touch them, he failed completely.” Without touching or seeing the object, but under the influence of something called a Strobe light (the flickering of which, Puharich claims, reduces the area between the conscious and unconscious, Hurkos sometimes achieved perfect accuracy!)

This led to a series of telepathic tests utilizing the Faraday cage, a structure of wire mesh approximately eight feet square and eight feet tall. This holds a similarly enclosed wooden compartment in which the subject sits alone. The outer wire enclosure is charged with 25,000 volts of electrical current supplied by a Van de Graaf generator capable of generating 400,000 volts. It was easy for the viewer to share Hurko’s feeling of fear as he was made to enter this formidable contraption.

The basic principle of the Faraday cage is that of shielding—preventing electrical impulses from penetrating the walls to the subject. Dr. Puharich asked Hurkos to identify the objects the doctor had on his desk outside the cage.

Hurkos was still, according to Puharich, 80 percent correct, and, at times, as much as 95 percent. This ration and that of the Skrobe test proved, Dr. Puharich asserted, that Hurko’s ESP was not due to electro-magnetic radiation.

The two basic conclusions, therefore, that Dr. Puharich reached were that (1) Peter Hurkos has genuine ESP talent, and (2) there are definite biochemical and physical techniques to increase or decrease ESP.

Dr. Puharich, is a consultant to several organizations studying the subject—the Mind Science Foundation of San Antonio, Texas; Consciousness Research Foundation composed of Los Angeles psychiatrists with headquarters in San Pedro, Calif.; Belk Research Foundation, New York, and a group of scientists at Stanford University.

This dramatization of the test-taking at Glen Cove, Me., gave a note of authenticity to the program which otherwise was lacking. The

two-part production ended with Hurkos the mental detective tracking down a murderer in a dramatic who-done-it sequence, which, again, may have been either fact, fiction or a melange of both.

The melodramatizers of "Alcoa Presents" found themselves in competition with their press agents. A press release quoted in the *New York Herald Tribune* of March 14 alleged that Hurkos went through a series of tests at Duke University, where he correctly "sensed" fifty out of fifty cards. This implied that the Dutch sensitive had been the subject of the well-known card-guessing experiments in extra-sensory perception that have been undertaken for several decades at Duke University's Parapsychology Laboratory under the direction of Dr. J. B. Rhine.

When queried as to the accuracy of this press agent claim, Dr. Rhine said that "the statement about Duke University has no basis whatever." He added that Hurkos had "not been at the Laboratory for investigation and, while there have been invitations and discussions with regard to his coming, they have not so far been followed up by any fulfillment." Kay Gardella, TV columnist of the *New York Daily News* put this question to Dr. Rhine: "Mr. Hurkos says he demonstrated his powers for you last January in Florida: Is this true?" To which Rhine replied: "I saw him work at a friendly gathering. It was purely parlor entertainment. A man may be a good guesser, a Sherlock Holmes or have genuine ESP. Until he is tested under strict, scientifically controlled conditions I cannot say." Rhine was also quoted as saying that "no scientific importance should be attached to the meeting."

NOW, it may well be that the melodramatizers and press agents do not care two hoots about the television audience gaining a better understanding of psychic phenomena. But even they—and the sponsors, advertising agencies and networks—might be interested in developing a public reservoir of interest in parapsychological phenomena. No good can come of gilding already controversial lillies; there is no need to embroider the all-too-colorful.

Rather than presenting juiced-up versions of psychic events, TV has a choice between either pure fact or pure fiction. In a way, the

television series called "Twilight Zone," on the Columbia Broadcasting System's network, Friday nights at 10 o'clock E.S.T. does a better job with the realm of the supernormal, because this show is frankly fictional and says so. Perhaps, next season, "Alcoa Presents" or another television series will decide to give full documentation to its shows and "play it straight."

TV's dabbling in psychic events (See also, "Television's Psychic Fling," TOMORROW, Winter 1959) illustrates the young communication medium's groping toward maturity. Hucksterism still besets it; it remains devoted to the fast production job, to the fast buck, or a million fast bucks; guilt over the quiz scandals remains, but "The Hurkos Story" reveals the residual tendency to phony things up for the sake of a "good show" or in the name of "entertainment."

Of course, the answer to The Case of the Gilded Hurkos is, essentially, simple: thorough, unyieldingly faithful and accurate documentation—each name, each date, and each event should be factual, and nothing else. The shrewd producers and directors who put on TV shows may yet discover that fact *is* as strange as fiction.

A new book on the pros and cons of mediumship and survival, which reviews the accumulated evidence on man's immortality

HERE AND HEREAFTER

A Book Review by Allan Angoff

THE ENIGMA OF SURVIVAL: The Case For and Against An After Life. By Hornell Hart. Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, Publisher. 286pp. 1959. \$4.50.

BELIEF in the survival of human personality beyond death is now confined to a small group of reputable scientific investigators and to a vague, but probably immense, number of laymen all over the world, who, in varying degrees, have persisted in such belief whatever the scientific climate. It is noteworthy, however, that both groups have in recent years lacked the prestige, authority, and influence they enjoyed earlier, particularly at the end of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth.

There is today no figure associated with the survival concept who approaches the stature of Sir Oliver Lodge (1851-1940), a physicist of world renown, a keen student of psychic phenomena, and a militant believer in survival. Nor do we have such men as Richard

Hodgson (1855-1905), the British scholar and skeptic who became convinced of the reality of survival after his historic sittings with Mrs. Leonore E. Piper, the Boston medium. It was Hodgson, an investigator for the British Society for Psychic Research who exposed Madame Blavatsky as a fraud in 1855.

Then there was Camille Flammarion (1842-1925), the great French astronomer and novelist, who many times affirmed his complete acceptance of survival. Sir William Crookes (1832-1919) the eminent British chemist and physicist, was yet another believer. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Stewart Edward White are only two of the popular writers who had no doubts about the survival of human personality after death, stating many times that they had communicated with the dead. The English poet and classic scholar, Frederic William Henry Myers (1843-1901) is the author of one of the great landmark books, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, completed posthumously, incidentally, by his friend Richard Hodgson.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick of the Society for Psychic Research, another believer in survival, reported on Mrs. Piper's mediumship in 671 pages of the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. for 1915! Finally, there was America's most distinguished psychologist, Professor William James of Harvard, who although not a believer in survival and later a sharp critic of its devotees, avidly studied the subject throughout his life; James was, indeed, the man most responsible for making Mrs. Piper the object of perhaps the most rigid investigation of mediumship in the history of psychic science.

There are many other great figures of the nineteenth and early twentieth century who could be noted here as enthusiastic protagonists in the stimulating controversy over survival. And it was controversy of high order, enlisting distinguished men and women for both sides. In 1924, Sir Oliver Lodge spoke out with the boldness for which he was known, affirming to the consternation of many of his colleagues who knew well his imperishable discoveries in physical science, "The human soul or spirit is not extinct at death; it does continue with its aptitudes and character preserved; and, under certain conditions, it can get in touch with those left behind, so long as affection lasts, and until they too take the inevitable step into the more or less unknown

region or conditions beyond. . . . The survival of personality beyond bodily death is so much the simpler explanation of a great mass of observed phenomena that by many careful students it is held demonstrated as a fact. . . .”

Professor Charles Richet of France, Nobel Laureate in medicine (1913) replied, “My distinguished friend, Sir Oliver, thinks that theory true; I think it neither demonstrated nor even provable. But that will not prevent either of us from trying the same experiments, for neither he nor I make experiments to support or disprove any theory. We observe and experiment in order to know and understand. Whither that research will lead us, we cannot either of us guess; but what we are fully convinced of is that we shall accept positively established results, for both of us are ready to adopt, integrally and resolutely, whatever may be conformable with experimental truth.”

These are the words, and accents, of a vanished era in psychic science. The survival controversy no longer engages such eminent figures, even though important work in the field continues. The most respected students of the paranormal today approach the problem with greater objectivity, but the many discoveries since the days of Lodge and Richet and Myers and Hodgson now explain, by rational routine methods, the phenomena which made believers of so many in the older group. Those who now study the occult and the paranormal do so with a rich background in the new discoveries of medicine, psychology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, and hypnosis; new techniques and instruments which explain, with clarity and precision, phenomena once considered miraculous or attributed to personalities of the dead communicating with the living. Dr. J. B. Rhine sums it up well when he says that “any scientific theory of survival today would appear to have a fantastically greater set of odds against it, in the mind of the average scientist, than it had a hundred years ago.”

This more scientific approach to survival is perceptible in the opinions and prejudices of the lay population of Europe and America. The wars in Europe during the nineteenth century, the Civil War in the United States, and the First World War, with enormous casualties bereaving millions of families, created among a relatively uneducated population an environment favorable to the success of the many per-

sons claiming communication with the dead. The educated and the sophisticated also had their respected leaders who communicated with other worlds. Madame Blavatsky and her Theosophists attracted scientists, poets, writers, and political reformers in the 1880's. The Theosophical doctrine, at that time, held that beyond the physical bodily life of this world there were four other bodies; the etheric, astral, mental, and spiritual, each succeeding the other. Lesser known creeds and faiths than Theosophy and lesser known seers and mediums than Madame Blavatsky, made more startling claims and communicated regularly with the dead.

But significantly, the Second World War, with its many more millions of casualties, produced no such developments. Too many advances had been made in psychic science; the rigidly scientific methods of the older physical, biological, and behavioral sciences were increasingly used in parapsychology. These have created a healthy environment for the study of the paranormal in universities and laboratories which would formerly have been aghast at the mere suggestion of such work within their precincts.

THE IMPORTANT and fascinating past work on survival, along with an account of the painstaking research which continues to this day, constitutes in the aggregate, a valuable and instructive chapter in the history of psychic science. It has been difficult to obtain objective accounts of those studies, for all too often their historians have been violent partisans who have obscured facts with their prejudices. That is what is so welcome in this new book by Dr. Hornell Hart of Centre College, Kentucky. To be sure, Hart is a partisan who is convinced that human personality survives bodily death, but in *The Enigma of Survival* he is chiefly interested in stimulating further study of survival. The subtitle for his book, "The Case for and Against an After Life," is thoroughly accurate. The most emotional partisan would have difficulty showing where Hart has weighted the evidence for one side or the other.

In this volume are found the main arguments and views on extrasensory perception, on mediums, on reported communication with the dead, on apparitions, and on most of the other phenomena which

must be studied and evaluated before a conclusion on survival can be reached. "We can," says Professor Hart, "if we are determined to do so, detach ourselves sufficiently from our own prejudices so as to explore impartially the evidence and the arguments which are offered by those investigators who avow their allegiance to scientific methods, including those who conclude that personalities do not survive bodily death, those who are agnostic doubters, and those who have concluded that survival is an actual fact. To carry out such an exploration is the primary purpose of this book. . . . I am not primarily interested in winning you over to my own personal decision. Far more important, as an ultimate product of this study, should be the stimulation of innumerable readers to weigh the evidence, to seek with all sincerity to free themselves from preliminary prejudice, and to reach their own conclusions in the light of the evidence."

No scholar could have been more objective than Hart. His modest-sized volume will have permanent value as an encyclopedic handbook on survival, replete with excellent index and bibliography. These will introduce beginners to some of the most extraordinary studies of human personality and occult phenomena in modern history. Most university courses in history and psychology pay only the scantiest attention to these rich areas of human growth and development. There has been far too little published on the celebrated mediums of the past century, to cite but one aspect of this book. A wealth of material is available on Leonore E. Piper, Mrs. R. Thompson, Gladys Osborne Leonard, Eileen J. Garrett, Mrs. Warren Elliot, Caroline Chapman, and others who have made such valuable contributions to a better understanding of mediumship.

The strongest case for survival, says Hart, comes from the messages received by mediums and from confirmed apparitions. Some mediums have been proven frauds, but the evidence presented by those beyond suspicion, such as Mrs. Osborne Leonard, makes a convincing case for survival "which has never been adequately explained in any other terms." Similarly, the evidence of apparitions which have been confirmed further buttresses the case for survival.

Hart sums up the anti-survival arguments equally well—and it should be repeated that he is a believer in survival—by the following:

"The bulk of mediumistic messages are bunk . . . All apparitions are hallucinations, produced by the unconscious minds of the percipients, with the aid of Super-ESP, in response to emotional needs . . . The intimate dependence of consciousness on brain structures, brain activities, and brain chemistry makes survival incredible."

THE ONE weakness of the volume is perhaps the omission of a full discussion of the value—if any—of communicating with the dead. In the chapter, "What Could Life Beyond Death be Like?" he does allude to Professor H. Leuba, formerly of Bryn Mawr College, who had little patience with believers in a future life. Hart quotes Leuba's complaint about "the vacuous nature of the communications made by the alleged spirits regarding their states and the circumstances of their existence . . . They have been fairly loquacious; yet not any of them . . . have revealed anything at all." He might here have gone on and quoted the more celebrated remarks of J.B.S. Haldane, who said, "Even if we accepted the view . . . that a medium can somehow get into communication with a dead man, what would this prove? If I can transmit thoughts to a friend in Australia today, that does not prove my mind is in Australia. If I give information to a medium in the year 1990, ten years after my death, that will not prove that my mind will still be in existence in 1990. To prove the survival of mind or soul as something living and active, we should need evidence that it is still developing, thinking, and willing . . ."

Even William James, who worked so closely with the survivalists, felt compelled to remark at one time that "the spirit hypothesis exhibits a vacancy, triviality and incoherence of mind painful to think of as the state of the departed." And Thomas Henry Huxley, who did so much to usher in the modern scientific era, said that even if psychic phenomena were proven true, he would have no interest in it. "If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates in the nearest cathedral town," he added, "I should decline the privilege, having better things to do . . . Better live a crossing-sweeper than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a seance." These are scathing words from a distinguished source and they cannot be ignored. But Hart, the

survivalist, presents many denunciations of survival by authorities who are almost as violent as Huxley.

The most scientific students of survival today are not discouraged by Huxley and others almost as eminent; they take heart instead by recalling that when the obscure Worcester, Massachusetts scientist Goddard was experimenting with rockets and space exploration more than a quarter-century ago, he and his colleagues in other parts of America were ridiculed for trying to achieve what would be worthless even if achieved.

The world of the personality that survives the death of the body may be compared to the world of outer space. Perhaps Sir Oliver Lodge had something as visionary in mind when he remarked many years ago, "The majesty of the universe is so far beyond our largest conception, that anything is possible by mutual help; both here and hereafter, humanity can advance to heights beyond its dreams."

LETTERS TO UPTON SINCLAIR

MY LIFETIME IN LETTERS. By Upton Sinclair. Columbia, Missouri: University of Missouri Press. 412pp. \$6.50.

The eighty-two-year old Upton Sinclair has known so many people and has had so many interests in his astonishing career that it is not surprising to find in this collection of 300 letters—selected from 250,000 deposited in the Indiana University Library—considerable material of interest to all students of psychic phenomena. There are letters from Sinclair Lewis, Jack London, Romain Rolland, Maxim Gorki and many other fellow-novelists. But as Sinclair was, and is, interested in the paranormal, his correspondents also include such men as Professor William McDougall, the well-known American psychologist.

McDougall, who wrote the introduction to Sinclair's book on telepathy, *Mental Radio*, remarked in 1929 that the experiments described were among "the very best hitherto recorded." McDougall was also impressed with Mrs. Sinclair's telepathic powers. Her husband proudly notes that McDougall gave his observation records of her to Dr. Walter Franklin Prince and the Boston Society for Psychic Research. Bertrand Russell is also quoted: "I hope you will not think me churlish, but it is quite impossible for me to express my opinion on the subject of telepathy. My feeling is that there is nothing in it, but I do not know enough to support this opinion." Albert Einstein wrote from Berlin in 1930 that he had read part of *Mental Radio* and found it "highly worthy."

Harry Kemp, the poet, was so fond of his friend Upton that he felt he must warn him against the influence of Hereward Carrington and all things psychic. He admonished Sinclair, "Don't go too much on Carrington or you'll find yourself in the bat factory." In 1929 Conan Doyle told Sinclair about the psychic bookstore he operated, at a loss, at 2 Victoria Street in London. He noted in the same letter, "Don't run down Spiritualism. It is the one solid patch in the whole quagmire of religion." And Floyd Dell wrote, "I cannot get interested in the question of survival after death, and in regard to other psychic matters I have a smugly superior feeling . . ." Finally, from a prison cell in India, Gandhi said he was not interested in *Mental Radio*. Although "nobody in India would doubt the possibility of telepathy, . . . most would doubt the wisdom of its material use."

The above quotations are only gleanings from these relatively few letters in the large Sinclair correspondence, now preserved in a great university library. There is little doubt that this collection, and other Sinclair papers, will some day attract the attention of a scholar who will find a great deal to reveal the widespread interest—pro and con—in psychic science among leading world figures of the past half century.

A. A.

*A new and interesting treatment of Ireland's "Little people",
as the bridge between man and nature, between fact and fancy*

A NONCHALANT HISTORY OF THE "LITTLE PEOPLE"

A Book Review by Michael O'Shaughnessy

IRISH EARTH FOLK. By Diarmuid Mac Manus. New York: Devin-Adair Company. 1960. 192 pp. \$3.75.

This is an unusually readable account of the varieties of "Little People" found in Ireland. The subject, so frequently the victim of sentimental treacle, always manages to sound a responsive note in even the most hard-boiled. But the saccharine whimsy-whimsy, usually employed in dealing with the subject, destroys any possible sympathy or credence.

Mr. Mac Manus is on to them, and misses these fairy traps. He has written from the calm point

of view, he claims, of an historian, not a folklorist, which is a totally Irish distinction. He tells nonchalantly of Fairy Trees, The Pooka, Magic Cures, Pranksters and so on, and he slyly repeats at strategic intervals that these incidents of Faerie encounter have been told him by people of unimpeachable, unswerving validity, and that the information can all be checked on, if you need that security.

At first thought, the utter triviality of most of the encounters with the "Little People," seems preposterous. There is a formula they all follow: the first reaction amazement, followed by fear, of anyone encountering a fairy is

then pride in special privilege, and eventually a smug acceptance of the accolade. But, if these encounters were world-shattering, would not the very essence of their potency and significance be destroyed? The stupid challenge to believe or not to believe, the fatuous battle between reality and fantasy, would be brought to a state shadow-boxing could not endure.

The Irish are credited with an abundance of sensitivity, and are logically the chief supporters of the Faerie tradition. They have never grown so haughtily exclusive as to refuse to admit the need of the "Little People" in their lives—they are the bridge between dreams and realities, which makes separation and isolation impossible. The rich tradition of the Faerie Realm, with its many classifications, its hierarchies and cross-referenced activities, goes back deep into the roots behind time, long before the first puny-minded specialists began to decry the separateness of Man and Nature.

The great poets, even an English one, have never stopped knowing and using the magical reality of Oneness. His pet character, who has confused lesser

minds of every age since, declared, "There is more in heaven and earth than in all your philosophies". It's all a matter of Creative assimilation. And creativity is an attitude towards life, not an occupation. So why all these prejudices about accepting super-facts? Is not all prejudice based on ignorance and fear?

Sir James Barrie, in the most passionate moment of his best play, has his hero demand from the audience whether or not they believe in Fairies, and their un-failing applause relights the flame of Tinkerbell. Ireland has never been separated, in the mind of man, from its close association with the Fairies. And the Irish feel the need of the reassurance the "Little People" give so bountifully, for it is themselves who nurture the flame of the unity of creativity.

Mr. Mac Manus gives a delightful account of a doctor who set out to visit a patient who lived some seven miles away by road, and only three by cross-country path. The medico settled on the short-cut, which led him through a faerie field dominated by a grand thorn tree. The Fairies, probably amused by the scientific man's limited wisdom, put

a spell on the field, making it impossible for him to find his way out. Finally after two hours, they let him escape, and he had to go home and get his bicycle and take the longer road. There are those who'll probably think the Fairies were hard on the patient who might have been seriously ill or after dying, they knew it was only a matter of an ache, or maybe too much poteen.

Irish Earth Folk is more than a contribution, it's a huge relief.

It tells one's embattled heart that the time has not yet come, despite deluges of proof to the contrary, when you and I must finally succumb to the folly of *exclusive* and "factual" Reality. Mr. Mac Manus quotes Yeats: "I once asked an old man if he had ever seen the Fairies, and he replied, 'Am I not annoyed with them?'" And Yeats himself wrote, "No matter what one doubts, one never doubts the Fairies, for they stand to reason."

DEATH IN OUR LIVES

A Book Review by Eileen J. Garrett

THE MEANING OF DEATH. Edited by Herman Feifel. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 351pp. \$6.50.

In 1956, the American Psychological Association held a symposium on the problem of death and dying. The present book, edited by Dr. Herman Feifel, Clinical and Research Psychologist, Veterans Administration Mental Hygiene Service, Los Angeles, is a presentation of the papers read at the meeting, together with material which

he added to give the book a broader and wider selection. Opinions are culled from medical, analytical, theological, literary and artistic sources, all adding up to a first-rate attempt to come to grips with the problem of death.

To be particularly noted is Dr. Feifel's own contribution, "Attitudes Toward Death in some Normal and Mentally-ill Populations." He looks back with discernment to passages in the Talmud, and, in broader perspective, examines the essential realities of our present day with its crucial aspects of anxiety within a continent where there are many cross-cultural differences.

The book is prefaced and introduced by Dr. Feifel, and is divided into five parts. The first, "Theoretical Outlooks on Death," contains original material by Carl G. Jung entitled "The Soul in Death," and ends with a masterly discussion of the subject matter by Dr. Gardner Murphy. As one reads, one is struck by the profound contradictions that exist within our western culture toward the problem of dying. This reviewer particularly liked "The Child's View of Death," presented by Maria H. Nagy, and gathered from the various research endeavors carried on by workers in the field of child psychology, as well as "Modern Art and Death," by Cala Gottlieb. Since art takes its inspiration from human life, the theme of death is a common subject for the artist and has been dealt with from the days of the cave man to the environment of the moment.

The tremendous richness of the material bears witness to the fact that, as Dr. Murphy points out, Dr. Feifel has opened up an area in which human beings might give more useful testimony to enrich a world presently dominated by violence and continually threatened by a sense of causelessness.

Those who prefer "off beat" subjects to a good night's sleep can have their fill on this radio show of pre-dawn excitement

WHAT MAKES 'LONG JOHN' RUN?

Tom O'Neil

THE mystery man of nighttime radio today is one John Nebel, a six-foot, four-inch 48-year-old avowed cynic and skeptic, who is known near and far as "Long John." For the few of you who do not know him, he is the moderator, programmer and guiding spirit of the "Long John Show," which occupies the airwaves some thirty five hours a week, starting at midnight six nights and at one A.M. on Monday morning. In recent months, Long John's audience has been

able to see as well as hear him; in New York, WOR-TV (Channel 9) telecasts a half hour interview every Wednesday at 9 P.M.

I first ran into Long John one night when I was unable to sleep, listening to the radio in my den. I had been fiddling with the dial and I probably would not have remained long with New York's station WOR on my set, except that I caught the word "séance."

I shook off my drowsiness and listened. I didn't get to sleep

until dawn, for that night I listened as Long John and his panel members discussed mediums, séances, spiritualists and other matters occult for some five hours.

There are many, many "talk shows" on radio; but most of them are merely table-talk programs, wherein Broadway and Hollywood celebrities, sports personalities and the like, chat for a few uninspired minutes with some uninspired interviewer.

"The Long John Show" is unique—it specializes in what John calls "the off-beat subjects, such as flying saucers, UFO's [Unidentified Flying Objects], hypnotism, regression, parapsychology, extra-sensory perception, yoga, and many other things. . . ." Among the people who have appeared on his show are Howard Menger, the man from New Jersey who claimed direct contact with people from other planets; "Prince Neosom," who claimed to have come from another galaxy; Mr. and Mrs. Wetherall, founders of Humanetics; the late Morris K. Jessup, an expert on flying saucers and UFO and many hundreds (yes, hundreds) of people interested and active in what Long John calls "off-beat" subjects.

On other nights, John has different kinds of off-beat people, such as Alexander King, author of *Mine Enemy Grows Older*, who appeared on WOR, John tells me, months before Jack Paar ever heard of the fabulous King.

When Long John has programs about the occult, he usually says something like this. "Frankly, neighbors, I don't buy this whole thing." What he means, is, that he does not believe in the legitimacy of the subject. "I'm from Missouri," he says.

Why, then, you may ask, does the "Long John Show," go in for so many of these programs, and why have many serious psychic experiments taken place there?

Long John seems to be an honest seeker-for-truth, and at the same time he examines and re-examines everything he learns. He surrounds himself with panel members of high skepticism, such as Warren Pack, a New York newspaperman; Lester del Rey, a noted author of science fiction and rocketry books; Ben Isquith, a cyberneticist (and don't ask me what that is), and such learned men as Dr. Emerson Coyle, Dr. Edward Spingarn and Dr. Bowman Brown.

Daylight in Chicago

BUT let us give a little background on Long John. Let us go into Long John, the man. The "long" part of his name is easily explained once you see him. John is over six foot-four, has wavy hair, usually snipped into a crew cut, wears horned-rimmed glasses and dresses nattily, somewhat in an Ivy League manner.

John first saw daylight in Chicago, Illinois, and it wasn't until four years ago, when he was 44, that he had any connection with radio. Before that he had operated a discount store in New Jersey, where he made some eloquent "pitches," or, to put it plainly, he gave glittering sales talks. One night, an official of station WOR stopped by on his way into New York and was greatly impressed by John's style.

A few weeks later, Long John was on the air. He had a thirty-minute program, broadcast late in the evening, which was taped earlier in his home. Before long, he was spending a lot of time with "off-beat" people.

How did he become interested in these people? Why didn't he do an ordinary interview program?

"Well," John told me, "what intrigued me was the number of people who obviously were interested in flying saucers and unidentified flying objects. I was frankly amazed. I did a lot of reading on the subject, and when I met some of these people, I determined to try to discover what there was to the stories. I am still trying to get the truth."

"As I have said many times, I do not buy the saucer stories, as far as saucers being extra-terrestrial craft. I do believe that UFOs have been sighted. The story of the UFOs over Washington, where something was spotted on radar is difficult to discount. Then, of course, I met many people who worked in this field, and I don't mean the Mengers or Adamskis. I mean men whom I respect, like Major Donald Keyhoe, who is head of NICAP. In addition, I talked many, many hours with ordinary people, who told me stories of sightings."

Getting on with the Long John story: his programs of thirty minutes proved to be so popular, that before long he was given the midnight-to-five-thirty spot on WOR, whose powerful transmitter reaches some twenty-seven states in the early morning hours.

"I operated for the first year at the transmitter, at Carteret, N. J., doing a solo bit," John recalled. "I would take telephone calls, and just talk for the entire time. Then, once in a while, some friends would stop by, and in a while, we were shifted to the regular studios, at 1440 Broadway in Manhattan, 24 floors above the Square known as Times, as I often say."

Soon, Long John had attracted some keen minds who served as his panel. That is, they helped ask questions, and sometimes no guest was needed, and the panel "cut up jackpots," which is what John would call a gab session.

* * *

Perhaps I should now describe my appearance on the show, to show how it works.

I received a phone call from Long John asking if I would like to appear some night. Being interested, I answered that I would be in New York on a certain date, and the appearance was sealed.

I was told to be in Studio Six, around an hour before broadcast time. When I got there, John introduced me to his "Big Three," Miss Goetz, producer David Field, and Warren Pack, the

newspaperman I mentioned before, John's right hand man and close friend.

The panel that morning consisted of Warren Pack, Ellery Lanier, an author and lecturer; Kai Dee, an actor, and Ben Isquith.

As the clock registered midnight, the sounds of "Forbidden Planets," a distinctly out-of-this-world piece of music, went out over the air-lanes. After some 45 seconds, the music stopped and John took over:

"Good morning, neighbors. This is Long John with the 'Party Line.' We're around four nights a week from midnight to five A.M. Friday and Saturday nights, we're on until 5:30 and on Sunday night we get started at one A.M. That adds up to some 35 hours a week and during that time I have the pleasure of talking to many interesting people. This morning, we are going to be talking to Tom O'Neil, who is the publisher of *The Psychic Observer*." [To those who don't know it, the "P.O." is published twice a month at Southern Pines, N.C.—Plug!]

And then—we were off. For the first half hour, Long John conducted the questioning, and

it was very easy going. But then the panel members got started, and I can say that it was rough at times, for the panel and me, as the more obvious skeptics got in their shots—with me shooting back!

But you would be amazed how quickly the five and a half hours went by and suddenly it was 5:29 A.M. and Long John was winding it up in his usual fashion: “. . . If you're just getting up, have a wonderful day; and if you're going to bed, sleep real good—and bless you.”

What They Think of Him

WHAT sort of man is John Nebel?

To the people who listen at home, he is a super salesman.

To his friends, he is a man of genuine interest in every subject, and a man with tremendous loyalty to his job, the program and his friends.

To other people?

“In the early morning hours, WOR has a winner in Long John,” says one of John's rivals, Barry Gray, who has a two-hour show on another New York station.

To critics?

“Long John has come up with that miracle of miracles, a truly original idea in radio,” commented *Argosy* magazine.

To people in show business?

“It is one of the best shows of its kind I have ever listened to,” says comedian Jackie Gleason, who has telephoned Long John on some occasions while he was broadcasting.

“It is the most fascinating show on the air today,” according to actress Cornelia Otis Skinner.

But I was interested in Long John the investigator. I spent the next morning with Long John and Warren Pack. “I think that your experiences in the occult field would be very interesting to our readers,” I told him. “How would you like to write a column for my newspaper?”

“Are you kidding?” John responded. “Don't you know that I don't buy that kind of gaff stuff?”

“Would John have to take it easy in any way?” Pack asked.

I told them that John would have complete editorial freedom, and a few weeks later John's first column appeared in *The Psychic Observer*.

Wild Goose in Oklahoma

JOHN'S most interesting investigation took place last year, when he and seven of his associates went to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, to check into Otis T. Carr and his O.T.C. X-1 "circular foil craft," with which, Carr said, he would "go to the Moon." John took Warren Pack, David Field, Ben Isquith, Al Lottman, Ellery Lanier, Sgt. Morris Paley, and Sam Vandivert. This is how John reports his experience:

"Warren was to help with the interviewing and David did the tape work. We wound up with hundreds of hours of tape which we later edited to six hours. Sam recorded everything on film. We spent a fantastic five days in Oklahoma City. We couldn't locate the model until one morning when it was discovered in an abandoned warehouse outside of town. Carr was missing, and through long hours of investigation, he was discovered in a hospital, suffering from a minor throat ailment."

"There was supposed to be a launching of a six foot prototype model on Sunday, at an amusement park called Frontier City. Well, we were out there all day, listening to people like Major

Wayne Aho and Calvin Girvan and Margaret Storm, and finally at 5 P.M. the test was cancelled. The next day, a little fed up, frankly, we went back to New York."

"December 7 came and went without any trip off the ground, let alone a flight to the moon. It was just another gaff stunt which never came off and, I suppose, never will."

No one as busy as Long John enjoys going on a wild goose chase, or a wild "circular foil craft" chase. But when the next plausible, unusual, startling stunt comes along—John will be there, I'm sure, ready to acknowledge those facts that survive his challenging inquiry. As for myself, I certainly had fun matching wits with this shrewd, self-styled skeptic who keeps an open mind toward us "off-beat" types.

Meanwhile, and if insomnia's got you, or you are simply looking for something different from the everyday pap of the airwaves—tune in the Long John Show in any of the twenty-seven Eastern states that are reached by New York's Radio Station WOR, when the night is old, the streets are deserted, and all the "on-beat" people are soundly asleep!

"You know how Clem and I practiced telepathy at one time . . . Perhaps if I'm quiet, very quiet, he can get through to me."

AT 2:55 A. M.

Gay Allison

I suddenly awakened from a deep sleep, feeling someone bending over me and cried aloud in alarm. My husband lying beside me was instantly alert and switched on the bedside light as he asked anxiously, "What is it dear? Have the pains started?" I was due to have my first baby in a few weeks and Ned was quite apprehensive.

"No—no," I answered glancing about fearfully, "somebody was in the room."

"Sure" said Ned smiling, "it's me, your ever-loving husband."

"No, no—somebody was here," I insisted.

"Look, honey, you just had a dream or a nightmare, but everything is all right now—see!"

"Oh, *please*—go look—quickly—somebody, I tell you!" The urgency of my hoarse whisper and obvious terror, set Ned on his feet at once and into his slippers. Taking one of the club sticks out of his golf bag which stood beside his chest he left the room.

Our apartment consisted of but three rooms so it did not take Ned long to look around, and

check windows and door. He returned to the bedroom brandishing the golf club in a melodramatic manner, but he stopped clowning when he saw my keen distress. With mock seriousness he opened the closets and poked about the clothes. Then, down on all fours, he peered under the bed and crawling beneath came up on my side with a broad grin. It was truly funny and I should have been amused but instead I continued to tremble and fought hard to control my tears.

Putting his arms about me, Ned tried to be reassuring; "Look, Honey, I am sure that I have heard that expectant mothers often have nervous fancies—so you see this is nothing unusual—all part of it."

When Ned got back into bed I begged him to leave the light on. Snug in his arms, I gradually calmed down and finally was completely relaxed. Suddenly, I laughed in sheer, happy relief. "Why it's Clem," I exclaimed; "I just heard him whisper my name in my ear! What a ninny I am to have been frightened. Clem must be trying to get a message through to me. It is months since his last letter. You

know, how Clem and I practiced telepathy at one time. Perhaps if I am quiet—very quiet, he can get through to me now. Turn out the light dear,—by the way what time is it?"

"Just 2:55 A.M." answered Ned regarding me with an amused and quizzical expression.

I was completely at ease now and relaxed—but received no message—and soon fell into a restful sleep.

Just Before He Died

EARLY next day, I had a long distance telephone call from Clem's sister. Clem had been gravely ill for several weeks but did not want me to know, because of my "delicate" condition. During the night he told her how much he would have liked to see me again and just before he died he spoke my name. He died at exactly 2:55 A.M.!

Clem and I had grown up together and there was a strong bond of friendship between us. Although there was but four years difference in our ages, he seemed older because he counseled and protected me. I was always more completely 'myself' with him than with anyone else

I have ever known. Early in our teens we discovered that we frequently started to say the same thing and often made answer to an unspoken question.

Later he went away to a distant town, but he always knew when I was ill or anything was disturbing me. He wrote that he would like to make some experiments—so at a given time—alone and relaxed—sometimes with the aid of a lighted candle in a dark room—I wrote down the thought

I received. Then the next morning I mailed this to him and at the same time, he would mail the message he had sent the night before. In this way we could check. Out of seven tries we had three identical messages—one with the same meaning but differently expressed—one incomplete—and two failures.

Over the years I have had several experiences, but never again as strong or complete as with this friend.

Coming in the Fall

TOMORROW'S
special issue on
SPIRITUALISM

164 pages

The room in the tower had a superb view of beautiful sunsets; why then did everyone refuse to spend the night alone there?

“A HIDEOUS AND WICKED COUNTRY . . .”

Denys Val Baker

CORNWALL is a very strange place, probably the strangest area in the whole of the British isles, impregnated with mysterious haunting echoes of Celtic twilight, of druidic sacrifices and other ritualistic ceremonies. An English poet, John Heath-Stubbs, put this feeling into words after a first visit to Cornwall.

“This is a hideous and wicked
country,

Sloping to hateful sunsets and
the end of time,

Hollow with mine shafts,
naked with granite, fanatic

With sorrow. Abortions of the
past

Hop through these bogs;
black-faced, the villagers
Remember burnings by the
hewn stones.”

No less a perceptive authority of psychic matters that the late poet and novelist Walter de la Mare declared, after his first visit to Cornwall, that he did not feel safe until he had crossed the River Tamar back into Devonshire; and it is no accident that the late Aleister Crowley, connoisseur of the satanic, was frequent-

ly drawn down to the Western tip of Cornwall.

There is no doubt that the physical setting of Cornwall does much to enhance feelings of foreboding as any visitor can see for himself by walking along the cliffs at Land's End, or around Cape Cornwall, or Gurnard's Head or Zennor. Ruth Manning-Sanders, the novelist who lived for many years at Sennen Cove, near Land's End, told of walking along those cliffs in the twilight of a wintry afternoon when nothing was to be seen but the huge dim shapes of the silently withdrawing cliffs, and the red, rhythmically winking eye of the Longships lighthouse. She wrote:

"It is then that the drowned sailors of the past can be heard hailing their names above the moaning of the waters. It is then that the sense of the primordial, the strange and the savage, the unknown, the very long ago, fills the dusk with something that is akin to dread. It is then that the place becomes haunted; a giant heaves grey limbs from his granite bed; a witch sits in that stone chair on the cliff. . . ."

The very long ago! How much it has been impressed and impregnated into the granite body

of Cornwall, how much it remains alive, a part of daily life. Once, when climbing to the top of a hill above St. Ives, a man said to a little boy, "This was where the Druids worshipped their idol gods." When the boy asked, "How long ago was that?" The man replied vaguely, "Oh about a hundred years, I s'pose."

Past and present, moments and centuries, all are entangled and interwoven in Cornwall. Eternity is contained in a hundred years. And this is reflected not only in the landscape but in the people. To the Celts, the past is at their elbow continuously; or, as George Meredith once put it:

"The past of their lives has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud, nor are the passions of the flesh, nor is the animate soul, wanting it. Other races forfeit infancy, forfeit youth and manhood, with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. These have each stage always alive, quick at a word, a scent, a sound, to conjure up scenes, in spirit and in flame."

A Race Apart

IN a few words I have tried to give some picture of the land—and, indeed, its people still

think of themselves as a race apart from the rest of England—where I have lived for the past twelve years, and where I have had many experiences of strange and curious happenings which might not occur quite so readily elsewhere. The description I shall give may read somewhat romantically and even extravagantly, though I can assure you it is a fair one; but, as people acquainted with psychic events will be aware, one's actual experiences of the supernatural, or what seems influenced by the supernatural, are often not particularly dramatic, though none the less impressive.

It has been so in my case, as I will recount now by taking three particular incidents. Not for me the tales of pixies and ghoulies and "things that go bump in the night"—and yet, experiences just as thought-provoking as would be such apparitions as were once taken for granted in old Cornwall.

One of our first homes in Cornwall was an old Vicarage, at a small parish known as St. Hilary, not far from Marazion and St. Michael's Mount, on the south-west coastline of Cornwall. We have a large family, and we

were glad to be able to purchase this rambling old house, set in lovely country surroundings. It was indeed a rambling place, with rooms that seemed to sprawl here, there and everywhere; and the whole building was crowned by a large room set in the form of a tower—almost, one might say, a look-out tower, for it offered long views over rolling seas to the Mount and the sea in the distance.

When we were in the process of acquiring the Vicarage. I remembered the vicar, a bachelor who had never actually lived in the house, because it was too large, saying something to me about the tower room—something suggestive and disturbing. However, when I asked him what it was, he would not pursue the matter, beyond saying vaguely that there was a rumor that the room was haunted, and certainly as far as he knew no one had ever slept there.

As it happened, our family was spread around quite comfortably, and we had not quite decided what to do with the tower room. On several later occasions, remembering the vicar's remarks, I thought, "Well, we really must spend a night there,"

and even tentatively made plans to do so. Yet, somehow, they never materialized. Then, for a period we decided to rent out the top two floors, including the tower, to a nurse, and she moved in with her furniture. "Ah well," we thought, "I expect she'll make good use of the tower." Indeed, we took it for granted, and we were rather surprised a year or so later, when the nurse had to move, to discover that she had never used the room at all.

"I can't think why," she said, looking faintly uneasy. "Sometimes I laid a fire there and thought I'd use it as a sitting room . . . but somehow I never did. I just didn't seem . . . to want to."

As I say, there is nothing very dramatic in this first story, but I want to try and show how one's consciousness of psychic feelings may develop under such circumstances. Neither the nurse nor any of us had felt able to sleep in the room, for no apparent reason at all. Were we all being foolish?

As if to settle the matter, a friend of ours rang up to say she had to find a home quickly, for some months, before moving into a new house. We told her about

the tower. She came out and was delighted, saying how wonderful it would be to watch the sunsets. The next day, the moving men brought her furniture, and on the following day she came out early to get everything settled in.

It was about nine that evening when we were surprised to see her pop her head round our kitchen door to tell us that she was just slipping back to Penzance for the night, she would stay with a friend, and then tomorrow she would move out properly.

Well, as you may guess—the next evening she repeated the process, and then the following evening. After that, she gave up the pretense; she could not or would not give us any reason for her strange behaviour. Nothing would make her spend a night in that tower room.

After a great deal of research and investigation we uncovered the highly relevant fact that a young religious student, who had once occupied the tower room, had over-worked himself to the extent of committing suicide by throwing himself out of the window. Hence, a good solid reason for all these strange and subconscious reactions against giving oneself up to such an atmosphere.

The Seagull and the Mask

MY second story is a much more serious and a sadder one. For many years we had a great friend in Cornwall, a young, witty, very-much-alive man called Len. With Len around, the world became slightly enchanted: whatever one was doing seemed more exciting, more amusing, even it was something quite mundane. He was gay, charming, a delightful companion.

Like many such individuals, he had his other, moody side, and we were used to occasional brooding periods. But we were unprepared for the sudden change that came over him: he appeared one day, his face pale and his features drawn, with heavily ringed eyes, looking as if he had not slept all night, which indeed he hadn't.

He would not say anything, but as this happened with increasing frequency, as Len began to look more and more haggard and washed out, we begged him to tell us what was bothering him. At last he agreed, yet managing to tell his story almost as if it were a joke.

"It sounds crazy, I know, but it happens every morning, with-

out fail. Indeed, I lie awake waiting for it . . . I can see the dawn just about coming up over the horizon, and the window begins to color—and then it begins . . ."

"What begins?"

"Why, the seagull. He starts tapping on the window pane with his beak. Have you ever seen a seagull's beak? It's long and curved and cruel, and it looks like it's dipped in blood. . . . "Just an ordinary seagull, only bigger somehow against a small window. Each morning he comes, and then he taps . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap. . . ."

Len grimaced.

"It's no good shoeing him away . . . I've tried that. He just waits until I've gone, and then he's back, tapping away. As if—why almost as if he's got a message for me!"

Len looked at us from eyes that were curiously clouded.

"You know the old Cornish saying, don't you? If a bird taps at your window, that's to let you know your days are numbered."

Well, of course, we tried to throw cold water on the whole idea. Len was young and healthy, why should he be likely to die? He must pull himself together and resist such ideas.

I shall never forget the curiously tired smile with which Len answered. "It's no use, really," he said simply. "It's just . . . fate."

In his own, flamboyant, half-mischievous way, Len had made a gesture. He had a friend who was a potter, and he had got this friend to make a rather gruesome pottery mask in a pretty true likeness of Len. In some perhaps perverted way Len seemed to extract a good deal of amusement from this mask. He hung it on the wall of his flat, and though to see it gave us the willies, in some bizarre way I often felt it gave Len a curious sustenance.

I hope so, anyway, because three weeks later Len was killed outright in a car smash-up. He had a companion with him, a young lad who was apparently far more badly injured. Len looked almost untouched, but he was unconscious, and never regained his senses.

Prevision of Disaster

THE third story is even more personal, and unfortunately very up to date. My wife had been invited to a party at a cottage at Cape Cornwall. This place is a craggy peninsula on the

western tip of Cornwall, renowned for majestic and rather dangerous views, and we did understand quite vaguely that the cottage where the party was being given was quite near the edge of cliffs.

A week before the party, a friend of ours, Eddy, rang up, very upset, asking to speak to my wife. "Jess, I've had a premonition, for two nights running I've had the same dream—Jess you mustn't go to this party. I've seen you falling; something will happen to you! It was all so clear. You must be careful."

Well, Eddy, being Cornish, was perhaps more subject to premonitions than many of us. All the same, he had not had an experience like this for a long time, and his concern was catching. We even thought of not going to the party, but at last my wife shrugged and said, "If we don't go, we shall always be wondering what might have been."

When Eddy heard our decision, he decided to take what positive action he could on his own account. He forced the owner of the cottage to erect barricades and fences all around the cottage, so that the way to the cliffs and precipices were barred.

At the time we smiled indulgently, though appreciating however, his feelings.

On the night of the party we drove to the cottage together. When we had parked the car in a field, Eddy came over and took my wife by the hand. He was in a cheerful mood by now, but the memory of his premonition lingered. One by one, he led my wife to the various danger spots, "Look, if you come out for a breath of fresh air—this way, not that." "Whatever you do, keep away from that pathway." And so on.

We went in. The cottage had been transformed for the occasion of the party. Gay Chinese lanterns sparkled in corners. There was plenty of food and drink, even a five-piece band in one corner. Yet there was plenty of space, for it was one of those solid Cornish granite cottages, knocked into one enormous room. There was all the feeling in the air of a really enjoyable occasion.

My wife and I had a dance together. She was suddenly laughing and relaxed, as if in some way now she felt safe. For the next dance she passed on to a mutual friend of ours, an exuber-

ant and jolly soul who whirled her round and round.

The dance ended. I half turned—and then I heard a scream. The next moment there was chaos. A great iron bar, used for curtaining off a recess, had fallen to the ground. My wife was lying crumpled up. I jumped forward and bent down, putting my hand gently under her head. Appalled, I felt the hot wet stickiness of blood.

We lifted her on to a bed, blood dripping everywhere. The bar had fallen across the centre of her head, there were several ugly open wounds, and blood pouring out.

Meantime, ironically, people were pouring in the door to the party, not knowing what had happened. We decided that the situation was serious, and we had better drive not to a doctor, but straight to a hospital. This involved traveling ten miles over winding and twisting roads—Cornish roads, I might add, with all their faintly eerie qualities. It was about the fastest ten miles I have ever driven. When we got there, a doctor and nurse appeared, and there and then my wife's head was treated. She had four large

stitches, and was whisked off to the women's ward.

Now, as I write this, three weeks later, she is home, but still kept to bed. It will be many weeks and even months before she is fit again. We had imagined that the premonition of "falling" referred to her falling over the cliffs. But alas, as we now know, falling down under the weight of an iron bar can be just as serious an accident.

Why did our friend dream

about my wife being hurt? Why did she still go to the party? What would have happened if she had not gone?

These are some of the many questions that come to mind. In closing, I can only say, as at the beginning, that in a land like Cornwall, "sloping to hateful sunsets and the end of time," supernatural occurrences seem somehow far more likely and acceptable—and another time we shall pay regard to premonitions.

TO THE EDITOR, TOMORROW:

Referring to "Unsolved Animal Mysteries" by A. S. Jarman in Spring 1960 TOMORROW, this article gives the impression that Lady lost her "psychic" faculties around 1928 or 1929. Not more than ten or twelve years ago, she was demonstrating her ability to spell, work mathematical problems, etc., and had told where to find a child drowned in a swamp (in New England, I believe). This was reported in magazines and newspapers at that time.

I intended to visit her and ask her some questions, but she died before I was able to visit her.

Henderson, Kentucky

Cecil D. Clayton



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A PREVIEW OF A SUPERIOR RACE OF MEN

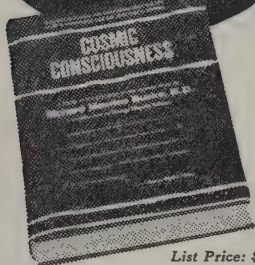
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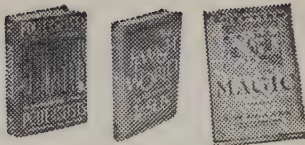
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As modern India tackles industrial and agricultural problems, how can wandering Hindu Sadhus help the "silent revolution"?

INDIA'S HOLY MEN GO MODERN

R. K. Narayan

IN his efforts to spur the "silent revolution" in India's industry and agriculture, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru turned recently to a different kind of emissary—the *Sadhus*, or wandering holy men. These men, roving as they will from one end of India to the other, wherever the Hindu religion is respected, and penetrating remote places where few other visitors venture, will—it is hoped—preach the gospel of modernism, of the reform of old, primitive ways, in a manner more ef-

fective than the usual city-bred technician can achieve.

This represents a new role for the *Sadhus* and there are certain paradoxical overtones in the change. For one thing, these men are supposed to be above all material considerations, yet they are being asked to preach socio-economic reform. For another thing, many of India's modern leaders, Nehru among them, have until recently been outspokenly critical of the *Sadhus* as work-dodging parasites who preferred to live by

the begging bowl rather than by productive labor. And others have called them worse things.

Nevertheless, the *Sadhu* and his way of life are venerable features of the Hindu religion. The most ancient sacred writings—the *Vedas* and the *Puranas*—contain references to them. In earliest times asceticism, complete renunciation, was deemed the only way to attain salvation. But gradual change took place and by the fourteenth century *Sadhus* were taking an active part in the society around them, partly to protect Hinduism from the onslaught of Islam. Today the *Sadhus* belong to two main groups—the *Saiva* (followers of the god *Siva*) or *Vaishnava* (followers of Vishnu).

It is their remarkable dress that sets them out at once against the mass of Indian people. There are two main differences but a wide variety of small details that vary. The followers of Vishnu, for example, wear white robes and the *Saiva* wear ocher; but all smear themselves with ashes.

A *Sadhu* may be smooth-shorn or long-haired; in the latter style his hair falls in matted locks to his neck or is tied into an aggressive knot on top of his head. His

forehead is smeared with sacred ash, vermilion and sandalwood paste. Dark prayer beads encircle his throat; his eyes shine with spiritual hauteur. All in all, he gives himself an impressive, if not a frightening, make-up.

There is a certain hauteur in his manner, too. Down his side hangs a simple cloth pouch; this he holds open when someone offers a coin or a bit of food. If he asks for something, he does not say: "Please give me food" or anything of that sort. Instead, he is likely to refer to himself in the third person: "A *Sadhu* waits at your door. If you have food for him, bring it along." To be more impressive, he may add: "This *Sadhu* comes from Hardwar [at the foot of the Himalayas], has lived in holy Kasi [Benares]. Give him what you can and take his blessing."

Among some people he is greatly feared and a reluctant or grudging householder may be cowed by "You dare to turn away a *Sadhu*!" with its implication of a curse. In general, a *Sadhu* is accepted as a person who, having forsworn all private property and possessions, being without family or even identity as it is usually known, has a pri-

vileged position. He can stand anywhere and ask for food or money; may live in the veranda of any public building or even private house without having anyone ask who he is, much less ask him to move on; he travels on a train without buying a ticket and no one protests when he enters an already crowded compartment.

Training and Initiation

THESE being some of his privileges, what are his functions and how does he qualify for them? It is not easy to find an equivalent outside the oriental religions. He is simply, a "holy man," dedicated to meditation and prayer. He joins no congregation, conducts no services, is not a missionary or proselytizer. He is, in Hindu belief, set aside by his own choice and discipline as an exemplar of dedication and abnegation.

To set out on this life, an aspirant goes through a well-defined training and initiation. There are thousands of monastic organizations where he may study the scriptures and the lives of earlier holy men. He spends much time in contemplation; he may make various pilgrimages.

Practically every *Sadhu* you meet claims to have spent his apprenticeship on the slopes of the Himalayas, living in caves, practicing austerities and growing beyond human limitations by *yoga*.

There is a definite belief that, as one goes higher up the Himalayas, one's spiritual versatility increases, until one attains the *summum bonum* of human existence by a plunge in the holy lake of Manasarowar. This lake lies at an altitude of about 15,000 feet, within sight of the resplendent ice dome of Mount Kailas, where the stern god Siva, the fountainhead of all *yoga*, has his abode.

Pilgrims returning from the Himalayas whisper in wonderment of rumors, heard from others who heard them from others, about the presence of radiant men of tremendous stature stalking the snowy heights and vanishing along a spur of the mountain at the approach of ordinary mortals. They are the *Mahatmas*, or Great Souls, and all *Sadhus* claim to be developed under the guidance of one of these.

In any case, at some point a man is considered to have completed his novitiate and he goes

through the ceremony of admission into the ascetic life. It can take place at any of the monastic establishments. The aspirant is made to stand in waist-deep water and undergo a purificatory penance. His head is shaved as a symbol of his break with worldly ties (he may remain clean-shaven or grow his hair again); his own funeral rites are performed to indicate his virtual death as an individual.

He has to fast and chant prayers, particularly to the sun to grant him mental clarity; after midnight the sacrificial fire is lit and oblations are offered; the novice strips himself naked and walks seven steps. He is given a new, ascetic's, name, and he becomes a *Sadhu* from that moment.

Impostor or Saint?

BUT there is a wide range of *Sadhus* and it is often difficult to know whether one is dealing with an impostor or a saint. There are acrobats, alchemists, fortune-tellers, quacks, members of outlandish sects and cults (who may be fit subjects for Freudian studies), conjurors and illusionists. Quite a number of them can display their magical

prowess. There was a *Sadhu* who went everywhere with a full-grown Bengal tiger following him like a dog; without so much as a string around its neck. The *Sadhu* claimed that the tiger was only the reincarnation of one of his older disciples. The tiger obeyed him implicitly, and never hurt anyone. When the *Sadhu* died, it created a very big problem indeed, for no one knew what to do with the tiger. It is believed to have ended up in a zoo.

I have personally seen *Sadhus* perform extraordinary feats. One thrust out to me his seemingly empty fist, saying: "Here is the holy water from the Ganges" (a thousand miles away) and I saw copious water trickling down his hand. Another one said: "Here are flowers from the god's image in Rameswaran" (700 miles away), suddenly producing a bunch of flowers out of nowhere. "Miracles" are the *Sadhu's* stock-in-trade, and his curse is believed to strike people dumb or blind.

According to police records, certain specific crimes are associated with *Sadhus*. Many *Sadhus* consume opium in some form or other and are prone to all the vices of addicts: kidnapping of

children, enticing women with promises of curing barrenness, poisoning sick people inadvertently through the administering of quack remedies, cheating by promising to transmute base metal into gold. Above all, "wanted" criminals migrate to new places in the guise of *Sadhus*, and carry on their depredations.

Among the more respectable *Sadhus* there are a number of differences. *Nagas* (*Naga* means "naked" and has nothing to do with the tribes in Assam) are strictly organized and disciplined. They go about naked and armed with staff or other weapons of offense and defense. This class chiefly arose as a counter to Islamic forces. The *Nagas* are organized in exclusive monasteries known as *Akhadas*. There are six such *Akhadas* at six different centers in the country, each with its own tutelary deity.

The men practice extremely hard physical penance and other mortificatory rites, like exposing themselves to five kinds of fire. The idea is that insensibility to pain is a divine attribute and a quality to be acquired. The number of *Naga* ascetics is dwindling, mainly because the *Akhadas* are

becoming too disciplined and purposeful to be attractive to the rank and file of idlers in society, who sought admission to the order in the past for the power and prestige it gave them over the common people and for the life of ease it guaranteed.

Nathapanthis or followers of Gorakhanatha are a large sect of *Sadhus* who have been in existence for nearly eight centuries now. Gorakhanatha, the founder of the order, lived between the eleventh and twelfth centuries. He was a master of various esoteric beliefs and practices and, because of the miraculous powers acquired by his followers, they are generally dreaded by the people.

They are recognized by the ocher robe, sacred thread of black sheep's wool round the neck, a begging bowl without a handle, shaped like a human skull, rosary, and whistle made of rhinoceros or buck horn attached to the sacred thread. They wear large earrings made of horn and carry iron tongs. They are great wanderers and have a large number of monastic centers where they can stay. They generally reside in or near cemeteries and cremation grounds and are

still a long way from entering the field of social activity.

Several other sects are reformist in character, in so far as they have fairly liberal rules of admission into their order.

Nehru Intercedes

ALL these exist according to tradition and the writings on the subject; but nowadays the denominations and labels are not always clearly perceptible, and all fall into the category broadly known as *Sadhus*. Occasionally one may even be startled by the perfect English in which a *Sadhu*, say around the ghats of Benares, may address one, and if one stops to investigate one may find an ex-Cambridge scholar or an ex-secretary to the Government, who has given up normal living owing to some disappointment or sorrow and attempts to seek peace through a life of renunciation.

A few years ago the Indian Government proposed a system of registration of all *Sadhus* in India in order to know who was who among all this multitude of similar-looking men. (Estimates of their number run all the way from 70,000 to 700,000.) But the proposal met with opposition, and did not prove practical at

that time. Later the *Sadhus* themselves organized into a body called the *Bharat Sadhu Samaj* (Indian *Sadhu* Association), with branches all over the country.

In keeping with the Indian practice of first acquiring an impressive building for a cause, the *Bharat Sadhu Samaj's* immediate aim is to build a home for their central organization at New Delhi, at a cost of five lakhs of rupees (\$100,000), to be located (appropriately enough) in Diplomatic Enclave. Official cognizance of the *Sadhus'* aspirations was afforded by Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of India, who officiated at the ceremonies.

The President told them on this occasion: "If you put in your best efforts, I am sure dishonesty, black-marketing and corruption will not be able to thrive in society." Prime Minister Nehru addressed their third annual session. He warned them against misuse of their funds accumulated in their monastic institutions in different parts of the country; he suggested that the funds should be utilized for public good. He also advised them to "keep away from Government money," and not to expect grants. After these down-to-earth themes Mr. Nehru

said: "If the *Sadhus* take upon themselves the task of preaching religious tolerance and urging the people to work unitedly [they] can yield tremendous results."

In immediate response to the advice of these eminent men, the conference of the *Sadhus* resolved that: "Material progress alone was not enough for the country and that there was a great need to improve the moral standards of the society." Another resolution said: "It is a matter of regret that in our country some sporadic incidents of provincialism, linguism and communalism happen which weaken national solidarity. We are one nation This feeling has to be

aroused in the mind of the public."

More than the orthodox media of mass communication, the ubiquitous *Sadhu* has the opportunity to penetrate the inmost depth of the country and reach the farthest peasant home and that is why he is being asked to serve as a message-bearer on various subjects—from cooperation and family planning to salvation of the soul. Personally speaking, I have misgivings. When his five-lahs-of-rupees home is finally built, the *Sadhu* may after all show his preference for an indoor existence, in which case the peasant in his distant home has again a chance of being left alone.

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300 Sadhus Conclude Tour

The *New York Herald Tribune* reported on May 11, 1960 that three-hundred Indian *Sadhus* had completed a ninety-day tour of the country, "stopping at 100 towns and villages, from Arimitsar in the north to the pilgrim center of Rameshwaram in the far south." The report, from Bombay, said that the holy men had received "written assurances from more than 20,000 people who pledged to improve their way of living."

The train in which the holy men were riding was known as the "Sadhu Special." It included several sleeper coaches, a restaurant car serving only vegetable meals, a post office, a general store, a dispensary manned by a monk doctor and yellow-robed assistants.

What, exactly, is astrology? Does it have a scientific basis? Can it do all that is claimed for it? Here are some blunt answers

ASTROLOGY— FACTS AND FALLACIES

Dal Lee

DURING the fourteen years of 1927-41 I erected and interpreted about 5,000 horoscopes; some in my studio but most by correspondence. I stopped practicing because in time the work palled on me; I had come to dislike this manner of prying into people's private affairs. Some astrologers can do it without qualm, as a surgeon can vivisect, but I could never be a surgeon either.

In December of 1941 a young married couple came to me for

astrological advice, and after glancing at the woman's chart I asked her, "Did you have children by your first husband?" I might as well have slapped her face, for she had not revealed to her husband that she had been married before, and the repercussion can be imagined. That ended it. I emptied my files and burned their contents and have not done any personal horoscope service since.

From 1941 forward I have devoted all my time to research in

parapsychology and astrology, and writing in both fields. I am editor of three astrological publications, a position favoring my desire to learn as much as I can about astrology. I am convinced that the basic claims of astrology are valid, though I am equally sure that much of the textbook teaching is not true. As in all other popular beliefs, one finds both fact and fallacy here.

My interest in occult science dates back to 1907, when I was but a lad of twelve years. It happens that a member of my family was an involuntary psychic, and it was on an occasion when one of parapsychology's "spontaneous cases" was transpiring that I was confronted with a problem that has baffled me all my life: What was that and how did it happen? I had before me precisely the same question that has puzzled every physical researcher. That startling boyhood experience set me on a path away from which I have never been able to step.

Ten years later, during World War I, I made my first contact with astrology. After advising a lady who believed in it that it was nothing but pure buncombe, she challenged me to tell her

when and where I was born. She let me have a reading of my horoscope the next morning; it proved to be truthful and factual more than ninety percent of the way, considerably closer to perfection than anyone had a right to expect a stranger to be.

From that day, astrology no longer was buncombe in my judgment. With such evidence, it could not be. I began reading astrology literature, investigated correspondence courses and came to know several well-known astrologers personally. In 1927 I became a professional myself, a career that was to last fourteen years.

Paraphysical Aspects of Man

JUST what is astrology? The strictly objective questioner would be surprised and puzzled by the various definitions he might be given. The common explanation, of course, would be, "It is a form of fortune telling; a pseudo-science purporting to foretell the fate of a person based on the position of the stars." Many astrologers do, in fact, believe this to be astrology's function; most skeptics like to believe that all astrologers believe it. Thus, many astrologers and most

skeptics fall victims to Fallacy Number One.

Some astrology students would say it is a form of religion. Others might prefer it as a philosophy of life. Still others would be quick to insist that it is science, every bit as much as parapsychology, its real purpose being to study the paraphysical aspects of man. The truth is that it is not definite enough, nor are the explanations sufficiently definitive, to enable us to catalog it. There is an elusiveness in its quality, quite as provoking and aggravating as that found in parapsychology.

We can say, however, that astrology, as such, does not foretell events in the lives of individuals, groups or nations. Forecasting is a by-product; it is not astrology's main business. An astrological forecast expresses the opinion of one astrologer, who is human and fallible. The opinion of the weather forecaster is a good comparison—and how often he is wrong!

What is a horoscope? Just what it says: *horo-scope*; or "hour picture." It is a picture of the solar system at the hour of a person's birth; and here we come on Fallacy Number Two. There

is no such thing as "Your Horoscope for 1961," for example, unless you expect to be born sometime in 1961, and you would have to know the precise hour in advance.

What is the *modus operandi* of horoscopy? First of all, the astrologer must know something of the mathematics of astronomy. His task is to determine the true horizon of the earth at the exact minute of the native's birth. Both spatial and temporal factors enter the proceedings; he must be sure of his geography (latitude and longitude of the birth place) and careful in his conversion of clock time to sidereal time. This is no simple assignment, what with local time, Greenwich Mean Time, the various divisions of Standard Time zones, and nowadays the added problem of Daylight Savings Time. Yet the sincere practitioner is painstaking in his operations, for he knows a good interpretation can be delivered only if based on a true "hour picture" of the heavens.

What is a "horoscope blank?" It is a sheet of paper on which is printed a circle divided into twelve parts by angles converging on its center. This center is the earth's position, and the horizon-

tal line parting the circle into upper and lower divisions is the horizon on which the entire picture depends. The vertical line dividing the circle into eastern and western portions points upward to the zenith and downward to the nadir of the earth, the points exactly above and below the place of the native's birth.

The vertical line crossing the horizontal, we have four quadrants of the circle, each of which is equally divided into three angles; and now we have twelve angles, or "the twelve houses of the horoscope" as they are called in astrology. You see twelve black lines reaching out from the center of the circle on the astrologer's work sheet, but he is not studying black lines.

The lines represent rays of force, and the concept is based on the wave theory of light. To go into minute detail in an effort to clarify this would require considerably more space than the editor could allot for this article, and intricate graphic illustrations as well.

The fact that the earth is the circle's center does not mean that the astrologer believes the sun revolves around it. He is as fa-

miliar with the mechanics of the solar system as the astronomer. The horoscope pictorial simply shows the relationship of the earth to the sun and the other planets, not overlooking the earth's satellite or moon.

The earth revolves around the sun and takes its twelve rays with it; thus the sun though fixed is constantly changing its angular place as far as the earth is concerned. All the other planets move also, of course, but at the minute of birth (generally termed "birth hour") they are at certain celestial points and these are marked on the astrologer's chart in the form of symbols, the same as are used by astronomers to identify sun, moon and planets.

The point of eastern horizon is the focus of the twelve horoscope angles; it is a degree of the mathematical zodiac or path of the ecliptic. As the earth rotates once on its axis daily it naturally follows that during twenty-four hours every one of the 360 degrees of the ecliptical circle will be on the horizon at one time or other, there being a different degree at the point every four minutes.

Thus we see the importance of correct calculations if we are to

view a reliable "hour picture" of the solar system. Once we have that important eastern horizon point marked on our horoscope blank, in astrology called "ascendant" or "rising degree," the rest is simply a matter of giving thirty zodiacal degrees to each of the twelve angles in numerical order.

To isolate the various places of the planets, the astrologer has reference to an astronomical ephemeris (based on *ephemera*, or change—the changing positions of the sun, moon and planets) which is collated on the basis of Greenwich time, and this he must carefully alter to clock time to coincide with the particular birth on which he happens to be engaged.

The foregoing is a rather cursory presentation of how a horoscope is erected, but I feel it will serve to acquaint the reader with the fact that there is much more to it than meets the eye of anyone who may have approached this study with no idea whatever of what is involved in an astrologer's work. Far from being a deft way to impress and deceive the gullible, it is an honest effort to render a worthwhile service.

It Began in Babylon

WHERE, when and by whom was astrology originated? It is a question no one can answer with certainty. Hindu astrologers seem to believe its origin sprang from India, but the consensus among Occidentals is that the Chaldeans of Babylon were the first to collect the data that served to bring astrology into existence; that it was but a short step to reach ancient Indus where it took firm root, misleading modern Hindus into the belief that their land should have the credit.

Archaeology lends itself to the claim that Babylon was astrology's cradle. Ancient stone slabs have been discovered, engraved with cuneiform characters translated as Babylonian, and authorities aver that these are easily recognizable as astrological records. The stones, however, show no circular maps; they merely are lists of planetary and stellar aspects. Just when the twelve-angle divisional method was adopted is not clear, but because the constellations along the ecliptic were divided into twelve parts in ancient times, it is safe to assume that the idea is very old. Why the division is by twelve can

only be deduced from the assumption that experience dictated it thus.

It was noticed (let us assume) that different seasons of the year brought forth psychological variations in people born at various times; and over a long period it was concluded that there were twelve basic types. Once the scribes had that, they began searching for a reason.

That they should quickly scan the skies for it is understandable, for they already knew that the earth's productivity was seasonal—there was a time for planting, a time for cultivating, a time of harvest, and a time of barrenness, all easily marked off among the constellations as the sun passed through them. Originally astrology was purely geocentric.

So we see that the first evidence of astrological functioning was not concerned with predicting the future further than to foretell a newborn child's psychological characteristics and his behavior pattern. This was valuable knowledge, for it enabled the parents to choose an appropriate occupation; or, if the child was high born, to decide on proper pursuits so that he might make the most of his equipment.

This noble beginning, however, found itself obscured as the centuries passed, by the work of charlatans who made all sorts of fantastic claims, the worst of which was the foretelling of future events in a person's life, and the fallacy of the claim persists to this day.

Astrology traveled not only eastward to India—and China—but also westward to Egypt, where Greek travelers were enthralled by it and carried it to Greece. Cultural interchange soon had it firmly established in Rome, whence it spread through Europe. Today it is practiced the world over, though of course it required centuries of time to bring this about. The ancient Babylonians, according to the best available records, which were first brought to light about 5,000 years ago.

Within the Solar System

THE originators could not be aware of the true operation of the solar system. They looked on the sun as a "wanderer" as were the moon and planets, all rising at the eastern edge of the earth and setting in the west. Even when it was decided that the earth was a huge ball (de-

duced from its shadow at the times of eclipse), they still believed it to be the center of the universe. Pythagoras showed the earth to be round in his pattern of "music of the spheres," but there is no evidence that he knew it revolved around the sun.

Had the Chaldeans known about the precession of the equinoxes, they would not have ascribed influences to the sky pictures they drew along the sun's path. Their constellations Ram, Bull, Twins and so on around to Fishes, are not causal nor even any longer coincidental in astrological effects, which are all locked within the solar system.

One of astrology's greatest fallacies is its constant reference to "the stars" when in fact there is only one star to study—our own, the sun, together with all that is attached to it; namely, the planets. Astrologers themselves know that the first degree of the mathematical sign Aries actually passes through the constellation Pisces now, due to equinoctial precession; yet they are reluctant to relinquish their belief in the glaring fallacies demolished by the phenomenon.

Die-hard faith in constellation-al influences would in time na-

turally go beyond the conventional star clusters of the ancients, and turn to other fixed stars in a search for further influences. Thus we hear much nowadays about "fixed star" astrology, either as against planetary astrology or in collaboration with it. In my opinion it is all scientifically baseless.

One of astrology's greatest names is Claudius Ptolemy, and his astrological works still are looked up to as an orthodox Christian reveres the Bible. Yet his geocentric astronomy was completely annihilated by Copernicus. The Ptolemaic "planetary rulership" arrangement is both holy water and incense to most modern astrologers, when as a matter of fact it is based on a huge fallacy.

Ptolemy placed each sign of the zodiac under the governorship, or "rulership" of a planet. Because he considered the sun to be a wanderer too, he allocated one-twelfth of the earth's aura to it, as though our parent star would be interested in only one tiny portion of its vast domain. The sign he "gave" to the sun is Leo, the sky span traversed by the sun from late July to late August.

Understandably, while he was distributing his largesse he would choose Leo for the sun, for the latter was at its hottest in July and August. It did not bother him in the slightest that the same period in sub-equatorial latitudes saw the sun at its coldest. This fantastic error is held tightly to this day by the authors of all astrological textbooks.

Many other grievous Ptolemaic errors are accepted by moderns. But Ptolemy was not the only astrologian who layered astrology with error in his effort to rid the science of the errors of his predecessors. When it was definitely established in science that the earth is a sphere, revolving around the sun, some astrologers saluted the new astronomy by jilting the sun's apparent path (ecliptic) and bestowing their affection on our planet's equator. Thus came onto the scene a number of ingenious methods of dividing the twelve houses of the horoscope. The zenith was set aside and the birth place meridian was substituted.

Foremost among these innovators was Placido de Titi, Italian astronomer. His "tables of houses" is the vogue today, known as the Placidian Method

of House Division. Astrology students see charts based on it illustrating articles in practically every astrological publication, yet it is defenseless. It works well enough for someone born near the equator, but for a person born in far northern climes it is practically impossible to erect a birth chart, due to the obliquity of the ecliptic.

Other leaders of contemporary thought brought similar yet different methods before the astrological public. There was Campano, Italian astronomer, and Mueller, the German astronomer (better known as Regiomontanus.) But because they chose to prefer the equator to the ecliptic, they too were wrong, as was Placidus.

The only sensible method of dividing the horoscope angles is the equal-house. Dr. C. G. Jung employs this method in his astrological experiments, as do some of the more highly respected astrologers, a few who had the courage to divorce the past when truth demanded it. It is the method I explained in this article.

Forecasts are Secondary

YET and despite the fallacies, the facts of astrology are strong enough to carry on the

work. The sincerest of astrologers are not interested in forecasting principally. They know that astrology's prime function is to explain a person's aptitudes and abilities so that they might be made use of to their utmost possibilities.

A man set on the right course, with confidence and understanding, need not worry about his future. He has character, and character is the seed to destiny. He is not interested in isolated events of the future, for he knows he will have the fortitude to face them all and sundry, be they so fortunate as to tend to un stabilize him or so unfortunate as to bring about alteration of status. That is what an astrologer wants to do for his client.

Astrology can also help in periods of illness. Physicians have been aided many times because they knew enough of astrology to be able to apply their knowledge. It can solidify marriages, improve parent-child relationships, conduce to better community life by virtue of the individual's attitude astrologically fortified; and finally it can help a person find serenity in his old age, even to the hour of his final farewell.

The late John J. O'Neill, Pulitzer Prize winner and former science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, defined astrology as "the study of man's complete environment and the solar system is the environment" and he was right. The affairs of the twelve houses of a horoscope weave themselves in a beautiful pattern, and they explain much that remains unexplainable when pondered from any other philosophical platform.

It is extremely difficult for me to fathom the reason orthodox scientists refuse to investigate the claims of legitimate astrology. If celestial angles formed by sun, earth and moon can move millions of tons of ocean back and forth to produce tides, and if angular patterns formed among major planets can appreciably affect radio broadcasting and reception as proved in the laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America, is it wasteful of time to consider the possibility that the planets and their varying angles may affect the metabolic processes of the human body?

If it is agreed that brain, glands and nerves condition our thinking, why not search for a connection between cosmic rays

and our actions? Here we have the parapsychical nature of astrology, for astrologers believe that there are natural laws at work influencing our behavior.

Dr. Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University, in *Season of Birth; Its Relation to Human Abilities* (New York, 1938) supports his affirmations by carefully prepared diagrams and graphs. It is a copiously illustrated book that ought to serve any open-minded man or woman who is sincere in the quest of truth. A few years earlier, Dr. Harlan True Stetson, Research Associate in Geophysics, Harvard University had published *Earth, Radio and the Stars* (New York,

1934). In a chapter on "The Sun's Effects on Human Affairs" the author poses this intriguing question: "Shall we perhaps some day find that the psychology of the human race passes through periods of optimism and depression some subtle way dependent upon the changes in our terrestrial environment which may be of cosmic origin?"

The question no doubt bothered Dr. Stetson, but he could hardly escape it. It was forced on him by the very research he himself had conducted. In reply to it, the astrologer can only say, "We do not have to wait until 'some day,' for we learned it long ago."

The
BIBLE
as
PSYCHIC
HISTORY

*Condensation of the
book by*

*Rev. G.
Maurice Elliott*

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"If mystical, magical and mysterious things were constantly happening in Bible days, why do they not happen today; or, if they do, why is there a conspiracy of silence about them?"

Seeking an answer to his own provocative questions, the late Reverend G. Maurice Elliott probed the records of modern psychic phenomena. His life-long inquiry was first stimulated by a meeting with some of the great pioneers of British psychic research, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This culminated in his work as Honorary Secretary to the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical Study, an effort to rid modern theology of what he called its "guilty ignorance of modern psychic science."

"The Bible as Psychic history," published shortly before Reverend Elliott's death last year at age 76, is a final testament to his faith in both the miracles of the Bible and the work of modern psychic research. Written for those who are unsatisfied with orthodox attitudes toward the miracles in the Bible, it attempts to show that religious miracles can be best understood when viewed through the knowledge of modern psychic phenomena.

The following TOMORROW condensation will provide readers with a sampling of Dr. Elliott's effort to give new meaning to both ancient doctrine and contemporary life through the application of psychic research to scriptural texts.



WHY IS IT THAT TODAY so much of the Old and even of the New Testament is regarded as a dead letter? And why is it, moreover, that it is just those parts which, to the ancient Jews and to the members of the Early Church of Christ gave to these writings their significance and their animation, are today looked upon with indifference? The answer must be that the modern mind no longer credits or regards as vitally important the so-called miracles or, as they are sometimes called, the 'signs and wonders' of the past.

A Christianity without such signs and wonders is not the Christianity of the New Testament and the Early Church. As late as 130 years after the Crucifixion we find St. Ireneus, Bishop of Lyons, A.D. 178, stating:

'Many brethren in the Church possess prophetic gifts, and speak through the Spirit in all kinds of tongues.'

The position of key importance which such 'signs and wonders' occupies through the Old Testament is not to be questioned. Separate the story of the Children of Israel from its supernatural phenomena and it becomes entirely meaningless.

Why, then, do these signs and wonders no longer occupy a significant place in the life of the Church today? The orthodox reply would be, no doubt, to the effect that with the spread of scientific knowledge, with the experience which we now have of the physical laws which govern our universe, and with the decline and exposure of mysticism and superstition generally, the intelligence rejects these supernatural recitations and correctly ascribes them to the ready credulity of primitive and ignorant people. And, indeed, at first sight there is plenty to be said for this explanation, for if the signs and wonders had been really true, it may be argued, why do they not occur from day to day in modern conditions?

But do they not? That is the question! Most of us are familiar, more or less, with the salient features of so-called psychic phenomena. Few of us, however, have closely examined such phenomena or attempted to make for *ourselves* an objective assessment of the evidence which exists both for and against it. All but a minority are still prone to evince somewhat emotional and even irrational responses to the whole subject.

Modern scholars, and I intend no offense to them, have almost given up the task of explaining and making sense of many of these biblical episodes. They have tried, most unsuccessfully, to interpret them as either poetic imagery, symbolism, or else as pure legend. The difficulties have been increased by the translators, as will be shown.

If, then, these ancient biblical records were received in the light of modern scholarship and psychic knowledge, would they not recover their lost meaning, and might there not be restored to them their vanished significance?

Let the reader judge for himself. It is no part of this book's intention to seek to convince him of the factual veracity or otherwise of these Bible episodes and stories. All that the author has in mind is to draw attention to some apparently common denominators between the Bible incidents and certain current phenomena, and to suggest that in them lies perhaps a valid clue to the otherwise often meaningless, baffling, and frequently contradictory elements on Scripture.

Nor is it suggested that this clue would provide a complete answer to all the enigmas of Bible history. At this late date it may not be possible to find an entirely unassailable interpretation which would be proof against every objection or manifest in every instance. What is suggested is that a large number of these episodes, which at the moment have to be either discredited altogether or interpreted in term of hyperbole and exaggeration, bear all the evidences of a psychic character, and in fact become, if considered in that light, fully capable of a comprehensible interpretation.

It was largely due to my Christian belief that I became interested in today's paranormal phenomena and so-called miracles, for I had never been able to accept the view that miracles were a special 'dispensation' granted to Jews and Christians to attract possible church members and to give their churches 'a good send off'; in other words, to act as church bells ringing the people to church and ceasing to ring when the congregation had arrived.

At a theological college I studied under excellent professors, but none of them seemed to be in the least disturbed by the unlikeness of today's presentation of Christianity to that of the New Testament and Early Church. Why were they not disturbed? Because, being of the

then ultra-modernist school they either spiritualized miracles out of existence or explained them away as natural exaggerations of the Oriental mind. And, when men of science were informing us that supernormal phenomena or miraculous happenings were an everyday occurrence, professors at my college took no notice.

From very early days I had been greatly puzzled by the almost entire absence of 'signs and wonders' in Christian churches.

I discussed the question with Sir William Crookes, who taught me much; with Sir Oliver Lodge, who taught me more; with Sir William Barrett, and with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whose courage and enthusiasm were my inspiration.

One and all were able to point to 'quite clear parallels' between certain miracles in the Bible and certain psychical phenomena which they themselves had witnessed and investigated.

A Word for "the Unseen"

THOSE WHO HAVE WITNESSED or experienced psychic phenomena are able to view Bible miracles in an altogether new and revealing light. This, however, does not exhaust the difficulty. When we come to examine the Bible text itself, we find that there is great confusion about many of the terms employed there. For example, when the priest at the altar recites these words:

'God spake these words and said . . .' we must try to find out what the term or terms used for 'God' meant originally to the writer, writers, or editors of the books of the Bible. It is not always easy to do so: the terms *God*, *angel*, *angel of the Lord*, *man* are used interchangeably (cf. Genesis xvi. 9, 13; xvii. 1; xviii. 1-3).

One of the Hebrew words used for God is 'Elohim', which is *plural* and is sometimes translated by the scholars as 'angels' and at other times as 'God', 'gods', and 'a god'.

The truth is that no one knows what exactly the term 'Elohim' means. We know neither its derivation nor its meaning. We do know, however, that it is *plural*.

Let us now look at some of the other words which the scholars translate as 'Lord', 'God Most High', 'God Almighty', etc.

YHWH: So far as the word is concerned we have only the consonants YHWH to guide us. Owing to a mediaeval blunder YHWH was written 'Jehovah', which is a hybrid form of YHWH dating only from A.D. 1518. It is now generally agreed, I think, that YaHWeH would probably have been the pronunciation of it, though, in fact, the Hebrews never pronounced the sacred name.

What, then, is the meaning of the consonants YHWH? It is admitted by scholars that the name may have been known in Babylonia and Assyria long before the time of Moses, and that its meaning may be altogether lost, and that it is a question whether we should explain it from the Hebrew at all. It may have originated in a language in which it would bear 'an altogether different meaning from what it would bear in Hebrew'. Even if we derive it from Hebrew, we cannot be sure of its meaning. It may mean 'he who is', or 'he who causes to be'. It may be connected with a verb which means 'to fall', making it refer to the falling of rain and lightning, snow and hail, the idea being that YHWH is a storm god. Some translate YHWH 'he who causes to fall,' believing the meaning to be 'overthrower or destroyer'. In 1 Kings xi. 33 it is translated 'Goddess'!

The well-known translation of it in the Authorized Version as 'I am that I am' is mere conjecture. Moreover, the idea of a self-existent Being, which 'I am' seems to imply, would have been foreign to the Hebrew mode of thought. It has also been suggested that the word may mean 'I will be what I will be'.

The meaning, therefore, of the name YHWH is, as we have now seen, so uncertain that we cannot build with any confidence on it. Yet it is assumed, unjustifiably, by scholars that the YHWH who is seen, heard and spoken to is God.

We shall be on firmer ground, then, and less likely to misunderstand and misinterpret Scripture if we regard the name YHWH as a collective term like 'Elohim', used now for this heavenly visitant and now for that, and referring sometimes to God.

We may be quite sure, however, that when the term is made to stand for God, it is *not* the God who comes to earth and is seen and heard and spoken to by men. For as Jesus said, 'Ye have neither heard his voice at any time nor seen his shape.' St. Paul writes of the Lord

of Lords, 'whom no man hath seen, nor can see' and St. John affirms that 'No man hath seen God at any time.'

The scholars, however, persist in translating the Hebrew consonants YHWH as 'The Lord' and by so doing make many of the Bible narratives unintelligible to the uninstructed reader, apart from doing obvious violence to the meaning which the original writer would have attached to YHWH. I am emphasizing this in order to clear the ground for what will be said later in the book. For, unless it is clearly understood that we are in no way tied up to the various interpretations offered us by the orthodox scholars, we cannot make headway.

The interpretations which would be given by biblical scholars, who were also psychic scientists, of passage after passage in both Old and New Testaments, would be widely different from those given by orthodox scholars. And this, the reader will realize, is of fundamental importance; for, if the psychic scientists are right in their interpretations, it will revolutionize our understanding of the Bible. But let it not be supposed for one moment that this will in any way detract from the essentially religious aspect of the Book. It will not. It will, however, help to make the Bible *understandable* and men will come to realize what a priceless treasure it is.

In what sense then are we to understand such expressions as God spake, the Lord appeared, the Angel said, etc.? Must we not regard them either as the Easterner's pictorial and dramatic way of objectifying his own subjective experiences (his dreams, thoughts, reasonings, intuitions, etc.) or as referring to objective experiences in which messengers (or angels) from the Unseen were actually seen, heard and spoken to?

The former 'Higher Criticism' of the Bible gave easy answers to such questions, for it did not accept as historical these old stories of visitors from the Unseen who chatted and dined with men, foretelling their future and that of their children. These stories, it was said, merely revealed Primitive Man's habit of making God in his own image and weaving stories around the God he had so made. There were no *objective* manifestations but only Eastern dramatizations of man's slowly evolving ideas of God.

Those who know only the old biblical criticism or interpretation but are ignorant of modern psychical research and phenomena, are limited to the *subjective* interpretation of the 'supernatural' in the Bible narratives; whereas those who know the old biblical criticism and *also* today's findings of psychic science are not so limited, but are free to interpret phenomena in whatever way the evidence *demand*s. They will not, of course, attribute every supernormal event to the action of persons from the Unseen World. The evidence will be the deciding factor.

Was Abraham a Medium?

WE MAY NOW PROCEED to examine some of the Old Testament stories in the light of the knowledge which we have of modern psychical research and we may conveniently begin with the story of Abraham or Abram, as he is called in the early chapters of Genesis.

As the long and eventful story of Abram's life is recounted, we are constantly finding references to communications direct or otherwise with this 'Lord'. For example, 'And the Lord *appeared* unto Abram and *said* "Unto thy seed will I give this land"' (Genesis xii. 7). And then we come to a yet more extraordinary sequence in chapter xviii containing the famous annunciation to the aged Sarah of the birth of a son to her, 'And the Lord *appeared* unto him (Abram) in the plains of Mamre: and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; And he lift up his eyes and looked and lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door and bowed himself toward the ground.' These men were visitants from the World Unseen. One of these three was the 'Lord' in person!

The reader will remember the moving story of Abram and Hagar and the birth of the infant Ishmael, and of the insistence by Sarah, after the birth of her own son, Isaac, that Ishmael and Hagar should be banished. Abram was loath to take this step, but the Lord reassured him, and Hagar and Ishmael duly departed into the wilderness of Beer-sheba. There they were without water and Hagar put the child under one of the shrubs and went and sat down at a distance in order that she should not see the death of her child. 'And God heard the voice of the lad': and—be it noted—"the angel of God *called* to Hagar . . . and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for

God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink'.

Next we come to the trial of Abraham's faith and the sacrifice of Isaac, where once again 'the Angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven and said Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad', . . . And a few moments later, we find the angel calling a second time out of heaven and renewing yet once more the promise of the multiplication of Abram's seed 'as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore'.

Thus we find Abram continually exercising his gifts of clairaudience and clairvoyance.

How literally are we to take these stories?

If such phenomena are witnessed among us today, may they not have occurred in days of old? We do not say they necessarily did occur, but rather that today we see no reason why they should *not* have occurred. In any case, the attempt that has been made to remove them from the Bible narratives by seeking to explain them away, or by spiritualizing them out of existence, does not in the least help matters: it only renders the narratives meaningless.

When, therefore, we read that 'Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness', we begin to ask certain questions. We want to know, for example, what kind of 'faith' had Abram? What was the nature of it? Did he believe in the existence of YHWH or 'God' on hearsay evidence? Did he rely on faith alone when he left his own country, kindred, and father's house to journey to Canaan? Did he rest his assurance on faith alone that he would become the father of a great nation and be uniquely blessed?

On the contrary. According to the story, Abram's faith was based on *knowledge*. He had seen, heard and spoken to a 'heavenly messenger', YHWH. He had received direct, objective manifestation and revelation. His faith was not based on 'hearsay' evidence or subjective impression, but on an objective experience of a most convincing nature.

No prominent character in either the Old or New Testaments lived by 'faith' alone, and until this is understood by exponents of the Christian Faith we shall be receiving a diluted version of that Faith.

The Importance of the Psychic Faculty

UNLESS WE UNDERSTAND the absolute necessity of the psychic faculty in revelation, we shall never interpret correctly many of the stories of the Bible. The psychic faculty is essential for a certain kind of revelation, and the more this faculty is developed, the fuller will that revelation be. Revelation is dependent upon the capacity to receive it. But so long as only a comparatively few persons have the psychic faculty developed, the choice of revealers and seers is bound to be limited.

We must be careful to distinguish between the psychical and the spiritual. Abram, for instance, was psychically gifted, but he was at times guilty of deceit; a stronger word might be used! Jacob, too, whose story we are about to consider, was at times guilty of lying and gross deceit. But Abram and Jacob were great psychics, and religious at heart, and their general characters may certainly have been far better than their occasional conduct might seem to imply.

After cheating his brother, Esau, of his birthright, which gave Jacob a double portion of patrimony, and after telling ingenious falsehoods, which secured for him his father's blessing and Esau's hatred, Jacob fled from home to his uncle, Laban, in Haran.

Jacob passed a night at Bethel on his way. The hill of Bethel is not unlike a huge flight of steps. Jacob noticed this curious phenomenon, and being tired, 'he took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep'. He dreamed of that flight of steps. Angels (i.e. messengers) were ascending and descending it. These beings were not evil spirits sent to haunt him, or demons to remind him of his wicked behaviour. They were messengers from the Unseen. The man who had just lied and cheated was granted this vision and more than that, for we read, 'and, behold, the Lord stood beside him'. What are we to make of it all?

There has been no repentance on the part of Jacob, and no rebuke is given by YHWH. Indeed, YHWH blesses him and confirms the covenant, 'in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee whithersoever thou goest.'

On the face of it, YHWH seems to be as indifferent to moral conduct as Jacob. But when it is remembered that Jacob had evidently been chosen for the psychic gifts he possessed, rather than for his moral character, the story is transformed. Viewed in this light, Jacob was a useful instrument for YHWH's work. He was not a perfect instrument, but was evidently the best available at the time. So we may continue our psychic story with a better understanding.

When Jacob awoke from his sleep 'he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.'

No wonder he was afraid and filled with awe. He had fled from the wrath of Esau into the presence of God. His alarms, however, were transmitted into religious awe and he marked the sanctity of the spot by setting up his stone pillow as a sacred pillar (in those days a pillar or sacred stone was part of the apparatus of a sanctuary), promising to give a tenth of all he possessed towards the maintenance of this sanctuary, which he called Beth-el (God's dwelling).

Arrived at Haran, Jacob met his uncle Laban, who was a more subtle bargain-hunter than he. Jacob fell in love with his daughter, Rachel, and promised to serve his uncle seven years if he would then agree to their being married. The crafty old uncle agreed.

There follows the well-known story of Jacob serving the seven years and then asking for the hand of Rachel and having Leah 'palmed off' on him and having to work another seven years before the finally received Rachel.

In the end, however, Jacob outwitted his crafty uncle and fled with Leah and Rachel (who had stolen the family's teraphim—or divining instruments), and his flocks and herds and all his possessions.

Laban pursued and overtook him, but YHWH intervened and told Laban to beware of harming Jacob in any way. Laban was, however, desperately anxious to recover the teraphim, but Rachel was equally anxious that he should not do so. She cleverly concealed them in the saddle of the camel on which she was riding and Laban failed to find them. Jacob's life was saved by the intervention of YHWH who caused Laban to hear his voice, and Laban frankly told Jacob so in these words:

'It is in the power of my hand to do you hurt: but the God of your father spake unto me yesternight, saying, Take thou heed that thou speak not to Jacob either good or bad.' (Genesis xxxi. 29)

Once again it is the psychic element in the story that is the most important part of it, for we might have heard no more of Jacob had not YHWH prevented Laban from doing him harm.

OUR NEXT STORY shows how a slave became a Chief Minister through the exercise of his psychic gifts.

Jacob had many sons but he specially favoured Joseph, probably because he knew that heaven did so too, and Jacob gave him a long tunic with sleeves such as only persons of great distinction wore.

Joseph's brothers had to content themselves with short, sleeveless tunics, and this made them hate Joseph. While still in his teens, Joseph had two symbolic and prophetic dreams in which his brothers' sheaves of corn were seen to do homage to his sheaf, and the sun, moon and eleven stars made obeisance to him. These dreams he told his brothers, who hated him the more; and, having stripped him of his noble tunic, they sold him to some traders who, in turn, sold him to the Governor of Pharaoh's prison.

Joseph soon became popular with the Governor, who frankly acknowledged that 'the Lord was with him' and 'that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper'. The Governor made him his personal attendant, and then Chief Warder of the prison. Later, he had in his charge two high officials of the Egyptian court who had offended Pharaoh: the Chief Butler and the Chief Baker.

These two prisoners each dreamed a dream, which Joseph interpreted. There was no doubt in Joseph's mind as to the correctness of his interpretation. He merely said, 'This is the interpretation.' YHWH had given it to him and everything he told them came to pass.

Pharaoh also dreamed and dreamed again—of fat and lean kine, of full and thin ears of corn. These dreams haunted him; neither his 'magicians' nor the 'wise men' could interpret them. Then the Chief Butler, who had been reinstated, as Joseph had foretold, remembered how his own dreams had been interpreted by Joseph and, belatedly, told Pharaoh of the young Hebrew. Pharaoh at once sent for Joseph

and asked him whether he could interpret his two dreams. Joseph replied, 'It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.' Pharaoh then told him his dreams and Joseph duly interpreted them in the sense of the seven years of plenty followed by seven years of famine which would befall the land of Egypt.

Pharaoh at once recognized Joseph's amazing psychic powers and deemed him a heaven-sent seer. He trusted him completely and when Joseph urged Pharaoh to look for a man discreet and intelligent to put in control of the land of Egypt; to appoint food-controllers, and to store up food in reserve for the coming famine, Pharaoh at once put Joseph in charge of the whole of the interior economy of the land, and said, 'Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?'

Now, Pharaoh can scarcely have been referring to the goodness and spirituality of Joseph, but in Joseph he saw a man who was obviously and confessedly under direct guidance from the Unseen, and he was convinced that Joseph would receive all necessary instructions from that quarter.

What psychic gifts or means did Joseph employ in order to obtain messages and guidance from the Unseen? He mentions one; there were probably others. He must, surely, have been a clairvoyant or clairaudient, or probably both, for he foresaw the fate of the baker and butler, and heard the interpretation of their dreams.

When Joseph's brothers, who had treated him so shamefully came into Egypt to buy his corn, his attitude towards them was beyond all praise. For, instead of revenging himself upon them, he displayed his underlying affection by playing two practical jokes on them. First, he ordered that the money which each had paid for the corn should be hidden in their sacks on their return journey to their father, Jacob. This was done. And when the brothers opened their sacks and found the money they were terrified by the thought that the great Egyptian official (their unrecognized brother) would charge them with having stolen it. The second was that Joseph arranged for his silver cup to be hidden in the sack of young Benjamin, and ordered his steward to charge the brothers with stealing it. But the result of it all was that Joseph made himself known to his brothers by throwing his arms

around Benjamin and kissing all his brothers, freely forgiving them the wrongs they had done to him as a boy.

What of the 'silver cup'? Ah, thereby hangs a tale. When his brothers were brought before him charged with stealing the cup, Joseph said to them, 'Why not that *such a man as I* can certainly divine?' The steward had already told them that the silver cup was the very cup 'in which my Lord divineth and whereby he indeed divineth'.

Divination by means of the cup consisted of throwing fragments of gold and silver into a cup, and drawing conclusions from the arrangements into which they fell. This can hardly be compared with fortune-telling by means of tea-leaves in a cup because, in Joseph's case, the cup seems to have been a selected vehicle through which real guidance was given. Indeed, it was largely owing to Joseph's correct precognition and psychic powers that he was chosen by Pharaoh to be his Chief Minister.

Being psychic, Joseph knew that we each have our appointed task to perform, that angels/messengers are given charge over us, that Providence shapes our ends, and that out of evil good may come. This is clearly shown in that exquisite part of the story where Joseph makes himself known to his brothers. He bids them "be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither . . . for YHWH *sent me before you* to preserve you . . . to save your lives by a great deliverance.'

Joseph saw the hand of YHWH in everything that had happened to him. His symbolic and prophetic dreams were to him heaven-sent; his brothers' jealousy, his being sold into slavery, his imprisonment—were made by YHWH to serve his purpose. As he traced the steps of his career from shepherd to Chief Minister, he realized that he had always been under special guidance from above. His guide had never left him.

Now, most Bible commentators regard Joseph as a classic example of a man of faith. He certainly had a strong faith. But what gave it to him? Was it not the knowledge he derived from the exercise of his psychic gifts? He did not live 'by faith alone'. He *knew*.

At the age of seventeen he dreamed dreams and saw visions. He knew that he had been ordained and appointed to rule; that even

his parents were to do him homage. Being sold into slavery was to him a mere incident—albeit an unpleasant one—in his destined career. His imprisonment was to him more than a mere incident for, in that prison, YHWH prepared the way for him to exercise his psychic gifts in the presence of a high official of Pharaoh's court.

In this way Joseph saw that, in spite of his sufferings, YHWH's plan for him was slowly, and in the most unexpected ways, being fulfilled. Imagine the thoughts at the back of his mind when Joseph said to the butler (who he knew would again have influence at court), 'Remember me when you are reinstated, and mention my name to Pharaoh.' No, Joseph did not live 'by faith alone'. He had YHWH behind him, with him, and ahead of him preparing the way.

Moses, the Seer

A GREAT SEER united the clans of Israel.

Strictly speaking, the Israelites were not a nation, but a number of organized clans owning a common ancestry, until the great Seer—Moses—welded them together into a nation.

The life-story of Moses is too well known to need retelling in detail, but the history of his psychic development is important for understanding his life and work.

With his life as a shepherd began his psychic development. One day, after leading his flock to the sacred mountain of Horeb, an 'angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush . . . and the bush was not consumed'.

Moses seems to have been a little startled by the 'flame of fire' which did not consume the bush. It may have been his first experience of a psychic phenomenon. But he was not terrified by it, nor did he run away crying 'There are devils at work here.' He investigated: he 'turned aside' to discover why the bush was not burnt. And YHWH spoke to him in a perfectly natural way, calling him by his name, 'Moses'. Moses answered 'Here am I.' YHWH then told him not to come any nearer to the bush but to remove his sandals because he was standing on 'holy ground'. The place was probably the site of an ancient sanctuary, the psychic atmosphere of which provided helpful conditions for the psychic phenomena known as 'materialization' and

the 'direct voice.' Moses was warned not to come too near lest his physical presence should interfere with the psychic structures.

Moses was called by YHWH to be the Deliverer and Leader of the Chosen People. YHWH sought Moses; Moses did not seek YHWH. But although Moses *heard* and *saw* and *spoke to* YHWH, he did not accept without a murmur everything this guide told him. In spite of many assurances from YHWH, Moses doubted whether the Israelites would believe him when he told them that he had met the God of Israel, who had promised to deliver them through him. Moses also doubted whether Pharaoh would let the people go. He had in his hand a 'rod'—his shepherd's staff. At the bidding of YHWH he threw it on the ground, and it became a serpent. YHWH ordered Moses to seize it by the tail, whereupon it became once again a rod in his hand. He was then ordered to put his hand into his bosom. He did so, and when he took it out it was leprous. On thrusting it back and once more withdrawing it, the hand was healed.

Surely the rod and the serpent and the tail, the hand and the bosom and the leprosy cannot have been stuff that dreams are made of—the fancied vision of Moses' pictorial imagination.

Two carefully thought-out definitions of 'miracle' may commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of the reader. The first is given by Principle J. Stafford Wright, 'An unusual action which cannot be accounted for by natural laws alone.' The other by Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, 'A miracle is a law-abiding event by which God accomplishes His redemptive purposes through the release of energies which belong to a plane of being higher than any with which we are normally familiar.'

Moses was faced with an enormous task. He had to direct the march of a multitude of men with their women and children out of Egypt, and he must have spent much time beforehand in planning their exodus. He marched the men 'five in a rank' to the frontier, twenty miles away. The women and children followed in wagons, and vast numbers of flocks and herds choked the roads leading to the wilderness. Moses did not forget to take with him 'the bones of Joseph'. Why was that? Because it was around these bones of the old chieftain that Israel's hopes had clustered during their 400 years of slavery in Egypt. For had not Joseph made the Israelites swear an

oath saying, 'YHWH will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence'? Joseph had foreseen that Israel would one day leave Egypt and journey to the Promised Land. It was more than a guess. Joseph was clairvoyant and clairaudient and his prophecy was now fulfilled.

Could there have been any practical use in taking the bones of the old chieftain with them? I wonder. I prefer to wonder than to laugh at such an idea. I wonder how far it is possible for material things to become impregnated with spiritual forces? I wonder whether it is true that a 'dead' man was restored to life by coming in contact with the bones of Elisha? I wonder whether St Paul knew more about these things than we do? He certainly allowed his own handkerchiefs and aprons to be carried to the sick and 'diseases departed from them and evil spirits went out'.

It is no longer a sign of superior intelligence to laugh at the idea that psychic power may come from handkerchiefs, aprons and bones. I do not doubt that houses, furniture and clothing are vehicles of psychic influences.

Hear now what one scientist of repute has said on the subject. Professor Charles Richet, commenting on Stepan Ossowiecki's psychic powers which enabled him to read writings enclosed in sealed packages or envelopes, writes:

'There is something profoundly unknown in a line of our writings. I have called it pragmatic emanation which would act on our cryptaethesis and stimulate cognition. It resembles somewhat the emanation from subterranean water that provokes the moving of the dowsing rod.'

So Moses took the bones of Joseph with him and the march began. On and on they marched until they came to the great impassable cliffs of the mountain Baal Zephon. They seemed caught in a trap. On the left hand was the sea, on the right the desert sands, in front the mountain cliffs. If by any chance Pharaoh were to change his mind and pursue them, there was no escape except into the Red Sea.

The pillar of cloud, standing behind them, hid the movements of the Israelites. The enemy faced darkness while the Israelites had light which enabled them to prepare for the crossing of the Red Sea.

'And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them. But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.' (Exodus xiv. 26-29)

Nothing in the story contravenes the laws of Nature. Clairvoyance and clairaudience are natural psychical gifts. The miracle, if miracle there was, was one of synchronization. No amount of intuition or reasoning could have told Moses the day and the hour when the east wind would blow all night. YHWH alone knew that it would happen at the critical moment. Accordingly he led Israel into what looked like a death-trap and yet knew that the seeming death-trap was the gate of life.

Was the Woman of Endor a Witch?

THE BIBLE TELLS of a certain good and pure woman whose psychic gifts were so remarkable that the whole countryside rang with the fame of them.

She has been called a 'witch'. The Bible does not call her a witch; it calls her a 'woman'. But while the Bible never calls her a witch, she is embalmed in the 'headlines' of the Authorized Version as 'A witch of Endor', for in 1611 persons with psychic gifts were thought to be in league with the devil. They could see and hear what ordinary persons could not see and hear. They saw into the future. They came to know things in some mysterious way. Hence they were called 'witches'—from 'wit', to know.

The Woman of Endor was no witch; she was a beautiful character, as I shall show. But Bible commentators would have us conjure up the witch's cavern—dark and eerie, the horrible old witch with

dishevelled hair and ragged skirt, the blue fire and the cauldrons, the secret spells and incantations.

No unprejudiced reader of the Bible would, I think, regard this woman as anything but a good and highly gifted person. Here is her story:

Samuel had died. King Saul was being hard pressed by the Philistines who had struck terror into his heart, 'his heart trembled greatly'. He had 'enquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets'. That is to say, Saul had tried to get a message through the recognized channels of communication, including the 'Urim and Thummin' (the reader may remember that on an earlier occasion Saul had discovered Jonathan's guilt by means of Urim and Thummin), but nothing, as we might say, 'came through'.

Saul thereupon told his servants to find a woman who was in touch with the Unseen World so that he might go and see her in the hope of getting a message from Samuel telling him how to defeat the Philistine hosts. The irony of it! This very Saul had already tried to suppress all such psychically gifted persons.

His servants found a woman at Endor—our modern Endur opposite Mount Tabor—who was known to be greatly gifted. Saul, having disguised himself, went with two servants, under cover of darkness, to visit her. He asked her to try and get in touch with 'whomsoever I shall name unto thee'.

The woman declined, saying that King Saul had made her particular form of ministry illegal, and that she dared not exercise her psychic gift. Perhaps the three men coming to her by night had made her suspicious and she wondered whether it might not be a snare laid by the King to entrap her. She challenged them on the subject. The disguised Saul swore to her that if only she would do as he asked, no punishment should befall her.

The haggard and distressed countenance of the man evidently inclined her to employ her gift. To judge fairly of the character of the woman, let the reader note carefully what followed. She asked for no fee, but simply said 'Whom shall I bring up to thee?' 'Bring me up Samuel,' said Saul. The Hebrew text reads '*And when the woman saw*

Samuel’, but the latest Bible commentary demurs; it will not allow it. How could a living woman see a dead man! The Commentators deny such a possibility and tell their readers to substitute for ‘*And when the woman saw Samuel*’ the words ‘*And when the woman saw Saul*’; while Dr. Moffat, in ‘*A New Translation of the Old Testament*’, which is having a world-wide circulation, has ‘*And the woman looked at Saul.*’

Here we have one of the glaring instances of how the Bible is misunderstood and misinterpreted by those who have no knowledge of psychic science. Bible scholars seem to have no qualms of conscience in deliberately altering the text of Holy Scripture if what is there said runs counter to what they consider credible. Believing as they do that a living person cannot see or hear a ‘dead’ person, they regard this gifted Woman of Endor as an accomplished ventriloquist and nothing more.

What obviously happened, and what every student of psychic science can tell at a glance, was that the woman saw Samuel, who told her that her chance visitor was none other than King Saul, and she exclaimed: ‘Thou art Saul. Why hast thou deceived me? To which the King answered, ‘Be not afraid; for what sawest thou?’

‘And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth. And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.’ (1 Samuel xxviii. 14)

Evidently it was the mantle that gave the clue, for had not Saul torn it at his last meeting with Samuel? (1 Samuel xv. 27)

Samuel then spoke to Saul—either through the woman, or in the ‘direct voice’, or he was heard by her clairaudiently—and asked why he had sought him. ‘And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams: and therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known to me what I shall do.’ Samuel replied in effect: ‘What is the good of your appealing to me when you know that YHWH has departed from you because, as I so often told you, you disobeyed him, you rejected the

word of the Lord and he has now rejected you. Tomorrow you and your sons shall be slain by the Philistines.'

Had the Woman of Endor been fraudulent she would never have given Saul so terrifying a message as that he and his two sons would be slain on the morrow. She would have spoken none but fair words to the King, knowing that her life was in his hands. The reader will be quick to realize how great was the courage of this thoroughly honest medium. Had she not had absolute faith in her mediumship she would not have dared to have spoken thus to King Saul, who was so overcome by the message that, in the picturesque phraseology of the Bible, 'then Saul fell straightway all along on the earth and was sore afraid'. Her one thought was to restore him. She proposed to prepare a meal for him, and what delicate courtesy there was in the manner of her proposal. She made it a favour done to herself. She begged him to accept the meal, as some return for her sacrifice in risking her life by holding the seance. Remember, she had asked nothing for herself, and the only reward she asked for her sacrifice was that she might be given the opportunity of feeding a faint and exhausted man who by suppressing her work had taken away her livelihood.

A coarse nature would have shrunk coldly from such a man, who had been rejected by God and was doomed to die on the morrow. But there was no touch of coarseness in the heart of this good woman, who saw in the anguish of even a guilty and God-forsaken man an opportunity for kind attentions and self-denying service. And this banned 'witch' of Endor has won her vindication too in that the Bible has so faithfully recorded her character that, whenever an unprejudiced reader studies it, his heart goes out to her with admiration and gratitude.

The Hand of the Lord

WE COME NOW to King Solomon who, be it noted, was not David's eldest son, but was especially chosen by YHWH to succeed his father as King of Israel, we may presume, because of his pronounced psychic faculty which was soon exercised almost as freely as his father's.

Solomon celebrated his accession to the throne by a great religious ceremony at the great high place at Gibeon and at night YHWH 'appeared to him in a dream' and had an extremely important conversation with him.

An orthodox commentator of the Bible tells us that in this dream '*Solomon was vouchsafed a theophany*'. Such language is unintelligible. The scholar uses it because the words 'YHWH *appeared* in a dream' convey nothing to him.

This appearance of YHWH was an objective appearance. The dream was more than a dream, for we are told that 'the Lord *appeared* to Solomon the second time, as he had appeared unto him at Gibeon', and on this second occasion YHWH had another extremely important conversation with Solomon. Obviously, then, it was not an ordinary dream. The reason why, at a later date, 'the Lord was angry with Solomon' was because he had disobeyed the commands of YHWH 'who had appeared unto him twice'.

David had given his son Solomon the pattern of the temple he wished him to build. Where did David get the pattern from? The account is to be found in 1 Chronicles xxviii. 19, 'All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern.'

These words utterly baffle the orthodox scholars who, in their bewilderment, translate them thus, 'All these plans I have been inspired to write down by the Lord who instructed me.'

The scholars knowing little of automatic writing are nonplussed by the words 'in writing from the hand of the Lord'. They admit that 'the hand of the Lord' is a 'frequent expression for the 'prophetic trance', but they cannot connect 'writing' with the 'trance' condition.

David did not say, 'All these plans I have been inspired to write down, etc.' He said, 'The Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern'. He meant that he had received the pattern through automatic writing just as today certain instructions and drawings have been received through the same agency.

Automatic writings are scripts produced without the control of the conscious self.

Those who have read that remarkable book *The Gate of Remembrance* by Bligh Bond will recall how its author was enabled by directions given through automatic writing to unearth the ruins of the famous Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury Abbey.

The End and the Beginning

THE BOOK OF DANIEL is another psychic story from beginning to end and shows how familiar the Jews must have been with psychical phenomena. It was written about 165 B.C. under the pseudonym *Daniel* to encourage and inspire the Jews in their appalling tribulation under the Greek king—Antiochus Epiphanes—who had attacked Jerusalem, slain 40,000, and sent a similar number into slavery. It is the last book of the Old Testament, and was written some 300 years after Malachi.

The author was a brilliant visionary who saw that the hand of God had directed the whole course of Hebrew history, and in order to convey his vision to his fellow countrymen, he transported himself, in imagination, back to Nebuchadnezzar's reign in the sixth century B.C.; and, under the guise of 'prediction', he expounded Jewish history as an unfolding of the divine purpose. In order to circumvent the tyranny of the Law and the petrified orthodoxes of his time, this author was compelled to clothe his message in stories and symbols and to write under an assumed name.

The Law had become the absolute authority in Judaism. Revelation was closed and sealed. If a prophet received a message from the Unseen that was in conflict with the letter of the Law, he dared not deliver it, because the Law claimed to be all-sufficient for time and eternity. Thus no room was left for new light and inspiration or any fresh or further disclosures of God's will; in short, no room for the true prophet.

The author of the book recounts that Nebuchadnezzar had dreams which gave him sleepless nights. He summoned the court magicians and bade them tell him what he had dreamed. The magicians not unnaturally expected to be informed of the King's dreams and to

be asked only to give him their interpretation. Nebuchadnezzar insisted that if they could not first tell him what he had dreamed, they would not be qualified to interpret and, in what one can only describe as a fit of pique, he demanded that they should be put to death.

Daniel heard of this merciless order and entreated YHWH to reveal to him the substance of the King's dream. At night in a vision he both saw the dream and was told the interpretation of it. He next obtained a stay of execution for the unhappy magicians and, having obtained access to Nebuchadnezzar, informed him that no magician could possibly tell him what he had dreamed, but that Daniel's God had revealed it to him together with its interpretation. These he told to the King. So awed was the King that he fell on his face before Daniel, acknowledged YHWH to be the only true God and elevated Daniel to be a kind of prefect over the sages and magicians.

Later on, the impetuous monarch set up a golden image and demanded of his people that they should worship the wretched thing, under pain of being flung into a burning fiery furnace if they disagreed. There follows the well-known story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who refused to obey the King's command and who, although thrown into the middle of the superheated furnace, were miraculously preserved intact, so that, when Nebuchadnezzar approached, he saw them walking in the midst of the fire and walking with them one who had the appearance of an angel.

Now, none of this allegory or story, call it what you will, could have been written had it not been taken for granted that the readers would be familiar with psychic phenomena. Without this assurance, the story would have been valueless as an analogy or example.

We are, bound to recognize that descriptions of events may not always be accurate; where a reporter or editor is writing under deep emotional stimulus descriptions may owe something to his imagination. Stories of burning bushes which are not consumed and red-hot furnaces which yet fail to harm human beings who have been flung into them may seem to some people to be picturesque exaggerations, and indeed it is always possible that they may be so. Nevertheless, it is of considerable help to our thinking and judgment to know something about nonscriptural instances of 'immunity from fire'. We cannot do

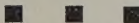
better than to consult Father Thurston's *The Physical Phenomena of Mysticism* which has the Roman 'imprimatur'.

Father Thurston reports the many "authenticated" cases of immunity from burning experienced by holy men and women, concluding "That such incidents did take place is established by a mass of evidence which is impossible to reject."

To revert to Biblical times the Book of Daniel also tells how Darius the Mede, after the death of Belshazzar, issued an order forbidding the people to pray to any god but himself. Daniel refused to obey this order and continued to pray to YHWH. He was arrested and flung into a den of lions, but 'God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths', and he received no hurt.

That great missionary to India, Subramanyam, tells us how on a missionary journey he was obliged on one occasion to sleep out in the open, resting his head on a mound. When he awoke he found that about six yards away lay a huge tigress watching him. Subramanyam, remembering the story of Daniel in the den of lions, prayed, 'O God of Daniel, or Thou who hast given me the call to follow Thee, deliver me now for I am in danger.' The prayer ended, the tigress arose and walked quietly away, leaving him unharmed. There are many such stories to be found in the vast library of foreign missionary biography and autobiography of which the average person has either never heard or has had neither the time nor the inclination to read. The same is true of the vast store of psychic literature.

But we have now travelled a long way—from Abram to Daniel—covering a period of some 1,500 years, and have noted some of the almost incredibly wonderful happenings recorded in the Bible, the problems they set us and the light thrown upon them by knowledge of psychical phenomena. It is the cumulative effect of the phenomena, ancient and modern, which should make a strong appeal to all seekers after Truth.



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(Continued from inside front cover)

RELIGION today is not meeting the emotional and spiritual needs of its time. Art is the flower and fruition of the thoughts of man. But these motivating patterns are today in need of being brought up to date, to demonstrate the scientific miracle of a newly developing age. To convey ideas through the symbolism of imagery has always been the aim of the artist and the writer. With the new form of progress facing man today, it is the poet and the artist who will first of all express it. Today, with science moving ahead at breakneck pace, there would seem to be a timidity in producing the imagery of a new spiritual doctrine to bring forth order and integrity in education.

The time has come for a more positive richness in the religious motivations of both East and West. Spiritual values are giving way before economic and political needs, until man's nature relies on the social evidences of change without the continuous spiritual factors that bind men together as one. A higher standard of living is very desirable and our scientific advancement assures us of this. But without universal sensitivity of the beautiful and the abiding equanimity of the spirit to guide us in our growth, we are poorer than the very humblest people of the Orient.

The reign of laissez-faire tends to dominate the religious world. Something else is needed—something as yet not seen. Miracles of wasted energy dominate our minds, as we proceed to think of new planets on which to dwell, before we have learned to live on earth or with each other. After nearly twenty centuries of Christianity, where saints, martyrs and millions of people died to "defend the right," is it not time that a new spiritual force come forth to hold us back from the oblivion that daily threatens us, as two comparatively young nations confront each other? Someone today must answer for humanity. Who will answer for tomorrow?

EILEEN J. GARRETT

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