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To
J. DEIGHTON-PATMORE,
gratefully

PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB

—
April 1943 Selection

“OUT OF THE BODY”

By JOHN OXENHAM

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*Tolerance is what we
preach - let us practise it!*

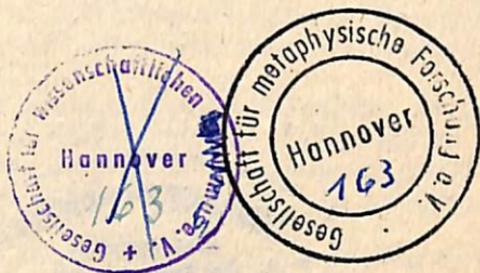
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MAN OUTSIDE HIMSELF

THE FACTS OF ETHERIC PROJECTION

*The facts of etheric travel
set out for consideration by*

H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY



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"Since phenomena of bilocation cannot exist because they would be in disagreement with classical psychology, it is clear and unquestionable that the so-called 'visions of oneself' are, *en masse*, pathological hallucinations."

EUGEN OSTY.

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FOREWORD

THERE always seems to be an inevitable time-lag between the discovery of a new fact and its accepted addition to the sum of human knowledge. This is not surprising where, as in many professions, the fort of ignorance is defended by an organized body of men financially and otherwise concerned to buttress the ideas on which their own reputations have been founded.

Unfortunately, though its corporate opposition is not so closely woven, the same embattled front is to be found in the ranks of science; indeed, it is astonishing how averse is even the unprofessional mind from abandoning convictions which it has often only imperfectly acquired.

There may be novelty for some in the records which have been collected and classified in this volume, but there is really nothing "new" in the knowledge that a man can leave his body and return to it at will. The West has been aware of that for more than a thousand years, and the Orient for thousands of years longer. But it is only in the present century that the technique of this aerial adventure has been studied, and that attention is being paid to its encouraging disclosure and its disconcerting implications.

One is surprised, when investigating the subject, to discover how widespread is this ability of man's slighter self to escape from the imprisonment of the flesh, how easily, in many cases, the prison doors are opened, and how almost as a commonplace the escape is treated.

On the other hand, the uncertainty of these etheric travellers as to what has happened, their dread of ridicule, or even of being treated as slightly "wanting", has immured much of their experience behind a veil of secrecy. Even when conscious of the authenticity of their travel, and where it has been checked by "a cloud of witnesses", one meets, over and over again, the pathetic injunction not to disclose names, as though there were something shameful in such an adventure.

Science, when shown something it does not understand, demands, and demands rightly, "Can you do it again?" Well, the persistent practitioners of etheric travel can do it again, and have, under scientific observation, often done it again; but,

save in the case of trained sensitives, cannot always do it exactly to order.

That deficiency, however, can be supplied by putting the detachable section of a subject at the command of someone who is capable of controlling it and despatching it on a required mission.

In this volume will be found instances of how, under hypnosis, such missions are accomplished.

The hypnotist can, when his patient is in deep trance, detach what is assumed to be the subconscious from the entranced personality, and send it, for perhaps hundreds of miles, on a quest, the distance, direction and contingencies of which are alike unknown to himself and to his patient, and indeed, occasionally, to anyone on earth; since the subconscious may be pursuing events which have only matured on its arrival.

All the while, the entranced subject in his arm-chair is reporting, moment by moment, the progress of his quest, the people he is meeting, the drift of their conversation, the plots they are hatching, the purpose they have proposed—in fact everything, and more than everything that, could be recorded by an invisible dictaphone.

Here, then, are the exact conditions that science demands. A laboratory test, that can be repeated as often as required; and the only mechanism needed a competent hypnotist and a serviceable subject. All the stock explanations are excluded; fraud is impossible, since the scientist can devise on the instant his own test; telepathy is excluded, since the test can include events which have not yet occurred, and the etheric traveller will be reporting these as they happen, which no mortal could have foreseen. He can describe a street accident as it crashes beside him, or—for let us face all the implications—reveal the conclusions of a Cabinet meeting.

Alex Erskine who, as a professional hypnotist, was as famous as he was beloved, tells us how, in order to discover the channel by which, despite the vigilance of a renowned London doctor, a lady patient of his was obtaining drugs which were compassing her ruin, he despatched the subconscious of one of his subjects to the lady's bedroom.

If that sort of thing can be done, as done it was on this occasion, with convincing results, there seems no reason why the P.M.'s sanctum in 10 Downing Street should offer more impediment to etheric intrusion than a boudoir in Mayfair.

Anyone acquainted with Jewish history will recall an occasion when the council chamber of Ben-hadad, King of Syria, was similarly invaded by the spirit, or subconscious, as Erskine

has it, of a Jewish prophet. Every time the king had attempted a raid on Israel he found that his plans had been betrayed to his intended victim, and in despair he cried: "Will ye not shew me which of us is for the King of Israel?" "None, my Lord, O King," was the reply; "but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber."

The prophet's etheric double may have journeyed to Damascus just as the double of Mrs. Eileen Garrett journeyed from New York to Newfoundland, as will be told later. Or, like Erskine, he may have used as a subject the "young man" to whom, in beleaguered Dothan, he imparted the gift of second sight.

These things were, and are, and will be, and it is high time that some inexorable Elisha opened the eyes of our scientific young men to see them.

Nor need Ben-hadad's visitor have listened to the king's speech; he could, as easily, have "heard" his thoughts.

Sir Edward Henry, then Commissioner of Police, and a very shrewd person, had laughed at Erskine's assertion that a hypnotized subject could read his thoughts; yet it took but five minutes to convince him that his mind was at the mercy of the entranced youngster in the chair.

The understanding of such matters must make us aware of possibilities which are far from cheering, but such discomfort is a poor reason for declining to investigate; and at least the telepathic possibilities revealed by hypnosis might be considered by those to whom telepathy is still a psychic impossibility.

Erskine tells us that he discovered by accident the ability of the unconscious mind to project itself over vast distances, and though he opines that "the 'duality' of the mind is of far greater extent than anyone has yet imagined", he does not seem to have made acquaintance with any records of etheric projection, and continues to describe the Double as the "unconscious", which he identifies with the soul of man, a solution which only has simplicity to commend it. "Quite definitely," he writes, "it is possible for the subconscious mind to leave the body of a man in a hypnotic sleep and wander through space, observing what it meets, and at the same time report, through the voice of the sleeper, the experiences encountered."

"It is to be noted that the things observed and reported are not in the consciousness of the hypnotist, and that they can be things of which neither the hypnotist nor the person asleep has any knowledge whatsoever. Moreover, these reports are of

ordinary events on our own material earth. They do not concern the spirit world.

"The subconscious stresses its own identity, separating it from the hypnotized patient, yet acknowledging him as part of itself as it were."

One might conclude with the speculations of an observer famous in every corner of the scientific world, who, writing but half a dozen years ago, could envisage the scorn of so-called thinkers for the views he dared to propound.

"The psychological frontiers of the individual in space and time are obviously suppositions," wrote Alexis Carrel. "But suppositions, even when very strange, are convenient and help to group together facts that are temporarily unexplainable. Their purpose is merely to inspire new experiments. The author realizes clearly that his conjectures will be considered naive or heretical by the layman, as well as by the scientist. That they will equally displease materialists and spiritualists, vitalists and mechanists. That the equilibrium of his intellect will be doubted. However, one cannot neglect facts because they are strange. On the contrary, one must investigate them. Metapsychics may bring to us more important information on the nature of man than normal psychology does. The societies of psychical research, and especially the English Society, have attracted to clairvoyance and telepathy the attention of the public. The time has come to study the phenomena as one studies physiological phenomena."

After that apology for scientific stupidity, and an explanation of "how the individual projects on all sides beyond his anatomical frontiers", he proceeds: "But man diffuses through space in a still more positive way. In telepathic phenomena, he *instantaneously* sends out a part of himself, a sort of emanation, which *joins a far-away* relative or friend. He thus expands to great *distances*. He may cross oceans and continents in a time too short to be estimated. He is capable of finding in the midst of a crowd the person whom he must meet. Then he communicates to this person certain knowledge. He can also discover in the immensity and confusion of a modern city the house, the room of the individual whom he seeks, although acquainted neither with him nor his surroundings. Those endowed with this form of activity behave like extensible beings, amoebas of a strange kind, capable of sending pseudopods to prodigious distances. The hypnotist and his subject are sometimes observed to be linked together by an invisible bond. This bond seems to emanate from the subject. When communication is established between the hypnotist and his subject, the former

can, by suggestion from a distance, command the latter to perform certain acts. At this moment, a telepathic relation is established between them. In such an instance, two distinct individuals are in contact with each other, though both appear to be confined within their respective anatomical limits."

His apparent ignorance of the Etheric Double has driven Dr. Carrel to adopt as an explanation, "the spatial extensibility of personality", which really seems a more complicated postulate than the presumption, which one hopes to make convincing here, that personality can be divided.

Is it not more reasonable to believe that man himself is able to travel, than that he is "capable of sending pseudopods to prodigious distances"; and is it not more likely, since messages are transmitted, that they should be transmitted from the man himself than from his pseudopod; which is at best a provisional assumption, whereas the man himself has frequently been seen?

A VOLUME which owes so much to the persistent and often adventurous work of others, must at the outset express its indebtedness to their kind permission for the use of material which has been gathered in the short space of a dozen years, which spans the growth of this youngest psychic infant, but has been devoted rather to the recording than to the study of its adventures.

Thanks are especially due to Sylvan Muldoon and Hereward Carrington, the Hon. Ralph Shirley, Oliver Fox, and Vincent Turvey; and all who would seek corroborative attestation, as far as that can be supplied, will find it and much else beside, in their admirable volumes, since for the sake of condensation it has been omitted here.

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CHAPTER I

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

AN Irish Member once startled the House of Commons by protesting that, as he was not a bird, he could not be in two places at the same time. But the feat, if impossible for a bird, was more than once performed by Members of the House.

Sir Carne Rasch, when ill in bed, was seen in the House of Commons by Sir Gilbert Parker and also by Sir Arthur Hayter. Describing the incident, Sir Gilbert said: "When Rasch accepted my nod with what looked very much like a glare, and met my kindly enquiry with silence, I was a little surprised." He went on to explain that, when his friend's figure suddenly and silently vanished, he felt convinced that what he had seen was a ghost, and that Rasch must have succumbed to his illness. Sir Arthur Hayter, who also greeted the figure, was just as positively persuaded that he had seen Sir Carne, was struck by his extreme pallor, and noticed that he occupied a seat remote from his accustomed place.

Dr. Mark Macdonnell was another who, while ill in bed, appeared in the House, was seen by fellow Members on two consecutive days, actually entered the Division Lobby and recorded his vote.

J. G. Swift McNeill, M.P., recounted in *M.A.P.* how, in 1897, the double of T. P. O'Connor was seen in the House of Commons in his wonted place while he was on his way to Ireland to take a last farewell of a dying parent.

The case of Dr. Macdonnell did, indeed, come in for a certain amount of comment in the Press, but seems not even to have been a nine days' wonder. Where the mystery of man's nature is concerned we seem to be scientifically shy of expressing an opinion, and still more curiously averse from any effort to discover the truth.

We have no theories to account for such happenings, and we are apprehensive that discovery might imperil conclusions which have been worked into the fabric of our scientific faith. So we talk airily of thought-forms, or hallucinations, and are content to leave it at that.

A move was indeed made, many years ago, to collect available

information on the subject, which was published in two considerable volumes as *Phantasms of the Living*; but their effectiveness was in a measure spoilt by the uncertainty, in many cases, whether the appearance of the phantom had been the last effort of the dying or the first of the dead, and also by the somewhat perverse determination of certain of the compilers to attribute whatever had happened to "telepathic hallucination", although at that date the very possibility of telepathy was in hot debate, and was only reluctantly adopted as an escape from the still more discouraging recognition of survival!

Now this question of the "double", complicated though it certainly is, and in many cases difficult of solution, is one quite apart from the problem of survival, or from any spiritualistic implications. It is permissible to conjecture that the fact of man being able to exist or function here in two places—being proof that an invisible part of him, equipped with all his moral, mental, and intellectual faculties, and able to exist for considerable periods independent of his somatic envelope—may encourage a conjecture that the independence will continue after a final excursion from the body; but that does not concern us here.

This is an enquiry solely as to what happens to us on this side of the grave, and an attempt to dispel some of our deplorable ignorance about ourselves and our psychic powers; and no reader need fear an underhand effort to rob him of the consolations to be derived from the oblivion of the tomb, or even from the uncertainty as to his extended tenancy of it which the burial service of our Church seems to encourage.

CHAPTER II

THE SOMATIC DOUBLE

IT would, perhaps, be wise to deal first with cases which are most accurately defined as "Doubles", since either part is able to function as, or be mistaken for, the whole.

The best known and most completely documented instance is that of Mlle Emile Sagée, whose sad story was published in 1883.

There existed in Livonia, in 1845 and for many years after, four or five miles from the small town of Volmar, a school for young girls of noble birth, called the "Pensionnat de Neuwelcke". The head of this establishment was, at the date in question, a certain M. Buch.

The number of pupils, almost all members of the Livonian nobility, was at that time forty-two. Among them was the second daughter of Baron Gldenstbbe, a girl thirteen years old.

One of the mistresses was a French woman, Mlle Emile Sage, thirty-two years of age, born at Dijon, but belonging to a Northern type; a blonde with a pink and white complexion, bright blue eyes, and chestnut hair. She was somewhat over middle height, amiable and cheerful, but of a shy and nervous temperament. Her health was good, and in the year and a half she spent at Neuwelcke had had but one or two slight indispositions. She was intelligent, very well educated, and, as a teacher, gave every satisfaction to the directors.

A few weeks after her arrival at the establishment strange rumours about her began to be spread among the pupils. It was a common occurrence for one girl to see her in one part of the house, and for another to report having met her at that same moment somewhere else; and when the same thing happened over and over again the pupils spoke of the matter to the other mistresses. The professors, on hearing the story, pooh-poohed the whole thing, declaring it to be contrary to common sense.

But matters came presently to a head. One day when Emile Sage was giving a lesson to thirteen of her pupils—one of whom was Mlle de Gldenstbbe—and, in order to make her meaning clearer, was writing out the debated passage on the blackboard, the girls saw, to their intense alarm, two Mlle Sages, standing side by side. They were alike in every particular, and made identical gestures. The Mlle Sage who held the chalk wrote with it on the board, the other merely imitated the movements she made in writing.

All the thirteen girls had seen the two figures and agreed absolutely in describing them.

A few days later, when Mlle Sage, standing behind her, was helping with the toilet of one of the pupils, Mlle Antoinette de Wrangel, the girl, glancing into the looking-glass, saw the reflection of two Mlle Sages and was so frightened that she fainted.

For some months the phenomena continued; Mlle Sage being once seen, by all the pupils and the maids waiting at table, with the double standing up behind her, repeating her movements as she ate her food.

On another occasion, in a room on the ground floor with four large windows commanding a view of the garden, the forty-two pupils, occupied with embroidery, were able to see Mlle Sage

picking flowers not far from the house. Another mistress, charged with looking after the girls, presently rose from her arm-chair and left the room; and shortly after the pupils noticed that Mlle Sagée was in the arm-chair while her Double was still employed picking flowers, but moving more slowly, like someone in a dream.

Two of the more adventurous girls walked up to the seated figure and felt, as they touched it, a faint resistance as of muslin or crêpe. One of them even walked across part of the figure. After a brief interval the form disappeared altogether and Mlle Sagée resumed her occupation in the garden with her usual vivacity.

Questioned by her pupils as to her sensations on this occasion, Mlle Sagée explained that, seeing the arm-chair was empty, she thought it her duty to look after the class.

These phenomena continued, with intervals of several weeks, during the whole period of eighteen months that Mlle Sagée was employed at Neuwelcke, occurring most often when she was especially preoccupied, and, in proportion to the clearness and apparent substantiality of the Double, her own form showed signs of weakness and exhaustion, recovering its normal alertness as the Double faded. She herself was never aware of her Double's presence.

Unfortunately, as these happenings began to be noised abroad, the parents of the pupils became anxious for the effect on their children, and many of the girls failed to return from their holiday, the scholars gradually dwindling from forty-two to twelve.

Regretfully, so excellent was her work, the directors were at last compelled to give Mlle Sagée notice, and in her despair she revealed that, since the beginning of her career as a school-mistress at the age of sixteen, she had been forced for the same reason to resign nineteen appointments.

After leaving Neuwelcke she lived with a sister-in-law who had a number of small children, all of whom became quite accustomed to her duality, and used to say that they had two Aunt Emiles.

A detailed account of this case, with the names of all the witnesses—the mistresses, maids, directors and the whole of the pupils—was supplied by Mlle de Guldenstubbe, who was at the Academy all the time that Mlle Sagée was a mistress there.

It may thus be considered as sufficiently documented, and it is almost unique in the period covered, the opportunities for observation, and the variety of observers. It is a classic example of the perfect Double, the solidity of either part being main-

tained, the vital and mental qualities being transferred easily and in variable proportions, and each half being able to function normally at a considerable distance from the other ; though it has not been told whether each retained, independently, the power of speech.

A case on similar lines was reported by W. T. Stead in *Borderland*.

The Double of his friend Mrs. A. attended an evening service at his church on October 13th, 1895, while she herself (if one may so describe it) was in bed, very ill.

Mrs. A.'s Double, which was seen by many and recognized by Stead and by four others of her friends, entered the church during the first hymn, walked up the aisle and entered a vacant pew next the choir. She accepted a hymn-book handed to her by a lady, but did not appear to sing ; and sat perfectly still throughout the service. A verger, thinking she had no hymn-book, offered her another, which also she accepted, but did not use, and she put nothing in the collecting box when it was presented.

She remained seated until the singing of the last hymn, when she stood up holding her hymn-book ; at the last verse she laid the book down, walked quickly down the aisle, opened the door herself and passed out.

Stead, who had watched her from his seat in the gallery, was surprised, knowing she was ill, and noticed that she looked strangely haggard and ghastly. He feared she was about to collapse, or have one of the fits to which she was liable, and after the service hurried out to help her, but found that she had disappeared. She was a stranger to the church, but had attended and occupied exactly the same seat on the two previous Sundays. On the preceding Sunday (October 6th) she had had a most unaccountable desire to go again to church, but had resisted it as she was ill, and, having told Stead about it, promised not to attempt the outing until in better health, and less likely to fall down in a fit.

On the Monday after the appearance of the Double, Stead found that Mrs. A., on the day before, had suffered so grievously that she had sent for the doctor, who at 6 p.m. gave her some soothing medicine, which enabled her to sleep from 7 to 8.30 p.m. She had, she said, not thought of the church nor wished to be there, and had no consciousness of having attended the service.

Realizing the importance of the case, Stead at once obtained written statements from those who had been with her at home,

and those who had recognized her Double in the church, as well as from the doctor who had attended her.

A photograph, taken when she had recovered her health, gave a very clear rendering of her Double, proof that a certain looseness in attachment of the Somatic Double cannot always be attributed to ill health.

Under the Somatic Double, I would include cases in which the peripatetic portion possesses a solidity indistinguishable from the complete personality; can exert a normal pressure on material objects, and has to accept material restrictions. It must be able to open doors, may be able to speak; and its other ego, as well as itself, may be capable of movement, as was instanced by Mlle Sagée.

W. T. Stead also provided a case of the Somatic Double which was published in his *Real Ghost Stories* in 1891.

Mr. Dickinson, a professional photographer, of 43 Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, opened his shop at 8 a.m. on Saturday, January 3rd, 1891. While awaiting his assistants, a man, wearing a hat and overcoat, entered and walked up to the counter. There was nothing unusual about him, though he looked careworn and ill.

He said, "Are my photographs ready?" Asked his name he said it was Thompson. He could not produce a receipt, but explained that the photograph was taken on December 6th, that he had paid for it, and that the prints were overdue.

Mr. Dickinson found the order in his book and read aloud the name and address: "Mr. J. S. Thompson, 154 William Street, Hebburn Quay", to which the man replied, "That is right". He was told that none of the prints were ready, but that if he called later in the day he could have some. To that he replied: "I have been travelling all night and cannot call again." He then turned abruptly and went out. Mr. Dickinson called after him, "May I post what may be done?" but got no reply.

He then wrote a memorandum that the prints were to be posted, and, handing it to his clerk, Miss Simon, when she arrived, asked her to put the printing in hand at once, as the man was in a hurry.

She then told him that an old man, Thompson's father, had called the day before, Friday, and, enquiring for these very photographs, had expressed keen disappointment on not receiving them.

Mr. Dickinson asked for the negative, and immediately recognized from it his caller of an hour before. On the following Monday Mr. Dickinson again asked Miss Simon for the

negative in order to make the prints ; but in the search for it a pile of negatives was upset, and the very one wanted was broken.

A letter was therefore sent to Mr. Thompson asking him to call for another sitting, and offering to recoup him for his trouble and loss of time. There was no reply.

On the following Friday, January 9th, Miss Simon, speaking from the lower office to Mr. Dickinson, said that the gentleman had called about the negative that was broken. "Send him up to be taken at once," was the reply.

"But he is dead," said Miss Simon.

Hastening down to the office, Mr. Dickinson found an elderly gentleman, Mr. Thompson's father, who seemed to be in great trouble.

"Surely," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that your son is dead."

"It is only too true," came the reply.

"It must have been dreadfully sudden," exclaimed the other, "because I saw him only last Saturday."

"You are mistaken," said the old gentleman sadly, "for he died last Saturday."

"Oh no!" exclaimed the photographer. "I am not mistaken. I recognized him by the negative."

Mr. Thompson persisted that there must be a mistake because his son had died on Saturday, January 3rd, at about 2.30 p.m., and that at the time which Mr. Dickinson mentioned he was unconscious and remained so till his death. He added that, on the Friday, his son had been delirious, and had cried out so frequently for his photographs, that he himself had called on that day in the hope of obtaining them, as Miss Simon had reported. No one else was authorized to call, nor had they any friend or relative who would know of the portrait being taken, neither was anyone likely to impersonate the man who had sat for it. He repeated that it was physically impossible for his son to have left the house.

In this case the Somatic Double was a fully equipped personality, differing in no way mentally or physically from the self it represented. No suspicion of Mr. Thompson's actuality was aroused, his memory was acute and particular, and behind his annoyance must have been a recollection of the purpose for which the photograph was intended, which might mean that some emotional stress was in part responsible for his adventure.

It is noticeable that the coma, in which his body was immersed at the time, in no way affected the clearness of his mind, the etheric brain being uninfluenced by the physical brain's mishaps, but only able to assert its immunity when

disjoined from it ; as was the case of the old lady in a mental home, who, under hypnosis, became her youthful and rational self.

It is fortunate that medical exactitude as to the hour of Mr. Thompson's death excludes any spiritualistic interpretation of the dying man's excursion. *His was a Phantasm of the Living.*

Here is another case, found worthy of a place in that famous work, but included somewhat doubtfully here in our present category, because though the Double was able-bodied and was seen, and challenged, by two of his friends, two others who were in the office had not noticed him. His exit also seems to have been unusual.

The story is told by Mr. R. Mouat of Barnsbury, and the Double was that of the Rev. Mr. H., who shared his office.

On September 5th, 1867, Mr. Mouat entered his office at about 9.45 a.m., and his clerk, who was in conversation with the porter, immediately questioned him about the arrival of a telegram which had missed him.

Mr. H. was also there, standing behind the clerk ; it was unusual for him to be there so early and he wore a melancholy look and was without his necktie.

While the clerk, the porter and Mr. Mouat were discussing the telegram, a Mr. R. from an office upstairs, who was a friend of Mr. H. and Mr. Mouat, looked in.

Presently the porter and Mr. R. went away, and Mr. Mouat, turning to Mr. H., said : "Well, what's the matter with you ? You look so sour." Mr. H. made no answer, but continued to look fixedly at Mr. Mouat.

After a moment or two the clerk said, "Here is a letter from Mr. H.," and as he spoke Mr. H. vanished. The clerk had not seen him, neither had the porter, but Mr. R. had seen him distinctly, and, when questioned, said that, though gesticulating at him facetiously, Mr. H. had not responded, but lifting a book had begun to read.

The letter, dated the day before, was from Mr. H., to the effect that, not feeling very well, he would not be at the office next morning. At the time of the apparition he was at home, fourteen miles away, and had just finished breakfasting with his wife.

There was therefore nothing in the way of real mental stress to account for his appearance. Neither Mr. Mouat nor Mr. R. had ever had a similar experience.

This case forms a link with the far more numerous varieties

of the Etheric Double which are to follow; but it and those already given are in a class by themselves.

Dealing with this problem, The Hon. Ralph Shirley says in his admirable volume, *The Mystery of the Human Double*: "There are, in short, I would suggest, several categories of phenomena that appear similar but are actually different, and we must beware of our love of uniformity misleading us in such a case."

He asks, moreover: "Are all these Doubles, phantasms, etheric or astral bodies, genuine phenomena compounded of some etheric substance, and not merely appearances conjured up by the brain? Or are they collective hallucinations, thought forms, and nothing more? In using the word 'hallucinations,'" he continues, "I do not wish to suggest pure illusion, but rather mental pictures visually projected."

It will be well at the outset to deal with this word "hallucination", because it is used by various writers on the subject to express a meaning agreeable to their own requirements.

If you do not believe in spirit forms, you describe the people who see them as suffering from hallucination; which means that they see something which isn't there; because you decline to admit that anything that cannot be seen by everyone can possibly be objective.

Here, for example, is a case, to be quoted in full later on, in which a horse drawing an open carriage with two occupants was seen independently at different times and in different places, in broad daylight, by four people who, far from expecting it, were astonished, and one of them terrified, at the sight. They are described as suffering from "collective hallucination", which meant that they were seeing something which did not exist because it was obviously not the material horse, cart and people that they were seeing.

I hold, however, that though deceived by what they saw, they were not deceived in thinking that they saw something. That the picture was there, projected in some, at present, inscrutable way from the material object, and that the precipients cannot therefore be described as the victims of hallucination.

The lexicographers define hallucination as "an unfounded notion; belief in unreality; a baseless or distorted conception", and "In pathology and psychology: the apparent perception of some external thing to which no real object corresponds"; giving as synonyms "Delusion, illusion".

Edmund Gurney asserted that "the hallucinated person not only imagined such and such a thing, but imagined that he saw

such and such a thing", and he also spoke of "an hallucination telepathically induced".

To avoid all such ambiguities, the unhappy word will only appear in the text here as used by other writers.

The psychics of past centuries were often as quaint as their surgery, but the Church has recorded spiritual adventures which there is no reason to disbelieve. There is much help to such achievements in prayer and fasting.

Levitation was almost a commonplace, and several stories have come down to us of the Somatic Double.

It is related that St. Anthony of Padua, when preaching in the Church of St. Pierre de Quayroix at Limoges on Holy Thursday in 1226, suddenly remembered that he was due at that hour for a service in a monastery at the other end of the town.

Drawing his hood over his head, he knelt down for some minutes while the congregation reverently waited. At that moment the Saint was seen by the assembled monks to step forth from his stall in the monastery chapel, read the appointed passage in the Office, and immediately disappear.

A similar experience is recorded of St. Severus of Ravenna, St. Ambrose and St. Clement of Rome.

At a later date, September 17th, 1774, Alphonse de Lignori, when imprisoned at Arezzo, remained for five days in his cell without taking nourishment. Awaking one morning at the end of his fast, he declared that he had been present at the death-bed of Pope Clement XIV. His statement was subsequently confirmed, for he had been seen in attendance at the bedside of the dying Pope.

Such stories do at least attest an age-old belief in the Somatic Double, even if they only carry complete conviction to devout Catholics.

CHAPTER III

THE ETHERIC DOUBLE

FROM the quiet roadstead of the Somatic Double, one passes at once into the contingencies of indifferently charted waters.

For a long time it has been known that certain people have possessed a faculty of viewing events at a distance. This faculty has been dubbed "travelling clairvoyance", a nomenclature which satisfied everyone, since no one knew what clairvoyance was, nor could conceive how it travelled.

The classical example of the kind, though by no means the

most impressive, was provided by Emmanuel Swedenborg, one of the greatest scientists, engineers and mathematicians of his day, who, later in his life, developed psychic powers.

Towards the end of September, 1756, Swedenborg had just landed at Gothenburg, where he had been invited to stay at the house of a friend, named Castel, along with a number of other guests.

About six o'clock in the evening he went out of the house, returning somewhat later looking pale and much upset. Asked what troubled him, he explained that he had become conscious that a terrible fire was raging in Stockholm, on the Södermalm, three hundred miles away, which was increasing in violence at that very moment, and was causing him the greatest anxiety, as the house of one of his friends had already been destroyed and his own house was in danger.

He thereupon went out again, and, returning at eight o'clock, exclaimed: "God be praised, the fire has been extinguished at the third house from my own!"

This statement, which caused an immense sensation, reached the Governor's ears the same evening, and the next day, Sunday, he sent for Swedenborg, who described for him the exact nature and extent of the conflagration, how it had begun, and the time during which it had continued.

As the story spread, many of the citizens of Gothenburg were greatly concerned, having friends and property in Stockholm. On Monday evening, official news was brought by a courier, who had been sent by the merchants of Stockholm during the fire.

The account he brought confirmed Swedenborg's statement in every particular, and a further courier, despatched by the King, arrived at the Governor's house on Tuesday morning, giving fuller details of the ravages of the conflagration, and further stating that it had been got under at 8 p.m., the very hour which Swedenborg had reported.

Well, there it is, travelling clairvoyance! I forget what Swedenborg called it; he had a name of his own for most things. Godly man that he was, he thought Quakers should only be permitted to live among the beasts. But he could see things happening three hundred miles away.

How was it done? A good deal depends on a correct solution, since it would supply a key to many things in the nature of man which are not yet understood.

It is proposed to consider here if such a feat, and hundreds like it, may not be more correctly attributed to flight than to vision, and to suggest that the flight is performed by the etheric

component in man's make-up. And here I must offer an apology for my use of "etheric". Most previous writers on the subject have preferred to speak of astral travel and astral projection.

"The term 'astral body,'" says Ralph Shirley, "is constantly used as a synonym for the 'etheric body'. Sylvan Muldoon, and other practitioners of the art, write about 'astral projection', meaning, of course, the extrusion of the subtle body from its physical envelope. Why, we may ask, not call it 'etheric projection'? I confess I cannot answer this question except by saying that the phrase 'astral projection' has become stereotyped, and is therefore regarded as the recognized phrase for a particular form of locomotion outside the physical form." "I have felt," he says later, "that something should be said here on a problem which has, generally speaking, been left in a very nebulous state. I have judged this course all the more incumbent upon me as in the present volume the expressions 'astral' and 'etheric' have been employed as synonymous, and it might well be asked whether or in what manner I differentiated one from the other."

Mr. Shirley is quite right about the difficulties to be faced, but I think facing them will assist a clearer understanding of etheric achievement.

My own objection to the term "astral" in describing the evolution and adventure of the subtle body, is that it is thus inferentially connected with the astral plane. But such connection is in practice extraordinarily rare. The purposeful users of the Double only on exceptional occasions quit their terrestrial surroundings, or make any contact with astral inhabitants; their reports of astral conditions are not always convincing.

Yram, that ingenious French projectionist, is an exception; but there is a suspicion of trance interference in the records of some of his flights.

For the most part the Doubles meet the people they know, traverse familiar scenes, or others with which they are mentally acquainted. They are, so far as we can define such things, fourth dimensional creatures, who are able to disregard the apparent solidity of matter; indeed, they can confirm, in this particular, the latest discoveries of science, being able to treat that deceiver as it deserves, by passing through it.

But, so near are they to earth, that some slight difference in their make-up, of which they are themselves unaware, may force them to halt at obstacles through which, previously, they have passed unhindered.

One would not venture, in such a matter, to differ from

Theosophical teaching, which has provided us with a nomenclature not always intelligently used. But a study of Major Arthur Powell's volume on *The Etheric Double*—which includes the views of every Theosophic notable—seems to favour such a description of the subtle body with which we propose to deal.

"The Etheric Double," he tells us, "has been given a variety of names. In early Theosophical literature it was often called the astral body, the astral man, or the Linga Sharira. In all later writings, however, none of these terms are ever applied to the Etheric Double, as they properly belong to the body composed of astral matter, the body of Kâma of the Hindus. In reading *The Secret Doctrine*, therefore, and other books of the older literature, the student must be on his guard not to confuse the two quite distinct bodies, known today as the Etheric Double and the Astral Body. . . . Every solid, liquid and gaseous particle of the physical body is surrounded with an etheric envelope; hence the Etheric Double, as its name implies, is a perfect duplicate of the dense form. . . . The Double may be separated from the dense physical body by accident, death, anaesthetics, such as ether, or gas, or mesmerism. The Double being the connecting link between the brain and the higher consciousness, the forcible extrusion of it from the dense physical body by anaesthetics necessarily produces anaesthesia. . . . Separation of the Double from the dense body is generally accompanied by a considerable decrease of vitality in the latter, the Double becoming more vitalized as the energy in the dense body diminishes."

As all that corresponds with our observation of the subtle body one seems justified in claiming Theosophical sanction for our description of it as the Etheric Double; but, of course, in all quotations, the nomenclature adopted by the writer will be preserved, and thus, where not otherwise defined, astral and etheric may be regarded as synonyms for the subtle body.

There is ample evidence that the Etheric Double can come adrift from the dense body, consciously, accidentally, or in sleep; it can be detached in trance or by hypnosis and sent on its way, but its powers and its appearances vary greatly.

Sometimes, as in Swedenborg's case, the Double can report what is happening at its distant rendezvous through the lips of its abandoned self. That lies within the powers of many sensitives.

That distinguished Medium, Mrs. Eileen Garrett, explains the procedure in *My Life as a Search for the Meaning of Mediumship*.

I shall endeavour, as far as possible, to keep Mediumship and the professional use of psychic power out of this volume; not because a Medium is necessarily an untrustworthy person, but because this business of the Double is essentially an affair of quite ordinary contrivance; you may encounter it once in a lifetime or it may be an everyday performance. All that it requires is an easily detachable Etheric, but on what that depends we are still in ignorance. From my own experience I should say that, lacking the needful looseness, no recipe for detachment is of the slightest use unless it involves some special cultivation of your psychic powers.

In Mrs. Garrett one has that rather rare product, a Medium with outstanding abilities, who is anxious, for her own satisfaction and for the sake of humanity, to understand them.

In 1932, when working with several well-known psychiatrists and scientists in America who were interested in the problem of telepathy at a distance, a test was arranged for her in New York.

From a room there she was asked to communicate with a well-known medical man in a house in Newfoundland, several hundred miles distant, in a territory which she had never visited, and to report to the investigators in New York, while still seated among them, everything that her double had seen and heard.

"I knew for myself," she says, "that, in order to accomplish the experiment successfully, I would have to use conscious projection in order to arrive at the destination in Newfoundland which I was expected to reach." Giving an account of her experience, she continues: "In my projected state in that place in Newfoundland, where the experiment was set up, I found myself not only at the place of the experiment, but, before I entered the house, I was able to see the garden and the sea, as well as the house I was supposed to enter; I actually sensed the damp of the atmosphere and saw the flowers growing by the pathway. Then I passed through the walls and I was inside the room in which the experiment was to take place. There was no one there and I looked up the staircase, searching for the experimenter I had been told would be there. If I had to move upstairs to find him that would mean additional effort on my part, but fortunately he walked down the stairs at that moment, and entered the room which I knew had been selected for the experiment. What took place then included not only telepathy, but the entire range of supernormal sensing, including clairvoyance, clairaudience and precognition. The Doctor, in this experiment, himself had powers of supernormal sensing, and was obviously aware of my presence and that the experiment

had begun. In what I am about to relate, the proof of our mutual awareness will soon become evident.

"Speaking aloud and addressing me, he said: 'This will be a successful experiment,' and I, sitting in a New York room, was able to receive this speech, seemingly through my physical hearing. The investigator in Newfoundland addressed my *Double* which I had projected into his study, and said, 'Now look at the objects on the table.' I followed his direction from that moment on, in much the same way as a hypnotized person responds to suggestion. I could see the objects on the table, not by means of ordinary sight but through clairvoyant vision; I then gave a description of what I saw to the notetaker with me in New York. I heard the Doctor say, 'Make my apologies to the experimentors at your end. I have had an accident and cannot work as well as I had hoped.' I transmitted what I was hearing in Newfoundland to the notetaker in New York, in the exact words which had been spoken to me, and I also described the bandage on the Doctor's head. This had scarcely been done when I heard the experimenter in New York comment, in an aside: 'This can't possibly be true, because I had a letter a few days ago and the Doctor was quite well then.'

"The experiment continued and I remained in my projected state; I followed the activity of the investigator in Newfoundland. The next thing he did was to walk slowly to his bookcase in his room; before he reached it I knew that he was thinking of a certain book, and I knew its position on the shelf; this was telepathy. He took it down and held it up in his hands with the definite idea that I, being present, could read its title, and he then opened it and, without speaking, read to himself a paragraph out of this volume. The book was about Einstein and his theories of relativity. The paragraph he had selected he read through silently, and, as he did so, I was able to receive from his mind the telepathic impressions of what he read. The sense of his reading I reported in my own words to the stenographer in New York. In the meantime, the experimenter, speaking aloud, told me, in my projected state, that during this experiment he too had projected himself into the bedroom in New York of the psychiatrist who was his co-experimenter. He proceeded to describe the two photographs that he had actually seen there on his previous (physical) visit to New York, but he now explained in Newfoundland that these photographs had been put away, and that the bedroom of his friend had been redecorated since his actual physical visit.

"This was the end of that experiment, and the recorder commented, when it was over, that the entire proceeding had

taken fifteen minutes. Had this experiment rested on telepathy alone I could never have *reached* nor *seen* the experimenter, the locality of the room and set-up for the experiment. All that pure telepathy could have produced would have been *the thoughts in the experimenter's mind and the impressions of the words he spoke aloud to me*. Much that made this experiment unusual and striking was that this doctor in Newfoundland also had the power to project himself and was then able to receive impressions clairvoyantly and telepathically from the place in New York, as I projected and did the same to his home in Newfoundland.

"The record of the experiment in New York was posted that night to the doctor in Newfoundland. Next morning a telegram was received from him; in it he described an accident which had occurred just before we began our experiment, and a day later a letter was received from him, listing the steps of the experiment as he had planned it. The telegram proved that I had not only heard his message correctly, when he spoke to my *Double* there, but I had actually perceived his bandaged head. Remember, he opened the experiment by predicting that it would be successful; this prophecy was more than justified by our unusual results. I had succeeded in catching and relaying this prediction telepathically, so that in this case *precognition* and *telepathy* occurred simultaneously. From his letter, we learned that he had used a table and placed upon it a series of objects which I had seen correctly by means of *clairvoyance*; every step of my description of his behaviour turned out also to be correct. The book he removed from the shelf, the title and the subject matter he read to himself, were as I described them when received through my own conscious projection, and my application of clairvoyance and telepathy. Without a use of these additional faculties of perception such a complex experiment could not have been possible."

The most interesting part of the story I have left to the last. Mrs. Garrett's description of the mechanism she employs.

"What is not generally accepted by science," she says, "but which I nevertheless know to be true, is that everyone has a *Double*, of finer substance than the physical body; it is referred to either as the astral or as the etheric body by some scientists. This is not to be confused with the *surround*, which remains in position enveloping the human body, while the *Double* can be projected. It is by means of this *Double* that either accidental or conscious projection is accomplished. Now in these experiments I was doing conscious projection, and I know from my

own experience that when I project this *Double*, I do so from the centre of my chest above the breasts. From the moment I begin to project, I am aware at this point of a pull, accompanied by a fluttering, which causes the heart to palpitate, and the breathing to speed up, accompanied also, if the projection is a long one, by a slight choking in the larynx and a heady sensation. As long as the projection continues, I remain aware of these sensations taking place in my physical body.

"While I am in a state of projection, the *Double* is apparently able to use the normal activity of all five senses which work in my physical body. For example, I may be sitting in a drawing-room on a snowy day and yet be able in projection to reach a place where summer is at that moment full-blown. In that instant I can register with all my five physical senses the sight of the flowers and the sea; I can smell the scent of the blossoms and the tang of the ocean spray, and hear the birds sing and the waves beat against the shore. Strange to say, I never forget the smallest detail of any such experience which has come to me through conscious projection, though in ordinary daily living I can be quite forgetful, and memories of places and things may grow dim. It might be interesting to note here certain differences that occur to me during conscious and unconscious projection. In the unconscious state, when I may be day-dreaming, or on the verge of sleep, my *Double* may slip out without my willing it, and sometimes strike obstacles in space which block its free movement and cause a repercussion to my nervous system and a shock to my physical body. Such impacts never occur when I project myself at will into space; this is due to the fact that I then move out *consciously* in a more flexible and fluid state."

I am very grateful to Mrs. Garrett for permitting me to use her unique experience of such matters; though, as will appear later, projective methods differ almost as widely as the men who employ them. What is with some a sundering wrench is with others a semi-conscious sliding, or even causes no cognizance at all; the ports of exit and re-entry bear no definite label, and often are not even known apart.

So much for the Sensitive. Here is an example of how the same thing happens under hypnosis. It is taken from Alex Erskine's *Hypnotists' Case Book*.

A youth of about sixteen, the son of an old friend of Mr. Erskine's, came to see him one day, and Mr. Erskine happened to ask him where his father was. The boy replied that he did not know. The hypnotist wondered what the boy's answer

would have been if he had been put into a hypnotic sleep. He asked the boy if he was willing to be hypnotized; the boy readily consented and was soon under control.

Mr. Erskine then put to him the identical question as to his father's whereabouts, and the boy answered at once, giving the minutest account of what his father was doing. Mr. Erskine took down what he said, and for three hours the boy, in his trance condition, followed his father through the London streets, and described the various calls he was making on his way. Neither the father nor his son knew anything of Mr. Erskine's experiment, which was entirely unpremeditated; and the boy, when awakened, knew nothing of the answers he had given.

At this point Mr. Erskine got in touch with the father, and asked him to come round to see him. This is how he describes the interview:

"I saw him privately," he says, "and he had rather a shock when at my first question I asked him if he had felt the invisible eye of his son following him. He had not. I showed him what I had written down. He was staggered. For a few moments he did not speak, then he asked for an explanation. I gave it to him. He could not believe it. Then he admitted that his son's account of his movements, of the people he had spoken to, and the scenes described were accurate. Every note I had made was correct to the minutest detail.

"Two promises he asked—and these I readily gave—one that I would never divulge what I had written, the other that I would never send his son's spirit floating after him again. 'Try it with someone else,' he laughed."

"Floating after him again"! Is any other deduction possible? To those of us who are acquainted with the Etheric Double, it is not only possible but obvious. The only difficulties for us are—the channel of communication between the boy's spirit and his body, and the picking up of his father's "scent". However, what a bloodhound can do with his nose, the human spirit ought to be able to accomplish with the far more delicate implements at its disposal!

Major Arthur Powell explains that, when the etheric matter has been forced out, it usually wraps itself round the astral body, and dulls the consciousness of that vehicle also; hence, when the influence has been withdrawn, there is usually no memory in the brain consciousness of the time spent in the astral vehicle; which, doubtless, accounts for the fortunate obliteration from the boy's mind of what he has seen.

This one example is quoted as typical of its kind; scores of others could be given, as every skilled hypnotist knows.

One other example should perhaps be given, exhibiting the range of Etheric travel. It is quoted by Mrs. Sidgwick in the *S.P.R. Proceedings*, as evidence for clairvoyance.

Mr. A. W. Dobbie, of Adelaide, Australia, an experienced hypnotist, asked a certain Miss A. when under control: "Can you find your father at the present moment?" He was five hundred miles away, but no one knew exactly where. She could not find him at first, but said after a minute or two: "Oh yes, now I can see him, Mr. Dobbie." To the question "Where is he?" she replied:

"Sitting at a large table in a large room, and there are a lot of people going in and out."

"What is he doing?"

"Writing a letter and there is a book in front of him."

"To whom is he writing?"

"To the newspaper." Here she paused and laughingly said: "Well, I declare, he is writing to the A.B." (Naming a newspaper.)

"You said there was a book there; can you tell me what book it is?"

"It has gilt letters on it."

"Can you read them, or tell me the name of the author?"

She read, pronouncing slowly, "W.L.W." (giving the full surname of the author). She answered several minor questions as to the furniture in the room, and then, to the question: "Is it any effort or trouble for you to travel in this way?" said, "Yes, a little; I have to think."

Her father returned nearly a week later, and was astounded when told by his wife and family what he had been doing on that particular evening. He also informed them that the book in question was a new one which he had purchased after leaving home, so that there was no possibility of his daughter guessing what book he had before him. Mr. Dobbie adds that the letter in due course appeared in the newspaper and that he saw and handled the book.

He tells us, moreover, to cut out telepathy as an explanation. "I have scores of times tried my level best to cause clairvoyants to see pictures and visions by conjuring up in my own mind the most vivid pictures imaginable, but up to the present moment I have never succeeded in making my clairvoyants think one thought, or say or see anything I have tried to make them see in that way."

He added that, when psychometrizing an article, his clairvoyants were often entirely wrong, "even when I am fully aware of the nature or history of the specimen I place in their hands, of which the visitors also are cognisant".

Five hundred miles does not, of course, represent the Etheric limit. Far from it! Indeed, the time-table for Etheric travel seems based on a space-time unit. Two or three thousand miles are no more of an obstacle than is the length of a street; and the Atlantic is as easily crossed as the village brook.

Here is an Atlantic crossing to illustrate the third type of travel, the most inclusive of all, unexpected, unpremeditated, and by people with no psychic pretensions. It is condensed from the *S.P.R. Proceedings* :

The *City of Limerick*, sailing from Liverpool to New York, met, when two days out, a storm which lasted nine days, during which she was badly damaged, and saw neither sun, stars, nor any other vessel.

On the eighth night of the storm, Mr. S. R. Wilmot, one of the passengers, able to sleep for the first time, dreamed that he saw his wife, who was in the U.S.A., come to the door of his state-room, clad in her nightdress.

She halted there, having apparently noticed that there was someone in the berth above her husband, but came cautiously forward, stooped down, kissed her husband, and, after gently caressing him for a few moments, quietly withdrew.

Next morning Mr. William J. Tait, who occupied the other berth, which, from its position in the stern gave a view of the one beneath, chaffed Mr. Wilmot on the visit paid him by the unknown lady, and, being pressed to explain, stated that while lying awake he had seen the exact incident which his companion had dreamed, and had never doubted the reality of what he saw.

On meeting his wife in Watertown, Conn., Mr. Wilmot was at once asked by her: "Did you receive a visit from me a week ago?"

"A visit from you!" he exclaimed. "Why, we were more than a thousand miles at sea."

"I know," she replied, "but it seemed to me that I visited you."

Wilmot asked what grounds she had for her belief, and she explained how, owing to the stormy weather and reported loss of another ship, she had, on the night of the occurrence, lain anxiously awake, and, at about four in the morning, felt as if she had gone out to seek him. She described her journey across the stormy sea, how she climbed up the side of a low black steamer, went down to the saloon, and along to the stern till she came to his cabin.

"Tell me," she said, "are there any state-rooms like the one

I saw, where the upper berth extends further back than the under one? A man was in the upper berth, looking right at me, and for a moment I was afraid to go in; but, presently, I walked over to your berth, bent down, kissed you and embraced you, and went away."

Typical as this case is of many others, it has its special features. The striking visibility of the Double, unless Mr. Tait was clairvoyant, is unusual; the consciousness of its presence in sleep is even more so; and, of course, Mr. Tait's corroboration, and his conviction of Wilmot's lapse from virtue, is an exceptional tribute to the realistic plausibility of the scene. Mr. Tait had never seen Wilmot's wife, but he was able exactly to describe her.

CHAPTER IV

PLANNED PROJECTION FROM SLEEP

WHEN the Etheric Double is projected in sleep it has frequently to rely on the evidence of others for an account of its peregrinations. It may be unaware of itself in that condition, and, even when its projection was purposed, and the purpose was fulfilled, may retain no recollection of its successes.

And, curiously enough, save where Sensitives are concerned, it seems to reach its objective more easily when the projection is unconscious, or is the result of mental disturbance. Some keen desire may send it forth on its way, and conduct it to its destination. As will be seen from the records of men who have made a practice of projection, their Doubles are often at the mercy of unknown forces, and of their own mental and vital impulses. The breath of a hurricane sweeps them away, or a rash attempt to attach themselves to an attractive scene sends them hurtling back into their bodies. They will be dealt with later.

Of the others, our concern is directed to the evidence they are able to offer of the journeys they allege to have taken. This may be of two kinds: the Double may have been seen, felt or even spoken to, or it may be able to describe accurately the places it has visited, or the behaviour of people it has met.

If the visit has been paid to a Sensitive, the Double will always be seen, and clairvoyant powers are occasionally revealed to their unconscious possessor by his being the only one of a group by whom the Double is perceived.

As far as possible one prefers to rely on the owners of ordinary

vision, because anything psychic is suspect by the ignorant ; but this is difficult, since there are as many gradations in psychic vision as in ordinary sight, and it is, moreover, far more subject to fluctuations in its perspicacity.

Where, however, the Double is not seen, its presence may be felt ; it may even be able to displace small articles or to turn the handle of a door.

Nor does its visibility depend always or altogether on the endowment of the viewer ; there seems to be variety in the Etheric compound which may sometimes alter its apparent solidity, and even inhibit its passage through gross matter.

As an example which can hardly be suspect, and which has about it a charming air of innocence, here is a story told, in his *Astral Projection*, by Mr. Oliver Fox, himself a painstaking projectionist, and, in England, the earliest writer on the subject.

In 1905 he had a girl friend, whom he introduces to us as Elsie, who strongly disapproved of his projectional experiments. She felt that it was wicked, and that God would be seriously angry with him if he persisted. He chaffed her about her ignorance, alleging that she did not even know the meaning of the word.

"Yes, I do !" she retorted. "I know more than you think. I could go to you tonight if I wanted to."

"Whereat," says Mr. Fox, "I laughed rudely and immoderately ; for she knew no more of occultism, theoretical or practical, than I of needlework. Elsie, small blame to her, lost her temper."

"Very well," she exclaimed, "I'll *prove* it. It's wicked, but I don't care. I'll come to your room tonight and you shall see me there."

"All right," I replied, not in the least impressed ; "come if you can !"

Mr. Fox, a little later, walked to his home, about a mile away, worked hard on an approaching exam., and went to bed late and very tired.

"Some time in the night," he continues, "while it was still dark, I woke—but it was the False Awakening. I could hear the clock ticking, and dimly see the objects in the room. I lay on the left side of my double-bed, with tingling nerves, waiting. Something was going to happen. But what ? Even then I did not think of Elsie.

"Suddenly there appeared a large, egg-shaped cloud of intensely brilliant bluish-white light. In the middle was Elsie, hair loose, and in her nightdress. She seemed perfectly solid

as she stood by a chest of drawers near the right side of my bed. Thus she remained, regarding me with calm but sorrowful eyes, and running her fingers along the top and front of a desk which stood on the drawers. She did not speak.

"For what seemed to be some seconds I could not move nor utter a word. Again I felt the strange paralysis which I have previously noted. Wonder and admiration filled me, but I was not afraid of her. At last I broke the spell. Rising on one elbow I called her name, and she vanished as suddenly as she had come. It certainly seemed I was awake now.

"I must note the time," I thought, but an irresistible drowsiness overwhelmed me. I fell back and slept dreamlessly till morning.

"The following evening we met and I found Elsie very excited and triumphant.

"I did come to you!" she greeted me. "I really did. I went to sleep, willing that I would, and all at once I was *there*. This morning, I knew just how everything was in your room, but I've been forgetting all day—it's been slipping away."

"Well, despite her impatience, I would not say a word about what I had seen until she had told me all she could remember. So, although this experience can never be absolutely convincing to her or to anyone else, it is at least to me.

"She described in detail the following:

"(1) Relative positions of door, window, fireplace, wash-stand, chest of drawers, and dressing-table.

"(2) That the window had a number of small panes instead of the more usual large ones.

"(3) That I was lying, eyes open, on the left side of a double-bed (I had never told her it was double) and seemed dazed.

"(4) An old-fashioned pin-cushion, an unusual object in a man's room.

"(5) A black Japanese box covered with red raised figures.

"(6) A leather-covered desk lined with gilt, sunk plate on top for handle to fall back into, standing on the chest of drawers. She described how she was running her fingers along a projecting ridge on the front of this desk.

"You're wrong in just one thing," I said later. "What you took for a ridge was a gilt line on the leather. There's no projecting ridge anywhere.

"There is," said Elsie positively, "I tell you I felt it."

"But, my dear girl," I protested, "don't you think I know my own desk?"

"'I don't care,' she replied. 'When you go home look at it, and you will find a gilt ridge on the front side.'

"I took her advice. The desk was placed to front the wall, and the hinges (which I had quite forgotten) made a continuous projecting gilt ridge on the front side. Owing to its position, she had naturally mistaken the back of the desk for the front.

"I am positive that Elsie, in the flesh, had never seen my room; for, as she never visited my home, she could never have had a peep without my knowledge, nor could she have obtained a description from any common friend."

The adventure had an interesting sequel.

"In this same summer of 1905," recounts Mr. Fox, "all unwittingly, I gave Elsie quite a nasty fright. She woke on a bright morning to find me standing, fully dressed but hatless, by her bed. I looked so solid and real that she never doubted I was there in the flesh. She slept with her window wide open, and she thought I had been emulating Romeo and had chosen a singularly inappropriate time. She could hear her brother whistling merrily in the next room, and her mother coming up the stairs to hers, to see if she was getting up, as was her custom. Poor Elsie was in a terrible state. She wanted so desperately to warn me that discovery was only a matter of seconds, but she seemed paralysed and could not move or speak. I just stood there, solid and stolid, very serious and silent. Then as the door-knob turned, I vanished and her mother entered. . . . I verified that I was asleep at the time, but I had no memory of the happening."

Here is another instance, from *Phantasms of the Living*, in which the appearance of the Double provided its own evidence.

Mr. S. H. Beard, a member of the S.P.R. and of the Stock Exchange, on a certain Sunday evening in November, 1881, when living in London, had read of the great power which the human will is able to exercise, and determined, with the whole force of his being, to visit, in spirit form, the front bedroom of a house three miles distant in which two lady friends of his, Miss L. S. Verity and Miss E. C. Verity, were sleeping.

He had not mentioned in any way his intention to try the experiment, since it was only on retiring to rest on that Sunday night that the project had occurred to him.

He determined to be there at 1 a.m. and to make his presence felt.

The next morning he was unaware of the success or failure of his experiment, but four days later, when he met the ladies, the elder told him, though he had made no allusion to the

subject, that on Sunday night, at about one o'clock, she had been terrified by seeing him, in evening dress, standing by her bedside; that when the apparition advanced towards her she had screamed and awakened her sister, who also saw him. The gas was burning low, and the apparition "was seen with far more clearness than a real figure would have been".

She protested that she was most certainly awake, as was her sister, who confirmed her story. They neither of them had previously shown any indications of being clairvoyant, nor had seen anything resembling a spirit form.

Mr. Beard continued to be interested in the subject, and in December, 1882, at 9.30 p.m., sitting alone by his fireside in Southall, thought so intently of the interior of a certain house in Kew that he seemed actually to be there, and he fell into a sort of trance in which, though conscious, he was unable to move his limbs. (That, as will appear later, is a significant phase in the act of projection.)

He regained consciousness at 10 p.m., and when he went to bed determined to visit the same house again at midnight, enter the front bedroom and make his presence felt by those asleep there.

Next day he called at the house, and one of the ladies living there told him that on the previous night she had twice seen him, first about 9.30, when he was walking about in the passage—where she happened to be—and going from room to room; and again at midnight, when she was wide-awake.

On the latter occasion he entered the front bedroom—which she shared with her sister—came up to her, took hold of her long hair, and then of her hand, at which he gazed intently. She spoke to him, but he did not reply. This lady believed she was slightly sensitive.

On March 22nd, 1884, Mr. Beard again determined to visit Miss Verity, and to make his presence felt by stroking her hair. He apprised Mr. Gurney, one of the lights of the S.P.R., in advance of his intention.

Ten days later he called on Miss Verity, who, before being questioned, told him that she had seen him vividly in her room on March 22nd at midnight, while she was awake, and that he had stroked her hair.

Mr. Beard never succeeded in starting these excursions when awake, nor does he mention if any of them emerged from what Oliver Fox describes as a "Dream of Knowledge"; that is to say, a dream in which one detects that one is dreaming and yet remains in the dream atmosphere.

He never retained any recollection of his adventures, which,

though curious, considering the solidity of his appearance, saved him from the suspicion of being able to telepath a hint of them to the percipients.

F. W. H. Myers gives, in *Human Personality*, several other instances. In one, the Rev. Clarence Godfrey determined, on November 15th, 1886, to visit a lady friend, and stand at the foot of her bed. The lady reported that at about 3.30 a.m. on the morning of the 16th she awoke with a start and a restless feeling which prompted her to go downstairs for some soda-water. On her way back she saw Mr. Godfrey very distinctly, standing on the staircase, dressed in his usual style, and with a very earnest expression. She held up the candle and gazed at him for a few seconds, when he gradually faded away.

Mr. Godfrey tried again to see the same lady, on a day fixed by Mr. Podmore—who was one of the doubtful illuminants of the S.P.R.—and was again successful. On this occasion the lady, who knew nothing of the experiments, was awakened by hearing a voice cry "Wake", and the touch of a hand on her head. She then saw a figure stooping over her which she recognized as Mr. Godfrey.

In these cases, and many others like them, the Double is peripatetic, and is not projected, as a thought form might be, to a predetermined spot like a figure on a screen.

Though speech was absent—and speech presupposes Etheric completeness—there was a tactual efficiency which is by no means common, and, in Elsie's case, there was a definite and particular recollection of detail. Her case is, indeed, one of exceptional interest, since the emotional factor had, doubtless, a great deal to do with its success.

An unconscious projection from sleep, after willing to make the journey, where the traveller, though both seen and heard, was unaware of her success, is described by Mrs. L., of Wanganui, New Zealand. It was the first outing of her Double and happened on April 10th, 1929.

Some of her friends were holding a séance at a considerable distance, and being ill in bed and anxious to join them, she determined to try to be present in spirit, hoping she might be able to show herself, and even to speak.

She began her effort quite early in the evening, falling to sleep about eight o'clock. When she woke next morning she had no memory even of a dream, but later, those who had been present at the Circle called to express their great surprise that her form, even to the nightgown and jewellery on her wrist, had appeared at the séance, and having spoken to them, had vanished.

Mrs. L. was able to furnish the names of all parties involved in the incident.

Here is an instance of how evanescent such memories are, even when the Double has been stimulated to a mental effort. It is recorded in *Phantasms of the Living*, and the percipient Z. was the Rev. Stainton Moses, the agent and narrator being one of his friends.

"One evening early last year (it was 1878) I resolved to try to appear to Z. at some miles distant. I did not inform him beforehand of the intended experiment, but retired to rest shortly before midnight with thoughts intently fixed on Z., with whose rooms and surroundings, however, I was quite unacquainted. I soon fell asleep, and awoke next morning unconscious of anything having taken place.

"On seeing Z., a few days afterward, I enquired: 'Did anything happen at your rooms on Saturday night?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'a great deal happened. I had been sitting over the fire with M., smoking and chatting. About 12.30 he rose to leave and I let him out myself. I returned to the fire to finish my pipe, when I saw you sitting in the chair just vacated by him. I looked intently at you and then took up a newspaper to reassure myself that I was not dreaming, but on laying it down I saw you till there. While I gazed without speaking you faded away. Though I imagined you must be fast asleep at that hour, yet you appeared dressed in your ordinary garments, such as you usually wear every day.' 'Then my experiment seems to have succeeded,' said I. 'The next time I come, ask me what I want, as I had fixed in my mind certain questions I intended to ask you, but I was probably waiting for an invitation to speak.'

"A few weeks later the experiment was repeated with equal success, I, as before, not informing Z. when it was made. On this occasion he not only questioned me on the subject which was at that time under very warm discussion between us, but detained me by the exercise of his will some time after I had intimated a desire to leave. This fact, when it came to be communicated to me, seemed to account for the violent and somewhat peculiar headache which marked the morning following the experiment; at least, I remarked at the time that there was no apparent cause for the unusual headache, and, as on the former occasion, no recollection remained of the event, or seeming event, of the preceding night."

"Seeming event" seems a slight understatement, and scarcely to do justice to the intelligence or integrity of his Reverend

friend. But perhaps the depressing hesitations of the S.P.R. forced it out of him.

CHAPTER V

UNCONSCIOUS PROJECTION FROM SLEEP

SLEEP seems to offer the easiest jumping-off place for the Etheric Double, perhaps because in sleep our etheric part is less completely immersed in the physical body.

Here is an account by a well-known writer and lecturer, Dr. O. A. Ostby, who was for ten years in the Ministry, of his first and further experience of etheric travel.

"The first experience of being out-of-my-body came quite unexpected," he says, "and occurred in 1904 at my home in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I awoke one night in full clear consciousness and found myself standing in front of the bed, looking at my own physical body lying beside my wife and baby boy who is now twenty-eight years of age.

"I knew at once that I, my real self, was outside of my body and that I had passed through what is called Death. To my consciousness there was no difference in my make-up from being in the body.

"I thought I had died, but that made no difference, as I was perfectly happy, and in fact had a strong desire to remain in this new state of freedom. But just then the thought struck me that it would be a dreadful shock for my wife to awaken in the morning and find my lifeless form beside her, so I determined that I must try to re-animate my physical form again.

"At that moment I felt a *power of will* take possession of me like steam in a boiler wanting to burst from its confinement. When this power reached a certain degree, I noticed the spiritual *myself* was lifted right off the floor, laid horizontally in space, and pushed slowly, inch by inch, into the physical again.

"I could tell when my heart started to beat again and the blood to circulate through my veins. Especially peculiar was the feeling when I observed the mind start to function through the material brain again. . . . Not long after that I acquired the ability to go in and out at will, with no break in consciousness at all."

When in December, 1929, Dr. Ostby read Sylvan Muldoon's *The Projection of the Astral Body*, he realized that his method of projection was precisely like that given in the book.

"I could lie on my couch," he says, "and my astral body would go out without ever being conscious of the separation. I would think it was my physical self until I would discover *that* still on the couch. Often I have lain down on the bench at my office and *jumped off* into the astral, turned and looked at my physical self still on the bench.

"Then I would go to the window, see the traffic in the street, hear people talk, pass through matter, see persons near and far away, go downstairs the back way, through the building, up the front way, and enter my body again.

"While *out* one time I wanted to know what time it was, and looked at my watch. It was queer that I could see only the rim of the watch and it was impossible to see the dial and hands, try as I would.

"On another occasion I was very anxious to see a certain man. I had never seen him in my life nor any photographs of him, and according to my conscious knowledge he lived in Chicago, Illinois, where I had his late address. When I left my body a peculiar thing happened. I knew instinctively and instantly that the person I desired to see was now living in California and not Chicago. Where did that superconscious knowledge come from?

"I had no consciousness of intervening space but found myself in California, found his new bungalow, noted the street corner, went inside, had a good look at the man, learned that he was a dope fiend, etc. Later I investigated the matter physically, secured photos both of the man and the bungalow, and found everything to be exactly as I had seen them with my spiritual eyes while out of my body. I also learned later on that the man really was a dope addict."

"To those who would proclaim his statements to be nonsensical," says Mr. Muldoon, "Dr. Ostby simply replies: 'Laugh, if you care to—laughing is good for the health.' To those who would have it that his experiences were only vivid dreams, he says: 'Then our whole conscious life is a mere vivid dream, or a succession of dreams, and nothing more.'"

Well, that is a very good send-off for this phase of the subject, and Dr. Ostby's experience closely resembles that of others who have first slipped unaware out of their bodies, and later developed a conscious method.

A corollary to this story is furnished in a letter sent to Mr. Muldoon from a correspondent, Mr. H., in Bournemouth, England, on December 17th, 1930. He writes: "I had a bit of a shock today. I was in Boot's, Bournemouth, changing my book at

their library, when I happened to pick up a copy of your book. I opened it—and what a shock! It was those illustrations. They astonished me! I could only say to myself, 'That is I—that is I.'

"When I was about twenty years old I began to have an almost nightly experience of *my body coming out of my body*, and going sometimes on long trips. The trips were usually delightful. I have always kept those experiences mostly to myself. I won't go into details here, though I can do so if you ask it.

"My trips continued for many years, and I could, *and did, make myself float in the air at will*. The floating was exactly as you have pictured it. I would always begin lying horizontally over my body, float outwards, then assume an upright position. . . . The experiences became more rare, and now I very seldom have one. I have not yet read your book, not even the Preface, it was the amazement—the actual shock—of seeing those marvelously accurate illustrations which prompted this letter."

Here is an account of a single flight illustrating the effect of an emotional reaction on the Double, of which all pertinacious projectors are conscious. It is recorded in *Life and Action*, and is told by Captain Sumner E. W. Kittelle.

"In April, 1913," he writes, "I was for about a month Captain of the gunboat *Marietta*, and was lying alongside the dock in Brooklyn, N.Y. My wife remained at the house in the Naval Yard at Boston. One night I returned to the ship, from the city, at about eleven o'clock, went to the cabin, and in due time retired to my stateroom and went to sleep in my bunk.

"During sleep *I was conscious that I left my physical body*, and travelled with seeming great speed over, but some distance above, the ground to Boston, where I sought my own room and took my accustomed place in bed.

"Here after a while I was conscious that my wife had placed her hand upon my shoulder, and I made a strong effort to turn over and respond to her touch. This effort seemed to cause me to leave the bed and room, and return over the same route to New York at the same speed, and thereupon I reoccupied my bunk on board ship and awoke.

"At once it occurred to me that this must be an *experience*, so I reached out and switched on the electric light and noted the exact time. The next day I wrote to my wife and, without telling her anything about my experience, I asked her if she had noticed anything during the night in question.

"Her reply was that she had strongly felt that I was in bed, and had reached out and touched me on the shoulder! So real

did it seem to her that she sat up to investigate, and finding nothing thought, nevertheless, that she would make a note of the time, which she did, and the two times, hers and mine, were identical."

Both Sylvan Muldoon and Oliver Fox describe how, yielding to the irresistible temptation (irresistible, at least to their etheric forms) to attract the attention of a charming lady, had sent them hurtling back to their physical moorings.

Here is a case with unusual corroboration cited by Dr. Britton in *Man and his Relations*.

The episode occurred in Canada to a Mr. Wilson, who was living at the time in Toronto.

Mr. Wilson, on falling asleep in his arm-chair, dreamt that he was at Hamilton, a town forty miles to the west. In his dream he went to call on a lady friend, and rang the door-bell of her house. A maid answered, and said that her mistress was not at home. Knowing the family well, however, he walked in and asked for a glass of water. He then left, instructing the servant to give his kind regards to her mistress. When Mr. Wilson awoke he made a note that he had been asleep for forty minutes.

A few days later a certain Mrs. G., a friend of the lady in question, received a letter from her which mentioned the fact that Mr. Wilson had called at the house in her absence, and had left without returning, after, she was informed, asking the maid for a glass of water.

This, she said, caused her much annoyance, as she particularly wished to see him.

Mr. Wilson, on being shown the letter, declared that he had not been at Hamilton for a whole month. However, recalling his dream, he asked Mrs. G. to write to their mutual friend on the matter, requesting, at the same time, that nothing on the subject should be mentioned to the servants.

He thereupon paid a visit to Hamilton in company with some friends, and they took the opportunity to call together at the house of the lady in question. Two of the maid-servants at once recognized Mr. Wilson as the gentleman who had previously called, and who had drunk in the house the glass of water they had brought him; an incident of which, as has been said, they had informed their mistress.

Of course the only strange feature in the story is the water-drinking, and it is very hard to imagine what becomes of water drunk by an Etheric Double. But then it is equally hard to imagine what becomes of water drunk by a materialized form

which, the next moment, may vanish, water and all, into the floor.

I should very much like to include here a story told by Robert Vale Owen in *The Debatable Land*, but unfortunately the Etheric Double of Miss Cecilia L. was accompanied across America by the spirit of her just departed sister, and its introduction might be regarded as spiritualistic propaganda. It is a most interesting and helpful tale.

It is amazing how timorous most people are of being associated with any sort of psychic experience.

Sylvan Muldoon, when trying to collect acceptable evidence of the Double, found himself up against this strange reluctance.

After recounting a number of miscellaneous cases, he says: "I have received many, many letters similar to the foregoing, most of them going into great detail, but, strange as it may seem, the writers fear having their experiences found out. They fear ridicule from their friends and business associates. So great is their dread of ever having anyone know they were out of their body, since such an occurrence seems unthinkable to the average person, that they will not even allow me to quote their experience. One thing at least can be said in favour of this fear: it strongly indicates sincerity on the part of the correspondents, and certainly eliminates the argument that they are trying to get their names before the public."

In contrast to this childish solicitude, here is a story told by a man who might have had reason to preserve the public's confidence in his sanity. William Gerhardi, already with an admirable literary reputation, ran the risk of tarnishing it by incorporating in *Resurrection* his own unexpected experience of Etheric projection, and gave us, moreover, in that bewildering novel, the reactions to his account of it, at a Ball, of his partners and acquaintances.

He was thirty-seven, writing a book which had immortality for its theme, expecting no revelation as to the future, but, withal, since it seemed to threaten to obliterate his reality from the world, fearing and resenting death.

All that may have had nothing to do with what followed. Who can say? He lay down to get a couple of hours' sleep before dressing for dinner, dreamt, to his great disgust, that he had broken a tooth, but when, pulling it out, it turned to molten toffee, he realized that he was dreaming, and forced himself awake. (We shall meet that process later in Oliver Fox's methods.) His narrative continues:

"But I awoke with a start. Because I had stretched out my hand to press the switch of the lamp on the bookshelf over my bed, and instead found myself grasping the void, and myself suspended precariously in mid-air, perhaps on a level with the bookcase. The room, except for the glow of the electric stove, was in darkness, but all around me was a milky pellucid light. I was that moment fully awake and so fully conscious that I could not doubt my senses. Astonished as I have never been before, amazed to the point of proud exhilaration, I said to myself, 'Fancy that! Now *would* you have believed it! . . . And this is *not* a dream.' It was just like the very things I did not and could not have believed; and here it was. It seemed to me almost ludicrous. . . . I felt as if I were being suspended by a steel arm which held me rigid—me, in comparison, weighing the weight of a feather. Then, with astonishing swiftness, as if the steel force which held me rigid was electrified to a bout of energy by the sudden apprehension which succeeded my first moment of delighted astonishment, I was seized, pushed out horizontally, placed on my feet, and thrust forward with the gentle-firm hand of the monitor: 'There you are, my good man, now you can proceed on your own.' I stood there, the same living being, but rather less stable, as if I were defying gravity.

"I was awed and not a little frightened that I was in the body of my Resurrection. So that's what it is like? How utterly unforeseen! I staggered uncertainly, and full of fear, to the door. I felt the handle, but to my discomfiture I could not turn it; there was no grip in my hand; it seemed unreal.

"Then my body turned round. And turning, I became aware for the first time of a strange appendage. At the back of me was a coil of light, like a luminous garden hose resembling the strong broad ray of dusty light at the back of a dark cinema projecting on the screen in front. To my utter astonishment, that broad cable of light at the back of me illumined the face on the pillow, as if attached to the brow of the sleeper. The sleeper was myself, not dead, but breathing peacefully, my mouth slightly open . . . and here was I outside it, watching it with a thrill of joy and fear. . . . Yet it wasn't my accustomed self, it was as if my mould was walking through a murky heavy space which, however, gave way easily before my emptiness. 'Now how will I get out?' I thought with more sadness than fear, as if I felt somebody had done me down, taken all the strength out of my wrist. The same moment I was pushed forward, the door passed through me, or I through the door, with an absence of resistance remarkable after wading through the heavy space. . . . I was interested to note that humour did

not evaporate in my ghostly mode. I did not think of anything wildly funny, but my spirits were distinctly high. . . .

"There was this uncanny tape of light between us, like the umbilical cord, by means of which the body on the bed was kept breathing while its mould wandered about the flat through space which seemed as dense as water. I seemed indeed to be not walking but wading through an unsteady sea. . . . And the ocean gave out its own dimly luminous submarine light.

"The only difference was a lack of weight and substance about this body of my continuation. Avidly I went from room to room, trying to collect what proof I could. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I passed into the bathroom. I looked at my own Double and I was dressed exactly as I had gone to bed. I was alone in the flat, which was in darkness except for the murky light which seemed to emanate from my own body. . . . I could not hold anything in my hand or displace the lightest of objects, and all I could do was to note carefully the position of things—which curtains were open and drawn, the time by the clock in the dining-room, and things of that sort, which all proved correct when I checked them afterwards. . . .

"Suddenly this strange power began to play pranks with me. I was being pushed along like a half-filled balloon. 'Steady, steady,' I called to myself. . . . I was being pushed out, with a sort of glee, right out of my flat. 'Out I flew through the front door, and hovered there in the air, a feeling of extraordinary lightness of heart overtaking me. Now I could fly anywhere, anywhere—to New York, visit a friend, if I liked, and it wouldn't take me a moment. But a feeling of caution intervened, of fear that something might happen in this long flight, and sever my link with the sleeping body to which I wanted to return if only to tell of my astounding experience."

He willed himself to return to his body, but, he says: "When I felt my body hovering over my old body on the bed, drab disappointment came back to me. 'Not yet,' I said. And again I flew off. When I flew thus swiftly, my consciousness seemed to blot out, and only returned when again I walked or moved at a reasonable speed."

He set out to visit a friend at Hastings, and flew off, passing through the front door so swiftly that again his consciousness was blotted out. It returned suddenly as he found himself stepping lightly over an open patch of grass; but it wavered uncertainly and went in and out like a flame. He forgot the purpose of his visit, knew not where he was, but made careful note of his surroundings, which were curious enough, for he was apparently hanging like a bat on to a thick brown beam on a

white ceiling, and could hear the ticking of a typewriter somewhere beneath him.

He felt horribly ill, let go of the beam, and presently had the impression that he was being lowered by a dozen screeching coolies from a noisy crane into his body, with a final crash as though a ton of machinery had been dropped on to his bowels.

He was, however, none the worse for the experience, and found he could recall every detail with a sense of reality which removed it from the vague memory of a dream.

"If the whole world united in telling me it was a dream," he says, "I would remain unconvinced."

The reality of his extended travel was confirmed later by the description he was able to give of his friend's house in Hastings, which he had never visited in the flesh.

Very few of the other accepted signs were missing from this first Etheric journey. The flickering of consciousness, the exhilaration, the sharp sense of reality, the undimmed recollection, the vaporous luminosity, the tape of light, even the reflection in the mirror (a not intrinsic feature) proclaim its completeness, especially for a first excursion.

"Since then," writes Mr. Gerhardi, in a letter to Sylvan Muldoon, "I have had four other projections. On one of them I actually visited a friend at Hastings, and obtained irrefutable proof of having been in his room. On another I visited relations of a friend living at Tunbridge Wells, and described them to her accurately without my ever having seen them before. On a third I passed right through a man walking on a lonely road at night. I have not so far met a ghost."

That last paragraph is surprising, since in a concluding chapter of *Resurrection* he described another astral adventure in which he met the spirit of a friend who had just succumbed to an operation, how he had talked with him, and how together they had looked down on his friend's dead body on the bed.

In *Lean Brown Men*, Michael Burt tells the story of a dream which has all the authentic trimmings of etheric travel.

Adrian Wise, in 1919, just gazetted as a youth of nineteen to a Dogra regiment still in Palestine, found himself in charge of a company of Sikhs in a dreary little fort on the North-West Frontier.

Exhausted, by weeks with a shade temperature touching 130°, he had fallen asleep under his mosquito-net on the roof of the Fort, when he seemed to float away from his bed to a point of vantage somewhere in mid-air, from which he could see by the

light of the setting moon, the whole of the Fort laid out like a plan under the clear starlit night.

Then, of a sudden, he caught sight of a Pathan sniper crawling along the adjoining Rest-house roof, dragging his jezail after him, and realized at once that the sniper's objective was his own abandoned body asleep under the mosquito-net. Unable to warn the guard, he watched the sniper's movement in an agony of apprehension, and then saw one of the sleeping Sepoys rise slowly as if to get himself a drink, but instead, pick up his bugle, and blow a call, a quick rhythmical succession of eight high Gs in 2-4 time. The whole Fort sprang to life, two shots rang out, the bugler fell dead, shot through the head, and the sniper succumbed to a sentry's rifle fired through a loophole.

Now this incident of the sniper and the bugler didn't *happen*. Wise regained his waking consciousness under the mosquito-net, could see no sign of the dead bugler, but the pressure of that strange "dream" forced him to believe in imminent danger, and, not daring to rise and thus precipitate the dreaded shot, he rolled out of his bed on the far side, and crawled to the shelter of a bastion. He was barely clear when the shot was fired, and the bullet, passing through his pillow, hit the roof behind him.

Well, that was that ; he didn't, of course, dare to tell his dream, and was soundly rated for being such a fool as to sleep where he did.

He knew nothing of Etheric travel, but was greatly puzzled that the men in his dream, including the bugler, had been Dogras and not the Sikhs he was in charge of, and that the call he had heard, which had saved his life, was one of which he knew nothing.

Some months later, convalescing from malignant malaria and dysentery, and having been transferred to the Dogra regiment to which he had originally been gazetted, he was looking through the Regimental History and Standing Orders sent him by the Adjutant, and was astounded to find that the regimental call was that same rhythmic sequence of eight high Gs which had been sounded by his "dream" bugler.

That set him digging into the Regimental History, and at last he discovered that a company of his regiment had occupied that very fort in 1869, and he gives this extract from the History :

"The ensuing night was marked by an incident terminating in the death of No. 3373, Bugler Ishar Ram. Shortly after two o'clock in the morning, the sleeping garrison was awakened by the sound of Ishar Ram's bugle, followed almost immediately by a shot from the roof of the newly erected Rest-house which

struck the unfortunate bugler in the head, killing him instantly. It is a melancholy satisfaction that the marksman was shot dead by a sentry whilst endeavouring to beat a retreat."

We are not asked to accept the authenticity of the story, but its lapses from the expected and explicable have the right psychic ring.

Another instance of dream projection, with an unexpected repercussion on the waking life of the dreamer, has many times been recounted.

Mrs. Butler, who at the time was living in Ireland with her husband, dreamed, in 1891, that she found herself in a house that seemed to satisfy her every requirement and to include every comfort that she could desire. She moved about it freely, went from room to room, noting their aspects and furnishing, even to the colour of the decoration and the position of the doors. She seemed aware that it was occupied, but was unconscious of its occupants. The dream made a very deep impression and was frequently repeated; each time as a living adventure, and not as a mere unvarying transcription, and there was little in the house which she did not know as well as if she had lived there.

Next year the Butlers, having moved to London, read an advertisement of a house in Hampshire which they thought would suit them, but feared there must be some hidden defect to account for its low price. They went to see it and, at the gate-keeper's lodge, Mrs. Butler exclaimed: "Why, this is the house of my dreams!"

So well was it remembered that, while being shown over it, she remarked on the existence of a door which she could not recall, only to learn that it had been introduced during the last six months. That seemed evidential; but far more impressive was the housekeeper's recoil from Mrs. Butler, and her startled cry: "Why, you're the ghost!" And she was, or rather had been; the Butlers learning later from the agent that the low price of the house was due to its reputation of being haunted. Mrs. Butler was the "haunt". She must have been distressed to have played, even unwittingly, so "shady" a part in the business!

Here is a similar case from a semi-conscious projection.

Mrs. Leonora S. Brewster, who lives in a small town in the State of New Hampshire, has had many out-of-the-body experiences, which usually start from a half-awake state in the early hours of the morning. When about to leave her body,

she feels as if being caught up by a powerful current of force, on which she sails along without conscious direction, with, for a few seconds, a snapping pain in her head, followed by a painful tightness of the throat, which sometimes forces her back into her body.

On one occasion she found herself projected and standing in the parlour of a strange and palatial house, from which she soared up a great stairway, and down a hall into a room where lay an old lady. "I approached her bed with some hesitation," she says, "although I felt sure of being invisible. Suddenly she awakened and acted as if she could see me, for she sat up on her elbow and looked straight at me."

Mrs. Brewster beat a hasty retreat, and a few minutes later was sitting up breathless in her own body and in her own bed.

She had been very much impressed by the elaborate furnishings of the house, and her recollection of them was still keen when, two years later, she went to Concord, forty miles distant from the town in which she lived, to visit her cousin who had just bought a house, as it stood, from the estate of an old lady, a Miss M., who had died there some time before.

The moment Mrs. Brewster entered the hall she recognized the house of her etheric adventure, and was able to demonstrate her acquaintance with it. She was only puzzled by finding that the old lady's room was set apparently the wrong way round.

"It was as if," she says, "I had been looking at it in a mirror when in my astral body." The old lady, it appeared, had died shortly after her visit, but there was a far more interesting aftermath, though being of too personal a nature it cannot unfortunately be included.

One reflection on these and similar visits, some remembered and some, for the moment, forgotten, may occur to many. One of the arguments in support of reincarnation has been the sense of "having been there before" when paying a visit somewhere for the first time. It would seem possible, seeing what flighty creatures our Doubles are, that preliminary visits, all unknown to us, have been paid in our etheric garment, and filed for future reference in that uncertain safe, the memory.

Mrs. Butler remembered her dream, Mrs. Brewster was flight-conscious; but more often the dream fades, and the Double's secrets are not unloaded on its sleeping partner.

CHAPTER VI

PATHOLOGICAL PROJECTION

THE Etheric Double, even when it has had no experience of projection, may be hustled out of the body by shock, as well as by the means—an anaesthetic—by which shock is avoided. Men have left their bodies in the trenches, on the operating table, and in the dentist's chair, and they have been seen by themselves and by others when set free under the two latter conditions; and Major Arthur Powell has explained how the Double may be separated from the dense physical body by accident, death, anaesthetics, such as ether, gas, or mesmerism, the connection between the dense physical body and the astral body being broken when the etheric matter is removed, all sensation being thus suspended.

Here is a case, furnished by Signor Ernesto Bozzano, which comes into this section, since the narrator's exit seems to have been the result of an accident. It is told by Giuseppe Costa, the distinguished engineer, in his book *Di là della Vita*.

"It was an airless night of torrid June, when I was very hard at work on my examinations. . . . Although I was sustained by an indomitable determination to resist the overwhelming fatigue that oppressed me, I had been obliged to yield, completely exhausted, to an imperative need of repose, and had thrown myself on the bed, fainting rather than asleep, without extinguishing the paraffin lamp which continued to burn on the night table. An unconscious movement of my arm, probably, overturned the lamp between the table and the bed, and instead of going out, it gave off a dense smoke which filled the room with a black cloud of heavy, acrid gas. The atmosphere became more and more unbreathable, and probably my dead body would have been found in the morning had not a strange phenomenon occurred.

"I had the clear and precise sensation of finding myself, with only my thinking personality, in the middle of the room, *completely separated from my body*, which continued to lie on the bed. I saw—if I may call by that name the sensation I experienced—the objects around me as though a visual radiation penetrated the molecules of the objects on which my attention rested, *as if matter dissolved at the contact of thought*. I saw my body, perfectly recognizable in all its details, the profile, the figure, but with the clusters of veins and nerves vibrating like

a swarm of luminous living atoms. . . . The room was immersed in complete darkness, for the flame of the overturned lamp did not diffuse its light beyond the blackened chimney ; and yet I saw the objects, or rather their almost phosphorescent outlines, melt, together with the walls, under the concentration of my attention, allowing me to see in the same manner the objects in the neighbouring rooms. My thinking self was without weight, or, rather, without the impression of the force of gravity or the motion of volume or mass. I was no longer in the body, since my body lay inert on the bed ; I was like the tangible expression of a thought, an abstraction, capable of transferring itself to any part of the earth, sea or sky more swiftly than lightning, in the same instant that I formulated the wish, and therefore without any notion of time and space.

"If I were to say I felt free, light, ethereal, I should not express at all adequately the sensation I experienced in that moment of boundless liberation. But it was not a pleasant sensation ; I was seized with an inexpressible anguish, from which I felt intuitively that I could only free myself by freeing my material body from that oppressive situation. I wanted therefore to pick up the lamp and open the window, but it was a material act that I could not accomplish, as I could not move the limbs of my body, which I felt should move with the breath of my spiritual will.

"Then I thought of my mother who was sleeping in the next room. I saw her clearly through the dividing partition, quietly asleep in her bed ; but her body, unlike mine, seemed to emanate a luminosity, a radiant phosphorescence. It seemed to me that no effort of any kind was needed to cause her to approach my body. I saw her get hurriedly out of bed, run to the window and open it, as if carrying out my last thought before calling her ; then leave her room, walk along the corridor, enter my room, and approach my body gropingly and with staring eyes. It seemed as though her contact possessed the faculty of causing my spiritual self to re-enter my body ; and I found myself awake, with parched throat, throbbing temples, and difficult breathing, while my heart seemed to be bursting in my chest.

"I can assure the reader," he adds, "that until that moment I had neither read nor heard of spiritualistic subjects, phenomena of bilocation, or the separation of soul and body, and was entirely ignorant of mediumistic experiments and spiritualist séances, so I can absolutely exclude the possibility of a phenomenon of suggestion. Neither," he continues, "could it have been a dream . . . because *never had I so vivid a sensation of existing in reality as in the moment when I felt myself separated from the body.*

"My mother, questioned by me soon after the event, confirmed the fact that she had first opened her window, as if she felt herself suffocating, before coming to my aid. Now the fact of my *having seen this act of hers through the wall while lying inanimate on the bed* entirely excludes the hypothesis of hallucination and nightmare during sleep in normal physiological circumstances."

Very interesting is this record from a man whose scientific training made him a good observer. Without it, probably, he would not have noticed that his spiritual vision "penetrated the molecules of objects as though matter dissolved at the contact of thought", although that may not prove to be a correct deduction.

The penetration of that vision into the interior of his body, "with the clusters of veins and nerves vibrating like a swarm of luminous atoms", has been noted by other exteriorized observers, and even by some gifted Sensitives under normal conditions.

That he should have seen his mother's body "irradiating phosphorescence", in contrast to his own unlit "corpse", is what might be expected, since his own etheric luminosity had been withdrawn; and he did but register the experience of all projectionists when feeling "free, light, ethereal, like the tangible expression of a thought".

Indeed this extraordinary sensation of spiritual liberty, when the flesh is shuffled off, is the outstanding and convincing condition of Etheric freedom.

Over and over again, projectionists have groaned at having to exchange it for terrestrial lassitude.

White Thunder, a chief of the Spotted Tail's tribe, told Major C. Newell, that student of Indian lore, that when, returning after "three sleeps", during which he had been unconscious, he found that his squaw and children had bound his supposed corpse for burial. "I looked at my flesh-body, wrapped in skins, I dreaded to go back into it. . . . I seemed to fall asleep, and when I awoke I was back in my body again. I struggled to get free. My wife cut the cords that bound me and I sat up. They cried for joy to find I had come back. I arose and had my old heavy body to carry again."

That weary reluctance at having the old heavy body to carry again is the cry of almost everyone who has known the joys of doing without it.

It is a somewhat strange coincidence that an experience closely resembling that of Giuseppe Costa was registered by another

well-known engineer, Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, who was the inventor of many ingenious electrical instruments, and contributed largely to the successful laying of the second Atlantic cable, after the failure of the first.

Dr. Nandor Fodor has retrieved the following account of his experience which Cromwell Varley gave before the Dialectical Society in 1869.

Varley was ill, suffering from spasms of the throat, which had been brought on from the fumes of fluoric acid used extensively in his scientific work.

He was recommended to have sulphuric ether handy at his bedside to assist his breathing in case of a throat spasm.

By smelling the ether he procured instant relief, but the odour was so unpleasant that he tried chloroform instead.

One night he rolled over on to his back, and the sponge, saturated with the anaesthetic, remained in his mouth. His wife was in an upstairs room, nursing a sick child.

"After a little," Varley told the Society, "I became unconscious. *I saw my wife upstairs and I saw myself on my back with the sponge in my mouth*, but was utterly powerless to cause my body to move. I made by my will a distinct impression on her brain that I was in danger. Thus aroused, she came downstairs and removed the sponge, and was greatly alarmed.

"I then used my body to speak to her, and I said: 'I shall forget all about it and how this came to pass unless you remind me in the morning, but be sure and tell me what made you come down and then I shall be able to recall the circumstance.'

"The following morning she did so, but I could not remember anything about it; I tried hard all day and at length I succeeded in remembering first a part and ultimately the whole experience."

A well-known case of pathological projection is that of the Rev. L. J. Bertrand, who gave Dr. Hodgson an oral, and Professor William James a written, account of his adventure, which must be compressed for inclusion here.

Mr. Bertrand, with an old guide and a group of students, commenced a dangerous ascent of the Titlis, going straight up, instead of by the long Truebsee Alp trail.

At some little way from the summit, Mr. Bertrand stopped, feeling he had had enough, but he allowed the others to go on, provided the guide took the left hand track up and the right down, and that W., the strongest of the students, kept his place on the rear end of the rope.

He sat down to rest, dangerously near the edge of a precipice, and, some time later, trying to light a cigar, found that he

could not throw away the match that was burning his fingers, that the cold had overcome him, that he was freezing to death. If he moved he would roll down into the abyss. He began to pray, while his hands and feet became frozen. Then his head became unbearably cold and he passed out of his body.

"Well," he said to himself, "here am I what they call a dead man—a ball of air in the air, a captive balloon still attached to the earth by a kind of elastic string, and going up, always up."

He saw his abandoned body beneath him, pale, of a yellowish-blue colour, holding a cigar in its mouth and a match in its two burned fingers.

At that point his etheric sight began to function, and he could see the guide leading the party up by the route he promised to avoid, and W., who was to be the last on the rope, alone and detached from it. He could see, moreover, the guide drinking secretly from his bottle of Madeira, and eating of the chicken which should have been Bertrand's lunch.

He then rose higher and higher, and could see his wife, who was not to arrive till next day, and four other people in a carriage on their way to Lucerne, stopping at an hotel in Lungren.

Then suddenly he began to descend, and he felt a shock as if someone was hauling the "balloon" down, as the guide, who had returned, rubbed his stiff limbs with snow.

"When I reached my body again," he says, "I had a last hope—the balloon seemed much too big for the mouth. Suddenly I uttered an awful roar, like a wild beast; the corpse swallowed the balloon, and Bertrand was Bertrand again."

The guide assured him that he was almost frozen to death, but he replied:

"I was less dead than you are now, and the proof is that I saw you going up the Titlis by the right instead of by the left as you promised me. Now show me my bottle of Madeira and we will see if it is full."

To the guide's astounded stammering, the other continued: "You may fall down and stare at me as much as you please, but you cannot prove that my chicken has two legs as you stole one of them."

When at the end of the day they reached the inn, the guide told everyone that the Captain must surely be the devil himself.

Later, when the party arrived back in Lucerne, and found Mrs. Bertrand already there, her husband asked her: "Were there five of you in the carriage, and did you stop at the Lungren Hotel?"

"Yes," replied his wife, "but who told you?"

Here is one of the many exits for which an anaesthetic has

been responsible. The story is told by Miss M. A. B., of Letchworth, Herts.

"I once had to undergo a slight operation, for which purpose ether was administered, at a large hospital in northern England. I had recently lost a brother, and almost at once I had the strong idea: 'This is what brother felt like when he died. I won't die, I won't.'

"I struggled violently, so that two nurses and the specialist were unable to hold me, and were obliged to hurry for chloroform and try that. . . . The next thing I knew there was some piercing screaming going on, *that I was up in the air and looking down upon the bed over which the nurses and doctor were bending.*

"What specially struck me, and remains particularly vivid in my mind, were the white crosses on the nurses' backs where the bands of their white uniforms cross at the back. I was aware that they were trying in vain to stop the screaming, in fact I heard them say: 'Miss B., Miss B., don't scream like this. You are frightening the other patients.'

"At the same time, I knew very well that I was quite apart from my screaming body, that I could do nothing to stop. I said to myself: 'Those silly idiots, if they had but enough sense to send for E., a great friend of mine, waiting below in the hospital, I know she could stop it.'

"And just then the strangest thing happened. At my thought, that was exactly what they did! One of the nurses rushed downstairs and begged her to come up. She touched my physical body, spoke to me, and immediately the screaming ceased. . . . In a short time I was physically conscious again."

The screaming body is a bit of a puzzle, but it is possible in these forcible ejections that the complete Etheric Double is not projected. One knows that its composition may vary considerably.

Here is a similar case, told by Mrs. X, of Penns Grove, New Jersey. She says:

"While in one of the largest hospitals in Pittsburgh, Pa., I was obliged to undergo an operation. It was the first time in my life I was ever given an anaesthetic, and almost immediately after I commenced to breathe in, as instructed, I was overcome with the most perfect sensation of bodily comfort.

"To my surprise I found myself standing in company with the doctors and nurses, and I actually did notice every detail of my surroundings—my physical body lying limp upon the table, the instruments, bottles, and so forth, and especially the fact that the cap on one of the nurses was out of place.

"After coming out of the ether, my body, especially my

hands, seemed very heavy. The occurrence was very pleasant, and if that is the way one feels after so-called death, I, for one, will have no fear of dying."

Dr. Riblet Brisbane Hout contributed, in the June, 1936, issue of the *Prediction Magazine*, corroboration of such projections from a surgeon, who must also have been a Sensitive.

He tells how, on three different occasions, he saw the projected astral bodies of patients who were undergoing operations. These occurred, he says, while he was attending a surgical clinic in a large hospital in Chicago, he being one of three observers watching the operations.

Room can only be found for an abbreviated account. "The entire personnel of the surgery that day," he writes, "were unaware of the phenomena I saw before me. To them the patient was merely unconscious from deep inhalation of ether. . . . I saw the spirit of the patient float free in space above the operating table, resting supine and inert. . . . As the anaesthetic deepened . . . the freedom of the spirit became greater, for the form floated freely away from the physical counterpart. . . . The spirit was quiet, as if in deep peaceful sleep.

"I know that the surgical activity was not affecting it, for the anaesthetic had driven it from the physical vehicle, and it would remain separated from its body until the ether had lessened sufficiently to allow its return.

"At the finish of this operation, while the wound was being closed, the spirit came closer to the body, but had not entered it when the patient was wheeled from the operating room."

In two other cases which Dr. Hout mentions, the Double of one floated about horizontally, while the other was upright and quite active.

He had also seen Etheric forms which were present watching the operating technique, their astral cords drifting about like silvery curls of smoke.

The dentist's chair seems frequently to have provided a stepping-off place for the Double.

Charles Richet supplies one such instance sent to him by his friend, M. L. L. Hymans, in June, 1925.

His first experience of projection was while under chloroform in the dentist's chair. He suddenly found himself out of the body, floating near the ceiling, whence he observed with a detached interest the entire proceedings, regaining his body without conscious effort, and with a clear recollection of his attitude when out of it.

On another occasion, when in a London hotel, he awoke feeling ill—he suffered from a weak heart—and, fainting, found himself once more floating in the air near the ceiling. As all his efforts to return to his body were of no avail, he concluded that he must be dead, though conscious of retaining all his faculties, but for some reason was unable to leave the room.

After an hour or two he heard knocking, but the door was locked, and the porter had to force an entry through the window. A doctor was summoned, and while under examination Hymans awoke. He had not noticed, nor been conscious of, the fluidic cord.

Ralph Shirley recalls a similar experience when he found himself, while under an anaesthetic at the dentist's, standing behind the chair in which his physical body lay. The experience, however, was all too brief, for, while endeavouring to get his bearings, the effect of the anaesthetic passed off, and he found himself back again in his normal body.

Mr. Arthur Wills, an architect and C.E. of Chicago, Illinois, in a letter to Sylvan Muldoon of August 11th, 1929, writes: "All my experiences were involuntary, though I tried voluntary projection in ignorance of how to go about it. . . . On one occasion at a dentist's office, without anaesthetic, as he drilled into my tooth, the pain became so acute that I actually 'lost myself'. Suddenly I found myself looking over the dentist's shoulder into my mouth."

He recounted also various unconscious projections; once, when his Double was wandering through an old building belonging to his firm, the shock of realizing that it was night sent him back to his body.

Another time, travelling from Davenport to Minneapolis, he suddenly found himself looking down on his body sleeping on the seat, and able to see the people behind him as easily as those in front. He enjoyed the view of his new and beautiful body which glowed like a luminous and rosy pearl, and could see "something like an arm" which seemed to merge with the brain of his physical body. He added that there seemed to be no procedure by which he could learn to project at will.

After reading Mr. Muldoon's book, he wrote, on December 15th, 1929: "I have experienced projection voluntarily of late. I wake in the astral body, fully conscious, but after the body has projected, and I do not experience the intermediate stages of which you speak. . . . If I think emotionally of my physical self while *out*, I am instantly back into it again as a rule. . . . Have done things while projected which would be

physically impossible, such as defying gravity and being suspended in mid-air. . . . As yet I cannot control circumstances while out. I never know where, who or what I may contact or observe. I find myself merely a detached rational intelligence, observing, noting and comparing what is actually about me."

He was once consciously projected to his sister's house in England, though aware all the time that his body was in bed in the U.S.A.

He walked about the rooms and corridors of the house in which he once had lived, when he found his way barred by flesh-like arms from going farther. Greatly irritated, he struggled to pass them, and in the struggle became unconscious.

Comparing projection with the confusion and disorder of a dream, he says: "One is quite normal and rational. Consciousness is not only self-evident, but enlarged, reasoning faculties are rendered more acute, there is no delusion about it. . . . One is never more clear-minded and intelligent than when projected."

That seems to be the unvarying experience of every projector, once the emotions are controlled or dismissed from the consciousness.

Here are two projections from accidents.

A friend of Sylvan Muldoon was driving a sleigh, when, the horses shying at the report of a gun, he was thrown out on his head. He was at once fully conscious, and astonished to see his body lying motionless by the side of the road, and the man who had fired the shot running towards him. He then remembered no more till he came to himself as he lay on the ground, to find the hunter kneeling beside him trying to bring him round. Only then did he realize that he had left his body, and could not understand how there could be a duplicate of himself.

The other case is furnished by Professor Denton, who quotes the statement of a labourer who fell from the scaffolding of a building.

"As I struck the ground," he said, "I suddenly bounded up, as though I had a new body; and I was standing among the spectators looking at my old one. I saw them trying to bring it to, and I only managed to enter it after several fruitless efforts."

On August 21st, 1941, Air-Commodore Goddard broadcast the stories of two R.A.F. pilots who crashed, one on land, the other in the Channel, and, coming out of their bodies, watched, in one case the efforts of onlookers to salvage what was left of him from the 'plane, and, in the other, his own attempt to escape from his sinking aircraft.

CHAPTER VII

CONSCIOUS AND INVOLUNTARY PROJECTION

THERE will be a good deal to say on procedure when we come to the performances of the professional projectors; meanwhile, we may consider some involuntary cases.

Here is one from Dr. Gibier's *Analyses de Choses*, compressed from Ralph Shirley's translation.

The narrator was a young man, thirty years old, an engraver by profession.

"On returning home one evening about ten o'clock," he said, "I was seized by an extraordinary feeling of lassitude which I was quite unable to account for. As, however, I had made up my mind not to go to bed immediately, I lit my lamp and placed it on the table by the side of my bed. I then helped myself to a cigar which I lit at the flame of the lamp, and, after drawing two or three whiffs, stretched myself on a couch. Just as I had rested my head on the cushions of the sofa I realized that the surrounding objects in the room gave an impression to my mind of turning round. I underwent a sensation of giddiness, and the next thing that I became aware of was that I was transported into the middle of the room. On looking round to get my bearings my astonishment increased. I saw myself stretched on the sofa, quite comfortably and not at all stiffly, but with my left hand raised above me and holding the lighted cigar, my elbow resting on the cushion."

His first idea was that he had fallen asleep and was in the toils of an unusually vivid dream, but a dream unlike any other dream he had ever experienced. He felt, moreover, as do most projectors, that never before had he been so closely in touch with reality. Realizing at length that he was not dreaming, he thought he must be dead. Approaching his own body, he found that it was still breathing, that he could see into the interior of his anatomy, and that his heart was still beating though somewhat feebly.

Wondering how long this condition was going to last, he went over to the lamp which was burning steadily, but dangerously close to the curtains of his bed. He placed his finger on the lever to extinguish the light, but was unable to move it however hard he pressed.

He then examined his Etheric body, which seemed to be clothed in white. He stood in front of the mirror, but instead

of seeing his own image reflected, his vision appeared to extend indefinitely, and first the wall, then the backs of the pictures in his next-door neighbour's room, and then its furniture became visible.

"I remarked," he says, "the absence of light in my neighbour's apartments, but this caused me no difficulty. I found I could perceive quite plainly by what appeared to be a ray of light emitted from my epigastrium which illuminated the objects in the room." It then occurred to him to enter the room itself. "I had hardly conceived the wish," he observes, "when I found myself there. How I did it I do not know, but it seemed to me that I passed through the wall as easily as my sight had penetrated it."

It was the first time he had ever been in the room, the owner being absent from Paris. He then took note of everything in the room, even to the titles of books on the library shelves.

"I had," he says, "only to will in order to find myself wherever I wanted to be." Accordingly he set off and penetrated, he believed, as far as Italy; but there his memory became confused, and he had no longer any control of his thoughts.

Eventually he woke in his own body about five o'clock in the morning, cold and stiff, and still holding his unfinished cigar between his fingers. The lamp was out, its chimney blackened. He got shivering into bed, but found it hard to sleep, and woke when it was broad daylight.

Having made friends with his neighbour's caretaker, he obtained permission to view the rooms he had visited.

"Entering in company with him," he tells us, "I recognized the pictures and furniture which I had seen the night before, as well as the titles of the books I had especially noticed."

This carry-over of memory from the etheric condition makes it probable that the narrator was awake when the projection began, though a similar clarity often remains when the exit is consciously made from what has been called the dream of knowledge.

When Ralph Shirley was editing the *Occult Review* he received a considerable correspondence on this question of projection, some of which he includes in *The Mystery of the Human Double*.

Here is one from a lady who signs herself Hermione P. Okeden.

"I wonder if you will allow me to ask if you or any of your readers have the power to travel as I do. Whenever I desire to know how or where a friend is, whom I have not heard of for

some time, I go and find them. It is not done in the astral body (*sic*), but when awake, and I can do it sitting quietly in my chair in the day or before going to sleep when in bed at night ; perfect quiet being the only condition necessary.

"I close my eyes and have a feeling of going over backwards, which, though unpleasant, is too short for actual discomfort, and I find myself going down a long dim tunnel which is warm and, as it were, moss-lined. At the far end is a tiny speck of light which glows, as I approach, into a large square, and I am 'there'. In nearly every case I can describe the room my friends are in, the clothes they are wearing, the people they are talking to ; and on several occasions, when I have been anxious about a friend who lives in London, I have found myself in a strange room among strange people in the country, and there was my friend. Only once have I been seen and spoken to. . . . I have been tested over and over again when I have arranged (before-hand) to go. One friend put on a new evening gown, another even took the trouble to move her bedroom furniture round, which I at once noticed, and questioned her about it when next we met, to her great amazement. . . . I have done this at intervals for years. . . . It seems a pity, if it is a known form of astral communication, that it is not more widely practised."

Well, that is as it may be. There are objections to the practice, very grave objections if the procedure should pass into unworthy hands.

We are told that on the Other Side there can be no concealment of our inmost thoughts. We may be tuned up by then to endure such interpellation, but, here, few of us would welcome the visit of an inquisitive spirit to our secret chamber.

Hermione Okeden's mention of that moss-lined tunnel links up her method with that of many projectionists. One does not know what is its exact significance.

Ralph Shirley says : "The symbolical passing through a tunnel will be familiar to many, as indeed it is to myself, as a preliminary to the loss of consciousness under anaesthetics" ; and another of his correspondents, writing from Wynberg, Cape Colony, has found her way through a somewhat analogous avenue.

"I close my eyes and concentrate on the person," she wrote ; "I seem to project my consciousness forward and in a few minutes I see the friend. It is as if I were looking through the reverse end of a telescope, something similar to Miss Okeden's 'tunnel'. At other times I seem to be actually in the room with the friend, and I can see all details of furniture, etc."

She observed that, when uncertain of the direction in which she had to look for any friend, she stood in the middle of the room and stretched out her arms, turning slowly round. After a few minutes her hands appeared to become fixed in one particular direction which she thus knew was the direction in which to look for her friend. A procedure which recalls the attitude of a water-diviner needing directional assistance.

Mr. Vincent Turvey, whose work will be considered later, says: "In plain long-distance clairvoyance I appear to see through a tunnel which is cut through all intervening physical objects, such as towns, forests and mountains."

Two other of Mr. Shirley's correspondents find projection an equally easy business.

"Nearly fifteen years ago," writes one of them, "I discovered that it was possible to visit people at a distance while sitting quietly in an arm-chair, or lying perfectly conscious on a sofa. My journey is accomplished with the greatest of ease—I am simply there when I shut my eyes. The visit is always preceded by an uncontrollable desire to be near and touch the object of my visit."

Another claimed to have done this astral travelling many times, generally in the daytime, and added: "I never concentrate. I allow silence to enwrap me and then 'sense' the house, room and person that I am asked to see. Often a mist seems to close round all but the individual I am looking for."

That makes it seem a ridiculously easy business by comparison with the arduous endeavours described by Oliver Fox and others who have worked out various methods for getting away from themselves.

The statement of the previous correspondent that "I am there when I shut my eyes" recalls a conversation with one of his patients reported by Alex Erskine.

"I want you," he said, "to go to the school where my daughter is and tell me what she is doing."

"Go?" came the instant answer. "I cannot, I *am* there."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that; I am there now."

"Of course, I told you to go and you obeyed me."

"No. I was there before you told me that."

"Explain."

"In the state of mind in which I am, there is no time or space, at least as you know it."

Asked to describe what that world was like, she said she could not, and if she could she would not be understood; and Erskine never succeeded in getting from anyone a more definite answer.

Finally, here is a story of a highly trained observer.

Mona Rolfe, who is a "natural" psychic, has studied at Brussels, Paris, Vienna and London, and holds degrees from the last three. In Vienna she worked under Freud and attended lectures by Jung, following his methods in the psychological treatment of patients, and on Freud's recommendation became secretary to Dr. Boulenger, the Director of a Government Institution in Brussels for defective children.

In an account of various things which have happened to her she casually remarks :

"I must have been about nineteen when I discovered that part of 'me' (a me which could see and hear and remember) could leave the other 'me' and walk downstairs alone ; also that this 'wraith' could, when bidden to do so, go to other people's houses, see what they were doing, and bring back the information desired.

"I used to wonder what method of communication was used between these two parts of myself, but otherwise, to me, this was just an interesting game."

Mrs. Rolfe has a curious psychic aptitude for visualizing to the minutest detail occurrences of which she could not possibly have been a witness, and twice was the instrument of bringing to justice the perpetrator of a crime.

Seeing how little has been written about the Etheric Double, it is not surprising that few people are even aware of its hypothetical existence. Yet, when forcing the subject into conversation, as an author is apt to do, one is made acquainted with many experiences which only the vagaries of the Double can explain, but which have remained to their narrators an inexplicable mystery.

The following illuminating example was most kindly given to me by Miss M. A. Hughes, after reading the manuscript of this volume. Mr. J. Deighton Patmore, the subject of the story, is the grandson of the poet ; and, before he turned from business to the healing of humanity, was very well known in the City as a financial expert.

He has since become the pioneer of chromo-therapy, and his exquisite lamps have made known the magic of colour in every quarter of the world.

"During the years 1932-3 I frequently met in the street a man who so closely resembled Mr. Deighton Patmore that I began to believe in the saying that everybody has a 'double'. After the second or third encounter, however, I became puzzled, as this 'double' was always dressed in the identical clothes

Mr. Patmore was wearing that day. If he wore a grey suit so did the other man, until at last I decided it was somebody impersonating Mr. Patmore. We discussed it together, and Mr. Patmore then made frequent changes in his attire, but it was always the same; whenever I met the other man the clothes would be the same, in colour and style.

"One day I left the office for my lunch, which I usually had at a restaurant in Piccadilly. Mr. Patmore was busy, and said he would just have a sandwich and carry on, and I left him eating this. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I looked up from my lunch and saw Mr. Patmore sitting at a table near me. I could not believe my eyes, and, asking for my bill, I left the table to speak to him, but before I could reach him he got up, seemed to look right through me, and walked out.

"When I returned to the office I found Mr. Patmore working in his room, and he insisted that he had not left the building. I said, 'Well, it must have been that man again, but how could he know you would wear a check bow-tie today?'

"A few days later the same thing happened again, although on this occasion Mr. Patmore had a luncheon appointment at his club. Again I saw the man sitting at the far end of the restaurant, and as on this particular day Mr. Patmore was wearing a new suit for the first time, and the figure at the table was dressed in a replica of this, I decided that it must be Mr. Patmore himself. I thought he might be playing a trick on me, and, for no reason at all, felt rather annoyed with him. I had to pass his table to get to the door, and as I passed he was reading a newspaper. Mr. Patmore returned about 3 p.m. and started to tell me about his guest at lunch, but I replied, 'You did not lunch at your club, I saw you distinctly in the restaurant.' He denied this and was able to prove that he had been at his club all the time.

"It was about this time that patients complained to me that Mr. Patmore had 'cut' them in the street or at the theatre, and I had difficulty in convincing them that this was not so, and that they must have seen the man I now called his 'double'.

"Having worked with Mr. Patmore for some five years at this date, I knew him very well and kept his appointment book for him, so that when I sometimes met his 'double' in the West End, I knew he was at the other end of London. At this time he frequently told me that people had complained that he had passed them in the street without recognition. One of the waitresses at the Devonshire Club, where he dined almost every evening, was very upset because she had seen him in the street on many occasions and he had looked right through her, although

he was always particularly charming and courteous to her in the club. It turned out that he had never been in the street at the times she stated she had seen him.

"It is only since I have read of the existence of the 'Ethereic Double' that I have realized it was not a man resembling Mr. Patmore I and others saw, but that he was out of his body at the time and we were seeing this 'Ethereic Double'.

"It is interesting to note that at this particular period Mr. Patmore was changing over from a very successful business man to a psychic healer, and the process was not a happy one. At times he would be very nervy and very difficult to understand—one moment he would be his natural self, and the next in a great rage or in a state of acute depression. He would say and do things of which he had no knowledge afterwards and would sometimes insist that he had said one thing when I, and others, had heard him say the reverse.

"I became very worried about him, and when he was in his most difficult moods saw his 'double' almost every other day or so. Then, as Mr. Patmore adjusted himself to his new work and conditions, I did not meet him so often, and then not at all. I have, however, seen the 'double' once or twice during the past year or so."

CHAPTER VIII

THE PIONEERS

THOUGH Doubles have probably been making their etheric journeys since man became self-conscious, and distant history is variegated with their adventures, it is only within the last few years that a real interest has been taken in the process by which the Double is loosed from its moorings.

In this country, or rather in its language, we are indebted to three writers, Sylvan J. Muldoon in the U.S.A., and here, Oliver Fox and the Hon. Ralph Shirley.

It was in 1929 that Mr. Muldoon, in collaboration with Dr. Hereward Carrington, published *The Projection of the Astral Body*, and in the same year Mr. Fox produced *Astral Projection*, but he had dealt with the subject nine years earlier in the *Occult Review* and followed it up with an article on "Dream Travelling", in 1923.

Ralph Shirley, who had done much for the subject when editor of the *Occult Review*, published, two years ago, a very helpful digest of it—*The Mystery of the Human Double*.

Elsewhere, a full and stimulating disclosure of etheric possibilities has been given us by the writer who signs himself Yram, in *Le Médecin de l'Âme*, rendered into English as *Practical Astral Projection*; and science has been represented by Dr. Hector Durville's *Le Phantom des Vivants*, Charles Lancelin's *Méthodes de Dedoublement Personnel*; and other workers in the field have been Dr. Paul Joire, Colonel de Rochas, Commandant Darget, Aksakof, Boirac and Delanne; and interesting material is to be found in Adolphe d'Assier's *Posthumous Humanity*, and *A Hypnotist's Case-Book*, by Alex Erskine.

There is, of course, a magnificent amount of material in *Phantasms of the Living* which has been largely drawn on for this volume, but, in those early days, interest was centred on appearances rather than projection, and there was an inexorable determination to explain the phenomena by any means, comprehended or not, so long as the spirit of man, alive or dead, was kept out of it.

The scientists, today, are being very helpful; Colonel de Rochas, for instance, when experimenting on the exteriorization of sensitivity, produced a phantom form which could pass through material objects, and become the seat of sensation; and Dr. Hector Durville built up a Double round his subjects capable of motor effects at a distance of several rooms. It resembled the medium, whose sensory organs it possessed, could see through opaque bodies, and proved its objectivity by the glowing up in brilliance of a calcium sulphide screen on a nearer approach to it.

From these effects, and the photographic confirmation of their results, we shall doubtless acquire a closer understanding of somatic duplicity, but in this chapter we are only considering what the pioneers can tell us of the experience they have acquired in etheric aviation.

SYLVAN MULDOON

Sylvan Muldoon had the advantage, if advantage it be, of making a very youthful acquaintance with etheric travel, when, indeed, he was but twelve years old.

His mother had become interested in Spiritualism, and, in order to make a practical investigation of the subject, decided to attend the Camp of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association at Clinton, Iowa.

These camps, which still persist in the United States, attract all that is spurious and much that is genuine in the movement;

you may meet there, in a sentimental conglomerate, the worst type of psychic sharper, and quite remarkable mediumship.

Mrs. Muldoon and her son, arriving late, found themselves lodged in the same house as half a dozen well-known Mediums. Whether their presence had anything to do with what happened to young Sylvan it is hard to say. Projection, like dowsing, is undoubtedly assisted by psychic powers, but these are unlikely to operate from outside the projector. It is more probable that Sylvan was a sensitive, and that his boyhood's ill-health, as it often does, had loosened or lengthened the links which, in most of us, keep the Etheric within bounds.

He had gone to sleep about 10.30 p.m., and, some three hours later, realized that he was slowly awakening, but found himself unable either to sink back into sleep or to recover a normal state of consciousness.

"In this bewildering stupor," he writes, "I knew within myself that I existed, somewhere and somehow, in a powerless, silent, dark and feelingless condition. Still I was conscious—a very unpleasant contemplation of being. I was aware that I existed, but *where* I could not seem to understand. My memory would not tell me. I thought I was awakening from natural sleep in a natural manner, yet I could not proceed. There was but one dominating thought in my mind. Where was I? Gradually . . . I became conscious of the fact that I was lying somewhere. I tried to move, to determine my whereabouts, only to find that I was powerless—as if I adhered to that on which I rested.

"Eventually the feeling of adhesion relaxed, but was replaced by another, equally unpleasant—that of floating. At the same time my entire body (I thought it was my physical body, but it was not) commenced vibrating at a high rate of speed in an up and down direction. Simultaneously I could feel a tremendous pulling pressure at the back of my head. . . . This pressure was very impressive and came in regular spurts, the force of which seemed to pulsate my whole being.

"Amid this pandemonium of bizarre sensations in total darkness—floating, vibrating, zig-zagging, and head-pulling—I began to hear familiar and seemingly far-distant sounds. My sense of hearing was beginning to function. I tried to move, but still could not, as if in the grip of some powerful cryptic directing force.

"No sooner had my sense of hearing come into being than that of sight followed. When able to see, no words could possibly express my wonderment. I *was* floating, in the very air a few feet above the bed. Things, hazy at first, were becoming clearer. I was moving slowly towards the ceiling, all

the while lying horizontal and powerless. Naturally, I believed that this was my physical body as I had always known it, but that it had mysteriously begun to defy gravity. . . . Involuntarily, at about six feet above the bed, as if the movement had been conducted by an invisible intelligent force, present in the very air, I was uprighted from the horizontal position to the perpendicular and placed standing upon the floor of the room . . . where I remained for two or three minutes, still unable to move of my own accord.

"Then the unknown controlling force relaxed. I felt free, noticing only the tension at the back of my head. I took a step, when the pressure increased for an interval and threw my body out at an acute angle. I managed to turn round. There were two of me! In the name of common sense—there were two of me! There was another 'me' lying quietly upon the bed.

"The next thing which caught my eye explained the curious sensation at the back of my head—for my two identical bodies were joined by means of an elastic-like cord, one end of which was fastened to the medulla oblongata region of my phantom counterpart, while the other end centred between the eyes of my physical counterpart. This cord extended across the space of perhaps six feet which separated us. All this time I was having difficulty to keep my balance, swaying first to one side, then to the other."

It may be remembered that Gerhardi was also alarmed by the unsteadiness of his movements, his body staggering like that of a drunkard, pulled by his thoughts now one way and now another. But the experience is not universal.

Muldoon's first thought, on seeing his outstretched body, was that he had died while asleep; in spite of which he became anxious to tell his fellow-lodgers of his awful plight, and he made his way, struggling against the magnetic pull of the cord, towards the door; but, when he attempted to open it, found himself passing through it.

"Going from one room to another," he continues, "I tried fervently to arouse the sleeping occupants of the house—but my hands passed through them as if they were but vapours. . . . All of my senses seemed normal, save that of touch. . . . An automobile passed the house; I could see it and hear it plainly. After a while the clock struck two, and looking, I saw it registering the hour."

He continued to move about, anxious about the effect the discovery of his dead body might produce, until, he tells us: "I

noticed, after about fifteen minutes, a pronounced increase in the resistance of the cord. . . . I began to zig-zag again under its force, and found, presently, that I was being pulled backward towards my physical body.

"Again I found myself powerless to move. Again I was in the grip of the powerful unseen directing power . . . and was resuming the horizontal position, directly over the bed. It was the reverse procedure of that which I had experienced when rising from the bed. Slowly the phantom lowered, vibrating again as it did so. Then it dropped suddenly, coinciding with the physical counterpart once more.

"At this moment of coincidence every muscle in the physical organism jerked, and a penetrating pain—as if I had been split open from head to foot—shot through me. . . . I was physically alive again, filled with awe, as amazed as fearful, and I had been conscious throughout the entire occurrence."

Here again Muldoon's pains on re-entry to his body somewhat resembled those which Gerhardi suffered ; but such pangs are by no means always endured, even after a virgin flight ; and when they are, vary greatly in character. The Double often finds itself adrift, and re-delivered to its body, without being aware of either process.

Many projectors, the two we have been considering among them, are conscious of some power outside themselves which occasionally constrains them, and which they may be inclined to refer to a spiritual entity.

In a sense that may be true ; but such potency is, I am persuaded, merely the spiritual component which is, in life, never a completely incorporated, though integral, part of ourselves, known to Kahuna wisdom as the *aumakua*, a super-conscious entity, which has only a psychic attachment to our terrestrial consciousness, and is probably the source of warnings which are often referred to guardian angels and other disputable sources.

Mr. Arthur J. Wills, of Chicago, whose projections are dealt with elsewhere, probably made contact with his *aumakua* when, describing how flesh-like arms were barring his progress, he continues : "I could not distinguish who it was, but tried to push those arms out of my way. My own arms seemed to merge into and become a part of those which were barring me, though at right angles." They doubtless *were* a part of him.

To return to Mr. Muldoon. He has had, he says, hundreds of projections since that exodus of his boyhood ; but, though they differed in many particulars, the movements of the Etheric

Double when leaving and re-entering the physical body have always followed the lines of his earliest projection, of which illustrations were given in his initial volume.

That, indeed, seems to be the experience of most projectors. Every Double has its own methods, the consequence, it may be, of its individual attachments; and these are largely affected by the state of the projector's health; indeed, many psychic manifestations seem to be incompatible with a condition of robust well-being.

Nearly all projectors are conscious of the etheric cord which moors the Double to its abandoned body, the severance of which would set it adrift in the world of its own dimension, and Sylvan Muldoon studied it with some care.

He calls it the "astral cable", believes it to be composed of the same material as the Double, and marvels at its almost inconceivable capacity for extension without sacrificing the least atom of its function as a communicating link.

At close quarters it can dump the Double back into its sheath with electric vigour, and, from a thousand miles away, when reduced to an invisible thread of vapour, it seems just as competent to control and to retrieve the wandering phantom.

That would seem to be the most remarkable achievement in the whole business.

Mr. Muldoon describes the thickness of the cable, when the etheric and physical bodies are side by side, as having the diameter of a silver dollar, though, owing to the surrounding aura, it gives the impression of being about six inches through.

He calls the distance between the physical body and the point at which the cord reaches its minimum thickness the "range of cord activity", an interval which may vary from eight to fifteen feet.

Beyond this it seems capable of indefinite extension, and the projector ceases to be conscious of it unless something untoward happens, or he thoughtlessly yields to an emotional impulse.

Also any shock or surprise will bring the Etheric back into "coincidence", and when this is violent the physical body receives a blow, especially if the distance travelled is great and the return precipitate.

Again, a common cause of bodily repercussion is the awakening to consciousness following unconscious projection in sleep. The consciousness returns, or seems to return, before the Etheric is re-established in the physical.

"When thrust back into coincidence in this manner," says Mr. Muldoon, "the entire physical mechanism is jolted through-out—as though every muscle in the body contracted at the same

moment—and the body gives a spasmodic jerk, more noticeable in the limbs than elsewhere.”

Most people have experienced this jerk, on a small scale, just after dropping off to sleep, and have attributed its unpleasant jar to a dream or a supper.

It is really caused by a too sudden return of the Double. In order to recuperate, the etheric part of us moves in sleep slightly out of its physical envelope, a matter, it may be, of a few inches. Any shock or noise which sends it back too hurriedly will produce that feeling, as if something had been slammed into us, and the discomfort is increased if the Double is on a journey.

A cataleptic condition may also be induced on re-entry. This will be studied more fully when dealing with Mr. Fox's narrative; but it seems to be a fairly common experience that if the Double, while cataleptic, re-enters without disturbing the physical body, the whole organism is temporarily paralysed.

Mr. Muldoon's theory is that catalepsy of all kinds is subconscious control of the astral body, and that when a person is physically cataleptic he is so because he is primarily astrally cataleptic.

There is agreement among the pioneers that most projections obtain their impulse from a dream, and that the gate is opened from the dream by a challenge as to its reality. That merely wakes most of us, but helps others to slip into a new dimension.

Mr. Muldoon narrates a dream in which, shut into a room with only a small opening in the ceiling, he wondered suddenly if he could fly through it. "I began to rise into the air," he says, "but as I was passing through the hole I became caught fast in it. Half my body remained inside the room, and the upper half was outside. There I was—stuck fast! At this point I began to awaken, and realize what was taking place. I found myself projected! Yes, it was the same old story, awakening from a dream and finding myself exteriorized. But the interesting thing was that the position of the astral body corresponded with the position it held in the dream. I was just half-way through the ceiling of the room when I became conscious." He adds: "When the dream corresponds to the action of the astral body it will always cause that body to exteriorize . . . the astral body has well been termed the dream body, for it is in that body that we dream."

He offers, as the fundamental law of projection: "When the subconscious will becomes possessed of the idea to move the body (coinciding bodies), and the physical body is incapacitated, the astral body will move out of the physical."

Lying on the back is, he insists, the best attitude for projection. That, it may be remembered, was the pose adopted by that most notable projector in fiction, *Peter Ibbetson*, as depicted by George du Maurier, who was, probably, himself a projector.

But this attitude is by no means in universal use; by some it is even eschewed: but a determination to do something definite, something which involves upward flight, seems essential, and must be held till the last moment before falling asleep.

The next problem is to gain consciousness outside the physical body after the Etheric has been projected. Mr. Muldoon commends properly applied suggestion prior to projection.

When a dream has been repeated for the second or third time, one should, when awake, concentrate on a point in the dream, and determine to gain etheric consciousness at that point should the dream recur.

Mr. Muldoon describes also how he came to the conclusion that desire, and especially suppressed desire, was an activating factor in the exteriorization of the Double.

"One warm summer night," he said, "I retired, and as I lay in bed, I noticed that I was becoming thirsty—I desired a drink of water—but instead of getting up and appeasing the desire I did not stir from the bed—to be truthful, merely because I was too lazy, perhaps I should say drowsy; so the desire was suppressed instead of being appeased. Several times I was on the verge of rising and going for a drink, but I did not do so. Eventually I was lost in sleep. When I regained consciousness I was in the projected astral body. It was the result of a dream. I was dreaming that I stood beside the water-tap above the sink in the kitchen and that I could not turn it on so that I could get a drink. I became clearly conscious then and my hands were on the tap, but naturally unable to turn it."

From that experience, and others with which he experimented, he became impressed by the part played by desire.

"A suppressed desire," he observes, "is really an intensified desire in the subconscious mind, and it thus comes to the surface and acts as a suggestion while we sleep."

So, if the physical body fails to respond when the subconscious will comes into play, the Etheric counterpart takes on the mandate and so moves out of its physical sheath; that is, of course, provided it can overcome the Double's natural inclination to stay put.

As an example of the fashion in which confirmation of what

he believes he has done comes to the projector, one would like to describe one of Mr. Muldoon's flights which was very effectively attested.

On a moonlight evening in the summer of 1924 he found himself alone and oppressed by an indescribable feeling of solitude. After wandering aimlessly about, he came home and flung himself on his bed.

"I had been but a short time there," he says, "when my attention was drawn to the fact that a sort of cool wave was passing over me, and that my arms and limbs seemed to be getting numb. I reached down and pinched my hip but could feel nothing. Next I did the same thing with my arm, but it too seemed insensible."

Soon he discovered that he had lost all power of movement. He was conscious, but at the same time he was unable to see, hear or move his limbs. He realized that all this was the prelude to a fresh astral adventure.

"I was moved," he writes, "upward in the air, then outward to a distance of about ten feet, where my sense of sight once more began to function. As is often the case, everything at first seemed blurred about me, as though the room were filled with steam or white clouds, half-transparent."

This brief clouding of the air seems to have been a constant factor in Muldoon's projections, but though others do mention a similar haziness, or a watery translucence, it is an unusual feature. His unsteadiness while within cord-activity range is met more often, but it is curious that, with so proficient a projectionist, it should have persisted.

Having walked out into the street, he found himself suddenly swept away at a breathless speed. (He mentions, by the way, that he has experienced three rates of progress. As a rule the Double travels at an ordinary walking pace, as though still in the flesh, mixes with the crowd as though one of themselves, except that it can pass through as easily as by them. The second speed carries the Double forward so rapidly that he seems to be stationary and everything to be flying past him. "The phantom," says Mr. Muldoon, "does not seem to pass through a door, the door seems to pass through the phantom." This speed may be produced by the Double's own desire, or be independent of it, and inexplicable. The top speed appears to be that of thought, though not necessarily the result of it. It wipes out the Double's consciousness, which returns at the end of the journey. It may take him, instantaneously, a hundred or a thousand miles away. This question of speeds will be reviewed later.)

On this occasion, Muldoon was carried unwittingly to a room inside a strange house in which were four people, one of them a girl of about seventeen who "was sewing upon a black dress". He moved about the place, trying to discover why he had been brought there, and made a careful study of the lady; then, after noting that the room was an apartment in a farm-house, he willed himself back into his own body.

Six weeks later, when Muldoon had almost forgotten that particular adventure, he noticed, one afternoon, a girl get out of a car and enter one of the neighbouring houses, and at once recognized her as the girl he had seen sewing at the farmhouse. He decided to wait till she should reappear, and when she did so, went up and spoke to her.

"Excuse me," he began, "would you tell me where you live?"

Not a very propitious opening, and, not unnaturally, he was told to mind his own business. But he persisted, and explained the circumstance of their former meeting, which he described with such convincing accuracy that at last the girl relented, no doubt intrigued by such a mysterious introduction, and consented to make his acquaintance.

"One thing led to another," he writes. "I began to like her. I have seen her many times since, have seen her home (exactly as it was in the conscious projection), which is fifteen miles as the crow flies from my own home. I have even convinced her that astral projection is possible, for she has seen me projected into her room. She is at the present time, in fact, a very close friend of mine, and is the young lady with whom I have since tried so many experiments."

OLIVER FOX

Mr. Oliver Fox has proved himself the most determined investigator of etheric projection, and this is the more to his credit since his difficulties have been exceptional and his outings not always a success.

He has tried a variety of expedients, has carefully analysed them all, and has left us little to learn so far as methods of exit are concerned.

It is harrowing to read of his exigencies and alarms, and to know that another, with none of his knowledge, merely turns over in his sleep and is gone.

Mr. Fox is doubtless one of those who might never have become a projector had he been more robust. "As a child," he writes, "I progressed from illness to illness—in truth the first words I can remember hearing are, 'It's the croup again'—and

life was often temporarily arrested for me by monotonous spells of bed. . . . Yes, I was certainly delicate and highly strung."

He was a dreamer, and was afraid of dreaming. He had two recurring nightmares; one where he saw the Double of his mother, and the other in which there was a never-ending piling up of things, from coal to threepenny pieces, which induced an awful sense of inevitability and helplessness. (The only nightmare which haunted my childhood was of a vast book, the leaves of which one turned frantically, though knowing they would never come to an end. I think one's horror lay in the sense of pointless perpetuity, for the pages were not read.)

As a child, between four and five, while playing with his toys: "Suddenly a subtle change would come over the room, though everything looked the same. . . . I could only explain it to my small self by saying that 'things went wrong'. . . . When 'things went wrong', whether by daylight or lamplight, the light changed in a way similar to that described in the dream of the Double . . . the lamplight and firelight would grow dim, while another light—golden and coming seemingly from nowhere—filled the room."

Another contingency of his childhood is, I think, of real significance.

"Sometimes, just before falling asleep," he writes, "I would see through my closed eyelids a number of small misty-blue or mauve vibrating circles. Now I should describe this structure as somewhat resembling a mass of frog's eggs, and only just on the border-line of visibility. At first these circles would be empty, but soon a tiny grinning face, with piercing steel-blue eyes, would appear in each circle, and I would hear a chorus of mocking voices saying very rapidly, as though in tune with the vibration: 'That is it, you see! That is it, you see!'

"Always they said the same thing, but I have never been able to trace the origin of these words or to fathom their meaning, if any. And, as the appearance of these faces always heralded a particularly nasty nightmare, I grew to dread their coming.

"This state of things persisted for two or three years, though it must be remembered that it was only at irregular intervals of several weeks that I was able to see these circles; and then came a quite inexplicable happening. The vibrating circles appeared, empty at first, and lo and behold, they became filled with little glass ink-pots! And there was no nightmare! Thereafter I performed a feat of childish magic. When the empty circles came, I would give the command, 'Let it be ink-stands!' for I confused the pot with the stand in those days.

Sure enough the little glass pots would appear and there would be no nightmare. But I had to be very quick about it, or the grinning faces would get in first, I would hear their nonsensical words, and the nightmare would follow in due course.

"This queer incident forms a good illustration of the power of suggestion, but it has a deeper significance also; for in my out-of-the-body experiences I have noted on several occasions, beneath the golden glow suffusing the room, this barely visible vibrating curtain of circular cells. I do not know what it is, but I believe it is always present at the back of things, if one concentrates upon it, though it will often remain unnoticed because of the more arresting nature of the phenomena. But in my projection experiences these vibrating circles remain empty. It was only in my early childhood that impish faces or friendly ink-pots appeared in them."

That pale golden glow of which some, but not all, projectors speak seems to be an illumination which is always there, but can only be discerned by etheric vision.

The character of that vision may also be responsible for the apparent dimming of lamp and firelight.

Mr. Fox explains that, for the sake of his Theosophical readers, he employs the definition of "astral" instead of "etheric". I have in an earlier chapter given my reasons for preferring the latter term, and quoted Theosophical authority for its use.

In 1902, between his sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays, Mr. Fox made, all unwittingly, his first projection, and, which was far more important, obtained a clue to its repetition.

He dreamed that he was standing on the pavement outside his home, viewing the sunlit scene which he knew well, when, as he was about to re-enter the house, he noticed that the paving-stones were not set as he remembered them.

"Then," he writes, "the solution flashed on me: though this glorious summer morning seemed as real as real could be, I was *dreaming!*"

"With the realization of this fact, the quality of the dream changed in a manner very difficult to convey to one who has not had this experience. Instantly the vividness of life increased a hundredfold. Never had sea and sky and trees shone with such glamorous beauty, even the commonplace houses seemed alive and mystically beautiful. Never had I felt so absolutely well, so clear-brained, so divinely powerful, so inexpressibly *free!* The sensation was exquisite beyond words, but it lasted only a few moments, and I awoke. . . . Though I did not realize it at the time, I think this first experience was



a true projection, and that I was actually functioning outside my physical vehicle."

He explains how gradually he evolved the conviction that the key to projection was the discovery in a dream that he was dreaming while still holding waking consciousness at bay, and that this discovery mostly came about by detecting some incongruity in the dream.

He describes this condition of dreaming-alertness as a Dream of Knowledge, and it could only be achieved by keeping the critical faculty alert, which proved to be a very difficult business. However, for a long time he made all his projections by the use of the Dream, but in these early flights, though they enabled him to disregard gravity and to pass through solid walls, he could only stay out of the body for a very short time.

Then he made two discoveries.

- (1) The mental effort of prolonging the Dream produced a pain in the head, dull at first but rapidly increasing in intensity.
- (2) In the last moments of prolonging the Dream, while subject to the pain, he experienced a sensation of dual consciousness. "I could feel myself standing in the dream," he says, "and see the scenery; but at the same time I could feel myself lying in bed and see my bedroom."

A year later he determined to disregard the pain and prolong the dream. He dreamed that he was walking by the water on the Western Shore. He prolonged it, and the scenery became extraordinarily vivid and clear. His body began to draw him back, he experienced dual consciousness; he could feel himself lying in bed and walking by the sea at the same time; could dimly see the objects in his bedroom as well as the dream scenery. He willed to continue dreaming. A battle ensued, and, as his will asserted itself or declined, the shore scene or the bedroom became more distinct. His will triumphed. The bedroom faded altogether from his vision, and he was out on the shore feeling indescribably free and elated. But the pain in his head increased in intensity, in his forehead and the top of his head. But there was no dual consciousness, and when the pain was at its worst, something seemed to "click" in his brain, the pain vanished, his body pulled no longer and he was free.

He continued his walk, though his reason told him that the scene before him was not the physical land and sea, and that his body was lying in bed, half a mile away.

People, quite ordinary people, were walking past him and talking; and he tried to stop one man and ask him the time; but the man took no notice.

Then he wondered if he were "dead", or in danger of premature burial. Remembering an appointment at his College, he willed himself to wake, but, to his intense surprise, nothing happened. "It was," he says, "as though a man actually wide-awake willed to awake. I began to feel terribly lonely. This experience was quite new to me: always before, I had been able to see when I cared to will it—indeed the trouble had been that I woke too easily. Now I was afraid, and it was difficult to keep control and not give way to panic. Desperately I willed to wake, again and again, until a climax was reached. Something seemed to snap. Again I had that queer sensation of a 'click' within my brain. I was awake now—yes, but completely paralysed! I could not open my eyes. I could not speak. I could not move a muscle. I had a slight sense of daylight shining through my eyelids, and I could distinctly hear the clock ticking, and my grandfather moving about in the adjoining room."

He tried in vain to move his body, but presently, by concentrating all his mental energy upon it, he managed to raise his little finger, and so gradually regained control. He was still blind, and the rest of his body seemed made of iron, but, as his effort continued, quite suddenly the trance was broken. His eyes were open to the light, and he was sitting up. For a few moments he was deathly sick and it was three days before he regained his accustomed health and spirits.

He had a second cataleptic experience which deterred him for several years from risking another, and accepted the pain in his forehead as a warning to return to his body. Later on he discovered that, when in the cataleptic state, he had only to doze off again to become normal on waking.

At the conclusion of his College days he regarded, as preliminary steps to projection, The Dream of Knowledge, Dual Consciousness, The Warning Pain, The Cataleptic State, The False Awakening, and, finally, The Trance Condition, with the apparitions, sounds and other phenomena associated therewith.

But in July, 1908, after a two years' gap in which nothing much had happened, he found himself in the Trance Condition without any of the preliminaries, when lying awake on the sofa one afternoon with his eyes shut.

"I then left my body," he says, "by willing myself out of it, and experienced an extremely sudden transition to a beautiful unknown stretch of country. There I walked for some time over wild and charming ground beneath a bright blue sky in which were fleecy sunlit clouds."

On his homeward journey he only remembered passing right through a horse and van standing in an unfamiliar street.

The experience had taught him that the Dream of Knowledge was not essential to projection, and that seeing through closed eyes, as though an inner pair had suddenly opened, was proof that he had reached the Trance Condition, which he had never till then realized *preceded* the act of projection.

He found, however, to his surprise that the new method required provisions which made it no more accessible than the old.

A year later he experimented with chloroform, and after a few sniffs seemed to shoot up to the stars with a shining silver thread connecting his celestial self with his physical body.

That appears to have been the first intimation he had of such a cord, and his description of it as a channel for communications is also novel.

"When I spoke," he says, "it seemed to me that my words travelled down the thread and were then spoken by my physical self; but the process was simultaneous, and I could feel myself among the stars and on the sofa at one and the same time."

That, doubtless, is what happens, but I cannot recall any similar description of the machinery.

In July, 1912, he experienced for the first time what he calls a non-instantaneous projection, made when in a state of self-induced trance, and without the preliminary Dream of Knowledge; significant for the *gentle* way in which the separation was effected.

In this instance, as indeed in all his projections, though Dual Consciousness was very strong and he could see all other objects in the room clearly, and could feel himself standing by the bed and lying in it, he could not see his own body on the bed. "Everything seemed just as real as in waking life—more so, extra vivid—and I felt indescribably well and free, my brain seeming extraordinarily alert."

The failure to see his own body, though able plainly to see his wife's, is very unusual with projectionists.

In contrast to this easy, natural escape, he notes that, in an Instantaneous Projection, where separation is effected by more or less forcibly ejecting the subtle vehicle from the physical body by a strong effort of will, the apparent speed is so great that one passes through the walls of the room in a flash; thus there is no time for the sensation of Dual Consciousness, and the experimenter may only again become aware of himself when deposited, perhaps miles away from his body.

In the autumn of 1913, with renewed interest in the subject, Mr. Fox had a flight which recalls one which, with Mr. Muldoon, had so romantic a sequel.

He had passed out through the closed doors of his house, and had walked on for about a hundred yards, when he was caught up by a strong current and borne away with great velocity, coming to rest on a beautiful but unknown common, where, under a magnificent amber sunset, a school treat was in full swing. He walked on till opposite a row of red brick houses, and entered by the front door of one of them which was half-open, to see if the inhabitants would become aware of his intrusion. He went up a flight of richly carpeted stairs, and seeing a door ajar on the first landing, entered and found himself in a comfortably furnished bedroom.

"A young lady," he continues, "dressed in claret-coloured velvet, was standing with her back to me, tidying her hair before a mirror. I could see that radiant amber sky through the window by the dressing-table, and the girl's rich auburn tresses were gleaming redly in this glamorous light."

He stood behind her, looking over her shoulder into the mirror, to see if it reflected his face. He was close enough to enjoy the fragrance of her hair, and could see her face in the mirror, but not a trace of his own. He laid a hand on her shoulder. "I distinctly felt the softness of her velvet dress," he says, "and then she gave a violent start—so violent that I in my turn was startled too. Instantly my body drew me back and I was awake, my condition being immediately normal—no duration of trance or cataleptic sensations. No bad after-effects. The western sky was blue when I lay down; but on breaking the trance I saw that it was actually the same glorious amber colour it had been in my out-of-the-body experience."

He has found since that, though he may be invisible to the people he encounters in his dream-travelling, they respond readily to touch; which suggests that something independent of his spirit fingers has been induced by the contact.

Unwarned by his experience, on another occasion, when he had been carried away to a large oriental palace, where a beautiful girl was dancing before an assembly of reclining, richly garbed men and women, he succumbed again to temptation, and failing to attract the girl's attention by his presence in front of her, placed his arm round her bare, warm waist. She also started violently, and the shock, as before, sent him back to his body. The shock seems to have been exclusively to his etheric nature.

Mr. Fox gives many more accounts of his wanderings, very interesting in themselves, but lacking any terrestrial corroboration. Apart from the story of Elsie, the nearest he came to that was during a visit paid to a Mrs. X on the night of March 15th, 1916.

He had dreamed of her, and felt he had made astral contact, but could only remember that some time in the night he had been accompanied by a small, black, furry animal which might have been a dog.

On the same night, Mrs. X, lying awake in bed, was disturbed by a scratching and pattering sound in her room. On rising and switching on the light, she, being clairvoyant, distinctly saw a small, black, furry animal, which ran to the fireplace, rattled the fire-irons, and then vanished in the grate. After this, despite the bright light, the noises continued, and a picture was persistently rattled against the wall. She was also conscious of Mr. Fox's presence in the room, though she had no reason to expect it, and described her experiences before learning of his dream.

When on the air, he often met his wife, heard her speaking and sometimes obeyed her instructions; but she was never aware of him; though once, when out of the body he bent over and kissed her, she opened her eyes.

It is possible, of course, that what he saw was her Etheric Double, but that, from lack of the right technique, she was unable to remember her wanderings.

He had once an illuminating experience, when he failed to heed her apparent warning. He had left his body, and, walking across the room, was surprised to find himself stopped by the wall, which seemed to have all its terrestrial solidity. That was a shock, since he had always passed through walls, and even through rows of houses, without hindrance. "I stood facing the wall," he says, "gently pressing against it, and steadily willed to pass through it. I succeeded, and the sensation was most curious. Preserving full consciousness, I seemed to pass like a gas—in a spread-out condition—through the interstices between the molecules of the wall, regaining my normal proportions on the other side."

The thing of real value which Mr. Fox has achieved for us is his analysis of projective methods.

The examples in this volume of projectors who slipped as easily and joyously out of their bodies as out of a suit of clothes may make a study of Mr. Fox's struggles seem superfluous. But, because they *were* struggles, they probably represent, or at

least indicate, the machinery of exit, which, with certain aviators, runs too smoothly to be observed.

Mr. Fox finally achieved projection by three approaches, the Dream of Knowledge, the Pineal Door, and Instantaneous Projection; but, curiously enough, he experienced different etheric conditions according to the method he selected.

When passing over by the Dream of Knowledge he found the scenery more varied; he was visible to the people he met and could talk and eat with them; was at all times liable to be swept away by a current: ("I was like a piece of paper blown by a gale hither and thither," is how he once describes it); could only levitate to about a hundred feet; was subject to the Warning Pain and the pull of the Cord; realization of his condition varied, but was generally vivid; duration was fairly short if the Warning Pain was obeyed.

When the Pineal Door was used, the scenery was glamorous but always terrestrial; he was invisible to the people he met and could pass unnoticed through them, though they would start at his deliberate touch; he met no elementals nor any beings of a superior intelligence; currents were less frequent; levitation was easier and it was possible to rise to great heights; no Warning Pain, and the pull of the Cord seldom felt, unless the experiment was terminated abruptly by some untoward happening, when the Cord seemed to come into operation all at once, drawing him backward with tremendous speed and depositing him in his body with a "bang"; realization of the out-of-the-body state does not vary and is perfect, and there is a wonderful feeling of well-being and mental clarity; duration is greatly lengthened, since a return may be made to the physical without breaking the original trance, so strengthening it by concentration, and then again leaving the body.

With an Instantaneous Projection the setting may be apparently on the earth or purely astral; and, according as that varied, he was visible or invisible to the people he met; astral currents were at their strongest; levitation as in the Dream of Knowledge; the Warning Pain and pull of the Cord seldom experienced; realization, though quite good, inferior to that experienced beyond the Pineal Door; duration, as a rule, very brief.

Now as to the Pineal Door. To make use of this means of exit, Mr. Fox counsels the student to relax, with closed eyes slightly squinting upward, till a numbness spreads from his feet over his whole body, and deepens into a sensation of muscular rigidity which may become painful. He will now be able to see

through his closed eyelids, and the room will appear to be illuminated by a pale golden radiance, with, possibly, flashes of light, apparitions and terrifying noises. He will now feel that he has *two* bodies, the painful physical one, and, imprisoned within it, a fluidic body. He must now, by a supreme effort of will, try to force this subtle vehicle through the imaginary trap-door in his brain.

An account of this author's own experience will best explain what follows :

"I had," he writes, "to force my incorporeal self through the doorway of the pineal gland, so that it *clicked* behind me. . . . It was done, when in the trance condition, simply by concentrating on the pineal gland and willing to ascend through it.

"The sensation was as follows : My incorporeal self rushed to a point in the pineal gland and hurled itself against an imaginary trap-door, while the golden light increased in brilliance, so that it seemed the whole room burst into flame. If the impetus was insufficient to take me through, then the sensation became reversed ; my incorporeal self subsided and became again coincident with my body, while the astral light died down to normal.

"Often two or three attempts were required before I could generate sufficient will-power to carry me through. It felt as though I were rushing to insanity and death—but once the little door had *clicked* behind me, I enjoyed a mental clarity far surpassing that of earth life. And fear was gone. . . . Leaving the body was then as easy as getting out of bed.

"This then was the climax of my research. I could now pass from ordinary waking life into this new state of consciousness, or *from life to death and return without a mental break*. It is easily written, but it took fourteen years to accomplish."

Mr. Fox is careful to guard us from taking too literally these anatomical details of what happened : he only claims to have described his sensations. But his views obtain some confirmation from Theosophical thought.

"With one type of person," writes Major A. S. Powell, "while the sixth chakram is still attached to the pituitary body, the seventh is bent or slanted until it coincides with the atrophied organ known as the pineal gland, which, with people of this type, becomes a line of direct communication with the lower mental, without apparently passing through the intermediate astral plane in the ordinary way. This explains the emphasis sometimes laid on the development of the pineal gland.

"The awakening of the etheric centre enables a man through

it to leave the physical body in full consciousness, and also to re-enter it without the usual break, so that his consciousness will be continuous through night and day.

"The real reason for tonsure, as practised by the Roman Church, was to leave uncovered the brahmarandra chakram, so that there might be not even the slightest hindrance in the way of psychic force which in their meditations the candidates were intended to try to arouse." He adds, later: "The organ in the brain for thought-transference, both transmitting and receiving, is the pineal gland. If anyone thinks intently on an idea, vibrations are set up in the ether which permeates the gland, thereby causing a magnetic current."

In Tibetan practice, at the point of death, the escaping soul is assisted by a fracture of the tonsured skull.

Once the Pineal Door is passed, the student, says Mr. Fox, though still feeling himself within his physical body, can get out of bed and walk away, leaving his entranced body behind him on the bed. He may be able to see it, or he may not. He will have, while near it, the sensation of dual consciousness, but this will disappear as he leaves the room or the house. He can pass out through the door or the wall, and, once outside, the chances are that he will find himself caught up by some invisible force and borne away, flashing through houses and trees, until he finally comes to rest in some totally unexpected place. Sometimes the speed seems so tremendous that one gets the effect of tumbling through a hole into a new sphere. There is nothing to be afraid of and no warning pain. "I believe it is quite safe to stay out as long as one can," says the author, "for sooner or later the experience will be terminated by some force outside one's control. I have seen the body I travel in (etheric, astral, or perhaps mental) seemingly clothed in many ways, but never naked. . . . Occasionally I have not been able to see any astral body when I looked for it—no legs, no arms, no body!—an extraordinary sensation—just a *consciousness*, a man invisible even to himself, passing through busy streets or whizzing through space."

The student must be prepared to lose his time-sense more or less completely. He will be quite aware of his identity, and know well enough that his physical body is at home in bed. He can walk, glide, levitate and then glide at a great height, or try his luck at skrying, which Mr. Fox describes as a vertical ascent at an enormous velocity, but regards as dangerous. If the return is terminated involuntarily, he will just flash home and find himself within his body almost instantly. If the return is voluntary, he can walk up to the bed and lie down, or he will

feel himself merge into his body and become one with it—a strange sensation. He can then strengthen the trance by further concentration, and step out of his body again for fresh adventures, or he can break the trance by willing to awake. Once the Pineal Door has been passed it is not necessary, it may indeed be impossible, to pass through it again as long as the trance remains unbroken.

Yram, whose work we have next to consider, confirms Mr. Fox's experience.

"After having roamed about in space," he writes, "I came back close to my physical body, and, without completely re-incorporating myself, I found myself at the exact point of balance where the anatomical sensitivity passes into the next body or plane. By a mere act of will I found myself able to incline the balance towards one point or the other. As soon as I favoured the idea of projection into a fourth dimension I began to feel lighter, without any physical movement at all. As soon as I brought my mind back to my physical body the intensity of the projection diminished. My body was as heavy as lead and my breathing slowed down. I could feel . . . the freshness of the outside air, and the daylight which was filtering through my eyelids. I could hear noises from the street.

"Taking my mind back towards the idea of projection, the equilibrium immediately went the other way. All these physical sensations disappeared with lightning-like speed. I once more found myself in the state which I had just left, and began to enjoy the peace, the cool sweetness, and the inexpressible sense of well-being of this state. The phenomenon of projection is not, therefore, a state of sleep, natural or induced. It has a clarity far superior to that of terrestrial life."

That is a point on which all accomplished projectors are agreed; that nothing in one's physical existence can be compared with that "inexpressible sense of well-being", joyous competence and mental clarity which makes the Etheric Double seem such a spiritual certainty.

Mr. Fox apologizes for his repeated insistence on the un-earthly radiance of the new conditions.

YRAM

In *Le Médecin de l'Ame*, rendered into English as *Practical Astral Projection*, the writer, who signs himself Yram, has made a striking contribution to the literature of the Double, but one quite other from that of Mr. Fox.

For him there is no planning of means to get free ; he is out of the body, one might say, almost without knowing it, certainly without contriving it.

"For most people," he tells us, "the most convincing phenomenon is the act of conscious separation a few feet from the physical body. You leave your body with greater ease than taking off a suit of clothes" ; but the only aid he offers to that disrobing is to tell us, at four or five in the morning, when one wakes, to drive away all thought, and, as soon as a vibration affects one of our bodies, to take full possession of ourselves, and to fix our attention on the sensations, images and scenes which are about to occur.

"After all," he says, "nothing could be easier, since we are not asleep. Projection, the separation of the conscious 'I' and its provisional forms, takes place in full waking consciousness. It has happened at times that I have found myself projected, standing beside my body, at the same instant as I closed my eyes, and without experiencing any particular sensation. . . . What is most surprising is the reality of the material feelings one experiences. The practice of projection becomes such a habit that there have been times when I have come back to my body in order to make sure that I was really projected and not sleep-walking."

It is not, however, even for him, always as easy as that. Describing certain projections, he says : "The final sensation, in which all others culminate, is that of 'coming out' of something, of leaving a narrow tight place."

Once he saw himself stretched out face down on a table, gripping and pulling at the edge, in order to leave his body.

"I had the impression of being in a sack whose narrow opening was no more than a crack."

That one's etheric arms can be so used comes as a surprise. Another time he had to "pull" at that part of his Double still fixed in its envelope, just as if he were sliding out of a coat that was too tight.

But if Yram tells us little about getting out of our bodies, he tells us a lot of what may happen when we are out of them. When, he says, we are tempted to leave our room, "the substance which we are using to give form to our double returns to the physical body, and it is with a far more ethereal body that we soar into space. . . . Everything happens as if we had a series of different bodies boxed one in the other by means of a more reduced dimension. As the conscious will penetrates into new dimensions it uses a corresponding body."

That sense of discarding an outer layer, like the skins of an onion, has been noted by other projectionists, and may account for the varying degrees of density in the Etheric Double.

"Ever since I began these experiments," writes Yram, "I have noted the possibility of projecting a double whose density would vary considerably, bringing in its wake all sorts of experimental powers and possibilities."

In addition to projection by means of sensory faculties, Yram enumerates Instantaneous Projection and Projection by Whirlwind. The main characteristic of the former is the lightning speed with which the projection takes place; it seems, he says, as if one was being hurled through space. Once, before he had finished concentrating, his astral body was shot out violently like a shell from a gun.

"On that day," he tells us, "my astral double was more condensed than usual. In order to change to another dimension I tried to pass through the walls of the room, but found that they resisted my efforts. When I tried harder I only managed to produce a pain in my forehead and had to resort to the astral opening of the window before the first projection could have its way."

Once when he was getting ready to shut his eyes and prepare himself by different psychical exercises, he found himself standing beside his body without having had time even to close his eyes.

"For a moment," he says, "I was startled, looking at my outstretched body with its open and expressionless eyes. During this attempt there was not the slightest alteration in the memory or the conscious faculties. Without any time interval the sensory power of my physical body passed into the Double, and all the faculties followed straightway."

In Projection by Whirlwind the sensation is of being sucked up violently by a sort of huge vortex. "This is," says the author, "the most agreeable of all forms of projection." As a rule one is merely transported on a wind of ether, at a variable speed towards some unknown goal, but when carried away by the magnetic current there is a feeling of tremendous speed. A howling tempest deafens one's ears, as if one was travelling over the earth at a rate impossible to gauge, through a cloudy medium with rifts through which various landscapes are seen.

These electric currents revitalize the traveller, so that he returns to the physical body feeling overcharged with vital energy.

Yram joins with Mr. Fox in extolling the "super-clarity, the

super-lightness, the super-consciousness" experienced in Etheric flight, which so transcends all terrestrial cognizance that its reality cannot be doubted.

"At each experiment," he says, "the same joys come again. The main impression we receive is one of returning to a well-loved home after a long absence. . . . It is only after having returned to the normal state that the difference can be appreciated. It seems as if all our faculties are shut up in a box, while thought only filters painfully through the molecules."

Yram seems to have achieved an advance on most projectionists by producing at will a Double of varying density.

"Time and again," he says, speaking of his earlier efforts, "I have tried to pass through walls in this state and have only managed to give myself a headache, just as if I had banged my physical head against a wall. Much later on I was successful. At first the walls felt soft, and then I went through them as if they were not there at all. But that was only because I exteriorized a less material double far more radio-active than the previous ones."

How that is done he does not tell us, beyond a hint that projecting the spiritual essence of man calls for a very special training in order to free the Higher Consciousness from its ties with lower forms of matter. And there is this about Yram as a projector; he stresses the need for developing our higher qualities, for the avoidance of every sort of excess, for leading a peaceful life coupled with meditation and prayer.

"Remember," he urges, "that a higher Love-Principle, chosen as an Ideal, forwards the work to an incredible degree, and with a minimum of effort. . . . The essential points for study are: The power to concentrate one's thoughts on a single object without being distracted by outside stimuli; the practice of rhythmic breathing; nervous and muscular relaxation; and, finally, the ability to suspend thought completely."

These, of course, are counsels for the attainment of control to which the ordinary projectionist does not aspire, in order to achieve the penetration of realms of which he does not dream; and they represent wisdom acquired by the author after fourteen years of venturesome endeavour, in which it seems probable grave risks were run. He made a special study of the "Cord", in order, if possible, to neutralize its annoying sensitivity, which would often, when he was in a state of dual consciousness, cause disturbances in the region of his physical body to react on his Double and destroy its concentration.

"The extent to which this cord can stretch seems," he says, "to be limitless, and it resembles the trail of a rocket as it soars into space. Where the cord joins the Double it consists of thousands of very fine, elastic threads, which seem to suck the Double into them."

The Double, he tells us, is the more tied to the physical body, the more crude or material its composition; and when he began his experiments he noticed the difficulties caused by using a Double of too material a quality, since all the vibrations which affect the body touch the Double with magnified intensity. Also the ease with which the Double travels is dependent on its character, and according as the Double that one manages to project becomes finer, so do all the normal faculties obtain a proportional development. Not only does it become unnecessary to make any gesture to indicate one's intentions, but the very thought of movement, in the physical sense, disappears.

He had, in his earliest efforts, tried to progress by making the movements of swimming, first with the breast- and then with the side-stroke, and finally floating on his back.

Yram concludes his volume with the story of his "astral romance".

"I had used my ability to travel in the fourth dimension," he tells us, "in order to pay periodical visits to a young woman who, later on, became my wife. After we had met three or four times on the physical plane, circumstances intervened to separate us, one from the other, by several hundreds of miles. It was then that, without knowing either the town or the house where she was living, I used to go to her every night by means of self-projection, and it was whilst in this state that we became engaged. . . . My fiancée was able to confirm by letter the exactness of the details about which I wrote. . . . She would feel my presence and speak to me, mentally, without being able to see me.

"Whatever might be the place where she happened to be, whatever she might be doing, she would immediately have the very definite feeling that I was near her, and, if her attention was engaged, she would ask me to come again a little later. . . . She had the sensation of finding herself near a focus of energy from which she constantly received waves of great intensity. She was able to perceive my thoughts as easily as I could receive hers.

"One day, when I was projected in the astral and standing beside her, she said: 'Stay near me!' 'Instead of that,' I rejoined, 'you come with me.' Immediately, freeing herself from

her physical body, she joined me. Later on, after we were married, it often happened that we would travel together in space, with a sweetness of sensation impossible to describe.

"Her love," he tells us, "penetrated into my being under the guise of a general warmth, while a feeling of absolute confidence filled my spirit. On the other hand, my aura penetrated hers and I had the sensation as if melting into her. . . . I felt that if I pushed the experience to its furthest limit the abnormal speed of the vibrations would make me lose consciousness. In the atmosphere in which we had projected ourselves I could see our more material doubles united in the form of a cloud. Heavy at first, it began to clear in proportion to the greater and greater intimacy with which our subtle bodies interpenetrated one another. The transparency increased, until soon we seemed no more than a vapour which was hardly visible. The psychological reactions and sensations of this state were really extraordinary. . . . In no other experience have I had so wide-awake a consciousness, no love so powerful, nor a calm and serenity so profound."

The experience Yram acquired in reducing the density of his Double enabled him to penetrate other dimensional areas, but his adventures in these do not concern us here. They are not within the compass of the ordinary projectionist, and the traveller can produce no confirmation of his report.

"All these conceptions of universal or cosmic consciousness, existing in a unity which lies outside phenomenal time, are," he admits, "very difficult to understand by anyone who has not experienced them. Reciprocally, all thought, all desire, all consciousness, and all love only form one gentle and serene unity. Fatigue is non-existent. There is no expenditure of energy. Action manifests in an immense happiness and by a deeper love.

"I am still short of the truth when I say that, by analogy, in this supreme state we feel at home with an intimacy, a reality, which has not its equal in any of the other separative states of the ether. We are purely and simply in a perfect present which unites in itself all the prerogatives which lie beyond the power of human conception, and which human beings have at all times attributed to their gods."

Of such things and of what they have brought him he can only speak for himself—the certainty of the evolution of consciousness; of perfect love, at once individual or universal; that death is an illusion, and the non-existence of time and space. But for the ordinary projectionist he says: "The phenomenon

of dissociation between man and his body, the absolute certainty of being able to live in a new dimension, is the only obvious truth that I can claim as being true without the least doubt."

VINCENT TURVEY

Though naturally anxious to view projection from the angle of the amateur, it would be stupid to ignore what may be learnt from men who have developed their psychic aptitudes for the use of others.

Mediumistic gifts are unfortunately not often combined with a high standard of intelligence, and mediums are, as a rule, surprisingly incurious about their own powers. They know, and are apparently content to know, very little about them.

Mr. Vincent Turvey is an exception. Though a professional medium in the sense of putting his powers at the disposal of those who need them, he has never taken so much as a penny for the use of his gift, and he won the warm friendship of such discerning seekers as Arthur Conan Doyle and W. T. Stead.

He calls his gift clairvoyance, which of course it is, in certain phases of its operation; and, though he does not speak of projection, the description of his outings could be covered by no other term.

"In order," he writes, "to avoid using such a phrase as 'My spirit went to London while I remained in Bournemouth', which is a somewhat too definite statement, and also makes the 'spirit', which is the *real* 'I', appear to be secondary to the body—I have decided to use 'I' in inverted commas to denote that part of my consciousness, or 'being', which appears to function at a distance from the body, and to use 'Me' with a capital M and in inverted commas to denote the body which remains at home and is apparently fully conscious, normal and in no way entranced."

His "I" is, of course, the Etheric Double, but his psychic gift enables him to communicate with the part of him left behind, which remains conscious and receptive. We have seen how, with the ordinary projectionist, the physical body, though apparently unconscious, can transmit urgent messages to the distant Double by means of the Cord; and in Mr. Turvey's case the transmission works both ways.

Mr. Turvey dislikes being called a medium, because, as he points out: "(1) A medium is one who is or has been entranced or 'controlled'. I have never been entranced. (2) A medium is (generally) one who has 'developed' his gifts by sitting in 'circles', etc. I was born with my faculties. (3) A medium is

functioned through (or functions) by becoming mentally passive'. I function by mental *activity*."

Of course there are mediums as outside Mr. Turvey's category as he is himself, but his points are worth noting. His gift is used in three ways which he describes as: Long-distance clairvoyance, Mental-body-travelling, and Phone-voyance. It is the first two which specially concern us.

"In plain long-distance clairvoyance," he explains, "I appear to see through a tunnel which is cut through all intervening physical objects, such as towns, forests and mountains. This tunnel seems to terminate just inside Mr. Brown's study, for instance, and I can only *see* what is actually *there*, and am not able to walk about the house, or use any other faculty but that of sight. In fact, it is almost like extended physical sight on a flat earth void of obstacles. (This tunnel also applies to *time* as well as to *space*.)"

It is difficult to account for the restrictions, for which the composition of the Double may be responsible. The tunnel is a very common figure with projectionists, and, as had been suggested, may have in flight a symbolic meaning.

"In Mental-body-travelling," writes Mr. Turvey, "the 'I' appears to leave the 'Me', and to fly through space at a velocity which renders the view of the country over which 'I' pass very indistinct and blurred. The 'I' appears to be about two miles above the earth, and can only barely distinguish water from land, or forest from city; and only then if the tracts perceived be fairly large in area. Small rivers or villages would not be distinguishable. When 'I' arrive, say, at Mr. Brown's house in Bedford, 'I' am not only able to see into one room, but am able to walk about the house, see the contents of various rooms and boxes, touch the curtain, and *feel* that it is made of velvet, move a table or bed, smell an escape of gas, diagnose a disease, look into the 'surroundings' of Mr. Brown, and, in a few cases, 'I' have been visible. 'I' also hear parts of conversations; and on several occasions 'I' have controlled a medium, and introduced myself through his organism to people present, and have carried on a conversation with them."

Here we have a perfect description of Etheric flight. When Mr. Turvey's Double was capable of physical exertion (he once lifted a bed with two people in it, though incapable, when in the body, of lifting a small child), he was, of course, drawing on someone else's psychic force, which may also, on occasion, have rendered him visible.

Phone-voyance, the technique of which is not quite clear,

enables him to see the surroundings of the person to whom he is speaking over the wire, and to describe people and happenings beyond his listener's ken or knowledge ; but otherwise, and often, it differs little from Mental-body-travelling.

Mr. Turvey's Double has been seen when he was unconscious of wandering, and when his "Me" was fast asleep. It did not function in any way, and he regarded it as a body altogether inferior to the mental body (which can be seen only by clairvoyants), and as liable to wander off on its own account unknown to the "Me". The genuine "I" has all the physical body's senses, but they are not always able to operate simultaneously. Thus "I" can at times see and smell, but not hear nor touch ; at other times "I" can talk and move a table, but not see very clearly. Sometimes its faculties transcend those of "Me", and at other times they are much inferior. On one occasion, though passing through dead matter like a brick wall does not affect either "I" or "Me", when "I" was forced to pass partially through a man, "Me" in bed felt dreadfully sick.

With most projectionists there is often a difficulty in obtaining confirmation of the journeys they have taken.

With an expositor like Mr. Turvey, the publicity of his work makes confirmation an easy matter, and I have given no examples of it, because such records run to considerable length, and a fully documented recital of them may be found in his *The Beginnings of Seership* by any who require to study documentary evidence for themselves.

Mr. Turvey may be regarded as one of those, like Sylvan Muldoon and Oliver Fox, whose psychic gifts have been stimulated by fragile health ; indeed, though something of an athlete in his youth, his continued existence was for many years regarded by a distinguished physician as a leading instance of the possibility of an almost impossible recovery ; one illness, pyopneumothorax (the lung having burst like a bicycle tyre and displaced the heart) being sufficient to conclude the activities of ordinary people.

The advantage from a scientific point of view, which a seer like Mr. Turvey possesses over the casual projectionist, lies in the availability of his gift. It is not always at his command, but, within reasonable limits, he is ready to give it a chance of functioning.

He has so aptly explained those limits that I am tempted to quote his disclaimer.

"If I were to give an absolutely irrefutable test, 'A1 registered

at Lloyd's', to nine of the greatest sceptics alive, and were to print their letters as testimony, the tenth man—or his office boy—would say: 'Ah, yes, but they were a lot of fools.' Now if you can only give *me* a test *I* will write you a letter and *that* will convince everybody!' The credulity of the sceptic is marvellous. If he receives a convincing proof that the phenomena really *do* occur, he hastens to impart the news to his late companions, and is actually surprised to find that they dare to imply that he is *non compos mentis*. It is most awfully funny to see the erstwhile Socrates called a deluded idiot by his former disciples, simply because he has *learned another fact*; and to note the fury with which he resents the 'ignorant denials' which were once his own 'magnificent arguments'.

"Whilst being willing to place at the disposal of any investigator facts which may be of use to him in his researches, I am not in the last *anxious* to convince sceptics."¹

CHAPTER IX

ETHERIC PERPLEXITIES

So far the consistency of the Etheric Double has simplified our consideration of its displays, but there are many apparently adjacent problems which are of a more complex texture.

Of by no means rare occurrence is the type known as an *arrival case*, where there is a seemingly pointless appearance in advance of an unconscious and unaccountable agent.

Here is a typical example, with rather exceptional corroboration, taken from *Phantasms of the Living*.

The narrator is the late Rev. W. Mountford, of Boston, U.S.A., a well-known minister and author; but the incident occurred in the Fen district of Norfolk, England, where Mr. Mountford was staying with some intimate friends. They were two brothers, C. and R. Coe, who had married two sisters, and they lived about a mile apart on the same country road, there being only two or three houses between.

On a clear day in March, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Mountford was looking out of Mr. Clement Coe's front window, which was about ten yards from the road, when he saw Robert Coe and his wife driving towards the house in an open vehicle. He said to his host, "Here is your brother coming." Mr. Coe came to the window, and, looking out, said:

¹ The foregoing appreciation of Vincent Turvey was written while I was still unaware that he was no longer with us.

"Oh yes, there he is ; and, see, Robert has got Dobbin out at last." Dobbin was the horse which, on account of an accident, had not been used for some weeks. His hostess also came to look, and said : "I am so glad too that my sister is with him." They saw the whole outfit most distinctly, and the dress and attitude of the two people. The carriage passed the window at a gentle pace and turned round the corner of the house where it could no longer be seen. After a minute, Mr. Coe went to the door and exclaimed : "Why, what can be the matter ? They have gone on without calling, a thing they never did in their lives before."

Five minutes later, as they were sitting wondering by the fire, the daughter of the travellers, a robust, healthy lady, about twenty-five years of age, entered the room, pale and excited, and immediately exclaimed : "Oh, Aunt, I have had such a fright ! Father and Mother have passed me on the road without speaking. I looked up at them as they passed by, but they looked straight on and never stopped nor said a word. A quarter of an hour before, when I started to walk here, they were sitting by the fire ; and now, what can be the matter ? They never turned nor spoke, and yet I am certain they must have seen me."

Ten minutes later, Mr. Mountford, who was again looking out of the window, saw the same two people in the same carriage driving the same horse ; and he said : "But see, here they are, coming down the road again." His host exclaimed : "No, that is impossible, because there is no turning they could have taken to get on to the road again. But, sure enough, here they are, and with the same horse ! How in the world have they got here ?"

They all stood at the window and watched the same appearance they had seen before, the same horse, carriage and its occupants pass before them. They ran to the door and at once cross-questioned the travellers, but no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming. The travellers said that, when their daughter left the house, they had no intention of going out, but suddenly decided to follow her.

One may call such a case typical, because the phantom appearance of inanimate objects is by no means exceptional. Even granting Dobbin an etheric double, he could hardly be considered as furnishing the means of propulsion !

Nor can "collective hallucination" be accepted in explanation of an appearance which was viewed at different times in different places by four different people, one of whom was neither in temporal, mental nor physical contact with the other three.

Even if Mr. Mountford could have persuaded his hosts that they were looking at something which had no existence, and which they were quite unprepared to see, his own vision remains to be accounted for, and it could not have affected that of Miss Coe, which must, for a considerable period, have held the picture which so alarmed her.

There remains the "thought-form" theory; but whose thought and why the thinking? The Robert Coes were not planning a startling surprise, and a routine visit was not likely to stimulate their mental energies.

Thought-forms, doubtless, can be created; but so far we have only succeeded in impressing them on a photographic plate or the attention of a friend.

Thought-forms "in the round", like the Coes' equipage, with the pony trotting and the wheels revolving along a mile of road, are of a type which has not yet been attempted in this country. Mme David-Neel has described her creation of a thought-form which was able to function as a man; but she had powers at her disposal of which we know nothing, and the making and dissolving of her robot was a lengthy business.

There remains to be considered what one might describe as the reverse of etheric projection, where the subject sees his own phantasm while preserving full somatic consciousness, known as "autosopic bilocation", or as *vision de soi*; and amongst famous cases described in Dr. Sollier's *Les Phénomènes d'Autoscopie* are those of Goethe, Shelley, Alfred de Musset and Maupassant, the latter of whom, when writing one afternoon at his desk, turned, hearing the door open, to see his own self enter, sit down before him, and, burying his head in his hands, begin to dictate what he was writing.

There is, of course, as I think Signor Bozzano puts it, an insuperable abyss between the sensation of seeing one's own double and that of finding oneself consciously out of the body and contemplating the body.

Alarm at viewing one's own apparently dead body is soon overcome, whereas the phantom illusion of oneself is generally regarded as a portent, as in a case narrated by Dr. Werner of a jeweller at Ludwigsburg, named Ratzel, who, in perfect health at the time, met his own double one evening, face to face, on turning the corner of a street, a figure which seemed as real and life-like as himself. While he gazed at it in terror the figure vanished. He described what had happened to several of his friends, and was painfully impressed by it.

Shortly after, passing through a forest, he was asked by some

woodcutters to lend them a hand in felling a tree. While hauling on the rope, the tree fell on him and killed him.

Another curious story is that of Herr Becker, a professor of mathematics at Rostock. He had gone into his library for a book to settle a disputed point in theology with some friends, and to his amazement saw his own double seated in the chair he was accustomed to occupy.

He approached the figure, and, looking over its shoulder, saw that a Bible was open before it, and that it was pointing with one of its fingers to the warning conveyed by Isaiah to Hezekiah: "Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live."

He thereupon returned to the company present, relating what he had seen, and, in spite of their arguments, expressing his conviction that he was about to die, which he did on the following day at six o'clock in the evening.

A similar case, which had, however, no tragic consequences, is related by Stilling of a government officer at Weimar, called Triplin, who, on going to his office to fetch some document of importance, saw his own double sitting in the chair with the deed in front of him.

He retired hastily in considerable alarm, but, later, told his maidservant to go to his room and fetch the paper she would find on the table. But when she went there, seeing her master's double, she concluded that he had not waited for her to perform her errand, but had gone there himself.

This, as a case for autoscopic bilocation, is somewhat complicated by the evidence of the maid. As the title suggests, it should be only the owner of the phantom who sees it.

Goethe furnishes a curious variant of autoscopic vision, tainted as it was with an apparently purposeless percipience. An occurrence, which might have been included in an earlier chapter, may be related as furnishing proof of his psychic aptitude.

One rainy summer evening, when returning with a friend from the Belvedere at Weimar, he met what he thought to be an acquaintance, Frederic by name, dressed, to his astonishment, in his own dressing-gown, nightcap, and slippers. The friend who was with him could see nothing, and thought Goethe to be the victim of an hallucination. Goethe accosted the figure, and on its abrupt disappearance was convinced that Frederic was dead, and that he had seen his spirit.

On reaching his house at Weimar, he was greeted by Frederic himself, and exclaimed: "Avaunt, you phantom!" Frederic explained that, having arrived at Weimar, soaked with rain,

he had changed into Goethe's clothing, and having fallen asleep, had dreamed that he had gone out to meet him, and that he had been greeted by the very words which Goethe had used.

The autoscopic incident is related by the poet in *Aus Meinen Leben*.

"I was," he says, "riding on the footpath towards Drusenheim, and there one of the strangest presentiments occurred to me. I saw myself coming to meet myself on the same road, on horseback, but in clothes such as I had never worn. They were of light grey mingled with gold. As soon as I roused myself from this day-dream the vision disappeared. Eight years later I found myself on the identical spot, intending to visit Frederica once more, and wearing the same clothes which I had seen in my vision, but which I now wore, not from choice, but by accident."

Autoscopic bilocation has been very carefully studied by Dr. Sollier, who, in his *Les Phénomènes d'Autoscopie*, has recounted the experiences of Drs. Lassegue, Féré, Rouginovitch and Lemaitre, and included a dozen of his own cases.

He found that when the apparition exactly resembled the subject it seldom stayed long, and vanished at any excitement. When the phantom had different attributes, was smaller in stature, and was not wearing the same clothes, it might persist for hours, with varying intensity.

The moment of apparition was generally in the evening, in states of deep meditation, self-concentration, or anaesthesia. The distance varied from a few yards to close proximity. The Double generally was silent, but sometimes there was a dialogue and difference of opinion between the phantom and the self.

Dr. Sollier explains these experiences as hallucination due to a loss of sensibility which gives the sense of exteriorization, though such an explanation scarcely seems to cover the phantom's lapses into speech.

Dr. Eugen Osty has also reported recent cases in which there has been an exchange of consciousness, the Double becoming the thinking self.

Autoscopic bilocation, lies, of course, outside the scope of an inquiry into the Etheric Double. It has only been mentioned here to avoid the possible impression that it has been intentionally overlooked.

Since, so far, all the spiritual implications of the Etheric Double have been avoided, a postscript on the subject by

Ernesto Bozzano may be permitted. He writes in *Discarnate Influence on Human Life* :

"These phenomena (of bilocation) are of fundamental importance for metapsychical science, since they show that animistic manifestations, although connected with the functions of the psychophysical organism of the living, have their origin in something qualitatively different from the organism itself. Hence they assume a definite theoretical value for the experimental demonstration of the survival of the human spirit. In other words, the phenomena of bilocation demonstrate that within the 'somatic body' there exists an indwelling 'etheric body' . . . and that the existence of an etheric body immanent in the somatic body takes for granted the existence of an etheric brain within the somatic brain.

"This being so, we may feel certain as to the affirmative result of experiments under scientific examination ; and when the great event takes place, the dawn of a new era will arise on the horizon of human knowledge, causing the basis of knowledge to shift from positivist-mechanistic conception of the universe, to the dynamic-spiritualistic conception of existence, with the inevitable consequences to the philosophical, social and religious outlook of mankind."

THE END

