

GHOST
and
DIVINING
ROD

T. C. Lethbridge

By the same Author
GOGMAGOG: THE BURIED GODS
GHOST AND GHOUL
WITCHES: INVESTIGATING AN ANCIENT RELIGION

GHOST AND DIVINING-ROD

by
T. C. LETHBRIDGE



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Preface

When I wrote *Gogmagog* in 1957, I said that I expected to be led far afield in my investigations. This has proved to be the case; but I never dreamed that I should be led into the kind of 'science fiction' world, which I hope to describe in this present book. Since I have deliberately avoided reading the results of other people's work on this subject, in order that I might be able to form my own opinions from my own observations, I do not know whether others have reached the same conclusions. However, if they have done so, it seems strange that I have never heard of it.

In this book readers will find that I have been following up clues which I have mentioned already in *Ghost and Ghoul* and *Witches*. I have been attempting to bring the paranormal, supernatural, or whatever you like to call it, world into some relation with the world of science and I have done this quite informally. The results have surprised me. Although I have been able to divine water, and do other simple things of that kind, for many years, it never occurred to me that with a little practice I should be able to go to a given piece of turf, say the composition of many of the objects which lay in the soil beneath it, then dig it up and show that they were all there. I had not thought that this faculty might be related to the formation of ghosts. In fact I had hardly got any way at all. Whether my deductions are right or wrong is of no importance. The facts, however, are. When you can repeat an experiment again and again, it becomes a scientific experiment. Dowsing ceases to be a joke subject; it joins the world of facts.

Of course it is funny; it is quite ridiculously easy. A silly little ball on a length of cotton enables you to 'see through a brick wall'. Why should it? I don't know. But I can show that it

does do so, and not for me alone, but for every one of the people I have tested with it. When you have played a few parlour games with your little ball and then thought about it, things begin to slip into place. You begin to see why ghosts go through brick walls. You begin to see why there are ghosts to perform this unexpected evolution.

My old friend, the late Sir William Ridgeway, used to say that if you wanted to find out anything you must 'strip off the layers'. This I have been trying to do. Strip off the superstition, the hearsay, the traditional views and so on, and begin at the beginning.

My wife can work the pendulum. Recently she has seen a ghost and no longer treats me as slightly simple for being interested in all this. In fact I think she is becoming an enthusiast. She certainly is the greatest help in bringing a keen critical faculty to bear on it all, to say nothing of her labour in typing it out. I am not surprised that the pendulum's 'rate' for femininity is the same as that for gold.

T.C.L.

Chapter One

WHEN the last proofs of my former book on ghosts had gone back to be printed, I felt I had finished with a subject which was not really my concern. I see now that it will always be there for me to puzzle over and that clues will come along from time to time to stir up my interest. So many people have written too to ask me to write more about the subject, that it would be rude of me not to make the attempt if I had anything more to say about it. As it happens, I think the Fates have been kind enough to hand me a very important clue, which, after long consideration, seems to be the most vital that has yet come my way.

The story really begins on a warm and muggy winter's day early in 1919. My mother and I were then living at my grandmother's house of Buckhurst, near Wokingham. As it was a reasonably fine morning, my mother and I went for a walk. We passed through the Great Wood, where the fox cubs used to play at the foot of an oak tree, and on to the road, which joins the main entrance to Easthampstead Park with Easthampstead itself. On the way towards Easthampstead this road passed a small covert, which I think was called the Golden Ball. We wandered into this, up a ride between the oak trees and hazel bushes, so that my mother might enjoy the winter colours on the leafless trees and the carpet of moss beneath. We had been there only a few minutes when we both experienced a horrible feeling of gloom and depression, which crept upon us like a blanket of fog over the surface of the sea. Unable to shake it off, we turned round and walked out of the wood again in a hurry. We agreed that there was something quite terrible there which we could not explain. This was the first ghoul I ever remember having met, but only the first of many. A day

or two later we heard the news that the keeper of the East-hampstead estate, a man whom we knew well, named Rance, had been to look for some missing man and had found that he had committed suicide in the covert. The body must have been lying close to where we stood when we felt the horror.

Since that time I have experienced ghouls—a term I use to define uncalled-for feelings of discomfort and horror—on a large number of occasions. Generally there was no apparent explanation; although once, an experience which I have already described in *Ghost and Ghoul*, I have no doubt that the phenomenon was caused by a person who was still alive at the time. This was a feeling of oppression in a room at Little Ness in Shropshire, which was darkened by a large cedar tree close against the window. The woman who owned the house which my mother rented, was known to want to come back to it because her son, who had died, used to enjoy climbing about in the cedar tree. She was what is known as very highly strung.

Once I deliberately avoided making closer contact with a ghoul. This was in the summer of 1955. I had taken a party in my boat over from Canna harbour in the Small Isles to Wreck Bay on the west of Rhum. As we came in to anchor under the great cliffs—they are a thousand feet high at this point—a herd of deer, which had been eating seaweed on the rocks, scrambled off the shore and galloped, clattering over the stones up a seemingly unclimbable gully. A great wild goat, with horns like an ibex, stood on the highest pinnacle, outlined against the blue sky, and was peering down at the intruders. It was a grand and beautiful place. Far below, through the clear water, the fluke of my kedge anchor gleamed silvery against a patch of yellow sand. There was no Atlantic swell. Everything was calm and peaceful; yet for some reason the place gave me the creeps. My wife and I stayed with the vessel and Sandy, the Canna fisherman, who had come to show us where the only available patch of sand was to be found on the sea-bed. We gave as an excuse that the boat was too big for Sandy to manage alone if the wind should rise suddenly. This was true, for the boat was of about fifteen tons and Sandy did not know her. But the real reason was the uncanny feeling which we experienced. The rest of the party had a happy time ashore, while we regaled Sandy with cups of tea. No one complained of anything unusual

on shore. But I can see the place now and remember the unpleasant feeling, and there, in my mind's eye, is that goat, as I saw him through the field-glasses, leering malevolently down. Anyway on a fine sunny day and in a glassy calm, I did not like to try conclusions with a ghoul, which may give some impression of how unpleasant the feeling is.

Recently, on January 27th, 1962, to be precise, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, we met another ghoul. My wife wanted some seaweed to manure an asparagus bed and we heard there was plenty to be found at Ladram Bay, about two miles south-westward of Sidmouth. It is easy to get close to the beach in a car, which was the reason for our choice of the place, for a sack of wet seaweed is heavy. The day was very warm and muggy.

Ladram Bay is a blunt-ended horseshoe cut in the red sandstone. It is surrounded by cliffs which, in comparison with those of the west of Rhum, seem quite small. I suppose that they are 75 feet high in places. There are two red stacks of rock, covered with seagulls, standing at either end of the bay, which is 500 yards wide from horn to horn. The only approach is near the north-east end where a cleft in the sandstone rock is wide enough for a single cart-track and one line of fishing boats to be hauled up bow to stern. You walk down the track with a cottage and a store for fishing gear on one side and dilapidated wind-blown trees and bushes on top of the cliff on the other. At the seaward end there is a capstan on a concrete ramp down on to the shingle. Then you step on to the pebbles, with the red cliff rising close to your right side. As I stepped on to the beach, I passed into a kind of blanket, or fog, of depression and, I think, fear. Still, we had come to get seaweed and I took no notice of this unexpected happening. We walked south-eastward along the shingle, stuffing rotten and rather smelly seaweed into the sack (Fig. 1).

Presently my wife wandered off to look at the south-west corner of the bay. I had forgotten the ghoul and was busy with the seaweed. After about ten minutes I heard crunching on the pebbles and looked up to see her hurrying back with an armful of weed. 'I can't stand this place any longer,' she said. 'It's horrible. There's something frightful here. Let's go home.' And so we did. There was just enough seaweed to cover the asparagus bed.



Fig. 1. Sketch of Ladram Bay. The first spot at which unpleasantness was felt was at the right-hand bottom corner of the drawing.

That evening my wife had to ring up her mother, a process of somewhat long duration. In the course of the conversation, the visit to Ladram Bay was mentioned. My mother-in-law remarked that she had once been to the bay, on Christmas Day five years earlier, and had been struck by the curious feeling of depression there. I then remembered that she had told us about it soon afterwards.

But to show that we are not unusual in experiencing these things, although perhaps more ready to note their occurrence, my wife's brother happened to come to lunch next day. The Ladram affair was mentioned and caused him no surprise, for both he and his wife had met the same kind of ghoul one evening in a field near Avebury. Something then clicked in my mind. I remembered how field-telephones were prone to short-circuits in warm, damp weather. 'What was the weather like?' I asked him. 'Very warm and muggy,' he replied.

These incidents started a train of thought, which I shall presently try to discuss. But I have not yet finished with Ladram Bay.

The success of the seaweed gathering of course suggested a need for more. Although I have no affection for these ghouls, curiosity was too strong for me to refuse. The following Saturday, February 3rd, we set out again for Ladram, with two sacks this time. The idea of water was now firmly in my head. The weather was as warm as before and it was drizzling. As soon as we reached the track down to the beach, it was clear that a small streamlet ran down beside it and lost itself in the pebbles. The same bank of depression greeted me at the same place as before and it was right above the point where the streamlet was running beneath the shingle.

We walked through the bank of depression, which did not appear to extend far beyond the streamlet, and walked to the opposite end of the beach. Here my wife pointed out the spot where she had thought of sitting on a rock before the ghoul had driven her away. Here the feeling was at its worst. It was so strong as to make me feel almost giddy. The nearest I can get to a description is that it felt not unlike one feels with a high temperature and when full of drugs. There was definitely a sensation of tingling accompanying it. After the death of Mrs. N. at Hole Mill, in August 1960, an unpleasant field similar to

that at Ladram Bay could be felt around the house. It had definite limits over which you could step at a single stride.

I looked about. The red cliff, quite close at hand, was perhaps 50 feet high, with a line of fencing posts on a broken wire hanging forlornly down it. We were standing in the area between two streamlets, which fell as tiny waterfalls down the face of the cliff. They too, of course, vanished into the pebbles at the bottom. It was hard to take in more than this. The whole condition made one's mind confused. We hastily filled our sacks with seaweed, half-expecting something to appear over our shoulders, and humped them to the car. Then we examined the cliff-top.

It is a curious place. The red cliffs and stacks of rock in the sea give it an unusual appearance. There is an air of unreality about it, not unlike that of stage scenery. My wife wandered off to look at another bit of cliff, while I tried to find a place to make a sketch to include the unusual points. She was back very soon. 'It's just as horrid there,' she said pointing to a spot about 75 yards from the lane to the beach. 'Come and see.' I went to look and found that it was so. Then she told me that when standing at this point, something put into her mind: 'Wouldn't you like to jump over?' 'I didn't want to of course,' she added.

Then I remembered my experience with my mother in the Golden Ball covert forty-three years before. This one was so similar that one felt that the cause must have been the same. We were surely picking up the thoughts of someone who had either jumped over the cliff, wanted to do so, or even perhaps, since time does not seem to follow its normal course in these things, may even be going to think of jumping off in the future.

All this of course sounds quite nonsensical to those who have not experienced things like these. However, some observers can read the figures on a thermometer without putting on their glasses, while others cannot do so. Because you do not happen to be able to read a thermometer with the naked eye, it does not follow that there are no figures on it to read. You do not even doubt people who say they can see them. All it means is that your eyesight is somewhat defective. At Ladram Bay at least five people on different occasions have observed something which many others have not observed. Does that mean that there was nothing to observe, or only that the other people

were so engrossed in other matters that they noticed nothing and that they were just unobservant? A vast number of people are quite incredibly blind to things they are not expecting to see; while others are talking so much that they notice nothing at all.

It so happens that observation has been part of my training since I was a small child. I grew up among men who the Victorians spoke of as 'mighty hunters before the Lord'. They taught a boy to observe everything all the time, whether it was a broken twig with blood on it, which showed the way a wounded beast had taken, or the squawking of a jay, which told you how a fox was moving in a covert. They trained you too to remember what you had observed and to be able to report on it later. From other old men I learnt to observe the weather signs and to have the kedge anchor out before the gale came on you. Others again taught you to observe people without being noticed, for there were politicians in my mother's family who always wished to know other people's reactions to this and that. This training, far more than peering down microscopes at Cambridge, and coupled with insatiable curiosity, has turned observation of the unusual for me into a second nature. I may notice things simply because I was trained to notice, when others were not. My wife also grew up as an observer and has been perfecting the art ever since. I am inclined to think that very many people fail to notice ghosts and such-like simply because they were never really trained to observe.

In most villages you will find somebody who can divine water with a hazel twig (it is really a fork), and many more who cannot do this (Fig. 2). Countrymen as a whole know that this can be done and take it as one of the facts of existence. Few townsmen or orthodox scientists believe it can be done at all. They are completely wrong in this and are wagging their heads at something which is capable of scientific proof. But there is another point to be considered. Unlike most things which scientists measure, men are not all alike. Some can see, hear, feel and experience things which others cannot. The 'average man' only exists in the minds of slaves to statistics. There is no such thing as an average man and no man would wish to be one if there were. All men are different. They never can be average nor equal. Remembering this point, we will now leave the ghouls

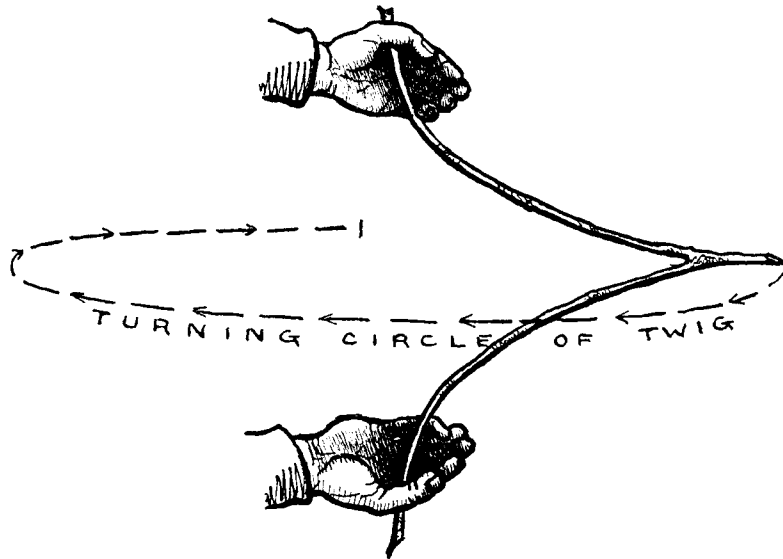


Fig. 2. Diagram to show method of holding the divining-rod, and the manner in which it rotates towards the dowser.

for a little and give some thought to this business of the divining-rod.

No one ever taught me water divining, or dowsing, which is a term with a wider range. I taught myself more than thirty years ago and have done a certain amount of experimenting, both with the rod and with its cousin, the pendulum. It is obvious to anyone who can dowse that this is a subject which properly belongs to physics. The twig reacts to what appear to be electro-magnetic fields of force. You can put down a sheet of corrugated iron on your lawn and plot out the field of force with a hazel twig (Fig. 3, D) in just the same way that you can plot the field of force round a bar magnet using iron filings. If this is not science, what is? You can repeat the performance with the sheet of iron day after day if you can be bothered to do so.

But for some people the twig will not react at all. It is just like the unfortunate scientist who cannot see the figures on his thermometer without his spectacles. However, there is a difference. Whereas the man with bad eyesight does not fly into a tantrum and say that nothing will induce him to believe that heat will make mercury expand and reveal this fact against a

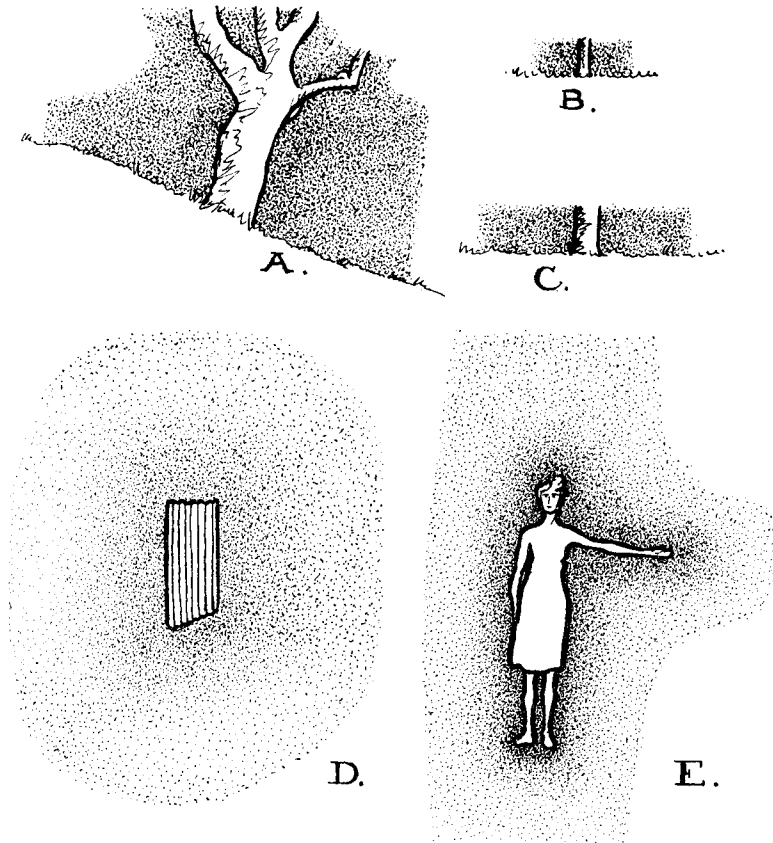


Fig. 3. Diagram to illustrate various fields of force, plotted with the hazel twig.

A. An old apple tree, 2 feet thick.

B. Young apple, 4 inches.

C. A walnut, 1 foot.

D. A sheet of corrugated iron, 5 feet 6 inches long.

E. The psyche-field round a woman.

The 'fields' of the trees cover them completely, but are wider round the trunk.

graduated scale in a tube—he goes off to an oculist and has his eyes tested for a pair of glasses; the other man for whom the twig will not work behaves quite differently. He states dogmatically that it could not possibly work, that the whole thing is a trick to take him in and that with juggling about he could

make it turn over. But in spite of this explosive outburst, he cannot find water like the dowser can. The fault is clearly not in the observation of the dowser, but in the bodily make-up of the other man. Like the eyes of the man in the first case, something is missing in his body. What is missing appears to be a lack of bodily potential. The dowser is charged up to a higher rate than he is. A wireless set, for instance, will not work if the battery is run down.

Perhaps I am being a little hard on these incredulous people. The art of water divining has been a mystery for thousands of years. It was regarded as magic and every educated person was taught that magic was a gross superstition, a survival from the bad old days, which could not possibly work.

It is no use explaining to such people that the force which moves the twig is so great that it often breaks a stick as thick as a pencil in my hands. It does not do this in other people's hands, therefore however many witnesses see the breaking taking place makes no difference to the sceptic. He cannot do it and that is that. If I tell doubters that one dry summer, when we ran short of water, I located five choked springs in my field within a yard of each, they look wisely at one another and think, 'Poor Tom, a bee in his bonnet as usual.' The springs, however, were found and the pipes leading from them located and cleared, with no difficulty at all, in a very short space of time. It saved me a lot of money, which is the thing that counts in the world today. 'He saved himself fifty pounds with that bit of stick. There must be something in it.'

This is something which works and can save people money. Yet apparently many physicists do not find it of sufficient interest to study, simply because some bygone professors were too short of current themselves to make it work. Still, unless I am much deluded, this dowsing is the key which will unlock many doors and change many superstitious beliefs into scientific facts.

I have told more than once in other books how on Lundy Island, and with very little knowledge of dowsing, I was set to walk blindfolded along a cliff path to see whether I could locate seams of volcanic rock, dykes, which passed up through the slates and were hidden by a capping of soil (Fig. 4). I found them all with the twig in my hands, just where they were shown

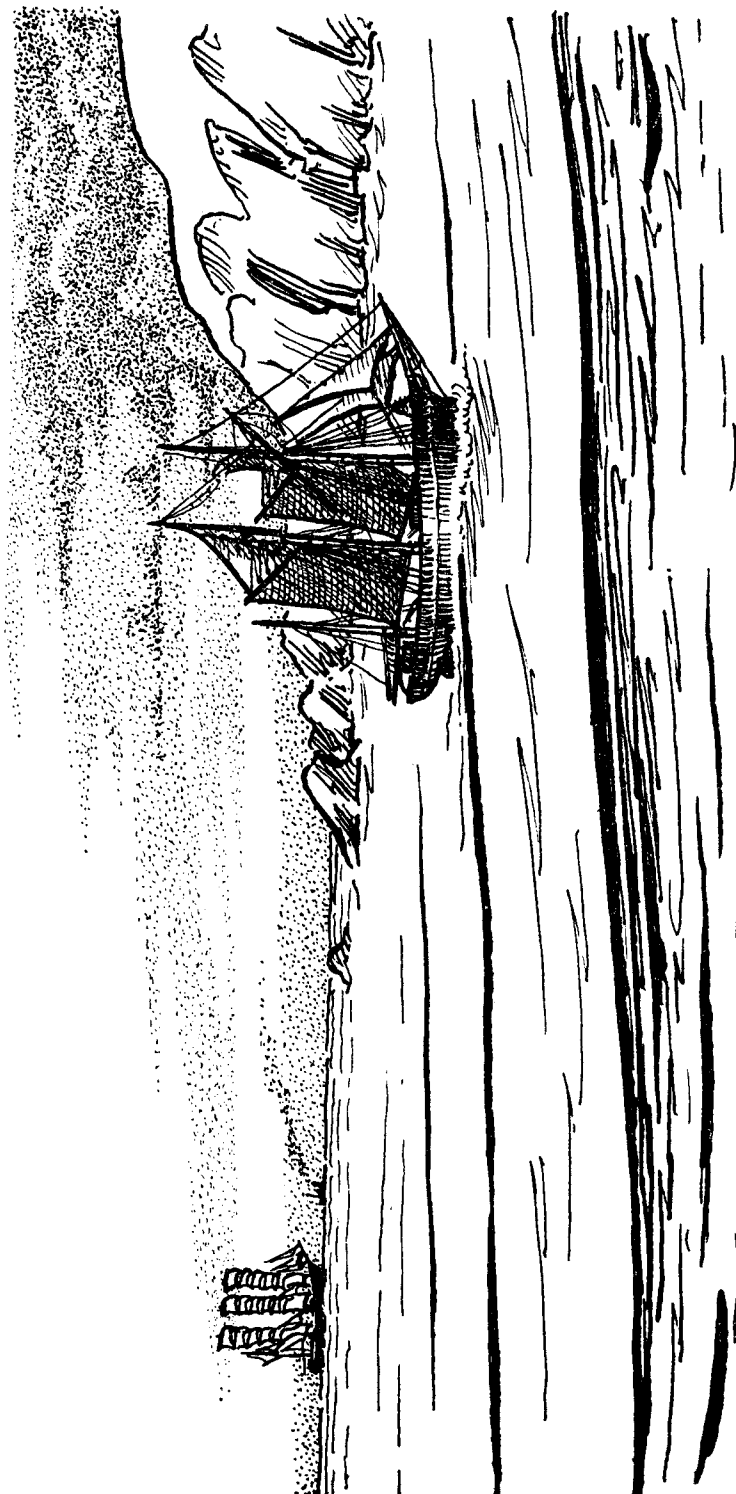


Fig. 4. The slate cliffs at the south end of Lundy, above which I did my first dowsing. A famous ghost is said to have sat between two boys who were caught by the tide and spent the night on one of the ledges here. Vessels are

Haldon and Parna.

to exist by a magnetometer costing several hundred pounds. I have found graves and ditches cut in the chalk rock in Cambridgeshire which were invisible on the surface, and also various metal objects which had been deliberately concealed. So, as far as I am concerned, dowsing is a scientific method of finding things. Those who try to find out how it works are pursuing a serious scientific study. It is those who deny that it can exist who are being dogmatic and superstitious. They are afraid of the effect of magic on their expensive reputations. Perhaps it is not so much the magic that they fear, but their probable loss of face among their colleagues if they admitted an interest in so disreputable a subject. There is nothing to be afraid of. Measurements can be made and this is vital to orthodoxy.

A dowser has more instruments than one at his command. There are of course such variants of the hazel twig as the watch spring; but the chief alternative is the pendulum. This very unexpected, and at first sight most improbable, device probably originated in a well-known primitive method of determining the sex of an unborn child. It is in fact said to be still in use by Japanese experts who are called in to determine the sex of chickens in eggs. A wedding ring is suspended and swung above the stomach of the pregnant woman. If it retains its backwards and forwards motion the child, if I remember right, should be a boy. If, however, the pendulum motion changes into a circular swing, the child will be a girl. I have seen this operation performed with great hilarity in the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Cambridge. The subjects for the sexer's art varied from a spider to a human skull. As no one present admitted being capable of distinguishing a female spider from a male, the test was considered inconclusive. With the skull, however, there were several persons present who believed themselves to be expert judges and the test was considered a success. It was an obvious male skull and the pendulum said so.

Since the dowser's pendulum is not so widely known as the divining-rod, I will attempt to describe it and also its method of employment. A small ball of wood, or some similar substance, is suspended from a length of thread. The ball may be an inch or rather more in diameter, but must not be too heavy to hold easily. The length of thread, perhaps two yards of it, is wound round a short wooden rod of about the thickness of a pencil. The

ball hangs free, on the thread, from the rod. The rod with the thread wound on it is held between the thumb and forefinger of the dowser's right hand, with the finger so placed that, when he rotates the rod to unwind the thread, the finger will act as a brake, or stop. He must be able to control the length of the thread between the ball and his finger exactly (Fig. 5).

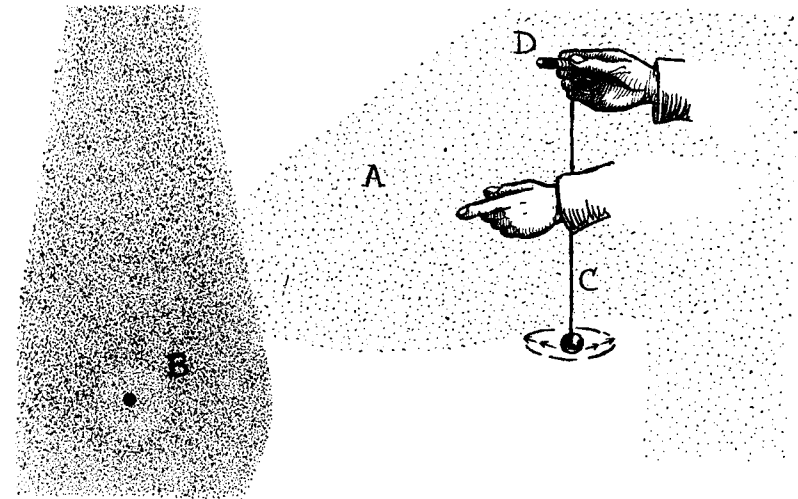


Fig. 5. Diagram to show method of dowsing with a pendulum.

- A. The dowser's personal psyche-field extended by the projection of his left forefinger.
- B. The static field of the object sought. When A meets B, the pendulum (C) will change its motion from the simple oscillation indicated by the arrows to a circular swing shown in broken line.
- D. The rod on which the length of the pendulum's cord is controlled between the right thumb and forefinger.

There is reason for thinking that the fields about small objects are conical, or biconical, extending upwards for about 50 feet.

When the dowser wishes to look for a particular substance, he places a sample of this material on the ground at his feet, having first decided that the spot he has chosen is free from nails or other foreign bodies. Then he slowly unwinds the thread by rotating the rod between his finger and thumb. At the same time he keeps the ball swinging on its length of thread in a backwards and forwards pendulum motion. When the ball has slowly

descended, perhaps about eighteen inches, the pendulum motion will change into a circular swing. At this point the unwinding of the thread is instantly checked. The length of thread for this particular ball will now be a constant for that type of material. It is what might be called the 'rate' for that particular metal, water or whatever it may be. This rate can be shown to be different for different substances, but always a constant for each with the same operator.

Now that the dowser has established the rate for what he wishes to find, he proceeds to search for it. With his left hand and standing upright at a fixed spot, he uses his forefinger as a pointer and moves it, with his arm extended, in all directions towards the surface of the ground. He does not move from his stance or crawl about: he just points. The ball meanwhile is set swinging on its pendulum motion. As the finger moves, it may happen that the substance which the dowser is looking for will come in line with it. If this happens, the pendulum motion of the ball changes into a circular swing. The dowser has found what he was looking for and his left forefinger indicates where it lies concealed. Improbable though it may seem, this apparently strange operation does work. The dowser is using a primitive scientific instrument; one might describe it almost as a kind of radar, and this description may well be correct.

Years ago I experimented with this kind of pendulum and was able to locate silver coins hidden without my knowledge under one of a series of caps or books placed on a tiled floor. Except on a windless day, a more complicated instrument is needed out of doors, because the ball blows about in the wind. A heavier ball would be inconvenient to hold from the fingers. However, there are recorded instances of enemy mines being located beneath the sea by this method.

Of course I do not believe in any of these things without convincing evidence. I was brought up and trained as a scientist and still retain an attitude towards them which is, I hope, more scientific than one of blank incredulity. If then I find that a hazel twig turns over in my hands with such force that it breaks when I attempt to prevent it doing so, I look round for explanations other than the one that it does this as a supernatural indication of the presence of water. In practice I have found that it will do this with other things than water and have come to the conclu-

sion that the problem is one of electro-magnetic forces,' about which I know all too little.

Now, a generation or more after my earlier experiments in what I believe is styled rhabdomancy, which were inspired by some French officer whose name I now unfortunately forget, I thought I ought to try a few more essays in this so-called occult art. It is certainly not an occult art, but a branch of scientific study, and deals with a little-explored subject, which in itself gives it a charm to me. Therefore I constructed a pendulum, making a one-inch ball from a dry hazel stick. It occurred to me that the courtyard of Hole house (Fig. 6) was an admirable place in which to carry out some simple experiments. One side of it is apparently of fourteenth-century date and two of the others certainly of mid-sixteenth century. Surely objects must have been lost in it from time to time. Coins were the obvious things to have been dropped. I had already recovered specimens of the reigns of Edward I, III, and IV from a rubbish tip nearby. So I tuned in my new pendulum in the stone-flagged hall, where it should have been unaffected by outside influences. I put a silver salver on the flags and obtained a length of twenty-two inches of cord as the right length for the registration of silver. Then I went into the court and slowly began to survey it with the pendulum swinging and my left finger pointing. Before long I had located two spots and fixed them by cross-bearings. I then swung the pendulum directly above them. Each gave the reaction for silver by changing the oscillation into a circular swing. If there was anything in this pendulum dowsing therefore, these two points hid silver objects below the surface of the grass. It would be enough to satisfy me that the thing worked.

I went off and got my spade and digging tools and sunk a hole at the first place located. I took off the turf over a hole two feet square and tested the pit as I sunk it at every three inches. Right under the turf was a large piece of seventeenth-century pottery. Six inches lower down I found a piece of Rhineland *stoneware* of the same century and put it on one side, where it accidentally became covered with spoil. Then I tested again. The pendulum did not take up the circular swing as it had done before. Theoretically I must have dug out a piece of silver and it must be in the spoil heap. I tried the pendulum over the spoil heap and it went into its circular swing. I carefully

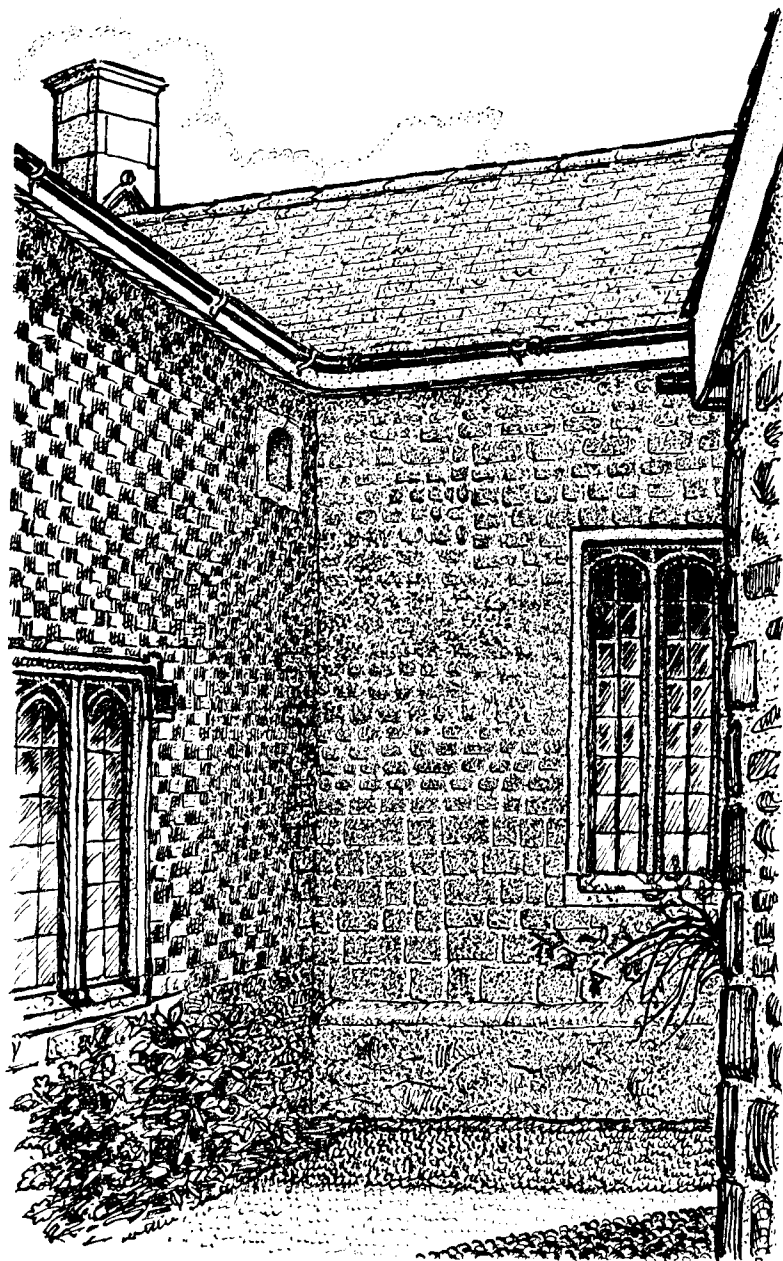


Fig. 6. The corner of the court at Hole where the experiments were done with the pendulum. Everything was found beneath the grass in the angle between the two windows. No walls are straight at Hole, and no windows put in level.

went through the spoil with my trowel—it was too sticky to put through the sieve. I found nothing. I did not think I could have missed a small coin; but I tried again and moved the heap backwards and forwards several times. I went deeper into the hole and found nothing but a few bones and chips of slate. Feeling that the pendulum was a fraud and that I was wasting time and energy, I started to fill the hole back and, in doing so, paused at intervals to test the heap. Always the pendulum went into its circular swing. The object was still in it, but I could not see it. At last little was left. I tried the filled-in pit with no result. I was just finishing the filling-in when I uncovered the piece of stoneware pottery. Something made me try the pendulum over it. To my great surprise it at once went into a violent circular movement. I had found the object, which was utterly unlike what I had expected. I muttered to myself terms which, in spite of the modern trend in literature, I hesitate to put in this book, filled the hole in tidily, and went indoors to think it over.

I am no chemist and, as far as I knew, stoneware was glazed by throwing salt into the kilns. It was not, I thought, 'lead glaze'. Of course old lead contains a quantity of silver. However, I tried the pendulum over a lump of lead. It gave the same reaction as for silver. Then, having found large quantities of stoneware in the rubbish dump previously, I tried samples of that (Fig. 7). Always the pendulum reacted as for silver. I tried local medieval glazed pottery. There was no reaction. I tried modern pottery. There was none. In fact, although I made many attempts, no pottery but the imported German stoneware of the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries had any positive reaction.

I returned to the second spot in the courtyard and swung the pendulum again. Yes, the object was still there. Although I still hoped it might be a silver coin, I felt pretty certain that it would be a potsherd. I dug a hole fifteen inches square and repeated the performance I had gone through in the first hole. Six inches deep the reaction in the hole ceased and the pendulum showed that the object had been transferred to the spoil heap. But, although I had dug with great care, I had seen nothing. I worked through the spoil heap methodically. There was no potsherd. Then I found the object. It looked just like a small flint nodule, but it was much too heavy. It was a small rod of old lead

1½ inches long and ½ inch thick. I should imagine that it was a bit cut off to be used for fixing the bars of Tudor windows into their stone sockets. In any case it was certain to have contained a small quantity of silver.



Fig. 7. A, B and C objects found beneath the turf with the pendulum at Hole.

A. Fragment of German stoneware (complete pot of the same ware, D, shown for general interest).

B. Lump of lead.

C. Brass tag from a lace.

All probably of sixteenth- to eighteenth-century date.

After this I changed over to copper. Tuning in over a tinned copper pot, I found that while the length of cord for silver and lead on this pendulum was 22 inches, for copper, brass or tin it was 30.5 inches. I went into the court and repeated the previous operation. Within two or three minutes a reaction for copper was shown by the pendulum. I fixed the spot by cross-bearings and tried the thing directly above it. Having fixed it as closely as possible, I put in a peg. The same process as before was carried out. The object remained in the hole, 15 inches by 12

inches, until I actually saw it in the ground 9 inches below the surface. It was a tiny copper, or brass, tube just over an inch long, which had been on the end of a lace, probably from a woman's dress.

I must say I found the whole performance quite ridiculous. It was too easy. The pendulum was absurdly accurate. The field of force round each object may be small, for it can be pin-pointed underground within six inches; but the human field must be widely extensible, for I had located the three objects at a distance of two or three yards. You had only to take the pendulum to the place you wanted to search, adjust the length of the cord for the metal you wished to find, swing the ball and point with the left hand. When the back and forth motion changed to a circular swing, you had located your quarry and apparently, if you kept your instrument going at intervals, you were bound to find the object. It could not dodge away like a submarine from an asdic. Once you had it in your focus, you had it. But, and this is the point which is vital to the understanding of all these unusual phenomena, only a human field can make the thing work. The human field can only be eliminated by making use of elaborate electrical equipment (Fig. 5).

Naturally I did not end my tests at this point. The next two were on the 'silver' rating. From the first contact I obtained another piece of stoneware, and from the second another lump of lead.

Then, although I had little hope of finding anything, except perhaps a fragment of ornamental china, I tried gold. To my surprise and incredulity there was a reaction quite soon. I dug it up as before, having pin-pointed it within six inches, or less. After all the difficulties which had happened on other occasions, I finally located the object from which the reaction was obtained. It seems scarcely credible, but this object was the lava or caterpillar of a carnivorous beetle. Although it is a long time since I took any real interest in beetles, I am pretty certain it would have turned into one of the *Geodephaga*, probably *Harpalus*.

This was again quite as surprising as finding that German stoneware gave the same reaction as silver. My first thought was that there is gold in minute traces in the blood. But then I remembered the traditional method of finding the sex of unborn children and chickens with a wedding ring. Could I have

stumbled on the 'rate' for femininity? I think this is the answer. My wife at once sent the pendulum into a circular swing when I tried the instrument over her. Our cat looked up sourly at it when I swung it over him and it retained its back and forth oscillation. My wife tried it over me with the same result. In fact it seems reasonable to assume that the rate for femininity is the same as that for gold. One imagines that it is not exactly the same, but more accurate instruments than a pendulum are needed. We can proceed as if it were the same.

We can soon, in fact, produce a little table of rates for one pendulum, operated by one man. It reads:

<i>Length of cord</i>	<i>Responding to this rate</i>
22 in.	Silver, lead, German stoneware
26.5 in.	Water
29 in.	Gold, femininity
30.5 in.	Copper, brass, etc.
32 in.	Iron

When my wife operates the same pendulum, sometimes the rates appear to be less, namely 20 inches for silver and 27 inches for gold. In fact the length of cord may vary from person to person. It is clear also that the rates which we appear to have established bear no relation to those given in the International Table of Atomic Weights, which are:

Lead 207.1	Gold 197.2
Silver 107.88	Copper 63.57
Iron 55.85	

It is not difficult to add other rates to our table. Wood and vegetable growth rates at 20 and stone or concrete at 13. All this looks very much as if we can establish a reliable table of rates for all substances. It does not, however, tell us what is happening. The rates may vary from person to person, although in the same order and not from pendulum to pendulum. It seems highly probable that our rates are those of resonance between one field and another, whatever resonance may mean.

With a little more experimenting our table now reads:

<i>Length of cord</i>	<i>Responding to this rate</i>
13 in.	Slate and concrete
14 in.	Glass
20 in.	Vegetable growth, bread, potatoes

<i>Length of cord</i>	<i>Responding to this rate</i>
22 in.	Silver, lead, German stoneware
26.5 in.	Running water
29 in.	Femininity, gold
30.5 in.	Copper and brass
32 in.	Iron

Of course there is nothing very accurate about all this. I am just exploring something I do not know anything about. No one could have guessed that the ball would tell this story. It has found things for us hidden from sight beneath the turf and it has told us something which we know from other evidence must be correct. After a short and elementary series of experiments, which would horrify a serious student by the casual manner in which they were conducted, I produced the following table:

<i>Length of cord</i>	<i>Responding to this rate</i>
7 in.	Sulphur
10 in.	Graphite
12 in.	Carbon
13 in.	Slate, concrete
14-15.5 in.	Glass, medieval glaze, Chinese and modern porcelain, quartzite, flint
20 in.	All animals (men, women, cats, etc.), plants, wood, rubber, coal, paper, bread, potatoes
22 in.	Silver, lead, salt, sixteenth-century German stoneware
23.5 in.	Vegetable oil, amber
24 in.	Male principle, diamond
25.5 in.	Alcohol (wines and spirits)
26.5 in.	Running water
29 in.	Female principle, gold
30.5 in.	Copper, brass and perhaps tin
32 in.	Iron

Finding the rate for salt explained the puzzle of the German stoneware, because salt was thrown into the kilns to glaze it.

It is probable that silver, lead and sodium all have approximately the same rate. Salt is sodium chloride.

From this I proceeded to try simple analysis. I do not for a moment suppose that this is very accurate; but I do know that it conforms to the scientific theory that experiments can be repeated. The first object I tried was a silver snuff-box full of snuff. It was more or less airtight. This gave me what I regard as a positive reaction, namely a circular swing. I found this at 20 inches and 22 inches with a negative oscillation in between. I had thus obtained the right reaction for vegetable material (snuff, tobacco) and for silver.

The second object was a stoppered bottle of Australian Burgundy, without its lead cap. Here I obtained positive reactions at 14, 20, 25.5, and 32 inches. From our table we can see that these should indicate glass, vegetable material, alcohol and iron. As I make my wife drink this stuff for her health because of its supposed iron content, I thought this fair enough.

The third object was a little model of the barque *Passat* in an old Irish whiskey bottle. I had made, and put the model in the bottle, in that ship in 1934, undergoing considerable indignities at the time from a number of Finnish apprentices who breathed down my neck and swore it would not go in. Here the pendulum gave rates of 14, 20, 22 and 23.5 inches. These are glass, wood from the cork and model ship, oil from paint and putty and the lead, an oxide, from either paint, putty, or both.

These three experiments were enough to show me that I was on the right lines. They were experiments of a simple nature and can be repeated again and again. If anyone should complain that I knew what was in the containers and influenced the swing of the pendulum wittingly or unwittingly, the answer is that I could not possibly have known what I might find beneath the turf in the courtyard. This objection is quite without value. However, to make sure, there was an obvious test which could be applied. This was to analyse a given area of the courtyard, beneath undisturbed turf, and then dig it up to see whether the pendulum was telling the truth.

Therefore I went out into the court again, marked out an arbitrary square 18 by 18 inches and proceeded to analyse it. There were strong reactions at 13, 14, 15½ and 32 inches and weak ones at 22, 29 and 30.5 inches. According

to the table already worked out, I ought to find slate or concrete; glass; glazed pottery or china, and iron. I ought to be able to locate also traces of silver, lead or German stoneware; copper, brass or perhaps tin; and either gold or something female. There was an unexpected quantity of broken slate (13) beneath the turf; at the strongest point of reaction to glass (14) was the stopper of a large bottle, there were also two fragments of window glass; there were five small fragments of china, two of medieval glazed pottery and two of seventeenth-century glaze (15½); and then a three-inch wire nail (32), a small 'bloom' of iron, a small nail and a flake of rust. Thus all the strong reactions were abundantly represented in this small hole. The silver or lead reactor was a tiny screwed-up ball of silver paper (lead, 22); the gold or female (29) a small and very lively earthworm (so worms, although hermaphrodite, sometimes give the female reaction). But the faint copper, brass or tin reaction caused a lot of trouble. I ran it to earth in the end as a very heavy two-inch lump of flint. This is clearly coated with an ore, but not copper; I suspect that it is tin—ordinary flint reacts to a 14-inch rate. In any case the specimen still reacts to the 30.5-inch rate.

Although I deliberately avoided the 20-inch rate, because the ground was covered with grass, I had found everything that the pendulum had indicated and this process could be repeated as long as turf remained undisturbed in the court. I feel completely justified in my contention that we are dealing with a scientific subject. The human apparatus, with a very simple indicator, can locate hidden things and decide what they are made of. I expect this has frequently been demonstrated before and conveniently ignored by those who cannot see how it could work; but I have deliberately refrained from reading about the subject before making these recent experiments, because I like to see things for myself and to form my own judgement on the observations.

Another point remained to be investigated. Would the pendulum react to objects beyond really solid obstructions? Well, it will pick out silver objects invisible on the far side of a stone wall two feet thick. In other words, these fields surrounding objects pass through solid materials. We begin to see how ghosts can pass through walls. If ghosts are thought images contained in static fields, then the material obstruction of a wall would

have no hindering effect on their passage. Neither has a wall any obstructing effect on television pictures. What we now think of as 'waves' pass through the enormous gaps in matter, through empty space, without hindrance. The waves of our fields evidently do the same.

Now I was not investigating the dowser's art as a possible means of attaining wealth by finding hidden treasure. An ordinary mine-detector would be better for the purpose. I have been writing this description in order to draw attention to two important points. The first is that each substance obviously has an electro-magnetic field of force, which is discernible with a pendulum with the correct length of swing. This length can be measured accurately. If the balls and pendulums were standardized, a complete table of rates could be worked out, which would always be constant. It would be as reliable as a table of boiling points of liquids, or any table of that kind. The second point is that it will not work by itself. It needs the human body, or rather the human electro-magnetic field, to make it work. This supplies the current and turns it into a machine. I do not know whether it would work for everybody, or whether it is subject to the same variations as the divining-rod; but, as far as I have seen, anybody can do it. It may be that each person might have to work out his own table of rates according to the potential of his field, in the same way that each person according to the quality of his eyesight has to vary the focus of the eyepieces of his binoculars. But for a given person, a given table is constant or appears to be so.

Now this alone surely lifts the subject of dowsing out of the world of magic, straight into the realm of physics. It may be magic; but if so, this kind of magic is also part of science. There is no trace of superstition about it. It is 'honest to God' experimental science and probably as important in its way as any atom-splitting that was ever done. For it shows that there are completely unknown possibilities in the human make-up. A person can locate hidden objects without using any of the five senses. The dowser does not see, hear, smell, feel, or taste the hidden object. He finds it by some other means. He has, in fact, a sixth sense. Mankind has always maintained that some people have a sixth sense, and why not? There evidently is one.

Chapter Two

ALL this dowsing seems very primitive to those who habitually work with scientific instruments of precision. It all sounds too childish and simple. Well, yes it is simple, but the remarkable thing is that the same electro-magnetic fields can be found with a simple twig cut from the hedge as can be located by the most expensive scientific gadget. The working of the one confirms the working of the other, whichever way you care to take it. If the twig is wrong, so are the electrical machines. The twig in our story is comparable to the apple in the discovery of the laws of gravitation. Since the twig works and does not cost anything, nor requires teams of lab boys in its construction, why not use it and see where it leads us? I admit that I would far prefer to look for buried 'cow-pat' mines with a military mine-detector than with a ball on a thread; but at the same time, I believe you could find your mines with a ball on a pedulum. In fact it looks as if you could find your mines with your own electro-magnetic field, which encloses your body.

The twig, or the pendulum, has no magic power. It is simply an indicator, like the needle of a meter, or perhaps like the float of the fisherman sitting frozen on the banks of the Cam on a cold March day. I am sorry if I look like being a spoilsport and for removing some of the gilt and mystery from magic. But then I believe all the gilt can be removed from magic which will then remain as solid scientific fact. I think we have reached the stage in learning when it is possible to do this, if anybody can be bothered to try. I believe too that all the mystery can be removed from ghosts and ghouls and that their formation will be accounted for by simple scientific laws, acceptable to both boffin and ordinary man alike. I do not say that we will get very far in this book; but do hope that by the time it is finished, we

will have got far enough with the study to be able to foresee what may be expected if it is taken further.

Curiosity, of course, will not let us leave the pendulum at this stage. What are these fields which are detected by using it? As I think I have said already, I am deliberately avoiding looking for, and reading, publications on this subject, so that I can be quite free to observe facts, uncoloured by other people's views.

Well then, the first thing to determine is the shape of the fields. Since we are living in an age in which everybody talks about rays of this and that, I rather naïvely supposed that each small object was at the centre of a sphere, from which rays of something radiated in all directions. I visualized a sort of cosmic sea-urchin. I also thought that there must be some relationship between the length of the rays and the length of the cord of the pendulum. A few simple experiments showed that the second idea was perfectly correct. The pendulum rate for lead is 22 inches for me, for gold 29 inches, for copper 30.5 inches and for iron 32 inches. These measurements are those of the radii of circular fields at ground level, if the object is resting on this. In other words, if you put a piece of brass or copper on the floor and measure its surrounding field at that level the result will be a circle 61 inches in diameter. It does not matter whether the object is a tiny brass pin or a heavy ash-tray; the circle will be the same size.

However, if you try to find the top of the supposed hemisphere above the object, it is not there. Even if you climb on a chair, you still cannot reach it. In fact you cannot do so without a fireman's ladder and perhaps you cannot do so then.

I put a brass ash-tray on the floor of the hall and went upstairs. I found it perfectly easy there to pick up the field of the object on the ground below. I plotted the circle this field gave at floor level. Its limits could be judged to within about an inch. Instead of being 61 inches across as it was on the ground, the circle was now one of 48-inch diameter. I was clearly dealing with a cone and not a sphere. All our measurements are very rough, but this cone must be about 50 feet high. What is more, by putting the ash-tray upstairs and working the pendulum on the ground floor, one finds that there is a downward-pointing cone as well as one pointing upwards. The two cones

are joined base to base and the field as a whole is at right angles to the surface of the earth. A perfectly fantastic 'science fiction' world is beginning to emerge from our simple study. The whole surface must be covered with invisible and interlocking cones. Since such things as streams and waterpipes also have their fields, these must be high walls, curving or straight, which pass through the mass of cones.

I am not going to fossick about in this invisible world at the moment. The idea is quite enough to make one giddy. The thing which surprises me is that it is so ridiculously easy to find this world and no one seems to bother to examine it.

Of course to me, as an archaeologist, its implications are enormous. You have only to work your pendulum correctly to be able to find any brooch, pin or coin that was ever buried in the ground. I may be rather better at it than some, but I have yet to test a person who cannot work the pendulum at all. There is no possible excuse for leaving important objects behind on the spoil heaps of excavations, or for not going deep enough to find such things beneath your dig. You should be able to tell what kind of ornaments are buried with a skeleton before you unearth it and find the graves themselves by the fields of the objects hidden in them.

The question of finding the depth of an object in the ground is also important to the archaeologist. The pendulum can do this; but it is probably more trouble than it is worth to attempt it in detail. However, it is absolutely easy to work out a series of tables which give the answer for any particular substance. The rate, which is the same as the radius of the circle at the base of each cone, is known. By plotting the circle formed by the cone at a given height above the object, one can draw a simple figure and measure the reduction in radius of the circle formed by the horizontal section of the cone at any height. To take two examples:

<i>Metal</i>	<i>Radius</i>	<i>Depth</i>	<i>Reduction</i>
Copper	30.5 in.	surface	0
	29.5 in.	2 ft.	1 in.
	28 in.	4 ft.	2½ in.
	27 in.	6 ft.	3½ in.
	25 in.	8 ft.	5½ in.

<i>Metal</i>	<i>Radius</i>	<i>Depth</i>	<i>Reduction</i>
Lead	22 in.	surface	0
	20.5 in.	2 ft.	1½ in.
	19 in.	4 ft.	3 in.
	17.5 in.	6 ft.	4½ in.
	15.5 in.	8 ft.	6½ in.

Of course it is easier to measure the full diameter of the circle, which shows the reduction more clearly. When a copper object is 4 feet deep in the earth, the diameter of its circular field on the surface is no longer 5 feet 1 inch but only 4 feet 2 inches. This is quite appreciable. A very short examination will show whether an object is deep in the ground or not.

There are other interesting points to be noted in this study. For instance there are various substances which completely intercept the link between the operator and the conic field of the object. As far as I have progressed, it seems that these are mostly metals. But one must understand that every element in a compound appears to have its own rate and cone. Thus calcium carbonate, the constituent of a snail shell, has two rates and probably three. There are calcium 22, carbon 12 and presumably oxygen also. But calcium is an interruptor. So are lead, sodium, potassium and magnesium. So also is rubber. If any of the salts of these metals are placed against something whose rate you have on the pendulum, the reaction stops instantly. Remove the interruptor and the circular swing starts once again. You can see this by tuning-in over some object, while holding a piece of lead in the hand not holding the pendulum. Tune in until the circular swing is obtained and then pass the piece of lead over into the other hand. The circular swing stops dead and a back and forth oscillation takes its place. Change the lead over again to the other hand and the circular swing will begin once more. Why this should happen I have as yet no clue. The cones of force are there all the time. They are just prevented from being appreciated by your sixth sense.

Another phenomenon is even more unexpected. By placing an object on the ground floor and plotting the circle where the cone of force cuts the floor above and repeating this experiment several times in the course of a day, it is easily shown that the cones are not rigid. The apex of a cone of lead swings round a circle of at least a foot. At first I thought this must be the well-

known phenomenon observed when flowers follow the sun, but this is not the answer. Cones appear to swing ahead of the movement of the moon. This needs much more investigation, but is not difficult to watch. I have neither the time nor the patience to spend years just measuring things in the hope of producing proofs through statistics. I work by simple reasoning from data, which I have observed myself, and cut out all elaboration derived from other sciences which, although it may look learned to include it, simply clutters up the reasoning. We may use the conclusions from other studies and yet avoid their technicalities. It is open to anyone to find fault with my reasoning; but it is not so easy for them to laugh off the data on which the reasoning is based.

Now it can be shown, both by dowsing and with scientific instruments, that fields of static electricity exist in just the same kind of places as those in which we have experienced our ghosts and ghouls. These have been studied by scientists. They consist of what are known as ionized particles, but it is not necessary to remember that term now. All we need to notice is that these static fields are to be found in connection with such things as waterfalls, springs and streams, or woods and trees, deserts and moorlands and mountains. This is extremely important to anyone who is interested in mythology. For these are just the places which were peopled with nymphs and spirits by the peoples of the ancient world and by simple modern ones. These nymphs and spirits must be the result of observation by people at what is known, somewhat contemptuously, as a primitive level of culture. Such people are far more observant than the bulk of the population today. Their observation includes far finer degrees of appreciation than that of a man who spends his working hours with electronic gear and his evenings watching the television screen or reading the reports of his colleagues. The primitive people really observe, and they evidently notice things at certain places which are quite outside the range of observation of the bulk of civilized man. The things which I believe they notice are, amongst others of course, the static fields at these particular places. They also observe the movements of beast and bird and the signs which indicate these movements. They observe the signs of the changes coming in the weather far better than the professional meteorologists. Even

I am better at this game than the B.B.C. Once, when working to the west from Mallaig and somewhere off the Aird of Sleat, I noticed from the sky that a gale was imminent. We turned on the wireless and heard the announcer state that there would be a northerly blow. On the strength of this we ran for shelter, not to Canna, where we were anxious to go, but to the anchorage in Rhum where we would have been comfortable from the B.B.C.'s gale. Unfortunately the blow came from the south and we were anchored just in time. It blew for about a week, and all that time the swell crept round the Rhum shore and into the anchorage. We rolled till our teeth nearly came out. If I had really trusted my own skill in judging the weather signs, there were plenty of places close at hand where we could have ridden out the gale in peace and comfort. I should have been able to go on with my work, which was to survey ancient sites in the Western Islands. No sailor in the old days would have been caught like that. He would have seen from the sky, as indeed I did, that the gale was going to be from the south. But I was confused between science and true observation and made the mistake of believing in science.

Assuming that the ancients were more sensible than I was on this occasion, we will look for a moment at their conclusions. They believed that there were nymphs, supranormal persons, to be found in association with waterfalls, springs and streams, whom they called 'naiads' (nīads). They had nymphs who frequented trees and woods and named them 'dryads'. There were others associated with mountains and deserts styled oreads; and there were sea nymphs named nereids. I propose to use these names now to designate electro-magnetic fields found in such places. This will avoid the constant use of the term 'field of force'. Most people will know the names already and in any case they are far more attractive and easy to remember than such terms used in physics as ohm and dine, watt and erg. A dryad-field then becomes our term for a field of force connected with trees and a naiad-field one around a spring or streamlet. An oread-field is some such field in the mountains and deserts. And a nereid-field is a field of the sea. I do not think this will complicate our investigation, for I hope some traces of classical study still cling to our educational system, poor though it now appears to be. We must, however, introduce a few more terms.

The most important concerns the human field of force. I shall call this the 'psyche-field'. The word psyche is in constant use by psychologists to describe what I believe to be the same thing. I think their psyche is our electro-magnetic field, a field which is known to exist by scientists and which we can easily detect with a divining-rod. It extends beyond the person for at least a foot (Fig. 3, E). There is also the field of the earth itself, which is often forgotten. I suppose we must term this 'Ge', which everyone should know, for it is the *ge* in geography and geology. The *o*'s are only put in to make the words sound a little less ugly. *Ge* is the Greek for the earth.

Let us look at these fields as a kind of electric haze and not be too concerned with what that haze really is. The conception of matter consisting of innumerable holes kept in temporary co-operation by electrical fields is quite impossible for the ordinary man to grasp and certainly far more incomprehensible than ghosts. These fields can be located by electrical devices; or, and this is much more important, by man's own bodily equipment, the psyche-field. Some skilled dowsers habitually find water without any aids at all. They find it by impulses which they receive through their fingers. I have myself felt a kind of electrical tingling in connection with running water. Since man, or rather his psyche-field, can be shown to be a field of force, this electrical tingling must clearly represent a flow of electrical current between the psyche-field and the static field, the naiad, dryad or whatever it is. The dowser locates the invisible static field by the flow of current between him and it. So our magic in this case is nothing more than the well-known phenomenon of physics that current will flow from one field to another.

Now I will return to ghosts once more and begin with a story, which I told in greater detail in *Ghost and Ghoul*. Briefly it was this. On February 22nd, 1959, I was standing beneath a large sycamore tree on a hillside above a house known as Hole Mill, in Branscombe. It was a fine warm morning, hot enough to expand water and make its vapour rise from the ground. At my feet a streamlet ran round the foot of the tree and vanished into the slope of the hill. Hole Mill was directly below me. It was just the place for a dryad, or naiad, or both. The Mill was perhaps sixty yards away. From this point I observed the figure of a woman, in clothes about forty years out of date, beside the

Mill. Within about seven minutes it had been shown, beyond any reasonable doubt, that no woman remotely resembling the one I had seen had been anywhere near the Mill at the time. I had seen what is known as a ghost.

When writing up this story three years ago, I suggested that this ghost was a kind of television picture carried from somebody else's mind to mine. It was a thought, or memory picture, and had nothing to do with the inhabitants of some other level of existence. Now, having the field-of-force idea in my mind, I thought it might be helpful to see what happened to the streamlet, which passed by my feet and then disappeared. The resulting plot (Fig. 8) caused no surprise to me, but I must say that I was gratified with what I found.

The field of force—naiad-field shall we say, for it was clear of the sycamore tree—instead of following a straight path down the slope, which would have taken it right under the middle of Hole Mill, curved round to the left. The figure, which I had observed three years before, must have been standing above the curved line, which formed the median line of the naiad-field. The reason for this curving was probably geological, for a slight swell in the ground appears to indicate a buried stratum of hard material, perhaps a ridge of rock, which has diverted the flow of water to the left. Whatever the cause may be, it is clear that the water, trickling down the slope beneath the grass, had its chief concentration on a curved line, which ran from the point where I had been standing to that on which I had observed the ghost. We were included in one field of force, one electro-magnetic system.

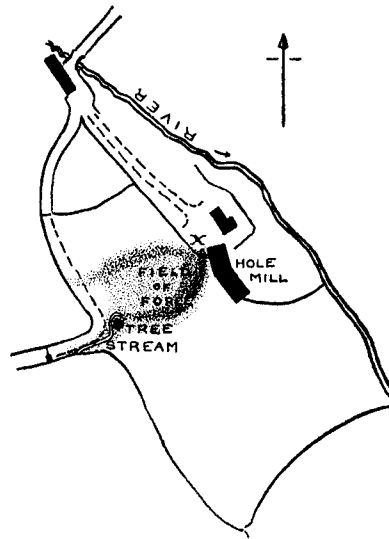


Fig. 8. Sketch map to show where the ghost was seen, X, at Hole Mill, and the field of force plotted with the hazel twig. Recent excavation has shown this plot to be correct.

However, the problem is not as easy as one might now think. At least two other fields are involved in this incident. There is my psyche-field, which was in contact with the naiad-field of the streamlet and another psyche-field, which produced the picture. Since no one really knows what their own body looks like when seen by other people, the second psyche-field must have been that of someone who had once stood very near the point where I was standing and been so impressed by seeing the figure standing down below him, that he imparted some of that impression to the naiad-field of the streamlet. The naiad-field only acted as a conductor and leaked the original impression back to me. I may be completely wrong in my reasoning; but it seems to me that the original situation must have been something like this: Somebody standing near the point where I stood, looked down at Hole Mill and saw this woman looking up at him. For some reason this exercised such a strong emotion in his psyche-field that a picture of her was impressed in the electro-magnetic field of the streamlet. My psyche-field being in far less accelerated state, and consequently at a lower potential, the charge leaked back again to it and I saw in my mind the original picture which had caused the emotion.

However, I think that the original impulse was a double one, for Mrs. N., who owned the Mill in 1959, told us that a week or two before I saw my ghost, she had seen another. This was the figure of a man in a tall hat, who was standing near the point where I stood. She had seen this on a misty day. Other people remark on the pleasant atmosphere of the spot. It seems then that the emotion which impressed these two ghosts on this one naiad-field was a pleasant one. The two people had been delighted to see each other. Each impressed the picture of the other on the one field of force. Whether the impulses have now been expended by the incidents experienced by Mrs. N. and myself, I do not know; but the naiad-field is still there. People experience a tingling sensation when near the streamlet. I expect the ghosts can still be picked up. All this is an astonishing and, at first sight, improbable conclusion. But it is in no way more remarkable than television. It is in fact very much the same thing. The implications, however, are much greater. We will leave them for the moment and return to Ladram Bay.

Here we have at least two places at which very unpleasant

sensations have been picked up over a period of at least five years. They have also been experienced by not less than five different people, who were not always at the same spot at the same time. The first sensation occurred beside a streamlet at the entrance of the gap down on to the beach. The second was at the opposite end of the beach, between two streamlets. It is reasonable to postulate the existence of a naiad-field at each of these points. I could easily test this, but have not yet done it, since it is obvious that they are there. The second sensation was far stronger than the first and occurred at a point between two streamlets.

We have then at Ladram much the same conditions which we found at Hole Mill; but there are differences. Nothing has been seen as yet at Ladram. If the reasoning we have applied in the Hole Mill case holds good, then it is clear that intense emotions were, or perhaps will be, impressed on these naiad-fields. But we can surely infer that only one psyche-field was involved. There may well be no picture at Ladram for anyone to see. The whole thing may be due to acute worry in somebody's mind, and as there was nobody else there to be also worried at the sight of X's mental disturbance, there was no one to impress the picture of X in his worried state on the naiad-fields. It simply is not there and there is no reason why it should be. We may then assume from all this that X in a desperate state of worry wandered up and down and round about Ladram Bay. The idea came into X's psyche-field to jump off the cliff. But there is no reason for supposing that he ever did it. He may just as well have gone back somewhere and had a couple of stiff drams of whisky; at which point the whole trouble may have cleared up. Nevertheless he has left a nasty ghoul all about Ladram Bay. It could have been just the same at Wreck Bay in Rhum. Your ghoul and ghost need not be occasioned by death and disaster, but simply by intense nervous emotions communicated from one field to another. Furthermore, not all these phenomena are unpleasant. The Hole Mill ghosts were happy ones, although I think there are also unpleasant ones there too. There appear to be just as many fields charged with happiness as there are with misery. Less than two miles apart on the island of Canna are two sites with utterly different atmospheres. One is bright and peaceful and happy; the other full of depression and eeriness.

Both have their naiad streams running through them, and in each case we have a hint of the cause.

The ancient Celtic nunnery on Rudha Sgòr nam Ban-naomha (pronounced something like Roo Scour nam Barn Neeva), the Cape of the Crag of the Holy Women, stands some twenty-five feet above the sea on an old raised beach. It is at the foot of old sea cliffs which are between 300 and 400 feet high. The place looks across four miles of sea south-eastward to the fantastic cliffs and beautiful peaks of Rhum. Eastward, looking over islet and skerry, the far blue hills of Knoydart, on the mainland, can be seen forty miles away above the point of Sleat in Skye. To the south-westward there is nothing, but the rolling western ocean, till you come to South America. In this setting, perhaps thirteen hundred years ago, the nuns built their tiny settlement. In those days they were not far from the rim of the known world (Fig. 9).

There cannot have been many nuns; the place is too small. The tumbled stone bank, which now represents the wall of their cashel, runs back round their settlement on to the talus of loose rocks fallen from the old sea cliffs behind. The wall is more or less of an oval and about a hundred yards across at its widest. A little burn runs through it and at the seaward side is the ruin of a tiny water-mill. They ground their own corn there, and outside the wall are the foundation stones of a little rectangular building, standing on the edge of the present cliff, which may have been their barn. In the middle of their settlement are the remains of a large circular beehive stone hut. It still stands well above the bracken, which covers the site in summer. This was probably their communal house; but it may have been their oratory. Three other tiny oval hut sites are ranged round it. That is all there is to be seen today. Nobody knows the slightest thing about the settlement. Only its name tells us what it was, and its layout is consistent with what is known of such settlements elsewhere. Yet this place has an atmosphere of peace and happiness, which can be felt directly you step ashore there from a boat. It is as noticeable as the ghoul at Ladram Bay.

This naiad-field was so powerful that it exerted an influence on a modern monk, whom we knew. He wanted to live at the place. As things turned out, he did not do so and went to India instead. But he did wish to live at this spot, which one can only



Fig. 9. Sketch of the west angle of Rhum from Canna. Directly above the stone in the foreground, some rocks against the sky indicate the position of Wreck Bay on the further shore. Above the ship, the saddle-shaped hill is Ben Talaith in Mull, forty miles to the south-east. Much the same view can be seen from the old numery at Rudha Sgòr nam Ban-naomha.

reach by boat on a calm day, or approach down a steep path from the cliffs after walking several miles. It is reasonable to think that the naiad-field at Sgòr nam Ban-naomha drew current from that monk's psyche-field and was thus charged with thoughts of happiness and contentment.

The second site is actually less than a mile and a half away, on the opposite shore of the island. It faces northward. The place is formed by the remains of an old low headland, which has been steadily eaten away by the sea. It now consists of a series of little bays and islets connected by mud and sand when the tide is low. Behind it the land, much of it covered with grass and bracken, slopes gently up till it again reaches a line of old sea cliffs, which we met at Sgòr nam Ban-naomha. Off shore the sea is dotted with a quite fantastic number of snaky necks belonging to the shags, which breed in huge numbers on the ledges a mile or so to the east. Here and there, the head of a grey seal pops up, looking like a floating football with eyes. Further out to sea there are great rafts of Manx shearwaters feeding on the surface of the Sound of Soay, and out there I have seen both stormy and fork-tailed petrels skimming the surface of the Sound. Neist Point at the south-west corner of Skye is in view and one can swing round and see the entrance to Loch Bracadale, flanked by the flat tops of Macleod's Tables. It should not be a depressing place and one does not expect it to be so. However, several little burns run down into the little bays, while large heaps of old kitchen refuse show that there was once a thriving settlement here in the Middle Ages. But over it all hangs a miasma of depression.

Naiad-fields are presumably present beside the little burns. But why are they charged with misery instead of happiness? Of course it might be the sad thoughts of those who lived in the old settlement and had to leave it. But there is something else which may well have added to this charge and made more gloom in an atmosphere which was clouded already. The quite unrecognizable body of a drowned seaman was washed up here during the war. The corpse had to be buried near where it was found. The sight and burial of this corpse probably affected the psyche-fields of the amateur sextons and filled them with a horror, which was partly transferred to the naiad-fields already existing at the place. Of course I know so very little that this

idea is the purest supposition; yet it seems a reasonable one. Perhaps we have already discharged part of this gloom and by degrees the beautiful place will revert to the feeling of peace which ought to belong to it.

Once again I must stress that only some people notice these things. My wife and I both experienced the feeling.

There are many other places on the island, which is six miles long, where there are old dwelling-sites beside streams. We have been to a great number of them in the course of archaeological investigation. Although there are presumably naiad-fields at these places, there are no others where we experienced such strong feelings as at the two I have described.

There is the Coroghon Mor for instance, a medieval fortlet on a sea crag (Fig. 10). It is known as 'the prison', for Clan-Ranald shut up captives in it. This is said to be haunted. But although the approach to it is slippery and rather dangerous, we felt nothing there beyond the very slightest feeling of unease. Actually I dug out a medieval hut at the foot of the crag. There is nothing there which affected me with feelings anything like as strong as the surroundings of the burial place of the drowned sailor. I infer from what I have learnt and experienced that the naiad-fields have to be recently recharged before they can make their presence felt. Otherwise the emotional thoughts, impressed on them by induction from the psyche-fields, will slowly be dissipated and nothing will be left but a slight atmosphere of happiness or depression, according to whether the field is positive or negative.

However absurd it may seem to those who do not experience these things, I am convinced that thoughts, whether happy or the reverse, can be impressed on these fields of static electricity when the thoughts are formed with sufficient intensity. These thoughts leak by what may be termed induction, or if we prefer the term, resonance, from the more highly charged psyche-field to the lower-charged static field. From this they can leak back to a psyche-field, which is not in an emotional state and therefore at a lower potential than the static field. Much of this is hypothesis, but it is in accord with the observed facts. The proof of a theory lies in whether it works. If we follow this theory on and find that many other apparently inexplicable phenomena can be explained by it, and that no others actively conflict with



Fig. 10. Sketch of the ClanRanald prison on a basalt crag, Coroghon, Isle of Canna. Reputed to be haunted by the ghost of a woman. September 4th, 1956.

it, then surely we are on the road to finding something out.

These local fields have, as I said before, been recognized by observant men from the earliest times. The idea that they indicated the unseen presence of supernatural beings can no longer be accepted; but before we look on Greeks and Romans as simple souls, victims of their now absurd imaginations, let us remember that the fields of force which gave rise to these ideas can be shown by scientific instruments to exist today and that we can now make synthetic naiads and dryads on the television screen.

So far I have only mentioned experiences with naiad- and dryad-fields. Instead of the naiad splashing light-heartedly like a kelpie in a pool, as the ancients pictured her, the naiad has become a field of force round running water. The dryad no longer reclines smiling at the foot of her tree; she is an electrical haze round it. What of the oread? One can picture her, if we like, sitting on a rock on the hillside, watching the purple shadows of the clouds flitting across the deep valleys of a high mountain range; or perhaps slipping out of the mist to lure some personable young man to his doom. Unfortunately I have no very definite experience of an oread to relate. But I have heard many tales, such as those of frustrated stalkers putting an offering on a well-known rock and being suddenly confronted with the largest stag they had ever seen.

However, I have met with places in mountains which felt strange and where you wanted to keep looking over your shoulder to see you were not being followed by something weird. I do not like, for instance, the feeling of the ground between Loch Coruisk and the anchorage at the head of Loch Scavaig in Skye. But the nearest I came to experiencing an oread-field was on the summit of Ladhar bheinn in Knoydart in 1934. I had climbed the mountain alone, on a day of wild westerly gale, from the anchorage at Eileann nan Phiobaire, the Piper's Island, in Loch Hourn. Near the top the wind was very strong and the little burns, swollen to torrents by the rain, blew away horizontally in clouds of spray when they came to the edges of the rocky ledges. Rare gleams of sunlight, through gaps in the grey clouds, turned the wet rocks for a moment to sheets of hammered silver. There was something strange on the summit

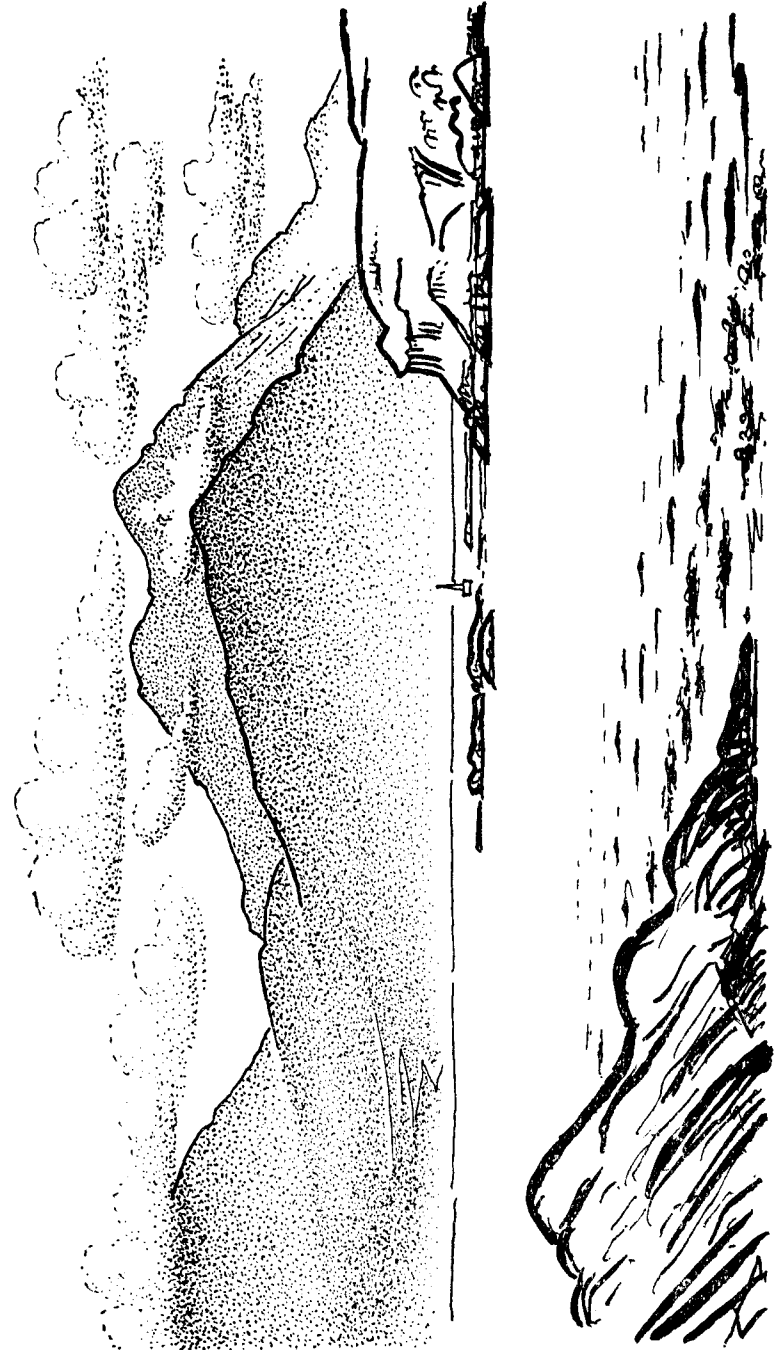


Fig. 11. Ladhar bheinn and the entrance to Loch Hourn, sketched from Isle Ormsay, August 26th, 1951.

itself and it seemed to want to speak to me. I actually thought I understood two words, spoken with apparent contempt. They were: 'Please yourself.' Of course it may have been complete imagination; or the product of enthusiasm for the wild scene. Or it may have been something from an oread-field. As the whole hill was wringing wet, there was no question of a localized naiad-field. Whatever the cause may have been, I left that hill-top in a hurry, not even stopping to look for saxifrages in the gullies on the way down. I was glad to be back and in dry clothes in the warmth of the saloon of the boat and that there was still some whisky in the locker. Well, I am pleasing myself now in writing this and remembering the little thoroughbred ship, which carried me into so many wild corners and through so many gales of wind. And I remember too the anxious face of my old friend, John M. Robertson, toiling up the hill in his seaboots and oilskins, because he was worried lest I might have come to some harm alone on the hill. I did not tell him of the oread. He would not have liked to remain at anchor there that night, and we were snug where we lay. 'Boss,' said the old man, 'you have the heart of a lion' (for he had kissed the Blarney Stone) 'but you should never have gone up the hill in this weather.' Perhaps he was right; but the view of the head of Loch Hourm, from the summit on that wild day, was quite worth storing in my memory, oread or no oread. Many times since then I have tried to get to the Piper's Island, but something has always prevented me. Perhaps the oread told me all that there was to know (Fig. 11).

Chapter Three

I WONDER how far we have got with our investigation. Some of the things I have been writing about are facts and some are inferences from these facts. A summary, always remembering that I have little confidence in my own memory, might run as follows: There are certain places, related to positions in which the forces of nature can generate static fields of electricity, at which human beings can experience sensations which appear to be caused by the thoughts of other people. It can be shown by scientific methods that these static fields do exist at the places where these experiences occur. The thoughts collected at these points must come from the electrical fields of persons who are not at these places when others experience these thoughts. It therefore appears to be clear that thoughts can be transferred from human minds to the static electrical fields which can be generated and observed at these particular places. Since it is known to science that each person is surrounded by an electrical field, it appears obvious that thoughts are transferred from one field to the other in accordance with laws of electricity. The current flows from the high potential to the lower.

But since other people can pick up thoughts from the static fields, it is evident that the electrical laws must still hold good and the current flow back from the static field to that of the person who has the experience. At the time that this happens the person who has this experience must have a field at a lower potential than the static one. The mean potential of the human field must be of very nearly the same potential as the static one; but something can raise or lower this human potential. The condition which causes the rise in the human field appears to be intense emotion, whether of pleasure or of the reverse. This is as far as we can get for the moment, but it is something which

seems to have hardly impinged on modern thought at all. Our philosophers are still being put in prison for sitting on the road because they are afraid of death! They do not seem to have considered that a human field, crammed full of thoughts, must be quite distinct from a human brain, which only appears to be capable of dealing with impressions from the five bodily senses. The human field is clearly different from this brain and obtains its information in other ways besides the senses. One must surely assume that the psyche-field, as I am calling it for convenience, is attached to the real mind of the person to whom it belongs. It is linked of course to the brain; but it also appears to be capable of being linked to static fields quite external to that brain. Or at any rate it is capable of passing thoughts to them by something resembling the induction of electricity and also of receiving them back again from such a field. This induction is apparently the same as what is known to workers in radionics as 'resonance'.

If I am anywhere near the correct answer in these conclusions, which on the face of them appear to be perfectly simple and reasonable, then most of the phenomena which are now termed superstition are easily explained; not by metaphysics, but by ordinary commonplace, scientific knowledge.

Having then dealt in a very superficial manner with the question of ghosts and ghouls, I propose to treat for a moment with another problem, that of the phenomenon known as couvade. I dealt with this to some extent in *Ghost and Ghoul*, but I must explain it again here and try to show how I think it works. Couvade is a term used by anthropologists to connote a remarkable condition which they think only occurs in primitive societies. When a woman is expecting a baby, the father often experiences the same discomforts and apparently also the actual pains of childbirth. This, of course, to educated modern man, appears as one of the wildest instances of superstition. But it does occur and has been noted all over Britain in recent years. The symptoms may not always be identical in man and woman; but if the woman, whether married or not, finds that she is pregnant, it is found that in many parts of the country the father of the child also suffers from some pain and discomfort. Of course this sounds like the most abysmal rubbish, but it does occur.

Now let us look at this from the angle which we have been considering. You have two psyche-fields, that of the woman and that of the man. Except in cases of very superficial indulgence, these two fields obviously become very intimately linked. They are also stirred up to a very high pitch of emotion and placed in the very closest association one with another. If any thoughts can be communicated from one psyche-field to another, surely this association gives the very greatest possibility for this to happen. The two fields become temporarily united. Anyone with the slightest experience of what is known on the wireless and cinema as Love with a big 'L' understands this. Now we have seen, or at least I hope I have made it comprehensible, that one psyche-field can transfer thoughts to a static field when in a state of high emotion. If then the woman's field is in this condition, as it obviously must be when she realizes that she is going to have a baby, she will be in a higher potential state than the man. Since a psyche-field can transfer thoughts to so inanimate a thing as a static field, how much more intensely is it likely to transfer them to another psyche-field, not so emotionally accelerated, which is intimately linked with it? This surely is the explanation of couvade. The experience of pain and discomfort is not transferred to the man by any supranormal means. The matter is not one of superstition. It is a simple electrical phenomenon. The current passes from the high voltage to the low as it ought to do. The only difference between this and ordinary electrical phenomena is that the current is one of human kind containing thought impulses and not one of a man-made type. The current may pass through direct contact between the two psyche-fields and no doubt this is the usual way in which the thing happens; but it may also pass by what I term resonance, through the medium of some link, perhaps a letter, or by some intermediary psyche-field.

I hope I have not made this seem too complicated. It is, I think, in reality a very simple matter. The thoughts and feelings are just transferred from one field to the other. The man begins to suffer and the woman probably obtains some relief. It is perfectly fair and reasonable. Why should the man enjoy all the entertainment and do nothing to pay for the result?

But there are varying degrees of couvade and this matter of childbirth suffering is only at the apex of a pyramid. On the

lowest level people can relieve one another of headaches by physical manual contact. I have seen it done and can even, in some measure, do it myself. One draws some of the pain, or rather the thoughts of pain, into one's own psyche-field and when they are there, we feel some pain and the other person some relief. This is not magic. It is a simple electrical phenomenon. It also has, for such as have doubts on its propriety, the warrant of the Bible for its performance.

This is perhaps the easiest of all these phenomena to understand and it shades into telepathy, which we must try to examine. Telepathy is the transference of thought from one psyche-field to another. It has been proved reasonably by the statistics collected from innumerable experiments by several competent observers of whom Professor Rhine is probably the best known. But these labours were really only the equivalent of proving such a fact as that mankind as a whole is capable of vision. It is quite unnecessary to prove that men can see, for most of them do and know it. In the same way, very large numbers of people know that they receive thoughts from others, instantaneously and often from a great distance. The better you know a person, the more often you find yourself thinking identical thoughts with him or her. If people do not believe in telepathy I cannot help it. They must have been born with something missing in their make-up, or be wilfully unobservant; for telepathy takes place all around them all day long. Men communicate with one another by it; so do beasts and so particularly do birds. It is one of the facts of existence.

The difference between telepathy and couvade, if there is one, is that telepathic thought transference can take place from one side of the world to the other. People in England can receive telepathic messages from New Zealand and do apparently receive them. This cannot take place through any close conjunction of the two psyche-fields. Neither can it be done by a leakage through some small static field. The obvious explanation, which may be the right one, is that the thought impulse travels by way of the Ge-field of the earth. The reason I suggest this is that other forms of thought transference appear to be related to small static fields and not to be transmitted in the manner of wireless waves. Resonance, as I am calling the link, is set up between one psyche-field and another, and, once set up, appears to remain

permanently. The thought impulse may be considered as passing, by means of this link, from the psyche-field to the Ge-field and from there back again, by the resonance connection, to the second psyche. This may sound very complicated, but is it very different from the sound of the human voice being communicated to the vibrating diaphragm of a telephone, carried along the wires over great distances, and turned back again by another diaphragm into something resembling the speaker's voice at the other end? I do not see any great difference. It is only the means of transmission which happen to be invisible; but so is the sixth sense, which is being employed. We cannot see, or hear, with our sixth sense; we only get an impression in our minds, without any direct sense feelings passing through the brain.

Of course there must be some difference between the man-made electrical currents and those belonging to the psyche-fields; but, as far as one can see, they obey the same general laws. We must, however, remember that no scientific laws are really much more than theories. It is often impossible to prove them and some have to be varied when new facts are discovered. It is the general passion for being told the exact truth, not shared by the greater scientists, which gives the world the impression that theories are facts. It is improbable that any law, or theory, is exactly right. Laws serve as efficient working guides until something else comes along. We have all seen how Einstein threw a spanner into the works of many sciences and it is very improbable that he said the last word. Many men working for many centuries will not really solve any of these problems. They will add their bit to the sum of knowledge and what is known today will be no more than a nibble at the whole secret. So let me stress again that everything I may suggest in this book is nothing more than a theory. I believe in my observed fact; but do not presume to think that I have been told all the answers. I wish people to think for themselves; but I vehemently deny that there is not any problem to be investigated. Whatever else Professor Rhine may have done, he has surely made it clear to the scientific world that this business of telepathy is not a whimsy of disordered minds, but something which warrants a great deal of serious investigation and something too which calls for the very finest scientists to study it. As long as modern scientists have been at work, they have been relying on what

they have been finding out through five senses. They have now to cope with what can be learnt with a sixth. There is no way of wriggling out of this. Along this line of study it should be possible to find out what man really is.

The key to this problem of man's origin and destiny must surely be in the workings of the sixth sense and the force which makes it work. By its use, information can pass from one individual to another without the help of the ordinary bodily mechanism. Through it a man can sense things which are hidden from all the other senses. Once it is realized that this sense is with us all the time, then the scientist should be able to understand how the religious man gets the information which he cannot obtain for himself by measuring everything under the sun. The religious man's psyche-field is evidently linked to some other field from which the information is drawn. This has been going on for at least 2,500 years and probably since the earliest beginnings of the human race, for the sense is used by animals too.

It is obvious, I think, that since the various fields of force, which we have been talking about, can be located both by the instruments of the scientist and the sixth sense of the dowser, the sixth sense does work. There seems to be no way of evading this conclusion, or if there is, it can only be a quibble. And so if persons inform us that their sixth sense tells them facts about another plane of existence, it is surely reasonable to suppose that they are telling the truth. Of course you cannot weigh or measure this truth, but only a tithe of the phenomena observable to us in this life can be weighed or measured. Even the most bone-headed materialist must be aware of this simple fact. You may be able to measure the quantity of current used by a person when experiencing an emotion, but you will never be able to measure the beauty, or sorrow, which causes that current to be used. You do not even know what that current really is.

I have to make these remarks about materialists, not because I mind what they believe, but because they are a nuisance to the world and an obstruction in the path of true science. Their dogmatic and narrow outlook prevents people from finding out things of far greater value to mankind than the release of atomic power, or travel to the planets. For their unscientific denial of information based on observation by innumerable persons working in fields of study which they have not tried to touch them-

selves, has led to a rapid decay of ethics and culture all over the world. By an unwarranted assumption that there are five senses only and that without the brain none of these can work, they condemn man to a single life with no point in it. If you put in a field of force surrounding man which is independent of the brain and only temporarily linked with it, you get quite a different kettle of fish and one moreover which has been noted and observed for thousands of years. Even insects have several distinct lives. Each one has its own private psyche-field, which moves from one metamorphosis to the next; and who shall say, when we pick up the remains of a dead stag-beetle on the path, that its psyche has not gone on to yet another metamorphosis, which we do not happen to be able to see? The range of vision of our bodily mechanism is very limited. The range of experience of our psyche-field is undoubtedly more extensive, for it can find invisible things, and obtain thoughts from other psyche-fields using neither speech nor language. The world which can be seen, weighed, measured, smelt, felt with the hands and so on, is only a minute part of what could be appreciated by these bodily senses if their range were so much as doubled.

We will leave this side of it all for the moment and see what can be made of another field of paranormal study, that of psychometry. This particular activity differs apparently from telepathy in some degree. An object, often something of a written nature, is given to a medium, who then announces information concerning the former owner of the object or the writer of the letter and so on. The results are frequently very convincing and have led many observers to conclude that the object itself has something resembling memory attached to it. I talked about this in some detail in *Ghost and Ghoul*, coming to the conclusion that there was no memory actually attached to the object itself and that it only served as a link between the minds of the two people concerned. I thought this, because I was able to identify my own thoughts and memories in statements made by a sensitive when holding objects which were not connected closely with me and were of considerable antiquity. In one case an imaginary story, which I had just told to a sick child, was reproduced in the words of the sensitive when holding something which was at least thirteen hundred years older and did not belong to me at all. I had not even found it. I

do not believe therefore the usual interpretation put on psychometry by those who study it. But I do believe that the object serves as a link between the two persons concerned in the operation.

We have seen before that inanimate objects have their surrounding field of force. The sheet of corrugated iron, which I mentioned earlier in this book, is a case in point. It could be shown with the dowser's rod to have a field of force covering a considerably larger area than itself. It would require much more delicate instruments to determine the field round a letter, or anything of that sort, but the fields are there.

What I suggest happens in the action of psychometry is that tiny fields surrounding the objects act as conductors between the two psyche-fields of the sensitive and the inquirer and that, as in telepathy at long ranges, the current passes back and forth through the Ge-field of the earth. The thoughts are not in the object, but in the psyche-field of the inquirer. But we now come up against a new difficulty, which is best illustrated by turning back again to the subject of ghosts. There is something quite wrong with our conception of time.

We came from Cambridge to live down here at Branscombe in the autumn of 1957. We had not been here many months when the daughter of a former owner of the place came to see it again. She had not lived here for about thirty-five years. In course of conversation, she remarked to my mother-in-law that she hoped we did not mind living in a house with a ghost. My mother-in-law replied that she was sure we would not mind at all, but what was the ghost like? The woman told her that she had never seen it herself, but that her mother had often seen it about forty years ago. It was a little old woman with white hair and a red coat. Others have told us the same thing. A little old woman in a red coat was quite commonly seen here forty years and more ago.

Now we have never seen this ghost, neither has anyone who has stayed with us, and we have never heard of its being seen since the years between the two wars. Of course it is the sort of house which would be expected to have ghosts in it, for much of it is of the sixteenth century and some earlier still. When the lights are not on, the Tudor hall is dark and anyone might expect something to boo out of a corner at them.

Some time before the visit of the ghost-seeing woman's daughter, we got to know Mrs. N., who has been mentioned already in connection with the ghost at Hole Mill. She was evidently lonely and took to dropping in of a winter's evening for tea and a chat. Frequently the first intimation we had that she was in the house was for one or other of us to come into the hall in the dusk and find a little figure, half-seen in the corner, taking off a pair of seaboots and putting on some slippers. To anyone not used to it, the sight was quite enough to make them jump. In cold winter weather she invariably wore a long cherry-red coat. She had no hat, had a shock of curly, white hair and usually carried a large 'otter-hunter's' thumb-stick. The coincidence is remarkable and I have no doubt that Mrs. N. was the ghost. More than that, it seems probable that, since you do not know what you look like in given circumstances, Mrs. N. did not project her own picture forty years out of its correct time. Either my wife or I must have done it.

This is by no means a unique case. There are other very well-attested cases of ghosts of people appearing to others before they actually arrived in the flesh. They have then been greeted with such words as: 'Why, you are the ghost who has been coming here for years.' Our Red Lady is, however, the one furthest ahead of her time that has come to my notice. She is spoken of by many of the people in the village; but since the idea of time playing tricks is not widely acknowledged, I do not think that anyone else has drawn the conclusion that I have. Perhaps I should add that Mrs. N. was an adept of the art of magic and had studied it intensely for seven years before she came to live at Hole Mill. She is now dead.

Now, these jumps in time are characteristic of many forms of the so-called para- or supranormal. They occur in psychometry, just as much as when a gipsy tells fortunes. They are of course anathema to scientists, whose experiments require a rigid attention to a normal time scale. They would get out of the Red Lady difficulty by saying that there must have been two ladies in red coats and neither of them was a ghost. Well, they can believe that if they wish. But their answer is dogma and not science. The business of science is to find things out and not to play at being ostriches.

I think there are plenty of people now who realize that there

is not one time sequence which applies to everything on earth. Does anybody seriously believe that a mayfly, which is said to have only one day's life as a perfect insect, is really tied to the same time scale as a human being? I find it hard to believe that even the most case-hardened slave of statistics could swallow that one. But however many time scales there may be, ranging from those of blue tits to giant tortoises, is a mere bagatelle compared with the disturbance to orderly thinking by an event happening to somebody ahead of its proper order in his own time scale. Yet this happens continually. At every race-meeting in the country people are informed about events which are going to happen to them and these prognostications are very often correct. People with 'the sight' do foretell future events, often in great detail and years before the incidents actually occur. Yet if one single event of this kind is proved to take place one minute ahead of the time scale, it throws doubt on the reliability of the scale itself. If such things as these occur in orthodox science, whole laws have to be thought out again and reworded. They do happen, because these laws are *not* the rigid things that most people believe them to be. They are convenient guides to what generally happens in a set of given circumstances, but no more than that. They are not immutable commands laid down by the creator of the universe.

If we assume, for the sake of argument, that it was my own psyche-field which produced the ghost of Mrs. N. in my hall forty years before she appeared there in the flesh and surprised me into projecting her picture, we have a wildly fantastic situation. We are beginning to get a glimmering of an idea of how the ghost could be produced; but can we possibly think of a way in which it could happen before the actual event took place? It looks very much as if the psyche-field is not subject to the same time scale that the human body is subject to. The psyche-field would then either have a different time scale of its own, or no time scale at all. The first might well be the case if the human brain is only a resistance for use among the low vibrations of our earth level, while the psyche-field is on a much higher vibrational level. Then, when everything moved relatively much faster on the level to which the psyche really belonged, you might get errors in what is known in colour printing as the 'register'. The two time scales might not overlap correctly.

There is surely no reason to suppose that the psyche itself would always function correctly on another plane, for it obviously does not do so on this one. The psyche would thus know what was going to happen, because this had already happened on its own level. Of course I am only thinking on paper here and have not the least reason for supposing that this is the correct answer. The answer might equally well be, as I have already suggested in *Ghost and Ghoul*, that we are really watching a glorified form of cinema film. In this case it should be possible to examine bits of the film through our psyche-field before it actually came on the screen, or after it had done so.

Whatever the correct answer may be, and it is quite possible that in our present situation we are not capable of understanding how it all works, everything seems to point to the idea that time is quite different from what we normally assume it to be and that, although you may think that the sixty miles an hour on the speedometer of your car shows truthfully the speed at which you are travelling, you may really be moving at the speed of what seems to you now to be that of a snail or that of a rifle bullet. In fact the whole business of earth time is evidently of no importance in mental activity, for some days pass in a flash, while others occupy a year of normal life. Time here is simply a convenience for measuring the sequence of events. On another level the sequence of events may not be of the slightest importance. Although mankind thinks it wonderfully clever of him to rush from place to place around the earth, or even through space, he is still a long way from catching up with his psyche-field, which can send thoughts and pictures instantaneously with no regard for distance, nor apparently for time.

We see then that the psyche-field may be using a time scale which is different from the time scale used by the five bodily senses, and that those who deal with the sixth sense and communicate with other psyche-fields by this means do not appear to be confined by the normal earth level ideas of past and future. This then appears to be an attribute of the psyche-field. It can find things which are not visible to the five senses by means of a sixth sense and it is not tied to the same time scale as they are. It can also establish its thoughts, by some form of induction, in inanimate fields, such as the naiad-fields and dryad-fields (Fig. 12). We are getting into a world of which science and even

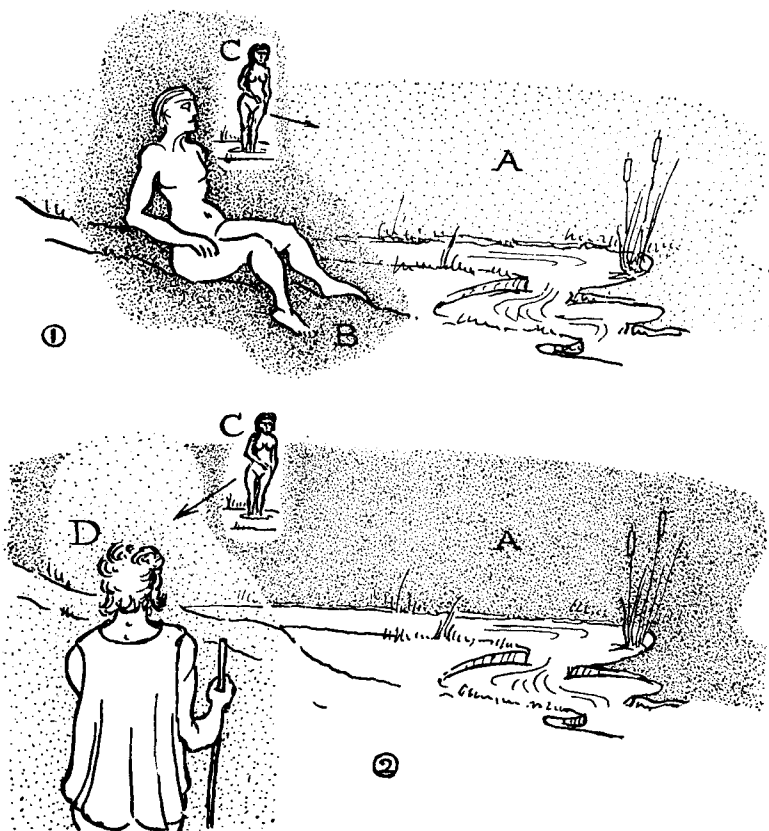


Fig. 12. Diagram to illustrate the probable manner in which the classical belief in nymphs was formed.

- (1) Excited youth, resting within the static field (A) of a stream, forms a vivid mental picture of a girl bathing (C), in his own field (B). C leaks by induction into the weaker field A and remains there.
- (2) A casual passer-by, thinking of nothing in particular and thus with a weak field (D), contacts A, from which the image C again leaks, this time into D.

The passer-by naturally thinks that he has seen a vision of a supernatural being. He has really seen a thought image, or ghost. Fields of force are stippled to show their relative intensity.

psychology know nothing, and it is hardly surprising if it appears quite strange to those who devote their lives to ordinary mundane affairs. Yet it is demonstrably present for us to attempt to study and to fail to make this attempt is simply idleness, or cowardice, or intellectual conceit.

We have surely progressed a little way since we began this investigation, in which we started with nothing to go upon at all, but we are getting into greater difficulties. Here is an account of an experience which happened to my wife the year before last. One afternoon she went to a sale of work in Branscombe village hall. There were of course a number of women there, but she noticed Mrs. A. come into the hall with a little brown mongrel dog on a lead. She noticed it particularly, because there was another dog, a miniature collie, in the room at the time and she hoped that they would not fight. Mrs. A. passed out of sight with her dog, round a corner of the hall. My wife noticed that both woman and dog looked happy and enjoying themselves. After a time Mrs. A. went out again without the dog. My wife saw this and thought, 'Oh dear, she has left her dog tied up somewhere and has forgotten it.' She went to look hastily, but there was no dog anywhere. My wife came back from the sale both puzzled and delighted. 'I think I must have seen a ghost at last,' she said.

Mrs. A. used to live in a house part way down the cliff, at Littlecombe, over a hill from Branscombe itself. Her sister-in-law works for us here at Hole. The next time the sister-in-law arrived here, my wife asked her what kind of dog Mrs. A. had. 'She has no dog now,' was the reply. 'But her husband had one, which was very devoted to him, but that is dead too. Her dog died more than five years ago. She was very fond of it.' The description of the brown mongrel was that of the dog which had died more than five years previously. There was another point also. The dead dog had never been allowed to go up the cliff and was not taken to Branscombe. It seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that my wife had observed something quite outside the ordinary run of affairs; but it is also clear that she would have noticed nothing odd about it had she not been a well-trained observer. She could describe the ghost dog in such detail that it was at once recognized by its former owner's sister-in-law. Ghost dogs are quite common in fact; I know at

least four other friends and relatives who have seen them. They are probably very common indeed, but people as a whole are so unobservant that they often escape notice. However, this is the only case which has come directly to my notice in which a ghost was apparently actually attached to a living person by a lead, or anything else.

There are some facts, which we can put down, which may help to evolve some theory to account for what took place. The first is that the village hall is certainly connected with a naiad-field; a considerable stream runs close by it and, in times of flood, water sometimes runs clean through the building and out down the steps leading up to it. The second is that Mrs. A. is an accomplished sensitive, or medium, whose powers have been studied by the Society for Psychical Research. From these two data, we might perhaps conclude that something like the following sequence of events took place. Mrs. A.'s psyche-field was exhilarated; she was observed to be looking happy. She thought vividly, perhaps subconsciously, how nice it had been going for walks with her lost dog and wished that it was with her at the time. This series of thought impressions leaked by induction into the naiad-field and through it back to my wife's psyche-field. She was not in an exhilarated state, but sleepy and bored with having to wait to take someone else home from the sale. Mrs. A. could visualize her dog distinctly of course, for she had been very fond of it. The dog had not ever been to the village hall in reality, so, unless of course it was a real spirit dog, which we cannot deny absolutely, the only person who was likely to have produced a thought picture of it at that place was Mrs. A. During the course of her activities at the sale, Mrs. A. forgot about the dog and so it was not with her when she went out again. No queer pranks with time need have taken place on this occasion. Everything could have occurred then and there in Mrs. A.'s psyche-field and have been relayed instantly to my wife's field by way of the local naiad static field.

This is as far as we are likely to get with the interpretation of this particular incident at the moment and there is no reason to suppose that there is very much more to be learnt from it. However, it does seem to show that there is a reasonable chance that we are working on the right lines. Here was a case which, on the face of it, seemed quite impossible to account for, without

calling hypothetical spirit dogs to our help; but it appears to slip into its correct place in the scheme of things when we make use of what little information we have about these various fields of force. I do not say that there are no such things as spirit dogs, that is psyche-fields of dogs with a higher rate of vibration. I do in fact think there is considerable evidence that there are; but I keep an open mind about it and hope that, when Miss Theo Brown publishes her conclusions on the data concerning these ghost dogs, we shall learn something more definite about them.

What I do say is that we can give a reason to account for the appearance of a ghost dog in Branscombe village hall without any aid from such an entity. The Branscombe dog, in my opinion, was nothing more than a kind of television picture produced through my wife and Mrs. A.'s sixth senses, without any mechanical devices at all. This in itself is just as remarkable as the production of similar pictures by the B.B.C. I would add a further supposition to this and that is that somewhere in the psyche-field of somebody who developed television was a knowledge that ghosts could be produced through the human fields. You can take nothing out of the psyche-field which has not been put into it already; any more than you can take current out of a battery which has not been charged up. The idea had to be in the field, the subconscious mind if you like, of the inventor before he turned it into a mechanical possibility. The most likely place for him to have got it was in a buried knowledge of the manner of formation of ghosts.

I do not wish to disparage the ingenuity of those who produce elaborate electrical equipment for the benefit of mankind; but the further we advance on the line of this inquiry into the paranormal, the more probable it appears to be that nothing can be produced which is not within the unaided scope of the psyche-field. The electrical devices are not new; they are adaptations of what the psyche knows can be done. The reason that they are not done all the time is that the brain acts as a resistance and so lowers the capabilities of the psyche-field. We appear to be struggling to adapt what we already know can be done to a denser, much more difficult level of existence. If this should prove to be the correct explanation, then such things as magic and miracles are not surprising. They are occasional

flashes of energetic action, permitted for some reason to occur on one plane of existence, when they properly belong to a higher one. Their study is neither the sole perquisite of science, nor of religion. They should be studied by both.

Chapter Four

NOW that I have mentioned miracles, I must see whether there is any way of finding out if they fall into the same category as the phenomena we have been looking at; or whether they are something entirely different and either imaginary or inexplicable. I suppose that a miracle is by definition something supernatural which is inexplicable, and if you explain it, it ceases to be a miracle. But, for all practical purposes, a miracle is the performance of an action which cannot be explained by the laws of nature as they are at present understood. As I have said before, however, the so-called laws of nature are not so much fixed and unchanging rules ordained by nature, or some external power; but the apparent rules which scientists, after a considerable number of experiments, have deduced and believe to be constant under sets of given conditions. A miracle then is an action which does not give the results expected by the scientists and which they cannot explain. Life is at present a miracle to the scientists, for they cannot explain how it comes about; but they would not admit this and are always living in expectation of finding out its secret.

The more usual run of miracles, however, concerns healing in ways not understood and frequently denied by medical science. The longer and more expensive that medical training becomes, the less the important medical men, who rule its destinies, like anyone who appears to work miracles. Yet they usually have to yield ground in the end and such things as mental healing and anaesthetizing patients by hypnosis are creeping into the curriculum. It has taken generations for hypnosis to become respectable, although there was plenty of perfectly good evidence that it could be done.

Of recent years two forms of miracle healing have been

becoming widespread throughout the land and it is most unlikely that the medical panjandruns will be able to prevent the spread of them. One is generally known as 'faith healing'; the other quite simply as 'The Box'. Faith healing appears to be exactly the same as the method employed by Christ and vividly described in the Gospels. I have no personal experience of this in a big way; but, as I said when talking about couvade, I have seen headaches removed in this manner and have even done it to a limited extent myself.

On one occasion I did have an experience which seems to have a close relationship with the observations of those who heal by faith in this manner. It may have been coincidence, or it may not: I have no convictions.

In the summer of 1937, I was one of a party of scientists of various kinds on the way to Baffin Bay on the west side of Greenland. We had chartered a Norwegian sealer, a tiny vessel named the *Isbjørn*. She was subsequently murdered by German bombers on the edge of the pack-ice during Hitler's War. Probably the only relic in existence of this little ship is the W.C. plate from her, which I unscrewed and now have proudly displayed above the door of this convenience at Hole. The poor little *Isbjørn*, although she was most handy in the pack-ice, was the most uncomfortable boat in a seaway in which I have ever made a passage. She had no 'false keel' and would roll unspeakably in the slightest swell. In really bad weather life below decks was wellnigh unbearable. Everything was screwed down and the only ventilator stuffed with old shirts. The fug cannot be expressed in words.

As soon as we entered the Pentland Firth, *Isbjørn* showed her paces. It was blowing hard and she stood on end in the tide rips. We had to go for shelter into Loch Eriboll. When the wind took off a little, we put a bold face on the North Atlantic and set course for Cape Farewell in Greenland, a passage of some 1,200 miles.

We were not far beyond the Butt of Lewis before we met really bad weather; but the little ship hammered into it and on we went (Fig. 13). On the second of July I was on the bridge. I went there to watch the seas, which fascinate me. At times I would take a trick at the wheel. While I was there, with the wind steadily rising to storm force, one of the Norwegian crew



Fig. 13. July 2nd, 1937. *Isbjørn* on the way to Greenland. The ship is just rising from a heavy roll to leeward.

stumped up the ladder and told me that my cabin mate was sick. Cabin is a courtesy title; it was smaller than a 'sleeper' on a night mail to Scotland. I went below into the fug and stench of bilges. In the upper bunk of our cabin, I found my chum. 'Tom,' he said, he was our doctor incidentally, 'I think I have acute appendicitis.' This was a devastating piece of news. The ship was far too slow and the weather far too bad for us to get anywhere in time for an operation. 'Would you feel my belly, Tom, and see if I am right?' he went on. Now I had once seen a doctor feel a child's stomach to see whether it had appendicitis. But that was the limit of my experience in these matters. Through my mind flitted pictures of merchant skippers cutting out appendices in rolling ships with medical books propped up on the cabin table. But I knew it was impossible in this case. *Isbjørn* wallowed like a sow in the mire. It was very difficult to keep one's feet without hanging on to something.

Gingerly I put my fingers on his bare stomach. I did not know what I ought to feel; but it felt rather distended. I do not tell lies, but the words came into my head. 'There is nothing wrong with it,' I said. He turned over and went to sleep. From that moment we heard nothing more of the appendix for three months. But, very soon after we had docked at Leith on our return, he had to have the appendix cut out. I do not know what had happened. When you read this, you know as much as I do. But, from what I have read of their work, this experience of mine appears to be of much the same character as that of faith healers.

Most faith healers appear to work from a deep religious conviction and for the purposes of our study can be thought to have accelerated the rate of vibration of their body, or psyche-field, or both. It may be concluded also that the patient on whom the cure is effected is in a condition in which his vibrational rate is low. It should be possible then, according to the ideas on which we are working, for current to run from the healer to the patient until a uniform level of potential is reached. One might say perhaps that the practitioner manages to cut out the resistance of his brain and use the full voltage of his psyche-field to speed up the vibrations of the sick person. He should feel tired by this exercise and the patient vitalized. If the healer is able to use the full force of his psyche-field, the effect on the body of the

patient might well be considerable. It is even possible that in his exhilarated state, the healer may be able to tap some of the far greater power of the earth's Ge-field. Perhaps that is what does happen. Who knows? But could they not find out, instead of wagging their heads and saying it is impossible? The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and not in the dogmatic theories of the cook. If the pudding is good, then it has been cooked right; even if all the cookery books say it should never be done in that way. These faith healers do get results. They cured the wife of a friend of mine, when all the doctors expected her to die and she was unconscious. My friend had to lecture about the case in Glasgow University. How his lecture was received I never heard, but his wife did not die.

If the ideas which I have been following up here are correct, these things are not miracles. They simply show that great force, energy, or power, is available for being harnessed by our sixth sense. The force may be the same as electro-magnetism, or it may be similar to this force. In *Ghost and Ghoul*, I called it resonance, and many people today call it radionics; but the words mean little. In fact, if we are anywhere near the point in our reasoning, the words mean nothing at all and the ideas could be communicated more exactly by telepathy. Into the psyche-field they pass as thoughts. They have to be turned into words for the convenience of the brain. Not only that, but the words have to be translated into many different languages, with errors in shades of meaning in each case, before mankind as a whole can begin to understand them. Telepathy has no language problem. The ideas arrive as thoughts. Our psyche-field does not have to worry about words.

We can then, by using our idea of communication between these electro-magnetic fields, arrive at a reasonable explanation of how faith healing could work. Of course in many cases it is just suggestion. I knew somebody who was believed by doctors and consultants to be at the point of death and removed in an ambulance to a nursing home. Another friend, who was himself a distinguished doctor, went around the next day to ask how he was, expecting to hear that the patient was dead. He was told by the matron, according to his story to me, that the nurses did not take the same serious view as was taken by the doctors. They did not think there was anything wrong with the patient

at all. Neither was there. He was soon out again and lived to a ripe old age. This kind of thing may not be common, but it does occur. A generation ago Chinese were said to go and make themselves die on the doorstep of someone who annoyed them, simply in order to be a nuisance. This may be just a yarn; but it is the same kind of thing. People can make themselves very ill by imagination, and I have seen it happen. Of course this can be cured by simple suggestion. This cannot be done so easily in cases of serious illness; but the extra kick of power from somebody else's psyche-field may give just enough push to make the patient's body heal itself. This is now known to be done by hypnosis. I can see little distinction between the cures effected by hypnosis and those done by faith healers. They seem to be more or less identical. If faith cures are miracles, so are hypnotic cures. But hypnotic cures are now respectable medical treatment. For all I know you may be able to get them free, gratis and for nothing under the National Health Service.

The business of the Box is in quite a different category. Instead of coming under the heading of 'miracle', it ought to be classified as 'white magic'. The first time I heard of it was at least thirty years ago when an old Colonel, who did voluntary work in the Cambridge Museum, took me into a corner and, with baited breath, explained to me the wonders of Dr. Abram's Box in diagnosing illness. I am afraid I had something else to do and did not pay very much attention. I did not hear of it again till about twenty years later. I happened to be talking to my mother about her rheumatism. She used to suffer from it very badly, as did many of my relations on both sides of the family. To my great surprise she told me that she hardly got it at all. She had, she said, given some drops of blood to a woman at Oxford, 'who put her on the Box' and cured the rheumatism. Now this was exactly what witches, both white and black, used to do, either to cure people or to make them ill. My mother was being cured by white magic. I found it quite incredible. But once again, there was the proof of the pudding in the eating. My mother had been terribly rheumatic; now she was not. This, of course, is at second hand; but, when I became very rheumatic myself a few years later and had little success with official nostrums, I remembered my mother's cure. By that time I had considerable bony growths round a broken toe joint and many other pains

and aches in various places. I went 'on the Box' myself. I did not for a moment believe it would work; but when things hurt a lot you are prepared to experiment. After two years, the bony ring round my toe joint has gone and rheumatism is far less than it was. I am prepared to believe that the thing does work and disregard the opinions of those who think they know better, however learnedly they may express them. This is not suggestion, faith healing, dieting or anything else. It is magic. Since this form of magic appears to work, I now regard other forms of it more seriously than I did. I have even experimented with magic with some success.

The real adepts of magic take many years to learn this art, which contains a lot of material which is probably quite unnecessary. I should never dream of wasting much time on this. But having had the good fortune to have been a friend of an adept, I managed to learn quite a lot about it, using short cuts. This adept was the same Mrs. N., who I have mentioned before as being the probable origin of the Red Lady Ghost at Hole itself; although for the last years of her life she lived at Hole Mill.

We had a very remarkable experience with Mrs. N., which most people in ordinary circumstances would dismiss as utter nonsense. It did not involve the unverified experience of one person. Three were concerned in it, Mrs. N., my wife and myself. All were, in their separate ways, trained observers. Mrs. N., besides her magical activities, was an expert at interpreting X-ray pictures. On one occasion, while I was busy on a bit of stone-walling outside the house, Mrs. N. passed by and stopped to talk with me, thereby causing some anxiety lest my cement should dry hard before I could use it. Her conversations were frequently of long duration, but generally of interest. On this occasion, she had been irritated by someone and told me she proposed to put on some preventive magic to stop them bothering her again. Of course I asked her how she proposed to do it. She told me that the method was quite simple, you visualized a pentagram, or pentacle, that is a five-pointed star, constructing this clockwise in your head. You visualized this figure in such a place that it would obstruct the path of the person you wished to prevent from coming to see you. She assured me that she had done it before with complete success and had watched

the persons she wished to obstruct walk up to the invisible pentagram, stop, change their minds about their intention and walk away again. I did not really believe this of course. One does not believe such things easily. However, I was interested.

My wife and I sleep in what must have been once the upper solar of the Tudor hall. The head of the fireplace is formed by a massive rectangular block of Beer stone, on which three naughty boys, Gilbert, Christopher and Josias Holcomb carved their names in what looks like 1597 (they sold the house in 1606). At that time the heads of our beds were against the north wall of the room; the fireplace opposite the feet of the beds on the west wall; a window in the south wall and the door beside the heads of the beds in the north wall.

That night, after my conversation on magic with Mrs. N., I did not go to sleep as soon as my wife. Being in a lazy, comfortable, somnolent mood, I amused myself for a few minutes constructing imaginary protective pentagrams round our bed. There was no idea in my mind except to see if I could draw them correctly. I soon got the trick of it and went to sleep.

A fortnight later my wife woke in the night with the uncomfortable feeling that there was someone else in the room other than me. She could not see the supposed person; but she did see a faint glow of light near the foot of the bed in the angle between the south and west walls. This faded out and we were apparently left alone.

The succeeding evening Mrs. N. dropped in for tea. In the course of conversation, she suddenly remarked, 'I hope you won't mind, but I came into your house last night to see if you were all right, and I couldn't get near the bed in your room because of the triangles of fire all round it. Has someone been putting protection on you?' she asked. I told her of my experiment. She was told that we did not mind; but would she please not do it again, as she had been felt doing it and it was uncomfortable.

Now it was quite impossible for Mrs. N. to get into the house in the ordinary way without burgling it. Not only were all the outside doors locked, but the doors giving on to the foot of our stairway, the only approach to our bedroom, were also locked. If Mrs. N. came in at all, she did it in thought. But if this is the case, how did my wife feel that she was there and see the

light and how did Mrs. N.'s thought know that I had been putting pentagrams round the beds and see them as triangles of fire? This fantastic situation is similar to the fairy stories of rival magicians fencing with invisible weapons. In this case, however, it happens to be true. That is, it is true as far as the account of any observed impressions subsequently remembered can be true.

Can this be fitted into the ideas we have been thinking out already? To begin with, there is no difficulty about static fields. Springs arise in the banks and hillside close to the house and some of them join to form the streamlet which I have mentioned already in connection with the ghost at Hole Mill. Mrs. N.'s psyche-field could have been linked therefore to our fields by means of the naiad-field, which we know extends down to her former house. We have seen how it appears to be possible for thoughts to be conveyed by means of these fields. In theory then Mrs. N., if she had learnt how to do it, could have transferred her psyche-field to our house and back again. In the process, she made contact with my wife's psyche-field and also, although I did not wake up, apparently with mine. Mine had already accidentally put pentagrams in the way of Mrs. N.'s psyche-field and these appeared to that field as real objects. In other words psyche-fields, consisting of bundles of thoughts held together by electricity, find other bundles of thoughts as real to them as our bodies find tables and chairs in ordinary earth life. But these tables and chairs, being matter, also appear to scientists nowadays as nothing more than collections of holes held together by electrical fields.

Whether I have got this right or not, it does appear that even such an apparently impossible story, as I have just told, does not seem to be in the least impossible if the first steps in the theory are correct. One begins to see how magic could work and that, although its real working belongs to the psyche-fields and sixth senses, since these are closely linked with the material bodies of their owners, magic could react on these bodies. If this is the case there is no difference between magic and miracle. All are concerned with unexplored electro-magnetic conditions and, since nobody really knows what electricity is, they are probably just a facet of life itself.

Let us now return to 'The Box'. I have said that its working

is magic, and so it is. But I hope I have now made it seem probable that magic itself is not beyond the range of serious investigation. It appears to be nothing more than learning to make greater use of our own psyche-field, which we know from scientific experiment is not imagination, but a real thing.

In all forms of magic, if the magician can obtain something intimately related to the person he wishes to help or harm, he is believed to be able to do so. This is of course dismissed as nonsensical superstition by educated mankind today. But the educated seldom pause to consider how far their education has really got. It is obvious that this is only a very little way and much that was taught them as fact is in reality only theory. Nobody has even troubled to find out what magicians can really do, nor how they do it. The faith healers are, of course, magicians; so were the holy saints, who flew about, or moved things without using ordinary material means. Anyone who uses electricity to light a house, or drive an engine, is presumably a magician, because he is apparently making use of the same power. Well then, we are all magicians if we can fix a fuse, or fiddle with the points of a magneto. So shall we stop teaching our grandmothers to suck eggs and try to find out how they do it?

The use of the Box is now termed radionics. This term suggests a connection with radio, which is not, I fancy, correct, but has probably come to stay with us. In a recent lawsuit, massed medical evidence failed to show that it was bogus; but did suggest to the world in general that only certain people could become efficient with the machine. Since we have found this to be the case also with dowsing and such-like operations, it need cause no surprise. Just as only some people appear to see ghosts, and a very few saints could levitate; so only a certain number can heal by faith, or with the Box. As I have said before, I think this is related in some way to the potential of their psyche-field.

Since this is a personal investigation and I myself am my own experiment, or guinea-pig, I will put in here a few observations of the peculiarities of that guinea-pig. It has an eyesight below the average. It failed to pass the eyesight test for the Navy by being short-sighted. Yet it still does not need to wear glasses and has always been able to find things which others with

'normal' vision could not see. These range from small objects connected with archaeological research, to the identification of the nationality of a schooner, whose topsails alone showed above the horizon. The guinea-pig has also a permanent bodily temperature well below the normal, a whole degree in fact. It also has a permanently low blood-pressure. None of this need mean anything at all; but it does suggest that my bodily vibrational rate is lower than normal. Perhaps it is only fair to add in favour of this particular guinea-pig that, when submitted to the National Service Intelligence Test in 1942, or thereabouts, it secured full marks, which caused considerable surprise to the examiners, who had not apparently met with a similar case in men who taught in Cambridge University. However, the guinea-pig was hardly a professional teacher and the test, devised by that beautifully rugged man, Professor Bartlett, if I remember right, was only a matter of identifying the correct relationship between a certain number of coloured dots. It was one of observation and reasoning from this rather than of intelligence.

I think there is a line here which could be followed up. Does a low bodily rate occur in persons who are most liable to paranormal experiences? It might do so, for perhaps it could indicate a low potential in the psyche-field, which would enable thoughts to be induced in it more easily than in those at a higher rate. I do not know of any investigations carried out on this subject, but it would be quite easy to obtain the required statistics. If we stick to the electrical law, that current flows from high potential to low, there are obvious possibilities in this angle of study, although we do not know whether the law holds good for psyche-fields. Nothing but time would have been lost, should the investigation prove to be a failure. When the celebrated Captain Thomas, R.N., returned to Oban harbour, after months of patient survey work in the Hebrides, his vessel hit an unknown reef. All he remarked was, 'Well, there's one I've found anyway.' That is the true spirit of the investigator. In the Whalefish Islands off West Greenland in 1937, when our vessel hit a reef at the point where an anchor was marked on the Danish chart, there was no such spirit of forbearance shown by our skipper. The things he said about the Danish cartographers might have burnt a hole in the ship's deck. Incidentally there was another reef marked by the British on the coast between

Disko and the Whalefish Islands. The Danes would not believe it was there, although we could see the seas breaking on it from the hills above Godhavn. Finally one of their own ships struck on it and the case was proved. There is something so dogmatic about the beliefs in scientific accuracy that the layman will not doubt them; but so few of the possibilities have in fact been explored that huge areas still lie completely uninvestigated. This matter of human potential is one of them. What little is known is comparable with the old maps, which bear such remarks as 'Here be dragons' or 'Here men worship devils'.

After this unwarranted digression we can return to the Box. As far as one can simplify an account of the process, what happens appears to be something like this. The spot of blood, hair or other part of the anatomy of the patient who requires diagnostic examination is put in a machine. According to the rate of vibration which it indicates, a scale shows which part of the owner's anatomy is not functioning correctly. The machine is in reality only a mechanical psychometric aid. The person who treated my rheumatism told me that she could obtain the same diagnosis without its help. The instrument is in fact strictly comparable to the dowser's rod. Some dowsers can divine with their hands alone. Some doctors evidently diagnose by telepathy. They would not admit this to anybody, of course; but I have heard them say that they have developed a sixth sense. This indeed is what they seem to have done. Some of them ascribe it to instinct. So dowser, doctor and the Box practitioner all apparently work in the same manner. I have given reasons for thinking that the dowser makes use of electromagnetic fields of force. I have suggested that telepathy works in the same way. If I have been right so far, then the Box, which is only a mechanical aid, is part of the same scheme of things.

However, there is a separate problem. Each disease gives a particular reading on the scale recorded by the Box. By reversing this reading so that the opposite number shows on the scale, the Box can be made to treat illness instead of diagnosing it.

Our first problem is why the Box should be able to diagnose at all. If we understood how objects acted as links, or conductors, in psychometry, we could answer this question. We have seen reason for thinking that some thought from the psyche-field of the owner is impressed in the field of the object and then

transferred to the psyche-field of the sensitive. This, we may think, may be as strong, or stronger, when an actual part of the body belonging to the psyche-field is used. The whole is the sum of its parts. The spot of blood, or whatever it is, may in the first instance carry a thought such as 'There is something going wrong with the cells in the left-hand bottom corner of the wall of my pancreas.' We do not know if this is what happens. All we know is that the diagnosis appears to work. There is what is known as resonance between the isolated part of the body in the machine and the whole body itself. This in turn is intimately linked to the psyche-field. One might regard the body as a material extension of the psyche-field, and the possible activities of this field are beginning to appear very great.

How the reversing on the dial in the Box manages to reverse the advance of the illness in the patient is obviously not as yet understood. We may regard it perhaps as an elaboration of what happens when the faith healer cures a patient and still retain it all for the moment in the category of miracles. However, I do not feel that the explanation can be very far from us. What is needed here is some honest investigation by practical men well versed in physics. Then a rapid advance in the art of healing might well result. The solution is probably very simple.

We have now made a very hurried survey of a considerable number of types of abnormal human experience; all of which are usually regarded as superstition by the ordinary run of scientist and many of which are looked upon as being unholy by the church. The implications being that we ought not to try to study them at all.

I really cannot see much excuse for the scientists' attitude. Some of them, however much they may be caught up in a world of test tubes, or electrical apparatus, must surely at least have experienced telepathy; while it is obviously the sixth sense itself which guides the greater ones to their discoveries.

The church, in particular the 'high' variety, presumably bases its attitude on the Old Testament dictum about not suffering a witch to live. And yet many of its saints, according to the stories told about them, indulged in various forms of supernatural activity. The Bible is crammed with instances of people doing things which science affirms cannot be done. If we can do anything to show that this supranormal affair is really

normal, we will surely have gone a long way to bridge the gap between the two conflicting organizations and, at the same time, to undermine the belief in materialism, which is responsible, through the fear of death and oblivion, for upsetting the whole balanced scheme of culture and ethical behaviour, which has been slowly built up by mankind over a period of thousands of years.

If anyone doubts what I have said about the length of time it has taken to build up a cultured type of man, I suggest that he reads the Greek plays. In them one sees that the behaviour of a well-trained 'gentleman' has been noted long ago and his code of ethical behaviour appreciated and admired. Slowly this code spread wide about the world and more and more of mankind adopted it. Xenophon is a typical example, and in his fascinating account of the wanderings of the 'Ten Thousand', you see him behaving to the men under him with the courtesy and gentleness, which was supposed to be the ideal of the medieval knight. Two desperate wars have stripped our country of most of the men who had been brought up to this code of behaviour. The survivors are a mere handful, who are too few to be able to make headway against the flood of materialistic vulgarity which is swallowing all true culture. Make enough money and do not care whose face you tread on, for there is no life but this, is the creed today. But what happens if we can show that the psyche-field is the true person and that it has to be filled with thought impressions, which you have to take on to a higher level of existence? This is what the real church has always been trying to teach. It is not the fear of atomic war, which ought to worry mankind, but whether there is another life and, if there is, how best to behave in this one. It would be a nasty shock if after all the rush and worry, selfishness and duplicity necessary to make money and a show in this world, you found you had to make do in the next one with a mind filled with this kind of thing, instead of appreciation of real beauty and memories of kindness to all. Yet this is what I suspect our investigation is beginning to show. It seems most probable to me that our psyche-field, which is proved by science to exist, is in reality the same thing as that which the religious man knows as his soul. If that is the case, we should for pure self-protection take some interest in what the church believes it has found out about

it. Not that I have ever taken very much notice of what it had to say myself, but I can see that one ought to do so.

That man as a whole is vitally interested in these matters was once demonstrated to me in an unexpected way. I had rowed ashore from my boat, which was lying in the Isle Ornsay anchorage in the Sound of Sleat. This is a most useful harbour for small ships, and many a southerly gale has passed over me while there. Should the wind come from the northward, it is only a mile or so to another anchorage in Loch na Dal, where you can ride it out in complete shelter, watching the salmon leaping from the water to rid themselves of sea-lice, until such time as the driving rain brings the river down in spate and they can swim up over the shallows at its mouth. In the days when the Piper's Island in Loch Hourn was a thriving herring station, Isle Ornsay saw plenty of life with its inn and general store. Windbound coasters sheltered there also. But with the coming of the railway to Mallaig, all this activity died and Isle Ornsay is now a sleepy little place, separated by miles of moorland from Broadford or Kyle Akin.

As I came ashore, I forget whether it was for fresh water, meat, or whisky, I saw a figure in uniform apparently waiting for me at the jetty. He was the excise man from Kyle of Loch Alsh, who I had not met before. He asked a few questions about my boat, and then, presumably having gleaned the information from the Cambridge University Cruising Club burgee at the truck of my foremast, he came to what was apparently the object of the meeting. I came from a famous university, he said, and so I must know whether there was a future life or no. This was a surprising question to come out of the blue when one was standing amid the seaweed and boulders with the distant peak of Ladhar bheinn, where I met the oread years before, showing over the top of Ornsay island. I had not in fact ever given the matter much thought, even in moments of stress when I appeared to be about to find out the answer then and there. But, for the honour of the old firm, I had to do my best and told him that I thought the evidence was in favour of a future existence. He seemed so bothered about it that this appeared to be the kindest thing to do. I now think that my answer was perfectly correct; but on that occasion it just came straight into my head, although I knew that many of my friends would have said the opposite.

Now if a man, living in a place where the sea, the hills, and every frond of bracken really point to the answer, can be so bothered with the problem that he waits about on a windy beach to pose the question to a total stranger from what he supposed to be a seat of learning, there must be uncounted millions who want to know it too and it is an obvious duty for one, to whom the question has been put, to try to find it out. It is in reality the only really important question that there is.

Now, as I understand it, the Christian church believes that man is a compound, or an association, of three things, body, soul and spirit. It has never been able to make it clear to me what the soul and spirit are, nor why there should be two of them. But since I began to take an interest in gods and nymphs, ghosts and ghouls, I begin to see that by simple reasoning the church must be right. There is the body, which we all know, which seems to be no more than a piece of apparatus, for use in a world of relatively low vibrations, to supply a psyche-field with thought impressions. This psyche-field is not something completely encased. Thoughts can and do leak from it into static fields and from thence to other psyche-fields. It appears to be a kind of glorified electrical pigeon-hole for collecting information; but it does not appear to have anything in it at the start. From early childhood the ideas seem to have to be slowly packed into it. It is obvious, I think, that if this psyche-field is the equivalent of the theologian's soul, there must be something else which wants the information. This should be the real mind of the entity concerned and something entirely distinct, though linked to the psyche-field. This mind must be the church's spirit. It is clear, I think, that though the psyche-field must start empty of content, the mind would not be a blank. It would be the thing which needs the information which the psyche-field collects and there is no reason why it should not have had several psyche-fields in use at the same or different times to collect this information. The body is obviously impermanent; the psyche-field is probably something without definite limits and perhaps just built up out of other fields as occasion demands; but the mind is a permanent thing, developing and needing information for this development. It is presumably outside the limits of time and space.

Now this is no more than a piece of simple deduction made by

an archaeologist, not a philosopher, theologian, nor even a professional scientist, from observations on paranormal phenomena which have come to his notice. It is quite independent of the conclusions drawn by those who study these other subjects, and by some of those who profess these subjects may perhaps be regarded as a piece of impertinence. An archaeologist, however, owing to the very nature of his subject, is always deducing things from imperfect information. He has to reason from a scrap here and a fragment there. There is none of the weighing and measuring so dear to the hearts of those who deal with ordinary matter. The archaeologist is a compound of scientist and detective, and to be any good at it, he should treat his study as an art. He must deal with the ideas of man, quite as much as with the things that man has produced. Inherent probability, rather than proof, is the foundation stone of his work. Archaeology can never be an isolated subject.

It may be thought therefore that an archaeological background is not a bad beginning for the study of the paranormal. It means that you are not frustrated when everything does not fit into some scientific law and it should mean too that you realize that everything that a man does, or makes, is subject to the whims in the mind of some man or other. The rigid laws, supposedly governing inanimate matter, do not apply to the activities of men. I do not for a moment suppose that they govern the activities of cats or curlews. They are just rules which, until somebody discovers a mistake in them, appear to apply to inanimate matter. And yet most of the surroundings in which man is apparently intended to live his life are covered with animate growth. Even bombed sites become covered in a very short time with a crop of growing plants, living things. Science makes a very poor showing when it tries to formulate laws governing these living things. In fact it does not seem to be able to produce any laws. It may make guesses, but, having spent some years as a student of all this, I feel that it has never evolved any reasonable laws at all. Life as such is just not to be explained in terms of science. Nobody knows what it really is. And I do not think that biologists or zoologists will ever explain it along the lines upon which they work today. Life is inexplicable, because the lines of investigation suggested by men like Darwin are wrong. My friends write to me and say that I am

a naughty boy to throw half-bricks at Darwin. But his master, Professor Sedgwick, told him he would wreck the world if he persisted in his theories. So indeed he has done. Old Sedgwick was right. But I do not think that Darwin was entirely to blame. It was the careerists who fastened on his theories who are really responsible for the growth of a materialistic outlook, which has caused all the damage. Bad cess to them, I say. They were out for their own glorification and cared nothing for the mental trouble they might, and did, cause in the world.

I hope I showed in *Ghost and Ghoul* how impossible the Darwinian theory, for it is no more, of evolution really is. Darwin only proposed this as a possibility. The careerists seized on it and used it as propaganda. The students of philosophy and some scientists accepted it, not as a theory, which it was, but as a fact. This has led man to think that he is an animal, chiefly because of the manner in which the church formulated its opposition, and is the product of accidental evolution. But, although man's body may be that of an animal, the mind which makes use of that body through the psyche-field need not be that of an animal at all. The processes of evolution, whatever they are, and nobody really knows, may have produced that body; the mind seems to be something quite distinct and intangible. The body has just been evolved, through trial and error perhaps, but more probably by deliberate experiment, until it was a suitable vehicle for exploring the material world and recording the events which it experienced to the mind, which made use of it. This seems to me to be a better explanation of the observed facts than any other existing theory. Some minds wish to study what happens if they experience life at a lower vibration than their normal, and they have to be born in quasi-animal bodies to do so. This is my estimate of the position, not influenced as far as I know by the opinions of any other group. I have just pondered and worked the thing out for myself and, not having any high opinion of my abilities, it may very well be absurd. Still, it is surely open to anyone to study the problem for himself and not to be swayed by the opinions of anyone else. It is open to anyone to read; although, in spite of our brilliant system of education, I found that about a third of the younger men in my Home Guard company in the war were unable to sign their names or presumably read them, and if they can read they

ought to be able to formulate an opinion for themselves. Yet mankind as a whole will not bother to formulate an opinion. It has to be told things as a fact.

This is the great difficulty of today. The B.B.C. will give a forecast of the coming weather. Since experts are supposed to have produced this forecast, countrymen, although they know the weather signs themselves, no longer trust their own judgement. Experts have said what the weather will be and, as they are experts, they must be right. In point of fact they are far less accurate for local conditions than the countrymen themselves; but this makes no difference. The voice of supposed knowledge outweighs the evidence painfully acquired through generations of accurate study. This is a terrible thing. Mankind is ceasing to think and observe for himself. It is less trouble to turn a knob on a machine and listen to the voice of apparent authority, than to use one's own powers of observation and common sense. 'Long foretell, long last', said the old rule of observing the barometrical readings. Who bothers about this, or to look at his barometer, when the carefully trained voice of somebody in London makes a mistake in reading his typescript?

Oh yes, I know I have often been called a wicked man for laughing at self-appointed authority; but I believe that a man is supposed to make use of the faculties which have been given him in order to judge things for himself. If you observe the weather signs and then turn to the weather forecast on the wireless, and believe that rather than the signs which have been displayed for you in the heavens, nobody is to blame but yourself if your ship is blown ashore. On you alone depends the answer to why you are in the world and what you are here for. You must decide and form your life in accordance with that decision. That I think is the whole point of the exercise and if you decide the Darwinian theory of evolution accounts for everything, then I think you will probably have to do the whole exercise again in another life on earth.

Chapter Five

THE line of reasoning which we have been following up to now, however inadequate it may be, has led to us arriving at a parallel conclusion to the one which the church has reached by way of revelation. This revelation tells that man consists of body, soul and spirit: our inquiry, beginning with a different set of terms, seems to indicate a body, psyche-field and a mind. Once you grant the existence of the psyche-field, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there must be a mind behind it, to make use of its stored information. In fact the whole set-up is probably only an extension of that mind. But we know that both the body and the psyche-field exist and so we are landed with the mind as well.

It seems improbable that we can arrive at many conclusions about the mind in this particular study; but there are ways in which we can continue our investigation of the psyche-field. Let us go back to the beginning and see what we appear to have found out so far.

By reasoning from observed facts, we can be sure that the psyche-field exists and that thoughts can flow from it into static fields and back again into other psyche-fields. None of these fields is a complete entity in itself. Parts of its content are interchangeable with other fields. We have seen reasons for thinking that all telepathy, ghost formation, miracle and magic are to some extent explained by making use of arguments based on the behaviour of these fields. Naturally, since we are right at the beginning of the study, there are some things, such as the true meaning of time, which we cannot explain. We note that there is a problem here to be solved and put it on one side, waiting for a clue to help us later. But, as far as we have gone, we have met no phenomenon which does not fit at once into a

simple pattern which follows the ordinary rules of electro-magnetism. Electro-magnetic fields appear not only to hold the whole body together and make it work, but they also can provide a plausible explanation of all these extra-sensory phenomena which we have been looking at. If this reasoning is correct, away goes a great black cloud of superstition, whistling down the wind into the limbo of forgotten things.

But if we look more closely at our static fields, our naiads, dryads, oreads and the rest, something rather disturbing begins, like a hamadryad snake, to show its poison fangs. There is nothing, as far as one can see, to prevent a given static field from collecting terrifying thoughts indefinitely, as long as the circumstances continue to exist which keep it charged up. The water, trickling endlessly over the minute particles in its course, presumably keeps the naiad-field charged. The continual movement of the twigs and leaves does the same for the dryad-field. It is just like rubbing an ebony rod with a cat's skin, or brushing sparks out of your hair on a frosty night. The oread is probably caused by the friction of the wind on the rocks.

As far as we have any record, countrymen in every land have observed the existence of something strange at such places where these conditions exist, and, since the fields were often able to send back thought pictures, or ghosts, to the human psyche-fields, the observers deduced, not that these were simply television pictures of other human beings, but that they were seeing the spirits who dwelt there. It seems probable then that if you have a particularly sinister-looking place, such as a waterfall, which is always in shade and chills the visitor coming from the sunny world outside, this place might steadily accumulate a regular cloud of thoughts, a combination of fear and horror, which would come very near to becoming a psyche-field on its own. Back and forth between man and place would go these unpleasant thoughts. Man after man would add to them: man after man receive other men's fears in their turn, till the whole spot became charged with it. Once it was believed that a malevolent spirit was the cause of these experiences, all kinds of other ideas would become added to it. It needed propitiation, because it must have been offended when it caused a flood. And so the men went and drowned someone in it, for the protection of the rest. The fears of the sacrificed person were added to the

static field, and so the horror grew. This I think was how such celebrated 'genei' as the 'Nats' of Burma were evolved. These nats, well described by men who worked in Burma, are exactly comparable to the nymphs of classical writers. They have to be bribed before hunters can have any success and if you offend a nat there is real trouble.

As an educated European one does not believe in nats, then, usually by chance, you do something which will cause them offence. After that disaster happens. What are you to think? I have had first-hand stories of all this from people, including a distant relative, whose testimony was impossible to doubt. The place where my namesake offended a nat was just the kind of one where a naiad-field was to be expected and it was firmly believed by the Burmans to be especially sacred to the nat. There was an eerie cave with a river rushing into it. Both the British officers who defied the nat, in spite of the warnings of the Burmans, by bathing in this cave were followed by dire, but different misfortunes. The story is completely reliable. What happened? Presumably we do not believe that nats are living spirits which can be offended by human beings bathing in a particular spot. But we have seen how a field of force associated with a particular spot can become filled with thought-forms of various kinds. The Burmans had presumably filled this naiad-field with thought-forms for many generations and they firmly believed that the nat, which they themselves had created, would take dire offence at the action of the bathers. There was, in fact, a kind of power built up. The result was, as the Burmans confidently expected, disastrous to the two Europeans. Was this not the same thing as faith healing in reverse? If one can take place, presumably the other can do so too. Both seem inexplicable at first. But, although there may well have been no actual malice on the part of the Burmans, there was intense belief, and it looks very much as if this active belief, or increase in potential if you like, was a source of energy, which had its expected effects and brought trouble on the two offenders. Perhaps I am making too much of this incident; but there are many other similar ones. It is only greater in degree to the occurrence at Ladram Bay, or that in the Golden Ball covert. I felt definite electrical tingling sensations at Ladram Bay and also near Hole Mill. There is a flow of current at these places and with this

flow of current come the thought impressions originally formed by somebody else. A nat seems to me to be a greatly enlarged manifestation of the kind of ghoul we met at Ladram Bay, or near the drowned sailor's grave on Canna. It is something produced by human psyche-fields, and it is other psyche-fields which by their fears enable untoward events to take place.

This brings us to the poltergeists, for I think that they too are related to the activities of the nymphs and nats. Everybody must have heard stories of these noisy ghosts. Their activities appear to be very much the same all over the world. They throw things about, things which were seldom to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of this performance. They break things; move furniture and even set things on fire. There are innumerable recorded instances and they all follow much the same course. Often priests and parsons are called in to stop the nuisance. At times they are successful, at others they do not fare so well. I described in *Ghost and Ghoul* how, what I take to have been a poltergeist, haunted me on a cliff beneath an ancient monastery on Skellig Michael, off the coast of Kerry in south-west Ireland, and how this incident seemed to be related to the loss of a ship and her crew not long before. But I have never met a poltergeist of the really dramatic kind and cannot speak much from first-hand experience.

The experiments of Professor Rhine in America appeared to prove conclusively, by repeated experiment, that some part of the human make-up, other than bodily action, can effect the manner in which dice fall out of the dice box. The force employed is termed psychokinesis. We can assume then, with a considerable degree of confidence, that this is one of the attributes of the psyche-field. Its power can in some way or another move objects without employing the body. This is magic, or miracle, whichever you like to term it, but it is official and respectable. Psychokinesis like telepathy has come to stay.

However much you may wish to disbelieve in poltergeists, it is difficult to laugh off sober accounts of showers of wet pebbles arriving in houses on dry days; of pots and pans dancing around the room and fires starting spontaneously on walls and in beds. These apparently nonsensical things do evidently happen from Canada to Patagonia, from Britain to China. Observers have noted frequently their association with children, who were just

growing up, and persons with weak intellect; but they have been observed also in the vicinity of persons who indulged in acute asceticism. One cannot avoid thinking that one of the inciting causes must be found in the lowering, or raising, of the potential of the psyche-field of the person supposed to be involved in the case.

Some persons believe that two entities are involved; one being the adolescent, neurotic, or ascetic, the other some ill-defined entity of sub-human character. I find it difficult to believe in the sub-human entity as such without more evidence. I can, however, see a possibility which is not entirely distinct from it. Let us assume for a moment that the main operating force comes from the psyche-field of what we might term the patient and that this patient's mind has not really got full control over its psyche-field. Suppose also that you have a naiad- or dryad-field in the vicinity, charged perhaps with resentful and malicious thoughts from the same child, or another. If you combine the two fields and assume the use of the known force of psychokinesis, anything tiresome and silly might occur. You would be greatly enlarging the power for mischief found in each field. The subconscious thoughts in the adolescent psyche-field of the child might be bitterly resentful and hate the idea of growing up. They might be added to by all kinds of more childish resentments which had collected in the static field, and the combined fields put them into effect. The wet pebbles, often mentioned in these accounts, suggest to me the kind of objects which you would be likely to find in a naiad-field but which the adolescent child would have to go under water to collect itself. It seems probable to me that it is the psyche-field of the patient which releases the psychokinetic energy to produce the results. The patient's sixth faculty in fact does the work. But the silly ideas may be the result of induction into the psyche-field from the static one.

Of course I may be very far from the correct answer in this idea. But, if I am anywhere near the right one, then once again we have something which seems to fit into the general scheme that we have been working out. At any rate it is to be preferred to one of populating the countryside with numerous spirits of congenital idiots, or something of that sort. But at the back of my mind there is a half-formed idea that a ball of thought im-

planted in a static field might develop by degrees into an entity in its own right. I do not like this idea, but it is there, and if it comes to the front, we may find ourselves having to deal with jinns and devils.

One of the reasons why I think there is a possibility of this happening emerged from a conversation I had with someone who practised healing. She told me that she had treated a neurotic woman patient, but had omitted to take care to protect herself, as if this were a matter of course and what she normally did. Something was transferred from the patient, which affected her own health. After a time she realized what had happened and went to a colleague, who removed whatever it was and threw it out of the window, remarking that it was a snake. Now this story, which seems utterly impossible to us and seems to relate to happenings in Africa or New Guinea, was obviously completely believed in by the healer. Something had definitely been transferred from one woman to the other. Some utterly fantastic thought-form had been created somewhere, presumably by the neurotic patient, which had the power to affect the health of the healer. One imagines that it passed from one psyche-field to the other and that on this psyche-level it was a tangible thing with a form. I find this goes utterly against all my ideas of practical things and yet I have no doubt of the validity of the story. It suggests to me that, like the way in which nymphs became real entities to the ancients and nats to the Burmans, bundles of thoughts in an electro-magnetic field may possibly have a real existence for a time of their own. If that is so, mankind can create devils; but they will be of his own making. He is to blame if they do him harm. I am far from being convinced that any other form of devil ever was created. Still, this is breaking the thread of the investigation and I shall leave it for the time at least.

If, however, bundles (I don't know what else to call a collection of thoughts in an electro-magnetic field) of ideas can be split off from their parent psyche-fields, combine with others from other fields, and form some kind of an entity; we are presented with the type of situation which is often reported in the Gospels. Christ, and His disciples also, cast out many devils, which to us today seems to be the high-water mark of improbability. Medical men try to explain them away as examples

of catalepsy and this and that. But they often seem to be something much more like the snake, which had to be charmed away from my healer friend; some kind of bundle of neurotic ideas, which utterly upset the life of the patient. One has to put oneself back into a state of civilization where there was no light to read by in the evenings. Even if there had been, there was nothing for most people but the rolls of religious matter read on the sabbath in the synagogue. Everything was communicated by word of mouth, and many strange ideas passed in this way. Somebody, with lowered vitality, often had ideas put into his head, which must have blossomed into a full-flowered neurosis, encouraged by his neighbours who told him how ill he looked. They still do it. This neurosis, a bundle of ideas in the psyche-field, could be cast out in various ways; but then what happened to it? 'When the evil spirit is gone out of a man', we are told, 'it wanders through dry places, seeking rest, and finding none. . . .' In other words the bundle of thoughts is let loose on humanity as a moving electro-magnetic field, which can be attracted to another field at a lower state of potential. Well, improbable as all this may seem to us, sitting on a winter's night comfortably in front of the fire and listening to the wind screaming outside, it is something not utterly outside the bounds of possibility. We have seen that the unpleasant bundle of thoughts of a suicide hung about amid the trees in the Golden Ball covert. We have seen the same kind of thing occurring at Ladram Bay and the place of the drowned sailor on Canna. If these thoughts could be transferred as a whole from the psyche-field of one person and then picked up in the field of another, you would get what the ancients, and the spiritualists of today, call a case of possession. The spiritualists maintain that they can often drive it out by the application of very slight electric shocks. If the situation is in any way similar to what we have been postulating, they might well be right, for they would be slightly raising the potential of the person who was possessed. Mind you, I have never really thought about the possibility of possession, or anything of the kind, until I started to reason from my original data. Now I begin to see that there is a possibility here and it is not outside the range of our study. We have to take notice of these Biblical devils and apply our modern knowledge, such as it is, to the problem. We may be able to

think of them all in electrical terms; but the problem still remains, what do you do to disperse a devil once you have cast it out? The man who threw the snake out of the window was not doing his whole job. It was still there, as a small electrical field, which could be picked up by the psyche-field of some other unfortunate individual. Many people of course will think I am talking utter rubbish and so I should have thought myself only a very few years ago. But now I am by no means so confident. I think there is a real puzzle to solve. Ghosts can be to some extent explained; ghouls are transferred thoughts and now here are these devils. As magic, miracle and all the rest cease to be supernatural, so apparently will devils. But a warning is necessary. So far I have made no attempt in this study to investigate the idea that complete entities, spirits from another plane of existence, may visit our earthly one. All the phenomena we have met with so far as we have gone can be explained, rightly or wrongly, in terms of thought-forms which at first belonged to the psyche-fields of living human beings. Even the ghoul in the Golden Ball covert, at the beginning of this story, was in all probability a collection of thought-forms, from the psyche-field of the man who shot himself, induced on the dryad-field of the wood before the actual shooting. It was in no sense the spirit of the man himself; at least, that is my judgement, for what it is worth.

All through this book I am using my own observations when it is at all possible. This is not because they are particularly interesting ones, but because in using one's own there is only one source of error. If something is wrongly observed, I did it. Once you start using other people's reports, you at once double the chance of getting mistakes in observation. Only the guinea-pig really knows what is happening to it. But anyone who doubts my observations can wade through the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, where he will find innumerable cases of similar occurrences reported and examined with the greatest care. My observations are in the same category as those of a doctor who records the progress of a disease from which he is suffering. Some no doubt would think that this is what I am in fact doing. They are welcome to think so. It is quite fair, for I think that they are short of one of their senses, the sixth sense, and as they do not appear to have got it, they

are not in a position to understand it; nor to formulate dogmas as to how it cannot exist. There have always been know-alls who affirmed that such and such was an impossibility, and they never seem to learn from the misfortunes of their predecessors in this line. The best instance of this that I have heard was the sad case of the learned gentleman, we will forget his name, who wrote an article to prove that steamships could never cross the Atlantic, and had the misfortune to have the printed copies of this work carried across the Western Ocean in a steamship. With monotonous regularity this kind of thing repeats itself and presumably always will do so. In our own family, we had the case of my great-uncle, Hanning Speke, who at considerable risk and trouble reached the source of the Nile, only to have it denied afterwards. But the most dramatic story was that of Du Chaillu, who having seen gorillas making nests in trees, returned to report this apparently incredible fact to Victorian scientists. At the Royal Geographical Society lecture, so the story goes, one of these know-alls got up and called Du Chaillu a liar. By chance Du Chaillu met this worthy later in a London street. At once he seized him by the lapel of his coat and spat in his face. Uncultured perhaps, but surely it was richly deserved.

Steamships crossed the Atlantic; the source of the Nile was where Speke said it was; gorillas do make nests in trees; hypnosis has become a recognized practice; telepathy appears to have been proved along with clairvoyance and other superstitions; dowsing is on the road to respectability and still we get the same crop of wiseacres, whose sights are set so low that they never hit the target.

It is therefore most probable that many will not only disbelieve in my observations, but also believe that I ought to be kept under restraint for having shown obvious signs of suffering from delusions. It does not matter in the least, for they are on the road to joining the goodly company who have ended up in the waste-paper basket. The observations are all right; it is in the deductions from them that I may be completely wrong.

Let us see then whether we can make some statement of what we seem to have learnt:

(1) Human beings possess an electro-magnetic field containing a mass of ideas, memories and such-like thought-forms.

(2) Static fields exist in various places, which can be located by orthodox methods, or by magic, which is termed dowsing.

(3) Thought-forms, visual or otherwise, can be transferred from the human fields to the static fields and back again. The method of transfer is by the electrical process known as induction and this is probably the same as resonance.

(4) The human field can also exert a mechanical influence and move things about by what is known as Psychokinesis. The power of this human field, possibly linked with the static field of the earth, may be far greater than anyone has suspected.

(5) All the faculties, commonly known as Psi by the workers in psychical research, may be thought of as being attributes of the electro-magnetic field, which belongs to each human body. They are manifestations of a sixth sense, external to the material body, which needs no eyes, nose, mouth, ears, nor hands to operate it.

(6) None of these faculties need necessarily have any direct relationship with the spirits of persons no longer living on the earth plane. This possible relationship has not as yet been touched on in our investigation.

(7) There is no reason for thinking that any of these faculties are in any way incompatible with Christian belief, even if they run contrary to some existing dogma. They do in fact assist in attesting the validity of events reported in the Gospels.

This may seem to be a remarkable collection of hypotheses to have emerged from so trivial an incident as a feeling of creeps in a wood, and I myself had no idea how far I should be led in following the clue. But each point leads on to the next, in what seems to me to be a logical sequence. The easiest way, I find, to do my thinking is to write it down as it comes into my head. I do not start with a theory and search about to find things to confirm it. I begin with the apparent facts and work outwards from them. They in turn lead on to other apparent facts and so the snowball grows.

So far I have found no need for elaborate experiments nor for apparatus. If you see a peregrine falcon knock the head off a grouse in the air, you do not need a mass of experiments in a laboratory to prove that peregrines can knock the heads off grouse. If you are lucky, you may be, as I have been, able to pick the grouse up and to see that there is no head on it, but

only a mangled stump of a neck. You cannot persuade a second grouse to fly up from the heather at the same point the next day; nor arrange for the peregrine to be at hand to kill it. Why anyone should expect Psi phenomena to be any easier to duplicate, I don't know. Presumably, if my idea of the formation of ghosts is anyway near the mark, a short number of productions, by shorting from the static field into the human one, would exhaust the available current and no more ghost would be seen. We have to take our information where we can get it, and if we have a considerable number of reports by reliable witnesses of similar phenomena in other places, it is reasonable to form a classification of these and to say, 'Ghosts do appear in such-like circumstances.' It is just like saying, 'Peregrines do kill grouse.' How many readers of this book have seen this happen? And yet does any reader doubt it? As a matter of fact, I once threw the handle of an entrenching tool at a flying grouse and knocked the bird down. That must be a far rarer occurrence than seeing a ghost. I ought not to have done it of course. It was just some instinctive reaction, born of years of shooting and fishing for the pot.

Chapter Six

PROFESSOR H. H. PRICE has formulated numerous hypotheses with regard to thoughts. He seems to visualize the possibility of their existing in a 'psychic ether' of universal distribution. He also sees the possibility of their becoming independent of the person who thought them into existence. The great thing about Professor Price is that he insists that we ought to be bold and to frame hypotheses, even if they are soon shown to be wrong. This is obviously the right attitude for potential heretics. If people engaged in this study listen to the maunderings of those who can only believe in things which they can weigh and measure, they will get no way at all. For how can you weigh or measure a thought? You cannot do anything of that sort with it at all. Each thought is entirely itself and conforms to no particular rules. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth and no man can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.' So is it with thoughts. Each person has his own and they are unique to him, even if some do conform to regular patterns of reactions. Professor Price seems to regard them as forces, or potential forces. So do I. Thought has power, even if this is employed through the medium of physical action.

More important perhaps than this is his idea that thoughts can become detached, become something which resembles a separate entity and remain even after the person who originated them is dead. He postulates an unknown, a psychic ether for them to exist in. Here I do not agree with him. I can see no need for this psychic ether. I think that we have the necessary containers for them already in the static fields. In particular there is the great Ge-field of the earth. This is everywhere and all-pervading. Is it not much easier to make use of these fields in our arguments than to postulate something which is both unknown and unnecessary if the fields can serve its purpose?

Of course I do not know whether they can; neither apparently does anyone else. But if I have reasoned correctly up to now, and I have certainly not enough faith in myself to believe I have, then our fields can do all the things for thoughts which Professor Price's ether is expected to do. Furthermore, it is clearly possible to learn a lot more about these fields by scientific methods.

I am absolutely unable to understand the pessimistic and materialistic attitude of so many other apparently sensible men. Why do they not wish to believe in E.S.P.* and all that goes with it? Are they so conceited that they think they know all that there is to know; or are they so miserable in their present lives that they fear anything which might possibly teach them that they might have to do another spell at the wheel? Perhaps it is like my grandfather, an otherwise intelligent man, although he was sent down from Oxford for dropping champagne bottles on the pavement from a window behind dons to make them jump. He was heard to remark, in the early days of investigations into such matters, that 'Nothing will induce me to believe that there are such things as microbes. They are not in the Bible.' Is this the trouble? Is it because E.S.P. is not in the orthodox version of the Darwinian bible? Everything is supposed to have happened by chance, and a multitude of scientists are trying all their working lives to fit this improbable theory into known facts about the Universe. But really this seems a very silly idea. No cosmic explosion, or other hypothetical series of events, ever goes anywhere near to explaining what really happened and is happening all the time. The more that is found out about the Universe, the less probable it appears to be that anything happened by chance.

According to Price, and also in accordance with the ideas which have been emerging slowly in this book, it seems probable that groups, or bundles, of thoughts can be detached from the person who produces them. They can get caught up in something and remain there for an indefinite time. I think this something is an electro-magnetic field; but that is in itself no more than a term for something which we can hardly claim to understand completely. Now let us take the most improbable of all the cases I have described in this book and see whether it can be fitted into the theory:

* Extra-Sensory Perception.

On the top of Ladhair bheinn (Fig. 11), ten miles distant from the point on Isle Ornsay from which I drew this sketch, somewhere in the hollow between two twin peaks, something appeared to want to speak to me and put the words 'Please yourself' into my head. This sounds quite absurd. Of course the poor fellow must have been suffering from delusions. But there is a perfectly normal situation in which these words might well have been spoken. In hot summer weather the flies often drive the deer from the lower ground up on to the high peaks—Ladhair Bheinn is 3,343 feet high. On the tops, the wind does something to keep the scourge of the deer-fly off the beasts. Therefore if you wish to shoot a stag in this kind of weather, you have to do so high up in the hills. Let us picture two men, one a stalker and the other a guest from Inverie House, crawling over the rough ground on top of Ladhair bheinn towards a low ridge. As they near its crest, the stalker stops for a moment and draws a rifle from its waterproof case. The guest is in a state of very great excitement. He has what is known as 'stag fever', in the throes of which he can probably hardly hold the rifle steady. The two men reach the crest of the ridge with the breeze in their faces. The stalker slips the rifle into the hands of the guest, for a little below them, and only perhaps seventy-five yards away, two fine stags are feeding with their watchful hinds beyond. 'Which shall I take?' hisses the guest in a whisper which carries a long way. 'Please yourself,' grunts the stalker, contemptuously, for he has exercised great skill in bringing this stupid man within shot of the stags; the man has almost ruined the whole stalk, and will probably miss the beast when he does fire. This is the kind of situation which could have forced the stalker's words from the mind of the excited guest into the oread-field of the mountain-top. Or at any rate it is a perfectly possible suggestion. Then at some unknown time later, or even perhaps before the stalk actually took place, I came to the spot, wet to the skin and somewhat tired by the climb after weeks cramped in a boat. My potential at the moment would undoubtedly have been lower than normal and so the thought, held in the oread-field, leaked back again into my psyche-field.

Of course I have not the slightest idea that this is what really happened. I am only writing this to show that the whole apparently impossible business can be explained by the use of this

kind of reasoning. One has to have a certain background of knowledge before one can even begin to think some of these occurrences out. Had I never had a rifle pushed into my hand by a stalker, and never been taught anything about deer, there is no reason why I should ever have been able to form any suggestion at all. The whole matter seemed completely inexplicable to me, until I started to think it out in the light of what appears to be developing from this study. Twenty-eight years after this event, I began to see what could have happened.

One wonders how many other people have thought they were suffering from liver or overwork because they happened to encounter a situation of this kind. If, however, we accept the idea that these static fields can become temporary homes for bundles of thoughts, many phenomena which are at present regarded as being tricks of the subconscious mind can be explained. One can also see how the resulting experience of a person who had a bundle of thoughts induced in his psyche-field, might differ considerably from the original cause. The thought bundle might mix with those in his own field and produce an apparent effect quite different from the original. A combined bundle might be constructed of which the component parts might be very difficult to identify.

This is no easy study. Even if the mechanics of the matter can be understood, a most complicated jigsaw may remain. It is therefore necessary to cut away unnecessary features. No real need occurs for anyone to spend his lifetime in proving things which very many people know to exist. You cannot easily prove the possibility of sight to a community which has been born without it. It is far better to accept your facts and work from them, until enough has been learnt to enable working theories to be formed, just as the physicist deduces his protons and neutrons and works from that.

Once one grasps the idea put forward by Bergson that the brain is only a filter, or, as I suggested in *Ghost and Ghoul*, a kind of resistance in an electric circuit, the range of possibilities lengthens greatly. If you have a filter, or a resistance, somebody wants to use it for a purpose. At once you arrive at something more important than the brain. Beyond the brain we appear to have a psyche-field, in which the thought bundles are stored. Still we have not reached the limit. Outside the psyche-field

there must be something else again, the mind which wants to use the thought bundles which have been collected. This mind is presumably the real you and there seems to be no valid reason for thinking that it need be deeply worried or distressed if something breaks the filter, or shorts the resistance, and the whole body goes out of action.

This brings us to the point at which we must take some account of the question of the survival of personality after death; a matter which has been believed in by the bulk of mankind for so long that the knowledge of how the idea began is not likely to be discovered. The only reason why this idea ever seems to have been doubted appears to be that an intensive study of matter shows that it all ultimately disintegrates. But if we are something outside matter, this study of it has little bearing on the subject at all. It is the conviction that there can be no mind without a brain which leads to the whole of materialism. Our study, quite disregarding all the elaborately collected information on the subject, appears to show that the mind must be something absolutely external to the brain and only linked to it by an electro-magnetic field. Of course the determined materialist will be able to wriggle round this conclusion by some quibble; but to the ordinary person the answer seems difficult to avoid. The mind must be something at present quite beyond the range of scientific investigation. It is something which uses the brain to filter information to it by way of the psyche-field. There would appear to be no reason why a particular mind should not wear out a number of brains and change them like razor blades, when it had done with them. According to many religions, Hindu, Buddhist, Druidic and Christian until A.D. 550, this is what is believed to happen.

But, once you remove the brain, which is apparently used to lower the normal rate of the mind to deal with the low vibrations of this earthly level, the mind, at a much higher rate, presumably might have some considerable difficulty in remaining in touch with earthly matters, until such time as it might be provided with a new one. This would surely explain the very great trouble experienced by the experimenters of a generation ago in deciding whether the facts, which they appeared to be getting through sensitives and automatic writing, really indicated that they were getting in touch with friends who had died,

or not. Although there are frequent references in the published scripts, apparently obtained from such persons as Frederick Myres and Edmund Gurney after their deaths, that there was great difficulty in the process of communicating with their friends on earth, it was not appreciated in what this difficulty lay. But if we are working on the right lines in this book, the difficulty must have been one of finding a substitute for the brain's resistance. Myres and Gurney were living at a much higher rate of vibration to that of their friends and when they managed to reduce their vibrations by some method, which they do not seem able to explain, they felt vague and somewhat incoherent. There was the added difficulty that they apparently thought and talked in such pronounced academic terms that the sensitives seldom knew what they were talking about and it tired them to reproduce it. One has only to look at the Myres Scripts to see that they are largely incomprehensible to ordinary people. One has to try to visualize what may have happened in the light of what we seem to be finding out now. If these scripts really represent communications from Myres, Gurney and the rest, they had to be passed into the psyche-fields of the sensitives. Here there was clearly a possibility that their thought bundles would to some extent become confused with the thoughts already in the psyche-fields of the sensitives. From these fields they emerged by E.S.P., Psi, or whatever you like to call it, as words, either by actual speech, or automatic writing. All through the scripts there is evidence of intense strain, difficulty and irritation on the part of Myres and Gurney, which, apart from the contents of the scripts themselves, makes it most probable that they did originate from those authors. The scripts, with their difficult classical allusions and cross-correspondence through several different sensitives, are almost impossible to doubt. In fact it seems pretty well as certain as anything can be that Myres and Gurney did show that their minds not only survived death, but retained the learning they had obtained during their earthly lives. Other scripts obtained later appear to tell exactly the same story. For the purposes of our argument we will assume that minds of people who have died survive this event. I have quoted my own brief experiences with persons apparently on a different plane of existence in *Ghost and Ghoul* and shall not repeat them here;

except to say that I was unable to find any theory to account for what I observed, other than the probability that I had talked to someone who was no longer living on this plane. Since that time I have only had one experience of a curious nature which, although it may have only been some kind of trick on the part of my subconscious mind, may be worth putting on record. About a week before Easter in 1959 our Branscombe vicar called at the house and asked if I would do something for him. Being rather silly in this way, I do not like refusing people, so with some nervousness, I said that I would if I could. The request surprised me. He wanted me to make a model of the Holy Sepulchre, one of Mary Magdalene and a couple of apostles for something he called an Easter Garden in the church. I said I was not used to making anything of the kind and that he had not given me long to do it, but I would try. In the end I managed to produce something which looked rather like an Irish pigsty and a figure of Mary Magdalene made out of plaster of paris. To my surprise the vicar was pleased with the performance and asked me to repeat it with more figures the following year. Unfortunately Mary had been kept in the damp and never had a chance to set hard. She had fallen to pieces.

I started in time in 1960 and cut a small model of a Romano-Jewish tomb out of a lump of Beer stone, which is only hard chalk. I did Mary Magdalene in the same way and painted her up. I did not feel interested in apostles. The idea of carving beards did not appeal. I did think, however, that it would be interesting to try to carve an angel. I carved a kind of fifteenth-century angel covered with feathers. He was about ten inches high and I made him resting his hands on a long Roman cavalry sword. When I got to his face, I stuck. I felt it was quite impossible to put one of those round cherubic faces on him. Angels could not possibly be like that. What could they be like? I was sitting in a chair in the drawing-room, with the figure in one hand and the scalpel in the other, idly turning over the problem in my mind, when a strange thing happened. I found myself apparently looking straight into the face of a man, about a yard away from mine. He was extremely clear and in colour. He was grinning at me in a friendly way. I could see every detail of his face. His eyes were dark brown and twinkling. His face was very weather-beaten, bronzed and wrinkled. His

hair was wavy, brown streaked with grey. The chin was long and firm and the mouth that of a man used to exerting discipline, but full of fun. I had no doubt I was looking at the face of a veteran soldier and probably one used to high command. There was absolutely nothing sanctimonious or 'angelic' about him. I might have been looking into the face of a corps commander of the Desert Army.

Whatever had happened, it was a delightful experience. I felt it would have given me the greatest pleasure to have been able to listen to him talking. 'If that is an angel,' I thought to myself a few moments after, when the face had vanished, 'then I am on their side, and to hell with the monkeys.' I did my best to reproduce what I had seen on my stone figure, but it was a poor effort.

Now I have not the slightest idea what happened. After experiments with psychometry, which I described in *Ghost and Ghoul*, I am certain that pictures can be made up in our own subconscious minds. It is possible that my subconscious made this face up as a result of complaints it had been getting that angels did not have round baby faces. I had never thought of angels as really existing in any case. I looked on them as mythological creations similar to jinns and affrits. But if this picture did not come from my subconscious mind, but was something induced into my psyche-field from outside, then it certainly was nothing like the ordinary conception of an angel. This was the face of a man, and a fine character too. To look at him was to like him instantly. I find it very hard to believe that he was not real and I had a fancy too that he had lived on earth a long time ago. He was the sort of man one might expect to have served under Theodosius in the Great Pict War of about A.D. 370. Perhaps the fact that I had put a Roman sword into the hands of my carved figure, may have been responsible for the whole thing. One just does not know the answer. If this had happened in the Middle Ages, it would have been accepted instantly as a vision. When it happens today, it is regarded as a delusion. The answer is probably somewhere in between the two extremes. The incident itself, however, is an observed fact, and facts must have an explanation. This was no dream, or anything of that nature. I was wide-awake and busy at the time.

I have therefore had at least two experiences which suggest

the possibility that personalities of people who have lived on earth may be able to communicate with those still here. In neither case was I completely convinced; but both times my reaction was that the experience was genuine.

In the first of these cases I appeared to converse, on two occasions, with somebody on a higher level than my own. In the second case I seemed to see one. On each occasion my observation may have been faulty and I may have missed some obvious piece of evidence which might have led me to a different conclusion. Had there been no other evidence but mine, I should never have trusted my own and I am not certain of it now. But there is a wealth of other evidence, which would carry conviction in any other subject. That from the Myres Scripts, for instance, seems almost impossible to refute and much else of a similar nature is in the same category. We can surely use this evidence to form theories; even if we are not absolutely convinced that the matter is proved. As it happens hardly any ideas of science, or anything else, remain constant. Things, which were proved for one generation, are reversed by the next. An Einstein comes along and upsets all the theories which were accepted before. Even in my lifetime, I have seen the ideas of many famous men go whistling down the wind and this will go on happening as long as mankind remains inquisitive. Should it cease to want to find things out, the world would congeal into the conditions of the ants' nest.

We will take as our hypothesis then that men as a whole are not extinguished by death. In so doing, we disregard the opinions of those who have a dogmatic belief that matter is everything, and that all life is an accident. Neither do we listen to those who tell us that God has told them exactly what He wants done. But we are justified in contending that an incredible and immense thing, which the Universe is, could hardly have been created by accident and that therefore it must have been done for a purpose.

We are surely not justified in thinking that the tiny men on one minute planet are the only entities who know why it was all created. We do not know why we are here at all and nobody ever told us. There have been nearly as many guesses as there have been men, and doubtless would have been just as many were it not for the regrettable fact that some people never

seem to think at all. Very well then, we do not know why the Universe was created; neither do we know why man was created, but we can assume that it was for a purpose. The only purpose which seems in the least probable is that it was to collect information. That is to store up bundles of thought impressions for the use, not only of our minds, but for that of some much greater entity. We have been sent down into the dense world of matter, with our normal rate of vibration reduced by the brain to one compatible with that of matter as a whole. And while in this world of matter, each of us explores it and stores up his impressions in his psyche-field, from which they are presumably taken out by the mind when it needs them. We might think from this that the plan at the back of it all could be to train people to deal with a denser medium, with a view to more permanent settlement in it. When men had reached a certain stage of mental development, the experimental period might end and the material world, with perhaps others of a similar kind, become a permanent home for people who did not die. This is, of course, supposition unwarranted by any facts and it is probably wrong. But we are entitled to speculate in this way, for we are provided with a thinking machine to do it with. If you have such a thinking machine, you are presumably intended to use it, and who is to say that your machine is either better or worse than anybody else's? Certainly not an examiner for the eleven-plus, nor the Tripos, nor yet the Pope and all his cardinals. Nobody knows the answer; yet we all want to know it.

Although this is an extremely uncomfortable situation for us to be in, yet we can infer something from it. It is presumably part of the plan that we should live our lives in a state of uncertainty, in order to stop us relapsing into a condition of laziness in which we might be too comfortable to go on with the job of collecting thought impressions for our minds. Uncertainty is probably a spur to mental activity, and, if so, all the theorists planning brave new worlds might keep their ideas in their own heads, for they will never be permitted to come to pass. The making of a new world is not for them. Somebody much more important will see to it. This indeed appears to be the case. The more men try to manage other people's lives to fit their own ideas of how the world should be run, the worse it

gets. Since the war more than a million people murdered in India to suit political fancies was a pretty bad beginning and it has gone on ever since. No one causes more misery than a materialistic political idealist, for he can see nothing beyond matter.

How does this idea that the mind of man, his spirit, if it is the same thing, survives material death fit into our original problem? If man does survive, does he produce ghosts? I think this could only be assumed if he retained his psyche-field. Then of course it could be employed like the field of someone living on the earth plane. Here we get into the usual difficulties with technical terms, which are the bane of many studies. The information found in the various reports, apparently derived from the next world, suggests that man consists of three coexisting bodies. These are, in the usual terminology of today, known as the earthly body, the aetheric body and the astral body. The aetheric is usually thought of as being a kind of double of the earthly body and discarded with it shortly after death. It is spoken of sometimes as a kind of husk. The astral body is the one used on the next plane. We might be justified in thinking that the aetheric husk is the same thing as the psyche-field. The astral body apparently becomes a new home for the mind. It is said to resemble our present body in detail, but without blemishes. As far as one can judge from the reports, however, the aetheric body, or psyche-field, is not attached to it.

If this is so, there would be no obvious connection between the two planes of existence; unless the mind in the astral body is provided with a new psyche-field. But it is still a mind and since on earth it can use a psyche-field for its purposes, it seems possible that it could do so telepathically with earth fields once it had lowered the rate of vibration of its astral body. This is probably a matter of some difficulty and helps to explain the trouble apparently experienced by Myres and Gurney in trying to communicate with their friends on earth. It seems probable that if this could be done, the astral people could put thought pictures into the psyche-fields of earth people and so make them see ghosts. But they would not perhaps be able to put pictures of themselves, but only of others they knew well. If this is right, then ghosts produced from the astral plane would be relatively rare. Most ghosts are produced from people

living on this earth; although they may be seen long after, or long before, their actual death. This would hold good for any kind of haunting. However, there would be a short period, if the accounts of the getting rid of the aetheric body are correct, during which the dead person could still use his psyche-field to induce thoughts telepathically to other earth fields and these might be in the form of thought pictures, or just thoughts alone. This probably explains the very large number of instances of dead persons being seen as ghosts within a few hours of actual death. After that, when the aetheric double had been cast off, it would evidently be much more difficult. It is a widespread belief, all over the world, that dead persons remain in the vicinity of their bodies for two or three days after death. This is the time reported by Myres as being required to get rid of the aetheric body before starting life on the astral plane. In other words, when the psyche-field has been disconnected, it is improbable that you will often get ghosts produced by persons no longer living here. Ghosts can certainly not be used as arguments in favour of survival by the personality. It is fortunate therefore that there are other and better arguments in favour of this hypothesis.

Looked at the other way round, the answer as to whether ghosts come from this world or the next is much the same. People here are living on one rate of vibration damped down from their much higher real one by the brain acting as a resistance. It should therefore be relatively easy for their psyche-fields to act as receiving sets for projections on a similar wavelength. On the other hand, their receiving sets are most unlikely to have a wide enough range to pick up projections from the higher level of vibration. It is unusual, but by no means unique, for them to be able to do so. Some sensitives apparently can do this; but the fact that they do so suggests that some persons on the higher plane are able to put resistances into their system. This in itself might be expected to damp down their general level of intelligence, from the higher plane to the lower, and lead to confused and woolly thinking. Only a personality with considerable training in the art could be expected to communicate easily between the two planes. This would account for the strange things often recorded by sensitives. Not only would there be interference from their own subconscious thoughts in

their own psyche-field; but the mind of the person trying to communicate would often be very muzzy. It would be trying to talk in the condition we are sometimes in after being given a strong drug. Your mind seems half-asleep and you say silly things over which you have no control. This seems to me to be a much more likely explanation of the phenomena than the deliberate fraud, which is so often assumed. Fraud, of course, was very common at one time and may be so still; but it does not account for the apparent silliness. This seems much easier to account for by assuming that the person, who wishes to communicate from a higher level of vibration, is more or less drugged by an unaccustomed resistance. In such a case he would neither be able to grasp the full point of the questions, nor answer them with full control over what he was saying. I take the very silliness of much that is communicated by sensitives to be an added reason for thinking that what they say may be coming from people on a higher plane.

However, if there is another plane, and people on this plane do wish to communicate with ours, I have twice talked for a considerable time with an entity who had completely mastered the art of using a sensitive in a trance as his mouthpiece. But such entities are, I think, completely distinct from ghosts. They are presumably what are usually known as spirits; but what I prefer to think of as minds on another plane.

I find the term spirit impossible to distinguish from the term soul and I have yet to find a churchman who could tell me which was which. We seem to agree with the church's view that man consists of three parts. The church calls them body, soul and spirit. The parapsychologists, the students of psychical research, call them material body, aetheric body and astral body. But all clergymen I have talked to seem to regard soul and spirit as much the same. I see no reason why we should be confined to either of these two classifications and I prefer to use the one we have been trying out in this book, namely a division into body, psyche-field and mind. All these three classifications are probably identical; in which case the psyche-field is the equivalent of the aetheric body and of the soul. The soul then would be an electro-magnetic field containing all the thoughts, memories and ideas formed by a man during his lifetime. The mind, or spirit, on the other hand, might have the products of

more than one lifetime's experience at its command. This is what we learn from the Myres communications. People on his astral plane lead more than one life. They do not apparently lead more than about three under normal conditions, and do not have to follow the remorseless wheel of life of the Buddhists. Instead they move up to a still higher plane where they exchange all the information they require with a number of similar minds all linked to what Myres called a Group Soul. This exchange of information sounds similar to, but much more developed than, the exchange of bundles of thoughts, which appears to occur as telepathy between two psyche-fields. One might think then, that perhaps a mind, or spirit, is an entity formed by the conjunction of two or three psyche-fields, each of which represents the fruits of one life on earth.

This idea is of course contrary to generally accepted Christian beliefs today, but it was not always so. For over five hundred years the church in Egypt taught a belief in reincarnation and only by considerable propaganda did the ideas of the Roman church prevail. Reincarnation was then declared anathema and superseded by a belief that souls were born in sin and had to be redeemed. I do not think that we need pay much attention to the second belief. It seems very improbable that a soul should start brand new and yet be loaded with guilt. If children are born in sin, they must obviously have had a previous life to do their sinning in. It does not seem probable either that a soul should start from scratch and then go on for ever. If it goes on for ever, it has also gone on for an infinite time before. Here again we come up against the time problem and this is at present impossible to understand.

In the last forty years or so I have on many occasions, and never in the spirit of faith, listened to the foretellings of the future by 'wise women' of many types. With the one exception, and that was some fashionable soothsayer my mother took me to as a small boy, they have invariably foretold some future events in my life with considerable accuracy. I am not the kind of person who can be taken in by 'You will meet a lovely dark woman and marry her.' I look out for small points and remember them. I discussed this at some length in *Ghost and Ghoul* and shall not do so again. As far as I can see from critical observation, the future can be foretold in minute detail. If I had been

to one of these women in the last five years, I should not have been surprised if she had foretold that on the 3rd of March 1962 I should see a small flock of twelve Ruffs feeding on a meadow beside the A.35 near the Axe at Colyford. This kind of thing is foretold and is much more impressive than forecasts of more important events. I have been told, for instance, during the last war, that I should soon have a job connected with a crown and a 4. Being in a Naval Reserve, it was rather a surprise to become a major in a fourth battalion in about a year's time. It would be easy enough for somebody who is fond of statistics to find out the percentage of people who have had, say, a dozen events in their future lives foretold correctly. The percentage would be high and from an orthodox viewpoint it cannot occur. But it does occur. Professor J. B. Rhine's experiments and those of G. N. M. Tyrell and Dr. Soal all produced evidence of a statistical kind, which, however boring the tests must have been to those taking part in them, is nevertheless the kind of evidence which scientific minds find easier to accept than more obvious facts, known since the beginning of the human race by a large proportion of its members. So here we are, faced with a situation which cannot exist in ordinary earth time. The future does exist in some other time scale, although it may not do so in ours. But if it does exist, where is your materialistic world? In that, event always follows its cause. But if the event can be shown to have happened before its cause has taken place, the whole materialistic idea has gone. It is as out of date as the dodo and ought to be as dead. We have got to find a new idea to fit the observed fact, or everything becomes insane.

One idea is that astral time has a wider range than earth time and that sensitives can gatecrash into the astral time scale. This is hard to understand and, if true, the astral range is so much greater than ours that events can be foretold years ahead. Another theory suggests that there is no time. If this were true, there could be no sequence of events and everything happens at once. Presumably, on this theory, the Flood and the End of the World are both happening as you read this. But you obviously could not read it as all the words would arrive in your mind at once. This idea appears to be pure, unadulterated chaos. I know what I should call it in ordinary seamanlike language.

Some say that there are innumerable time scales, one inside

the other, like one of those carved ivory Chinese balls, which I have always aspired to make and have never had the courage to try. Although this is probably true, and every species may well have its own time scale, it does not help with our problem. We are dealing with one species, the erroneously termed *Homo sapiens*. There was Dunne's theory, in which minds could apparently register events a little ahead and astern of their true position on the chart. This is really much the same as saying that astral time differs from ours by having a wider range.

There are variants of all these ideas and I do not feel satisfied by any of them. But there is also the eastern law of Karma. In this law there is complete justice in the way the world is ruled. Everything that a man does has its appropriate reaction, whether it be by thought, or deed. But this law presupposes that man has more lives than one. He works out his destiny through these various lives, and the law being impersonal and immutable, he gets his true deserts. If Elijah murders the prophets of Baal, then, as John the Baptist, who is supposed to have been the reincarnation of Elijah, both by the Hindus and the early Christians, he gets his head chopped off by Herod. This law of Karma is extremely well thought out. It explains all the inequalities apparent in human life on earth. Man may not reap the results of his thoughts and actions in one life; but, as he has several lives, he will do so in the end. You can work out your Karma, and change the ill-effects by good actions, but it takes a long time. This does not itself explain the peculiarities we have observed with time. The law may operate down to the smallest detail, but why should it place a dozen Ruffs for me to see at a given time and a given place, or any other external triviality you may care to think of? The theory of Karma is far the best idea so far put forward to explain the inequalities of human life; but it needs something more. We have got to get ourselves used to the idea that the causes of events may lie in the future and not only in the past. This needs a way of looking at things, which few of us have begun to think about. But if the future can be foretold, this must be the case. The future is there already, with its actions already performed. Myres speaks of the book in which everything is written down and how the dwellers on the planes above the earthly one can look at it and see the unpleasant future in store for us all.

Oh well, the future may be grim, but there are always bright patches in any situation. The great trouble in the life of Louis XIV's French aristocracy, who probably lived more cultured and comfortable existences than any other section of humanity at any time, was boredom. This drove them so desperate that they picked quarrels, and tried to kill each other in duels, simply to relieve the monotony. There is little consolation in living protected lives, with plenty of money, beautiful homes, lovely furniture, gorgeous clothes, luxurious food, wonderful love affairs and all the rest of it, if you cannot go out when you feel like it and listen to the piping of the curlews on the mudflats, or the surf booming on the reefs. So let us not worry about what is written in the book of the future and get back to our inquiry about time. This may seem a dull subject; but somewhere in the puzzle is the clue to the whole meaning of life.

In *Ghost and Ghouls* I tried out an idea, which came to me in the years between the Kaiser's War and Hitler's War. Judging by letters I have had, it was not entirely stupid. This was that we might not be living a real life at all; but looking at a kind of cinema film in which much was added to make it more realistic than the ordinary man-made affair. If this were so, it would explain all this business of being able to foresee events long before they happened. On a cinema film you can do this. You can unroll the reel of film, when it is not in actual use, and look at pictures a long way ahead: or you can unroll it the other way and see shots of the past. If by any chance this idea is anywhere near the truth, then Karma is the producer who makes your next film and Karma is perhaps the entity who collects your psyche-field when you die and uses what he finds in it to make the picture. You yourself, your mind if you like, can wander off, while your new film is being made, and enjoy yourself, or make yourself useful, on the astral plane, which is known to churchmen as Heaven. This is probably a fantastic idea and perhaps even shocking to some worthy people; but can anyone think out a more plausible suggestion? After trying very hard, for a great number of years, I have not been able to think of anything which seems to take in all the known information better than this.

However, there is one piece of information which we have learnt which may run contrary to the suggestion which I have

just made. There seems to be good evidence that bundles of thoughts can split off from the psyche-field and join up with another field. It could mean that these particular bundles become lost and played no subsequent part in the Karma process. This may not be as important as it looks, for only a part of the main body of thought may be thrown off on such an occasion, while the bulk of it remains in the psyche-field. Once again I must stress that hardly anything is really known by anybody about these matters. Neither the church, nor science, knows the answers. The ones in this book are entirely speculative and moreover I doubt very much whether I am the proper person to make them. I do, however, occupy a midway position and would very much like to see greater co-operation between the two. They are by no means so independent of one another as they seem to be. Each has collected a great mass of information, but each needs the help of the other to interpret it. Of all the peoples in the world, we are the one which is most accustomed to finding ways of agreement between two contesting factions. If any country is to persuade religious men and scientists to work together for one end, Britain is the one to do it. Of course dogmatic ideas on both sides would have to go. Materialism is on the way out on one side already.

Chapter Seven

WE have been dealing almost entirely with human ghosts and trying to find an explanation of why and how they happen. However, I have paid some little attention to the numerous ghosts which are seen of dogs; although I leave this problem as a whole to Miss Theo Brown, who has a great bulk of material collected and is studying it. However, there is another class of phenomena which needs our attention. This is the vexed and very controversial question of monsters. Are there such things; and, if there are, do they represent living animals, or are they of the same general nature as ghosts?

Monsters, particularly water monsters, play a large part in folk-lore. Some authorities believe them to be the result of tribal folk memories, derived from different lands a long time ago. The mammoth is called in to explain land monsters and the hippopotamus or the crocodile to account for water monsters. I do not think we need trouble ourselves here with land monsters. The Barguest comes under the heading of Miss Brown's Black Dogs. But the water monsters need some consideration, particularly since there has been a crop of books recently published on the subject.

Professional zoologists normally account for all manifestations of water monsters by assuming faulty observation on the part of the very large number of persons who claim to have seen them. This infuriates the observers, who are frequently most reliable people. A great deal turns on the value of testimony. I have not been very fortunate in my experience of this. As far as the ordinary English countryman's reliability in observation of archaeological matters is concerned, the testimony is often extremely bad. Memory plays tricks with facts imperfectly noted at the time. This is even true of highly educated

people. I have mentioned this in another work; but I think I ought to do so again.

More than thirty years ago, I was making an attempt to locate a place called Alrehede, or Alreheche, in the Fens near Ely. This was recorded in a chronicle, *De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis*, as being the site at which William the Conqueror attempted to storm the Isle of Ely. The island at that time (A.D. 1070) was being held against him by the Anglo-Saxons under Herward (Hereward). Alrehede was assumed to be the modern Aldreth; although this is probably not correct. It was, I think, a place called Braham Dock today, and close to the city of Ely itself. Anyway I was digging trial trenches round Aldreth High Bridge over the Old West River in the hope of finding some of William's men, who were believed to have been drowned at this place.

While we were at work in the deep peat, which smelt abominably in particularly hot weather, a man came to watch us and volunteered the information that he had himself seen the skeleton of a man in armour, on the skeleton of his horse, dug up at this spot. In confirmation he added that the man had a gold ring on his finger with a red stone in it. You could hardly have had a more exact statement. Nevertheless it was completely incorrect and caused me to waste a lot of time and trouble. I solved it in the end, but more by good luck than anything else. What the man actually had seen was the discovery of a hoard of Roman bronze objects at a place in the fen called Hempsalls, about a mile distant from Aldreth High Bridge. Among the objects found were three, not one, little bronze figures of Roman soldiers on horses. They were a little smaller than the normal size for lead toy soldiers today. They were actually on view in a case in the Cambridge Museum. Beside them in the case was a Roman gold finger ring with a red stone set in it. It had been found at a place called Sea Mills in Bristol.

Obviously the man was telling what he believed to be the truth. He had seen something dug up in the same general area as Aldreth Bridge. He had seen the display case in the museum. Then, after a passage of many years, he had confused it all in his memory with the story he had probably read in Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*.

A second case was not unlike the first. I had been walking over the site of a Romano-British village on part of what is now the Lakenheath airfield. There I happened to pick up a little pottery face, which had come from a well-known type of Roman jug. On my return home I showed it to my foreman digger. 'Ah,' he said. 'Brusher Ward found a lot of them things. They was all standing round one of the springs in the water-cross beds at Black Peak.' This sounded so like a case of offerings to the naiad of the spring that it had to be followed up. It took a long time to locate Brusher Ward and he was on his death-bed when he was found. He did not want to talk; but that famous old Cambridgeshire antiquary, Dr. W. M. Palmer, coaxed the secret out of him. Brusher Ward had indeed found something interesting at the springs; but it was not a set of Roman face-urns. He had found a medieval box-wood knife handle with the figure of a mendicant friar carved on it. It was in the museum and I knew it well. I figured it in *Merlin's Island*.

The third case concerned Dr. Palmer himself. The huge early Roman barrows, the Bartlow Hills, were excavated about a hundred years ago by using trained miners to drive adits into the central burial chambers. The tunnels were quite straight and so correctly laid out that they hit the small central burials in each case. There was a story current, however, that the mounds also covered the bodies of men killed in the battle of Assingdon in A.D. 1016, for some people believed that the battle had been fought at Ashdon nearby and not near the Thames at all. There was even a tale that someone had looked out of a window and seen a ghostly battle being waged in the paddock. The true site of this battle now appears to have been many miles from the Bartlow Hills; but at the time I am writing about we did not know this.

One evening, the late Jim Brocklebank, who had himself been trained in Roman archaeology by 'the learned Shrumphius' as Professor Haverfield was called at Oxford, rang me up and told me that a deep pit had appeared in the top of one of the Bartlow Hills and he thought I ought to come over and look at it. Taking Dr. Palmer with us we went to look. Two nightjars were sitting in the pit when we got there, the only ones I ever saw in the Cambridge district; although that has nothing to do with the story. It was obvious that the top of the mound had for eighty

years or so been slowly settling into the tunnel beneath. Dr. Palmer, however, who lived at Linton nearby, told us that the local children used to be able to get into the tunnel and had frequently brought him human bones, which they had found in it. We decided that this was a good opportunity for testing whether the Assingdon battle-burials were really in the mounds or not. Therefore with great labour and in very hot summer weather, we cut a great quadrant out of the mound. The Bartlow Hills are not like ordinary barrows, but great flat-topped conical hillocks. At the bottom of our quadrant we found one beer bottle. We were rather cross. 'Uncle Palmer,' we said, 'how often did children really bring you human bones out of these Hills?' He thought deeply for a moment and then replied that he thought they really had brought him some bones once.

It is clear from these instances that memory, even trained memory, does play tricks. How does it affect those who spend their lives in hill country, farming, fishing, or shooting? In my experience, hill farmers, stalkers, keepers, ghillies and fishermen never forget what they saw, nor where it was seen. They observe automatically and preserve the memory. They have to do so, or else they would never be able to return to the right places on land or on the water. The most reliable of all is the sea fisherman, for his livelihood and even his life depend on being able to locate exactly where he is on the water, where the fish feed, and where the rocks and shoals are. A fisherman will remember the way into a harbour, full of invisible reefs, after an absence of fifty years. He must also be able to judge the weather and to do this he must study and remember signs he sees in the sky in minute detail. I am not bad at these arts myself and know what I am talking about. I think the Highlander or sea fisherman's testimony is of quite a different order to that of the plainsman or townsman. Anyone whose work, or pleasure, takes him much into the wild hills, or on the sea, has to be a good observer and to remember what he observes.

The first time I remember hearing talk about monsters was in the year following the Kaiser's War. We were told that there was one in a little loch up in the hills to the east of the head of Loch Melfort in Argyll. I cannot say that anyone was much impressed by the news, and we frequently spent the day catching trout from a boat without the slightest qualm. Since

that time I have heard a great deal about monsters, both by sea and land. The belief in them cannot easily be shaken by learned statements that they do not exist.

One day, about thirty years ago, when somewhere off Rudha Arisaig, I remarked to my old friend, John M. Robertson, who came from Harrabol in Skye, 'John, what is this water-horse?' 'Boss,' he answered, deeply shocked, 'you must never mention that aboard ship, it might come.' And that was all he would ever say about it, although we were shipmates for many years. I was not particularly impressed, for he was a firm believer in fairies. Obviously the water-horse could be invoked by the magic of mentioning its name.

However, on another occasion I did get what I take to be an important clue to part of the question out of John by accident. We were anchored near the head of Loch na Beiste, near Kyle Akin in Skye. There was, many years earlier, a famous sighting of a sea-serpent, water-horse, or whatever you like to call it, in Loch Alsh, of which Loch na Beiste (the loch of the beast) forms an arm. Happening to remember this, I asked John how Loch na Beiste came to get its name. 'What was the beast, John?' I asked. I expected to be warned not to mention it again, but no. He thought a while, with the young herons grunting in their nests on the cliff which overhangs the anchorage, and then said, 'I mind that, when I was a small boy, an old woman told me that it was a bull with one leg' (Fig. 14). Now of course to the educated landsman this is an absurdity; but it is not so ridiculous as anyone might think. Two points are clear. The first is that the beast was not a water-horse, an each-uisge, but a tarbh-uisge, a much less well-known monster, a water-bull. There are many stories about the tarbh-uisge in Skye, but I have not heard so many elsewhere. It has not taken the fancy of the curious to the same extent as the water-horse and many inquirers confuse the two. They are said to come ashore and father unwanted calves on the cattle grazing there. They are invariably black.

Now our water-bull of Loch na Beiste had one leg. I think I have seen water-bulls. At least I have seen real live beasts which answer to this description. They look like bulls with one leg when swimming and they swim faster than a motor-driven sealing-ship. It is the walrus, the whale-horse of the Norwegians, which looks like a water-bull, and the confusion in names



Fig. 14. The supposed haunt of monsters. Looking out from Loch na Beiste over Loch Alsh. Fishery cruiser *Vaula*, subsequently lost on a rock in the Minch, at anchor.

comes with the Norsemen having settled among the Gaels in the west. But of course no one will believe this for walrus are not seen in Scotland today. Perhaps not. I have not seen one myself, but it is not so many years since a monster was reported on the north-west coast of Skye. It was hunted and killed and then recognized as a walrus. In the first half of the nineteenth century walrus were killed both in the Hebrides and in the Orkneys. We have to remember that a hundred years ago the edge of Greenland sea ice came hundreds of miles further south than it does today. A small iceberg off the coast of Mull is mentioned in the Admiralty *Pilot*. Also walrus have been killed off in greatly increased numbers around Greenland itself. For these reasons walrus are less likely to be seen in the Hebrides today than they were two generations or so ago.

From an archaeological point of view, walrus were known in the Cambridgeshire fens in deposits of later date than the Ice Age. Bones from these fens are in the Sedgewick Museum at Cambridge. Great numbers of carved walrus chessmen were found at Uig in Lewis. These probably date from about the year A.D. 1100 and were perhaps made from Greenland ivory; but a Hebridean origin is not impossible. The chessmen came from several different sets and someone at Uig had probably been carving them there during the winter, in the same way that Norwegian trappers carve ivory knife handles. I have even found a walrus ivory bead in a Norse grave in Skye, with an axe which probably dated from before the Norse settlement in Greenland.

Taking all these points together, it is reasonably certain that the walrus was seen from time to time, through the years, on the west of Scotland. It is a large beast, quite qualifying for the titles of both bull and monster. I have little doubt that the water-bull was a walrus and neither a mythical beast, nor a ghost.

But the water-bull, in spite of the confusion over names, is something quite different from the monsters which are reported from many of the lochs of Scotland and indeed from lakes all over the world. Although people were frightened of the water-bull, they did not fear it to the same extent as the water-horse. This was a killer. Setting aside all the fairy stories about it, which are many and various, here is an extract from a serious work, which seems to have escaped general notice. I have taken

it from Macfarlane's *Geographical Collections*, Vol. II. It comes from a section in the collections entitled 'Ane descriptione of Certain Pairts of the Highlands of Scotland' and is believed to have been written about A.D. 1630. The account is as follows:

In this little countrie there were certaine Inhabitants of certain parts of Lochaber called Lochferin and Mamor forgainst Ardgour. And they did build ane house of timber in one litle Illand which was amongst the mosses next to the principall toune, which they hade in Ardgoure, And the said Inhabitants having this Illand for ane strength house to keep himself and the principall men of his kin and friends from their enemies. They being dwelling there for ane space. It fortunèd on a tyme that ane monstrous beast being in the litle Logh, the most part of the Inhabitants being in the Illand It was overwhelmit and destroyed by that terrible and most fearful Monstrous beast and so they are all perished and devoured.

This dramatic tale is told in all seriousness by its unknown author; but is obviously not true, for the 'himself' of the account was presumably the MacLean of Ardgour and surely the story of his untimely end would be well known elsewhere.

There was also a virulent beast in Loch Lomond and others in Tay, Shiel and Morar; but the one that attracts attention today is the monster, or monsters, who haunts Loch Ness. There are so many reports of the Loch Ness monsters that they cannot be laughed off as the superstitions of Central Africa. Something has been seen, not once, but very many times, and we must accept this as a fact and try to see whether we can make anything of it.

The first point to bear in mind is that, although many of the recent sightings were made by people who were only partially acquainted with looking at objects seen on the water, quite a number were also made by those who were used to seeing things on it all their lives, or very much of them. There is also the objection raised by many professional zoologists that it is difficult to estimate the size of an object seen over water. Indeed it is, but this objection does not hold good if you are looking down on the water. When judging distances over the surface of water, it is usually safe to double your estimate. When looking down, your estimate, if you are any good at judging distances, should be nearly right. Since very many of the sightings were made

from a road fairly high above Loch Ness, it is improbable that any Highlander would have greatly misjudged the size of what he saw. He would certainly not mistake an otter for a beast variously estimated at some thirty to fifty feet long. Neither would he mistake a beast splashing in the water for a line of bubbles; nor for a floating raft of rotting vegetation. The problem is very much like that of ordinary ghosts. The people who see ghosts are perfectly convinced by what they see; even if, as we have reason to think, what they see is in reality a thought picture not seen by the eyes at all. On the other hand, people who have not seen ghosts, or perhaps have not noticed that they saw them, frequently refuse to believe that anyone else ever does so. This incredulity is often a matter of faith with professional scientists. In the case of the monsters, the general belief of those who have seen them, and also of their friends, is that the scientists are half-witted. I must say that I think there is a lot to be said for this view, for testimony by reliable witnesses, which is as good as that which often convicts a man of a crime in a court of law, is dismissed by the bulk of the zoologists as being the vapourings of idiots. The witnesses do not forget the denials that such beasts as the Giant Panda, or the Coelocanth, could exist and considerable indignation is roused by the manner in which they are treated by the type of man who has often been shown to be wrong in the past. Many of the people who live in the Highlands have read the books of that great field naturalist, Abel Chapman, and know how bitterly he used to comment on the men who spent their lives in museums, making new species from the skins and bones of beasts and birds, which he had himself observed all breeding together according to their kind. It seems therefore as if it is the professional zoologists who are on trial, rather than those who have seen monsters in the loch.

The exception to this unfortunate state of affairs is of course Dr. Maurice Burton, who has taken a great deal of trouble over the problem. I was much impressed by his deductions concerning the strange beast seen off the Island of Soay by Mr. Tex Geddes and a friend (see *Illustrated London News*, June 4th, 1960, etc.). On this occasion Mr. Geddes had been a professional fisher of basking sharks in those waters and was well trained in judging sizes and distances over the water. Dr. Burton,

working from Geddes's rough drawings and observations, concluded that what had been seen in the Sound of Soay was a large iguana lizard from South America. This was a fine piece of reconstruction and one can hardly doubt that he was right. Although a length of some seven feet hardly constitutes a monster, yet if the beast had not been seen by a trained observer, but by someone who was not used to judging sizes in such conditions, it might easily have been reported as such. A bull walrus, for instance, which as we have seen is the probable origin of the water-bull story, is often about twelve feet long, although a big one may be fifteen feet. These water-bulls are classed as monsters; but they are very small compared with the estimated sizes of the beasts in Loch Ness. The smaller of these are at times estimated at only twenty feet; but another has been judged by a graticule on field-glasses to be from forty to fifty. Now these are large beasts. Of the common whales, the Lesser Rorqual runs to about thirty feet in length and the Common Rorqual to seventy. Whatever allowance you make for people over-estimating the size of these things, you seem to be getting into the grouping of whales and basking sharks, rather than that of seals and otters. They certainly seem to be far bigger than the ordinary run of motor-boats used for fishing the loch.

Unfortunately I do not think that Dr. Burton has been so happy with his studies of the Loch Ness problem as he was with the Soay one, for none of his suggested explanations appear to pay much heed to the character of the witnesses. I agree with him that such photographs as have appeared from time to time are not impressive; but I do not believe that Highlanders could have been deceived by the explanations he suggests. It is altogether too much to expect one to believe that a Grant of Invermoriston, beside the loch, could be mistaken by a mat of rotting vegetation, a swimming deer, or a string of bubbles, into thinking that he was witnessing some very unusual occurrence. It would be the equivalent of saying that he could not tell a grilse from a halibut. The same thing could be said about many of the observers. They were obviously not the kind of people who could make the astonishing mistakes in observation ascribed to them.

All the same the observation of animals in water is not easy, as anyone who has had much to do with it knows well. All kinds of distortions may occur owing to tricks of light and shade, or

even mirage. I have only once seen something which all of us in the ship hoped might be a sea monster. It was in 1950, on a passage from Gourrock on the Clyde to Ardrishaig at the entrance of the Crinan Canal. After a day of squalls and rain, the wind fell to nothing as we turned into Loch Fyne and we had to motor from there. About five miles south-eastward of Ardrishaig something strange appeared on the surface of the water on our starboard bow. Being unable to make out what it was through the glasses, I altered course a little to go close to it. It was obviously large and had humps and something which waved about slowly. The whole thing seemed to writhe in an unpleasant manner. Until we were quite close to it, at an estimated distance of about seventy-five yards, we were quite unable to decide what this beast was. Then we suddenly made it out. It was a large basking shark, perhaps thirty feet long, awash. Two miles further on we met another claimant to be a monster. Over a glittering silver sea, we saw a tiny black dot ahead. It was clearly not a bird, but again we could not tell what it was till we got within fifty yards of it. Then we saw it was a large otter, lying on its back and playing with a fish. I have seen otters frequently in the sea, and cannot imagine that anyone could take a photograph of one, thinking it was a monster. I have seen them diving off rocks and looking like woolly cats. I have watched them lying on their backs in the sea and tearing up flounders with a noise which could be heard a hundred yards away. I have heard them whistling across the quiet water and met them trotting through the heather on land. Any beast less like a monster than an otter is difficult to think of. Nevertheless they are frequently put forward as an explanation of the phenomena seen in Loch Ness.

Seals have been suggested with rather more plausibility. They are extending their range now that they are rather less persecuted. One windy day, just after the Kaiser's War, I was in a kind of backless cave at the end of the Worm's Head in Gower and looking down into a swirling cauldron of water together with my friend, Humphrey David, who lived not very far away. As we were looking down some three hundred feet or so I suppose, a seal popped up and lay wallowing in the surf. 'Oh, a grey seal,' I said. 'It can't be a grey seal,' said Humphrey. 'I don't think they have ever been recorded down here.'

But it was obviously a grey seal and the forerunner of an invasion. They are now plentiful on the south Welsh coast. Well, I have seen many kinds of seal, both in British waters and in the Arctic. I have watched a grey seal gnawing a huge conger eel, till the sea was red with blood and gulls flew screaming at his head. I have shared a tiny cove in the Blasket Islands with a huge grey seal, which popped up close beside me as I was swimming there naked, and when I looked at its teeth I wondered whether its intentions were entirely honourable. Common seals, grey seals, floe rats, harp seals, blubber noses, I have seen them all and watched them. I have heard the grey seals singing on the Atlantic skerries of the Western Islands and sounding like a male voice choir in a distant chapel. But I really cannot think that anyone could mistake these friendly things for monsters. Certainly no Highlander would do so. Seals probably do frequent Loch Ness at times; they do shamle up the beaches and they do splash about in the water. Otherwise they are little like the many descriptions of whatever it is that haunts the loch. They could get into Loch Shiel and also into Loch Morar, but not into Loch Tay, nor Loch Lomond without a long river passage. It seems to me that we must either assume that there really are unknown animals in these lochs, in lakes in America, Iceland, Siberia, Africa and many other lands, or we must take them to be ghosts; or, as some people maintain, creatures from a low level of the astral plane, which offends our normal senses.

Now I think we can be reasonably certain that the water-bulls were real animals and that they were neither more nor less than the beasts which every child must know from picture books. They were walrus and they may appear again should the thawing of the Polar ice stop. If this is the case, then the probability is that the water-horses, which occupy much the same place in folk-lore, with the addition of a mass of recent observation, are real animals also. This may not be right; but I believe that the observation must be right. If there are no real animals in the lochs, then the observers were seeing ghosts. However, we will try to think what the real animals might be before speculating on the second alternative.

I do not like the idea that the monsters are surviving specimens of dinosaurs, like the crocodiles and lizards are today. The reason is that their structure as observed seems to be much

too flexible for a lizard. These humps of varying numbers argue a very flexible backbone. But I do see the possibility that they might be large amphibians.

As a boy I was very interested in newts, I used to keep tame Smooth-Newts and at one time had a specimen with five legs, two aft, one on the port side forward and two on the starboard side opposite this. But the Triton, or Great Newt, is more like the descriptions of monsters, although it is quite a small creature. Round my home at Finchampstead, in Berkshire, there were several ponds, which contained numerous Tritons. Unless you were interested in the beasts, there was only the remotest chance of ever seeing one. They seldom came to the surface; but you could catch them easily with a baited bent pin on a line. There were dozens at the bottom of each dirty little pool. By chance, you did occasionally see a Triton on the surface of the pond. It lay there awash, with its legs spread out, apparently basking in the sun and asleep. When disturbed, it was off very fast, making quite a wash before it dived out of sight. Sometimes they would sink on an even keel without diving or coming ahead at all.

This behaviour of the Triton seems to me to be exactly like that recorded by eyewitnesses of the behaviour of the monsters in Loch Ness. The Tritons too do take walks ashore and they hibernate in clusters. I have accidentally dug up a ball of Tritons hibernating underground. There were about twenty of all sizes and apparently dried up. Their skin was warty, grey and looked unpleasant. Some were quite small, others about nine inches long. They looked grim and nasty.

Newts are elusive creatures and sometimes come the way of the archaeologist in unexpected places. I once dug an ancient hut site, five hundred feet above the sea, among the hills of Canna. Eagles hunted the hill slopes every day, before the myxomatosis killed off the rabbits. After we had gone down five feet, through successive floors of peat ash, we found a newt on the lowest level. Although the fauna of Canna had been extensively studied, no one had ever seen a newt on the island before. It was a Smooth-Newt, very shrunken, but alive. I have dug up another, beneath the turf, on a dry chalk hillside at Wandlebury near Cambridge.

There could be hundreds of giant newts in the depths of Loch Ness, without anyone being more aware of them than the

occasional sightings on the surface. However, they should lay their eggs as spawn, which might be observed by a lucky accident. The monsters inspire people who see them close to with a feeling of disgust, or even horror. This could be taken in two ways, but there is something about the Triton which is definitely repulsive.

Newts change their skins and have very long lives. A life of thirty years has been suggested for the Triton. The monsters might live for a much greater time. We might note that relatively small specimens, only about a yard long, are said to have been observed from a boat. If these were young monsters, then surely there is a chance of finding the eggs.

The topographical side of the problem is of some interest. New factors have been brought in in recent years. The sides of Loch Ness were formerly clothed with trees, which obstructed the view of the loch. These have been largely cut down now. At the same time there has been a very great increase in the numbers of people passing along the roads on either side. With the increased number of inquisitive eyes, there has been an increase in the reports of strange beasts being seen. A large percentage of the people who can now view the loch are provided with field-glasses. The chances of seeing a monster have thus been greatly increased for this loch, but not for Shiel and Morar. In both these lochs there are only tracks along the sides and habitation is confined to the ends. It is in the middle, where the water is very deep indeed, that there are few people ever to observe the surface.

Once I had occasion to cross Loch Morar in a motor-boat from Tarbert on the north shore to the mouth of the Meobol river on the south. Old John Robertson was with us in the boat, sitting silent and apparently disapproving. When we were near the middle, he suddenly remarked, 'I mind that a friend of mine once set a long line hereabouts and he caught so many great eels that he would not lift it.' How many of the visitors, who fish for trout and salmon at the shallow south end of the loch, would ever guess that its deeps are full of great eels? If the eels are invisible, why not something that feeds on them?

These lochs are beautiful and apparently friendly in summer; but they should be seen on a grey day in winter too. Then the tops are capped with snow and every ledge and gully picked out white with it. The bracken lies brown and broken, while ice

covers the bogs and pools among the tussocks of withered grass. Under a leaden sky, a cold wind whimpers through the purple birch trees, with faint gleams of watery sun occasionally peeping through the heavy clouds. Then you are prepared for any unchancy creature to pop its ugly head above the surface.

There is the other alternative. Nobody may ever have seen a monster with his eyes. Their occurrence is remarkably like that of the Black Dogs of England. No one, I fancy, really believes in these Black Dogs. They are always classed in the supernatural with ghosts and fairies. Yet there are very many reports of people seeing them, both by day and by night. Some are protective and others portents of death and misfortune. Unless Miss Theo Brown has discovered the answer, nobody has the least idea why these things should occur. Yet they undoubtedly do. I know people who have seen black dogs, which had no material existence.

Of course this is absurd to those who just dismiss such things as superstition, or delusion. But superstition can be ruled out, because, unlike such things as sailing on Friday, or walking under a ladder, there is no connection between a belief in Black Dogs and their unexpected appearance. The superstitious person does not go about saying, 'I believe in Black Dogs and so I shall see one.' The dogs appear. Delusion could be founded on superstition, or it might have other causes. If these things are delusions, or rather perhaps hallucinations, they must have a cause and it is possible to guess at the causes. In areas where Black Dogs are messengers of death, they could be hallucination combined with foreknowledge. The sixth sense might project them for the person himself to see. Or they might be detached thought pictures from some other person's psyche-field induced on some naiad- or dryad-field and picked up by the observer. Is it possible that the monsters might be produced in this way?

Now it is a known fact that monsters in Loch Ness or the River Ness have been talked about for at least twelve hundred years. The earliest mention is in Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba*. This was written long after the death of St. Columba and so is only hearsay, but it shows that monsters were expected in Adamnan's time and were believed to kill people. Since then the belief has never died out and it is absurd to speak of it as a recent invention of journalists. Therefore the subconscious

minds of Highlanders might have expectations of seeing monsters tucked away in them, like expectations of seeing Black Dogs lurk in the subconscious of country folk in Devon, or Norfolk. Some unexpected commotion in the waters of the loch might then perhaps evoke a full-fledged picture of a monster in the mind's eye of the observer. His observation would not be faulty, it would only be a question of seeing, with one part of the mind, something which had been created by another part. Some people do this with ghosts and a few recognize that they have done so. But we can go further than this. One person may have the picture of a monster evoked by himself in his own psyche-field, this may leak into some naiad- or dryad-field beside the loch and it may then be induced into the psyche-field of another person. The second person would then see the ghost of a monster with his sixth sense.

But if one reads the accounts, particularly those carefully collected and published in Mr. Dinsdale's recent book, *The Loch Ness Monster*, this does not seem to be a probable solution. People do not chase ghosts in motor yachts and they are not often recorded by the asdic of fishing boats. Even the Russian scientists seem to be chasing monsters now; although this, after once being mentioned on the B.B.C. news, seems to have been hastily hushed up. Russians being good materialists do not chase ghosts and as scientists presumably may not believe in monsters.

If we weigh the whole matter up dispassionately, we seem to find that the zoologists have not made out an acceptable case against the monsters. They must do far better if they are to refute the observations of a great number of intelligent people. Here and there they are probably right and can account for some of the things that have been observed. As a whole, however, they have not produced a good explanation.

Just as the water-bull seems to be explained by the visits of stray walrus, so there is most likely a concrete explanation of the water-horse. It is probably not a ghost and may well be some creature unknown to science.

I may have wasted a lot of words on this subject, but since quite a number of people maintain that the monsters are visitors from the next world, the question had to be examined. I do not think that it is the right answer.

Chapter Eight

THE story has wandered, with a lot of unnecessary chatter perhaps, from a little wood, the Golden Ball covert in Berkshire, to the Great Glen in Scotland. Now the time has come to try to pull it all together and to see if I have been talking at random, or have made some sense of a very difficult problem. The question is whether we are any the wiser about ghosts and how they are produced. That is what we started to try to find out, and I have tried to do so in a way which any intelligent person might be expected to be able to follow. However, I am by no means certain that I have made my ideas clear, for it is very difficult to know how much people have been taught. Therefore I must try to put the whole thing into a final essay.

We start with two pieces of knowledge. The first is that many people see and feel ghosts; although others either do not observe, or do not have, such experiences. These are facts and not fancies. The second piece of information is that everybody, and probably every object, ranging from the earth itself to the smallest particle of matter, has its own field of force, surrounding it like a kind of invisible cloud. These are my two fixed points, from which I can argue to convince myself. In so doing, I hope to have at least raised the interest of some others.

Then I take such experiences as I have had myself, avoiding as much as possible phenomena which have occurred to other people and which are second-hand to me, and examine them to see whether there appears to be any relation between the fields of force and the occurrences. As it happens, I find at once that there appears to be such a relationship. This relationship seems to be of a kind which is comparable to the kind found in the simplest experiments in physics, which we were taught at

school. If we assume that current can be induced, that is to say can leak, from one field of force to another, then we can explain many apparently impossible events in the simplest manner. This is not to say that the whole subject is likely to be simple. It is probably most complex; but we have at once a theory from which we can begin to look at the problem in a scientific way.

Early in my book, *Ghost and Ghoul*, I suggested that what is often spoken of as resonance might in fact be human electro-magnetism. This I now think is clearly the case and so I seldom use the term resonance in this book. I think we are dealing all the time with unknown properties of electro-magnetism. But these may well belong to what used to be called 'negative' electricity, rather than the positive kind which you use to light the house.

Then I make the suggestion that what we call ghosts, that is images of people who are not really there, and ghouls, which are feelings of horror, or creeps, are in reality thoughts carried by induction from one field to another and then back again to a third. I suggest that it is our personal field which receives these thoughts from elsewhere and appreciates them in itself by what we may term the sixth sense. The feelings of horror could not in any case be received by any of our normal senses. They are invisible, intangible and inaudible; you cannot taste, nor smell them. They come to us from outside, under certain conditions and in certain places, and something must make us conscious of them; but it is clearly not the action of our normal bodily senses. Ghosts, which are apparently visible pictures of animate things, are not, I think, seen either. That is to say they are appreciated by our sixth sense, and not by the eyes. We then make a brief inspection of some inanimate, static fields, which appear to be related to the occurrence of ghostly phenomena. Here we find that these fields can both be detected by scientific instruments and also by so-called magic. They can be found and plotted through the medium of our own fields by using a pendulum or a divining-rod. Current, presumably electric current, passes from one field to the other.

I have classified some of these static fields under the names of Greek nymphs, who were supposed to haunt such places as those in which these static fields are found. Thus, where a water nymph might be expected in Greek mythology, I have called

the static field the naiad-field. Where a woodland nymph should occur, I have called the field a dryad, and so on. This is done only to lessen the tedium of continual references to such things as 'a field of static electricity about a tree'. In the same way I use the Greek term 'psyche' to describe a human field. If one is to study a subject, it is necessary to have a few technical terms and these seem as convenient as any.

Then we make a rather drastic supposition. This is that thoughts, whether in pictures or in feelings, can be induced from one person's psyche-field into a static field, when that person has had the potential of his field raised by some excitement. From the static I suggest that these thoughts can pass again into the field of another person, who through boredom, sleepiness, illness, or some other cause, has had the potential of his field lowered below that of the static one. It is evident that damp, muggy weather, which is liable to cause short-circuiting of ordinary electrical equipment, is also a good conductor of ghostly phenomena. It looks as if they are sometimes carried by water vapour.

All this idea is simply the product of reasoning from a very few facts. It has not been investigated experimentally; although this could certainly be done. I do not know whether the potential of a human field can be raised by excitement, although nature-worship faiths have always believed that this can be done by dancing and other practices. Neither do I know whether it is near enough to those of static fields for thought transference to occur in the way I have suggested. However, if it is an impossibility, then I feel that we must once again postulate an entirely unknown force and call it resonance. It would clearly be not unlike electro-magnetism.

Having reached some tentative conclusions about ghosts, we are faced with the need to check these ideas with some other imperfectly understood phenomena. If the same kind of electrical induction appears to happen in these also, it is an indication that we may be looking in the right direction. Telepathy is the obvious choice for a start, for not only is it now almost universally accepted as occurring, but this acceptance is backed by a mass of statistical experiment. However, it is not known how telepathy takes place. It is only known as a phenomenon which is quite common all over the world. There seems to be no

difficulty in fitting the known facts of telepathy into our provisional scheme.

Telepathy consists of one person getting thoughts from another without speech or signs. The thoughts travel direct and instantaneously from one to the other and arrive in the mind without the use of the five senses. This happens so frequently between people who are well tuned in to one another that it becomes a joke. However, it is usually possible to determine which one originated the thought. According to our theory, this telepathy would be induction between one psyche-field and the other. But there are many cases in which telepathy occurs between people far apart in space. In these cases direct induction is impossible and one might expect some flaw in the theory. However, there is an obvious way round the difficulty. The earth itself has a huge field of its own, which I am calling the Ge-field, since *Ge* is the Greek name for the earth. If our theory is right, then thoughts could be transferred instantaneously by induction into the Ge-field from one psyche-field, at an enhanced potential, and out again into another at a lower state. This is not the same as wireless, for no use is made of the ionosphere. It is simply induction through the earth's electro-magnetic field. However, it must demand some very close link between the persons involved. You do not receive messages from people to whom you are not very closely linked, except in very exceptional cases.

Telepathy then presents no particular difficulties to the theory, except in one particular. In telepathy between mediums, sensitives as they are now called, and people who go to them for information, events are frequently foretold which have not yet taken place. We do not know why, if you give half a crown to a gipsy woman, she can often foretell events in your future life. Yet this faculty has been shown to exist by statistical experiment, on a very large scale, conducted by several investigators with the most scrupulous care. The inference is that time, as we use it every day, does not hold good in the psyche-field, nor in our real minds. This is a most distracting matter, for it goes right against the findings of orthodox science and the church's doctrine of free will. If the future can be foretold, often in minute detail, one would think that it must be there already. The only explanation, which makes any sense to me at the moment, is that the life, which

we appear to be living, is in reality something much more like a cinema film which we are watching. One psyche-field might then be able to appreciate shots in it, which had not yet appeared before the bodily senses of another. This of course is only a theory and a better one may be evolved at any time. However, for the present I shall make use of it whenever the chance occurs.

As far as one can see then, telepathy falls into the same general category as ghostly phenomena and there is no evidence of incompatibility with the theory of thoughts being induced from one field to another, either directly, or by way of a third.

However, the situation becomes more complicated when we come to psychometry, magic and healing at a distance. Although psychometry may be performed by telepathy, it requires a material link between the psychometrist and the person who wishes for information. One might say that the money which passes between a professional fortune-teller and the one who consults him, or her, provides a similar link. There are evidently many variations in this matter. But is it possible to see how the link might play its part in these forms of thought transference. If we are right in thinking that every object has its own static field, or possibly a distinct thing, a field of resonance, then perhaps thoughts might pass back and forth, through this static field, between the sensitive and the person making the inquiry. This would hold good for all three subjects, psychometry, magic and healing at a distance; but there is then the problem of time and also that of how extra force can be obtained to perform healing and magic. It seems possible that this force can be obtained from the great reservoir of the earth's field, which I have termed the Ge-field. No one seems to have considered this possibility of tapping so huge a source of power; but, if it can be done by an African witch-doctor conjuring with a few dirty old bones, surely there is a case here for at least an inquiry into the matter.

The question of time is one which has not as yet been solved. The magician, or healer, can evidently make use of a link with his victim, or patient, years after he obtained it. This suggests that, if thoughts are locked up in a static field, they may remain there as long as the field lasts. This does not mean that the static field has thoughts and memories of its own, as some of

those who have studied psychometry appear to believe; but that thoughts from a human psyche-field may perhaps become locked up in it.

There is also the question of whether time really exists at all. To get round this apparently insoluble problem I have already suggested that we may be really watching a glorified cinema film, which can be unrolled and examined, both behind and in front of the point at which we have apparently arrived. This is unlikely to be the whole answer, but it may provide a useful hint from which we can start thinking.

So far we do not seem to have found any great objections to the original theory in any of the phenomena which we have glanced at. Our working hypothesis has not revealed any obvious contradictions. There is a similar possibility of thoughts being transferred by way of static fields in all of them. If there is a flaw, it may well be that these fields are not entirely electromagnetic, but something rather, but not greatly, different. Here is a question which needs proper investigation by scientists with wide training and imagination. It is not one which an archaeologist can possibly be expected to tackle.

But, assuming that the theory that thoughts can be induced into local static fields has something in it, we can see how certain places could become charged with quite a large number of differing ones, both pleasant, or unpleasant. In this way you might obtain not only the nymphs, jinns, demons and nats of some beliefs, but the so-called elemental spirits of today. It is easy to see how a field might become one of quite violent horror and terror. Some modern nature-worship devotees do in fact maintain that they can charge the fields surrounding certain trees and stones with thought-forms, thus giving these objects a kind of permanent elemental life. What is more, the thoughts which went into it need not necessarily have come from normal people. They are just as likely to have been induced by homicidal maniacs.

So far as we have gone, there is absolutely nothing to suggest that ghosts, or the feelings of creeps which I call ghouls, are produced in any supranormal manner. Every instance I have examined points in the same direction. They are thought-forms produced and projected by living people. Even if the method in which they are produced differs from what I have suggested,

this point remains unaffected. A ghost is something of this world and not the next. I do not say that no forms of manifestation originate from another world of existence. On the contrary, I think that there is very good evidence that some of them do. All I am suggesting is that the vast majority of ghosts and ghouls must originate in our own world.

The reason for this is quite simple. To appreciate a ghost it must be broadcast on a wavelength which can be received by our own earthly mechanism, which clearly includes a sixth sense. People living on higher planes obviously have a different rate of vibration to our own. If they did not, we would be able to see, hear and feel them as we can others living on our own level. To be able to communicate with our world, dwellers in the next are compelled to lower their rate to ours. This is evidently a difficult process, which would not be undertaken simply to produce a nasty feeling in a wood, or on the stairs. They apparently only do it for important reasons, as Myres and Gurney did it to try to convince their friends that they were still living. Most people on the higher planes are naturally far too interested in what is taking place there to undertake a business which must affect them in much the same way that opium, or mescaline, affects us. However, some do apparently master the art simply in order to try to help humanity on its lower plane. But these entities are not ghosts. Ghosts have no more life than a television picture and appear to be much the same thing.

If ghosts are induced into a static field, it is very improbable that they would stay there permanently, because they are apparently certain to leak away out of that field by induction into another. However great the original charge which forced them into a static field may have been, it would become dissipated. The ghost phenomenon would become weaker and weaker until it vanished. This is why the countryside is not full of Roman, or Saxon, or Norman ghosts. At one time no doubt there were plenty and you could see men in brass armour, with horse-hair plumes in their helmets. There are rare accounts of people seeing prehistoric ghosts; but these are confined to archaeologists, who probably produced them from their own subconscious minds. There are tales of monks, who walk through walls and appear in people's bedrooms. But these could be perpetuated by a recharging of the static field at each sighting. However, on the

whole the ghosts, which appear today, are relatively modern ghosts, and this is as it should be.

Ghouls might be expected to have a longer life. If you experience a horrible feeling in a place, the probability is that you have some kind of shock, and you may even heighten the feeling instead of reducing it. With a casual ghost, which excites no fear, nor horror, it is probably considerably weakened every time it is seen. It is just like the way in which you weaken the battery of an electric torch every time you switch it on. In the end there is not enough current to light the bulb.

It seems probable that, if enough thought and ingenuity were employed, it would be possible to evoke a visible ghost by a suitable electrical contrivance. But each time you did so, you would weaken it. In the same manner, it should be possible to short-circuit a ghoul completely away from a place by exhausting its current. I really feel rather confident that I have got some little way on with this study, or I would not mention these apparently ridiculous ideas. I think that these are real possibilities which could be carried out, if people forgot all this talk of superstition, and gave their minds to the problem. Everything in the Universe is governed by law, and ghosts are no exception. They can be studied, as any other phenomenon can be studied. Out of the study will come some remarkable things and knowledge about the mechanism of man, which cannot be touched by an examination of his body alone.

If these fields of force should prove to be the key which opens a door on the whole problem, then we can be certain of a great advance in such things as healing by what is apparently distant magic, and we shall be able to do other things by magic too. If a man by using his sixth sense with so simple an instrument as a pendulum can detect the position of mines in the sea, what could he not do with more elaborate instruments?

While I have been writing up this study, an incident happened which makes me more certain than I was before that this idea of electrical transmission is the correct answer. Of course I do not for a moment believe that I know enough about the subject to be certain that my inferences are correct. This is something for real experts in physics to examine. But I do trust my own observations on my own experience. On the 31st March of last year, 1962, my wife came down to breakfast and said, 'I

would like one of those little transistor radios and can't think what I can sell to get it. I do wish you would have a bet on the Grand National. I'm sure you would win.' Now as it happens I have always been bored with gambling. I am quite ready to 'chance my arm' on occasion, when there is need for it, but betting bores me. However, I did not want to be a spoil-sport and disappoint my wife. So, although I did not take any interest in the matter, I said, 'All right, get me a list of runners and I will see if I can spot anything.' She returned in a minute or two with the paper and handed me the list. Rather unwillingly I read through the list. For several names nothing struck me at all. However, when I came to the name 'Kilmore' I experienced a remarkable sensation. If you can imagine being stung by a wasp, but without pain, it was something like that. There was a mild tingling and buzzing for an instant. It was like a tiny electric shock, but it seemed outside my body. It lasted so short a time that it would have been quite impossible to observe had I not been looking for clues, albeit in a very half-hearted manner. I read on to the end of the list of names without anything further happening. Then I said 'The only name which has any effect on me is Kilmore. You can put a pound on that if you like.' 'There,' I thought, 'I always was a fool. Another pound gone down the drain.' Then I forgot all about it till that afternoon I was building up a rotten stone wall with sand and cement, an occupation which I rather enjoy, when a window was flung open and my wife's excited voice shouted, 'You've won.' And so I apparently had, but I had not done it. All I had done was to act as the gipsy fortune-teller. I was not betting for myself, I was acting as an indicator for my wife. The message I had apparently received was in advance of our time by six hours. This was a case both of telepathy and precognition. I had supplied the extra voltage which was necessary.

I realized at once that this was an important clue, far in advance of any temporary financial gain. I had detected a minute electric shock and this confirmed all I had been thinking about for weeks. I had also observed what appeared to be slight electric shocks at Ladram Bay, and here too at Hole Mill, both of which I have talked about already. These shocks are so slight that, unless your instruments for observation are very acute, you would never notice them. But I think they would show as a

marked 'kick' on an ampere-meter. The difficulty is to get someone in the right surroundings for this kick to be measured. It is like waiting for a snap shot with a rifle at a moving target. As a small boy, at Trevisson, on Falmouth harbour, I was taught to shoot the rats from the ships, which infested the place, with a light rifle and have never forgotten the trick of it. Only by keeping wide awake and quick will anyone be able to observe the minute indications which show that E.S.P. is taking place.

In this particular case, I have little doubt that everything really came from my wife. It was her psyche-field which did the precognitive thinking; but it needed my field to bring it to the surface. As I said before, I was the gipsy, and she was the one who did the consultation.

Although at this stage I have plenty of work to do without dabbling in gipsy arts, the story of the transistor radio set soon got around and, before the Derby was run, our help asked me to pick a winner for her. I repeated the performance again, but was much less confident this time. I told her I thought it might be worth backing a French horse, I forget the name, for a place. It came in second. Several horses fell in this race in an unusual accident.

Now the question comes to the fore of why some people should apparently have a strong sixth sense and others not. We need not bother with those lacking in it, who just say 'Of course the man is gaga.' There are far too many with the sense for all of them to be gaga, and plenty of crazy people who obviously have not got it. There must be something in the make-up of those with the sense which can be detected.

Why do Hindus, and why did the ancient Celts, depict their gods with three eyes? Apparently the Hindus think that people on a higher plane of existence do have three. In other words they credit humanity with another form of sight. There may not be any value in being able to see ghosts or experience ghouls; but there is considerable value in being able to find invisible things.

On August 2nd, 1962, we had a good example of this. My wife wears a gold signet ring which belonged to her great-great-uncle, the Cambridge theologian, Dr. H. B. Swete. The ring is always known as 'Uncle'. On this particular morning my wife found something bad in the larder, the cat's breakfast no

doubt. She took it out in a hurry and flung it up the bank at the back of the house, where the gull which spends much of its time on the roof would soon find it. Away, with the piece of rotten rabbit, flew Uncle. She called to me in considerable distress, 'I've really lost Uncle this time.' And so, to all obvious reasoning, she had. The bank, into which the back of the house is cut, slopes up at about 45 degrees. It is covered with tussocks of grass, brambles and stinging-nettles, which had been cut about two months before. They were all about a foot high. I climbed up through a bed of nettles and stood on the steep slope above her head, while she indicated where she thought Uncle might have gone. I found the lump of rabbit, but could not see the slightest hope of finding Uncle without stripping and searching the whole slope. I sent her for the pendulum. We tuned it in for the rate of gold, and in less than five minutes had located and found the ring. We are getting so used to the accuracy of this instrument that it hardly seemed remarkable at all.

Chapter Nine

BEFORE leaving this informal study, I think we ought to try and form some general picture of the strange world which appears to be presented to our sixth sense for investigation. It is certainly no more strange than the world of atoms into which the physicist endeavours to pry, and it is on a far larger scale; but we cannot see it as we walk about the country on our daily business.

In this world everything has an extensive, invisible field surrounding it. These fields can be shown by experiment to be biconical in shape and of considerable height, with their axes at right angles to the earth's field.

Now, if we go out into the court at Hole once more and tune in our pendulum to the rate of, say, copper, we will find a few spots from which the cones project up through the turf and into the air above. Suppose we plotted these and tuned in again for lead, we would find some more shorter cones. If we plot these again and tune in for iron, a similar thing happens. Quite soon we would find a forest of these cones of different heights sticking up like prickles on a hedgehog. But we would also find that many of the cones intersect and pass through one another. The whole surface of the court is covered by a thick mass of interlocking cones, each one independent of the others. If there happened to be a stream running through the court and we could see its field, it would appear as a thick wedge-shaped wall or bank, with the points of many cones poking up on its sides and through its edges. If the stream ran beneath the house, this bank would still pass through the walls at the same height and undiminished in any way. If there was a tree growing in the court, as there is, its field would also be a cone, with those of stones, nails, bits of china and what not coming up through it.

These cones may, or may not, be in reality spirals. It would be difficult, but not impossible, to find this out.

If you could colour each cone according to the kind of object which produced it and looked down on the result from above the roof of the house, the picture would be something like one of those boxes of coloured matches. But the only part of you which can appreciate all this, is your sixth sense and it can only do so by using a pendulum, or some electronic device, as an indicator.

To take it all a bit further, somewhere in the court we might find a cone, or a bank, which has had some thoughts from a human field forced into it. These our sixth sense would be able to see, hear or feel. They are ghosts to our other five senses, but to the sixth they are real. The less our sixth sense was gingered up, the more real they would appear to be. It is like the Burbelang of Malayan mythology, the further it is from you the more noise it makes.

This sixth sense, or rather our psyche-field, may be the aetheric body of the parapsychologists, or it may be something different. I am in favour of following concrete clues and not bothering too much about what names people give to the phenomena. As far as I am concerned, its activities can be observed and also measured. It is not miraculous. It is scientific fact.

Here I think we can leave this investigation, at any rate for the moment. During it I fear I have been at times both dull and difficult. All that has been done is to put forward some ideas as to how these curious things may be produced. These ideas are entirely tentative and I know that others think that they have shown that electricity has no part in this. But what is valid for the study of the so-called inanimate world may have little relationship to the world of mankind. However, if people are frightened of putting forward suggestions because they might be wrong, the spirit of adventure is not in them. They had better live and die as toadstools.

Along this line of investigation, sooner or later, research will reveal something more important than anything that can be learnt from inanimate objects. The laws which apparently govern the behaviour of matter, in themselves no more than working theories, may not hold good for the phenomena we have been looking at. But laws will be found which do so.

This is no dreary study of watching meters, dials and test tubes. It is high adventure, probably the highest that man can undertake. Somewhere along this road lies the answer as to whether man is immortal and how to reach the stars by the miracle of counteracting the pull of gravitation. This interaction of fields of force, resonance, or whatever you like to call it, is the power which enables mind to speak to mind without words. It enables birds to fly thousands of miles from one home to another. By it objects can apparently be moved violently without the use of normal physical force. Through its power men can see through the screen of apparently impenetrable matter and do things with time which appear impossible to our ordinary five senses. There are so many possibilities awaiting the proper study of this subject that it seems incredible that mankind as a whole remains blind to it. However, the mist is beginning to lift and a very few years may see the dispersal of most of it. People are not so dim as they were even ten years ago.

Lastly, I find that I myself am in a sense a magician. The pendulum tells me this. I can take a lump of gypsum from the beach and test it with the pendulum. It will give the appropriate reactions for calcium and sulphur. If I had found its rate, it would no doubt give that of oxygen as well. It will even give signs of a trace of iron which colours it. Now, I can take this lump of spar and carve it into a fish, or horse, or whatever I fancy. Then I test it again. Besides the rates I have mentioned, there is a new one. It responds to the rate for masculinity. One can repeat the process with a blank piece of paper. It gives one the rate for vegetable matter. Draw a picture on it and it gives the rate for graphite as well and also the rate for masculinity. I have tested a number of paintings. They seem to retain this induced rate for at least a hundred and fifty years.

Crazy though this sounds, is not it exactly what the sorcerers of old claimed to do? They worked up mass hysteria and drew power from it, which they deliberately located in trees and stones, in the fields of force no doubt.

We are surely on the verge of discovering something most extraordinary and to this so-called scientific age quite unbelievable. But it is there. What will happen when it is properly investigated?

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