

a friend. From experience I know that three travelers seldom are congenial — two, four or more — but never three. I did not object, however, as I saw a perfect medium for testing my mental capacity for altering the material pattern. The third member of our party was very enthusiastic about going and completed preparations for the trip; he was all ready to go, almost right up to the hour of departure. I said no word of objection. But, in my mind, I gave a command that *something* would come up to prevent his accompanying us. There was nothing personal in this. Actually, I liked the young man but I did not like the idea of three traveling some 400 miles into the wilderness. At the very last minute, I received a telephone call from the young man. He was unhappy and apologetic; he said he could not go; his parents did not approve.

This lone instance would not prove anything. However, the same sort of thing was repeated less than six months' later. The first Olympic Peninsula petroglyph hunt had been so successful that a second was undertaken. For this second trip, another young, studious college student would go with me. He, likewise, desired to take along a friend. Again, by force of thought on my part, the proposed third member of our little expedition was caused to back out at the zero hour!

Now, as our yellow hardtop hurried the intervening 15 feet between the point of visual interception and physical impact, three thoughts dynamically occupied my complete mental spectrum. First and foremost, I gave the command that *no one* involved in this unavoidable accident (insofar as my wife and I were concerned) *would be seriously injured—no blood would be spilled*. This command leaped from my brain like a magnetic force. I could feel it project from my hypothalamus cortex like a pencil of powerful light.

My second thought was translated into lightning kinaesthesia. The hurtling black car was in the air, wheels some three feet off the pavement. In my imagination, I saw our collision: the black car literally rolling over us, crushing my wife and me in our seats. The idea that I must *spare* this death vehicle flashed through my mind, *spare* it as one would spare a salmon darting through the turbulent stream. In the split-second time allotted, I pulled right on the wheel, just a fraction. But it was sufficient for the right headlight of my yellow hardtop to impale the black car so thoroughly that, later, mechanics called to the scene of the accident in order to separate the two locked vehicles.

My third thought, galvanized into

A CONTROLLED BRUSH WITH DEATH

instantaneous (seemingly involuntary) action, prevented my wife from being pitched through the windshield. My right hand, like a vise, grasped a handful of her coat and held rigid. My wife escaped with two bruised knees and a nasty bump on the head where she contacted with the rearview mirror. But she suffered, otherwise, not so much as a scratch. In fact, even her nylon hose were unruined!

When I planced back, after the sound of the terrific impact had died away and I had seen that my wife did not appear to be seriously injured, I was amazed to see a third car rammed right into the back of our yellow hardtop. There had not been any sensation of a second impact. This third car, as if answering my mental command, had swept up, at the last instant, and had absorbed much of the impact, had prevented us from bouncing, an often-fatal result of two-car crashes.

Police on the scene of the accident were positively amazed to find no one badly hurt. They found not one drop of blood. Officer Robinson, of the Portland City Police Department, commented, "This is a miracle." Later, insurance adjusters scarcely could reconcile the

wrecked condition of the cars with the lack of personal injury to those involved.

Seventeen-year-old Jim Trimble, alone in the spectral black car, was knocked unconscious. But he suffered no other injury. He was released from the hospital within an hour after emergency admittance. At midnight his mother told me over the telephone, with great thankfulness, "Oh, the boy's all right. He's out in the kitchen getting something to eat, I think . . ."

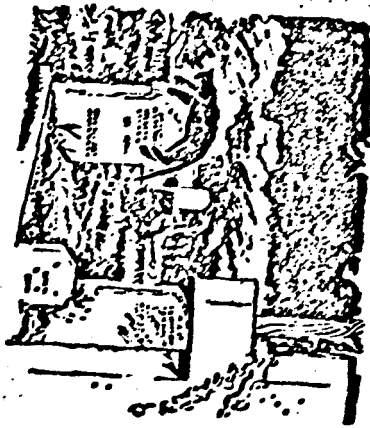
The young man, Jerry Lee Lewis, alone in the car behind us, calmly climbed out of his badly damaged 1957 Ford sedan and helped direct traffic.

Nearly everyone who has a knowledge of the physical features of this accident considers it miraculous. By the law of averages, there should have been at least one seriously injured person, perhaps a death; there should have been cuts and bleeding. But, except for the headlights, there was no broken glass at all! Not even the side windows of the black car were shattered and it was ramméd broadside.

Miracle? Not when one understands the laws of the universe—and uses them.

FROM WHERE WITNESSES LIVE
The house in which the
flat was situated had previously
been empty for some time. The

MODERN BLACK MAGIC



Cats are important elements in secret occult ceremonies.
Is that why their mutilated bodies are being found today?

By *Doreen Wilson*

I HAVE REMARKED previously that anyone who denies the present-day existence of black magic is either simply ignorant of the facts, or is trying to conceal the truth for his own ends. Some significant stories from the national Press may give the reader food for thought.

Not long ago three young businessmen took a flat together in Nottingham. The house in which the flat was situated had previously been empty for some time. The

new tenants of the flat happened to go exploring in the basement. To their surprise, beneath the cellar they found another cellar. Here, carefully painted upon the walls, were weird and fantastic figures. One was of a blood-stained hand. Others were of devil's heads. An upturned box, stained red, seemed to have been used as a kind of altar. It was caked with the drippings of candles. Rather shaken, one of them told the story to a reporter for a Not-

tingham newspaper. The reporter asked him if he thought it could have been done as a joke. He replied that he thought the drawings were too well done, and too much trouble had been taken with them. Besides, surely a cellar beneath a cellar was an odd place to play jokes?

The paintings appeared to have been done recently. Had the arrival of the new tenants disturbed some person or persons who had been using the empty house for strange rituals?

I mention this story because, unknown to him, it bears a remarkable similarity to one told me by a Brighton man. He and another man once stayed overnight in a rented room in a tumble-down old house in Brighton. They were rather hard-up at the time, and glad to get a cheap lodging. However, one night in this particular place was enough for them.

They had to share the squalid room. They tried to sleep; but as the night wore on an increasing sense of fear and strangeness came over them. The room was invaded by a chilliness which seemed something other than mere cold. Finally, the atmosphere of unearthly evil became so intense that they could stand it no longer. They got up and dressed, and resolved quietly to explore. Anything was better than remaining still in that weird place.

They crept downstairs to the kitchen. All was normal; there seemed no visible reason for their fears. Then, freshly daring, they decided to venture farther, to a cellar-like room below.

They looked in and upon the bare floor they found the obvious remains of some occult ritual. There were "queer chalked signs" drawn on the floor and the burned-down remains of black candles.

They returned to their room and sat up with the light on to wait the dawn. In the morning they left as soon as they could.

The house in question had a disreputable clientele, mostly from the fringe of the underworld. I had an opportunity, when it became vacant, of entering it. Apart from its dinginess and squalor it certainly had a most unpleasant atmosphere. I can only describe it as a feeling that one was being watched by something vicious.

My informant, who had some knowledge of the occult, firmly believed that a ritual must have been performed there shortly before he and his friend had their uncanny experience; and that some evil entity attracted by this ritual was the cause of their terror.

The *Sunday Empire News*, on November 1, 1959, the day after Halloween, reported that the mutilated bodies of two cats had been found at Newcastle upon Tyne.

The area where they were found is one of derelict buildings, near a railway station.

An R.S.P.C.A. inspector is quoted as saying, "Whoever killed those poor cats must have had warped minds. The manner of the deaths suggested that whoever did it was carrying out a ritual of being dabbed with blood, such as would happen, I suppose, if a person was being initiated into a secret society."

I have heard a first-hand account, from a young man in Brighton, of a black magic ceremony which involved the ritual use of the blood of a cat. This young man, incidentally, is a different person from my informant of the previous story.

He told me how, a few years before, he had been doing his National Service. He became friendly with another young National Serviceman whose people kept a large public-house in the country. His new friend asked him if he would like to spend their next short leave with him there.

A country pub sounded attractive, so he agreed. Everything seemed perfectly normal. The premises were large and well appointed. One large upstairs room, he was told, was reserved for private parties.

During the night he got up and went down a few stairs to the

toilet. He noticed that a party seemed to be in progress in the large room. Being on leave he was not averse to a bit of fun so, instead of returning to his bedroom, he decided to peep around the door where the party was taking place, to see if it looked lively. Frankly, he said, he was hoping they'd invite him in for a drink. If, however, it seemed a formal affair, he intended to slip off again without them seeing him.

Being in slippers and dressing-gown, he moved quietly. He opened the door of the room without being noticed, and looked around. He found that he had gate-crashed a very odd "party" indeed.

All the lights were turned out and the room was lit only by candles. Standing round in the gloom were men and women wearing dark robes and masks. In the center of the room was a kind of altar, with incense burning upon it. Through the incense smoke he could make out a weird figure standing behind the altar. It was that of a tall man, dressed in a black robe embroidered on the breast with cabalistic signs. The man's face and head were covered by a horned, goat-like mask.

Completely astonished the young man just stood and stared. Someone spotted him. Quickly he was grabbed, pinned, and pulled inside the room. There was a mo-

MODERN BLACK MAGIC

ment of confusion as the participants realized they had a spy among them. Then the goat-masked leader told him that, as he had come so far, there was nothing for it but for him to join the black coven and take the oath.

Although he was in the Forces he was just a teenager and by now thoroughly scared. He realized that to make an outcry was useless. In spite of the robe and mask, he had recognized his friend's mother, the proprietress, among those present. So, with his arms firmly pinned by two men, he submitted to the grotesque ritual.

He was brought to the altar and made to take a frightening oath of loyalty and silence. A black cat was killed upon the altar as a ritual sacrifice, and his face and wrists were dabbed with its blood. They gave him a cup of some dark wine to drink. It was strong and evidently laced with a drug, as he says of what after taking it his recollection of that followed is hazy and confused.

He awoke the next morning back in his bed. He could have believed the whole occurrence a fantastic dream except that upon his face and wrists were traces of dried blood.

He did not know if his friend knew about it or not. If not, he had no wish to tell him. Anyway, who would believe him? In the end, he

decided to say nothing. His leave was up and he had to return to his unit that morning. So he just packed his bag, and left as soon as he could. All he wanted was to get away. He had put the experience out of his mind, and never spoken of it to anyone.

There was a time when I dismissed stories of black magic, involving blood sacrifices and even whispers of human sacrifice, as nonsense dreamed up by journalists in the silly season, to sell their papers. I no longer do so.

An indisputable instance of black magic ritual involving human sacrifice occurred recently in America. A man from Puerto Rico, Juan Aponte, 46 years old, worked on a chicken farm near Vineland, N.J. One day he was arrested on a minor charge, and confessed to a murder.

His victim was a 15-year-old boy, Roger Carloto, who had then been missing for some time. Roger had been in the habit of visiting Aponte, who gave him cigarettes. Outwardly, Aponte was a normal, respectable citizen. Secretly, he was a student of black magic and voodoo, who performed regular rituals. Some details of the magic circle he used, painted on a piece of canvas, are given in the account of his preliminary trial. It is recognizable as the one depicted by Eliphas Levi as the "Goetic Circle of Black Magic."

of his preliminary trial. It is recognizable as the one depicted by Eliphas Levi as the "Goetic Circle of Black Magic."

The police found a quantity of literature upon black magic in his possession.

Apointe desired to regain the love of a former woman friend, who had left him. For this purpose he wanted a human victim as the supreme sacrifice to evil spirits.

Apointe confessed that he killed his victim by striking him a blow upon the back of the head and then strangling him with a cord. He buried the body under the dirt floor in his home. Seven months later he dug up the body, cut off the head, and carefully dried it in a stove. Then he performed a hideous ritual with a lock of hair from the head of the woman he desired, placing it within the skull of the sacrifice.

Six psychiatrists gave evidence at the preliminary hearing in the Apointe case. Apointe was found to be sane and sent for trial, charged with murder. The Press cutting I have of the case is from the *Standard*, dated October 5, 1938.

Black magic sometimes involves the desecration of churches and cemeteries. I have been told of two alleged instances in which churches in Sussex were desecrated by having black magic rituals performed in them by intruders in the night. Another allegation I have heard involved the use of a Sussex graveyard for a black magic ritual. The body of a cockerel was said to have

been found lying in a pool of blood on an old flat tombstone, which had been used as an improvised altar.

I could get no proof of these allegations; but they are in keeping with black magic beliefs. The idea involved is that more power is given to a ritual if it is performed on consecrated ground.

A horrible scandal of graveyards desecrated for black magic broke out in Finland in the autumn of 1931. Portions of a number of human bodies were found in a well near Helsinki. The police at first feared that they had a case of mass-murder. However, their investigations and the medical evidence soon led them to abandon this theory.

Instead, they began to suspect they were dealing with black magic. Their suspicions led them to the caretaker of a municipal mortuary, a man named Saarnehelmo. They began exhumations in the cemetery where bodies which had passed through Saarnehelmo's mortuary had been interred. They found that over 40 of the bodies they exhumed had been mutilated in various ways. Saarnehelmo was arrested. The police searched his lodgings and found literature on necromancy and black magic, together with some incriminating letters. One of the treatises on black magic was in English. Another book was described as "an old Swedish 'Black

MODERN BLACK MAGIC

"Black". This sounds like a Grimé.

His neighbors told police that serious meetings had been taking place at night at the mortuary for nearly two years past. It was believed that a black magic fraternity of considerable size was involved, possibly even on an international scale.

Saarnehelmo, in custody, frequently spent his time chanting abstruse words. Meanwhile, the police continued their grim investigation. Great public concern had been aroused, especially in those families who feared that their dead had been outraged. Many persons were interrogated, but no further arrests were made; though it seemed evident that Saarnehelmo was not alone in this horrible affair.

As a result of this case the Church authorities made careful investigations at all parish mortuaries throughout Finland, to prevent any possibility of a recurrence of Saarnehelmo's crimes.

The facts from which the above account is taken were published in *The Times* on October 7, 9 and 14, 1931.

As to the purpose of these desecrations, there are many recorded black magic rituals which require human blood, candles of human fat, or lamps fed with oil made from human fat. Human bones, human skin, and parts of bodies have been

used in black magic spells. The Act of Parliament passed by James I against witchcraft in 1603 also included a special provision against those who robbed graveyards for the horrid needs of black magic.

Another horrible story came from Spain in 1920, and was reported in *The Times* on September 27 of that year, under the heading: "Human Vampires". A young girl who was minding sheep in the province of Estremadura had been found murdered. Her body had been drained of blood and mutilated of several organs. At the time when this occurred the Madrid police were already investigating the similar death of a little boy. Both deaths were attributed to practitioners of black magic.

The Times correspondent commented that in spite of several severe penalties recently imposed upon what he called "witch doctors", fanaticism and superstition still preyed upon the people of remote villages, and human blood had still its price.

So much for the glib dismissals of those who try to persuade us that black magic does not exist!

That well-known writer on black magic, the late Montague Summers, always insisted that there was a secret black magic center in Brighton. Brighton was a favorite resort for Regency 'bucks', who could indulge themselves there even more

freely than in London. A peculiar feature of its architecture is that it possesses a great many underground tunnels and passages in the older parts of the town. Some of these were possibly natural caves, improved upon by the fantastic taste of Georgian and Regency builders. A persistent local tradition states that some of these tunnels have at times been used for secret meetings.

Some time ago a secret room was found in a village not far from Brighton. Some workmen were doing alterations to an old house there and had occasion to dig in the grounds. They found a circular underground room, exactly nine feet in diameter. This is the traditional dimension of a magic circle. I believe a tunnel connected it to the house.

In times past many people of all ranks in society practiced the occult arts. This secret coil may well have been used for some such end by a previous occupant of the house. A candle to provide light, a brazier of hot coals to provide heat and to burn incense, and a ventilation shaft, would have been all that was necessary to make it ideal for the purpose.

Alternatively, of course, it may have been a "priest's hole", a relic of the days of religious persecution. But why go to the trouble of making it a nine-foot circle?

That famous and controversial figure, Aleister Crowley, who played in the title of "The Beast 666" (he even had it printed on his playing-cards!), spent the last two years of his life at Hastings. He died there on December 1, 1917, aged 72. His remains were cremated at Brighton on December 5, and the ashes sent to his disciples in America.

The ritual which took place at his cremation caused protests in Brighton Town Council. It consisted of his *Hymns to Pan*, and some extracts from *The Book of the Law* and his *Gnostic Mass*. These were read from the rostrum of the crematorium chapel, while a congregation, mainly of his followers and friends, gathered about his flower-covered coffin.

Present also, but in his official capacity, was Superintendent Robert Fabian, of Scotland Yard. He tells of this occasion in an article he wrote after his retirement, in the *Sunday Graphic*, June 10, 1956. He states that, observing the congregation, he was able to identify leading members of known black magic circles in London, and also in the neighboring towns of Lewes and Shoreham. He also mentions this in his book *London After Dark*.

There was a rumor in Brighton that some difficulty had been experienced in carrying out the cremation. It was alleged that certain

MODERN BLACK MAGIC

members of the staff at the crematorium had been so affected by the ritual in the chapel that they refused to touch the coffin. Whether true or not, this is a story which could have delighted Crowley himself.

Like most subjects, witchcraft and magic have their bright and their dark sides. I have tried to write fairly and factually. The distinction between white and black witchcraft should not be lost sight of.

It is the distinction of methods and of motives. White magic and white witchcraft seek to serve some good purpose. Black magic and black witchcraft seek to corrupt and degrade, to grab, dominate and exploit.

Apart from the question of white or black the distinctions between the different streams of occult tradition in Europe need to be understood.

While there is much common

ground, witchcraft is basically the pre-Christian "Old Religion", the worship of the forces of life and fertility, and the knowledge and use of the secret powers of nature. Ceremonial magic, on the other hand, especially the magic of the book, called Grimoires, is within either a Jewish or Christian cabalistic framework.

An exception to this latter rule, however is the system used by the magical order known as the Golden Dawn. This association was founded by S. L. MacGregor Mathers, Dr. Williams Woodman, Dr. Wynn Westcott, in 1887, from Rosicrucian sources. It has been the parent body of most serious magical orders of modern times.

Its system seeks to harmonize the cabalistic magic with the invocation of the ancient gods. It owes much to the poetic vision of W. B. Yeats who was a member of the Order. Incidentally, he too once resided in Steyning in Sussex.

DREAM OF DEATH

A DREAM that her four-month-old daughter was dying woke Mrs. Norman Gahn of Lebanon, Ind., one morning recently. She rushed to her daughter's crib and found that the baby was not breathing. When mouth-to-mouth resuscitation efforts failed, the baby was taken to the hospital, where doctors gave the cause of her death as pneumonia.

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MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

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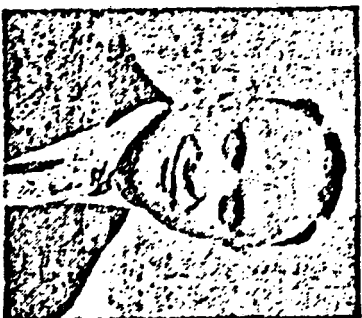
By William Oasusuk

IN THE FALL OF 1929, when I was 15 years old, Aunt Nancy East died. All our family attended the funeral in the Lanauke district of Albert, Canada. Her son, Frank, had a baseball glove which I covered. At the time of the funeral I found it hanging in the shed and I took it. No one saw me.

Several days later while I was doing chores at home in the evening I was scared stiff to see Auntie standing in her funeral clothes beside the haystack. While I stood gaping, unable to scream, she said slowly, "Return the glove to Frank." Then she vanished.

About a week later my mother came in from milking looking as white as a sheet. It was some time before she stammered out that she had seen Aunt Nancy by the haystack and that she had told her to make me return the baseball glove to her son. My mother, of course, had known nothing about the glove. She turned to me.

I confessed.
The glove was returned the next day.
Auntie Nancy never appeared



WILLIAM OASUSUK

again.—Thorothy, Alberta, Canada.

GRANDMOTHER WAITED

By Evelyn Messer

I KNOW OF MY own knowledge that our loved ones don't die and get buried down in the cold, dark ground, in rotting bodies.

No matter what the preachers always said about the soul being resurrected from that dead body at some later date I always had the feeling that there must be a place where the soul goes and lives after it leaves its dead body. I finally found, proof!

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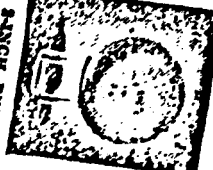
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FATE

For more than two years after my grandmother, Malinda Wilson, died in 1943 I felt her presence for many times. She came even at times when I wasn't thinking of her and she came when I was especially lonely or troubled. Suddenly, I would feel a deep sense of peace. Then she stopped coming. For almost 30 years I did not feel her presence again.

Recently grandmother began to appear in a strange dream, one I dreamed over and over. I became very troubled about the dream and almost dreaded going to sleep. In walking up and down, back and forth, behind a high garden wall she seemed everlastingly to be looking for someone. I began to talk calling me over.

About this same time I got word that my dad, Everett Wilson, had had a slight heart attack but that he was getting along well. After I heard this news I became more nervous. I had an urgent desire to go to Marysville, Mo., to see him. I would see him alive again. But I kept putting it off, week after week while I tried to find the time and money to make the trip.

May 14, 1968, my daddy was dead. Oh, how I wished I had taken time to see him alive, instead of taking time to see him dead. However, I was comforted in my belief that grandmother evidently had been waiting and looking for her son . . . for my dream has stopped. I wonder if grandmother and

MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

Daddy someday will watch and wait for me and be there to guide me when I cross over.—William, Mo.

RETURN TO LIFE

By Lucien Welton Armour
In 1911, it was a quiet and peaceful day, but the persons were not gathered to enjoy it. Grandfather Volney Armour, age 82, was suffering a severe heart seizure. The doctor had given up hope of saving his life. Members of his family stood around the bed while the doctor ministered to him in vain. Finally his heart failed completely and, after the customary pinch and snort tests, the doctor pronounced grandfather Volney Armour dead.

Grandfather was a highly educated man and lived a full and successful life. He spoke Latin and Greek and had majored in law. In his younger days he had been State's Attorney for Illinois. And he had been a kind and generous man, dearly beloved by relatives and friends alike.

The emotion and grief displayed over his passing was tremendous. My mother, Emma L. Armour, his daughter-in-law, in particular was hysterical. Her grief was so great and she was so determined that grandfather Armour should not die that 15 minutes after the doctor pronounced him dead, his spirit returned to his body. He came back to life.

On returning to life grandfather Armour was completely relieved from his heart condition and when he was able to talk again he told an amazing story of his 15 minute experience in death. He explained he had felt care-free. There were no

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ing our own, substantial resources are devoted to the detection of interstellar radio transmissions, particularly those of intelligent life. Our "Project Ozma" is one example. Hour after hour, gigantic parabolic radio telescopes probe the heavens, seeking for the faint whisper of a radio signal in which order can be detected, a signal probably buried in the eternal rustling and noise of waves.

The idea of communication across interstellar distances was first suggested as recently as a few years ago. Transmitters could not hurl a light or any other electromagnetic wave—into space without it emitting in its own spreading. With the invention of the "maser" and the "laser" (light amplification) and the stimulation of electromagnetic radiation, the "beaming barrier" was broken. It is now possible to visualize our launching into space with such a tight beam of radiation that it would remain to be detected, even after a journey of light years.

In a fascinating manner, the book discusses the coding one might expect to receive or transmit, coding that could readily be differentiated from the random noise that permeates all signaling.

The writers of these papers are not particularly optimistic. The probability of the Earth being struck by an alien signal is remote. But to the hope is worth the effort no matter how little promising. And all those of us who are fascinated by the concept of extra-terrestrial life will agree—and for that reason will find the book enjoyable and rewarding.

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Henry A. Dole

PUNK & WAGNALL'S STANDARD COLLEGE DICTIONARY, Funk & Wagnall Company, New York, N. Y., 1961. 1604 pages. \$4.50, plus \$2.50 with check books.

Reviewing a general dictionary in one merits mention in that it includes words—new as well as old—often used in the subjects deeper understanding of them. The Standard College Dictionary appears to be as described: "The most comprehensive desk-size dictionary available, containing 150,000 entries—thousands more than any comparable dictionary." We found it contained some terms in the PATS field of interest not included in another dictionary of approximately the same size and price. Not even a specialized "occult" dictionary contains some of the words in this one.

For example, in the new Funk & Wagnall volume are such recently coined words as flying saucer, UFO, halonitrogen, lysergic acid, laser, thalidomide and Van Allen radiation. Even slang terms like baseball and square are present.

The reader who likes to have clear meanings will find concise definitions of such familiar, yet often "heavy" words as extraneous, perception, parapsychology, precognition, psychic clairvoyance, dowry, telepathy, telepathy and telekinesis. Incidentally, one word not included is radiesthesia—but neither is it included in a much larger "taber" national dictionary.

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or even unexpressed thought, from
the operator."

Podmore regretted that so few
statistics were available, but admit-
ted that those which were shown
conclusively that faith-healing and
mental science were effective in
cases where hypnosis would be
effective, and failed where hypno-
sism also failed. "In other words,"
he says, "in all alike the effect
would appear to be due to sugges-
tion; and it has not yet been proved
that any one of the recognized
modes of imparting the suggestion
is conspicuously more effective than
another."

Yet, as Erle J. Dineen says in
his introduction to this book, "The
all is said and done, the diverse
explanations suggest that an accu-
rate description of what is actually
occurring still eludes us. With
ourselves there seems to be a power,
which can, given the necessary con-
ditions, heal those maladies respon-
sible to that influence while at the
same time the limits of that power
are, in the present state of our
knowledge, impossible to define."
Podmore tries to get to the root

NEW BOOKS

of this unknown power by analyz-
ing carefully much of the written
material about the earlier mesme-
ria, not only of their healings but
of their interesting experiences with
clairvoyants and sensitives. Then
he discusses the period in which the
techniques were taken up and mod-
ified by doctors such as Ellipton
and Esdaile, and later Braid, who
coined the name hypnosis.

The discovery of ether and chloro-
form led to the rejection of hypo-
sism in medicine for many decades,
and during this period Spiritualism
took a firm hold on the minds of
the time. It was discovered, accord-
ing to Podmore, that clairvoyants
could put themselves into receptive
states with the aid of magnetism or
hypnosis. They even found them-
selves able to impart healing on oc-
casion. Andrew Jackson Davis and
Thomas Lake Harris carried this a
step forward, and then came what
P. W. H. Myers calls "the other
advance of self-suggestion" such as
New Thought and Christian Science.
Yhnass T. Quimby originated the
latter name and many of its tenets.
These were later adopted, amplified
and promoted by Mary Baker Eddy,
whom Podmore does not treat very
hardly.

Certainly, for the person who
wishes to go into the history of faith
healing, this is an excellent text-
book. And, due to the author's ear-
ly practicality, in our present era of
psychosomatic medicine the book is
not in the least dated.—Suey Smith.

OUR SINGERS' GHOST BOOK, edited by
L. A. Jones Singer, W. H. Allen, London,
1943, 208 pages, \$4.25.
The subtitle "The World's Great-
est Stories of the Unknown" is

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