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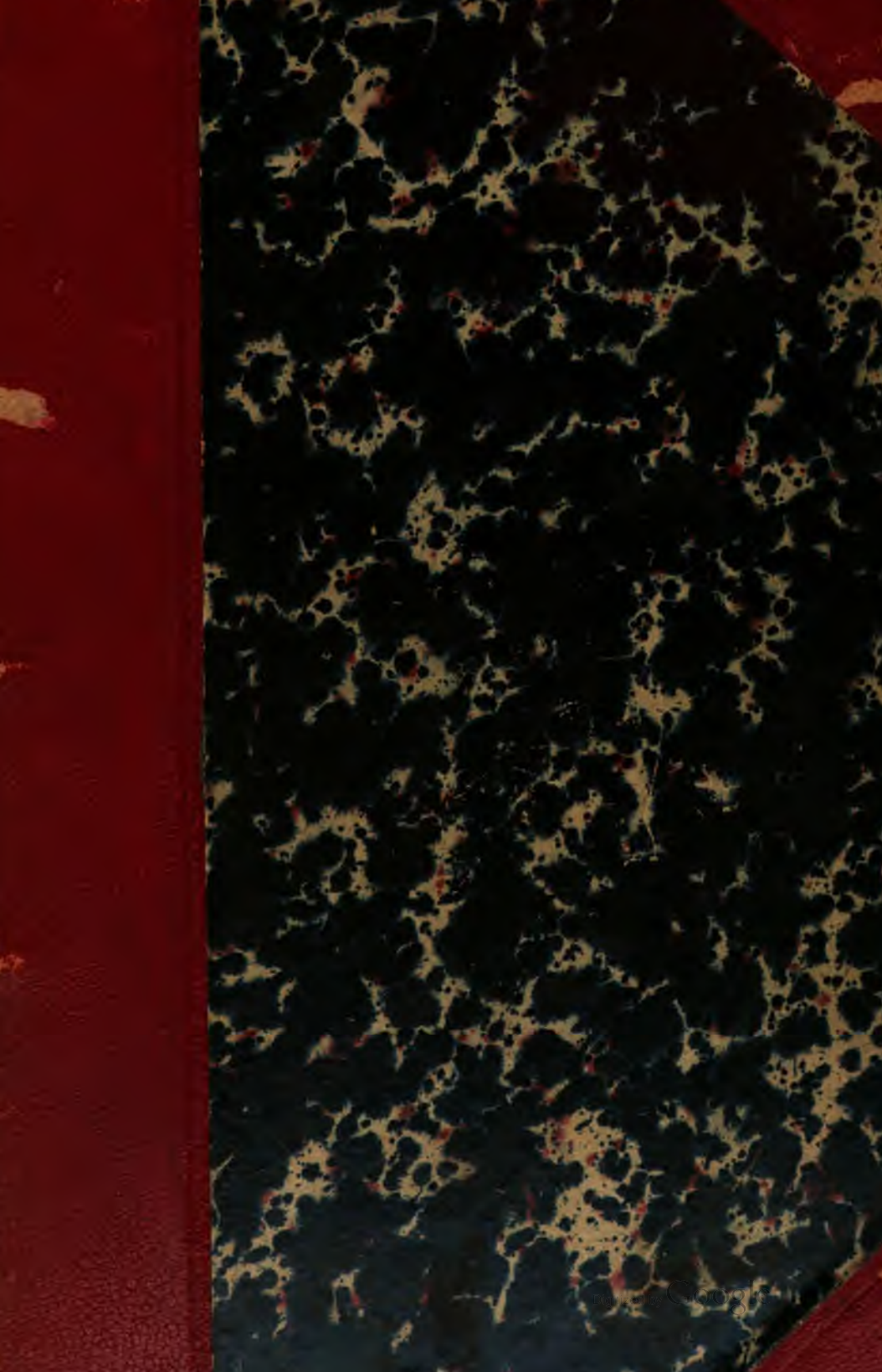
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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

American Society for Psychical Research

Section "B" of the American Institute for Scientific Research

Volume III

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CONTENTS

I. A CASE OF VERIDICAL HALLUCINATIONS. BY JAMES H. HYSLOP.....	1
Chapter I. Introduction	1
Chapter II. Detailed Notes and Comments.....	29
1. Mr. Thompson's Statement.....	30
2. Mr. Gifford's Style in the Pictures.....	37
3. Statement by Prof. Dow.....	42
4. Limitations of Mr. Thompson's Experience.....	44
5. Mr. Thompson's Diary.....	52
6. Vision of Woman and Child.....	60
7. Verification of the Pictures.....	64
8. Answers to Questions.....	85
Chapter III. Comments on the Records.....	87
Chapter IV. Detailed Records.....	99
Chapter V. Examination of the Evidence.....	375
1. Classification and References.....	375
2. Summary and Evaluation.....	384
Chapter VI. Explanation of the Cuts.....	441
Chapter VII. Conclusion	449
II. REPORT ON MRS. PIPER'S HODGSON-CONTROL. BY WILLIAM JAMES.....	470
Part I. Summary of Incidents.....	470
1. Introduction	470
2. Earlier Communications.....	475
3. The Ring Incident.....	482
4. The Nigger-Talk Case.....	487
5. The Huldah Episode.....	489
6. The Pecuniary Messages.....	495
Part II. Selections from the Detailed Records.....	501
1. Introduction	501
2. The Old Farm Series.....	511
3. The Owl's Head Series.....	520
4. Prof. Newbold's Sittings.....	532
5. Prof. James' Sitting.....	549
6. Miss Bergman's Sittings.....	565
7. Australian Recollections.....	572
8. Conclusion	575
III. OBSERVATIONS ON THE MEDIUMISTIC RECORDS IN THE THOMPSON CASE.....	593

IV. THE CONCEPTION OF SUBCONSCIOUS MIND IN THE LIGHT OF DREAM IMAGERY AND IMAGINATIVE EXPRESSION: A CRITICAL STUDY BASED UPON INTROSPECTIVE DATA.	614
Introduction. The term "subconscious".....	614
Part I. Analysis of Data.....	621
1. Normal Waking Imagery.....	621
2. Hypnagogic Imagery.....	623
3. Dream Imagery.....	634
4. Dreams and Imaginative Expression.....	647
5. Fantasy and Imaginative Expression.....	655
6. Critical Imaginative Expression.....	659
7. Imagination in Reasoning.....	669
Part II. Critical Discussion.....	677
1. The Problem.....	677
2. The Physiological Interpretation.....	680
3. Association of Ideas.....	684
4. Mind and Consciousness.....	691
5. The Subconscious Self.....	695
Book Review.....	699
V. INDEX	700

ERRATA.

- Page 139. Note 60, line 4, for "her" read "*here*."
- Page 238. Delete "[Subliminal No. 1.]" just before sitting of June 4th.
- Page 326. Note 240, line 6, for "Mr. C." read "*Mrs. C.*"
- Page 347. Note 253, line 4, for "messages" read "*message*."

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

American Society for Psychological Research

Section "B" of the American Institute for Scientific Research

Vol. III

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Part I

CONTENTS

I. A CASE OF VERTICAL HALLUCINATIONS. By James H. Hyslop	1	Chap. VI. Explanation of the Case	441
Chap. I. Introduction	1	Chap. VII. Conclusions	449
Chap. II. Original Research Experiences	18	II. REPORT ON MRS. FIDLER'S HYPNODISYDROMIC CONTROL. By William James	419
1. Mr. Thompson's Statement	20	Part I. Summary of Investigation	419
2. Mr. Clifford's Study of the Pictures	27	1. Introduction	419
3. Statements of Prof. Poincaré	35	2. Earlier Commentaries	423
4. Introduction of Mr. Thompson's Experiences	44	3. The Ring Incident	425
5. Mr. Thurston's Story	47	4. The Ring-Tale Date	427
6. Vision of Woman and Child	54	5. The Holiday Episode	429
7. Verification of the Picture	64	6. The Secondary Story	435
8. Answers to Questions	84	Part II. Selections from the Detailed Records	445
Chap. III. Comments on the Records	84	1. Introduction	445
Chap. IV. Detailed Records	87	2. The Owl's Eyes Series	447
Chap. V. Examination of the Records	174	3. The Owl's Head Series	452
1. Classification and Relations	174	4. Prof. Weyland's Statements	455
2. Summary and Evaluation	184	5. Prof. James' Notes	460
		6. Miss Benjamin's Story	465
		7. Australian Hallucinations	472
		8. Comments	473

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

American Society for Psychical Research

A CASE OF VERIDICAL HALLUCINATIONS.**Chapter I.****Introduction.**

I wish to report on a remarkably interesting case which exhibits several phases of importance in the study of supernormal phenomena. It is an instance of combined hallucinations, at least apparently veridical, and of apparent obsession or "possession." The significance of it cannot be discussed until the facts have been presented, and I have mentioned so much of its real or apparent character merely to suggest the point of view which the phenomena illustrate, whether they prove it or not. There should be some *point de repere* from which the narrative should start and this tentative view may serve to indicate the general purport of the facts.

The case came to my attention in the following manner. Mr. Thompson came to me one evening, having been sent to me by a friend to whom he had gone with his experiences. I interrogated him very carefully and brought out the facts which appear in his own narrative. My prompt and natural diagnosis of it was that it was an interesting case of hallucinations with probable tendencies to disintegrating personality, and with possible tendencies to more serious disturbances. But having heard of a few instances in which apparently supernormal phenomena had been associated with delusional states, I was interested in the auditory phenomenon which he reported and which had at least the superficial characteristics of mediumistic automatism. The association

also of the hallucinations with the impulse to paint pictures when this was not the natural habit of the man suggested clearly enough what the apparent meaning of the phenomena was. But I had no means of verifying any of them, and while I was interested in the case psychologically it was perfectly clear that whatever interest for psychology the case would have must depend on precisely this verification of the experiences as unusual and as distinct from secondary personality. But it seemed to be that disintegration of the normal self was the only diagnosis which could be given the case with suspicions of deeper tendencies sooner or later.

I therefore advised Mr. Thompson to abandon the painting into which his impulses and hallucinations had led him and to do all he could to suppress the tendency. I have since learned that it is probably not best to do so in such cases. But without dwelling on the therapeutic aspect of such instances, as later investigation may prove to be advisable or not, I can only allude to my opinion to show how I felt about the phenomena and that I saw no interest for supernormal psychology in the case, at least in so far as evidence and corroboration could show. These left me without any other interest or importance in the phenomena than the usual place of them in abnormal psychology. I could only counsel the man to go back to his trade of goldsmith and to try to overcome the impulse to do what seemed to me impossible of success.

While reflecting on this advice to the man and on the apparent evidence of the supernormal in his case, it flashed on my mind that I ought to take him to a medium. I had often thought that it might be a good test of certain hallucinatory cases to have an experiment with mediums to see if their hallucinations might not be proved to be veridical when they could not be made such by corroborative testimony of others. This plan, however, had not suggested itself to me at first, as I felt so confident that the case was an abnormal one. But when it did come to my mind to try it I even hesitated, but soon saw that this was the only course to adopt and so suggested it to the man. He told me that he had never visited a medium in his life and did not know what

they were or what might be accomplished by an experiment with him. I was very careful not to tell him what I wanted to do. My plan, of course, was to see if what seemed to be a subjective hallucination might not turn out to be objective and veridical, but I made no hint of this to him. I merely asked him if he had ever visited a medium and on his replying in the negative, I further asked him if he would like to go with me. He assented, and I arranged with him to meet me at my house on a certain evening and a certain hour, the times indicated in my report on the first experiment. I asked him to remain in the house until I went to the telephone and returned. He did so. The telephone was half a block away. I called up a psychic whose work had been slightly familiar to me and arranged for a sitting, giving no names and no data by which she could conjecture whom I was bringing. I returned and told Mr. Thompson that I had successfully arranged for the experiment, but I made no mention of where it was to be. I simply had him agree to meet me at my house. He did so with the result that the record below shows (p. 100).

There were apparent evidences of the supernormal in the statements of the psychic. Of that the reader can judge for himself. I myself took the notes and had previously cautioned Mr. Thompson against hints and suggestions or questions that might be equivalent to these. The record shows to what extent he did or did not conform to this policy. It is certain that on the main points he did not give any suggestions. Tho the evidence was not overwhelming for supernormal phenomena, it created the obligation to pursue the matter further. But without being conclusive it pointed in the direction of veridical as opposed to subjective hallucinations and more than justified the suggestion which came to my mind to try the experiment. The decidedly spiritistic form of the results need not be accepted at their superficial value, but whether they be so accepted or not, it was interesting to find that the artist which Mr. Thompson felt was about him was identified so far as the experiment went and some allusion made to the sitter's grandmother under terms that were strongly suggestive of her real presence. The only

thing to be done after this was to follow up the case by further experiment.

The peculiar form of Mr. Thompson's hallucinations was that of trees and scenes which he had an impulse to paint. He had not been trained as an artist and had never practiced painting as a profession or to any considerable extent. The only connection with art of any kind which he had was that of goldsmith and some sporadic attempts to paint as later notes indicate, and the testimony, so far as it goes, shows that he was not remarkable in that. The impulse to paint seems to have come to him largely, if not altogether, after the death of Mr. Gifford and the hallucinations that persistently presented themselves to him were of scenes and objects familiar to this deceased artist. They persecuted his vision like fixed ideas until he put them upon canvas. The cuts represented in Figures IV and XVI inclusively are illustrations of pictures painted under such impulses. The scenes were apparently those which he himself had never seen and were painted without the presence of the real view before his vision. He had only the hallucination by which to guide his brush. There were several of these completed before any resolution was formed to try painting from nature. A number of paintings were then made of scenes in the Bronx and one or two in Connecticut. This practice gave him familiarity with painting from nature, and he then resolved to go to the scenes and haunts of Mr. Gifford to paint the originals of that locality. Along with his hallucinations he had the fixed idea that, if he went to Mr. Gifford's old haunts, he would find the scenes which had affected his own vision. He could not rest until this task was fulfilled. He was simply obsessed with a perfectly passionate desire to get to the place for this work. Before he went, however, he made a number of sketches from the scenes which haunted his hallucinatory vision and left them with me. This was on July 2nd, 1907. I made the following note to this effect:—

July 2nd, 1907.

“Mr. F. L. Thompson gave me the enclosed drawings as those which he has painted since his inspiration from Gifford

seized him. The simplest ones, most of them with dates and mere sketches, were drawn automatically and before he knew that Mr. Gifford was dead. The others were drawn after knowledge of his death and consciously, tho with automatic tendencies at the time."

These pictures are represented in Figures IV and XII inclusively, XVII, XXI, XXII and XXIII. Among them that of Figure XXIII has a remarkable history. The hallucination of that sketch had haunted Mr. Thompson persistently with a clear idea of what its subject was, namely, a "Battle of the Elements," and it was the picture which he thought was described in the record of Mrs. Rathbun and also alluded to in the record of Mrs. Chenoweth. The same scene was apparently described by another psychic as Mr. Thompson felt impelled to draw automatically the same scene which he did not recognize until I pointed out to him its intention. The actual finding of the scene on the island and painting it, as represented in Figure XXVI, completed the incident and the two pictures may be compared by the reader.

Perhaps quite as remarkable, if not more so, is the sketch and paintings represented by Figures XVII and XX inclusively. Mr. Thompson had left in my hands the sketch represented by Figure XVII on July 2nd, 1907. When he arrived at Nonquitt, Mass., expecting to find there the scenes representing Mr. Gifford's work, he was admitted to Mr. Gifford's studio and found there on the easel the unfinished painting of Mr. Gifford represented by Figure XVIII. Mr. Thompson had never seen this painting. The circumstances which justify this statement will be found later, and I only call attention to it because the cuts illustrating them will explain the importance of the incident, if its genuineness can be accepted.

In the meantime a number of Mr. Thompson's paintings were shown me by him and the success with the first psychic induced me to try an experiment with another who had demonstrated her ability to produce supernormal phenomena. The record (pp. 112-33) shows what was effected in this experiment. The psychic was never apprised of the sitters and

they themselves simply had requests to meet me at a certain place and hour when their sittings would be given them. They did not know and most of them to-day do not know who the psychic was to whom they were taken. Nor did the psychic at any time, then or now, know the sitter. Mr. Thompson was no exception to these. He simply met me at the hotel where I was conducting the experiments and I did not introduce him into the room until after the psychic had been put into the trance. He came away before she recovered normal consciousness. The results under these conditions speak for themselves. The reader will remark that the sitter unwittingly gave himself away in a few statements, but in the main incidents there was nothing inferred from his unfortunate slips. The record with its notes must speak for itself.

It was soon after this that Mr. Thompson went away for the summer and fall to find the scenes of Mr. Gifford's work. He spent several months there, apparently finding the very places and trees which had infested his vision for so long a time, and this without help or guidance from others. He went over the islands without the accompaniment of any one and apparently with familiar ease. He found many of the very scenes which had appeared in his hallucinations, all without the directing help of any guide, and brought home with him as the result of his work a large number of paintings, some of which appear in the illustrations. Quite a number of the views were marine and some were shore views not associated with any of the previous hallucinations. Consequently they are not produced here, as not being of any interest in the evidence of the supernormal. They have their importance for estimating the relation of his art to his meager experience before this strange development occurred, but the nature of this would have to be determined by the student of art. Illustrations will not exhibit it.

One of the most interesting of these incidents is the following. A certain peculiar group of trees had appeared in Mr. Thompson's hallucinations. While wandering about on the island whose name I am not permitted to use and which was a favorite haunt of Mr. Gifford, Mr. Thompson happened

upon a group which he took to be identical with his apparition and proceeded to sketch the same. He stood some sixty feet from them while at work and while sketching heard a phantom voice say: "Look on the other side of the tree." He went forward and on the opposite side of one of the trees he found Mr. Gifford's initials carved in the bark with the date of 1902 under them. The details of this incident will be found below (p. 78). The auditory apparition is interesting when considered in connection with the one Mr. Thompson experienced when visiting the exhibition of Mr. Gifford's paintings. Figure XXXIX represents the initials and date as found on the tree.

During his stay on the islands and while painting his pictures he had some strange experiences, especially of the auditory type, of which he made a record at the time of their occurrence. I publish this diary as he wrote it and it will have its own interest. It is interesting to note that the artist whom I asked to look at the paintings and to see if he discovered any suggestions of the author imitated, spontaneously remarked in connection with one of the pictures that it suggested music. As a matter of fact, Mr. Thompson had the most distinct hallucinations of music when painting that scene that he had experienced in all his stay on the island. Of course, we can treat the facts as a mere coincidence, but it is an interesting one. Mr. Thompson seems not to have consciously thought of music when he saw the scene, but simply seemed to hear it more distinctly than when before other scenes.

A curious circumstance may indicate some significance in Mr. Thompson's musical experiences. When telling a friend of Mr. Gifford's about the facts of the case and without having made any remark to him about Mr. Thompson's experiences with the music, not having myself attached any importance of an evidential character to them, this friend asked me if Mr. Thompson had shown any experiences in music. I replied that he had and then told him what they were, as the detailed notes indicate, and this friend at once remarked that Mr. Gifford was passionately fond of music, especially the violin. The reader may be left to interpret the facts himself.

Mr. Thompson's story of his life, if accepted as entirely veracious, as I think it can be, has been corroborated by other testimony, and it shows too little experience in art to explain his productions in accordance with the usual standards of education, even tho we felt no temptations with the hypothesis of the supernormal. Very early in the case it seemed necessary on the part of a friend to ascertain how much value attached to his paintings and an arrangement was made to have an expert judge of paintings pass judgment on them. Mrs. Müller's account describes what took place on this occasion and incidentally the gentleman remarked that the pictures looked like Gifford's, tho he knew nothing whatever of the facts connected with their production. In truth, he had not been brought to discover any relation between the style of the picture and any artist, but to decide upon their economic value. He simply noticed spontaneously the likeness to Gifford's pictures.

I also resolved upon a similar experiment. I obtained a reference to a teacher of art and an artist himself. I went to him and explained that I wanted him to do a little piece of work purely for science, saying that I wanted to show him some pictures from which he was to discover any artist whom they suggested. I told him absolutely nothing of the history of the pictures. I explained that I did not desire any judgment upon the artistic merits of the pictures, but solely upon their resemblances to any one he might know. I did not even indicate whether the pictures were imitations or originals. I took to him first the sketches which are represented in Figures IV and XII inclusively, XVII, XXI and XXIII, and took down verbatim what he said as he examined them. The following is the report of that experiment. A part of the experiment was to show him the actual paintings also which I did afterward the same day, without any explanation of their history. The account of this is included in the report.

March 16th, 1908.

I made an arrangement with Prof. Dow, of the Teachers' College, to call at Mr. Thompson's room and examine his pictures. I told him absolutely nothing about their origin or about the

person whom they supposedly represented. I explained to him that my object was to see if he would detect the artist represented by them. I carefully avoided the mention of any names that might suggest the man involved in the pictures, and explained that I did not care whether he succeeded in discovering the right name or not. I was not primarily concerned, I said, in the merits of the paintings, but in the personality possibly represented by them.

Before going I showed him the sketches which Mr. Thompson had put into my hands last summer before he went out to Gifford's haunts and with them I also showed him the photographs which Mr. Thompson took of the scenes on the islands and in the localities in which Gifford did his work. Prof. Dow recognized spontaneously and at once the resemblance between the sketches and the photographs.

The first sketch shown him was a clump of trees and he remarked that they looked like storm blown trees on the Pacific coast. The second which was a similar sketch brought out the remark that the trees looked like storm blown trees on Cape Cod. When I showed him a photograph of storm blown trees from that locality without saying where it was taken he said it represented trees on the New England coast and reminded him of old apple trees he had seen there.

Comparing the photographs and the sketches he remarked that the trees had the same lines in them and that the person who drew them was specially interested in those lines, and he noted especially that he was interested in massing foliage and tree tops, a characteristic which he also remarked was in the photographs.

When we arrived at Mr. Thompson's place I simply introduced Prof. Dow without explanations except that he would like to see the pictures. The first set was of marine views, and Prof. Dow remarked of one of them that it was of the kind that Winslow Homer liked to paint. The first painting of trees suggested Innes. It was not specially typical of Gifford. Presently after two or three pictures with similar trees in them were shown, Prof. Dow remarked of one of them: "That is the kind of thing Swain Gifford liked to paint down there." Some allusion had been made by Mr. Thompson, in exhibiting the pictures, to an island in the locality which Gifford had haunted. Prof. Dow then remarked that all the tree scenes recalled Gifford and said that he was always struck with Gifford's long marshes and storm blown trees.

No hint of Gifford had been given up to this point, even the allusion to an island without specifying it not being suggestive of the man, tho it may have aided recollection and suggestion in the mind of the critic. But I then told Prof. Dow how the pic-

tures were painted and he was quite surprised at the work and remarked that the technique involved would require years to master. When told that the copy of Venus on the wall was made in three days he was much surprised and said that he himself would require two weeks to do it. He was also astonished at the number of pictures he had painted during the summer, and especially when told that a certain one was painted in two hours.

When shown the painting that represented the "Battle of the Elements" Prof. Dow remarked that the technique showed great detail and called attention to the spray on the grass and trees. Mr. Thompson remarked that he had not known what that meant. It was quite clear when attention was called to it that this was the intention in the painting and was an important detail in the completion of the idea.

Prof. Dow volunteered the statement that, if he had been asked about the man's experience, he would have said that he had had a long experience in painting.

The result of this experiment was a clear and spontaneous identification of Gifford's style and of technique in the painting that was not the consequence of long training. It confirmed the report made by Mrs. Müller regarding the statements of a connoisseur of art. This, of course, does not afford proof of the supernormal, but it does suggest interesting psychological phenomena, that make the careful investigation of such cases imperative. We cannot forestall any conclusions regarding such cases, as they must be observed in many instances for assuring us of their meaning. But we cannot dismiss the phenomena with a sneer or disregard the superficial claims which they present. The recognition of these is the first step in ascertaining the real explanation, whatever it may be.

A man's training and experience as a goldsmith necessarily involve some artistic instincts and habits, so that Mr. Thompson's painting is not without a background of artistic nature and culture, tho it did not take the direction of painting either by habit or impulse. The small amount of education which he had in drawing is not sufficient to account for either his technique or his versatility in painting, tho it detracts from the evidential value of the phenomena. But that the impulse to do this new work was not preceded by any indications of the abnormal is perhaps fairly well sup-

ported by the testimony of several companies with whom Mr. Thompson had worked. I was given their names and addresses, and inquiries brought out favorable reports from all who received the inquiry. I received replies from three firms with whom he had worked. Two or three firms did not recall him, as it was some years before that he had been under their employment. Of the three who did reply one said his work was satisfactory and that nothing unusual was observed about him during his service with them. Another firm, while speaking well of his character and mental condition, did not find his work artistic enough to retain him in their service. The third firm thought him "dreamy and not particularly practical, so much so that we did not care to retain him in our employ," not a very good view to support any claim of native artistic work, especially as designing was a part of his duties. He seems, however, to have given satisfaction for such work as he was capable of doing, and this seems to have borne no proportion to the measure of training and ability required to paint such pictures as many of his are. One firm, however, states that his work was of "a high artistic character." The firm was one of manufacturing jewelers. Their view is not consistent with that of his other employers and certain circumstances suggest that it is not to have the weight of the others, not because it contradicts theirs or appreciates where theirs depreciates the man's abilities, but because some personal influences bear upon the case. I think the general judgment of mediocre artistic powers naturally is the only one that will bear maintenance. There are certainly no natural traits of an unusual kind for art.

This is not said in detraction of Mr. Thompson's abilities, as it is probable that they are potentially better than his work would indicate. We must remember that he was born of poor parents who could not give him the education or opportunities for development, and very early he had to earn his own living. Circumstances compelled him to do work that did not represent his natural bent. What his real proclivities were was indicated very early in his work for the Pairpoint Company whose manager encouraged his sketching as a

means of improving his work in engraving. Then the judgment of some of the firms that he was "dreamy" and his constant recurrence to sketching showed natural instincts for pictorial art. I think, therefore, that there are latent possibilities of art in the man which only lacked early opportunity and assistance to develop into a very different expression from that which we have now to observe. Whatever criticism he has to bear is due less to the lack of native talents than to the chance for artistic practice and development.

The condition of mind in which Mr. Thompson was, after the impulse to paint seized him, is a matter of some importance. What this was is indicated both in his own account of his experience and in that of Mrs. Thompson. It is even suggested by the characterization which one of the firms with which he worked gives of him. This, too, was many years before the obsession arose. A disposition to reverie seems to have been characteristic, and when this seizure to paint came upon him he seems to have been more or less constantly in a state of absent-mindedness, often bordering on somnambulism or a trance. This varied from a slight reverie to a complete trance with amnesia afterward. This latter feature of it is especially noticeable in the incident which took him away from home to find his lost pictures (Cf. p. III). He seems to have been normal for a part of this time, but to have been somnambulant for another part of it, as he has no memory of what transpired after a certain time. I have often observed him in one of these moods when he would not answer a question at once and seemed oblivious to his surroundings. There was a dreamy look in his face, and he seemed often to even forget the little amenities which are necessary to appear social. When desiring to get the inspiration to paint he will sit down at a zither to play it and this without regard to the presence of strangers. Mrs. Thompson has remarked this and similar facts constantly. There is no apparent break with his normal consciousness when these conditions come on. They represent no fixed state and vary as all degrees of wakefulness and sleep vary. What relation they sustain to the quality of his work I have not been able to determine, as I have had no opportunity to

watch him at his work, except once, when he seemed perfectly abstracted and paid no attention whatever to questions I asked him. The condition, however, whether of light reverie or deep trance, is evidently associated with his work and impulses. It is probably identical psychologically with the mental states of psychics in their supernormal and other work.

It is in these conditions of varying degrees that Mr. Thompson has his hallucinations from which he is directed in his painting. These hallucinations have varied, of course, with the objects and scenes to be painted, but when they come they seem to obsess the mind until the picture is finished. The scenes appearing do not always complete themselves at the time. They may be a month or more developing and when he feels that they have reached the degree of maturity that justifies work he proceeds to his painting. But they never seem to relax their hold until he makes a picture of them.

The detailed record of the case shows that I have the corroborative testimony of his wife as to the phenomena within her knowledge. I need not repeat them here. But they show this tendency to reverie and the assertion of hallucinatory forms constantly infesting his imagination, all related to prospective pictures, or to finishing touches on past ones. On account of this fact and of the need for further matter of a mediumistic type I resolved on additional sittings. I arranged for two with Mrs. Rathbun and did not inform Mr. Thompson where they were to be or with whom they were to be, tho this might have been guessed by him. He was to meet me, as in the first case, at my house at an appointed hour and I took him personally to the sitting with a stenographer. The records of those two sittings will be found in their places (p. 133). I had previously arranged for two sittings also with Mrs. Chenowith in the same manner as the first one. They followed those with Mrs. Rathbun just a week, and the records tell their own story. The notes explain their value and cogency. Their importance lies in their evidence of the objectivity, if I may so speak, of the hallucinatory phenomena. By this, of course, I mean

that the hallucinations represent something more real than the usually subjective hallucinations. They correspond to the realities in the life of Mr. Gifford. It was this possibility that suggested the first experiment and the second one confirmed the results of the first. Whatever explanation we give of the phenomena the evidently supernormal nature of the information conveyed by the mediums suggests that we are not dealing with merely subjective mental states of Mr. Thompson, but with facts in the life of another and deceased person as well. This was not evidentially apparent in the mere narrative of Mr. Thompson's experience, but has to be treated more seriously when the same and other similar facts are told through a medium. Whatever difficulty we might entertain regarding the cause of the phenomena when attested only by Mr. Thompson, we have it removed by the mediumistic experiments, and the problem becomes a much more interesting one.

I shall reserve all discussion of the nature of the phenomena until the detailed record of them has been given. It suffices to understand that the case represents persistent hallucinations of an apparently veridical type followed by identification of the scenes pictured in them and not known previously, with an impulse to paint accompanied by the consciousness of the presence at time of the deceased artist in whose life the scenes are recognizable facts. The occurrence of these alleged facts is supported by the phenomena of mediumistic experiment. With this conception of the case as outlining its character and suggestiveness we may proceed with the detailed record and then discuss afterward the meaning of the phenomena.

As my first diagnosis of the case was one of disintegrating personality, tho not being a physician I could not trust this judgment, I resolved to send or take Mr. Thompson to three of the leading neurologists of New York City. One of these to whom Mr. Thompson was sent stated that he had given up this kind of work and he sent Mr. Thompson to Dr. Charles E. Atwood. My object in so doing was to have the natural judgment of expert opinion upon the case. Above all I wanted to know how the physician acquainted with ab-

normal psychology would pronounce upon phenomena of the kind without knowing anything more about them than I did at the first interview with Mr. Thompson. I therefore told Mr. Thompson not to tell the physician any of the facts which might serve as evidence for the supernormal, but simply to give the story of his experience up to the time of my experiment with a psychic. To me it seemed that there was only one general verdict to be given on the facts, where evidence was lacking that the phenomena were not the usual ones, and that was some abnormal tendency to hallucinations. The verdict of an expert physician would confirm or deny this view. Hence Dr. Atwood was to have just the data on which I had to form my own opinion at the outset, together with such as his own inquiry might develop. Mr. Thompson was not to say anything about the later facts developed by my own inquiries, nor was he to indicate his own opinion of them which he had gradually formed from self-examination and the results of my experiments. The following is Dr. Atwood's verdict. It was addressed to Dr. Titus Bull through whom I arranged the experiment, concealing my own identity to avoid suspicion of motives.

New York, April 5th, 1908.

Dr. Titus Bull,

Dear Doctor:—My chief, Dr. Starr, sent your patient, Mr. Thompson, to me stating that he did not see mental cases any more. I have had twenty-five years experience with mental cases, so hope I can give the correct diagnosis, etc.

The case is an exceedingly interesting one. I presume the man has gone into detail with you regarding his hallucinations, so I need not repeat them here.

His condition represents, in my opinion, a prodromal one of paranoia, or of one of the paranoid states. The diagnosis is based on the exclusion of all toxic causative factors chiefly. The variety of paranoia developing appears at present to be what is known as the late or acquired type and is a variety of paranoia hallucinatoria. As yet, apparently, delusions have not developed (based on the hallucinations) so that now is the time to treat the condition. The patient *realizes* that his hallucinations of vision and audition *are* hallucinations, so he cannot be said to be insane.

If he should develop *delusions* and lose his present grasp and insight into the situation, the prognosis would become less good, in proportion to the impairment.

* * * * *

C. E. ATWOOD.

I omit the suggestion as to treatment as this is not important, except to remark that it was suggestive hypnosis. In his conversation with Mr. Thompson Dr. Atwood expressed some perplexity regarding the relation between the hallucinations and his physically normal condition. Apparently he found no expected physical lesions or indications of them to account for the hallucinations, and so was somewhat interested in the unusual nature of the case. But I think every intelligent student of mental phenomena would recognize the justifiable nature of Dr. Atwood's diagnosis with the data presented. His is a technical diagnosis and I do not know enough of medicine to say whether it agrees or disagrees with the interpretation which seemed to me proper. But in the main question of hallucinations and indications of abnormal disturbances I think they agree, and that is all that it was necessary to establish. In addition to this we have also the judgment of a man who has had many years experience, and with the knowledge placed at his command I think no disapproval of his judgment would be entertained, unless by peers in his own profession. There was certainly no satisfactory evidence in the phenomena themselves for the conclusion which later experiment suggested and without this additional evidence psychopathology could hardly advance any other opinion than the one proposed, assuming, of course, that the patient was telling the truth, and this he seemed to Dr. Atwood to be doing.

I also sent Mr. Thompson to two other physicians of similar standing. One of them, requesting that his name should not be published, reported that the man's "story was an artefact, that it is a clever and ingenious scheme for disposing of some pretty bad pictures." I wrote for this physician's statement as to what the story was that was told him and asked for a copy of the notes made and also for the de-

tailed evidence of this judgment, saying that I had found this to be the interpretation of it at his old home and that I had considered it in my study of the case. The reply was as follows:

New York, July 10th, 1908.

My dear Mr. Hyslop:

I have your letter of July 8th and I am sorry that I made no notes in the case under investigation. I saw him three or four times. I should be very glad to talk his case over with you and we could make some notes at the time, but I should really not care to publish anything in regard to him which might be hurtful to him since the poor fellow is evidently having a struggle to make his living.

Very sincerely,

The following is the report of Dr. Charles L. Dana after an examination of the case.

New York City, July 14, 1908.

My dear Professor Hyslop:

I am rather unwilling to make a diagnosis of Mr. Thompson's case without some further knowledge substantiating his story. While I have every confidence in it so far as the statements go, I am depending entirely upon *his* statements. Assuming them to be true, I should say he was suffering from a hallucinosis, such as we find associated with certain abortive types of paranoia, and I believe his malady belongs to that group and should like very much to watch the progress of it still further.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES L. DANA.

Apart from what the mediumistic experiments might reveal it was apparent from the outset of the case that much depended upon the veracity of Mr. Thompson. It seems to have been the suspicion and even strong opinion of many persons that the whole story of his experiences had been fabricated to dispose of his pictures. Those who advanced this opinion did not know that it had been told to me eight months before any of the pictures had been painted and before he felt any strong normal impulse to do the painting. It was the first psychic experiment which seems to have reinforced

the impulse to paint, sufficiently, to induce Mr. Thompson normally to yield to it unreservedly. I had received the story when Mr. Thompson himself was anxious to know what it meant and had not made up his mind either to indulge his impulse or to accept the apparent interpretation of them. But it seems also never to have occurred to the promoters of the clever scheme theory that such an attempt was far from "clever and ingenious." No sane person would expect to sell pictures on the allegation of such an origin as was superficially apparent in the story, and the physician had to assume him sane, if he made the story an artefact or lie, and if he was not sane, he could not properly regard it as an artefact or conscious lying. A man might be assumed to be clever and ingenious if he copied pictures of Gifford's and tried to sell them as originals. But to invent the story that he was influenced by hallucinations to imitate Gifford or that his own paintings were produced under the influence of a dead artist is not a clever way to dispose of them, and it is surprising to see men who wish to sustain a reputation for intelligence proposing such a view of the case, as one would suppose it the highest folly to think of such a thing. Such a scheme might well deceive the credulous spiritualist who does not investigate, but not only were the paintings having a special interest not in existence when the story was on record, but Mr. Thompson had not tried to dispose of any of them to that class. Two pictures had been sold before the important ones had been painted, but this was after the facts had been told me and after my experiment had been performed, which gave the man confidence in his experiences. But as the pictures which gave rise to this theory were not in existence at the time the record was made of the facts it is hardly wise to propose or defend it, unless there is definite evidence of its truth. There was no evidence for those who put it forward and it was or could be only a device to save investigation.

Let me summarize the facts. Mr. Thompson told me the whole story on January 16th, 1907, and had his first sitting on January 18th. Until this date he had painted only six or eight small pictures. He states that he had no idea of their artistic merits, and this statement is borne out by his ex-

pressed fear when he said to me on the first of the above dates that he might be threatened by insanity and wanted to know whether this fear was well grounded or not. He had sold two of these pictures when he came to me and they were sold, according to the testimony of the parties who took them, on their artistic merits alone and without using the story of his experiences to influence the buyer. Mr. Townsend bought one and expressed his appreciation of the same without knowing anything of its origin until afterwards. Dr. Müller bought his solely on its artistic merits. On February 14th, 1907, Mr. Thompson put into my hands the account of his experiences, as it will be found below. On July 2nd, the same year, he put into my hands a number of sketches made in the summer and fall of 1905, made from his hallucinations as models, and then went out to the Elizabeth Islands the latter part of the summer. His later pictures were painted between this time and December when he returned with them to New York, and many of them had less artistic merits than those which he had previously sold, and were produced under the encouragement which my two experiments gave him to believe that his hallucinations were not symptomatic as feared.

From the beginning it was perfectly clear to me that the claim for supernormal phenomena, independently of what might be discovered by mediumistic experiment, depended wholly upon the veracity of Mr. Thompson, and this regardless, too, of all questions of his sanity. The coincidences involved at once suggested whether his story was true or not. Previous to the psychic experiment I had nothing but his own word for the experiences which he reported, and the one incident which was most suggestive was the auditory hallucination or voice which he reported to me as having occurred when he was looking at Gifford's pictures at the sale and before he had learned of Gifford's death. This was so characteristic a phenomenon in the experience of psychic researchers that it enforced its own lessons, whether of belief or disbelief. I had not known at that time anything about Gifford's pictures nor of any resemblance between his and the few of Thompson's that had been painted. All that I had was his own narrative and the apparently veridical nature of his hal-

lucinations. The first inquiry that presented itself was the acceptability of the facts. Without this there was no claim to the supernormal, and the immediate proof of their real nature and of the narrator's story lay in the experiment which I proposed and effected.

Then when Mr. Thompson went to the old haunts of Mr. Gifford and actually found the scenes which had infested his mind and painted them, tho he avowed that he had never been on the island, the question of veracity was raised again. The determination of this is best indicated in the detailed account of the facts, but its greatest importance was in the two pictures represented by Figures XVIII and XXVI. His veracity in the first of these instances is protected by the statements of Mrs. Gifford. They show that Mr. Thompson could not have seen the unfinished painting which his sketch had reproduced, and the same is true of the smaller sketch. But I could not obtain such confirmation regarding the second picture. Hence it was all important that I should visit the place where Mr. Thompson said he found the scene and trees represented in Figures XXVII and XXVIII and photograph them. Mr. Thompson had photographed them himself when he painted the scene and also many others on the island. But not only was his negative spoiled but had it been good I could not have accepted it. The evidential feature of the problem required that I should see the place and have it photographed myself. There was no question, as the reader can see from the illustrations, of the resemblance between the sketch put in my hands and the painting which was made from the actual scene. But whether the scene was what the picture represented it to be or whether it was an actual scene at all and at the place indicated by Mr. Thompson was the issue to be decided.

The consequence was that I arranged to visit the island and hunt up the scene and photograph it. Mr. Thompson had given me directions for finding the spot, saying it was at the end of a forest known as the "Black Woods" on the shore of Vineyard Sound, and near a certain group of trees of which I had a picture. The first result of the trip, which was made on May 14th, 1908, was the discovery that the

trees on the island were correctly represented in both Mr. Thompson's sketches and paintings. The gnarled oaks and storm blown trees all over it were exactly as represented. I soon found the spot where I was told I would find the trees. The seashore and rocks at this point corresponded to those of the sketch and painting that I had seen. I thought I had found one group of trees at one end of the site, but I could not find the group represented in the "Battle of the Elements." I found what I supposed was a number of individual trees at different places which might have been selected for representing a group, tho there was no specific points of resemblance with those in the picture. One of them represented the effects of the wind on its growth, another had the rent in its side, another the S-shaped limb, but none of them stood near the shore and none of them had the peculiar gnarled limb on it and there were no limbs lying near on the ground. I took for granted that Mr. Thompson, under the domination of his ideal, had assumed the privileges of an artist and idealized the scene and trees, and so piecing the individual parts together, had formed the whole in that way. As soon as I arrived home with the photographs Mr. Thompson said that they did not represent what he had seen and painted, and that the scene was exactly as painted with the exception of the idealization of details. The group of trees and limbs on the ground as well as the distinctive features of the sketch and painting were all in the same locality. It was the same with the group of trees which I had taken to represent another painting. The photograph of these was not recognized. It was clear to me at the time that the scenes were not identical with the paintings and that they would have to be idealized very considerably to bear any distinctive resemblances with the paintings. With his refusal to recognize them and insistence that he had painted real scenes with all the distinctive features of both the original sketches and actual localities present in the paintings, I had to treat the first expedition to verify Mr. Thompson's statements in these particulars as a failure. I had so far proved his story true that the type of trees was exactly as

represented, but the crucial question of identity between pictures and scenes was not answered.

A second trip was necessary. This time I took Mr. Thompson with me. Before going he told me that a telegraph wire was fastened on one of the group of trees by which I was to identify the site, and he called my attention to the fact that this wire was not present in the photograph of the group I had found. But we soon found the spot where he expected to find the desired group representing the "Battle of the Elements" and the group of trees near which he said the other group would be found. I at once recognized the correctness of this scene and its clear identity with the painting which he had made of it. The telegraph wire was there, but not the other group of trees which we were seeking. Mr. Thompson pointed out where he expected to find it, but not a trace of such trees was there and evidently never had been there. He was amazed and perplexed that he could not find them and could not account for the fact. But no apologies could be made and I suggested that perhaps he had been hallucinated and painted the picture from his imagination. He insisted, however, that he had painted a real scene and after long reflection remarked that he had painted it the day after painting one which I am not permitted to represent by a cut, and may have wandered to the other side of the island without noticing that the locality was not the same. But there was no time to examine that shore and we had to leave without accomplishing the object of our mission tho we examined carefully the whole shore near the place where we found one group of trees that had been painted. A fuller account of the facts will be found in the detailed narrative (p. 75).

The insistence on the part of Mr. Thompson that he painted a real scene and the mention of the reasons why he was convinced of this made a third trip necessary. He came to the conclusion that the scene might be found on the north shore of the island, and one incident told in my notes of this trip lent some support to this expectation. He had formerly been so convinced that his hallucinations were subjective that he felt the force of my contention that he may have

painted the picture from such, but he insisted that he had carved his initials on one of the trees and could not be made to believe that the scene he painted was an hallucination. I resolved, therefore, on another and final effort to find it. Before going out and on the eve of our departure from New York he told me that he had come to the conclusion that he would never find the place and trees himself and that he had gone to a psychic, a lady whom I knew and who was not the one to which I had taken him at first, to see if she could find the spot. This was the psychic that had been consulted to find the pictures when they were lost in the express office (p. 110). The report of that sitting was written out before the steamer left the dock and will be found in the detailed notes (p. 84). Before starting he also told me that there was an old box on the site of the trees.

We sailed for the north shore and searched every spot and tree on it for the group and did not find them. There was nothing remotely resembling them, except in the generally gnarled and storm blown character of the trees. But not a single distinctive feature of the scene painted could be found on the whole three or four miles of the shore. As a last chance we resolved to investigate a little section of the other shore which we had not examined on the second trip and started for this, intending to take a row boat to it. By accident the tide would not allow the row boat to pass under a bridge and the necessity of carrying the boat around the bridge created a fortunate condition that led to the discovery of the place and the trees which were not at the place we were going to examine. The mode of discovering it is described in the full notes (p. 81). But the striking facts were the finding of the initials and the box as predicted. When we arrived we also found the hole in the ground where the easel had been and also the stick used to do the painting. Not less striking in the identification of the spot was the statement that he had lost a tube of red paint when there. We searched among the leaves and huckleberry bushes and found it, tarnished and showing the effects of the weather for eight months. The place was thus undoubtedly identi-

fied, and photographs taken of it and the trees. The veracity of Mr. Thompson seemed protected in this instance again.

One interesting circumstance helps to explain the failure to find the site on the second trip. The group of trees which we found on that visit and near which he expected to find the desired group has a very good double in a group near the trees we finally found. The resemblance is so striking that it cannot but be remarked by any one who should see both of them. Besides this the group we were seeking occupies the same relative position to this resembling group (cut omitted) that it would have occupied had we found it near the place where we expected to find it on the second visit. Also the shore on the northeast of the trees resembled that shown in the painting and photograph of a group of trees on the island elsewhere. Still further Mr. Thompson did not recall the scene where we found the trees. He had painted it on a stormy day and did not recognize it, neither does he recognize any part of it except the bridge on which he stood. These facts perhaps explain why we did not find the place more easily. I have noticed, too, that he has a poor sense of locality. He recognizes individual objects in a place readily and accurately enough, but for the general ensemble of things and places he is exceedingly poor, not being an observer of the associated and synthetic objects that make up a whole. This is quite consistent, and indeed is characteristic of his absent-minded habits, while it explains the difficulty in finding the place sought.

In every respect I found Mr. Thompson's veracity protected, so far as that was possible. I had considered the first two trips with their failures as likely to damage the evidence very considerably, but taken with the manner of the final success and especially from the absence of similar groups of trees and characteristics anywhere else in the island, in specific and distinctive features, the case is remarkably good and strengthens the evidence beyond what would have accrued if we had succeeded on the first trip. I had found Mr. Thompson perfectly truthful in all other instances and also free from distortions in his work so far as it might have been affected by imagination and hallucination, so that

it remained only to find the same in this special instance where so much depended for the defence of the supernormal. The result justified the effort. It does not protect his statement that he had never been on the island from suspicion, but it does throw the burden of proof on the man who wishes to maintain that he had. The accuracy of his statements being vindicated in all other respects it creates a presumption for the more natural incidents. The circumstances attending the failure to find the trees tend to support the statement that he had never been on the island before, and with the various incidents connected with his work make it much more probable that his experiences are correctly reported than that they are fabricated.

When it comes to the mediumistic experiments the protection against fraud was as good as any one would desire for the first two sittings. The first of the two psychics is well known to the public from her connection with Spiritualism and the work she does for one of its organizations. Her work is subject to the usual criticisms and sceptical gibes, but after a careful investigation of her powers and character I am willing to say that, whatever suspicions may be entertained regarding certain specific phenomena I have no reason whatever to doubt her capacity for even remarkable work at times. But my first experiment with her was proof against all suspicions, since, whatever knowledge she may have had of me, and she knew me well, she had no opportunity even if she had wished it, to use any methods for acquiring normal knowledge either of Mr. Thompson or of the facts involved in the result. It was quite the same with Mrs. Chenoweth, as I shall call the second psychic with whom I tried the experiment of March 16th, 1907. A number of good incidents came at this experiment which identified Mr. Gifford before there was any opportunity whatever for seeking normal information.

In so far as later experiments are concerned it must be said that the *New Bedford Standard* of March 23rd, 1907, had an article about the case in which something of the relation between Gifford and Thompson was told with some detail, but nothing of Mr. Thompson's experiences except the

incident of the auditory hallucination when he visited the American Art Galleries. It does not give any information that is repeated in any of the later records. Otherwise it would be necessary to reproduce it here. My name was mentioned as connected with the case. But no details of what I had done and no particulars of Mr. Thompson's experiences.

This paper, however, is not a well known one outside the immediate territory of that city. I do not know of any allusion to its article anywhere else and there was no intimation that I was investigating. The presumption was that I had finished this work. The next four sittings, two with Mrs. R. and two with Mrs. Chenoweth, were held before anything more got into the papers. But immediately after the first visit of investigation regarding the picture whose scene required verification a long account of the matter was published in the New Bedford Standard and summaries of it were then copied in the Boston Globe and also in a number of newspapers over the country. Mrs. Chenoweth saw the one in the Boston paper and Mrs. R. saw accounts of it in some New York papers, so that both psychics then knew that I was investigating the case. The four later sittings, therefore, with Mrs. Chenoweth were held with this knowledge, and she certainly had the opportunity, had she been inclined to take it, to obtain information. But in addition to being perfectly trustworthy and honest the facts were of a type that it would not have been remunerative to have sought and ascertained them. The reader may, therefore, accept them as having such evidential value as their complexity and triviality will suggest. But I shall only ask that they supply the corroborative testimony to the first series of experiments.

The experiments with Mrs. Smead represent a group that are not exposed to the same kind of *a priori* suspicions or scepticism as those reported of the others. Mrs. Smead is a private person, the wife of an orthodox clergyman, tho her real name is withheld from public knowledge. She receives no compensation for her work. This last remark is true of two of those who contribute to this record and would have been true of the third had she been able to support herself

otherwise. I do not make the comparison of the various cases with the intention of admitting that the results are affected by the receipt of money in any case, but only to satisfy the fastidious objections of those who will not study the facts and the actual conditions under which they were obtained. The immunity which must have most weight in estimating the incidents is the ignorance of the medium and this is determinable by the circumstances under which the experiments were performed in connection with the difficulty of obtaining normal information within the means and opportunities of the parties concerned. Whatever we may suppose *a priori* to have held true regarding the first three cases does not apply to Mrs. Smead. The introduction to the record of the experiments with her will sufficiently explain this not to repeat the circumstances here. Suffice it to say that her ignorance throughout was as complete as that of the others was until the date indicated in the account above. There will be no question with the intelligent reader, assuming that she was ignorant of the case, that the facts indicate supernormal information of some kind and they certainly bear directly upon the personal identity of Mr. Gifford, even tho we might think them insufficient to prove its existence apart from a physical organism.

In the detailed records I have included everything that occurred at the sittings, with the exception of one sentence I believe. I adopted this policy even for the matter not relevant to the case of Mr. Thompson because of the psychological interest attaching to it, even the enormous amount of chaff connected with the subliminal action of Mrs. Chenoweth. I deem the material that comes from subconscious mental action to be quite as important in the solution of the problem connected with the supernormal as the evidence of these latter phenomena. The scientific student would not obtain a correct conception of the facts, if I exercised any judgment of exclusion in regard to irrelevant material, as it might appear to me. Moreover a part of the evidence that the psychics are capable of giving supernormal information is found in incidents related to others than Mr. Thompson, and even the psychological verisimilitude of material that is not

evidential at all, tho relevant to persons and characteristics associated with the Piper records, offer much material of scientific interest quite in harmony with a supernormal source, and only await collective instances to possess some weight.

Chapter II.

DETAILED INCIDENTS AND COMMENTS.

As soon as Mr. Thompson had told me his story and before I had investigated it experimentally I asked him to write out for me an account of his life and of the incidents which he had narrated to me. He did this, as the date shows, immediately after the experiment with the psychic. It will be apparent that this record was on file before any of the paintings were made that have excited distrust or suspicion. The pictures which he had painted and sold had no special claims made for them, so far as the supernormal was concerned, and it matters not for the problem before us here what their origin was. But the present account of Mr. Thompson's experiences was on file before there was any reason to suspect his motives and was written when he himself was extremely anxious to learn whether he was in danger of insanity. This history of his work is confirmed by the statements of the people by whom he was employed as well as by the statements of his relatives. It will not be necessary to go into that matter again.

The next account is by Mrs. Thompson confirming the story of her husband's experiences. It also states circumstances which show how little chance there was at the time to do the things upon which certain theories of the phenomena would have to rely for support.

The remaining accounts will be explained as we come to them. But they contain statements in response to inquiries regarding special points affecting the genuineness of the facts or of the allegations of Mr. Thompson. Mr. Gifford died on Jan. 15th, 1905. The story asserts that the visions occurred in the summer and fall of 1905 before the discovery in 1906 of Mr. Gifford's death, and the sketches put into my hands bear dates to indicate this fact. The exhibition and

sale of Mr. Gifford's pictures was in 1906. Mr. Thompson saw the pictures on Jan. 25th or 26th, 1906. But as the sketches were not put into my hands until July 1907 it required definite evidence that the sketches were made at the time alleged, and this, so far as it can be produced, is given in the corroborative statement of Mrs. Thompson. So far as Mr. Thompson's veracity is established in other matters developed later we may suppose it acceptable in this particular, but it would have been more conclusive if the sketches could have had their dates attested by other witnesses. Of course their nature and importance were not discovered until it was too late to demand these credentials. Hence we have to be content with such confirmation as the circumstances permit. The later incidents of the case tend to supply facts consistent with the assumption of Mr. Thompson's veracity at the earlier period. The story will supply the details for this view.

It was necessary also to ascertain whether Mr. Thompson's claim to artistic characteristics of Mr. Gifford could be corroborated by the impressions of qualified judges and critics. The facts as reported by several competent judges seem to confirm this view, whatever opinion we entertain regarding the origin of the pictures. Mr. Gifford's characteristics seem to be apparent in them.

I. Mr. Thompson's Statement.

New York, Feb. 14, 1907.

I was born in Middleboro, Mass., Nov. 5, 1868. My early years were spent in New Bedford, Mass. At the age of 13 years I entered the Pairpoint Mfg. Co. of that place, makers of plated ware, and learned the trade of metal worker, remaining with that firm 16 years until 1898. During this time I became familiar with the country around New Bedford, as I was fond of gunning, and often made trips along the shores of the ocean, especially in the Autumn. Occasionally on the rambles I met the late R. Swain Gifford (artist) sketching an old tree or bit of shore scenery. In this way I became slightly acquainted with him and I made a few attempts at art work. When I attempted anything beyond the copying of prints my efforts were so crude and laborious I soon gave it up. Also my interest in music and practice on a number of instruments, as I was a member of several musical clubs, took all my spare time so I gave little thought to art mat-

ters. Mr. Gifford also did not encourage painting as a profession and was interested in my work at the factory and spoke of the artistic possibilities in metal work.

I called on Mr. Gifford at his house in New Bedford after the failure of the Pairpont Co. This was the first time I ever called on him. I expected to go to New York and asked him for a letter of introduction to Mr. Louis Tiffany. Mr. Gifford did not recognize me at first and probably thought I was an artist, for he told me that it was very difficult for an artist to succeed in New York, but on my explanation that I was only interested in glass and metal work and wished to find employment with the Tiffany Glass Company, Mr. Gifford then gave me his New York address and asked me to call on him when I came to New York. He then said that there were great possibilities in the combination of glass and metal work.

After leaving New Bedford I spent over two years in Boston, Mass., with the Low Art Tile Co., making moulds for tiles. I then came to New York and was employed by Redlich and Co., Silversmiths, Union Square, as moulder, after which I was with Howard and Cockshan, Jewelers, 4th Ave. and 19th St., having charge of the manufacture of silver novelties over two years until July 1901, when I engaged in business for myself of the manufacture of silver novelties and jewelry. After exhausting my capital in an attempt to compete with larger houses I closed out my business and was engaged by Higham and Co., Jewelers, 5th Ave. and 39th St., in the fall of 1905.

Sometime during the summer of 1905 I seemed to have constantly in my mind a group of trees near the sea that I did not remember having seen in nature, and my desire to paint them became so great that I got some art materials and worked evenings on the picture and I was surprised at the result. The picture seemed to paint itself. In the fall I was possessed by such a great desire to paint from nature that for several Sundays I went into the country near the Sound in Westchester, sketching, and was greatly surprised at the ease with which I could paint the most delicate effects. A remarkable fact in connection with this occurrence is that at this time I was living on East 21st St., and the illness of my wife kept me more in the house during my spare time than at any other period of my life. During the spring of 1907 I often went to this park and for nearly three months I painted and sketched the most beautiful pictures within area of five hundred yards of the place where I had previously lived for over two years, and during these two years I cannot recall any view that interested me at that time. At no time during this earlier period did I feel the slightest inclination to sketch or paint.

During these walks over the marshes I could see at times

very clearly the picture of Mr. Gifford's of a marsh that I had seen about 25 years ago in New Bedford. This was the only picture of Mr. Gifford's I had ever seen before my visit to the exhibition in 1906. I think it was my memory of this picture that made me feel that I actually was Mr. Gifford himself. Altho I had never before thought of this picture and had been on marshland several times. I remember that at the time I saw this picture I did not like it, it seemed to me to be roughly painted and unfinished. In fact my preference was for pictures of very smooth finish. I saw several of Bierstadt's pictures. I also greatly admired the pictures of James Hart. I never liked autumn pictures.

The subjects I selected around the marshes of Westchester were so much like a picture by Mr. Gifford that during the time I was sketching I remember having the impression that I was Mr. Gifford himself, and I would tell my wife before starting out that Mr. Gifford wanted to go sketching, altho I did not know at this time that he had died early in the year. In the latter part of January, 1906, one day at noon instead of going to my usual place to lunch I walked down 5th Ave. and turned down 23rd St. Looking up I saw a notice at the American Art Galleries of a sale of paintings by the late R. Swain Gifford. I was surprised to see this notice as this was my first knowledge of his death and his face came to my mind as I had seen him two years previous, and he then looked the picture of health. I went into the galleries and was much interested in the collection as they were the first finished pictures I had ever seen of his. They were for the most part painted around New Bedford and I was familiar with many scenes. A large coast picture impressed me very much and after looking at it a short time I fancied myself out of doors and could hear sounds of insects and birds. I could feel the breeze on my face. Then suddenly all was still and I heard these words very clearly, "You see what I have done. Go on with the work." After this I do not have a clear remembrance of what I did or of the manner in which I went back to the factory, and only as I felt faint in the afternoon I recalled the fact that my lunch had been forgotten.

After this I continued with my work at the factory as usual and occasionally recalled my visit to the exhibition and often thought over the words I had heard while there.

During the spring and summer I made a few paintings out doors but as the fall approached I seemed to be unusually restless. My work at the factory no longer interested me. I had continually in my mind beautiful pictures of trees in autumn foliage with great rolling clouds and always near the ocean, and the desire to paint these scenes became so great I could not possibly continue my work and so was obliged to give up business

about the first of November, as it was too late in the season to go to New Bedford. I spent a few weeks sketching around Danbury, Conn., as I had relatives living there. This work did not satisfy my desires, as I felt I must be near the ocean to catch the spirit of the pictures continually in my mind.

When I returned to New York and attempted to resume my usual business I found it impossible to do so, as each time I made the attempt the words "Go on with the work" were constantly in my mind day and night. I was obliged to give up again as a great uncontrollable impulse seemed to urge me to paint these pictures and entirely filled my mind but I found so many difficulties of a financial nature in the way I became greatly disturbed and called on Prof. James H. Hyslop of the American Institute for Scientific Research for advice. He was interested in my experience and was of the opinion that I had received communication from the spirit world. He took me to a medium, an entire stranger to me, who after telling me some unusual facts concerning my personal personalities, she described Mr. Gifford very clearly by means of peculiar personalities. She saw him showing me some beautiful pictures. He said he is pointing to them and they are all unfinished, also describing exactly the manner of his death. I asked her to locate a group of trees I had in my mind. She said "the air is balmy, not cold or hot, they are at a distance, I feel I must take a steamer to reach them, they are situated in rather an inaccessible place. It is one difficult to remain in, they are on the bank by the ocean, and one tree has fallen, and there is not a green leaf on them." The sea is blue, then green, and the falling leaves have blown on the bank and on the shore.

While she was describing this to me, the island of ———, the birth-place of Mr. Gifford's Bay, Mass., and is the largest of Elizabeth Island, reached from New York by steamer all River view. To reach the island one must get a special permit to land, and accommodations there it is difficult to remain. There are no buildings on shore of the island bordering on the sea. The nature that on the wild south shore of this island is a group of storm-beaten trees growing on waves that will correspond with the picture that I had in my mind for the past year and a half. I took my pictures to an art critic to see if they were worth so I took a few to Mr. James B. Townsend, of the American Art News. I told him I wished to see if my work was worth continuing with it. He said

pictures were good in color tone, composition and with a good feeling of atmosphere and that they compared favorably with the work of some of the best American artists. He advised me to continue my work by all means. One of the pictures shown him was the first picture I painted of the group of trees. He said "the picture strongly suggests R. Swain Gifford. It is a very good picture." This was the first time that I had any idea that my pictures had any resemblance to those of Mr. Gifford. Mr. Townsend liked it so well he purchased it. I was surprised to hear such a good opinion of my work, as I have had no art training with an artist or in art schools and except watching Mr. Gifford sketch nearly twenty years ago have never seen an artist at work, and my twenty-five years of continuous factory work have left me with practically no time for the observation of nature.

Three years ago I called on Mr. Gifford at his home in New York to show him some jewelry I was making and at this time he spoke of his work and explained some changes he intended making in his method of working to get more atmosphere in his pictures. At the time I did not understand this explanation but lately his words have all come back to me and I remember very clearly just what his intentions were.

In painting my pictures I have no rules or methods. Colors and forms come to my mind with the desire to paint them as I start to work. Often I have nothing definite in my mind but as I work the picture seems to grow and I become, as it were, a part of the picture.

Recently I have been impressed by scenes of life I have observed around the city and wish to paint these impressions that have remained most clearly in my mind. I have resolved to make every possible effort to spend the coming season in the same locality where Mr. Gifford worked and by visiting and painting scenes he loved so well I feel I can get in very close communion with him, and in this way can best carry on his work under his direction.

FREDERIC LOUIS THOMPSON.

The extent of Mr. Thompson's acquaintance with Mr. Gifford being an important matter I inquired for further details and the following statements, in answer to my inquiries, explain themselves. They show very little acquaintance either with art or Mr. Gifford.

"My education in drawing and painting consisted in drawing exercises at the grammar school up to the time when

I was thirteen years of age. After I entered the Pairpoint Manufacturing Company, by advice of the foreman, I made drawings from plaster casts in charcoal at my home. Mr. Macy, who was employed by O'Neil, photographer, gave me a few instructions in coloring photographs in oil colors. This work was done during the year of 1890.

"My drawing was done to assist me in my work at the factory and was suggested by the foreman, Mr. Frost.

"I have none of my drawings and have only a small painting of a marsh, made June 24th, 1892.

"Mr. Gifford was not painting at any time I ever saw him. He was sketching in pencil when I saw him at work. The first time I talked with him was in the fall of 1889 or 1890. I was on a marsh where I sometimes went gunning. He carried only a hand camera and did not sketch. I spoke with him a few minutes about the weather, etc.

"I met him again the next summer near the same place. He carried sketching materials. He crossed a small creek and I afterwards saw him from a distance seated under a tree on the edge of the marsh, but I did not go near him.

"I again came across him sometime later in the season. He was making a drawing of some trees and a rock in pencil. This was during the early fall of 1890. In 1898 I called upon him at his house on Union St., New Bedford. I asked for a letter of introduction to Mr. Lewis Tiffany of New York, as I expected to go to that city, the Pairpoint Company having failed and I was obliged to leave New Bedford. He asked me to call upon him when I arrived in New York and gave me his New York address. I called on him during the winter of 1904.

"I saw him make the pencil sketch during the summer of 1890. I received the impulse to paint during the summer of 1905, an interval of exactly fifteen years.

I was alone on each occasion when I met Mr. Gifford and mention these facts only to show the extent of my acquaintance with him."

Many will ask the question how Mr. Thompson visited Nantucket without having seen the island which lies nearer the Massachusetts shore. In reply to inquiries as to how he

came to see the place he writes: "About 18 years ago I spent my two weeks' vacation there. I went driving, riding the bicycle, and bathing and in various amusements. It was recommended to me as a good place to spend a vacation. I took the steamer from New Bedford."

This has a bearing on the question of his having seen or not seen the island on which he afterward painted his pictures. The reader who would examine the map of that coast would wonder why the island in mind would not be the first place to visit for any such purposes as are named. But there are reasons for this apparent anomaly which are explained by the owner of the island. Visitors are not usually permitted to go to it without a special concession by the owner. Picnics have been allowed to land, but not to take possession of any part of the island or roam about it, with any freedom. No steamer goes to the island and it can be reached only by one of three ways. A person may hire a sailing yacht and go direct to it, but this is not only expensive, but will not give any one liberties without permission. A second method would be to go by the regular steamer to Cuttyhunk and there hire a small row boat and row over to this island. Or a similar course can be taken by going to Wood's Hole and thence by row boat to the island; tho from Cuttyhunk the distance on the shore would be something like seven miles and from Woods Hole a rather difficult channel would have to be crossed. The restrictions, however, are such that this is rarely done, and can never give rise to any lengthy stay on the island. The probabilities, therefore, are all in favor of the correctness of Mr. Thompson's statement that he had never been on the island until he secured permission in the summer of 1907 to go there and paint, and this only for a short time.

The following letter of Mrs. Thompson will explain circumstances of much interest in the interpretation of many of the phenomena. It was written in response to my request to have Mrs. Thompson tell what she knew of the facts. Certain features of it will afford aid in the understanding of certain ill formed theories of the motives that affected Mr. Thompson's work.

Boston, Mass., November 27th, 1907.

Dr. James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 24th inst. at hand and would say in reply to your request in regard to my husband's experience that I first noticed in the fall of 1905 he began to have an intense desire to sketch from nature. I noticed it as it was such an unusual thing for him to do. He went for several Sundays at that time out into the country sketching and I remember his telling me he felt as if he was R. Swain Gifford while sketching and several times before starting out he would say to me "Mr. Gifford wants to go sketching." I could not understand what he meant, as his acquaintance with Mr. Gifford was very slight. Mr. Thompson's remaining experience is just as he has stated to you. I tried at first to persuade him from following out the course he has taken in going on with Mr. Gifford's work. My husband gave up bright business prospects and a comfortable living. We have been obliged to give up our home as we were unable to keep it up financially, I mean.

I have been through a very severe and expensive illness, rheumatic fever. Of course you can understand how much money it takes for specialists, doctors and nurses for an illness of three years and I am still quite an invalid. My reason for making mention of this is that you may understand how hard it has been for us to undertake a work of this kind, as we have to have enough to live. My husband seems to have lost all sense of responsibility in the matter, which is very unlike him. The life of an artist it at first a difficult one and, as he has not studied at any art schools or with artists, will be especially so, as he will not have the schools to help him. But I believe there is a higher power back of him that is forcing him on and it is impossible for him to do otherwise than he is doing, as this force seems to control him. I also believe God will bless him and his efforts, and I am thoroughly in sympathy with him and willing to help him all I can, which is very little. * * * *

Yours sincerely,
(MRS. F. L.) CARRIE G. THOMPSON.

[Certain private and personal matter in Mrs. Thompson's letter, as indicated by the asterisks, is omitted. Its nature makes it important protective matter but it is too private to publish.—J. H. H.]

2. Evidence of Gifford's Style in the Pictures.

The first painting Mr. Thompson made under the apparent inspiration of Gifford's influence and after the latter's

death was sold to Mr. James B. Townsend, editor of *The American Art News*. Mr. Thompson told me the story of this sale and the statements made by Mr. Townsend at the time. This led to an inquiry personally of Mr. Townsend and I was permitted to see the picture. It is represented in Figure XVI and was the first important piece of work done by Mr. Thompson since the New Bedford experience. I refer to the earlier work with photographs (p. 49-50). In pursuance of a promise made at the time I interviewed him and saw the painting, Mr. Townsend wrote me the following statement.

1265 Broadway, New York, May 29th, 1908.

James H. Hyslop,

My dear Sir:—Replying to your favor of May 26th requesting my impressions as to Mr. Thompson's picture, I would say that when he first brought the same to me some months ago, I said at once, "This has all the characteristics of the late Swain Gifford." I was amazed to have Mr. Thompson then tell me that he had never seen any of Gifford's pictures when he painted this canvas. I was so pleased with the picture, as it recalls so strongly the work of Gifford, which I have always admired, that I purchased it from Mr. Thompson, and it now hangs over my desk in this office as I write. There is surely something of the spirit of Swain Gifford in Mr. Thompson's work, but I fear that art lovers who do not know Mr. Thompson and therefore who might question his veracity, would say that he is an imitator of Gifford's work and must have long studied it to produce canvases so like the originals in subject and treatment.

Yours very truly,

JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

About the same time several pictures were sold to Dr. Müller with merits that had attracted his attention. The pictures were bought without reference to their alleged source, and it was afterward that he and Mrs. Müller learned their psychological interest. They became interested in the question whether Mr. Thompson should be encouraged to continue his work. They recognized that artists have hard enough times of it and thought that, unless special reasons offered to justify the continuance of his painting, he should not be encouraged to go on. The following account, therefore, explains itself as an effort to obtain expert opinion on

the matter. Mr. Thompson was present when the incidents occurred and was not introduced to the gentleman present as the author of the paintings. The story will consequently explain itself.

I give immediately below the narrative of these facts by Dr. Müller herself. They are corroborated by her husband, who is also a physician.

“ My husband and I went with Mrs. S—— to an entertainment and after it Mrs. S—— said to me: ‘ Doctor, I wish you would go over and see the pictures about which I wrote you and which I have in my room.’ It was late: my husband did not care to be detained, but as it was only one block distant he said he would go. He had not heard anything about the pictures and neither had I, except that there were some pictures to be seen. We went into the room of Mrs. S—— and the first picture was the large one which you now see there on the wall. My husband remarked that it was a beautiful picture and wanted to know something about it. Then, Mrs. S—— said: ‘ That is the picture I wanted you to see.’ She then told us the history of Mr. Thompson. Dr. Müller, my husband, wanted to buy the picture and remarked that he did not have much money, but that he was going to buy the picture. Mrs. S—— arranged to have us see Mr. Thompson and when he came he brought a number of pictures of which we bought four, and my husband did what he could to help Mr. Thompson continue his work.

“ I wished to have an expert judge of paintings examine those of Mr. Thompson in order to know how far he should be encouraged to depend upon his newly acquired powers. I therefore had Mr. Thompson bring some fifteen of his paintings to my rooms and I asked a personal friend who was one of the foremost art judges and critics in the city, Mr. Augustine, to come and examine them. Mr. Thompson was present, but Mr. Augustine was not told that he was the producer of the paintings.

“ Mr. Augustine is a German, or rather was of German extraction, and was of a very quick disposition and an intensely accurate appreciation of pictures. He was a man of about fifty-eight years, and had been an art critic all his life.

As soon as he saw the pictures, he said: 'Well what do you want me to look at these pictures for?' I told him that I wanted his opinion of them; that they were by an amateur who had never painted except during the past year; in fact that he had never painted a picture previous to the past fifteen months. I said that I wanted to know if it was worth this man's while to continue at art. Mr. Augustine looked at the pictures and laughed, and said: 'Well, Doctor, you are a pretty smart woman, but I did not think that you could be fooled like that!' I asked, 'What do you mean?' He replied, 'Why that is not an amateur. That is a man who has painted twenty years. Don't you let him fool you.' I said, 'Mr. Augustine, you can think what you please. I simply want to ask you if you think it is worth while for that man to paint pictures, and can he earn a living by painting pictures.'

"Mr. Augustine replied: 'He can sell all he wants to a dealer. He will not get a very high price, because there are a good many pictures of that kind, but I will cut my throat if that man has not painted for ten years!'

"Mr. Thompson sat near by, and noticing the fact, without knowing that he was the artist, Mr. Augustine began to talk in German. He said the pictures showed not only study, but, in many ways, in some of the pictures, there was a real genius and a real talent, but that the man painted too much. He should stick to one or two pictures and make himself famous through them. I asked: 'Do you think he could do it?' Mr. Augustine replied: 'If he will paint the right way, and put in one picture all that he has got in all these pictures, I am sure he would make a name.' I only replied, 'Well,' and Mr. Augustine asked who the man was. I said, 'If I told you his name you would not know it. It is a very ordinary name.' I then gave him Mr. Thompson's name, and said, 'You have never heard of him.' He replied, 'I know of Thompsons, but probably do not know of this one.' I remarked, 'No, you do not know this one. I can tell you that he has painted only a year.' Mr. Augustine only laughed again and again. He could not get over it.

"I then asked Mr. Augustine, if these pictures reminded him of any one. He looked very intently and said that they

were like a good many pictures he had seen. I then asked him if they reminded him of any special American artist and he went up close to the pictures and then viewed them at a distance, finally saying: 'Well, yes they do. I thought there was an exhibition of pictures and I think...' and then he stood a minute and at last said, 'Well, do you know anybody they remind you of?' I said, 'No, I want to ask you.' He replied: 'Well, they look like Gifford's pictures.' I then said, 'That is just what I want you to do.' I then told him that the dealer to whom Mr. Thompson took the pictures told him if he would put Gifford's name to it, he would give him a large sum of money for it, and Mr. Thompson refused to do it."

The reader will remark in Mr. Augustine's spontaneous judgment a confirmation of that passed on the pictures by others who were as ignorant as he regarding the circumstances under which they were painted. The paintings concerned were those represented by Figures XIII and XVI inclusively.

I made some inquiries of a few artists of good standing regarding two points in Mr. Thompson's pictures, namely, their artistic merits and their resemblance to those of Mr. Gifford. Mr. Henry W. Ranger writes: "In some of his (Mr. Thompson's) pictures there was a superficial resemblance to Gifford; in others quite a different and up-to-date note was struck. My impression was that he was honest and weak. His earlier training would account for what technical skill was shown, and he probably had a strong dormant artistic sense, which was awakened by the sight of Mr. Gifford's pictures." Mr. Ranger goes on to explain the facts as told him by Mr. Thompson in the usual and normal way. I need not quote as the explanation is irrelevant.

After his interview with Mr. Ranger on May 25th, 1906, Mr. Thompson recorded in his diary the following judgments of Mr. Ranger. Of his pictures generally he says: "They show good feeling for landscape." Of a spring picture, he said: "It is true and very sensitive." Of an autumn picture, "It is very much like the work of Swain Gifford." Of a marine picture, "I don't like it."

In reply to inquiries, Mr. Carroll Beckwith, who saw only some of the paintings, says: "They indicate an artistic feeling and good color sense. They show more feeling than knowledge, and I am inclined to think show more influence of other pictures than of study of nature. The resemblance to R. Swain Gifford's work is remote and in his method I do not trace any resemblance."

Mr. Ben Foster who saw Mr. Thompson's pictures writes: "If his own statements of his limited opportunities are true there is some promise in his paintings. The resemblance to Swain Gifford's work is slight and due largely to the similarity of themes."

As already remarked general resemblances of style to Mr. Gifford's work has no importance in the evidence of the supernatural, and my experience with psychic research would lead me to believe that in the most genuine influence of external agencies we should not often, if ever, find technical resemblances, and might not find even definite general resemblances. The only reason for ascertaining what an artist thinks about the resemblances is that general style is expected by the popular judgment and if this resemblance is there it would be consistent with the claim of foreign agency, tho in no respect proof of it.

3. Statement by Arthur W. Dow, Professor of Fine Arts, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

March 15, 1908.

I have summarized in the Introduction the result of the experiments with Prof. Dow and his statement of opinion. I embody here his more detailed report which he wrote out and submitted after his examination of the pictures.

Last week Dr. Hyslop called upon me and asked if I would go down town with him to see some paintings. We met to-day according to appointment. I was told that the interest was purely scientific, not commercial or artistic—that my part would be to state whether I recognized in these pictures the peculiar characteristics of any artist known to me. Before starting, Dr. Hyslop spread before me a dozen or more sketches in pastel on gray paper, and a few photographs. I was asked if I saw any resemblance between the sketches and photographs. There was a close resemblance—the subjects were the same,—mostly storm-

blown trees such as one sees near the coast. I judged that the artist had taken the photographs as an aid in painting the trees. The pastels were rapid, off-hand sketches, but had a well defined character as studies of a special kind of tree-form.

We then went to an apartment where a man introduced as Mr. Thompson was asked to show me his pictures. Again I was requested to say whose influence I might observe. I had never met or even heard of Mr. Thompson before—but judged from appearances that he might be a painter of considerable training. There were pictures upon the wall, including a large copy of Cabanel's "Birth of Venus." Other canvases were stacked against the sides of the room. As Mr. Thompson showed them, one by one, I saw that he was familiar with all the methods of handling oil paint. The brush work was that of a man who had had a long experience in painting,—hence I was astonished to hear him say that he had never painted out of doors before last summer. The amount of work was surprising,—good sized canvases and many of them.

The first pictures shown were marines, one of which had a vague resemblance to Winslow Homer's work. Another landscape had a suggestion of Innes. Soon appeared pictures of marshes and dunes, of moraines with storm-blown trees. Some of the compositions were very bold and unusual schemes both in mass and color. He had painted the great rolling hills with the sea beyond,—the wild scenery of "one of the Elizabeth Islands,"—the violence of storms,—a great variety of subject, all with a dash and force that were most surprising. Nevertheless, there was always the lack of those qualities that would make them pictures of power.

I then clearly recognized the style of R. Swain Gifford. This was more marked as he went on showing his work. The composition and technique resembled Gifford's but always fell short of his finer qualities of tone and color.

My impression of this strong resemblance, I stated with some embarrassment, lest it give offense to the painter and his wife (who was also present). Then was explained to me the origin of these pictures. Mr. Thompson stated that he is not a painter, but a goldsmith. In his boyhood he had done a little copying in oil but had never practiced painting. Not long ago there was an exhibition of R. Swain Gifford's work in a gallery on Fifth Ave., New York. As Mr. Thompson, when a boy had known Mr. Gifford slightly, he was interested to step in and see the pictures. While there, he heard a voice say "See what I have done; go and do likewise." Dr. Hyslop said that from that time Mr. Thompson began to have hallucinations of trees. He saw these twisted trees in the air—everywhere—and was impelled to draw and

paint them. The pastels first shown me were drawn from his visions. So distinct were these mental images that he was able to locate the exact groups on Cuttyhunk, "one of the Elizabeth Islands," and other places where Gifford used to paint. One picture had a large mass of shadow on a hillside. I asked Mr. Thompson how he got so fine a relation of sunlight and shadow. His reply was that it was done unconsciously,—that he had executed most of the work without full consciousness of what he was doing, as he was not familiar with the technique of painting.

4. **Limitations of Mr. Thompson's Experience.**

This discussion of the paintings and their suggestion of Mr. Gifford suggests that we attach importance to the characteristics which reflect that artist and to the circumstances which gave rise to the work. To say that Mr. Thompson was a goldsmith and not an artist is to suggest something in his capacities at variance with what we usually observe in art and all other vocations requiring trained skill to accomplish their objects. As Mr. Thompson is represented to have been without an artist's education and experience, such as is usually required to exhibit artistic merits that are recognized in his productions of Gifford's style and genius, it suggests the supernormal in the very characteristics of his painting, and this is the point of view that would be taken by the public in its judgment of the case. The supposition is that a man blossomed out into an artist without any training and under the influence of a discarnate spirit. The assumption of many people would be that the merits of the painting would be due to the outside influence acting on Mr. Thompson and that any defects would be his alone. The wonder would be in facts and characteristics transcending Mr. Thompson's knowledge and experience and representing the intruding agency of the discarnate.

If Mr. Thompson had never taken drawing lessons at school; if he had never done sketching as he did under the advice of the manager of the manufacturing company in New Bedford; if he had never attended the Swain School of Design, and if he had never finished any pictures in oil and obtained thereby the reputation of more or less of an artist, the contrast between his later work and his entire want of edu-

cation in art would have made the explanation of his later skill more troublesome. But as he did all these things the sceptic has material at hand to minimize the importance of his later development, at least from the standpoint of natural experience. We cannot, therefore, make a point for the supernatural that would be effective in the examination of his pictures. This is especially true when we know what the opinion is in the town of New Bedford, where some of Mr. Thompson's paintings (?) exist and are estimated as productions of a man who knows more about art than his simple lessons in drawing would teach him. If the comparison were made only between his public school education and his later skill in the reproduction of Gifford, considering that he had been a mechanic in the meantime, the perplexity in explaining this unusual difference of knowledge and skill would be greater. We might wonder how a man could do so well without intermediate training and experience. But this period of painting which has impressed his townsmen with his amateur knowledge of the art is an intermediate education and creates scepticism as to the birth of his later skill all at once from inspiration and external origin.

But while we cannot attach any scientific weight to the resemblance to Gifford in style, as evidence for the supernatural stimulus suggesting it, there is a side to the facts which should not be omitted in the interest of a hungry scepticism. Perhaps in no case could we attach any great value to reproductions of others' style and skill in paintings as evidence of supernatural influences, unless they came without any training in art at all. But in this case where there was a natural artistic taste and an initial impulse and education toward it, with various amateur experiences in art, we must concede the primary right to scepticism. But this legitimate attitude should not be allowed any more than the facts justify. Hence I think that the basis of the public estimate of Mr. Thompson's experience should be known as fully as the circumstances allow. We can then determine how much his education and experience have had to do with the later sudden development.

In the first place his public school drawing lessons were

very rudimentary, especially at the time of his early education, and they cannot account for the later knowledge and skill represented in his pictures which sold on their intrinsic and artistic merits. But this chasm between the early period is bridged, at least partly, by the work which his townsmen assume to have involved some further education and practice. Everything depends on what that experience was and how effective it could be in training for the manifestly better skill of the later time.

Those who bought his pictures in New Bedford and who shake their heads at the idea that there is anything remarkable in his later paintings, tho they have not seen them, forget or do not know what the work was which they estimate as more or less artistic, or if not this, as at least indicative of some artistic education and experience.

The record shows that this work which represents the intermediate period was merely copying photographs in oil. This was given in answer to my request for a full account of what this work was. The public in New Bedford think it the usual art work and do not know that it was simply the reproduction of photographs in oil. Their judgment of it is natural enough and is not to be criticised but disillusioned. Mr. Thompson when I asked him for this statement was not told why I desired it, and the reader will remark in the first account of his life in February 1907 that he alludes to the character of this work (pp. 30-34) and his own admitted failure at it in so far as financial success was concerned. Besides any one who would examine the paintings copied in oil from photographs would discover very quickly the absence of evidence for any natural artistic skill and the distinct difference in character between these and the pictures of the Gifford period. The difference might not be great enough to elicit respect for mysterious explanations or wonder at the merits of the latter compared with the former, but it would be such as to show that the knowledge in this period does not explain the skill of the later. There is a distinct chasm between the two periods and products. It may not excite interest or astonishment, but it is there, and it is only the just thing that

Mr. Thompson should have the benefit of the fact, especially as no evidential importance is attached to it in this discussion.

I have spoken as if Mr. Thompson were responsible for such artistic merits as the photographs in oil may be supposed to have. This, however, is not the fact. It was his partner, Mr. Macy, who put on the artistic and finishing touches, according to the statement of Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson had simply done the rough work of putting on the oils and making the first draft of the paintings.

This difference cannot be brought out clearly in cuts from the original. Nothing but form and light and shade can be represented in the photographic reproduction of works of art, as every one knows, while the important features of artistic ability appear in harmonious color effects. The difference between the later period of his development and the one of which we speak is especially marked in this respect. There is no color excellence in the pictures of the intermediate period. Whatever value they have is in perspective and form and these are predetermined by the photograph originals! This would appear in the representation, but the color effects of these and the later work must be absent from reproductions, and we have no means of illustrating the difference which is so marked and which indicates the measure of contrast between the later and the earlier work. There is something to account for in the excellence of some of the pictures of the Gifford control. Tho this be true we do not require to attribute it to external influence. The sensory automatism may have given the ideals and the motor experience of his previous life in sketching may have supplied the physical conditions for reproducing what the inspiration gave to the mind. But the excellence as recognized need not be attributed entirely to the supposed instigating cause. It is only a partial indication of what better evidence may prove to be a fact, and the only scientific interest which it has is its conformity to what can be otherwise proved. By itself it is but an unusual psychological phenomena demanding an explanation, but not so large an hypothesis as the spiritistic, tho other evidence may show that this influence has been actively assisting and perhaps inspiring the product.

Mr. Thompson's own story of the intermediate period and its work, and which I give below, was sent me in response to the request to give a full account of it, as the *New Bedford Standard* had stated in its columns that he had been taught painting by a Mr. Cumming and had attended the Swain School for Design. The facts are as given by Mr. Thompson in his reply and are corroborated by his family.

July 21st, 1908.

My dear Dr. Hyslop:—

In reply to your letter of the 16th inst. I would say that Mr. Cumming was drawing instructor at the Public School. I have never received any further instructions or had any art relations with him since leaving the Grammar School at the age of thirteen years.

What you probably refer to is some work done with a Mr. Macy who painted some backgrounds for a photographer in New Bedford. He also transferred to canvas by the photographic process a number of pictures, some taken from photographs, others from prints.

The pictures Mr. A—— owns were taken from photographs and the one Mr. D—— owns was taken from a copy of a painting by De Haas. These I colored in oils, and Mr. Macy retouched them when I got through with them. His part of the work was done during the day, while I was at the Pairpoint Factory. I did not see him working on them and do not know how much of the work was done by him. My part of the work was done in the evening.

I was sent to the Swain School by the superintendent of the Pairpoint Factory, Mr. Radcliffe, who wished me to make a mold from one of the casts at the school, to be used at the Factory. In order for me to do this I was enrolled as a special student and I worked on this cast a number of Monday mornings until finished. The company paid me for my time.

Mr. Cumming had nothing to do with this work and I have never studied painting at the Swain School, or with Mr. Cumming at any school.

Yours sincerely,
F. L. THOMPSON.

The difference between the conception implied in this account and that which has circulated regarding Mr. Thompson's experience is very great and tends to show that the chasm between the two periods and their products is wider than the first suspicion would suggest.

With reference to the two pictures in the possession of Mr. A—— about whose origin I inquired, Mr. Thompson writes: "The only pictures I recall that are owned by Mr. A—— are a scene at Nantucket and one at Cuttyhunk. The Nantucket scene was enlarged from a photograph that I bought while at Nantucket and which struck Mr. A——'s fancy, as I think he was born there. The Cuttyhunk scene was also taken from a photograph of the landing on that island. The photograph was given to me by a lady." Mr. Thompson adds that he was in the employ of the Pairpoint Manufacturing Company at the time of his finishing these pictures in oil.

The following are my own notes on the pictures after seeing them, and I add to them the result of my interview with the present manager of the Pairpoint Company, who knew Mr. Thompson well and had him under his employ.

From the editor of the principal newspaper in New Bedford I learned that Mr. Thompson had painted some pictures long before his seizure by the Gifford influence, however we choose to interpret this phenomena. I was given the name of the party who owned the pictures and managed to call upon him. From him I learned the following facts, and saw the pictures which I describe.

It must be remembered, however, that these are not original paintings. They are merely copies of photographs. This has been discussed above, and needs no comment. They required no artistic training or skill to reproduce in oils the skeletons provided by photographs. Had they been original paintings they might more distinctly mark a stage in Mr. Thompson's development, but being mere copies of photographs they are less significant in the study of his case than would otherwise be the fact.

The first was a painting representing a seashore and bluff at Nantucket and was painted in 1892. There were some sheep on the landscape. There are some good cloud effects, but the painting is not especially artistic either in technique, expression or color. The forms were stiff and inflexible and to a large extent unreal. Figure III.

The second picture was a marsh and some sea with a

house or two and was painted in 1892. It was a better picture than the first one described above. Its management of light and shade were better and not so amateurish, but it was stiff and without any pleasing color effects. It might show promise to an artist, but of this I am not a judge. The owner, who has himself done some painting, thought it possessed some artistic merits. To me it had very little, and as I have had some experience in the observation of good work in Europe and America I am inclined to trust my own judgment more than an amateur in a provincial town. But nevertheless I agree that the painting shows merits for a beginner. Figure II.

The third picture represents a scene at Salter's Point and was painted in 1893. It represents a sea and a marsh, but only the edge of the marsh is visible. Gifford had done good work on this marsh. Mr. Thompson had his cottage here and lived in it while working in New Bedford. The painting has not as good artistic merits as the second and may not be better than the first. It is not rich in color and does not exhibit any special technique or expression in an artistic sense. It, like the others, shows some knowledge of art in general. There is no such artistic merit in it or in any of the three as is observable in his later paintings under the Gifford inspiration. This would be apparent to any observer, whatever the explanation of the facts. But these pictures show that the chasm between his earlier and later experience is not so great as is otherwise apparent from Mr. Thompson's narrative. This means that the later development has better claims to a natural source than to the external influence apparent in it. The chasm is still great. The technique and harmony as well as artistic merits of the Gifford period are very much superior to anything that is apparent in the earlier period. But the fact that more experience and interest in art are evident than was at first apparent offers the critic a ground for scepticism of its apparent meaning and hence a reason for explaining the personal experiences by the influence of education and taste rather than inspiration from an external source. Figure I.

I learned from the same gentleman that the manager of

the Pairpoint Company knew all about Mr. Thompson and his connection with the work there. I managed to see him and to have an interview with him. It brought out the following facts.

Mr. Thompson came to the shop as a young lad. He was put into the work of engraving which he was to learn. The manager noticed that he was addicted to sketching various things in connection with his lessons in engraving. Instead of deploring this the boy was encouraged in it and it was found that he had a natural disposition for this kind of work. The man who had taken some of Mr. Thompson's pictures, those described above, had told me that, while employed at the Pairpoint shops, Mr. Thompson on account of his special gift at sketching, was employed to sketch the products of other manufacturers for the sake of their designs, and that Mr. Thompson had especially excelled in this. Inquiry of the manager resulted in the statement that he had not been employed so and that his sketches, while they had merits, were not strikingly such as to justify any employment of the kind. He said he thought it possible that Mr. Thompson had sketched some products for this purpose, but he was not especially employed for it and had never been sent to New York as stated on any such mission. The fact that such work was considered perfectly legitimate is in favor of the truth of the manager's statement.

This manager, having heard of Mr. Thompson's work and claims, stated that he thought it was all gotten up by Mr. Thompson for the sake of notoriety and in order to sell his pictures. I have found this impression in several quarters, and Mr. Thompson was conscious of it and has treated it with becoming contempt. It is a natural hypothesis on the part of people who do not take the trouble to examine the facts and I have found both that it is without foundation and that people who advance it do not produce any evidence for it whatever. The circumstances in this case do not make it a rational hypothesis, tho one cannot hinder people who avoid producing evidence from committing an act of faith in the interests of scepticism.

5. Mr. Thompson's Diary.

During the summer and fall, the period in which he was painting his pictures on the Elizabeth Islands, Mr. Thompson kept a diary of his various experiences. They have a considerable interest for the psychologist generally and especially for the psychic researcher in that they harmonize completely with all other incidents of the case, both spontaneous and experimental. By this time, of course, he had become possessed of the belief that Mr. Gifford was influencing him in his work and this circumstance colors many of the experiences. But their chief interest is in their variously visual and auditory character with the peculiar forms which they take in their content. I mentioned these experiences of Mr. Thompson to another artist who is familiar with that island and he spontaneously remarked that he had heard music in that place and he did not seem to take it as a matter of any particular curiosity. The island is not inhabited except at the extreme eastern end and one house of the lighthouse keeper on the southern shore and a house or two at the southwestern end. Sheep and deer, the former without bells, roam about the island in freedom. There is nothing natural to produce the music, so far as ordinary observation can detect.

The following is a verbatim copy of Mr. Thompson's diary which he wrote while he was on the island painting his pictures in the fall of 1907.

July 13, 1907.

Arrived at Cuttyhunk, Mass., and went to the Allen House.

The first few weeks were spent in walking around the island and I commenced a number of studies in oil and pastel of the scenery during this time.

Aug. 3rd.

Early this evening I was making a pastel sketch of the twilight, and was alone on the west side of the island (Cuttyhunk) at least one mile from any person. As I sketched I suddenly heard sounds of music. I thought at first that some persons were behind some of the hills with guitars, but I looked around and there was no one in sight. As I again resumed my work, I heard the music again, this time it seemed to be in the air around

me and as I listened intently the sounds changed and were like distant chimes of bells, then they were like guitars or banjos, then like harps, the sounds varied in intensity and always in chords and rather quick in march time. I tried to catch some theme but could not, the music was always in changing chords, and seemed to combine a great number of notes but always in harmony. After a while it dies away and I did not hear it again for several days.

I have tried to account for this music in several ways. I tested the sounds of the wind in various places on the island, also sounds of waves. There is a whistling buoy about four miles away but when I could hear all of those sounds, I could not hear the music, several times afterward, once in the afternoon and several times at night, I heard the same sounds of music again, they were identical each time, altho I was once by the shore and the waves were quite high, once in the house and all was still, my wife was near me but she could hear nothing. I thought it might be a ringing in my ears, but the once I noticed a slight ringing in my ears it was entirely different from the music which surely came from the air around me.

After I went to "one of the Elizabeth Islands," I heard the same sounds of music many times and at times I heard the music when sketching out on the moorlands. I also heard voices seemingly behind a hill near by, but on stepping to the top of the hill quickly, there was no one in sight. I was always entirely absorbed in sketching when I heard sounds of music, as I sketched they would continue but died away as I stopped to listen and stopped painting and tried to catch the melody or to analyze the music, but it died away.*

* It was the express wish of the owner of the island on which Mr. Gifford did much of his work and in which he was especially interested, that I should not use the name of the island in my report and to effect my object I promised to conform to his wishes. The public, however, obtained information of the facts and the place is well known all over the country and this public knowledge made it necessary in this report to recognize the actual place involved in the record. I asked the owner for permission to use the name, saying that it was now folly to withhold a name already well known to the newspapers. But he obstinately refused to give the permission. It made no difference to me or this report whether the permission was granted or not, as it is so easy to indicate the island without giving the name. Indeed the facts of Mr. Gifford's history and the various allusions in Mr. Thompson's account of his experiences and in his diary make it very clear what island is actually meant, so that I need not give the name. I was granted permission, however, by the owner to substitute the phrase "one of the Elizabeth Islands" for the name of the special island, and the reader will have only to look on any good map and recall the description of it in the report that it is the largest of the group to know what island is meant by the phrase. I might say that it is neither Cuttyhunk, Nashawena, Pasque, nor Nonamesset. I desired to use the correct name only to avoid a useless circumlocution in the report.

After the music died entirely away and as I resumed my sketching again, I did not hear the music again that day but heard some kind of music at other times. [Cf. pp. 174-175.]

Aug. 10th, Cuttyhunk.

We were invited this morning to join a party to visit "one of the Elizabeth Islands," about 14 miles from Cuttyhunk to the east end near Wood's Hole.

We went in a motor boat, after going along the shore of ——— on the north side about nine miles we entered Hadley's Harbor at the east end, I left the party with the intention of finding Tar-paulin Cove and to see if the group of trees were near it. I had no idea of its direction, this being my first visit to "one of the Elizabeth Islands." I went off into the woods with the thought that I would be led to the place. Hardly expected to accomplish much in such a short time, as the island is over nine miles long and about three miles wide. There are few roads and after a while I came out of the dense woods to a point of land extending into the sound, and with a wonderful group of trees on the side near the sea. I took some photos of these trees and went off in another direction. After a mile or more of woods, I again came to the shore and there were more of those old trees only more curious and storm beaten. Somehow, these trees looked familiar as if I had seen them before in a vision. I walked along by these trees now near the shore, then across a strip of sandy beach, then over a rocky point, then more old trees until I came to a deep ravine. I looked up, and at once recognized the place where Mr. Gifford made many pictures (as Miss Gifford had told me when I called on her in the Spring in New York, that Mr. Gifford made most of his studies of trees on "one of the Elizabeth Islands," near Nonquitt). I remembered I had seen at the exhibition in New York a picture of this place. The grandeur far exceeded my expectations. The old trees here were the most wonderful I had ever seen and altho I have had glimpses of this place in moments of inspiration, I did not until this moment believe such a place actually existed in nature and such trees so gnarled and twisted and weather-beaten. Everything is left as God made it. The trees and branches have fallen and been left to decay untouched by the hand of man.

As I reached this place, I was actually led from place to place where the best views could be obtained as if I had reached the home of the spirit of Mr. Gifford and he was delighted in showing me its beauties and I know his spirit must take great delight in hovering around this spot that must have filled him with grand inspiration. When in life he wandered over these grey hills and filled himself with the beauty of the rock and sky, trees and the distant sea over the moorlands.

After looking at the old trees and picturesque bits, I was led up a rough hill side and there from the top I saw before me the exact spot where the picture that first impressed me at the exhibition in New York was painted, altho I did not know the picture was taken from one of the Elizabeth Islands, its title was "The Shore of Vineyard Sound." As I looked at the scene the same sensations came to me that I felt at the exhibition in New York, except the sounds of insects or songs of birds I heard then, now seemed like grand chords of music at first like distant harps, then like chimes of bells, then softly like guitars; the music always in chords the same as I heard at Cuttyhunk, like a march and music quite lively, altho always soft and harmonious, and the same voice I heard at the exhibition said—

"See how beautiful, you must paint them better than I. This is to be your life work." Some more words not clear. Then—"You must come back when the leaves are red and work; then I will help you." [Cf. p. 126.]

I retained the impression from these words that I would only receive the fullest inspiration in the autumn season, that now I was to observe, then return when the leaves were red and then I would be helped by his spirit.

While filled with these emotions, I reverently bowed my head and said "I here dedicate my life to the work of expressing the love of God as shown in his works around me and may I by my efforts bring the love of God to the hearts of men."

As I again looked at the valley it was filled with a soft mist the distant trees were seen through this mist and I noticed first around the outlines of the trees and hills soft colors at first faintly then growing stronger until the whole picture was tinted as if from the light of the setting sun. The foreground was a crimson color which shaded into orange in the valley. The trees and distant hills were flooded with a golden light, shading into a yellowish green. Around the outlines the extreme distance was a beautiful blue shading into a violet in the sky and each object was outlined with tones of these colors like a halo. The whole scene while covered with these colors was extremely soft, still everything was clear and distinct and I remember a butterfly on a thistle bloom with the same halo of color around it and the flower. In all things the local color was clear but the shadows were changed. As I looked, I could feel a tingling sensation first in my fingers then in other parts of the body and as the colors faded away I seemed to be filled with an electrical energy. I ran up steep hillsides without the least apparent effort, also ran across the beach at Tarpaulin Cove to an old house, then finding I had overstayed my time allowance and was about five miles from the boat, I ran back and over steep hills covered often with bushes

and trees on sandy beaches, through coarse marsh grass several times startling deer from their resting places under the trees and bushes. They would bound and leap over the bushes and I would leap and bound like the deer and without any apparent effort. I reached the boat in about thirty minutes for the entire distance without any feeling of fatigue; a thing impossible under ordinary conditions, as the day was very hot.

My time for the distance was verified by the Captain of the boat, Mr. Bosworth of Cuttyhunk, who telephoned to Tarpaulin Cove just before I came to the boat and they told him I had left there a half hour before.

I consider the most remarkable thing in connection with this visit the fact that I visited, I feel sure, the entire sketching ground of Mr. Gifford, altho the island is so large and very thickly wooded. It is interesting to note that I found these old trees that have been my inspiration on the south shore of this island near Tarpaulin Cove, altho they lack some important points I remember seeing in my visions.

In my two tests with mediums with Prof. Hyslop, the first, Mrs. Rathbun, said the group of trees were situated in a place which exactly corresponds with this island, and the second, Miss S——, said "What is a Tarpaulin?" and that I must "sit on a tarpaulin and get the misty view." These old trees seen through a mist must be the most wonderful view ever seen by man.

It is interesting to note the way which led to my getting to one of the Elizabeth Islands. I had been trying for some time to go there, but all boats have been in use (since I arrived at Cuttyhunk) as it is the busy season, but owing to the illness of one of the fishermen, his boat was left with Mr. Bosworth, who is acquainted with Mr. C——, the owner of one of the Elizabeth Islands, and Mr. Bosworth is allowed to visit the island with friends at any time.

The leader of the party wanted to go to Gay Head and others wanted to go to Wood's Hole, so the party all went to Wood's Hole, landed on one of the Elizabeth Islands, to leave me and returned for me later and I believe these influences were brought about for the purpose of my visit to the island.

FREDERIC L. THOMPSON.

Aug. 24, 1907, Cuttyhunk. (Copied from Diary.)

I took the steamer Goswold at noon for Nonquitt, as I wished to see Mrs. R. Swain Gifford.

I found Mrs. Gifford at her cottage and looked over several portfolios of drawings, water colors and pencil sketches.

Mrs. Gifford then asked me to visit the studio which is a sep-

arate building from the house. It is a very odd and artistic looking building.

Mrs. Gifford left me there and said I could probably look things over better alone.

The first thing I noticed was a picture on an easel that made me hold my breath. It was a group of old trees on a hillside at twilight, and was one of the identical group of trees I had in my mind since I first received my inspiration and felt I must finish it. [See Figure XVIII.]

I left a sketch of this group with Prof. Hyslop in New York and have taken a photo of the group on the easel for comparison. (Mrs. Gifford told me afterwards that the subject for the picture was taken from the island of Nashawena). I then looked for the old rug mentioned by Mrs. C——. There are several old rugs in the room and the one before the easel, the one Mr. Gifford stood on while painting, had in it the colors of autumn leaves and was, I am sure, his favorite. I saw several sketches of places at Cuttyhunk, that I had just been working on, and felt at the time as if I had sketched them before.

I also saw sketches of many groups of trees on one of the Elizabeth Islands that I recognized as having been led to on my visit to that place, also a group of trees that impressed me so much on my second visit and the group on which I found R. S. G. 1902 on the trunk. So Mr. Gifford had also stood in the same place that I was and felt those strange sensations and I was told to look on the back of the tree where I found his initials.

I found amongst his sketches a great many pictures of oriental scenes, as he spent considerable time in the Orient. Also many pictures of the polar regions, but it is apparent that in his last days his thoughts turned to the old trees of these islands and shores, as he shows by his last sketch of the old trees on Nashawena and he wants me to be sure that of all the countries he has visited and sketched, these scenes are the most beautiful and most worthy of study, as Mrs. C—— said he says "Just as good here"—and I think he could have said also—"And these are the scenes I love."

FREDERIC L. THOMPSON.

Oct. 16th, 1907.

Came to Tarpaulin Cove this morning with Mr. Nickerson on the mail boat. Arrived at 12.30 went to Mr. Robinson's at Tarpaulin Cove.

Oct. 17th.

Took a long walk around the island and selected several sketching places. I stretched my canvases and got materials in order, made a picture of an oak tree in the afternoon.

Oct. 18th.

Went to Witches' Glen and sketched the group of trees that had the initials R. S. G. 1902 on the largest tree.

Oct. 19th.

I again visited the glen and worked on another group of trees and while painting this afternoon I heard music similar to that I heard at Cuttyhunk. The wind was blowing very hard at the time.

Oct. 20th.

Went to a group of trees beyond the Moraine and painted some there by the road side. While I was returning, I met Mr. C——. He asked my name and where I was stopping and was surprised to find I was stopping at the Cove House. He told me he would have to put my case before the Board of Trustees, as it was against the rules of the estate to have any one but their servants or invited guests on the island.

Oct. 21st.

I went to the black woods beyond the French watering place, one of the historical places on the island. At one time the French watering fleet at the time of the French War got water for the fleet. It is a large fresh water pond separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of beach and made a painting of trees there. While sketching I heard voices apparently of young people talking in a joyous manner but there was no one in sight. Also music.

Oct. 22nd.

I took a walk through the woods and found to my surprise another group of trees almost identical with the group that had first inspired me to paint a picture of storm-beaten trees and to show the powers of the sea as is shown around these islands. These trees were situated on a bank overhanging the sea and showed the direction of the prevailing winds by their leaning away from the ocean. I made several sketches and made some photos of them.

Oct. 23rd.

Went across the island to Kettle Cove. Here I found many old trees growing amongst the sand dunes. They also leaned away from the sea. I made a painting of a fallen tree, the moss growing over the ground was very beautiful, of a grey green and dull orange and yellow. It was very soft and looked and felt like velvet. I again heard voices and music.

Oct. 24th.

Made a sketch of an old beach tree back of the Cove. Worked on a sketch of trees I painted in the glen. Received word from Mr. C—— that I must leave the island.

Oct. 25th.

Went to Witches' Glen and painted a view of the Moraine. This was the same picture that first impressed me at the Gifford exhibition in 1906. While sketching I heard voices apparently behind a hill like young girls talking and laughing, but when I went to the top of the hill, there was no one in sight. The voices stopped then.

Worked on big picture three days then packed up, couldn't leave on Monday as it was such a storm the mail boat did not come.

Oct. 26th.

A heavy southerly wind blowing. After breakfast I took a large canvas and took a long walk through the woods, as I wished to make a painting of the surf on the other shore. As I walked out to a point of land to watch the breakers I came across a group of oak trees near the bank, that I had never seen before, as I walked past them. I turned around to look at them and I cannot describe my emotions, as I realized that I had found at last the storm beaten trees that I had first seen in a vision and had been looking for so long, and in my ecstasy I hugged and kissed them, so great was my joy at having found them. I sketched them on my canvas and in my book and took a photograph of them.

Oct. 27th.

I went to the old trees and worked on my big picture. As I returned through the woods and came out to a clear place where I could get a view of the Sound. I saw a wonderful city in the clouds dazzlingly bright on the side of a beautiful green mountain. The buildings were white with square tops and in the center was a building that seemed as if studded with diamonds and precious stones. The whole scene was reflected in the water which was of a wonderful turquoise blue shading into a clear green. This vision slowly faded away. [Cf. pp. 220-221.]

Oct. 28th.

I packed up, but could not get away because the storm was still severe.

Oct. 29th.

Left —— this morning, went over to the Vineyard with Mr. Robinson in his motor boat. Landed at Lambert's Cove. Went to Mr. Nelson Lucis.

I worked on sketches of the trees and around the marshes part of the time I worked for a fisherman getting in nets from the fish traps at Vineyard Haven, where I stayed for a while and finished my big picture, when I saw the vision of the mother and child described in another part of notes.

I also saw some very interesting cedar trees.

I then went to New Bedford where I got my films from camera developed by Mr. Willis.

In regard to the music, voices and visions I saw during this time I did not feel surprised. At first it seemed the most natural thing in the world and only after a few moments when I began to realize that they were supernatural then the remarkableness of the occurrence became evident.

FREDERIC L. THOMPSON.

[Not dated.] About Nov. 1st, 1907. (Copied from Diary.)

6. Vision of Woman and Child.

When I had finished my large picture [Figure XXVI] and as the twilight gathered around me and as the picture faded away in the darkness, I saw the face of a beautiful woman formed apparently by the sea mists. As I looked it became clearer and the figure was faintly outlined. I then saw that she held a child in her arms. It was a beautiful child, and as he stretched out his arms toward me, my soul was filled with a great joy and my love for the child and his mother was as the joy of heaven (so completely did it fill my soul).

The face of the mother was transfigured with a golden light and her smile seemed to touch chords of music within me; the same chords I had heard before while sketching and this wonderful music made my happiness complete. As the figure came nearer out of the canvas, in my ecstasy I clasped them in my arms, as I did so the feeling of heavenly joy was so great that it seemed as if my soul would leave the body, and it seemed as if death would be a great happiness. She then whispered to me "the time has not yet come for you to go. There is much more for you to do. We must go but the memory of the joy we have brought you will remain to help you. When you call, I will come." By what name shall I call you, I asked. She replied "You will know me by the name 'Alter Ego.'" She then passed into the mists and I again saw my picture of old trees with the sea swell breaking over the rocks.

The vision of the city on a mountain side, I saw while sketching on "one of the Elizabeth Islands" was a dazzlingly bright city. The buildings were all white and seemed to be covered with diamonds and other precious stones all reflected in the water. It was very beautiful and on this occasion I felt also as if I were dying and my body felt rigid and I felt a feeling of great exaltation and joy. I heard the music at this time also.

FREDERIC L. THOMPSON.

[This account was not dated, but as it occurred just after

finishing the "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI) it was in October. This was after October 26th Cf. Diary. J. H. H.]

In the course of our conversation Mr. Thompson told me that, until this peculiar experience began to come to him, he had not possessed any color sense and then he told me of its development soon after he began to be affected by his apparitions. In accordance with my request he then copied from his diary of 1906 what he had noted down at that time of his strange development of a color sense as it seems to manifest itself to an artist. The following is that account and is apropos of the incidents which give his case its psychological interest.

Nov. 8th, 1906.

I have noticed the past few months a gradually increasing ability to see colors. I think I noticed it first in the snow. I always regarded snow as white and one day was surprised to note that there was absolutely no white in snow. It was made up of a multitude of tones. On a grey day the snow was grey, on a bright clear day with sunshine it was purple and blue in the shadow, and yellow and orange in the sunshine and between these colors multitudes of half tones but no white. At sunset and twilight the tones of purple, grey, and greenish blue were very marked. In moonlight the color was greenish and shaded to deep purple grey in shadow. I also find, especially in the sky, very little color: what seems a deep blue sky has very little blue in it. It shades from purple grey through shades of green to turquoise blue, and through to blue grey, and it is very difficult to find a place that is actually blue. The same thing applies to trees, when green there is almost no actual green as shades more from blue grey in shadow to yellow in high lights. Trees reflect colors of sky and atmosphere, and the colors are constantly changing on tree and grass. The effect of colors is varied by the effect of the eye in seeing the complementary color of any color looked upon for any length of time, as, after looking at green trees or grass, the eye sees red, and grey tones will become tinged with red making blue objects purple, and so after going through the color scale, I find after studying nature for awhile I see great varieties of tones and half tones that change and vibrate.

As an example of the automatism characteristic of Mr. Thompson and perhaps of telepathic influences the following

is a recent experience. It is told in a letter to me by the gentleman who witnessed the phenomena.

New York, December 14th, 1908.

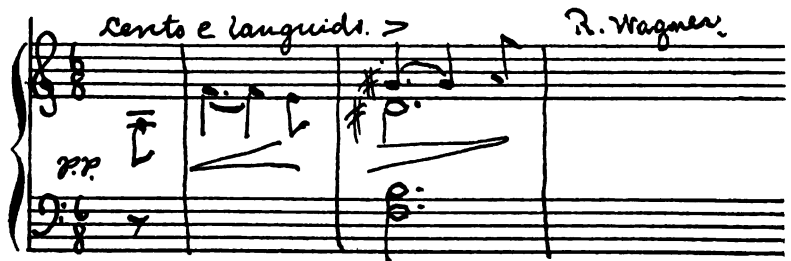
My dear Prof. Hyslop:

In accordance with your expressed desire, I herewith send you an account of a remarkable happening incidental to the case of Mr. Frederick Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Knowles and I were spending the evening of Wednesday, December 2nd, at the residence of Dr. Müller. During the evening there was some automatic writing done after which Mr. Thompson walked over to the piano and not knowing the first thing about playing the instrument sat drumming upon it with one finger. The suggestion was made by me that my wife place her hand upon Mr. Thompson's head and think the opening bars of the Vorspiel to Richard Wagner's opera, "Tristan and Isolde." I chose this knowing full well that probably nothing could be more remote from Mr. Thompson's knowledge.

In a few seconds he played the first few notes correctly and in the correct key. He then stopped and jerked his head away as tho very much distressed, then arose from the piano. Any musician, I am sure, would consider the above a remarkable circumstance.

Faithfully yours,
LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

I then asked Mr. Knowles to give me the exact music that Mr. Thompson played and the response was a "slip of manuscript paper with what he played exactly note for note." The cut represents what Mr. Knowles reported to me.



Inquiry on two important points which the reader will understand resulted in the following.

New York, April 2nd, 1909.

My dear Dr. Hyslop:

Your communication of April 1st to hand, and would say in reply to your first question, that I whispered the suggestion to Mrs. Knowles in regard to the Vorspiel of Tristan and Isolde. As to your second question, Mrs. Knowles and I were in the dining room, Mrs. Müller in another part of the apartment, while Dr. Müller lay on a couch at the further end of the parlor. As I remember it Mr. Thompson was sitting on the piano stool but a few feet away from Dr. Müller. Mrs. Thompson sat at the side of the piano toward the dining room and therefore nearest to Mrs. Knowles and me. Mrs. Thompson was at least ten feet distant from us when I whispered to Mrs. Knowles. It was absolutely impossible for any one else to have heard what I said excepting Mrs. Knowles. Mrs. Müller had remarked a few minutes previous to her leaving the room that she wondered if Mrs. Knowles couldn't make Mr. Thompson play. It was immediately after this that I leaned over to Mrs. Knowles and made the suggestion about the Vorspiel. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Dr. Müller were conversing at the time.

Faithfully yours,
JNO. LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

It would not have made any difference in the case if Mr. Thompson had heard the suggestion, as he does not know any music of the kind. He does not play the piano, and only fingers a zither at times, playing chords and some of the simple pieces of popular music. But it is well to know what possibilities there were for hearing the suggestion mentioned. Chance coincidence in the order of notes and the natural response of a receptive nature in even a slight knowledge of music and harmony or melody would seem to me a better explanation of the facts than the supposition that he had heard the suggestion and had known the music previously. There seems, however, to be some evidence of automatism and telepathy.

Recent experiences of Mr. Thompson are interesting to the psychologist. He found it necessary to rely upon something else than his art for a living and tried goldsmith work again. He says of this:

“ I find great difficulty in continuing with jewelry work altho I am still much interested in it, and would like to continue that

work. But after trying it for a short time I always have to give it up, and it affects my health very strangely. Otherwise I am in perfect physical condition and can sketch or paint for hours without fatigue."

In conversation with me he said that the attempt to work at his former mode of employment resulted in nausea and that he could not stand it more than two hours at a time.

7. Verification of the Pictures.

The sketch represented by Figure XVII was put in my hands on July 2nd, 1907, when it was Mr. Thompson's intention to go out to Nonquitt, Mass., and endeavor to find the scenes which he believed were there and which had appeared in his visions. He arrived there and found that the Elizabeth Islands were the scene of much of Mr. Gifford's work. But while there Mrs. Gifford took him into Mr. Gifford's studio and there on the easel was the painting represented in Figure XVIII. His astonishment was so great and the emotions excited by it so intense that the effect was hard to describe. In wandering about the island of Nashawena afterwards he accidentally stumbled upon the actual scene and painted it, as represented in Figure XX.

Such was his story of that picture. As he had painted his own after he had seen the unfinished picture of Mr. Gifford the important coincidence and interest was not between his sketch and painting but between his sketch and the painting of Gifford. There can be no doubt that the sketch of Mr. Thompson represents the same scene as that of Mr. Gifford, and the question is whether Mr. Thompson had ever seen Gifford's painting. Mr. Thompson affirms that he had not, and the general circumstances of Mr. Thompson's life make it extremely improbable that he had seen it, unless some extraordinary incident had been thrown in his way which he has either forgotten or deliberately withholds. It was, therefore, necessary to investigate the matter very carefully. Mr. Thompson had been employed for years in New York and had seen Mr. Gifford but once in this city, according

to his statement, and that to show him some jewelry when calling for that purpose. The history of that picture thus became an important factor of the problem. Mr. Thompson had photographed it on the easel when he saw it, but as I had to suppose that he had seen it previously it was necessary to inquire into its antecedent history.

Mr. Thompson had stated that he had seen the Gifford pictures at the American Art Galleries, but also said that he did not see this one there. In the course of my inquiries of the owners of the island, on which Gifford had done much of his work and on which it was believed by Mr. Thompson the scene of the "Battle of the Elements" would be found, to know if they were acquainted with any such scene my correspondent remarked that he did not recall any such view, but referred me to a picture which had been offered, as he said, to the Museum of Fine Arts and was in the hands of Mr. Joseph Greenwood for certain purposes. I at once wrote to Mr. Greenwood and he replied with a note and pencil sketch of the picture in his care. It was the painting (Figure XVIII) of which Mr. Thompson's was the *fac simile* Figures XVII and XX. I then went to the American Art Galleries in New York to see the manager and if possible to ascertain whether this particular painting had been there. I learned that absolutely every painting of Mr. Gifford's which had been on exhibition there had been sold, and as this painting in the hands of Mr. Greenwood, an unfinished sketch, had not been sold, it was apparent that it had not been among the number on exhibition and sale there. Furthermore I was fortunately able to obtain a catalogue of the pictures on exhibition there and tho there were a number of illustrations of Mr. Gifford's paintings in it there was none of this particular one. There were the titles of all the paintings printed in the catalogue, but I could not tell from these whether the painting in question had been there or not. But fortunately for the case the manager gave me the stencil mark which he said had been put on absolutely every picture sold, these being all that were on exhibition, and I sent it to Mr. Greenwood to examine whether such a mark was on the painting in his hands. He replied that there were "no marks

on the picture or stretcher in reference to sale." This completed the evidence that the picture had not been seen by Mr. Thompson in the exhibition of Gifford's paintings.

I then wrote to Mrs. Gifford understanding that the painting in question was on Mr. Gifford's easel at the time of his death and asked somewhat of its history. Mrs. Gifford's reply is as follows:

Nonquitt, Mass., June 12th, 1908.

Dr. James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—I owe you an apology for my delay in writing you. I had a letter partly written when your last one came.

The painting of the five trees on Nashawena, that is now in Mr. Greenwood's studio, was not on Mr. Gifford's easel at the time of his death. It was not on a stretcher, but rolled up and kept with other such rolls, in the studio either in New York or Nonquitt, I forget which.

Some time after Mr. Gifford's death I had it put on a stretcher and placed on the easel at Nonquitt where it has been until I sent it to the Boston Museum. From there it was sent to Mr. Greenwood. It is unfinished and has never been exhibited.

I was with Mr. Gifford when he painted the small sketch, from which the large one was painted. The small one is in the portfolio in the studio here and Mr. Thompson has probably seen it there.

The picture on the easel at the time of Mr. Gifford's death was a rather small picture of the Padanaram Salt Works. He had painted it just before his illness, and the paint was not dry at the time of his death. It was bought at the sale by Mrs. Gere of Syracuse.

My delay in writing was partly because of Mr. Gifford's strong disinclination to talk with people in the condition of mind of Mr. Thompson, or with spiritualists so called. His belief in immortality was very positive, and he was open to conviction in any scientific matter, but that he should influence any one to paint, except through their own individual efforts would have been most distasteful to him.

Please feel that I shall gladly give any facts that I may have that will be of use to you.

Very sincerely,
FRANCES E. GIFFORD.

Further inquiry regarding this picture and the sketch with a view of ascertaining whether it was at all possible

for Mr. Thompson to have seen either this picture or the smaller sketch results in the following statements by Mrs. Gifford.

“The unfinished picture, Figure XVIII, was rolled up in the New York studio before his death. I do not know for how long before. After his death it remained rolled up and was packed and sent to Nonquitt.” The smaller sketch was kept in his sketch book at Nonquitt and might have been seen there by any visitor at his studio.

There was apparently no opportunity whatever for Mr. Thompson to see the larger picture in New York. His call to show Mr. Gifford some jewelry would hardly result in unrolling this picture on such an occasion, when the two men were in no respect personal friends and only slightly acquainted. As to the sketch there was no opportunity to see that until after Mr. Gifford's death, as Mr. Thompson seems never to have been at Nonquitt before the visit to the studio after Mr. Gifford's death, unless as a rambling boy during his life at New Bedford, and this is very improbable, as it can be reached only by steamer without a walk of many miles. But this early period would not have found the sketch there, and he seems not to have visited the Gifford home until the time mentioned.

The sketch of the “Battle of the Elements” was also put in my hands on July 2nd, 1907. When Mr. Thompson found that Mr. Gifford had not done his work at Nonquitt, Mass., but on one of the Elizabeth Islands, he went to the latter and found on Nonamisset the scene which had appeared in his visions so constantly and which was apparently described by both psychics. The sketch is represented by Figure XXIII and the painting of the actual scene by Figure XXVI. Mr. Thompson's statement was that he had never been on the island, and as Mr. Gifford had never painted any such scene and apparently had not contemplated painting any such, with the idea possessing Mr. Thompson the problem was to explain the resemblance between the sketch and the alleged scene on the island. There was no question of the identity between the sketch and the painting, and the remaining issue was to determine Mr. Thompson's veracity in the

case. There were two points to be settled. First had he ever been on the island, and second had he painted a real scene and what relation did it bear to the sketch and painting represented in the illustrations.

As Mr. Thompson had lived in New Bedford a number of years it would be natural and easy to visit the island, according to the usual expectations. As he had not lived in the place until he was twelve years of age he was not likely to have seen it until after that time. Mrs. Thompson stands sponsor for his not having seen it within her knowledge, and I wrote to his parents and sister for information on the matter. Their replies are as follows:

New Bedford, Mass., May 14th, 1908.

James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—Your favor of May 10th came to hand in due time, but I was away on account of the very sudden death of a very dear friend and to-day, May 14th, is the first time I could even think of it, and I cannot write very much now. Of course, I want to do all in my power to help my son Frederic Louis Thompson. He was such a dear good boy. His life has been saddened by an invalid father and it has made it very hard for us all.

He was born in Middleboro and lived there seven and a half years, I think. We have lived in New Bedford since 1882. He was a very studious boy and young man. He did not finish the Grammar School here because he had to go to work, but he went to a private evening school quite awhile.

The Islands are, some say 16, some 20 miles from New Bedford. Some of them it was impossible to reach, Penikese and one of the Elizabeth Islands being two of them, I know. Now I am sure Frederic never lived on or visited *any* of *those* islands. I am sure he could not have done so without my knowledge. I *always* knew where he was. I do not know why you ask, but I know you can believe whatever he tells you about this part of his life. He, I know, thought much of Mr. Gifford.

L. H. THOMPSON.

In reply to my questions individually Mrs. Thompson, the mother, repeats some of her statements that she "knows he did not live or visit on any of these islands, and that there was always and is now an obstacle to people visiting the one island concerned." She also states that he could not have gone off to the island unknown to any one and that he never

walked in his sleep to her knowledge. In regard to his education she says he had no training in painting, but only some drawing in the public schools.

Mr. Thompson's sister writes as follows in reply to my inquiries bearing upon the questions at issue:

Akron, Ohio, May 16th, 1908.

James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 10th at hand. I have been away for several weeks on a visit and your letter has just reached me here.

In reply to your first question, I would say that the only time (before last summer) that my brother ever visited any of the Elizabeth Islands was fully twenty years ago when he spent a few days at Cuttyhunk. I am very sure he did not visit any of the other islands. I am positive he did not go to ——— as at that time the owners were even more strict than now and one could not land there without a permit. Had he gone there he would have spoken of it on his return.

In regard to his knowing Mr. Gifford, he was very slightly acquainted with him. I do not believe he ever saw him more than perhaps half a dozen times to speak to. He never painted with him or took any lessons of him. Of that I am *positive*.

He received the ordinary Grammar School education, took drawing lessons as they came in the school course. He did not go to the High School and has never taken any course in Art Schools or any special art training of any sort to my knowledge.

As to his walking in his sleep I am positive he never did that. I would surely have known it if he had. He was a very sound sleeper and always so well and active. I never remember his ever being sick abed but once and that was when he had the measles.

It seems so strange that anything of this sort should come to him, as he was such an unbeliever in anything in the spiritualistic line and always laughed at the least suggestion of the occult. He always called anything of that sort "rank foolishness." I have always found him truthful and honest in every way, and think you will find his reputation for these qualities to be of the best.

Of course I am willing to assist my brother in every way, but would rather you would not use my name, unless absolutely necessary, as my husband is as strong in opposition to anything of this nature as my brother used to be.

Any information I shall gladly give you, if you wish.

I am sincerely,
_____.

It was clear that, if he had ever visited the island, it would most likely have been when he lived in New Bedford and he himself should have remembered it easily, except on the supposition that he had visited it in a somnambulistic state or deliberately falsified the facts. He had no reasonable opportunities to do so when living and working in New York, and his occupation made it inconsistent with his work that he should do so for any such purposes as would involve him in artistic efforts like painting. In addition, the details of the endeavor to find the scene on the island of whose previous knowledge it was necessary to ascertain or dispute tend to sustain the various statements that he had not seen it, at least in any normal condition of which he or they were aware, and there seems to be no knowledge or suspicion of any abnormal condition in which he might have seen it.

The next question was whether the actual scene could be discovered as reported and painted by Mr. Thompson. It is apparent to the reader that the whole issue of the supernormal in the case depends on Mr. Thompson's veracity on the one hand and on the accuracy of the resemblance between the sketch and the actual scene which he painted. The rocks in the water, the broken forked limb on the ground, the cleft in the tree, the S shaped limb on one of the trees and the peculiarly shaped limb on the other, all of which are found in both the sketch and the painting, should be found in the scene, or enough of them to establish the identity of the sketch and scene. The crooked limb on the first tree running first to the left and then turning on itself and extending to the right Mr. Thompson had said was put in, having been seen on another tree. It was avowedly no part of the actual scene and trees. It was the same with the foliage. He told me long before we found the actual spot that the leaves on the peculiar limb on the first tree were put there by himself and were not on the tree. The sequel showed it to be a dead limb. But it was necessary to find a scene sufficiently resembling the sketch and probably the one painted to establish Mr. Thompson's veracity and the probability that the vision and sketch represent supernormal phenomena.

To effect this object I first set about obtaining permission to visit the island and search for the trees. I had learned that the owners would allow no one to visit the place without a permit. I therefore applied for this and explained in my letter the object of my inquiry. The following is the letter which I received in reply:

Boston, March 28th, 1908.

Dr. James H. Hyslop, Secretary,

Dear Sir:—Yours of March 22nd received. In answer to your questions, I will say that I think it is going to be very difficult for you to ascertain the truth in this matter. I assume that this is what has happened that, somebody has shown you a picture of “one of the Elizabeth Islands,” which he declares he painted, without ever having seen the island. If this is the case, I do not see how it would be possible to prove that the man has not been there. There is no rule made by the Trustees of —— (above mentioned island) against anyone landing there, except with dogs or guns, or for camping purposes, or lighting fires, and we know that various people have landed and taken photographs and made sketches. It may be that someone who has never been on —— has painted a picture from a photograph that someone has taken who has been there. A few people have applied for permission to paint on —— (above mentioned island). There were two men who did so last summer, and I gave them both permission to do so on condition that they should not label the pictures they paint with the name of the island, for we, above all things, are seeking to avoid publicity. The name of one of these men I have forgotten, but I remember he was connected with the art department of some college in New York, possibly Columbia. The other man’s name was Frederick L. Thompson. He asked for permission to stay on the island, as he wanted to paint the morning and evening effects. I replied, after consultation with the trustees, that he could paint the island, but that we could not allow him to stay there. Not many weeks afterwards, I discovered this man on the island late on a stormy evening, and found that he had, without my knowledge, persuaded one of the farmers at the West End of the island to allow him to stay there for a few days. I write these details in case they may be of assistance to you in your enquiries.

As to your request to be allowed to come on the island to take photographs, I have no objection to your doing so, provided that you will not publish those photographs with the name of —— attached to them. The island, however, is a very large one, and I should be surprised if you could find the individual spot that

you are seeking for. You might hunt for two weeks without finding the particular place that you were looking for. Perhaps the simplest way would be to send a photograph of the picture to me. I know the island so well that I could probably identify it.* I expect to be in New York next week for two or three days. If you wish to communicate with me farther about this, you can address me care of Mr. William Emerson, an architect on Fifth Ave. I have forgotten his number, but you can find that easily in the telephone book.

Yours truly,
A. B. C——.

The reader will remark the confirmation of Mr. Thompson's story that is apparent in this letter and that is the chief reason for publishing it.

In reply to this I wrote for further information, and sending a photograph of the painting of Mr. Thompson (Figure XXVI), as a means of ascertaining whether Mr. C—— remembered any scene like it. His reply is as follows and contains the reference to the painting in the care of Mr. Greenwood:

Boston, May 7, 1908.

Dr. James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—I am returning to-day under separate cover the two photographs that you sent me. I have no idea what the particular points are which you wish to prove as true, but I can give you some information which may help you.

In the first place, I feel perfectly confident that you will find no such scenes as these two at ——, although they correspond to the general type of the —— scenery. I can say confidently that there is no such tree growing near the shore, though I think there is a very good chance that such a tree exists somewhere among the millions of trees on the island. Probably a study has been made of a tree and an imaginary picture painted on that basis.

If you wish to go to the place which nearest resembles in character that wild sea-shore sea, Mr. Robinson, who lives at

* For the name of the island concerned I have substituted in the first instance and then used the dash afterward the phrase which the gentleman said I might use for it, namely, "one of the Elizabeth Islands." The reader will probably know by this time what island this is.

Tarpaulin Cove, can direct you to some woods that reach near the shore, a mile or two to the westward of Tarpaulin Cove.

As for the three trees, I can give you no idea whatever. I have painted hundreds of pictures myself of —— Island during the past ten years, and would be likely to know if there were three such trees, as I am constantly on the search for subjects.

I will give you this additional information in case it may prove of service to you. Mrs. R. Swain Gifford this winter offered for sale to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston a picture by her husband. I saw the picture, and as soon as I saw this photograph, I at once recognized this as a copy of Mr. Gifford's picture. I will not absolutely swear that it is an exact copy for I saw Mr. Gifford's picture some months ago, and do not remember the exact details, but this is certainly almost the same subject. One of the staff of the Museum of Fine Arts told me, when I showed him the other picture of the tree and the waves that a certain Mr. D. J. Sullivan, of 228 Union St., New Bedford, sent up to the Museum, this winter, also, a picture by R. Swain Gifford for sale. That picture, my informant tells me, was the same composition as this one, but was reversed, and in place of the wild looking tree, he says, there were rocks occupying about the same space. Further, I was at —— last Sunday and Mr. Robinson, with whom Mr. Thompson stayed when he painted on the island, told me that Mr. Thompson had at his house some sort of a photograph of a Swain Gifford picture, and that he made some use of that. As to the exact use he made Mr. Robinson was not very clear, so that; my personal belief is that, if you want to find the original of Mr. Thompson's paintings, your time would probably be more profitably employed in looking up the Gifford paintings.

I feel very sure that you will be utterly unable to find anything on —— that will be of any use to you.

I will add that I think I said in a former letter to you that Mr. Thompson came and stayed on the island at Mr. Robinson's house when I had expressly told him that he could not stay on the island;—and moreover, that I stipulated that he should not mention the name of —— in connection with those pictures when exhibiting them and he promised me that he would fulfill these conditions.

I do not care to have my name mentioned in regard to this matter in any controversy you may have with Mr. Thompson.

Yours truly,

A. B. C——:

* This is a curious error of memory on the part of Mr. C. I had sent him the photograph from which Figure XXVI was made and the picture he refers to as seen at the Museum was the one that was afterward sent to Mr. Greenly wood, Figure XVIII. There is no resemblance between them. He must have confused it with some other painting.

The result showed that the group of trees was not to be found on the island in mind, but that it was on the island of Nonamesset, separated from "one of the Elizabeth Islands" by a narrow stream crossed by a rustic bridge.

The issue of this correspondence made it necessary to visit the island and search for the scene. I therefore made arrangements with a photographer in New Bedford to go with me. We had to hire a small yacht, as there were no other means of reaching the island. Mr. Thompson had told me that the scene would be found on the shore of Vineyard Sound at the edge of what is known as the "Black Woods." As a means of finding the exact spot he told me the trees would be found near that represented in one of his paintings. We soon found what I took to be this group of trees, tho the shore seemed foreshortened in the picture. Events proved that we were wrong in the group of trees which I took for representing those in this picture. There was a resemblance, but as a gentleman with us had broken down a limb I could only conjecture that the group was the one desired for orientation. It had no importance except as a means of assuring us that we were near the desired scene. With this knowledge I sought for the group of trees represented in the "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI) but could not find it. I did find a storm blown tree which exaggerated the influence of the wind, but which had no other resemblance to the tree in the sketch and picture. It had no cleft in its body and there was no limb of the shape represented in the picture. There were no forked and broken limbs at its root and none nearer than forty or fifty feet. There was no second tree near by and hence no characteristics represented in the second tree of the sketch and painting. The tree was also too far from the shore to represent anything coincident with the view in the painting. The Sound shore had the rocks on it which might have been taken to put in the picture. But that was all that suggested any resemblance. I concluded that, if Mr. Thompson had taken this scene, he had very much idealized it and selected the various features of it from different and surrounding trees. In that case his artistic liberties had been so great that all identity between the

scene and the sketch and painting was out of the question. I found on a tree some forty or fifty feet away a limb which was enough like the limb that Mr. Thompson said he had actually put on the tree in the picture to accept his statement that he had taken it from another. But on the whole the idealization would have been so marked that the case for science would have been worthless. I returned to the city with the conviction that the search was a failure and that no identity could be established between the sketch and the scene and that the only identity was between the sketch and the painting.

But as soon as Mr. Thompson saw the photographs of the scenes he repudiated both of them. It was clear that the photograph represented in the result did not reproduce the scene represented in the painting of which Figure XXVI is a cut, but I assumed that Mr. Thompson had idealized it. However, he refused to admit that what I had found were the desired scenes and mentioned in proof of it in the first instance that a telegraph pole and wire were near the one concerned and that a wire for supporting the pole was attached to the tree which he had painted. In addition he asserted that he had painted a real group with the various features identifying it with the sketch and the painting. There was, therefore, nothing to do but to try again.

The consequence was that we made a second trip taking Mr. Thompson with us, not only to search for this particular scene, but also to find certain others of some interest. We went out on June 11th. We soon found the general locality and Mr. Thompson found the group of trees—and there was the wire attached to one of them. But what was Mr. Thompson's astonishment not to find the group of trees we were primarily interested in, when he pointed out where they ought to be and in fact nothing but a sand waste was there. He could not account for the failure and was perplexed beyond measure to find that his recollection of the place was wholly wrong. But there was nothing to do except to admit failure. I suggested having painted the picture from an hallucination, but while he had no real scene by which to

dispute this suggestion he insisted that he had painted from a real scene and group of trees, and that they could be found.

We then went to look up another group of trees which he had noticed and on one of which Mr. Gifford's initials were said to have been carved and which were found by Mr. Thompson in a remarkable manner, as told in the diary (p 57). The story was that, while standing some distance from the group of trees, he heard a voice say:—"Look on the other side of the tree," and going there he had found Mr. Gifford's initials carved in the bark. We soon found the trees and there were the initials. Of all these incidents my notes made that evening tell the story and mention the features which have psychological and other interest. I copy them verbatim.

"I noticed today that Mr. Thompson was often in an absent-minded condition and did not respond at once to questions. He often in some inexplicable manner or mood would suddenly run off from a place and return without indicating what his object was. While looking for a group of trees, for instance, he suddenly turned and ignored the search and ran with all his might down the beach and picking up a lath came back and said nothing about his object. The lath was thrown away before he reached us. Again when we got out of the carriage, because the hill was too steep for the horses to carry us up, Mr. Thompson paid no attention to the rest of us and the direction we took, which was toward the spot where I had first discovered the trees photographed, but ran off through the woods. I kept searching for the desired group of trees and in about three-quarters of an hour he returned saying that he had gotten lost and only discovered it when he found himself over on the north side of the island.

When he returned he soon found the locality in which he had taken a picture and the group of trees which had served as the mark of the place where he expected to find the most important group, but he did not find the latter. He was much puzzled to find that the scene he wanted was not where he had expected to find it. He gave an intelligent account of what he had expected to find and pointed out the

exact spot where the group of trees ought to be, but they were not there and there was not the slightest trace of their ever having been there. Only a waste spot of sand was there and not a hint of any removal of them. The spot was too high for the incursion of the sea. He defined the characteristics of the group clearly enough and felt that it was or ought to be within a few feet of the place represented by the trees mentioned. But there was not a tree there, and the group which he at first thought might have been taken for the right one had no resemblance except the most general ones to the scene sought and he spontaneously recognized this fact. In reality he was not tempted to regard them as such except as a necessary inference from the expectation that they would be found in such proximity to the group mentioned. He recognized that only their size suggested this and that neither their relation to the other group nor the distinctive characteristics present in the sketch and painting were to be found with them. We then searched the whole shore very carefully several times to find the desired group and found nothing whatever resembling it, except two dead trunks and an S-shaped limb exactly like the one on the second tree in the picture. But of these only one was standing and the other had been long on the ground while neither of them had any foliage or branches and no marks of identity with the painting, except a limb lying in the huckleberry bushes. Moreover there were no initials on either of them and the facts which finally marked the discovery of the true group were not present.

After long reflection on the matter, it occurred to Mr. Thompson that, as it was raining on the day he painted the "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI) he may not have gone to this spot, but may have gotten on the north side of the island and had not recognized the fact. A New England cloudy and rainy day, usually accompanied by a fog, would easily conceal the points of the compass from a man who has as little sense of locality as Mr. Thompson, and as the shores on both sides of the island are alike he might very naturally have mistaken the place. Besides, as he had on his first expedition to the island found his way about and made his

discoveries in a sort of unconscious manner the fact that he had on this occasion wandered off semi-consciously to the north side of the island tended to support this conjecture. So further search was given up, and as there was no more time to make the search of the north shore I abandoned the attempt. But Mr. Thompson also showed a sketch which he said he made of the actual trees as proof that he was not mistaken.

We then went in search of some other scenes and my notes of the find explain the interest and importance of the incident of the initials on the tree. The group of trees was situated perhaps a thousand feet from the sea or Vineyard Sound. My notes were as follows, after finding and photographing the initials, which are represented in Figure XXXII.

The initials on the tree were not visible at any point from the road by which the tree stood. It was perhaps about seven to ten feet from the road. I examined this relation carefully and found that at no place approaching the tree by the road could the initials be seen. At a distance they seemed to be more or less fresh, as they did not show the growth that is usual in cut initials of long standing. But when I looked at them near by they showed that they had been cut some time ago. They were in fact "R. S. G. 1902," showing that they were cut there six years ago, three years before Gifford's death. I examined them with a microscope several times to be able to speak more authoritatively regarding their age and in order to protect the veracity of Mr. Thompson against suspicion. It was perfectly evident that they were not recent. The marks of growth were very distinct, and would have been more noticeable in other localities than this one, where growth, I am told, is exceedingly slow. It was necessary to examine them thus carefully because their appearance might suggest to some people greater recency than is the fact. They are on the north side of the tree which is beech, the road running past on the south side of it. [See Figure XXXIV.]

I questioned Mr. Thompson, without suggesting my object, as to where he stood when he heard the voice direct-

ing him to look on the other side of the tree, and how he approached the spot. He told me that he came up from the Vineyard Sound shore and pointed toward the southeast and said the spot where he stood to sketch the trees and photograph them was about sixty feet distant on the south side when he heard the voice. This was not only on the opposite side of the place where the initials were, but was also too far off to have seen them easily, if at all, had he been on the north side at that distance. The initials were less than one inch in diameter.

We returned home without finding the object of our main quest, but the positiveness of Mr. Thompson made me feel that there was reason for continued searching, and I resolved to make another trip to examine the north shore of the island, that on Buzzard's Bay. I accordingly made arrangements for this without saying anything to Mr. Thompson and informed him of it after my return to the city. We went on July 2nd, and on my return I wrote the following notes the same evening. I copy them as written.

New Bedford, Mass., July 2nd, 1908.

“On this date we made the third visit in search of the group of trees represented in Figures XXIII, XXVI and XXVII of Mr. Thompson's painting and sketch of the actual scene. Mr. Thompson had been confident that they represented a real and not an imaginary scene, and in proof of this he stated to me yesterday (July 1st) before leaving New York that an old box was at the place and that he had carved his own initials on the first of the two trees. His doubt about finding them on the north side of the island was reinforced by the statement that on the day on which he had painted the picture the storm was so violent that the man who carried the mail could not come in, being prevented by the wind, and that if the wind had come on the north shore it would not have hindered his coming in. This had convinced him that we would probably not find the group of trees on the north side. But owing to the fact that we had not found them on the south side along the edge of the “Black Woods” where he had expected to find them, I resolved to

investigate the north shore carefully, especially that he had been led unconsciously in that direction on the second trip (p. 76). Mr. Thompson also remarked to me, in New York, that he could not believe he had painted the picture from an hallucination, as he would hardly have carved his initials on an hallucination. On the steamer which we had taken, before starting, he remarked also that he had an impression in the morning which haunted him very strongly that he would never be able to find the trees by himself. He added that this induced him to go to Mrs. S——, the lady who had found his box of paintings clairvoyantly (p. . . .), and to try if she could find the group of trees. I had him write out the results of that sitting immediately which he did before the steamer left the dock in New York. The record is given below.

After arriving at New Bedford we took the yacht to a cove on the north shore and together Mr. Thompson and I explored it for three or four miles and examined every spot and group of trees on the shore for that entire distance. We did not discover a single tree or group of trees that had any semblance of the scene desired in any specific characteristic. We found plenty of storm-blown trees of the same general type, as would be expected, but not one having the necessary characteristics for identifying the scene. Besides the forest was too far from the shore to suit the conditions which Mr. Thompson had described as marking the actual scene. But as there was one small strip of woods on the south shore which we had not examined on the second trip, this not being near the "Black Woods," we resolved to sail to that point and make the last effort to find the trees. We debated sailing around to Vineyard Sound and reaching it in that way or anchoring in Hadley Bay and taking a row boat to the place. At last, owing to the direction of the wind and the shallow shore on the other side of the island we decided on the latter alternative. From this point a chapter of interesting accidents led us to the right spot. In fact these accidents began with the debating about our course and the decision to go to Hadley Bay.

Arriving and anchoring we took the row boat through a

narrow inlet like a stream and in passing under a bridge through which the tide was going we found it too swift and had to let the boat float back and to carry it around the bridge. As soon as we landed Mr. Thompson threw his coat on the bridge and helped us carry the boat around it and to the water farther up. He then went back to the bridge for his coat, and instead of getting it at once and returning to us he stood on the bridge and looked south in silence. After waiting some five minutes I called him again, but he paid no attention to me, and I resolved to say no more. In a few moments he suddenly darted off the bridge, leaving his coat there and ran rapidly around the shore, passing us some distance above and out to a point of land where there were some trees, and at once found the spot and group of trees, picking up the box that was there and throwing it into the air. One of the men went back for Mr. Thompson's coat and the other two of us rowed the boat to the spot. There I saw the old box and the initials on the tree, which were "F. L. T., Oct. 1907." He then picked up the stick lying there and said it was the one he used when painting the picture. By it was a lath like the one he had gone back for on the second trip on the shore of the "Black Woods." He also pointed out the hole in the ground where he had extemporized an easel. He also remarked that he had lost a tube of red paint while painting the picture. He went at once to searching for it and I gave my attention to aiding him. In a few minutes he found it in the leaves and huckleberry bushes, tarnished by the weather and showing the marks of exposure. I brought this home with me.

But the two important limbs were missing. Both, however, were lying on the ground and were brought home with us. We tied one of them as near its original position as we could and propped the other against the side of the tree to which it had belonged and took the photographs of them (Figures XXVII and XXVIII). We could not even approximate the position of the S-shaped limb as there were no means of fixing it in its natural position. We could only give its shape in the picture. A part of it had been lost. Sheep had broken it off and probably ice and wind

had broken off the other. I have had them photographed separately to show their shape and conformity to the sketches made, one of the vision and the other of the scene (Figures XXIX and XXX). It must be remembered that the psychic had told Mr. Thompson that he would find that one limb was not there. This was really one of the most important limbs. Before finding the trees Mr. Thompson had told me that the S-shaped limb was not painted exactly as it grew on the tree. He mentioned that it was round and curved before the part painted began. The reader will see that this was correct and that he had assumed the privilege of an artist in altering its appearance.

The sketch which Mr. Thompson had in his sketch-book and which he said he had drawn before going to the place to paint the trees shows a more realistic conception than the painting. The characteristic limb in the foreground is not exactly the shape of that in the vision sketch and the picture but it is exactly representative of the limb that was broken off and shown in Figure XXIX. But the sketch was not only a means of identifying the place and trees, but also the model by which he finished the picture. The rocks are not identical in location with those in the vision sketch and painting, but in a storm they would be more nearly like the painting and vision sketch, tho Mr. Thompson thinks it quite possible that he finished the picture at the spot where he had expected to find the trees originally, as he did not finish it at the place where the trees are, nor at the time he painted the first outline of it.

One important thing should be remarked. Behind the group of trees painted was one almost exactly like the group painted on the island and identifying the Black Wood, and at the left, facing the Sound, was a shore almost identical with the shore seen in this same picture. It is quite possible that this resemblance had given rise to the illusion in Mr. Thompson's mind that the trees were near the "Black Woods." The relations of space in the groups of trees were the same, and with the actual resemblances between the two groups of trees and the shore might naturally impress a man

whose sense of locality is as poor as Mr. Thompson's with the illusion that led to the failure to find the desired trees on the first two visits.

But all the combined characteristics were found in the two trees and the general features of the shore and rocks to insure both the veracity of Mr. Thompson and the identity of the scene and the original vision sketch. There were the branching limb at the root of one tree, the S-shaped limb for the other, the characteristic limb of the first now broken off, and the decayed cleft in this same tree. The various features of the place remarked before we found it and the sketch (Figure XXV) made when there and shown me on the second trip undoubtedly identify the place and trees while the characteristics mentioned identify the scene with the intention of the vision sketch. The idealization in the painting is not great, perhaps not more than every artist is entitled to indulge. But whether or not the evidence seems to be at least fairly good for the identity of the original vision sketch and the scene as well as the painting. We could hardly suspect Mr. Thompson of deceiving unless we assumed this identity, while his honesty and intended veracity would be implied in the denial of the identity.

In regard to this idealization of scenes Mr. Thompson adds his knowledge of what seems to have been true in Mr. Gifford in the scenes which he actually painted in the same locality.

"I find that Mr. Gifford idealized his work to considerable extent. For instance, the large picture called 'On the Shores of Vineyard Sound' at the exhibition of his works at the American Art Galleries, I found when I visited the scene that he had entirely left out dense woods in the distance on top of the hill and the shape of the largest tree was considerably changed in form, and a stone wall that ran the entire length of the valley was left out entirely; the rocks in the foreground were greatly enlarged and their form changed. In fact very much more idealized than my picture of the 'Battle of the Elements,' for the conditions during a heavy southeast storm with heavy fog and high tide were almost identical with the picture."

The following is the record of the sitting with Mrs. S—— held on the morning we left New York and given to me before the steamer left the dock.

New York, July 1st, 1908.

I see the trees. They are on a rounding bank. The land slopes down. One limb is not there. It has blown away or been struck by lightning. It changes the appearance of the tree.

(Do you see any landmarks by which I can locate them?)

The water bends around quickly and beyond is where men have been at work. I see something like a round building. I can't see what it is; it may be used for cattle or a bridge—like a rustic bridge, in front is a cleared place, then trees beyond.

(On what part of the island is it?)

You face the rising sun. I see houses near it. It is not exactly east, when you face the rising sun; it is on your left hand.

(Are there trees near it?)

When you stand on the bridge and face the south they are on the left hand [indicating this].

No trace of men having been at work near the place was noticeable, and no "round building," as indicated. But there was apparently some confusion in this incident, as indicated by the reference to a bridge as satisfying the terms of the impression. The bridge already mentioned is not in detail a rustic bridge, but might be said to be this in general. The trees are on a rounding bank, a promontory about twenty feet wide, the Sound on one side and a marsh on the other. This is indeed a very marked feature of the spot, and as already remarked, one, in fact two, of the limbs were broken down. One was blown down, as said, or broken by ice. The group of trees desired were on the left as you faced east. The reference to lightning was wrong, and would not be made by any one who knew the trees. There was a clearing on the left of the bridge, and houses were not far off, but to the north and not visible from the bridge. As you faced the south on the bridge the trees were exactly to the left, and "not exactly east." In fact, the statements of the medium, who was never at the place and could not possibly have known anything about it were remarkably accurate, with the exceptions observed.

The coincidences and accidents by which we were led to

the right place are worth noting. First, if we had persisted in going to the point for which we started we should have wholly failed again. Secondly, if the tide had not been running as it was we should also have failed. Thirdly, if Mr. Thompson had gotten his coat and come to the boat at once we should have missed our object. Fourthly, if we had sailed around into Vineyard Sound we should have also failed. The combination of circumstances which enabled us to attain our object was thus quite remarkable. The assumption all the time was, and this by Mr. Thompson as well as the rest of us, that the group of trees was on the island on which Gifford had done much of his work, but the sequel proved that it was not on this island. It was on the small island on which Gifford was born, separated from the other by a very narrow stream connecting Vineyard Sound with Hadley Bay.

As bearing upon the relation between the vision with the sketch from it (Figure XXIII) and the painting of the actual scene the following answers to my questions sent to Mr. Thompson just after my return from the first visit to the island will have some interest. I desired to know how much Mr. Thompson knew of Mr. Gifford and his painting and whether he had been influenced by the vision in his painting the actual scene.

8. Answers to Questions.

The vision of the trees by the sea came to me just at various times during the month of September, 1905, and at that time I made a drawing of this vision, also made one later in the fall of the same vision, although slightly different in character as it was clearer and lasted longer, both of these sketches I left with Prof. Hyslop.

The only painting I had ever seen of Gifford's up to that time was a sketch of salt marshes which contained no trees. I saw that picture in New Bedford a great many years ago, I cannot recall just when, but think it was about 24 years ago. It was the only painting of Gifford's I had ever seen until I visited the exhibition in 1906, and at the exhibition I saw no painting that would suggest the picture "Battle of the Ele-

ments." This could be verified by showing a photograph of the painting "Battle of the Elements" to Mr. Kirby, the auctioneer of the American Art Galleries, who had charge of the sale, also to Mrs. Gifford.

I asked Miss Gifford May 8, 1907, if Mr. Gifford had ever painted a large picture of storm beaten trees by the sea, and she said that storm beaten trees were always a favorite subject of his, but that his smaller pictures had never satisfied him. I asked her where he found his subjects for these pictures, and she said on "one of the Elizabeth Islands," where he was born. She asked me if I had ever been there, and I told her I never had, as I had understood one must get a special permit to land, as it is a private estate. She said that it is not necessary now, but that one could only remain for the day as there are no hotel accommodations there.

I was told at this time that groups of trees always impressed Mr. Gifford from infancy. He was born on one of the Elizabeth Islands, and he left the island at the age of two years. After this he had in his mind a group of trees that he could not find around his home. At the age of ten years he again visited the island, he at once recognized near his birth-place the group of trees that had remained in his mind from infancy.

Often while painting my picture, the vision came to me, as I had seen it in 1905 and my effort was to paint my vision as I saw it, taking only the color and detail from the actual scene.

Yes, the broken limb was sketched from nature and I feel sure it was on the tree near the ocean that is in my picture "Battle of the Elements."

I saw the limb which turns on itself and goes back on a tree, on "one of the Elizabeth Islands," but in a different locality from the group near the sea. The crooked limb was on the second tree, similar to my painting.

(FREDERIC L. THOMPSON, May 19, 1908.)

Chapter III.

COMMENTS ON THE MEDIUMISTIC RECORDS.

The first circumstance to be remarked with care and emphasis is that the first sittings with all of the psychics concerned were under their complete ignorance of the man and of the facts connected with him. The reason for the utmost precautions is apparent and I need not explain. I have already indicated the conditions under which the first sitting with Mrs. Rathbun was held. I repeat here only that I arranged for it without either party having any knowledge of the other and took Mr. Thompson to the sitting under the name Smith, required him to remain silent for a time, and I took the notes. The nature of the case up to this time was not known to any but Mr. Thompson and myself, with perhaps a friend or two of Mr. Thompson's. The same conditions prevailed at the first sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth a few months afterward. In this latter case Mr. Thompson was not introduced to the séance room until Mrs. Chenoweth was in a trance, and left the room before she came out of it at the end of the sitting. The same ignorance of the man and his experience prevailed at the first sittings of the later series of both psychics.

I say nothing about the character of the psychics for this period of the experiment because I did not and do not care what it was. The conditions of the experiment excluded the only objections which a sceptic can raise when dealing with mediums that are more or less known to the public, namely, detective fraud. This was excluded by the nature of the precautions taken and by the various other circumstances that made it impossible to obtain previous knowledge of either the man or the facts. If Mr. Thompson had previously been interested in the subject and had been an attendant of spiritualistic circles some doubts or possibilities might

be suggested. But his ignorance of them and the fact that my experiment with him was his first contact with the subject are adequate indications of the difficulties of obtaining any normal knowledge of his experiences. What may be entertained for later sittings when there was some normal knowledge of the case may be left to the critic to determine for himself. The case was practically settled before that stage of the experiments had been reached. Besides no such objections can hold to the sittings with Mrs. Smead, who was ignorant throughout of the man and the facts.

An impartial student will not find enough to support a destructive theory throughout the records. He may find conditions for minimizing the importance of certain incidents, but if he evades others and the nature of the incidents communicated, he will succeed only in diverting his attention from the real issue.

There are certain features of the records which should receive special attention on the part of the psychologist and critic. The careful reader and critic will observe at least surface indications of guessing and inferences by the psychics from hints or statements made by the sitter, and the most of these must be made before admitting the relevance of the claim for supernormal information. It matters not whether the process on the part of the psychic is conscious or unconscious; the interest of the phenomenon is the same. In any case where the medium remains normally conscious the mental process of guessing and interpretation is inevitable on any theory of the facts. It might be regarded as even legitimate when the psychic is honest, whatever effect it may have on the estimation of the evidential character of the content. But as the reader desires first to be satisfied of the medium's honesty it is important to exclude guessing and inference from the explanation of the statements made. This is a truism, but is stated here for the purpose of indicating the point of view from which the present records have been studied where there are certainly opportunities opened to the mental processes described. The advantage of a trance is that it is supposed to shut out the normal habits of guessing and inference, but while it may exclude normal acts of this

kind there is no reason for assuming that the subliminal condition is not capable of the same acts, even to a higher degree. Not that we know it to be such but that our ignorance of its nature and habits prevent us from wholly denying it. The assumption of Spiritualism generally, on the ground that the spirit controls the whole content transmitted during a trance, that the mental habits and powers of the medium do not affect the matter of the messages, is responsible for the idea that a trance excludes guessing and inference. But the really scientific man cannot concede this assumption, tho he may be wholly ignorant of the nature and limitations of the subliminal which he invokes to assign limits to the evidential matter claimed for spirit communication. In estimating the evidence for the supernormal he must assume, however untrue in fact it may be, that the same mental processes are potent in the trance as prevail in the normal state, tho the content of the normal be excluded. It will require investigation to determine the nature of the trance and the processes involved during it. But conceding the largest range of activity to the subject's or medium's mental action we must determine the evidence by the impossibility of acquiring the information presented by any process of guessing and inference whether conscious or unconscious. Our conception of these, of course, must be determined by the standards of the normal mind. Any other criterion is to admit the supernormal which is the question.

With this accepted it will not be necessary to lay any stress on the presence of a trance in the psychic. All that the trance does is to exclude normal memory of what has occurred, at least in so far as our evidential problem is concerned. The whole question is what mental processes are either actually or possibly involved in the results to affect their character or the belief as to their source.

Two of the psychics were normally conscious during the experiments. I say normally conscious because they knew what was said by them and had a normal memory of the facts. They were probably more or less in a condition in which the control of the normal consciousness over the organism was modified, but in so far as consciousness of their

surroundings and of what was going on is concerned they were normal. From what we know of the evidence for the supernormal, whether spiritistic or telepathic, the minds of such subjects must be influenced by the ordinary interpretative processes in the receipt of impressions. They cannot avoid it. If they were entirely passive they might be exempt from this suspicion or accusation. But no mind in its normal state can escape the natural influence of association and inference. It can only suppress its content when it arises and so disregard it for impressions which it feels are not the natural product of these mental processes. I have seen this done at times and to the detriment of the evidence for the supernormal. But in all cases where the message, telepathic or otherwise, has to pass through an active mind, conscious or subliminal, the modification of it by the natural processes of that mind is inevitable, and so we must assume this as prior to all questions of either honesty or dishonesty.

The first experiments in each case excluded even the possibility of fraud of the detective type and as there were evidences of the supernormal in these first sittings we need not reckon with the ordinary objections from that point of view, and hence have only the question of guessing and inference from hints of the sitter to consider. I shall not admit that these processes are facts in the case without evidence. It would be a mere opinion on my part and it will be a mere opinion on the part of the reader that they are factors in the results. There can be no doubt that there are situations where these processes are open to suspicion of their presence, but the assumption that they are facts must be proved. Indeed, I think that a careful examination of the facts will show that they are not important factors in any instance and perhaps not present at all in any sense that would throw suspicion on the honesty of the medium. I know the personalities well enough to say that I am confident that no illegitimate guessing or inferences were active in the phenomena, no matter what the appearance of them is. But I shall not present that opinion as worth anything and shall not estimate the material presented on any other ground than the impossibility that certain incidents could be explained in that way.

I may therefore weigh the facts without prejudice to their value, after conceding, provisionally at least, that guessing and inference may be possibly applied to certain situations.

I should state here that I have altered the real names of all the psychics with whom I experimented. Three of them expressed the desire that their names should not be given publicity, and nothing was said to the other two about the matter. Various reasons, however, make it best to withhold their identity, and the reader may understand that none of the names are the real ones. Mrs. Chenoweth was called Mrs. Smith in the papers published in the *Journal* of 1907 (Vol. I, p. 133).

In the first sitting with Mrs. Rathbun it is evident that guessing and inference are not prevalent and perhaps not accusable at all. It may be possible to suspect that this was the process in the medium's question whether there were four children or not, but the insistence on it after the sitter's denial deprives the critic of the right to persist in the suspicion, and especially when the sitter himself later discovered that the medium was correct in the number and also about one of them dying very young, tho the statement seems to exclude the same fact of the other who died young. There is psychological evidence of a mind alert for the reception of information, but, while we have to be watchful for its seeking this from the mind of the sitter, the peculiarly confused character of irrelevant statements rather tends to show that this alertness is for the interpretation of imperfect and confusing messages from elsewhere. This is especially noticeable in the allusion to the Adirondacks and to England. There is no excuse for any mind trying to guess or infer in that manner. The phenomena are much more like the confusion of a number of persons speaking into a telephone than a conscious mind guessing and inferring from hints let fall by the sitter. This is true of the whole sitting, and of course the limitation of the incidents to perfectly relevant ones, even when not evidential, to say nothing of those which are evidential, is so much against the actual influence of guessing and inference in any instance. There is also, for those who know the persons concerned and the facts involved, the clear

pertinence of many statements whose value could not be made clear to the general reader. But they fit in so distinctly with the personalities involved, especially when we compare the record with similar records of other sitters in which the facts are not repeated, that they even approach an evidential value of high character. But they will not appear objectively so to the general reader. All that he can understand is the simple statement that there is nothing said in this sitting which does not have relevance, even when false. Take the statements about the sitter's mother. His mother was living and his grandmother deceased. The psychic thought the communicator to be his mother. When this was denied as applying to his mother the medium insists on the reality of a deceased person and asks if his mother was "not across the water." This again was denied, tho his grandmother's ancestry had actually come from across the water. But when the statement implied by the question was denied the reference to Austria was again false, but showed persistence in the same idea when the friend possibly meant actually did speak German. This sort of thing, so near the specific facts and near enough to suggest what they are, is such good evidence of the genuineness of the phenomena, even when not reaching the level of conclusive evidence, that we may well assign it a high character of interest when associated with hits that have unquestionably evidential value.

The sitting with Mrs. Salter does not exhibit such clear evidence of the supernormal, but it does show a mental struggle to get it. There is much more irrelevant matter and perhaps indications of the process which must be described as guessing. There are curious hits or words which are wholly unlike guessing, considering the environment in which they occur, and which, once assuming that the supernormal has been proved and that it is characterized by this type of association, suggest a casual idea forced through the difficulties that the supernormal has to encounter in imperfect and undeveloped psychics; for instance, the abrupt allusion to an operation, in a situation not at all calculated to suggest it, and also without interest except as associated with the more direct and complete evidence in another record that the in-

cident had pertinence (p. 135). There are several hints of this kind in this record and I need not dwell upon them in detail. But what I do have to emphasize is the fact that the record would have no value at all, but for its relation to those which do present evidential incidents. Only the resemblance of the incidents to those more clearly expressed and more fully detailed in other sittings can create any suggestion of the supernormal in it. The appearance of guessing would be much greater by itself than in comparison with records which it manifestly suggests, as containing more confused and fragmentary hints of the incidents intended than in the others. It thus throws light, certainly more light upon the conditions through which the supernormal has to force itself than records which have better evidence, and it is this fact that has induced me to lay stress upon a record which, of itself, would have no scientific importance whatever. But having its credentials partly protected by its relation to the others it deserves a place and interest, even tho it does nothing more than illustrate the colored medium through which transcendental influences have to penetrate.

It should be remarked that neither Mrs. Rathbun nor Mrs. Salter asked or received any pay for their work. Mrs. Chenoweth had to leave her home work and come to New York to give her sittings and hence received pay for her sittings.

In the first sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth there is an important and critical situation created by the carelessness of the sitter. It illustrates the dangers of trusting the evidence on this subject to amateurs and suggests the worthlessness of the average report of such phenomena without a verbatim record of what the sitter says. Early in the sitting, when the communicator was trying to identify himself by a specific reference to some article well calculated to do this, namely, something associated with a key-ring, the sitter, actually interrupting the course of things, asked if it had anything to do with paint. This was a clear hint to any guessing medium to suspect that the communicator was an artist. Of course, the question of the sitter might be a ruse to throw the medium off her guard or it might refer to a common painter, but as the psychic usually assumes the *bona fide* character of

the sitter or has evidence of it in his manner, tho in this case the medium had not seen him normally, the natural step to take after such a query was to infer that the communicator was an artist. Hence the final recognition of this fact loses its evidential value. The question opens wide possibilities for guessing and inference, no matter whether we assume that the medium is conscious or unconscious, and also without assuming that she is in any respect dishonest either consciously or unconsciously. The inevitable limitation assigned to the mental state of the psychic, even when assumed to be *en rapport* with any transcendental influence, telepathic or spiritistic, must tend to diminish the value of all general reference to art and artists. The incidents will have to be very specific after that to obtain the credit of the supernormal.

It is true Mrs. Chenoweth does not immediately seize the opportunity to guess that the communicator is an artist. She pursues the natural course of genuine phenomena and one would have to attribute to her policy the shrewd fear that her mental process would be detected if she immediately spoke of an artist and that is perhaps what the educated and accustomed fraud would do. But at no time during the sitting does she show the direct influence of this hint to say distinctly that he is an artist. It is assumed in the nature of the messages and when these are not specifically opposed to the possibility of guessing and inference they may be disqualified. I think it will be apparent that the incidents which are not mentioned are hardly inferential from the hint of Mr. Thompson, whatever the theory adopted. The most natural interpretation of many of them would be that they were with reference to conditions that could not be verified at all, no matter how true they might be. Only a few of them are naturally inferrible from the profession intimated by the sitter. Some of them are past guessing and some of them, tho not evidential, are not amenable to a theory of guessing or inference. They are pertinent to supernormal processes even when we have to refuse them value for proving it. But while this is the fact it need not be urged in apology or defence of the record. That must be secured in the incidents which no

intelligent person would suspect as guessing or inference from the mere idea of art.

Such, for instance, is the reference to a rug, especially taken with the previous allusions which do not tend to suggest it. Besides there were good hits before Mr. Thompson let slip his unwary hint, as the notes will show. In addition are many later facts of a specific character which do not yield readily to a theory of guessing and inference. The notes will make this clear enough and I need not to mention instances.

Another opportunity for guessing was afforded later in the sitting by Mr. Thompson when he asked for a description of the trees by the ocean (p. 127). He should have couched his question in some such terms as a scene which had been in his mind, and the mere mention of trees would have been a hit. Fortunately the specific points mentioned by the psychic showed that the mind was trying to do something better than guessing. But the opportunity was open for it in the hint which his question gave. If better evidence had not been present in the case than what followed this suggestion the phenomena would not have been impressive, and it was this reason that induced me to experiment until more specific hits could be obtained which, whatever the explanation, could not be attributed to such simple sources.

There is one thing, however, in the record of Mrs. Chenoweth that the sceptic will be quick to notice. It is the general and uneventful character of much of the communications. He will be tempted strongly to regard it as "chaff" and if we were dependent upon this type of fact alone for our judgment of the case no other verdict would be possible. Undoubtedly there is here a large admixture of the medium's own mind acting on the material which comes to it, and less in rapport with the transcendental than is necessary to satisfy the rigid standards of science when the question of the supernormal is concerned. It would require many cases of this type of phenomena to select after comparison any evidence whatever of outside influences of any kind. But the trance is not a deep one and there is little to exclude the interpreting functions of the mind from acting on indistinct

impressions transmitted to it from the outside. This view, of course, depends for its right to recognition upon the admission that there is some supernormal material, and that is afforded by incidents in the case in general, especially in records which do not receive publication in this record. But the later sittings furnish some of these without doubt and we may thus approach the non-evidential matter with an hypothesis for explaining the limitations of the evidential.

Another interesting psychological feature should be remarked. The sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth upon which I have commented were in the lighter trance when the control was a girl to whom I give the name Starlight to conceal her identity. To most critical persons Mrs. C. would not seem to be in a trance at all during this control. Her eyes are closed, but in every other respect except a childish voice and certain childish manners she would be thought normal, and these peculiarities would be regarded as simulated. It is apparent that the auditory sense is as active as normally, since ordinary sounds are readily perceived, and in fact, there seems to be a hyperaesthetic condition of this sense. Apparently also the sense of touch is ordinarily active, so that only vision seems unable to respond to natural and normal stimuli. But the evidence of a genuine trance is the amnesia after the sitting. There is no memory of anything that has occurred. The trance shows a subliminal memory of the normal life, but the normal consciousness shows no memory of the trance phenomena. This I carefully tested in various ways.

It will be noticed that the records of this trance do not show any distinct consciousness of my object in having the experiment. The communicator does not seem to understand that it is his personal identity that I am seeking. He seems to approach the matter as an occasion which gives him or others the opportunity simply to say what they desire, whether it be advice and general conversation or incidents which casually indicate their identity. Often in the generally non-evidential matter is a word or a phrase or hint of an incident that proves identity. But there seems to be no limitation or effort to give limitation to the messages so that they would show a conscious desire to prove the communi-

cator's identity. The same is true to a considerable extent with the sittings with Mrs. Rathbun, except the first one.

But these characteristics are not marked in the last sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth. About two years ago, some time after the death of Dr. Hodgson, Mrs. C. showed a tendency, under the control of a group of which Dr. Hodgson was apparently one, to do automatic writing. This we have been developing ever since until it has become an excellent vehicle for the typical phenomena of that method. The apparent group managing it are Dr. Hodgson, George Pelham, of the Piper case, and Mr. Myers. It was during their supervision of them that the phenomena changed their character. The mass of communications which the reader would deem as unnecessary and irrelevant began to be curtailed and the effort was made to limit them to the matter which would express the object of communication to a scientific man. There was the gradual and spontaneous development of a desire to communicate matter which bore directly upon personal identity. The communicators were conscious of the problem as they were when living and when opportunity offered directed the writing to that end.

When I brought Mr. Thompson to this last series of sittings I expressed my desire to have the identity of a certain person more distinctly proved. I did not say who it was or anything about him that would suggest his identity. I had been wholly unsatisfied with the data of the previous experiments. They had not presented as definite or as large an amount of evidence as was necessary to enforce conviction on this point. What I said was, of course, a suggestion to limit the evidence to identity incidents and the fact that it was consistently done has no evidential significance, but the reader will remark that the effort was persistently made to supply specific incidents to prove the identity of Mr. Gifford. His name did not come at any time, but as I had learned that proper names are much more difficult in the case of Mrs. C. than in that of Mrs. Piper where they are difficult enough, I did not press for the name. I was content to have a collective group of incidents that would prove this without having the name, as in my "Experiments on the Identification of

Personality" (*Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, Vol. XVI, pp. 537-623). The appreciation of the situation was clear and the effort as pertinacious to gratify my desire. A most interesting incident in it was the spontaneous confession of the communicator that his object all along in the work on the other side was to prove his identity, and considering that three artist judges had identified him without knowing the facts about the pictures was a circumstance of no mean importance in showing how effective he had been in this independently of the specific incidents in this record.

Mrs. Chenoweth often felt, during her subliminal states, and possibly in her normal state, that she might not be doing good work, and I had as often to make her feel that there was no ground for her own dissatisfaction. While the results contain much more evidence of an influence from her subconscious action than in the case of Mrs. Piper, they were rich enough in supernormal information to make this intrusion of her subliminal action a welcome fact. For that reason I have included in the detailed record all the "chaff" at the sittings. The truly scientific man will not complain of this, but will regard it as equally important with the supernormal facts.

The symbols used in making the detailed record are the same as in previous reports. For details in this respect I may refer to Vol. I, p. 594. But I shall repeat the most important features of the record so that it may be read intelligently without that reference.

Matter which is *not* contained in any enclosures is what was said or written by the medium.

Matter enclosed in *parentheses* is what was said by the sitter or other person present, as designated.

Matter enclosed in *square brackets* represents various notes and comments inserted either at the time or later to explain the psychological situation not otherwise intelligible or the meaning of various incidents.

Asterisks indicate that certain words or sentences were not heard or were not legible.

Dots or successive periods indicate that a word or sentence was not finished, whether by the medium or the sitter.

Chapter IV.

DETAILED RECORDS.

I. Sitting With Mrs. Rathbun.

New York, January 18th, 1907.

I arranged with Mrs. Rathbun to have a sitting with a gentleman who was to her an entire stranger and who had never before seen a medium. He had had some interesting experiences himself which will be described in his report, and it was my desire to have this experiment to see if anything occurred to suggest that his experiences were not purely secondary personality. I arranged for the sitting over the telephone without giving any names. This was on Wednesday and it was arranged first for 11 A. M. on Friday, but afterward Mrs. Rathbun saw that she had an engagement and wrote me that she could not keep the appointment, but could make one for the evening of the same day. I agreed, and informed the gentleman of the fact. I did not tell him where Mrs. Rathbun lived, and so went with him myself to take notes. The following is the result.

The first thing I see is two persons. One is out of the body and one is in it. You stand like a person upside down. The condition you bring with you is one of great confusion. The lady is close to you, like a mother to a child. I can't say how she addresses you. It is in a foreign language, not unlike German. Her hair is beautiful, parted and drawn on one side, full of sympathy. Near her is an individual. I do not see him very well. His features I can't see clearly, tho' I see a strong profile. Is there not an article about you that belongs to him? Anything like a

watch [I had my wife's watch on the floor wrapped up in oiled silk and a paper.—J. H. H.] [Note 1.]

[The reader should remark or be informed that the first ten Notes, except what is enclosed in square brackets, are in the language of Mr. Thompson who was asked to explain the possible meaning of the statements in the first sitting with Mrs. Rathbun. The matter in square brackets has been inserted by myself in further explanation of the record.]

This man has a splendid nose. It looks like there were papers around you. I see you stroking a pen. You are misunderstood. You are surrounded by people and don't express yourself easily.

The man has a marked nose. Do you know anyone this describes?

(I recognize a man, but not the lady.)

There is a mystery about the end of his life. Didn't he commit suicide? He was calm and gentle. Probably he suffered financially. He was a born genius, with the tenderest feelings, but never demonstrative. His profile he wanted to show me. Something the matter with his tooth. Hands like a woman. This finger [first left finger, holding her finger up and showing

1. A lady who has spent many years in Germany and is the wife of a German and speaks the language has been the closest to me in sympathy and helpful advice and has been my greatest help in bringing me out of this confusion. While talking to me she often used German words and expressions. She has beautiful hair, parted, and comes to one side. She had an uncle Charles, a man of great psychic powers.

[Mr. Thompson's grandmother, who might be treated as the communicator, supposing that we may consider the reference as relevant at all, was of Scotch ancestry, and hence his interpretation of the possible allusion to a living friend may be regarded as doubtful, apart from the conception of it as a chance coincidence. I do not deny the possibility of the reference to the lady he had in mind. But it is very confused on that assumption. There is no relevance to Mr. Thompson's mention of the name Charles, except as a possible anticipation of the allusion to it in the first sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 114). For Mr. Thompson showed some tendencies at the sittings to catching relevant impressions or incidents whether we charge them to association or not.

The reference to crossing the water has a curious relevance to the friend Mr. Thompson had in mind when he wrote his note. Whether it is due to guessing or chance coincidence cannot be determined.]

that something was the matter about the nail] tapers. He was fond of painting. [Note 2.]

You have done automatic writing. Had he been a sufferer from rheumatism? [Note 3.]

Is your mother in the spirit?

(No.)

Is she across the water?

(No.)

Was she Austrian?

(No.)

There is a lady who passed out with consumption. Is your father in life?

(I don't.....)

Wait a moment. Your confusion is with material things.

[Raps were heard apparently some distance behind Mrs. R.] [Note 1.]

Your mother is not well. Something the matter with her limbs is there not? Her mental anxiety is not for you. She is longing for your father. He has been fifteen years absent. Married. [Note 5.] Something the matter with this leg [slapping hand on right thigh.] [Note 4.]

2. I can find only one person who answers to the description, the artist, Robert Swain Gifford, who died January 15, 1905. I was slightly acquainted with him, he had a very strong profile, his strong nose and forehead was noticeable from the fact he had a full beard and mustache. He had rather delicately shaped hands. He was one of our most original artists. He died suddenly in his prime, with his most important work unfinished, from angina pectoris or rheumatism of the heart, following a slight cold. He was a very gentle, lovable man, very modest, a member of the National Academy and for many years at the head of the art school of Cooper Union.

[He did not commit suicide: in fact, had no temptations to this. The allusion is evidently one suggested by the idea of sudden death. He had a profile photograph, a cut of which was published in the catalogue of his pictures.]

3. I have made drawings and paintings automatically.

5. My parents have been separated temporarily by business reasons for about 15 years.

4. My mother has not been well for several years. Her trouble is an arm. My wife has trouble with the left knee caused by sickness.

[There is nothing in the medium's statement to indicate that the slap-

Who do you call Lou? [Note 6.]

(No.)

Were there four children?

(No, two.)

No, has there not been four children. One died very young.
[Note 7.]

Your effort is for science. This man was a beautifully artistic man. There was something the matter with this finger [fore-finger.] [Note 8.] He says he ended his own existence.

Who is Edward? [Note 9.]

(I don't recall.)

Is it any one in Scotland?

(I don't know.)

How about his fingers and hands? Was that right?

(Yes.)

He was discouraged and left his work unfinished.

(I have in thought an unfinished picture, a beautiful scene in nature, oak trees by the ocean.)

Has it been missing?

(I want to know where the place is. I think it is a scene he wanted to paint.)

[Pause.]

ping of the leg referred to the trouble of Mrs. Thompson. The natural interpretation would be that it referred to Mr. Gifford for whom it seems not to have been pertinent, so far as has been ascertained. The only circumstance to suggest the possibility of reference to Mrs. Thompson is the rapid movement of the medium's thought and the name Lou, which might have been a defective reference to Mr. Thompson's name Louie. The correct number in the family suggests also the keeping of the reference within that range.]

6. I have an aunt Lou.

[Mr. Thompson's own middle name is Louis, and he later recognized "Louie" as possibly referring to him.]

7. There have been four children in my father's family, one, by first wife, who died at the age of ten. Three children by the second wife (my mother), one of whom died very young.

8. Not proven.

9. No Edward known, altho my mother's family originally came from Scotland.

[Mr. Gifford died with much unfinished work. This seems to have been indicated a little earlier in the sitting also.]

Not in the Adirondacks. I hear, "Mountains." I go to England. The trees are not there. I see foliage of American autumn. One tree is fallen over.

(Yes.)

Covered with leaves. Trees are down. One is broken. It is a knotty sort of tree.

(Yes.)

Two are standing, one is fallen. Leaves are brown and yellow.

(What is the color of the sea?)

Bluish rather than green. Looks as if the leaves were blown into it. A vista looks through brown beautiful tints.

(Where?)

No, I don't see. Looks as if it took a steamer. It is far, very far. Mild temperature.

(It is a place where people seldom go.)

Seems so. There never was and never will be another picture from that. The water looks black now. It is not populated thickly. The tree was knotty, was it not?

(Yes.)

There was not a green leaf on it.

(No.) [Notes 10 and 11.]

10. The island of ———, one of the Elizabeth Islands, at the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, corresponds to the description mentioned. It is reached by steamer. Is owned by Mr. C—— of Boston. One must get a special permit to land. Only a few people on the island. It is the birth-place of Mr. Gifford and he got his studies of trees on this island around Tarpaulin Cove. On the south shore of this island he painted autumn trees almost exclusively and was very fond of old trees near the ocean. Mr. Gifford was born on this island I am told by his daughter. Also he left the island at the age of two years and during his boyhood days retained a strong impression of a group of trees, and when he again visited the island at the age of ten years he found near his home the group of trees that made this strong impression on his mind at this early age.

FREDERIC LOUIS THOMPSON.

11. The description of the scene asked for is accurate as far as it goes and represents what Mr. Thompson had in mind, namely, the hallucination by which he had drawn the sketch in Figure XXIII, and which is supposedly represented by the group of trees discovered later (Figure XXVI). The details are not as specific as demonstrative evidence requires, but the number of standing trees, the American autumn and foli-

[Here Mrs. R. paused and changed to Dr. Hodgson. I placed a hat band of my father-in-law on the table wrapped first in oiled silk and then paper, so that it was not seen, and besides it was not touched.]

That is not yours, not his [referring to sitter]. I get a lady's influence here. I see something like braiding. Was it given you by a living person?

(Yes.)

Did you get this in your own house?

(Yes.)

In a drawer?

(No.)

[Pause.]

(In a box.)

Was it wrapped around here [placing her hands about her neck and breast]. It has been ripped from something.

(Yes.)

It is like a piece of lining.

(Yes.)

[I then placed my wife's watch on the table, wrapped as the other object was.]

This is more like a mineral. This is harder. Does it not click when it opens. This is a metal. Would it click if it opened. It has a sort of spring to it. There are not matches in it. It has a spring.

age, brown and yellow tints, color of the sea—latter not important—and possibly the fallen tree, really a branch, are all correct characteristics as the reader may see. The reference to a "knotty" tree was good, as all the oaks of that region are very much gnarled.

The confusion about the Adirondacks and England is interesting. I have made the Adirondacks my haunt with my wife and father-in-law, and Mr. Gifford has been in England. Mrs. R—— knew probably, or at least could have known, my experience, but not that of Mr. Gifford. Evidently the reference to England, which is unimportant, might have been a method of directing the medium's mind toward the place and away from the Adirondacks. The island supposedly referred to is very thinly populated. There are but two or three families living upon it, and all but the man near the lighthouse live at one end of the island and are in charge of the summer residences of the owner and his relatives who live in Boston.

All that was said with reference to these articles might be treated as pure guessing, tho the hit about the "lining" may not have been that. What was said to the gentleman whom I brought was more relevant. He afterward recognized it as an accurate description of the artist by whom he seems obsessed. He had a striking nose and profile, delicate hands, a mysterious death, but manner of it not known to sitter, was acquainted with the sitter, and a picture of the sitter's own drawing seemed to have something of the reminiscences of this artist. The record seems to show that the picture was fairly well described, judging from the answers of the sitter. The man told me afterward that while Mrs. R. was talking about where the place was, about which inquiry was made, he got the impression that it was one of the Elizabeth Islands which he said could only be reached by a steamer, that the island was owned by but one man, and so not thickly populated. He did not know or think of this before, tho he knew that this artist was born on the island.

The man also told me that the account of his father and mother was correct.

2. **Sitting With Mrs. Salter.**

March 28th, 1908, 9 P. M.

Present Mr. F. L. Thompson. J. H. Hyslop taking notes at first.

I arranged for the present experiment some days ago and had Mr. Thompson come to the house without any knowledge of the lady he was to meet. He was not introduced when brought in, but sat down at a table provided. I took notes. Owing to the slowness with which impressions were obtained and delivered and the pauses between I was able to make a perfectly verbatim account.

When we sat down she asked if there was any special line of work the man expected, and I replied for him that it was the same as that done for me. I wanted the man to keep quiet. He did so and uttered nothing except as I mark it in parentheses. I made the statements or asked the questions usually until I left the room. After a long pause with her head resting on her hand and eyes closed she began.

I seem to get two or three lines [pause]. I get business. What it is I cannot say.

[At this point she asked for a piece of paper and a pencil. They were given her, and she began to write automatically. The first three attempts are illegible. But they seem to have been the means of helping her to get impressions, as she continued orally after a pause.]

It seems as if I get you using your hand a great deal [moving her own hand as if drawing] but you write or draft or sketch a great deal. All of expression and all—[pause]. [Hand drawing lines in the air again.] It is awful. One tries to give voice and can't. Can't give utterance. It seems like pent up feelings and expressions. [Writing again.] Frank [pause]. No, it is Funk. [Name Funk written.] That is what the word is [pause]. [Hand writing again.] J. C. Crum. J. Crum. [So read by Mrs. Salter.] [Pause.] [Cf. p. 165.]

[The name written is not *Crum*, but might be read several ways. It is not clearly legible.]

I see around you a great many people, especially men. There are young too. He uses his right hand a great deal.

(What for?)

Writing [pause] gestures [pause] also drafting, sketching. I can't see exactly what it is [pause]. It seems that I can't get into touch with him. Seems a barrier like a wall which makes it hard to come into touch with him [pause].

There is a question he wants to know and he has a craving and a longing to be answered, that is will it ever be, can it be accomplished through scientific aid [pause].

(Can what be accomplished?)

I am trying to see. An experience [pause] operation [pause].

(Have you any question to ask?) [Said by Mrs. Salter to siter. A paper and pencil was given him and a question was written. I watched Mrs. Salter and she threw her head back and looked at the ceiling. I could not see the question written, tho as near as the psychic and in a better position than she, as it was upside down to her and more or less shielded from her view. It was then folded twice and given to her. She held it a few moments in her hand without opening it and at no time did she

attempt to open the paper or look at the question. After the experiment I got the question and inserted it in the notes.]

(From what source do I receive my impressions?) [Not uttered.]

Is it a business question?

(Mr. T. No.) [Pause.]

I can't get it. I see you—Isn't there somebody experimenting and trying to develop you? I guess I am nervous [pause].

[Then medium places paper to forehead without opening it. It was an entire sheet of foolscap.] [Pause.]

Now I get it. It is about the spirit world.

(Mr. T. Yes.)

It was about loved ones in the spirit world. The question of their returning [pause]. There were three [pause] children?

(Mr. T. No.)

I give it as I get it. I get a wife.

(Mr. T. No.)

[Pause.]

I get the initials F. H. K. [Pause.] You are mediumistic yourself are you not?

(Mr. T. I think so.)

I think that is what they were showing me a while ago. Doesn't he write automatically?

[Hesitation on part of Mr. T. and I answered, No.]

[We then ceased the experiment and I resolved to leave the room so that my presence would not be a disturbing factor. I gave pencil and paper to Mr. Thompson and he made notes. He remained quiet and asked no questions and made no statements. The following were her statements. About half the way through Mr. Thompson found himself drawing lines automatically and actually drew a sketch of the picture which represents the most important of the views painted last summer. He says Mrs. Salter did not see what he did, and as soon as it was finished, he turned it over so that she could not see it.]

[Following is what the medium said.]

Returning from the spirit world and communicating they impress you and guide you in your work, in solving the mystery of the unknown. They tell me that I see them, that they show their * * I am guided by their voices—brother—mother—In

a large building with men, I see you going among them. You are worried about something, experimenting and investigating something. You use your hand. Painting, not portraits, pictures. I see the blue and the light tone, shading landscape. I see a picture partly finished up in the right hand corner, is also pale blue and gray in it too, tho gray and purple and the shadow is the shadow of a rock. In its right it is incomplete. The dark brown and red are going into the darkest of the brown and also green down to the surface of the water, and the background to the left is pale like clouds.

[Here Mr. Thompson began his automatic sketching.]

[The cut represents what Mr. Thompson drew automatically. The reader will remark its resemblance to Figures XXIII and XXV.]

The blue and white as if billows and the moon one-half or two-thirds risen, and then to the right it lights into green and blue, one part incomplete. They give that through their power in mental pictures [pause] create [pause]. I also get with this verse so portrayed that it comes through harmonic coloring or poetry, descriptive [pause]. A lady of thirty and two children with them.

[Mr. Thompson said after the sitting that, as he came into the house, and while this was going on he was thinking of a lady who is about thirty years of age and has two children.]



If the reader will compare this record with the others he will observe a few coincidences of some interest. First there is the correct hit of using the right hand and "writing, draft-

ing or sketching a great deal." He had done drafting when in his professional work and sketching or painting, as the reader knows, was his peculiar impulse at the time of this sitting and before.

The second point of interest is the evident description of a picture. No clear conception of the picture is given, but the details, tho they might fit many paintings, fit more specifically the picture which is represented in Figure XXVI and which Mr. Thompson was moved to sketch automatically. This fitness, however, is more in the colors represented than in features that would make it recognizable. There is no clear indication of the lines involved and it is possible that such indication of lines as does exist would apply to other paintings by Mr. Thompson. But the peculiar combination of scene and color, representing sea, sky, and colors of brown, gray, purple—probably intended for deep blue—and green suggest very strongly a general correctness in the statements of Mrs. Salter.

Mrs. Salter, however, on the date of the following letter, describes another picture. She had called at my house on some errand connected with her work and saw in my parlor a painting of Mr. Thompson representing a tree a little to the left, and said that what she saw that night was exactly like this picture except that the tree was at the right. I quote her letter.

New York, May 25th, 1908.

My dear Dr. Hyslop:

Please to tell your artist friend that I recognized his work immediately I saw it in your parlor and it is completed exactly as I saw and described it to him in coloring and detail with the exception that I had seen it reversed, meaning that the trees were on the right hand side of the canvas instead of the left. Also I did not see the "day moon" in the little canvas as I had seen and described.

L. G. SALTER.

The picture which would answer these statements, except for the "day moon" and the sea, will be found in Figure XVI. Mrs. Salter had evidently not known or had forgotten that the sea appeared in her vision at the sitting. The description more accurately applies to the "Battle of the Elements," tho the details are not sufficiently specific and characteristic to prove anything. I quote Mrs. Salter's later statements to show how dangerous it is to accept as conclusive descriptions which do not prove, no matter how fitting and suggestive they may be.

The following incidents have some interest for the super-normal. Mr. Thompson, as explained by the narrative, had sent his pictures home by express and as they had not been delivered when they should have been he became anxious and went to Boston to find them. Mrs. Thompson's account will explain the rest.

My husband, Frederick L. Thompson, became very much agitated after receiving a letter which said that the box containing all of the pictures he had painted at Cuttyhunk, "one of the Elizabeth Islands," and the Vineyard had left the address in Boston, Feb. 11, 1908, and that there was no trace of it there, as it was over a week since the box had left the Boston address, he felt that he must go there and try to locate it and went on the boat via Fall River that night, the 18th of Feb.

He expected to return by the 21st and as he had not written me or returned by the 23rd, I became very much worried as he did not seem like himself when he left and it was very unusual for him to be away and not write to me. I went with a friend to consult a psychic Mrs. S——. She told me that my husband was all right and would return soon and that she felt drawn to the island and that the sea was all red. She also said that the box would be found and that it was standing in a store house with a tag torn off that had the address on. I told her I felt that that was a mistake as I was sure there was no tag on it only writing or printing on the box itself.

My husband returned in ten days from the time he left and he said that he had written one letter but could not remember what address he put on it; also said that he had seen the sea and it was all on fire and that he tried to get to "one of the Elizabeth Islands" and got as far as Wood's Hole, but couldn't get a boat to take him across the bay.

The box came the first week in March and the trouble had been that the tag had been torn off that had the address on, just as the psychic had said. Mr. Thompson told me afterward that he had decided when in Boston before we left that he had better put the address on that way and had tacked two large cards on to the box instead of writing on the box itself as he originally intended.

He told me about the sea and trying to get to "one of the Elizabeth Islands" before I told him anything of my visit to the psychic.

CARRIE E. THOMPSON.

This narrative was confirmed by Mrs. Dr. Müller, who was present with Mrs. Thompson when the psychic made her statements.

3. **Sitting With Mrs. Chenoweth.**

The records are given in their chronological order. The following one is the first of the several experiments had with Mrs. Chenoweth. The later series came the next year, as indicated by the dates. But nothing had become public in the meantime regarding the case. I have explained in the introductory observations regarding the records who Mrs. Chenoweth is. I need not repeat more than that she is known to the public as a psychic of the respectable type and careful about her relations with the public. She probably cannot be spoken of as a "professional" in any sense save that she makes her own arrangements for sittings. In mine I interposed between her and the sitters, so that the experiments might be treated as more or less test ones. In this first record at least we have no other objection to entertain

as possible except such as may come from hints and suggestions by the sitter, and as the record is a verbatim one the reader can determine this factor himself. I had, of course, tested Mrs. Chenoweth in many other cases and under better conditions than prevailed with Mr. Thompson at any time of his experiments. Whatever may be conjectured sceptically in regard to later sittings will not apply to this one and perhaps to none until the nature of Mr. Thompson's phenomena became known to the public.

Mrs. Chenoweth, under the Starlight control, this name being substituted for the real name of the control, is in a light trance. There are several types of her trances which I do not require here to explain, and remark the one concerned with the present group of sittings simply to have the reader understand that it is not deep enough to exclude the operation of her ordinary mental faculties. Mrs. Chenoweth is amnesic, as already remarked above, but is at least subliminally aesthetic, as the reader of the record may remark. It is not necessary to consider the question of a trance in the case, as it matters not to the contents of the message whether she is so or not, and so I place no value on the question involved. I only assert that the trance is a light one not excluding the action of the mind in its normal faculties, tho amnesia is evident and the hyperaesthesia present apparently makes it difficult to determine whether there is supraliminal anaesthesia or not. It is clear, however, that the apperceptive functions are active and the record must be read with this assumption in mind.

Saturday, March 16, 1907, 10 A. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Sitters: Dr. Hyslop, Mr. Thompson.
Miss T., stenographer.

[Breathed deep.] Don't you call him in just yet; you wait a minute.

(Hello, Starlight!)

Hello, Dr. Hyslop! You know I like to come and get settled just a little bit of a minute. That is the way I do at home, don't you know—get in, get just adjusted a little bit. I feel better than I did the other day when I was here. I heard what you said! What if I told you to go saf [?] O, my medie meant to get a clean handkerchief, I guess. Is that very much soiled?

(Miss T. No, only mussed up a little.)

O, all right, I guess it will do for the man. [Breathed.] That's getting her out wholly, you know, and me in wholly. Do you put down every blessed word I say? [to Miss T.]

(Miss T. I try to.)

All right. Dr. Hyslop, you can bring him in now.

(Now, Starlight, I will leave the room, and I will come again.)

All right, when will you come back, when I get through?

(All right. Good-bye.)

Good-bye. I wonder if I can have the curtain down a little bit where the sun shines right in my eyes, you know.

[Curtain was pulled down and stranger was admitted by Dr. Hyslop, who thereupon left the room.]

Before I begin to see the spirits I would like—Oh, I didn't say hello to you, did I?

(Hello!)

Are you afraid to speak out loud to me? Somehow I like people just to speak right out, just like they think I am somebody, don't you know, it helps me a lot. Before I begin to see the spirits I like to tell you a little bit about myself, how you look to me because sometimes when one looks at another spirit they get a little better light on the conditions and on the people who try to come to him. Am I going too fast? [Said to stenographer.] The very first influence that I feel is one of honesty, straight-forwardness and a kind of easy-going exterior, with a very clean-cut, careful, analytical intellect. And it seems that the people who just meet you outside have seldom come to an intelligent understanding of what you are underneath. That remains for the people who get close to your spirit, who somehow get beyond all these exterior conditions and find what there is underneath, the meat of you, the real self. Close to you in all your work are a few friends who do understand and who do come

into that inner life, but outside is a great world of people that you are constantly coming in contact with; you just seem to be a person who is constantly on the move, now over and just like a shadow passing among them and seldom finding one that [you] can really touch. [Note 12.]

But outside of that I find some spirits; I know they have been near you for a long time. They don't seem to be new, they seem as though they had been practically guides and influences and helps in your life. The first is a man, the first one that I see this morning. He's tall, rather slim, not very old, but I should think he had a little gray hair, his eyes are blue and he's got square shoulders, and he answers to the name of Charles—that's the first name he gives me. And when he comes and stands by you there seems to be a sort of firmness and an effort to make you feel his presence here. Do you know anyone like that?

He knows you.

(No, I do not recall anyone like that.)

(Oh, yes, doubtless.)

Now I want to see: this man seems to me like a relative more, not just like somebody out of the earth; I should think he'd been gone to the spirit quite a while. Did you ever have anyone like an uncle by that name, who had gone to the spirit?

(I think not.)

Well, you ought to know, yourself, oughtn't you? What will I do, just leave him there?

(I think so, yes. I . . . if he has any influence over me it is not apparent.)

It isn't—he hasn't got a strong influence over you, though he'd been gone longer than some of your other friends he's with. All right, you just look it up and see if you don't know, if you can't find out. It seems as though he were uncle or cousin—not like a brother; but he's very close with you and he's a sort of a force to push the others close to you. Immediately—I will go

12. Mr. Thompson is fairly well characterized in these references to him. He is a calm and leisurely temperament, unexcitable, straightforward as I have found him, and with a reputation for honesty, very analytical intellect, and unpretentious, even to the extent of modesty, and his inner life not easily discovered.

right along just as though you knew who he was, shall I? [Note 13.]

(Yes, there are others I am more interested in.)

Yes, well I know that by the way he comes. Right along with him there is a man, much older than he is, not feeble, he shows his age, but he's more like a father. There is a sort of fatherly influence that comes through him to you. He is not very tall,—medium height,—and has a little quick, sharp, active way to pick out this and that that he will do. Now it seems that this—your father is in the spirit world, isn't he? [Note 14.]

(No.)

Isn't he? Well, do you know who he is?

(Oh yes.)

Well isn't he very close to you?

(No, not a blood relation.)

Well, he seems to have that fatherly interest, and as I see him look at you suddenly, as he's looking down, he looks up to look you through with this—with that earnestness, and peers right at you, and he calls you his boy. There is just that little interest in you, just as though you were a boy. You know you are not particularly [?] young or old, are you? Wait a minute, now. Do you know anyone who begins with H in the spirit land? I mean the first name?

(No, I do not recall anyone.)

Sounds more like Herbert. Do you know anyone like that?

(No, I do not recall anyone by that name.) [Note 15.]

I don't seem to get along very well, do I Miss? [to stenographer.]

(But I am anxious to hear about this old orfe.)

13. Charles is the name of an uncle of Mr. Thompson's friend.

14. Immediately after the Charles mentioned it is possible to detect indications of the presence of Mr. Gifford, but only in the light of what follows later. Mr. Gifford was of medium height, and as far as Mr. Thompson knew him seemed to be "quick and active in ways of doing" certain things. But Mrs. Gifford thinks him calm and leisurely in his usual ways.

15. The interest in Mr. T. expressed here is consistent with the experiences of Mr. T. The H. is evidently intended for the initial of the name Herbert, which is not that of Mr. Gifford's Christian name. This was Robert. It is possible that Herbert is a mistake for Robert. Assuming it to be this it is an instructive illustration of the way the psychic's subliminal acts on getting the initial H.

Oh, are you? I left him, I thought you didn't care much about him. The young one, the C. seemed just as though he pushed him ahead, as though his older experience in the spirit seemed to help him. This older gentleman puts down his scholarly hand. It is quite long, the fingers are quite long. You know he seems to have been a man who used his hand quite a little with writing and papers—you understand? [Cf. p. 106.]

(Yes.) [Note 16.]

No . . . I see him going over all these things, and as I tell you that he looks at you and seems to realize how real his past life is and how it is intertwined with the present. You know there is some work you are doing that he is intensely interested in. You know, he says: "I have been working as much as I could to come into closer touch with you on these matters, these spiritual matters." And he says: "The time isn't far distant when I shall be able to express myself without a flaw," you know, as if he's expressed before from the spirit, because he says: "In times past I have been able to say some things; by my effort I shall be able to express perfectly without a flaw,—so that you may know exactly where I stand and where you stand." [Note 17.]

That man is a—wait—it's the funniest thing the way he holds his head down so much, as though when he's thinking its a constant attitude with him; and when he suddenly looks up his eyes look you right through and through, as if he would read your very soul. He has a way of putting his hands in his pockets, walking around the room a dozen times. And now he takes his hand out of his pocket and puts several things on the table; one is a key-ring, on it are several things, and with that is a long, slim, metal thing, no end to it. Do you know anything about that? It is brassy looking. Do you know anything about that?

16. Mrs. Gifford says that Mr. Gifford had naturally slender and long fingers, but that frequent use of them with wet rigging had done much to remove this characteristic. He was a scholarly and intellectual man.

17. The statements here are very apt descriptions of the actual appearance of things in Mr. Thompson's experiences. The reader can remark this by studying the case as a whole, and especially the hallucinations of Mr. Thompson.

(Has it anything to do with paint?)

No, it is on the ring with the keys, like a key. It is like the tip of a pen. I think—he takes out this bunch of keys—it is old and brassy. It is not one of these bright shiny ones. Would you know anything about that?

(No, but I could find out.) [Note 18.]

Well he likes to tell you some things you don't know so you do find. That helps. Immediately he does that there, he puts his hands to his face, like that [illustrating]. His eyes grew very tired, and he put them [referring to his hands] there as though they were just tired—not from writing, but from looking, as though he had looked steadily at something for a long time. He says: "Sometimes I had to look away and rest before I could go on and work." You know?

(Yes.) [Note 19.]

And he says: "You know I find that the same old condition somehow affects me. You know—I am going to get on nicely with you, I think.

(Yes, you are doing nicely now.)

Well, I am going to try. You know, it seems as though he did so many, many things, and yet hadn't finished up his work: "Oh dear, if I could only have stayed a little longer and finished up one more thing I think I could have done better. I suppose if I had lived to be a hundred it would have been just the same. One of—Oh, I am going too fast for you now! [Said to stenographer. Paused a moment.]

(Yes, I understand. Now...)

When he went to the spirit it seems as though there is a little preparation. There isn't much; it,—what I mean is, as though people are not prepared for it. He says, "I am, myself. Perhaps I was...prepared or...although I should have had some-

18. Mrs. Gifford reports that Mr. Gifford did hold his head down in the manner described and was in the habit of putting his hands in his pockets and walking around his room in the manner described. He would look at you as indicated, but was direct and straightforward and was gentle and sympathetic.

But Mrs. G. does not recall anything suggested by the key-ring and brassy-looking thing.

19. Correct description of his habit. He would tire his eyes in this manner.

thing of a warning, I had been working very hard," just as though he'd been putting all his energies into things, you know. It's just like a sudden attack in his stomach, and he gone right out. You know he says, "It seems as if just at the first I must come back again, that I couldn't leave old things all around." You know, where he could lay his hands on it.

(Unfinished?)

Yes, and finished. Yes, there's quite a good-sized room just here, say, and so many things all around when they just needed a little touch from him. It is not just the work that he did, just with his hands. There are also unsettled money things in connection with his work—so many of those things that it seemed as though if he could go right back into the place he could have finished it up. [Note 20.]

Say, there's one very funny thing,—that man's very fond of rugs!

(Yes.)

Well, when he goes into a place he gets right down and looks at the rugs. Anything in a rug or a hanging appeals to him, you know.

(Yes.)

Well, there is one old rug he was very fond of; it was kicked up awfully, anyone else would have had a different one, but he liked it.

(Yes. An artist would be.)

I think he was awfully like that: he liked things just because he got used to them. He says: "Since I have come over here I have just revelled in the beautiful tints and colors and all the beautiful harmonious combination." [Note 21.]

(Do you think he can impart that to me?)

Yes, I haven't any doubt about it. Do you mean can he impress you to help you do the things that he did? You know, if you were in another place, so that I felt perfectly free to advise

20. Mr. Gifford died rather suddenly and his work was quite unfinished. He had been working very hard just before his illness.

21. Mr. Gifford was very fond of rugs. He had a special rug in front of his easel. He was especially fond of this rug. The references to his revelling in colors is to characteristic facts and habits. He was very fond of rich colors.

you—and that would be to sit every day for a little to have that special influence come over you, because you are psychic, because you have days [times?] when if only you could only get away from people and work, you could do anything. And there are other days when you are so lacadaisical! Well, he says: “Don’t you be the least bit alarmed. There are ways that I can come to you and help you to carry out your life-work. It takes just a little time, that is all.” Now that man is very fond of flesh tints, don’t you know, in his colors. It seems as though he did do good—well—in those things. “Oh,” he says, “I always doubted my capacity.” You know he always sought to do it so much better than he did.

(That’s true.)

He belittled his power. Are you more anxious to hear from him than anyone else? All your future life is practically at this point, it is at a climax; you have come as far as you have, and it seems as though the whole future had opened up and you have just to wait for an influx of power. [Note 22.]

Have you ever been across the water?

(No.)

Well, you are going; it is one of your dreams. You think that after you have accomplished some things you would like to go over, and you will,—but not yet. He says—he’s very American, you know; he is in his likes—and he says “Just as good here!” you know, in just that sort of a little way as though it was all nonsense. But he says in time you will just have to go find [out] before you believe it. You know this man was not particularly religious you know. Do you know anything about it? “Well, that’s all right, if anybody wants it, but as for me, I don’t

22. Mr. Gifford always felt that he did not realize his ideal. He knew his powers, but he felt that he did not reach his desired result.

The reference to his love of “flesh tints” is especially pertinent. It seems that Mr. Gifford was more fond of the autumn foliage colors than anything else and even the few paintings that I have seen of his show the predominance of the red colors. They certainly predominate in the earlier paintings of Mr. Thompson.

The description of Mr. Thompson’s moods is accurate.

need it." He says, "I have come to be more thoughtful about those things, not devotional but more truly religious. [Note 23.]

You know, since he passed to the spirit there was some honor done him—his body, I mean—and seem to . . . No, he shows me a long thing, a clipping that tells a lot of things about him. Have you got one? You know "I am at the head, and down at the end other things." He laughs and says: "Dead men always get praise that live men yearn for." [Note 24.]

Do you know, was he a teacher to you?

(Well, he was a teacher, but not to me directly.)

Well, I see him with lots of paper around. He not only does things but talks things in actual demonstration. He wouldn't have a class sit down and have to do things, but talks about them. He says: "That is just what I love to do now. I never was happier than when I was explaining these things." And he had a notion that you had to start clear 'way back in babyhood. He says: "That's one of my fads, and I still believe in it." My! But he's emphatic! You know he says it just right out, the first thing. Well—O, I am going too fast! [said to stenographer]. [Note 25.]

[Miss T.] (Thank you.)

You are welcome. We are getting acquainted, aren't we?—Well, he says,—you know I mean as I see him so emphatic and so expressive, at the same time he's very open to kindness, just the tender heart of a baby inside of him. But, Oh my! Critics he hasn't any use for and always says that, too; a man must work out for his ideals rather than for his critics.

(Yes it was [so].)

"You would like to put your hand in mine and—but if you do that I will always stay by you, and I will. It isn't just for a day or just to come here to prove to you that I live, but it is to

23. Mrs. Gifford states that the account of Mr. Gifford's religious attitude as expressed in the record fits him exactly.

24. There was a memorial exhibition given him after his death at the Century Club. Accounts of his life were printed in the papers and magazines.

25. He was a teacher of art. He taught in "the Cooper Union schools from October, 1877, to May, 1896."

show you that the same power I had here I retain, with added power, and that I can pass it along."

Now you know he—there's another thing about him: he had just like a very few people that came into his inner life. He had quantities of people who were outside and admired him. You know he was an odd stick, when you come right down to it. He says "Perhaps it was an eccentric art or genius, but I don't think so, I think it was the holding of my own spirit to its task, to see that it was done." There's another—. I like him. He's got a beautiful forehead—stands out, you know, like the pictures of the old patriarchs, had great big foreheads. Well, it's just like that. [Note 26.]

There's another thing that he puts out here. His hand's just like a woman's, I don't think he was much for jewelry or for finery, but it seems to be he puts his hand in his vest pocket and pulls out some little thing,—it looks like a ring that he wore only on occasion. Do you know if he had a small seal ring that he wore only on occasions?

(I don't know, but I can determine.) [Note 27.]

All right. Well, you ask him something and perhaps he can answer you. He's awful—well, there's another thing before that. There is a woman close to him in the spirit and she comes to you. She's very prim and slim; she looks like a woman who had very much to do with his life, almost like one of his household. But she's slim, prim, [almost?] inartistic. But she passed out of his life before—I guess you don't know about those intimate things, do you?

(No.) [Note 28.]

26. His biography and the sale of his paintings, as well as the statements of personal friends show the accuracy of the allusion to his outside friends. It was in his case, so far as I can learn, as in all genius, that in the holding of himself resolutely to his task he obtained the reputation of genius. His photograph printed in the short biography and catalogue shows the pertinence of the allusion to his forehead. He was not eccentric, but normal.

27. He had a woman's hand, according to Mrs. Gifford, until it was changed by usage as described in Note 16. He was very fond of jewelry that showed excellent taste, but only as an artist, and always wore a medium-sized seal ring.

28. The woman here described is not recognizable by Mrs. Gifford.

Well, I told you to ask him something.

(Well, I just wanted to know if I should go on with these feelings that come to me and carry out the work as I feel he would like to have me.)

You must. You know it feels—seems as though it was imposed upon you, urging you on. You are a psychic and sometimes when you get on a car you are just as nervous as you can be, like a girl. You have nerves[?].

(Yes.)

But those psychic forces bring power [?] to you to carry on some work; that work seems to be his work: I don't think it is altogether his but you can do some things better than his and some things not as well. In some things very much better—you have got good eyes you know, you see very quickly, and he likes that. That is good. You know he never makes very many rules. He says you must go ahead and feel [fill?] things out, and that's what gives atmosphere to things; you must feel [fill?] them out.

There is another thing that he's very funny about. You knew him, didn't you?

(Yes.) [Note 29.]

Well, when he is sitting in his chair there is a sort of sudden movement of his toes in his shoes. He wears very soft leather shoes. Do you know anything about this?

(No.)

Well this seems to be practically a part of him. He wears,—you know you can see through a soft shoe how toes move, don't [you]?

(Yes.)

Well, his were like that, almost as expressive as his hands. Well he's not particularly fine about his clothes. He likes them because they are odd not because they are the fashion. He wears something on his head,—not a cap but a soft felt hat that turns down to protect his eyes sometimes, like that; and he does that and says: "I am trying to show myself in these various

29. I have not been able to verify Mr. Gifford's attitude toward rules. So far as I have been able to ascertain his character and genius this independence of rules would be a natural accompaniment of his work, tho we may possibly not be entitled to give the statement here any weight, owing to its relation to the previous remark about his being a genius.

things that you may see how real it is to me and how real I desire to make myself to you. I don't want you to think of me as afar off or as having lost my interest, but that I am right here just as strong or stronger and more personal than I was before passing into my new existence." [Note 30.]

And you know it seems that sometimes you look about and think there are so many people painting on the same thing—Oh well, not from him, you know, but almost the same line. "Oh," you will want to say, "perhaps I can't, perhaps I can't get ahead." But he says: "You can go on with it. It will be close application and study, but you keep close to your wish and I will guide you and bring you to that place where you will have more than I had." He means that you will produce more than he, though he produced a lot.

(More beautiful?)

Not only more beautiful, but you will get more of it, you know, than he did. Of course I think, from all that we have been talking about that he made pictures, don't you know. But did he ever do other things? Did he have statuary round his place?

(Yes.)

Well, there's something I see it—don't know whether he was fond of it—there's small piece of statuary, it seems to me no bigger than that [measuring with her hand]. It is a Frenchman; a cockade comes down like this; a man on a horse; looks more like a Napoleon, I think. Seems as though he had that in his room.

(I can determine. I don't know.) [Note 31.]

30. Mr. Gifford did wear soft leather shoes. He also wore a soft hat often when sketching, but usually a Derby hat and on special occasions a silk hat. He had all kinds of caps. The statement about his attitude toward clothes is accurate. He had exquisite taste and looked, as artists might do, at them from that point of view and not that of mere fashion.

31. Mrs. Gifford knows of no statuary about the house except a bronze head of himself by one of his artist friends. The piece described she does not recognize, but she says that she does not know what might have been in his studio in New York. Besides it is possible that some such piece was in his class room at Cooper Union. Mr. Thompson saw in his studio a picture of an Arab on the back of a camel.

Well, it seems as though all around the room there are quantities of flat things against the wall that you could pull out and look at. You know some of them are only pencilings and drawings for different things, as though he had mapped out something to be done and then left it—not on a canvas, but these are papers and they are pinned on boards all around, quantities of them. Do you know I see that some of these you ought to have, some of them; I just feel as though he would like you to have some of those. Have you?

(No, but I should like to.) [Note 32.]

Well, isn't there any way that you can get them? Well I will give you this as a kind of promise, not as though you made any special effort to do it, but he made an effort to bring some of them into your hand. Well, he hasn't got very many minutes. He's got that world that is back here—

(Do you see that I can get into closer touch with him by coming into the country that he used to work in, or by staying—)

Was that across the water?

(I somehow feel that by going to the places that I could get into closer touch with his spirit.)

Well, he says it isn't absolutely necessary. Obviously [?] he got his expression in those places, but it isn't necessary. If it comes right, but he will be with you where you are just as much as in the other place. But you will get just as much expression as he got if you got into the country where he was . . . But his personal spirit will be just as close to you wherever you are, just as well as it will there. Do you know what I mean?

(Yes.)

Things aren't settled up just yet so that you can go, but a little later than this I see you packing your trunk—it is a big thing [like a trunk]. But you will go away somewhere. Well, it seems than when I see you there and I see you taking out your things and going about, it is in an awfully quiet place, you know, —there is not much going on, it is not much noise and that sort of thing. Oh, I see, as I go, Oh, hills all around me. And you

Mrs. Gifford, however, remarks that she has an indistinct memory of some figure that belonged to the German artist Kunzer.

32. Mr. Gifford had many unfinished canvases.

know, there in that place it just seems as if I see you out-doors so much. You know, you have got things like lectures that you can read, from him. You understand?

(Yes.) [Note 33.]

Well, there are some things printed, with—like books with pictures up there and down here [indicating with her hand] like Greek and Roman art, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 34.]

Well, you have got some of those and I see you lying out on the grass and reading some of those things and then working. You understand?

(Do you think his love of the ocean had something to do with these things?)

Oh, he loved the ocean! But this place that you go I see hills, you know, all back here [indicating] and the ocean's out here, you know [indicating]. You know, he loves not only the beauty of it, but the sound of it. You know I can hear it where I am. And as he would lie down here on this hill on the side he hears this and sees it and everything about it. It appeals to him so much. "Yes, yes, go on; I will be there, I will help you, because I want someone who can catch the inspiration of these things as I did, to carry on my work. I don't want to see it die." And you know he says that with such a little almost pathetic tone in his voice,—“I don't want to see it die.” He doesn't want the inspiration to die. His work will live; he wants the expression to pass along from one to another. [Note 35.]

I see you going there. You know you are going to make

33. Tho the first part of this passage may be suggested by what the sitter asked, the remainder is an accurate description of the places to which he did go during the summer and fall following. The reference to "a quiet place" and the "hills all around" is very accurate, and one not likely to be made without specific knowledge of Gifford and the places he haunted on the Elizabeth Islands. The New England coast is very flat and marshy, but these islands are hilly and picturesque.

34. Mrs. Gifford states that he had a very large collection of things which contained many illustrations of Greek and Roman art. It is probable that this could be said of many or more artists.

35. The sitter suggested the love of the ocean, which was indeed very characteristic of Mr. Gifford. There were hills all over the island which was his favorite haunt.

quite a long stay. It is the funniest—when all the leaves are red you will be out there just the same! You will be there then; he says that's the loveliest time. I don't think you will go before the June time—maybe it's May. But you have got lots of things to do. It will be elegant. There is another thing: I don't think he cares so much for fish—that's funny where there's water. But now and then a . . . he gets a pos . . . [poser?] thrown in [drawn?]. [Note 36.]

What is a tarpaulin?

(What is it?)

Yes. Would—well he used the word as though it had something to do with it. Would he know anything about them? I think he used to go down to the boats. Well, he says, "Throw an old tarpaulin over and sit down to get the misty view—you know. You understand?"

(Yes.)

He says it isn't all the glancing waves of the sun-kissed water, but you must have the other, the varying tones of the mist, and you know it's just the joy of it. What's that—well, when you throw the thing—Oh! he had—did he?—had a thing he put on that made him look like an old seaman to go out in the water with.

(Very likely.)

That's why I see it. It's just as though he had those things that he threw on to go out with. Oh, he's lovely! [Note 37.]

(There is a picture of an old group of trees near the ocean. I would like to get to it. Can you see it? It is an old—)

Do you think it is one that he is giving you?

36. The reference to the time when Mr. Thompson would be at the place and the color of the leaves is very characteristic of Mr. Gifford. He was especially fond of autumn scenes and often painted views of that kind on this island. Mr. Thompson did not go out until the late summer, and as his diary shows (p. 58) did not do his painting until the leaves were turned. As already remarked (Note 22), the allusion to red leaves and the fall is especially pertinent, as that was the favorite time of year for Gifford's work and his paintings show a strong taste for the red and brown leaves. Cf. p. 55.

37. Mr. Gifford, according to Mrs. Gifford, had oiled skin coats for the purpose of working in wet weather. The whole account at this point is perfectly characteristic.

(I think it is, yes. I feel as though I must go in nature [?] toward those trees and paint them.)

I want to tell you, little boy, I think he's seen the trees and I think he is giving you the picture of it. I don't—I think you will see them too. I don't know the place, but it looks like that to me; when you go up here on this hill, as I told you about, and ocean in front of you it will be to your left, and you will go down a little decline, almost a gully, and then up a little bit and a jut out. That's just the way it seems. Now you have this so that you can follow, can't you? They look like gnarled old trees; there is one that stands up quite straight, and some roots that you can see, not dead, only part dead. Some are roots and gnarled and then the rest—you will see it. They are nice. [Note 38.]

(Beautiful coloring.)

Oh, beautiful! But that's what you will get if you are right on the spot. You will get those soft colors, just like his old rug that he likes very much that has some soft colors. You know. [Note 39.]

It is funny, I keep seeing this H that comes to me, letter H. I don't know—it is—do you know anyone named Henry?

(Yes, Henry is part of his name.)

Part of his? Well, isn't that funny? Not of this old gentleman, but of another. This is a name of someone you know—oh, didn't I say that before, a minute ago?

38. The description of the place at which it is said Mr. Thompson would find the trees is accurate enough as far as it goes, but would hardly lead any one to it. Much would depend upon the point of view of the observer as to whether certain parts would apply. If the gully be the passage through which the stream flows from Vineyard Sound into Hadley Bay the hill is on the left of the bridge and so also the group of trees. The best points are the reference to "a jut out," as the trees stand on a small promontory, and to the gnarled nature of the trees. There is a depression at the left as you face east and the ocean is in front, as you stand on a bridge. It is possible that the reference to a gully may be to this and still consist with the general application. The relation of the "jut out" to this depression is correctly indicated. In fact the whole passage fits the place in a most remarkable manner. (Cf. p. 84.)

39. Mr. Thompson, who saw the favorite rug at the foot of Mr. Gifford's easel, says that its color was the same as that of the leaves of this group of trees when he painted them.

(Yes.)

Well I thought so. Well, he's connected with you, isn't he? He says, "H is with me, comes today with me." It seems as though they know each other in the spirit and would be glad to help you, both of them.

(Is this H in the spirit world, or here?)

I think the H is in the body,—you know, there in the body, you understand?—because it seems as though he knows him. This old gentleman knows H in the body and together they help you, as though H can help you, something he does for you. Do you know if he can?

(Yes, he can if he gets the inspiration.)

Well, I get that from the old gentleman in the spirit: this H will help he had come with him; they know each other, and the combination will help you. He says: "Don't be afraid, it will come almost unsought;" you know, "certainly unsought, and almost before you realize it," there is some little thing that comes in connection with it. [Note 40.]

Then there is—do you know anyone commences with L, I think the name is Lucy. It is in the spirit land, this is.

(Yes. Yes I—yes, I do.)

Someone connected with you, isn't it? He wrote it as though he was trying to help her to come. She was very weak before she went into the spirit, a very different passing from his. "I was very weak." She puts her [hand] right on your shoulder. "I do want to send just a little message of encouragement to you: all you need is confidence. That is your want." You know you have got it sometimes; you just feel that you can do things. Is is only when you cannot do, actually do things that it fades away. You just get kind of out of confidence. But you will do it, all right. He's got a future, hasn't he? [to stenographer].

[Miss T.] (He seems to have.) [Note 41.]

40. Mr. Thompson says he had in mind a friend of Mr. Gifford's by the name of Henry who, he thought, might help him in his artistic work, if he were so minded. He is living. Mr. Thompson was a little too quick in his question and so suggested the correction.

41. Mr. Gifford knew no Lucy except the youngest daughter of an intimate friend. But Mr. Thompson had a deceased aunt Lucy.

The constant allusion to Mr. Thompson's want of confidence was

He really has. It is more like a young man here with just so much ahead of him and the past is only like little pebbles, stepping-stones, and he has an awful lot ahead of him. And there is another, there is another letter that I see here—W—is that connected with the man himself, W?

(No, not directly, I don't think.)

I thought it was his name because he writes it. It isn't your own, is it?

(No.)

W—it is someone very close to him; W—it looks like William [spelling it out] for someone he knows, you know, because he writes it so plainly. Do you know if he's got someone near him in the body by that name?

(No, I don't know.) [Note 42.]

Hmmm—do you want to ask him one more thing?

(Well, I—)

Oh, who is this Arthur? Do you know Arthur?

(No, I don't know whether—)

Arthur [whispered. Pause.] Did you want to ask him something more now? [Note 43.]

(Well, I don't know, I think that you have answered almost all of my questions. That was my—I put—my principal desire was to feel sure that he was—)

Before you started out you just wanted to feel that, somehow,

very pertinent, as the situation and the sporadic character of his inspirations, if I may call them this, were such that a rational man had no special right to confidence. Between the difficulty of supporting himself and the justifiable doubt about relying upon his "inspiration" the lack of confidence is natural and the existence of it was a constant fact.

42. Mr. Gifford's father was named William, and so also a brother, both deceased. Mr. Thompson knows of no William connected with himself.

43. The name Arthur is not recognized by either Mrs. Gifford or Mr. Thompson. We perhaps should remark that this name Arthur came at a later sitting in the automatic writing and there might have a relevance (p. 200 and Note 108). But it is hard to suppose that the name here has any such possibilities, as it is out of keeping with the psychological setting, and this fact throws doubt upon any other meaning than a casual origin.

before you threw your life into that channel, that you were on the right track.

(Yes.)

Well, there isn't any question about it. It seems to me that if I could add my testimony to his, that he would bring wonders [?]. In the spirit land you have an acquaintance with other people who could bring wonders [?] to you. He would come, and others he would bring. He opens up all these doors of art and knowledge to you and . . . to you. oh, I haven't any question about it, you are in the right path. One thing that helps you very much is that you are so sincere about it; and you are also absolutely non-receptive to influences that don't bear on your light, that don't mean anything to you. You could close your heart to all those outside things. It is the single-mindedness, and that is what he always thought that one should have, a single-mindedness toward the genius, toward the call, to succeed. There is another thing I can see: you know, he had two places where he lived, one where he worked and one where he used to go sometimes. He used to work like a Trojan, almost as though he couldn't eat, and then he would go out and fill up. And then there was another little place he would go out to, where he had friends and home surroundings, and it seems as though the place he loved most was the place where he worked. It seems as though there is all sorts of stuff. You—do you know about that room?

(No.) [Note 44.]

You haven't been into the room? Well it seems as though it is filled full of everything—full of china. It is artistic. At the same time it is full it has got an artistic air about it. You have seen it outside, haven't you?

(Yes.) [Note 45.]

Well, it seems as though there is just that little artistic sense that you get about it, outside. My! He suddenly takes up his

44. Mr. Gifford was a very hard worker. He had two homes, one in New York and one in Nonquitt. The allusion to the third place to which he could go, "where he had friends and home surroundings" would apply to his mother's home. He did like the place most where he worked.

45. Mr. Gifford was very fond of china. He had a collection of it.

arms like this [illustrating]. He had a way like that of folding his arms after he was talking or listening to anybody else. He folds his arms and says: "So, my boy, you want to follow in my footsteps and wear my mantle, and I am proud to give you whatever I can of help or inspiration. Be fearless, be true, and listen to the voice of inspiration which will never lead you astray. There is nothing so marvelous as the hold these things get on one, and the joy is in the production, not in what the world says. Some of the best things I ever did, some of the things I loved the best, the world passed by. And some of the things that I saw flaws in and far from the perfect expression which I would have given, the world praised. The world doesn't know. We paint for two masters, our souls and the world." [Breathed, shivered, coughed.] He got there, didn't he, himself?

(Yes, he did.) [Note 46.]

Yes. There is a big T, you know, well, T that he just drops down as he went away, and he says any time that you want him all you have to do is just to go apart by yourself. He would advise you to take a certain hour, a little while, each day, when you just draw near to his spirit, as if you withdraw from the world and just let his spirit come so close to you that it can inspire you for the whole day. The morning time is the best, because that gives you the whole day to work it out in. And you go forward never fearing that your future is assured so long as you hold fast to him. [Note 47.]

Is it time for me to go? What time is it?

(11.10.)

I kind of think it is, you know. I would talk to him [referring to Dr. Hyslop] if he cared to come up. Do you feel any better now?

46. There seems to be no way of verifying the little trait of folding his arms in the manner described. The spirit of his art, however, seems to be correctly indicated in the passage, tho it may be the natural characteristic of all successful men who may be devoted to their vocation, and hence a natural association of the idea that is undoubtedly in the subliminal.

47. T, as will be remarked, is Mr. Thompson's initial. The advice given is pertinent and accords with the facts as to the times when Mr. Thompson feels most disposed to do his work.

(Yes indeed.)

Thank you very much. I like to take your hand.

(You have made my future so clear that. . .)

Oh, there is no question about it, and you will see it come out yourself, because the first step you will take will come a little later. They make you want to go—these days just set the fire in you. You will pack the trunk. You don't know just where you are going to—haven't got your place, the house,—have you?

(No.)

Well, you will get one, an awful good one; not stylish, I don't mean, but kind of homey and, Oh perhaps it is a little later than this—April, May, I don't think it is April, perhaps the last of May; and, oh, when it gets real cool, crispy there, then you will start for home. [Note 48.]

(Is this the work I have been in the habit of doing?)

Well, it seems almost like a new life, as though you had been along this line in the way,—as though this is practically a new start and you will leave other things behind. You have been so undecided, you have wanted to, you have loved it. A time [?] in a thousand, but so many things came in, things were pounding away at you. But your preparation has been all right for it. But you will do it.

(My preparation has been on such an entirely different line and different purposes that it seemed as if I were entirely unfitted.)

I don't think so; it is just as though you had been so intent on the other line, and all at once the crisis came. It seems as though the call came. It is like divine leading. I don't know that men believe in those things very much, but it is absolutely true that some men are led divinely, and are led out from the work they think they have picked out, and they are led to go out. Well, I was just going to say about Dr. Hyslop—you can hear if I whisper?—it is just like Dr. Hyslop's work, led from one thing into another that's as good for the world; so this man is led away from his, out into the world. Hello, Dr. Hyslop! [as he entered the room. Stranger said good-bye and shook hands with the me-

48. Mr. Thompson went in late summer and returned in December, "cool, crisp" weather.

dium.] Good-bye, I am going now; do you want him to go out of the room first?

(Yes.)

Good-bye, have good courage. [Sitter and Dr. Hyslop went out. Pause. Left hand over eyes. 10.16 A. M.]

4. **Sittings With Mrs. Rathbun.**

Mrs. Rathbun does not go into a trance in her sittings. Occasionally there are moments of trance when amnesia occurs, but her usual work is done when there is no important distinction between her normal and her psychic state. The reader must therefore reckon with the normal action of her mind on the data offered. Mrs. Rathbun did not at this time know who Mr. Thompson was. The public allusion to his work had not yet been made. The record will indicate to the reader whether the pertinent incidents have any relation to the supernatural.

April 3, 1908, 8 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. Rathbun. Present, Mr. Thompson.

I wonder what we are going to get for you, sir. [Pause.] I presume that Professor has explained, so that I shall not have to, that often I cannot get you just what you want, but, whatever comes, I will give you. What you have to do is to see whether it is right or wrong and Miss Allen [reporter] will do the rest.

[Pause. Hands over eyes.]

And I hear someone say "Anna. Don't keep those books closed and pushed aside." Something as though, in the formulating of plans—whether it is educational or what there may be in connection with it for you, but I see you sort of delving in, as though you were going through—[Note 49]. It is chemicals?

49. Mr. Thompson does not recognize any person by the name of Anna, nor does Mrs. Gifford, except an early friend who is living and was well known to Mr. Gifford. But there is no special reason for mentioning her. The reference to books and plans has no relevance in connection with her name.

What shall I call it? It is peculiar. They are books, and it seems to me not a caldron, but you would have to go from one part of your profession to some other conditions and I feel as though it should be opened, whatever it might be, and thoroughly well tested. [Note 50.]

You have been questioned regarding your honesty, so far as intuitions, impressions or—some might call them hallucinations, for you have a very peculiar power. [Note 51.]

From this strange power a lady who has not been out of life a very great while comes very close to you. Her hands rest on your shoulders like this: Her going out of the body has stirred up the household in a general way. I see you as if you were this way: [Interlacing fingers.] In a confusion, apart from your material life. The home life seems somewhat broken, but conditions are to change there. [Note 52.]

Oh, I go back in your life—Why, you are not in the navy; not in the army! Have you worn uniform, may I ask you, sir?

Because I see something like a uniform around you, and there is some condition where twice you have almost passed out of the body.

(When I wore uniform?)

Yes. And something like a hurt; blow or something. It

I have a deceased sister by the name of Anna, mentioned in the Piper Report frequently. But nothing of recognizable relevance is said in connection with the name.

50. Mr. Thompson recognizes no special relevance in the allusion to chemicals, except that he used them slightly in his jewelry business. Mrs. Gifford says that Mr. Gifford was very fond of chemistry and worked over chemicals a great deal in his photography.

51. It is true that Mr. Thompson's honesty in this work has been very greatly questioned. The reference to "intuitions, impressions or some might call them hallucinations" is a center shot and in the light of what has already been said about the case an interesting hit. Mrs. R., tho she had seen the man more than a year before did not recognize him, as I proved at the end of the sitting. Nor did she know after the sitting of the previous year either who he was or what his experiences had been.

52. Mr. Thompson lost his grandmother about eight years previous to this, and his own home life has been much confused materially both by the giving up of his regular business and by his attention to art. The domestic situation thus produced is accurately indicated.

seems as though you had been rescued for some very good purpose, tho' you probably do not see it now, but will, for I see you coming up out of conditions that are around you to that which seems to be very much more lofty than what it was. [Note 53.]

Yes, the word "Question." I see it right here, like some one questions what impressions you receive and give them and say, "Do you believe him?"

Now, I want to say that you are far from insane now. I know this is a peculiar reading, but I get an impression from someone; that they want to say your head is not right because you tell your people around you that such is so and such is so and they look at you kind of as if they think you have not had the impressions you claim. Well, you have had that sort of impressions, sir and, I see a gentleman with you who went away from this world not long ago like that [slapping hands together]. Something here and here [indicating side and abdomen], and I feel them cutting and operating on him. It was a most peculiar transition, the going out of that man from this life and it has made great changes in your life. [Note 54.]

You are not idly seeking nor curiously running after the phe-

53. Mr. Thompson writes: "When I was wearing oil skins, I was twice nearly blown into the water during a storm while I was painting sketches of the waves. I finally tied myself to a rock. I was bruised by being dashed against a rock."

There is no clear meaning in the reference to uniform, as Mr. Thompson has never been in the army or navy. It is possible that the reference is to the tarpaulin which was mentioned in the sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 126 and Note 37). It is interesting as associated with the mention of having twice experienced feelings as if dying: for it must be remembered that his own diary (p. 60) describes the experience which occurred when he had finished the "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI) which he painted in a storm. There was also, as the note shows, a storm raging when the incident occurred which he recalls in this connection, and he used this oiled coat and tarpaulin when painting in it.

54. The reference to his insanity and what others had thought of him is perfectly pertinent and accurate. It could not be more direct and clear. As to the death and operation indicated Mr. Thompson writes: "During my stay at Cuttyhunk, Mr. Veeder, one of the islanders, died as the result of an operation on the abdomen. He was buried on the island and I saw his grave. His death and funeral greatly impressed me." Mr. Gifford had no operation.

nomena of Spiritualism than for the thorough, scientific, practical decision of being able to tell it to others, whether you imagine it or others are mistaken. And I see you like this through the guidance of others. I see a new grave. Now, as you hold your hand like this, a hand came over your hand and removed a portion of your ring. I don't know whether your ring is made from something else or whether there is a stone taken from something else and put into that ring, but there is an association between you and another coming with that ring. Now, do you know just the history of that ring?

(Yes.)

Has it been worn or handled by someone else but yourself?

(No.)

It has been in some one else's possession. I do not see it come right out of a store.

(No.)

Whether you have gotten it through a gift or by purchase from another or what, but there has been a story in connection with that ring. You have gotten it under strange circumstances, because there are other magnetisms with that ring besides your own. Whether you purchased it from another I don't know. It is yours by honor, but you came by it in a peculiar way because the influence of that ring showed me a hand on top of it and I know it was not purchased out of a store.

(That is right.)

Now, did you buy that from someone broken down or—What *was* it? It was not from a pawn shop or an auction mart? It is a peculiar *something*. That ring belonged to somebody. Its value is not so tremendously great. Will you let me touch it? [Takes ring in hand.] It is this [indicating one part of ring] more than that [indicating other part]. Whether this you purchase in some other way and add it; had it made into that ring? But there is some association beyond you in connection with that. Now, I see that for you.

Now, that noise of "Tick, tick, tick, tick!" Are you where there is any printing, may I ask you?

(No.) [Note 55.]

55. The allusion to Spiritualism has no importance, tho it does recognize what is true in reference to Mr. Thompson's attitude and desire.

It is not printing, but a peculiar noise around your line of work, whatever it is. I don't know whether it is opening and shutting doors or books, or what it is, but there is a disturbance there. Your material life is kind of broken. It is upset. They are not yet exactly the plans that are going to remain, if you can understand it in that way. Conditions seem to be strange for you. The ideas would look to me as though you wanted the forces, either material or spiritual, to set you right in some conditions that are around you. One would call it obsession. But, you know, you have not been able to build. You climb up a ladder and are down again. For four months you have been battling with the winds and tides. Now they are going to change, for there comes the spirit of an elderly lady with dark eyes, almost like a mother in feeling, and puts her hands on your head, sir, as though she wants to tell me something about your head. I don't know whether you suffer with your head, but she puts both hands back here and she tries to tell me: You have not been able to attend to your duties as you used because your head is searching so. Your friends say you have studied too much in the occult. It is not hurting you one blessed bit! But, you have forces builded around you that have unfitted you for your practical life. I see books closed but I feel that they are going to open again. You are a long way from having your brain wrong and this lady tells me that, although you have suffered from your head and have twice been in an accident—Is that right may I ask you?—I feel as though you nearly went out of life on two occasions within the last fourteen years, but you are here to stay. You are not to pass out. You are going to build the conditions which are being destroyed. They are to be re-built by the aid of one a short while out of this life.

I feel you coming from some other city; as though you are

Mr. Thompson had a ring which he himself made for a customer who preferred another style of mounting and Mr. Thompson kept the ring himself. The ring had been taken home to show it to some one else. No others were associated with it. It was not purchased at a store, as indicated by his own manufacture of it. The "tick, tick, etc.," probably is a symbolical way of indicating its manufacture. Mr. Thompson has not been able to do his work in jewelry because of the impulse to paint pictures.

coming away from some other city and going to another city. What is it? The conditions are there; your friends and family were about you. They would rather you were more practical than interested in the spiritual. They don't want you to be so scientific in the investigations that you would lose the practical part of your everyday life, but they cannot stop you, because it is not hallucination or insanity. It is practical common sense, because they are around you. You are being guided.

(That is true.) [Note 56.]

About your passing out, too, may I ask you: Do you know what that means,—that you have twice been nearly on the other side of life?

(I recall one instance.) [Note 57.]

Are your folks worried about you? Do they think you are

56. The allusion to his broken life is a return to the subject mentioned above and the reference to "obsession" in this connection, perhaps as the cause, is a very pertinent one and describes the condition exactly. The reference to a lady about him is possibly to the same woman mentioned at his first sitting with this psychic (p. 101) and in that case would be the grandmother. (Cf. also pp. 121, 163-165 in sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth.)

Mr. Thompson reports two dangerous accidents within the time indicated, tho I hardly think the allusion can be treated as evidence of the supernatural. They might have resulted fatally, but the risks were not so evident as to give point to the statements here. The context rather shows that it refers to the same incidents mentioned previously and which apparently referred to his experience when he finished his picture and the other to his exposure to the waves while painting. That this is the meaning, however, is not perfectly clear.

The statement that the conditions of life will be "rebuilt by the aid of one a short while out of this life" is suggestive of the obsessing spirit apparent in the case and is the first hint of what it was desired to test more fully.

His family have been greatly opposed to Mr. Thompson's paying any attention to his impressions, all except his wife. The whole passage is wonderfully accurate and recognizes their view of it as hallucination and insanity.

57. Mr. Thompson recalls two incidents to which the allusion of nearly passing out would apply. One occurred just after he had finished his important painting (p. 60). It is possible that this with some unrecognized incident was referred to in the passage above to which Note 56 refers.

thinking too much about the occult? One little bit of a lady in life worries about you and is afraid you won't be practical. She wants you to get into your everyday line of work. You do not neglect your duties, but you read and are interested along these lines of work and they would much rather you wouldn't. [Note 58.]

You have peculiar influences. I don't know whether you hear the voices, but, as the Psychic Research people would call it, you have "light." You have had some very extraordinary experience. [Note 59.]

Has one of your parents passed over?

(No.)

Are both gone?

(No, both in life.)

Who is the elderly lady? Someone close. Very near to you. She is your aunt and she was very fond of you as a child. She is the one that has her hand on your head. She dies suddenly and she brings to me the influence that I must tell you about,—this queer experience that you have had. [Note 60.]

And you are not in your mother's home life and I do not see father and mother together. I can see mother in one place and father in another. They are separated or divided. Are you clinging to the father while you are more with the mother. You don't see your father, but you are absolutely in sympathy with mother and she is with you, but there has been a division. Nine

58. The evident allusion to Mr. Thompson's wife and her attitude toward him and the work is perfectly correct. While sympathizing with him she does wish that he could return to his former work.

59. This reference to voices, as the reader will already have remarked, is quite correct and so also the reference to "light" and extraordinary experiences.

60. Mr. Thompson lost an aunt when he was young, but does not know whether her death was a sudden one or not.

From what has been said both at the previous sitting and in that of Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 121) it is more probable that the reference her is to his grandmother who seems to be represented as his constant attendant. The allusion to the influence over him, as also apparent in the sittings with Mrs. Smead (p. 343) suggests that the real meaning is not the aunt, as this is not the representation in other places, where the identity of the grandmother is clearer than here.

years between your father's and mother's lives. I see it. And then a little child comes to you from the other side of life. This little child passed out quickly from a choking sensation and that little child is the little guide who is leading you out of these conditions that have surrounded you into that which shows you a more perfect condition of light.

(That is true.) [Note 61.]

Now, about that ring: That is the funniest thing! You keep twisting it and, you know, there is a peculiar sort of a history about it. I don't see you go right into a shop and buy that ring. It seems that it comes to you from another person and you get it in a peculiar way.

(There is nothing especial about that ring.)

Well, did it come to you through some other? You didn't buy it?

(I made it, myself.)

I knew there was something about it! This part you made, yourself, but the center part you took from something else and put in there.

(Yes.)

Didn't that come out of a portion of a woman's pin or brooch, because it came out—There were several stones. I see more than one; half a dozen stones were together and I see you with a most peculiar looking something in your eye, as though you were looking at it to see if there were flaws. You made this ring part but not the jewel part.

(Yes.)

I could feel that. But it is very magnetic. I don't know if you particularly like it. You have taken off the one that had a kind of a seal setting. You have got it yet. I don't know if it is in your pocket, but you took it off and put that one on.

(Yes.) [Note 62.]

61. For meaning of this reference to his father and mother compare Note 5. The same thought was expressed by the same psychic at the first sitting, tho the number of years was more accurately stated. (Cf. p. 101.) Mr. and Mrs. Thompson lost a child at its birth.

62. Mr. Thompson writes: "I made the ring from one piece of gold. I used to wear a seal ring on that finger, but do not have that ring now."

I know it because they tell me. They tell me to tell you that one of the parents is to-night, oh, very miserable. Is your father in an Institution?

(No.)

Well, he seems to be disturbed. You don't bother with him very much. It is a domestic affair. Your grandmother is here and says, "Don't bother with him, at all; only tell him about mother" as if mother and you have been very close, although there are two others in your family that mother is connected with. They do not reach out to you like you go out to them. You almost are alone. You have said it many times that you are alone. [Note 63.]

You are queer. You have been psychic so long that they call you "queer." They will say that of anybody that has these powers. But,—Do you recall these peculiar scenes and visions that you get around you? Because, there's lots of them.

(Yes. That is what I was interested in. That is what I wanted—)

To know whether you are crazy or whether you really see these things? There are, really and truly, some very extraordinary happenings that have happened to you within the last ten months and they are not going to hurt you. [Note 64.]

I see the ocean, too. What is it, may I ask you? I see a ship. Were you in a shipwreck? There is a peculiar something. I see the water and the boats go like this [indicating motion of a boat in rough water].

(I have been on the water.)

Connected with marine? What is the uniform? Was that when the uniform was worn?

(It was not connected exactly.)

But you have worn uniform in another capacity?

(It was in connection with the ocean, but not aboard a ship.)

Whether Inspector—

[Sitter laughs.]

It was something high for you and there is where you have

63. Mr. Thompson's father is not in an institution, but he is an invalid and doubtless some have thought he should be in a home.

64. The reader will remark the accuracy of the allusion to visions and what is thought of them by friends.

made your friends, because there is a large man at your side with whiskers and he looks at you. I don't know whether you are Captain or he is Captain, but I see a person standing by you and he says he knows. He says, "I have been with him before." I would describe him as a stout man who is interested very much in what you are doing; interesting yourself with another person for the interest of science, or whatever it may be. [Note 65.]

It is not what you may be able to do financially, but you are trying to do the very best you can for this.

But I see the ocean and the boat and that man with a beard just goes this way. You can almost see him, yourself, for he stands right to your right. He is right with you. Is that right?

(Yes, I have a man in mind.)

Oh, he is anxious to help you!

(Is he in the spirit world?)

Oh, what little, teensie bits of little—What are all those little bits of fine tools around you? Are you a chemist, or what are you interested in? Not knives? They look like little blades of different sorts, almost like what a dentist would use, but it is not dentistry. Peculiar little somethings. They pick them up. They are as fine, almost, as hair and the forces seem—[Note 66.]

Oh! Just as I look at that, that little child comes right again to you, sir, and puts her hand over yours. A very pretty child. The child is with you in every thought. [Cf. pp. 60, 140, 143.]

65. All the meaning that could be twisted into the allusion to a boat and uniform is that Mr. Thompson had to take a boat to the island whither he went to paint his pictures and wore oiled skin clothes there. It is evident that there is a change of communicator at this point and the appearance of Mr. Gifford becomes apparent. He wore a beard and was slightly stout.

The reference to the ocean and a shipwreck possibly points to some of the scenes which Mr. Thompson finally found and painted. The allusion is not clear enough to make this certain. The circumstance in favor of its having some other meaning than pure guessing is the abrupt manner in which the reference to the ocean takes place and the association of several other incidents with it, such as the uniform and the interest which the man is said to have in Mr. Thompson, this man being correctly described as far as the description goes.

66. A fair description of the tools Mr. Thompson used in his goldsmith work.

Now, if there is any question you would like to ask and I can see it for you, I shall be glad to.

(Yes, I want to ask what the—What was the source of my inspiration, and—From what source do I get these inspirations that I speak of?)

Why, direct from the spirit power. They are giving them to you unbidden. You have not said nor asked for them. You have tried to run away from them, because you did not want to appear kind of weird, at all, before people, but they are coming to you and are given to you for a very great purpose. There is not any harm to come to you from them. You should, rather, encourage them. They are only from the high and the good. "The little child shall lead you," I hear a voice, and don't you try to evade them. Whatever it is that is coming to you, it is good. Your people needn't worry about you.

I see you rigid; as if your hands were like this: I don't know if you have been entranced, but I see you in a condition like that, as though such perfect rigidity! They have been alarmed. Why, you have had just that condition! It is not going to hurt you.

(What are the influences that you see around me, except this lady; this aunt?)

Why, a man with a turban; a peculiar looking man with a turban, but I cannot understand his language. I don't know if he is Hindu, Greek or what, but somebody stands near you with a turban and rather a distinguished face; a very splendid nose, high cheek bones—If the turban were off, the face would look like an Indian, but—Not an Indian, because the turban—cap—was something worn in connection with his title, or whatever it is; but he is a foreigner; maybe, a Hindu. He is very near to you and he has often been around you. That is one of the guides, I think, to aid you. [Note 67.]

The little child is stronger; the elderly lady; and, someone I

67. There is no recognizable meaning in the passage regarding the "Hindu, Greek, or what."

Mr. Thompson has not exhibited any evidence of rigid trances or catalepsy. He has shown those unconscious conditions that may be described as semi-trance, and has apparently done some of his work in a more or less automatic state.

would call the Captain of your band, is very near you. You won't receive any harm. They will do you good.

(What sort of a person is this "Captain" you speak of—with whiskers?)

There is ever so much tenderness from him. The emanations are just like, "Oh, I wouldn't do you harm!" He has big, laughing eyes. He is very fond of you because you are intending to be thoroughly real, although, at times, you question your inner self. You don't know yourself. You say, "I don't know what it is." You say, "Is it hallucination, inspiration, or am I crazy?" You are not. Your eyes have beheld the most beautiful visions that you have been unable to explain. I know that because they tell me so. [Cf. Note 56.]

Well, I believe that is all I can get for you now, unless there is something else you would like to ask me about.

Did you put some article around or about you to attract a spirit to-night?

(No, I think not.)

You did not handle a picture, or anything, to-day, did you?

(Yes.)

There is something about a photograph. I don't know whether you intended bringing it, but there is something about a photograph.

(I think not.)

But you have held it to-day.

(Picture; not photograph.)

Who went out lately? There is a spirit around you that has not been buried long.

(Yes.)

And you wanted to know if it was possible that they would reach you. They are quite close to you, too. Oh, such—It is just like I told you, here. [Indicating side and abdomen.] Trouble there.

(Yes.)

I just seem to feel as if I had been cut in pieces. It is a dreadful suffering!

But a glorious brain and the going out—before that spirit went out from the body you knew they were going. You didn't want to know it, but you felt it and, since the transition, they

have been around you a lot and they are trying to say "I am your inspiration; fear not." [Pause.]

(Is it a young or an old person?)

I can't get that now. It is gone from me. [Long breath.] It is gone like that.

Oh, the child is beautiful! [Long pause.] Well, I believe that is all I can get for you. [Note 68.]

[Reporter goes upstairs and Dr. Hyslop and Mr. Rathbun come down to the room where the sitting was held.]

Oh, Professor, I have seen for this gentleman a picture of a scene like an ocean and the blue is very wonderfully clear and the sails are just—Oh, it just seems to me as if the wind was blowing everywhere. It is so clear to me that I feel as if I want to see whether it is pastel, oil, water color, or what, but it is a marine and I feel the inspiration in that picture that you are interested in is more inspiration than from education or study, because the ideas are given you through the forces that are unseen. I don't know whether you know it, but I feel you—how artistic you are in that work, and I feel that you are good in that from the spirit. [Note 69.]

(Dr. Hyslop: Has he given himself away any?)

No, he sat still.

(Dr. Hyslop: All right.)

Not a bit! I don't want them to give themselves away. But I see this so plainly around him that, really, you are wrapped right up in sails! And the water has been around him all the evening!

[The confusion of pronouns is occasioned by Mrs. Rathbun's addressing these remarks to Dr. Hyslop, the sitter, Mr. Rathbun and the reporter, alternately.]

68. Confused allusions to the man who died from an operation and also to the child mentioned above (pp. 60, 140). The reference to the photograph is equivocal.

69. The allusion here is distinctly to the picture which Mr. Thompson wanted to paint. The reference to the "wind blowing everywhere" is especially pertinent, and that the picture was more the result of inspiration than of study is quite correct. The picture, however, had already been painted with other marine scenes representing storms and wind.

(She thinks I am a sailor.)

(Dr. Hyslop: I see.)

No! I know you are not a sailor but I could see you all around the marine. I could see the ships, water and boats.

(Dr. Hyslop: Do you see any person around him?)

Yes, I did describe. But not now. One passed out lately. You are dead tired to-night, aren't you, Doctor? * * * Well, I am glad to have gotten what I did for "Mr. Smith" and will leave it to you.

(Dr. Hyslop: Have you ever seen this man before?)

[Mrs. Rathbun looks closely at sitter for about a minute and then answers:]

Never in my life [pause]—that I know.

(Dr. Hyslop: Sure?)

Quite positive, Doctor. [Looking again attentively.]

(Dr. Hyslop: All right. But—you have.)

Where?

(Dr. Hyslop: Right in this room.)

I have seen so many!

(Dr. Hyslop: All right. Glad you didn't.)

I couldn't remember. And I have got—

(Do you remember the group of trees that you described for me?)

No, I don't. Was there something in it—the group of trees?

(Dr. Hyslop: Yes, it was very good.)

Oh, I wish I could tell! And now, to-night, it is water. Is the gentleman an artist, may I ask? Or, would you rather I did not ask?

(Dr. Hyslop: No, don't ask.)

Don't tell me, then. How long ago were you here before?

(Dr. Hyslop: It was about a year ago.)

Oh! I can't remember. You see, we have so much to interest us!

April 4, 1908, 8 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. Rathbun. Present, Mr. Thompson.

Now, we hope we are going to get something good for you

to-night, because you are, really, very good and I want to try it. [Pause. Medium twists fingers.] I don't know what I am doing that for!

Oh, what an exquisite cross! Why, do you know—That is so foreign, probably, to anything that you would understand, but, if it were an Easter gathering in a Catholic church and the altar were illuminated, it could not be more distinctly brilliant than now, and I will tell you—There is a cross there nearly six feet high, right at your back, and the lighting of that cross seems to be made with peculiar hands from the spirit. Why, do you know, there is a religious sort of a fervor comes over that and then above it is a face and that face is as much like the picture—not the recent pictures that you see generally distributed, of Christ, but one—Oh, I wish I could tell the different ones! It is just very much like as though there were a beard. The hair is parted and sort of waves, like this, and it is above the cross; not touching it. [Note 70.]

Whatever this might have to do with you—Then, at the other side—You have seen that Sistine Madonna,—that pretty face? But over it is gathered, oh, such a drape! But it is so beautiful, graceful. That is right at your right and now—There was a hand came above it and that hand of that angelic woman went this way, over your brow and, as she did this to your brow, she goes to the base of the brain, the top of your head and I see her put it in your hand, just as though it were a little bit of brush. It is so fine!

The hair is like the finest; oh, the finest! Whatever it might mean. It looks to me on the order of a very refined—Oh, what

70. The allusion to the cross was evidently a symbolical interpretation of the conditions in which the work of Mr. Thompson has to be done. The reader will remark the influence of the psychic's mind upon its content. This has no relation to Mrs. Smead's allusion to the cross and rocks (pp. 362, 365), as the incident Mrs. Smead refers to occurred long after these sittings. No coincidence is involved.

The allusion to wavy hair seems to have its coincidence with a later madonna painting. But we may suppose that this characteristic might have been the result of suggestion on his mind from this message.

The allusion to a brush and painting implies a correct conception of the man's art, tho we may suppose that enough had been ascertained at the previous sitting to suggest it.

will I call it? Camel's hair! It is something like that. And I see now the lighted cross is over you! It is given you by the higher forces and the meaning of that cross being so exquisitely beautiful, lighted with the different colors—Oh, it is iridescent; it is glittering; greens, yellows, blues, reds! I never have seen anything so beautiful, and I wish you two [sitter and reporter] could see it. That is a cross for you and it means that, whatever your material anxieties or crosses might be, they would shrink to a nothingness while the activity of this angelic guide or inspiration would produce the lights that, by-and-bye, you will see yourself standing, as it were, and will exclaim, "Why I carried that cross when there was not a bit of color or light about it, and it was so woody!" To-night it is so light and so brilliant!

Then, this beautiful face with this glorious drape over it: Oh, the most perfect nose; the profile is beautiful. There is an inspiration from that and that is no one whom you have ever known. It would look to me like one of the older saints or someone religiously beautiful that aids you in something. [Note 71.]

Now, then, you seem—while that picture was being shown me—and it is being dispersed and removed—you come again to me as a child. I cannot see you here, a man. I see you as though you were out, growing; growing out of yourself, as it were; and now I see you stand like this [arms crossed] and you have a peculiar coat on. Your coat is not a coat like that. It would look to me like one with pleats, like a Norfolk jacket, but it is gray, with little spots of white in it and marks on it, like you have either washed a pen—wiped something off on it, and I see the hand of that beautiful spirit come and take that little fine brush. It is spread out in just that shape,—as if it were wide; as though they wanted you to do something. [Note 72.]

71. Mr. Thompson records in his diary the vision of a woman and child (p. 60) and in reply to an inquiry writes of this incident: "About six months ago I had a vision of a woman holding a child in her arms and I had a desire to paint it but it was not clear enough for me. But a few weeks ago the face again appeared to me and this time so clear that I have been able to paint the face of the woman. I finished the picture on Saturday, May 16th." The painting was subsequent to the sitting, as the reader will remark, and so also the continuance of the vision.

72. Mr. Thompson writes that he wore a coat of this description, a Norfolk jacket, while sketching last season.

And this ladder! Why, it is all broken. You have had some force or power or something suddenly broken [clapping hands together] like that, as though you cannot get it again, whatever it may be! And I just want to go that way [clapping hands]. But the ladder being broken! Being made together again. And I see one, two, three, four, five, six steps. One week, two weeks, three weeks—In six weeks, they tell me, from the noon of to-day, you will have realized and completed something now unfinished, through inspiration that had left you and will come back, and the inspiration is that sainted face, and that cross is, I believe, given as an emblem or symbolical of what shall be for the best. [Note 73.]

This is the queerest reading that I have ever had for anybody. I wonder if you know anything, at all, about it. Now, will you tell me if you can see anything in it?

(Yes, that is—that is very true. I have seen the face before.)

Oh! That sainted woman?

(Yes.)

Well, she is beautiful, do you know.

(Yes.)

And I will tell you: Her nose is not unlike your own, the profile; the hair so wavy. Oh, a sort of an exquisite brown, oh exquisitely arranged, but it was parted; then drawn and pushed back, not right plain—Ooo-oo-o! Wee-ee-e! Just look, all over my arms! [Medium draws hand over forearms as if brushing off something which caused distress.]

First, her hair is parted and drawn like this and pushed back, like that. I don't know if you are a Catholic. But if ever a sainted woman looked into the face of an individual! That woman is beautiful. She is so perfectly beautiful! And, over her head this drape fell, and it was not loosely here, like a Quaker or a Shaker. It was drawn across her breast and the nose and mouth were so perfect, and she looked over into your face, and I hear, "Why, I will complete what seems to be incomplete and

73. The reference to the ladder is evidently to the prophecy, which was fulfilled in the painting of the face. (Cf. Note 71.) No importance can be attached to the prediction and its fulfillment, as Mr. Thompson knew of its having been made.

master the work ; a few more strokes with a newer brush and my inspiration ! ”

(That is very true.)

Oh, how beautiful ! You know, she would almost make me cry for her. There is something so sweet about her. [Note 74.]

But that cross, sir, is the most beautiful thing I ever, in my life, have seen ! It is taller than you ; it is mighty in its strength and height and the lights and just like this : They grow green, yellow, blue. And there is so much more to come out of this.

Now I see a black looking box. It is not a satchel ; it is almost shaped like a suit case, but it is not thick like that. It folds over. It is rather like a music folio, but it is larger than a music folio would be. It is like—It is about like this.

And I see it opened. The face of that angelic woman ! She looks down into it but she doesn't touch a thing and, from out of there, I see you drawing something. I don't know if it is canvas or what ; and it is unfolded, unrolled and placed out like this, and it would be that you would go that way and this way and there would come something there without touch of hands, just as though you would produce something through the aid of that spirit, and she tries to tell me this. [Note 75.]

But, “ Six weeks from to-day at noon.” I hear it repeated. The completion and the master stroke and that which will seem to be through divine inspiration, and she asks—She knows that you are not worldly ; materially so or slightly so, but she said, “ Let there be the greatest devotion ; holiness, almost, and aspiration at each attempt of your work ” and the high, the holy and the good child will guide you into the right path, for you seem to wonder “ Where am I driving ? What are they doing ? Is it inspiration, or am I deluded ? She said, “ You will be lifted out from the conditions that you are in and firmly set down ; ” you will find it not a delusion but a divine inspiration from this spirit. And I read something in Latin : Just a word there, but I cannot see it. You have also had that name shown you for this beautiful

74. Mr. Thompson writes that the description of the woman is accurate as seen in his vision. But he does not give details.

75. Mr. Thompson writes that he has a black paint box that answers to this description.

woman. Her hair is most beautiful; it is parted, waved and pushed up, like that, and then falls carefully here.

(Yes. You can't see the Latin word?)

No, I cannot read that Latin word. There would seem to be almost like an "R." There is one letter,—I don't know whether it is "B" or "R." I cannot read it, but there is a word written and it is written underneath the flaps or folds of this head covering and it would seem to be that she would want it as her identity and then she would close it up. She says, "Now, he knows. I am his inspiration."

Now, tell me, does that mean anything to you?

(Yes, it is absolutely true.)

Well, that is good.

(And she gave me a Latin word as her name.)

Oh! To yourself, alone?

(Yes.) [Note 76.]

Oh! Now, isn't that good! You know, that it is perfectly beautiful to know, because I know how you feel. You feel, "I want to know if I am crazy or Mrs. Rathbun is crazy or both, and, if Mrs. Rathbun cannot see it, then, we are both off, you know!" I know how you feel, because you are thoroughly sensible in the searching of these things and you want to have it right. [Note 77.]

And that peculiar looking brush, wide at the top and narrow as if she wanted you to do something with that camel's hair brush. She tells me to tell you that she stayed by you between 2.30 and 3.10 this afternoon and there was something you were

76. The allusion to "something in Latin" is very interesting. Mr. Thompson had had an hallucination of what he thought was one word and was told that it was the name of a woman on "the other side." He took it to be the woman referred to as helping him in the work, and was also told, by auditory impression or hallucination, that it was Latin and that he could not now know who it was. When he mentioned the incident to me I told him to keep it secret and perhaps it might come out some time at a sitting. The reader will here remark its pertinency. It is not a single word, but two Latin words, and in giving me the words Mr. Thompson had spelled one of them incorrectly, and did not know their meaning until I told him. (Cf. p. 60.)

77. Mrs. Rathbun gave her maiden name instead of her married name.

trying to complete them. You were tired and you had to get away from it, but you had to get back to your work, whatever it is. [Note 78.]

I hear him say, "Don't leave the books entirely closed! They must be opened again. It is read, read, read; or, study, study, study,—but don't let it be without devotion, the highest aspirations and the kindest prayer, for good will come, good will come! We will guide you."

Now, you know, that hand of that angel came over that pin. [Indicating a large pin of emerald green in sitter's scarf.] I don't know whether you put that pin in for any reason, or not, to-night, but you know, there is something, for the hand touched your pin as though they wanted to say something. It looks blue, green, it looks like an emerald from here. I don't know if you put it on for any purpose, but there is a hand touched it and said, "Please tell him."

Whether you put in another pin and then took it out and replaced it with this one or whether they want to tell me that they have been following you from the hour you put that pin on, for you had not been wearing it, I don't know.

Now, is there anything you want to ask them, "Mr. Smith?"

(Well, I—As you have spoken of the inspiration of the figure—Did you say that you saw a child with her?)

Yes.

(And, what does the cross symbolize?)

I think, probably, as they have said, that you had carried it when it was not so bright, but now it was being so illuminated, that whatever trials of life that may interfere with you in your work and unfoldment would be so light that you would not mind it, for the brightness of the lights meant something very good.

(I understand that. And now, this work that I am to do in six weeks: Is that—Do you get any glimpse of that?)

Yes, religiously. Kind of through this divine inspiration. I don't know if it is "Mother and Child" that is to be made.

Are you connected with clay or pottery? I see something

78. My inquiry regarding this incident was made too long after the sitting and hence Mr. Thompson replies that he does not remember whether he was doing anything at the time as described.

with a peculiar odor. I don't know what it is. Strange! But I feel like "To-morrow you would commence or had begun their outlines and it is going to be done something different and, by tonight, even in the sleep, they are going to bring you thoughts that are going to complete it and in six weeks it seems completed, whatever it is, but successfully. [Pause.]

(Then, I am to wait for the inspiration?)

"I will come to you. It began this afternoon between the hours they said, but you could not grasp it then." Why? "They were filling a sort of caldron for you then. Now, they open it up and say, "Now, let the light shine." Now, I see it this way and the fumes and the flames seem bright. She says, "The inspiration came before and will come again."

(It has been before.)

That is good. And it is coming back to you. You have lost it very quickly.

(Yes, I have.)

That is good. And it is coming back to you. You have lost it for awhile.

(Yes, I have.)

Well, now then! You have lost your inspiration, but it is coming back. [Laughter.]

Isn't that queer! I just heard her voice say, "Why, the lost is found." It is an answer to your prayer.

Now, I see the cross. You have been sort of prayerful and religious in your attitude toward the recovery of this lost inspiration and that is what it means. Where you have the highest aspiration, the inspiration will be beautiful.

(Do you see any connection between this new inspiration and some—)

Egyptian?

(—other inspiration before that?)

I could see a peculiar—back there, a strange looking, foreign looking spirit, but they don't want that. That older one has not completed with you, but they have gone on and transferred you, as it were, to another. It is like as though. Oh, perhaps you had gone on one car and you have traversed that length and you have gone another direction and that conductor may take you that way and you will be switched in another direction and that

older inspiration has gone on and this new one has come to you and I feel that heavenly, divine face; that is where you will get it from. I feel forces from her and can see the face.

. (Then, you feel that I have completed the work under the other inspiration?)

No, but you are sufficiently strong now to begin with the new. You have been waiting to get it, and you will do this because that Latin word means something for you and you alone.

(Yes. I know what it is.)

Oh!

(You know, last night the reading was not— That is— I knew that you had something, but it was not tangible enough.)

I didn't get what you wanted, quite?

(No. And still I could feel what you were feeling, too.)

It was good, but it was not what you wanted?

(No, it was a breaking away from the old influence.)

Oh, and now, tonight, it is stronger?

(Yes, now it is absolutely true.)

That is so good. Well, I am glad you tried it again. [Pause.] And I believe that is all they will give me for you. And then, some time again, if you will call again, I shall be very glad to see what we can do for you.

I think Professor has helped tremendously coming with you tonight. He looks clear-cut tonight. He looked almost like crystal. He looked so clean and wholesome and not a bit tired. He just brought the inspiration with him.

(The first sitting I had with you, you described just what I came for, absolutely.)

Is that the year ago, when Professor said you came?

(Yes.)

We were trying to recall you. Mr. Rathbun said he couldn't think and I couldn't recall you and we wound up by agreeing not to discuss it, because we could not get it.

(You were absolutely perfect. You described the influence and described the way that the work was going on and the place where I would do the work and everything, and what became of it; and I spent the last year in going through the work, and it has all come out just as you predicted, absolutely.)

Going through it for other people besides yourself. You

mean, you went through it as the spirits had guided and directed you?

(Yes. I followed those instructions absolutely and I found that they were correct in every way and, at the time, I did not know where I was going.)

I wish you folks could have seen the cross! Oh, the most exquisite picture of a cross I ever in my life looked at!

(Mr. Rathbun: I wish you could draw, so you could draw those things.)

Oh, if I could draw! Oh, have you felt that you would get the sweetest inspiration by going out under huge trees? Can you draw much under trees?

(That is where I have been working the last year.)

I just saw you out under trees. Palms were over your head and I heard a voice say, "Oh, what he has seen under the palms." And he said, "What you have received under the palms!"

And, do you know, the green influences are all about you; everywhere, everything is verdant green; this growing condition.

[Mrs. Rathbun attached considerable importance to an impression which had made her, prior to this sitting, put on a necklace of emerald green beads and to put on, for the first time, a large emerald set in a ring that belonged to Mr. Rathbun; then, this sitter coming in with a big emerald in his scarf pin and these green conditions about him.]

5. Sittings With Mrs. Chenoweth.

A. Oral.

April 10, 1908, 10 A. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Present, Mr. Thompson.

Hello.

(Hello, Starlight.)

I came, all right.

Hello, Miss Allen.

(Reporter: Hello, Starlight.)

Oh, Dr. Hyslop, I liked the lady we had.

(When?)

Yesterday and the day before and the day before that.

(Good.)

She is beautiful.

(Yes.)

I liked her best the last time she came.

(Yes.)

The spirit was so disturbed, you know. The unusual condition of his going, and all, that it took him a little bit of time to get at the thing; to break through. There is always a little uneasiness over anything of that sort. I don't know as you know anything about it, but you will, when you read the records, and that is what I found. But, as it went on, you know, it was—it was good. She was good and he was good.

(I understand. She is perfectly satisfied.)

I didn't mean that the work was so good, but I mean that the beautiful influence came. I can tell the influence that comes to me and the opening up of the person, you know, and the thing that comes makes the life better afterwards.

Say, Dr. Hyslop, you never owned or had around you a donkey, did you?

(N-n-No. No.)

I see one of those great big—I don't know whether it is a donkey. Is there a difference in them,—those long-eared things?

(Yes.)

Some are jackasses and some are donkeys?

(Yes.)

Well, the jackass is biggest?

(I think so.)

Well, this is what that is,—a great, big one and, funny—When I am looking at you I see it as though it is—I couldn't tell whether it was yours or whether it is somebody— It looks almost like traveling somewhere, you know.

(Yes.)

And having one to use.

(Yes.)

You know, as though it was— In traveling, probably, over some mountain, or something.

(Yes.)

As though there was one of those used.

(Yes.)

Isn't that funny?

(Yes.)

Do you know whether Dr. Hodgson ever used one or not?

(I do not.)

It is funny! I see that there, the first thing, by you, and I had to speak to you about it. It seems that it came with the person, you know, but I would think it nearer to you than Dr. Hodgson; more like some family relations, and I seem to go a distance with it, rather than right here, but it is a sure-footed, big eared creature.

(Yes.)

All right. I am ready now. I will try and drop that.

[Dr. Hyslop leaves room at 10:26 and Mr. Thompson enters.]

[Note 79.]

Funny little influence comes, the first thing, is a child. It is a little girl, just came right into the room. Hm! [Pause.] Seemed to come with the person. [Pause.] [Note 80.]

You know, the first thing I find when I come—or when I come into the influence of this person—is a number of spirits. It doesn't seem to be like one special person who is striving to get through a message, as it is a little group of people, and they are all so intent and as if I would come right out of a very busy, active life, where an active brain is thinking, thinking, measuring sort of an influence and as though all these spirits sort of understand that and just seem to come in response to that sort of an influence; as if they want to make plain and come, well, just like giving evidence, you know, rather than just giving comfort or expressing some especial affection.

(Reporter: See, if you can, what they want to express.)

All right. You know, usually, they do have an article and that is why— [Accounting for previous hesitation.]

(Reporter: Yes.)

[Pause.] Whoever this person is, the life about him— It

79. There is no recognizable meaning in the reference to a donkey, unless it be to one used by Mrs. Hyslop, before we were married, when on a trip in the west. I do not know whether Dr. Hodgson used one or not. It is possible that he did so in a trip he had in the west.

80. Compare reference to a little girl with the same references in the sittings of April 3rd and 4th, with the other psychic (pp. 60, 140, 143).

is a man, you know, I feel, more than anything—the life about him is all— It doesn't seem to be the least bit tangled, but it seems to have a thousand different threads in it, as though there is so much weaving in of this and that and the other; all sorts of threads go in to make up the fabric of the life and that draws all kinds and sorts of influences into the life, but always through it all, is such an evident purpose and like one particular influence that pushes on through everything while all these others are subservient. They are there; they hold things together, yet, there is one or two important cables which connect this person with all the activities that are so close about him. There is in the spirit two classes of people who come to him. One is the family relation and the other is an outside, as though, so often, his spirit had been touched by influences who know more than he does; who are interested along the same line of influence and work that he is and who frequently give him a bit of a touch from the other side to open up the life, as they go toward new fields and broader expressions. [Note 81.]

I don't care who the person is, I see the life like a flower that is half opened and that, as the days go by, these leaves unfold more and more and constantly, as long as that man lives, there will be new growing influences about him. He is not the stagnant kind or the stationary kind who stays right in one place and that settles it, but he keeps putting out feelers all around here and, while he sticks to the main line, there is always some sort of an influence that is going out to know something more and to do a little more and to be a little bit broader than the people around him. [Correct so far as it goes.]

That is what I see. It is an awfully good sign, isn't it, Miss Allen?

(Reporter: I should say so.)

First, there is a man in the spirit. He is— Oh, I should think he might be fifty-five or sixty years old; perhaps older, but he doesn't seem very much older than that. He has got side

81. The distinction between the family and an outside influence fits exactly all that has been said previously in both cases. It would have no importance but for previous matter, but is interesting as the first hit of this sitting and a perfect statement of the situation.

whiskers and they are quite gray and he has got gray hair and rather thin on the top and he has got a broad, full face and broad shoulders. I don't mean that he is fat, in any sense of the word, but he is strong. Rather a clean cut, gentlemanly-looking person, and his face is more square than it is round, you know; a strong-looking face. His eyes are just as clear blue as they can be and he stands right there and puts his hand right on the shoulder of the man and just seems so anxious to speak to him, but as though he had not been associated with him in the earth life, you know. It seems that I do work with him; I am associated with him and I feel all my influence from the spirit life weaving around the influence of the person here. That man wears, when he is— It is funny! He has got two kinds of a life that he lives,—this one in the spirit: One is a busy, active, working life, and the other is when he throws that aside and becomes sort of a gentleman, you know; as though he would dress up; just as he would change his clothing, he changes his thought, his mode of expression, and walks right out of the busy life into a different. You know, easier. More—more—not exactly society, but into a different atmosphere, and it seems as though he slips from one to the other so easily, as though he were perfectly used to it and could do it with such freedom that it is just like two personalities in the man. Isn't that funny! [Pause.]

[Note 82.]

Do you know anyone in the spirit named "Charles?" [Note 83.]

(Yes.)

Who would be near to you?

(No. That is, he was not near to me in the earth life.)

82. Mr. Gifford was sixty-five years old when he died. The description fits him in at least some respects. A cut of his face in a recent paper, April 15th, 1909, at his old home shows features that this account might represent fairly.

The interesting suggestion of this interpretation is the statement that the communicator has been with the sitter "as long ago as that." It is true that the visions and apparitions came while he was occupied with his work as a jeweler.

83. The mention of the name Charles in this connection is most interesting. The reader will recall that this name came very early in the first sitting with Mrs. C. (Cf. p. 114.)

You think he is from the spirit: Is that what you mean?

(Yes, I think so.)

[Pause.] I have to go a little slow. I don't know why it is, but it seems as though there is such a— It is not exactly like a pressure, but it is a power all about you; such a power! If I should tell you just exactly what I think and what I feel, I should say that so much of your life has opened up to the spirit; so much you got to do, as though you are almost, half the time, in touch with the other life and the forces there, perhaps unconsciously, but it is there and it is a power, and it is moving on toward a—some great thing that you are going to do—sometime, you will do. Sometimes you feel it; sometimes it seems as though it is a far-off thing, but, always, there is a moving toward it. That is what I feel with you.

You know [Pause.]. Is there anyone connected with that "Charles" begins with "D.?"

(Not that I know of.)

It would not be his name, would it?

(No.) [Note 84.]

His other name?

(I don't know his other name.)

Oh, you don't? Let me take your hand a minute, please.

[Sitter puts his right hand on medium's left.]

S— Do you know what he looked like?

(Yes.)

Well, didn't he look like this man I just told you about?

(Yes.)

I thought so. The minute I take your hand I see that man I first told you, come right along and put his hand over it like that, and he says, "I am not here for any small matter, but because there are great things to be done, and I want to do it with you and help you and I believe we can go on together." You know,— You don't mind how I take you, do you? [Changing hands.]

It seems that here is, altogether, two particular forces about you; one is your friends, who are trying—or would try, if they

84. Neither Mrs. Gifford nor Mr. Thompson recognize any meaning in the letter "D." I have learned of an intimate friend by the name of D—, but he is in no way connected with the Charles evidently intended here.

had a chance—to express to you, because they are fond of you ; want to come close to you and give you all that a heart would want ; and here is this other great body of people, as if they were using you practically as an instrument to carry on specific work and to carry out specific purposes in life, and, among them, is this “ Mr. Charles.” I will call him that because that will designate him.

Now, he— He puts down, right on your hand, another letter, and seems to be another person, and this is “ M,” and he prints it, just as though it is a great, big printed “ M,” and he says that is another in his company, you know, as though it is one in his company who comes to you. [Note 85.]

Now, do you do anything where you sit down? Looks like a table and as if you sit down and you are looking for something, but there are things— It is not printing. It seems to be different little things, as though it were some— There— Oh, let me see! They are not boxes but, still, they seem to be different things that are laid out and that I just sit and examine them and examine them and sometimes, you know, just like this: As though I do not touch them, at all, but I would look them up and down, up and down, over all the way and then I perhaps take one and then, perhaps, don't, but keep just looking at them.

(Yes.)

Do you do something like that?

(I used to, yes.)

Well, wasn't that in a sort of a study that you were interested in?

(Yes, there was study connected with it.)

Yes. Well, I see this: That man was with you as long ago as that, you know ; as though he was connected, spiritually, with you as long ago as that, because I go through these things and come— I don't know what they are, but as I said—I have classified all that, you know.

85. The meaning of “ M ” is not recognized by either Mrs. Gifford or Mr. Thompson. According to the claim made there is no special reason why they should recognize him, as he is said to be one of the group influencing Mr. Thompson.

(Yes.) [Note 86.]

This is you: I have classified all that and I am going on to other things and from that you come up to other things that are bigger; where you handle them; take your fingers.

It comes along, later, where there are books and pictures in the books and as though the books— They are almost like chart pictures, you know, as though I look them over and I see the things and I take them— You are turning leaves over just as fast as anything and looking at those pictures. You understand?

(Yes.) [Cf. p. 226.]

And it seems that all— Then, I come along to still more things, and as I— All the time your whole life has been just like your study,— Up, up, up, up, up! As though, all the time just growing right along to all these different conditions,—up, up, up, up, up! And, mercy! If you only knew it— It seems— I don't know when I have ever seen anybody that I feel so much the impulse and the pushing power of the spirit as I see it in you. Things come to you. You are psychic and the things, as you work along here— You do not— You are very modest about it. You would hardly realize that you were, really, doing anything unusual, but, somehow, when you come to size the thing up, put it together, measure it, why, it is as definite and plain to you where it would be like Greek to some other people; and all this preparatory work and all that you have done is just like steps towards the final expression which comes to you in your earth life.

You are going to do some big thing! I am not saying that to make you feel proud, but just to make you appreciate your own capacity. You are almost too modest, you know. Sometimes the— You measure what you know by what you want to know instead of by what other people know and that makes you very modest and almost inappreciative of the real things that you

86. Apparently a reference to Mr. Thompson's trade as a maker of jewelry. It is at least recognized as this.

There are a great many statements by the psychic that are remarkably true and pertinent, but which no one could appreciate and no evidential character asserted of them unless the reader knew Mr Thompson and perhaps the psychic herself. This could be brought out only by comparing these results with those in sittings of other strangers.

have accomplished. I do not think it is well for people always to be looking at their ideal. It is always well to have it there and to use it as a chart, now and then, but to be always looking at it is, often times, discouraging because the accomplishment seems so far short of what the ideal really is; and that is your great trouble. You don't mind my speaking very plain to you, do you?

(No, indeed.)

Well, if I could just give you, from the spirit, the assurance of what you are and your capacity and how quickly you receive and how much you already have done, how far you are along the way, I think it will be one of the blessings that could come to you.

Now, you are very strange with your friends. You have very few who come right close into your heart. You meet them on certain planes. They classify, just like your studies. A man meets you for this, that or the other, and that is all there is to it. He fills his purpose in that particular place, but, when it comes to somebody who knows you all through and through, there have been less people than you could remember on your fingers who have come into your inner life to understand you and for you to even give a thought to understanding them perfectly. You understand what I mean? [Note 87.]

(Yes.)

Well, that is nothing wrong. It is only that it is so. It is an unusual personality about you and the spirits understand you. You are a child spirit and, being a child spirit, it is there that your understanding and your sympathetic relationships will extend into your life rather than among the children of men.

Now, there is a woman— Do you want me to go right on,— just anything I see?

(Yes.)

There is a woman in the spirit— There are two, but there is, first, an oldish woman that I feel very much interested, because she seems so anxious to come to you. She is a woman about— Well, medium height; not very stout; her hair is quite gray but

87. Mr. Thompson states that the description of his relation to his friends is true.

The reader should compare the passage with the statements in the first and later sittings with Mrs. Rathbun (pp. 135, 278).

not white, and it is parted and combed rather plain. She has got a little way of putting her hands up to it, as though she smoothed it up every little while, herself, though it is not a bit rough; just smooth. She is very active. Seems to be a woman who is constantly doing something; more like an influence in a home. Never outside, but working about in the home. Everything about her is just as—just as trim and right as it can be, but, oh, she is so busy! Seems as though her life all the time was spent in taking care of the garden committed to her keeping.

That woman is close to you and, when I look at her, I see her eyes are more on the gray than either black or blue and her face is rather thin and there is just a little tired look, but that seemed to come before she went to the spirit. It seems that, when that woman went away, as though everything was in perfect order. She passed away like one who had always kept the life adjusted, ready to go any time and, yet, needed so much here! But she is ill when she goes. You know, I feel all that— Oh! Such a distress, as though I am so tired I cannot stay any longer and I just give up, but it is all in orderly fashion. The woman belongs to you and, as she puts her hand on your shoulder and then puts another one down under your face, as if she would look it up, lift it up and look into it, it is such an expression of tenderness and love that I feel very close to you with her. I don't know what she is to you. I only know she is there. Now, isn't your mother in the spirit land?

(No.)

Well, do you know who this woman is?

(No, I recall no one in the spirit land like that.)

There is someone. You wait a minute. Let me take your hand again. [Pause.] You have got a woman in the spirit land— Oh, I should think she was between sixty and seventy years old, like this I told you; just that kind. She lives away. She is awfully near to you. She is a relative. I don't know— I couldn't make such a— You got an aunt that is anything like that?

(Well, I— I have an aunt in the spirit land, but—)

Would she be like this one?

(In some ways.)

Was she a very devoted and active woman to the little conditions around her that were committed to her keeping?

(Yes, I think so.)

Well, if I could get her name I suppose it would make it more real to you, you know. I see her having such a care over you, as though her interests and influence would be to bring a sort of a care to you, you know, just like a mother; as though she would almost constitute herself as a spirit mother to you. I really thought she was a mother, at first, because she came in that way. [Note 88.]

Do you know someone named "Frank?"

(Yes.) [Cf. p. 106.]

That is here in the body?

(Yes.)

It isn't you, is it?

(No.)

Is it anyone you care about?

(Yes.)

I got to tell you a little about him. It is a man, you know, but it is a— I am not troubled especially over him, but I feel first thing, when I go a little nearer to him, I want to kind of laugh. It seems as though there is— He— There is a good deal of good humor about him, you know; good kind of happy influence. He is— I don't feel the least bit of trouble about him. I feel more a kind of a taking things as they come and making the best of them. That is his spirit, you know, and moving on with a sort of an independent air. He is all right. I don't know if you would— I don't know why I should see about him; but I feel all right with him. I don't feel even the suggestion of his passing away or anything like that. It is just that I find him, do you know, in your influence.

(Yes, I understand.) [Note 89.]

I have given you all I see. I don't know— Do you know anyone named "Louie?" But that is in the spirit.

88. After reading over the record of the sitting Mr. Thompson thinks this describes his grandmother. At the sitting, as the reader will remark, he recognized an aunt "in some ways."

89. Mr. Thompson says he had in mind an uncle Frank, when the name was mentioned, but states that the description is not entirely correct.

(No, I know no one in the spirit of that name.)

You do?

(No.)

You do not?

(No.)

You know someone here?

(Yes, that is part of their name.)

Well, do they call them "Louie?"

(Yes.) [Louis is Mr. Thompson's middle name.]

Hm! Well, now let me tell you. There is a man in the spirit who speaks that name "Louie" as though he was interested in the "Louie," you know. It is— I— I don't know whether it is a man or a woman that is alive, but I hear— I think it is a woman, you know. Isn't "Louie" a woman?

(No.)

[Long pause.] I think so. Ask me something about him and I will see if I can get a little closer into his influences.

(Did this "Louie" feel the influence? Feel the woman's influence? Perhaps you can—)

You mean, in the earth life?

(I don't know.)

Does it trouble you? To have him do it?

(No. This influence comes as an inspiration.)

Oh! Well, let me tell you: There is a— There is a man in the spirit that is close to him, too, you know, and I suppose that where I got the woman was from the spirit because instantly when I come to him, I just felt, oh, such a woman—woman influence.

(Yes.)

And— [Pause.]. I don't know. You know, something— You want me to tell you, of course, just exactly the way I see the thing move on there or you wouldn't ask me.

(Yes.)

But around "Louie" are some changes that are taking place. He is not settled. I mean, in this—in his—in the atmosphere about him. I am not speaking of the physical condition so much as I am of the spiritual and mental state. It is— There is something— There is nothing that brings annoyance except the annoyance that comes from a bit of friction that is there, you know.

(Yes.)

He tries sometimes and then it is just as though, sometimes the thing comes beautifully, you know. He can go close into the influences and sometimes it seems as though it is— Ooo-oo-o! All you van— You know, just like strain—pressure, that you just feel that— Well, you don't know what to do! *He* doesn't know what to do. It brings almost like a pressure on the head that, in some other people would be a headache; in him it is just pressure and nervousness. You understand?

(Yes.) [Correct account of his state of mind.] [Mr. Thompson says: "I feel at times a great impulse to paint, and if I do not have the opportunity it makes me very nervous."]

That will wear away. That man—or— He is grown, you know; He is a man, all right, but that—that man is going to come up through some condition there today and move the way, you know, just as though he moves out of this frictional atmosphere into a stronger and a better one, where he is able to do more what he wants to. He is awfully sensitive; almost too sensitive, and he needs the man in the spirit to balance the thing, you understand.

(Yes.)

Well, that will come. You won't have to do anything about it. He won't. It just comes. Spirits never come close to a person that they don't know what they are about. If they are trusted and have got anybody who is willing to take their hand and help them along a bit, they can do what they want, but, if they are fought or the thing goes wrong, that brings friction. They are not so bad as they seem, you know. It is only the friction that brings what seems badness. You understand?

(Yes.)

Well,— Does that "Louie" do something with his fingers? It looks to me as though I see him with a pencil and as though he is making—it seemed almost like things, you know; as though he writes a little today and then he stops; and then he writes a little more, you know, and then, all at once, he writes more rapidly, you know, a whole lot, but the first is that—just as though there is something that he has to do. But it is a pencil and a paper, you know, that he has got. Do you know anything about that?

(Yes, I know it about the pencil and the paper.)

Well, doesn't he write out things and then kind of think and think and then write out some more?

(Well, he doesn't exactly write; No. But, he uses his pencil.)

What is it? Figuring? You needn't tell me. I see the pencil and the paper and I see something that is done and I see him. Oh! [Pause.] As though he sits up and looks around, you know. His head is not always down here like one who reads continuously, but he sits up and looks around; then, he goes down again, with his pencil and his paper, but there is something else in his hand, too, you know, as though, at times, there is something in this hand, as though he would kind of— [Making sweeping, circular motion.] It is almost like a stick, you know.

(Yes.)

You know that he would sort of put down— I don't know whether it is a measuring stick or what it is, but there is something in his other hand that he— When he has a pencil and paper, he uses this, too, sometimes.

(Yes.)

And I see him have that and having these little times of sort of thinking and figuring things out; then, all at once, he just goes to work and works real fast, you know.

(Yes.)

He is very, very sensitive and any little thing— He is sensitive to everything,—people, influences, atmosphere—everything. He is like a flower, and, yet, he is a man. There is that man influence about him, but he is almost as sensitive as a woman would be, and that is almost too strong an influence, you understand.

(Yes.)

that is there. And I think that that will come. A strong man from the spirit land who just brings out of this a more even and equable—if you understand what I mean—equable influence, into his life, and he will. He is all right, you know. [Note 90.]

90. This whole series of passages describing "Louie" with the pencil and paper is an accurate account of the way Mr. Thompson does his work, tho the psychic seems not to have caught either that the "Louie" is the sitter or that his work is painting. But his habit of reflecting, experimenting and working rapidly at times is perfectly accurate. Some of

Now, you know—There is another thing I see: Funniest thing! Here is—I have to keep hold of your hand. I guess I get closer to your spirits by it,—if you don't mind?

There is a—Right before me is a brown pocket book like a bill book; very old, shiny. It is either brown or dark red. It is a dark color, but not black. There is a color to it, but it is one of those smooth, shiny ones and quite old; and, look! It is as long as that—like a bill book. And I see that open. There is a man in the spirit who has that book and opens it here before me and, oh, it has got so many things in it! Little papers, bits of things—and it must have been used a long time. It seems as though it is—It has seen service, and you look at it and you would know, right away, that it was an old, old purse—pocket-book—and out of that—This man in the spirit pulls a little piece of printed matter, as if cut from a paper, and that is old, too; you know, looks like an old, old clipping, but that is in it; in this. Do you know anything about that old pocket-book?

(No, I do not.)

Have you got one that belonged to anybody?

(No, I have not.)

What would you do with that, Miss Allen?

(Reporter: I would take another line of thought.)

It belongs to somebody who belonged to him, because I see it there. [Note 91.]

it might be a symbolic attempt on Gifford's part to identify himself. Note the stick. Louie is Mr. Thompson's name; also of a deceased aunt.

Apparently the allusion and manner connected with the stick indicates an attempt to get away from the ideas invoked by the reference to a pencil (Cf. sitting with Mrs. Salter p. 106.)

91. Mrs. Gifford does not recognize any fitness in the pocket-book incident. Mr. Gifford, she says, had no special pocket-book, but carried his change loose in his pocket. He did not believe in pocket-books. Mr. Thompson does not know what it means.

At an earlier sitting of my own, a pocket-book almost identical with this one was mentioned and assigned to an uncle of mine and I ascertained that it was correct. The sitting was one of automatic writing and represented a deeper trance. I have no evidence that this article of my uncle is meant, but since I have so often seen this kind of confusion the facts should be mentioned for what they are worth.

It is possible that the incident refers to Mr. Gifford's sketch book. A later reference to it in one of the sittings in which automatic writing

(Well, I am more interested in the work of this Louis, that he is to do; just Louie—under this impression.)

Aha! You mean, as a medy?

(Well, the work that will be accomplished by this impression?) [Pause.] (In describing this “Louie” you have described myself and that is part of my name, so perhaps that will help you.)

Oh! You are the “Louie?”

(Yes.)

That is funny! That is funny! I didn't take it you, at all. [Long pause.]

Well, I see so much for you. It is not that I see nothing that makes me so still about it, but I see so much. First place, here's so much that has got to be done and is being done and almost as though it is—Why, you are just as much a medy—and I do not say it in any but the highest and best sense of mediumship—that, while your own brain—you keep growing and expanding and understanding—At the same time, the spirits are practically living a life in you and working things out through you. Not for a personal satisfaction, at all, but for the world, and you will go on here for a little bit of awhile longer, practically with no particular change, you know, as though there is no particular moving away out of the present conditions but all the time this power grows, you know; it seems as though, when I see the pencil and the paper and the work coming, that the power seems to grow with you as tho', first thing you know, something comes here that is unusual. You would like that you know. It is not because you want to be so great but because you want to know what can be accomplished; that accomplishment of that brings you into new fields, afterward. You cannot stay just as you are now after this thing is fully expressed. Do you understand what I mean?

(Yes, exactly.)

Well, if you have that—Of course, you are perfectly willing, in a way, or perfectly free, you know. It is as though when the thing comes and comes the way it should—which it will—then, I

was the method of communication makes this interpretation more probable. A feature of his sketch book is more definitely alluded to there. (Cf. p. 208 and Note 120.)

just see you just cutting loose from everything to do a spirit work. You understand?

(Yes.) [Note 92.]

And I see that come right along, as though it does not come just like a flash in the night that means nothing except to light up a little bit for a moment or a day, but it comes a steady unfolding and, oh, increasing and more than just this—just this—just what you have got your mind on now. There is additional work to that, you know; additional things that come to it. When that comes, the other things come through, too. That is the way I see.

Now, this—Do you know the woman who is near you? Isn't she a guide and not a relative? I mean, in the spirit?

(I don't—I don't know. She is very near to me.)

You don't know who she is?

(No.)

That is what I mean. She is not—What I mean—She is not a mother or a sister. It is a guide, you understand.

(Yes.)

Well, that is what I see, because it is nobody like anybody who had lived within fifteen or twenty years, or anything like that. It is an old spirit; one who has—who is a guide from the spirit and who knows how to do these things. Oh, she walks right along and puts her hand on your shoulder now, as if she were just assuring you of her beneficence and her power to bring out of all the seemingly chaotic conditions the order and the strength and the power which you need and which you deserve. Do you ever have a feeling as if you were away out of your body, above everything, sometimes?

(Yes.)

It is just as if I see you—Funniest thing! Just first above the tops of trees; then, higher and higher, as if your spirit were just wending its way out through the great, vast universe that is above the world, and I would not be afraid. If I were in your place, I would never have the least fear of anything that is coming. You don't need to. It is a band of influences about you and

92. Correct account of Mr. Thompson's mediumistic nature, but inferrible from his own previous statements and admission.

they—they are just going to do all this for you and that is only the releasing of your spirit. But it is the funniest thing? It is like going in a balloon; as though you feel almost as though you were wafted by some power you could not understand, but you are higher, higher, higher, and you keep your consciousness all the time. I don't see you going into trances you know. I don't see that sort of thing come to you, but I see you going into a release while you are still normal and no sort of—of sense in a fear or a hesitancy, but just floating yourself with confidence into the arms of the spirit guides who are close to you and who have watched you all the way along and have got the specific work for you to do. That is the thing I see. [Note 93.]

Another thing: You have got a sort of a hearing. It is not definitely unfolded, yet, but there are times when you can get strains of music, you know.

(Yes.)

Just as though it floats to you and that is the harmony of it. Your clairaudience will unfold as the rest does. You seem to go along as the rest of these things unfold, slowly, little by little, bit by bit, and just seem to bring you out into the perfected mediumship which belongs to you. People don't seem to understand you, do they, around you?

(No.)

They seem to think you are peculiar, and so you are,—if you don't mind my saying it.

(No.)

You are different. You are peculiar to them just as they are peculiar to you, and it is one of those—one of the things that comes with an unusual personality who has got an unusual endowment of any kind, that they always are stamped as being peculiar and really are, and I would not—I don't think you have any feeling about it now. You used to be awfully sensitive about it, but you have begun to come into the place where you begin to

93. Mr. Thompson describes two occasions when he seemed to be out of his body. "On one occasion while sketching I saw a vision of a city on a mountain side, dazzlingly bright and also at the time I saw the vision of the woman with the child in her arms. I felt a sensation as if I were dying." (Cf. pp. 60, 134, 137.)

think it does amount to something. You know, at first, you were afraid. You understand?

(Yes.) [Note 94.]

But I don't see any need of fear or of hesitancy, but just go on. I like the power about you and I believe it is good and I believe it is for your betterment not only, but for everybody, you know, as though it does something for the world, and some of these dreams you have had sometimes, about doing great things—you just throw yourself down sometimes at night, just as though you were in your bed, and you just lie there with your eyes wide open, right on your back, looking out and trying to see; trying to think and feeling, all the time, the spirits and as though you feel—Oh, such dreams you have, you know, of the things you want to do. You understand?

(Yes)

And I see those things. They come not forced, not hurried but growing, like all God's plans do. They never come at the snap of a finger, but they grow, and that is the way your mediumship will be. And you will live a long time and do many things and be glad that you are just exactly what you are. That is what I see.

(Can you see anything that I am doing—any special thing that I am doing when you hear this music? Or, can you hear the music and—)

You mean, what you are doing with your own hands?

(Yes, the especial thing that I do with my hands at the times when I hear the music.)

Well—Are you making music, too, with your hands, when you hear it?

(No.)

Well, let me see if I can see.

(Can you describe the place that I am in? An especial place—a specific place, that I have heard this music and I have always been doing a specific thing at this time.)

94. The diary shows what Mr. Thompson's experiences were in hearing music (pp. 53, 60). There is the same allusion here to the misunderstanding of his friends. (Cf. pp. 135, 138 and Note 56, equal to cross-reference.)

Let me see if I can see it. Is it a big, big place where you are when you hear it?

(Well—Yes.)

Like a big building?

(No.)

I don't see it.

(Hm.)

I wish I could. But—Wait a minute!

(It is big, but not a building.)

It is outdoors isn't it?

(Yes.)

Because, all at once, I see clouds and all, you know, and as though I am standing out and I—I don't see what your hands are doing, but I see you just looking around, as if you just—It always comes to you that it must be you are hearing something in the physical world, you know.

(Yes.)

You just have that little feeling and you look around and you see no one. There is nothing coming, but, all at once, it dawns on you. It is like angel voices and there is more than voice, you know, but there is other music, as though it is some—almost like a harp, you know; some—It is a stringed instrument, like something that you could not describe. It is not a piano; it is not a violin, but something that is like a stringed instrument and, yet, the tone of voices with it that swells and swells—You know what I mean.

(Yes.) [Note 95.]

And I know that it is—Whatever you are doing; though, at

95. Mr. Thompson says he does lie abed at night and with eyes open thinking and feeling as described. It was out of doors that Mr. Thompson heard the music, and the music was more than one kind. But the descriptive matter about the place was suggested by his own statements. The kind of music was not. Mr. Thompson plays the zither a great deal to get inspiration.

A friend of Mr. Gifford, to whom I was talking about the case, asked me the question whether Mr. Thompson ever got any indications of music in his experiences. I remarked that he had, and this friend at once replied that Mr. Gifford was passionately fond of music, especially of the violin. Cf. pp. 53, 54, 58.

that time it is not what you are doing that draws out this, but it is because, just at that particular time, there is an opening up of your inner hearing that makes it possible for you to catch what is going on all the time.

(Yes.)

They are not singing or making the music just for you. It is always there but *you* are just in that state of harmony or harmonious vibration that you catch what is going on, you see.

(Yes.)

That is what makes people so far from understanding. They think that things are done especially for them at times, but it was there all the time. Grasses are growing, violets blooming; all the things are moving on and expressing themselves in some way all the time, but somebody comes along and pulls aside a grass blade and they see a violet. It is the first time they have seen it. It was there all the time and if anybody else had pulled aside the grass blade they would have seen it, too. It was not especially for the one who pulled aside that grassblade, but it was there. Like that music that comes to you. It is there and you are getting into harmony with the vibrations and the other life to catch the thing. It is almost wonderful; almost too wonderful to be true, you know, when you tell it to anybody else, but it is true. It is yours. It is your gift and you are at that degree of psychic sensitiveness that you just break through now and then. Only a little thin garment covers your consciousness and every little while the sunlight breaks through that and you catch a glimpse or hear a sound or get the inspiration.

You know, you are going to write something. I don't know whether you know it or not, but there are times when there is almost like a poetic inspiration that comes to you. Do you understand what I mean?

(I think so.)

Well, you are going to write some things.

(Reporter: Time, time, time.)

Oh, I knew it! Shall I ask him if he is coming to-morrow?

(Reporter: No questions allowed.)

All right.

(Yes, yes; you have helped me.)

All right. I suppose I have got to go now. Good-bye.

(Good-bye.)

[Sitter leaves room.]

That is a nice man.

(Reporter: A wonderfully gifted man.)

Yes. He don't know how to get things out of me, though.

(Reporter: Perhaps he knows how not to.)

No, I think he wanted to, all right, but he didn't quite know how.

[Laughter.]

Good-bye.

(Good-bye, dearie.)

April 11, 1908, 10.15 A. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Present, Mr. Thompson.

Hello.

(Hello, Starlight.)

Hello, Miss Allen.

(Reporter: Hello, Starlight.)

I will be ready in a minute. We're going home to-day!

(Yes. Glad of it, aren't you?)

Yes, though I like the work here.

(Good.)

It is—I like it. I like it anywhere, you know; I like to talk about the spirits and I like to see things for people. You know how some people like to work out puzzles and that sort of thing?

(Yes.)

That is what I do. If I get a complicated case I like to fish around and see what I can do with it, you know; get it out.

[Pause.] All right.

[Dr. Hyslop leaves room.]

You will stop me in season, won't you?

(Reporter: I will.)

[Mr. T—— enters room.]

Hello!

(Good morning.)

[Pause.] Do you want me to begin just where I left off?

(Whatever comes to you.)

All right. You know, yesterday—Why, you are—Of course,

I know you are the same person I saw yesterday. Yesterday I saw so much that seemed to be opening up into your own life, as though, out of all this expression and proximity of spirits, there was so much that was coming to the world; so much that will come, literally, through your own effort and your—the combination of your power with these people in the spirit.

Close by you this morning I see a woman. She is—I saw one yesterday, but this is a different one, and I see her fair, rather young. I should think she was less than twenty-five and very easy and quiet in her manner. I think she passed out a long time ago, because, when she comes here, there is just that—that assurance that comes from a spirit that has been a long time in a certain condition and has become accustomed to it and can overcome the new—the obstacle in the path. This—I want to ask you: Have you got anybody close to you, like a sister, who has been gone a long time to the spirit?

(Yes.)

A young woman, I mean?

(Yes.) [Note 96.]

It seems as though from her there is such a desire to give you the full confidence, not only in your own power, but in the power of those who are near you and, as I find her coming, it is almost like an angelic influence; so tender, so true, so expressive, and all the time with a clear head that sees definitely the thing to do and, as she puts her hand down on the table, she says: "This is not the first time that I have tried to communicate," and she does not refer to that indefinite communication that all spirits try to have with their own friends, but more like a separate and definite effort that she had made to send some message to you; and she puts her hand in the hand of a man, and that man is just as close to her and to you as he can be, but he has been—when he was here—a very—It is more like a—If I can find the word I want!— [Pause.] "Curt!" Almost a curt way of speaking; rather short; not very much of the effort to be over polite, but just quick, curt, short-speaking and it is a short man, too. He is probably medium height and he is very unconcerned about the effect of what he says on people, but he is so anxious to come to you and

96. Mr. Thompson recognizes her as his deceased half-sister.

is helped by her. You know—Do you know a man like that, who would be near her and near you, too, in the spirit?

(Yes, I think so.)

Well, that man is—It seems as though, with his effort to get to you—You know, he did not know much about this before he went away. It is an entirely new thing to him and he would be one who would just—Oh, “I don’t want anything to do with it,” you know. “Leave this life take care of this life. Let the rest go as it will, but we will do what we have to do.” And, you know the man—It seems to me as if he fought death. That is, that he had a sickness and that he kept up a long time when somebody else, naturally, would have given up the things he didn’t. He just fights the thing and goes along as best he can and then, all at once, he just succumbs and goes to the spirit and goes with a good deal of the feeling of “I lost my fight!” You know,—that sort of way; half discouraged, half with that sense of having lost; and, you know, he comes—It seems to me as if you got a place or he had a home away.

You know, I go to two places with you: One is where you are and one is where he lived, you know, as though he would—There would be those two homes and he would go definitely to yours and to the other one where he lived. You understand?

(Yes.)

And that one where he lived—It seems as though there is a woman left.

(Yes.)

that he is anxious over and would give any word he could to help her. She is not going to die right now, you know.

(No.)

There is some life ahead for her, but sometimes he goes there, and he goes with a care and a protection and with something like an everyday interest in everything that she does. And, you know, he says there are some things that he is going to be able to do for her, you know, as though this woman is, in a way, near you. You know, there is—you would—you would talk with her.

(Yes.)

About things, and there is more and more that you are able to talk with her so that when she goes to the spirit land she will go like a certainty, you know; an assurance of where she is going.

It won't be like going out into the dark, like he did, and the younger girl did, you know; the young sister, you understand.

(Yes.)

You know—Do you want—You got something for me? Oh! You are just going to give me your hand.

(That is all I have for you.)

Yes. [Coughs.] Well, there is a—When I go to this home where this man went away,—It seems—it is perfectly familiar to him, you know. It seems as though, if he would drop down there now, he could go anywhere and it would be so familiar! The things are about the same as when he went away.

(Yes, just the same.)

And he says, "I frequently go there and walk about and wonder what it all means! It seems so strange to be over here and, yet, to be so conscious of everything that is going on in your life, and it is good for me, boy, to be near to you." He speaks to you as if you were a boy, you know; as though there is that little—almost a tender feeling that comes from him to you, although, naturally, he is outspoken and short.

(Yes.)

And, you know there are several things. They are not things that bother him much, but he would be apt to be bothered if things were changed. He always wanted them to be as *he* wanted them, you know; didn't want anybody to make any changes. If he went out, and found things had been moved or changed that he was in the habit of using, he would make a fuss about it; makes a remark and doesn't like it; and he says, "You can understand how it is hard for anybody like me to overthrow all their lifelong ideas and accept the new and, yet, it is coming; slowly coming. I am coming to a better understanding of what life is and how close I am to you all." [Note 97.]

(Can you see his face?)

Yes, I can. I can see his face and I can see his body and—

97. Mr. Thompson thought of Mr. Gifford at this passage, but spoke encouragingly in recognition to see what would come. But the important incidents do not fit Mr. Gifford and he does not recognize the person meant. The living woman referred to is not recognized.

The statement that a "woman is left," however, would apply to Mrs. Gifford, but no evidential importance attaches to the incident.

look! Do you know anyone connected with him who begins with "M?"

(No.)

Isn't it your mother?

(No.)

Well, who is this "M" that you have got?

(Well, that may be my mother, but she has no connection with this man.)

With him?

(No.)

Well, does your mother begin with "M?"

(Yes.)

Well, I will go back to him in just a minute, but, right after I see him write this "M," you know, here, and as though he referred to her—to your mother, about it—you know, there is sort of a—Hm! [Pause.] Do you like your mother?

(Yes.)

Isn't she funny?

(Yes.)

It is a funny question to ask you, isn't it, but, somehow, when I come to her, there is just a kind of a little bother.

(I understand what you mean.)

I feel bother about her. Perhaps that is enough to say about it, but—it will never be any different. I would like to tell you that things would be different, but they do not seem to be. The only thing that will make her different is to go over and, when the light comes to her over on the other side, then, of course, she will be different. I am sorry to make it so, but that is exactly what I see.

(That is true.) [Note 98.]

Now, to go back to the man: There is another letter that I see: A great, big "O," do you know?

(No, I do not.)

Do you know anyone named "Orrin," or a name something like that?

98. If the "M" refers to a name it is not recognizable, but the context shows that it may be the initial of "mother." What is said or hinted at in this connection is relevant, but too personal to mention and is recognized as such by the control. (Cf. pp. 101, 139, 140, 141.)

It is someone he knows and I see it spelled, now,—“O, r, r, i, n.” And you don't know it?

(No.)

Ain't that funny! You ask him something and I will see if he can tell you. You got “Orrin” down all right, didn't you?

(Reporter: Yes.)

Because, it means something. A name wouldn't come so definitely as that unless there was connection there between him and it. [Note 99.]

(I just want to ask what message he has regarding the work for me to do.)

He gives you that as quick as anything. It is not so much that you need to have patience; you have got that. It is a watching out for opportunity. That is the only thing. This work—This is psychic work you are talking about, and psychic work he is talking about, you understand?

(Yes.)

Isn't that true?

(Yes.)

Well, now let me see: Here is—But, you know, your psychic work—You never—Well, I don't like to ask you, but it seems as though there is a combination here; psychic work and your other work. You are still with one hand on your daily work, like your mental work, and the work that is yours to do and one hand out here on the psychic, as though I am holding here and I am pushing forward all the time with the psychic. You have seen a man on a bicycle, leading another beside him? That is practically the way you are; riding along and still pulling along on your old wheel that has been the thing you rode on but it has got to be discarded pretty soon. It doesn't give you the full time or the full strength to devote to the bicycle you are on to-day. I am calling it a “psychic wheel.”

Now, all this—I don't know just how you begin, but, bye-and-bye, I see you with a little company of people all around about you. They are mostly men and they seem to ask you some questions, as though there is something that comes to you that

99. The name Orrin is not recognizable. It may be a mistake for the word *Orient*. See what follows.

you are literally plied with questions as to how you got this ; how you got that ; how you did this ; how you did that ; and you are so overwhelmed that you cannot say anything. You are not a very ready talker until you get warmed up, you understand. [Perfectly correct.]

(Yes.)

Well, it seems that in this—You just stand there and you—Well, you are not exactly bewildered ; you know what you are doing all the time, but it is fired at you with such rapidity and vehemence that it is almost as though you just kind of straighten up and wait a minute ; don't try to answer every question they ask you. There will be a lot of fool questions come to you that it is better to let your own expression filter down through and then, bye-and-bye, the answer will come from their consciousness rather than from your words. But this—Oh, this is only just an incident. It is not the great work, but it is an incident in this work and, out from this, there is—You know, have you ever thought of going across the water?

(Yes.)

Well, here is the funniest thing! I see, after this incident where you are with all these people, you know—these men—there is something as—all at once I see you down on the pier and I see all the plans ; you have arranged everything so that you leave to stay as long as you please. It is not like going across and right back, or going over for one expression and back, but there is—everything seems to be in order, as though it is adjusted and you go across and, when you go across, I see there—There is some more people that you come in contact with and they are on this same question. Say, you are awfully interested in psychic things, aren't you?

(Yes.)

I mean, aside from your own personality. You are interested in other people, too, aren't you?

(Well, in—Yes.)

I am not asking you too much, am I?

(Oh, no indeed.)

Well, it is funny, but when I see you—You are going right straight across the water and you immediately go. I don't mean this in a week or two, you know, but I mean after some little

events come. This is one of the events in your life and, as you go across, you strike a little company of people there and you are by yourself quite a lot, as though you have got either a room or a—It is not a home. It does not seem to be so well established as a home, but seems to be a little place there to which you go to do some things of the work. You work all the time with your brain. You are working out some problems and you stay in one place awhile and then go to another, because I see the moving about from one place to another until you finally land in a place where there are different kinds of people; you know,—dark people. Whether it is India, or what it is, I don't know, but it looks more like one of those warm countries like India, you know; some place like that, and it seems as though, out from that—Why, suddenly there comes, oh such a—Oh, to you—such an unusual power, as though it does not come to you back here. The fulfilment of some of this expression that has been promised you by your guides comes across the water. It begins here and you move along here, but the fulfilment of it is over on the other side and, after you have taken two or three little—shorter trips, you know, then comes this other that brings a certain power and fulfilment and expression to you. Then, you come back here again. [Note 100.]

You know, your life is full of events. There is—You are not rich, are you?

(No.)

I thought so. You don't mind my saying it to you, do you?

(Certainly not.)

But, you know, it is the funniest thing: While I was telling you this it just seemed as though, all at once, this flashed over

100. There is no evidence of the presence of Mr. Gifford in all this allusion to going "across the water" and to India, but Mr. Gifford had been abroad several times and had visited Egypt. He was also interested somewhat in Oriental things. The only meaning which the passage could have would be that, having proved his presence his ideas were slipping into and through the medium, tho we should have to assume that her subliminal processes were coloring them with their own action. The prolix and verbose character of the talk is evidence of this, and so also the analogies used, the same circumstance being conspicuous everywhere. In the midst of it, however, the distinction and struggle between his daily and his psychic work represent a hit of some interest.

you, "But, how can I do that? I am not rich enough to," don't you know; as though you would say that to yourself. Do you understand?

(Yes.)

Well, out of all this—I don't know what it is. It doesn't seem as though you go like a prince or like a rich man into these things. I am telling you just the way it looks to me,—as though you cut off some things in order to do some other things. In other words, you make a choice and, between the choices, you take this over here,—and it pays you! And I am speaking of it entirely from a spiritual standpoint; not the money that comes back again.

(Yes.) [Note 101.]

But, out of all this, always comes enough, so that you are able to do the thing that you want to. I never see you fore-shortened in your power on account of finance, but it seems as though it always comes in. Just when you don't know how you are going to do it, then, something comes and you are able to do it.

(Yes, that is true.)

And it seems that all your life will be just that way. You are a marked man and you are marked by the spirits and the work that they have to do just brings out so much of this combination of co-operative work. Some things you do, some things they do, and they are just as much interested in your financial and material condition as they are in the spiritual, because one cannot move without the other. It is a double team; two horses,—the material and the spiritual, and they understand it even better than you do.

(Can you see what I am doing? I mean, with my hands—all this time? That is, my work? [Pause.] The work that I do is a part of all—of all this.)

Yes. I think so, too. [Pause.] Look! Do you have anything—You don't draw, do you? [Sweeping gesture of arm.]

(Yes.)

And paint, too?

(Yes.)

Aha! Well,—Because, here is the funniest thing! I see like

101. The recognition of Mr. Thompson's financial relation to such a plan is perfectly correct.

a great big—It doesn't look exactly like a board and, yet, it is something like it. It is more—There is a board, with a paper pinned on it, as though it is sketching, like—Not a canvas; and there is something—When I see you go across here I see you outdoors. You are sketching something and, while you will do a lot in the house and indoors, there is a new kind of a thing—Almost anything that you undertake to do in the art line, you could do, you know. You are so fearful! You are the funniest little thing I ever saw! Because, you are so sensitive. You hold yourself to certain lines and are afraid, almost, to branch out into new ones. You understand?

(I think so.)

Well, it is all nonsense. You want me to tell you exactly as I see it, don't you?

(Yes.)

It is all nonsense for you to have any fear about these things. After a time, when the breath comes and you are able to stand up here with an assurance to yourself, why, something comes out here that is perfectly beautiful and not only beautiful, but seems to be a wonderful thing; a wonderful thing in its softness and in its breadth, as though a conception, and that conception so vitalized that it speaks!

That is what comes to you, my friend, and it comes from the spirit and it comes to you. It is the crown of this—of this power that is yours and it comes across. I don't know why, but it seems as though there is something there that all at once you just feel this wonderful expression pouring down on you and you paint like a god and, when you have done that, I see something like great—It is fame, you know. It is fame, just as surely as I have your hand, and, while fame does not bring all the material things that you might want, it still opens the door toward more beautiful expression. I don't know how rich you ever get, but I know this: That the time comes when all these things that you have yearned to do and that you just didn't have time to do or didn't quite dare to do so freely—they find expression, and it is big, big, big. All I can see is just big, big!

Now, you know—Have you got—You don't mind my asking you any question, do you?

(No, certainly not.)

Have you got a place where you have got a whole lot of canvases? You do use canvasses, don't you?

(Yes.)

Well, it seems as though I have got a whole lot of canvas here, not fully painted, you know. There is some things done on them, like, oh, go ahead; get a little and then I leave it there.

(Yes, I understand.) [Note 102.]

Some—Well, I am looking down on the floor and I see two or three sizes there and I pull one up and, when I pull it up, it is like a great cliff, you know.

(Yes.)

As though it is yellow and, then, blue sea out here.

(Yes, yes.)

Have you got one like that?

(Yes.)

Well, I see that and it seems—You know, it is such a strong thing, as though, when I take that, it is striking. You know, it seems to be one of those things that hits you when you look at it.

You understand?

(I understand.)

Well, there is something there—That doesn't seem to be exactly like New York, you know. It seems like some other scene, farther off.

(Yes.) [Note 103.]

And it seems that there is—I don't know what it is: You had help about that, you know. I just feel as though I felt a swing to myself that I do not always feel with the influence. I do. You know, that is *you*; I am talking to *you*.

(Yes.)

102. Mr. Thompson has a number of canvases not completed.

103. The description of this painting is remarkably correct. It represents a bluff, like a cliff, on the sea, and the colors of the scene are yellow for the sand or clay bluff and a soft mossy green on top. It is far from New York.

The significance of this incident can be seen in Figure XXXV, and its coincidence with the sketch represented by Figure XXXVI. There appears to be the double coincidence of mediumistic information regarding a special picture and that between the sketch and the scene at Cuttyhunk, as represented in the painting.

Sometimes you do little bits of tiny things, almost like architecture, you know, they are so fine; so—so detailed—and,—Hm! Kind of “picky,” you know.

(Yes.)

They are not your best, while they are good. It is the strong sweep that I want to get on toward, you know, as though, out of some of these things, comes the strong sweep.

Now, look! Did you know you had a woman artist close to you in the spirit?

(N-no. I did not—I did not know it.)

You have. I don't know who she is, but it seems as though it is—[Pause.] I cannot tell who she is, but I see this woman who is—She looks to me like a more modern artist, as though she had not been of the old type, at all, but she is—She sometimes comes to you; looks over your shoulder. Her chin rests right on your shoulder and she looks at you with such an intent, as though she were, oh, eager to push on.

You don't need to study so much. What you need to do is to express. It is all in your soul and you have got to. You cannot get so much from the copy and from other people as you will from the spirits. There is an originality with all the ground work you have got and you have got to gather a little here, there and in the other place and out it goes, like a wonderful, original expression. That is what will come to you, you know. [Note 104.]

(Yes.)

Are you glad?

(Yes.)

Ask me something else, if you want to.

(Can you see this man that you spoke of, and this other woman, here? How are they helping me with the work? Or, how are they connected with it?)

They don't paint. You know, it won't be like they are—What do you mean, “the other woman?” The sister?

(Yes, we can call her that.)

Well, their work is more to get the conditions right. You

104. This reference to a woman again should be compared with the similar statements through the other psychic (pp. 134, 147 and Note 71). It is a very interesting cross reference.

could not—You might have a spirit that could interpret art and could draw artists to you, but you have got to have lines put and have the things in harmony and a harmonious influence. That always has to come with any great work, and that is done through love's sweet force, and these people have such an interest in your personality that they just bring all the harmonious things there so that those older ones and stronger ones may come to you and do what they want to.

There is a man standing right back of you who has got on a very peculiar dress. It has got a little black velvet—it looks like a cap or a hat of some kind. It is funny, you know. It is not like anything that anybody wears now, and he has got a sort of—of a cloak or garment that falls from his shoulder and, while he is—But here is the funniest thing. There is a feather in his hat, you know, like a—Not an ostrich feather, but more like a little quill, you know, as though it is there for something. I don't [know] what, but it is right there, on his hat. And he is—he has got—he looks very like those—the times of Shakespeare, you know, and those times; the times of knights and ladies.

(Yes.)

Then, he seems to belong to that period and he comes right up there to you and puts his hand right on your shoulder and looks right down into your face and there—"Oh, yes; oh, yes. I am here." But that man is a foreigner. His language is different from ours. I don't know whether it is Italian or French, but it is something that has got a peculiar little twist to the tongue, and he stands so close to you and sometimes as though, when you are sitting, thinking out what you do, and you hardly—You know, you will work oh, perhaps an hour and nothing comes; everything looks so muddy, so bad, so wrong to you, you know.

(Yes.)

As though you got nothing that is any good and you just think to yourself that you will take the thing up and toss it away; it is not good for that day; when, all at once, it seems as though you are literally controlled, you know; not altogether like an influence that speaks for you, but as though your brush goes, you know, so fast and a stroke or two and the thing is done! You understand?

(Yes.)

And I see this man, like a great Master. That is all that I feel like calling him, is like a Master, who is able to do great things, and is constantly looking for some personality through whom he may express to the world again and give them something of the wonderful power. And what they will do is to put the spirit of things in it.

You are going to do a great, big canvas; one that you have dreamed of. It seems to be an ideal thing, as though it is the perfection. I don't know whether it is a figure. It seemed—Have you ever tried figures?

(Yes.)

Well, this looks more like a figure that is pretty much alone. I don't think it is—er, a—er—religious subject; does not seem to be that. It seems to be more like what one would call "The Spirit of Art," or "The Spirit of Poetry," or "Dawn." A figure that represents some particular thing. And it a woman, you know.

(Yes.)

Seems to be this beautiful woman all in such a glorified atmosphere, as though you could see clear through, back from whence she came; all the materialistic conditions swept away; none of the vases and jars and couches and all those things that only are foils for her. It is more just like—more like the Old Masters did, don't you know, where it seems as though you look through and through and as though the figure had come out of another world, just like the dawn of a day. Beautiful! That you do. [Note 105.]

Now, some day, you will look back over this record,—when this has come to you. I doubt very much if you remember it until after it is all there in outline and begins to form its shape, and color comes, and then, you will recall this.

And that is the thing that seems to be your masterpiece! But there will be others. Quantities of them, you know; other things that are like and unlike and, yet, this seems to be like a dream;

105. The man with the black velvet cap is not recognized by any one as related to Mr. Gifford. It is apparent from the context that the reference is to some great artist long since deceased. This is true on any theory and hence it is not evidential.

a vision; a beautiful thing that comes to you, and the face is ideal, you know. It is—It is not anybody living; it does not seem to be anybody, but as though it comes right out of yourself.

(Yes.)

You know,—right out of the spirit.

(Yes.)

And you get it. And that is—that is the thing that I just hope and look for for you, but I see it coming. I haven't any question about your being able to do it. The question is just when you get to it, you know. Not that you will do it, but *when* you will get to it. You will work along here in this way, sometimes so tired that you just want to stop. Sometimes people—[Pause.] Funniest thing, you know. You find people coming to you who—They pick out the things that are the most sordid and materialistic and all the finer touches they lose, you know. In your work. You understand?

(Yes.)

So many times they do that. Don't you be discouraged. You are not painting gold dollars. You are drawing from the spirit and putting something out here that is more beautiful than dollars. As much more beautiful as stars are from ten-cent-pieces, and that is—that is what will come. There is nothing else—nothing else in your life that is of any value compared to this expression that comes to you from the spirit and the great world of art that is near you to do it. It is no wonder you hear music, because the whole—the psychic realm opens up those particular things, you know. Music and art all go together and you could not help it, you know. You paint better when you hear it. You know, it would come more beautiful to you. Isn't that funny?

(Do you see in there the figure of this woman—in this great picture?)

I think so, but she is the fore figure. I don't know if I have made the thing quite plain to you when I say "fore figure?"

(I understand.)

But, she is the prominent thing. But it seems as though, either back of it, or—You know, that is the thing I see first:

Then, somewhere, as though back—or almost in the shadow—is something else that is very like faces. You know the pictures of Raffael?

(Yes.)

Well, you know, you see cloudy effects that you see something else through: Isn't it Raffael does that?

(Yes.)

Well, it is something like that, you know, as though there is something—It does not seem to be one of those things like you could name; that, "Here is a 'Crucifixion'" and "Here is 'The Disciple,'" you know; not like that. Doesn't seem so definite as that.

(No.)

It is more like one of those—oh, you read into it. It is more as if the whole essence of creation was in this expression and here it has come right through. Oh, it is, really—

(Yes, that is true.)

Oh, it is beautiful and it—that comes about, you know, and that is *the* thing.

And, you know, I can see you—You're just like a girl. Funniest thing I ever saw! When this thing comes to you and you have really gotten your praise, the thing is really a success,—I see you off by yourself and you sit down and cry! You know, sometimes now, when you are off all alone, the tears come. You do not want them to, but they are there, as though you were living in a dream world.

(Yes.) [Note 106.]

It is the price you pay for the wonderful psychic power that is about you,—the supersensitiveness—but it is worth it; it is worth the price, little man; it is, really. Some people get so independent and strong that tears do not come readily, but it does not count. It is worth it all and I see you go off, all by yourself, and sit down. It is more as though you are in the place where this one and that one and the other one comes to you and says something about it and then, all at once, you slip away, quietly, by yourself, and the tears come for joy; as though you looked right up to the blessed influences about you, thanking them that they had made it possible for you to accomplish these things.

106. Mr. Thompson writes that the reference to crying applies as much to the present as it may to the future. He often has this resort for working off his discouragements. The psychic makes it present as well as future.

And, you know—Of course, some of your things—to come right down to the material things—some of your things you are going to sell. You will be able to move them along; they will be all right. I mean, some of these things that you do, right along. But,—you are funny! Things that you like very much you don't like to sell, do you?

(No.)

They become a part of you, and they—Not a part of you: If they were, you would sell them very readily. It is because they seem almost like a gift; dropped down from some other plane to you,—and it is—"I cannot bear to let them go!" But you will let them go bye-and-bye, all right, because more and more keep coming. Don't get stingy with them, because there is plenty there. It is not as though you could not get any more. They will come. The more you do, the more will come, and move them on; move them on after a little and then more comes and you have given to the world something that is better than many of the things that it has now.

Oh, I—I feel all right with you, you know. I feel all right with your power and all right with the things that come to you materially. You will live a long time. You have got so much to do and so many things that you want to accomplish that it seems as though it takes the years to do it,—and you do it, bye-and-bye.

[Pause.] Are you in love

(Reporter: Time, time, time? Time's up. Starlight.)
with anybody?

[Laughter and confusion.]

In a minute. [To reporter.]

You're not married to them, though, are you?

(I shall have to consult my lawyer before I answer.)

All right. Well, there is great love that comes into your life. I wanted to say that, too. I think you want to know it, you know. It just seems as though, back of you, there was something that made me say it to you.

(Yes, I understand.)

That it is not—Well, if you *do* understand, that is all. The love comes, too. Your life is beautiful. You are going through—or have been through—the worst things, now; that is, the com-

ing up to the things, but all the crown is ahead of you. That is what I see.

(Then, you feel that this new influence—that the Old Master that you speak of—brings as—)

Brings a power.

(Has superseded the old influences?)

No influence that has ever been there to be of use to you will ever be entirely lost to you. The new influence comes and more will come, but it is more like a plan, that they come. One can use you one time, one another, but this is a superseding influence, you know; but, always, yours will be a growing influence; a changeable influence; that what one can do, they can do and, then, another does, but all in the artistic line. That is what I see. It is beautiful.

I suppose I got to let you go. Good-bye.

(I thank you because you have answered all my questions and have explained my visions to me just as I have seen them.)

I am glad of it.

(A curious thing,—but I have already made a sketch of that same vision. Perhaps some day, you will see it.)

I hope so. I guess I will, too.

[Mr. T—— leaves room.]

Isn't that good?

(Reporter: Splendid!)

Good-bye.

(Good-bye.)

6. **Sittings With Mrs. Chenoweth.**

B. **Automatic Writing.**

Introduction.

The previous records are of vocal products by the psychic. That is, in two instances the psychics were in a normally conscious state. The third was in a light trance. The last two sittings with Mrs. C. before the present series were very unsatisfactory as evidence for the identity of Mr. Gifford. They prevailed in matters of a personal interest to Mr. Thompson and apparently avoided all efforts to prove the

identity of the person most important in the case. For this reason I resolved on some sittings during the deeper trance when I could try for more definite evidence of the identity of Mr. Gifford. The remainder of the record is, therefore, devoted to automatic writing, except such material as came during subliminal action both before and after the trance.

This subliminal action affords a good opportunity for studying psychologically the difference between itself and the results of the automatic writing. The material obtained during the subliminal control is very much like the results of the light trance under the control of Starlight. But it shows a marked difference from that obtained in the deeper trance when the other controls assumed supervision, tho the reader will discover influences from subliminal action still.

I have included the attempt of Prof. Sidgwick to communicate in order to illustrate the interesting psychological complexity of the phenomena and the manner in which they finally concentrate on the object desired. There is no special evidence of the supernormal in what purports to come from Prof. Sidgwick and Mr. Myers in these records, but that is no reason for excluding them from the account, especially that Mr. Myers has given previously some evidence of his identity and adopted a device by which I may immediately recognize him in other situations. The two other controls or amanuenses in these records, acting as agents or intermediaries in the transmission of messages are Dr. Hodgson and G. P., or George Pelham, the person of that name in Dr. Hodgson's Report on the case of Mrs. Piper. There is not any scientific evidence of this in the present records, as the problem was to secure proof of the identity of Mr. Gifford, and there was no reason to trouble myself about the identity of these two personalities, as they had satisfied me of their reality in previous records.

There is much that will disappoint the sceptic in the records. They undoubtedly lack in clearness and specific forcefulness in the facts, tho many of them are definite enough to satisfy the most critical. But, while the "chaff" is less than in the records of the lighter trance it is still apparent, and often the incidents are not any clearer. But this is due to various difficulties which this report cannot discuss in detail, but which will be the subject of a later publication. Whatever the limitations, however, of the material, I think the *collective* value of the incidents will, in a measure at least, overcome the faults of the individual failures and perhaps deprive the failures of any collective importance, as they are fewer in number than the hits. But the settlement of this issue may be left to the reader. The present object is to understand the character of the records.

Detailed Record.

June 2, 1908, 4 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Present, J. H. Hyslop.

[Subliminal No. 1.]

Funniest thing,—every time I close my eyes—yesterday and to-day—I keep seeing things like printing, you know. [Pause.]

Did you ever have a pet named "Daisy?" A great—Not a very big horse, though. Ain't that funny?

(Reporter: No, I have been looking for it for a long while.)

It wasn't yours?

(No.)

There is a man connected with it and with you and the horse and some very strong association between you and the man and the horse. I do not know just what it is. Do you know anyone in connection with it commences with "V—" "Vivie" or "Vi?"

It is a woman. I do not think it is "Vivian." I think it is "Vi."
"Vi-vie." [Note 107.]

[Eyes close. Head falls back on pillow. Long Pause.]

[Subliminal No. 2.]

Hullo!

(Hullo.)

They're coming, aren't they?

(Yes.)

[H. opens door and admits Mr. Thompson.]

It is strange, isn't it, how they seem to make conditions every
time?

(Yes.)

George didn't speak to you yesterday, did he?

(No.)

But he is here to-day.

(Good.)

You say "Good" for everything.

(No.)

Why is it "Good" he is here, then?

(A short expression for saying "I am glad of it.")

I see. To save your stenographer, again.

(Yes.)

You *talk* shorthand and she writes it. Hm.

(Yes.)

There is a better way than that.

(How is that? To keep still?)

No, talk with your spirit. When you know people very well
you do that, don't you know.

(Yes.)

Have you never seen people that you seem to know instantly
what they mean by their expression and movement and attitude?

107. Miss Allen, the stenographer, had a deceased friend from whom she was anxious to hear and to have a test. Miss Allen had kept this a profound secret. This lady friend had a white horse by the name of Daisy which she used to drive frequently with Miss Allen, whom she, the deceased friend, used to call Vivie and Vi (Vee), and never Vivian. Mrs. Chenoweth was absolutely ignorant of the facts.

(Yes, but when I have my mind on anything of that sort, you don't recognize it. If you did, I would not say anything.)

No, I don't. I am not very good to catch the thought of other people, but I am talking about people who, through their normal senses, do it you know.

(Yes.)

You are talking about doing it through an opaque body, where there is no expression, no attitude, no gesture; nothing but your spirit trying to touch mine. You see?

(Yes.)

That would come if we both tried, but it—There is a difference between telepathy and spirit.

(The union—)

Yes. Getting spirit messages, the way I do.

(Is there?)

Yes.

(What is the difference?)

Well, if you were to try to telepath me—You mean myself as a woman or as a woman released from the spirit, as I am now? Which do you mean?

(Why, whichever you have in mind.)

You wouldn't be present to send me a telepathic message, you know, but you would send it by a guide who was for that purpose.

(Yes.)

To carry it back and forth.

(That is, if I send it between you and me in the living body?)

Yes. Some spirit would take it.

(Yes.)

Transmit it. You have to have a transmitter.

(Yes.)

You can't send your messages right out into space.

(Why can't—)

They might hit nowhere and everywhere, you know. You shoot arrows—Well, you have seen fire-works and you have seen guns. They are both explosives and they both shoot into the air. Fire-works shoot up and amount to nothing except that they have exploded. Guns shoot something because they are aimed. See?

(Yes.)

Well, when you send something—whether it is a thought or a parcel, got to have some way of transmitting it—delivering it. I don't know that I have made it very plain to you—

(Perfectly plain. And, now, how is the process when spirits communicate with us or with each other?)

You mean, when spirits try to talk with you?

(Yes.)

That is usually done with a transmitter. When I am in the trance, I serve as a transmitter.

(Yes.)

When it is Starlight, she does. Somebody is there who transmits the messages.

(Yes, but how do they get the message to Starlight?)

She sees them. She sees the people and catches the word. She has one foot in spirit and one on earth. That is why you do not get it as definitely as you would from a person here, you know.

(Yes.)

because they are trying to drive two horses—the spirit and the mortal—at the same time. She cannot hear quite as plainly when she is in control as she can when she is out.

(All right. I want to take that up sometime, and we will talk about it.)

Yes. Well, I don't know as I know any more about it than I have told you.

(Well, we will see.)

Yes. Hm. You are in a hurry about something else, aren't you?

(Not especially in a hurry, but I thought I would not take up the time on this subject now.)

Because your friend wants to see something else?

(Yes.)

You have somebody come most all the time now, don't you?

(Yes.)

Isn't that funny!

(Mm-hm.)

I am going, as fast as I can. [Pause.] Do you know— [Pause, moan.] Do you know—[pause] a [pause.]

(Well?)

Do you know a—[Pause.] “Fred?”

(Yes.) [Pause.] (Who says that?)

Oh, I don't know. Oh! Just a minute. I will try. It is a spirit. Do you know “Fred?” “Fred.” It is a spirit man calling it. I don't know if it is his own name or whether he is calling somebody. It is a man in the spirit says he is named “Fred.” Do you know?

(Yes.)

Well,—Oh! This is not an old man, you know. You—You are thinking of Mr. Myers.

(Yes, when you said it was a man in the spirit.)

I thought so. Well, that is who it is. It is so strange that I should always call him “Fred,” isn't it?

(Yes.)

And he doesn't seem old. I suppose he was, wasn't he?

(I don't know what his age was.)

Oh, my! He must be fifty-eight or sixty years old. Is that “old?” [Prof. Sidgwick's age at the time of his death was 62: Mr. Myers 58.]

(Not very.)

Well, he doesn't seem old. He seems so vigorous and so strong and so energetic and, really, I didn't know it was he when I heard the voice. Then, all at once—You know, I think his friends always called him that. Do you know if they did?

(I thought so.)

Well, he is so interested here. There is so much he wants to say to-day. *To-day*, you know.

(Yes.)

I guess they are going to write. I don't like all the things they do to me. [Voice trembling. Moan.] Why do you suppose they do?

(So that they can write more easily.)

Would you be afraid? [Expression of distress.]

(Not a bit.)

No? Wouldn't?

(No, not in the slightest.)

Mm-hm. Oh! [Moans.] You won't let them—

(No.)

—hurt me?

(No, you needn't be afraid.) [H. takes hand.]

How would you know? There! I like it when you take my hand. I feel as if I am not lost. [Head falls forward. H. adjusts it in rest. Pause. Hand rejects a black pencil but retains a short brown one.]

[Automatic.]

Let me be a part of this undertaking for I am as interested now as when alive and working on the possibilities of this mission of spirit thought and identity

(Can't read that.)

identity yes [In answer to reading.] I was with Myers and the friends associated [read "assisted"] associated [read "assorted"] associated themselves together for the purpose of investigation. I S S S Dr. S S S yes why I said I would come yes [writing begins to be rapid.] I said I would come but I do not know how to use the light yet have patience I will [read wait.]

(Yes. I shall be patient.)

will work until I do it.

(Good.)

I said I would come at

(Good; thank you.)

the other place England [read questioningly] yes [in answer to reading] bu [t] far away [read "pray." Moan] far away yes [in answer to reading] who is helping me

(I am not sure, but probably George and Hodgson.)

Someone keeps pushing me on to further expression but I am so slow.

(That is all right. I shall be quite patient so just take your time.)

Arthur do you know Arthur

(Arthur who?)

My friend Arthur

(I think I do. That is good. Go on.)

Yes if I can I have done something before but this is different What a change since I [read "is made." Moan] since I came away I was so glad to meet Richard [not read and hand starts writing rapidly and strongly.] Richard

(Yes, I expect so.)

It was a great day for us

(Yes, indeed. What relation to you was Richard? That is, what relation did he sustain to you when you were—when you and he were living together?)

You are asking of our work

(Yes.)

We were co-workers but we [read " he "] we did not [" did " read " and "] did always [not read] always agree

(I understand.)

It was as well for the work as if we had but he went faster in some ways than I did and slower in some others [moans.]

(I understand.)

I seem to take so much of the energy perhaps I had better try again later

(I hope you will, indeed.)

[Scrawls.] [Note 108.]

108. The expressions of Mrs. C. near the end of the subliminal action before the automatic writing began rather foreshadowed something new, but I did not anticipate what was coming, nor did I understand who it was writing until I saw "Dr." written. I saw that it was an unusual communicator, and the appearance of "Dr. S." along with the name Myers identified the person at once and it was the first attempt of Dr. Sidgwick, whose full name was given a little later by Mr. Myers, to write directly, tho some communications came from him at an earlier sitting. The mention of the name Arthur will probably explain itself to all who know Prof. Sidgwick and his immediate circle of friends and relatives. I take it to refer to Arthur Sidgwick, a relative who was connected with the *Memoirs* of Prof. Sidgwick.

I would say that this interpretation of the name Arthur would be true superficially on any theory whatsoever. Whatever doubt might exist about it, on any theory but either conscious or unconscious action on the part of Mrs. Chenoweth, would be suggested by the earlier appearance of the name Arthur out of all relevancy to the sitter (p. 129).

The statements made about his relation to Dr. Hodgson and also about his mental characteristics are correct, but are exposed to the suspicion of having been known as they are well enough known to most people. While I am confident Mrs. C. did not know the two men well enough to write of them thus, and that the statements have some value for me personally I can attach no importance to them scientifically.

[It should perhaps be remarked that the automatic writing purporting to be directly influenced by Dr. Sidgwick was very difficult and confused. Only in a few other cases where the communicator had tried for the first time did the confusion show such evidence of the difficulty. There was no resemblance in this case to the automatic writing of the other personalities.]

[Change of Control.]

[Moan. Cough.]

I am glad he came. They must all learn the way

(Yes, Mr. Myers. It would be helpful if you would have it written out here who it was that came.) [I always identify Mr. Myers by the way he writes the pronoun "I," spontaneously arranged by him.]

Do you ["Do" read "Dr." and hand points. Re-read "Dr." and hand re-writes.] Do you think it best for me to tell you (Why?)

It was Sidgwick

(All right. That is the person that I guessed, but it was necessary to know in order to make a good point out of what was said especially with reference to the name that was given,—the "friend Arthur.")

I see and I usually understand about those things but I felt perhaps he would prefer to tell it himself.

(All right, Mr. Myers. I did not utter it out loud purposely, and I should be glad to have him tell it sometime.)

Thank you for your consideration. S was a conservative mich [much] more so than I was [was] and he put mich [much] ["mich" often written for "much"] energy and time into his researches H—knew him very well before and after his death

(Yes.) [True statement about "Dr. S.", but not evidential.] and felt that ["felt" read "till"] felt he did some good work. Much that he left was in preparation and while it was in order it was not complete. you may not know but I do.

(Yes, I understand. I knew little or nothing about his affairs.)

He had many papers of importance partially [read "particularly." Moan] done but needing his [moan. Head raises and falls back on pillow] brain to finish Do not worry

(No, I shall not.)

about the Light. It is all right I know what is going on.

(All right.)

There is an effort on the part of some spirit to take control

(I understand.)

but simply for purposes of identification

(Yes, I understand.)

I will hold on and work along as best I can

(Good.)

[Moans.] Do you know Addie or does anyone here know her

[Moans become constant.] [Note 109.]

(Someone there knows an "Addie" and so do I.)

yes Are you eager to get something from her.

(I should be glad.)

she is so importunate a middle aged woman rather slender she is Do you know about that.

(Yes, I think I do. Go on.) [Note 110.]

yes I will hold the hand till I can do so now ["w" in "now" erased.]

(Good!)

no longer.

(Good! Take your time.)

[Spoken: Oh, dear, dear, dear! Moans. Body stiffens. H. puts hand on forehead. Moans.]

Yes I am still here

109. The name Addie is that of an old acquaintance I made with my wife in Germany. In fact it was in the care of her and her husband that my wife was left by her father for the period of her work in music before I became acquainted with her. This Addie was always a friend of the family. Her husband died many years ago, and his Christian name has been given at the sittings during this winter. Mrs. C. never heard of her, and in fact, I am so ignorant myself of what her whereabouts were during her last years that I would have known nothing of her but for the information which I have since received in reply to inquiries since this sitting.

110. The Addie mentioned is still living and apparently the reference to an elderly woman is to her mother who died some years ago.

[Spoken: Oh!]

(Good!)

[Spoken: Oh, dear! My side! Left hand on heart.]

I am here. [Moans.] It may help us to prove the

{Spoken: Oh, dear; oh, dear! Oh!]

possibility of two at one time I do not

[Spoken: Oh, dear, dear, dear!]

know.

(Good. I can wait. Just you keep on at your work and I shall wait patiently. There is no need of worry.)

[Quiet for awhile.] Gone I do not know why but for lack of strength I think.

(Good. I understand.)

[Pencil falls. Head goes forward into rest. Hoarse voice makes two remarks in apparently Indian. Left hand strikes table on gloves and clutches them.]

[Change of Control.]

I stopped it I was afraid to let it go on

(All right.) [Note 111.]

we cannot do too much at once.

(I understand. That is all right.)

Now we will go on. I am glad Dr. S. came.

(So am I.)

He made his promise some time ago' once he came here and tried but could not do what he wished

(I understand.)

his name was given here I believe.

(You mean, before?)

yes

(Yes, it was, and I asked for it this time so that it would stand

111. Dr. Hodgson appears here as the control, after the evident trial of the lady called Addie to write directly. I could tell this by the style of handwriting. Usually he writes his initials soon after beginning, but as I was interested in the communications of others and especially the artist I did not care who the control was. The manner of alluding to the coming of Dr. S. showed that the control was not Mr. Myers.

in white and black that my conjecture was correct, you understand.)

certainly and that was right you and I used to say that we could get nothing without questions sometimes and it is so with every spirit returning.

(Yes, I understand.) [Note 112.]

You see how plainly I speak of returning spirits

(Yes.)

We may as well understand each other

(Yes.)

for we both believe in that.

(Yes, that is correct. We can assume that here without question.)

There is no other explanation as I have said a thousand times more or less. [Note 113.]

(Yes, so have I said the same thing and just as soon as it becomes respectable to think that way, it will go along without any evidence.)

that is true. now what is this about Judge Do you know anything about Judge.

(I know a certain Judge Somebody that passed over to your side recently.)

There has been a great stir about getting a certain Judge to communicate but as I cannot help much I have left that for the rest to work on.

112. It was quite characteristic of Dr. Hodgson to say that we used to say we could not get anything without questions sometimes. He did not say it in those terms, but he always found that one of the best ways to get things going rightly was to ask questions or say something to encourage the communicator. This is apparent in my Report (Proceedings, English S. P. R. Vol. XVI). Mrs. C. has not seen this Report, according to her own statement, having followed the directions of her own guides and read nothing on this subject from any books. But had she read it she would not have discovered the sentiment here expressed by Dr. Hodgson. I myself ascertained it in conversation with him on the methods of getting results.

113. "There is no other explanation" might be said to be verbatim what I have heard Dr. Hodgson say many times. I am confident Mrs. C. was not familiar with the fact, tho we may perhaps have to assume that she might have known it in some way.

(Good. I shall be glad to have him communicate any time you think best.)

yes he will come in due season.

(Good!) [Note 114.]

it is as hot in here as the old fashioned place of torment.

(All right.)

it seems quite like it and I believe that is one of the things which hinders the work

(Yes, I suspect so. It must make you think of Dante.)

a little bit. [Note 115.] yes. You are interested in some particular experience I know

(Yes.)

and I cannot get hold of it yet.

(All right; just take your time. No hurry, at all.)

what about this Addie who was trying so hard to [read "her hand"] hard to control

(Whatever you can say about her will be welcome.)

She was not ready or willing to go I think by the manner she comes back It was a hard strain but she was eager to communicate. Do you know anything about her people

(Yes, a little I do, and may be able to find more.)

Do you know if she left property

(I do not know about that.)

Some material things hold her and make her anxious to explain. There are so many people connected with her.

(Yes?)

I see a yellow wooden house with a door in the center which is apparently a familiar house to her do you know about her [read "his" and hand starts to re-write] home [read "name"] home.

114. I could name the "Judge" to whom this apparently refers, and many Spiritualist in this country will probably guess at once who it is. But he was well known to Mrs. C. and so was his death some months earlier. No importance attaches to the mention of him, in this way, except that on the hypothesis of secondary personality I should have gotten much that would bear on his identity, he being so well known to all Spiritualists.

115. The day was warm and the room in which we were experimenting had too little ventilation, and as a pillow was placed at Mrs. C.'s back to help support her more steadily, it is apparent that the heat had affected her body. The result on the contents of the automatic writing is apparent.

(No, I do not. Shall have to inquire.)

this is not a very large house and it is surrounded by trees. It is like a village or small town and sitting in the open door one looks out across a road and into [pause] a sort of wood and then far away It is a pretty quiet place and so restful. She did not [pause] pass away there but in a larger town or city where there is noise and bustle

(Yes, I understand. So much is correct.) [Note 116.]

Do you know her avocation [read "association" and hand starts to re-write] yes. [in answer to reading.]

(No, I am not certain.)

I see a picture of her sitting a great deal. Whatever she did she was always a care taking woman and did much sewing

(Good! What was her husband?)

I do not see him I seem to be in an earlier period as if she taught it looks more like a light profession. Her husband must have been a man who worked with his head for his hands are white and long and his brow is the brow of a thinking man.

(Good.)

Do you know him.

(I know the husband of the lady of whom I am thinking and whom the name "Addie" suggests.)

[Mr. T. moves and chair creaks.] [Note 117.]

Who is the old gentleman who is standing by our friend. I see an old gentleman with spectacles and such a kind face, leaning —[read "leaving" and hand starts to re-write] over the third person in this room. He is like a relative of the person. I should think a father but that I am not sure of yet.

(All right.)

116. For name Cf. Note 109. I do not know anything about her property affairs. I merely know that during the pastorate of her husband she lived with him in a small town in Pennsylvania.

Inquiry shows that the house referred to was of yellow brick and not wood. There were two rows of trees, one on each side of the street. There was some trouble at this time about the title and its sale. Both the lady's deceased mother and deceased husband knew that she owned the house before their deaths.

117. I am informed by the lady that her mother was a great sewer and assumed the whole burden of the family on her shoulders in this respect.

his face is so gentle and with a quiet bit of fun in his eye he waits for recognition.

(Good. Now, tell us all you can about that man and, if you can, before we are through, this week, get his name through.)

I will do the best I can you know that

(Yes, I do.) [Note 118.]

the man has no concern whatever I mean by that that he is very patient and ready to obey instructions about getting through with his evidence.

(Good.)

in his hand he has a long whip. It is like a carriage whip and he examines it with the air of a man who knows about horses and the things pertaining to them. I see a board with a railing on each side very like a gang plank to a vessel.

(Good.)

He stops at the top and then moves down as if he were going away on a boat or steamer.

(Good.)

It is like a trip not often taken and I think is not across the w... ["w" erased] ocean. a short trip.

(Good.) [Note 119.]

Suddenly he pulls out an old wallet worn and smooth and shiny and with a strap around it one of the old style and he opens it and takes out some papers and money. the money at least some of it looks very old and worn. the papers are rather

118. Apparently the change of communicator was suggested by the moving of Mr. Thompson. As Mr. Gifford was the person sought the point is to ascertain if the statements fit his identity.

Mrs. Gifford reports that he wore spectacles and all agree that he had a kind face and was a very gentle man. His photograph would suggest the latter, but he is not wearing spectacles in it.

119. Mr. Gifford did not own any horses and used them very little in riding. Years ago he rode somewhat, but there is nothing evidential of his identity in the matter as referred to. His relation to horses seems to have been very little characteristic. The reference to a vessel and gang plank is more suggestive, tho not especially evidential. He had been across the sea several times, and used a sailing boat much, according to the testimony of Mrs. Gifford, especially in connection with his journeys to the island where he did much of his painting. It was, of course, not across the ocean, but across Buzard's Bay, with the ocean and Vineyard Sound beyond the island.

important and one looks like a burial permit. It is so unusual that I speak of it.

(Yes, I understand, exactly.) [Cf. p. 169.]

I hope we on the [so read. Hand paused and pointed to "we" and J. H. H. so read it, when the hand wrote:] are on right line. [Note 120.]

(Well, what was the vocation of this man about whom we are talking?)

I cannot tell that yet

(All right.)

but he is a man of letters take the [read "shake"] pillow [H. shakes up pillow] take out from the back

(Yes.)

and put it there when it is needed.

[H. puts pillow on dresser behind medium.]

It is most too much to ask a man to play baby even if he is a spirit in a borrowed body.

(Yes, good. I understand.)

I feel better now and not so much as if I were ill with grip.

(All right.)

yes [in answer to reading]. Now I am going to work on that case as much as I can. sometimes I may stay outside and let someone work here and again I may come in and work as I am now

(Good.)

I am only telling you this as an explanation.

(I understand.)

You know spirits are seemingly unknown and unreliable quantities but it is not so It is the dependence which has to be a part of the expression Do you know if this man lived in a brick house

120. Cf. Note 91. This is a repetition of a previous incident. It has no meaning to Mrs. Gifford.

In reply to inquiries, however, about Mr. Gifford's sketch book, made to ascertain if this and the earlier reference (p. 169) might refer to that, Mrs. Gifford says: "He may have had a memorandum book in which he kept all sorts of papers, notes, etc. He had numberless little sketch books, one of which was usually in his pocket; some black, some canvas-covered. They usually had elastic bands around them. He never had a permit to work on _____ . He did not need one. He had one for Nashawena."

(Yes, I understand he did.)

I see a brick house in a block with some other houses. Is that right.

(Yes, I believe so.)

He steps up lightly a few steps only and enters with such a fresh buoyant spirit but that was before his illness. He suffered much at last and grew very weak. that is the way it appears.

(How did he pass out?)

don't ask too much to-day [Note 121.]

(All right.)

It will come. He is getting used to the work

(All right.)

himself and will talk it over with me to-night and I hope do better to-morrow

(Good. I will let you take your own course absolutely.)

That [pencil discarded; another given] is better We will not fail you or him if we can help it.

(All right. That is good.)

[Moan. Head twists and raises, coughing. Moans.]

[Spoken:] Si me couche pas larme C'est moi—

(Je ne comprend pas.)

Non, non!

(Je ne comprend pas.)

Je moi comprende pas Jai me nois— O, si bouillir!

(No.)

C'est moi!

(No.)

Si mouiller, Si bouillir!

[Automatic resumed.]

With this man are some friends some whom I know and some whom I knew only by reputation but the effort is all for definite and conclusive proof. [Note 122.]

121. Mr. Gifford lived in a brick house in New York, but in a frame at Nonquitt. He did suffer very greatly the last few days of his life. Angina pectoris was his disease.

122. The reference to friends with him, as shown in a later inquiry, seems to have been correct and it certainly represents a fact about which Mrs. C. could not possibly know anything under the circumstances, tho we might suppose that it could be guessed, from casual knowledge of the

(That is right.) [Refers only to effort to get proof.]

the man goes into a room where there is a low light and a table and many books and papers scattered about. He sts [sits] there and reads a little and then moves towards the table and begins to look over the papers such an assortment all kinds of things but he seems to know what to do with them some he files some he writes upon and some he lays unfolded together as if for reference.

(Good.)

It is a sort of study or room of his own work for his own work I mean.

(I understand.) [Note 123.]

There is [pause, sigh] so much to be said about him that I hardly know where to begin but I will pick it ["pick" not read] pick up.

(Yes, that is right.)

Do you know if there was a little journey [not read] journey a short time before his passing. [Note 124.]

(Yes.) [Only general acknowledgment of message.]

He refers to that with something like regret. I am sure he is going to get along. Who is H—connected with him.

(I do not [know]. You would have to make that "H—" fuller; with the full name.)

It is a last name; family name of someone close to him more like a physician. [Note 125.] [Cf. Henry p. 128.]

(Don't know of any "H—" in that connection.)

I think you will recal. [recall.]

Tavern Club where Dr. Hodgson's membership was well known. Inquiry of a member of the Club results in the statement by the gentleman replying: "I am able to say that probably many of the Tavern Club knew Robert Swain Gifford, but I *know* that three did know him." The three men are named in the letter. This fact was not known by Mrs. Gifford, as she had never heard of the Tavern Club or the relation to it of any of Mr. Gifford's friends.

123. There were many books and papers about his desk and room. There was no "low light" on his desk, but Mr. Gifford had a lamp on his dining room table when he wanted to draw and a drop light in a small parlor.

124. He and Mrs. Gifford had gone to Weehawken and taken a stroll along the docks, crossing the ferry, about a week before his death.

125. Dr. Yale was the name of his physician and a Dr. Wood was called in at last part of his illness. Initials of Dr. Yale were "L. M."

(All right.)

I think we had better let the rest wait [wait] he has had an introduction.

(Yes, that is right.)

to the work

(Good.)

and will go on [read "an "] on all right now I think [read "that "] think. good night

(Good-night, Hodgson. Thanks.)

H—

[Subliminal No. 2.]

[Time, 6.00 P. M.]

Put my head back.

[H. does so, putting his left hand on medium's forehead; takes her right hand in his right. Pause. Then, faintly:]

Hullo!

(Hullo.)

Am I coming back?

[Mr. Thompson leaves room.]

What is that noise?

(Door opening.) [Here door slams to.]

Goes right through you, doesn't it?

(Does it?)

Yes. [Pause.] Dr. Hyslop, have you got a—an old-fashioned blue plate?

(Not that I recall now.)

I see this old-fashioned, blue plate and another piece of china with it, like a tall tea-pot or jug or something. Do you know if your sister has got one?

(Don't know. I will find out.)

Well, have you got—I don't suppose you have got such a thing as a stein, have you?

(No. Don't drink beer.)

Well, this is not—It is more like a little syrup jug that looks like a stein.

(Oh, yes! I guess I have a stein.)

Yes, a little—Do you use it for anything special?

(I don't remember it now. Who told you that?)

It is in your house, you know.

(Yes.)

As though I seem to want to find it in your house and this blue thing is near it, you know. A blue plate is right near it. It seems to be back in the closet, you know.

(Yes.)

Back. Have you got a closet where some dishes are kept? There is a place—oh, a little place about as wide as that, where the door does not come. It is not a very deep closet, but it is broad, this way; big doors, you know.

(Yes, yes.)

And it seems to be right around on the side there, as though I would look in and I would find it, about on a level with my face when I am sitting up. I can look right in around there. Ain't that funny?

(Yes.) [Note 126.]

[Pause.] Hm. When people come in it doesn't go so well, does it?

(Not quite so well. I didn't expect it to, either.)

You didn't?

(No.)

It is because it is—There has to be—Haven't got used to making tests of it, you know, except for you. I suppose that is it, don't you?

(That is it. The communicator isn't used to it, but will be.)

Oh, it will come, all right. It was a good sitter, you know.

(Yes.)

Good person. Better than the one you had sometimes.

(Yes.)

Good-bye.

(Good-bye.)

126. I did not at first recognize the reference to a "stein," but in a moment I recalled that my wife had brought one from Germany for me. I have not seen it for a long time and did not remember at the time where it was. The "blue plate" was recognizable enough, as we had a number of them of which my wife was especially fond. There was a large blue pitcher of which she was also fond. There is a china closet in the dining room where all the best china and glassware are kept. It is not deep and the doors are rather large, and it fills most of the space between the door and the window.

[Orchestra starts, with violin in lead, down in the foyer of the hotel.]

Hear that little squeak! I wish you would send my love to Mrs. L——. Tell her Dr. Hodgson sends his, too.

(Good.)

It seemed as though she has been out riding somewhere and had something happen, you know; not an accident, but something had happened that made her kind of impatient.

(Yes?)

It is more like being held up somewhere for something so she could not go on, you know. He says he was there, you know.

(Yes.)

Some old thing happened. It seems as though—Has she got an auto of her own?

(I don't know.)

Do you know if she rides in one a lot?

(No, I don't.)

You don't know whether she does, or not?

(No, I do not.)

Well, it seems—It is something where she is riding and she has to get out and she walks up and down a little, you know; kind of nervous. [Note 127.]

What is that? [As hand encounters pendant given medium that day and worn for the first time.]

(Don't you know what that is?)

No. What is it? It isn't a cross, is it?

(No.)

It isn't my locket, either.

(No.)

Something new, isn't it?

(Yes.)

[Pause, holding jade pendant in hand.] I will have to get used to it. I don't know what it is now.

[Subliminal No. 1.]

[6.08 P. M.]

[Smiles.] Hm! I do. Hullo!

127. I was not able to make inquiry in time to assure myself whether there was any coincidence in this reference to Mrs. L. or not.

(Hullo.)

Hullo, "Dear."

(Reporter: Hullo, "Kiddie.")

I know it.

(Reporter: I know you do.)

I just wanted to say right out, Oh, pshaw! Come further back, you know! Gone so far away you forget. That is like spirits do sometimes; they seem to be so far away they forget, you know.

(Yes.)

It is a jade ornament.

(Yes.)

Pretty, isn't it?

(Yes.)

Do you like it?

(Yes.)

I do, too. [Note 128.] Hm. Did you have a good sitting?

(Very good.)

I don't think it was much.

(It was not nearly as good as a great many are, but I did not expect it to be even anything to-day.)

I didn't think it was much myself. I wanted to see what you would say and see if your notions are worth a cent.

(Yes, there were some very good things in it.)

Oh, of course, now and then.

(Wouldn't prove much.)

No, you couldn't prove much by it. You have got to have more than that. Got to have cumulative evidence.

(Yes.)

Cumulative facts.

(Yes.)

128. This discovery of the pendant is interesting, especially on any theory of secondary personality. Mrs. C. knew well enough in her normal state what it was. She had bought it or received it that day and put it on her neck herself. The reader will observe that there is a change of personality before she discovers what it is, namely, a "jade ornament." This subliminal I. is the state nearest the normal, and usually shows a good memory of normal experience. Hence it discovers the identity of the ornament, Subliminal II. does not, as the reader will remark.

Hm. Getting big, myself. Well, good-bye.

(Good-bye.)

Where is that "Billy" who came once?

(Why, he couldn't come just yet.)

Isn't he coming any more?

(Perhaps so, if I can get time.)

I mean, the afternoon "Billy."

(I know.)

"Billy Baldhead."

(Yes, if I can get him here.)

Does he want to?

(Yes.)

Does he, really?

(Yes.)

We are good friends,—he and I. I told him so, didn't I?

(Yes.)

You forgot to hold my hand. [H. takes right hand extended to him.] Don't get too busy.

[Eyes open to consciousness at 6.15.]

June 3, 1908, 4.25 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Present, J. H. Hyslop.

[Subliminal.]

[Eyes close and head falls forward. H. adjusts it on a pillow which has been placed in chair behind psychic. Long pause. Then, faintly:]

Do you know an "Arthur?"

(Don't recall now. What is the last name?)

I will—I will get it in a minute. [Pause.] Johnson.

(I know a Johnson but I am not sure about the "Arthur.")

Came just as plain as the "Arthur" did. [Pause.] Do you know what your Johnson looked like?

(No.)

You don't? Well, this is a man, I should think—This is in the spirit land, you know.

(Yes.)

And I should think it was a man about forty-five or forty-six years old. He is not old, at all, you know, but a strong, good-

looking man. He is dark and slender and very active and that is his name. He seems to have known something about Mrs. Piper, you know.

(I see.)

Because I connect him with Mrs.— I keep hearing the Piper name. He is not a relative of hers, but he must have known something about her work.

(All right. I will inquire.)

Keeps speaking of her. That is, speaking the name, you know. [Pause.] [Note 129.]

I feel the spirits awful near, as if they were right in me, some-way. You know what I mean?

(Yes.)

So close they are, they take possession of me. That sort of a feeling. Hm. You don't disbelieve me, do you?

(No.)

Not even if the rest do?

(No. I don't know that they disbelieve. They just ignore everything that they do not see with their own eyes.)

Aha. It is a pretty bad way to be, isn't it?

(Yes.)

But that is the way most everybody is about these things.

(Yes, and other things, too.)

Yes, sir; that is true. We know the most about the things we are most interested in, but I guess, if we had some great problem

129. When the name Johnson was mentioned I thought of a deceased cousin, but it was not Arthur and nothing resembling it. Besides it was spelled with a "t." I never heard of any Johnson that was either a sitter or communicator in the Piper case. The reference to the English a little later, without any apparent reason to recall them, suggests that the reference might be to some one related to Miss Alice Johnson who knows something of Mrs. Piper. But this is probably an extreme suggestion and is certainly not a necessary one.

Inquiry of Miss Alice Johnson shows that she had a cousin Arthur Johnson, but we can attach no special value to this circumstance. I am more inclined to think that the Johnson is a mistake and that the Arthur is a reminiscence of this name a little earlier (p. 200), or that what we get is a confused abbreviation of a reference to Miss Johnson as the one who will know the meaning of Arthur. The latter supposes that the names have some meaning, but it would require much straining to give them any such meaning as is here imagined.

—some other great problem—you would find they were just as bad. They certainly were about the United States Government, weren't they?

(Yes.)

When that was established—in breaking away from England. They always are in any great movement, I think; don't you?

(Yes.)

Hm. Oh, dear! Do you know, I just feel as if I am flying up in the air, right up over the tops of the houses; in the sky. It makes me dizzy. I suppose they are going to take my spirit away somewhere.

(It may be.)

Oh! [Pause.] Don't you ever get discouraged?

(No.)

Don't you ever get discouraged over my work?

(No, not at all.)

Well, I do.

(No need to be.)

It seems as though it ought to be so much—Oh, I don't know—more definite and more ready, you know; as if there ought to be a time when these things ceased; this feeling your way along so. Don't you feel that way about it?

(No. Lots of it is perfectly definite.)

Is it? It doesn't seem so to me. It seems as though I just go like a snail, sometimes, that it is so slow. I do want it to be so good. Oh, dear! The air is awful—awful strong up here, isn't it? Oh, ain't it cold! You feel cold?

(No.)

Oh, yes. Don't you feel that breeze?

(No, I don't feel it.) [Note 130.]

Oh, dear! [Constant moaning.] Oh, it is so dark! It is so dark! Oh! Why, it is so dark! [Shivers. Pause.] Oh!

[H. opens door and admits Mr. Thompson. Time, 4.35. Hand moves as if reaching for a pencil.]

What hit me?

(Nothing that I know of. Probably heard a noise.)

130. Cf. Dr. Hodgson's reference to passing up through the cool ether in his communications through Mrs. Piper (*Journal Am. S. P. R.*, Vol. I, p. 186). Mrs. C. may have noticed this as she read the articles.

Hm. Came back into the light again, didn't I?

(What?) .

Came back into the light again. Oh, I know what it is!

(What is that?)

You let somebody in.

(Yes.)

Hm. Is it a friendly person?

(Very.)

Who won't make fun?

(No, not a bit.)

I don't like to be made fun of.

(No. He believes it.)

Because it is bad enough to be called "Freaky," isn't it?

(Yes, but I never worry about that.)

You don't, but I do.

(Rather be a freak than anything else.)

Oh, no.

(Yes, I would.)

Why do you? Because you think they are the—

(That is the only way to be right.)

Truthful people—freaky?

(Yes.)

Oh, yes, but that is different from being a freak like I am. If you had to walk on your head just to show people that the, er—well—er—the equilibrium could be maintained that way—*Could* be, you know—you wouldn't like it much, would you?

(No, but the way I look at it is this: Everybody is already walking on his head and that is wrong. I am walking on my feet.)

Oh, yes. You have decided your feet are best?

(Yes.)

Well, I ought to be able to trust anybody *you* would bring, oughtn't I?

(Yes.)

But I am not always—Because, you are always free, are you?

(Not always. Generally so.)

Well, do you know what I see now?

(What?)

A big city. I am right over it.

(Yes.)

It is a big, big city that I have never seen before, where nearly all the houses are flat on top, you know.

(Yes.)

Not so very high, either, and flat, flat.

(Yes. Anything else about the city?)

Yes, sir.

(What is it?)

So many of them are red, like red,—red bricks or tiles, you know; something of that sort.

(Yes.)

And it is 'way off somewhere. The sand is as white! Oh, just as white as a beach everywhere around; see?

(Yes.)

And the water—Oh, it is like a sea, you know.

(Yes.)

Beautiful sea and air. This—this little city is right between the sea and a river on the other side of it, you know. You can see each side.

(Yes.)

And now and then—Strange thing, though, Dr. Hyslop: There are no churches there like your churches here. I see no spires going up, like they are here.

(No.)

And yet, I see some tall things; they are more like square—going up; more like obelisks, you know.

(Yes.)

Here and there something like that, and everything is so peaceful, so calm, and the people are different. They are dressed differently. See?

(Yes.)

They have garments and little things on their heads and garments that are alike, you know. More uniformity in the arrangement of the dress of the women. Isn't that strange? I hope they won't drop me down there, don't you?

(No, they won't.)

Hm. Who has been there. Have you?

(I don't know what city it is. Can you tell me?)

I think so. [Pause.] Why, I would think that these people were Spanish. They look like that, you know.

(Yes.)

And it seems like a Spanish town, but whether it is Mexico or Spain, I don't know. The Mexicans are like that, too, aren't they?

(I believe so.)

Oh, but it's a long way off where I am. Have you been there?

(No.)

Not to Mexico?

(No.)

That's funny!

(Someone else has been there.)

That is in this room?

(No. Someone, perhaps, that wants to communicate.)

Yes, I think so, because I seem to—[Note 131.]

Hm! There is something brought from there by the person, you know.

(Yes.)

Bits of things like little stones in the hand, you know; little bits of jewels and things that grow there. You know what I mean?

(Yes.)

A whole handful of them. Isn't it hot! It is—Oh! That is

131. Mr. Gifford made two trips to Egypt and Algeria, and painted some scenes on these trips. He was very fond of the scenes that he saw and painted. The general fitness of the description will be apparent to any reader after this account of his travel. The flat houses, the bricks and tiles, the sea, the white beach, the strange dress, and the recognition of the general type of the people, which, tho technically false, is right as to general complexion, the reference to obelisks, etc., all of which, tho it does not indicate what special city, may suggest Cairo or Alexandria. There was practically no possibility that the medium should know of such trips and their interest, tho she may have known enough to mention the facts from general knowledge, but without associating them with any particular communicator.

Mr. Thompson had had a number of apparitions of just such a place and city, with the white sands, and it is possible that both the vision and the reference here is to the scene represented in Figure XXXI. This at least resembles, in its general features and the sands, the account in the record and which Mr. Thompson gave me of his hallucination. Cf. p. 59.

no one I know, I think,—the spirit. [Pause. Moan.] Put my head in the thing. [H. places head in rest.] Pull me up a little bit. [H. arranges pillows behind medium.] Good-bye.

(Good-bye. Have a good time.)

Yes. I hope I won't be discouraged.

(No, you don't need to be.) [Note 132.]

[Hand reaches for pencil. H. gives it a yellow one. Long pause.]

[Automatic.]

again we come I am G P [Note 133.]

(Yes, how are you, George?)

[H. places left hand on card picture of a lady.]

feeling fine and hope to [read "have to"] hope get some things through to-day which will ["which" read "what" and hand goes back and points] help a little on the problem

(Good!)

every day is precious now and we realize it as much as you do (Yes, we will get along finely.)

Yesterday Richard was rather anxious ["rather" read "either"] rather and it brought a disturbed element. no one knows it better than he but the mental condition is so active in these matters that it is hard to tell what is going to effect [affect] and what is not. [Note 134.]

(Yes, I understand.)

132. Mr. Thompson had in his pocket a handful of glass imitation of diamonds the purchase of which had been suggested to him by one of his hallucinations. The hallucination was of some city like this with white sands and shores. None of us knew this fact, and after Mrs. C. uttered the statements he took out a number of them and showed us that he had them.

133. "G. P." represents the initials of the man whom Dr. Hodgson called George Pelham in his Report on the phenomena of Mrs. Piper. He is a frequent control in the case of Mrs. C., often more or less alternates with Dr. Hodgson.

134. The statement here by G. P. coincides with what I remarked in connection with Dr. Hodgson's communications through Mrs. Piper. He always showed such excitement or strong mentality, if I may so express it, that he disturbed the communication, and I usually find him less poised than either G. P. or Mr. Myers. Mrs. C. knew absolutely nothing of this between them, unless it might have been a conscious or unconscious inference from what she had read in the *Journal* above mentioned.

The friend who tried to communicate yesterday is here again and we hope for good things.

(Good.)

There is a lady here also of whom I will tell you She is tall and slender ["1" superposed on "s"] and quite gray and wears a cap on her head although she seems not an old woman Her strength and her spirit are so evidently [read "constantly"] evident [read "evidently" and hand goes back and points] in her manner that age is not apparent to any great degree. She is very calm and self-possessed and is associated with the group who ["who" erased] which is trying to manifest. Her name is not yet given in full but it is rather an odd one and sounds like "Priscilla" or a name of that type I may get it more fully later.

(Good.)

She is very ladylike and yet as earnestly pressing [read "passive"] pressing in the matter of communication as is possible with her makeup.

(Good.)

She holds fast ["holds" read "talks"] holds to the theme of identity and desires to make good on that point.

(All right.) [Note 135.]

You remember the man who came yesterday do you not.

(Yes. We have merely to conjecture who it is. We are not yet sure, exactly, who it was, as we will have some facts to verify and will need some more specific ones to be perfectly sure who it was.)

Do you refer to S— or to the later

(To the later person. The "S—" I know well enough.)

Yes that was what I supposed. that to... [not read] The later communicator had so much to think of in the coming that he did not get at what [not read] the at the point which interested him most. Do you know if the man of whom you spoke died away [not read] died away from home. ["home" read "here" and hand taps until correctly read.]

135 The lady described here is not recognizable by Mrs. Gifford. Nor is the name Priscilla.

It is possible, judging from the qualification of the name, that Priscilla is a symbolic name and intended to represent some characteristic of the person meant. It matters not what explanation of the message be offered.

(It seems so.)

you remember yesterday there was a talk about a journey a little before the death

(Yes.)

It seems as if the body had to be moved after death and before the service

(Yes, that is true.)

This was a cause of distress to some of the loved ones but to him was of no consequence. He was too much interested even then in the problem to [not read] problem to give it any concern.

(I understand.) [Note 136.]

after the removal and the service there was so much to do to get everything together and in order for the forces had been scattered.

(Yes. What particular feature of the problem was he interested in?)

I mean this problem of return He tried to get at the root of [not read] root of [not read] root ["t" crossed] the matter at once for it seemed to him a good chance to try. you must know that.

(I have my reasons to believe it, but I would like as full an account of that as you can give here.)

Yes yes it will come.

(Good.)

He

("He—" something—" looked even?")

He even lok [erased] looked even He even to see what was going on in various [not read] various places that he might identify himself [read "manifest"] identify by some of the incidents [read "sometimes"] incidents but he has not done so yet.

(All right. What means has he taken to manifest himself?)

I do not know yet but I am telling [read "testing"] telling you that he looked at everything [not read] everything and tried to remember that he might identify himself.

136. Mr. Gifford did not die away from home, unless we regard his real home to have been at Nonquitt. He died in New York, and his body was removed to the church before the funeral service. The journey mentioned in this connection refers to the same incident as spoken of in Note 124. There was no special distress occasioned by the necessity of removing the body.

(Good.)

He had so many large interests and so many studies to keep his attention. You know that also.

(I merely know two things. What was his pro—work?)

You were about to say his profession.

(Yes, that was the word I first thought of.)

I knew it for you almost spoke it Well he was a professional man along our lines not a psychist as you are but philosophy and the sort of thing that the rest of us and you also were formerly interested in. [Note 137.]

(You mean to say that this gentleman—the communicator, who is in some way related to the friend present—was interested in our general lines professionally?)

not psychic but the other general lines. yes. that is what I meant to say. Then...

(Yes, I understand, but the man—the man I am thinking of was not in our general line, at all, and it was the man I thought you were trying to identify.)

that may be all right as far as you are concerned but this man is interested and while it is not his life work it is an interest deep [not read] deep and sure which he feels.

(Yes, I believe that must be his deep interest now but I wish to know just what specific work he did when living that would identify him.)

That will come along all right

(Good. I will wait.)

Do you know anything about his books

137. All these statements characterize the communicator as trying to identify himself in various places and as being interested in "philosophy and the sort of thing the rest of us and you also were formerly interested in." They do not describe Mr. Gifford, but do describe Prof. Sidgwick and also correctly indicates what appears on the surface of many apparent attempts of his to return and identify himself. The lapse into references to such things is apparently one of G. P.'s own unconscious deviations to the subject in mind the day before. Cf. Note 108.

We may assume that the amanuensis might often, through association, get incidents of a previous occasion interfused with those transmitted to him at another and later time. There is abundant evidence of this in the Piper records. If this hypothesis be possible or true we may well understand the error in relation to Mr. Gifford of the allusions in this passage.

(No, I do not.)

Does the friend.

(No.)

His own books those he used. Not in his work but those he had about him. Some times for [not read] times for reference (Tell us about them.)

There is one small paper covered one with round black figures on which are small marks. These black spheres are scattered through the book.

(Good.)

It is more like a stellar geography than anything else but is a small and as I said paper covered book. [read "work" and hand points] Yes [in answer to correct reading.] do you know about that. [Note 138.]

(No, I do not, but can inquire. Shall have to inquire about that.)

All right. now again do you know anything about his voice [read questioningly] Yes [in answer to reading] it sounds low and well modulated and flexible and as he talks he sits back in an easy attitude and uses his hands much. I do not seem to be getting anywhere but will keep trying. [Note 139.]

138. No one recognizes the book described as any of Mr. Gifford's. It might possibly refer to some illustrations of his and the message may have become distorted in the passage. Representations of a globe often appear in certain types of illustrations. But the mention of such here can have no evidential significance unless having special reference to something characteristic of the alleged communicator, and that is not certain in this case. Coming in such close proximity with apparent references to Prof. Sidgwick suggests applicability to him, tho I have no reason to believe either that he is intended or that it would be pertinent. But there is a certain confusion here that reminds me of similar phenomena in the Piper case.

Mr. Gifford had varied interests besides his painting to look after, but was not in any respect interested in philosophic problems. He believed in the immortality of the soul and did not interest himself in psychic matters at all.

It is perhaps proper to add that I saw some volumes at Mr. Gifford's cottage in Nonquitt which he had himself illustrated. I saw no illustrations in them answering to the description in this passage, but the type of drawing mentioned is very common. Cf. p. 162.

139. Mr. Gifford was in the habit of sitting in an easy attitude and had a low modulated voice, and I imagine from what I know that the same could be said of Prof. Sidgwick, as of many other people. Apparently there was

(Yes, go ahead.)

[Moan. Head twists. Sigh. Pause.]

It is not as hard as yesterday and that gives me courage.

(Good. It is all right.)

Some of the earlier incidents of his life have slipped away but he expresses himself about the funeral service Was there a double one.

(I believe not.)

that is one at one place and then a ["then" read "there"] then a little something somewhere else.

(Yes.)

He seems so pleased at what was said and done but there was a sort of relief when it was all over. a relief for him I mean.

(Yes.)

Some of the people had to hurry right away to get trains and get back home ask the friend if he went to a station with someone immediately after the service.

(No, he did not. This friend was not present at the service.)

There is something wrong then for there is a train and station and this friend somewhere that this spirit recalls It is after everything is all over.

(Yes, I understand, but he doesn't recall any such thing, unless it was an event that took place on your side after this spirit's departure from this life.)

I do not catch your meaning.

(Possibly, this spirit saw this friend here present to-day at a station some time after the spirit left the body.)

yes

(That would not prove his identity.)

[Pause.] Do you think I am so far collapsed that I do not know that What the spirit refers to is a ["a" erased] an event which I took [read "look" and hand taps] to be immediately following the funeral service because the reference was immediately after it but when I say there is something wrong here I mean I have misplaced a real incident

(Yes, I understand that, George.)

some consciousness of confusion, as the moaning usually signifies a consciousness of needed change. The messages at once become more pertinent.

That we often do through bad calculation.

(All right.) [Note 140.]

[Pause.]

(I understand that, exactly.)

[Pause.] yes I am only waiting for fuel. [read questioningly.] yes [in answer to reading.] when he fills the engine I... [read "Feels the energy"] fills engine I will go on.

(Good.)

Do you know anything about a large pocket handkerchief

(I do not.)

which was in some way connected with this spirit.

(No, I do not.)

It is like a large linen one which was used about the body. He speaks of this as being unusual. [not read] unusual. yes

(We shall have to inquire about that.)

It seems to have been either put over the face or touching the [read "tending the"] touching face in some way and as if it were put away with the body.

(Good. We shall have to inquire about that, George. The fact is that neither of us know any facts whatever about the funeral service. We shall have to inquire elsewhere for that.)

all the better.

(Yes.)

This handkerchief was not put there by the undertaker but by some member or friend of the family.

(Good.) [Note 141.]

[Pause.] You have nothing of his have you.

(No, not a thing. Yes, the friend has.)

[H. takes from Mr. Thompson a small package and unrolls from it a small card, which he puts under medium's left hand.]

put it in my hand. [H. places card in medium's hand.]

Thank you. I thought it might help him. [Pause.]

140. There were two funerals for Mr. Gifford, one in New York and the other in New Bedford. What is said of a friend hurrying to the station after the funeral applies to a number of persons, but not to any recognizable one in particular. Mr. Thompson was not at the funeral, as he was neither a special friend nor aware of Mr. Gifford's death.

141. Mrs. Gifford does not know whether there is any truth in the incident about the pocket handkerchief.

Hodgson seems to know who the spirit is and to have much concern to have him manifest.

(Yes, I understand, and, if he could tell anything about what he has done in connection with this gentleman, that would do much to prove his identity.)

You mean before his death or since.

(I mean, since his death.)

[Pause.] Here is a peculiar thing I see a large hoop yes [in answer to reading] and a broad flight of stairs. It looks like a large public building into which our friend here goes for the stairways are iron and openwork and the stairs are marble. [not read] of marble Yes [in answer to reading] Does this friend or has he been into such a building with [read "either"] with a sense of familiarity about the surroundings.

(Not that he knows of. Does not recall anything of the kind. [Pause.] He says, yes, he has been in such a place.)

yes well upstairs in that building this spirit has been with him and seen him sit down and take a paper with writing on it and [moan] read it over and over. over and over. Yes [in answer to reading] if as [superposed on "if"] it were a letter or paper with writing of consequence on it

(What—)

concerning our spirit.

(What was the gentleman doing in that building upstairs? What did he go in there for?)

He went in to go upstairs to sit down in a room waiting for no not waiting but he stayed some time alone and then talked with a man and came out. it is not his office but like a place familiar through a friend He called for some specific thing. [Note 142.]

What has A to do with this.

142. Mrs. Gifford does not recognize the description of the house, but it recalled to her mind the house of a friend where Mr. Gifford frequently went. I know the exterior of the house myself and the "hoop" clearly suggests the circular drive that enters the front, but I know nothing of the interior of the house. The man's wealth would enable him to have such a stairway.

The details are not verifiable, except that Mr. Thompson was never in this building, and none of the incidents fit him. Mr. Thompson did visit the American Art Galleries after his death, as intimated above (p. 32), but the description of the building does not fit this place and neither do the incidents.

(Does not recall anything meant by "A." This is all perfectly blind.)

Ar [pause] thur yes [in answer to reading:] Arthur

(Does not know any "Arthur" at all. If you could tell, specifically, what this spirit did in life—what his profession was—it would enable us to know, in one word, whether you are correct, or not.) [Note 143.]

That seems dead easy but I must wait.

(All right.)

[Pause.] Color

(That suggests.)

more color and more again.

(You are on the right line now.)

Yes dont [read "about"] dont hurry It is coming

(All right; take your time.) [Note 144.]

[Long pause.] The little paper handbook reappears yes [in answer to reading] it was for some especial design or a part of the study connected with his art.

(All right, all right. What was his art? Tell that when you can.)

Yes when he can he is agitated

(Tell him not to worry. He is doing well.)

He does not intend to but it is fine [read "true"] fine work oh his hands are so deft yes [in answer to reading] deft and

143. There is an apparent interruption here by something related to Prof. Sidgwick. The name Arthur apparently refers to the same person as before. Cf. Note 108. The confusion here and previously very much resembles that which frequently occurs in the experiments with Mrs. Piper. Apparently there is no distinct knowledge of what I want, and so far as I know the description of the large public building might describe the House of Parliament or some other structure in England. The passage is, therefore, extremely equivocal.

Mr. Gifford had no friend by the name of Arthur that Mrs. Gifford recalls. His hands were not large and white.

144. The reference to color is the first clear indication of identity that could be recognized and from this point the confusion between communicators seems to disappear. Compare my first and second sitting with Mrs. Piper where I denied the relationship of the woman claiming to be my mother and finally recognized my brother Charles, so that the second sitting opened with direct communication with my father and the limitation of the communicators afterward to the family and relatives (*Proceedings English S. P. R.*, Vol. XVI, pp. 308, 310, and 313).

strong yes [in answer to reading] and white they are quite large but white

(Good.)

[Pause.] His work is left behind and tells the story of his effort in many ways

(Yes, it does.)

It is like a broken lily beautiful [pause] each side the break. He did two kinds of work the same general work but classified into two kinds definitely One he ["one" read "and"] One did early and left behind to take up the newer ["new" first written; so read; "—er" added] Yes [in answer to reading] Such skys [skies] how he loved them.

(Yes. Go on.)

Always the blue of the sky was so fascinating to him.

(Good.)

His career is not ended but it is for his friends to do much about his work here now.

(Good.) [Note 145.]

[Pause.] Wait a little

(Yes. All right.)

[Moan. Pause. Moaning. Scrawl.]

[Change of Control.]

I wish I could write for myself it could be more satisfying help me

(Yes, we shall, by being calm and patient. Take your time.)

It is so much of an effort

(Yes, I understand.)

to keep your memory and all the work at the same time

(Yes, I understand that. You are doing well.)

* * [Scrawl. possible attempt at "we."] I do not think so but I want to so much

[Here hand shows signs of agitation and H. puts his hand over it. Scrawls. Hand drops pencil and reaches for another.

145. Mr. Gifford did two kinds of work, illustrating in his earlier life when he had to earn his living and painting later, including teaching, as indicated in another passage. His hands were not large and white, according to the testimony of Mrs. Gifford. But he was excessively fond of the sky, as perhaps all artists are.

H. gives it a yellow one, which is thrown away; another yellow one, thrown away; a black one, thrown away; a short brown one is retained.] [Note 146.]

[Change of Control.]

[Writing rapid.] You may wonder why I took out the pencils but on each one I left some of the magnetism of this man who tried to write. He is a good fellow but will get here all right.

(Yes.)

I am your old friend

(Yes.) [Note 147.]

you know

(Yes, I know, perfectly well. As soon as you fumbled those pencils, I knew what was coming.)

Yes you think you know a lot but it is all for your good ["for" read "over" and hand taps] that I fumble

(Yes, I know that, but it makes me hustle.)

It is good for you. what do you get a salary for

(I don't get any salary.)

146. Apparently Gifford tried to control directly and the writing showed great difficulty. It was probably an attempt to accustom him much more effectively to the conditions necessary to get clear messages through.

I wish to call the reader's attention to the remark that it is difficult to keep one's memory and carry on communications at the same time. This is not the natural conviction of Mrs. C. who seems to think that the communicator's mind is normal while communicating. The statement, however, is identical in conception with an analogy which came apparently from Dr. Hodgson at another sitting through Mrs. C. during the year.

147. The change of control is to a lady who calls herself Jennie P——. It is a wholly unknown personality to me and she usually represents herself as Whirlwind and calls me Hurricane. Her writing is perfectly characteristic and is often very difficult to read. It is different in style from any other control or communicator and is very rapid. She is perfectly frank and plain-spoken, liking boldness and audacity, a trait quite the opposite of Mrs. C. The reader will remark that she is apt in repartee, and if he could see other records of her communicating and control he would find her a very good adept in badinage and "jollyng." She can be serious as she sometimes is. Her usual function is to calm things down after excitement and expenditure of energy as in the hard efforts of new communicators. She sometimes communicates for them, acting as amanuensis.

The rest of us get as much as you do. Dont you think there are any places to go to in heaven that we have to come here [read "you" and hand taps] for entertainment [not read] entertainment that is all of that we are all in the same business

[Here music starts downstairs. Time, 6.00 P. M.]

the business of the enthusiast who wants to change the current of the world's thought and make men see God in the world. There is no fanaticism [not read] fantic [read "fanaticism" and hand taps until read "fanatic"] like the religious one, That is what you are. Science is only truth about ["truth" not read] truth facts and that is God and religion and all the rest.

(Yes.)

You cannot be a scientist proper and leave out God nor can you leave out us [read "his" and hand taps] and the religionist too yes [in answer to reading.] He does what he pleases worse for him in the end. . now that is all I have to say about that Hurricane did you think I forgot [read "fight"] your [not read] forgot [read "fight" and hand taps] forgot your name

(No.)

I did not what about your friend he might be a mouse in the wall he is so still but a cumb [crumb] brings him nibbling at the door for a whole basket

(Yes. True of all of us.)

which he will get if he does not look out yes [in answer to reading] the friends case is a sad one I mean the spirit

(All right. Tell me about it.)

It is too bad for a man with gifts and power to go out like that but no one was to blame It seems like one of those daily accidents which occur [read "comes"] occur among the children of men but it is all right after all for if he can do what he wishes he will do as much for the world [not read] world as if he had lived

(I understand.)

and produce the most beautiful expressions of art and color and form He loved his work. [read "book" and hand taps] It was in his soul and he will go on It is glorious to see a soul like his. He [read it and hand taps] always worked like a genius [read "generous" and hand taps] Sometimes so swiftly [read "simply" and hand taps] and swiftly [not read] quickly and so

well and then again for a long time dreaming [not read] dreaming [read "deeming"] dreaming yes [in answer to reading.] I have to hurry to overcome the thinking process of all your brains. He will come again to-morrow if your friend will come

(Yes, the friend will come to-morrow and the next day, also.)

all the better I shall help what I can. I am not as fierce as I seem

(I know that.)

I am more a mouse than a lion but I have to prance [read "prove"] prance my way around the pantry [not read] pantry to escape the cat. You may see the analogy [not read] analogy when you read this [read "rich"] read this over The cat is your minds and the basket is the evidence and the light is the pantry good night Hurricane

(Good-night.)

Whirlwind.

(Thank you.)

[Pencil falls. Long Pause.]

[Subliminal No. 2.]

[H. places head back on pillow, puts left hand on medium's forehead and takes right hand in his.]

Hullo. [Faintly.]

(Hullo.)

Do you know what I see?

(No. What do you see?)

A great, big ring with a jewel in it, held up by a man; sparkling just like the light strikes somewhere. It is set deeply, you know. [Pause.] There is a fly on my arm. Can you see it?

(It is gone now.) [Note 148.]

I could feel it. It felt like an elephant. Don't I know that man?

(I don't know. You are to settle that.)

Haven't I seen him before?

(Yes.)

Well, I mean, I have seen him in some other state.

148. The reference to the ring is possibly the same as before. But it is not described sufficiently to be certain about it. Cf. Note 62.

(No, I think not. Which man do you mean?)

The man in the room.

(No, I think not.)

Oh! You thought I meant the spirit, didn't you?

(No, I thought you meant some other part of the United States.)

What? This man?

(Yes.)

This man here?

(Yes. Was that what you meant?)

No.

(What did you mean?)

I thought I had seen him here before.

(Oh! So you had.)

That is what I thought.

(You said "some other state.")

Yes, that is right. I meant—I meant something different. I haven't told you what I meant, yet, at all. Hasn't he been to Starlight?

(Yes.)

Well, that is what I meant. He is an artist, isn't he?

(Yes.)

I know it. He is—he is going to do some beautiful things.

(Yes. How is he going to do that?)

Inspiration.

(Yes. Who is going to inspire him?)

Oh, a spirit.

(What spirit?)

I don't know, dear; I will tell you as soon as I can.

(That is right.)

You kind of humor me, don't you, to tell.

(I make the suggestion and let it work out.)

You think I'm awfully stupid when I don't tell you right off?

(No.)

You don't do you—honest?

(No, not a bit. I know the difficulties.)

Do you? Oh!

(But it helps you to work in the right direction if I mention them.)

Well, I know this fellow.

(Describe him.)

This one here, I mean.

(Oh, yes; I see.)

He is— I call this one— He wouldn't feel that I was too personal if I spoke about him, would he?

(No.)

Well, he looks bigger than you to me.

(Yes?)

A bigger man.

(Yes.)

And younger, too, you know.

(Yes.)

A nice-looking—that is what I mean.

(Yes.)

He is— He has got a— Well, he is— He would be called a fine looking man, you know.

(Yes.)

And he is very, very much interested in his work, you know: wants to do so much.

(Yes.)

You know,— You ask him if he ever had a great, big horse. Great, big one, that he rode on, horseback, you know; this man.

(Yes, he did.)

It looks as though, when you look at it behind, why, it looks almost as heavy as a work horse, but it is not, you know. It is a great, handsome, horse, you know.

(Yes.)

I can see him, back to, on the horse, you know, and he is— He, himself, is athletic, and— It is not athletic, like one plays base ball and that sort of thing. It is a different kind. I don't know. He is in a class by himself, isn't he?

(Yes.) [Note 149.]

Well, he— There is a fly again. I can take care of it myself, now, can't I? Hm?

(Yes.)

149. This is a good description of Mr. Thompson's habit about a horse when he was a boy. He used to ride a big handsome horse in this manner.

Well, he has a lot of experience in his life, so far, and he has got a lot more coming. You know, where this— He is the funniest artist I ever saw!

(Is he?)

Yes. He is a squeamish one, you know.

(Yes?)

Colors make him sick or help him. No, it is in his soul.

(Yes.)

And if— If they were clashy colors, he would have to turn around and go away, you know.

And some colors would make him well if he were ill. They just— And, oh, how he loves yellow, you know!

(Yes.)

That beautiful yellow! I mean, this one.

(Yes.)

He loves. Beautiful. I know he has got some oriental suggestions in his mind, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 150.]

He has? Well, I guess I better not—now I have discovered him—I better not try to talk much more about him, had I?

(Yes; you have done enough now.)

Yes. I will see him again to-morrow, won't I?

(Yes.)

Is he your good friend?

(Yes.)

Well, I think he is a friend— When he is a friend to anybody, he is, really, a friend.

(Yes.)

But when he doesn't like anybody, they affect him about the same as colors do.

(Yes.)

150. The reference to the influence of colors is perhaps, generally speaking, true of most artists, as discord to musicians, and so the general application to Mr. Thompson can hardly have any special importance. But the allusion to "oriental suggestions" has this much truth in it, that Mr. Thompson has had a number of apparitions and hallucinations with oriental characteristics in them, and Mr. Gifford had painted some oriental scenes. See Figure XXXI.

The reference to liking yellow seems to fit Mr. Thompson and is a marked characteristic in some of his autumn pictures.

He has got the artistic temperament, hasn't he?

(Yes.)

Oh, I love to paint! My own self. If it were not for this work I have to do, I would be doing some, too; wouldn't I?

(Mm-hm.)

But I suppose he can paint for you and me and the whole of us, can't he?

(Yes.)

And I will see spirits for him and you, can't I?

(That is right.)

I am not going to fret over the things that I cannot do. Good-bye Dr. Hyslop.

(Good-bye.)

[H. signals Mr. Thompson, who leaves room.]

[Subliminal No. 1.]

[Smiles.] Hm. Hustle him out!

(Yes.)

As quick as you can.

[Eyes open to consciousness at 6.15, medium remarking:]

Hm! I guess I came here on the fast express!

[Subliminal No. 1.]

June 4, 1908, 4.15 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Present, J. H. Hyslop.

[Prior to becoming entranced for this sitting, the medium told Dr. Hyslop of a vision that she had had the night before, as follows:]

I saw the spirit of a man who was tall and seemed to have a little cap on the back of his head, like a little Scotch cap, but he had— Well, I don't know. He had—he did something especial. Had a long, loose dressing-gown over him that was bright colors, and hung loosely on, as though he slipped it on to do something; some sort of work, you know.

(What kind of work?)

Well, I couldn't tell you. It is more like—Well, I don't know. I don't know how those people work, but it seemed more like a—

Hm. As though he might have a studio, or something of that sort, but he looks like a— The whole thing about him is oriental, but he is not an oriental; but there is all this pretty color! Brilliant!

(Do you think he is an American?)

I don't know.

(Do you describe him as though—)

Well, he is not oriental. He might be French, Italian, or something like that, but he is not an East Indian. That is what I meant by "an oriental."

(How about his hair?)

Under this cap, you know, it comes down about to there [indicating shoulders] and seems to be just a little—Well, rather heavy; kind of square cut, as though it comes down on the shoulder, because, with the rest of his clothes, it seems to fit. You know, the hair isn't cut like men now.

(Any beard?)

Yes. A little, pointed one. It doesn't look like anybody I know anything about.

I meant to tell you of that this morning. I went to sleep with him in the room here last night. Looks like a picture. Doesn't seem a bit real. Every time I look at him it is more like a picture. Most of the things I see are so real they talk, and he doesn't. Isn't that funny!

(Yes.)

Are these things foolish, that I tell you?

(Not a bit. I wish you would tell every one of them as they occur.)

I always feel foolish. I often keep them back, they seem so silly.

(Very often these little things are the best things we get as evidence of personal identity.)

I always feel so stupid! I have been in the habit of leaving everything for Starlight or some of the Guides to do and not tell anything, myself.

(I understand the whole business.)

You do?

(Yes.)

I guess it is just as well I didn't talk with you about it. I kind of thought I would, and then I forgot it. [Note 151.]

[Here followed a discussion in which Dr. Hyslop explained the relation to each other of the various conditions of Sleep, Hypnosis, Trance and Death. Then, the medium remarked:] .

[Subliminal No. 2.]

I know what the man looked like that I told you about.

(Yes?)

You know the pictures of "Christ and the Rich Young Man?"

(Yes.)

Well, you know— No, it isn't "Christ and the Rich Young Man." It is "Christ and the Doctors." You know, there is one man stands there with a long, loose garment and a pointed beard and dark eyes, with something on his head.

(Yes.)

Well, it looked more like that.

(I see.)

He is supposed to be a Jew, wasn't he?

(That is— Who? You mean, the—)

The man with the beard.

(In the picture?)

Yes.

(Yes.) [I was thinking of Hoffmann's "Christ before the Doctors."]

Well, this was more like that. I seem a little uneasy about him. Is there a Leonardo *de* Vinci, or something like that?

(Yes.)

An artist?

(Yes.)

Well, do you know if he looked anything like that?

151. The vision described is the repetition of a process of preparation for communicating which had taken place with another personality of considerable importance, tho in this case the only hint of Mr. Gifford is the Scotch cap which he was in the habit of wearing at times and a dressing gown with bright rich colors in it. He did not work in this. But it perhaps represents the continuance of the allusion to "oriental suggestions" at the previous sitting and in the note above. Here it has emerged into normal consciousness as did some incidents of another personality just mentioned.

(Well, I think he is sometimes represented so.)

Well, I think that is it. Leonardo da Vinci. I don't know how to— It is "de" in between.

(That is right. I know.) [Note 152.]

I am not gone very far. I am only trying to— I am perfectly myself, only, I am not myself. Do you know?

(Perfectly.)

[Sigh, pause.] I don't know why he would come here unless he wanted my box of water colors. [Long pause.]

[This refers to some artists' materials which the medium had in the room and with which she had been painting some water color landscapes to give to friends.]

I see all these beautiful things again that I saw yesterday.

(Good.)

I see a peculiar little pennant like a flag floating out from a little boat; comes right out in a point and it has— It is red at the end and then some white. It comes towards a point, the stripes do. See?

(Yes.)

And then right in next to the staff is a little square of blue, like in the center, next to the staff. I don't— Yes, that is blue. It is very dark, you know. Do you know what flag that is?

(No, I do not.) [Note 153.]

All right. It is no use to tell you, then, is it?—if I get some hard work.

[Head falls forward. H. places fingers of his right hand against forehead and raises head to pillow; then, draws shades and admits Mr. Thompson to room. Time, 4.33. Long pause.]

Do you know all these beautiful pearls?

(No. You see them?)

They are not on a string. It is like round, pearly, beautiful! Do you know anyone by the name of "Charles" who would be interested to come here to-day?

152. The picture described does not indicate any recognizable work of Mr. Gifford's. Mr. Gifford wore a pointed beard, at least it would appear so from the photograph of him in the biography of him which I have.

153. Mrs. Gifford does not recall any pennant as described, but Mr. Gifford always had a pennant on his boat. She thinks it was red and white. It was the blue that she does not recall. He had no flag.

(Might be; yes.) [Note 154.]

Immediately after I saw these pearl-like squares of mother-of-pearl and I heard that name— Such a wonderful, wonderful influence is here! [Long pause.] Put your hand on my head.

[H. puts left hand on medium's forehead. Pause.]

They don't like to see so any things.

(Tell us about some of them.)

I seem to be walking in a place where all the plants are tropical. You know, I just seem to be in this same scene as yesterday and I am so dissatisfied. Everything is so incomplete, but I see like glass houses with the tropical things growing in them, you know, as if they were— Everywhere it is so cared for! Oh, dear! I don't know— Hm. The spirit that is here is so—so uneasy! It is almost impossible for him to get clearly what he wants to say, and I think he is a man who had his work part done, you know, and then—it is broken in on by his death, and he is one of those restless souls that cannot do what he wants to do and, yet, keeps trying to and will, eventually, do it, but it is kind of bothersome, don't you know, while he is trying to do it, and I have got so many different influences. One is a man that I am telling you about who is restless, who was cut off from his work; who was— He must have been an artist because all about him are those beautiful, beautiful things; and, then, right back of him are all older—older artists, don't you know; those who have been gone a long time, as if it is a company of them; a little group of people who desire to express beautiful things through their art. Not the school of art which just pleases the fancy or the eye. Oh, but some great things; some noble, noble, beautiful things which are just exactly as important as anything else that is done from the other side on this side. Do you know what I mean?

(Yes.) [Note 155.]

And, of course, coming with those people—Does it tire you to hold your hand there? You needn't do it any more. I am all right, I am sure. Thank you very much. I forgot.

154. Mrs. Gifford does not know any Charles connected with Mr. Gifford. The allusion to pearls is not intelligible, unless it refers to the jewels mentioned in a previous sitting. Cf. Note 132.

155. This long passage is only a vague recognition of the artist. Some allusions in it represent characteristic things, for instance, the reference to his unfinished work. But there is nothing evidential.

[H. removes left hand which he has been holding against psychic's forehead.]

But, among those people—With them are so many accessories. You know what I mean?

(Yes.)

The things to use and the people to have about and all those. It is such an active life—as though it takes in so many scenes; vivid; so many people. An artist has to be like a flash to catch a floating color or—know instantly. Almost prophetic vision, it is, to know what is coming next, you know.

(Yes.)

Any movement, any action—all that is activity, because it is life. You know, this sort of art and all that brings such a—Oh, such a combination of people and scenes and everything that is marvelous and wonderful and it bothers me—bothers me so. I can't get hold of anything any more than I can get hold of a cloud or a sunset or a sound, but it will come. It bothers you,

(No.)

Doesn't it?

(No, no. We would like everything to come that can come but do not expect any more than can come easily.)

Well, why should this group of people come here—both the ancient and the modern, as though the two were combined—the modern school, you know, and the ancient? “Ancient—” Is that the word I want?

(Yes.)

Yes, sir; they are two. The combination is here. One is so peculiar and so wonderful and the other is trying to—to produce again the wonderful and the big and it is a mistake to try to copy too much of the past, but, rather, the spirit that breathed through those people to make them produce should breathe again, through the modern, and make him produce something equally as good, equally as beautiful, but of *his* day. Do you see?

(Yes.) [Note 156.]

156. Nothing characteristic in all this. Probably it all turns on the supposed influences associated with Mr. Gifford on “the other side,” on any theory of the facts. Mr. Gifford was not an Impressionist, but more of the older type of artists. He was not restless physically, but alert mentally.

That is it. That is from them that I get that. They haunt me, you know, with their suggestions.

(Yes. Probably they are trying to help him.)

Yes. You mean, this spirit? "Him?"

(Yes.)

Yes, and the spirit is trying to help someone else, you know, in turn. It is as if the one who passed away and who was cut off in the midst of his work was so mediumistic! Indeed, I think all artists are, you know, in a degree.

(Yes.)

Not—Not just good—Not just good figure drawers, you know.

(Yes.)

But the real artists, you know, are those who know and like anything that is real; it is beautiful; anybody who does those things—whatever it is—they catch something from the spirit, whether they know it, or not, and this man did and it is his guides who are about him, don't you know, and they and he are about someone else, to help someone else in—in—in his work, to— Do you know what I mean?

(Yes.)

Do you, really and truly?

(I understand.)

Oh! [Moan.] Well, do you know if this—this younger man—What I call the modern— I am going to divide them, you know.

(Yes.)

The modern one, who was cut off from his work—do you know if he had a window—'way up high, where he used to sit and look 'way off? That he could look— It is not a city where he is and, yet, I can see him, as if he looks out, over the city, quite a ways, to something else, you know. It is really to have—as though he catches an inspiration there; and, from that room, I see the setting sun, you know, as though his window is toward the West, do you know.

(I don't know, but can find out.)

Well, do, please. But, I am upstairs. I go up—high—upstairs. I don't want to be down low with the lower things. I don't say that in any way except that I cannot work down there. I must work up, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 157.]

And this sky— Oh, I stand and look at the sky and I look across and then I sit down and work, work, work, standing up, you know. Work walking about. Just one of those nervous, restless, active men. You know, that is what he was, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 158.]

Do you know anything about him at all?

(Very little, but I can find out.)

Well, don't you know whether that is true, or not?

(Well, I have just learned that it is.)

Well, now look: There is another thing: He is—He seems—I think he smokes, you know. It is something that he holds in his mouth. He doesn't seem to be always smoking but it seems as though he holds something in his mouth, you know, quite a lot; really, like a—like a—I think it is like a little cigarette. I think he gets nervous and rolls them up and then holds them there and then sits down and does a little and does that again; just that little, nervous, anxious way. [Note 159.]

Oh, it is—Er—er— I can't talk fast enough for him! But you—[unintelligible stuttering]. Oh, a—oh, a—oh, an easel! You know what I mean by an easel?

(Yes, exactly.)

Well, up on top of an easel is a funny little cap, you know, that hangs as though it were there a good deal. It seems as though, when he is— It is a little, soft cap; not a skull cap. It is not a skull cap, you understand.

(Perfectly.)

But it is a little, soft cap, and he takes that off—er, down. It seems to be a favored place just to come in and hang it up on there. Then, he puts it on and walks out, and he can walk

157. The account of his room in New York is not correct. The room looked out on the rising sun, not the west. It was upstairs, and he had no special dislike to working downstairs.

158. He did very often work standing, as perhaps artists frequently do. He seems also to have been quick and active when at work.

159. Mr. Gifford did not smoke, but he had the habit of taking a twig in his mouth and keeping it there while at work. The error in this instance is a most interesting one.

around. There are some rooms that are up on the same floor with him, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 160.]

Because he can walk out and walk around and he walks around and comes back again and looks at things and, you know, he is so particular about details! If he had to paint a piece of coin, you know, he has got to have it there. He wants to look right on it and have it exactly right. All these things— And that is the pearl. The pearl that I saw had something to do with him. He wants to get all those who can to paint a pearl, as though it is one of the hardest things in the world to paint a piece of pearl, and that he was quite interested in the colors that come, do you know.

(Yes.) [Note 161.]

Oh, dear!

(Was—)

Oh! Go on; ask me.

(Was there anything else on that easel when he passed away?)

You mean, a picture?

(Yes. Have it—Describe it.)

Yes, indeed; I see it. It is quite a good-sized one. Yes, indeed, there is a picture there and the picture is a scene. It is not a person; not a portrait. It is a scene and I can see, 'way off in it. It isn't all done, you know. It is partly done, but mostly done so that you can see pretty nearly what it is. Oh, but it is beautiful, you know. But there are some trees in it and there is some foreground that is lighter and then the background seems dark but some trees and I think I catch some glimpses of light in through. It doesn't look like a scene around here. It seems as though there is some sky in it and that it is very brilliant. Everything he did is brilliant; brilliant colorings. He likes those things you know. Do you know?

160. Mrs. Gifford cannot recall whether he hung his cap on the easel as described, tho she thinks he may have done so occasionally. He had a Scotch cap. He had all sorts of caps. There were rooms above in the apartment.

161. Mr. Gifford was particular about details and the statements about him are characteristic, except that Mrs. Gifford does not think he had any special interest in pearls. What he thought of painting pearls she does not know.

(Yes.) [Note 162.] [Cf. Figure XVIII.]

Well, it seems this brilliant thing and— You know, I think he does, mostly, things that are— He might do figures, sometimes, you know, but— And, you know, he is the funniest thing! He did things out of his head, you know, a lot of times, like from memory, and he does them out of his head and that is not doing them entirely from the spirit, when you have got a recollection of it, is it?

(No.)

But it is something like that and oh—Oh! There is a little— You know, there was— I think there was two things on the easel besides the cap, you know.

(Was there?)

Yes. There is another little thing that stands up, or else it is pinned up, but it is something like a small thing; a little— It is thinner and smaller than the picture. It is— It is not a study of the picture, though. It is something different and seems to be up on one of the posts of the easel, as though it is just stuck in a bit. It may only be a card, but it may be a picture of some kind. What I mean— It may be only a thing that is just put in for a little bit, but it is there. I see that with the picture, you know; and, you know, somebody goes into his study after he does.

That is his study, where I am; did you know it?

(Yes.) [Note 163.]

And when—Oh, dear, dear! Is this—Is this anything you want to know?

162. I think this is a good account of the picture which was on the easel when Mr. Thompson saw it. The cuts will show this without mentioning details. The picture which I had in mind when I asked the question, thinking that it was on the easel when Mr. Gifford died, is represented in Figure XVIII. The original does show rich coloring and what the artist's intentions were when he had finished it, which he did not live to do. The coloring was of the autumn livery. He preferred to paint in the autumn.

163. There was also a water color study of the scene pinned up on the easel at the time of his death of which he was painting a copy in oil.

There were also two other pictures present which represent coincidental aspects with Mr. Thompson's apparitions. This will be apparent by comparing the cut of the photograph taken by Mr. Thompson and the cuts of his sketches made long before he had seen the studio, and which are represented in Figures IX and XXXVII and XXXVIII.

(Exactly.)

Oh! Is it, really? Because, I feel so uneasy about him.

(No. Tell him to feel all right. That is good.)

Well, you know, somebody goes into this room and— Here is the very funniest thing! When he went out from that studio, didn't he— He didn't think it was going to be the last time, you know.

(Yes?)

He didn't go away, closing it up, thinking that was going to be the end of it. He expected to go back again, and— Do you know if there is any question about it—whether he expected to go back again, or not?

(No, but we can find out.)

Well, I can tell you: He did expect to go back. I don't care what anybody says. You see. Because, he tells me so, you know.

(I understand that.) [Note 164.]

And it seems—Oh! Oh! It— Oh! How— Will— Will you be patient with me?

(Perfectly. Wait a moment. Just keep calm.)

If I can. If I can. I don't know. I— He keeps touching me on my— He is right behind me, you know, touching my shoulder and as if— He is not exactly impatient, but he is so eager, you know; so eager to do this, and he— You know, he— Oh! He does get so wild sometimes, when he cannot do things. One of those tense natures he is, you know. If he could not accomplish the thing he wanted to he leaves it, you know. He just gets so tense he just would almost want to throw it out of the window, you know; and puts it away and leaves it. He is not a patient worker, you know. That is true. He works tensely but, when the thing is going all right, smooth, he is just like a sun-beam; just as patient and lovely and everything goes along so beautifully, and that is— He is— He is uneven, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 165.]

164. It is correct that when he left his studio he had no intimation that he would not return to it. It was his expectation that he would continue his work.

165. He had an intense nature and worked in the manner described. The account is recognized as perfectly characteristic.

And— Er— As I go into his room—It is as though somebody goes up in his room, opens a door, goes in: Nobody there, you know.

(Yes.)

He is gone! And they go in after he is dead.

(Yes.)

And they go in his room and look around and, oh, it is— It has been shut up, you know. It is close and smelly. You know what I mean?

(Yes.)

And it is— The first thing you— It seems so warm! Funniest thing! As though, when the windows are closed, it is like a close place, you know. You—The first thing you want to do is to open up doors, but the whole thing is so full of him, everywhere you turn. You know, there is a closet in the room, too, and there is a place— Who knows anything about the room? Do you?

(No.)

Can you find out?

(Yes.)

Oh, dear! Well, look: I go into that room and I go into a closet and there is a place where I go to get some water. It does not seem to be out of the room, but right in the room, as though it is either a closet, or a place—kind of—Oh, kind of sheltered, some way; you don't see it immediately when you come in. You can go there and wash your fingers and you can get water there and he— Now here is a funny thing: He seems to have some—Hm. Oh, dear! Some—[sighs] some clothes there, too, though he— They are not much, you know, the things that he would slip on or off; or shoes and a coat and a few little things like that that are just around, just as he left them, you know.

(Yes.)

All there. And they just— Oh, goodness, how they do— It is like going to a deserted village and finding everything as— as if someone had just stepped out, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 166.]

166. Mrs. Gifford does not recognize the closet described, as there was none such in their apartment, but she states that he had a studio in the Y. M. C. A., and there may have been such a room where he did work in connection

And was gone too long. Well—

(Now, was there any special—)

Just a minute. Will you wait just a minute?

(Certainly.)

Well, do you know if he ever illustrated anything like poems?

(Why, I think he did.)

I see bits of poetry, you know, around like little bits of them, as though they would be— Oh—

(I know he illustrated.)

He did? Well, they are things that are torn off, you know.

(Yes.)

Carelessly, as though here and there may be a thing that is pinned up. I don't know, but it seems— I find these things not even clipped carefully, but torn and that is to himself, something like it would be put here, with a rough sketch before it was done, you know. He had some pen and ink things, too, you know. "Black and white" is what I mean. I mean—Why, you know, the man could do like this: He could take his pen and do like that and he had things done, you know. Here was a road and here was a tree,—all done as quick as anything!

(Yes.)

And, oh, so faded. You know what I mean? "Mergey." I can't—I haven't got the right word.

(I understand, exactly.)

Well, goes into it, underneath. It is atmosphere that he got, you know. [Note 167.]

(Yes.)

Well, now, what do you want to ask me about?

(Ask him if there was any especial thing that he wanted to do and never got at.)

A picture you mean, of course.

with his teaching. This is not now ascertainable. The account is characteristic, in general, perhaps, of artists' studios.

167. He did illustrate poems. He did this for several publishers. He did work on the edition of Longfellow published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co. I have a letter from Appletons saying that he did illustrating for them. It was in what is known as "black and white," but as this is the usual form of illustration previous to the half-tone method, it is not important. "Atmosphere" was a characteristic in pictures in which he was deeply interested.

(Yes.)

Yes, indeed. One thing, especially.

(What was that?)

I don't know, yet. Wait. Don't work me too much, will you?

(No.)

I am not—I would like to answer everything— Oh, dear, dear, dear! Wait just a second. You know, here is a thing he used to do: Please don't take hold of me so hard and I will do it as fast as I can. [To invisible.] Oh! He is so— You know He—he—There is something; what is it? [Pause. Hand clutching as if at something held before psychic.] I have got to get—stop from being so nervous, haven't I?

(Yes, it is all right. Let me hold my hand on you.)

Yes, please. [H. puts left hand on medium's forehead.]

That is better. Wait until I get hold of what it is that I want. Oh! I know what it was that I want to tell you: He often goes to certain places, like he would go to a church, or a—a—or a—Yes, "a church" is what I meant, like a cathedral or a church or a special place to get one little thing, you know; just to get one point or a tower or anything that he would put into his things, but there was one special thing— You can take your hand down now. [Here H. removes his hand from forehead.] It was a big picture that he wanted to do and that is too big to go on his easel; too big for this easel that I see. I don't know whether it was a commission or something that was in his heart, but it seems almost as though it was something in his heart, that he wanted to do and, you know—Do you know anything about a picture of a woman that he wanted to do?

(Go on with that.)

Well, it is like a—it is like a big, big, big picture of a woman, you know, and—that is like a dream. Oh, so beautiful! And he—he wanted— But he didn't—It is all— What does "blocked out" mean?

(I understand perfectly. Planned out and intended to do it.)

Yes. Well, he had blocked out this thing and intended to and, while you find some canvasses that he left unfinished, he was not a great hand to leave designs of them, the way some people would, you know.

(Yes.)

He only had a few that were really blocked out and nothing done, but just blocked out, as if some day, when the inspiration came, he did that and then he—then he—Aha! Had to leave it.

(I understand.) [Note 168.]
too, I think. Doesn't it?

Well, do you know—Er—Hm! I see a "W;" a great, big "W," you know.

(Yes?)

Has that got anything to do with him?

(It may have.)

Well, I don't know what it is, but he puts it right down as though—Look! Right down in the corner of his things. I could make a "W" like his, I think—See: [H. gives hand a pencil.]

(Yes, make it with the pencil.)

W

Oh, perhaps I couldn't see so well. This is what I think it is: That last line goes on and under that long line, see? I can't connect again, to go back to where it was, but under the long line comes the rest of his name. That long line goes pretty nearly over the rest of his name, see? Do you know if that is right?

(Don't know, but I can find out.)

Oh! How can you find out? By looking at the name?

(Make inquiries.)

Well, was the "W" in his name?

(There was a "W" in it.)

It is not Whistler?

(No.)

No, I know it, because he laughs. I thought, first, that was what it was.

(Well, he will get it after awhile.)

But it is— It is a name that— Well, it isn't like Whistler,

168. Mrs. Gifford does not know that he visited any place to get certain desired features for pictures. It is probably characteristic of artists, however. It is not true, so far as recalled, that he intended to paint a large picture. His easel was a large one. Neither did he plan to paint a woman, so far as known. He had a good many unfinished canvasses.

The reference to a large painting would fit better some of the ideals of Mr. Thompson and the reference to painting a woman would fit Mr. Thompson's visions. Cf. pp. 60, 134, 147, 187.

but it is something that—as though it would be— I think— No down letters, you know. That is what I think—See? But I don't know, Dr. Hyslop. I can't tell.

(Let that go at present.) [Note 169.]

All right. What do you want? [Head turning to left, to invisible.] You know, that is two kinds of work he did, isn't it?

(Yes.)

The black and white stuff, you know, like that—

(Yes, I understand.)

Well, is it etching, sketching, illustrating?

(Yes, I understand.)

And the other kind is a big kind where he paints big and beautiful. Those are his two kinds.

(Yes.)

You know, it seems almost— But here is a strange thing, too: He calls it "flat work," as though he did a lot of flat work. Now, what does that mean? [Note 170.]

(I understand that.)

Do you?

(Yes. Go on with it.)

Well, he speaks of it that way, and—[pause]. There is no more to "go on" with, about it. Guess I can't hear any more.

(Now, wasn't there one other picture that he was anxious to paint?)

I don't see it, yet. I will tell you just as soon as I do.

(All right.)

But— Do you know anything about his old home?

(The friend present does.)

As though he speaks of his old home.

(Yes.)

You know, he seems to have a great love for his old home, you know, though he would—I don't know—

(Yes?)

169. Mrs. Gifford does not recall anyone that the letter W would recall in Mr. Gifford's connection, as described here. Mr. Gifford was not a friend of Whistler, tho he met him. He had a deceased brother William, but this evidently does not fit here.

170. The reference to his two kinds of work is correct, as already remarked. Cf. Note 145.

I feel haunts and scenes of other days. How I love to dream of them, you know, just as though that would express his spirit.

(Yes.)

You understand.

(Exactly.)

And always, through everything, you would find a bit of the old life entering in to whatever he did. The color—something, you know, as though it was going back, always, to early things that he did, although he had traveled, you know, and had seen a great many things and had done a great many things, these earlier things that were dear to him. Now, I don't know what it is you are trying to get at— [Note 171.]

(All right. I wouldn't worry about it.)

To save my soul, I can't find out, yet.

(It is all right; I don't worry about it.)

Don't you?

(You have done so well that I would not worry about that.)

Have I done well?

(Yes.)

Oh! Well, you know, he is—he has got— You got somebody in the room here?

(Yes.)

Funny I didn't find it out before! Well, look: You—or somebody—I don't know who—as though I see him walking— It is a peculiar walk, you know; it is almost like a stride, as though he would take a stride off, you know,

(Yes.)

when he wants to walk, but he— That is earlier. Later, he got so he didn't walk so much. He was too busy, you know; couldn't seem to get time. Couldn't do the things he wanted to. It would have been better if he had. Understand?

(Perfectly.) [Note 172.]

171. Mr. Gifford had a strong emotional interest in his old home on the island of ——. His coloring did often return to early scenes and he was very fond of the scenes and autumn colors on that island. He had traveled considerably.

172. He did walk a great deal in his painting on the marshes and in the island of ——, but he kept it up to the last, tho he was too busy to do as much of it as at earlier periods. He was not worked out at the time of his death.

And he got a very intense look; a very tense look on his face, as though he works so hard, you know!

(Yes.)

Always at it, that it was— I think that is one thing ailed him, you know, when he went to the spirit.

(Yes.)

That he was worked out. You know, it seems like that

(Yes.)

You know, God— Do you know anything about— There! You want me to tell you, I suppose, everything I see, don't you?

(Yes.)

Well, do you know anything about the Clyde Line?

(I know of it.)

Well, do you know if he had anything to do with it?

(I don't know, but I can find out.)

It is as if— There is something about the Clyde Line. I mean the steamer line.

(I understand, perfectly; I think it is very possible.)

And it seems as though there was— You know, I can see the water so green and hear the splash, splash, and I think he loved the ocean, you know,

(Yes.)

for rest,

(Yes.)

but more as a trip than to be in it. You know, it seemed as though— And something about Clyde Line. Where does that go?

(It goes, I think, to England.) [Reporter says: "Southern States."]

Perhaps you can find out what it means.

(Yes, I can. I know what it means, all right. Now, can he describe his old haunts.)

Well, where would he go with the Clyde Line—to them?

(No.)

That hasn't anything to do with the Clyde Line, then?

(No.) [Note 173.]

173. The reference to the Clyde Line of Steamers is not intelligible to Mrs. Gifford. He went to Europe once by the North German Lloyd Line,

Who is kicking me?

(I moved my foot.)

You didn't hurt me, only I wanted to know if it was you or he. I couldn't see how he could be down there and up here at the same time. [Pause.] Yes, I see something of his old haunts, you know.

(Yes?)

There is one thing: That is an old house, you know; a real, old house, with a quaint, old— Is this fellow who is here with you an artist, too?

(Yes.)

Well, he will, perhaps; know about this: This seems to be an old, wood-colored house, you know, with a piece on the end.

(Yes?)

Peculiar, you know. Wood-color at top and light bottom, you know.

(Yes.)

Almost like a landmark, you know, in the town where he came from. Do you know anything about that?

(Yes.)

Well, it seems—It is just what an artist would love, you know; that old place.

(Yes.)

And I think it figured in something, you know; in some picture, because it seems to—I see this house and then I see, you know, as though it is here. Here is the left hand, here is this house and down here there seems to be something as though it is—This is inland, you know; there is no water; no ocean, no river, no nothing but this house, and, then, something off here that is—Oh, country, you know. Just country and trees; a bit of road. Pretty little thing, you know, not much bigger than this, you know [indicating writing pad 10"x13"] and he could take a birch, or—a tree or a rock— You know, there is a place where he could get out into the open and look after more, you know, as though he gets off here and looks off and that looks over water, you know.

(Yes.)

once by the French Line, and once by the Cunard Line. He did love the ocean.

Because, I go out here, but it is not right where this old house stands. You have to go around about to get to the water and it goes off there and— My! Does— Oh, yes, I do see something: Do you know if there was a lake or anything near where he was?

(Yes.)

That had beautiful views around it, and then hills rising soft, like billows?

(Yes.)

That is what I see. Beautiful, you know. Fields off there, woods there! But it is beyond—Oh, beautiful, you know, and he loved it.

(Yes.) [Note 174.]

You know— Do you know anything about a place that commenced with "E" that he was interested in?

(I don't know, myself.)

"Essex," or— It seems "E—"

174. The description is apparently of his old home which is recognizable in the communications, but is not at all specific enough to prevent its application to others. It was a plain wooden building, with an L addition to it and is a landmark. A few remarkable trees are near it, of the gnarled oak type, but the rest of the country about it is bare. His house at Nonquitt is also a marked one and is one of the three that stand out to the traveller on Buzzard's Bay. It is not distinguishable in color as described. He had painted one view near this latter house. But the references to water in the passage do not strictly apply, without narrowing the limits of the description. His old home stood off the beach some distance and a road ran near it. Vineyard Sound could be seen east by climbing an elevation. On the whole the description is not at all accurate. The reference to a lake is the best in the description, tho there is no lake near by. Hadley Bay is a small cove which one would take for a lake when once anchored in it and is near his old home. The small hills did rise from it like billows.

There are characteristics mentioned that would apply to the Nonquitt cottage and its environs. For instance, the "bit of road," "a tree or rock" (one he once painted is there), "no river, no ocean," and "looks over water." It is neither river nor ocean there, but a part of the bay. That, however, would all be true of the old home on the island, the ocean not being visible from the house. But it is all rather vague.

The best and most suggestive incidents are the reference to his old haunts, the "lake," billowy hills, and apparently the shape of his house and evident intention to regard it as old, which would not so clearly apply to the Nonquitt cottage.

(Well, all right. Go ahead.)

Something— It is like a town, don't you know.

(Yes.)

[Pause.] “E—” But, I don't— “Essex?” “Eastern?”
“S—” I don't get it.

(It is all right.)

Do you know what it means?

(I can find out.)

Well, all right. It is a place.

(Yes.)

You know, I know that, because, if I were writing it, I would put the State under, you know.

(Yes.)

Write this and then the State under, you know.

(Yes.)

Belonging to it. Well, there was one peculiar thing: [Note 175.]

Er—Hm! There is the most beautiful dog about I would ever want to look at. It is a shepherd, you know.

(Yes, yes.)

It is beautiful. It knows as much as anything! I think it is his dog, you know.

(I see.)

Anyway— But, look: I want to tell you what this dog looks like, and then you can see if it is his. I would better, wouldn't I?

(Yes.)

It is a dog with the fur—the hair is as soft and fine as woman's, you know; silky, beautiful. There is brown in it and black and it

175. The reference to “Essex” and “Eastern” recall nothing to Mrs. Gifford. It might be a fragment of the attempt to give the name of the island on which he was born, Nonamesset. It is at the eastern end of the island mentioned. The last syllable might give rise to what we received. The reference to a State suggests that this interpretation might be correct. If it be so, there could be no doubt about the house he was describing.

There is an Essex County in Massachusetts, and in the eastern part of the state, north of Boston. But it has no special connection with Mr. Gifford, so far as has been ascertained.

is rather heavy; and a pointed nosed dog, it is, and it is a beautiful dog. He loved dogs, you know.

(Yes.)

He knew their good points, too. If he were walking along the street and he saw dogs, he would know them, you know. He would know the names of them. He likes them, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 176.]

I see that in him. He says that is good. He said to me, it was good, and then— Do you know if he was a great hand to take— Of course—I told you about his working, but he didn't work so much at the last, but it seems as though he tramps with a suit for tramping, you know, as though it is like I would see him not with long trousers on, you know, but shorter, as though they were on purpose to tramp through—

(Yes.)

rough places with and he would get down in a rough place and—Oh, there was one place, you know, where you can go and I can see him with a—with his sketch things, you know, and a box and the whole business and right down here into a gully, like it is all rough and wild. You could look right into a gully, you know.

(Yes.)

Quite rough; but it has got some beautiful tints in there, more like forest tints that he, sitting over this side, can look through and see. He doesn't take that whole picture, but he puts that in as a part of something else, those colors there. [Note 177.]

[Pause.] Do you know what I smell?

(What?)

176. Mr. Gifford was very fond of dogs and knew their good points. He had owned a number of them in his time. The dog described is not recognized by Mrs. Gifford, but she recalls a story that he used to tell about a dog that took care of him when he was a baby. Mrs. Gifford thinks it was a setter and not a shepherd dog. He had kept a number of hunting dogs.

177. Mr. Gifford wore knickerbockers only a short time on his tramps to paint. Usually he wore the regular style. The other features of the description are characteristic, but not evidential. The reference to a gully is interesting, as he painted a most striking instance of one which exhibits colors in a marked degree. Mr. Thompson found it and painted the same. (Cf. Figures X and XLI.)

Oh, the hemlock and the pines, you know. All that brown stuff on the ground. Lovely! That is what I see.

(Good!)

Is it good?

(Yes.) [Note 178.]

Oh, dear! He is looking right at me. Oh, dear; what can I do with him, now? [Pause.] Eh? What do you want to know, more?

(Whatever can be done. Let them manage that.)

You want some more, don't you?

(All we can get. Could he mention any of his friends?)

Yes, yes. His friends and his things.

(Was he married?)

I don't see a woman with him, you know.

(Find out if he was married.)

Yes, in a minute. Well—Hm. [Pause.] I have got a variety of feelings about it. I don't know whether it is imagination or not: When I first— I will tell you just what it comes, whether it is right or wrong.

(Yes.)

Won't I?

(Yes.)

Well— What if it is wrong?

(Well, I will understand that. Do the best you can.)

Well, when you first asked me I saw a lady walking with him. She didn't seem like his wife. She seemed like a woman who was interested more. Do you know if he taught, ever?

(Yes, he did.)

Well, this seemed like a woman that he had and taught outdoors, as though she took—sometimes took some tramp with him, to do this. She is fair; a fair-complexioned woman, you know, and very bright and nice about it, but— And, when you at first asked me, I saw her; then, I saw, when I tried to ask him with my spirit if he was married and he said, "Yes, to my art," you know;

178. Hemlocks and pines do not flourish on the Elizabeth Islands, but there is a curious species of interesting cedar which Mr. Gifford often painted there. The "brown stuff on the ground" is a very suggestive allusion to the red and brown tints of the huckleberry bushes on that island in the autumn and which he loved to paint.

just like that. Well, that wasn't any—wasn't any answer, because you meant a woman, you know; but that is what he answered me,—“ Yes, to my art.” But, I don't consider that a good answer, do you?

(No.)

Well, that is all I get, so far. Am I talking like a kid?

(No.)

Kind of?

(No. You're all right.)

Sounds kind of peevish, the way I talk it, but I guess if your head was in a vise, like mine, you would talk peevish, too; wouldn't you?

(I suspect I would.)

It just feels as if two hands were pressing in on it. There is a woman left, Dr. Hyslop.

(Is there?)

Yes, sir; who was much interested in him and his work and who had some things—some things to look after for him, you know; as though there was— Oh, I wish I could put my hand up; will you?

(Put your hand up?)

[H. lifts medium's left hand to face, where she brushes some hair out of her eyes.]

It is a woman with a little, low voice. Such a little quiet way! She doesn't seem to be making any fuss about anything, only, every time—It is as though speaking of him as “ Poor,” you know. Not “ Poor boy,” but Poor——,” and, then, the name. She would call him by his name.

(Yes?) [Note 179.]

Any—I cannot get anything with her. Oh, dear! It is not— You don't bother me. It is myself bothering myself. [Pause.] I will tell you some more in a minute. [Pause. Then whispers, over left shoulder, to invisible:] Can you talk to me? [Long pause.] Tell—[Pause. Smiles and turns head to right shoulder.] Tell [pause] D—

179. Mrs. Gifford is still living. She did take tramps with him, as she was something of an artist herself. The description of her is accurate so far as manner and character are concerned.

("Tell D?")

Tell D— D— Oh, D— I thought I was going to get it all. D— It is like "Davis. Tell Davis—Davis—" Oh! [Extends left hand, palm upward.] It is "Tell D—I meant to go there." Oh, and here: Ask the friend if he knows about a fence; just a rail that is up. You know, posts and two or three railings. It curves around by the side of a road that is—There is a—a road goes one way and a road goes the other and something about town by the postoffice, you know, in the town where—that we have been talking about, you know, where he lived.

(Yes.)

As though there is a post; a guide-post up. You can go—Hm! Well, this outside road has this fence, you know, around. It looks kind of wild. Leaned off that way, you know, and around, so; then— Or, you can cut across a little place here and it is like a postoffice. It is right in with some other buildings. It is not all— You know— It is not like a store with some other buildings, but that goes the other way, you know, to— I haven't made it very plain. Does he know anything about it?

(He does not recall it as described.)

Well, I don't wonder; do you?

(It is a little mixed, but don't worry.)

Mixed! It is worse than mixed! Put the pillow up so I can get my head easy and I will see if I can get anything more.

[H. fixes pillow.]

Give me your hand.

[H. does so.]

See here: There is a round turn in the road almost like a half circle and there is a fence and you can walk along that fence and look right down, you know, as though it is kind of— There is nothing down there that you can go for, but you can look down. You *could* go down a path and look in. It looks more like a railroad down there. But, I come right across from that fence, over to a little— It is a sort of a busy street, you know, where there is more or less going on. The teams and everything that come into town come along here and it is near this railroad and near there is a post office or something in there, where he used to go. It is either like a post office or an express office. It is somewhere where he goes and gets things out; takes things

out; packages. It is right on the low, busy street. This other is on the other side of it. It— Does he know anything about it now? [Note 180.]

(He does not recall it.) [Mr. Thompson.]

Well, perhaps he might not, I suppose.

(No. That is right.)

Well, all right; but—[Pause.] I don't know. I am losing him. Ain't that funny?

(Well, don't worry.)

I can only hold him about so long.

(Yes, I know.)

It seems perfectly dreadful, doesn't it?

(No. I understand it.)

He will be back in a minute, I guess. I guess I will rest just a minute, and perhaps he will come back. [Takes hands away from Dr. Hyslop's.]

Perhaps I am getting back. Am I?

(No. You might be, a little.)

Perhaps that is what it is. I will go back farther. [Moan.] Isn't that man an American man?

(Yes.)

Well, now, I see him very— I see some very flat, low, almost marshy country, you know.

(Yes.)

A place where he went. Where they— I go out here and I see great stacks, you know, like—almost like meadow lands, and—stacks of hay on them.

(Yes.)

Piled up and all the afternoon sun— Funny how he always

180. The initial D does not recall anyone to Mrs. Gifford. Nor does the name Davis. I was given the name of a gentleman whose name began with the letter D, and who was said to be a very warm friend of Mr. Gifford. He failed to reply to inquiries. But the connection would hardly make this person the one meant.

The whole description of the fence, road and postoffice recalls nothing to Mrs. Gifford. She thinks it might refer to where he lived as a boy in Fair Haven, but does not know. Many of the features are characteristic of small towns, but nothing leading to Mr. Gifford's identity is recognizable in the account.

likes the afternoon sun, you know, as though it shines down onto things with so much of gold in it that he likes it, and this is— There is a quaintness about the things he did, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 181.]

A quaintness. It is about the place that he did. What has he got to do with this man?

(Why? You find out.)

He walks directly over to him and puts his hand right on his arm, you know.

(Yes?)

As if he could help him. Isn't that man an artist, too?

(Yes.)

Well, hasn't he been one some time?

(What do you think?)

Why, I feel—[Pause.] Why this is what I think: That the man's soul is an artist's soul and that all his life he has had it in him.

(Yes.)

That it is apart of him, but that he has been touched by this spirit to do things, you know. It seems as though there had been a response. There is so much in two, you know, that he can— He can touch his spirit and do things.

(Yes.)

And he can finish his work.

(Yes.)

you know, as though— Why, if he could take up a canvas that this man had left unfinished, you know, I believe he could carry it out. That is what I think.

(Yes.)

Now, has this man— Has he had a notion that he would like to study, or something?

(That has come into his thoughts.)

He wants to, doesn't he?

(Yes.)

He will, by and by.

(Very good.)

181. The passage about the marshes and stacks of hay is very suggestive. Mr. Gifford was very fond of painting marshes and stacks of hay. One of these paintings was in the exhibition mentioned above.

For the present, I just feel like letting it work out as a spirit problem, you know.

(Yes.)

You understand? Am I talking plainly to you?

(Right.)

Well, this—this man This—this one in the spirit who has got me so close, you know—

(Yes.)

He is touching this boy— He is like a boy, you know, in his—in his—Hm—enthusiasm, and his joy— Go on, go on, go on! I don't want to stop, you know. Don't want to stop in the work. I want to go on. I want time. I want to do, but I don't want to study just yet until I get the thing a little bit more cemented between him and the spirit; then, there will be time enough. Do you understand?

(Perfectly.)

And it seems— You know— Even— Why, that man is a medium, you know. I don't know whether you know it, or not. You do, of course; don't you?

(Yes.)

He is so mediumistic about other things, too, but this thing— It is his gift and it is wonderful! It is wonderful what—what they can do. He can do the thing. It is normal, you know. It is not like a man—er—being entranced and doing it.

(That is correct.) [Note 182.]

He does it as though he grows, under his hand, as he does it, you know.

(Yes.)

And it— It is not so much control as it is inspiration.

(I understand.)

And that inspiration— It is perfectly controlled, but it is—but it is not—I don't know how to make you understand—to understand the difference.

(That is all right.)

And the spirit wants him to go on and go on for a little more and then he will study and when he studies he can do anything!

182. Mr. Thompson's experiences will be the measure of the statements made about his mediumship. They were not known to Mrs. C.

Not only will be in touch with this man, but he will be in touch with others; other spirits; great spirits; great artists, who will do things, you know.

(Yes.)

Through his hand. He has got a great future, Dr. Hyslop.

(Good.)

Yes, sir. He can do anything, if he doesn't make suicide of the gift. You know, I don't know just why I say that, only that I—I feel this spirit is so eager to do— There will be other tests that will come through him, you know.

(Yes.)

Other tests that will come to him. Have you got this artist's picture—his own picture?

(Yes, I have.)

Er—Er—I don't mean painting; I mean, photograph.

(Yes.)

Because I see a photograph, you know, of his. A little thing, you know.

(Yes.)

And old thing.

(Yes.)

It isn't recent, is it?

(I don't know what its time is.)

Ask him.

(You mean, which artist's—the spirit?)

Yes.

(Well, I would be glad to know whether it is recent, or not. I can find out.)

I don't think it is, you know. It seems—there is one that— Have you got two?

(Only one.)

Well, there is one picture that I see of him that is not altogether recent.

(Yes.)

You know, it is not awfully old-fashioned, but it is not quite recent, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 183.]

183. I have a cut of a photograph of Mr. Gifford in the catalogue of his pictures at the exhibition and sale mentioned above. But the pho-

Ain't that funny! Who is "Basil?"

(I don't know, but we will find out.)

"Belle?" [Note 184.]

[Pause.] I want to know if you know anything about a little loft. It seems as though— You know, I have got to two places that this spirit worked in; one is off, you know—

(Yes.)

—in the country. One is in the city.

(Yes.)

You know— Well, do you know anything about what I would call a little loft? It seems almost like going up in a barn or a shed, and there is a smell of hay and a smell of things around, but some things are kept up there—and working there sometimes?

(All right. I think we will find out about that.)

It is— It is a place— It is not a house, you know. It is like a place that you go and can open doors wide and look out, upstairs, you know, and it smells of hay. [Note 185.]

There is another letter that I see: "H—"

(Yes?)

Has that got anything to do with him?

(Why, I will have to find out.)

Is it "Ham—" "Ham—" "Ham—Something?"

(May be. I don't know.)

"Hampstead?" I don't know. It is something like that. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Ask him something and I will see if he can tell you. [Note 186.]

(Yes. Does he re—)

Give me a pencil. Put my head down and I will see.

[H. puts head in rest and adjusts pencil in right hand. Hand drops pencil. H. gives another. Time, 5.43.]

tograph indicated here is evidently another and older one. Mrs. Gifford says she has an old photograph of him.

184. The names "Basil" and "Belle" suggest no one that is recognizable to Mrs Gifford.

185. Mr. Gifford had two places for work, one in the city and one in the country. At one time he used the hay mow or loft in his New Bedford carriage house for a studio where he and Mrs. Gifford painted. Later he built his studio.

186. The name Hampstead suggests nothing to Mrs. Gifford.

[Automatic.]

I am here and am glad [H. unrolls woolen gloves and places left hand on them] to have the work go on

(Good.)

just as it has it was quite impossible for the writing to begin before but you understand [read "understood" and then hand writes "and"] did you did you not.

(Yes, I understand perfectly. We got some good things.)

it matters little how you gt [get] them so they come.

(Yes, that is right. That is why I allowed it to go on. I saw some good things were coming and I would not interrupt.)

do you know whether there were ever any Chinese illustrations done by him.

(I do not, no; but can very easily find out. Go ahead.)

He seems to have no love for the heathen [not read] heathen but has done some work about them in a small and inconsequential way.

(Good.) [Note 187.]

he is very anxious to have a chance to ["chance" not read and hand starts to re-write] write for himself but I am afraid ["am" read "can"] am for him to try to-day. to-morrow will do

(Yes.)

He is so elated over his power to return and finish his work that it is a joy to see him. Do you know how the friend attracted [read "tended"] attracted him.

(No, I do not. Be glad for you to tell.)

He saw something in him that appealed to him as a psychic the spirits have been about the man for some time and some of his own friends induced. [not read] induced W to try his power with the result which you know.

(Good.)

It will improve It is bound to do that

187. Mr. Gifford used Chinese white in his illustrations. It is possible, however, that this is only another way of alluding to "black and white" in the process of illustrating, as one publisher told me this was often called Chinese.

(Good. Be glad to have that go on.)

Yes.

(Does he know what particular things he impressed this friend with?)

Of course he knows or rather he knew there was a scene which he was trying to project which he has never yet given. It is a misty day [not read] day on the old road or a misty day on the marshes. I do not know which. It has come over our friend a number of times that a misty day that is [read "and" and hand taps] a soft gray day would be a good subject.

(Good! That is true.) [Note 188.]

He has more ideas than can be carried out at once, but they will be put into order by the wise people and will come along all right.

(Good. Glad to learn that.)

There is no need for concern. It is working itself out all right. how did he buy his tubes ["buy" read "try"] buy his tubes [not read] buy his tubes yes. [in answer to reading]. He looked [not read] looked and read and guessed and got it right. I mean your friend here. the paints. yes you know.

(You are asking how this friend got his paints?)

yes

(Well—)

And telling you before you answer.

(Yes, a little more about that. Not quite clear yet.)

yes He did not know what to use in some instances and did a pretty good job at guess work

(Yes.)

as I told you the grays were the hardest but they came along all right, when yellow showed up more. that was early in the work:

(Good.) [Note 189.]

[Pause.] Who is Watson. Do you know

188. A misty day was one of Mr. Gifford's favorite subjects and Mr. Thompson has often had impressions and visions of misty scenes to be painted.

189. All that is said about Mr. Thompson's trouble with colors is remarkably accurate. For a time he had great trouble in selecting and using the grays and yellows. Some of his pictures show this.

(No, I do not.)

someone he knew I think so.

(All right. I will inquire.)

a dealer. yes [in answer to reading]. I think he had better not try any more. I know the difficulty.

(Yes, that is all right, Hodgson, and the time is about up. I will have one thing to ask, on another matter.)

yes [Note 190.]

(Did you keep tab on me last night?)

tried to and saw some things. I cannot tell you all I saw now

* * [apparently "Psu "] what ab

("What about"—)

the glass of [pause] water. [not read] water. Do you know what I mean.

(No, not exactly. I meant an experiment that I was at last night.)

yes I know that but wasnt water called for.

(No, no water was called for that I know anything about.)

I saw water drank freely. it may have been earlier.

(All right. I did take a drink of water before the experiment.)

I saw it and tried to keep in mind the event as it occurred. you so seldom drink water that I thought it a good point.

(Yes.)

you seldom drink it at such a time.

(That is correct. Now, do you know anyone who tried at that place?)

To write.

(To communicate.)

Yes, George did and your father. and a lady.

(Yes. Good.)

They were most evident I kept back at first but finally made a slight appearance.

(Good. Did any of the Group try anything?)

I do not know what you mean they tried to read something [not read] something.

190. Watson is the name of a cousin of the man who owns the island on which Mr. Gifford did much of his painting. He was a friend of Mr. Gifford, but he was not a dealer in paints. The reference to him in this respect is an evident reflex of the topic immediately preceding.

(I meant anyone special? Any special one in the Piper Group? Were they present?)

I meant them, too when I said they tried to read something
(Good.)

I always mean the Piper friends when I say group or hear it.
(Good. I understand.)

It was very good as far as it went and we were pleased Try again

(Yes, I shall if I can, but I doubt if I have an early opportunity. That will do. Thanks.)

Good night sorry I cant stay [not read] stay

(I know. Time is up. Wish you could stay all night.)

yes [Note 191.]

[H. removed pencil from hand, places head back on pillow. Takes medium's right hand in his and places his left hand on her forehead. Long pause. Moan. Then, smiles and whole manner changes to alertness:]

[Subliminal No. 1.]

Hullo!

(Hullo.)

[Mr. Thompson leaves room.]

Hullo, "Dear." She didn't hear me, did she?

(Reporter: Hullo, "Kiddie.")

Don't we ride up high?

191. There are some remarkable points in this group of messages. I had a clergyman present at my home the previous evening for an experiment, and the fact was not known to the stenographer, nor to anyone in my own home until it was over. I did take a drink of water before the experiment, and I very rarely drink a drop of water except at meal times, except in warm weather when I am likely to drink in the evening.

There were distinct traces of an attempt by Emperor to communicate. He was described as I have known him to be described elsewhere, but there was no success at automatic writing. Apparently my father and my wife tried to communicate. There were some apparent traces of G. P. and Hodgson. The man was familiar enough with the work and publications of psychic research to prevent all this from having as much evidential value as is desired, tho he knew nothing about the description of Emperor, and did not know that I recognized it until I told him, when he was as much interested as surprised.

(How is that?)

We rode up, high; we touched the trees and sides of Central Park. Did you ever go up there?

[This refers to a ride medium took on top of a Fifth Avenue electric stage, where the leaves of the trees along the side of the Park brushed her on the trip down the Avenue, south.]

(No.)

I s'pose you wouldn't.

(Yes, but never have time. I will have to ride when I get to heaven.)

Oh, my! It will be busy there! Did you think it was going to be Sunday all the time?

(I don't know. We will have to have some—)

You'd better take a little here. Don't you ever work, another year, as hard as you have this one.

(No, I can't.)

No. It is wrong. Some of these other people have got to take some of these responsibilities and give you a chance. They will have to. You going abroad this summer?

(No.)

You are, sometime?

(I hope so.)

You are; I see you.

(Yes.)

Would you like to?

(Yes.)

Do you want to this Summer, I mean?

(No, I can't, this Summer.)

It has been a good year's work for you, hasn't it?

(Yes.)

An awful lot accomplished More than five years for some people. Mr. B—— mad with me?

(No.)

Sure?

(Yes.)

Why don't he speak to me?

(I guess he found out that I found out everything.)

And so he wouldn't speak to me?

(I gave him to understand that there was no use to do anything behind my back.)

Hm! Trying to find out things, you mean?

(Yes.)

Did he think I told things?

(No.)

Well, so he doesn't want me any more?

(No, it isn't that.)

I see. You don't want to talk about him. "Dear" is right. Is his little wife better?

(I don't know.)

You want me to tell you?

(Yes.)

Well, she is.

(Is she?)

Sure. You know, some of it was her imagination.

(Yes?)

I suppose you know that, don't you?

(Perfectly.)

And, of course, it would seem awful good to be sure and get things, don't you know.

(Yes.)

Set another one working; see?

(Yes.)

Some of it was awfully good, you know.

(Yes.)

And some imagination got in there and then they tired. She isn't the kind to stick to a thing. She got kind of weary. She is better. That is all. I wish I didn't have to go away, but suppose it is best. You will be giving it to them, one of these days, won't you?

(What?)

What I just said.

(Probably not.)

Don't, please.

(No.)

All right. Good-bye.

(Good-bye.)

Was it a good sitting?

(First-rate.)

Hm!

[Eyes open at 6.30.]

[The whole of the material bearing upon the case referred to is very pertinent, but cannot be treated as evidential. Mrs. C. knew something, but not much of the facts that were most important. The analysis of the case in this passage represents information that was probably not conveyed to Mrs. C. by anything she knew of the case, unless it could be a natural inference from what was known normally of Mrs. B., and that might suffice for the present statements.]

7. **Sitting With Mrs. Rathbun.**

Mrs. Rathbun knew by this time, in fact, after the middle of May, that I was interested in the Thompson case. Some accounts of it had appeared in a few of the New York and other papers. But they contained very brief incidents connected with it and none of those which had any importance. Nothing mentioned by the papers was reproduced by Mrs. R. We may suppose that detective methods were possible henceforth, but the results do not show what would be expected of them.

June 4, 1908, 8 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. Rathbun. Present, Mr. Thompson.

Oh, dear! Some one says, "What a revelation, what a revelation you are going to make." Someone has said to you, "Go to 519. Get that work that is there and bring it to me." It is someone you have talked to. You must not do anything of the kind. Do not take it away from where it is, but leave it under the protection and guidance of our big chief. He is protecting you. [Note 192.]

192. I had a short time previous to this secured the painting represented by the "Battle of the Elements" and it was at my home at this

Now, there is another sort of an inspiration that comes and there is a peculiar something that is shown me: A snow-capped mountain. What does it mean? Whether you have made something to-day, or have been fashioning something like that—I call it a “sugar loaf.” There are some clouds, perhaps—whatever it may be, but—strange!—there is a spirit force here that calls my attention to your left hand. Have you been doing more with your left hand within the last few days?

(I don't think so.)

I see your left hand as though it is going to be controlled as much as the right hand, but, you know, there is a peculiar something, with it all: Your power seems to have suddenly dropped, as though you frame in your mind what you want to do, but you have not been able to execute it for the last three weeks. Now, can you understand that? I see you with boards and pastels and pencils, but it is absolutely useless. You can only go this way—just making kind of waves; what is it? And it is only

time. Mrs. R—— possibly knew nothing about the fact, or could ascertain it, so far as I know, only through information from Miss Allen, who has been exceptionally careful about betraying any facts of this kind. No one else about the house, save my sister, knew whence I obtained it. It is made clear a little later in the sitting that the picture is at my house. I had taken it simply to protect it against any sale below its value, and intended only thus to save it. 519 is my address and was well known to Mrs. R.

I privately arranged for the picture on May 9th and received it at my house about May 15th. Mr. Thompson says he never voluntarily mentioned it to his friend Mrs. M. and Mrs. M. says he did not mention it to her before she left for Europe which was the last of May. Hence she seems not to have known the fact until her return which was in the fall, some months later than the sitting. It is certain that Mrs. M. had not seen Mrs. R. until after May 16th, which was the date on which she talked with me about her desire to see her. Besides Mrs. M. writes that she never told Mrs. R. about the fact. Only two other persons that I can recall, who have been acquainted with Mrs. R., knew anything about my having the picture, so that the probability is, in spite of the mention of 519, my address, and on any theory a probable influence of her conscious knowledge of my house, that the incident in the main represents supernormal information. I cannot be absolutely certain of its character, however, and only venture on its probability because of the extremely devious course necessary to get the information, so far as I can remember the facts within my knowledge. Cf. p. 352.

chalk marks that you have been doing and it has not made a thing, but I see you, as it were, down, like you were before me, painting, and, above you, this peculiar "sugar loaf." I call it a "sugar loaf." I don't know its name, but it is a mountain and it is like a "V" with the point upwards instead of down and you are looking up into that and above it is a face and it is the face of a lady. She has very large blue eyes and she is perfectly beautiful and I would say that that person is trying to do something to make you feel content. Have you had anything like a photographic apparatus recently, looking into, or having your work?

(Yes.) [Note 193.]

I will tell you why: It looks more like a lens. Do you know what I mean?

(Yes.)

Has there come a face on a card, or something, because I see you just standing before a camera and that camera is covered over, some way, and I see your head under it and you seem to be picturing through it that which is going to be of a very tremendous help and power to you and, oh, it looks very clear. It looks to me as if there was much in connection with it that is going to be helpful; beneficial to you, and, oh, just then such a peculiar sigh! But that sigh is not a sigh of unrest. It is some force that seems to be around you that wants me to assure you that the influences connecting with living people who are trying, some way, to upset your ideas and plans—they are not going to succeed. I just see critics, and I don't know, but I see Dr. Hyslop waiting for somebody, like as if he was waiting for somebody that is away to come back—some great scientist, to put a photo

193. The reference to the new inspiration and the mountain view has its equivalent in what came through Mrs. C. on the next day and on June 15th. The points of resemblance are few, but they are unmistakable. (Cf. pp. 285 and 328.)

All this description of Mr. Thompson's inability to work at the time is perfectly correct. He was anxious to paint, but he could not obtain the impulse or inspiration. He vainly endeavored to accomplish his object.

No importance attaches to the mention of a photo, as Mrs. R—— could easily have known by the newspapers that I had taken a photograph of something connected with the scenes of Mr. Thompson's work.

or something on some work of yours. But just don't be fretted. It is all right.

.Now, is there anything you would like to ask?

[Pause.] (Do you see any influence that is associated with that mountain? Or, with that snow?)

No, only that you seem to be at the bottom of it. Can that man, perhaps, as a symbol—that they are showing you that you are climbing to the highest peak? Or is it that you have drawn, or tried to draw, such a scene? For, that exquisite spirit standing with you with such beautiful auburn hair flowing to the sides of her shoulders, parted in the center, with a very beautiful mouth, exquisite eyes, points to that. She points to that high mountain, whatever it is, and it is of so much benefit to you. [Note 194.]

(I have in my study a picture of a snow covered mountain and under it is a picture, just as you describe. Is that what you see?)

Oh, then, that is good! And, have you been drawing some inspiration from it within the last day or two. While I see your exquisite art that your hands produce, I just feel like I want to get hold of those pictures and hold them, they are so strong and full of inspiration.

There is a great piece of something held to you and it really looks like terra cotta. Whether you are forming something—Could it be for any work of sculptoring or modelling in clay? What is it? It is something.

Do you know, I see a funny nose and peculiar-looking eyes and I see something like this: I see your eyes go, like you were working in dough, but it looks like terra cotta, and I see you go this way and finish an eye; then, an ear! a ringlet. I see you making a face. Whether you have done that, or not, but you are modelling something that you have never seen and from that model there will be an inspiration for you to complete the picture

194. The mention of a woman in connection with the mountain assures the identification of this message with the general purport of its first mention and evident reference to what was made more specific through Mrs. C.

The reference to the auburn hair flowing about the shoulders represents a vision that Mr. Thompson had had when he finished his "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI), wholly unknown to Mrs. Rathbun, and produced in a later painting. It possibly refers to the same fact as was mentioned by Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 148 and Note 70).

that you have placed the material far out before you. You have drawn something, but as if your pencils were going criss-cross. Oh! I will get a pencil and a tablet. I have to do it. [Goes to desk and gets a tablet, on which she draws horizontal lines, back and forth several times.] Do you know, I see you do that. I have to do just like that. I don't know any more about art than a cat, myself. Do you know, there is something— Now, please tell me; what in the world is that? What have you been doing? That is what they tell me to show you.

(Well, I think it describes the—my efforts in the past few weeks.)

Oh! Then, that is what it is. It is something that you have been doing, but you have not accomplished very much. No, they said that is all it has been. They tell me that is about all you have done.

(That is true.) [Note 195.]

Now, that meant something. I will tell you why: They controlled my hand to do this and they do so; they said that was the peculiar loop; something like a loop—a bow-knot; a loop in something you were trying to do, but that that is the commencement of something else that will follow, just now, in a very little while, and that will be so much to you; so much to you! and you have got to keep at doing it; that is clear.

(Well, I can see that is true.)

That is of some value, then, to you, because I don't know why I had to do it. Now, was there something else?

(Well, last year you described a spirit who is influencing or inspiring my work.)

Yes. It is Raphael. Hm! [Manner indicates control.]

There will be a whole lot to annoy you with the work; there has been some things that have disturbed you and there have been some strong critics that won't have the sweet tenderness that Dr. Hyslop has got and they may claim that your work is a reproduction. The guides say to pay no attention to it. Let them say

195. The reference to terra cotta has no appreciable meaning, tho it suggests the work Mr. Thompson did at the Swain school (Cf. p. 48). But it would be far fetched to suppose that this was really meant.

what they will and go right straight on with it. It is all right Now, you need not be worried. [Note 196.]

(I am not worried, at all. I was wondering if the same influence was over me that was over me then.)

Yes, and the same conditions are following you and will follow you, and you are going to complete something.

Do you know, within— It is queer: They tell me to-morrow night. Had you something on for to-morrow night? I don't know whether you thought you would go to a musicale or a theatre or something, but they say to tell you that some strong influences would be given you in your visions or dreams—that you have been to some place of either recreation or music. I don't know if you go out of town, or what it is. Between to-morrow night and Sunday night they are going to bring you another vision entirely different from anything you have ever had. It will be more like a mirrored thing, if you will understand me. It will look like you have turned the mirror upside down and in that mirror there are just these lights and shades. It is an extraordinary looking something. It will be so much more like a piece of crystal. It will seem more—not exactly like a pastel, but, oh, like some magnificent miniature on glass. It will be a most beautiful something and it is clear but it looks so shimmering. I see it and I see the reflections from above, down, as though the lights and shadows will be as tho' you look down into it. I feel like that. Tell, me, do you know something of what that might be? They want you to go right on with that. It will be a small affair, but with its production, with what they have already at the Research Institute, it will be most helpful to you. [Note 197.]

(What form do you see this take, that is reflected in this way?)

What form? How do I understand it, please, that you mean?

196. The allusion to Raphael suggests the same general thought of what was said through Mrs. C. (p. 285). The idea that older artists are influencing him, tho it was others that were mentioned, as the reader will remark, is the evidence of this.

197. The prediction of this new vision was not fulfilled at the time mentioned, but one week later on Sunday the 14th. (Cf. p. 150). It was not like that which is here indicated, but contained wholly different images.

(Well, you spoke of something reflected.)

It just looks like a mirrored lake and these from above are going to be reflected down into it, I see as if you would look into this picture and see reflections, but you can't see the paint.

(You can't see what is reflected in the lake?)

More leaves than anything else. And a hand. Oh, it is clear, but a face is going to come there, but it will be very tiny. There is a canoe—a boat—and in that boat there is something—someone sailing. It looks to me like that picture of a future time—an old man reaching out, sailing over that lake. You know, he reaches to the shore. It is a beautiful thing and I see this tall, beautiful woman standing on a high bank and her reflection is almost seen in that lake. [Note 198.]

(Do you see any house on the hill?)

Peculiar looking. But there in the distance, so they would look more to me like barracks, but, oh, I would call it a dobe-shack, almost; a place for lovers; a little spot for two; and the distance is so great. There is one elevated mansion, but that is a castle, but I don't like the interior or the exterior, with its peculiar ivy-vined walls. I like the smaller place where I see this graceful spirit standing and her reflection is just right there.

(Then, you don't see any special—)

—time for its completion? Is that what you were going to ask me? For I hear in this ear, "time for its completion." Why, they will bring that inspiration to you almost at once. It is a beautiful thing. It is something that no eye has ever feasted upon the like of it and you alone will be able to do it. Why, it is so pretty! [Note 199.]

(You can't see who brings this inspiration, can you?)

This tall lady and the old gentleman with the snow-white beard. Oh, a glorious-looking old man; an old artist. His hair is very white and his eyes are just silvery gray and he holds a

198. The idea in mind here is apparently the well known picture of "Youth, Manhood, and Old Age," several persons sailing over a body of water in a rowboat. The only difference is the woman on the bank. No such vision has been reported to me by Mr. Thompson.

199. The castle and other accompaniments are not recognizable, neither is the old man with a white beard supposed to inspire the new painting.

palette in his hand, like this, and he has been in spirit a long time. I see a house-coat and it is brown-looking velvet, as it would look to me, and it has peculiar frogs across and he holds that to you and looks into your face. He says that I should tell you he is the strange visitor that was around you the other day when you could not tell what it meant or who it was, and he has a very beautiful white beard and white hair. He is no one who has ever burdened you with his presence before. He is quite a new inspiration and he is so glorious an inspiration that he makes this mirrored lake.

(Yes. Do you see anything else of him?)

No, just as he stands there; an ideal picture. I can't get more than that for you to-night.

(Hm.)

That is all they will give me for "Mr. Smith," and, unless there is something he wants to ask, Miss Allen—

(It was of him that I was especially interested in.)

Well—Well, isn't that nice? He is very magnificent. I can call him a handsome face; round, with snow-white beard; hair pushed off his head more on the style of Dr. Peebles, only that his face is rounder. I will show you the picture of Dr. Peebles and then you can get an idea. It looks so clear to me that he follows you and is anxious to have you know how close he is to you. Oh, he is very near. There is something perfectly exquisite about him. Why, he is holding both hands out to you.

(Yes, I have felt his influence.)

Well, he is the one that wants you to complete this new picture.

Well, wouldn't I love to see some of that work! But, I am not permitted to go to the mansion, even.

What is it that reflects so, in that picture? What is it that you have in your left pocket?

[Sitter laughs and takes a small parcel from left waistcoat pocket.]

The little man with the dark, snappy eyes! But, he is out of France. Somewhere in Paris. These were made out of this country? [As sitter unrolls some cut crystals.]

(Yes.)

Where were they cut?

(In Paris.)

Oh, dear; they are beautiful. What is the connection between these and the picture?

(I have had in mind the making of the picture; that is, a picture that was inspired to me, and, as I see the picture, it seems to be studded with these jewels.)

Oh! What is the great emerald? The center green?

(I don't know.)

There is something rather than white.

(Well, you see, the stones show all colors.) [Note 200.]

8. *Sittings With Mrs. Chenoweth.*

June 5, 1908, 4 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Present, J. H. Hyslop.

[Prior to this sitting the medium remarked: "I just feel as though the sitting was not going to be one cent's worth of good to-day.

"I think I haven't closed my eyes this week, for either of the sittings, that I have not heard "Joe!" "Joe," "Joe." as plain as could be, ringing in my ears, as if somebody kept saying, "Joe!" "Joe." I don't know any "Joe." I don't know what it would be. I think that I have heard it so much that I am expecting it, and—"

(Yes, the momentum of it.)

"Yes. More imagination than anything, but isn't it strange? Hm." [Note 201.]

[Subliminal No. 1.]

[Eyes close.] I am going. [Long pause.] Nobody came in yet, did they?

(No. Shall I bring the person in now?)

200. The request to know what was in his pocket and the allusion to Paris were good hits and represent knowledge not possessed by any one present but Mr. Thompson. (Cf. p. 221.)

201. The name Joe is that of an uncle of mine who died many years ago in the far west. He purported to communicate during the trance some months previous to this and gave some excellent incidents bearing upon his identity. Mrs. C. was not told anything about it and is still ignorant of its import.

Just as you like. It doesn't bother me any. [H. opens door and admits Mr. Thompson.]

You did, didn't you?

(Yes.)

I felt it, if I hadn't heard anything.

(Did you?)

Yes. Makes a difference, you know. [Sighs.] I suppose these things are a great deal more sensitive than we know for.

Don't you?

(Yes.)

Hm. Well, you know— You want me to tell you what I see?

(Yes.)

I see a statue standing all by itself. It looks like Moses. Are there any representations of Moses?

(Yes.)

In statuary?

(Yes.)

Well, this seems to be one standing alone in a long garment. Tell me: Did Moses have a bald head? Is he represented that way?

(I am not sure.)

It seems either bald or else very smooth here and, then, along here, you know.

(Yes.)

And as if he held something in his— I don't know. It would not be the Commandments, because they could not hold them, yet, it is something like that; like a tablet, as though it is with his arm about it. [Gesture of left arm embracing something.] It is alone on a pedestal, like that, and his face uplifted. Oh, there is something with his other hand, you know, more as if he had— That is what it is, written that way. Of course, that is only the artist's conception of him. Nothing to do with whether he got them that way, or not—whether it is true. I am not trying to see whether God gave them to Moses, you know. It is only a statue.

(I understand.)

Well, do you know anything—If there is one like that in the Vatican?

(No, I think—No, it is not in the Vatican. I know where it is.)

It is in some place, though, isn't it?

(Yes.)

Because, I can see it, but it stands a little apart from some other things, as though it was all the more effective from its position, and around the room and around the—they—All around are other things, you know. They are artistic and more as if it might be in a place purposely set apart for statuary and that sort of thing, and things done by this man—this one man who did this—are there, too.

(I see. Do you know who it was who did it?)

I don't know. I would have thought it was Michael Angelo. Do you know if it is right?

(Yes, that is right.)

It seemed like his spirit, you know. Wouldn't it be strange to find his spirit here?

(Yes.)

Well, I think it is true, Dr. Hyslop. It seems very wonderful, doesn't it?

(Yes.)

But I think it is true. But I have such a pain in my hand. It seems as if I can't stand it. The one my handkerchief is in. [H. strokes right hand.] It is in the lower part, where it is on the paper. Isn't that strange? [H. takes right hand in his.] Well, I think we are in touch with the artistic center of a long time ago.

(Yes.)

And—Was Michael Angelo from Florence, do you know?

(I think so; yes.)

Would they call his art the Florentine Period?

(Probably. I don't know.)

Well, I hear a lot of Florence, you know, and about him. Well, that is very strange. I didn't know he had done that, myself. Hm. What do you want me to do—go on seeing? [Note 202.]

202. This whole passage about the statue of Moses and Michael Angelo has its interest, but not as evidence of the supernormal. It is well enough explicable by secondary personality, but is inexcusably confused for this, except as a function much inferior to its usual reputation.

(If there is anything. Let them do what they think best.)

Yes. Don't be puzzled about the boy any more, will you?

(No.)

I mean, the boy here, you know.

(What boy?)

This boy that has just come in the room.

(No, I won't.)

There is not—It is not exactly like a puzzle. It is a question, you know.

(Yes.)

Whether—whether he would better leave some things he was interested in and go forward with this or just—or just what, you know.

(Yes.)

And—Oh, I wouldn't have any question, myself, about his going forward with this, with his guides and everything the way they are. That is what I think. Well, now, there is one other thing: Oh! Do you know anything about a—a woman—I think it is a Virgin, you know; a Virgin Mother—the Mother of our Lord.

(Yes.)

In a red dress and a little [pause] something— Her hair is fair; quite fair, and the child—and a golden light around the child and around her, but she has a red dress and it is really—Oh, I think some of those things are fearful to look at from—from just being pretty, don't you?

(Yes.)

Well, this is—looks ugly to me, yet it is up, high, as though it is in an oval sort of a place [extending left hand high in the air] almost like an altar, and I look right, straight up in it. That is in a church, you know.

(Yes.)

And I look right, straight up and see it, as though the light is streaming right down from here, from the Child; but it is up, high; quite high, and that is near this other thing. [Note 203.]

203. The passage about the Virgin and Child distinctly describes the well known paintings of the Madonna and has no value as evidence of identity for the supposed communicator. But it has a curious coincidental relation to the frequent vision of Mr. Thompson of a woman and

[Some one now rattles the door between this and adjoining room.] What is that?

(Somebody fumbling with the door.)

It is nothing to be afraid of?

(Not a particle.)

[Pause.] Put my head in the rack. [H. adjusts head in rest.] I am not quite gone yet, but I will be. [Pause.] I am still here. I will tell you when I go, won't I?

(Yes, that is all right.)

I can't tell you when I go, but I will be gone. You know what I hear these spirits talking?

(No, tell us.)

Strange sort of a language. You know, that is— Yet, you know, the man I told you was an artist, who passed away and who had spirits around him?

(Yes.)

Well, I see him with this Michael Angelo. Is that the way you pronounce it?

(Yes.)

And they—and they understand each other. They are talking a common language, you know, with us.

(Yes.)

There is nothing foreign, only as—as the great man steps back, he speaks to some people associated with him, and all at once I want to go to—a—a room in a house. I think it is in that— A house where the owner artist lived and—Let me see: I am going to call one of them “W—” you know, because I told you there was a “W” in the name yesterday.

(Yes.)

And I will call the other one “A—.” That is for “Angelo,” so we won't get mixed up any more.

(Er—That “W—” ought to be corrected, if it can.)

To what it really is?

(Yes.)

Well, I am not trying to correct it now. When it is corrected,

child which he has wanted to paint. The first appearance of this vision to him is described in his diary (p. 60). It has haunted him constantly since and has appeared very vividly since these sittings.

all right, but now I am going to call it "W—" because that is the only thing I know about it. See?

(Yes.)

You don't mind?

(No, that is right.)

Well, this—It is in a house where this "W—" was and I can hear sounds of the sea, the ocean; and I am sure it is a place he was familiar with, you know; that there was— He must have been familiar with ocean sounds and smells and things like that, and scenes.

(Yes.)

Do you know if he was?

(Yes, he was.)

Well, I have—I am going— It is in that place, you know, as though he had a place there near ocean places, where he used to go and paint and sketch. He had a good many sketches that were not filled in, you know; were just sketches; a sketch here and a sketch there of things. You understand? [correct.]

(Yes.) [Note 204.]

But this is— It is not for those I go, but I go into a house and upstairs and upstairs is a— It is a house that he was familiar with, where some of his people lived and had a lot of old-fashioned furniture in it. Very old and here is one of these straight-backed chairs. They were used either for kitchen or chamber or any thing, you know, that anybody wanted, but they are straight backed, like rush bottom and straight back. You know what I mean?

(Yes.)

With strips across. Every old house, 'most, knows what those are, you know.

(Yes.)

Well, this is there and with it is a—is an old-fashioned bureau with legs that curve out, you know, as though they— Down at the bottom they curve out a little. This large, heavy, massive thing and high. The top of it is, oh, so much higher than any

204. An earlier message rather indicated that there were not many unfinished sketches (p. 252). This last statement that there were many is correct, according to the testimony of Mrs. Gifford.

bureaux of now, and the bed is old-fashioned, too. It is a bare floor. It may have rugs, but I can hear feet walking around on it, and it looks as though it was a spare room that belonged to some of his people where he went and that sometimes he used to go there and sleep, though it is not his own home, you know. It is— He had other folks near his home, you understand.

(Yes.) [Note 205.]

Relatives; and this looks like a— If he had a grandmother or an old aunt— It is like that, you know; like an old woman who lives alone a great deal. Seems to have nobody around but just lives there and fusses around in her own way, you know, about things and he used to go and see her sometimes. I think she has gone to the spirit now. I think she went before he did but I think he used to go there, to her house, about once in so often, to see her, you know.

(Yes.)

And do some things from there. You don't know anything about that, do you?

(No, but can find out.)

All right. I feel just as sure of it as if I already had it verified, you know, because it is so real to me.

(Yes, I undersatnd.)

And it is not a particularly handsome house, but it is old. It is almost historical, you know; as if it were—had some sort of association connected with it that would make people point it out, you know; being peculiar shape and almost historical. Ain't that funny?

(Yes.)

Well, not funny, but I mean—

(I know what you mean.) [Note 206.]

Yes. Well, these—these things there—I think he liked not

205. Mr. Gifford had a great deal of old-fashioned furniture. He was very fond of this. It was not taken from his family, but bought as he happened to find it. He had a number of rush-bottomed chairs, and a bureau that was unusually high and with claw-shaped feet.

206. Inquiry of Mrs. Gifford fails to obtain any definite information regarding any of the details about the place described. I have not discovered any one who knows anything about his grandmother or the correctness of any incident in this passage.

only the ocean and things like that, but he liked the inland views; quiet, pretty little things, you know. Sometimes he did them and sometimes he did these wilder, bigger things. He never half did what was in his soul. I know that. He just always had a desire to do big, big things and they would have come. Now, he has transferred that to—to your friend here and he comes— Now, tell me: Has your friend got any of his working things?

(No.) [Note 207.]

He— Has he ever seen any of his brushes, or things like that? [Mr. Thompson nodded “Yes” to my inquiring look.]

(Yes.)

Well, it seems as though there is a — Like a little— It is almost like a basket. It is like a little, tall thing, but I should think it hung somewhere, you know, against something in the room; on his easel, or somewhere. No, it is not on his easel. It seems to be more back, near a shelf where this thing is hung, with a lot of brushes in it. You know, he had a little fad of not throwing them away. He kept an awful lot of old brushes, you know.

(Yes.)

Didn't seem to throw them away, because he finds it in his work— This is what he is telling me, you know.

(I understand.)

In his work he had some—some things that were very rough, you know; like he would come to rocks and things that were like rough, little patches of things, and he uses a stiff, half-worn brush to produce that, almost like a splatter, those things.

(Yes.)

And he seldom throws a brush away on that account. He will frequently go over to where the old ones are and pull out an old one and do some work with it, as though a brush never lost its usefulness. That is his way.

207. Mrs. Gifford states that Mr. Gifford was very fond of such views as are here described, and of anything picturesque, and was especially fond of such views on the coast. It is interesting to find mention of the ocean in this connection, as Mrs. Gifford made her statement without seeing the passage. Many of his paintings show his taste for quaint island scenes also, and very many also show his decided taste for the “wilder bigger things,” as his paintings of gnarled trees and landscapes would prove.

(I understand.)

Now, can they find that out?

(Yes, I think they can.) [Note 208.]

Ain't that funny? Now, let me see something else: Ask him something and I will— Oh! Give me—

(Does—)

Yes, go on. [H. places pencil in hand.]

(Does he remember where he did some especial work here in teaching?)

[Pause.]

(Or, with teaching—connected with teaching and art, if he did not do the teaching.)

I think so. I thought they were going to write right away. I feel so much responsibility. Dr. Hodgson seems to think I am getting it better than writing. Do you think that is so?

(I think so.)

I don't know, but I will have to do what they tell me, now that I am here; won't I?

(Yes.)

Well, do you know if he ever designed anything for the Gorham people?

(I don't know.)

Can you find that out?

(I can find out.)

You know who they are, don't you?

(Exactly.)

Well, they— It seems as though it is some special little design, you know, and some—Oh, several pieces, as though it would be a set, you know.

(Yes.)

And it looks more like a—Well, it looks like a hair brush set and mirror and things like that, as though there is half a dozen pieces. I don't know if they make those, but it looks like that, as though it is a design of something that he makes. You know, I told you that he illustrated some things.

208. Mrs. Gifford reports that Mr. Gifford kept his old brushes in a ginger jar, not a basket, and it was full of them. He did not throw them away, but often used them in rough work. The account of this and his habit is very accurate.

(Yes.)

Well, he also designed some things. He had that power and he had a splendid head for those things. He would look at a thing and he would see, instantly, you know, what—what would be adapted—

(Yes.)

Well, that is kind of like his way. [Note 209.]

(Does he remember Fred D, i, e, h, l, m, a, n? Frederic Diehlman?)

Well, he says, "Yes" and, then, he says, "That was some time ago."

(Yes.)

As though he did that as a qualifying phrase, you know, to let you—Or, not qualifying, but explanatory, explanatory phrase to you.

(Yes.)

"Oh, yes; That was some time ago," you know; that way.

(Yes.)

and [pause]. But, there was always a kind of feeling, you know, up to the last, between him and that center; the "Fred" center.

(What was that center?)

Well, I don't know. I am telling you just exactly what he said. Between him and that center that the center probably was—Well, an art center, you know.

(Yes.)

Where they—There were a good many of the things—They not only executed some things, but they—they—Well, they got rid of some things, too, as though you could do things and pass them along through there. You know, what I mean?

209. The Gorham Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of silverware, etc., write me that Mr. Gifford was never on their pay list for any work done for this company. Mrs. Gifford coincides with this statement, but says that Mr. Gifford had aided a man, head designer, who was in the employ of the company to design some memento in connection with the Harriman Expedition, of which Mr. Gifford was a member. Mrs. Gifford does not recall what the place was, but it was not a bureau set of the kind mentioned. This was about nine years ago, if her memory does not mistake her. Mr. Gifford often did designing in little ways.

(Yes.) [Note 210.]

Well, that is part of it. Then, there is a—Oh, dear! I am nervous, you know.

(Don't be nervous.)

Wouldn't you be?

(No. Just keep calm.)

I will try.

(Now, was he ever a director in anything?)

Well, he says "Yes," again, and that is a—But—You tell me this: Did you know anything that was—I keep wanting to say "National," you know; as though there is some National—Well—[pause]. The name, you know; that has got "National" before it. Not like "National Bank," but like a National—No, I am wrong. Just a minute. Well, that is not the same thing as the "Frederic," is it, that you are trying to have me speak about.

(No. Oh! Yes, yes.)

Is it? Well, there is a school, you know.

(Yes?)

But that is— That he was connected with.

(Yes.) [Note 211.]

And, you know, there is something that he wants. He has been on committees, you know, like what he calls "on the hanging line." You know what that is?

(Yes.)

210. Mr. Diehlman says that he and Mr. Gifford were thrown together a great deal at the St. Louis Exposition, which took place a short time before Mr. Gifford's death. This was in connection with art matters. But they were also associated with each other at the Chicago Exposition in 1893 on the same matters, and the two had to put up a rather strong fight against a certain party. There is no clear evidence in the passage that either of these occasions was meant, but the reference to "between him and that center, the Fred. center" indicates pretty closely the "feeling" which existed on the part of the person apparently intimidated by "him." If "him" refers to Mr. Gifford the statement is not true.

211. Mr. Gifford belonged to the National Academy, a fact stated in the brief biography of him published in connection with the sale of his pictures. I do not know the meaning of the name Frederic, except that it is the first name of Mr. Thompson. Mr. Gifford taught in the Cooper Union School, a fact also stated in the biography mentioned.

Like when they have shows. What do they—Exhibitions—things—

(Yes.)

—they have the “Hanging line.”

(Yes.)

Well, he has been on that. You know what he means?

(Exactly.)

Well,— Now, you— Don't you make any mistake. I don't mean that he hung pictures on that hanging line, but he was on a committee to decide about the hanging line, is what I mean.

(Yes.)

You know, that is different. A man gets a picture hung on the line; he is happy; but this man was more than that: He had a voice in the matter of what should be hung on the line.

(Yes.)

That is what I mean. He must have had some capacity or he could not have done that.

(Yes.) [Note 212.]

And he also was especially interested, at one time, in small things, like miniatures, you know. I don't think he did them but he was quite interested in them, you know, and at the—the work, the detail, and all that, as though it meant a lot, but it was to have been, you know, and he could not do it, but he was interested in it and had a very good—very good idea about it. [Note 213.]

You know,—tell me, Dr. Hyslop: Hasn't he tried to communicate at some other place than this?

(Yes.)

He says so, you know. He says he has. Well, you know what I would think: It was one, two, three— There must be four or five places, all told, where he has tried, you know, to communicate with—

(Yes.)

Because he puts his fingers down and laughs, you know, as though he is— But I don't see the five. I see the hand held like that [thumb under].

212. Mr. Gifford served a great deal on what is called the “hanging committee” in connection with art exhibitions.

213. Mrs. Gifford states that he was never interested in miniatures and did not paint any.

(Yes, I see.)

As though it is— He laughs about it and says he has— Sometimes he has got mixed up a little, but he has tried to keep his hand pretty well, because it is rather an unusual thing, you know, for him to come like he did.

(When did he do that last at another place?)

Oh, right off, lately, you know. It is—I don't know whether it is since he has been coming here, or not, but it is right off, lately. It is only—Oh! I think this week, you know.

(I see.)

Because, I feel just as if I am only a little while away from it.

(I see. All right.)

—that he had tried. Do you know whether he has, or not?

(Yes, I do.)

Well, he seems to—to know it, you know. Of course, he ought to. That would be the—

(Yes.)

And some of the things he got through all right, you know, like he got through some things. Why, it must have been in between here, because he has been telling some of the things he did here. Tried to, you know.

(Yes.)

And that makes him feel pretty good—as though he was connecting himself up, you know. [Note 214.]

(Yes, I see. Good! Now, did he have in mind a certain, special picture which he had not painted, at all, or sketched, at all, that he was very anxious to paint?)

Well, didn't I tell you about that yesterday?

(That was one. Was there any other?)

You mean the one about the woman?

(No, I don't mean the one about the woman. You mentioned that yesterday.)

214. I know of two other psychics through whom Mr. Gifford may possibly be supposed to have tried to communicate, three times through one and once through the other.

The reference to his confusion at times is pertinent, as readers of the record may observe, and the unusual character of his manifestation is relevant to the case, both in respect of the phenomena and the method of effecting the results.

That is the one I thought I mentioned yesterday. You mean another one?

(Another one.)

You know, just without any equivocation, at all, he says, "Yes, I did," you know; just like that; "Yes, I did," and he mentioned it, you know. It was not like a secret, a secret wish; he had mentioned it sometimes, although he had not talked about it much, but it is a big canvas.

(Yes. What was the subject of it?)

I don't know, dear, but I know this: It is big. It seemed as though it would be a masterpiece, don't you know, for him and you know there would be— There was several— You know, the woman was one figure.

(Yes.)

Just as though it was a "coming out," you know, like a one-figure— And then you— The other one is entirely different. It seems as though this— It is bigger. It is to be—

(Have it described.)

There is more to it. There are more figures.

(Describe it.)

Well, it is more like an ancient. There is something to it, you know, as though it is— It would not be like picking up a scene and—and doing that. It would be more like an allegorical thing, don't you know.

(Yes.)

One of those old— Not allegorical; not mythological; more historical. You know, I think there is characters in it and things in it, you know, like it means something. When it is done it is representative of something already transpired, you know; not— The other is a dream and this is the past. One you might call "Future" and the other "Past." See?

(I see.)

That is what it was more like. [Note 215.]

215. Mrs. Gifford says that Mr. Gifford never painted any such picture as is here described, and she does not know of any intention to do so. It is certainly not a type of picture that would be characteristic of him. Mr. Thompson has had ideas of this kind very distinctly, and was more or less obsessed by them at this time, especially by the vision of the woman

(Now, does he remember to whom he mentioned that intention?)

I don't know that he does. He doesn't seem to. You would almost think that he could remember that, wouldn't you?

(Yes.)

But he—he simply doesn't. He puts his hand up to his head, as though he is trying to recall a little bit, but I know he mentioned it. He knows he did, but who it is he can't seem to recall.

(I can understand that.)

Do you know anything about— Do you know anyone named "Cox" who is an illustrator?

(No, I don't, but will find out.)

Well, it seems to me I do, myself.

(Yes?)

Would that hurt it—what he says?

(No.)

Well, it seems as though I do, but I don't know. I don't know, sure. Well, it seems as though he knew him. You find out if he knew somebody by the name—that name. [Note 216.]

(What particular kind of objects was he especially fascinated with in painting pictures?)

Well, I suppose you mean whether it is boats or trees or things like that, don't you?

(Yes.)

When you first spoke to me, I looked at boats, you know, but I don't think that is it? [Pause.] Do you know, yourself?

(Yes.)

I really don't see, yet. Now, wait a moment and I will see if I can. You know, yesterday everything I saw was so still, so quiet, so beautiful; you know, those little dreamy things. Today I am getting all activity. I think it was bits of industry, bits

as we have seen. (Cf. Notes 71, 93, 104, 168, and communications there-with associated.)

The idea here is the same as was apparently suggested in the sitting with Mrs. Rathbun on the day previous (Cf. p. 279 and Note 198). The vision that he had was associated with immortality and affiliated itself with the notions of the past, present, and future.

216. Mr. Gifford had a friend by the name of Cox, but he was an architect, not an illustrator.

of activity; one thing after another, you know, that seems to come before him. More water; oh, so much more water than I saw yesterday! And— There is some live thing, you know, but I don't see.

(All right.) [Note 217.]

Do you know if he painted fish?

(No, I don't. I think not.)

Well, I don't know, but—I don't see it, really.

(All right. Don't worry about that. Don't worry about that.) [I have since learned that he did paint one or two fish.]

I would like to worry if it would do any good. I suppose it wouldn't, would it?

(Was he interested in magnificent nature scenery?)

[Pause.] Yes, but I think the—the little things pleased him just as much. Anything that was beautiful interested him, but you know, I think his— The magnificent things were not his forte, you know, like— You mean gigantic mountains and things like that?

(Well, er—yes. I meant scenery that gave the sense of power.)

Rocks he likes, you know, and things like that, but when you come to painting the Yosemite Valley and things like that, I don't think that is so much to him.

(I see. Well, did he like storm?)

Well, if he had rocks where waves would beat against it and things like that, he would like that. "Wild" is better than "strength," you know, for him. A wild thing. It is like him, himself.

(Yes!)

He is a wild thing. He likes those, sometimes, but it depends on his mood. You know, a lot of things—So many of the things he gave are just beautiful, you know; just beautiful. That

217. Mr. Gifford was especially fond of gnarled and picturesque trees. He had also painted boats. He had painted the salt works near his old home, and had made a reputation in this.

It is possible that the expression "activity," in contrast with the "quiet things" of the day before, and that of "bits of industry" might apply to the salt works.

is the only word you could— His soul was for the lovely and the beautiful. [Note 218.]

(Was he interested in anything affected by the winds?)

Are you trying to "lead" me?

(Yes.)

I thought you were. [Pause.] I don't know. Your question suggests so many things. My first thought was like sails, you know.

(Yes.) [In a disappointing manner.]

But, from that, I seem to go— He didn't follow the Dutch school, did he?

(Yes, he did.)

Well, in— Did he have some Dutch scenes and things like wind-mill scenes, and things like that?

(Yes.)

Well, that is— But your— Now, let me tell you something: Your question did not suggest that to me, at all.

(No, and I didn't think of it, either.)

Well, your question suggested sails, you know, and waves—

(Yes.)

Things like that, and immediately that slipped away from me and I saw the other, you know, as though I wanted the whirl—the Dutch scenes, the wind-mills and the other things, because I think he would like them; the acquaintance of them. It would be more the acquaintance and the strength of them. That is what I see. But he likes water, you know; water scenes. Got to have some in it to make it any use. [Note 219.]

(Do you know what part of the country he came from?)

218. All this about his taste and style is very characteristic. He was not interested in the magnificent and sublime, and never painted it. He liked the quiet, the lovely and the beautiful. Mrs. Gifford says that the description of his liking "wild rather than things of strength" is correct and characteristic, and that the statement about his soul being for the lovely and beautiful is correct. He once painted a fish.

219. Mr. Gifford was an admirer of the Dutch school. His painting of the salt works near his home resembled that school in the possession of windmills and this reference is possibly a continuance and enlargement of the previous message. (Cf. Note 217.) As already remarked, Mr. Gifford liked the ocean.

[Pause.] Now, you are asking me if it is East or West or North or South, aren't you?

(Yes.)

From the East, I should think.

(Yes.)

You know, it is— The whole thing looks like—like our Eastern country. Of course, I don't know. I haven't traveled. I don't know what the South and the West and the North is like, but from what I see, I could duplicate most of those scenes, you know, in my travels, which have been in New England, you know.

(Yes.)

And, of course, the Dutch is different. That I could not duplicate, but the—I mean, those little scenes; those beautiful little things, and even the wild things and the misty things and all those are all New England, but New England coast life, you know.

(Yes.)

Along—Perhaps inland a little bit, but not much. Do you know if that is what he did?

(Yes.) [Note 220.]

Well, that is the way it looks to me, you know. There is another thing that I see: It is very pretty. It is an overhanging—an overhanging bank with a boat underneath, you know, right in, under here. Awfully pretty little thing. But it seems like oak trees. Just great oaks and gnarled; old. Oh! A strange thing, you know: They did not have many oak trees where he lived. That is what is so funny, that there is a place where there is a few, don't you know?

(Yes.)

And they are scrubby, you know. Have I got the right word?

(Yes.)

Low, scraggly, scrubby kind of oaks and, yet, he likes them, you know. He would put them in. They are effective. That is what he says; and there is something here of "The point." A

220. Mr. Gifford was born and reared near New Bedford, Mass., on the coast of New England, and the scenes are correctly described by the psychic, tho this fact has no evidential value. The only point is the correctness of the reference to the East and to the coast.

point of land and some oaks on it and water beneath and boats in underneath the bank because I can see them. And that was— He liked that.

(Yes.)

You know—Didn't I tell you yesterday that he had ocean and river?

(Yes.)

Well, there is a river in back, you know, as though I have got the ocean out in front, but it is like a river there somewhere for he used to see things in there to—to paint.

(Yes.) [Note 221.]

I wish I could get things a little more personal with him. There is one more thing, you know; there must have been a lighthouse somewhere near where he used to go, but it looks like one of these things that—I thought it was one of the revolving kind, but it isn't. It is steady. It is just—stands like a star all through the night. There is a name to it, you know, as though they call it a certain light. That is near where he was.

(Yes.)

Do you know if that is true?

(Yes, I believe it is.)

But kept steady?

221. Mr. Gifford did sketch a cliff near his own house at Nonquitt with a gnarled tree and bushes on its ledge and a small boat in the distance. There are no oaks near this locality and none on this cliff, but Mrs. Gifford stated to me that Mr. Gifford had idealized this scene in the sketch and that there were plenty of characteristic oaks farther back inland. They were all scrubby oaks throughout that entire locality. Nonquitt is situated on a point of land running into Buzzards' Bay and the Acushnet River empties into it at New Bedford a few miles north. There are no oaks immediately on the point of land mentioned, but there is a very curious group of "scraggy scrubby oaks" near his old home on Nonamessett, and the same description would apply to the group of oaks on the promontory extending into Vineyard Sound, of which two are in the painting represented by the "Battle of the Elements." (Cf. Figure XXVI). Boats can be seen plentifully from either of these last points, in Hadley's Bay and the straits connecting Buzzards' Bay with Vineyard Sound at Wood's Hole, and from the promontory looking into Vineyard Sound. Boats can also be seen much more plentifully from the point at Nonquitt. The description fits the latter place much better than the other two and the only mistake in it is the reference to oaks on "the point." This view of the matter is greatly strengthened by the immediate reference to the lighthouse.

(I will have to find that out.)

Yes. And tall and straight. I don't know whether all light-houses are white, or not, but this one looks tall and straight and white, you know, and oh so steady, you know, as though I just— It is like a star. It is a beacon, of course.

(Yes.)

But they name it, you know, a certain light and they call it the name of the light. It is not "Farmers' Light." "Farmers' Light?" Could not be "Farmers' Light," could it?

(I don't know.)

No. But it is a name of two syllables, like that.

(Yes.)

Does his friend know?

(Yes. See if you can get it; one letter at a time.)

Well, shall I go backwards?

(Yes.)

Well, do you know, I think that the last letter of that name is "h."

(Go on.)

[Pause.] Wait a moment. It is "—mouth—" I am seeing too much to get one at a time. "h, t, u, o, m" [Pause.] I know a light that ends like that. I don't think it is that, though. Is that the name of it? [Pause.] Is that the end of it?

(No.)

No? [Pause.] Are you sure?

(Yes.)

Well—[Pause.] I didn't think so. Do you know if there is anything about a point that there is a light on?

(I don't know. I think I can find out.)

You didn't find out?

(No.)

Well, I can't.

(Let it go.)

I don't like to let too much go.

(Oh, it would be only so much gain if you get it and no especial loss if you do not.) [Note 222.]

222. The mention of the lighthouse is a most interesting incident. Dump-ling Lighthouse stands immediately off the point at Nonquitt and the interest-

I see. Well, now, tell me if you know anything about a building; a great, big, stone—granite lower part and the upper part made of something else, like brick; the lower part granite and the upper part brick.

(What kind of a house is it?)

Oh, it is a building. Great, big.

(Business house?)

Yes. Wait a minute. I will tell you more about it. It isn't offices or stores or anything, but it just seems like a great, big, public building, you know.

(Yes.)

And there is a— The principal part of it, you don't go out— Don't go up very many steps. You just go up a little bit and go in, but the lower part of it— It is steep, you know, as though if you were coming up this side of it there is granite along. I don't know how to explain it to you, but you come up— Just go up and go in the front part, but the back part you would have to go down the hill to get out of the building.

(Yes.)

But you walk right up and go around the corner and you get it, and it seems to be a building that he would walk up here— I see him walking up this little place. It is more like a city; and he walks around here and it is in the winter, because he comes walking so swiftly, and he is the greatest hand to go without enough clothes on! You know, he is so—He is naturally warm and vigorous and does not think and he is always getting out and and not enough clothes on, as though— "I wish I had an overcoat!" or, "Wish I had this; should have had it." It is the enthusiast that gets out without thinking and he goes up to this place and goes in there and sort of rubs his hands a little and then does something.

(Why does he mention that building?)

I don't know, only that I see him going in there with a perfectly familiar air, you know.

ing feature of it is that its light is a fixed one. It is painted white. What could have caused the mistake about the name, the communicator calling it "Farmer's Light" would have to be the subject of conjecture. Apparently the word "mouth" which Mrs. C. took for the name was an attempt to say that it was at the mouth of the river, which is true.

(Does he know where it is?)

Do you?

(I am not sure. If he will name where it is, I think I know what building it is.)

Well, I think it was here, you know, but I don't know, Dr. Hyslop. I am getting all— [Note 223.]

(All right. Don't bother about it.)

Yes.

(Now—)

Did the place you mean begin with "M?"

(No.)

Well, this looks like such a familiar building and as though I go in— Do you know anything about Munich?

(Yes, I do.)

Well, does he?

(Yes.)

Well, it seems as though this place is in Munich.

(Well, all right. Then I have some idea of what it is.)

Well, he goes in. He is so familiar there! And when I get in there it is as though I come up a street and turn in the street, you know, to go in this and it takes a pretty big lot of the place, itself, but, still, there are things on the other side, and— It would be almost like going up—up the Boston State House, you know; that way; only it isn't as big as that, but it is that style, don't you know, when you—I—It isn't as big as that, of course; It isn't such a big building or so important as that, but it is—

(I understand.)

Well, he goes in there. He is familiar there, and he was there

223. Mrs. Gifford does not recognize any building in the life of Mr. Gifford which would answer to the description here given.

The description answers neither Cooper's Union where he taught tho that is a granite building, but is without brick, nor the National Academy of Art which is granite and brick, but has no such exit as is described. It is more probable on any theory that the description refers to some European building, as later references would seem to indicate.

Mrs. Gifford thinks he might have been careless about wearing plenty of clothing in cold weather when young, but as she remembers him he was careful, tho when at work he was unconscious of heat and cold, but sensitive to weather conditions.

in cold weather, you know, when he should have been dressed warmer.

(Yes.)

Was there without enough clothing on. [Note 224.]

(Did he ever go out and paint in—)

In a boat?

(In rainy weather?)

Yes, indeed. Didn't I tell you about—about his wanting—
Wasn't it this fellow wanted to paint misty scenes?

(Yes.)

Because he got his inspiration to do it.

(Yes.)

Well, that is it. He didn't mind. He wanted to get the effect, you know. I think one thing that killed him was all this so enthused with doing things that he wanted to do; and he would go when the wind blew trees, too, and things like that, and get the effect. It is the lashing—Storm King is out and I paint him, you know.

(Yes.)

That sort of a war.

(Yes.)

And that man would put on rubber boots and rubber coat and something right over him and looks almost like a fisherman's outfit, you know, and go out and paint, because he just goes out with these things and just why he has some sort of an arrangement to cover the things up so that he might do it, you know, almost like a little cover. I don't think it is an umbrella. It seems different from an umbrella, but it is some arrangement that he has and he just works away like anything there, and he gets it, too. I never saw anybody do anything like that. Did you?

(No.)

I think it is unusual. Don't you?

224. Mrs. Gifford thinks he was in Munich, but is not sure. She feels certain, however, that he was never ill there, and does not recall his taking ill anywhere on his travels. No building is recalled in Munich which would answer the description given. Nor are any of the incidents recognized as applicable.

(Yes.) [Note 225.]

Well, I do. The way— And he— You know, he is the greatest hand to improvise and he likes to see everything wet, you know.

(Yes.)

If he— If there were a cow in the picture, he would have her wet, you know.

(Yes.)

Everything would be dripping. You would think, when you got through with it, you had been out in the shower, yourself.

(Yes.)

Well, some folks called him a fool for doing that because they thought he was risking too much, but he tried it from windows, you know,

(Yes.)

earlier, and he could not get the same effect. It seemed to have been in his blood to get it, too. That is the way he felt.

(Yes. [Note 226.]

Now, I want to ask you if you know anything about a beautiful sofa pillow that he had given him. It seems—I should think

225. Mrs. Gifford tells me that he used to sketch storms from his window, but that he never gave this up or went out to paint in them. He did not like to paint storms especially. The latter part of these statements would apply more accurately to Mr. Thompson. He has painted in the manner described when out in the storm, protecting his materials by various measures. The allusion to "The Storm King" and "War" has a suggestive bearing upon the conception of the "Battle of the Elements." Misty scenes are frequent in Mr. Thompson's visions and they seem to have been especially interesting to Mr. Gifford. The suggestive point here, assuming the supernormal nature of the message, is the inability to distinguish between the experiences of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Gifford.

Mr. Gifford seems to have been fond of misty scenes, and the statement of his painting in a boat has its probabilities from all that has been said. Mr. Diehlman told me Mr. Gifford was very fond of boating and the statement is consistent with his use of a tarpaulin. I have not been able positively to verify the statement that he painted from a boat, but all the other statements are either true or so probable that this one is possibly true.

226. The incidents here do not describe Mr. Gifford so much as Mr. Thompson, except the allusion to painting from the window. Mr. Gifford did try to paint storms from his window; Mr. Thompson did not. Mr. Thompson did wander about in the rain and storms to paint and may be said to have taken such risks as are described.

a lady had given it to him, but it is all white and gold. It is a beautiful thing. It is very stiff, as though you would hardly use it to put your head on, but it is— Oh, it is all very oriental looking and yet—yet beautiful. Do you know if he had one of those?

(Don't know; will inquire.)

Well, it is quite an awfully hard thing. You think you are going to use it and it is too hard to use. You know, it is not soft enough to do anything with, but it seems as though it was a gift, you know.

(Yes.) [Note 227.]

But somebody gave him. Now, you know—I have told you about his studio, didn't I?

(Yes.)

And you know, he had another house; another place where he went; where he lived, or something.

(Yes.)

Do you know anything about that?

(Yes.)

Well, I am not talking about the country.

(I know.)

I am talking about in the city, you know. A house where he lived, because I see the most beautiful place, as though I go into a house and everything is so soft and quiet and, while it is artistic and all that, there is none of this work-shop business around it. It seems to be a lady's house, you know, more than it is a man doing things, you know, but— And he steps in and he has got a place in that house, where he can do some work, but it is more as though he does a little thing— Oh! I see the most beautiful thing! It is framed. A picture, framed, about as big as this table leaf. See? [12 x 15 in.]

(Yes.)

And it is a little scene with the sky as blue! It is summer; blue as it can be. Trees and trees and a little road here. You know, I think the man had a wife.

(Yes?)

227. Mrs. Gifford does not recall any pillow whatever in which he was interested, much less one as described.

And as though this is a favorite picture of his wife's, that he did, you know.

(Yes.)

It is like a little scene of some place that they both loved.

(Yes.)

And as though this was in this house, you know, where I go—the home—and it is beautiful; summer sky, and it is—While it is not as big as some of the others it is a different type, and it is so beautiful, though it is—it is because of the place,

(Yes.)

that she likes it. [Note 228.]

(All right. Now, what would he like to say about his wife and to his wife?)

Oh, goodness! She doesn't know anything about this, does she? About spirits, I mean.

(I believe not.)

Hm. Does— She is scary, you know. Just one. The first thing I find with her is— Do you want me to talk to you plainly about that wife and him?

(Yes.)

[Pause.] Well, [pause]. This seems perfectly dreadful, doesn't it?

(Yes, but never mind.)

You know, he has got a wife, don't you?

(Yes.)

Well, you know, I don't think that there is—that there is the same—I think— He hears me. He knows I am saying it, but it will explain why you can't say so much to her.

(That is what I wanted.)

Why you can't get so much from her. Some of these things she had never grasped. You know, she is lovely, beautiful in her own life, and all that, but he had his life and she had hers different, and, yet, together. Do you know what I mean?

(Exactly.)

228. Mr. Gifford, as already remarked, had a house and studio in the city, but there is nothing evidential in the account of it here given. Mrs. Gifford does not recognize any specific painting to which the narrative is applicable. She says there were half a dozen such pictures of which he and she were very fond.

* * * * * [A vaguely personal sentence omitted.]

I think that is one of the reasons why the man throws himself into his work so wonderfully and so fearlessly and why he is so anxious to come to your little friend and work. I call him "your little friend." He could eat you, he is so big, you know.

(Yes.)

But it is— He's— All he knows is his art. He is— It is like you with your science. It is all, all, all, you know. You have got other things, but you throw yourself— An enthusiasm there. It is not a parallel case, at all, you know.

(I understand.) [Note 229.]

But it is the way you do. That is the way he does and, while he—he walks right along to you and puts his hand on your shoulder and he says, "Why, man, I would do anything I could to help you prove this case. I want to, but you must know that what I am primarily after is to find a hand that will respond to my will and make it possible for me to carry out some of these dreams that I had when I was here." He does it just as earnestly and—and honestly, too, as can be.

(Yes. Tell him I understand that and appreciate it fully.)

Yes. If somebody had come to him and had helped him, the same way that he intends to help that man, why he would have accomplished what was wanted, but— And what he wants is for the man to keep near him. Not to wander away, but to keep near him, and he will make him—make him all he wants to be, and he is perfectly willing for the spirits to have all the credit of it and the power to have all the credit, but it is really an awfully personal interest that he has got in that man.

(Good.)

I feel better now. I feel a little better now, don't I? What makes me get so nervous, doctor; do you know?

(No, I don't.)

Is it because I am a fool?

229. The characterization of Mrs. Gifford is correct as far as it goes. She knew nothing of this subject and was at first rather dubious about it, desiring to avoid it. She is herself an artist and hence the difference between their lives is not accurately indicated. But Mr. Gifford did subordinate everything to his art and threw himself into it with all his might and interest.

(Not at all. We can't explain all those things. I guess you are a little too anxious to do certain things and, whether you are anxious, or not, you do them.)

Yes. I wouldn't do them if I wasn't anxious, I think. Do you?

(Possibly, why—I don't know.)

I think it would— No, I think my anxiety helps me. Well, you know, I think I—I thought my head would split open before I came here. That was why I told you.

(Did he have any children?)

Well, I was going to tell you something about— You wait a minute. Do you know anything about a place where he—I think I said something right about his looking over a city, but this is a different place. You know, he had his—some pleasures; some fun, you know. He didn't work like a—like this, all the time. He would have a little good time and have a little sport in a quiet kind of a way. He is not very noisy or very sporty, but he would stay about so long with the boys and he would stay about so long with them and then, "Well, I have got to go." That was all there would be about it. [Note 230.]

Now, sometime in that man's life, there was a child. I don't know when, but I see him stepping into a little room where a child lies asleep. I only see one, but I see that one lying asleep, like a little boy with very fair hair and a little blue striped—er—er—coat, you know, or suit on. Blue and white and a very pretty child. I should think that child would figure in some picture, you know, as though it was— There is a little boy's face with this very fair—fair hair, that has now and then figured in a picture. Do you know? [Note 231.]

(I don't know.)

Nobody does?

230. A friend of Mr. Gifford tells me that this passage about his pleasures fits Mr. Gifford's club life. He says, as the communication intimates, that Mr. Gifford was in no sense a sporty man and that his social life at the club would be very well described in the statements by the medium. They are not clear enough to be evidential and might fit many people, but we are entitled to know whether it is wholly false or not.

231. Mr. Gifford lost two children, both boys, and he tried to sketch the older one in a picture once or twice.

(No, I think not.)

Hm. [Pause.] I think curls, and I see him going in where this child is asleep. Can't be in bed for the night, because this striped thing is on, you know, as though it is just like lying down, asleep, in its little room. Don't know who that child is, do you?

(No.)

Well, can you find out?

(Probably I can.)

[Pause.] I thought I was going to get the name. What is his name? [To invisible.] I can't hear very well. [Pause.] Sounds more like "Carl." "Carl." Sounds more like that. I think that is the name—"Carl." [Pause.] What do you want me to do now? [Note 232.]

(See if you can get the artist's name; his own name. Have that spelled out, a little at a time.) [Pause.]

(Make a good long effort at that.)

You are very anxious for it, aren't you? [Pause.] There is a name that I see that I think he knows and I think it is not his, but I think it is one that I—I am writing it, you know. [Hand traces on pad:] Paul Bourget. Now, you see if he knows that.

(Yes, all right; I will.) [Note 233.]

You can read it, can't you?

(Perfectly.)

I knew I was writing it very plainly, didn't I?

(Yes.) [Pause.] (Now, if you could just give his own name that easily!)

Yes. Perhaps he will. It almost seemed as if I was not writing it and, yet, I was conscious of the movement, you know. [Pause.] Has he given anything that is any good this afternoon?

(Yes, a lot of good things.)

[Pause.] I want the name as much as you do. [Pause.] Please tell me. [To invisible.] [Long pause. Scrawls on paper.]

[Automatic. Time, 5.20.]

* * * * [scrawls, tho various letters here and there could

232. The name Carl does not suggest any one to Mrs. Gifford.

233. Mrs. Gifford does not know that Mr. Gifford knew Paul Bourget, and thinks that he did not know him.

be read into them, but without probable meaning. It is possible that there was an attempt to write the name "Arthur," but this is a mere surmise.] W... [or 'It' ?] Ma... [?] W [?]

Arthur No Wait until I can do better than that It is so hard to write but I am trying as well as I can * * as much I can I will. [Note 234.]

(Yes, I understand. Take your time.)

[Body twists. Moan. Scrawls.]

George yes my George [H puts card picture of lady on left edge of table.] not yours.

(I understand.)

[Pause.] Let the [Scrawl. Body straightens. Moans.] [Writing suddenly becomes strong and rapid.]

M Me M M yes [in answer to reading.] M M M it is what I want to write but so much more I can't [?] it has been some time since I first came to use the power of my friend [not read] friend but I have been active all the time and only know what rest is [read "test"] rest as I change my work and thoh [though] [not read] thought I am having [read "can hurry"] I am having [moan] such a hard time to control for the work is new to me but I do want to kep [keep] at it until I accomplish all that I have started in to do.

(Yes. Very well.)

So much I thank you thank you for your intrest [interest] and careful investigation makes my work of some value [not read] some value.

(Yes, thank you.)

Your friends on this side have been so encouraging and yet so persistent for me to go on that I have tried to do so in spite of my dislike of some of the conditions.

(Yes, I can understand that.)

At some of the places I have felt as if I would rather never

234. The name Arthur is not recognized, but has occurred more than once in this record. (Cf. pp. 129, 200, 217.)

Apparently it represents some one on "the other side" assisting in the communications, and if so it might alter the possible meaning of previous references to the same person.

come again. But I have at last decided to stand by you whatever happens or wherever you take me I will do the best I can.

(Thank you. Glad to know that. You are doing certainly very well today.)

It is because of your patience and my boldness I feel that I attempted more than I knew when I first came my friend is so easily [read "exacting"] easily en rapport with me that it is not hard to use him. I have been to him as in dreams [not read] dreams at times.

(Yes, I understand.)

and will do so again.

(Thank you.)

Ask him if he remembers an incident when standing on a bridge and looking down he saw ["he" not read] he pictures in the water like reflection [not read] reflections and a great desire came [read "and—"] came over him to paint.

(Yes, he says he remembers that well. Thank you.)

I was there and followed him for some time. Sometimes, in the old days he was so disheartened and blue as if he had not found the right path but now he is far happier and life seems more complete. [Note 235.]

(Yes.)

It is his soul finding its ["finding" read "binding"] finding its way to expression. I know the feeling only too well. his friends will get used to it all after awhile and everything will run smooth as a marriage bell.

235. As the reader already knows, Mr. Gifford has apparently influenced Mr. Thompson in hallucinations of scenes and as it were in something like waking dreams. Mr. Thompson did have an experience exactly as described when standing on the bridge looking at the reflection of the trees and scenery in the water. It was at the time he first went to the island to paint, and the bridge was the one on which he stood when we were in search of the group of trees represented in the "Battle of the Elements" (p. 79-85).

It was not exactly a vision, but was an experience like that in which he saw a cross with Mr. Gifford's initials. It had its stimulus or suggestion in the reflection of some shadows and the sides of some rocks in the water, while he was standing on the bridge and looking into the water. The reflections turned into beautiful landscapes, not any special view, but a dissolving panorama of them. The emotional effect on him was as described and he was seized with an intense desire to paint.

(Good.)

yes, [in answer to reading] the willows are j— [“are” not read and hand goes back and points] just ready to paint now so soft and green and never so beautiful again. I have found a dear [read “clear”] dear friend of his an old lady of refinement and cultivation and she stands as [spoken, violently: “Oh, dear!”] [Writing becomes stronger] sponsor for him and will let no harm come to him.

(Thank you. Glad to learn that, indeed.)

It is a grandma yes [in answer to reading] one gone [“gone” read “you.” Hesitation until read correctly] long ago but so sweet and good [spoken: “Oh, dear” Moans.] who or [read “are”] or what is Rowley yes [in answer to reading] Does he know [read “did he know”] Does he know.

(“Rowley?” “R, o, w, l, e, y?”)

Yes.

(He doesn't recall “Rowley,” but go on. Don't worry about that.) [Note 236.]

no no I worry about nothing if I can only drive the [not read] drive the team. It is so hard to keep it all together.

(Yes, I understand.)

but I wanted to write for myself.

(Good, and you have done exceedingly well.)

[Medium moves uneasily.]

yes but not all I wanted to

(Not all I wanted?)

No but it is an improvement [not read] an improvement [moans] over the last attempt.

(Yes, it is indeed.)

tell me do I bring real and lasting pain to the [“pain” read “part”] pain lady.

(No, it is not real pain.)

or is only temporay [not read] temporay [temporary.]

236. No importance attaches to the mention of the willows, tho they were putting out their leaves at this time, as Mrs. C. knew the fact. Mr. Thompson's grandmother is dead, and was apparently identified in his first sitting with Mrs. R. (p. 101), and apparently mentioned in other places (pp. 121, 138, 163-165). The name Rowley suggests nothing to Mrs. Gifford. It is not the name of Mr. Thompson's grandmother.

(Yes. It is not pain, at all. It just affects her muscles.)

I am glad to hear that It is like electricity on [read "depending on"] electricity on a dead [read "clear"] dead frog.

(Yes, that is right.)

all right, but I can not ["Oh, dear!" spoken loud:] cannot hold on much longer.

(Well, I shall give you other chances to come again at the next series with my friend and probably you can do something then.)

please do I want them I am getting things so fast now. [Pause, little scrawl.] You know what I [moans] mean.

(Yes, perfectly.)

[Moans. Hand draws two sweeps across paper and stops. Pause. Moan. Pencil falls.]

[Subliminal No. 2.]

Hullo, Dr. Hyslop.

(Hullo.)

What makes it so light here?

(Electricity is up.) [H. shades medium's eyes with his left hand.]

Do you think you would better put my head in the machine again?

(A little bit.)

[Body moves forward and H. adjusts head in rack and places pencil in hand. Pause. Hand throws away pencil. H. gives it another yellow one.]

[Automatic—Resumed.]

Here I am George.

(Good, George.)

It is good to come even at this late hour. I am glad of the experiments. They will prove of value later on.

(Yes, indeed, they will.)

It is curious how hard it is for a new communicator to get hold of the organism but it is almost always so.

(Yes, I understand.)

Do you know whether this man had anyone near him [name erased] named Herbert.

(I do not know. We shall find out.)

He said the name over several times and Hodgson thought I had best write it with the experiments elsewhere ["experiments" read "explanations"] experiments else....it has proved very good work after all. [Note 237.]

(Yes, that is correct.)

It is the combination which tells the story I wish for much more. I even thought he was going to draw something at one time just for a test and he may yet do so.

(Good.)

It would seem strange to have the series close and not have a word from us so we waited to say a few things.

(Yes, I wanted you to do that.)

It is more cordial. We have nothing special to say unless you have.

(Well, just a statement or two. At the next series I hope you will bring this gentleman and let him try again whenever the opportunity occurs. I am expecting to have Mrs. M. here for a few trials but there will be two, at least, in which there might be a chance for this gentleman to do something again.)

yes, we will do that. What about Harriet Hosmer's will.

(Well, if you can do anything—)

Starlight has had us nearly at our wits end asking when she was to bring her. she found her

(Good.)

with the aid of Kate Field just as she promised to do.

(Good. All right.)

She never forgets anything and if you have mercy on us dont give her a task unless you expect her to do it.

(All right. I supposed that Starlight would give that sometime, in her sitting. Now, I—)

How can she when it is for someone uninterested.

237. The name Herbert seems to recall nothing to either Mrs. Gifford or Mr. Thompson.

The allusion to Dr. Hodgson and his "thought" that he had best write this name Herbert elsewhere, suggests the interpretation that it was intended for me. I know a Herbert that I would expect my wife to mention, but as there are no associated incidents I cannot assume with any probability that it is intended for this.

(Why I am expecting to have another week immediately following the next series just for the purpose of finishing up these very things. Perhaps Starlight and you can do it that week.)

We will make a good try. yes [in answer to reading.]

(Good. Thank you.)

Myers and Dick send greetings and I must tell you that Imperator asked after you and your work.

(Thank you. Give my highest respects to Imperator and my love and good-will to Mr. Myers and Hodgson.)

—and Moses and ME.

(Yes, certainly, George.)

yes. Good night.

(Good night. Thanks.)

[Pencil falls. Time: 6 P. M.]

[I can only remark the humor of G. P. in the mention of himself and emphasizing it by capitals, or rather heavier writing to see that he was not forgotten.]

[Subliminal No. 2.]

[H. puts his left hand on medium's forehead and takes her right hand in his. Pause.]

H'm! They didn't tell very much about the person; things about the artist, did they?

(No.)

What has happened?

(Why, your hair came down when you moved about. Don't worry about that.)

No. I don't care if you don't.

(No, I don't.)

You don't care for anything, do you?

(No, I don't. Except the truth.)

Except to get the work done. I mean, right. H'm! Well, aren't there a lot of little personal things they could do about him?

(I suspect there are.)

They will come, won't they?

(Well, it won't make any difference.)

Don't it?

(Be glad to have them.)

Yes. Is this the last one for now?

(For this series. Aren't you happy?)

[Smiles.] Do you think I am foolish?

(No, I understand it.)

Getting the work 'most done, aren't we?

(Yes.)

Won't you be glad when I am gone for good?

(No, I would like to keep it going, but I cannot.)

Well, I mean, for your own strength?

(Yes.)

You would be glad. Of course, I know you would like to have the work to go on, but you will be glad to have a minute to yourself, won't you? I wish you could get somebody else developed, too; don't you?

(Yes. Have to have money to do that.)

Take a lot?

(Yes.)

Hm! Can't you get a lot?

(Not yet.)

Won't any of the rich people help you?

(No. This is not a gold mine for them.)

Oh! Well, if they only knew that they would go to hell afterwards, I suppose they would help you?

(Yes, with the hope of getting out, but perhaps they could not get out.)

Well, don't they know it is hell just as much as if it was burning?

(No, they don't.)

They will take their chances with anything except fire, won't they?

(Yes. They have been so accustomed to getting out of trouble with their money that they expect that will hold them, still.)

Oh, dear! What fools people are, aren't they?

(Yes.)

I think it was a wise man who said they would be in fire-torment—if they were not good; only, they began to cheat us, trying to be good. They thought they could cheat God, didn't they?

(Yes.)

No wonder there didn't seem to be any answer from Him anywhere. God is too slow for New Yorkers. It takes Him too long to bring retribution; too long to bring the result of things, and they—they just are like children—aren't they?

(Yes.)

Who think, if they have cheated their mother when they steal the jam, that they will never be found out.

(Yes.)

They have got the jam.

(But they don't think of the empty jar.)

No. And the hour after, when she comes and finds out. Hm!

[Subliminal No. 1.]

[Smiles.] Hullo, you!

(Hullo!)

Sending out the other fellow?

(Yes.)

Is he afraid of me?

(No.) [Mr. Thompson leaves room.]

Am I afraid of him?

(No.)

Better, though, isn't it?

(Yes.)

Hullo, "Dear!"

(Reporter: Hullo, Kiddie.)

Good sitting?

(Yes, capital.)

Was it—really?

(Yes.)

I am glad. Things are coming, aren't they?

(Yes, they are.)

Good-bye.

(Good-bye.)

Good-bye, "Dear."

(Reporter: Good-bye, "Kiddie.")

See you next time.

(Reporter: Hope so.)

How many more times is it I have to come?

(Reporter: Whole lot, I hope.)

(Just twice.)

You hope a whole lot?

(Reporter: Yes.)

Why?

(Reporter: I like it.)

What will you do next year without me?

(Reporter: Can't imagine it.)

Hm!

(Well, you will want to do some work next year?)

What?

(You will want to do some work next year.)

Over here?

(I don't know.)

Do you think so?

(Yes.)

That I will come over here?

(I think probably so.)

I am half afraid of it, myself. Isn't that funny?

(Yes.)

Don't ask me, will you? What?

(Oh, I will ask Madam and Starlight.)

Hm! Well, what if they said "Yes?"

(Yes.)

Then, what would happen to me?

(Well, I think you would just nicely and immediately come along.)

Do you?

(Yes.)

You think I am pretty good, don't you?

(Yes.)

I am not very good, Dr. Hyslop.

(Is that so?)

I fuss an awful lot about it sometimes and I think, when one does a thing, they ought to do it without any kick.

(Yes.)

And I—I fuss, you know. I ought to be big and strong and noble about it. I love to come to help you, but I am not as big about it as I ought to be. Well, we won't talk about next year until this summer is over, will we?

(No, we won't.)

I only hope the work is good enough so that you would like to have me; that is all.

(Well, it is that. The only thing that will hinder me—if it is hindered, at all— will be the lack of means.)

Well, I don't think that will be hindered. Good-bye.
[Cheerily.]

(Good-bye.)

June 15, 1908, 5.02 P. M.

Medium, Mrs. C. Present, J. H. Hyslop.

[Subliminal No. 2.]

[Eyes close.] Hullo. [Faintly.]

(Hullo.)

Do you know, they have been gathering around while you have been talking?

(Have they?)

Mm-hm— You know, we haven't had any women here for a long time, have we?

(No.)

I mean, any woman communicating. Have we?

(I believe not.)

The room seems to be full of them and I think that is so funny!

[Pause.] Did you ever know anyone named Hope?

(No, but I know that name was given to a certain one.)

I mean, as a spirit. Do you mean—

(Yes.)

Understand? What I mean is a spirit by the name of Hope, here.

(I understand.)

That is what I mean.

(Yes.)

Someone is— Do you mean that that name was given to some spirit as a name that would suit them?

(Yes. That wasn't the name when they were living.)

Yes, but it was given to them afterwards.

(Yes.)

Well, there is a spirit— It is a woman, you know; a spirit woman. I mean, grown up. It is not a child.

(Yes.)

But it seems as though the name is adapted to them, you know, for some reason. Well, they are here. Is it anybody you know?

(Yes.)

Mm-hm. Well, tell me, Dr. Hyslop: Do you know anyone connected with them— There is a capital "E" and then "i." There is another name of Sara. The "Sara" comes out the full name, but the E—I only see it E. Do you know if Hope had any-one connected with her by these names?

(No, I do not.)

Hm. I guess we are going to have good work this week, don't you?

(Yes.)

Mrs. M—— is coming, isn't she?

(Why? How did you find that out?)

I can see him.

(Can you? Good.)

He is very glad.

(Yes.)

It seems as though I get closer to the spirits now than I ever did before. You know—easier.

(Yes.)

It seems a very simple matter now for me to talk with them sometimes. I think that is growth, don't you?

(Certainly.)

The more that I do these things with you, the simpler it becomes.

(Yes.)

I am pleased with it. Aren't you?

(Certainly, and I think it would keep on improving, too.)

Oh, yes; I do. If I could— If I could do it all the time, you know, and did not have other demands, it would be remarkable, you know. I mean that, really. I don't mean it that I am proud of it, but I know that there could be some things come remarkable. Do you think so?

(Yes; no doubt about it.)

You never think that I am connected about anything do you?

(No.)

Because I am not.

(I understand.)

It is just a joy that it can come. I would be just as happy to have it come through the chambermaid as through me, you know, if it could come; that is all. I guess I have said that to you before.

(Something like it.)

Well, do you know Hope real well?

(This person I had in mind, I do.)

Well, this Hope has got a child with her.

(Then I don't know who it is.)

Yes, you do, too! You know the child. It is not her own child, but it is a child that is very much attracted to her, but it is not her own child.

(Whose—)

But there is a little child.

(Whose child is it?)

I don't know. I don't know whether it is yours, but it is a little boy child. Oh, a pretty little thing, about— Well, he is in dresses. You know, he has got little— About like the first pants, you know. Very fair; light hair; a very big head. An unusually big head, you know; blue eyes; a beautiful little thing. Doesn't seem to make friends with me, at all. Just stands there, leaning against her. Ain't that funny?

(Yes.)

But a very dear little boy.

(What does the woman look like?) [Pause.] "Holt." What does Hope look like?)

She is darker than he is. She has got brown hair, but the child is very, very fair. She has got brown hair. She is not a real, golden blonde, but she is fair; rather fair complexion and fair brown hair; very sweet face. Her eyes are beautiful. You know, they are—they are— She is not so handsome as she is beautiful. You know what I mean by that distinction?

(Yes.)

It is a beautiful, sweet face. But she is a woman— Oh, she is grown and had experience, you know. She is— What

I mean by that,—she is not just like a young girl who has just gone over,

(Yes.)

and she is slender and about medium height. If anything, a bit shorter than that. She is not tall. [Pause.] She has got very slender hands, you know. They are so almost transparent, they are so slender. I feel so ill with her, too, though she seems to— She was ill quite a little before she went away, but she seems to keep—keep all sorts of courage, you know, in herself. Hm! [Pause.] Do you know another name I want to speak to you?

(No.)

Shall I tell you all I hear?

(Certainly.)

Well, do you know Alma?

(Alma?)

Yes, A, l, m, a.

(No.)

Well, would there be anything that would connect her with that?

(Not that I know of.)

Like Alma?

(I ought to know who that Hope is.)

And you don't?

(No, I don't.)

Hm. [Pause.] Goodness, the things are flying so fast! I never had them come in such a fast way, you know, as though they are just right in a whirl and things keep coming around and around and around to me. I am not very well settled, you know.

(Yes.)

I am trying to be. Well, I thought you ought to know Hope, too. There is certainly this "E" and the "S" that comes with it, you know. Have you got anyone connected with you who commences with S, who is alive?

(May have. I don't recall.)

Well, have you got a Sara? Like a Sara, Esther, or a Sara Elizabeth, or something like that?

(I know of a Sara, but I don't know anything about Elizabeth in it.)

Well, alive I mean.

(I know; yes.)

Well, would Hope be connected with her?

(Not that I know of. I don't know who this Hope is.)

Well, that is funny. Let's hope she will make herself a little clearer. That is a good pun, isn't it?

(Yes, that will do.) [Note 238.]

When I get adjusted a little better, I can see more about her, perhaps. There is Hodgson. Can you see him?

(No, I can only tell what you say.)

[Pause.] Well, it looks as though Dr. Hodgson had just come down over a high hill. [Laughs.] As though he had just been up a steep place and was coming right down to me. He is a good man, isn't he?

(Yes.)

He is not perfect, though.

(No, none of us are.)

He has got ideals that are pretty near right, you know.

[Head falls to right shoulder. H. adjusts it in the rest and places in hand a yellow pencil. Time: 5.14.]

[Automatic.] [Note 239.]

I am glad to come. I have tried before but [H. places medium's left hand on woolen gloves] it is not always easy to do what the will dictates over here any more than with you mortals.

238. When I first saw the name Hope I thought of the allegorical name given my wife through a lady who was developing automatic writing. But further developments of the messages showed clearly that this could not be meant and I had listened to it only as a possible cross reference, tho there was no excuse for its coming that way. I regarded it as mere secondary personality in the case of the developing psychic. A curious coincidence is the fact that this lady's name is Sarah, and in her automatic writing it is often spelled Sara, which is the way she spelled it originally in this record. It occurred to me later that the Hope might refer to a lady that my wife and myself met when we were in Germany. But nothing came to confirm this suspicion. The Alma remains wholly unintelligible to me. So does the Sarah Elizabeth or Esther, and the reference to the child.

239. The apparent attempt here is to communicate in a more personal way than was usual for this communicator. Possibly it was a preparation for the attempt a little later to control directly.

I feel so far away It does not seem like being in this room, at all but as if I were a long [pause] miles away and everything seems unreal but your voice that I can hear perfectly. It is a great pleasure to come I assure you.

(Yes, I am awfully glad to have you back again. What have you been doing since we were here before?)

Who do [pause.] To whom are you talking?

(That is what I am trying to find out.)

I have never tried the pencil before. It is a new experience. I tried to communicate with you and my friend last week I mean the last week of the sittings.

(Good.)

but could only get a portion of my identity established Now I am here again I thought my friend the artist would be here but evidently I am too early in the week.

(No, we are glad to have you here and the reason that your friend is not present today is that usually we like to use this first day of the series for getting well adjusted and I hope some time later to have him present.)

I thank you for the explanation I feared I was intruding after I had begun the writing

(No, not at all.)

I will come later. But before I go I desire to thank you for the privilege you have given him and the opportunity you have given me.

(You are certainly welcome and I should be very glad for you to continue today and tell me whatever you can to prove your identity as I can look it up.)

yes it is easy to write and perhaps I may continue. I am here I presume by the courtesy of the [pause. H. repeats: "Courtesy of the—"] friends who have charge of this work. What I desire to express first is that by your study and persistent effort you have allayed some fears ["abo" erased] which my protégé [the accent inserted in the automatic writing] had concerning his future and now the way looks bright and easy for expression.

(Thank you. I hope so. Do you know what has been doing by him and myself since you were here the last series?)

yes I know almost everything which he does and from time to time will give evidence of my proximity to him and my interest in

his work. I have been talking with a group of people over here who are interested in art and also interested in the phenomena of which you are a student and the result of my interview would be of interest to you if you were not too busy to get at those expressions. I understand that it is evidence which counts [read "could"] counts ["t" crossed] and so must try and keep to the line.

(Yes.)

I have been with him in these investigations of the last week and have sometimes been able to direct and ["direct" not read] direct impress him personally. For her [so read and erased] he is responsive in the head as well as the hand.

(Yes, I understand.)

Some of the places I have found through my power to impress and more will follow. [Note 240.]

(Good. Thank you.)

I have also been to some of the other places where this sort of thing has been done in another fo... ["another" not read] another form or mode.

(Good.)

Some are easy and some are impossible. It seems as if I ought to get through enough by and bye to establish a working relation.

(Yes, you will, no doubt.)

I brought some of the teachers to him. a new picture is in his head. It will come out what is happening. I seem to be losing my hold I do not want to go yet my but this is like dying So

240. As the reader knows by this time, Mr. Thompson was apparently impressed supernormally to find a number of places which he painted. But the evidential importance of this statement is lost by the fact that Mrs. C. saw a brief account of the case in a Boston paper before this sitting.

The statement, however, that he had been able to impress Mr. Thompson within the last week is more suggestive of the supernormal, as Mr. C. knew nothing of the facts. Mr. Thompson had been strongly infested with visions in the meantime. To say that he was "responsive in the head as well as the hand" is perhaps a recognition of the two forms which his phenomena take, namely, sensory as well as motor automatism. Whether this is an inference from previous knowledge is not determinable. The prediction that more will follow has been realized, as may be seen in the later work and the records with Mrs. Smead. Cf. the vision of the cross and the initials on it (pp. 362, 365).

strange and so awful. I am not [H. puts his left hand over psychic's] ready to go.

(I understand.)

How did you like the comparison [not read] comparison The picture and the real scene ["real" not read] real. Yes [in answer to reading.]

(Now what particular picture? We saw several.)

The small one about 8 x 10.

(I understand.)

a good thing wasn't it The marsh and tree and you know It was the misty one.

(I understand.)

How can you explain that bit of red [read "real"] scarlet yes [in answer to reading] in a sunset sky Do you not know what I mean the sunset

(Yes, I think I do.)

It was good but the red was put in afterwards like an afterthought

(Good.)

and so brilliant and better for having ["having" not read] he [the] having the under colors dry He will know

(Yes, I understand.) [Note 241.]

241. The reference to the "new picture in his head" is apparently to what comes a little later and also to what was mentioned in the previous sitting (p. 285, and Note 215). The reference to the comparison of the "picture and the real scene" is an interesting and an evidential coincidence. Mr. Thompson and I had made a visit with a photographer to the island to find the scene Mr. Thompson had painted, the "Battle of the Elements," (Figures XXVI, XXVII and XXVIII), and failed to find it. But it was not the picture described by the communicator. When he said "the small one" I thought of the sketch from which he painted the one represented by Figure XVIII. But the description does not fit this one, and the communicator describes another picture that represents a type that he seems to have painted more than once. The reference to "that bit of red" does not identify anything that I have seen, but it does exhibit characteristics which are very common in Mr. Gifford's paintings. Mrs. Gifford recalls a picture of this kind sold long ago in which red was added afterward.

I would call attention to the interesting statement of the communicator that this work is like dying. There is nothing evidential in it, but the idea is not limited to this case and seems to have been found in other instances.

The statement, "I brought some of the teachers to him," probably refers

It is good to be able to continue [read "control" and "contribute"] your work when the end has come I have in mind a picture of Death. A beckoning angel with one hand raised as if pointing [read "printing"] poin. . . . [suddenly read] to the summit of the mountain on which he stands with the path before illuminated all the way up a [pause, hesitation] serried rank of [pause] of indistinct hills behind the one on which he stands. Have I made it plain It is for him He has seen it in a sort of dream It will come The angel to be the bright figure Death it is the angel between the past and future. [Note 242.]

Oh dear I am not clear What do you know about the old pump [read questioningly] Yes [in answer to reading] the pump in the square. Have [read "here"] Have you seen it

(No, I have not. Tell me all about it and I will hunt it up.)
a little [pause. Sigh] square with the old pump; nothing

to the various important artists said to have been influencing Mr. Thompson, and taken in connection with their mention by Mrs. Rathbun, has some interest.

242. The description of the angel illuminating a mountain path represented as the "figure of Death" and representing the past and future, probably has its coincidence in a vision which Mr. Thompson had the day previous and had written out for his friend, Dr. Muller, who exclaimed when he read it that it represented "Life, Death and Immortality" and encouraged him to paint it. I did not tell Mr. Thompson what I had received at this sitting, he being absent, until he had written out the account of his vision for me, and I learned on the 17th, two days later, that he had had the vision, when his wife called on me in some alarm over his apparent mental condition. She showed me two sketches which he had made, one on June 15th, the date of the present sitting, and the other on the 16th. She then told me of the vision reported to his friend. The sketch drawn on the 15th represents a tree quite similar to the first one in the "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI), and a woman sitting on the ground with her left hand resting on it behind her and looking slightly upward and into space. The one drawn on the 16th shows the same tree at some distance in the background while the lady is apparently holding a veil behind her and over her head, while she is apparently starting to move through the air and over the edge of a body of water.

The identity is not clear between these and the statements of the communicator, but the vision of the woman establishes one point of coincidence. The account of his vision which Mr. Thompson wrote out for me mentions that the form of the woman emerged from a cloud that arose from the horizon and vanished in a church spire.

much to be seen around it but itself a land mark [not read] land mark [Note 243.] Yes [in answer to reading.]

[Change of Control.]

Fred [not read] Fred Yes [in answer to reading] Fred yes
yes

(Good. Fred is all right.)

yes yes yes he is Fred [pause] erick yes I cannot write more
but

(Thank you.)

you know yes

(Yes, I understand perfectly.) [Note 244.]

[Pencil falls. H. gives hand another pencil, which is dropped;
then, another, which is retained.]

[Change of Control.]

Here I am We thought it well for him to try first

(Yes, you are right, Hodgson.)

I am R. H. you spoke first.

(Yes, I could tell by the writing, Hodgson.)

How did you know me I was going to say but you have answered.

(Yes, that is right.)

We are gaining [read "going" and "growing"] gaining I think

(Yes, that is correct.)

It seems easier and that is a point.

(Yes, that is correct.)

Myers is rather concerned about the Light He and Madam have been talking I do not mean about your work but about the result afterwards. You may have a call from him later in the week. [Nervous prostration followed the year's work.]

(Good.)

He is so deeply interested to get this particular center of yours

243. Mrs. Gifford recalls nothing that the reference to a pump and its being a landmark would suggest.

244. Frederick is the name of Mr. Thompson, as indicated previously. Mrs. 'C. had probably seen the name in the newspaper before this date.

ahead of anything else that it is amusing He talks about the British Society about as you and I would.

(Good.)

He says a mallet ought to go with every sitting when they are concerned to drive [read " cleave "] drive home the point. That is not bad.

(No, that's awfully good.)

They have always been jealous of their laurels but they wont have time to brush [read " finish "] brush [read " finish "] brush the dust from their shoes if they race with you.

(All right, Hodgson.)

You do more work in a week than they do in six months

(Good,Hodgson.)

you ought to have a lot of assistants

(Yes, that is correct.)

It is hard to get trustworthy ones trustworthy yes [in answer to reading.] I have been to se [see] the B—s

(Good. How are things there?)

Not so bad as they were but the effect is still on the mind.

(Yes.)

There is something at the bottom of this which we will get at before long.

(Good. I would be glad to know when you do.)

[There is a remarkable pertinence to much of the preceding which cannot be explained at present. It represents facts wholly unknown to Mrs. Chenoweth.]

Yes I think we ought to go do not you

(Time is not up yet. Half an hour yet.)

What is the matter that we have no more energy.

(Possibly it is because the usual habit has been to cease at about this hour but we were late beginning today and I will let you decide that whole matter. If the energy is not there we would better not work.)

I do not find it but I think to-morrow will be better if we cease now

(Yes, I think so, too. Mrs. M—— is to be here to-morrow.)

Yes.

(Good. Now, next week I expect to have the Light here again just to put the finishing touches on the year's work and to

do one little piece of important work which I can explain when the week comes. I hope, also, to try the experiments in telepathy next week with this Light and will explain then just how I would be glad to have you do in the matter.)

yes I shall be here all this week and next Whenever you want me.

(Good. I do not think of anything else now.)

What about Starlight's work at the last series

(It was most excellent, indeed. The gentleman is very highly pleased with it.)

I knew he would be. He wants more now

(Yes, I know that. It is impossible to get them just this season. I hope to have another season.)

Yes it is always so here I never knew a case where the real hunger for [read "kings"] hunger more was so thoroughly established as here.

(Good.)

Starlight is winsome and that makes them feel that if they could come again they could get more and more and so on ad infinitum

(Yes, that is right.)

I was pleased.

(Yes, it was good, and the sitter—the gentleman—has an open, receptive mind for the work.)

Spended [splendid]. He brought fine [read "some"] fine influences and steady purpose and a heart.

(That is correct, exactly.)

Goodnight Hyslop

Good-night, Hodgson.)

Yes

(Love to all.)

and theirs to you

(Thanks.)

R H

[Pencil falls. H. places head back on pillow. Spoken: 'Dieu!' Cough. Time, 6.06.]

[Subliminal No. 2.]

[Moan. H. takes right hand in his right and places his left hand on psychic's forehead.]

Hullo. [Very faintly.]

(Hullo.)

Did I go away off?

(Yes. Capital today.)

Was it? Guess it will be, all the week; don't you?

(Yes.)

You know, sometimes it spurts up for the last lap

(Yes.)

Steady just a minute It is no use to— See?

(Yes.)

—fly. You are not discouraged, are you?

(Not a bit. Had an awfully good day of it.)

You are not discouraged over the work for the season, are you?

(No, indeed.)

I don't want you to be.

(I am a great deal more than encouraged.)

Are you?

(Yes. I don't make much fuss. I do lots of thinking.)

Mm—hm. Well, you think. You don't make much fuss—when it is bad.

(No, because I can use bad things, too. Bad things are just as good for me as good things.)

Mm—hm. That is what I never like.

(You will, when you see me state the matter.)

Will I? Will I ever see you state it? Will you ever let me see the records?

(Yes, if I don't die too soon.)

Well, if you die, they will?

(Somebody else will.)

But you're not going to die.

(No, I know that.)

Not yet. You are needed. Neither am I going to die.

(No.)

I don't know whether I am needed, but I am not going to die. Lots of folks stay that are not needed. [Laughter.]

[Subliminal No. 1.]

Hullo, there! That is what I call her. A gradual slipping from the cream to the skim milk. Hah?

(Yes, that is right.)

Hullo, "Dear."

(Reporter: Hullo, "Kiddie.")

Hm. Look just as nice as ever, don't you?

(Reporter: No.)

No?

(Reporter: No.)

Why? What's the change?

(Reporter: Tired.)

She's in a new boarding house now; that's what makes the difference. She's up to your house, isn't she?

(Yes.)

Do you like her?

(Yes.)

Up there?

(Yes.)

Do you?

(I can keep track of her a great deal better now.)

[Laughter.] Look out she don't fool you.

(All right.)

If she started out, she could. But she is—she is like me: She has decided it is best to play fair with the boss. Nothing like standing in with the king. He might drop his crown some day and you might have a chance to try it on, just for fun. See?

(Yes.)

Only two weeks more of this.

(Yes.)

That will be jolly?

(Yes. I can get to work then.)

Just as though you had not been to work. But you can take your work outdoors, can't you?

(Yes.)

Ah! Well, if we were having this out in the woods or somewhere, I could work fourteen hours a day all the year around. It is being shut up, don't you know.

(Yes.)

That is what it is, isn't it?

(Yes.)

Well, it is just one of the things that cannot be helped and nobody is going to make any fuss, are they?

(No.)

Good-bye, you!

(Good-bye)

I guess you're glad to get rid of me. You seem to be.

(Well, we are not going to wear you out.)

This doesn't wear me out. Wish me back!

(All right.) [Music starts downstairs.]

I don't think it is any crime to be hypnotized, do you?

(No, no.)

I don't believe anybody can make you do things you don't want to that you haven't a tendency to and, if you have got a tendency to it when conscious, when hypnotized, why, so much the better. Then, you can find out. If I have got bad things in my heart and somebody hypnotizes me and then I show them, why then I can fight them, can't I?

(Yes.)

Oh, I see all sorts of things! You got anybody named "Nelly" alive around you?

(No.)

Haven't you got a Light that they call "Nelly"?

(I know of one that is somewhat of a light and her name is "Nelly.")

Has she been doing any work lately?

(No.)

Ain't that funny! I heard somebody calling for "Nelly, the Light," as though they wanted— Any of your friends ever come through her?

(No.)

Hm!

[Eyes open at 6.14.]

[Mrs. Chenoweth knew well enough normally who this Nelly was, and hence on the ordinary assumptions about the capacity of the subliminal should have known to whom it re

ferred. But apparently she does not know its meaning. It is the name of a lady at whose house Mrs. Chenoweth had been.]

9. Experiments With Mrs. Smead.

Introduction.

Circumstances made it desirable to implicate further mediumistic experiments in the attempt to solve the problem before me. Certain critics who will not read the facts and the conditions under which they are produced and who do not trust the judgment of any one but themselves, and also who, in many cases, would not accept their own when they saw the facts before their own eyes, would suspect any phenomena associated with psychics who had ever appeared before the public, and hence to deprive their *a priori* objections of their natural weight, I deemed it appropriate to try some experiments with Mrs. Smead. Previous reports on her case make it clear regarding the measure of confidence which may be reposed in her character. But I repeat here some of the more important facts protecting her against the ordinary suspicions applying to "professionals," or supposed to apply to them.

Mrs. Smead is the wife of an orthodox clergyman whose identity I have to conceal in protection of his position as a minister. She has never received any money for her work and cannot be described as a "professional" in any sense of the term. She has steadily refused to profit by her powers, and has submitted to the necessary test experiments in many cases, one report of which has been published in these *Proceedings* (Vol. I pp. 525-722). Mr. and Mrs. Smead have submitted to the experiments at great inconvenience to themselves and their domestic affairs which demanded her constant attention. Neither she nor he has anything to gain by

the work and have taken part in it solely on the ground of a scientific interest in its meaning for truth. The ordinary motives which are supposed to dominate "professionals" do not apply here. The only query to be made is whether Mrs. Smead had any previous knowledge of the case that I was investigating.

On this subject I shall say that I have never mentioned the Thompson case to them. I have carefully kept the facts from them. As already remarked in this report the case is fairly well known to the public from publications in the newspapers. But Mr. and Mrs. Smead live some thirteen miles from a railway in the mountains in one of the southern states. They see only one newspaper, the *Baltimore Sun*. This Mrs. Smead says she never reads unless once in three months. Mr. Smead writes me that he never saw any reference to it in that paper and that he never heard of the case or knew anything about it. I have had a search made in the files of that paper over the dates within which what was published in some of the Boston, New York and other papers, might have been expected to be found, and no trace of allusion to the case was found. After my experiments had been finished I asked Mrs. Smead about her knowledge of the Thompson case and she said she knew nothing of it and had not seen any reference to it anywhere. She seemed entirely ignorant of its nature, and not understanding what it meant until I explained some of the more salient facts. In fact, the reader is safe in assuming that Mr. and Mrs. Smead were absolutely ignorant of the whole case.

The manner of conducting the experiment was as follows. I brought Mrs. Smead from her home in a southern state to this city and had her stop at a hotel. The only person, besides the members of my own family, in the city whom she knew was her sister who is employed in one of the large de-

partment stores. I myself made all arrangements with sitters personally for sittings and never admitted the sitter into the room until after Mrs. Smead was in the trance, and the sitter was asked to leave the room before Mrs. Smead came out of the trance. No stenographer was present. I usually took the notes until I was asked by the trance personalities to leave the room that they could be with the sitter alone. Once or twice I remained, as the records will show. But expecting that I would be thus requested to leave the room I had instructed the sitter how to make a complete record and as I stood just outside the door where I could hear all that went on I found that the record was made as well as I would have done it, except as to remarking pauses and similar mechanical phenomena that have some psychological importance. But the sitter's statements and questions were recorded with such words before and after them as would enable me to make a correct copy of what went on. At the end of the sitting I was called in by the trance personality, and soon afterward I requested the sitter to leave that no trace of his identity could be normally suspected. Indeed Mrs. Smead could not have ascertained it if she had been in a normal state. During the trance her face and eyes were buried in a pillow that was attached to a metal head rest, so that even if she had been normally conscious she could not have seen anything. At no time did she normally have the slightest hint of who was present or the object of the sittings. The whole question of normally acquired knowledge rests on the question whether she had previously known or heard of the case and could have guessed the identity during the trance. The explanation above will show what the probabilities are on that point. The record psychologically studied will help to decide what place previous information had or did not have in the phenomena. Nothing came that could have been ascertained

in any newspaper report if it had been read. The incidents were of a kind that were not mentioned in any account that I have seen and some of them were not known to any person who had mentioned the case. The notes, however, will explain this circumstance.

A most interesting incident in the sittings is that no direct hint of the right communicator appeared until I called attention to the fact, without suggesting who was wanted. I had no article of the person wanted and this is a special feature of the Smead case, probably due to subliminal impressions and the desire to imitate the Piper phenomena on the part of her subliminal. Hence I had to take the communicator as he or she came. I had resolved not to give any hint and allowed two sittings to pass without expressing disappointment. It was early discovered that Mr. Thompson was an artist, and this is the first allusion to art in the history of the Smead case. This allusion was made without any suggestion from any article. Finally I obtained an article, and because it was a painter's brush I refused to put it in Mrs. Smead's hands until both Mr. Thompson's work and the communicator were recognized, and hence it was after this recognition that I had the brushes placed in her hand. But seeing that it was a lady who had been admitted as communicator I had finally to indicate, without intimating the gender or the character of the person wanted, that the wrong communicator had been accepted. Dr. Hodgson acted as amanuensis—that is, control—and explained that my father had admitted the lady, and he soon had the right person try and gave up until the next sitting. From that time on the communications went smoothly and the results were as can be seen. If it had been possible to hold several more sittings I have no doubt that they would have been still better.

I shall not summarize the facts here. I shall only call at-

tention to a circumstance which tends to eliminate all right to suspect previous normal knowledge by Mrs. Smead of any of the facts. It is the mistakes where previous knowledge would have had them right. The allusion to the cross on the pile of stones is one and the name Marchan is the other. The slightest knowledge of the facts would have prevented these errors, and the reference to the cross and name on it could be obtained only from Mr. Thompson himself and from me, as his vision was on record and in my files before the sittings were held. There are other somewhat similar incidents, but these two are the most striking of the kind. The reader may implicitly trust the statements of Mrs. Smead as to her entire ignorance, but I have not rested the case on that sort of evidence, and if the record is carefully studied it will be found to possess as good credentials in this respect as may be desired.

Detailed Record.

New York, December 1, 1908, 10 A. M.

Medium, "Mrs. Smead." Present, Mr. Thompson.

Automatic.

Coming yes we are coming [Pause.] yes [Pause.] * *
(If possible, I should like to remain today, in order to take notes.)

[Long pause.] Robert Hyslop yes

(If possible, . . .)

yes

(If possible, I should like to remain, for taking notes. Is that agreeable?)

we will try it so James

(All right.)

as you know

(Yes, and as soon as my friend can do it, I can do as you wish.)

[Pause.] why James ["Ja" and the first two strokes of the "m" written, when the hand paused awhile before finishing the

name.] did you not ask [last four words written very slowly and clearly, somewhat contrasting with the waving script of the previous writing. Pencil moved up toward the left-hand corner of the page and sheet changed.] for the other James yes [Writing very rapid.]

(It was urged that I go and I felt that I should obey suggestions.)

that the [Pause. These two words were written while I was making my statement and the pause was to listen to what I said.] yes but I said why did you not ask for Brother James M yes you did not here

(No, it did not occur to me because I wanted all things to be spontaneous.)

but he would have talked to the girl [First so read and then conjectured to be "great."] g i r l yes

(Good.)

and send the message through to the the mother [Not read.] through to the mother yes and she would be then comforted yes and know she would Ere Long be with him ["long" not read] E R E ere long be with him yes

(All right. I think I understand.)

yes we do each other yes [Pause.] we would bring him to you yes

(Wait. I have a friend whom I wish to bring in. Shall I do so now?) [Note 245.]

[Pause.] Dou ["Do you"] [Pause.] yes [Mr. T. admitted to the room. [Pause.]

and [long pause] there we do not get the influence near yet

245. There is a good deal of confusion in this long passage about the "girl" and the message to be sent to the mother. It belongs to the previous sitter, tho it is apparently mixed up with a reference to a relative of mine, the James mentioned. As my Piper report, published in 1901, shows, a copy of which is in the possession of the Smeads, I had two uncles by the name of "James," who are deceased. They were both brothers-in-law of my father. Apparently the one alluded to here is my uncle James McClellan, as he is called "Brother James M." Apparently he is invoked, or it is said that he might have been invoked, if called for, to aid in getting a message through to the communicator's mother, whose early demise is predicted. The communicator was the husband of the sitter.

(Take your time. I have no article. It could not be gotten.)
[Pause.] (Take all the time you desire.)

[Long pause.] There is a large black door with a brass lock
[erased] lock on which the friend will know yes

(Good. Take your time.)

and have the friend nearer yes [Mr. T. had a few moments
before moved up near and just behind Mrs. S.]

(Yes, he is so now.)

[Pause.] We w [pause] dot [pause] * * [do not get?]
him for the friend * * [One word undecipherable.]

(All right, take your time.)

we do not get him for the friend as yet

(I understand, but you take all the time you desire, as we shall
have several other meetings for the purpose.)

but we would easier with the influence

[Pause. My father's influence placed in the left hand.—
J. H. H.]

(I have no influence for the the person whom I want to com-
municate. I couldn't get it.)

Hogson [Hodgson]

(Yes, Hodgson, I couldn't get anything this time.)

then could [Pencil broke and new one inserted.] You let us
try alone [alone] for him.

(Yes. I shall go a moment.)

yes that we could get nearer him

(All right.)

and we would get her soon for you [Note 246.]

• [J. H. H. left room.]

246. The reader should remark that it is a man that seems to be the communicator at first. The control purports to have been a man and it is only in the last sentence that a lady is mentioned. The personal pronouns in each case indicate the story. It was a man, of course, that was desired, but it is interesting to note that in the very first sitting I ever gave Mr. Thompson there were apparently the same two communicators (p. 99). The present record later gives indications of this. The reference to "a large black door with a brass lock" is not intelligible to Mr. Thompson, unless it refers to the door of Mr. Gifford's studio. Mr. Thompson has an impression that it does possibly apply in this manner. If it does not mean this the reference is not intelligible. Mr. Thompson's mother is living, but his grandmother is dead.

[Change of Control.]

yes Ca [?] we [pause] the lady yes is afraid to try yes she is alone yes afraid to try alone yes but we will help to help her ["her" evidently not read] her yes do you here [hear] you * * you come from the room where the books were lots of them yes [Pause.] and she came and saw you take up the letter she came with you part way then went back yes
(Do you mean in the spirit?)

to the roo[m] yes she is here an[d] is talking to you yes we are helping as she is afraid yet

(Tell her not to be afraid.) [Note 247.]

but we will help as it is her first time from [pause.] wait and I will tell you when I stay n... near and you do [Pause.] we speak we * * * * [he did scream?] [After "we" pencil pointed to "speak," then wrote] for It seems that I would make u... you hear me some way [Pause.] and you know it

(Yes, very good.)

* * Mother [pause] and we want to tell her that I came to talk to you here no there are many things to tell you that I remember in that place that I came with you from * * talk more on the common [?] days [?] you can bring * * book * * [have we?] to go now you rember? [?] [remember.]

[Change of Control.]

James come tell him I yes tell James my son to come come come to me tell him to come

(I do not know this James you speak of.)

my son tell him to come back son yes my we will need to talk to him * * tell my son to come back * * call him to me * * [Note 248.]

247. The reference to "books" and the "letter" does not suggest anything evidential to Mr. Thompson. He had not come from any room where there were books and did not recall any letter that he had taken up before coming.

248. Mr. Thompson did not understand this call for me. My father who purported to be the control had the habit of calling for me in an emergency requiring some explanation or help to manage the situation. Readers of the report on the Smead case published in 1907 (*Proceedings*, Vol. II.) will observe this fact frequently there. I had been sent out of the room to prevent

[Change of Control.]

have I made him hear me as we... I want to make him know me

[Pencil evidently broken and new one inserted.]

for I am with him. I am with you so much since I came here that I want to know if you ever feel my presence I go about with you and [pause] I know you wonder whether I am alive no if you could know I came to you and stand near your chair when you are reading and smoking alone you would know how much I desire to have you know it that I try not to get lonely while I am watching do you know what I say to you

(Yes, I understand.)

we have such a strange way of talking now I can not do mich [much] yet there I must go now

(Has he no message to me?) [Note 249.]

get get my friend please we must go yes get k... * * could not could not hear you calling son I saw one last evening and the landscape yes I will tel [l] you I almost forgot about it it was w [erased] * * * * in the frame near the door you know which one the G I l t frame I liked

(Yes. Very good.)

... It stood there near you while you were doing it yes I was getting tired and they said to tell you to-morrow about it

[J. H. H. entered room.]

an [d] I wish you could make one of the room where you work and I there too let me stand near there * * watching you but

confusion and this recall was not known by me until I read the record after the sitting.

249. There is no indication here as to who the communicator is. But Mr. Thompson's question after the message was written shows that he had Gifford in mind, and this was natural enough considering the statement of the communicator that he was "with you so much since I came here." The only incident, however, of significance for the possibly supernormal, without being evidence of identity, is the reference to reading and smoking. Mr. Thompson says that he occasionally reads and smokes in the manner described.

The question asked of Mr. Thompson whether he felt the communicator's presence, after stating that he had been with him so much is relevant, but that is all.

don't put it as if life was gone because I am not I come to you.
[Note 250.]

(The time is up.)

we will to [?] [pause] ask did he here [hear] what I tried to
say for the lady

(Yes. We shall come again on the morrow.)

[Pause.] yes R. Hyslop

(Thank you.)

tell him to go

[Mr. T— asked to leave the room.]

James it is very hard without an influence

(Yes. I shall try to get one.)

but the lady will not be so afraid to try next time she would
not talk much good-bye

(Good-bye.)

get this away

[Pencil and article removed.]

New York, Dec. 2, 1908, 10 A. M.

Medium, "Mrs. Smead." Present, Mr. Thompson.

Automatic.

[Scrawls.] We are coming yes we [pause.] will get h...
soon [pause.]

(Yes. Take your time.)

yes [pause] Mary say [s] she wants to try again

(All right.)

at home with the baby yes

(To-morrow?)

yes

(All right. I shall do so.)

yes that is all

(Good.)

250. Mr. Thompson says there was a landscape picture in a gilt frame near the door of his room, and he had the habit of doing his work on it there. He in fact worked on it every night. It should be observed that the reference distinctly recognizes that the sitter is engaged as an artist. Mrs. Smead, of course, as explained in the introduction, had no previous information that would suggest this conception of the sitter.

yes yes [pause] but James, father is not with you this morning

(All right.)

others are that will help

[Pencil shield fixed.]

help you

(Good. I understand.) [Note 251.]

[Pause. Mr. T— admitted to room.]

(Shall. . .)

yes [pause] we will try

(Yes, I understand. I shall try to remain and see that no trouble occurs. The friend present yesterday did not understand the call for me; otherwise, I should have come in. I think probably it will be. . .)

[The writing of the next sentence was going on while I was uttering this statement.]

father will not be here today I tod [told] you

(I understand. I was explaining the matter.)

yes Hodgson will try today

(Good.)

251. At a previous sitting my deceased wife, whose name was Mary and whose death at this date was well known to Mrs. Smead, spontaneously asked that I try automatic writing with my youngest daughter. As Mr. Smead is a member of the Society and I had reported in the *Journal* (Vol. I, p. 531) some experiences which this child had, we must suppose that Mrs. Smead at least had the opportunity to see the incidents there recorded and that her subconsciousness at least might be capable of inferring enough to conjecture the possibility of automatic writing, tho the same might as well have been inferred of the other two children whose experiences were recorded at the same time. I had the experiment as suggested in the earlier record and the child was present. My wife purported to communicate and asked through the automatic writing that the child hold the pencil and I obtained another pad and gave her a pencil. But we failed to get any automatic writing. I had not myself as yet suspected any possibilities of mediumship of this kind, tho I had remarked that she seemed at times to have symptoms of it in what I regarded as hallucinations. Trying experiments alone with her I found some indications of an effort to effect automatic writing, but they were not distinct enough to make a point of the fact. But in the present record the interesting incident is the continued desire to repeat the experiment tho Mrs. Smead may be supposed to have been subliminally aware of the first failure, in spite of success in getting some evidence of the identity of my wife.

[Pause.] you know the reason H that we did not want you here [last four words not read.] want you here

(Yes.)

because your influence got too strong

(I understand.)

yes we want to ask the friend what that S on the centre ta [table] ["S on" read "son." no no,] what that centre [?] s was for on the centrepiece [pause] yes we could not get the first letter

(All right.)

the lady took it away so quick[ly] yes

(We shall look it up.)

[I asked Mr. T— if he recalled anything of the kind and he shook his head—that he did not.—J. H. H.]

it was on the side of it yes in the room whe [re] the books yes [pause] the table in the centre yes

(Yes, I understand.) [Note 252.]

[Long pause. Mr. T— removed from his place behind Mrs. S— and went over to the bed and wrote the initials of the desired communicator on a piece of paper where Mrs. S— could not have seen it, had she been conscious and looking at him. He then showed the writing to me in a manner that would have prevented her seeing it, had she been looking at the paper. But her eyes were covered by the head rest and a pad. I shook my head.—J. H. H.]

she is coming [pause.] Tell him she say[s] * * sit down and wait till she can think

(Yes, don't worry about that. We shall get it afterward.)

yes but we dont want to talk to you

(Good.)

252. Mr. Thompson does not know of any relevance in the allusion to the letter "S" and the centrepiece of a table. By some straining it could be made to refer to a relative of his grandmother who seems to be the lady in mind, but the evidence is not in favor of such an interpretation.

The allusion, however, to not being able "to get the first letter" suggests the possibility that this peculiar method of communicating was designed to give the initials of the name. They were given later (Note 272). If this possibility be admitted the "S" stands for his middle initial and the allusion to the "first letter" means "R."

no not you H but

(All right.) [Note 253.]

[Pause.] he * * [Possibly an attempt to write the next word.] ask him why he always sits with his back to the east in that study room ["east" read "last" and "study room" not read at all.] E A ["east" suddenly read] room at night where he reads he will hurt his eyes she say[s] if he does not turn it to the light so that the light will go on the paper yes more [pause] when [pause. Trembling of the hand ceased and it remained perfectly calm for a few moments. Pencil shield fixed. Pause] she say[s] about that picture ye[s] did he hear [Note 254.]

(Yes, he did, and we should like much to hear from the person who mentioned the landscape.)

well that was the one she says she told about yes but we want that influence that she can talk alone yes

(All right. I shall try for that next time.)

she you know H some of the difficulties that we have to guard against over here and we help when there are no influence [influences] makes it more difficult [resembles "different."]

(Yes, I know, and tried all I could to get one.)

it [written while I was speaking.] she said that landscape was near the door.

(Yes.)

It wants more light to make it clearer yes to make the effect better tell him ["tell" not read] tell him yes

(Yes, he hears.) [Pause.] (What kind of a picture was it? Photo—or other?)

253. The reader will notice that there is an apparent recognition of two communicators, a man and a lady. The lady is said to need a chance to think, and the man had seemingly taken her place. Apparently my speaking to them serves as a diversion of attention and I am informed that the messages is not for me.

254. The incident here described has no meaning for Mr. Thompson. He does not know of any menace to his eyes or facts that would give rise to this advice. Apparently the communicator is trying to say something about the picture.

no O I L Painting with the wide gilt frame box yes.
[Note 255.]

(Who painted it?)

[Pause. Hand moved down to the lower right-hand corner of page and was supposed to be an effort to indicate Mr. T—. After a pause, I placed it on the left-hand side and it came back to the position and wrote, in inverted writing,—that is, to be read by one standing opposite the writer.] why does he not know that she says she saw [next writing normal] him take it to get the frame on

(Yes, but I asked the question to get things going right.)

yes she went with him. yes the lady her [e] H yes

(Who was it went with him?)

w [?] [Hand then moved toward the lower right-hand corner and began the inverted writing again as follows:] you do not doubt my [written on separate sheets] relation because I came befor [e] you ["I" above might be capital "c" but is followed by a small "c" and it can be read as "I" in mirror writing. Normal writing follows.] I s [pause] do not want to talk to him but my own why dont we talk to each other now

(We have...)

I used to talk to him yes [pencil changed] when I was there with him yes when we were alone he would read to me sometimes [pause] we but...

(He does not recall it. We have not yet got the right communicator.)

but he will

(All right. I understand.) [Note 256.]

255. The reference to the landscape near the door is a repetition of the allusion explained in Note 240, and the later statement that it was an oil painting is a specific recognition of the sitter's occupation, and is not a bad hit, tho we might suspect that the question a little previously about the landscape picture might imply that it was an oil painting rather than a photograph or other picture. In any case the correctness of the allusion has to be admitted. The picture had a gilt frame.

Mr. Thompson says that the remark about the light in the picture is correct and that it would have been better if more light had been shown in it. The light as it was appeared only on one side of it.

256. I seized the opportunity to get into relation with the desired communicator by the question "Who painted it?" and the reader will observe

remember [remember] when she te. . . [sheet changed] tells him about the mountains in the picture

[I turned to Mr. T— and asked him if there were any mountains in the picture and he shook his head in the negative. I asked if there were hills, and he said yes.]

(He does not exactly recall it. Hills are in it.)

well we will get them right.

(Yes, I understand.)

they look like mountains to her

(Yes, I understand it perfectly.) [Note 257.]

we do not want you tomorrow to stay here we want to get neare[r] the friend that you

(All right. We shall have three meetings more next week after the Sabbath.)

you do not know that this lady will not come near to talk so we have to do it for her yes

(Shall I stand aside?)

that is why you do not get it better we hear and talk at once yes

(Shall I stand aside?)

not this time but remember [remember] my in— and yours all have to be accounted for H in this problem your influence and mine H I said [read “ send ”] said yes have to be accounted for in this problem

that there is considerable confusion in the attempted reply. Owing to the fact that Mr. Thompson had to be assumed as the painter the question may not have been a clear one to any supposed communicator. I, of course, had in mind the assumed obsessing agent of Mr. Thompson, with a view to extracting the name. The lady still purports to communicate and shows complete misconception of the question. But she does naturally interpret it as referring to Mr. Thompson, because she asks if he does not remember his reading to her sometimes, which Mr. Thompson says is correct in the life of his grandmother. She thus identifies herself and him, but does not imagine that I had reference to the supposed source of the inspiration in the painting. But when I indicated that we had not gotten the right communicator it is apparent that the right person, so far as sex was concerned, was in mind: for we at once get, “but he will,” the pronoun possibly indicating the person I had in mind. But the lady continues as communicator.

257. There were no mountains represented in the picture, but there were hills in it. The locality of the scene has no mountains, but it has rolling hills having the conformation of mountains.

(Good. I understand.)

and you can best ud it ["U. D." abbreviation used in Piper case for "understand."]

(Yes. Hodgson, isn't it....?)

the same [Note 258.]

(All right. I wanted another communicator who has not seemed to appear and I thought you knew about that person.)

[Pause] on your side yes

(No, the communicator I wanted was another. Not the lady.)

No on your side your father told her to come yes

(Well, that was all right you know, but I did not wish to give a hint.)

and I let her ["let" read "tell"] let her

(Yes, I understand, and explained so that you could let the right one...)

yes but she had the right first

(Yes, that is all right.)

[Pause. Hand stopped trembling.] no [Long pause. Apparent change of control.] I will try myself for you [pause.]

(Yes?)

[Pencil shield fixed.] Your father * * [First three letters "mis" and last three possibly "ter." Probably intended for "must." Pencil not held as usual.] * * [Probably "must." Long pause.] gone

(Yes, I understand.) [Note 259.]

258. This allusion to the relation of "influences"—articles used at sittings once owned or used by communicators—is a perfectly characteristic one to come from Dr. Hodgson. Scarcely any one else could allude to this in such a manner. Mrs. Smead knew that he used such articles and that they were supposed to be influential in some way with the communications, but she was not familiar with the scientific relation of the fact to the problem as it is expressed here. While I cannot make the reference as evidential as I would desire I should call attention to the strikingly and relevantly characteristic nature of the allusion.

259. My persistence in calling for another communicator apparently had the effect of securing an attempt here at direct communication by the person desired, tho there is no evidence of identity. The long struggle and failure is the evidence of the attempt and with it the statement: "I will try myself for you," which only ended in failure and the result became better at the next sitting. The word "gone" indicated the abandonment of the effort.

[Finger relaxed its muscles and twitched somewhat. Then, again, a long pause, when the left hand, lying in her lap, relaxed considerably, and she sighed, as if about to return to consciousness. I suddenly placed Hodgson's gloves in the left hand when it wrote.] Going.

[Mr. T— left the room.]

New York, December 7, 1908, 10 A. M.

Medium, Mrs. Smead. Present, Mr. Thompson.

Automatic.

Coming [So finely written as to need to be read with a microscope.] ye[s] we are coming nearer yes [Pause.] we are ready yes

(The light has been somewhat ill disposed. Shall we go on?)

we will try to get the friend

(Shall I admit my friend?)

we will try

(Very well.)

[Pause. Mr. Thompson admitted to the room.]

and tell him we greet him' yes Hodgson greets him

(Good morning.)

good morning friend

(Mr. T.: Good morning.)

we will get him for you yes [Pause.] * * [Possible attempt at "wait."] why do you keep the work covered

(What work?)

[Pause.] yes picture Hyslop the work

(Can't read.)

[Pause.] my [Pause.] P I C T ure * * * * [Probably "saw covered."] so yes they look unfinished

(What looks unfinished?)

the ones [possibly "one "] covered over

[Mr. Thompson had brought with him a picture wrapped in heavy paper and it was lying on the floor. In his hand he had an article to be used as an "influence." I here placed the article on the table and Mrs. Smead's left hand upon it and unwrapped the picture standing it on the chair at her left.]

we do they are cover[ed] so yes in that room

[Pause. Writing then became rapid and decidedly different in style.]

there are so many of them unfinished

(Yes.)

yes * * everywhere around are pictures [Pause.] yes
Hyslop he was an artist

(That is right.)

[Pause.] and a good one too

(That is right.)

he says to sell [Sheet changed.] sell them not to keep them
covered [not read] to sell them not to keep them covered. do
you hear

(Yes, I understand.)

yes [Pause.] they are not all finished

(That is right. You are pressing too hard.)

his heart is weak we cannot let him exert himself yet

(Good. I understand.)

but we have found him ["found" not read] found him as we
told you we would [Pencil changed.]

(Yes.) [Note 260.]

and he likes that picture you have had to [too] he says it is
one of his best [Pencil broke. Another inserted.] does this
work right can you hear

(Yes, I "hear.")

and [pause] wait

(Yes, take your time.) [Note 261.]

260. Mr. Thompson had kept the pictures covered. Many of them were not finished. (Cf. p. 124 and Note 32.) Apparently the reference to their being uncovered was intended to intimate that they could not be sold in that way. The allusion to selling them fits what Mr. Thompson was anxious to do, but had difficulty in accomplishing. He was desiring to get a place to exhibit them. Possibly the reference is to the communicator's own pictures.

261. The reference to the "picture which you have too," evidently meaning myself, is interesting. As a fact I had three of the paintings by Mr. Thompson, the "Battle of the Elements," the Nashawena scene, and one that Mr. Thompson had painted before he came to me. This last painting is, in fact, one of the best Mr. Thompson had made. Both the others are excellent, showing considerable technique as well as other merits. Mrs. Smead knew nothing of my having two of them, as they were concealed in my own room, and while she might have seen the third one hanging in my parlor with two

[Pause.] father [Pause.] wait [Pause.] yes [Pause.] he says pictures too unco [pencil point broke; new one inserted] cover them when you get home ["when" not read at the time and "get home" read "you know." n o to uncover them when you go home and do not keep my room all shut up. I want it open just as it was when I was home.

(Yes, all right.)

yes [Pause.] that is so I can go in and out like one of the family still

(Yes.) [Pause.] (Do you know what picture I have?)

the one I liked so well the painting yes

(Yes.)

yes the landscape yes with the green hills yes and fields.

(Yes.)

and the walk near the hills

(I understand.)

yes it is all right they must keep it

(Yes. Have you described that picture before, elsewhere?)

[Pause. Question repeated.]

I have tried to talk about it yes

(Yes, I remember.) [Note 262.]

yes and [Pause.] they the others I * * [would?] some only I * * [Apparently attempt at "yes, and"] find them covered yes the room upstairs I mean I find them covered there

(All right. Of whom shall I inquire about them and give directions to cover them?)

[Pencil moved down to the corner of the paper toward J. H. H.. I changed the sheet and placed the hand at the top left-hand corner and it moved down again to the right-hand corner, at the bottom, and off the sheet, as if trying to get at me or Mr. T.]

others, she did not know whose it was or how I got it. In fact, no member of my family knew how I got it. Mrs. Smead had visited the house a few times during the sittings, but she had no reason to learn anything about this painting, as it was simply one among others. Cf. p. 274.

262. It is apparent from the messages that the picture in mind is the Nashawena scene, if any pertinence at all exists in the reference. This picture has a hill in the background and there were sheep paths all about the place, according to the statement of Mr. Thompson. This is the picture that was apparently described by Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 247). It is represented in Figures XVIII and XIX.

(All right.)

yes yes he does not speak to me I could * *

(Mr. T.: In what way are the pictures covered?)

[Pause.] Cloth over them you know to keep dust off yes
[Pause.] and you must look after them [Pencil broke; new
one inserted.]

we know about how important it is to k [erased] have them
clean yes we must not let fingers get on them while they are
not yet dry

(I understand.)

so we cover them

(Mr. T.: Has he any message for me?)

yes [Pause.] but tomorrow he will talk to you alone not to-
day

(Yes, that is right.)

tomorrow tell him Hyslop

(Yes, today we want personal identity of the artist and to-
morrow and next day also, and to do it as well as you can.)

yes we will try but we must not stay to [too] long today
Hyslop

(That is right. Help the light all you can between today and
tomorrow.)

we will [Pause.] the friend H is anxious about his work

(Yes, I understand.)

on your side

(I understand.) [Note 263.]

[Pause. Pencil changed, hand having come over to me to hint
at this end.] yes [Pause.]

[On account of the pause, I suggested to Mr. T. that he would
better leave. After he got on his coat, the writing suddenly
began.]

we do not want him to go tell him we will aid him all we can
in his work yes

(Good.)

and to [pause] come tomorrow yes

263. It is apparent in the further reference to covering the pictures that the communicator alludes to his own pictures. This, of course, is not perfectly assured, but it is the most reasonable interpretation, and confirms the possibility of having meant this in the first reference.

(Yes, he will.)
yes we k... can not do more today Hyslop
(I understand. All right. Better close.)
we can not do more today we find it to [too] hard yes tell
him to take those influences [Not read.] no away yes
[I here took away the paint brushes from under the hand and
handed them to Mr. T.]
yes we must go the side hurts him [Note 264.]
[Pause. Mr. T. left room.]
speak to me
(Yes. To whom?)
Hodgson yes
(Yes. Can you help the light physically, so that she will not
be ill?)
not I but we will get help for her
(Yes.)
You know to whom I refer +
(Yes, exactly. That is right.)
I will go now the boy is all right yes
(And when you can, I would like the name of the artist on
your side,)

New York, December 8, 1908, 10 A. M.
Medium, "Mrs. Smead." Present, Mr. Thompson.

Coming Hyslop coming coming do you hear
(Yes, I do.)
yes [Pause.] Mary says thank you yes for my baby try
yes
(I haven't had a chance to try her alone yet but will.)
yes [Pause and scrawls.] [Note 265.]

[Change of Control.]

I [Long pause.] wait [Writing is clearly "want" and so

264. Mr. Gifford died of angina pectoris. Two previous allusions to the weakness of his heart may be mediumistic equivalents of this fact.

265. I had tried the experiment again with my child and had a second failure. At least Mrs. Smead's subliminal knew the fact of the trial.

read.] no wait yes [Answer to correct reading. Pause.]
Hodgson yes I am here yes to try

(Good. How are you?)

same never thought * * [Only the word "same" read.]
about myself the S a same never thought about myself

(All right. I wanted to start things.)

Yes never cared only to work

(Yes, I understand.)

yes yes

(Tell me when to bring my friend.)

the one I told you to yes

(Yes.)

yes * * * * * [Possibly "could try try"] to
[Mr. Thompson admitted. New pencil given hand.]

help alone I said Hyslop

[Pause. J. H. H. left room.]

did you hear me yesterday speaking to you to you yes

(Yes.)

* * you wanted to know if I have [sheet changed] message
to you I wanted to ask you if you can finish my pictures for
me will you [pause] and I will help you

(Yes, I will try.)

yes I was sorry to leave them not finished but I could not
help it you remember we were not together whe... no [Evi-
dently some portion not read] were we were not [sheet changed]
we were not together when I came here [pause] you remember

(Yes.)

and I could not tell you then I would what I wo... what I
would like you to do for me I thought so many times if I could
tell you it would be easier to come

(Do you want me to finish them?)

* * [Apparently the letters "Aw" or "em"] yes that is
what I ask of you if you will I do not want anyone else

(Yes I will try.)

to touch them will you please do it

(Yes, I will try.) ["Touch" apparently means "touch up."]

can you hear and you can succeed all right

(That is good.)

I would not ask you I do not want anyone [pencil broke.

New one inserted] else I do [?] yes yes that is right take my own ["own" erased and then re-written] own paints and brushes please to work with them. [Note 266.]

(How shall I show my own work?)

how you mean on [not read] mine on my [not read] on my work do you mean

(No, I mean my own work.)

oh you must put it in the art Exhibition yes yes pa... and it will come out all right do not be afraid to go ahead with it [Note 267.]

(I was intending to go into something different. Shall I do so?)

no [pause] and not keep my own best work

(Yes, a different work.)

no [pause] * * no you can do it well why leave it I could not I could not

(You want me to keep on?)

yes [pause] and I will help you all I can * * * * ["with them?" Pause] all I can from here no I will help yes we can give

(Do you want me to study in school this winter?)

yes the best book on the subject you can possibly get and stud [y] faces

(I want to paint in schools.)

that is the same as I was saying to you and study there for yourself

(Can you help me better there?)

Out Side of you can not help. be... better to study and work together you know to teach always ["teach" evidently not read] no to teach to teach always shows the points we need [erased] need to know better brings them out [Note 268.]

266. It is apparent here that the reference is to the communicator's unfinished pictures, of which there were many, a fact wholly unknown to Mrs. Smead, she normally not even knowing anything about either the sitter or the supposed communicator. (Cf. Note 32.)

267. The reference to an "Exhibition" is very pertinent and is just what an artist would suggest to another, as intelligent readers would understand without my remark.

268. The advice to study faces coincides with the experiences which Mr. Thompson had in apparitions of the mother and child and also with allusions

(How can I get the assistance to enable me to go on with the work?)

try [?] Getting the * * pu... [possibly intended for "pa." [Sheet changed and handwriting underwent a remarkable change and here became perfectly free and easy, with a style quite identical with Mrs. Smead's except that it is backhanded. No tremor or disturbance is found in the lines.] * *

(Do you mean sell my pictures? Who will help me?)

* * [The best reading is "T Charles." The capital letter "T" is fairly clear and, but for the knowledge of Mrs. S—'s writing, might be made the pronoun "I." Capital "C" and the "h" are perfectly clear and the last two letters, "es," with one of the intermediate letters fairly an "a."] will help. [Note 269.]

(What is your name?)

[Pause.]

(I wanted to be sure.)

get the art school to tell you where they co [erased] need a Teacher you should yes it [pause] is a good place for you to teach there [pause] yes go to them and I will go with you [pause] yes yes [pause] do not be disheartened because I am over here I am with you just the same [Note 270.]

(Can you give me a letter of your name?)

made by two other psychics (pp. 148, 276). Mr. Thompson suggested studying and it is interesting to observe that the communicator suggests teaching before Mr. Thompson's question which might imply such advice.

269. It has not been possible to ascertain whether the name Charles in this connection has any pertinent meaning or not. It should be remarked that the same name was given twice by Mrs. C. (pp. 114, 116).

There has been a control who called himself "Chesterfield" in the earlier work of Mrs. Smead, and it is possible that the reference in the supposed name "Charles." The handwriting is identical with Chesterfield's, tho his has never been backhanded before. Besides I have not had any of Chesterfield's work for years.

270. The relevance of the advice to teach is clear enough, except that any subliminal capable of telepathy to such an extent as is usually supposed should have realized that it was unsuitable in this case. Mr. Thompson has had no training in art to fit him to teach and no experience in teaching of any kind.

As I happen to know the entire record of Mrs. Smead's automatic writing I can say that this is the first case in which any artist has claimed to communicate through her. The attempt to give a name is interesting in connection with the fact.

you know me and why do you ask I [pause] when you are already sure I am the only artist ever came here they tell me to talk

(Yes, I understand.)

yes [pause and scrawls for some time] * * [Possibly an attempt at a name but no letters perfectly clear.] * * * * [Possible attempt again to write a name, but no letters legible with certainty. Scrawls.] G * * Do you know I can not yet give it to you the light flashes too quickly when we speak it I do not know why [pause] can you not hear what we have to say

(Yes, I could hear it.)

could you hear it when we said it my name

(Yes, I heard you speak, but I wanted you to write it.)

did you hear me speak it to you

(No. I do not remember.)

no I speak it to the machine [not read] I speak it to the machine machine It doesn't work like the one we use for enlarging pictures with can u you k [erased] remember them I had one [pause] R [lines are fairly clear for this but I doubt if it was intended for it.] [It is usual in this case, when I am reading the writing for the scribe to use the letter "u" as an abbreviation for the pronoun "you." Here, the scribe being a stranger, would not recognize it and the spontaneous change apparently indicates the consciousness of the fact.] [Note 271.]

(Will my work be of great value to mankind?)

yes you can not help helping you can not help helping with your work it is needed so my [erased] much yes the best is always to be desired to help uplift how can you think of it in [erased] of leaving [sheet changed] of leaving it how can you think of leaving it I cannot see you anywhere else no no do not do it

(You mean for me to keep on.)

271. The letter "G" was a good hit, especially with the statement that the communicator could not yet give it. The phrase "I speak it to the machine" is a good repetition of Piper language. Mrs. Smead may have known the use of the word machine in that case, tho she was not especially familiar with it. All the ideas in this connection, however, are familiar to readers of the Piper record.

yes yes [pause] on I must go again they tell me I am so glad you came to me So glad

(Yes, I am glad.)

yes good now R [pause.]

(Is that a part of his name?) [The "R" is probably the initial of Dr. Hodgson, as appears below. Mr. T. did not suspect this.]

[Change of Control.]

tell H to come tell H to come tell H to come yes

[J. H. H. admitted to the room.] you can go

(You mean me?)

no the friend we must go too

[I removed the articles and Mr. T— left the room. Pause.] we [pause] told you we would try and thank you for the privilege

(Good. Thanks.)

gooby [goodbye.]

R Hodgson

(Thanks.)

[Pause.] +

December 9, 1908, 10 A. M.

Medium, "Mrs. Smead." Present, Mr. Thompson.

[While the pencil point was resting on the paper and before the writing began, there was a sort of helpless swaying of the hand and pencil without any movement across the paper, as if trying to begin writing. This occurred several times and, when the writing did begin, it was unusually rapid for the first attempts.]

Automatic.

[Scrawls] coming yes we are coming wait for us

(Yes.)

[Scrawls across the page like the letter "M" repeated over and over again.] yes Hodgson

(Yes. The work was very good yesterday.)

yes [pause] we s [scrawls] as we said we would help [not read] would help yes

(Yes, and a part of the name came through, but the critic, as you understand, would want more evidence. You can get it all today.)

yes [pause] yes [pause.] Always more I know yes

(I spoke of it because an answer by the friend might have led you to think he got it all.)

we told him it

(And he said "yes" at a place which might have meant to you that he had got it when he meant that he had read the writing.)

[Pause] only we heard work as we explained to him ["we explained" read "with patience"] no as we explained yes

(Shall I bring him in?)

yes [Mr. T. admitted.] we will try for all we have to do is to work [pause] you know H it was not me that was talking yes.

(Yes, perfectly. Try to tell clearly today who it was. We know, of course, but you will understand what I mean by getting what we really know.)

[Scrawls.] R. G. yes. do you leave. yes we do not want to be confused in our thoughts yes

[J. H. H. left the room. Pause.]

give me his brushes yes speak to him [pause] speak to him friend [pause.] [Note 272.]

(Have you a message for me this morning?)

[Pause.] you asked this [evidently intended for "them"] them to give my work to you [pencil broke and was replaced] did you ask them them to give my work to you [pause] yes do not neglect it [Note 273.]

272. Reference to an earlier remark above (p. 338) will show that these brushes which we used as an "influence" had not been presented until the nature of Mr. Thompson's inquiry had been indicated by the automatic writing. They were two brushes of Mr. Gifford.

The initials "R. G." were written while I was writing down my statement and I left the room without seeing that they were two of Mr. Gifford's initials. It is possible that the "yes" which follows them was a mistake for the other initial, namely, "S," as the same initials were given to Mr. Thompson a little later, after I had left the room, and in that order.

273. The request to have the communicator's unfinished pictures given to the sitter is interesting as coinciding with feelings Mr. Thompson has felt when looking at Mr. Gifford's unfinished paintings. He had an almost irresistible impulse to take up a brush and finish the Nashawena scene (Figure XVIII).

(No, but I will...)

I want * * ["n" or "w" erased] you to have it
(I want to know, positively, who is writing.)

R G S yes

(Good. Is there another letter?) ["S" not read.]

yes

(Can you tell me?).

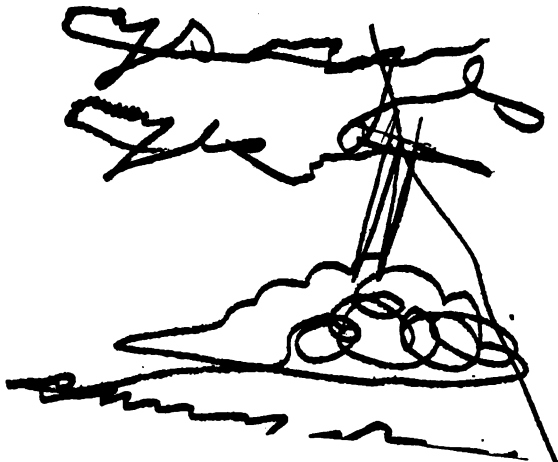
[Pause.] S do you hear me yes better than altogether
[pause] yes better than altogether yes you can know what
we mean

(Yes, I understand.) [Note 274.]

this friend here says [pause] here yes [pause] and now you
have it yes [pause] on the canvas with the rock ? [interrogation
point in mirror writing] [pause] on the coast

(Yes. Was there anything else in the picture?)

yes ocean yes yes yes [Here a figure was drawn, repre-
senting a pile of rocks, mounted by a cross.] can you under-
stand my work



(Was it made for a cross? Is it about a picture you used to
paint?)

274. Mr. Gifford's initials are here given, but not exactly in their correct order. They should be "R. G. S." His name was Robert Swain Gifford. Mr. Thompson did not read the third of the letters given and asked if there was a third, as the record indicates, and received it clearly in reply.

yes and the rocks [pause] I said we

(Yes, I know. Did you ever paint this?)

yes you know and my name is on it my name is on it

(Yes.)

yes Painted it yes several of the copies [not read] copies

yes Can you understand what I said [pause.] [Note 275.]

(Where is the subject of the picture?)

[Pause and scrawls.] south [pause, and lines drawn back-

275. This is a remarkably interesting incident. Mr. Thompson had had a vision of a cross with Gifford's initials on it and painted the picture of it which was at this time in his collection. He wrote to his wife of his vision and she gave the letter to me on November 10th and it was locked up in my files with the present report. The reader will remark that this was nearly a month previous to the sitting, while the letter was written some days before I received it. The following is the letter undated:

My Dear Wife:

I hope you do not worry about me, as I am all right. They will take care of me and of you. I am still painting on my vision of the woman and child. I still find it very hard to get his face to look like my vision.

The other day, as I walked along the shore at sunset I saw a cross on the shore that looked dark against the evening sky. It seemed to be a part of a wreck and on it were the letters to the memory of R. S. G., but when I got near it I found nothing there. So it must have been a vision. I am painting it as I saw it.

Afterward in the evening I saw again the vision of the girl with the wild roses in her hair, and she came to me and said I am still waiting for you.

The other day, as I was painting at —— (“one of the Elizabeth Islands”) I suddenly heard wonderful music and saw very distinctly a beautiful face, but both the music and the face vanished very quickly. It affected me so strangely that I was all of a tremble all the rest of the day, and now when I think of it, it makes me tremble, it was so wonderfully beautiful. I must stay until I have finished my pictures.

FRED.

The reader will observe a discrepancy between the vision and the message. There were rocks and sand on which the wreck lay, as they are all along the shore, but the cross did not mount a pile of rocks as the picture drawn by Mrs. Smead represented it. It was made by a piece of the old wreck lying on the shore. It consisted of a rib of the ship with a piece of the side crossing it at right angles and made a clear representation of a cross. It was on this that Mr. Thompson saw the initials of Gifford. So we have two characteristics of the vision correct, the cross and the name, but the exact representation of the rocks was not correct and the idea of a wreck was not present in the statements of the communicator. The second attempt to represent it was better. (Cf. Figure XXXII and Note 277.)

I call the attention of the reader to the sentence, “I said we,” as having much interest. It coincides with the exact state of the case on the hypothesis that it was Gifford that influenced Mr. Thompson's mind at the time in connection with his actual sensations. If “we” refers to the controls the point is lost.

wards and forwards, as if intending to indicate something by them. Pause.] it was it was not down in the atlantic ocean Atlantic yes [pause] that is right [pause] not far from our U States [pause] yes one of our west Indies yes yes On the near our land [pause] wait [long pause] on the island yes there are rocks[s]

(Can you name the island?)

[Long pause and scrawls, with evident excitement.] Not far away

(Yes, in the ocean.)

from our coas [t] atlantic coast [pause, followed by a number of undecipherable scrawls. Pause. Trembling of the hand.]

(Can you name the island you went sketching in?) [Note 276.]

[Scrawl. First letter resembles capital "B."] [Pause.] B [?] * * [Evidently attempt to repeat previous writing. Or a scrawl with an apparent word "island."][Pause.] * * [Possibly "mas," but a mere conjecture.] yes near the atlantic coast of the middle states you do not hear me me do you do not hear me.

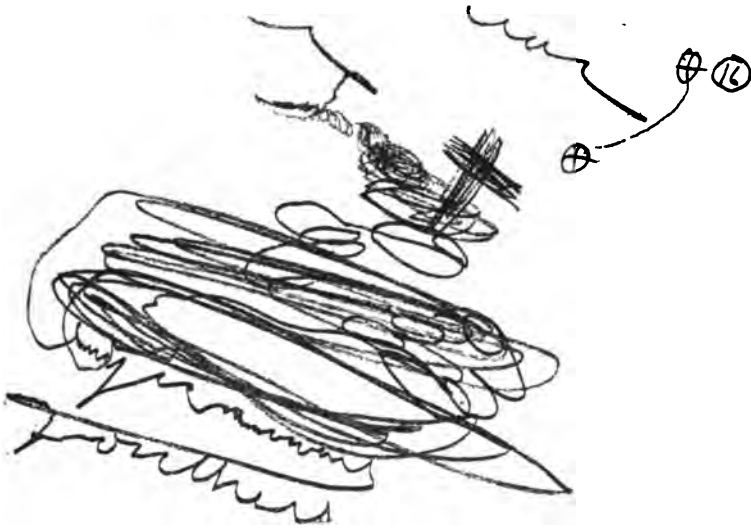
(Yes, I "hear" you. Don't you remember the name?)

[After a number of scrawls were drawn, as often occurs in automatic practice, a clear figure of a cross was drawn again and under it what may be taken as a second attempt to draw a pile of stones, upon which the cross rested. This view of the case, however, may not be as correct as the supposition that it was an attempt to draw the sea with rolling waves. Many of the lines show no resemblance to a pile of rocks and in fact fairly well represent an attempt to draw some surface and the curved circular lines may be a repetition of the circular figures which were undoubtedly meant before to be for waves. If this supposition be correct the representation is better than that which made it a pile of rocks, as the wreck and cross were on the shore that was beaten by the waves.]

276. The location of the place of the scene is exactly correct. It is not "down in the Atlantic ocean," but was on the shore of Vineyard Sound between Martha's Vineyard and on the shore of "one of the Elizabeth Islands." Mr. Thompson had gone there sketching very frequently and so had Mr. Gifford done much work there.

(Can you name the island?)

yes [Pause.] wait on the island yes I scetched it there [The word "sketched" incorrectly read.] * * fino [Writing apparently began to give the word "finished" and, finding that previous word had not been read correctly, wrote "no" without breaking the line but indicating, in the turn of the pencil, that a new word was begun.] yes yes Scetched it there [Scrawl.] there



(Yes, good. Can't you write the name?)

finished it afterwards yes yes

... (Can't you write the name?)

not yet it makes me think to [too] hard. * * [Possibly "get" or "yes." Scrawls.] must wait it will come by and by (Good. I will wait.) [Note 277.]

277. It is possible that the letter deciphered doubtfully was one of the letters in the name "Elizabeth Islands," but that is a mere conjecture. The only thing that suggests it is two words which are illegible, but one of which is apparently the word "island" and the other begins with a scrawl that resembles a capital letter of some kind which is followed by letters that might be "n" or "u." But there is no reason to regard them as this, and I refer to them in this way that the reader may form a clear conception of what the lines are. The initial capital, or attempt at a capital, might be either "E," "S" or a scrawly "N," with the probabilities in favor of the first, if we could assume

it was not far away [pause] and

(Was it where you sketched?)

I told you it was scetched there yes and I did other landscapes there too [Pause] * * [Letters "st" perfectly clear "ud" fairly clear and the rest mere scrawl.] when I was small
yes

(Did the island have any other charm for you?)

swimming was a sport of which I was very fond yes

(Yes, good.)

there on this island shore in [pause and scrawls]

(I do not understand the middle word.)

Island shore yes on it

(Yes, I understand. Do you remember anything else you loved there?)

cottage [cottage] yes mother to [too] [Apparently pencil changed.] to [too] yes was there yes and we used to worry her for fear w... ["fear" not read.] no for fear we would get drowned yes

(Yes, I understand.)

yes would not do it now no no I would not trouble her so again but we did not think about it only for the good times yes [Pause.] I lived there most of my time [not read] time yes there do you hear the house was [Pause and scrawls.] our spot [Pause.] yes as we used to say * * [Apparently the letter "y" with no attempt to add "es."] climbing yes climbing as high up as we could get

(Yes, I understand perfectly. What sort of trees were they?)

[Pause.] yes [Pause. Here representation of a tree was drawn with limbs apparently indicating a very gnarled type of them.] in them yes

any rights at all. The reference to sketching was an indirect means of indicating what island was meant apparently. As remarked elsewhere this island was the favorite resort of Mr. Gifford for sketching and painting. Mrs. Smead, of course, knew nothing about it or about the man.

The second attempt to draw the cross and the place where it was is nearer the facts. The note in the record explains this and shows that it is possible to interpret the attempt as one to represent the shore where the waves beat upon it.

(Good.) [Note 278.]

[Pause.] and afterwards I used to s c e t c h them do you hear me [Again sketches of three rather complete trees were drawn and one incomplete case.] the wind used to blow

(Good.)

them dreadfully

(Good.)

(Yes, very good.) [Note 279.]

yes [Pause.] we used to skip rock on the water yes do you rember [remember] it

(No, but I think it possible.)

yes to see which could throw them farthest

(Yes, good.) [Some unrecorded statement evidently made.]

[Pause.] no I can not stay long this time will you come again soon [Note 280.]

278. It is true that Mr. Gifford did other landscapes "there." The reference to the sport of swimming on the island shore is a very probable incident. Mr. Gifford was born on Nonamesset next to the Island in mind. Nonamesset is separated from it only by a very narrow channel that one could almost step across at one point. His old home is still standing there, and it is extremely probable that he would or did give his mother some concern about his swimming in Vineyard Sound on one side or Buzzards' Bay on the other, or Hadley Bay, which is a small inlet near by. The climbing of the trees is very probable, as it is so characteristic of boys, tho it would be hard to prove now that he sketched any of them at this time of his life. He did sketch them afterward. He was especially fond of the gnarled trees about his home. (Cf. incident of his boyhood p. 86.) The representation of them drawn by Mrs. Smead was fairly suggestive of their character.

279. The reference to the storm blown trees is a very pointed one. This is the characteristic of thousands of trees in that localtiy, especially on the island mentioned. It was this feature of them that had been the especial attraction to Gifford. The phrase "away over," meaning that the trees were blown far over, is perfectly correct in its description of them. I have myself seen cases of it in which the whole top of the tree, branches and all, were at right angles to the trunk. Cf. Figure XLII. Everywhere on the shore and with most of the trees the effects of the wind are marked in their growth. The storms on the shore of the island are a marked feature of the place.

It will be noticed this time the initials came in the right order. But the name of the Island did not come until a little later.

280. Mr. Gifford used to have to wear oil skin coats on account of the rain and storms in the place (p. 126), and Mr. Thompson witnessed violent storms there in the fall, which was the time of year that Mr. Gifford loved to

(Won't you tell me the name of the island?)
wait [Pause.] m a r c h a n Marchan
(I do not know.)
R. G. S.
(Yes, I understand. Good.)
do you hear
(Yes, I "hear." [Note 281.]
will come again you know do not forget my paintings do
not forget the work I asked you to do for me
(You want me to keep on?)
yes and finish mine also Thank you I must go do not



want to [pause] WANT to [pause.] get him for me please
yes away over
(Yes, I know all about them.)
can you remember about the storms we used to have there

frequent the place. Mr. Thompson painted the "Battle of the Elements" in a storm of a kind which is well hinted at in the record.

The incident of skipping rocks on the water is a very probable one, as it is a common habit with boys.

281. The attempt at the name of the island did not quite succeed. But the reader will ascertain how nearly correct it is if he will consult a geography, as I am not allowed to give the real name. Mrs. Smead knew nothing about it and the name "Marchan" is a natural mistake, tho not exactly a phonetic mistake. The initials of Gifford are again given in the wrong order.

(Can you get me the name of the island now?)

[Pause.] * * * * * [Undecipherable scrawls repeating apparent attempt to give the name of the island, as among them the capital letter "I" is found several times. In one instance there is a clear capital "E," before the letter "I." This would make it the initials of "Elizabeth Islands," which would have been correct.] * * * * * [Probably the word "island" among these.] R S G yes

(Yes, I understand. Good. I know.)

I must go to the home again soon [evidently not read] to the home again soon

(Yes good.)

[Pause and scrawl.] * * [can?] [Pause.] when I get through talking I am going home again yes to see the [Three circles were drawn, two of them clearly representing the appearance of a rolling wheel in different positions, the meaning of which is seen in what is said just below.] you remember how the storms used to dash on the shore the waves [Pause.] yes how rough the[y] were

(Did I paint that picture?)

[Pause.] with [Erased. Pause.] not [Erased.] with the waves and foam yes yes and the shore too yes [Pause.] I will go there yes [pause.]

(Do you see anything else in the picture?)

what I told you of climbing on when I was a boy yes

[J. H. H. called in and entered room.]

and now when will we come again

(The light returns home today.)

not so we do not wish it

(I understand.)

can you not keep it

(No. Illness at home prevents it and the arrangement expires at this time.)

yes but we [pause] we must submit but we are going good control do you ud [understand.]

(Yes, that is correct.)

[Pause.] get get

(Yes, I got it.)

* * Father must say good night [Not read, as writing was very rapid.]

(Slowly! I can't read a line.)

[Pencil moved over to me—right-hand side—and paused until rubber shield was fixed.]

I said wait for father to say good by I * * [wish?] you thank you H Richard Hodgson

(Thank you, Hodgson, for all the good work.)

tell the friend to take them away

[Articles removed and Mr. T. left the room. Pause. Muscles of the hand relaxed and it rolled over to one side for a few moments and then resumed its proper tonicity for writing.]

[Change of Control.]

James and I have not had time to talk to you much but must say

(No, I have been busy with letting things go.)

but must say good * * ["work?"]

(Yes. Good-bye until we have another chance.)

and let it be soon as we can

(I shall have to find the funds for it first.)

many are called and few are chosen I used to say do you remf ["f" erased] remember it

(Perfectly.) [Note 282.]

[Pause.] tell mother for me she will remember it goodbye Son

(Good-bye, Father.)

R Hyslop.

[The hand ceased writing and the pencil fell over to one side and I removed it from the fingers. Presently the hand began to fumble over the pad and I inserted a new pencil and the following came.]

James James my son we must thank + [Imperator.]

282. The scripture quotation is a very characteristic one of my father. He used very often in life to quote it for certain purposes.

While this Report was going through the press I happened to have some sittings with Mrs. Smead for another purpose and the following came spontaneously and without any suggestion whatever from me. Tho there is nothing specially evidential in it there is sufficient pertinence in some of the incidents to give it a record with the rest.

May 31st, 1909.

* * * * *

[Change of Control.]

have been waiting so long for you Hyslop [pencil broke and new one inserted.] did you know we went to tell you about coming.

(No.)

[Pause.] sent to you about coming.

(When?)

[Pause.] * * [scrawls: "at," perhaps last two letters of "that."] * * man ["woman"?] in the city, yes.

(All right.)

[Pause.] that one I tried for last, yes, tried to have him send to you.

(Yes, what did you try to send?)

word [pause.] * * R. S. G. Y. do you know.

(I think so. Go on.)

yes, he came here with us, yes, yes, and that was why we told the light to go to you, yes. [Note 283.]

(Good.)

+ [sign of the cross.] yes.

(I understand.)

influence of the + [sign of the cross] yes.

(Yes.)

283. There were definite suggestions during last spring and summer at the sittings of Mr. Smead with Mrs. Smead that she should come to New York. No specific reason was given for it. But I arranged for those which have been printed above with the view of completing the tests for Mr. Gifford, having thought of it during the summer and concealing both my purpose and the case which I wished to investigate.

could not * * u u.d. [abbreviation for "you understand."]
can u u.d.

(Yes, perfectly.)

yes [pause.] - - - - - [interpreted as an effort to
make the signs for the Morse telegraphic alphabet.]

(Yes, I understand.)

yes - - - - - [Morse alphabet.]

(Yes, I understand that.) [Note 284.]

yes, glad to learn of it. you did get it right.

(Yes, I did.)

[Pause.] did the wife let you go into the studio as he wished.

(No, I could not well press that. It was all right.)

[Pause.] well [pause] wanted that you should be sure of his
position in life there.

(I understand.) [Note 285.]

evidence. (Yes.) yes, yes, and he is a good helper here.

(I understand.)

- - - - - [Morse alphabet.]

(Yes, I understand the telegraphing.)

284. The plan for which I had arranged the experiments came very near being defeated. During the experiments and before I could get Mr. Thompson to the city for sittings Mrs. Smead was called home on account of a sick child. But as the child suddenly recovered she seemed to be impressed by Imperator to return to satisfy the arrangement made, and the above sittings with Mr. Thompson present were held. During this time when I feared complete disappointment there was some telegraphing between us. Apparently the time meant is here indicated by the Morse alphabet.

285. This is a very pertinent reference to the desire that I should see Mr. Gifford's studio. I have often wished to do so, but owing to the fact that Mrs. Gifford was not at Nonquitt at the time and the various difficulties encountered in getting confirmation of the incidents I have had to relinquish that desire. Mrs. Smead knew nothing of my desire and nothing of the relevance of the message. She does not know that Mrs. Gifford is living, unless it could be inferred from the article published in Harper's Weekly recently, an article which Mr. and Mrs. Smead saw. But this was published long after I had completed my first experiments with Mrs. Smead, tho accessible for such suggestions as may have influenced these messages.

May 31st, 1909. 8 P. M.

* * * * *

[Change of Control.]

* * I wanted u [you] to get that influence, my . . . no, control, away. they did not want me to control, but I will not help unless I can talk myself.

(Yes.) yes, [pause.] (Good.)

* * yes, and [?] H tried to help * * there [pause] yes and + [cross.]

(Good.)

and also it was at the * * light [pause.]

(Who was this?)

yes, R. S. G. was at work.

(You mean at the other Light?)

yes.

(Good. I understand.)

yes [pause.] can you know that he worked from here as he did there by inspiration.

(“ Implication?”)

inspi . . . [read.] yes.

(All right.)

yes, give his [read “ give this ”] life here . . . no, he gives his life here to that work.

(I understand. That is what I thought.) [Note 286.]

yes [pause.] I did not have that kind of power, James, but Mary did to so . . . [read “ Mary did so.”] no, M A R Y did to some extent, do u [you] hear.

(Yes, I heard.)

yes [pause.]

(Who did Mary inspire?)

that was not what I said. she had the same kind of gift.

(I understand.)

286. “ Inspiration ” exactly describes the work of Mr. Gifford, if we may adopt the usual phraseology of Spiritualists. But while Mrs. Smead is not especially familiar with its technology the article mentioned and such knowledge as she has may have suggested this description.

mixing the colors. do you [pencil moved to right side of page, as if to indicate me] u d my way of telling u [you].

(Yes, perfectly.) [Note 287.]

On the first day the writing showed that Dr. Hodgson appeared to be the amanuensis. On this, the second day, it was apparently my father.

287. Mrs. Hyslop in her girlhood did paint some. Mrs. Smead knew nothing of this. None of my own family knows it. There are no evidences of it in my house which Mrs. Smead has seen.

Chapter V.

EXAMINATION OF THE EVIDENCE.

I. Classification and References.

I wish here, as far as it is possible, to classify the incidents in the order of their apparent evidential value. This will be quite difficult to do with any accuracy, as so much depends on the point of view and the relation of incidents to possible guessing or previous knowledge. But at least some approximate estimate may be made, especially for those facts which were obtained before there was any public knowledge of the case. All incidents that were obtained subsequent to this publicity may be discounted where they were suggested by what was published or actually referred to in this way. But there are many facts not known to the public and could not possibly have been known in any way to make them accessible to easy inquiry. Another difficulty is that the assignment of relative values depends on one's knowledge of the personalities involved and both their relation to the incidents and the peculiar circumstances and environment of the incidents themselves. Only those who know the persons concerned can fully appreciate the importance attached to the incidents, and this fact must extort the admission that the classification will have all the limitations of value which must attach to the judgment of myself in the case. But I have endeavored, as far as possible, to divest myself of my actual confidence in certain incidents and to assign them their apparent place according to an external standard.

I have adopted five different general divisions of the facts with two subdivisions for each. The subdivisions represent the distinction between merely supernormal facts or information and incidents which refer to the personal identity of certain deceased persons. This distinction I shall embody in divisions marked by parentheses with numbers enclosed.

“(1)” will represent evidence of identity and “(2)” of the supernormal merely. The four general divisions I shall mark by letters of the alphabet and they will represent only my judgment of different grades of merit in the evidence. No hard and fast rule can be used to distinguish between incidents, and there may be reasons for decided differences of opinion in some cases whether certain incidents should be marked high or low. But I think, in most cases, a careful study of the record will justify the general purport of the incidents as classified.

The letter A represents the best type of evidence, incidents whose apparent evidential value seems to me unmistakable and clear. B represents a class next inferior to the first and C the lowest grade of excellence. D represents confusions and error. E will mark the false, the unverified, and perhaps irrelevant incidents. Classes D and E, however, are very closely related to each other, and in fact often coincide. Hence incidents in Class E are stated for only one case, assuming that they coincide with D in the other instances. If further inquiry should verify any of them they would be assigned their place according to the circumstances.

One other important remark should be made. I have classified the incidents without reference to the distinction which would be established by drawing a line between the records made under test conditions and those which were made after the medium might have had an opportunity to obtain normal knowledge about the supposed communicator. The classification is based upon characteristics that assume the genuineness of the incidents for the sake of calling the attention to their pertinence psychologically, and hence intends to leave the whole issue of validity to other conditions.

I shall also summarize the incidents of each psychic alone and deal with the question of cross references independently.

1. **Sittings with Mrs. Rathbun.**

Class A.

(1) Reference to a man who was “fond of painting,” to his “calm and gentle nature, but not demonstrative,” to the man’s “splendid nose.” Reference to an aunt (pp. 100-101).

(2) Statements about Mr. Thompson's father and mother; the name Lou; the number of children; the description of the picture or vision; the manner of getting to the place by steamer and the thinness of the population; reference to Mr. Thompson's automatic writing; and the detection of the piece of lining, (pp. 101-102). Reference to hallucinations, impressions and being guided; to the experiences of passing out of the body; people's opinion of his sanity; to his obsession, his state of mind, wife's worry about him; people's opinion of his queerness; relation of his inspiration to his study; picture of the ocean and boats, and the winds, (pp. 134-146). Reference to a Latin name and personal identity, and the lost inspiration at the time (pp. 151-153). Picture in my house, snow-capped mountain and woman, Mr. Thompson's state of mind, and things in Mr. Thompson's pocket and name Paris (pp. 274, 276, 277 and 281).

Class B.

(1) Reference to the man's hands as like those of a woman; mention of "across the water"; the "unfinished work," the name Edward (pp. 100-102). The reference to a child (p. 140).

(2) Reference to the living lady and a "foreign language not unlike German"; to confusion about material things; to being misunderstood (pp. 99, 100, 134). Reference to Mr. Thompson's scientific interest in the subject; to the relation between his father and mother; to the wrecked boat near where he painted; to fine tools; to the attempt to escape the influence pursuing him, and to the Norfolk jacket (pp. 136, 141, 142, 147, 148). Symbolic reference to the future, and to his critic's suspicions (pp. 152, 153).

Class C.

(1) Reference to Scotland (p. 102), obsession for science (pp. 138, 141-142).

(2) Reference to experimenting and development, (pp. 133-134), apparent reference to his trade in "tick, tick," etc., (p. 136), being a "light" (p. 139). Reference to the cross,

(p. 147), to the six weeks finishing a picture (p. 150, and black paint box (p. 150).

Class D.

Reference to Austria, the Adirondacks, England, to suicide and rheumatism (pp. 101-104). Reference to uniform and associated incidents (p. 134), and to an operation on the supposed communicator as the cause of death (p. 135).

2. Sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth.

Class A.

(1) Reference to a rug, (p. 118), to fondness for rich colors (p. 119), to religious attitude of mind (p. 119), to honors after death (p. 120), to seal ring (p. 121), to going across the water (p. 124), to the time when the leaves are red (p. 126), to a tarpaulin (p. 126), to the mist and water (p. 126), to the color of the rug and the place where the trees to be painted were (p. 127), the names Lucy and William (pp. 128-129), to his two homes (p. 130), to china dishes (p. 130). The description of Mr. Gifford (p. 159), name of Louis (p. 165). Names of Daisy and Vivie (p. 195). Names Arthur and Addie (pp. 200, 203). The reference to two funeral services (p. 228), to two kinds of artistic work (p. 231), to the love for his old home and the colors there (p. 254), to the hills, water, and "brown stuff on the ground" (pp. 257-260), Mrs. Gifford's tramps with Mr. Gifford (p. 261), to the stacks of hay and the marshes or meadow lands (p. 264), to the loft and barn used as a studio, to his interest in misty days (pp. 267, 269), the name Watson (p. 270). References to his home near the ocean (p. 287), to his love for old-fashioned furniture and the description of various pieces (p. 288), to the "basket" of old brushes and their use (p. 290), to the incident of designing something in connection with the "Gorham people," (p. 291), to his having been on the "hanging line" in committees in connection with exhibitions (p. 293), to his communications elsewhere (p. 293), to the name Cox (p. 296), to the painting of a fish (p. 298), to the love of quiet scenes and not mountainous

ones (p. 298), to his interest in the Dutch school (p. 298), to the picture of an overhanging bank and boat with oak trees (p. 300), to the point of land, the ocean and the river and the steady lighthouse (pp. 301-302), to painting storms from the window (p. 305), to a deceased child figuring in a picture (p. 309), to his being with Mr. Thompson in his "dreams" or hallucinations (p. 312), to the incident of Mr. Thompson's standing on a bridge watching the reflection in the water while feeling the impulse to paint (p. 309), to the putting in of red and scarlet afterward in a certain picture (p. 327). Comparison of picture and real scene (p. 327).

(2) Reference to the "crispy" weather as the time of returning home (p. 132), and to the suddenness of the call to this work (p. 132); sitter's state of mind (p. 166), reference to the release of his spirit from the body (p. 172), to his hearing music (p. 173), and to a stringed instrument (p. 174), to a number of unfinished canvasses, to a trip to be taken (p. 183), the description of the picture of a cliff (p. 186), the reference to tears and crying (p. 191). Reference to the "stein" (p. 212), the blue plate and the china closet (p. 213), love of dogs (p. 259), reference to Mr. Thompson wanting to paint misty scenes (p. 269), to his painting in the storm with rubber boots and coat (p. 304), to his condition of mind (p. 312), to finding places through guidance, and to the vision of the angel of death and the mountain (pp. 326-328).

Class B.

(1) Reference to communicator's interest in expressing himself (p. 116), to habit of folding his hands and holding them in his pocket and walking about the room (p. 116), to the tiring of his eyes at work (p. 117), to the unfinished nature of his work (p. 117), to the concentration in his work (p. 117), to his tenderheartedness (p. 120), to wearing soft leather shoes (p. 123), to the description of the place in which he worked in the country (p. 125), to his having illustrations of Greek and Roman art (p. 125), and to the name Henry (p. 127). Reference to a steamer and a trip (p. 208), and to the journey just before death (p. 211). Reference to his interest in the sky (p. 231), to his "smoking" (p. 245), description

of the picture on the easel (p. 247), to his not thinking it was the last time he would be at his studio (p. 248), to "black and white" kind of work and pen and ink drawing (p. 268), to his two kinds of drawing (p. 253). Reference to love of inland and quiet views (p. 289), to his membership of the National Academy, tho the name "Academy" was not mentioned (p. 292).

(2) Character reading of Mr. Thompson (p. 113). Reference to Mr. Thompson's constant contact with "spirits" (p. 114), and to his "writing" and resting, or working spasmodically (p. 119), description of his tramps and painting in a gully (p. 259).

Class C.

(1) Description of Gifford's fingers and hand (p. 116), reference to the "pencilings" on walls in his room (p. 124), giving of letter T, which is the initial of the name Thompson (p. 131). The name Frank (p. 165). The relation of Dr. S—— to Dr. Hodgson (p. 201). Reference to Gifford's city house and workshop (p. 210), to the picture that was the favorite of him and his wife (p. 307).

(2) Mr. Thompson's lack of confidence in himself (p. 128). Reference to the fewness of Mr. Thompson's friends (p. 162).

Class D.

The name Herbert (p. 115), reference to stomach trouble as the cause of death of communicator, the statue in the room (p. 123), the name Arthur (p. 129), the incident of the pocket-book (pp. 169, 208), the description of the desk and "low light" (p. 211), the names Arthur Johnson (p. 216), and Priscilla, with description of the latter (p. 223), the book described as "stellar geography" (p. 226), the window looking to the west in his studio (p. 244), the closet for clothes, etc. (p. 249), relation to Whistler (p. 253), reference to the Clyde Line (p. 255), to "Essex" (p. 257), to hemlocks and pines (p. 260), name Davis (p. 262), description of road, fence, post office, etc. (p. 263), reference to Gifford's love of miniatures (p. 293), to his intention to paint a big canvas with the

figure of a woman (p. 295), to his illness in Munich (p. 303), to pillow (p. 306), to Paul Bourget (p. 310).

3. **Sittings with Mrs. Smead.**

I do not give the subdivisions of the incidents in the sittings of Mrs. Smead. The reader will detect them easily himself. I leave them unclassified, also, for the further reason that, being easily detected, they will illustrate clearly the interfusion of the communicator's and sitter's personalities in the phenomena. This, in fact, holds true of the whole record, but it is possible that the record of Mrs. Smead makes it clearer.

Class A.

The reference to the gilt frame picture near the door (p. 343). Reference to an "oil painting," said to be a landscape and meaning the one near the door (p. 348). Allusion to uncovered pictures (p. 351). Calling the communicator an artist, when the previous statements rather implied that the sitter was this (p. 352). Description of pictures as unfinished (p. 352). Reference to the picture which it was said that I had (p. 353). Description of the picture which apparently refers to the unfinished painting of Mr. Gifford (p. 353) Cf. Figure XVIII. Statement that communicator and sitter were not together at time of former's death (p. 356). Initial G (p. 359), and initials R. G. and R. S. G. (pp. 361, 362). Reference to the cross and the ocean (p. 365). Reference to the Elizabeth Islands and the direction in which they lay and the location as on the Atlantic coast (pp. 364, 366). Statement that he had painted landscapes there (p. 366), statement that he had sketched trees there (p. 366). Reference to his mother's cottage and the ownership of it (p. 366). Description of the effect of the wind on the trees and blowing them "away over" (p. 367). Reference to the storms that beat the shore of the island (p. 369).

Class B.

Mr. Thompson's reading and smoking (p. 343). Reference to the "influences" and their place in this problem (p.

349). Pertinence of the advice about using his own, the communicator's, paints and brushes (p. 357). The advice to teach (p. 357). The phrase "speaking to the machine" (p. 359).

Class C.

The spontaneous distinction of communicators and the recognition of a man and woman (pp. 341, 347). The letter S as a possible initial in the name (p. 346). The promise to aid in Mr. Thompson's work, implying obsession as it appeared (p. 354). Advice to take his pictures to an Art Exhibition (p. 357).

Class D.

Reference to mountains in a picture as a possible mistake for hills (p. 349). Name of island as Marchan (p. 368).

Class E.

Reading at night and hurting his eyes (p. 347). Apparent statement that the communicator sketched a cross and rocks on the coast (p. 362). Swimming the ocean, frightening his mother, climbing the trees (p. 366).

From one point of view some of those in Class D might be regarded as belonging to Class A. For instance, the name Marchan is not only so nearly correct, but also represents that kind of a mistake that makes it evidential.

4. Sitting with Mrs. Salter.

This sitting was so confused that it is useless to classify the incidents as in the above. None belong to Class A, unless the reference to painting and drawing can be placed there, and perhaps the reference to "mental pictures," and that to "brown and red." The reference to his mediumistic power and automatic writing is a coincidence and so are some other incidents.

I have indicated that I have classified the incidents according to their apparent value as evidence of either spirits or of supernormal information. This was not so much a concession to differences of views about the matter as it was designed to reserve a judgment regarding the point of view

from which such real or alleged evidence might be estimated. The main standard for determining the place of an incident had to be, not only its pertinence to the person or situation concerned, but especially its relation to the context. We can imagine, rather we should be obliged to admit, that some incidents might point clearly to the identity of a given person but have their value as evidence wholly nullified by their relation to antecedent statements. For instance, take the reference to a rug and the communicator's fondness for it. If this had been mentioned in connection with general remarks about a floor and its covering the hit would have been exposed to the suspicion of being a guess. But coming abruptly and without any natural association with incidents mentioned previously it obtains much importance. It is the same with many other incidents abruptly mentioned. Their context must be an important factor in determining the place they shall occupy in the rank of evidence.

Another instance of this abruptness is the allusion to a tarpaulin (p. 126). It comes out without any special relation to the context. There is no necessary relation between fish and tarpaulins, and much less is there any natural relation between tarpaulins and reference to the time when Mr. Thompson is told he will go to the scene of Gifford's work. But its pertinence to what follows is perfect and suggests the fragmentary transmission of external messages rather than even a guessing mind.

The reader may remark this sort of thing as very common and it affects the right to classify incidents as apparent evidence, and in fact may determine this character for them. The two illustrations will suffice to indicate to students the ground on which some facts take rank as evidence and the criterion may be applied at pleasure.

But there is another circumstance which has some importance in the case. I have been obliged to adopt a certain external standard of merit in the incidents when assigning them their apparent place in a scale of merit. This required me to place some incidents among mistakes and confusions. For instance, take the references to trouble with the stomach and an operation as apparently attributed to Mr. Gifford, the

reference to the Clyde Line of steamers, the name "Essex," the intention to paint a big canvas with a figure of a woman in it, and perhaps the account of the pocket-book.

Some of the incidents in Classes B and C might possibly be suspected of having a rightful place in D, the reference to "smoking," for instance, and the picture said to be a favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Gifford.

II. Summary and Evaluation.

The classification of evidence limited itself to the incidents of the mediumistic experiments which were undertaken to ascertain how much weight could be given to the spontaneous experiences of Mr. Thompson. In the present summary we shall have to include Mr. Thompson's side of the problem and I shall epitomize his experiences first.

1. Mr. Thompson's Experiences.

I assume here that the question of his veracity has been decided and that we have only to reckon with his liability to errors of judgment and apperception in his statements. I have found him occasionally exposed to these, but only under the embarrassments of a sitting where his own mind was bent upon interpreting the messages as having the desired source, he not knowing from any previous experience what the liabilities for confusion are. Otherwise and in all normal situations I have found him as free from risk in these matters as the most of us. In all critical situations he has been found to be as scrutinizing and as careful as any one could be desired to be in the observation and statement of the facts. Hence I shall treat his narrative as I do the mediumistic record.

There is the sudden impulse to paint and sketch pictures under the impression that he is Mr. Gifford before he knew of the death of Mr. Gifford, a psychological fact that coincides with all that we know of telepathy as a phenomenon and of mediumistic receptivity to outside influences. This psychological peculiarity is supported by the sketches that are the physical equivalent of his visions, and the visions of trees and

scenes assume the form of extraneously induced hallucinations after the model of telepathic apparitions between the living. Then came the auditory hallucination, not provably veridical, tho like those we regard as such, when he was in the American Art Gallery.

The experiences, however, which have more or less confirmatory evidence of their veridical character are those connected with scenes and pictures which he had never seen. The first is represented in the sketch of the Nashawena scene and the picture on Mr. Gifford's easel. The identity of the sketch and the painting by Gifford would not be disputed by any one whatever theory he had to account for it. This will be apparent by references to Figures XVII, XVIII and XX. A similar incident is the identity of the sketch of the "Battle of the Elements" and the scene on the island of Nonamesset. In both instances I had the original sketch in my possession before the originals represented by them were found. The identity in this latter case is also apparent, when the distinctive characteristics of the scene are observed, and the veridical nature of the vision from which the sketch was made established as fully as Mr. Thompson's veracity, especially when the mediumistic experiences corresponding to the incidents are taken into account as more or less protecting his narrative.

There is also the correspondence between several other sketches and pictures and scenes afterwards found. There is first the wood and open field represented by Figure IX and the picture at the left on Mr. Gifford's easel as seen in Figure XIX. There is also the sketch represented in Figures XXXVII and XXXVIII and their correspondence with the picture on the easel at the right in Figure XIX, representing a team of oxen and an ocean or bay scene. Again there is the resemblance, one might almost say identity, between the sketch represented in Figure XXXV and the scene painted and represented in Figure XXXVI. Similar instances will be found in the sketch represented in Figure XXXIII and the photograph of the scene represented in Figure XXXIV, and also the identity or resemblance between Figure IV and Figure XL, the former being a sketch put in my hands before

the original scene was discovered and before the photograph of the latter was taken. The same remark holds true of Figures XXXIII and XXXIV. The resemblance between Figure X, which represents a sketch made long before the visit to the island where the scene was found represented in Figure XLI, illustrates the same general evidence of veridical experiences. Another and auditory experience is found in the narrative of the voice which led to the discovery of Mr. Gifford's initials cut in the bark of a tree (p. 76 and Figure XXXIX).

Nearly all of these latter instances depend more or less on the testimony of Mr. Thompson, but when this has been established in crucial instances and when many of the latter are complicated with the record, which his sketches placed in my hands before verification confirm, there is a strong presumption at least that they can be given a corresponding value as evidence, corroborative at least.

There are also the incidents narrated in the diary which represent a contemporary account of personal experiences. The frequent hearing of music, as if on stringed instruments, coinciding with Mr. Gifford's passion for this kind of music and all unknown to Mr. Thompson, and various features of Mr. Thompson's unconscious discovery of the scenes that had haunted his visions, are all consonant with the experimental evidence for extraneous influences upon his mind. They do not suffice to prove a case, but do serve an important function in a collective mass of similar phenomena.

2. Mediumistic Incidents.

In this summary of facts we shall distinguish between the records made before the psychics had an opportunity to know what I was doing or who Mr. Thompson was, and the records made after it became known that I was interested in such a case. The evidential value of the facts obtained in the first instance will appear to most people to be stronger than the later. But the test incidents will more or less protect those which will seem less so, while the experiments with Mrs. Smead will protect all of them.

In the first sitting with Mrs. Rathbun the evidence is somewhat fragmentary, tho perhaps not more so than is usual in this kind of work. But such as it was it is direct and pertinent. The hints of the presence of Mr. Thompson's grandmother are not so clear as is desirable, tho pertinent as far as they go. But the description of Mr. Gifford and the statement that the man seen was a painter were direct and fairly good hits. The description of the group of trees, including a reference to the color of the leaves and the fallen tree, corresponding to the branch finally found on the actual scene and apparent in the sketch which was in my hands, and the indication that the locality could be found by taking a boat and that it was not England, a possible mode of correcting a mistake about New England, were excellent hits, and would not appear to be due to chance. It was such a group of trees as was described by the psychic that had haunted Mr. Thompson's visions for some eighteen months.

The first sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth was held under equally good conditions. The incidents that suggest the presence of a particular person were exceedingly fragmentary in this first experiment, except in one instance which will be quoted in full. But they are suggestive enough to require notice as so pertinent at times as to be clear in the implications. They appear buried in a mass of apparently irrelevant chaff, but at times this chaff merges nicely with an unexpected incident that bears directly on the personality of the communicator desired. Among these was an abrupt reference to a rug and the communicator's fondness for them which was found to be true of Mr. Gifford. What was more striking much later in the sitting, in connection with an apparent reference to the group of trees that had infested his visions for so long, was the reference to a rug again which had been found at the foot of Mr. Gifford's easel and which had the same colors as the foliage of the scene found and painted. It was the abrupt and unconnected reference to the rug in this first instance, not representing an inferrible incident from the environment in which it occurred, that determines its pertinence. In close proximity to it came an allusion to the fact that the communicator was fond of rich colors

and flesh tints which seems to have been true, if we may judge from some of the actual paintings of autumn scenes that characterized Mr. Gifford. Later there was a similar abrupt reference to a tarpaulin, which it was the habit of Mr. Gifford to wear in some of his boating and painting. There were more or less definite allusions to the communicator's relation to Mr. Thompson, as influencing or inspiring his work. This latter fact, however, cannot be given any important evidential significance, as some such relation might have been implied by Mr. Thompson's questions. But the facts mentioned, which characterized some of the private habits of Mr. Gifford, tho no name accompanied their mention, were more suggestive of the supernormal. The name Herbert came in connection with the alleged communicator which might have been a mistake for Robert, and which was a Christian name of the supposed communicator, and yet might have another interpretation altogether, besides being treated as a guess, especially when the name Charles, itself wholly false, was given for the same supposed personality. In spite of the admission of possible inference from remarks of the sitter, as above indicated, they were not definite enough to suggest so pertinent a reference as the following, which came after a series of denials on Mr. Thompson's part that the messages were pertinent and with the insistence that the communicator present was not to be denied his identity. "The time is not far distant when I shall be able to express myself without a flaw. In the past I have been able to say some things." In the light of previous and later developments this apparently hits the situation well, and is not easily inferrible from its environment.

The description of Mr. Gifford, which accompanied this message, tho not clearly supernormal, was correct as far as it went, indicating the character of his hand and the habit of holding his hands in his pockets, and other minor characteristics. The allusion to a key ring, if it had proved to be verifiable, would have been a striking incident. The allusion to his sudden death and unfinished work, to the condition of his studio, apparently to the same woman that appears in the various sittings with other psychics, and especially to misty

scenes which were favorites of Mr. Gifford, are all very suggestive, especially as they are not accompanied by any radically contradictory incidents to show guessing. But the important incident of this sitting was an apparent description of the trees and their locality which had appeared in the visions of Mr. Thompson. It came out in response to a statement of Mr. Thompson intimating his desire for information regarding it, and to some extent giving away the case, tho not in the details that after all make the message noteworthy.

Mr. Thompson said to the psychic: "There is a picture of an old group of trees near the ocean. I would like to get it. Can you see it?" He supposed that Mr. Gifford might have intended to paint such a scene, and wanted to find the scene that he might paint it himself. He rightly assumed that, if Mr. Gifford were actually present, he might tell where the trees were and something about them that would lead to their discovery. The result was the following statements by the medium, including Mr. Thompson's part of the colloquy (p. 127).

"Do you think that it is one that he is giving you?"

(I think it is, yes. I feel that I must go out into nature and paint those trees.)

I want to tell you, little boy, I think he has seen the trees and I think he is giving you the picture of it. I think you will see them too. I don't know the place, but it looks like that to me. When you go up here on this hill, as I told you about, and ocean in front of you it will be to your left, and you will go down a little incline, almost a gully, and then up a little bit and a jut out. That is just the way it seems. Now you have this so that you can follow, can't you? They look like gnarled old trees. There is one that stands up quite straight, and some roots that you can see, not dead, but part dead. Some are roots and gnarled, and then the rest. They are nice.

(Beautiful coloring.)

Oh, beautiful! But that is what you will get if you are right on the spot. You will get those soft colors, just like this old rug, that he likes very much that has some soft colors."

When the group of trees was finally found it was proved that this description of the place was perfectly accurate, tho it would probably not have led any one to the locality or the special scene. The account supplements the one given by Mrs. Rathbun (p. 103). When facing the ocean, the trees are on the left, and to reach them you have to go down a little gully and then up. They were gnarled oak trees and standing as described. There was one crooked limb on one of the trees, near the ground that resembles a root in this respect, as is apparent in Figure XXX. The trees were situated on a little promontory and so a "jut out," some three or more hundred feet long and perhaps twenty feet wide or more. When painted in the autumn the trees had colored leaves of the red and brown tone which were favorites of Mr. Gifford. The rug alluded to, as indicated above, had the same colors, according to the statement of Mr. Thompson, as the trees and was found at the foot of Mr. Gifford's easel.

A few things were said that were relative to Mr. Thompson and did not tend to prove the identity of Mr. Gifford. The most striking was that Mr. Thompson would go out and paint the trees, a statement quite inferrible from his expressed desire, but the statement that he would come back when the weather was "crisp and cool" was not implied by anything that was said. Mr. Thompson did go out and returned in December when the weather was cool.

There was a considerable number of other hits, less complicated and evidential than those already indicated, but which were not inferrible from anything that was said. It is impossible to make them clear in a summary devoted to the most striking incidents. The careful student of the detailed record will not fail to mark them.

One incident, however, of another psychic should be mentioned in this connection, as a part of the matter relating to the group of gnarled oak trees. As we had not found, in two trips, the trees which he had painted and of which we were seeking to photograph Mr. Thompson became convinced that he could not find them unaided and sought the assistance of Mrs. S., a psychic known to both of us, and the

result of his sitting with her was the following, of which he made a record the same day. It was as follows:— (p. 84.)

“I see the trees. They are on a rounding bank. The land slopes down. One limb is not there. It has blown away or been struck by lightning. It changes the appearance of the tree.

(Do you see any landmarks by which I can locate them?)

The water bends around quickly and beyond is where men have been at work. I see something like a round building. I can't see what it is; it may be used for cattle or a bridge, like a rustic bridge. In front is a cleared place, then trees beyond.

(On what part of the island is it?)

You face the rising sun. I see houses near it. It is not exactly east, when you face the rising sun; it is on your left hand.

(Are there trees near it?)

When you stand on the bridge and face south they are on the left hand.”

The sloping land reminds us of the gully in Mrs. Chenoweth's statements, the direction in which they would be found is the same. There is a bridge near the trees, not exactly a rustic bridge, but one resembling such, and looking east the trees are on the left. Looking south there are trees on the left, and while there are no houses very near, there are several to the west not far off, and there is a decided bend in the little bay near the bridge. One important limb had been broken off, evidently by the wind and not by lightning.

The summer and fall work intervened between the earlier sittings and further experiments which I undertook to strengthen the case. The first sitting which I held with this in view was with Mrs. Rathbun in April, 1908. The important incidents affecting the supernormal did not seem to concern any one but Mr. Thompson. Little or nothing occurred that affected the personal identity of Mr. Gifford or any one else. As evidence of something supernormal the hits were too striking and pertinent to disregard them. With the interpretation of them we are not concerned at present. The first statement, occurring very near the beginning of the

séance represented the exact truth and could not be known to the psychic. It was as follows:—

“ You have been questioned regarding your honesty, so far as intuitions, impressions or—some might call them hallucinations, for you have a very peculiar power.”

Every word of this was true. His friends and artists to whom he had shown some of his pictures and told his story did think him a victim of hallucinations, and a “ peculiar power ” very well describes his work, accepting the genuineness of his experiences. No less has his honesty been questioned, as readers of the detailed report will discover.

Then came an allusion to a lady who was said to be influencing him from the other side of life, practically implying what was indicated at the first sitting more than a year previous. A reference followed to the confused state of Mr. Thompson’s “ material ” conditions, which was exactly correct, if it meant his financial affairs and things generally, as the obsession by the impulse to paint had prevented his following his natural employments. The reference to “ uniform,” especially in its close connection with the allusion to his having twice nearly passed out of the body, suggests the tarpaulin of Mrs. Chenoweth’s sitting. Mr. Thompson did have two experiences which he had described as like dying, and in one he came near being dashed to pieces on the rocks by the waves when he was painting a marine view wearing a tarpaulin. One of his experiences with the sensation of dying was fully described in his diary before the medium made any reference to such an idea.

An interesting allusion was made to an operation upon a man who was said to be communicating. Mr. Gifford did not have an operation, but died from angina pectoris. Mr. Thompson, however, witnessed the funeral of a man while on the island painting, who died from the effects of an operation, and states that he was profoundly affected by the experience. A number of very striking statements were made about a ring of Mr. Thompson’s, saying that it was not purchased at a store but made by himself and that the “ center part of it ”

came from another source than the rest of it, which was true, but not important. Apparently there was some guessing in connection with this. But the abrupt allusion to his father in the same connection had a feature in it of some interest, as his invalidism had suggested an institution as the proper place for his care, but it had not been carried out. The fact could not have been known. The sea was then mentioned and the uniform again, with some perplexity as to their association, but the reader will see the relevance of their connection from the above note. The reference to the man with whiskers and a boat is relevant to Mr. Gifford tho not evidential, while the sudden reference to a child suggests two interpretations that need not be explained in a summary. A reference to his four months struggle was perfectly correct. After some very direct statements about the way his friends spoke and thought of his actions the psychic said one very striking thing. "One little bit of a lady in your life worries about you a great deal and is afraid you won't be practical." This is a most apt description of the size and fears of Mrs. Thompson at the time. She told me her feelings and fears at the time and was quite distracted about the outlook, naturally enough. Mr. Thompson was not very practical under this obsession. The medium, however, said his friends "would rather he were more practical than interested in the spiritual" and added that "they cannot stop you, because it is not hallucination or insanity," remarking further that his work was influenced by spirits.

His normal occupation was fairly indicated, tho not named, and then the psychic returned to his art, addressing me as I came into the room and describing a picture which she had not mentioned previously.

"I have seen for this gentleman a picture of a scene like an ocean and the blue is very wonderfully clear and the sails are just as if the wind was blowing everywhere. It is so clear to me that I feel as if I want to see whether it is pastel, oil, water color, or what, but it is a marine and I feel the inspiration in that picture that you are interested in is more inspiration than education or

study, because the ideas are given you through the forces that are unseen." (p. 145.)

I was especially interested in one picture at this time, namely the "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI) and subsequently took it. Mrs. Rathbun knew nothing of the fact and I had not formed any resolution to take it at that time. The reference to the wind blowing may be an association of the idea referred to, but taken with the fact that the locality of the scene painted in the picture was noted for its winds, it may have another suggestion.

The pertinence of much that is said cannot be appreciated without reading the detailed record and the notes, but there is nothing that would prove the presence of Mr. Gifford in this case, tho there are hints of the same personality which we identify with him later.

The first reference at the second sitting with Mrs. Rathbun the next evening was to a cross which was interpreted by the medium symbolically and hence can hardly be said to have any importance evidentially. The reference to a black box, said not to be a satchel, but "folding over and like a music folio" described very well Mr. Thompson's means of carrying around his materials. A prophecy that a certain piece of work would be finished in six weeks from that time was fulfilled, but cannot be treated as important. The next incident was a message purporting to come from a woman and said to be Latin and symbolically referred to as "wrapped under the folds of this head covering," and the letter "R" given as in it. Then was added: "She says, now he knows I am his inspiration." Mr. Thompson had a vision of a lady who told him she was his "Alter Ego," and he did not know the meaning of it until I told him, and asked him to keep it quiet. Mrs. Rathbun could not have known the fact. Immediately came an allusion to a woman and child as representing something he had seen in his visions. The fact was that, as he finished the picture of the group of trees represented in the "Battle of the Elements" (Figure XXVI), he saw the vision of a woman and child interfused with the scene and he had been haunted ever since with the passion to paint

something like a madonna and child which he finally did. There was a sudden and inexplicable allusion to "clay or pottery," except that it might refer to some work he had done in a school for design at the instigation of the company by whom he was employed. It was pertinent and true to say that Mr. Thompson drew much under the trees, tho perhaps not evidential. A reference to Egypt, perhaps misinterpreted by the consciousness of the psychic, was relevant to the identity of Mr. Gifford as he had visited that country and painted a picture of a scene there (Figure XXXI). Another allusion to the Latin word which was now acknowledged ended the sitting with no definite evidence of Mr. Gifford.

The next two sittings were with Mrs. Chenoweth and were on April 10th and 11th, a month before there was any public knowledge of my special interest in the case. The reader of the detailed record will find his search for definite incidents rather disappointing, tho it is all pertinent and many distinct hints of the right thing made clear, tho buried in a mass of general talk. Supernormal information is evident, tho it would not strike most people as such until they had become familiar with this subject in much better matter.

Mr. Gifford was fairly well described in several characteristics physical and mental, with some errors, and the intimation made that he was influencing Mr. Thompson. The name Charles was mentioned with the implication that it was that of the communicator, the same name having been given at her first sitting a year previous. It was relevant to Mr. Thompson apparently, but not to anything or any person in connection with Mr. Gifford, so far as ascertainable, and so has to be treated as a guess. Mr. Thompson's business was indicated in fairly clear terms and it was said that "this man," the communicator, had been with him "as far back as this," meaning evidently some time in connection with his goldsmith work. The statement was true so far as time and employment were concerned. The reference to a woman in the "spirit world" and the entire account of her relation to Mr. Thompson fitted what had been told through Mrs. Rathbun in her first and later sittings and also what was said the year previous through Mrs. Chenoweth, tho she did not know

that I had brought the same sitter. We may assume that her subliminal had recognized the man's identity. Mr. Thompson's middle name was given and an allusion, like Mrs. Rathbun's, to his unsettled conditions of mind and body, a very pertinent statement because of the embarrassed state of his finances and relation to his old employment at the time. This was followed by a description of Mr. Gifford's work at painting, evidently to identify him, but the medium wholly misinterpreted it to refer to writing, and so made the same mistake as Mrs. Salter (p. 106). The incident as understood by Mrs. Chenoweth was wholly false. But immediately following she described a pocket-book, brown, old and shiny, long as a bill book, with papers in it. Later in a deep trance and by automatic writing, the same psychic referred to it again with more details. Mr. Gifford had no such pocket-book and in fact seems to have disliked them, but he did have a sketch book, and in fact many of them, which this account might describe. Then came the following statement having much interest. "Did you ever have a feeling as if you were away from the body, above everything, sometimes?" Mr. Thompson replied in the affirmative, and further statements were made referring to the agency of outside influences producing this effect upon Mr. Thompson. The fact of this source is unverifiable, but the reader will recall the statements of Mrs. Rathbun regarding the same phenomenon and their truth.

The next incident was quite as striking. The psychic said: "You have got a sort of hearing. It is not definitely unfolded yet, but there are times when you can get strains of music, just as it floats about you. People don't seem to understand you, do they, around you?" Then followed a long and accurate description of Mr. Thompson's habits at the time, none of it being specifically evidential, except the allusion to his "dreams that he has sometimes" and his "throwing himself down sometimes at night and looking and trying to see the spirits as tho he felt such dreams." Previously the name Louie had been given, which is Mr. Thompson's, and was associated with a pencil "as tho he writes a little to-day and then stops, and then writes a little more, etc.," describing

exactly his habits of painting, not writing. The reference to hearing music is very pertinent, as the diary shows (p. 53). Mr. Thompson has frequently heard strains of music which were purely hallucinatory. His visions can be described as waking dreams and he has often thrown himself down as indicated and given way to his visions. The reference soon after this to a stringed instrument, like a harp, repeats the allusion to music and the expression "looking around and seeing no one" is evident reference to Mr. Thompson's experiences on the island when at work. The diary shows exactly what he heard and did, and no more accurate indication of what is meant could be given short of using his language. The allusion to his making music with his hands, tho not rightly related by the psychic, was also very striking, for he often ceased his painting and played a zither to get inspiration. I have seen him do this.

At the next sitting there was a great deal of "chaff," tho interspersed here and there with relevant, but not evidential matter. The allusion to Mr. Thompson's mother was not out of the way, tho not important, and the reference to "Or-rin" as a name had no meaning, unless it was an error for "Orient" in which Mr. Gifford had some interest. After some allusion to Mr. Thompson's fearfulness about his art and advice not to fear, there was a sudden inquiry by the psychic if he did not "have a lot of canvases," which was true, but without special significance until the following was said (p. 186):

"Well, I am looking down on the floor and I see two or three sizes there, and I pull one up and when I pull it up, it is like a great cliff you know.

(Yes.)

As tho it is yellow and then blue sea out there.

(Yes, yes.)

Have you got one like that?

(Yes.)

After some further reference to non-evidential features in it, the statement was made by the psychic: "That doesn't

seem to be like New York. It seems like some other scene further off," and then added, "You had help about that."

Figure XXXVI represents what was apparently indicated by this reference. It is a scene with a yellow bluff on Cuttyhunk and never seen by Mr. Thompson until it was painted, tho he had visited the island earlier in his life. But he had sketched a scene which represents the same spot from his visions which is illustrated in Figure XXXV. This may coincide with the statement that he was "helped about that."

The references that followed regarding the influence of other artists have no evidential importance, tho it is interesting, in connection with his frequent vision of a woman claiming to influence him, that a woman seems prominently associated with the medium's statements.

The record of Mrs. Chenoweth after this becomes automatic writing, for the reason that her previous work failed to make the communicator's identity evident. Besides the experiments from this time on represent results attained after the newspapers had alluded to the case and my interest in it. The critic may find reason to discount the evidence to the extent that opportunity was open for getting information casually or otherwise. I shall summarize the incidents, but leave their evaluation to the reader.

In the first of the sittings for automatic writing the communications wandered on without relevance to any one that I was wishing to come, until Mr. Thompson happened to move in his chair, when suddenly the medium descried a "spirit" standing near him and began communications relevant to Mr. Gifford. The first allusion was to incidents that indicated familiarity with horses. He used to ride some, but not much. Then came a reference to a boat which was very pertinent, as he was very fond of boating, and following this the incident of the pocketbook was repeated.

"Suddenly he pulls out an old wallet worn and smooth and shiny and with a strap around it, one of the old style and he opens it and takes out some papers and some money. The money, at least some of it, looks very old and worn. The papers are rather important and one looks like a burial permit."

Mr. Gifford, as remarked above, had no pocketbooks and disliked them. But he had many sketch books which he wrapped in rubber bands and which might be mistaken for the real thing in the apparent hallucinations which make a prominent feature of mediumistic communications. He had no burial permit, but he had a permit to visit the island of Nashawena, and this had to be visited, of course, by boat.

The description of his room and desk contains no recognizable incidents of evidential value, but the statement that he took a little journey just before he passed away is true. The reference to a friend, giving the initial H did not lead to identification of the person apparently meant, as he was compared to the family physician whose name did not begin with H.

In the next sitting, during the subliminal stage of the trance and before the automatic writing began, reference was made to a large city, with the details indicating some foreign place. Houses not high, flat, of brick or tiles, near the ocean, between the sea and a river, white sand on the beach, people strangely dressed, objects like obelisks about, suggesting church spires but not these, resemblances to a Spanish town, and "something brought from there by a person you know, bits of things like little stones, bits of jewels, a whole handful of them."

These incidents recalled a vision Mr. Thompson had of a foreign country with strange houses and a shore covered with white sand. He had in his possession a number of glass jewels or crystals that had been brought from Paris, and that were alluded to also by Mrs. Rathbun.

In the automatic writing the woman mentioned and described might be Mr. Thompson's grandmother who seems to be present frequently, but nothing evidential came, and in a moment the capital letter "S" came which might have been the middle initial of Mr. Gifford's name but for the fact that it was clearly intended for Sidgwick, who was said to have tried to communicate at the previous sitting. The apparent effort was to ascertain who it was that I wanted to communicate, and by my intimation that it was not Prof. Sidgwick the communications began with a reference to the journey

before the death of the person wanted, and at once there came the statement that the body was moved after death and before the service, which was true tho not important. There was some confusion of characteristics and incidents that would have been more relevant to Prof. Sidgwick than to Mr. Gifford, until a reference came to a book with "black spheres scattered through it." A comparison was made with stellar geography. Such figures are often used in illustrations and Mr. Gifford had done illustrating, but none of this kind was verified in his work, tho he did illustrate some books.

There were two funerals alleged, or rather two services, which was true and some reference made to certain persons having to hurry away to the train on the occasion, indicating that it was possibly Mr. Thompson. It was not he, and tho it was true of a few persons no one to whom it would apply is recalled. Nor does any one recall the placing of a handkerchief on the face in the casket, as asserted by the psychic. The incident looks like an overflow of the subliminal memory of an incident that was true of a relative of mine who purported to communicate some time previous to this and, among a number of veridical incidents, told one resembling this.

The description which followed of a building is not identifiable, tho the incident of seeing the sitter, Mr. Thompson in it with what he did there, might apply to what occurred when Mr. Thompson visited the American Art Gallery a year after Mr. Gifford's death. But as the incidents were not clear enough to indicate who was communicating I intimated as much and in order to show who it was communicating an allusion was made to color which led me to remark that this was correct and in the right line. In a moment an allusion was made to the communicator's love of the sky which seems to have been characteristic of Mr. Gifford, as perhaps of artists generally. Apparently he tried to communicate directly, but failed and his place was taken by one of the trance personalities who indicated with some definiteness that the communicator was an artist and that he had died without finishing his work, which was true.

In the subliminal stage, as the psychic came out of the

trance, incidents relevant to Mr. Thompson were indicated. He was recognized as an artist, and without any natural association of such a calling with horses the message came as follows (p. 236):

“ You ask him if he ever had a great big horse that he rode on, horseback, you know, this man.

(Yes, he did.)

I can see him back to on the horse. He is himself athletic. It is not athletic like one plays base ball. It is a different kind.”

When a boy Mr. Thompson used to ride a large horse “back to” and is himself athletic in size but not employments. Mrs. Chenoweth had not seen him in her normal state. Some allusion to the influence of color on Mr. Thompson and his liking for yellow was made that was true and the sitting ended.

At the next sitting there was again some non-evidential references to great artists and then to a “pennant like a flag floating out from a little boat” said to be coming out to a point with some red and white in it. Next to “the staff was a little square of blue.” Mr. Gifford had a pennant on his boat, but no flag. Mrs. Gifford thought the pennant was red and white. The allusion to pearls immediately afterward was not intelligible. After some relevant statements about artists and this one in particular which had no importance evidentially the attempt was made to describe the communicator’s habits in connection with his house. But it was a failure. But the description of him as walking about at his work and being active and restless seems to have been true. Suddenly a reference was made to a “funny little cap,” a soft cap and not a skull cap, which was said to be hung on his easel. Mr. Gifford had many caps, but it is not recalled that he had any habit of hanging them on the easel, tho it is admitted that it was possible. At this point I asked if there was anything else on the easel, having in mind the picture represented by Figure XVIII. The reply was as follows (p. 247):

“ Yes, indeed, I see it. It is quite a good sized one. Yes, in-

deed there is a picture there and the picture is a scene. It is not a person; not a portrait. It is a scene and I can see away off in it. It isn't all done, you know. It is partly done, so that you can see pretty nearly what it is. But there are some trees in it and there is some foreground that is lighter and then the background seems dark but some trees, and I think I catch some glimpses of light in through. It doesn't look like a scene around here. It seems as tho there is some sky in it and that it is very brilliant. Everything he did is brilliant, brilliant colorings."

All the incidents in this description are identifiable in the one represented in the illustration referred to above, tho we may not think them good enough for evidence. But that it was a scene and not a portrait is true, the distance is apparent in it, the dark background is possibly the trees, as glimpses of light are said to be seen "through" and the brilliant sky is possibly correct, and the brilliant coloring is what Mr. Gifford would have put into it. The painting was an unfinished sketch.

The second allusion to the cap was interesting and then followed a reference to a "smaller picture, not a study of the picture," the one just alluded to, that was very suggestive, as Mr. Gifford had a smaller sketch of the same scene from which the larger one was made. A statement is made about the studio implying that the communicator expected to return to it, and this I found to be true of Mr. Gifford. He had no intimation of the probable end of his life. The attempted description of his studio was not recognizable, tho it might apply to one in New York which Mrs. Gifford had not seen. It referred to a little closet where he could wash his hands and hang his clothes.

The communicator was said to have illustrated some poems and to have done work of this kind in "black and white." Mr. Gifford had illustrated Longfellow's poems and had done "black and white" for a firm in New York City. The statement that he used to visit places like a church for special points is not verifiable. The further statement that he had done two kinds of work, painting and illustrating, was true. An abrupt reference to the Clyde line of steamers.

with a reference to a trip on it, was not correct, but if it had been the Cunard line it would have been true.

There then came a very good account of his old home on the island in Buzzards Bay. It was said to be a quaint old house, wood-colored, and a "piece on the end, almost a landmark." It was said to have "figured in some picture," to have been inland, tho water could be seen from points near it, that it was in the country, and that a lake was near it. Then that it "had beautiful views around it, and then hills rising soft like billows."

Mr. Gifford's childhood home was on an island and was not exactly on the shore. Buzzards Bay could be seen on its north, but you would have to climb a small hill to see Vineyard Sound from it. There is no lake near it, but Hadley Bay is so landlocked that when you are anchored in it you would take it for a lake. The hills rise softly about like billows, and also as said there are fields and woods about.

After some reference to his love of dogs, which was true, one was described which is not recognized, tho it recalled to Mrs. Gifford one of which he used to speak as having cared for him. He kept hunting dogs. Then came the following interesting passage (pp. 259-260).

"He didn't work so much at last, but it seems as tho he tramps with a suit for tramping, as tho it is like I would see him, not with long trousers on, but shorter as tho they were on purpose to tramp through rough places with. Oh there was one place where you can go and I can see him with his sketch things there, and a box and the whole business and right down here into a gulley.

(Yes.)

Quite rough, but it has got some beautiful tints in there, more like forest tints that he, sitting over this side, can look through and see. He doesn't take the whole picture, but he puts that in as a part of something else, those colors there. Do you know what I smell?

(What?)

Oh, the hemlock and the pines. All that brown stuff on the ground."

Mr. Gifford did have a tramping suit and went about many rough places on these islands. Whether the gulley mentioned here refers to the one painted by Mr. Thompson and sketched from a vision before he found the actual scene, cannot be decided. But many points here suggest it. Mr. Thompson was struck with the rich and brilliant colors on the patches of huckleberry bushes at the time. They were on the ground and the brown autumn tints were everywhere. There were no hemlocks or pines on the island, but there were many cedars there. Figure XLI represents the scene I have described and in some respects fits the communicator's account.

After an interesting distinction between "inspiration" and "control" in the influences affecting Mr. Thompson, and also an allusion to a photograph of the communicator that was not clearly identified, tho Mrs. Gifford has an old one of Mr. Gifford, the following very striking message came (p. 267).

"I want to know about a little loft. I have got to two places that this spirit worked in; one is off, you know, in the country. One is in the city.

(Yes.)

Well, do you know anything about what I would call a little loft? It seems almost like going up in a barn or shed, and there is a smell of hay and a smell of things around, but some things are kept up there, and working there sometimes.

(All right, I think we will find out about that.)

It is a place. It is not a house, you know. It is like a place that you go and can open doors wide and look out, upstairs, you know, and it smells of hay."

Early in his life Mr. Gifford had a studio in the loft of a barn and both he and Mrs. Gifford, who was also an artist, did work of that kind there. It was in the country, and Mr. Gifford also had a studio in the city.

When the automatic writing began, the preceding occurring during the subliminal stage of the oncoming trance, there was some preliminary account of the way the commu-

nicator came to influence Mr. Thompson. I asked a question (p. 269).

“(Does he know what particular things he impressed this friend with?)

Of course he knows, or rather he knew, there was a scene which he was trying to project which he has never yet given. It is a misty day on the old road or a misty day on the marshes, I do not know which. It has come over our friend a number of times that a misty day, that is, a soft gray day, would be a good subject.”

Mr. Thompson has often had a vision of just such a misty day and thought of painting it. Misty scenes are said to have interested Mr. Gifford, and his love of the marshes is well known to his friends.

There followed an interesting statement that my “friend here” had had difficulty in selecting his paints. The whole passage is important (p. 269).

“How did he buy his tubes. He looked and read and guessed and got it right. I mean your friend here—the paints, you know. (You are asking how this friend got his paints?)

Yes.

(Well.)

And telling you before you answer.

(Yes, a little more about that. Not quite clear yet.)

He did not know what to use in some instances and did a pretty good job at guess work.

(Yes.)

As I told you, the grays were the hardest, but they came along all right when yellow showed up more. That was early in the work.”

This is all true. Early in his work Mr. Thompson had much difficulty with his colors and especially the grays and yellows. The incident was not alluded to before in exactly this strain, but yellow was mentioned.

Immediately following this passage about the difficulty with the paints the communicator asked: “Who is Wat-

son?" and then went on to indicate that he was a dealer, apparently meaning paints. The fact was that there was a man by this name with whom Mr. Gifford was acquainted. He was a cousin of the man who owned the island on which much of Mr. Gifford's work was done. He was not a dealer in paints. The mistake was possibly due to subliminal influences in the momentum or apperceptive state of the mind in the previous message regarding the paints. The communications then became relevant to my affairs and the sitting came to an end.

The next sitting was with Mrs. Rathbun. The incidents bore clearly enough upon supernormal information, but little or nothing came with reference to the personal identity of Mr. Gifford. The first incident was an allusion to a picture which I was said to have. The fact being that I had only a short time before taken the "Battle of the Elements" for its protection, and the circumstances strongly favor the evidential character of the statement. The mention by the psychic of a snow capped mountain and a woman with some clear implications that they were associated with a picture he was to paint seemed to have corresponded with a vision of Mr. Thompson that he was having at this very time. The abrupt reference to "terra cotta" and "modelling in clay" may be the same as the allusion by Mrs. Rathbun to "clay or pottery" (p. 152), as Mr. Thompson was at one time set to work at this for a certain purpose in connection with his engraving. The description of a man sailing over a lake and some references to looking at reflections in the water may be reminiscences in the medium's mind of the old symbolical picture of "Past, Present and Future!" It gets its interest, however, from a later allusion through Mrs. Chenoweth to a similar view which suggested the vision of life and immortality that Mr. Thompson had. Nothing more of interest occurred in the sitting except the discovery, supernormally, by the medium of some crystals in Mr. Thompson's pocket, saying that they had been brought from Paris, all of which was true.

The next sitting was with Mrs. Chenoweth. The first incident, which is a long one apparently about the celebrated statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, who is named in con-

nection with it, has no importance; nor has the reference to a madonna and child any value, but immediately following them is a statement that the communicator loved the ocean and scenes and sounds connected with it. This was acknowledged and at once began a long account of his home near the ocean. After alluding to his house as indicated the communications went on (p. 287).

“It is a house that he was familiar with, where some of his people lived and had a lot of old fashioned furniture in it, very old and here is one of those straight-backed chairs. They were used either for kitchen or chamber or anything, you know, that anybody wanted, but they are straight backed, like rush-bottom and straight-back. You know what I mean.

(Yes.)

With strips across. Every old house almost knows what those are, you know.

(Yes.)

Well, this is there and with it it is a—is an old-fashioned bureau with legs that curve out a little. This large heavy massive thing and high. The top of it is so much higher than any bureau of now, and the bed is old-fashioned too. It is a bare floor. It may have rugs, but I can hear feet walking around on it, and it looks as tho it was a spare room that belonged to some of his people where he went and that sometimes he used to go there and sleep, tho it is not his own home you know. He had other folks near his home, you understand.”

I ascertained that Mr. Gifford was fond of old-fashioned furniture and that he did have rush-bottomed straight-backed chairs, and that he did have such a bureau as described with bird-claw legs and feet, which would answer the description. There is some intimation that this was in a house not his own and so I learned that he used to visit his grandmother as indicated, but I have not been able to verify the little incidents given in connection with the further details relevant to the place mentioned. There is no evidence that the home of the grandmother is intended.

After another reference to his unfinished work and ambitions the following very striking incident came (p. 290).

"Has he [Mr. Thompson] ever seen any of his brushes and things like that? [Mr. Thompson nods assent.]

(Yes.)

Well, it seems as tho there is a little—almost like a basket. It is like a little tall thing, but I should think it hung somewhere, you know, against something in the room; on his easel or somewhere. No, it is not on his easel. It seems to be more back, near a shelf where this thing is hung, with a lot of brushes in it. You know he had a little fad of not throwing them away. He kept an awful lot of old brushes, you know.

(I understand.)

In his work he had some things that were very rough, you know; like he would come to rocks and things that were like rough little patches of things, and he uses a still half worn brush to produce that, almost like a splatter, those things."

I found on inquiry of Mrs. Gifford that Mr. Gifford kept his old brushes, not in a basket, but in an old ginger jar on a little shelf and that he seldom threw a brush away, using the old ones much as described.

The next incident was that he had designed something for the "Gorham people," and it was said to be a set like a hair brush and mirror or a half dozen pieces. Inquiry showed that he had not designed any such pieces, but he did help a gentleman in the employ of the Gorham Manufacturing Company to design a loving cup in connection with some memorial of the Harriman Expedition of which Mr. Gifford was a member.

At this point I asked the communicator if he remembered Mr. Fred. Diehlman and the reply was in the affirmative with the statement "that was some time ago," and in connection with this he alluded to "a kind of feeling, you know, up to the last between him and that center, the Fred center," and in a few moments again the communicator referred to getting "rid of some things."

I learned from Mr. Diehlman that he and Mr. Gifford were

together at the Chicago Exposition and also the one at St. Louis, but that at Chicago they had to take action which Mr. Gifford was reluctant to do and which resulted in some friction with another person but not with Mr. Diehlman.

Following pertinently the incident in connection with the name of Mr. Diehlman was a reference evidently to the National Academy, as the word "National" was mentioned and a comparison with national institutions indicated, and then an allusion to a school. Mr. Gifford belonged to the National Academy and taught art in the Cooper Union School in New York City. Immediately after this came the statement: "And there is something that he wants—He has been on committees, you know, like what he calls on the hanging line," with a reference to "Exhibitions" and to the distinction between hanging pictures and serving on the "hanging line." Mr. Gifford often served on hanging committees in connection with exhibitions of paintings, as I learned from both Mrs. Gifford and Mr. Diehlman.

The statement that he was at one time especially interested in miniatures seems not to have been true, or was not verifiable by Mrs. Gifford, but the statement following to indicate the times he had tried to communicate previously was quite true, at least approximately. The reference to a woman and the desire of the sitter, Mr. Thompson, to paint an allegorical picture was also true to the extent that he had been having a vision of a woman and a scene which he interpreted after the suggestion of his friend as indicating life and immortality. Apparently this might be indicated in the reference by the medium to one of the sitter's dreams about the "Past and Future." Presently the name Cox was mentioned and it was indicated that he was an illustrator. Mr. Gifford had a friend by the name of Cox who was an architect, not an illustrator. A reference to water scenes again was associated with the intimation that the communicator had painted fish, which was true of Mr. Gifford for one occasion. When he was interrogated about his attitude toward sublime scenery it was correctly stated in reply that he did not care so much for this, but that he "liked rocks where waves would beat against it and things like that," with the statement that

“wild is better than strength for him,” which was correct in much if not all that he painted of natural scenery.

At this point I asked if the communicator was interested in anything affected by the winds, having in mind the storm blown trees of the coast he had visited so much, but this question was ignored and an allusion made to the Dutch school and windmill scenes. He had painted the Dartmouth salt works with their windmills, and I learned from Mrs. Gifford that he was fond of the Dutch school of painting. In answer to the question as to what part of the country he came from, the East was correctly stated and reference made to his New England coast associations and love of misty views. Then came the following interesting passage all spontaneously and without question or hint from me, tho associated with the reference to the New England coast life (p. 299).

“Perhaps inland a little bit, but not much. Do you know if that is what he did?

(Yes.)

Well, that is the way it looks to me, you know. There is another thing that I see. It is very pretty. It is an overhanging bank with a boat underneath right in under here. Awfully pretty little thing. But it seems like oak trees. Just great oaks and gnarled, old—Oh a strange thing, you know. They did not have many oak trees where he lived. That is what is so funny, that there is a place where there is a few, don’t you know.

(Yes.)

And they are scrubby, you know. Have I got the right word?

(Yes.)

Low, scraggly, scrubby kind of oaks, and yet he likes them, you know. He would put them in. They are effective. That is what he says; and there is something here of ‘the Point,’ a point of land and some oaks on it and water beneath and boats underneath the bank.”

Mr. Gifford’s cottage at Nonquitt is on a point of land and near it is an overhanging rock with a remarkably scraggy cedar, not an oak, and Mr. Gifford once painted this scene with a boat in the water underneath it. I have a photograph

of it. There are few oaks in the immediate vicinity, but back some distance they seem to be more numerous, and most of the gnarled oaks in which he was especially interested are to be found on the Elizabeth Islands. Without any break or confusion came the following immediately after what I have quoted above (p. 300).

“ You know, didn’t I tell you yesterday that he had ocean and river?

(Yes.)

Well, there is a river back, you know, as tho I have got the ocean out in front, but it is like a river there somewhere, for he used to see things in there to paint.

(Yes.)

I wish I could get things a little more personal with him. There is one more thing, you know ; there must have been a light-house somewhere near where he used to go, but it looks like one of those things that—I thought it was one of the revolving kind, but it isn’t. It is steady. It is just—stands like a star all through the night. There is a name to it, you know, as tho they call it a certain light. That is near where he was.

(Yes.)

Do you know if that is true?

(Yes, I believe it is.) [Mr. Thompson had nodded ‘ Yes.’]

But kept steady?

(I will have to find that out.)

Yes, and tall and straight. I don’t know whether all light-houses are white or not, but this one looks tall and straight and white you know, and oh so steady. It is like a star. It is a beacon, of course.

(Yes.)

But they name it, you know, a certain light and they call it the name of the light. It is not ‘ Farmers’ Light.’ Farmers’ Light? Could not be Farmers’ Light could it?

(I don’t know.)”

The message went on with the attempt to get the name of the lighthouse, tho Mr. Thompson knew what its name was and indicated that he knew a few moments before by nodding

that he knew. Finally the word "mouth" was uttered and then spelled out.

There was a river back from his cottage and Buzzards Bay, which might pass for ocean at its mouth. The river mouth made up New Bedford Bay. Dumpling Lighthouse was on the point of land at Nonquitt at the mouth of the Acushnet River. It was a steady and not a revolving light. That it was a name of two syllables was true and it was suggestive of the method of communication that it should be described in this manner.

There followed a description of a house, apparently some public building, with some detail, but it could not be identified. The statements soon made in connection with it indicated that possibly Munich was meant. But nothing could be identified in this connection, tho Mr. Gifford had paid a visit to Munich. The incidents describing him as painting in stormy weather with appropriate clothes and materials would apply more specifically to Mr. Thompson than to Mr. Gifford, tho Mr. Gifford did occasionally fit himself for painting in wet weather. The statement that a beautiful sofa pillow had been given him by a lady is not recalled by any one of whom I could inquire. Another allusion to his having more than one place for his work came and this time it was referred to the city, which I found to be true, and then a picture was described as a favorite of his and Mrs. Gifford's. But it was not identifiable, tho Mrs. Gifford said they had several that they liked as favorites. This was followed by some pertinent communications with reference to Mrs. Gifford and her attitude toward this subject and some statements about his intention to watch and influence Mr. Thompson, and then in response to my query whether he had any children came an account of his pleasures that described his club life, as known to one of his friends, tho not in an evidential manner, and then a reference to a child which, as indicated by implication, is not living and that he had once or twice put the child in a picture. This I found to be true in its details. The name given to the child was not correct.

All the above at this sitting came through the subliminal. When the automatic writing began the attempt apparently

was for the communicator to come into more direct connection with the effort and the messages seemed to be more personal until he tried to control the writing a little later. All that was said until the more direct control was attempted was very pertinent, at first showing merely the effort to get into practice at sending messages in this changed way. After some reference to his having influenced Mr. Thompson "as in dreams at times," this being the phrasing of the message, the following very striking communication was written (p. 312).

"Ask him if he remembers an incident when standing on a bridge and looking down he saw pictures in the water like reflection and a great desire came over him to paint.

(Yes, he remembers that well. Thank you.) [Mr. Thompson had nodded assent.]

I was there and followed him for some time. Sometimes in the old days he was so disheartened and blue as if he had not found the right path, but now he is happier and life seems more complete."

In the early period of Mr. Thompson's visit to one of the Elizabeth Islands to find the scenes of his visions to paint them he was standing on the bridge that has been described near the group of oak trees afterwards found and painted, and was looking at the reflection of the sea-weeds from the rocks in the water when he noticed them form into landscapes and there came over him a most intense desire to paint, mingled with ecstasy and discouragement. He had been very much disheartened in the earlier stages of his experience and for many reasons which cannot be emphasized here. The reference to a lady whom he had found, an old lady who was said to be a friend of Mr. Thompson, might be identifiable with the grandmother, but is not provably so. In a few minutes he tried direct control, but without success, when the control changed and the sitting came to an end.

At the next sitting the communicator, supposedly Mr. Gifford, attempted the same kind of work as on the previous day, evidently through an amanuensis, and said many things

quite pertinent to the situation, but not evidential either of his identity or of the supernormal, until he came to describe a particular picture which he said he was trying to impress upon Mr. Thompson, whom he was disappointed not to find present. This scene he said was the "misty one and the marsh" and then referred to a "bit of red or scarlet in a sunset sky," saying that this red was put in afterward. Mrs. Gifford recalls one picture in which the red was put afterward, but does not identify it from the account here, and the allusion to the marsh and tree and misty scene was apparently made clearer later. The question how we had liked the comparison of the picture with the real scene was very pertinent, because Mrs. Chenoweth did not know that we had just returned from our second trip in search of the group of oak trees. Immediately following came a reference with details to a "picture of Death, a beckoning angel" pointing up a mountain path and referring to the past and future, all of which seems to have been quite accurate and represented a vision with which Mr. Thompson was haunted at that time, tho other details were in it than those here mentioned. Suddenly an old pump, said to be a landmark was mentioned, but is not recognizable as an incident affecting Mr. Gifford's identity. This was the last incident in the sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth and the next experiments involved another psychic.

The circumstances made it necessary to try Mrs. Smead who lived in one of the southern states and is the wife of an orthodox clergyman, receiving no remuneration for her work. She was wholly ignorant of the case and any of the facts, living where she could not learn them even in the papers, some thirteen miles from a railway, and not having seen any newspaper which might have had even a brief account of the case. I held these sittings in December, 1908, having brought her to New York City for the purpose.

Nothing occurred at the first sitting except a reference to a "gilt framed picture near the door" which was true of Mr. Thompson's room, with a clear indication that a lady was trying to communicate, coinciding in this respect with what has occurred always before, and a more or less definite indi-

cation that a man was present and wanted to communicate. Some indication of the communicator "coming to him" occurred, and there was apparent evidence that the subject pertained to art.

At the next sitting, after some preliminaries between myself and the control had been indulged, there came a capital letter "S" and a reference to a table and a centrepiece. The table had no meaning to any one, but it is possible that the letter "S" was the second letter of Mr. Gifford's initials, as they came correctly later several times. Some directions given to Mr. Thompson with implications about his reading habits and dangers to his eyes were not applicable, but the picture near the door was mentioned again and it was said to be a landscape which was true and also that it was an oil painting and not a photograph, which again was true. The incident tending to prove the identity of the communicator, a lady, was that she used to talk to him when living and he to read to her, which was true of Mr. Thompson's grandmother. But when I said we had not yet gotten the right communicator the immediate reply was: "But he will," I not having indicated anything about the sex, and in a moment reference was made to mountains in the picture. This was not true, but there were hills in it, as I learned. Nothing more of interest occurred at this sitting.

On the next day it was intimated that the communicator was a man. Allusion was made to unfinished pictures which would be true of both Mr. Thompson and Mr. Gifford, and was a circumstance that readers will recognize as common to the other psychics. A reference was made to the picture which I had, saying that it was one of his best. I had two pictures by Mr. Thompson, and the fact was not known by Mrs. Smead, one of them being put away and the other hanging among others without indication of its origin. Soon reference was made to a landscape with the green hills, and the walk near the hills, and taking the cue I asked if he had described that picture before, thinking that he might be alluding to the one represented in Figure XVIII, which might be meant by the message, tho it would fit the one represented by Figure XXXVI as well, except that this represents a bluff

rather than a hill. Nothing further occurred that would interest the search for the evidential, except the statement that the communicator would aid the sitter all he could, which implied that he was doing so and in this view coincided with the burden of many a message through Mrs. Chenoweth.

The early part of the next sitting was occupied with suggestions from the communicator to Mr. Thompson that revealed his general character as an artist and his habits of life, especially the advice to show his pictures at an exhibition and to engage in teaching. Advice to him not to "be disheartened" recalls the same advice through both the other psychics, urging that he, the communicator, was with him and exhibiting in this a psychological characteristic that has not been noticeable with Mrs. Smead in other sittings to any extent. The capital letter G came in connection with the effort to give his name and soon after a capital R, these being two initials of his name, tho it may be doubtful if the R was intended. The G was clear enough, followed by scrawls that might have been an effort to give the rest of the name.

At the next and last sitting, before I left the room, in answer to my request that the effort be made to get his name, I got "R. G. yes," with the possibility that "yes" was a mistake for "S," as this was the order of the initials given twice later, which should have been "R. S. G." Soon after I left the room "R. G. S." was repeated and "S" given a second time, not having been read the first time by Mr. Thompson. Then immediately came a reference to "the canvas with the rock on the coast" and the word "ocean," followed by a drawing representing a pile of rocks mounted by a cross, and the statement "and my name on it." The communicator admitted painting several copies of such a picture, tho this has not been verified and the facts rather tend to show that it was not a fact. Then came a reference to "South Atlantic coast, not far from U. . . States, one of our west Indies, on the island." The reference to the Atlantic coast was repeated and the phrase added, "coast of the middle states," and a picture drawn again with a cross, this time not representing a pile of rocks, but apparently a shore with rolling waves upon it.

The interest of this will be apparent from the fact that at the end of last fall (1908), Mr. Thompson was out on one of the Elizabeth Islands painting again and while approaching a piece of wreck ahead of him soon saw a cross on it and as he got nearer it saw Mr. Gifford's initials on the cross. He painted the picture and wrote an account of his vision to Mrs. Thompson in a letter, and she put it in my hands on November 10th previous and the present sitting was held on December 9th, the letter being in my files at the time and inaccessible to anyone but myself. The scene was on the island mentioned and on the Atlantic coast. The Elizabeth Islands are geologically our "West Indies." Mrs. Smead knew nothing about the facts of the case involved.

When the communicator was asked to give the name of the island he protested that it made him "think too hard," and went on to indicate that he had sketched there which was true enough, and then proceeded to say that "swimming was a sport of which I [he] was very fond on that island shore," a statement that is very probable but not possible of corroboration at present. Then he mentioned a cottage and his mother as being there, and that he used to worry her by his swimming with fear of his being drowned, a very likely affair but not now verifiable. The term "cottage" however does not properly apply to his home there, where he was born and where his mother lived. In a moment allusion was made to the same place with the use of the word "house," "cottage" applying to his Nonquitt summer residence, the phrase being "the house was our spot, as we used to say." Allusion was then made to his climbing the trees and afterwards sketching them. Asked to tell what kind of trees they were, the reply was a drawing of three trees which might fairly represent the gnarled trees of that region. Then came the pertinent statement: "The wind used to blow them dreadfully away over," and then the following: "Can you remember about the storms we used to have there," and an attempt to give the name of the island, in reply to the request to do so. But it resulted only in the capital letter "I" and possibly that of "E," ending with the initials "R. S. G." which were correct. In a moment a figure was drawn with circular lines probably

representing rolling waves, as indicated by the next message :
 " Do you remember how the storms used to dash on the shore
 the waves."

The reference to his house was correct enough and probably also was that about his climbing the trees there. That he sketched them is known. Readers of this record and those who will look at Figure XLII will appreciate the statement about the trees being "blown away over" by the wind; for it is characteristic of that locality that the wind has greatly affected the growth of the trees on the shore, many of their tops having grown to one side and even at right angles to the trunk. Mr. Thompson found the waves often very rough on that shore and painted some marine scenes to represent them. The communicator then alluded again to climbing the trees when a boy and to skipping rocks on the water to see who "could throw them farthest," a very likely fact, but not now verifiable. He was again asked to give the name of the island and succeeded after two trials in getting the name "Marchan," which was not correct. But any reader that will examine a map of the Elizabeth Islands will ascertain how nearly correct this is, as I am not permitted to print the name here. The sitting had then to be terminated and the last remark from the communicator was a request that the sitter should not forget the work which he had asked him to do, implying the presence and influence of the communicator as indicated in the records of the other psychics.

3. Discrimination and Estimation of the Evidence.

I shall not go into the question at any length, intending to leave the issue largely with the reader and student. No proper conception of the case can be obtained except by a most careful study of the detailed record, and I doubt not that most people will find that so intolerably tedious and disappointing—tho to me all the more important for this very reason—that they will not take the trouble, and so much the worse for them if they undertake to pronounce judgment upon it without that study. But such as it is the detailed record is necessary for making up an intelligent view of the

case regardless of any theory whatsoever. But I give the summary of the facts that a conception of them may be had without the critical investigation of all the details.

For the more exacting critic I need to premise only what has already been said, namely, that the unconverted reader will desire to discount the incidents obtained through Mrs. Rathbun and Mrs. Chenoweth on the ground that they knew I was working on the case and had seen something in the newspapers about it. The reader, however, will find abundant evidence of supernormal information before this knowledge was gained, tho it does not suffice to prove the point aimed at in these experiments. The unbiassed student, however, will find on a careful examination of the facts that the incidents obtained after the knowledge that I was working on the case are not of the kind to be explained in the usual way, while none of them were accessible from any of the published accounts of the case. I had been careful to withhold all I knew about it and Mr. Thompson knew little that I had ascertained. But, while I might explain the trustworthiness of the facts, I shall not resort to that sort of apology, but rest on the incidents that came through Mrs. Smead, with those that occurred through the others under test conditions, and these will suffice to confirm the hypothesis suggested by Mr. Thompson's experiences. My own personal view of the facts given under less evidential conditions is that they are quite as acceptable as the others and many of them absolutely beyond acquisition under the circumstances. Whatever we may suppose to have been possible about incidents relevant to Mr. Gifford the best ones relating to the experiences of Mr. Thompson as communicated through the psychics are excellent proof of the supernormal and with my knowledge of the circumstances connected with the experiments leads me to suggest that readers need not attempt to discredit the facts on the ground of detective fraud, tho they may be able to suggest other explanations without accepting the supernormal. I need not illustrate by mentioning specific incidents, as this would require summarizing many of them again, while I may rely upon the classification of them in Class A to tell its own story in that respect.

I may call attention to the circumstance that the errors and mistakes, which I have been careful to remark, serve as ample protection of the incidents against the simplest of explanations of the normal kind. I had, in the classification, to make them false, but they were often nearly enough correct to make them better in some respects than the clearest incidents. The bare classification would make them appear worthless, as the strict principles of assigning their place require me to treat them as false in exact phrase of their expression, but taken with their approximation to the truth and the apparent method of communication, namely, telepathic phantasms, they do much to protect the whole series of incidents against any dissolving criticism. For that reason it will be important to examine this point in special incidents.

Now the intimation that Mr. Gifford died of an operation on the stomach is entirely false. He died of angina pectoris. But the notes show that Mr. Thompson witnessed the funeral of a man who had had an operation on the bowels and Mr. Thompson was profoundly impressed by the fact. It matters not what theory we adopt to explain the coincidence, we seem to have evidence of supernormal knowledge of this incident, but associated with the wrong person. If we are endeavoring to identify Mr. Gifford and if the incident is really or apparently assigned to him we have to adjudge it accordingly and to say that it is wrong. But from our knowledge of similar confusions in the Piper case—witness the allusion to pneumonia as the sickness that was said to have caused the death of my uncle James Carruthers, when in fact it was my uncle James McClellan that died of this and had been mentioned previously—(*Proceedings* English S. P. R., Vol. XVI, p. 450)—we may well understand why such an error should arise. Of course we have to assume what the scientific man cannot suppose, in the early stages of the investigation, that the spirit of this deceased man who had been operated upon had been haunting Mr. Thompson ever since his death. We have to prove a spiritistic hypothesis before we can attach any other significance to this incident than guessing. But in this case the man is apparently so well suggested in another connection where there is no reason to think that Mr. Gifford

is meant that we may well suppose, either that Mr. Thompson's mind has been read or that the communication has the source claimed for it. But as telepathy does not apply to the other incidents of the case and as there is evidence that sporadic spirits may do just such things, we have no difficulty in giving the facts intelligibility in terms of that hypothesis, and tho the incidents have to be proclaimed false in relation to the main character of the communications, they so easily fall into line with the main theory that they cannot be treated as against it on account of mistake. The classification of the incident, as adjudged by the superficial character of it, would seem to make it at least non-evidential, but only because taken in a relation which superficially does not admit of any other construction. But when we once recognize that confusions are possible, that we have no right to assume the medium free from conditions that cause such confusion, and that similar instances of it have been accompanied by distinct evidence that the interpretation proposed is admissible, we may convert such phenomena into a confirmation of the main hypothesis. Take the case also of the intended big canvas and a woman in the painting attributed to Mr. Gifford. This is false in reference to him, at least so far as the testimony of Mrs. Gifford can establish it, but it is accurate in its details with reference to the visions of Mr. Thompson. In one relation it has no evidential value and in the other it has the highest rank, and we have to lower it in submission to the exact standard which we have to adopt. This standard must first adjudge the facts on their own recognizance and accept or reject them accordingly. But this does not deny us the right to reconstruct them with reference to hypotheses which are quite as evident in these phenomena as the spiritistic and will have to be adopted whether that view is favored or not.

The mistake of the Clyde Line is one of another type. Mr. Gifford had never taken the Clyde Line in Mrs. Gifford's knowledge, but he had taken the Cunard Line. Now we have only to import the analogy of the telephone or of speaking through a tube to understand how "Clyde" might be a mistake for "Cunard," especially when we examine such mistakes as occurred through a tube in some experiments of my

own, such as hearing "change" for "strange," "troubles" for "struggles," "prythee" for "brother," "come here" for "Cockaine," and "turnips" for "gauntlets" (*Proceedings English S. P. R.*, Vol. XVI, p. 627). The same may be said of "Orrin," taken by the medium to have been intended for a name, but which might have been a mistake for "Orient," as the context shows (p. 181).

The mistake in the reference to Mr. Gifford's "smoking" may be due to another circumstance which it is extremely important to note and I have chosen this instance for the purpose of dwelling upon the process that is apparent in the mediumship of Mrs. Chenoweth. I have remarked, and the careful reader of this record will remark, that the messages are often described as scenes observed by Mrs. Chenoweth. This is especially true of her subliminal states and is also characteristic of all communications coming through the amanuensis, or control, but it is not true of messages coming by direct control. Mrs. Chenoweth is undoubtedly a visual, as we denominate certain types of minds. This means that her experiences have to pass through visual functions in their transmission and that other centers have difficulty in receiving them. That is, Mrs. Chenoweth can most easily receive messages which are sent to her visual functions. This places her where she has to receive them in visual images, and she has often to describe and interpret them rather than receive and transmit them in a purely automatic manner. Now this incident of Mr. Gifford's "smoking" has all the characteristics of something seen, described and interpreted. Assuming that a telepathic phantasm of a man holding a stick in his mouth—which was Mr. Gifford's habit, and not smoking—had been sent to the amanuensis or control and that he had to interpret it or that the subliminal of Mrs. Chenoweth had to so interpret it, and we have a very simple explanation of the mistake. All the features of the incident are perfectly true from the standpoint of vision alone, and only the fact that Mr. Gifford did not use cigars or cigarettes causes any discrepancy in the incident. In every detail it is accurate for vision.

It is quite possible that other mistakes and confusions in

this record might be dissolved in this same manner. The allusion to "hemlocks and pines" is one that is near enough the curious cedars which Mr. Gifford liked, as perhaps most artists would like them, to be only half a mistake. If we could suppose that the description of his pocket-book really applied to his sketch book, as it may do, we should have a beautiful example of a slight mistake reducing the superficial value of an incident, but enhancing its intrinsic value.

The same argument can apply to many a passage in the communications which have not been classified at all, for lack of definiteness to justify either affirmation or denial of their relevance. Let me take an instance of confusion in Mr. Thompson's first sitting with Mrs. Rathbun. But I must first remark for the reader that in the early work of Mrs. Piper, when Dr. Phinuit Sciville claimed to be the control, it was observed by every one who had sittings that the messages often appeared to be like two or three persons shouting into a telephone at once. The result was that messages often appeared irrelevant, tho study could disentangle the threads and find that they had perfectly definite connections and meaning. The passage I have chosen has some marks of this character. Distinct references had been made to his father and mother with evidential incidents (p. 101), and then references made to the artistic man who was said to be communicating and suddenly we were asked: "Who is Edward?" and when the medium was told that the sitter did not recall any such person he was again asked: "Is it any one in Scotland?"

Now the very questions of the psychic show confusion or uncertainty as to the message, it matters not what interpretation we place upon the questions. But having adequate evidence that there is something supernormal in the record we are justified in trying to unravel what may be a perplexity rather than an attempt to get information from the sitter. But the significant feature of the case is that Edward is the name of the deceased brother of the alleged communicator and Scotland was the home of Mr. Thompson's mother's family. The succeeding message shows that the reference to Scotland was an interference, and the communications from the artist continue. But assuming that two persons "spoke

into the telephone " at once, or that two persons were thinking and trying to communicate, or even only wishing to communicate, we have an adequate explanation of the confusion and what seems at first only unintelligible confusion appears to have the appearance of actual evidence in a form quite effective for removing suspicions from the psychic but also suggestive of the supernormal. In short, the approximation to distinct evidence in the case is so definite as to disarm scepticism, except of the type that has no knowledge of psychological laws. When interpreted literally and without allowance for legitimate disturbance in the transmission, such messages have to be rejected as non-evidential and in their apparent connection as false, but when allowance is made for conditions that tend to produce confusion and error, the facts may justify a construction that converts them into evidence, or at least the suggestion of it.

This is particularly true of such material as that of Mrs. Salter. As evidence calculated to impress a scientific man it is worthless, until he has had considerable experience with cases like Mrs. Piper, where the supernormal is so clear in much of its matter, and connected with sufficient mixture of evidence and confusion in other incidents. We may learn in such cases how to understand and interpret cases where the wheat is small in quantity as compared with the chaff. But for such instances as Mrs. Piper, we could not treat the sitting with Mrs. Salter with any respect. But there are a few good hits, tho extremely fragmentary, and then certain hits in the midst of much irrelevant matter, so that it is the collective force of the several hits that must count, and each incident taken alone will have a dubious character. Superficially the sitting of Mrs. Salter would not suggest communication with spirits. The facts even on their face purport to describe what Mr. Thompson thinks and does, and if we were to admit a process of mind reading of the type implied by such coincidences we should be content with that for an explanation. In so far as the content of that sitting is concerned there is no other spiritistic matter than such as would naturally spring from Mrs. Salter's conviction that she is in communication with such beings and that, whatever the char-

acter of the statements, it is spirits that make them. There is no evidence of identity other than Mr. Thompson in the coincidences, and hence we may well suppose that it is Mrs. Salter's own state of mind or attitude toward the facts that gives them their form while the content comes, she does not know how, from Mr. Thompson's knowledge. If we should favor any other interpretation of the facts we should be obliged to obtain the evidence of it in cases which did not present so confused a story but which did present unmistakable proof of outside inspiration. The incidents should present indubitable indications of a synthetic and intelligent unity that made it impossible for one to suppose chance coincidence. Until better cases had been observed nothing but chance coincidence could be supposed: not because we should know that this actually applied, but because the evidence of the supernatural must be more cogent.

The value of such records as this with Mrs. Salter lies in their illustration of the conditions through which supernatural facts have to be mediated. The various cases on record, like those of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Smead and others, show the supernatural in such an unmistakable form, and also their intermixture with error and confusion that we may well understand the larger limitations placed upon the transmission of external messages in the case of Mrs. Salter. Only dim lights get through and these in momentary and spasmodic forms. If there had been only one hit mentioned, such as sketching, there would be no reason even to use the record as illustrating difficulty in communicating. Also if each hit had not been connected with the same general subject the case would be useless. But the circumstance that the crucial points that are coincidental collectively apply to the same idea, some of them not naturally associated, when taken with the other records, make a good case for illustrating the conditions of undeveloped mediums and the mental limitations on transmission from outside agencies. The facts, viewed in this light, come to have some weight, tho individually and unrelated to other cases where the evidence is not questionable, they could not be classified at all on any standard of merit.

There is also a class of incidents in the records which I have assigned a place but which would not be intelligible to any one who did not know the persons involved. I may take one special instance of this. Examine the character reading applied to Mr. Thompson as it occurred in his first sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth. This psychic usually introduces here work with this sort of thing. Now in this reading of Mr. Thompson there is a number of good hits. I shall not say that they are unmistakable evidence of the supernormal, because of the limitation just mentioned and because one must have difficulty in assuring himself of any criterion for decision. But there are hits which one has to admit as not easily determinable by normal means, when we think of the conditions under which it was done. Mrs. Chenoweth had not seen Mr. Thompson before, she could not see him at the time, and he remained absolutely passive and silent. She had no normal means for ascertaining the peculiar qualities of the man as named. We may explain the hits by chance, if we prefer, but they are such that, if they were named by any other person in a normal state, we should suspect that they knew Mr. Thompson, and that is to suggest that the hits are not due to chance. Now Mr. Thompson is a frank and honest person so far as I have been able to know him. He is a very calm, deliberate, somewhat absent-minded person, phlegmatic and easy going, and with an exceedingly analytical intellect. His own introspective examination of his experiences was a clear illustration of this. He has not many friends: is not a person to make them. He is somewhat diffident and unsure of himself, and does not easily indicate the intelligence he actually possesses. He had no such educational opportunities as would justify self-confidence, and his lethargic temperament with its accompaniment of great reticence and lack of camaraderie would inevitably lead to the want of friends. That he should pass among others like a shadow would naturally follow such characteristics. Hence there are points enough in the characterization of the man by Mrs. Chenoweth to attract attention, tho we could wish that they were as clearly stated as we see them with complex and associated features that are not mentioned. But while

we have to be extremely cautious in accepting the hits as anything more than chance coincidence due to apparent guessing, we must admit that, so far as they go, the hits must interest us and clearly suggest some unusual method of obtaining the information required to make the statements. But we could not make this clear to any one who did not have imagination enough to hold in mind the exact limitations under which Mrs. Chenoweth worked and who did not know both Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Chenoweth personally.

I shall take a sample also of another type of statement which superficially purports to describe spiritistic incidents and which represents a frequent phenomenon in the records of Mrs. Chenoweth. There is not the slightest trace in it of what the critic would treat as evidence of the supernormal on seeing it alone. The passage occurred early in Mr. Thompson's first sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth. Two men appeared to communicate and the name of Charles was given to one of them and he was said to have pushed the other to the front who later appears to be Mr. Gifford. I quote the passage at length (p. 116).

"This older gentleman puts down his scholarly hand. It is quite long, the fingers are quite long. You know he seems to have been a man who used his hand quite a little with writings and papers, you understand.

(Yes.)

No. I see him going over all these things, and as I tell you that he looks at you and seems to realize how real his past life is and how it is intertwined with the present. You know there is some work you are doing that he is intensely interested in. You know, he says, I have been working as much as I could to come into closer touch with you on these matters, these spiritual matters. And he says, the time isn't far distant when I shall be able to express myself without a flaw, you know, as if he has expressed before from the spirit, because he says, in times past I have been able to say some things; by my effort I shall be able to express perfectly without a flaw, so that you may know exactly where I stand.

That man is a . . . Wait. It is the funniest thing the way

he holds his head down so much, as though when he is thinking its a constant attitude with him; and when he suddenly looks up his eyes look you right through and through, as if he would read your very soul. He has a way of putting his hands in his pockets, walking around the room a dozen times."

Now there is nothing in this passage on which we can place our fingers and say, here is evidence of the supernormal beyond a doubt. But it does contain a number of facts which, when we know Mr. Gifford, on the one hand, and Mr. Thompson's experiences on the other, we may easily recognize that the explanation of them must reckon with the possibility of Mr. Gifford's influence, whatever the perplexities suggested by them. There has been no previous hint of his identity or name, and objectively we might suppose a mind simply wandering about at shrewd guessing to find a clue on which to build other guesses. But the reader must remark that *there are no misses* in it. Every fact about which we should inquire whether it is true or not turns out to be true and no accompanying failures occur to suggest guessing. The statements flow along with great freedom and fluency, as if the psychic were perfectly confident of the truth of them.

Now let us look at the facts. Mr. Gifford had scholarly characteristics: he had long hands and fingers, according to accounts of them. Mr. Thompson's experiences indicate, at least superficially, that he was constantly pursued by the influence of Mr. Gifford as one taking an interest in his work of painting, in fact, instigating it, thus keeping up the continuity of the past and present. There is the apparent effort and desire to express himself in the same earnest and ideal manner of his previous life. He had the habit of holding his head as described and also of putting his hands in his pockets and walking about his room in the manner indicated. The one real or apparent mistake is the allusion to his writing and papers, as if he were an author. But if we note that the psychic immediately denies this and also that Mrs. Salter first described him as writing, and then if we shall remark the method by which Mrs. Chenoweth gets her messages, as described in the explanation of the incident of "smoking,"

namely, visual phantasms communicated, perhaps telepathically to her mind, we may imagine that Mrs. Chenoweth's subliminal apperception misinterprets what she sees for writing when the communicator is trying to give a pictorial representation of his art. His brush and his canvas are mistaken for pen and paper. In so representing it I ignore for the present the perplexities involved in the apparently inane character of this reproduction of a material world, as I am interested only in the coincidental nature of the facts and the rational explanation of an apparent error.

Now everything in this passage is perfectly pertinent, but it would not suggest to a reader that there is anything but conversation without evidential value. But to one who knows all the facts there is an interesting fitness to them on the part of the messages. They reflect clearly enough an independent intelligence, tho not giving satisfactory proof of its existence. Nothing in it can be picked out by one who does not know the facts previously and asserted to be indication of an intelligence other than the medium's. Why these irrelevant incidents, so far as scientific standards are concerned, should be so fluent is not at present the question, but only the accuracy of statements that cannot be classified and that tend to indicate the presence of a definite person after we have secured evidence in other definite facts that he is there.

We are not concerned with the question why we do not obtain more and better evidence, if we are to suppose Mr. Gifford at all responsible for the message quoted, but with the question of estimating what we have received, when we cannot pick out conclusive indications of the supernormal and force them down the throat of the critic. The important circumstance, however, is the fact that what seems uninteresting to general readers who do not know the persons concerned has perfect pertinence and accuracy when these persons and incidents are known. Whatever the difficulties at first of sending through specific incidents of an evidential type, or whether there are any such difficulties or not, the promptness with which she hits the correct general trend of the situation are a subject of interest and suggest the way we require to deal with the phenomena as a whole. In fact, the

entire record is one illustration of this general fitness of the communications to the situation, and if readers will have the scientific imagination to conceive that Mr. Gifford is present trying to put through his thoughts of the moment, or even unconsciously present and his thoughts being casually picked up by a delicate receiver, he will find a coherent system of incidents where all other theories lead only to inconsistencies and perplexities. We have no more obligation to create a prejudicing mental state by conjuring up the idea of guessing and chance with their want of unity than we have to try the hypothesis of external origin with its actual unity in the mass of incidents concerned. But this is an apology for an explanation, when it is not my primary object to press that point of view. The main point is that, with such a conception, we find not only an interesting unity, but also that facts and statements which do not superficially indicate their real nature seem relevant and suggestive. This sort of analysis and study of the record would show that, as a whole, it is capable of this way of interpreting its incidents. We may read whole pages of it without feeling that there is any evidence in them. But a minute examination of it with the actual facts in mind will reveal more accuracy than we should at first suspect, and I need not multiply instances of what I have been discussing. The one case will suffice to show what I mean and what may be considered as supplementary of definite evidence and corroborative of any theory that is accepted to explain the provable supernormal in the record.

There is another aspect of the record. The classification of the incidents involved selecting them out of their natural environment in which they obtain all their forcefulness. The isolation of them in this way prevents our viewing them just as I have been considering the obscure hits in the passage above quoted, and we do not see their true perspective. If the reader will examine what a compact and coherent system many incidents have with their environment he will appreciate their evidential importance more than he will by ignoring this setting and trying to estimate the excised fact which suggests the presence of the supernormal. Many little touches accord with the striking incidents and even give them

that verisimilitude and reality that strengthen them when the less important circumstance would have no value at all. The reader will have to estimate this from what the notes say.

Finally there is the collective value of the isolated incidents which we have classified. While some one incident, however complex, might strike us as evidence of intelligence that was not guessing, it would not carry with it the evidential weight that anything like the personal identity of a deceased person demands. Whatever scepticism we entertain regarding the case on the basis of the isolated incident and such a thing as failing to obtain the name of the chief communicator—to me not a difficulty but an important objection to the simple theory with which the sceptic would be tempted—we can hardly refuse the collective mass of incidents great weight in supporting the view that Mr. Gifford was actually communicating. This is on the ground that, however any particular incident might fit any man or a number of men, the combination of several and especially the large number of specific facts, would not fit any other person. For instance, many persons living and dead, if called on to prove their identity might refer to the characteristics by which we identify Nonquitt, Mass. But the same persons could not say that they had two places of work, or that there were two funeral services, or to gnarled oaks as matters of great interest, or to a “basket” of old brushes as characteristic of his possession, or to fondness for china, or to the name Cox as that of a friend, or to the old fashioned furniture which was a characteristic of the alleged communicator, or to the love of misty days, or to Egypt, or to the putting of red in a picture after it had been painted first, etc. But all these incidents combine in Mr. Gifford and collectively would probably not characterize any other living or deceased person. Hence their collective force, taken with the relatively small portion of provably false incidents, must count very strongly for evidence of his identity when we have to criticize the isolated incident with much doubt.

A similar instance of collective cogency may be found in the incidents of the first sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth which may be considered a test one. The reader will remark a very

large quantity of subliminal padding in this sitting. But in the midst of all this there are incidents that cannot be due to chance and must be reckoned with in any estimate of the subject. Each individual fact might have no importance, but the collective mass, as remarked above, will be on a different plane. The incident describing the holding of his head is worthless taken by itself and might fit many persons. So also the statement that the communicator had a sudden death, and again that of his work being unfinished. The abrupt manner in which a rug is mentioned gives that remark more suggestiveness as even an isolated allusion, but even that, while making us pause on the side of doubt might also make us pause on the side of belief. Farther there was the allusion to the communicator's liking for rich colors and flesh tints, the accurate description of his religious attitude of mind, the honor paid to him after his death, the assumption that he was a teacher, the statement that he wore soft leather shoes, the correctness of his attitude of mind toward fashion in his clothes, the allusion to the fall and red colors, both of which represented his interest in art scenes, the abrupt mention of a tarpaulin, the description of the locality and trees found, representing the picture which had haunted Mr. Thompson's vision so long. These are certainly not due to chance, and while any one of them might be subject to sceptical dissolution either taken alone or in a larger mass of irrelevancies, that they should all be so characteristic of Mr. Gifford, with few instances of failure, is a circumstance of no mean interest and perhaps point to only one possible person. I am sure that they would have great weight in a criminal trial where circumstantial evidence has to be the basis of a verdict.

The coincidences in the same sitting with reference to Mr. Thompson have their collective value. The assertion that he lacks confidence might mean nothing when taken alone, but associated with the name Lucy, with the initial of his own name and the prophecy that he will go out to the locality of his visions and return in cool crisp weather are very suggestive hits for something supernatural, however we may explain them, especially the last incident.

Now if we were to go through the whole record and select

the striking and evidential incidents and measure them collectively we should have a much stronger verdict. The reader may be allowed to do that for himself. Hence I can only emphasize here the duty to measure the case in this and only in this manner. The errors in many instances come so near to the truth that they may be supposed to confirm the nature of the case, and those incidents which have to be discredited as false altogether may have their importance minimized by the explicable mistakes, that is, by the fact that a right understanding of errors in this problem might lead those upon whom I have had to rely for the verification and denial of incidents to unravel the mistakes and convert them into actual evidence for the supernormal.

4. Cross References.

The reader of the detailed record and notes will perhaps have noticed some evidences of identical incidents communicated through different psychics, or at least incidents similar enough to suggest that the same facts were intended or accidentally given. They should be carefully examined, not so much for the importance of them as evidence as for the peculiar evidence of limitations in communicating them, if we are to regard them as coincidental at all. In some cases it may even be difficult to assure ourselves that there is adequate evidence of coincidence between the incident communicated and the reality which it may be supposed to represent, and when this allowance is made for the difference between the two accounts claiming to be cross references we may well feel perplexed as to the evidential importance of either of them. But on the other hand, there may be more similarity between the two communications than between them and the real fact supposedly intended, and this would suffice to give importance to the cross reference whatever relation the messages may sustain to the real facts. It will, therefore, serve a useful end if we examine carefully the incidents which may possibly be instances of cross reference, and if they may be regarded as such and if we have evidence that any of them are supernormal and definitely indicative of the real facts in

the life of the supposed communicator, we may have some measure of the limitations under which communicators have to work in putting messages through other organisms and minds.

Let me take as the first instance the case of the scene mentioned by both Mrs. Rathbun and Mrs. Salter. The incidents (pp. 103, 108), which tend to identify the scene which Mr. Thompson had in mind are the reference to "autumn foliage," "two standing and one fallen," the "vista looking through beautiful brown tints," "a knotty sort of tree," and "not thickly populated." The reference to "two standing and one fallen" tree is not accurate as that would be technically understood, but the broken branch which might be meant for the fallen tree would not be far out of the way, especially as there were two trees in the scene and their knotty or gnarled character is an important feature of them as of all the oak trees in that locality. I can attach no importance to the distinction between blue and green in the color of the ocean, tho it is correct in this instance. The only point in the account of Mrs. Salter that suggests any coincidence with this is the reference to a picture. The details do not fit the account of Mrs. Rathbun and as the notes show make it doubtful whether Mrs. Salter had the same scene in mind. But Mr. Thompson was unconsciously drawing the scene while she was describing it. Perhaps the allusion to billows would fit the picture, but not anything that would coincide with Mrs. Rathbun's statements. The dark brown and red mentioned are distinctly coincidental and they have interest from the fact that no mention of the scene was made by Mr. Thompson, as he had asked for information about an ocean scene and oak trees in the sitting with Mrs. Rathbun. There was no moon. The reference to "mental pictures," while it does not coincide with anything mentioned by Mrs. Rathbun does suggest the real character of the "picture" as it was at the time Mr. Thompson asked the question of Mrs. Rathbun. It was only an ideal, an hallucination, then, but the painting had been finished at the time of the sitting with Mrs. Salter. "Mental pictures" is exactly the description of the phenomena, or telepathic phantasms, which we would

give the facts, after adopting the source of them as spiritistic. Mrs. Salter's later recognition of a picture which she thought was more like what she had seen weakens any supposition we should make of the identity between her own vision and that of Mrs. Rathbun, but as her actual account of the incidents does not coincide any more with the picture she saw on my wall than the one Mr. Thompson had in mind and as there are several pictures of Mr. Thompson that this one supposedly recognized by Mrs. Salter resembles very distinctly, we may have some freedom of interpretation. Besides, when we recall the fact in this kind of work that the messages are usually very fragmentary and that the change of subject is very rapid, and taking with this the fact that Mrs. Salter paused frequently and for considerable periods we may well imagine that several pictures were sent to her mind. The allusion to "a shadow of a rock" might very well hint at a certain painting of Mr. Gifford of which I have seen a cut, but it has no reference to the scene which Mrs. Rathbun described and which was in the mind of both Mr. Thompson and myself. Perhaps the allusion to the partly finished character of the picture is coincidental with the idea expressed in Mr. Thompson's question put to Mrs. Rathbun, tho it has no value for identifying any one.

On the other hand, the reference to "blue and white, as if billows, and the moon one-half or two-thirds risen" may hint at certain features of the picture which Mrs. Salter afterward recognized. It has a small bit of bay with dark blue color in it lined with white at the water edge, and the light in the clouds resembles that of moonlight tho the scene is of sunlight.

It will thus be seen that we cannot be sure of the identity between the two accounts, tho there can be no mistake about the fact that both psychics spontaneously recognized that we were dealing with an artist, both referred to a picture, both refer to brown and red colors, and both mention blue in the picture, one of them without suggestion and the other with it. If we assume that the intention was to describe the same scenes nothing is more certain than the difficulty of establishing the identity clearly. It is only little fragmentary hints

that even suggest the possible intention to mention the same picture or scene, and if we were not familiar with similar imperfections in the cross references between Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Holland (*Proceedings* English S. P. R. Vol. XX, XXI and XXII), and perhaps also between Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Quentin (*Journal of the Am. S. P. R.* Vol. I, pp. 128-132) and between Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Chenoweth (Mrs. Smith, *loc. cit.* pp. 133-134) we should feel that the sceptical attitude would be stronger. The same is illustrated by the cross reference between Mrs. Piper and Miss X. *loc. cit.* pp. 103-105). But the undoubted cross reference in other cases where the facts are quite as fragmentary as here suggests that we may not be far wrong in supposing that the intention is the same in these instances, and if the same, there is clear indication of the difficulties and limitations under which supernormal information has to be obtained.

The second instance is the description of Mr. Gifford, or the incidents which are taken for this. Mrs. Rathbun makes a reference to his tender feelings, but never demonstrative, his being calm and gentle, and his hands as like a woman's (p. 100). She made a second allusion to his hands and fingers. Mrs. Chenoweth stated that "his hands were just like a woman's" (p. 121), and that he had "just the tender heart of a baby" and is "very open to kindness" (p. 120). These are not closely associated as in the case of Mrs. Rathbun, but they nevertheless represent a like conception. Other characteristics do not show anything in common between the two psychics. The two or three actually corresponding seem to be so casual and so related to other and unlike incidents as to suggest that the coincidence in the two accounts may be due to chance, except that the two separate characteristics mentioned are so distinctive, as it were. Their association at all is interesting, even tho we cannot make ourselves feel that they have any importance.

The references to a woman who is associated with the intimation of a future painting is an interesting cross reference. It first appears in Mr. Thompson's vision (p. 60) and then again in the third sitting with Mrs. Rathbun. In this latter

case it is specifically associated with the Sistine Madonna and a cross (p. 147). But there is no apparent identity except that Mr. Thompson had thought of it in the first instance as the suggestion of a Madonna and child. It is made clearer a little later (pp. 152-153), and perhaps we might even question whether this second instance refers to the same person. Apparently, however, it is the same or refers to the same intention of the psychic, and in this latter instance it has a more specific reference to what appeared in Mr. Thompson's vision later when the child seemed separated from the woman and of which he made a painting. The allusion by Mrs. Chenoweth to the woman who is said to be Mr. Thompson's guide (p. 171), does not pretend to take the form of something to be painted, but it does have suggestiveness in comparison with what he received from this alleged person as a Latin name (p. 60), and then apparently again in his last vision of the woman who was to help him unto the end. Apparently this is referred to at the next sitting (p. 187), and the manner of doing it is much like that of Mrs. Rathbun (p. 148), tho the differences are very marked. But there is no such objection to the instance mentioned in Mrs. Rathbun's last reference (p. 275) where she indicates that another picture is to be painted and associates with the statement a mountain and a lady (p. 276), and this of Mrs. Rathbun is duplicated by Mrs. Chenoweth two weeks later (pp. 327-328) and apparently also the next day with indications that an earlier allusion of Mrs. Rathbun may be involved (p. 285). The passages are too long to quote and the reader will have to go to the references and decide for himself. It suffices here to remark that in some of the references at least there is an indication of a common conception representing a future picture.

I may summarize a number of these cross references which have not been noticed and perhaps call attention to some features of those that have been considered.

One interesting incident is the statement by three of the psychics that the communicator was a writer or wrote much. The allusion was made four times, (pp. 100, 106, 116 and 167). The manner of alluding to the fact shows that the idea is consistent with the fact that painting might have been meant, a

view which would be evident on the hypothesis that the psychic is describing what she sees rather obscurely: that is to say, on the theory that the communications are by means of telepathic hallucinations and are not clear enough to distinguish between writing and painting.

Again two of the psychics referred to Mr. Thompson's "material confusion." (Compare pp. 101, 137, 166, 171, 172 and 184.) Their statements made it clear that they had reference to the embarrassing conditions which his work had caused and all of us who know what the trying circumstances were that involved the giving up of his normal vocation and starting anew in a task for which he seemed to have no preparation understand clearly the pertinence of this and the need of encouragement or of material support.

Mrs. Rathbun alluded twice to Mr. Thompson's father and mother (pp. 101 and 139-140) and it will be apparent to the reader what was in mind in a general way, tho the facts are too personal to mention in detail. Mrs. Chenoweth apparently had the same facts in mind but suppressed their details (p. 180).

Apparently the name Lou given by Mrs. Rathbun (p. 102) and Louie given by Mrs. Chenoweth (pp. 165-170) referred to the same person. The name Frank was mentioned by Mrs. Salter (p. 106) and by Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 165).

There were four references to Mr. Thompson's work as done for science or involving a scientific interest (pp. 102, 106, 136 and 141), and by two of the psychics. The circumstances prevent treating the allusion as important, since we may suppose that the reference was due to knowledge that I was interested in the scientific problem. All that we can consider is the more or less identical meaning of the allusions.

There is more importance in the allusion to Mr. Thompson's automatic work, as this was not implied by the nature of my experiments. Three of the psychics mentioned facts in this connection, now recognizing that they were apparitions or visions, automatic writing, or psychic tendencies, as the case required. The allusion and implication were quite frequent. (Compare pp. 100, 107, 119, 122, 139, 141, 170, 181, and 265.) Two of the psychics intimated that Mr. Thomp-

son had few friends and explained with some clearness why it was so. (Compare pp. 113-114 and 163.) The allusion to "across the water" or its equivalent occurred five times. (Compare pp. 103, 119, 124, 182 and 208.) The first instance evidently refers to the means of reaching the Elizabeth Islands, and while some of the others are consistent with this once or twice the medium seemed to interpret the impression as referring to a voyage across the ocean, as the idea would most naturally imply in this country. The environment of the messages, however, in most instances clearly indicates the probability or possibility that a voyage to the Elizabeth Islands was in the mind of the communicator.

There are two interesting cross references with Mr. Thompson's experiences. In his diary he had put on record a vision of a city in a foreign country with various adjuncts to it. Mrs. Chenoweth described the same incidents and they represented facts that had actually come under the experience of Mr. Gifford and one painting of his had recorded his impressions. (Compare pp. 59, 220-221 and Figure XXXI.) Also in his diary he recorded the directions of a woman that appeared to him as advising him to go out when the leaves were red and do his painting then. Mrs. Chenoweth alluded to the same idea, and it was characteristic of Mr. Gifford that he was very fond of autumn scenes and colors. (Compare pp. 55 and 126.)

Apparently the reference to a tarpaulin by Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 126) and to a "uniform" in connection with the ocean by Mrs. Rathbun (pp. 134 and 141) is to the same fact in both instances. It is the general idea that suggests the interpretation. Two of the psychics refer to Mr. Thompson's lack of confidence in himself. (Compare pp. 128, 144, 162, 185 and 190.) Both Mrs. Rathbun and Mrs. Chenoweth refer to his experiences of passing "out of the body." (Compare pp. 134, 137 and 171-172.) The allusion to the idea of obsession in more or less various terms occurs very frequently in the work of both Mrs. Rathbun and Mrs. Chenoweth. (Compare pp. 135-138, 141, 143, 144, 158, 167, 170, 173, 264, 268.)

The reference to a child is by two of the psychics and

shows an interesting complication. It connects with Mr. Thompson's vision of the woman and child (p. 60) and with the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Thompson lost a child. Apparently there is the double function served of inspiring a picture and suggesting identity. In any case there is a cross reference to a child with apparent indications that the same thing is in mind. (Compare pp. 140-143, 145, and 157.) Two of the psychics apparently refer to Mr. Thompson's art as goldsmith (pp. 161 and 187). Two of the psychics apparently refer to the same jewels, the crystals brought from Paris. (Compare pp. 221 and 281-282.)

The allusion to a woman in a painting represents a complicated cross reference. It first appears in Mr. Thompson's vision and then is mentioned by both Mrs. Rathbun and Mrs. Chenoweth. (Compare pp. 60, 189-190, 251, 276 and 280.)

Mrs. Rathbun and Mrs. Smead both refer to the picture in my possession, and under circumstances of much interest. (Compare pp. 274 and 352.)

Chapter VI.

EXPLANATION OF THE CUTS.

The cuts are designed to give the reader the opportunity to study certain characteristics of the case without having to depend upon the verbal description of a report and have been given very freely that some conception of the extent to which the important coincidences have actually occurred and also that as clear an idea as cuts are capable of giving may be obtained of the artistic development of Mr. Thompson in the progress of his work.

In order to enable the reader to estimate the relation of his earlier experience in the use of the brush to the later, I have given three cuts of pictures which he helped to make some time before the manufacturing company with which he was employed in New Bedford, had gone into bankruptcy. The reader will remember that the only previous knowledge of art by Mr. Thompson was his drawing lessons as a boy in the public schools and his sketching in connection with his work as an engraver to which he was apprenticed. There are no accessible illustrations of this earlier period. But the period of service with the Pierpont Company was represented by about a dozen pictures, of which Figures I, II and III are illustrations, the originals of which are in the possession of a gentleman living in New Bedford. It must not be forgotten, however, when endeavoring to estimate their relation to the later productions that Mr. Thompson did not do all the work and that they were simply photographs turned into oil paintings. Mr. Thompson put on the oil and his artist partner finished them as paintings. The perspective and form were determined by the fact that the originals were photographs and no artistic ability or education is involved in the work. As remarked in the original notes which I made

regarding these pictures they do not show any artistic merit in the arrangement of color and such as was present cannot be indicated in the cuts. But whatever the character of the pictures they afford in such features as can be reproduced some means of comparison with the illustrations of his later paintings which are his own products. This comparison can be made between Figures I, II, III, and the group representing paintings made from his apparitions and sold on their merits and that had been adjudged by various artists as exhibiting the characteristics of Gifford without knowing anything about the history of the pictures and the experiences of Mr. Thompson. This group consists of Figures XIII and XVI inclusively. Figure XIII represents a painting owned by Mr. Thompson; Figures XIV and XV represent paintings in the possession of Dr. Müller, and Figure XVI represents a painting in the possession of Mr. James B. Townsend, editor of *The American Art News*.

Figures IV and XII inclusively represent sketches which Mr. Thompson made from his apparitions or hallucinations in the summer and autumn of 1905. Included in this list also are the sketches represented by Figures XVII, XXI, XXII and XXIII. They represent the sketches which were shown to Professor Dow, except XXIV and XXV which were made later from the actual scene, when asking him to examine them for characteristics which might betray the source of them. No artist was suggested by them. But the paintings did suggest the style of Mr. Gifford (p. 42). These sketches however, were the product of Mr. Thompson's apparitions before he knew that Mr. Gifford was dead. Some of them seem to have been of scenes which Mr. Thompson afterward discovered on the island where Mr. Gifford had so often visited and worked. Figure X represents one of these which Mr. Thompson found and painted. The resemblance is accurate in respect to the little gulch or vale, the presence of two trees and the water in the distance. The resemblance between the sketch and the real scene is perhaps not so marked as in some other cases, but it is sufficient to give the incident some weight, and especially when taken in connection with the feelings of Mr. Thompson when he discovered the vale

and its coloring which had marked his vision. (Cf. Figure XLI.) Figure IX represents possibly the small painting at the left of the main sketch on Mr. Gifford's easel in the photograph taken by Mr. Thompson (Figure XIX) when he discovered the painting which his own sketch represented and which had been left in my possession more than a month previous (Figure XVI). The reader will remark the very noticeable resemblance. Whether it is more than a coincidence it is not possible to determine. Figure XII possibly represents an early apparition associated with the various attempts to sketch the scene finally found in the "Battle of the Elements." The general scene is the same and the limb that turns on itself which was finally inserted in the painting is found here. It is also noticeable in sketch of the real scene represented by Figure XXIV.

Figures XIII, XIV and XV represents paintings made from his apparitions and which were among those on which Mr. Augustine passed his judgment (p. 39). Figure XVI represents a painting produced in the same way and in the present possession of Mr. James B. Townsend, on which his judgment has been recorded above (p. 38). All of them sold on their own merits and suggested to other persons besides those mentioned the characteristics of Gifford's art. The color, of course, cannot be here reproduced, and perhaps color would supply the most decided resemblances.

Figure XVI represents a sketch which was placed in my hands on July 2nd, 1907, by Mr. Thompson, and Figure XVIII represents the original sketch by Mr. Gifford which Mr. Thompson found on the easel in Mr. Gifford's studio at Nonquitt, Mass., about two months later. The cut was taken from a photograph which I myself had taken from the original in the care of Mr. Greenwood in Worcester, Mass., to whom it had been trusted for a purpose after Mr. Thompson had seen it. Figure XIX represents the photograph which Mr. Thompson took of the painting or sketch on the easel and also the smaller one apparently representing the sketch in Figure XII. Figure XX represents the actual scene in the island of Nashawena and which Mr. Thompson painted after finding

it in a somewhat, if not wholly, unconscious manner. Cf. pp. 64-67, 246.

Figure XXI represents the first sketch Mr. Thompson ever made of the trees and scene represented in the "Battle of the Elements." Figure XXII represents a later sketch of the same scene, and both from apparitions. They show different developments of his experiences and that it required some time to reach the conception represented in Figure XXIII.

I have said that Figure XXI represents the first drawing of the scene indicated in Figure XXIII, according to the statement of Mr. Thompson. But I must call the reader's attention to the very marked resemblance to that in Figure XXXIII. The two larger trees and the smaller one are almost identical with those in Figure XXXIII. But the stones and water in Figure XXI resemble most clearly the same things in Figures XII, XXII and XXIII. Evidently there is interfusion of apparitions or ideas here. They show the extent, however to which he was haunted by the idea. The painting which is in my possession, painted from an apparition, shows a limb turned on itself in the manner observed in the sketch of Figure XII and Figure XXIV. The scene, however, is not the same in my painting as in these sketches, but the limb mentioned shows the extent to which the general idea haunted his mind.

Figure XXIII represents the sketch which had been put into my hands on July 2nd, 1907, before Mr. Thompson had gone to the islands to hunt up the real scenes which he thought he would find to represent his hallucinations. It was made earlier than those of Figures XXI and XXII, so that the latter are less perfect representations of the idea which his final painting represented. Figure XXIV represents a sketch which Mr. Thompson made after he found the gnarled oak trees that had haunted his vision so often and Figure XXV is a more accurate sketch of the actual scene, the previous figure being more ideal and representing the insertion of the limb that appears in other sketches. The sketch represented by Figure XXV is the one from which he painted the picture represented by Figure XXVI. He made

this sketch when he discovered the group of trees on October 22nd, 1907, as the cut shows. The reader will remark the main characteristics of the scene, and the points of identity with the sketch left in my hands on July 2nd previous and represented by Figure XXIII. Figure XXVI represents the painting which Mr. Thompson made of the group of trees that he found on the promontory of Nonamesset, as possibly referred to in the sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth (p. 127). I have this painting in my possession at present. Figures XXVII and XXVIII represent the actual scene on the promontory. It was impossible to take a good photograph of both parts of it at once to make it clear. The reader, however, can put them together by conceiving that Figure XXVIII represents that part of the scene which would lie directly to the left of the scene as represented by Figure XXVII. Figure XXIX represents a part of the important limb noticed in Figure XXIII, and Figure XXV, and the limb that had to be tied on the tree in its proper place in Figure XXVII. It is the limb that was broken off by some storm and was possibly alluded to by the psychic mentioned in the record of Mr. Thompson on the evening of our sailing in search of the trees (p. 84). We could not fasten it in its exactly proper position. The limb can probably be identified in the cut at the top and left by its shape. Figure XXX represents the limb on the tree at the right and which was broken off by sheep evidently. The cut represented by Figure XXVII does not show it in its natural position. Its actual shape was as in cut XXX, and we could not fix it in that position on the side of the tree when taking the photograph. It sufficed if we could indicate its shape to show its identity with the S-shaped limb on the corresponding tree in the sketch represented in Figure XXIII and Figure XXVI. We cut off and brought with us the part remaining on the tree and it had to be fastened as indicated in the cut in order to show both the shape and position which it had on the tree before it was broken off.

The reader will remark that the identity between the sketch in Figure XXIII and the painting in Figure XXVI is much greater than between both of these and the actual scene represented in Figures XXVII and XXVIII. The

artist has idealized his scene by omitting certain details from the actual one and slightly modifying others, the limb turned on itself in the picture not being found in the real group of trees. This limb, however, he always said he had added to the view from his imagination, as it had appeared in his apparitions. Various cuts exhibit this fact. But the specific characteristics which identify the place and the trees are clearly apparent. There are (1) The rocks and water at the left; (2) the decayed spot in the tree at the left; (3) presence of the decayed limb at the top and left of the first tree, a part of which was broken off by the storm; (4) the S-shaped limb on the right hand tree; (5) the relation between the two trees and between the trees and the water; (6) the fragment of a tree or limbs lying on the ground between the two trees and found in the sketch which was left in my hands before going to the island; (7) and lastly, the storm blown character of the trees which does not show as distinctly in the photographs as is desirable, because the picture had to be taken from a position that would exhibit the more specific characteristics. All these identify the trees, and the initials of Mr. Thompson on one of the trees, as stated to me on the second trip we made and before leaving New York on the third trip, the finding of a grocery box which he had mentioned before the place was found, and the finding of a tube of red paint which he had previously said he lost there, all go to show what Mr. Thompson had identified as the group of trees in his apparition.

Figure XXXI represents a scene which had haunted Mr. Thompson's visions and to which reference was apparently made through a medium. It is taken from a cut which represented a painting by Mr. Gifford and so has some importance in suggesting the supernormal character of the vision as well as the reference through the medium, as Mr. Thompson had never seen the painting according to his knowledge.

Figure XXXII represents the painting which Mr. Thompson made of the scene referred to in his vision sent to Mrs. Thompson and which was apparently meant by the message through Mrs. Smead (p. 365). Supernormal information in the incident as it came through Mrs. Smead is apparent and the original vision was superposed upon a real scene (p. 312).

Figure XXXIII represents a sketch made in 1905 and put in my hands on July 2nd, 1907, before going out to the Elizabeth Islands. Figure XXXIV represents a photograph of a scene at Nonquitt, Mass., which Mr. Thompson took on his way to find the scenes of his visions. He recognized the place as one he had seen in his apparitions. The resemblance will perhaps be apparent.

Figure XXXV represents a sketch which Mr. Thompson had made during the summer of 1905 while in the employment of a manufacturing company in New York City, but it was not placed in my hands with the other sketches mentioned. Figure XXXVI represents the bluff which he found at Cuttyhunk and painted. It is apparently the place and painting alluded to by Mrs. Chenoweth at one of the sittings (p. 186). Mr. Thompson states that, altho he had visited Cuttyhunk earlier in his life, he had not seen this view, as it was in a part of the island where he had not gone before.

Figure XXXVII represents a sketch which Mr. Thompson made sometime during the fall of 1906 in a sketch book which he had, and Figure XXXVIII represents the same general sketch, both from apparitions, about the same time as the first. Their counterpart is found in the photograph which Mr. Thompson took of the studio at Nonquitt, and will be seen at the right on another easel. Neither of these sketches was placed in my hands before the discovery of the original.

Figure XXXIX represents the initials of Mr. Gifford which we found carved on a tree in the manner previously described (p. 76) and related to the auditory hallucination which Mr. Thompson had when he was sketching the group of trees among which this one was found.

Figure XL represents the probable counterpart of Figure IV. Mr. Thompson had placed in my hands in July, 1907, the sketch represented by Figure IV and afterwards found and photographed the scene represented by Figure XL at Nonquitt, Mass. The sea, however, is not apparent in the original scene as it is in the sketch.

Figure XLI represents the gulley which Mr. Thompson painted and which he recognized at the time as the place rep-

resented by a sketch which he had made in the fall of 1905, and which is represented by Figure X. The resemblance is not so marked as in other cases, and the features which particularly identified it to Mr. Thompson cannot be represented fully in the cut. The two trees and general character of the gulley can be observed, but the peculiar coloring which he noticed in his vision and which he found in the scene cannot be brought out. The rich autumn colors were the most striking feature of his vision and of the actual scene. They appear in the painting which Figure XLI represents.

Figure XLII is given as an example of the kind of storm blown trees frequent in the locality mentioned and that are well described in the communications of Mrs. Smead (p. 367). It is from a photograph taken by Mr. Thompson as illustrating what he saw in his visions. On my second trip to the place I had the same tree photographed, but do not reproduce it here, as it does not show the foliage, having been taken before this came out.

Figure XLIII represents one of Mr. Thompson's paintings made from a vision and is given as another illustration of his work, and especially to exhibit the tendency of the curved limb to appear in them. Figures XLIV and XLV represent paintings made from the actual scenes and they may be compared with the various sketches and paintings made from his hallucinations for the sake of forming a more accurate knowledge of the phenomena psychologically conceived. As representative of Mr. Thompson's artistic efforts they should be compared also with the cuts represented by Figures XIII and XVI inclusively, remembering, however, that these latter were painted from visions as was that represented by Figure XLIII, the last two illustrations representing paintings made from actual scenes.

Chapter VII.**CONCLUSION.**

The reader has the facts of this case before him. There can be no doubt in the mind of the student of psychology and of psychiatry regarding the subjective nature of the phenomena as mental experiences. The only question that will be raised is that which regards their interpretation for supernormal psychology. This involves the question whether the hallucinations are really veridical, that is, whether they are causally connected with influences external to the organism. Their relation to the deceased artist suggests at once the natural, or at least the superficial, interpretation of them. This is that the phenomena are spiritistically initiated. The acceptance or rejection of this hypothesis will depend as much or more on its status in other cases than on the present evidence. We should perhaps not think of it for a moment as proved on the basis of the present facts alone, even tho they gave us pause. But with a larger mass of evidence elsewhere in support of its possibility we may well test its claims in this case for recognition. The question, then, will be whether there is any evidence in these phenomena that is satisfactory for that interpretation.

But before attempting to apply a spiritistic theory to the case we have to ask and answer the question whether there is any conclusive evidence for the supernormal of any kind. May we not explain the whole case as one of ordinary subjective hallucinations in lieu of evidence for something more striking? Have we sufficient proof that the hallucinations are extra—organically produced? Have any influences been operative beyond the subject's own memories and impulses? May not some form of secondary personality, organized in a most interesting form, suffice to account for the phenomena? These are the questions

which the sceptical psychologist will ask and to which he will demand an answer. He might even raise a question as to a much simpler explanation and I have no doubt that certain types of minds who have no confidence in any one but themselves would raise that question, and if we were concerned in their conversion even to secondary personality we should be obliged to satisfy their demands. The examination of the case will remove these simpler doubts, if it be made thorough and if the sceptic would carefully study the facts. But I shall not assume that any such easy conquest of doubt can be made. I mean, therefore, to examine the most elementary objections to the pretensions of the supernormal, to say nothing of the hypothesis of spirits.

There are just three points which have to be determined in the case before the hypothesis of spiritistic influences can be admitted into any consideration at all. They are (1) the normal veracity of the subject; (2) the existence of amnesia of earlier experiences, and (3) the existence of the supernormal of some kind, after admitting his veracity and the absence of amnesia of earlier experiences.

It will be clear to many readers that the simplest objection to the supposition of anything supernormal in the case would be to impeach the veracity of Mr. Thompson. There are unquestionable coincidences in the phenomena that require explanation, especially when assuming his veracity. For instance, the interesting voice heard when he went into the art store where he saw an exhibition of Gifford's pictures. He afterward learned that Gifford was dead, a fact which he asserts he did not know at the time. The presence of characteristics in his own paintings that suggested all unconsciously to three artists who did not know the facts that Gifford's tastes and style were reproduced shows an interesting circumstance. That he should have visions of trees and scenes provably to have been known by Gifford in life is another. The mention through several psychics of various facts suggesting Gifford's personality and the hallucinations represents another which can be recalled or examined in detail in the record. All these at least apparently indicate something not due to chance and so long as we entertain this view of the phenomena we must

have some explanation of them, if we feel desirous of explaining them at all. But if asked to believe that spirits or telepathy are instrumental in them we may pause for some simpler explanation, and it is here that the first objection would be suggested in the question of Mr. Thompson's veracity. Has he told the truth about his experiences? Has he had the visions? Has he been as ignorant of the haunts of Gifford as alleged? May he not have been seeking notoriety? May he not have sought this means of drawing attention to his paintings for the sake of making a living, especially as he had not succeeded in his jewelry business?

Now all these queries will appeal to persons who do not know the facts at first hand, or Mr. Thompson personally, to say nothing of that type of mind which has no scientific imagination and can never conceive any other experiences than its own as possible. And yet those who have no difficulty in conceiving them as possible must entertain hesitation about accepting the full import of what they suggest until satisfied that common veracity can be safely assumed. In fact, not even abnormal phenomena can be admitted until that question is settled. The physician has to accept the statements about his experiences in order to diagnose the case as hallucinosis or paranoia. The honesty of the subject is a condition of making the case one for medical consideration. If you do not mean to accept the account as truthfully characterising his mental experiences there is no evidence of the abnormal in the psychiatrist's sense, and you have the position to sustain which one of the physicians assumed in it. This must be apparent to the most unsceptical believer, and I do not shirk the duty to satisfy readers of this one requirement of veracity in the man, tho even that will not supply all the conditions necessary for protection of the facts against reasonable doubt.

As for myself I do not hesitate to say that I accept, and the reader may safely accept, the veracity of Mr. Thompson. All the suspicions suggested above have no foundation in evidence in the case. They are purely *a priori* and however legitimate they may be as such, the examination of the evidence will dispel fears on that account. But my own judgment is that Mr. Thompson's veracity is intact and unques-

tionable. He may be accusable of the ordinary errors of mal-observation and memory, but for conscious and deliberate in-verity I do not think that there is any excuse for supposing it, especially without other evidence than the respectability of your authority and the safety of this view with the sceptic. I have been perfectly conscious that this would be the first question of the unsophisticated and at the same time also the willful Philistine, and hence have kept my observation upon indications of this, but have not been able to find any traces of it. On the contrary, I found, along with all who know him, that he is an especially honest man with himself and has tried his own case with as much scepticism and scrutiny as an outsider would. But while I have no doubts about his veracity myself I am well aware that this is my opinion and that it will not have conclusive weight with the sceptic, and it is due both to Mr. Thompson and the reader to show other evidence in support of the testimony which Mr. Thompson gives.

In the first place, Mr. Thompson's story is corroborated by Mrs. Thompson and what she says shows very clearly that nothing was to be gained by misrepresentation. In addition to this we have the testimony of Mrs. Müller, who knows both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and holds them in most respectful esteem. The main features of the story have to be accepted, if any hallucinations have to be assumed and two of the physicians had no question of this fact. The statement of Mr. C—— supports the probability that Mr. Thompson could not easily visit and remain at the place where the pictures were taken. The fact, also, that Mr. Thompson thought the scenes were near Nonquitt, Mass., and found they were not, is corroborative evidence of his veracity, as Mr. Thompson told me personally some months before he went to do his summer's painting that he thought he would find the scenes represented in his visions or hallucinations at Nonquitt. He did not so find them there, as the testimony of his wife and the letter of Mr. C—— indicate. Also the letter of his sister should have its weight.

There would probably be no hesitation in accepting Mr. Thompson's testimony in regard to his visions. The doubt might arise when we are asked to consider the coincidences

between these and the scenes he painted. But as Mr. Thompson is not responsible for the identity between his hallucinations and the facts, but for stating them, as we found them, the character of the hallucinations will have a subordinate place in the explanation. Of course, we cannot wholly escape responsibility for the serious worth of the facts, and we can only indicate that all the evidence, such as it is, favors the entire veracity of Mr. Thompson, while the testimony of the physicians makes him perfectly rational and healthy, so far as normal standards can determine these.

We must remember, however, that it is very difficult, if not impossible to prove the honesty or veracity of any one. It usually requires personal acquaintance and experience with people to determine this satisfactorily. Hence I cannot expect to present conclusive objective proofs of veracity in such a case. I can only state my own conviction and such evidence as could be obtained and leave to the sceptic the duty of sustaining his doubts. He will have to supply himself with personal evidence where the issue has been faced and considered.

There are facts, however, which go to prove Mr. Thompson's veracity in spite of the difficulty abstractly in such a problem. These are connected with the two pictures and sketches which gave rise to the claim of supernormal phenomena and which had to be most carefully investigated to test both his veracity and the hypothesis of the supernormal. The story of the first picture has the testimony of Mrs. Thompson with the facts showing the history of the two paintings to sustain the accuracy of Mr. Thompson's statements. The case of the other picture, if we had failed to find the scene, tho it would not have proved any deliberate attempt at deception, would have shown that there was no evidence of its truth. But the manner of finding the scene, the fact that he had expected and tried to find it on the island where he had found the other scenes, the incidents which he told me before leaving New York on which he relied to identify it, and the accompanying incidents which also proved its identity when found, as well as the resemblance of the scene to the sketch and painting, all show that he did tell the truth,

and the difficulties attending the finding of the place, all against the case if they failed, tend to support the claim of the supernormal as well as his veracity. The supernormal nature of the vision, however, is practically sustained by what both psychics said regarding the scene (pp. 103, 127), so that it is not so hard to accept his statement that he had not seen the island. But all the facts tend to prove that his word was acceptable, and that once established there is no resource but a very different objection to discredit the claims for the supernormal and veridical character of his hallucinations.

I do not think, however, that deliberate inveracity is the most troublesome objection that can be raised to the credibility of the really or apparently supernormal experiences involved in his narrative. I think the person who tries to stand on the question of Mr. Thompson's veracity will find that the victory over his doubts will be an easy one. The real objection which a sceptic may raise, regardless of its weight or probability, is this. May not Mr. Thompson have actually seen the island and its scenes in his early life and wholly forgotten them, to have them come up to his mind unrecognized and to appear as wholly new things? In other words, may he not have had such a change of personality as we now observe in many cases and have forgotten the life involved, only to have it recur without recognition and thus seem unknown? The fact that he is absent minded and that he has often been wholly unconscious of what he was doing and the disposition to reverie point in this direction. The fact that he shows indications of mediumistic power, whatever that may be, also suggests this possibility.

But possibilities of this kind cannot be treated seriously without evidence or without internal consistency with the case as a whole. While we know of instances of persons entering a condition of secondary personality and doing things which they do not remember afterward, the Ansel Bourne case, for instance, there is no evidence for the kind of thing that appears in the case before us. We simply know enough from such instances as that to which I have referred to conjecture an *a priori* possibility for such things as I have imagined, but we have no such case of systematic relationship

to normal experience as this illustrates. Alternating personalities exhibit a capricious relation to the normal usually, and tho there is often system of a kind in them, there is no case within my knowledge in which we find either a purposive or a casual fitness of an earlier period with the later in such a manner as this. If we did not have the experimental record to reckon with, or with such cases as Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verall, Mrs. Smead and others for evidence of supernormal knowledge we might well hesitate in repeating the hypothesis of alternating personality as an explanation of the coincidences between the hallucinations and the existence of the scenes represented in the paintings drawn from nature. But the manner of discovering the real or apparent objectivity of the apparitions shows that we have more than memories of the normal life to reckon with and if this has to be done in certain cases the barriers are removed from the incredibility of the others. So much is evident.

But before urging strenuously the meaning of this fact we must satisfy the sceptic that we have properly considered the possibility that Mr. Thompson had some time in his life, perhaps in childhood or in a somnambulic condition, visited the island and had actually seen the places which afterward appeared in his visions and were discovered in the manner narrated. While we can conceive this, there is no evidence whatever, as above remarked, that it is a fact, and unless some incident points to its being a fact, we can only entertain its possibility as a precaution against hasty credulity and examine the data for its application to them. It is not to be hastily rejected, nor is it to be as hastily believed. It stands on the same footing as all hypotheses in the case. It must be proved or must show evidence for its greater probability as a fact than the more miraculous view.

The hypothesis that he had forgotten an earlier experience does not easily consist with the supposition, entertained by him until otherwise discovered, that the scenes were at Nonquitt, tho it is not impossibly consistent with it. The exclusiveness of the island and the difficulty of getting to it is a fact so much in favor of his not having been there previously, and the testimony of others to this same effect will have its

weight. Of course, we cannot prove a negative. All sorts of possibilities lie within the range of ignorance and hence the burden of proof rests on the man who will entertain the hypothesis under review. All that can be done in the case is to present the facts and to see if such a theory consistently applies to all the details. I do not see that it does. There is no natural motive in the man's career since the attack of the visions to explain the phenomena. The disadvantages of the course have been so great that no reasonable motive can be conceived in such persistent pursuit of painting against all normal experience. Besides the consistency of the stories with a perfectly natural course of events and his own self-investigation and doubts about the sanity of the phenomena all point to some other interpretation than somnambulism and amnesia. If this latter view is to prevail there should be indications in the facts themselves of distinct analogies with similar cases. But not a single serious suggestion of this occurs in the narrative, to say nothing of the incompatibility of the supposition with the facts obtained by mediumistic experiments. Disregarding these, however, for the moment, it will hardly appear rational to assume somnambulism and amnesia in a case where the phenomena show a perfectly intelligible unity with normal experience as do the apparitions and the painting. There is a consistent plan or purpose throughout the whole affair and at least apparently independent of the natural habits and instincts of Mr. Thompson. The work constitutes a perfectly intelligible whole on any but the supposition of somnambulism and amnesia. The hallucinations occur in a perfectly normal state, that is, normal in the sense that there is the normal consciousness of them and a diagnosis of healthy conditions. The man's testimony as to the experiences has to be accepted in order to make a point in favor of their somnambulant origin in any case, and this fact rather strengthens the case for his normal judgment that he has never previously seen the places involved in the paintings.

Of course this is not proof of the kind which a sceptical jury might ask and it is not pretended that it is such. All the "proof" that can be given in this, as in many similar cases, is the inductive probability that the facts are consistent enough

to justify belief, and this consistency is determined by the non-natural connection of the incidents if they are to be treated either as fabrications or purely somnambulistic phenomena. Treated as the latter assumes their subjective truthfulness and only on the supposition of deliberate fabrication in the normal state stand for trial. All that can be said of that is that the rational motive is lacking for any such course, to say nothing of the sacrifices which have had to be made in adopting the suggestions of his experiences. But accepting the view that deliberate inveracity is out of the question, there is just enough of circumstance to suggest and perhaps not enough to disprove the contention that Mr. Thompson might have seen the places in childhood or in some somnambulistic state and does not now recall them. Thus New Bedford, where he spent some of his early years, is not far from the island on which he found the scenes that he painted. What is to hinder us from supposing that either as a very young child or in some somnambulistic condition he had visited the island and the scenes remained in his subliminal memory to emerge as described. Of course we may imagine this to be possible, but we have no evidence for its being a fact, and it would not much matter if we did imagine it, the fact remains that there is the apparent obsession of Mr. Gifford and that he did not come to New Bedford until he was twelve years of age. This is not altogether a natural association in the incidents, even tho he did know Mr. Gifford slightly at one time. It is true that conjecture has rather free reins in the case and there is just enough of possibilities for the imagined source of the facts to make it difficult to refute the hypothesis, tho it may be quite as difficult to justify its tolerance. The most that can be said against it is that it does not easily consist with the perfectly credible parts of the story, and certainly not at all with the testimony of his friends regarding the man. Moreover granting it, there are the supernatural incidents associated with the experiments in which the personal identity of Mr. Gifford seems to be established in a supernatural manner. If such facts can be produced it is not more difficult to believe that Mr. Thomp-

son's apparitions were influenced by similar or identical agencies.

To me the hypothesis which I have suggested as conceivable has nothing to support it in fact. We may imagine it, but there is absolutely nothing to support its application to the case. I am willing to concede to one who does not know Mr. Thompson or his friends that he may legitimately inquire for evidence that such a possibility is improbable. It is one to be considered, but personally I do not think it has any serious rights to more than a passing notice. What we mean by its possibility in this or in any similar case is that, in the absence of other evidence for the supernormal we would find it easier to believe the fact of this natural explanation than to admit the one that appears on the surface. Judged by itself the case would not present satisfactory proof of the supernormal. But as one of a class, well attested and associated with undoubted evidence of the supernormal, in the mediumistic records accompanying the spontaneous phenomena, we may well accord it an unusual interest and perhaps importance. Everything depends on the amount of evidence that we have for the supernormal independently of this special instance, as such independent evidence would make this natural and acceptable. But in addition to this I would insist that proper examination of this case at first hand would reveal its entire credibility on its own evidence. The man who would insist upon the hypotheses which I have been discussing, without actually testing them in detail and without sacrificing methods that are due solely to intellectual indolence, is not to be treated seriously in opposition. The problem in such cases is not to convert the sceptic, as any man can hold out against conviction on any issue, but it is to ascertain a reasonably consistent and natural explanation of the facts as a whole. All that I would insist in this instance is, that we are bound to suggest and try such hypotheses as serve to show how much has to be believed to escape the supernormal. If these alternatives can show any evidence in their support, whether that evidence be their common occurrence or incidents in the special case, we may well assign them probability. But it is certain that the theory of somnambulism and amnesia does

not represent anything common, as after-effects, like those which have to be assumed here, and it certainly does not naturally accord with the complicated facts involved. The theory of deliberate falsification is more natural, but, in my opinion, cannot stand criticism. We could say that we preferred to believe either of these views, but that is all, and such a course is not adducing evidence.

Moreover it will be apparent in the study of the case that a theory of somnambulism and amnesia would not suffice to explain all the phenomena, even barring the experimental records, without accusing Mr. Thompson of inveracity. For whatever we may think of the source of the apparitions in the early stages of his experience the later phenomena are so implicated in his normal life and memory that we can hardly conceive such a union of subliminal and recrudescient memories and normal experiences without associating one point of view with the other. Mr. Thompson's veracity in his normal life seems well established and what I know of his intelligent search for evidence of his own sanity and the reality of his experiences confirms his entire trustworthiness as against a scepticism that only sits at home and doubts instead of investigating. All that I could do was to raise this question and decide it for myself, and this decision is for his entire honesty in the whole series of experiences. That judgment may not suffice to remove suspicion of the somnambulism and amnesia, but having proposed this and ascertained all that can be discovered relating to it the matter must rest with a verdict of non-proven, as regards somnambulism and amnesia.

I have omitted what is perhaps the best corroboration of all, namely, the testimony of his parents and sister to the fact that the man had never been on the island where the scenes are to be found. The reader may compare the letters of his mother and sister on this point. Of course, if his visit had been in a somnambulistic condition he would not remember anything about it. But the testimony of the mother and sister indicate that he was never known to do any sleep walking, and Mrs. Thompson tells me the same is true in her experience. That he could hardly have seen the island in a

normal state without remembering it is apparent in the fact that he did not come to New Bedford until he was twelve years of age, and, unless he was a somnambulistic subject after that, he must be expected to remember such a visit. But as no one knows of any somnambulism for this period the evidence is in favor of his being normal and capable of remembering any such visits.

There is, however, the suggestion of the semi-trances which undoubtedly affect him at present and which we might suppose to have affected him and with the amnesia, which at times influences him, may have given rise to some visit to the island. But we must remember in proposing such an hypothesis that these semi-trances and amnesia seem never to have attacked him until after the death of Mr. Gifford and he had no special tastes for the scenes and objects which affected Mr. Gifford until this time. It was after Gifford's death that this whole development arose and his movements can be traced by others and his own memory is not so disturbed as not to remember all that he did, with the one exception of a trip to the place after he had finished his pictures. His life during this period is determinable by his employer, so that, whatever we may think of abstract possibilities, the probabilities, to say the least, are all against somnambulistic phenomena that led him to the island. The mediumistic phenomena, which confirm the supernormal character of his visions also make such an hypothesis as unnecessary as it is inconsistent with the whole of the case. Hence I see no reason for considering it except the necessity of leaving no stone unturned to escape the more unnatural theory.

The third hypothesis which may be tested in the case is the spiritistic. I concede that there would be less reason for considering this point of view were it not for the experiments with the three mediums. The hypotheses which I have been considering as alternatives to the supernormal would be much more plausible and effective if it were not for the experimental records. Consequently it is as a whole that we have to ascertain the applicability of spiritistic agency in the case.

The diagnosis which I made of the case at the outset shows what I thought of the spiritistic hypothesis at the time and it was only an admission of my ignorance that induced me to try a medium as a test of the theory of disintegrating personality and ordinary hallucinations. There was just enough of what one might suspect to be supernormal, assuming the veracity of Mr. Thompson about his ignorance of Mr. Gifford's death when Mr. Thompson happened to go into the American Art Gallery, to suggest a little humility about asserting positively that the case was nothing but subconscious action intruding itself into the normal consciousness. It was this that prompted investigation in the only way that would decide the matter. This was to assume the possibility that the phenomena were actually what they apparently were and to experiment in the only manner which would determine the truth of any hypothesis. If the apparitions were really what they apparently were the identity of the deceased person should be exhibited in a mediumistic experiment and also the hallucinations should be "objective" in the sense at least that they were not purely subjective and casual in their origin. They should in some way be recognized as having a source outside the subject in whom they appeared. This was just what occurred as a result of the experiment, as the reader may determine for himself.

I shall not here insist that the evidence of this case by itself is sufficient to prove a spiritistic interpretation of the phenomena. That is not the task before us. The problem is to see if such an hypothesis is a possible explanation of the facts, and we may find the evidence of its applicability either in further investigation or in other phenomena with which this instance can be classified. With a spiritistic hypothesis made possible in other cases like that of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Smead and similar instances we may well ask whether it is not applicable in this one and study the facts accordingly. We do not need to regard the theory as devoid of perplexities, but simply as the one which explains the central facts, and other incidents may be deferred to subsidiary explanations.

There are three types of facts pointing directly to a spir-

istic origin of the phenomena. (1) The personal experiences of Mr. Thompson prior to his knowledge of Mr. Gifford's death. These consist of his auditory experience in the art gallery, his feeling as if he were Gifford, and the apparition of scenes which can be proved to have been in the knowledge of Mr. Gifford when living. (2) The coincidence between the apparitions or hallucinations, if we may call them such, and the actual scenes afterwards found and painted. (3) The mediumistic phenomena which are undoubtedly supernormal and reflective of Mr. Gifford's personal identity. The detailed study of these groups of facts can be found in the record.

With the evidence that the apparitions or hallucinations are veridical we have a very clear case in which the phenomena are *not* explicable by telepathy between the living. This universal solvent of the sceptic has no standing in court whatever in such a case. Your only alternative is fraud of some kind, and that fraud cannot be confined to Mr. Thompson. That ought to be clear. With the removal of telepathy between the living, assuming for the moment that the mediumistic incidents are referable to this, we have no other hypothesis than a spiritistic source for the veridical hallucinations, and that once assumed for these would make the same hypothesis necessary for the mediumistic, and also the reverse process would apply. Dismissing the veridical nature and the spiritistic theory of the apparitions of scenes, we may find this interpretation of the mediumistic phenomena the most natural one, and that once postulated will make the same view necessary for the personal experiences described, at least in so far as they are acceptably supernormal and involve causal coincidences not associated with subjective agencies alone, if the case is to have any unity whatever. That unity is perfectly apparent and the hypothesis which is entitled to respect and consideration is the one that fits that characteristic.

I shall assume that the spiritistic theory is made rational in such cases as have been mentioned, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Smead and others. With that we have a leverage for dealing with the case at hand. Associated with the application of it I also assume that telepathy between the living is an acceptable

fact, not as any possible rival hypothesis to explain this case, but as a name for facts implying a causal nexus between the thoughts of living people under exceptional circumstances. Now what has been noticeable in many cases of this telepathic relation between living people is the fact that the message from the agent often comes as an apparition, it may be visual, auditory, or tactual. That is, the thought of a living person appears to the percipient of it telepathically as a visible form, an auditory voice, or tactual sensation. Compare Mr. Podmore's *Naturalization of the Supernatural*, pp. 124-148. It does not always take such a form, as mere impression of thought identity is a frequent form of the same causal nexus. But often this identity is sensory and invokes or appropriates the hallucinatory functions of the mind. Consequently, if we have reason to try the spiritistic hypothesis in other instances than that of Mr. Thompson we may well suppose that the continuity of personal consciousness with its memories is a reasonable hypothesis for trying. It implies that a surviving consciousness might as easily have telepathic connection with the living as this is supposed to exist between two living people. The consequence of this would be an expectation that the same phenomena might occur between deceased and living persons as are proved or supposed to occur between living people. This would mean that the thoughts and memories of surviving persons might be transmitted to the living and appear as apparitions or hallucinations. We have, then, only to suppose that Mr. Thompson's apparitions were transmitted as telepathic hallucinations from the mind of Mr. Gifford deceased and that they were associated with motor automatisms, as in the case of Mrs. Piper's and others' automatic writing, to produce paintings, in order to have a perfectly simple, or at least rational explanation of the phenomena prior to the mediumistic experiments. After these the case is all the stronger for its association with similar instances.

I am not at all concerned with the explanation of the various physiological and psychological processes which may make this possible. That is a matter for future study and investigation. It suffices to know that the admitted phenom-

ena of abnormal and supernormal psychology, that is psychiatry and psychic research, as well as normal psychology, make entirely possible the hypothesis of telepathic hallucinations, and the details of the various steps affecting the results described may be left to future inquiry. The assumption of a spiritistic theory in other cases makes rational the attempt to apply it in this instance associated with what we know of the various types of psychology mentioned, if the phenomena are sufficiently identical to admit of it. I think no one will question the resemblance of the facts to those which at least suggest spiritistic agency and hence with all that makes the theory intelligible it is only fair to admit it to a place among the possible explanations of the facts, and then let the preference be decided by its unity with all that suggests it and the comparative simplicity with which it makes the phenomena intelligible. It is certainly far simpler than either inveracity and somnambulism and amnesia, as it covers all the facts. These do not at all apply to the mediumistic experiments, except on the assumption that I myself am implicated in them, and I have no means of refuting this suspicion. Consequently, it seems to me that the most intelligible hypothesis is the spiritistic, whatever perplexities may exist in regard to a complete understanding of all the various stages of the phenomena. This hypothesis supposes nothing more *functionally* than is involved in automatism and telepathy between the living and relies upon the supernormal illustrating the personality of a definite deceased person to justify its application. No matter what place Mr. Thompson's mind may have in the production of the form of the phenomena, the question is as to the instigating cause, and if telepathy between the living exhibits veridical hallucinations there is no reason why telepathy from the dead, or spirits, as the dead may be called, assuming that this hypothesis has any credentials on independent grounds, as I think it has, might not effect the same result, as it apparently does, in such cases. The application of the spiritistic hypothesis depends on just this indicative character of the facts.

There is an interesting illustration in the case of phenomena that constantly occur in mediums. Those who are fa-

miliar with mediumistic phenomena will recognize as a very common fact that they apparently describe what they see or hear. It matters not whether their mental experiences are of an hallucinatory character or merely like memory pictures, tho externally initiated. The primary point is that they represent their information, however derived, as sensory in appearance. If we accept their spiritistic source, especially in the instances of supernormal information bearing upon the personal identity of deceased persons, we have precisely the kind of phenomenon that Mr. Thompson's apparitions appear to be. It will thus seem that Mr. Thompson's experiences confirm the ordinary mediumistic phenomena where we have reason to believe that they are not fraudulent, or conversely, genuine mediumistic phenomena of the type indicated tend to corroborate or render conceivable and probable the significance of Mr. Thompson's experience. They seem to have a definite unity and are to be classed together, a fact which helps to protect them against the hypotheses which were at first discussed. The objections of inveracity and of somnambulism with amnesia are based upon the assumption that the phenomena and explanation by spirits are so new that anything is credible rather than a foreign agency. But the discovery and admission that the phenomena are well known in other cases, and especially with genuine mediums in which evidence for spiritistic agency is strong, only makes this instance corroborative of others or invokes them to explain it. For this reason the spiritistic hypothesis obtains the support of all other cases, while the present one is a unique evidence of the processes involved in them. What is exceptional in the case is the non-telepathic source from the living of the hallucinations affecting Mr. Thompson and their distinct resemblance to spiritistic phenomena on the one hand and to the psychological character of ordinary telepathic apparitions on the other. They thus afford a fine confirmation of the spiritistic hypothesis while they throw light upon the processes involved in phenomena which purport to have a spiritistic source.

Perhaps I need not urge the spiritistic interpretation as more than a personal opinion, influenced and strengthened by

experience in many other instances. In such a case I might add that the evidence in this instance is sufficient at least to justify further investigation. So much, I think, may be said to be scientifically proved by it, and those who are familiar with the immense mass of accredited facts elsewhere suggesting a spiritistic hypothesis may feel satisfied in tolerating that possibility here. If, then, I may concede, for the sake of argument, that a spiritistic interpretation is not proved by the case, and I do not think it would be proved by it alone, I think I would be invulnerable in the claim that it does make further investigation imperative and at least proves its necessity. For science I need not present any other claim here and only an unreasonable prejudice would refuse this contention.

The unique and interesting feature of the case is the union of sensory and motor automatism, which are usually separated in psychically endowed persons. Mrs. Piper's and Mrs. Ver-rall's phenomena are wholly, or almost wholly, instances of motor automatism, except in the subliminal stages of the trance in the case of Mrs. Piper. It is the same with that of Mrs. Smead. In the case of Mrs. Chenoweth the motor automatism appears most distinctly in the deeper trance of the automatic writing and a mixture of vocal automatism and normal functions in the lighter trance, but no sensory automatism in the information obtained, except such as may be supposed in the acquisition of facts from the "other side." There is no emergence of this sensory automatism into the normal consciousness except very occasionally. But in the case of Mr. Thompson there is the clear existence of sensory automatism, hallucinations, and with it the motor automatism affecting the reproduction of the scenes and ideas represented in the sensory phantasms. This combination of functions gives the case a unique and very unusual interest and possibly makes it one that might not occur again or so rarely as to make study of it difficult. But with the combination indicated it affords peculiar evidence of the whole process possible in producing the phenomena presented in the record.

I do not care to discuss at any special length the processes apparent in the hypothetical explanation of the facts. This

would require too much time, and may be taken up in another connection. But I may briefly allude to the ideas that it suggests. They are telepathy from the dead and some sort of action from the same source upon the motor system of Mr. Thompson. Telepathy from the dead will account for the existence and contents of the veridical hallucinations and "possession" or "obsession," whatever these may mean in such instances, may account for the purely physical or mechanical features of the case. There is not the evidence that exists in the Piper case for Dr. Hodgson's hypothesis of "possession," and even if there were it would not show the same extent of such an influence. But it matters not what hypothesis be entertained regarding the processes involved, as these are not so important as the general hypothesis regarding the source of the phenomena. All that we require to note is the decided suggestion of the functions apparent in telepathy between the living with a content more naturally from the dead to try telepathy from the dead as the explanation of the hallucinations, while we use the evidence for the supernormal and its selective unity with reference to Mr. Gifford as an indication of the source of the facts. But whatever cogency the supposition of either this source or the telepathic process may have it derives its most important indication of the fact from the relation of the case as a whole to the many other records of similar phenomena.

It will be apparent to many persons that the case suggests certain definite problems for psychic research, and in an unusual form. The peculiar articulation between the mediumistic records and the spontaneous experiences of Mr. Thompson, as well as the evidence of his motor automatism, bring very forcibly to the front the conceptions with which we have to deal at least hypothetically, and I may summarize them.

(1) The apparent evidence of a telepathic connection with the dead. This is indicated in the veridical hallucinations more or less convertible with provable experiences in the life of Mr. Gifford, and in the spontaneous recognition by the communicator through the various psychics of his agency in the experiences which Mr. Thompson reports. The careful reader will remark much matter claiming to be evidence of

this latter supposition, and I find it unique in my records of mediumistic phenomena and communications.

(2) The problem of obsession by spirits. This case is especially interesting as not accompanied by any unpleasant characteristics in this respect. But one cannot accept the spiritistic interpretation of the case without at least raising the question whether it be a case of obsession or not and to try the hypothesis of such in other instances. There is not sufficient evidence in this case, after admitting that it is to be explained by spiritistic agency, to regard these phenomena alone as proving so large an hypothesis. Its more apparent significance is its confirmatory character in regard to other alleged evidence of spiritistic agency, and we should have to collect much more evidence of the larger theory of spiritistic obsession. But the case certainly suggests or is consistent with some idea of obsession.

(3) The existence of real hallucinations in telepathic phenomena, if we accept the spontaneous experiences of Mr. Thompson at their alleged value. Often telepathic coincidences are only representative of identity in the contents of consciousness, not always expressed in sensory images. But in this instance they are distinctly sensory while they are both hallucinatory and veridical. The nature of the telepathic process, in comparison with the normal communications between living minds, while the phenomena throw no light upon the process, clearly challenges our curiosity, and the hypothesis of a spiritistic origin of the hallucinations clearly suggests the identity of the process with that between the living, tho the proof is wanting to indicate that it is a fact.

(4) The possibility that the visions of Mr. Thompson may throw light upon the phenomena of real or alleged clairvoyance. Clairvoyance is the perception of objects or scenes at a distance and out of the reach of any conceivably normal sense perception and in a manner not explicable by telepathy. Now Mr. Thompson's apparitions of trees, scenes, and paintings, accepting them as veridical, show all the characteristics of clairvoyant perceptions. The hasty thinker might desire to regard them as explained by this term, but in fact it only describes their supernormal nature and do not even suggest

an explanation except as they suggest a spiritistic source. Superficially, however, most of his hallucinations did not directly purport to have been instigated by such agencies. Only in the feelings that he was Mr. Gifford was there any hint even of a possibly foreign source. The apparitions internally did not even suggest their veridical nature, so that we were left to other evidence, both in the circumstances which proved them veridical and in the mediumistic experiments which indicated more distinctly the possible source of them, to get the suggestion of their real explanation. It should be observed that the phenomena exhibited all the natural characteristics of mediumistic control. These do not always indicate superficially what their source is. Indeed usually they conceal the agency involved unless some circumstance calls out the evidence of foreign intervention. Consequently in these phenomena of Mr. Thompson's, which resemble in all their essential features the phenomena of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Quentin and Mrs. Smead, suggest that, whatever similarity they have to clairvoyance, they suggest, if they do not prove, that a spiritistic intervention may be the source of some, if not all, clairvoyance. It is certain that these phenomena psychologically are more complicated than the usual instances of alleged clairvoyance. Their mediumistic associates both in the experiments with the psychics and the occasional indications of Mr. Gifford in the visions themselves implicate possible agencies in them which are not so clearly betrayed in the usual cases of clairvoyance, and hence whatever explanation be ultimately accepted this instance at least will suggest that such phenomena may seek their cause, or at least a co-operating agency, in foreign influences, so that, if spiritistic intervention be conceded, it carries with it some probability that clairvoyance will be more or less subordinated to that hypothesis.

REPORT ON MRS. PIPER'S HODGSON-CONTROL.¹

By Professor William James.

PART I.²

SUMMARY OF SPECIAL INCIDENTS.

1. Introduction.

Richard Hodgson died suddenly upon December 20th, 1905. On December 28th a message purporting to come from him was delivered in a trance of Mrs. Piper's, and she has hardly held a sitting since then without some manifestation of what professed to be Hodgson's spirit taking place. Hodgson had often during his lifetime laughingly said that if he ever passed over and Mrs. Piper was still officiating here below, he would control her better than she had ever yet been controlled in her trances, because he was so thoroughly familiar with the difficulties and conditions on this side. Indeed he was; so that this would seem *prima facie* a particularly happy conjunction of spirit with medium by which to test the question of spirit return.

I have undertaken to collate the various American sittings (75 in number as I write, the latest being that of January 1st, 1908) in which the professed R. H. has appeared, and a few

¹This report is published simultaneously in the English *Proceedings*. I have merely substituted *parentheses* enclosing what the sitters say for initials used in the English Report. As in the English Report, Notes in brackets are distributed throughout the detailed records. Initials connected with Notes indicate the person who made them, usually the sitter.

²This report was prepared to be read at the General Meeting of the Society, on January 28th, 1909. To make a single document by distributing its material through the larger report would cost much labor, so the two parts are printed separately, but readers will understand that they should be read in conjunction.

prefatory remarks as to my own relation to the Piper-phenomenon would seem to be a needed introduction to what is to follow. I have no space for twice-told tales, so I will assume that my readers are acquainted, to some degree at any rate, with previously printed accounts of Mrs. Piper's mediumship.³ I had myself had no sitting with Mrs. Piper and had hardly seen her for some nine years, but for most of that time I had been kept informed of what was going on by reading the typed records, furnished me by my friend Hodgson, of all the trances of which report was taken, and for which the sitters had not asked secrecy to be observed. The "Control" most frequently in evidence in these years has been the personage calling himself "Rector." Dr. Hodgson was disposed to admit the claim to reality of Rector and of the whole Emperor-Band of which he is a member, while I have rather favored the idea of their all being dream-creations of Mrs. Piper, probably having no existence except when she is in trance, but consolidated by repetition into personalities consistent enough to play their several roles. Such at least is the dramatic impression which my acquaintance with the sittings has left on my mind. I can see no contradiction between Rector's being on the one hand an improvised creature of this sort, and his being on the other hand the extraordinarily impressive personality which he unquestionably is. He has marvelous discernment of the inner states of the sitters whom he addresses, and speaks straight to their troubles as if he knew them all in advance. He addresses you as if he were the most devoted of your friends. He appears like an aged and, when he speaks instead of writing, like a somewhat hollow-voiced clergyman, a little weary of his experience of the world, endlessly patient and sympathetic, and desiring to put

³ Chief among these are Hodgson's reports in Vols. VIII. and XIII. of the S. P. R. *Proceedings*, Mrs. Sidwick's discussion in Vol. XV., Hyslop's long account in Vol. XVI., and his briefer one in his book *Science and a Future Life*.

all his tenderness and wisdom at your service while you are there. Critical and fastidious sitters have recognized his wisdom, and confess their debt to him as a moral adviser. With all due respect to Mrs. Piper, I feel very sure that her own waking capacity for being a spiritual adviser, if it were compared with Rector's, would fall greatly behind.

As I conceive the matter, it is on this mass of secondary and automatic personality of which of late years Rector has been the centre, and which forms the steady background of Mrs. Piper's trances, that the supernormal knowledge which she unquestionably displays is flashed. Flashed, grafted, inserted—use what word you will—the trance-automatism is at any rate the intermediating condition, the supernormal knowledge comes as if from beyond, and the automatism uses its own forms in delivering it to the sitter. The most habitual form is to say that it comes from the spirit of a departed friend. The earliest messages from "Hodgson" have been communicated by "Rector," but he soon spoke in his own name, and the only question which I shall consider in this paper is this: Are there any unmistakable indications in the messages in question that something that we may call the "spirit" of Hodgson was probably really there? We need not refine yet upon what the word "spirit" means and on what spirits are and can do. We can leave the meaning of the word provisionally very indeterminate,—the vague popular notion of what a spirit is is enough to begin with.

Sources other than R. H.'s surviving spirit for the veridical communications from the Hodgson-control may be enumerated as follows:

- (1) Lucky chance-hits.
- (2) Common gossip.
- (3) Indications unwarily furnished by the sitters.
- (4) Information received from R. H., during his lifetime,

by the waking Mrs. P. and stored up, either supraliminally or subliminally, in her memory.

(5) Information received from the living R. H., or others, at sittings, and kept in Mrs. Piper's trance-memory, but out of reach of her waking consciousness.

(6) "Telepathy," *i. e.* the tapping of the sitter's mind, or that of some distant living person, in an inexplicable way.

(7) Access to some cosmic reservoir, where the memory of all mundane facts is stored and grouped around personal centres of association.

Let us call the first five of these explanations "natural," and the last two "supernatural" or "mystical." It is obvious that no mystical explanation ought to be invoked so long as any natural one remains plausible. Only after the first five explanations have been made to appear improbable, is it time for the telepathy-theory and the cosmic-reservoir theory to be compared with the theory of R. H.'s surviving spirit.

The total amount of truthful information communicated by the R. H. control to the various sitters is copious. He reminds them, for the most part, of events—usually unimportant ones—which they and the living R. H. had experienced together. Taking any one of these events singly, it is never possible in principle to exclude explanations number 1 and 4. About number 3, a complete record of the sitting ought generally to decide. Number 2 is often excluded either by the trivial or by the intricate nature of the case. Number 5 would be easily settled if the records of the sittings of the living Hodgson with Mrs. Piper were complete and accessible. They are supposed, for the past ten or twelve years at least, to exist in complete form. But parts of them are in Hodgson's private cipher, and they are now so voluminous that it would be rash to say of any recent message from

Hodgson, so long as the matter of it might conceivably have been talked of at any previous trance of Mrs. Piper's, that no record of such talk exists. It might exist without having yet been found.

Add, to these several chances that any communication of fact by the Hodgson-control may have had a natural source, the further consideration that Mrs. Piper had known H. well for many years, and one sees that her subliminal powers of personation would have had an unusually large amount of material to draw upon in case they wished to get up a make-believe spirit of Hodgson. So far, then, from his particular case being an unusually good one by which to test the claim that Mrs. Piper is possessed during her trances by the spirits of our departed friends, it would seem to be a particularly poor one for that purpose. I have come to the conclusion that it is an exceptionally bad one. Hodgson's familiarity when in the flesh with the difficulties at this end of the line has not made him show any more expertness as a spirit than other communicators have shown; and for his successes there are far more naturalistic explanations available than is the case with the other spirits who have professed to control Mrs. Piper.

So much for generalities, and so much for my own personal equation, for which my various hearers will make their sundry kinds of allowance. But before taking up the messages in detail, a word more about the fourth of the naturalistic explanations which I have instanced (conversations, that is, between Mrs. Piper and Hodgson when alive) is in order. Abstractly, it seems very plausible to suppose that R. H. (who systematically imposed on himself the law of never mentioning the contents of any trance in her waking presence) might have methodically adopted a plan of entertaining her on his visits by reciting all the little happenings of his

days, and that it is this chronicle of small beer, stored in her memory, that now comes out for service in simulating his spirit-identity.

In the concrete, however, this is not a highly probable hypothesis. Every one who knew Hodgson agrees that he was little given to anecdotal small change, unless the incident were comic or otherwise of an impressive order, and that his *souvenirs* of fact were usually of a broad and synthetic type. He had had a "splendid time" at such a place, with a "glorious" landscape, swim, or hill-climb, but no further detail. Gifted with great powers of reserve by nature, he was professionally schooled to secretiveness; and a decidedly incommunicative habit in the way of personal gossip had become a second nature with him,—especially towards Mrs. Piper. For many years past he had seen her three times weekly (except during the months of her summer vacation) and had had to transcribe the records afterwards. The work was time-consuming, and he found it excessively fatiguing. He had economized energy upon it by adopting for many years past a purely business tone with the medium, entering, starting the trance, and leaving when it was over, with as few unnecessary words as possible. Great *brusquerie* was among the excellent R. H.'s potentialities, and for a while the amount of it displayed towards Mrs. P. led to a state of feeling on her part of which a *New York Herald* reporter once took advantage to exploit publicly. R. H. was remonstrated with, and was more considerate afterwards. It may well be that Mrs. Piper had heard one little incident or another, among those to be discussed in the following report, from his living lips, but that any large mass of these incidents are to be traced to this origin, I find incredible:

2. Earlier Communications.

The spirit-Hodgson's first manifestation was, as I have

said, eight days after his death. There was something dramatically so like him in the utterances of those earliest days, gradually gathering "strength" as they did, that those who had cognizance of them were much impressed. I will begin by a short account of these earliest appearances, of which the first was at Miss Pope's sitting on Dec. 28th, 1905. At this sitting "Rector" had been writing, when the hand dropped the pencil and worked convulsively for several seconds in an excited manner.

(What is the matter?)

[The hand, shaking with apparently great excitement, wrote the letter H, . . . bearing down so hard on the paper that the point of the pencil was broken. It then wrote "Hodgson."]

(God bless you!)

[The hand writes "I am"—followed by rapid scrawls, as if regulator of machine were out of order.]

(Is this my friend?)

[Hand assents by knocking five times on paper-pad.]

[Rector.] Peace, friends, he is here, it was he, but he could not remain, he was so choked. He is doing all in his power to return. . . . Better wait for a few moments until he breathes freer again.

(I will.)

[R.] Presently he will be able to conduct all here.

(That is good news.)

[R.] Listen. Everything is for the best. He holds in his hand a ring. . . . He is showing it to you. Cannot you see it, friend?

(I cannot see it. Have him tell me about it.)

[R.] Do you understand what it means?

(I know he had a very attractive ring.)

[R.] Margaret.

"All" was then written, with a "B" after it, and Miss P. asked "what is that?" "A," "B" and "L" followed, but no explanation. [The explanation will be given later.]

The above is the whole of the direct matter from Hodgson at this, the first of the sittings at which he has appeared.

[For the sequel to this ring-episode, see pp. 482-489.]

At Miss Pope's next sitting (five days later), after some talk about him from Rector, R. H. appeared for the second time, and in the character, familiar to him, of being a well-spring of poetical lore. Mrs. Piper's hand cramped most awkwardly, first dropped and then broke the pencil. A new one being given, the hand wrote as follows:

RICHARD HODGSON I AM WELL HAPPY GLAD I CAME GOD BLESS POPE

(Many thanks.) [Then the hand wrote:—]

It lies not in her form or face
Tho these are passing fair,
Nor in the woman's tone of grace,
Nor in her falling hair;
It lies not in those wondrous eyes
that swiftly light and shine,
Tho all the stars of all the skies
Than these are less divine.

I am only practicing.

(Who wrote it?)

[Rector.] Richard only.

(When?)

Now.

(Doesn't it exist on paper in our world?)

No.

(Did you really make that up?)

Yes.

(Well, you are clever.)

If you ever find this in your world, never believe in this world!

(I shall look for it, you may be sure.)

Good! Think I'm asleep? Not much! My head. I must leave you now.

[Rector.] It is impossible for us to hold him—that is all.

(Rector, did he dictate that poem to you?... Do you think he made it up?)

[Rector.] I do positively know he did.... Farewell!

At the second sitting after this (Jan. 8th, 1906), Miss Pope again being the sitter, R. H. appeared again, writing as follows:

I am Hodgson.... I heard your call—I know you—you are Miss Pope. Piper instrument. I am happy exceedingly difficult to come very. I understand why Myers came seldom. I must leave. I cannot stay. I cannot remain to-day....

[A tobacco-pouch that had belonged to Hodgson was presently given to the Medium as an "influence," when the writing went on:—]

I am in the witness-box, do you remember?—Do you remember my promise to shake you up?

(I once asked Geo. P[elham] to "shake me up.")

No, I do not mean that.

(What do you mean?)

I said that if I got over here first I would soon learn how to communicate.—I would not make a botch of it.

(I remember—indeed you did.)

I am certainly R. H. I am sure. I have joined dear old G. Pelham, who did so much for me—more than all the rest put together.

[After a few words in Rector's name. A brush that had belonged to Hodgson was put into the medium's hand.]

Remember my theory about objects?

(What was it?)

They carried their own light. I was right.

(Yes, I remember very well.)

I see it now, I was right.

Did you receive my lines to Miss D. [Referring apparently to the verses at the previous sitting.]

(Good, that is most interesting.)

Amen! Miss D—— [This name, correctly given, is that

of the cousin of R. H., mentioned as "Q" in previous reports, a name probably well known to the trance-consciousness.—W. J.]

(Miss D——?)

Yes. Ah, ah, ah, (which written words indicate laughter).

(What does that mean?)—[referring to the "ah, ah"].

I am amused at you. Yet? found them?

(No, I haven't.)

It will take the remainder of your earthly life, and then you'll fail.

(You are just the same as ever.)

Not quite as full of energy as I wish, but give me time.

[Rector then comes in, and the sitting closes.]

On Jan. 16th and Jan. 17th, R. H. spoke again to Miss Pope, but without anything evidential in matter—or in manner either, unless the following be counted as dramatically like:—

I shall never assume control here. Emperor shall lead me. In his care I am safe. I was met by him. There will be no moaning at the bar when I pass out to sea—remember it?

[Miss Pope assents.]

On Feb. 5th, R. H. asks again:—

Got any news of my poem?

(No, I give that up.)

I thought you would come to it. I made that up in a moment and composed to Miss D——.

[After some more non-evidential talk, R. H. mentions his living friend, Miss B. and says:—]

Give my love to her and tell her I hope to speak with her soon.

It seems as if the wondrous land
Within her vision lay:
I dimly sense the mystic strand
Behind the glorious gray.

To Margaret Bancroft. Give her this. She has light. [Correct.—W. J.]

(Yes. Is this your own?)

I just made it for her. . . . Tell her I shall never forget those hills, the water, our talks, and the delightful visit I had with her. [Correct.—W. J.]

(I think she is coming soon to speak with you here.)

Good. I hope so. Will you tell her, give her my message, ask her if she knows anything about my watch being stopped. Do you? I must go out and get a little breath.

[Miss B. writes:—"I think the watch means *my* watch. We had a number of jokes about the frequent stopping of my watch."]

On Jan. 23rd, 1906, Mrs. Wm. James, and W. James Jr., had a sitting at which R. H. used the medium's voice and gave a very life-like impression of his presence. The record runs as follows:¹

Why, there's Billy! Is that Mrs. James and Billy? God bless you! Well, well, this is good! [Laughs.] I am in the witness-box. [Laughs.] I have found my way, I am here, have patience with me. All is well with me. Don't miss me. Where's William? Give him my love and tell him I shall certainly live to prove all I know. Do you hear me? see me? I am not strong, but have patience with me. I will tell you all. I think I can reach *you*.

Something on my mind. I want Lodge to know everything I have seen Myers. I must rest.

[After an interval he comes in again:—]

Billy, where is Billy? What are you writing, Billy? Are you having any sports? Would you like to take a swim? [R. H.'s chief association with W. J., Jr., had been when fishing or swimming in Chocorua Lake.] Well, come on! Get a good deal of exercise, but don't overdo it! Perhaps I swam too much.

¹In this and in some of my future citations from the records I have condensed the material by leaving out repetitions and digressions, so that what appears is often straighter and more correct than what was originally given. I have, however, scrupulously endeavored to omit nothing that could possibly have determined what was said or influenced its veridicality.—W. J.

[He undoubtedly had done so.]—I learned my lesson, but I'm just where I wanted to be.

Do you remember [Q]? [Q] helped me. Then I saw Mother, Rebecca, and Father. I want very much to converse with Annie. [His sister.] She perfectly understood my efforts and was everything to me. I want her to know that I am living, and I am going on to show what I know to the end of all time. Is Ellen well?—that's my sister. I want G. D. [his brother-in-law] to have my watch. [The family names used here are correct, but were known to the trance-consciousness.—W. J.]

Do you play ball?—tennis? Men will theorize—let them do so! I have found out the truth. I said that if I could get over there I would not make a botch of it. If ever R. H. lived in the body, he is talking now. . . . William [James] is too dogmatic. . . I want George [Dorr] to extricate all those papers and set those marked "private" aside. This has been on my mind. George is to be trusted absolutely with all sincerity and faith. There are some private records which I should not wish to have handled. Let George [Dorr] and Piddington go through them and return them to the sitters. The cipher! I made that cipher, and no one living can read it. [Correct.] I shall explain it later. Let Harry [James] and George keep them till then. [They had been appointed administrators of his estate, a fact probably known to Mrs. Piper.] This is the best I have been able to do yet. I spoke with Miss Pope, but this is the best. Remember, every communication *must* have the human element. I understand better now why I had so little from Myers. [To W. J., Jr.] What discourages you about your art? [W. J., Jr., was studying painting.] Oh what good times we had, fishing! Believe, Billy, wherever you go, whatever you do, there is a God.

So much for Hodgson's first appearances, which were characteristic enough in manner, however incomplete.

In the space to which this preliminary report is limited one can hardly quote the records *verbatim*, for they are anything but concise. My best plan will be to cull a few of the best veridical communications, and discuss them simply from the point of view of the alternatives of explanation.

I will begin with what I shall call

3. The Ring Incident.

On Hodgson's 50th birthday, a lady whom I will call Mrs. Lyman, an old friend of his, much interested in the Piper work, had given him a rather massive ring to wear. The source of this ring H. had kept to himself, and after his death Mrs. L. asked the administrator of his estate to return it to her. The ring could not be found.

At the sitting of Dec. 28th (R. H.'s first appearance as a spirit), it will be remembered that the control Rector had said to Miss Pope, the sitter, "He holds in his hand a ring—do you understand what it means?"

(I know he had a very attractive ring.)

[Rector] [writing] Margaret. a ll B, L.

On Jan. 16th, Miss Pope being again the sitter, the R. H.-control suddenly wrote:

Give ring to Margaret back to Margaret. [Mrs. Lyman's name is not Margaret.]

(Who is Margaret?)

I was with her in summer.

(All right, but the ring has not been found yet. Can you find out where it is?)

The undertaker got it.

(Oh, all right.)

I know. Help me.

(I shall look it up.)

It was with me.

(Yes, I heard so.)

It was, it was.

(I will attend to it.)

Thank you.

On January 24th, Mrs. Lyman herself had her first sitting. As soon as Hodgson appeared he wrote:

The ring. You gave it me on my fiftieth birthday. When they asked I didn't want to say you gave it me, I didn't want to say that.... Two palm-leaves joining each other—Greek. [Here followed an illegible word. The palms truly described the ring, which Mrs. Piper probably had seen; but it bore no Greek inscription, nor was the symbol on it a Greek cross.] You gave it me—

(Yes, Dick, where is it now?)

They have got it. They took it off my finger after I was gone.

(No, they didn't find it on your finger.)

Pocket, it was in my pocket, I'll find it you shall have it.

On January 29th, Mrs. L. had another sitting. The Hodgson-control wrote:

I have been trying to make clear about that ring. It is on my mind all the time. I thought if I could get Margaret B. to get it for me, I would get it to you through her, then no one would understand. I could not tell Miss Pope about you.

(Did you think Margaret B. gave it to you?)

Oh dear no! not at all.

(Then why did you speak of her?)

I could trust her absolutely, and no one could understand. She would never betray it. You gave it to me on my 50th birthday. Palms and R. H. [Then a possible attempt to draw a symbol engraved on the ring.] No one living knows this but myself and yourself.

(That is true, but what was the motto in the ring?)

All will be clear to me in time. Do not ask me test questions now.... I wish the ring now to go back to yourself. I thought Margaret would understand and be glad to do it for me. I could not tell Miss Pope about you.

On March 5th R. H. again inquires of Mrs. Lyman about the ring. She then asks him: "Did you have it on that last day when you went to the boat-club?" [R. H. died while playing a game of hand-ball at the boat-club.]

I certainly had it on that day.

(You told Miss P. the undertaker got it.)

Thought he did and I am sure a man took it from my finger.

[After a few more words R. H. continues:]

I had that ring on my finger when I started for the club, I recall putting in my pocket. I did so because it hurt my finger when playing ball. I am not dreaming, I am clear. When I get here first I am a little stuffy, but I am as clear now as I ever was, I put it in my waistcoat pocket.

(Why do you think a man stole it?)

I saw it on a finger. . . . I put in my pocket, and the one who took care of my clothes is responsible for it. . . . What did they do with my waistcoat?

On May 16th, on being told that the ring is not yet found, the R. H. control writes:

I saw it taken by a man from my locker. He was in charge at the time and he has my ring. . . . I shall be able to discover his name so you may be able to find it. I see where he goes and the house where he lives, plainly. . . . Five story brick house not far from the club and he is on the third story from the street, near the corner of the street, the room is in the rear of the building and I see his face clearly [a description of the man follows]. I see the ring on his finger clearly. The waistcoat was in his room when I entered the light a few moments ago. I am as sure of this as I am that you are Mrs. Lyman.

In point of fact the ring was found a couple of months later in the pocket of Hodgson's waistcoat, which had been too carelessly explored for it, and which had lain during all the interval in a room at the house of Mr. Dorr, with whom the Hodgson-control had all the time been having frequent communications.

The whole incident lends itself easily to a naturalistic interpretation. Mrs. Piper or her trance-consciousness may possibly have suspected the source of the ring. Mrs. Lyman's manner may have confirmed the suspicion. The manner in which the first misleading reference to "Margaret"

was afterwards explained away may well have been the cunning of a "control" trying plausibly to cover his tracks and justify his professed identity. The description of the house and of the man to whom he ascribes its present possession sounds like vague groping, characteristic also of control-cunning. The description was but little like that of Mr. Dorr, whose house, moreover, is neither very near a corner nor very near a club.

On the other hand, if the hypothesis be seriously entertained that Hodgson's spirit was there in a confused state, using the permanent Piper-automatic machinery to communicate through, the whole record is not only plausible but natural. It presents just that mixture of truth and groping which we ought to expect. Hodgson has the ring "on his mind" just as Mrs. Lyman has. Like her, he wishes its source not to be bruited abroad. He describes it accurately enough, truly tells of his taking it to the fatal boat-club, and of putting into his waistcoat-pocket there, of the waistcoat being taken from the locker, and vaguely, but not quite erroneously indicates its present position.

Mrs. Lyman's own impression of the incident is as follows:

"No living person beside myself knew who had given him the ring, and I am quite sure that the living R. H. would have been as desirous as I to keep all mention of me out of the trance-record. Had he had entire control he would never have mentioned the ring until I had come to a sitting, but in his half-dreamy state something slipped out to Miss Pope, the sitter, aided telepathically perhaps by her knowledge that he had lately worn an unusual-looking ring which she knew was missing after his death. I am sure that Miss Pope thought the ring would be a good "test," so that although she was not the first to speak of it, it must certainly have been in her mind. It is characteristic of R. H. that even in his half-conscious state he is able to keep his own counsel so well. The word Margaret and the letters B and L

which followed the mention of the ring at the very first sitting seem to refer to Miss Margaret Bancroft and myself. He knew that Miss Bancroft had "light," and he seems to feel that if he can only reach her she will understand what he wants. He was well aware of my own morbid dislike of having my affairs mentioned at the trance outside of my own sittings. You know that curious trait of suspicion in Hodgson's absolutely honest nature—trained in him professionally. When Miss Pope tells him the ring cannot be found, he at once thinks: "there was my body, and my clothes, etc., I believe the undertaker took it." Then I myself, Mrs. Lyman, come and again tell him the ring can't be found. His earthly memories presently become clear and he tells me exactly what he did with it before his death. But his suspicious side has been aroused—you know how anything once registered on the trance-machinery seems to make an impression and tends to recur—and again he thinks that some one took it. Nothing could be more characteristic of H. than his indignant remark about the man who had charge of his clothes being *responsible*. It all seems to me the kind of unpractical thing that a man would do in a dream. There are strong characteristics of R. H. in it, but it is R. H. dreaming and troubled. I am glad I haven't to make myself intelligible to a stranger to the persons involved; but knowing them as I do, I feel my own way straight through the maze, and the explanation is clear."

This incident of the ring seems to me a typical example of the ambiguity of possible interpretation that so constantly haunts us in the Piper-phenomenon. If you are willing beforehand to allow that a half-awakened spirit may come and mix its imperfect memories with the habits of the trance-automatism, what you get is entirely congenial with your hypothesis—you apperceive the message sympathetically. But if you insist that nothing but knock-down evidence for the spirits shall be counted, since what comes is also compatible with natural causes your hardness of heart remains unbroken, and you continue to explain things by automatic personation and accidental coincidence, with perhaps a dash

of thought-transference thrown in. People will interpret this ring-episode harmoniously with their prepossessions. Taken by itself its evidential value is weak; but experience shows, I think, that a large number of incidents, hardly stronger than this one, will almost always produce a cumulative effect on the mind of a sitter whose affairs they implicate, and dispose him to the spiritistic view. It grows first possible, then plausible, then natural, and finally probable in a high degree.

The next incident I will recite is one which at a certain moment gave me a little thrill, as if I might be really talking with my old friend. (I have to make the personal confession that this reality-coefficient, as Professor Baldwin calls it, has generally been absent from my mind when dealing with the Piper-controls or reading reports of their communications.) I will call the episode "the nigger-talk case."

4. The Nigger-Talk Case.

On February 27th, 1906, at a sitting with Professor Hyslop, the following dialogue took place:

[R. H.] I wonder if you recall what I said I would do if I should return first?

(I do not remember exactly.)

Remember that I told Myers that we would talk nigger-talk—Myers—talk nigger-talk?

(No, you must have told that to some one else.)

Ah yes, James. I remember it was James, yes, Will James. He will understand.

Mr. Hyslop immediately wrote to me—I being in California—enclosing the record and a soliciting corroboration. I had to reply that the words awakened absolutely no echo in my memory. Three months later, I returned to Cambridge and began to study records of sittings held during my absence. I met this incident again, and again it failed to stir my

memory. But the very next day, in a conversation with Messrs. Dorr and Piddington, while I was recalling certain discussions that I had formerly had with Hodgson about the amenability to suggestion of the Piper-controls, it suddenly flashed across me that these were probably what the words to Hyslop had meant. I had namely said to Hodgson, more than once, that a little tactful steering on his part would probably change the sacerdotal verbiage of the Imperator-group so completely that he would soon find them "talking like nigger-minstrels." For a moment I felt sure that this expression of mine, buried so deep in my own mind that it required a peculiar chain of associations to revive it, was what was dimly working in the memory of a surviving Hodgson, and trying to extricate itself. It was so incredible that R. H. would ever have repeated such a remark to either the waking Mrs. Piper or to her controls, that it seemed a good test of his survival. I regret to say, however, that the subsequent developments of the incident have deprived it in my eyes of all test-value. Not only did the Hodgson-control, when questioned by me subsequently, fail to recall anything like that discussion of the control's suggestibility which was the setting in which my memory had put the phrase, but Mr. Piddington has found in the Piper-records evidence that the Myers-control also had used the words "nigger-talk," so that this expression must be considered as part of the stock of Mrs. P.'s trance-vocabulary.¹ Such an incident shows how wary one must be in one's interpretations. A really expert critic of the Piper-trances ought to be familiar with the entire mass of material previous to any utterance under consideration. Hodgson was extraordinarily expert in this sense, and

¹"Feb. 4th, 1902. R. H. (spontaneously to Myers-control) Do you remember about your laughing with me once and your saying that doubtless you would some time be coming back and talking nigger-talk?" A reference to the same incident is also made in the sitting of Feb. 13th, 1901.

one of the weirdest feelings I have had in dealing with the business lately, has been to find the wish so frequently surging up in me that he were alive beside me to give critical counsel as to how best to treat certain of the communications of his own professed spirit.¹

5. The Huldah Episode.

During the voice-sitting of May 2nd, 1905, Mr. Piddington being present, the R. H. control said:

Pid, I want very much to give you my private letters concerning a Miss—a Miss—in Chicago [pseudonym]. I do not wish any one to read them.

(How shall I know?)

Look at my letters stamped from Chicago. I wouldn't have them get out for the world.

The name "Densmore" [pseudonym] was then written. Mr. Piddington asked whether the letters would be signed

¹ It will be important to call attention to the following message which Prof. James permits me to embody in a note. On February 26th, 1909, I had a sitting, the first one, with a lady who is a private person and keeps her powers concealed from all but her most intimate friends. She knew me only by reputation and had met me for the first time the night before. Nearly all her automatic writing has been done to help her mother and a few friends have occasionally been allowed to see it. It is always mirror writing. The lady has read almost nothing on the subject of psychic research. She writes me that the only book she ever read in this connection was Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell." She has not seen any of the *Journals* of the American Society, in fact none of its publications. There can be no question of her honesty, and the probability that she may have casually seen a reference to the incident is so remote that it amounts to an impossibility.—J. H. Hyslop.

"(Have you been following me recently?)

I was not able to come in. I don't think you have yet had a real good test from me as I [am] [Sheet changed.] not strong enough you know Prof James son? he is all right now. that is what I want you to tell Dr James

(All right. I understand.) [Pause.] (Did you try where I was recently?)

I often follow you and am going to sing you a coon song one of these days nigger dialect tell James this

(All right, I will.)

he will see what I mean to keep my promise."

by the surname or the Christian name. The name "Huldah" was then given as that by which the letters would be signed.

On May 14th Piddington reported to the R. H. control that no such letters could be found, and asked for further information—"Can you tell me at what time this lady wrote letters to you? Was it lately?"

No, several years previously. I should be much distressed if they fell into other hands. No one living except the lady and myself knows of the correspondence.

(If I cannot find those letters, should you feel any objection to my writing to the lady to ask if there has been such a correspondence?)

Yes, I would rather you would do so.

Later (May 29th) Piddington reports unsuccessful search again, and Mr. Dorr, who also is present, asks whether "Huldah" is one of a family of Densmores known to him. "Is she a sister of Mary, Jenny, and Ella [pseudonyms]?"

Ella is the one. Huldah we used to call her.

[This was emphatically spoken. Then followed a statement (not caught in Mr. Dorr's notes) that the lady's full name was Ella Huldah Densmore.]

No one living could have known it. I hope I have destroyed them—I may have done so and forgotten it. There was a time when I greatly cared for her, and I did not wish it known in the ears of others. I think she can corroborate this. I am getting hazy. I must leave.

On June 5th, Mrs. William James and Mr. Dorr being present, D. asked: "Can you tell us anything more about Huldah Densmore? You said the other day that she was the same person as Ella? Were you clear in saying that?"

Did I say that? That was a mistake. She is a sister. Is one of the three sisters, but not Ella. [She was Ella.] I know what

I am talking about. I saw Huldah in Chicago. I was very fond of her. I proposed marriage to her, but she refused me.

The statement about proposing marriage was not divulged to me by my wife, until I had already heard from the lady called Ella Densmore in this narrative, who was then in a foreign country, and to whom I had written to ascertain whether she and Hodgson had ever corresponded, or whether she or any one in her family was christened Huldah. Both Mr. Dorr and I knew her, but I was ignorant that she and Hodgson were acquainted. Great was my surprise when she wrote as follows:

Regarding the utterances of Mrs. Piper, I have no difficulty in telling you the circumstances on which she may have founded her communications. Years ago Mr. H. asked me to marry him, and some letters were exchanged between us which he may have kept. I do not remember how I signed the letters to him. I have sometimes used my middle name, Hannah, instead of Ella. [She knew of no "Huldah" in her family.]

In spite of the confusion that pervades Hodgson's veracious utterances here, it seems improbable that they should merely have been lucky flukes. Two naturalistic explanations offer themselves immediately.

(1) He might have made Mrs. Piper his confidant at the time; but no one who knows Hodgson will regard this explanation for a moment as credible.

(2) Nothing spreads as fast as rumors of this sort; so that if there had been a gossipy rumor, it might very well have spread to Mrs. Piper's ears, although it had skipped over Mr. Dorr's and mine. I accordingly inquired of a dozen of R. H.'s most intimate friends, saying: "Suppose I were to tell you that Hodgson had been in love not long ago, and had offered himself to a certain lady—would any particular person's name arise in your mind in consequence of such a sug-

gestion?" Not a single one of these friends thought of the name of Miss Densmore, although three of them suggested other names very wide of the mark. Evidently no gossip had got into circulation, and R. H. had covered his tracks well. He was indeed the most singular mixture of expansiveness and reticence I have ever known; and the reticence had been increased professionally, as I may say, through his long training in having to guard the private affairs of sitters, and watch himself with Mrs. Piper. I was Hodgson's earliest American friend, and until his death always imagined myself to enjoy an almost perfect intimacy with him. Since his death I have nevertheless found that whole departments of his life were unknown to me. In this "Huldah" matter in particular, not only was I unaware that he and she were acquainted, but if any one had described him to me as being in love with her, I should have scouted the story as inherently improbable, from the character of the two parties.

Nevertheless the story was true, barring the false name Huldah and a certain vacillation about the real christian name. The sister of the so-called "Huldah" has told me, moreover, that besides herself, she thought that no living person knew from her sister's lips of R. H.'s state of mind. As Hodgson himself had apparently told no one, the incident seemed an excellent one to count in favor of spirit-return, unless, indeed, it should turn out that while it was happening, he had been led to consult the Piper-controls about it himself, and to use "Huldah's" name as a test of their telepathic or clairvoyant powers. But that even then he could have given them the real name seems unlikely, in view of his habitual methods. The records taken to England have not yet been looked over from this point of view, and no one knows just what they may contain, but fortunately one of the sittings with Mrs. Piper after Hodgson's decease throws decisive

light upon the matter. Hodgson *did* consult the Emperor group at the time of his disappointment, and the reasonable conclusion is that the revelation which so surprised Mr. Dorr and myself was thus a product of her trance-memory of previous conversations with the living Hodgson.

The sitting to which I allude was held on January 27th, 1906, by Prof. Newbold. In the course of it the Hodgson-control suddenly says:

Let me ask if you remember anything about a *lady* in [Chicago] to whom I referred.

(Oh Dick, I begin to remember. About eight or nine years ago, was it, Dick?)

Yes.

[*Note by W. R. N.*—Such a lady was frequently mentioned at sittings in 1895, and H. was told he would marry her. I was present when these statements were made, if my memory serves me.]

(Tell me more, so I won't tell *you!*)

And my position regarding her.

(I wasn't sure it was in [Chicago].)

Do you remember . . . Densmore?

(Was it *Jessie* Densmore?)

Yes, good.

[Mr. Dorr, who was present, here interjects:]

"Do you mean the name was *Jessie* Densmore, Hodgson?"

No, no, no, no. [Jessie was the first name of R. H.'s Australian cousin, "Q."—*W. J.*]

(Dick, you told me years ago about a lady you were interested in, but I have forgotten her name and where she lived.)

She lived in [Chicago].

(Dick, it comes back to me as a cloud.)

She was a Miss Densmore; I loved her dearly.

(You used to tell me about her years ago.)

Yes, and she afterwards married. Yes, I told you, and you are the only man I ever told. [Correct, apparently, save for the possibility of his having told Myers. See below.]

(I'm not sure you told me her name.)

Yes, I did.

(The name is the least likely thing for me to remember. . . .
What is the married name of Miss Densmore?)

Heaven knows! It has gone from me and I shall soon go myself.

So much for Dr. Newbold's evidence. He has sent me a letter written to him by Hodgson in 1895, from which it would appear that the Piper controls had prophesied that both he and Newbold would ere long be made matrimonially happy, but that whereas the prophecy was being verified in N.'s case, it had been falsified in his own, he having that day received formal announcement of the marriage of Miss Densmore to another. The only other material which I shall quote is the following dialog, at a sitting of my own, October 24th, 1906. Inquiring about "Huldah," I ask!

(Did you make any one your confidant?)

No, though I may possibly have given a hint of it to Newbold.

(Did you tell anybody on the other side of the water?)

I may possibly have hinted it to Lodge.

(Her sister tells me she thinks you may have told Myers when he was alive.)

I think not: I may have hinted it to Myers.

(She denies any knowledge of the name Huldah.)

I used that name instead of the right christian name [he here gives the latter correctly] to avoid compromising—it was a very delicate matter, and caused me great disappointment. Have you communicated it to her?

(Yes, and she corroborates. . . .)

[R. H. displays no further curiosity,—a living person would probably have asked whether the lady had said nothing about him, etc.]

Do you remember a lady-doctor in New York? a member of our Society?

(No, but what about her?)

Her husband's name was Blair, . . . I think.

(Do you mean Mrs. Dr. Blair Thaw?)

Oh yes. Ask Mrs. Thaw if I did not at a dinner party mention something about the lady. I may have done so.

[Mrs. Thaw writes in comment upon this:—"Fifteen years ago, when R. H. was visiting us after his operation for appendicitis he told me that he had just proposed to a young lady and been refused, he gave no name."—Mrs. Thaw is the only living person beside Newbold to whom I can certainly find that he ever spoke of this episode, and the clue to Mrs. Thaw comes from the control! W. J.]

(Do you remember the name of Huldah's present husband?)

[To which R. H. replies by giving his country and title correctly, but fails to give his name.]

The entire incident shows the importance of completeness in the records. Without Professor Newbold's sitting we should have no present assurance that the trance-memory might have furnished the facts which seemed at the first blush to suggest so strongly the return of a "spirit" in a state of confused memory. *Compatible* with the return of such a spirit the facts indeed are. The possibility of the more naturalistic explanation doesn't make the supernatural one impossible; and if spirit-return were already made probable by other evidence, this might well be taken as a case of it too. But what I am sifting these records for is *independent* evidence of such return; and so long as the record in this instance lends itself so plausibly to a naturalistic explanation, I think we must refuse to interpret it in the spiritistic way.

A couple of smaller veridical incidents which have seemed to the sitters to make rather strongly for spirit-return are connected with R. H.'s financial history. I shall call them,—

6. The Pecuniary Messages.

The American Branch had never fully paid its expenses; and although the secretary's salary had always been very small, Hodgson had, after the first years, been reluctant to

have any part of it charged to the mother-country. The result had occasionally been pecuniary embarrassment on his part. During his last visit to England, shortly after Myers's death, this embarrassment had been extreme; but an American friend, divining it in the nick of time, rescued him by an impulsive and wholly unexpected remittance. To this remittance he replied by a letter which contained some banter and, among other things, cited the story of a starving couple who were overheard by an atheist who was passing the house, to pray aloud to God for food. The atheist climbed the roof and dropped some bread down the chimney, and heard them thank God for the miracle. He then went to the door and revealed himself as its author. The old woman replied to him: "Well, the Lord sent it, even if the devil brought it."

At this friend's sitting of Jan. 30th, R. H. suddenly says:

Do you remember a story I told you and how you laughed, about the man and woman praying?

(Oh, and the devil was in it. Of course I do.)

Yes, the devil, they told him it was the Lord who sent it if the devil brought it. . . . About the food that was given to them. . . . I want you to know who is speaking.

The sitter feels quite certain that no one but himself knew of the correspondence, and regards the incident as a good test of R. H.'s continued presence. Others will either favor this interpretation of it, or explain it by reading of the sitter's mind, or treat it as a chance coincidence, according to their several prepossessions. I myself feel morally certain that the waking Mrs. Piper was ignorant of the incident and of the correspondence. Hodgson was as likely to have informed *me*, as any one, of the affair. He had given me at the time a vivid account of the trouble he had been in, but no hint of the quarter from which relief had come.

Of the other pecuniary message no written record exists, but the sitter has acquainted me with the incident, which ran as follows:

To assure Hodgson a salary, Mr. Dorr had acquainted a certain wealthy friend (who believed in the cause and in the value of the Secretary's work) with the situation of the Branch, and with R. H.'s reasons for not wishing to be indebted to the parent Society. This friend had agreed to pay into the Branch-treasury the amount of deficit in the yearly salary-account, provided the operation should remain anonymous, and Hodgson should ask no questions. Hodgson agreed to this. But upon the first sitting which this friend had after his death, the "spirit" of R. H. immediately referred to the matter and thanked the sitter warmly for the support given. The donor is of opinion, as I am also, that Hodgson may have suspected the source of the aid while receiving it, and that his "spirit" may therefore naturally have thanked the right person. That Mrs. Piper's waking consciousness should have been acquainted with any part of the transaction is incredible. The donor's name had been kept from me, who was Vice-President of the Society, and had yearly to know the accounts. I had known that the deficit in Hodgson's pay was made up by anonymous American believers in his work, but had supposed that there were several of them. I cannot well understand how Mrs. Piper should have got wind of any part of the financial situation, although her controls may have got wind of it in trance from others who were in the secret.

Few persons will ascribe the affair to chance-coincidence, but with both thought-transference and trance-memory as possible explanations, the incident cannot be deemed to furnish proof of Hodgson's personal survival.

In a later report I shall quote sittings at greater length

and discuss briefly some of the control's peculiarities. The conclusions I shall then draw will probably not be different from those which I now draw as follows:

(1) The case is an exceptionally bad one for testing spirit-return, owing to the unusual scope it gives to naturalistic explanations.

(2) The phenomena it presents furnish no knock-down proof of the return of Hodgson's spirit.

(3) They are well compatible, however, with such return, provided we assume that the Piper-organism not only transmits with great difficulty the influences it receives from beyond the curtain, but mixes its own automatic tendencies most disturbingly therewith. Hodgson himself used to compare the conditions of spirit-communication to those of two distant persons on this earth who should carry on their social intercourse by employing each of them a dead-drunk messenger.

(4) Although this Hodgson-case, *taken by itself*, yields thus only a negative, or at the best a baffling conclusion, we have no scientific right to take it by itself, as I have done. It belongs with the whole residual mass of Piper-phenomena, and they belong with the whole mass of cognate phenomena elsewhere found. False personation is a ubiquitous feature in this total mass. It certainly exists in the Piper-case; and the great question there is as to its limits. If, when lavish allowance has been made for this strange tendency in our subliminal life, there should still appear a balance of probability (which in this case can only mean a balance of simplicity) in the view that certain parts of the Piper-communications really emanate from personal centres of memory and will, connected with lives that have passed away; if, I say, this balance of probability should appear decisively anywhere in the mass, then the rest of the mass will have to be interpreted

as at least possibly similarly caused. I admire greatly Hodgson's own discussion of the Piper-case in Volume XIII. of our *Proceedings*, especially in sections 5 and 6, where, taking the whole mass of communication into careful account, he decides for this spiritist interpretation. I know of no more masterly handling anywhere of so unwieldy a mass of material; and in the light of his general conclusions there, I am quite ready to admit that my own denials in this present paper may be the result of the narrowness of my material, and that possibly R. H.'s spirit has been speaking all the time, only my ears were deaf. It is true that I still believe the "Imperator-band" to be fictitious entities, while Hodgson ended by accepting them as real; but as to the general probability of there being real communicators somewhere in the mass I cannot be insensible to Hodgson's able discussion, or fail to feel the authority which his enormous experience gave to his opinion in this particular field.

(5) I therefore repeat that if ever our growing familiarity with these phenomena should tend more and more to corroborate the hypothesis that "spirits" play some part in their production, I shall be quite ready to undeafen my ears, and to revoke the negative conclusions of this limited report. The facts are evidently complicated in the extreme, and we have as yet hardly scratched the surface of them. But methodical exploration has at last seriously begun, and these earlier observations of ours will surely be interpreted one day in the light of future discoveries which it may well take a century to make. I consequently disbelieve in being too "rigorous" with our criticism of anything now in hand, or in our squeezing so evidently vague a material too hard in our technical forceps at the present stage. What we need is more and more observations. Quantity may have to supplement quality in the material. When we have the facts in

sufficient number, we may be sure that they will cast plenty of explanatory backward light. We can therefore well afford to play a waiting game.

PART II.¹

SELECTIONS FROM DETAILED RECORDS.

I. Introduction.

"Believe me, I am not rubbish."—THE HODGSON-CONTROL.

Richard Hodgson had always seemed and felt so robust that the possibility of his death had been thought of by no one, and no provision against it had been made. He had worked the American Branch of our Society practically alone, for many years, and although Prof. Hyslop and I were vice-presidents, we had no minute acquaintance with details at the office, where Miss Lucy Edmunds, the assistant secretary, was now left in charge alone.

What was to be done about the Branch? what was to be done with its mass of records? what with Hodgson's private property?—these were so many problems requiring immediate solution. Last, not least, there was the problem of Mrs. Piper's future.

The question of R. H.'s property was easily answered by the legal appointment of Messrs. Dorr and H. James, Jr., to be administrators of his personal estate, he having left no will. The great mass of Members and Associates of the Branch being inert and indifferent, the handling of the other questions fell to a small group of more acutely interested persons, of whom Dr. Hyslop and I were the only ones with official authority.

¹ Part I. of this report was written to be read at the S. P. R. meeting in London, Jan. 23rd, 1909. I must assume in what follows that my readers are already acquainted with the contents of Part I.

Absent in California for about five months, I found on my return that certain differences of opinions had been developing at home.

Prof. Hyslop, who had expended so much labor already on the Piper material, wished, if possible, to secure the records for the new American Society which he was founding. Others, whose sittings had been of a peculiarly intimate nature, claimed that the records of those sittings were their private property. In some quarters an objection was left to such a mass of American material going to England. One person protested rather vehemently against the prominent part played by a certain other person in the deliberations. There being no one officially empowered to succeed Hodgson in taking charge of Mrs. Piper's sittings, differences of opinion regarding her future relations to the S. P. R. had arisen.

There was, in short, a state of strain, which I have to mention here, for the trance-utterances of that period refer to it, and its peculiarities must be taken account of in estimating their significance.

In the end, however, since we all had fair minds and goodwill, and were united in our common love for Hodgson, everything got settled harmoniously. Mr. Piddington was sent for to represent the English Society; it was decided to extinguish the American Branch, and to carry the Piper-reports to England, practically complete, while Hyslop's society should take possession of the other records; workable arrangements were found for Mrs. Piper; the situation, in short, smoothed itself out, leaving nothing but a new system of friendships among persons who before Hodgson's death had for the most part been unacquainted with one another.

The records of the Piper trance show that during all this period the "controls" had cognizance of the main factors of perplexity. There were, however, so many sources of leak-

age at this epoch that no part of this cognizance can be counted as evidence of supernormal knowledge. Whether in or out of trance, the medium may well have come into possession of what was essential in the facts, and the gaps could be filled by her imagination, either waking or somnambulistic. The result, however, was that those who held sittings at this time had a lively feeling that the control-personality they talked with, whether Rector or Hodgson, was an intelligence which understood the whole situation. It talked appropriately with Dorr about certain records not being made public; with Henry James, Jr., about the disposition of R. H.'s books and other property, and about pecuniary rights connected with Myers's book; with Piddington and Dorr about Hyslop's desires and how best to meet them; with Hyslop about his responsibilities and about mediums in whom he and Hodgson had recently been interested; with Dorr, James, Piddington, and Mrs. Lyman about whom to induce to manage the sittings; with more than one of us about a certain person who was unduly interfering, etc., etc.; the total outcome being that each sitter felt that his or her problems were discriminately perceived by the mind that animated the sleeping medium's organism.

More than this—most of us felt during the sittings that we were in some way, more or less remote, conversing with a real Rector or a real Hodgson. And this leads me to make a general remark about the difference between reading the record of a Piper-sitting and playing an active part in the conversation recorded.

One who takes part in a good sitting has usually a far livelier sense, both of the reality and of the importance of the communication, than one who merely reads the record. Active relations with a thing are required to bring the reality of it home to us, and in a trance-talk the sitter actively co-

operates. When you find your questions answered and your allusions understood; when allusions are made that you understand, and your own thoughts are met, either by anticipation, denial, or corroboration; when you have approved, applauded, or exchanged banter, or thankfully listened to advice that you believe in; it is difficult not to take away an impression of having encountered something sincere in the way of a social phenomenon. The whole talk gets warmed with your own warmth, and takes on the reality of your own part in it; its confusions and defects you charge to the imperfect conditions, while you credit the successes to the genuineness of the communicating spirit. Most of us also, when sitters, react more, prick our ears more, to the successful parts of the communication. These consequently *loom* more in our memory, and give the key to our dramatic interpretation of the phenomenon. But a sitting that thus seemed important at the time may greatly shrink in value on a cold re-reading, and if read by a non-participant, it may seem thin and almost insignificant.¹

Somewhat similar fluctuations are noticed in the reality-feeling which the records may awaken at different times in one and the same reader. When I first undertook to collate

¹A striking example of this was furnished me lately by a manuscript which a friend sent me. She had been one of Mrs. Piper's most assiduous clients. Her conversations with a certain spirit-control had been copious, fluent and veridical, and to herself so comforting and elevating, that she had epitomized them in this manuscript which, she thought, ought to be published. Strictly evidential matter was ruled out from it as too minute or private, and what remained was ethical and human matter only. Never having known the communicator, and reading passively and critically, I felt bound to dissuade from publication. I could not believe that readers would find in the communications a twentieth part of the importance which their receiver had found in them. The vital heat was absent, and what remained was ashes. I may well have been wrong in this opinion, but the incident brought vividly home to my own mind the contrast between the inside view of the sitter, and the outside one of the mere critic.

this series of sittings and make the present report, I supposed that my verdict would be determined by pure logic. Certain minute incidents, I thought, ought to make for spirit-return or against it in a "crucial" way. But watching my mind work as it goes over the data, convinces me that exact logic plays only a preparatory part in shaping our conclusions here; and that the decisive vote, if there be one, has to be cast by what I may call one's general sense of dramatic probability, which sense ebbs and flows from one hypothesis to another—it does so in the present writer at least—in a rather illogical manner. If one sticks to the detail, one may draw an anti-spiritist conclusion; if one thinks more of what the whole mass may signify, one may well incline to spiritist interpretations.

This was the shape in which I myself left the matter in my recent preliminary report. I said that spirit-return was not proved by the Hodgson-control material, taken by itself, but that this adverse conclusion might possibly be reversed if the limited material were read in the light of the total mass of cognate phenomena. To say this is to say that the proof still baffles one. It still baffles me, I have to confess; but whether my subjective insufficiency or the objective insufficiency (as yet) of our evidence be most to blame for this, must be decided by others.

The common-sense rule of presumption in scientific logic is never to assume an unknown agent where there is a known one, and never to choose a rarer cause for a phenomenon when a commoner one will account for it. The usual is always more probable, and exceptional principles should be invoked only when the use of ordinary ones is impossible. Fraud is a form of human agency both known and common, though much less common than cynics suppose; "personation" is unquestionably common in the whole realm of our

subconscious operations; "telepathy" seems fairly established as a fact, though its frequency is still questionable; accidental coincidences occur, however rarely; but "spirits" of any grade, although they are indeed matters of tradition, seem to have shown themselves (so far as concrete evidence for them goes) nowhere except in the specific phenomena under investigation. Our rule of presumption should lead us then to deny spirits and to explain the Piper-phenomena by a mixture of fraud, subconscious personation, lucky accident, and telepathy, whenever such an explanation remains possible. Taking the records in detail, and subjecting their incidents to a piecemeal criticism, such an explanation does seem practically possible everywhere; so, as long as we confine ourselves to the mere logic of presumption, the conclusion against the spirits holds good.

But the logic of presumption, safe in the majority of cases, is bound to leave us in the lurch whenever a real exception confronts us; and there is always a bare possibility that any case before us may be such an exception. In the case at present before us the exceptional possibility is that of "spirits" really having a finger in the pie. The records are fully compatible with this explanation, however explicable they may be without it. Spirits may co-operate with all the other factors, they may indeed find that harnessing the other factors in their service is the only way open to them for communicating their wishes. The lower factors may, in fact, be to a spirit's wishes what the physical laws of a machine are to its maker's and user's aims. A spectator, confining his attention to a machine's parts and their workings, and finding everything there explicable by mechanical push and pull, may be tempted to deny the presence of any higher actuation. Yet the particular pushes and pulls which the form of that machine embodies, would not be there at all without a higher

meaning which the machine expresses, and which it works out as a human purpose. To understand the parts of the machine fully, we must find the human purpose which uses all this push and pull as its means of realization. Just so the personation, fishing, guessing, using lucky hits, etc., in Mrs. Piper, may be, as it were, the mechanical means by which "spirits" succeed in making her living organism express their thought, however imperfectly.

As soon, therefore, as we drop our routine rule of presumption, and ask straight for truth and nothing but truth, we find that *the whole question is as to whether the exceptional case confronts us*. This is a question of probabilities and improbabilities. Now in every human being who in cases like this makes a decision instead of suspending judgment, the sense of probability depends on the forms of dramatic imagination of which his mind is capable. The explanation has *in any event* to be dramatic. Fraud, personation, telepathy, spirits, elementals, are all of them dramatic hypotheses. If your imagination is incapable of conceiving the spirit hypothesis at all, you will just proclaim it "impossible" (as my colleague Munsterberg does, *Psychology and Life*, p. 130), and thus confess yourself incompetent to discuss the alternative seriously.

I myself can perfectly well imagine spirit-agency, and find my mind vacillating about it curiously. When I take the phenomena piecemeal, the notion that Mrs. Piper's subliminal self should keep her sitters apart as expertly as it does, remembering its past dealings with each of them so well, not mixing their communications more, and all the while humbugging them so profusely, is quite compatible with what we know of the dream-life of hypnotized subjects. Their consciousness, narrowed to one suggested kind of operation, shows remarkable skill in that operation. If we suppose Mrs.

Piper's dream-life once for all to have had the notion suggested to it that it must personate spirits to sitters, the fair degree of virtuosity it shows need not, I think, surprise us. Nor need the exceptional memory shown surprise us, for memory usually seems extraordinarily strong in the sub-conscious life. But I find that when I ascend from the details to the whole meaning of the phenomenon, and especially when I connect the Piper-case with all the other cases I know of automatic writing and mediumship, and with the whole record of spirit-possession in human history, the notion that such an immense current of experience, complex in so many ways, should spell out absolutely nothing but the word "humbug" acquires a character of unlikeliness. The notion that so many men and women, in all other respects honest enough, should have this preposterous monkeying self annexed to their personality seems to me so weird that the spirit-theory immediately takes on a more probable appearance. The spirits, if spirits there be, must indeed work under incredible complications and falsifications, but at least if they are present, some honesty is left in a whole department of the universe which otherwise is run by pure deception. The more I realize the quantitative massiveness of the phenomenon and its complexity, the more incredible it seems to me that in a world all of whose vaster features we are in the habit of considering to be *sincere* at least, however, brutal, this feature should be wholly constituted of insincerity.

If I yield to a feeling of the dramatic improbability of this, I find myself interpreting the details of the sittings differently. I am able, while still holding to all the lower principles of interpretation, to imagine the process as more complex, and to share the feeling with which Hodgson came at last to regard it after his many years of familiarity, the feeling

which Prof. Hyslop shares, and which most of those who have good sittings are promptly inspired with. I can imagine the spirit of R. H. talking to me through inconceivable barriers of obstruction, and forcing recalcitrant or only partly consilient processes in the medium to express his thoughts, however dimly.

This is as candid an account of my own personal equation as I can give. I exhibited it in my treatment of special incidents in the preliminary report, and the reader will make allowance for it in what is to follow. In the end he must draw his conclusions for himself; I can only arrange the material.

The best way perhaps to do this will be to begin with certain general characteristics, Hodgson's mannerisms, for example.

Hodgson was distinguished during life by great animal spirits. He was fond of argument, chaff, and repartee, a good deal of a gesticulator, and a great laugher. He had, moreover, an excessive appetite for poetry. I call it excessive, for it was anything but fastidious,—he seemed to need sonorous rhyme and meter for his daily food, even if the quality and sentiment were commonplace. All these traits were manifested from the outset in his appearances as a "control"—some examples are given in my preliminary report. Chaff and slang from a spirit have an undignified sound for the reader, but to the interlocutors of the R. H.-control they seem invariably to have been elements of verisimilitude. Thus T. P. writes, *a propos* of a bantering passage in the record of Jan. 16, 1906: "T. P. and R. H. were such good chums that he was saucy to her, and teasing her most of the time. R. H.'s tone towards T. P. in all his communications is *absolutely characteristic*, and as he was in life." Similarly, Dr. Bayley appends this note to a number of ultra-vivacious remarks from R. H.: "Such expressions and phrases were quaintly characteristic

of R. H. in the body, and as they appear, often rapidly and spontaneously, they give the almost irresistible impression that it is really the Hodgson personality, presiding with its own characteristics. To fully appreciate this, of course, one would have had to have known him as intimately as I did."¹

For these rollicking observations the control chose his sitters well in accordance with his habits during life. This, however, did not exclude very serious talk with the same persons—quite the reverse sometimes, as when one sitter of this class notes: "Then came words of kindness which were too intimate and personal to be recorded, but which left me so deeply moved that shortly afterwards, at the sitting's close, I fainted dead away—it had seemed as though he had in all reality been there and speaking to me."²

The extracts given in the earlier report or to be given soon will show what I mean by Hodgson's rollicking manner. The later communications show more of it than the earlier ones; and it quickly manifested the tendency, characteristic in the medium's utterances, to become stereotyped. Whatever they may have been at the outset, they soon fall into what may be called the trance-memory's "stock," and are then repeated automatically. Hodgson quickly acquired a uniform mode of announcing himself: "Well, well, well! I am Hodgson. Delighted to see you. How is everything? First rate? I'm in the witness-box at last," etc., with almost no variety. This habitual use of stock-remarks by Mrs. Piper may tempt one to be unjust to the total significance of her mediumship. If the supernormal element in it, whatever it is, be essentially discontinuous and flash-like, an utterance that today belongs to the regular trance-stock may have got into that stock at a former moment of supernormal receptivity. Supernormal receptivity of some kind is certainly

¹ Sitting of April 3rd, 1906, Note 9.

² Sitting of March 13, p. 9½.

involved in the total phenomenon, but I believe that information that originally came thus, quickly ceases to be supernormal. The control G. P. at the outset of his appearance, gave supernormal information copiously, but within a few years he has degenerated into a shadow of his former self, dashing in and quickly out again, with an almost fixed form of greeting. Whatever he may have been at first, he seems to me at last to have "passed on," leaving that amount of impression on the trance-organism's habits.

I will now cull from the records a number of extracts relative to particular sitters, which show the control's familiarity with their affairs, calling the first of these extracts

2. The Oldfarm Series.

Oldfarm is the name of Mr. George B. Dorr's place at Bar Harbor, Maine, where R. H. had often been a summer guest. Mrs. Piper at the time of these sittings had never been at Bar Harbor; and although she had had many interviews, as well with Mr. Dorr as with Mr. Dorr's mother before the latter's death, it is unlikely that many of the small veridical details in what follows had been communicated to her at those interviews. At Mr. Dorr's sitting of June 5th, 1906, he asks the R. H.-control for his reminiscences of Oldfarm: "Do you remember your visits to us there?"

Certainly I do. One night we stayed out too long and your mother got very nervous, do you remember? Minna was there. . . We stayed out *much* too long. I felt it was a great breach of etiquette but we couldn't help it! I fear as guests we were bad [laughs].

[R. H.'s sitting out with "Minna" and others "much too long" and "their being bad as guests" seems excellent. In old days they used often to sit up hopelessly late into the night, when the nights were pleasant, out on the piazza, talking in the dark; and my mother's half-real and half-humorous exasperation over

it, expressed in her own vivid way, and R. H.'s boyish delight in doing it and at the scoldings they all used to get for it next day, would naturally be one of the first things he would recall, associated as those evenings were with people whom he cared for.—D.]

And do you remember the discussion I had with Jack, when he got impatient? You were much amused!

[His recollection of his discussion with Jack, who used, together with M., to be at our house with him a great deal in the old days, is characteristic. I do not myself remember the special occasion to which he refers, but the incident, including my own amusement at the heat they used to get into in their talk, falls in most naturally with all my own recollections of that time.—D.]

And I remember your mother's calling me out one Sunday morning to see the servants go to church on a buckboard.

[I cannot now recall my mother taking R. H. out to see the servants off on any special day, but he was with us many Sundays, and I have no doubt that his memory of this is absolutely accurate, nor is it anything of which Mrs. Piper might know,—it is not the sort of thing that any one would have spoken to her of, or mentioned at the trance. The *buckboard* is quite correct. It was a big buckboard that carried six people and was the only wagon which we had big enough to take all the people up, but its use is not sufficiently universal at Bar Harbor to injure the evidential value of his recollection of it. Again, the people used to go off from the kitchen, which is at an end of the house and cannot be seen from the living rooms or piazzas, so that his statement that my mother called him out to see them off, while a small point, seems to me of value; and the event itself, with the arrangements that had to be made to make it possible, was quite enough of a circumstance in our family life to make recollection of it natural.—D.]

I can see the open fireplace in the living room.

[The room is one in which the fireplace, broad and arching, is the central feature and would be first thought of in thinking of the room.—D.]

(Do you remember where you used to sleep?)

Out in the little house just out across the yard, where we used to go and smoke.

[His recollection also of the little house is good. The only mistake in reference to it is in speaking of it as "across the yard," it being in fact across the lawn and garden, upon a hillside opposite the house. We always kept some rooms in it for our guests, over-flowing into it when the house was full, and R. H. liked it better than the house itself in the greater freedom that it gave him. We used to close the house itself early in the evening, and R. H. was very apt then to go up to the cottage with some other man or men and sit up and smoke and talk,—often until quite late.—D.]

I remember the bathing and the boats and a walk through the woods.

[The bathing was one of the incidents at Oldfarm which R. H. would have best remembered. We used to take long walks over the mountains and go down for a plunge when we returned from them. There were often three or four men or more going in together when the house was full, and it was something in which R. H. delighted especially, so that his recollection of this would be apt to be one of his most vivid ones.—D.]

(Do you remember whether you used to bathe off the beach, or off the rocks?)

We used to bathe off the *rocks*; I'm sure of that. *I can see the whole place.*

[I asked the question as to whether we went in off the rocks or the beach so as to see if he really had a clear remembrance of it, and I asked it in such a way that my companion at the sitting thought R. H.'s answer "off the rocks" was probably wrong. My bath-house was not on the beach, but on a point running far out into the sea, very bold and rocky, and we used to spring off the rocks into deep water, climbing out by a perpendicular ladder fastened to the ledge.—D.]

I can see the little piazza that opened out from your mother's room and the whole beautiful outlook from it, over the water.

[That that piazza and its view should be one of R. H.'s strongest recollections of the place seems to me most natural, while at the same time the piazza itself, which is not a conspicuous object in the house from without, and which was only familiar to my mother's more intimate friends, is not a thing which would occur naturally to any one not familiar with our life down there.—D.]

Mr. Dorr then asks R. H. if he remembers a walk he once took with a young friend from New York, where R. H. outwalked the other man and was very triumphant about it afterward, and whether he could recall the man's name. He also asks him if he remembers the name of the man who lived in the farm house, where R. H. used generally to sleep when staying at Oldfarm. Both of these names would have been quite familiar to R. H. in life. R. H. cannot give them and makes no attempt to do so.

[R. H.] Names are the hardest things to remember; it's extraordinary but it's true. The scenes of my whole life are laid open to me but names go from one's memory like a dream. I remember walking through the woods there and sitting down and lighting my pipe and coming back late to lunch.

On June 20th, 1906, at a sitting of Miss Bancroft's, at which Mr. Dorr was present, the R. H. control suddenly writes:

Do you remember anything about Celery-root? about C e l l e root?

[To G. B. D.] (Do *you* remember anything about it?)

G. B. D. No.

Or was it at your place, George. [Difficulty in reading this sentence. When read successfully, G. B. D. says "yes."]

Your mother used to have it, and I was surprised to see it there as I thought it the best of it. As I thought it the best part of it. The best part of it. No one would ever think of this thing I know.

(You mean you think you got this at Mr. Dorr's?)

Think! I know. I think so, yes. I think George's mother used to have it and I never got it anywhere but there.

G. B. D., who did not at first recall what is meant, then remembers and says "Good." He appends the following note:

[We used to have a bunch or two of raw celery, when we grew our own, placed on the table as a *hors d'oeuvre*, and served whole, with the upper portion of the root left on it in the French fashion. This part of the root is very good eating, but it is not usually served in America; and though I have no clear remembrance now of special talk about this with R. H., I remember quite well his talking at our table late one fall about these autumn vegetables and think that what is spoken of is this.—D.]

On July 2nd, 1906, Mr. Dorr had a spoken sitting alone, taking the short-hand record himself, and asked again for Oldfarm recollections:

(Can you give me any names connected with Bar Harbor, or of the mountains there which you used to climb, or of the people to whose houses you used to go with me, or any others that you can recall?)

No, I can't recall any names now. . . . I will think it over and try.

(Can you recall four sisters whom we used to walk with, and be much with, a number of years ago?)

I remember *Minna and Gemma*. [Names known to the medium in former trances, but pertinent as a reply.]

(I will give you the name of the sisters, and see if that recalls anything to you. It was the Minturns.)

Oh! the Minturns! repeated eagerly and emphatically.

There was Gertrude and Robert, a brother named Robert—and Mary. They lived in New York. I remember them well. [Correct, save that Mary should have been May.]

(There was another sister, who used to walk oftenest with us—can you recall her name?)

[R. H. makes one or two ineffectual attempts, giving wrong names.]

(Now, Hodgson, can't you tell me something about the lady you were interested in, whose letters you asked Piddington to find?)

This was Huldah Densmore.

(But there is no Huldah in the family, that I know, nor can we learn of any. We have asked her sister, and she has never heard the name of Huldah.)

Wait a moment. Let me think. It is most difficult to get earthly memories. They go from one, but I find that they come back to me as I think of things. She married a — [name of nationality given correctly]. If you will write to her, you will find I am right. Write to her!

(Did you want to marry her?)

Yes, I did. And I remember what a disappointment it was to me.

(Was she out of sympathy with your work?)

She wanted me to give it up—it was a subject she did not care to have to do with. [Correct as to the lady's animus.]

(Was it at our house you met her?)

I met her there, at Bar Harbor. Your mother ought to remember it well. She introduced us to each other. [Correct.—D.]

(But my mother is on your side.)

Oh yes, I had forgotten. It has troubled me over here, thinking I might have left her letters among my papers. So I spoke to Piddington about it.

(I think you must have destroyed them. We didn't find any.)

I think I must have destroyed them—I hope I did.

[This "Huldah" episode is treated in a separate section of Part I. of this report, see above, p. 489.—W. J.]

I recall the pansies your mother used to place over the table. I remember that well—delightful to see them! I can see them now.

[My mother used to have pansies spread loosely over the table-cloth, when she had people to dine or sup with us at Bar Harbor, where we had a large bed of them planted near the house so that we could get them freely for this purpose. The custom

is not common enough to let H.'s statement pass for a happy guess, nor do I think it likely he would have spoken of it to Mrs. Piper, either awake or in trance. It came out quite suddenly also, and with a positiveness which made me feel that it was a true recollection, something seen at the moment in a mental picture.—D.]

G. B. D., endeavoring to extract Bar Harbor names from R. H., again tries to get that of the man who occupied the farmhouse at which R. H. used generally to sleep when at Oldfarm. He was not able to give that but gave the name of the gardener, Miller. "It is possible," Mr. Dorr writes, "that Mrs. Piper may have heard of Miller's name as that of the manager of my plant-nurseries at Bar Harbor. I remember I once meant to send her some plants from the nurseries for her garden, and think it probable they went. It is also possible that the name may have come up at the trance in my own past sittings."

I remember a beautiful road, a bicycle-road you made, going through the woods.

[A dozen years ago I made a bicycle-road on my own backland, which ran through the woods beneath a mountain over which we often used to walk. It was a pleasant and familiar feature in our summer life there, and it would naturally be one of the pictures that would come back to R. H. in thinking of the place,—like the view from my mother's balcony of which he spoke at the former sitting. But it is not a thing of which either he or I would have spoken to Mrs. Piper, whether in trance or awake.—D.]

G. B. D. then tries again to get the name of the man who occupied the farmhouse, describing him to R. H. without mentioning his name.

Oh yes, I remember him well—I remember going off with him once fishing—going down the shore in a boat. . . . I remember

one evening, and it impressed me so vividly because your mother did not like it, and I felt we had done wrong and hurt her—M. and I were smoking together and we talked too late, and she felt it was time to retire—

[This would be remarkably good if the incident should prove not to have come up already in R. H.'s own sittings after M. died. She used to smoke cigarettes occasionally, and was the only person of the feminine sex whom I now recall as having done so at our house. Unless in possibly referring to this incident to her "spirit" at trances, after M. died, Hodgson would have been most unlikely to speak of it to others,—certainly not to Mrs. Piper, either in trance or awake.—D.]

(Do you remember where you went with John Rich when you went fishing with him—Oh I forgot! I did not mean to give you his name!)

John Rich, John, that is his name! But I am sorry you gave it to me too—it might have come to me. We got a boat and went over to an island. Coming back we had some difficulty in getting our fish in. We had poor luck in catching them, and then we lost them. Ask him, he will remember it, I think.

[R. H.'s recollection of going off with Rich seems to be good, as I think it over. That he should go off with Rich only and neither alone nor with me or other guests, is exactly what happened,—and yet not what might have been expected to happen. His going to an island is descriptive also.—D.]

Do you remember what you used to put over your back that had a cup in it? And there was a little brook where we used to stop and drink. And then I used to stop and light my pipe—the whole scene is as vivid to me! If I could only express it to you!

[I used to carry a little canvas bag slung over my shoulder and a cup in it, when we went on long tramps. This may be what R. H. refers to, though I think that he was rather apt to carry a folding leather cup of his own in his pocket. The whole recollection is rather vague in my memory, going back a number of years. The picture is a good one of just what used to happen when we were off on our tramps together, though of course what

he describes would be always apt to happen on walks through woods and over mountains. The picture of the little brook we used to stop and drink at is good—I can see it now.—D.]

After some talk about the Tavern Club, Australia, and the state of things in the other world—some of which will be noticed later, R. H. goes on as follows:

Do you remember one summer there was a gentleman at your house who had a violin. I had some interesting talks with him about these things, and I liked to hear him play his violin. A little gentleman—I remember him very well.

[This describes a man named von G., who was an excellent violinist and who also talked interestingly on psychical research matters, in which he professed to have some faculty. As R. H. himself was also fond of the violin, it seems natural that some memory of von G. should stand out now. That Mrs. Piper should have any knowledge of this gentleman seems most improbable.—D.]

My earthly memories come only in fragments. I remember quite well this little gentleman and how interested I was in talking with him about psychics, and in his instrument as well. I remember a man Royce visiting you.

[Prof. Royce says that he has been at Oldfarm along with Hodgson, but adds that that might be a natural association in Mrs. Piper's mind, since he thinks that the only time he ever saw her was at the Dorr's in Boston.]

This is, I think, the whole of the matter relative to Oldfarm which the R. H. control has given. The number of items mentioned is not great, and some inability to answer questions appears. But there are almost no mistakes of fact, and it is hardly possible that all the veridical points should have been known to Mrs. Piper normally. Some of them indeed were likely *a priori*; others may have been chance-hits; but for the mass, it seems to me that either reading of

Mr. Dorr's mind, or spirit-return, are the least improbable explanations.

The *fewness* of the items may seem strange to some critics. But if we assume a spirit to be actually there, trying to reach us, and if at the same time we imagine that his situation with regard to the transaction is similar to our own, the surprise vanishes. I have been struck over and over again, both when at sittings myself and when reading the records, at the paralyzing effect on one's ready wit and conversational flow, which the strangeness of the conditions brings with it. Constraint and numbness take the place of genial expansiveness. We "don't know what to say," and it may also be so "on the other side." Few persons, I fancy, if suddenly challenged to prove their identity through the telephone, would quickly produce a large number of facts appropriate to the purpose. They would be more perplexed, and waste more time than they imagine.

I next pass to what I will call

3. The Owl's Head Series.

Owl's Head was the name of the summer place of Miss Margaret Bancroft, overlooking Rockland Harbor, in Maine, where Mrs. Piper had never been. R. H. had very greatly enjoyed visits which he had made there on two successive summers. Miss Bancroft had been a sitter of Mrs. Piper's and was a convert to spiritism, with some degree of "psychic" susceptibility herself. At her first sitting after Hodgson's death, Feb. 19th, 1906, Mr. Dorr also being present, the following dialog took place:¹

I am Hodgson! Speak! Well, well, well, I am delighted to

¹Here, as in all the rest of the records reprinted, I omit repetitions and remarks not connected with the recollections. Nothing is omitted, however, which in my eyes might affect the interpretation of what is printed.—W. J.

see you. How are you?

(I am all right. How are you?)

First rate.

(I can scarcely speak to you.)

But you must speak to me.

(Will you give me some definite message?)

Surely I will. I have called and called to you. Do you remember what I said to you about coming here if I got a chance?

(Yes, I do.)

I wish you to pay attention to me. [The sitter and Mr. Dorr were together trying to decipher the script.] Do you remember how I used to talk about this subject, evenings? You know what you said about my writing—I think I am getting on first-rate.

[Everything accurate so far! Miss B. can herself write automatically, and since R. H.'s departure, has thought that he might have been influencing her subconsciousness in that and other ways. The words "I have called," etc., she interprets in this sense. Rector, however, already knew of her automatic writing.—W. J.]

Do you remember what a good time we had at Head? I am so glad I went. . . . Do you remember a little talk we had about the lights and satellites? Do you remember how interested you were? Do you remember what I used to say about returning if I got over here first?

(Yes, I remember all that.)

[Accurate again. The "Head" must mean Owl's Head, where during two successive summers Hodgson had visited the sitter, and been supremely happy. The "lights" refer to the lights of Rockland, across the bay, of which he greatly admired the effect, and at night on the piazza he had often spoken about the planets and stars, and the question of their habitation.—M. B.]

Well, here I am, now fire away, now fire.

(Can you tell me the names of some who were with you there last summer?)

Remember Miss Wilkinson?

(No.)

You ask me about whom? Not understand. How are the children? [The house had been full of school children, of whom R. H. was fond.—M. B.]

(They are well.)

Good! Do you remember the day I walked across to the Mountain?

(No, I don't remember.)

Ask Putnam if he and I—My watch stopped.

[For this reference to a watch stopping, compare pages 480 and 583 of this report. I suspect some confused memory of a real incident to be at the bottom of it.—W. J.]

(Can you not recall something you did at the Head?)

That is just what I am trying to do. Don't you remember how I had to laugh at you, laugh on that boat, about that boat?

This last word, being wrongly deciphered as "hat," Miss B. asks:—

(Whose hat blew off?)

My hat, do you not remember the day it blew off? Yes, you are not following me very clearly.

(I am trying to recall about that hat.)

Do you remember fishing?

(Yes, I remember fishing.)

Capital! Remember about my hat? went into the water.

(Yes, I think I do.)

I should say you did. Oh my! but I am not so stupid as some I know. I have not forgotten anything. Get my Poem?

(Yes, and I want to thank you for it.)

Don't bother about that. I want you to know I am really here and recognize you, and the first-rate time I had at Owl's — Thank you very much. How is Bayley? Certainly first-rate time I had at Owl's. Thank you very much. Owl's. Remember the jokes I told you? Jsp. Thank you. Remember what I said about dressing them [or "him?"]? Remember? Oh I do well....

(How am I getting along?)

Capital! You are doing well, all you need is experience. I would like to take a swim! I would like to take a swim. Plunge.

[Much incoherence hereabouts. The names Bayley and Jes-sup (Jsp) are correct. Hodgson used to bathe with them off the rocks, and Miss B. recalls jokes between them about dressing there. H. and they went deep-sea fishing almost daily. One day Dr. B. and R. H. went fishing in a gasolene launch, and on their return had much riotous laughter about some happenings in the boat. Miss B. can remember nothing definite about a hat, but is inclined to interpret the allusion as referring to this incident. The "poem" she conceives to be the verses "It seems as if the wondrous land," etc., written at Miss Pope's sitting of Feb. 5th. See Part I. of this report, p. 479.—W. J.]

On the following day Miss B. had a second sitting, and R. H. asked "How is Nellie?" [Nellie is a member of Miss B.'s household, presumably unknown to Mrs. Piper, about whom R. H. always used during his lifetime to inquire.]

On the night of Hodgson's death, Miss B., whom I described above as having "psychic" aptitudes, had received a strong impression of his presence. She now asks:

(Yesterday you said you had "called and called" me. When did you ever call me?)

Just after I passed out I returned to you and saw you resting . . . and came and called to you telling you I was leaving. . . .

(Did I not answer?)

Yes, after a while.

(What did I do?)

You arose and seemed nervous. I felt I was disturbing you. I then left.

(Do you not recall another time when I was sure you were there and I did something? . . . What did I do at one o'clock, Christmas morning?)

I saw you, I heard you speak to me once, yes. I heard you speak to some one, and it looked like a lady. You took something in your hand, and I saw you and heard you talking.

(Yes, that is true.)

I heard you say something about some one being ill, lying in the room. [Nellie was ill in my room.—M. B.]

(Yes, that is true. I also said something else.)

You said it was myself.

(Yes, I said that. Anything else?)

I remember seeing the light, and heard you talking to a lady.
[Correct.—M. B.]

(The lady did something after I talked to her.)

You refer to the message, she sat down and wrote a message for me. [I do not understand what is meant by this, unless it be a confused reference to Miss Pope's reception of a message to me in the sitting of Feb. 5th.—M. B.] [See Part I., p. 476.—W. J.]¹

There was nothing more of interest from Hodgson at this sitting. Dr. Bayley, to whom reference was made in connection with Owl's Head, at Miss Bancroft's first sitting, had two sittings in April, in which the hearty and jocose mannerisms of R. H. were vividly reproduced; but there was a good deal of confusion, owing to Dr. Bayley's lack of familiarity with the handwriting; and the evidential material, so far as the Hodgson-control (whom we are alone concerned with) went, was comparatively small. One passage was thus:

[R. H.] Get that book I sent you?

(I received the book right, after your death.)

[Hodgson had addressed some books and some cards to be

¹ *A propos* to Miss Bancroft's "psychic" susceptibility, at a sitting on October 17th, 1906, which Mrs. M. had with Mrs. Piper, the following words were exchanged:

(Any other messages, Dick?)

[R. H.] Not for him [the person last spoken of], but tell Margaret it was I who produced that light she saw the other night.

The sitter immediately wrote to Miss Margaret Bancroft, with whom she had recently become acquainted, to ask (not telling her of the message) whether she had had any special experiences of late. Miss B. answered: "I had a very curious experience on the morning of the 14th. At four o'clock I was awakened from a sound sleep, and could feel distinctly the presence of three people in the room. I sat up and was so attentive that I hardly breathed. About nine feet from the floor there appeared at intervals curious lights, much like search-lights, but softer, and there seemed to be a distinct outline of a figure.... This lasted probably from fifteen to twenty minutes....when I went into a sound sleep."

sent to friends as Christmas presents. They were mailed after his death on December 20th. It should be added that Miss Bancroft had at her sitting of Feb. informed Rector that such a book had come to *her*, and Rector associated her and Doctor Bayley as friends.]

Have you seen Billy? [My friend Prof. W. R. Newbold.—B.]
(No, have you any word for him?)

Ask him if he remembers the day we went to the seashore and we sat on the beach, and I told him how I hoped to come over here any time, only I wanted to finish my work. And ask him if he remembers what I told him about my getting married.

(I don't know anything about it. That's a good test.)
[Proves to have been correct.—W. J.]

Also ask him if he remembers what I said about the children of my old friend Pilly.

[W. R. N. remembers R. H. telling him of a certain "Pilly," but forgets about the children.]

No one living could know this but Billy....

I ask if you recall the fishing process.

(Why, Dick, it will be very sad fishing without you.)

[R. H. and I had done much deep-sea fishing together, but my suspicion that this was meant may have deflected him from some explanation of the "fishing" process of the controls at the sittings.—B.]

I wonder if you remember Miss Nellie.

(Perfectly.)

Give her my kindest regards.... Got your feet wet!

(Tell me more about that, Dick.)

Do you remember how I put my pipe in the water? Do you remember my putting my coat on the seat, and my pipe got into the water? Remember ducking?

(Ducking?)

I said plunge.

(Plunge?)

Yes! Let's take a plunge.

(Yes indeed!)

ALL....

(Who was along with us, Dick?)

Jess—... I got it in my head. [Dr. Jessup is correct.—B.]

Do you remember the Head? Oh I think it was the best summer I ever had. Best, best, best.... Do you remember laugh about Mitchell? Laugh? [This *might* refer to a very distinct incident involving a friend named MacDaniel.—B.] Idiosyncracies... [What immediately followed was illegible.]

On the next day, April 4th, Dr. B. says to Hodgson:

(Give me your password if you can to-day.)

Password? I had no less than forty. One was shoeing. Yes, yes, do you remember?

(Of course I don't remember about your passwords; but you wrote Mrs. Bayley a charade of your own making, and if you can give the answer to that it will be a splendid test.)

Shoo fly, shoo fly? [It runs in my head that these words were answers to charades propounded last summer, but I can get no confirmation and may be mistaken.—B.]

(I have the letter with the charade here.) [Puts it into the medium's hand.]

Doctor, this is *peacemaker*, *peacemaker*. I gave this word in my letter. Shoo fly.

[Miss Bancroft writes: "I have a dim recollection about 'peacemaker.' I feel very sure about 'shoo fly.'"]

(I will look it up.) [There were two charades in the letter handed to the medium, but the words given answer neither of them.—B.]

Do you remember anything about that awful *cigar* and my joke about it? [Mrs. Bayley remembers a cigar so huge that neither R. H. nor I would smoke it. He finally broke it up and smoked it in his pipe. This may have been the joke referred to.—B.]

Doc, [This is not R. H.'s usual way of addressing me.—B.] that is *peacemaker*! And to Mrs. B. I felt I said shoo fly. If you knew the difficulties I am having, you would smile out loud.... Can you play ball?

(Well, H., neither of us were very active ball-players in the country)

Listen, do you remember our late hours?

(Indeed I do.) [R. H. and I used to sit out on the porch smoking to untimely hours.—B.]

Got your sleep made up yet?

(Not quite.)

Next followed some rather unintelligible as well as illegible references to skinning fish and baling a boat. Then:

Do you remember how we tried to make many words out of one? [Compare Piddington's Report, *Proceedings*, Vol. XXII., p. 65.—W. J.]

(Yes.)

And the fun we had?

(Yes.) [R. H. had enjoyed doing this with some of the ladies at Owl's Head.—B.]

Do you remember reading in the evening?

(Well enough.)

Remember the joke I told you about Blats [Blavatsky]...and her tricks? [Correct, but matter of common knowledge.]

(Now, Dick, do you remember some of the words of the song which we all sang so much, and which you brought there last summer?)

Song? awful! song?

(It begins "Come, I will sing you.")

Oh yes!—gone out of my head like a shot!

(Yes, Dick.)

Listen, let me tell you something. Do you remember a little song I sang to the children which went like this: "Little Popsey Wopsey...Chickey Bidy Chum...all... I am tired.

(Dick, that was splendid, I remember it well.) [Known also to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

Do you remember my palming trick?

(Yes.) [Known also to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

And how you all seemed to enjoy them?... I am getting clearer since I have met you here. It helps in recalling many

things I had almost forgotten. Listen, do you remember my recitation of a Hindoo?

(No, I don't remember that.)

Which reads like this: "I think till I'm weary of thinking—

(Yes, I know that well.) [Known also to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

Do you remember my letter to Will, in which I told him of the delight of the place [possibly a misreading for "depth of the piece"].

(Who is Will?)

Will James. Or perhaps I didn't read it to you after all.

(No, I didn't hear that letter.) [I recall no letter either about the "place," or about the "piece," but my memory is so bad that that proves nothing. I *have* heard the "piece"; and think I heard it from Hodgson.—W. J.]

...Ask Margaret Bancroft if she remembers telling me about you and Mrs. Bayley giving her a watch. I am glad I found her after I came over. I think she is perfectly sincere and a light.

[Miss Bancroft writes: "I felt badly about accepting the watch, and consulted Mr. Hodgson about it. He said a number of things about my sensitiveness, and after that I felt all right about the watch. I don't think I told anybody of this interview with Dr. Hodgson. As regards my 'sincerity,' the last talk I had with him was on that very subject.... He said he would certainly convince Dr. Bayley of my sincerity."—The reader knows already that Miss Bancroft is a "light."]

On June 20th, 1906, Miss Bancroft had her third sitting. Some days previous to this Mrs. M., an old friend of Hodgson, had taken to her sitting a cross which remained among his effects, and asked the R. H. control for directions concerning its disposition. He had ordered it to be sent to Miss Bancroft; and when he appeared to Miss Bancroft at the sitting a few days later almost his first word was:

Get my cross?

(Yes, thank you very much....)

A Mascot I send to you.

(Yes, I know you sent it to me.)

I shall be with you when you are in the cottage.

(Do you know that I have bought the place?)

Of course I do. I understand pretty well what you are about.

[Miss B. had been enabled to buy the land at Owl's Head since her sittings in the previous February.]

...There is more help coming to you to enlarge the house.... You remember you thought it necessary to have more room.

(Yes, I remember very well.)

Did you see me in your dream with my trousers rolled up at the bottom?

(I am not sure that I did.)

I spoke to you and you replied.

(I have seen you several times in dreams.)

Remember my knock?

(When did you knock?)

You were sleeping.

(I remember twice when I thought some one knocked my arm.)

But I woke you, I certainly did. [Correct.]

(Can't you do me a favor by knocking now?....)

Not while I keep on speaking. You wish me to knock your arm now, eh? I cannot do so and keep on speaking.

Do you remember the evening I told you about my sister Ellen's boy?

(I do not recall it.)

Yes, Ellen's boy and his passing over.

Do you remember—Enid? What I told you about her? And her poems? A scholarship and her poems?

(I remember all that.) [He had told me a great deal about this niece Enid.—M. B. Mrs. Piper denies knowledge of her existence.—W. J.]

Listen. I am in the witness box! I am trying to help you to recognize me....

Do you remember anything about celery root?.... [See above, p. 515.]

Margaret do you remember the walk through the woods?

(Yes, I remember it.)

Do you remember "Let us sing of—sing you

Let us sing of a "

(Yes, I understand.)

No you do not. No song.

(Yes I do. Try and give it to me.)

I am but you do not understand. You do not understand *at all*. Let us sing the old song.

(You mean the song "Come let us sing"?)

Yes.

(Tell me what it is.)

I am telling you. 'Come let us sing the—what would you sing—sing—sing

[He taught us a song last summer "Come I will sing" and the response was "What will you sing me"; "I will sing you one oh," etc. My idea is that he wanted to have me give him the next line and probably he would have been able to give me the text and perhaps the whole song or part of it, but I did not understand what he wanted to do.—M. B.]

Miss Bancroft had two more sittings, on Dec. 2nd and 3rd. 1907. On Dec. 2nd Hodgson seemed to be cognizant of certain changes in the Owl's Head place, that there was a new wall-paper of yellow color, a new bath-house, a new pier and platform, etc., none of which facts Mrs. Piper was in a way to have known.

He also showed veridical knowledge of a very private affair between two other people, that had come under Miss Bancroft's observation. There was, however, some confusion in this sitting, and R. H. was not "strong." The results were better on Dec. 3rd, but the evidential parts do not lend themselves well to quotation, with one exception, as follows:

(Don't you remember something that happened that you helped us in?)

I remember that one evening—

(What happened that evening?)

We got a little fire and I helped. Yes.

(Yes, that is true.)

Put it out — the fire — — I remember it well.
(What did you tell us to get before the fire occurred?)

Before the fire?

(You told us to get something for the house.)

I said you ought to get a — in case of fire — pail, yes.

[Here the hand drew three parallel horizontal lines, which might have meant shelves, and beneath them the outline of a vessel with a cover.]

(What are they for?)

Water pails water pails — yes, fire buckets — fire Yes, I did.

[He told us in Maine, when we were experimenting with Mrs. A—— by automatic writing, to get fire buckets and put them up on the shelves, which we did long before the fire occurred. He warned us of this fire many times, but no one seemed to pay much attention to it but myself.—M. B.]

(What did you tell us to put on them?)

Go on you will find that I am not asleep.

(I never thought you were asleep.)

So much for the Owl's Head record, which, as the reader sees, follows a not incoherent thread of associated facts.

Few of the items were false, but on the other hand it must be remembered that a mind familiar with Hodgson's tastes and habits might have deduced some of them (swimming and fishing, for example) *a priori* by combining the two abstract ideas "Hodgson" and "seaside." Leakages impossible now to follow might also account for the medium's knowledge of such items as the names Nellie, Jessup, etc., for her connecting Dr. Bayley with "Billy," etc. For the "fire-buckets," "watch," "sincerity," and other items, it would seem necessary to invoke either lucky chance or telepathy, unless one be willing to admit spirit-return. I should say that I have condensed the record considerably, leaving out some matter ir-

relevant to Owl's Head memories, some repetitions and all the talk that grew out of slowness in deciphering the script.

Dr. Bayley himself wrote me after his sittings: "They are pretty good, and have about convinced me (as evidence added to previous experience) that my much loved friend is still about. I had had either four or six sittings, some of them in conjunction with Miss Bancroft, before R. H.'s death. I do not think that Mrs. Piper normally knew me by name, or knew that I was from Philadelphia or that I knew Newbold. I realize that the average reader of these records loses much in the way of little tricks of expression and personality, subtleties impossible to give an account of in language. As I look over the sittings and realize my own blunders in them, I cannot always decide who was the more stupid, the communicator, or myself."

4. Professor Newbold's Sittings.

The message given to Dr. Bayley for "Billy" (*i. e.* Prof. Wm. R. Newbold) makes it natural to cite next the experience of this other intimate friend of R. H. Prof. Newbold had two written sittings, on June 27th and July 3rd, 1906, respectively, Mr. Dorr being present both times. On June 27th, after a few words with Rector, Hodgson appears, and the dialog continues as follows:

Well, well, of all things! Are you really here! I am Hodgson.
(Hallo, Dick!)

Hello, Billy, God bless you.

(And you, too, though you do not need to have me say it. I wonder if you remember the last talk we had together——)

(I do remember it, Dick.)

I can recall very well all I said to you that glorious day when we were watching the waves. [Our last talk was on a splendid afternoon of July, 1905, at Nantasket Beach.—N.]

(Yes, Dick, I remember it well.)

I told you of many, many predictions which had been made for me. I told you I hoped to realize them but I would not consent to give up my work.

(First rate, Dick, you told me just that.)

I would give up almost anything else but my work—my work—and my pipe.

(Dick, that sounds like you.)

Don't you remember?

(Do you remember something I told *you* on the boat going to Nantasket?)

Yes of course. Long ago you wrote me of your happiness and I wrote back and asked you if you were trying to make me discontented.

(I don't remember, but I have your letters and will look it up.)

[This allusion to my "happiness" is very characteristic. He often spoke to me of it.—N.]

Look over your letters and you will find my memory better than yours.

(Like as not! Like as not!)

I have hoped to boss things on this side. [R. H. had often told me of his belief that if he could "pass over" and communicate, many of the difficulties of the spiritualistic theory would disappear. I can mentally see him now shaking his pipe at me threateningly and saying: "If I get over before you, Billy, I'll make things hot for you."—N.]

(Yes, Dick, so you did.)

Therefore if I seem bossy pardon me. . . . Bossy. . . . Pardon.

(Go ahead, Dick, be bossy as you will. I have nothing to say to you until you get through.)

Good. That's what I wish. I remember telling you how you must not write more about your happiness.

(Did you tell me this on the trip or in the letter?)

In the letter.

(First-rate! I have piles of letters. I will go through them.)

If you do you will find it *all*. [I cannot find it in the letters.—N.] Oh, I am so delighted to see you of all persons.

(Well, you were a dear friend of mine.)

I had the greatest affection for you.

(Do you remember what a friend you were to me, years ago?)

Yes, I do, and how I helped you through some difficulties?

(I should say you did, Dick!)

But I do not care to remind you of anything I did! . . . only as a test . . . only as a test.

(Yes, that's right, we wish a test.)

I remember how delighted I was with your experiences.

(You were!)

You told me much about them which I recall most clearly—recall.

(Right!) [What follows refers to the trip to Nantasket and was probably preceded by some reference to it on my part.—N.]

You and I had smoked . . . [Correct.] until I got a dip . . .

(Right!)

. . . and we walked along the shore . . .

(Right, Dick!)

and waited until the boat returned. [We had to wait perhaps twenty or thirty minutes.—N.]

(Dick, what did we do while waiting?)

We took a dip and went to hear some music.

(No, *we* did not; *you* took a dip.)

I say *I* took a dip and you sat and watched me.

(After that what did we do?)

We went and got some . . . let me think! . . .

(I can't read that, Dick.)

A drink . . . drink. I asked you to have cigar. Cigar . . . and something else.

(That is true about the cigar. Go on.)

At the moment I do not think what it was.

(All right, it is not worth the trouble.)

Do you remember anything about sausages I cooked?

(Indeed I do! Many a one you cooked for breakfast.)

Yes, and how you laughed about them.

(I said they were the best I ever tasted, Dick.)

Yes, I remember.

[A passage is omitted here in which veridical reference is made to a private subject of which we had talked.—N.]

I do not catch all you say, Billy, . . . too bad. Speak slowly.

old chap, and I shall understand. I asked you about your [word undecipherable] and you said you thought you were not half worthy of all you had received.

(Well, I thought it; I don't remember saying it to you.)

You did say it once in my room.

(I can believe it, Dick; I have thought it a thousand times.)

[A remark was next ascribed to me which exactly expressed what I had thought, though I am forced to omit it.—N.]

I gave you a long explanation of the whole *modus operandi* and you were a very good listener. Do you remember the day?

(I do not remember the details. I remember in a general way talking about it.) [I recalled the details clearly as soon as I had thought it over. The "long explanation" was made in H.'s room in June, 1904.—N.]

All right. Good, listen. And you and I met in New York and I advised you what to do?

(Was it in New York or Boston? In Boston, wasn't it?)

You and I went to the theatre.

(Certainly we did.)

And then to my club.

(Right, yes, that is right, Dick.)

And to my rooms where I cooked sausages and made tea.

(Yes, you gave me the first good tea I ever tasted!)

[Statements are here omitted relating to a person deceased. True on the whole, but not evidentially significant.—N.]

Do you remember that clergyman....

(Try the last word again.)

Who was a medium in Philadelphia?

(I do, I think I do.... A clergyman who was an Episcopalian.)

Yes. Went into trance. Yes.

(Yes, I know what you are thinking of, but he was not a clergyman.)

[Word—name perhaps—written several times but undecipherable. Some years later I *had* met a clergyman who was mediumistic, but did not go into trance. Hodgson knew of his case, but had never met him. The two cases seem to be confused.—N.]

And his wife was afraid of him.¹

(No, I don't remember that, Dick.)

You have them mixed up in your mind.

(Very likely.)

I saw a young man who went into trance.

(That's right, yes.)

And do you remember my opinion of him?

(Yes, Dick, I remember your opinion of him. Tell me what it was!)

I thought he was hysterical and induced his trances through hysteria. I remember telling you about [name given, but omitted here], and by the way, Billy, do you recall his ideas on this subject?

(Yes, I do. His ideas?)

Yes, all about it. The devil?

(He thought it was the devil?)

Yes. The devil has nothing to do with it. I laughed when you told me about it.

(Now, Dick, have you any more to say?)

Do you remember the story I told you about the girl who said her prayers?

No, I do not remember. Perhaps I might if you told me.)

Yes. And when she got through she said she was sure she

¹ I think that this reference to a clergyman, who "went into a trance and his wife was afraid of him, is to the same man that was mentioned at my sitting in October following. The details were given and discussed in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research* more than a year later (Vol. I, p. 143). This interpretation is apparent in the mention of the same man in the sitting with Prof. James on May 1st, more than a month previous to this one of Prof. Newbold and in connection with which the name "Sanger or Zangler" was given (p. 552), saying that he was a clergyman.

I had been invited by an Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Stanley L. Krebs, who is probably meant by "Sanger or Zangler," to visit him at his home and to try some experiments with a Presbyterian clergyman who went into trances, but whose wife objected to this. Both clergymen lived in Pennsylvania, and in my sitting in October it was said that the clergyman lived in that state and that his wife disliked his going into trances. I got a part of the name, the syllable "San..." Dr. Hodgson before his death knew of my visit there and also of a remarkable experience of Mr. Krebs' in connection with the other clergyman and was much interested in it.—J. H. Hyslop.

thought the devil was prompting her prayer. [I remember no such anecdote.—N.]

(No, Dick; but I want you to tell me, if you possibly can, something I told you on the boat going down to Nantasket, just before we got there.)

About your home-life?

(No, it was about my work, Dick.)

Oh yes, I recall you said you would like to give it up.

(No, Dick, I did not say that.) [I had just resigned my eight years of Deanship and was very glad of the relief. If R. H.'s remark referred to that fact, it was apposite.—N.]

Not for anything! [Seemingly meant to suit my answer.—N.]

Do you remember our talk about hypnotism?

(Yes, we talked about hypnotism.)

And hypnotising students. You said your mind was on your work and how much you liked it.

(Yes, I said that. There was a lot more I said, but never mind it. Let it go.)

I will give it all eventually...eventually. Yes. I am in the witness-box.

(Poor Dick!)

Poor Dick! Not much! Poor Dick! Not much! Fire away! I recall your psychological teaching very clearly.

[R. H. next goes "out" to rest but returns after a brief interval of Rector.]

Hello, Billy! All right? All right now? You told me you were working on some interesting work which you enjoyed better than anything you had done in years. You said you would not give it up for anything!

(Right, Dick. Now before we got on the boat, to go out to Nantasket, what did we do?)

I believe we went to the hotel and got some bite [word not clear] to eat.

(No! No!)

Drink [word not clear] No! Do let me think what I gave you. I asked if you would get weighed.

(I believe you did. I am not sure now. Don't bother about it any more. It is not worth the trouble.)

I did! You said I...and joked about your weight. Don't you recall?

(I don't remember, but I often have joked about my weight and I dare say I did with you then.)

I remember drinking.... Yes, and I said I did not take beer. Yes, you asked me, I remember well. I remember the water well. You smoked cigar, and I also....pipe.... [I smoked a cigarette but not a cigar.—N.]

(No, let us drop the trip to Nantasket, Dick. I think you have told me all you remember about the trip to Nantasket that you can.)

I have it surely right as it was the last time I saw you! I remember it as it was the last time I saw you.

(That's right, Dick, it was the very last time I saw you.)

Do you remember the stand near the boat where we went in and got a "Life".... [I don't recall this.—Some illegibility followed.—N.]

(Where we went to get a what, Dick? Write that once more!) [Word undecipherable.]

You do not get it very clearly, Billy.

(No, it's long since I have had experience in the writing. I understand. Therefore I am doing my best to make it clear.)

[The communicator now professes to report a conversation which I had with a definitely named person who died some years ago.—N.]

He told me he did not approve or believe in your having.... anything to do with this subject. [True.—N.] He thought it was the devil and you had better keep out of it.

(Right.)

He said he would try to reach you if such were possible.

[I saw the person here referred to not long before his death. He made no reference of any kind to the future life. Such a promise as is here ascribed to him is quite incongruous with all I ever knew of him—I do not believe the thought would have occurred to him.—N.]

He did tell me so and before he left his body he felt a little

different. But he wants to see you very much...very much indeed and tell you how he understands your life now.

(Can you tell me from him what he said before he passed out of the body?)

Yes. He said you said "Come to me if you are alive."

(No, Dick, you've got that wrong!)

Wait a minute. Listen, Billy. You said "I wish you to be with me."

(No, Dick, that's wrong; you had better try to get it another time when the light is clearer.)

Listen, Billy, you said when you get to the...the other side you will know...know. [Incorrect.—N.]

(Did I say that to him, Dick?)

He told me you said so. He said so, and he thought he was not going to live here. I have talked with him about it often and he thought he would not live.

[W. R. N. now repeats that so long as the "light" is not clear R. H. had better not stay.]

Yes. Yes, I will return when the light is clear and tell you clearly.

(Now, Dick, many of my relatives have passed to your side and if you see them you can give me their names.)

Good. I will find all I can and report to you. I will report to you.

(Names are good tests.)

Exactly, I remember. Look up those letters. I am going now. I am holding on to a figment! Goodbye. God bless you! R. H.

The Hodgson part of the sitting of July 3rd was as follows:

I am Hodgson.

(Hallo, Dick!)

I am glad to meet you, Billy, old chap! How are you? First-rate?

(Yes I am, Dick!)

Capital. Good. So am I. I come to assure you of my continued existence. Do you remember what I said to you the last

time I left you after our experiment with that young man? I said hysteria was the cause of his trances.

(Exactly, yes.)

He could not kadoodle me.

(That is a new word to me.)

I made that up—ask Judah.

[Mr. Judah writes of his sitting of March 27th or 28th: "I tried to get R. H. to repeat a word which he had used in one of our long conversations. It was 'kadoodle'—I think he must have coined it for the occasion. He could not or at least did not give it."—As this attempt was during a trance, the reference to Mr. Judah in Newbold's sitting has no evidential bearing.—W. J.]

Tell me about your wife—is she well?

(Yes, better than for these many years.)

Capital! Glad to hear it. Remember me to her.

(All right, Dick, I will.)

Give me something of my own.... I shall be clearer in a minute. Billy, do you remember how depressed you were at one time, and how I used to advise you?

(Indeed I do.)

And did it not result in good?

(Indeed it did, Dick. You did advise me just as you say, and it did result in good.)

I have memories, many memories—let me remind you of a few of them as I recall them now.

(All right, Dick. Go ahead.)

Do you remember the man with whom you and I experimented in Philadelphia?

Do you remember the name he gave as being my sister's?

(No, Dick, I don't remember, but go on and give me all you can about him.)

Do you remember when I asked him about hypnotism, he said he was not a good subject, and you and I had a good laugh over it after he left?

(I don't remember that either, Dick. Do you remember who was with us when we experimented with him?)

You, myself,—yes, and Dr. Hyslop. [Hyslop was not there.—W. R. N.] Do you remember a young student in whom you and

I were intensely interested. We hypnotized him several times, but with little result. [Possibly refers to a medical student whom I hypnotized in 1899 with very interesting results. I wrote to H. and arranged experiments (apparent clairvoyance). But H. never saw him.—N.]

(Bless my soul! I think it must be * * * * I will get your letters. I may find something about it in them.)

You certainly will. Have you looked up my last reference?

(I can't; I'm in Boston and my letters are in Philadelphia.)

Oh, of course, I understand. Help me if I seem stupid.

(No, you are not stupid, I am.)

I wish to remind you of things of which you are not thinking, so far as possible.

(Yes, that's good.)

Do you remember the case of a clergyman——?

(Yes, certainly. I remember a clergyman who lived in Philadelphia and thought he had supernormal experiences, and I told you about them.)

Why didn't you say so before? Yes. I just told you about the case of hysteria—and you were interested in telepathy. [The young clergyman had professed to have telepathic powers—he cheated.—N.]

(Is this the case you were talking about at the last sitting?)

Of course he was. You asked me what experiments we tried with him.

(That is right.)

I said telepathic experiments, and some were pretty poor.

(Right.)

Do you remember, Billy....? [A veridical reference here, which W. R. N. prefers to omit.]

(Yes, Dick.)

I am delighted to recall your telling me you were happy and contented and how pleased you were with your classes—.

(Right, Dick.)

And how readily your work was being accepted. You were so happy about it all. It gave me great delight.

(Thank you.)

You certainly did. You also told me of your advancement in a material way.

(Yes, I told you that, that is right.)

Which pleased me greatly.

(Yes, Dick, it did!)

You were my counterpart—counterpart in expressions of delight. You and I were very pleased and I told you I would not give up my work even for a wife.

[I don't recall this remark, but it sounds characteristic.—N.]

(Yes, Dick, you are very clear and easy to understand.)

I am glad to hear it. I am trying my level best to give you facts.

(Very good.)

I said my pipe and my work would not be given up even for a wife. Oh how you have helped me, Billy. Yes, in clearing my mind wonderfully.

[I omit here a few sentences from R. H. in which he credits me with a remark I have often made to him, seldom to others.—Important veridically.—N.]

(Dick, I have told you that twenty times.)

You have certainly, but Billy, I used to say it was the most important thing in the world I believed.

[Refers next to psychological research and in particular to the Piper case.]

You said you could not understand why so many mistakes were made, and I talked you blind, trying to explain my ideas of it.

(Dick, this sounds like your own self. Just the way you used to talk to me.)

Well if I am not Hodgson, he never lived.

(But you are so clear.)

Of course I am, I am drawing on all the forces possible for strength to tell you these things.

You laughed about the ungrammatical expressions and said, why in the world do they use bad grammar?

(Yes, Dick, I said that.)

I went into a long explanation and attributed it to the registering of the machine. You were rather amused but were inclined to leave it to my better understanding.

(You mean, I think, that you understood the subject better than I and I took your explanation? You mean that therefore I was inclined to accept your explanation?)

I think I do. I find now difficulties such as a blind man would experience in trying to find his hat. And I am not wholly conscious of my own utterances because they come out automatically, impressed upon the machine.

(Perfectly clear.)

Yes, I am standing beside you.

(Can you see me, Dick?)

Yes, but I feel your presence better. I impress my thoughts on the machine which registers them at random, and which are at times doubtless difficult to understand. I understand so much better the *modus operandi* than I did when I was in your world. Do you remember you said you could faintly understand—faintly understand the desire on the part of a friend after coming to this side to communicate with his friend on the earthly side. But why he would choose such methods were the most perplexing things to you.

(No, Dick, you are thinking of someone else. I never told you that.)

Yes you did in the case of the man I am talking of, who pretended to give manifestations, and you were right in your judgment.

(Yes! I think I did say it in that case.¹)

¹ When the "choice of such methods" was first mentioned I supposed it referred to the notion that mediums ought to be persons of distinguished character or abilities. I therefore disavowed it, for I have never seen any reason for the assumption. When it was referred to the "men who pretended to give manifestations" I doubtfully acknowledged it, supposing it referred to the so-called "physical phenomena," especially those of Stainton Moses. The objections upon which I used to lay most stress in my talks with H. were (1) the astonishing ignorance often displayed with reference to subjects which the supposed communicators must have been acquainted with; (2) the whole Emperor group, its historical and philosophical teachings, its supposed identity with the similar group in the Stainton Moses case and its connection with the seed-pearls, perfumes and other physical phenomena which Moses professed to produce. To these objections H. could never give an answer; they are not here mentioned.—N.

While in other cases you were open and clear to my explanations—and agreed with me, especially regarding G. P.

(Right; First-rate! That is all very characteristic.)

You were a good listener always, Billy, always. [R. H.'s talks and mine *had* been rather one-sided!—N.] Do you remember a trip we had into the mountains years ago? I am trying to recall. We took a bit of clothing and spent several days together.

(No, Dick, I never did that with you, you are thinking of somebody else.)

Wait a moment. Let me ask you if you and I did not pass a few days together one summer.

(No, Dick, only in Boston.)

Sure? All right, let me narrate what is in my mind.

(Right? Go on.)

I remember we were together one summer and we went to the woods or . . . and lay under some trees and had a smoke and discussed several problems. Where was it, Billy?¹

(Not with me, I think, Dick, unless it was somewhere in Boston.)

I think it may have been in Boston.

(Go on to something else, Dick. I don't remember that.)

I remember when you were with me I got very much interested in some letters you wrote me after your return home—your saying some things puzzled you very much. [A first-rate veridical statement from R. H. has had to be omitted here. The matter referred to had, however, been mentioned at sittings in 1895.—N.]

(By jingo! that is true, Dick. It was ten years ago.)

Do you remember a woman named Wright? [Name not clearly written.]

(No, not at this moment.)

Did I not tell you about her the day we were at the shore?

(Ah, Dick, I think you did, but I do not remember it well enough to make it a good test.)

¹This incident of lying under the trees, smoking, and discussing several problems most probably refers to an experience with Dr. Bayley. I happen to have gotten the incident through another psychic, Mrs. Soule, when Dr. Bayley was present as a sitter and acknowledged the correctness of it.—J. H. Hyslop.

Do you remember my remark about the way in which the name was spelled?

(No, I don't remember it, Dick.)

Also about her giving me some very interesting things?

(No, Dick, I do not remember it. Do you remember telling me that day that when you got on the other side you would make it hot for me?)

I do indeed remember it well. I said I would shake you up—shake you up.

(That is just the word you used Dick.) [I am not now sure the word was "shake you up," but it was some such colloquial expression.—N.]

Yes, I did. Oh—I said, won't I shake you up when I get over there if I go before you do! And here I am, but I find my memory no worse than yours in spite of the fact that I have passed through the transition stage—state. You would be a pretty poor philosopher if you were to forget your subject as you seem to forget some of those little memories which I recall, Billy. Let me ask if you remember anything about a lady in [Chicago] to whom I referred.

(Oh Dick, I begin to remember. About eight or nine years ago was it, Dick?) [Here follows the "Huldah" material already quoted in my Part I. of this report. See p. 489.—W. J.]

Do you remember some trouble I had with Mrs. F....?

(I have some remembrance.) [I recall this, but no details.—N.]

I told you about her. Yes, Mrs. — Mrs.! I told you about her, and you thought I did right at the time.

(Dick, did you get any names of those relatives of mine on your side?)

Oh yes, names on my side. Yes, I found lots of your uncles and aunts. Your wife's also. Do not make me any worse than I am.—Do you remember my explanation about Proctor?

(No.)

Don't you remember my old friend?

(No.)

The astronomer?... Do you remember my little talk about the satellites?

(Yes, I do.)

And about the inhabitants of Mars?

(I do indeed, I remember very well.) [This was in 1895.—N.]

Do you remember my own talk independent of sittings, and my talks on the subject of canals? [R. H.'s own interest in these things was known to the trance-controls, by conversations he had held with them at earlier sittings.—W. J.]

(Yes, indeed, I remember.)

This is what I am reminding you of. I heard you and William—William discussing me, and I stood not one inch behind you.

(William who?)

James.

(What did William James say?) [I recall this talk with W. J. last week.—N.]

He said he was baffled but he felt it was I talking—at one moment—then at another he did not know what to think.

[Perfectly true of my conversation with N. after his sitting with Mrs. P. a week previous.—W. J.]

(Did you hear anything else?)

Yes, he said I was very secretive and careful.

(Did you hear him say that?)

He did. He said I was,— I am afraid I am.

(I don't remember his saying so.) [I remember it.—W. J.]

I tell you Billy he said so.

(Did he say anything else?)

He paid me a great compliment, [I recall this.—N.] I fear I did not deserve it. However, I am here to prove or disprove through life. Amen.

Remember my explanations of luminous ether? [A favorite subject of discussion with him, possibly known to Mrs. Piper.—N.]

Good bye. God bless you and your good wife. Remember me to her. Adieu.—R. H.

Some persons seem to make much better "sitters" than others, and Prof. Newbold is evidently one of the best. The two sittings of his from which I have quoted are more flow-

ing and contain less waste matter, perhaps, than any others. If the R. H. who appeared therein be only a figment of Mrs. Piper's play-acting subconscious self (compare R. H.'s words "I am holding on to a figment" on page 539 above), we must credit that self with a real genius for accumulating the appropriate in the way of items, and not getting out of the right personal key. Not many items were certainly wrong in these sittings, and the great majority were certainly right. If two of the omitted communications could have been printed they would have greatly increased the veridical effect. Professor Newbold gives me his own result and impression in the following words. "The evidence for H.'s identity, as for that of other communicators, seems to me very strong indeed. It is not absolutely conclusive; but the only alternative theory, the telepathic, seems to me to explain the facts not as well as the spiritistic. I find it, however, absolutely impossible to accept the necessary corollaries of the spiritistic theory, especially those connected with the Emperor group, and am therefore compelled to suspend judgment."¹

After Dr. Newbold's, it would seem natural to cite Dr. Hyslop's sittings, which were six in number during the period which this report covers. But he has himself given an account of them with inferences,² so I refrain. It may suffice to say that Hyslop had already been converted, largely by previous experiences with Mrs. Piper, to the spiritist theory³ of such phenomena, and that he held it in a form similar to that to which Hodgson had been led, supposing namely that at the time of communicating, the communicating spirits are them-

¹ Compare Newbold's previous account of his experience of the Piper-phenomena, in the S. P. R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XIV., 1899.

² In the *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research*, 519 West 149th Street, New York, Vol. I., Nos. II., III., and IV.

³ See his Report on Mrs. Piper in Vol. XVI. of the S. P. R. *Proceedings*.

selves in a dreamy or somnambulant state, and not in full possession of their faculties.⁴

Dr. Hyslop's sittings in the present series, although they seem to me to contain no coercive evidence for a surviving Hodgson, as contrasted with the field of alternatives—I doubt if Hyslop would make any such claim for them—yet lend themselves easily to the notion that Hodgson, in a somewhat amnesic and confused state, was there. They pursued a train of ideas most natural for such a Hodgson to have followed, and they confirmed Dr. Hyslop in the theory which he had already reached as the line of least resistance in these matters:—Hodgson was probably communicating as best he might under the available conditions. He led the conversation back to his and Hyslop's earlier experiences, recalled the differences of opinion they had had over the proofs of Hyslop's report on Mrs. Piper in 1901; alluded to a meeting which they were to have had in New York if Hodgson had not "passed over," and to what Hyslop wished to discuss there; reminded Hyslop of some experiments on mediums which they had made together in earlier days, and of messages purporting to be from R. H. which Hyslop was receiving through another medium at present; discussed other mediumistic persons, and especially the aptitudes of a certain young "light" in whom Hyslop was interested; sent a veridical message to Dr. Newbold; recalled a certain "cheese" of which he and Hyslop had partaken on a unique occasion together; gave advice regarding Hyslop's practical perplexities in the crisis of S. P. R. affairs; expressed his sympathy in the most appropriate fashion; etc., etc.—most of all this in an exceedingly scanty way, to be sure, but with such naturalness of tone, and following such characteristic lines of

⁴ Compare with this Mrs. Sidgwick's well-argued theory that they are not *trying* to communicate at all, but that the medium in trances is able telepathically to tap their minds in spots, just as she taps the minds of the sitters.

association with the sitter, that the latter's view was, as I said, only confirmed.

A reader of the records, not having Dr. Hyslop's Mental *Apperceptionsmasse* to interpret them by, might fail to find them convincing. My own feelings towards these sittings is what it is towards all the others. The interpretation of them will depend on that of the whole larger mass of material with which they belong.

5. William James' Sitting.

The evidence is so much the same sort of thing throughout, and makes such insipid reading, that I hesitate to print more of it in full. But I know that many critics insist on having the largest possible amount of *verbatim* material on which to base their conclusions, so I select as a specimen of the R. H. control's utterances when he was less "strong," one of two voice-sittings which I had with him myself (May 21st, 1906). The reader, I fear, will find it long and tedious, but he can skip.

[R. H. enters, saying:]

Well, well, well, well! Well, well, well, that is . . . here I am. Good morning, good morning, Alice.

[Mrs. J.] (Good morning, Mr. Hodgson.)

I am right here. Well, well, well! I am delighted!

(Hurrah! R. H.! Give us your hand!)

Hurrah, William! God bless you. How are you?

(First rate.)

Well, I am delighted to see you. Well, have you solved those problems yet?

(Which problems do you refer to?)

Did you get my messages?

(I got some messages about your going to convert me.)

Did you hear about that argument that I had? You asked me what I had been doing all those years, and what it amounted to?

[R. H. had already sent me, through other sitters, messages about my little faith.—W. J.]

(Yes.)

Well, it has amounted to this,—that I have learned by experience that there is more truth than error in what I have been studying.

(Good!)

I am so delighted to see you to-day that words fail me.

(Well, Hodgson, take your time and don't be nervous.)

No. Well, I think I could ask the same of you! Well, now, tell me,—I am very much interested in what is going on in the society, and Myers and I are also interested in the society over here. You understand that we have to have a medium on this side while you have a medium on your side, and through the two we communicate with you.

(And your medium is who?)

We have a medium on this side. It is a lady. I don't think she is known to you.

(You don't mean Rector?)

No, not at all. It is . . . do you remember a medium whom we called Prudens?

(Yes.)

Prudens is a great help. Through Prudens we accomplish a great deal. Speak to me, William. Ask me anything. What I want to know first of all is about the society. I am sorry that it could not go on.

(There was nobody to take your place.)

If it can't go on then it must be—

(Be dissolved. That is what we have concluded. There is nobody competent to take your place. Hyslop is going to,—well, perhaps you can find out for yourself what he is going to do.)

I know what he is going to do, and we are all trying to help Hyslop, and trying to make him more conservative, and keener in understanding the necessity of being secretive.

(You must help all you can. He is splendid on the interpreting side, discussing the sittings, and so forth.)

I know he is, but what a time I had with him in writing that big report. It was awful, perfectly awful. I shall never forget it.

[Hodgson had tried to get Hyslop's report in S. P. R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XVI, made shorter, a fact possibly known to the medium.—W. J.]

There is one thing that troubles me. Harry [James] asked me about a letter which he had received [at a previous sitting, from a certain C. B., asking whether R. H. had tried to appear to her since his death]. I have not got that cleared up in my mind yet. It was regarding some one to whom I have returned since I passed over.

[A letter from a certain H——t asking a similar question, was here offered as an "influence;" and held on the medium's forehead.]

I did not return to C. B. Did you get her message?

(I have not got her message. Harry may have it.)

I also gave a message to Mrs. C. Did you get that?

(Either George Dorr or Harry must have got that. You see I have not seen everything yet, having been in California.)

Oh, yes, I forgot. William, can't you see, don't you understand, and don't you remember how I used to walk up and down before that open fireplace trying to convince you of my experiments?

(Certainly, certainly.)

And you would stand with your hands in your trousers pockets. You got very impatient with me sometimes, and you would wonder if I was correct. I think you are very skeptical.

(Since you have been returning I am much more near to feeling as you felt than ever before.)

Good! Well, that is capital.

(Your "personality" is beginning to make me feel as you felt.)

If you can give up to it, William, and feel the influence of it and the reality of it, it will take away the sting of death.

(But, R. H. listen a moment. We are trying to get evidential material as to your identity, and anything that you can recollect in the way of facts is more important than anything else. For instance, do you recollect a Churchill case, Mr. Churchill, who came on from New York or from the West with some materials,

and you and I had some discussions? I have just had that worked up in the laboratory. Can you remember anything of that?)

Oh, yes. I had Osler in my mind also and I was preparing some answers for that. [Piddington on May 2nd had told the controls of an MS. reply to Osler found among Hodgson's papers.—W. J.] I think perhaps you have heard about that, have you?

(Yes, I have heard about that.)

Well, Sanger, or Zangler? the clergyman, do you remember him?

(No, I don't remember.) [Impossible to identify.—W. J.]

Don't you remember a young man whom I was going to see? I think I told you about it, William,—quite sure I did,—who was a clergyman, and who was afraid of his condition, going into the trances. Don't you remember that at all? Ask Alice. Perhaps she remembers.

[Mrs. J.] (No, I don't remember that account of the clergyman. I think perhaps Hyslop may remember it. I remember something about dream-cases and what we called deathbed experiences.) [Possibly the case mentioned to Newbold, see above p. 536.]

[For probable meaning of the name "Sanger or Zangler" and the references to the clergyman mentioned compare the sitting with Prof. Newbold, footnote p. 536.—J. H. Hyslop.]

(Yes, this clergyman had had some of those, had he?)

He had had some experiences in dreams. And then there was a case in Washington that I was anxious to look up. Do you remember my speaking anything about that?

(No, I am not so sure of that. Do you remember a Denver case, a Gower case?)

Oh yes, you recall that to my mind. And do you remember the description of the man whose finger,—there was something peculiar about his finger?

(Yes, I do remember that. I remember that incident.)

[I seemed to, at the moment, but the memory has failed to become distinct.—W. J.]

Well, have you found anything more about that?

(No, I have not. If you could recall what kind of a case the

Gower case was, it would be interesting.) [For this case, concerning which R. H. had been in correspondence, see Miss Johnson's report in S. P. R. *Proceedings*, Vol. XXI., p. 94.]

Wasn't that a case of hysteria?¹

(No, not hysteria. He corresponded with you and wanted you to come and see the phenomena. Do you remember?)

I do remember a physical-manifestation case, and I remember an aural case,—the voices came. And I think the Gower case was physical manifestation, if I remember. [No voices.—W. J.]²

(That is correct. Can you remember what the physical manifestations were?)

Well, I hope I will not get these mixed up in my mind, because I have several that are passing through my thoughts. There was one where they had the table manifestations, and they had also some experiments in knocking about the room after retiring. Do you remember those? [The table had moved without contact, but I fail to remember any "knocking."—W. J.]

(Yes.)

I think I had those correct in my mind, and then I think—do you remember the case where the hands appeared, as though they were in phosphorescent light?

(I don't remember that case.)

I have those two now just on my mind at the moment. I think they will come to you clearly presently. Now tell me a little bit more about the Society. That will help me keep my thoughts clear. I think, William—are you standing?

(Yes, I am standing.)

Well, can't you sit?

(Yes.)

¹ It is probable that the allusion to "a case of hysteria" refers to the "young light" of an earlier date, mentioned in a sitting with Mrs. L. and in my sittings, a case that Dr. Hodgson and I saw together, and in which he remarked indications of hysteria and mentioned the fact to me at the time.—J. H. Hyslop.

² The allusion to "a physical manifestation case" where the "voices came" seems to me to be to the case which Dr. Hodgson and I saw together, and which was more fully described in my sittings. Cf. *American Journal for Psychical Research*, Vol I, p. 101. There is possibly confusion of this with the Gower case, of which Dr. Hodgson knew, as I learned from Mr. Gower at the time of Dr. Hodgson's death.—J. H. Hyslop.

Well, sit. Let's have a nice talk.

(The society is going to disband. Hyslop and Piddington and George Dorr and I have agreed to that, and we have written a circular, which we have signed, to the members, and I don't think there will be any objection. The American work will have to go on apart from the English work in some way.)

Well, then about Hyslop's society. I think he will succeed in that. I feel very much encouraged in regard to that.

(I certainly hope he will succeed.)

I want to ask you if you have met at all Miss Gaule?

(Maggie Gaule? I have not met her.) [A medium known to R. H. during life, probably also known by name to Mrs. P.—W. J.]

I am very much disappointed in some respects. I have tried to reach her. [In 1908, Hyslop got messages from R. H. through Miss Gaule.—W. J.] I have reached another light and I did succeed in getting a communication through.

(What was your communication?)

I did not believe in her when I was in the body. I thought she was insincere, but I believe her now and know that she has genuine light, and I gave a message recently to a Mrs. M. in the body. I referred to my books and my papers and several other things. Her name is Soule. [R. H. acted as Mrs. Soule's control, and something like incipient cross-correspondences were obtained.—W. J.]

(Soule?)

[the stenographer] (I know her.)

And now, as I go through my rooms [which were still full of R. H.'s effects] I have talked over the matters there very well. Now let me see—tell me more about the Gower case. Are you going to look that up?

(I stopped at Denver on my way from California, and I saw all the witnesses, and I think it is a good case.)

I am inclined to think he is honest and I will investigate and if possible I will give some manifestations there that you will know that it comes from me. I will do everything I can because I am so anxious, and if I cannot prove—wait a moment—will you spell this after me? [Very dramatic change—as if some sudden influence had come upon him.]

(Yes.)

It is Z e i v o r n [spelt out].

[W. J. pronounces each letter after it is spoken by R. H.]

Now put those letters, repeat those backwards, and I have left that word written and I think you will find it among my papers. It is original and nobody saw it, nobody would understand it. [Not found there.—W. J.]

(That is a password?)

Yes.

(Now, Hodgson, do you remember any sealed test that you left with Myers or me or anybody?)

I left one with Lodge.

(Did you leave one with me?)

Yes, I left one with you, [I supposed so, but have found none.—W. J.]

(Can you recall anything about that? It is very hard to remember those things.)

It is sealed, if I remember rightly. Now wait a moment. That is one you will find in the office—in my rooms, rather—and I think I left it in a book.

(This one that you just spelt out?)

Yes.

(Did you make that word up?)

I spelt the word, made the word up and spelt it out because I knew no one living could guess at it or hit it.

(It does not mean anything in particular?)

Nothing at all.

(Just a password?)

Yes. And the one I gave to *you*, I shall have to think that over, William.

(Think that over, Hodgson. Think it over carefully. Take your time and see if you can get it, because it is very important.)

I shall do so, and I want to do it in a way to exclude if possible the theory of clairvoyance. Now I want to ask you a question, may I, while it is on my mind? Have you ever asked Harry if he asked Dr. Bayley about that charade? [Reference to a former sitting with H. J., Jr.]

(Yes, there is an answer from Dr. Bayley, about a charade

containing the word "peacemaker.") [Dr. Bayley recalls no such charade.—W. J.]

Yes.

(And that is all right.)

The answer?

(Yes.) [I print the record as it stands—it seems incoherent on my part.—W. J.]

Well, about the cheese? Please answer me.

(The cheese is all right. That is a very——) [The "cheese" recalled to me another charade.]

No, no,—I want to know if he gave it to Bayley.

(Yes, that was sent to Bayley by Harry, I think, but whether you gave it to Bayley originally, I am not sure.) [R. H. did so give it, Dr. Bayley informs me, but Mrs. Piper says she also had heard this charade from R. H.—W. J.]

Well, I wish you would find that out. You see these things are all going through my mind, as though there was a panorama of things going through my vision.

(Hodgson, what are you doing, apart from Mrs. Piper?)

Why, I am working with the society, William, trying to reach other lights, trying to communicate, trying to get into touch with you all.

(Why can't you tell me more about the other life?)

That is a part of my work. I intend to give you a better idea of this life than has ever been given.

(I hope so.)

It is not a vague fantasy but a reality.

[Mrs. J.] (Hodgson, do you live as we do, as men do?)

What does she say?

(Do you live as men do?)

[Mrs. J.] (Do you wear clothing and live in houses?)

Oh yes, houses, but not clothing. No, that is absurd. [Query: the clothing, or the statement made about it?—W. J.] Just wait a moment. I am going to get out.

(You will come back again?)

Yes.

[Rector.] He has got to go out and get his breath.

[When R. H. comes back he recommences talking about his passwords:]

Philanthropist—That is one of the words, but—wait a moment—that is Lodge's. Now I remember that very well. The other one which I have spelled—you wait a moment—there is something troubling me regarding the—do you remember another case? I want to recall it to your mind. Do you remember a case about a young girl, a young woman that I told you about?

(Yes.)

I have seen her since I came over. Yes, I think Hyslop brought her here to me.

(Yes.)

Well, that is the nearest approach to a case of hysteria of anything I know. Do you remember my telling you about it, William?

(Well, I do remember a case. I don't fully identify it.)

It was about a year before I passed out.

(I do remember a young woman. Have you been influencing her?)

No, I tried to reach her two or three times, one or two messages, but they did not come from me.

(I don't know whether it is the same case. The one I meant had been in an asylum.)

That is the one. I tried to get the message through but I found it was a failure. [Evidently not the person I was thinking of.—W. J.]

[The letter from H——t [see above, p. 551] was here again put into Mrs. Piper's hand.]

I tell you one person, William, who has light, and that is B——g.

(Have you been able to get near Mrs. B——g?)

Yes, I gave her a communication since I passed out. You ask her if she received anything like this: "I have seen the doctor and I put my hands palms to your face facing you." You ask her if she got anything of that kind. [Mrs. B. informs me that she has had no direct impression from Hodgson since his death, but numerous messages from him through mediums on the Pacific Coast.—W. J.]

(How did you get this message to her?)

Appeared to her and thought she saw me. She put her hand up. She had just retired.

(What time of day was it?)

Just retired.

(Gone to bed? Do you remember, Hodgson, any one by the name of H——t?)

A medium?

(No, not a medium, a friend.)

You mean lived in Providence? [The letter was from a Mr. H——t in England.—W. J.]

(No, I don't think he lived in Providence.)

Oh yes, I remember Mr. H——t who used to live in Providence and from whom I received a great many letters. [Unknown, as yet, to W. J.]

(Have you tried to have any communication with him?)

No, I don't think I have. I think I shall try, though. I have had some communications you know here. I have met several people. But independently I have gone to very few.

[The conversation then goes on about the lost ring (compare Part I. of this report), and about the "cheese" charade. Then I, thinking of a certain pitfall which the children and I had dug for Hodgson, asked:]

(Do you recall any incidents about your playing with the children up in the Adirondacks at the Putnam camp?)

Do you remember,—what is that name, Elizabeth Putnam? She came in and I was sitting in a chair before the fire, reading, and she came in and put her hands, crept up behind me, put her hands over my eyes, and said "who is it?" And do you remember what my answer was?

(Let me see if *you* remember it as I do.)

I said, "Well, it feels like Elizabeth Putnam, but it sounds like——"

(I know who you mean.) [R. H. quite startled me here because what he said reminded me of an incident which I well remembered. One day at breakfast little Martha Putnam (as I recall the fact) had climbed on Hodgson's back, sitting on his shoulders, and clasped her hands over his eyes, saying "Who am I?" To which R. H., laughing, had responded: "It sounds like Martha, but it feels like Henry Bowditch"—the said H. B. weigh-

ing nearly 200 lbs. I find that no one but myself, of those who probably were present, remembers this incident.—W. J.]

Do you realize how difficult that is?

(It is evidently; yet you were just on the point of saying it. Is it a man or a woman?)

A man.

(Have you any message for that man now?)

Dr.—not Putnam—Dr. Bowditch!

(That is it, Bowditch.)

“ Sounds like Dr. Bowditch.”

(It was not Elizabeth Putnam, but it was Charlie Putnam's daughter.)

Charlie Putnam, yes. Now do you remember that?

(But what is the name of Charles Putnam's daughter?)

Of whom? Annie? Oh, she is the youngest. She is the young lady. And there was a Mary—Mamie. [False names!—W. J.] [Names of my wife.—J. H. H.]

(But you *must* remember Charles Putnam's daughter's name.)

I have got it now in my mind. I could not think of it at first. Well it has gone from me at the moment. Never mind. That is less important than the thing itself.

(Do you remember another thing? We played a rather peculiar game. Possibly you may recall it. Had great fun.)

I remember playing leap-frog with the boys. Do you remember that?

(Yes, that was frequent.)

Yes, that is a very—and then do you remember how I played bear.

(Yes, bear is first-rate. I was not there, but I heard them talking about your playing bear. I remember one morning you and I had a very——)

Well, what you remember I might not remember at all.

(Of course not, but you played so often with them that you may have forgotten.)

Besides all that, I am trying to avoid things that are in your mind if possible, to remind you of other incidents. Well, let me see—what were we playing—we were playing—you remember at all playing marbles with the children?

(No.)

That is another game I played with them. [False.] Oh, such fun, such days as those were. You say you and I were playing with them particularly?

(Yes, perhaps that will come to you.)

That may come to me at some other time. But all those things you ask me about the children,—well, that is the first thing I can remember. That is all right so far as it goes. Now let me see what other thing I can tell you that no one living knows but myself. Do you remember a place where we used to go, where I used to go and smoke? I used to go with Billy [my son.—W. J.] a great deal, and it was high up.

(Doubtful.)

Yes, do you remember that at all? By the way, how is Billy?

(Billy is first-rate.)

He has gone away, hasn't he? [Correct, but not evidential.]

(Yes.)

I think he is now on the right track and hope he will keep so. Give my deepest love to him and tell him how much I think of him and also the rest.

(Yes.)

[Some non-evidential matter here is omitted.]

Excuse me, it seems to me you are peculiarly dull concerning my affairs at my rooms. I suppose Harry knows more about them than you do.

(Do you think it would help you to have the "light" taken to your room there in your old surroundings? Do you think you could get more influences and feel nearer?)

Perhaps I could. I left everything so suddenly, I had so little time to make my plans and my arrangements. I suppose you understand that?

(Yes, indeed. Would it be advisable to take the "light" to your rooms.)

Well, I should rather come here and mention my individual things from time to time and then take her there later, . . . because there are many things which I wish to locate and point out and dispose of from time to time and things I would like to mention. I wish you would repeat to me those letters, to see if you have got them correct.

(Z e i v o r n.)

That is right. It is written in cipher, the one word, and written by itself, on a large sheet of paper, carefully folded and placed in one of my books, and it is in a book of poems I think, and I think it was Longfellow's, and the book has a scroll up and down the back, and the binding is green in color, and I don't think any one living knows that but myself.

(Yes, are there any particular things that you would like to have sent to Australia?)

I have talked that over pretty carefully with Piddington and I think those arrangements are already made.

(Yes, that is right.)

I wanted to recall,—Alice, perhaps you can help me to recall,—what was that balcony where we used to go and smoke?

[Mrs. J.] (Why, yes, it was up-stairs, the upper story of the piazza.) [If Chocorua were meant, Mrs. Piper knew of this "balcony."—W. J.]

That is all right. That is perfectly clear. She always did have a clear head.... Now I want,—William, I want one thing. I want you to get hold of the spiritual side of this thing and not only the physical side. I want you to feel intuitively and instinctively the spiritual truth, and when you do that you will be happy, and you will find that I was not idling and was not spending my time on nonsense; and as I thought over all, as it came to me after I entered this life, I thought "What folly! If I could only get hold of him!"

(I wish that what you say could grow more continuous. That would convince me. You are very much like your old self, but you are curiously fragmentary.)

Yes, but you must not expect too much from me, that I could talk over the lines and talk as coherently as in the body. You must not expect too much, but take things little by little as they come and make the best of it, and then you must put the pieces together and make a whole out of it. Before I lose my breath, is there any other question you want to ask me? What do you think of that bust, William? I don't quite approve of it. I think it is all nonsense. [On March 12, Mr. Dorr had told the R. H. control that Mr. Biela Pratt had begun to model a bust of him for the Tavern Club.]

(I do not know anything about it. I have not seen it. But it

is a natural thing for the Tavern Club to want of you, they were so fond of you, all of them.)

I want to know, William, what is that you are writing about me?

(I am not writing anything about you at present.)

Aren't you going to?

(Perhaps so.)

Can I help you out any?

(Yes, I want you to help me out very much. I am going to write about these communications of yours. I want to study them out very carefully, everything that you say to any sitter.)

Well, that is splendid. You could not have said anything to please me more than that.

(I am glad you approve of my taking it in hand.)

Yes, I do. Of all persons you are the one.

(I'll try to glorify you as much as I can!)

Oh, I don't care about that. I would like to have the truth known, and I would like to have you work up these statements as proof that I am not annihilated.

(Precisely so. Well, R. H., you think over that "nigger minstrel" talk. [Compare Part I., p. 487.] If you get the whole conversation in which that nigger-minstrel talk was mentioned by me it would be very good proof that it is you talking to me.) [He failed to get it.—W. J.]

Well, I shall do it. I want you to understand one thing, that in the act of communicating it is like trying to give a conversation over the telephone, that the things that you want to say the most slip from you, but when you have ceased to talk they all come back to you. You can understand that.

(I understand that they come back.)

But I shall give that out to some one here, you may be sure, and I hope to see you—this is only the beginning, and I shall be clearer from time to time, but the excitement of seeing you and all has been very beautiful to me.

(If you can manage to get a little more hold of the conditions on the other side, it will be very good.)

Yes, that I shall do. You must remember I have not been over here an endless number of days? but I wish they would all

try as hard as I have tried to give proof of their identity so soon after coming over.

(I wish you would more and more get Rector to let you take his place. You do all the talking and let Rector have a rest. And it would be much better, I think, for you to take control of the light, and for me particularly.)

Yes, that is a very good suggestion, very good.

(Because I want to write this up, and the time taken by Rector is so much lost from you.)

But he repeats for me very clearly, and he understands the management of the light. I want to speak with Alice a moment, and then I shall have to leave you, I suppose.

[Mrs. J.] (Mr. Hodgson, I am so glad to know that you can come at all.)

Well, you were always a great help to me, you always did see me, but poor William was blind. But we shall wholly straighten him out and put him on the right track. . . . I am sorry to be off so soon, but I know there are difficulties in remaining too long. They often told me too frequent communication was not good for any one. I understand what that means now better than ever. I am going to look up one or two cases and put you on the track of them, William, when I can communicate here,—at the same time repeat the messages elsewhere.

(That is first-rate.)

I think that is one of the best things I can do. Now I am going to skedaddle. Good bye, William. God bless you. Give my love to the boys.

As I review this somewhat diluted sitting, the only evidential point in it seems to me to be the anecdote about the Putnam child (see above, p. 558). The incident was very distinct in my own memory, but seems to survive in no one else's. I was hoping for another answer altogether, about a certain "pitfall," namely, and this one was a surprise. Either tapping my subconscious memory, or a surviving R. H. would be possible explanations of it, unless it were more reasonable to assume that some one had told the anecdote to Mrs. Piper at the time, and that her memory was now reproducing it.

Obviously the reader's solution will depend on his sense of "dramatic probability," and that will differ with the line of his previous experiences. For myself, considering the possibilities of leakage, impossible to trace, in the whole case, I cannot be positively sure that Mrs. Piper's knowledge of this anecdote was supernormal at all. The rest of the sitting, although quite compatible with the spiritual explanation, seems to me to have no evidential force.

The same is true of the second sitting which I had a fortnight later. Much of it went over the same matters, with no better results. I vainly tried to make Hodgson remember a certain article he had written for *Mind* in 1885, and to give the name of Thomas Brown, whom he had praised there. Neither could he remember anything about the American Society for Psychical Research, as he found it on arriving in this country. He rightly mentioned his brown dress-suit and his broad-toed boots, when questioned about his costume at that time, but these facts were known to Mrs. Piper. He named a "Grenier" whom my son should have met at Paris but whom we could not identify. He insisted much on my having said of a certain lady "God bless the roof that covers her." I trust I may have said this of many ladies, but R. H. could lead me to no identification.

The only queer thing that happened at this sitting was the following incident. A lady had sent me a pair of gloves as an "influence" to elicit, if possible, a message from her husband, who had recently committed suicide. I put the gloves into Mrs. Piper's hand, naturally without a word of information about the case, when "Hodgson," who had been speaking, said, with a rather startling change of his voice into a serious and confidential tone, that he had just seen the father [known to us both in life] of a young man who a few years before had made away with himself. "I never knew it

till I came over here. I think they kept it very quiet, but it is true, and it hastened the father's coming." The apparent suggestion of a suicide, even though it were another one, by the gloves, and the instantaneous change of tone in the communicator, forcibly suggested to me the notion that the gloves were shedding an influence of the kind called "psychometric." The facts given by R. H. about the suicide were veridical; but, with the possibilities of leakage in the case, they cannot count in any way as evidential.

After middling or poor sittings like these of my own, it seems hardly worth while to quote a *bad* one, to show the full range of the phenomenon. Were I to do so, an appropriate one for the purpose would be that of Miss Anne Putnam. There is no doubt that certain persons are good "sitters" naturally, while others seem to impede the telepathic flow. On certain days, also, communication may be less free. The Hodgson-control had sent repeated messages to the Putnams to come and talk with him, and R. H. had been so extremely intimate a member of their family group, that the best results might have been expected. Miss Putnam's sitting, but for one item (see below, p. 580), was nevertheless extremely good and Dr. James Putnam's was hardly to be called good, although he was introduced to Mrs. Piper by name. The sitters' difficulty in reading the written record may perhaps account for R. H.'s lack of fluency in this case. There was one apparently supernormal item which unfortunately I must omit.

6. Miss Bergman's Sittings.

I will end my specimens by some extracts from two sittings of Miss R. Bergman [pseudonym]. Miss Bergman had been in previous years an excellent sitter, and was known by name to Mrs. Piper. She dwelt in another state, and her

social connections were not in Massachusetts. At her first visit, December 31st, 1907, the communications were in writing and she had much difficulty in deciphering them. At the second sitting, January 1st, 1908, the voice was used and things ran much more smoothly.

At the first sitting R. H. quickly appeared, spoke of having seen two brothers of the sitter in the spirit world [names known to trance personalities, and non-evidential], made a wrong statement about Christmas at the cemetery, and then, being asked to recall his meetings with Miss Bergman on earth, said:

I will. Do you remember one evening when I came to the hotel where you were staying and I sat and told you of my experiences till it got very late and I asked you if you would not [illegible] I told you so very many jokes, you and Miss Pope were convulsed with laughter over it. [Correct, Hotel Bellevue, Boston, March, 1905.—R. B.]

After a while, Hodgson reappears, saying:

Do you remember my telling you about my German friends?
(No.)
Perhaps Miss Pope remembers.

[I found later that Miss Pope well remembered Dr. Hodgson's telling about his "German friends" and that it was that which "convulsed us with laughter" the evening he had stayed so late when calling at our hotel. At this point I had become so discouraged by the great difficulty of reading the writing and the confusion in making things clear that I felt very indifferent and inert in mind.—R. B.]

Bosh.
(What do you mean by that?)
You understand well.
(Bosh?)
Yes, I say bosh. *B O S H B O S H*
(What do you mean by that?)

Oh I say it is *all bosh*.

(What is bosh?)

Why the way you understand. It is simply awful.

(That sounds like you, Dr. Hodgson.)

I could shake you.

(How can I do better?)

Put all your wits to it, you have plenty of them.

(I will do my best. Go on.)

Do. Do you remember I used to chaff you?

(Indeed I do.)

Well I am still chaffing you a bit just for recognition.

(It helps.)

Amen. Now you are waking up a bit.

(I am.)

Capital. So am I. Don't you remember I told you I would show you how to manage if I ever came over before you did?

(Indeed I do.) [Sitter had often heard Dr. Hodgson say this.¹]

Well now I am trying to show you. I used to scold you right and left and I shall have to keep it up, I think, unless you do better.

(I deserve it.)

If you do not who does?

(You are your old self.)

Oh I am the [two words not deciphered] I was. You'll find it out before I finish.

(Have you a message for Theo?) [Miss Theodate Pope.]

Yes indeed give her my love and tell her I am not going to forsake her. I do not think she has been keeping straight to the mark.

(What do you mean by that?)

I think she has been getting a little mixed up in her thoughts and ideas of us over here. I am the same old sixpence and I wish she were the same. I want to see her very much.

["Theo" had had no sitting for a long time, her interest being lessened by the circumstance that records of sittings were not

¹The bracketed comments in the third person are by Miss Bergman herself.

being kept systematically, as before Dr. Hodgson's death. At this point the hand wrote comments relating to circumstances which had arisen in Theo's life since Dr. Hodgson's death. These comments were singularly appropriate.—R. B.]

At the second sitting when R. H. appeared, the voice began speaking very rapidly and heartily.

Well, well, well, this is Miss Bergman; hullo! I felt as though I could shake you yesterday.

(Well, I was pretty stupid. I think we can do better to-day. Please repeat some of the messages you wrote and left sealed to be opened after your death.)

One message I gave to Will. If I remember correctly it was "there is no death."

(Who is Will?)

Will James.

(Are you sure you are now giving this quotation correctly as you wrote it?)

Of course I am. [There followed an outburst spoken so rapidly that the sitter could not get it down, declaring that the speaker had not lost his memory any more than had the sitter, etc.]

(Did you leave other messages?)

Yes, another. "Out of life"—how did I quote it—"Out of life, into life eternal." . . . I know positively what I wrote. I have promised Piddington to repeat through Mrs. Verrall all the messages that I give through this light. Every message given at this light must be repeated through Mrs. Verrall before any one opens any of my sealed messages. Mrs. Verrall is the clearest light except this which I have found. Moreover she has a beautiful character and is *perfectly honest*. That is saying a great deal. [The reader will notice that Mrs. Piper had been in England and returned, at the date of the sittings with Miss Bergman.—W. J.] Do you remember my description of luminiferous ether, and of my conception of what this life was like? I have found it was not an erroneous imagination.

[The above words were spoken with great animation and interest. The sitter, although remembering Dr. Hodgson's descrip-

tion of "luminiferous ether," felt that she was not qualified to enter into a conversation of this character and began to say something else. The voice interrupted her:]-

It is never the way to get the best results by peppering with questions. Intelligences come with minds filled and questions often put everything out of their thought. I am now going to give you a test. Mention it to no one, not even to Theo. Write down, seal and give to Alice or to William.

[Directions here followed regarding such a test. After these directions the voice spontaneously took up another subject.]

Your school was—[correct name given], was it not? You are changing, your brother tells me, and he is very pleased. He thinks you are going to broaden out and do a better work. He is very glad. Do not undertake too much. Make use of assistance in the work. [Already known to controls, but probably not to Mrs. Piper when awake.]

(Where were your lodgings in Boston?)

Well, now, that has brought back to my mind Boston—. Certainly—there were some doctors in my building—George Street—no—not George—Charles Street—I—I believe. Now let me see, Charles Street. Up three flights, I think I was on the top. [Correct, but known to Mrs. Piper.—W. J.]

(Do you know when I was at your lodgings?)

You were there? Didn't we have tea together? [False.]

(No.)

Did you come and read papers?

(No.)

Did you go there after I passed out?

(Yes. I went to get some articles belonging to you, and did them up in rubber cloth.)

Capital, that is good. Lodge and Piddington consider it good when I can't remember what did not happen! What was the name of that girl who used to work in my office?

(I do not remember.)

Edmund—Edwards—I am thinking of her going to my rooms to read papers. [Her name was Edmunds, known to the medium.—W. J.]

Now I want to ask you if you remember Australia, remember my riding horseback? Remember my telling you of riding through the park in the early morning with the dew on the grass and how beautiful it was.

(Yes, yes, I remember that very well. That is fine.)

I *am* Richard Hodgson. I *am* he. I am telling you what I remember. I told you, too, about my preaching. I believed I was in the wrong and I stopped. It hurt some of my people to have me.

(Tell me about your riding.)

I remember telling you about my dismounting and sitting and drinking in the beauty of the morning.

(Tell me any experiences that befell you while riding.)

Oh, I told you about the experience with the fiery horse. You remember he dismounted me. It was the first experience I had in seeing stars. I lost consciousness. I experienced passing into this life. I remember my being unconscious and recovering consciousness. I remember telling you this at the hotel.

[Sitter's mind was filled here with recollections of how Dr. Hodgson had once told her all this when talking with her at the Parker House in Boston, in 1904. He had related just this experience and had said that when he recovered consciousness after being unconscious for some time it seemed to him he had been in a spiritual universe. He also told her at that time of his having given testimony in Methodist meeting as a lad in his teens, and afterwards giving it up because he became skeptical in matters of faith. This, he said, had troubled some of his kinsfolk.—R. B.]

(What did you use to order for luncheon when you lunched with us at the hotel?)

Oh, I have forgotten all about eating—m—m—I was very fond of protose.

[The sitter did not have "protose" in mind but remembers Dr. Hodgson sometimes asking the waiter for one of the prepared breakfast foods, but does not recall its name.—R. B.]

When I found the light it looked like a tremendous window, open window. The canopy—do you remember how they used to

talk about the canopy? It is an ethereal veil. If your spiritual eyes were open you could see through this veil and see me here talking to you perfectly.

[The sitter did not care to talk about this, although she remembered perfectly Dr. Hodgson's telling her "how they talked about the canopy," so she asked a question referring to the intimate personal affairs of one of her friends. The replies showed a strange knowledge of the circumstances known only to the sitter and her friend, and were entirely *a propos*. The voice then went on speaking, and burst out with what follows, in a tone of mingled indignation and amusement:]

Will thinks I ought to walk into the room bodily and shake hands with him. I heard him say "Hodgson isn't so much of a power on the other side." What does he think a man in the ethereal body is going to do with a man in the physical body? [Seems to show some supernormal knowledge of the state of my mind.—W. J.]

(To whom did you speak first from that world?)

Theodate, yes, Theodate, she was the one to whom I first spoke. [Correct.]

[The sitter now asked to talk with another spirit, and reply was made that R. H. would continue talking until he came. R. H. did this by again referring to the accident in the park. He spoke of being seated when he first told us of the incident, and of getting up and walking around the room as he talked. He said it chanced that this incident had been told to few people, and again dwelt upon having seen stars after falling, having been unconscious, having had visions while unconscious, as if the spirit had left the body and passed into another world. All of this corresponded exactly with fact. Dr. Hodgson had commenced the story seated, and had risen and walked about as he talked.—R. B.]

The accurate knowledge thus displayed of R. H.'s conversations at the hotels in Boston where the ladies stayed, seems to me one of the most evidential items in the whole series.

It is improbable that such unimportant conversations should have been reported by the living R. H. to Mrs. Piper, either awake or when in trance with other sitters; and to my mind the only plausible explanation is supernormal. Either it spells "spirit-return," or telepathic reading of the sitter's mind by the medium in trance.

I now pass to R. H.'s

7. Australian Recollections.

R. H. has sent many messages, both of affection and for test purposes, to his sister Annie in Australia. Mrs. M., Mr. Piddington, my wife, myself, Mr. Dorr, Miss Pope, Miss Hillard, all received such messages, which were duly transmitted to the sister, on whose replies what follows is based. Some of these messages were too general to serve as good tests (*e. g.* "Do you remember my reading Fenimore Cooper?"); some had been spoken of at previous trances (*e. g.* "Cousin Fred Hyde," "Q," "fly-the-garter," etc.—compare report of Hodgson's own sittings in S. P. R. *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., pp. 60-67); some awoke no corresponding memory in Miss Hodgson. There are too many of them to quote in full, so I will go rapidly over the more significant ones, taking them in their time-order.

Melbourne; Latrobe Street; bush in yard with red berries. [Correct, as to town, street, and bush, berries not recalled by Miss H. Had R. H. ever mentioned Latrobe Street and bush to Mrs. Piper?—of course she knew of Melbourne.]

Charley Roberts (or Robertson) at the University. [Not recalled. There was a Roberts at R. H.'s school.]

Little shed where boys used to play. [Correct.]

Sister Rebecca. [Known in previous trances.]

Plums in back-yard. [False?]

R. H., ten years old, sat with knees crossed at church, and his

mother made him sit straight. Sat on his hat to keep other boys from getting it. A man named Hurley made him stop. [Probably untrue.]

Sister Annie caught him reading in bed and put out the light. [Not remembered.]

Riding horseback. [Correct.]

Holidays spent at the Hydcs.' [Correct.]

Kendall. [Name not remembered.]

Great plates of peas raised in our garden. [Not particularly recalled.]

Played fly the garter with Tom [his brother], Jack Munroe, and (?) Roberts. [No reply from Miss Hodgson about Jack Munroe—the rest true.]

Father's mines and losses. [Correct.]

Description of paternal house. [Wrong.]

Sister used to teach him. [False.]

Father nervous over children's noise. Mother used to say "Let them enjoy themselves." [Not remembered.]

Sister helped him to escape punishments. [Possibly, when very young.]

Read Fenimore Cooper. [Possibly true.]

Sunday-school poem about stars. [R. H. wrote juvenile poems—one about "stars" not remembered.]

The account to Miss Bergman of R. H. being thrown from his horse we have already seen (above, p. 570). Miss Annie Hodgson writes of the whole collection of messages sent to her: "To my mind there is nothing striking in any of the statements." She propounded in turn three test-questions of her own to which no answer was forthcoming; and R. H., questioned by a sitter, couldn't remember the name of his schoolmaster in Melbourne. In interpreting responsibly these Australian messages, tapping the mind of the sitters, and normal acquaintance with the facts on Mrs. Piper's part

must probably be excluded as explanations. If a naturalistic interpretation were insisted on, fictitious construction of incidents probable in any boyhood, and accidental coincidence of a certain number of these with fact, would have to be chiefly relied upon. Against fictitious construction is the fact that almost none of the names that had figured in Hodgson's own sittings in 1887 and 1888 (S. P. R. *Proceedings*, VIII., 60 pp.) were used for reproduction. "Enid," "Ellen," "Eric," were added rightly; and the three names of "Q." [Hodgson had apparently given only the first one to Phinuit—see *loc cit.*, p. 60] slipped out in full, as it were inadvertently, on May 29th, 1906, Hodgson insisting at the same time that her identity must never be revealed to the outside world.¹ The possibility that Hodgson had given "Q's" entire name to later controls than Phinuit cannot be eliminated.

On the whole this series baffles me as much as the rest. It may be spirit-return! it may be something else! Leaks of various sorts are so probable that no sharp conclusion can be drawn.

I think that by this time the reader has enough documentary material to gain an adequate impression of the case. Additional citations of sittings would introduce no new factors of solution. The entire lot of reports, read *verbatim*,

¹ I wrote to Mrs. Piper for the names of H.'s Australian relatives. Here is her answer, which I take to be sincere:

"Boston, Jan. 11, 1909. Dear Mr. James,—In replying to your letter of this morning I will say I am very sorry I cannot help you in finding Dr. Hodgson's relatives in Australia as I do not know any of them or anything about them except that he had one sister whose Christian name was Annie, and this was unknown to me until some time after Dr. Hodgson's death. Mrs. [Lyman] might be able to tell you as it was she who told me, she had some photographs of Dr. H. which I admired, and she said she would give me one later, but those she had she was going to send to his sister Annie in Australia. I was struck by the familiarity with which she used the name and concluded that she must have known her. Dr. Hodgson never talked with me about his relatives or any body else's, on the contrary he most carefully avoided all such subjects when talking with me. I haven't the slightest idea who "Q" was, I have never heard the name so far as I am aware.

I am sure my daughters do not know any more than I do about Dr. Hodgson's family.—I am, very sincerely yours,
L. E. PIPER.

would, it is true, give a greater relative impression of hesitation, repetition, and boggling generally; and the "rigorously scientific mind" would of course rejoice to find its own explanatory category, "Bosh," greatly confirmed thereby. But the more serious critic of the records will hold his judgment in suspense; or, if he inclines to the spiritistic solution, it will be because an acquaintance with the phenomenon on a much larger scale has altered the balance of presumptions in his mind, and because spirit-return has come to seem no unpermissible thing to his sense of the natural dramatic probabilities.

8. Conclusion.

Before indulging in some final reflections of my own on Nature's possibilities, I will cite a few additional evidential points. I will print them in no order, numbering them as they occur.

(1) First of all, several instances of knowledge that was veridical and seemed unquestionably supernatural. These were confidential remarks, some of which naturally won't bear quotation. One of them, plausible after the fact, could hardly have been thought of by any one before it. Another would, I think, hardly have been constructed by Mrs. Piper. A third was to the effect that R. H. thought now differently about a certain lady—she was less "selfish" than he had called her in a certain private conversation of which he reminded the sitter.

(2) Again, there was intense solicitude shown about keeping the sittings of a certain former sitter from publicity. It sounded very natural and Hodgsonian, but the trance-Mrs. Piper might also have deemed it necessary.

(3) The following incident belongs to my wife's and Miss Putnam's sitting of June 12th, 1906:—Mrs. J. said: "Do you remember what happened in our library one night when

you were arguing with Margie [Mrs. J.'s sister]?"—“ I had hardly said ‘ remember,’ ” she notes, “ in asking this question. when the medium’s arm was stretched out and the fist shaken threateningly,” then these words came :

[R. H.] Yes, I did this in her face. I couldn’t help it. She was so impossible to move. It was wrong of me, but I couldn’t help it.

[I myself well remember this fist-shaking incident, and how we others laughed over it after Hodgson had taken his leave. What had made him so angry was my sister-in-law’s defense of some slate-writing she had seen in California.— W. J.]¹

(4) At a written sitting at which I was present (July 29th, 1907) the following came :

You seem to think I have lost my equilibrium. Nothing of the sort.

¹ *Prima facie*, the following incident also sounds evidential :

[R. H.] Ask Margie if she remembers chaffing me about sitting up late to entertain people.

This happened, as I well remember, at Chocorua, but at this distance of time it is impossible to be sure whether it was not on the occasion when Hodgson and Mrs. Piper were there as visitors together. The evidence is therefore “ leaky.”

Another case of leaky evidence is the following, which *prima facie* seems striking enough :

In Hodgson’s rooms a quantity of MS. was found, in a cipher probably invented by himself. In the sitting of Jan. 23rd, this cipher was spontaneously mentioned by the control :

[R. H.] Is this the Piper-case? the Piper phenomenon? . . . There are some private records which I should not wish to have handled. Let George and Piddington go through them and return them. The cipher—let Harry and George take care of them. That was my cipher and no one living can read it. I shall explain it later. [He never has explained it, though it was spoken of later several times.]

I think it probable here that a question about the cipher from the sitter, preceding the control’s reference to it, has been accidentally omitted from the record. If so, there is nothing remarkable in the incident. The record was not stenographic, and neither my wife nor the son who took the notes is now confident that the question was not asked.

(You've lost your handwriting, gone from bad to worse.)

I never had any to lose.

[Mrs. M.] (It was a perfectly beautiful handwriting [ironical.]

Ahem! Ahem! William, do you remember my writing you a long letter once when you were ill? You had to get Margaret [my daughter—W. J.] to help you read it and you wrote me it was detestable writing and you hoped I would try and write plainer to a friend who was ill next time. How I laughed over that, but I was really sorry to make you wade through it. Ask Margaret if she remembers it. [Perfectly—it was in London.—Margaret J.]

(5) Another item which seems to mean either telepathy or survival of R. H., came out at a sitting of Miss Pope's on Feb. 7th, 1906.

I am not going to make a botch of anything if I can help it. Not I. Do you remember my telling you what I would do if I got over here first.

(You said several things about it.)

I said if I couldn't do better than some of them I was mistaken. I said some of them were awful. Remember? And if I based my opinion on what they tried to give I should expect to be said to be in the trick. *Remember?*

(Of course I remember.)

Do you remember a story I told you about my old friend Sidgwick? Don't you remember how I imitated him?

(Yes, what word did you say about Sidgwick?) [I had not deciphered the word "imitated"—T. P.]

If I believed in it they would say I was in the trick.

[Still not understanding, T. P. said:]

(What about Sidgwick?)

I imitated him.

(What did you do?)

I said s-s-s-should-be i-n th-e t-r-i-i-c-k.

(I remember perfectly, that's fine.)

No one living could know this but yourself and Mary Bergman.

[It was most interesting to see the hand write these words to imitate stuttering, and then for the first time it flashed over me what he had some time ago told Mary and me about Sidgwick, imitating at the same time Sidgwick's stammer: "H-Hodgson if you b-b-believe in it, you'll b-be said to be in the t-trick." I cannot quote the exact words but this is very nearly right.

Sidgwick referred to Hodgson's belief that he was actually communicating, through Mrs. Piper, with spirits. He meant that people not only would not believe what Hodgson gave as evidence, but would think he was in collusion with Mrs. Piper.—T. P.]¹

(6) At a sitting of Miss Pope's and mine, Oct. 24th, 1906. R. H. said of Miss P.—"She goes on and puts on bays and piazzas, changes her piazzas, her house, makes it all over again." As this was literally true, and no one in Boston could well have known about it, it seemed like mind-reading. [R. H.'s saying is possibly explained, however, by a previous sitting (April 16th) of Miss Pope's, in which another of Mrs. Piper's controls had already of his own accord made the same veridical remark, so that the fact had got, however inexplicably, into the trance-consciousness, and could be used by the controls indiscriminately.]

(7) On Jan. 30, 1906, Mrs. M. had a sitting. Mrs. M. said:

Do you remember our last talk together, at N., and how, in coming home we talked about the work?

Yes, yes.

(And I said if we had a hundred thousand dollars—)

Buying Billy!!

(Yes, Dick, that was it—"buying Billy.")

¹ When Dr. Hodgson told this same story to me, as I told it in a discussion of Mr. Podmore's book (*Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. III, p. 160), he used the term "conspiracy" instead of "trick." My memory is very clear on that point. This I record so that the discrepancy will not appear to be so great.—J. H. Hyslop.

Buying only Billy?

(Oh no— I wanted Schiller too. How well you remember?)

Mrs. M., before R. H.'s death, had had dreams of extending the American Branch's operations by getting an endowment, and possibly inducing Prof. Newbold (Billy) and Dr. Schiller to co-operate in work. She naturally regards this veridical recall, by the control, of a private conversation she had had with Hodgson as very evidential of his survival.

(8) To the same sitter, on a later occasion (March 5th, 1906), the control showed veridical knowledge of R. H.'s *pipes*, of which two had been presents from herself. She asks him at this sitting about the disposal of some of his effects. He mentions books and photographs in a general way, then says:

I want Tom [his brother] to have my pipes, all except any that my friends wish.

(Do you remember any special ones?)

Yes, I—the one you— [The hand points to me, etc.—Mrs. M.]

(Which?)

Meerschaum. [I gave R. H. a meerschaum pipe some years ago.—M.]

(You do remember! Give it to any one you would best like to.)

...I want Billy James to have it. Will you give it to him? Do you remember, etc.?

(Do you remember any other special pipe?)

You mean with a long stem? Certainly. What about it?

(Can you recall anything special about it?)

What? You mean the one you gave me long ago, some time ago, not the recent one?

(The last one I gave you.)

Last season, last season, yes.

(A year or two ago, I think it was.)

I recall it well. You gave me what I call a briar pipe. [A number of years ago I gave R. H. a briar-root pipe, with rather a

long stem, bound round the bowl with silver, but this was not the one of which I was thinking.—M.]

(The one I mean was an odd-looking pipe.)

I know it well, a big large bowl.

(Wasn't that the meerschaum?)

Yes, Billy is to have it. The face one I want Tom to have. I want my brother Tom to have—face on it. The whole thing was a face. I mean the pipe bowl.

[I had seen such a pipe, the whole thing a face, at the Charles Street rooms a short time before. I never remember seeing Mr. Hodgson use it. The pipe of which I was thinking was a carved Swiss pipe which he evidently does not remember.—M.]

(9) Among my own friends in the Harvard faculty who had "passed over" the most intimate was F. J. Child. Hodgson during life had never met Child. It looks to me like a supernormal reading of my own mental states (for I had often said that the best argument I knew for an immortal life was the existence of a man who deserved one as well as Child did) that a message to me about Prof. Child should have been spontaneously produced by the R. H. control. I had surely never mentioned C. to Mrs. Piper, had never before had a message from his spirit, and if I had expressed my feelings about him to the living R. H., that would make the matter only more evidential.

The message through R. H. came to Miss Robbins, June 6th, 1906.

There is a man named Child passed out suddenly, wants to send his love to William and his wife in the body.

(Child's wife?)

Yes, in the body. He says. . . . I hope L. will understand what I mean. I [*i. e.* R. H.] don't know who L. is. [L. is the initial of the Christian name of Professor Child's widow.—W. J.]

(10) Miss Putnam had been consulted about the disposi-

tion of certain matters left undone by Hodgson at the date of his death. At her sitting, much later, these words came out. I copy the record as it stands:

Did you get my Christmas present? [A calendar addressed by him to me before his death.—A. C. P.] I heard you in the body say you didn't want them sent. [Mr. Hodgson had left some Christmas cards addressed, but unenclosed. I had expressed unwillingness to mail them unenveloped.—A. C. P.]

(II) Mrs. M., on March 30th, placed a volume in manuscript in the medium's hands. R. H. immediately wrote:

Well, well. Isn't that the book I lent you?

(Yes. You loaned it to me at C——.)

I remember, but you have it still!

(I returned it to you.)

Yes, but isn't it the one I loaned you? And the poems I used to love so well, I recall. [The book contained poems copied or composed by Hodgson, and after having been returned to him ere he died, had been taken from among his effects and brought to the sitting by Mrs. M.]

These eleven incidents sound more like deliberate truth-telling, whoever the truth-teller be, than like lucky flukes. On the whole they make on me the impression of being supernatural. I confess that I should at this moment like much to know (although I have no means of knowing) just how all the documents I am exhibiting in this report will strike readers who are either novices in the field, or who consider the subject in general to be as pure "rot" or "bosh." It seems to me not impossible that a bosh-philosopher here or there may get a dramatic impression of there being something genuine behind it all. Most of those who remain faithful to the "bosh"-interpretation would, however, find plenty of comfort if they had the entire mass of records given them

to read. Not that I have left things out (I certainly have tried not to!) that would, if printed, discredit the detail of what I cite, but I have left out, by not citing the whole mass of records; so much mere mannerism, so much repetition, hesitation, irrelevance, unintelligibility, so much obvious groping and fishing and plausible covering up of false tracks, so much false pretension to power, and real obedience to suggestion, that the stream of veridicality that runs throughout the whole gets lost as it were in a marsh of feebleness, and the total dramatic effect on the mind may be little more than the word "humbug." The really significant items disappear in the total bulk. "Passwords," for example, and sealed messages are given in abundance, but can't be found. [I omit these here, as some of them may prove veridical later.] Preposterous Latin sentences are witten, *e. g.* "Nebus merica este fecrum"—or what reads like that (April 4th, 1906). Poetry gushes out, but how can one be sure that Mrs. Piper never knew it? The weak talk of the Emperor-band about *time* is reproduced, as where R. H. pretends that he no longer knows what "seven minutes" mean (May 14th, 1906). Names asked for can't be given, etc., etc.¹ All this mass of diluting material, which can't be reproduced in abridgment, has its inevitable dramatic effect; and if one tends to *hate* the whole phenomenon anyhow (as I confess that I myself sometimes do) one's judicial verdict inclines accordingly.

Nevertheless, I have to confess also that the more familiar I have become with the records, the less *relative significance* for my mind has all this diluting material tended to assume.

¹For instance, on July 2nd, the sitter asks R. H. to name some of his cronies at the Tavern Club. Hodgson gives six names, only five of which belonged to the Tavern Club, and those five were known to the controls already. None of them, I believe, were those asked for, namely, "names of the men he used to play pool with or go swimming with at Nantasket." Yet, as the sitter (Mr. Dorr) writes, "He failed to realize his failure."

The active cause of the communications is on any hypothesis a will of some kind, be it the will of R. H.'s spirit, of lower supernatural intelligences, or of Mrs. Piper's subliminal; and although some of the rubbish may be deliberately willed (certain hesitations, misspellings, etc., in the hope that the sitter may give a clue, or certain repetitions, in order to gain time) yet the major part of it is suggestive of something quite different—as if a will were there, but a will to say something which the machinery fails to bring through. Dramatically, most of this “bosh” is more suggestive to me of dreaminess and mind-wandering than it is of humbug. Why should a “will to deceive” prefer to give incorrect names so often, if it can give the true ones to which the incorrect ones so frequently approximate as to suggest that they are meant? True names impress the sitter vastly more. Why should it so multiply false “passwords” (“Zeivorn,” for example, above, p. 555) and stick to them? It looks to me more like aiming at something definite, and failing of the goal. Sometimes the control gives a message to a distant person quite suddenly, as if for some reason a resistance momentarily gave way, and let pass a definite desire to give such a message. Thus on October 17th, “Give my love to Carl Putnam,” a name which neither Mrs. Piper nor the sitter knew, and which popped in quite irrelevantly to what preceded or followed. A definite will is also suggested when R. H. sends a message to James Putnam about his “watch stopping.” He sends it through several sitters, and sticks to it in the face of final denial, as if the phrase covered, however erroneously, some distinct “intention to recall,” which ought not to be renounced.

That a “will to personate” is a factor in the Piper-phenomenon, I fully believe, and I believe with unshakeable firmness that this will is able to draw on supernormal sources of

information. It can "tap," possibly the sitter's memories, possibly those of distant human beings, possibly some cosmic reservoir in which the memories of earth are stored, whether in the shape of "spirits" or not. If this were the only will concerned in the performance, the phenomenon would be humbug pure and simple, and the minds tapped telepathically in it would play an entirely passive rôle—that is, the telepathic data would be fished out by the personating will, not forced upon it by desires to communicate, acting externally to itself.

But it is possible to complicate the hypothesis. Extraneous "Wills to communicate" may contribute to the results as well as a "will to personate," and the two kinds of will may be distinct in entity, though capable of helping each other out. The will to communicate, in our present instance, would be, on the *prima facie* view of it, the will of Hodgson's surviving spirit; and a natural way of representing the process would be to suppose the spirit to have found that by pressing, so to speak, against "the light," it can make fragmentary gleams and flashes of what it wishes to say mix with the rubbish of the trance-talk on this side. The two wills might thus strike up a sort of partnership and stir each other up. It might even be that the "will to personate" would be inert unless it were aroused to activity by the other will. We might imagine the relation to be analogous to that of two physical bodies, from neither of which, when alone, mechanical, thermal, or electrical effects can proceed, but if the other body be present, and show a difference of "potential," action starts up and goes on apace.

Conceptions such as these seem to connect in schematic form the various elements in the case. Its essential factors are done justice to; and, by changing the relative amounts in which the rubbish-making and the truth-telling wills con-

tribute to the resultant, we can draw up a table in which every type of manifestation, from silly planchet-writing up to Rector's best utterances, finds its proper place. Personally, I must say that, although I have to confess that no crucial proof of the presence of the "will to communicate" seems to me yielded by the Hodgson-control taken alone, and in the sittings to which I have had access, yet the total effect in the way of dramatic probability of the whole mass of similar phenomena on my mind, is to make me believe that a "will to communicate" is in some shape there. I cannot demonstrate it, but practically I am inclined to "go in" for it, to bet on it and take the risks.

The question then presents itself: In what shape is it most reasonable to suppose that the will thus postulated is actually there? And here again there are various pneumatological possibilities, which must be considered first in abstract form. Thus the will to communicate may come either from permanent entities, or from an entity that arises for the occasion. R. H.'s spirit would be a permanent entity; and inferior parasitic spirits ('daimons,' elementals, or whatever their traditional names might be) would be permanent entities. An improvised entity might be a limited process of consciousness arising in the cosmic reservoir of earth's memories, when certain conditions favoring systematized activity in particular tracts thereof were fulfilled. The conditions in that case might be conceived after the analogy of what happens when two poles of different potential are created in a mass of matter, and cause a current of electricity, or what not, to pass through an intervening tract of space until then the seat of rest.

To consider the case of permanent entities first, there is no *a priori* reason why human spirits and other spiritual beings might not either co-operate at the same time in the same

phenomenon, or alternately produce different manifestations. *Prima facie*, and as a matter of "dramatic" probability, other intelligences than our own appear on an enormous scale in the historic mass of material which Myers first brought together under the title of Automatism. The refusal of modern "enlightenment" to treat "possession" as an hypothesis to be spoken of as even possible, in spite of the massive human tradition based on concrete experience in its favor, has always seemed to me a curious example of the power of fashion in things scientific. That the demon-theory will have its innings again is to my mind absolutely certain. One has to be "scientific" indeed, to be blind and ignorant enough to suspect no such possibility. But if the liability to have one's somnambulistic or automatic processes participated in and interfered with by spiritual entities of a different order ever turn out to be a probable fact, then not only what I have called the will to communicate, but also the will to *personate* may fall outside of the medium's own dream-life. The humbugging may not be chargeable to her all alone, centres of consciousness lower than hers may take part in it, just as higher ones may occasion some of the more inexplicable items of the veridical current in the stream.

The plot of possibilities thus thickens; and it thickens still more when we ask how a will which is dormant or relatively dormant during the intervals may become consciously reanimated as a spirit-personality by the occurrence of the medium's trance. A certain theory of Fechner's helps my own imagination here, so I will state it briefly for my reader's benefit.

Fechner in his *Zend-Avesta* and elsewhere¹ assumes that

¹ *Zend-Avesta*; 2nd edition, 1901, Sec. XXI, and following. Compare also Elwood Worcester: *The Living Word*, New York, Moffatt, Yard & Co., 1908, Part II., in which a more popular account of Fechner's theory of immortality is given. And Wm. James, *A Pluralistic Universe*. Longmans, Green and Co. 1909, Lecture IV.

mental and physical life run parallel, all memory-processes being, according to him, co-ordinated with material processes. If an act of yours is to be consciously remembered hereafter, it must leave traces on the material universe such that when the *traced parts of the said universe systematically enter into activity together* the act is consciously recalled. During your life the traces are mainly in your brain; but after your death, since your brain is gone, they exist in the shape of all the records of your actions which the outer world stores up as the effects, immediate or remote, thereof, the cosmos being in some degree, however slight, made structurally different by every act of ours that takes place in it.¹ Now, just as the air of the same room can be simultaneously used by many different voices for communicating with different pairs of ears, or as the ether of space can carry many simultaneous messages to and from mutually attuned Marconi-stations, so the great continuum of material nature can have certain tracts within it thrown into emphasized activity whenever activity begins in any part or parts of a tract in which the potentiality of such systematic activity inheres. The bodies (including, naturally, the brains) of Hodgson's friends who come as sitters, are of course parts of the material universe which carry some of the traces of his ancient acts. They function as receiving stations, Hodgson (at one time of his life at any rate) was inclined to suspect that the sitter himself acts "psychometrically," or by his body being what, in the trance-jargon, is called an "influence," in attracting the right

¹ "It is Händel's work, not the body with which he did the work, that pulls us half over London. There is not an action of a muscle in a horse's leg upon a winter's night as it drags a carriage to the Albert Hall but what is in connection with, and part outcome of, the force generated when Händel sat in his room at Gopsall and wrote the Messiah.... This is the true Händel, who is more a living power among us one hundred and twenty-two years after his death than during the time he was amongst us in the body."—Samuel Butler, in the *New Quarterly*, I. 303, March, 1908

spirits and eliciting the right communications from the other side. If, now, the *rest* of the system of physical traces left behind by Hodgson's acts were by some sort of mutual induction throughout its extent, thrown into gear and made to vibrate all at once, by the presence of such human bodies to the medium, we should have a Hodgson-system active in the cosmos again, and the "conscious aspect" of this vibrating system might be Hodgson's spirit redivivus, and recollecting and willing in a certain momentary way. There seems fair evidence of the reality of psychometry; so that this scheme covers the main phenomena in a vague general way. In particular, it would account for the "confusion" and "weakness" that are such prevalent features: the "system" of physical traces corresponding to the given spirit would then be only imperfectly aroused. It tallies vaguely with the analogy of energy finding its way from higher to lower levels. The sitter, with his desire to receive, forms, so to speak, a drainage-opening or sink; the medium, with her desire to personate, yields the nearest lying material to be drained off, while the spirit desiring to communicate is drawn in by the current set up and swells the latter by its own contributions.

It is enough to indicate these various possibilities, which a serious student of this part of nature has to weigh together, and between which his decision must fall. His vote will always be cast (if it ever be cast) by the sense of the dramatic probabilities of nature which the sum total of his experience has begotten in him. *I myself feel as if an external will to communicate were probably there*, that is, I find myself doubting, in consequence of my whole acquaintance with that sphere of phenomena, that Mrs. Piper's dream-life, even equipped with "telepathic" powers, accounts for all the results found. But if asked whether the will to communicate be Hodgson's, or be some mere spirit-counterfeit of Hodgson, I remain uncer-

tain and await more facts, facts which may not point clearly to a conclusion for fifty or a hundred years.

My report has been too rambling in form, and has suffered in cordiality of tone from my having to confine myself to the face-value of the Hodgson-material taken by itself. The content of that material is no more veridical than is a lot of earlier Piper-material, especially in the days of the old Phinuit control.¹ And it is, as I began by saying, vastly more leaky and susceptible of naturalistic explanation than is any body of Piper-material recorded before. Had I been reviewing the entire Piper-phenomenon, instead of this small section of it, my tone would probably give much less umbrage to some of its spiritistic friends who are also valued friends of mine.

¹ See, in proof of this assertion, Hodgson's and Hyslop's previous reports.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Life and Matter. A Criticism of Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." By Sir Oliver Lodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1907.

We understand that the writing of this book was a sequel to the discovery that some two hundred thousand copies of a translation of Haeckel's book had been sold, in a cheap edition, among the laboring classes of England. There was certainly no other reason for criticizing the book. For no intelligent man would take Haeckel seriously on a philosophic problem. He is undoubtedly an able man in natural history and biological questions, at least in so far as they represent the power to arrange facts in their evolutionary order. But when it comes to philosophic problems Haeckel is a child with a man's conceit.

The most curious illusion which has haunted his mind is that Monism is a system of philosophy or that it can possibly be this. All that the term Monism can express in philosophic reflection is that the Absolute or ultimate energy in the cosmos is *one*. It describes no characteristics whatever, and a philosophy which has no predicates attaching to its Absolute is not a philosophy at all. The same is true of anything that calls itself Pluralism. It implies nothing as to the character of the basis of things. All intelligible and useful philosophy must be based upon some intelligible description or implication as to the nature of things. Monism and Pluralism state or imply nothing but a mathematical quality, that of number and imply nothing whatever of character. This latter feature is absolutely indispensable to anything that can be intelligible, and it only signifies the naive ignorance of Haeckel that he should think there is any potency in the cry of Monism. The world has been monistic ever since Xenophanes, and this in spite of what Haeckel and others call the dualism of Christianity.

One thing in Sir Oliver Lodge's book is not so clear as it should be. It is recognized, but I think should have been made more prominent in order to show the real strength of his position, and this is that a monistic philosophy does not in the least militate against the belief which it is the interest of Sir Oliver Lodge to defend. Haeckel's irreconcilable opposition to the personality of the Absolute and to personal survival after death has no legitimate basis on a doctrine of Monism. They are both as consistent with Monism as with Pluralism, and neither of these philosophies can afford any logical fulcrum against them. They may not be true, if you like to so contend, but their falsity does not follow from Monism or Pluralism. Psychic research can make a present of either doctrine and yet maintain its own course. It is a question of evidence, not of philosophical deductions.

A Pluralistic Universe. By William James. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. 1909.

The present volume consists of the Lectures which Prof. James delivered at Manchester College, Oxford, England, and represent an attempt to discuss the philosophic tendencies of the present day. It is not the place here to go into his views in any detail and hence we must be confined to such portions of the book as affect the interests of psychic research. Tho he does not directly discuss any of the problems affecting psychic research as a scientific inquiry, Prof. James does allude to certain theories of things which are distinctly affected by the phenomena which our work collects and for this reason, in so far as he states problems, the book is of interest to the special work of the Society.

The point of contact with psychic research in this volume is its allusion to the materialistic and spiritualistic interpretations of the world. Prof. James recognizes these two points of view. He does not defend or oppose either of them, and materialism comes in only to be slighted as not worth notice. Apparently Prof. James has treated it only as a view opposed to Idealism and, as most philosophers would contend, as not deserving serious notice, assuming that it has long since been displaced by Idealism. There is an inexcusable illusion or equivocation here in this way of dealing with it. Materialism has not long been regarded as the proper antithesis of Idealism. Philosophers have, ever since Kant, avoided the use of the word Spiritualism as the proper antithesis of Materialism and discussed what it is pleased to call Idealism as the substitute and distorted the whole historical meaning of the term Materialism. Idealism is a theory as to the source of our knowledge not of the nature of reality, and so cannot oppose anything but Sensationalism as a source of knowledge. It insists that other faculties than sense determine the truth of things, but it does not predetermine the view that things are spiritual. It is perfectly consistent with Materialism of every type, unless we suppose that Materialism means that matter is only an object of sense knowledge. Now Materialism has not been synonymous with any such ideas except on the part of people who desire to evade issues. From the time of its founders it has been based upon as supersensible a conception of matter as the idealist. The atoms were never sensible facts. They were quite as supersensible as God or anything else supposed to be immaterial. Whether it had any right to take this position is not the question, but what it actually assumed. Its conception of matter involved the assumption that consciousness was not an essential property of, but an accident of its composition. The majority of idealists have conceded this and hence, in so far as the problem of a future life is concerned, were at one with the Materialists. The

only interest that Materialism can have for philosophy at all is its relation to that issue, and no intelligent person cares a picayune whether it be true or false outside of that relation. The controversy, after eliminating the issue of a future life, is merely between those who prefer physical satisfaction and those who like intellectual dissipation. Ethics are affected only as a choice has to be made between eating and thinking, with the belief that thinking does not count any more in the end than eating.

What psychic research means by Materialism is a theory that has a definite, but negative message on a future life, and Spiritualism means the view which affirms this life. There is nothing in these lectures that would throw any light upon that question. They deal with the analytical processes of philosophers who do not study facts of experience, but who watch the evolution of mankind and nature while they manage to get their bread from the process.

As to the main contention of the lectures it is not necessary to enter into a discussion of it. Prof. James has a strong antagonism to Monism and sets up a Pluralism of some kind. To the present writer Monism and Pluralism are not philosophies of any kind. They are minor problems in philosophy—minor, however, because they do not reach the fundamental issues which make a philosophy interesting and useful. They may have to be settled in some way, but after they have been settled we are no forwarder as to the real question of character in the nature of things. The "one and many" of Greek philosophy, which is the ancient equivalent of the modern idea, was an equivocation in that age which it is not now. The two terms implied both a mathematical and a metaphysical conception. In our time they denote only a mathematical. There is no inconsistency in the "one and the many," when conceived as denoting one substance with many modes of action, but taken mathematically the "one and the many" was a controversy between atomism and the monism of Xenophanes and the Eleatics. For practical problems it did not make any difference which was true or which was false. One of them, atomism, was incompatible with survival after death as long as it viewed consciousness as a function of a compound organism. Apart from this question it does not make any difference what we believe on Monism and Pluralism.



FIG. I.



FIG. 11.



FIG. III.



FIG. IV.



FIG. V.



FIG. VI.



FIG. VII.



FIG. VIII.



FIG. IX.



FIG. X.



FIG. XI.



FIG. XII.



FIG. XIII.



FIG. XIV.



Fig. XV.



FIG. XVI.



FIG. XVIII.



FIG. XIX.



FIG. XX.



Fig. XXI,



Fig. XXII.



FIG. XXIII.



Fig. XXIV.



FIG. XXV.



FIG. XXVI.



FIG. XXVII.



FIG. XXVIII.



FIG. XXIX.



FIG. XXX.



FIG. XXXI.



FIG. XXXII.



FIG. XXXIII.



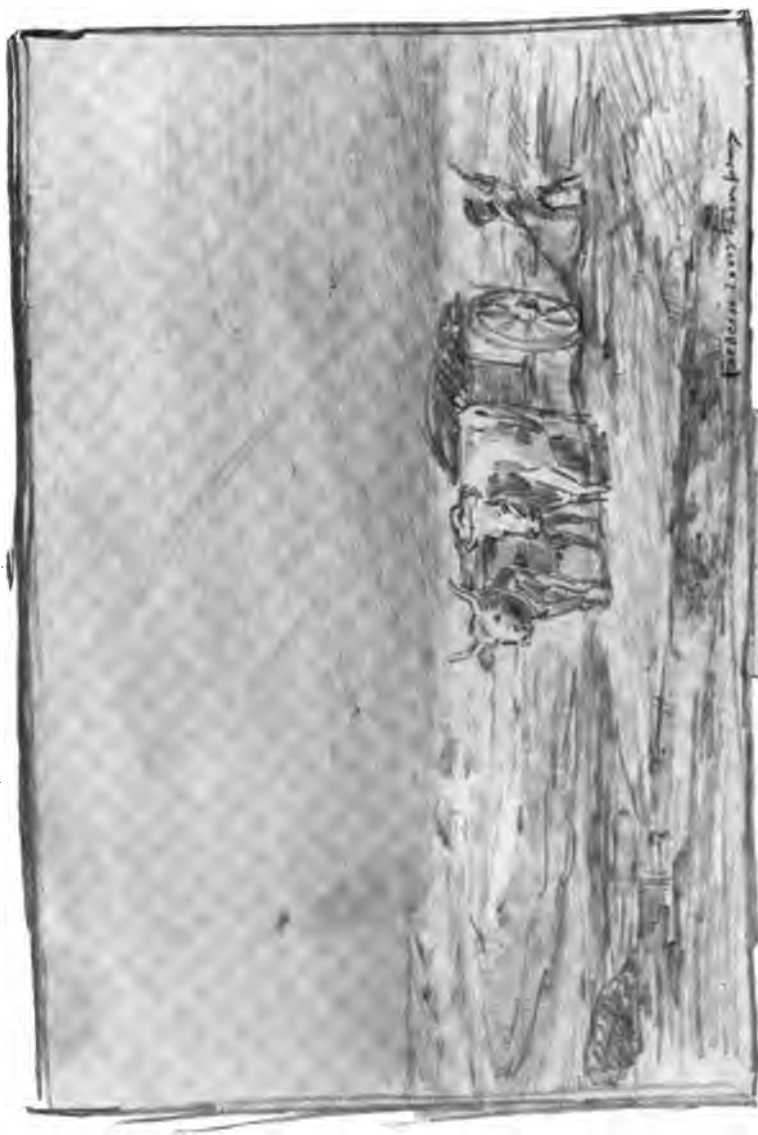
FIG. XXXIV.



FIG. XXXV.



FIG. XXXVI.



Indische Landbouw

INDIË

FIG. XXXVII.



FIG. XXXVIII.



FIG. XXXIX.



FIG. XL.



FIG. XLI.



FIG. XLII.



Fig. XLIII.



FIG. XLIV.



FIG. XLIII



FIG. XLIV.



FIG. XLV.

PROCEEDINGS, 1907-09

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THE McCAPFREY CASE. By James H. Hyslop.	297
A CASE OF THE ALLEGED MOVEMENT OF PHYSICAL OBJECTS WITH- OUT CONTACT. By James H. Hyslop and Hereward Carrington.	421
BOOK REVIEW.	440

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Explanation of the Automatic Writing.	220
Cuts Illustrating the Automatic Writing.	222

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REPORT OF A TWO-WEEK'S INVESTIGATION INTO ALLEGED SPIRIT- UALISTIC PHENOMENA. WITNESSED AT LILY DALE, NEW YORK. By Hereward Carrington.	7

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CONTENTS

RECORDS OF EXPERIMENTS

- I. REPORT ON THE CASE OF MISS EDITH WRIGHT. By Rev. Willie H. Cleveland 124
- II. CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS AND OTHER EXPERIMENTS. By James H. Hyslop 129
- III. EXPERIMENTS WITH THE PLANCHETTE. By "Edward J. Mearns" 131
- IV. A RECORD OF EXPERIENCES IN PLANCHETTE WRITING. By Charles Morris 133
- V. A RECORD OF EXPERIMENTS. By Helen Lambert 134

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CONTENTS

- I. A FURTHER RECORD OF EXPERIMENTS. By Helen Lambert 137
- II. A RECORD OF DREAMS AND OTHER COINCIDENTAL OCCURRENCES. By Maria F. Shibly 141
- III. A RECORD OF EXPERIENCES 143

Vol. III, Part 1. 592 octavo pages, paper covers, \$3.00 postage prepaid

CONTENTS

- I. A CASE OF VERIDICAL HALLUCINATIONS. By James H. Hyslop 147
- II. REPORT ON MRS. PIPER'S BODGSON-CONTROL. By William James 151

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Part 2

CONTENTS

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MEDIUMISTIC RECORDS IN THE THOMPSON CASE. By James H. Hyslop	593
THE SUBCONSCIOUS IN THE LIGHT OF DREAM IMAGERY AND IMAGINATIVE EXPRESSION: WITH INTROSPECTIVE DATA. By Hartley Durr Alexander	614
Introduction	614
Analysis of Data	621
Critical Discussion	677
BOOK REVIEW	669
INDEX	700

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE MEDIUMISTIC RECORDS IN THE THOMPSON CASE.

By James H. Hyslop.

For critical students and readers it may be suggestive to make some observations on certain characteristics in the mediumistic records of the case described as one of "veridical hallucinations." I did not wish to complicate the consideration of the evidential question with psychological ones in the study of the mediumistic phenomena apart from the issue of the supernormal. For ordinary purposes it might have sufficed to publish only the summary of the evidence. But this would have been to accept for myself the entire responsibility of estimating the results of the investigation, and this I shall always refuse to do. The scientific man desires to do his own thinking where he is not too indolent, and my opinions ought not to count in the minds of intelligent people. This was the important reason for publishing the entire details of the records regardless of their character. There was, of course, the additional reason in the circumstance that the solution of the main problem in psychic research depends more on the study of the subliminal chaff in mediumistic records than on the study of the evidential matter. This view intelligent men ought to accept without question, and those who wish to estimate the rights of evidence in such cases and its relation to the total mass of material alleging a supernormal source will welcome the opportunity to know just what the facts are without having to accept the judgment of the reporter in regard to the relevant and irrelevant material.

There is another reason for so much detail and for material that showed even little evidence of a spiritistic hypothesis. This was the desire that the more carping kind of critic might have his opportunity to test his theories. The

value of any hypothesis is its consistent relation to the phenomena alleged, and, as the record indicated, two of the psychics had abundant opportunities after a certain stage of the investigation to employ means for obtaining information normally. The records are good ones for studying an hypothesis which has great attractions for a certain type of minds which will not personally investigate, and we may well ask such to explain the phenomena on that view. Ordinary fraud is the theory which the admission that opportunities existed for it implies. But there is a dilemma for those who do not go farther in the examination of the facts than the admission of such opportunities. Either the resources of fraud are very small or it accomplished too little to make it interesting, and in one case can be supposed to have accomplished nothing relevant. What the critical reader of the later sittings of Mrs. Rathbun must remark, if he has any intellectual acuteness at all, is the peculiar character of the facts on a spiritistic theory. The later sittings give very little, perhaps no evidence, bearing upon the identity of the person whose existence I was seeking and whose existence Mrs. Rathbun knew I was seeking. Such evidence of the supernatural as occurs relates more to the personal experiences of Mr. Thompson than to the life of Mr. Gifford. Whatever theory we adopt to explain them we cannot treat the incidents as evidence of spirit identity, at least in the present stage of the inquiry. Fraud should have given something relevant, and it was much easier to get such incidents than it was to learn the inner working of Mr. Thompson's mind. The record thus shows that defective fraud is not always sustainable in the case of persons who have a professional reputation.

In some respects the same general argument will apply to the different periods of Mrs. Chenoweth's work, tho the application is different. The best evidence for identity came after the opportunity for acquiring normal information came. But the kind of mistakes made was not compatible with the view that the opportunity was improved. We may have to assume that the opportunity weakens the evidence, but this does not imply that it was used to get the facts, and if the

hypothesis of fraud be applied it must consistently explain the collective whole. This, I think the reader will see, it does not properly do.

But I have another reason for the discussion of the records. They are especially useful in estimating the applicability of Prof. James' theory that the trance personalities in the Piper case are "dream fabrications" or due to the "will to impersonate." The psychological interest which the mental play or representation of the phenomena in the records has obtained additional importance in the light it throws on the question whether the doctrine of "dream fabrication" fits the cases recorded here. I shall take up each of these questions in the course of the discussion.

I am not here concerned with a spiritistic theory of the phenomena, but with the peculiar representation which the facts obtain and what they may suggest in the process by which the supernormal incidents have been acquired. In studying the evidential side of the problem and what they indicate we are not concerned with the supposition that all the material, non-evidential as well as evidential, is derived from the same source. If we accept a spiritistic interpretation at all it must be conceived as representing the intrusion of occasional messages into a mass of mental data more or less supplied by the minds of the mediums, and then it becomes a matter of interest to study the psychological machinery by which the result is effected. In the case of Mrs. Piper we have three different conditions with which to reckon. The first is the normal state, the second is the transitional one, the subliminal stage intermediate between this and a deeper state. This last is the third and we call it the trance. The subliminal stage has always been one in which much of the best evidence of the supernormal has been obtained, but it lacks in length and quantity of material. The consequence is that there is a very marked difference between the normal state, which represents nothing but the knowledge of Mrs. Piper, and the trance state which, under the auspices of Dr. Hodgson, seemed to be free from the intrusion of Mrs. Piper's normal knowledge to any large extent. The communications claiming to come from spirits,

whether evidential or non-evidential, have the same form in general. They impersonate the communicator. Whether identity be proved or not by the messages, they claim to have an extraneous origin. The freedom of the deeper trance from evidences of Mrs. Piper's subliminal action and the uniformity of transcendental impersonation suggests a foreign cause, and but for certain anomalies in the character of the non-evidential facts or statements we might not doubt their source. But these anomalies raise the question whether they may not be impersonations of the medium's subliminal mind. Prof. James' theory is that they are this, and while we are studying the peculiar features of the non-evidential material in these records we may keep our minds upon their relation to the problem of impersonation.

In the first sitting with Mrs. Rathbun the phenomena assume the visual type, at least at times. That is, they represent some form of perception. The medium seems to see realities and there is no impersonation whatever. It should be apparent to the careful reader that Mrs. Rathbun does not always seem to obtain her information by a process of perception of the sensory type. Many of the statements represent it merely as a fact and her mind seems wholly ignorant of its source. She is normally conscious and I have observed many times in my experiments with her that she does not always distinguish between the operations of her own mind and the intromitted incidents from without. She is only a mixed spectator and telephone. Some of the information seems to come through without simulating sensory functions. This, of course, is true for many similar mediums, but I can call attention to the fact here because I have the record for the reader. This fluctuation of functional activities is probably the reason that the information is so fragmentary, or at least one of the co-operative influences in that result. It suggests, too, that the communicator may have to resort to various expedients to effect his object. He may be able to either impress the visual centers for vision of his reality and yet cannot always use the same means to communicate information. At times the communicator may have to resort to mimicry and symbolic modes of indicating

what he wished to convey, as any living person would do who found that he could not communicate with another either for lack of speech himself or of a common speech with the person to whom he wished to convey his ideas. If then he had to convey his ideas by telepathy and maintain his visual presence for the sake of assuring the medium from whom the messages came we may well understand why they are fragmentary and why they do not always assume the visual form. I am not concerned with the question whether this is all objective or subjective. The psychological functions are as described and we shall have to await further investigation to decide between the claims of the internal and the foreign source of the facts, with the probability that it is a mixture of both when the decision is for the presence of foreign influences.

But the important thing to remark is the absence of all information or of all phenomena that would suggest "possession." Mrs. Rathbun occasionally exhibits trance phenomena in which "possession" seems to take place. But she dislikes this method and discourages it. The usual mode of doing her work is oral and represents the type of messages illustrated in this record. The direct communication by control of her organism, as in the cases of Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Smead through a trance, does not occur except very casually. The communicator does not speak in the first person. The medium seems to be either a spectator or an intermediary for the transmission of messages by some process which we can only conjecture. The communicator neither controls nor represents himself as speaking in his own right. The usual functions of the medium's mind continue to act and determine the form of the message. This is only to say that impersonation or "dream fabrication" is wholly absent.

This intermixture of visual and other functions is perhaps more evident in Mrs. Salter than Mrs. Rathbun. They are also not so clear. She shows no tendency to trance. She feels less sure about the distinction between the results of her own mental action and the intrusion of foreign influences. Hence she too is free from all tendencies to impersonation. The sitting, of course, has so little of coincidence in it that

we cannot make any point out of it more than just the one indicated, showing its similarity psychologically with that of Mrs. Rathbun. Of course the common fraud has come to imitate this procedure and one cannot treat the psychological play in the phenomena with any seriousness until assured that the process is not consciously simulated. But even tho we have to discount the visual form of the work the unconscious mixture of this functional representation and of ideas that are not visual or obtained through that medium is the point to be remarked, and when it is done there is nothing more to be said of Mrs. Salter's work, which, tho honestly done, is not evidential enough to throw much light upon the process.

When it comes to the work of Mrs. Chenoweth we have a much more complex and instructive group of phenomena for throwing light upon the problem. I have included every word of the record for the purpose of illustrating this interesting process. I shall not here discuss the evidential aspects of the personalities represented, as this is not the interest of the problem. I shall assume that Mr. Gifford, with whom the supernormal phenomena are usually associated, represents the only personality with any claims to reality, and all the other chief personalities may be treated as subjective, if we feel disposed to so regard them. The first thing is to see the complexity and variations of personality in achieving the result which the report represents. I shall enumerate these.

1. There is Mrs. Chenoweth's normal self which rarely interjects any incidents into the case and only once in this record where the name of my uncle came in this way (p. 282).
2. There is Subliminal I. which is a mental condition of which Mrs. Chenoweth has no memory in her normal state but which itself represents a complete or natural memory of the normal experience. It rarely exhibits any evidence of the supernormal.
3. There is Subliminal II. which shows a more definite connection with supernormal phenomena and of which there is no memory in the normal condition. There are distinct

traces in it of the effects of normal experience upon the contents of the supernormal manifested in it.

4. There is the Starlight trance in which an alleged Indian control exercises the functions of the usual agent in communications. Mrs. Chenoweth has no memory of this personality in her normal state.

5. There is the deeper trance for the automatic writing which represents the more recently developed mode of obtaining supernormal information, and reproduces the Piper phenomena very successfully. There is also normally no memory of this state and its work.

6. There are the various personalities represented as communicators or controls for the different types of phenomena and which indicate most interesting psychological phenomena. (a) The Starlight personality is the one most usually connected with the general work of Mrs. Chenoweth. (b) The control of another personality which represents the most important of the alleged group in connection with the work of Mrs. Chenoweth is not present in this series. (c) The personality of Jenny P. who is a lively intelligence of more than usual interest. (d) There is the group of personalities claiming to have been active in connection with the phenomena of Mrs. Piper and represent Dr. Hodgson, George Pelham, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Mr. Stainton Moses, and occasionally Imperator. The first three of these personalities belong to the general work of Mrs. Chenoweth before the development of the later phenomena connected with automatic writing and the personalities of the Piper case.

There are numerous points of interest in the phenomena of the two subliminals, as I have chosen to denominate them. In the first place, it is not always easy to distinguish between them and possibly I have not indicated it rightly in some cases. Sometimes I have noticed that Subliminal I. may be omitted or so quickly passed into Subliminal II. that it might be reasonable to suppose that Subliminal I. was not present at all. What I usually have to rely upon to settle this distinction is the peculiar contents of the statements of Mrs. Chenoweth in the oncoming trance, or the recovery of normal consciousness. The best place for discovering or un-

derstanding Subliminal I. and its distinction from Subliminal II. is during the recovery of the normal consciousness. It exhibits a relaxed mental tension and a disposition to engage in very light talk, perhaps as a means of overcoming the tension and serious mental state of the deeper trance. The expression "Hullo," addressed to the stenographer, or a certain type of smile often mark it. But the best mark of its presence is the evidence of more distinct and conscious rapport with earthly conditions and memories. This is more frequently noticeable in the recovery from the trance than at the beginning. Often there is a quick transition into the Subliminal II. in the oncoming trance. But the chief mark of distinction between the two is the difference of rapport remarked. Subliminal I. is properly characterized by rapport with the living and shows very clear indications of Mrs. Chenoweth's normal memories. Rarely, if ever, does this state involve any supernormal information, and in the few instances in which it does we may imagine an abrupt transition, if only temporary, into Subliminal II. There are no instances of this intrusion in this record, and the above remark refers only to unpublished material. The main characteristic, however, as the reader may easily determine, is the limitation of rapport to living intelligences about her and to her own normal knowledge. It is a state easily omitted, when any haste is necessary in the work of the hour. In any case it is but one of those gradational conditions which represents a movement into what we call deeper trances and their relation to foreign personalities. When coming out of the trance it is the means of relieving the pressure of the heavier work by gradual rather than sudden recovery of normal consciousness, and its jollier moods so often reflected by it indicate that it relieves the tension of the mind in some way to give rest and balanced normal states. While active it does not show any marked intelligence such as Mrs. Chenoweth possesses in her normal state. It manifests often less maturity of mind than either the normal state or Subliminal II. This is, perhaps, the effect of the relaxed tension which I have mentioned. It resembles as a mental condition the

state of any mind after severe and exhausting effort, or the preparation for it by a rest.

Subliminal II. is a better organized state and has as its distinctive mark the presence of rapport with the supernormal and is the stage in which there is a greater tendency to admit foreign influences. The mental condition is more tense and serious, and more free from the domination of normal knowledge. Subliminal I. is completely under the control of the psychic's normal knowledge. No intrusion of external agencies manifests itself naturally in this initial stage of the trance. But in Subliminal II. the appearance of foreign influences becomes more distinct. It does not dominate the mind as in the deeper trance when the supernormal incidents begin to exhibit something like "possession." The condition usually comes on abruptly, tho not always, and its relation to the supernormal and the amount of control by outside influences may be gradually produced. But the characteristic by which it may be most easily detected is the apparent or real rapport with foreign intelligence. In the non-evidential matter of this stage the evidence is the more serious type of consciousness and clear effort to establish at least an alleged rapport with an outside world. There are distinct indications that normal knowledge affects the contents of the alleged messages, but it is not conscious knowledge. That is, Mrs. Chenoweth, tho she uses normal experience in the work of Subliminal II., does not seem to be conscious of this intrusion. In Subliminal I. there is perhaps all the self-consciousness of the normal state minus a normal memory of it. But Subliminal II. presents no clear indications that Mrs. Chenoweth's mind is conscious of any influence of her normal experience upon the contents of the real or apparent messages from the outside. It is simply a deeper stage of the trance in which memory plays a less active part than in Subliminal I. The tendency is toward the type of trance in which "possession" occurs.

Of both Subliminal I. and Subliminal II. it can be said that they exhibit no traces of *impersonation*, as it is apparent in the case of Mrs. Piper and perhaps Mrs. Smead. I refer to the appearance of direct communications. In both these

Subliminals Mrs. Chenoweth appears as a spectator, an on-looker of events, in the one of terrestrial events without evidence of the supernormal and in the other of transcendental events. This state resembles Mrs. Piper's Subliminal I. in so far as it exhibits the conscious distinction between self and the events, and Subliminal II. in so far as it represents the supernormal. The distinction between the observer and the events is as clear as in self-consciousness, tho there is no normal memory of the state. In this there is no trace of impersonation or "dream fabrication" of any kind. All the messages of Subliminal II. are reported in the person of the psychic and are so represented in the form of speech. No direct report of the messages in the personalities of the communicators is apparent. In other words, there are no indications of the phenomena of "possession" as remarked by Dr. Hodgson in the Piper case.

The Starlight trance is the first condition in which anything like impersonation occurs. Starlight insists on her own reality and has given to several persons a history of herself as a young Indian girl who was killed by being thrown from her pony. She refuses to be confused with the personality of Mrs. Chenoweth, and Mrs. Chenoweth in Subliminal I. distinguishes between her normal and secondary states as "One" and "Two," the normal being called "Number One." Subliminal II. would thus be "Number Three." But there seems to be no definite self-consciousness in Subliminal II. or "Number Three." Starlight is self-conscious and distinguishes between herself and Mrs. Chenoweth as two living persons distinguish each other. She does not even regard Subliminal I. and II. as distinct persons, but speaks of them as "folds of consciousness," whatever that may mean, being a metaphor perhaps very much like the ancient one of the scroll to represent memory. This view of the different states of the subliminal is taken also by the Subliminals themselves, having probably derived it from her guides, whatever theory we adopt regarding them. But Starlight looks at Mrs. Chenoweth as wholly distinct from herself and speaks in her own right whenever conducting the communications. She speaks and acts like an immature

child. The voice is changed slightly and the hands keep fumbling a handkerchief, which Mrs. Chenoweth in Subliminal I. and II. does not do. Starlight will snicker at times like a bashful, ill-bred child, which Mrs. Chenoweth never does, tho in Subliminal I. the relaxed condition of the mind and habit of smiling suggests the nearest resemblance to the character of Starlight. But with all this there is no confusion and Starlight resents all identification of herself with the Subliminals. Her behavior is that of an independent personality, tho it is easy to recognize the influence of Mrs. Chenoweth's mental habits upon Starlight, or possibly the influence of Starlight upon the life and mental action of Mrs. Chenoweth in Subliminal II., and possibly in Subliminal I. But it is clear to the careful student that there is less of the normal personality of Mrs. Chenoweth upon the contents of the communications than in Subliminal I. and possibly less than in Subliminal II. This view, however, cannot be dogmatically determined at present. Readers will have to study the record to make up their own opinions on it.

In this condition Starlight performs the same function as Phinuit and Rector in the Piper case. She controls the organism of Mrs. Chenoweth and receives and delivers the messages of communicators who do not directly communicate. Her method is oral, and one cannot read her work without feeling that she is a veritable chatterbox. There is no end to her talk and most if it non-evidential. This, however, depends upon circumstances. If she has a good communicator to deal with she can deliver messages that are as replete with evidential matter as any one can desire. But if she cannot get the messages she can take up the time with her voluble talk apparently without any restraints upon her tongue.

The character reading which she does is apparently for the purpose of getting "adjusted," as she says, and much of the talk, as the reader may observe, when neither character reading nor communications with the discarnate is going on, is of the nature of attempts to help the sitter in some way. But the main thing of interest to the psychologist is the mode of communication involved. There is no impersonation whatever of any other person than Starlight herself. In the

Piper and Smead cases the various communicators impersonate themselves, that is, seem to control directly and only when specifically indicated do we get traces of the work of intermediaries through whom apparently all the messages come in spite of the simulation of direct communication. But with Starlight there is no simulation of other personalities whatever. She avowedly speaks for them and the impersonation is of herself. How she receives the messages or the facts that represent supernormal informations is not determinable. The appearance often or always is of *seeing* pictures which she sometimes has to interpret. This would suggest that she receives the messages telepathically in the form of hallucinations and transmits them by speech to the sitter. Whether the process is always one of pictures or not cannot be decided definitely. This will depend on the question whether we suppose telepathy to be in its nature pictorial in its process, which we have no special reason to assume. But the communicator is usually represented from the point of view of vision and the messages often seem to come without conversion into visual imagery. When a special effort is necessary to get a name the method often reflects the attempt to convert it into a visual form or equivalent. All this machinery, however, seems to have been adopted to escape the necessity of direct control by the communicator. Hence the absence of impersonation, except that of Starlight. There is certainly no attempt consciously or unconsciously to impersonate the communicator, and still less evidence of "dream fabrication." Now and then Starlight will represent the message in the first person, but she usually indicates in a manner that quotation marks denote in normal life the matter that is so intended. There is no pretence of direct communication or impersonation, and the consistent mass of talk, however voluble and garrulous it may seem, has no resemblance to the capricious and confused form of dreams. There is rapid thinking, but not confusion, and only the error that we might expect in the methods employed to get information.

When it comes to the deeper trance of automatic writing the whole appearance of the phenomena changes. Imper-

sonation of the communicator begins. There is almost complete amnesia of this state by both Subliminals I. and II. Occasionally I have witnessed a guess in one of the subliminals at who the communicator was, and occasionally there seems to be some consciousness of the communicator's identity. But the usual rule is complete ignorance of all events in the automatic trance by both the normal consciousness and the Subliminals. Starlight also seems entirely ignorant of what goes on with few exceptions. When she desires she says that she can tell who is present communicating, but usually it requires effort on her part to ascertain this and only occasionally does she learn the contents of messages. Apparently, however, she ascertains these from intercourse with the persons on "the other side," so to speak. She sometimes represents herself as "hanging around" to see what is going on and in this way casually picks up information. But the usual course is one that involves her entire freedom from controlling and the substitution of other personalities who exhibit the same mechanical and other methods that prevail in the Piper phenomena.

The main point characterizing this automatic trance is the absence of the habitual personalities of Mrs. Chenoweth's usual methods. Starlight occasionally interposes herself for a special object when some disturbance has occurred, but the general course of the work is left to these new controls purporting to have been communicators through Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Smead. Rector has never appeared and neither has Doctor or Prudens. But Emperor has occasionally manifested apparently. This fact does not appear in the present record and is alluded to merely to indicate how rich in psychological material the phenomena are throughout the year's work.

There is no special evidence of the identity of Dr. Hodgson, George Pelham and Mr. Myers in the present record where Mr. Gifford is the primary personality of interest. The main point is that they serve as aids in the work of identifying Mr. Gifford, just as Rector serves as an aid or control in the identification of communicators through Mrs. Piper. The principal difference in this case is that Sublim-

inal II. of Mrs. Chenoweth is so important an intermediary in the result that there is little betrayal of this co-operation to achieve the result. But there is enough of the automatic writing to see that the machinery of communication is exactly like that of Mrs. Piper and has distinct analogies with the work of Starlight. Mr. Gifford is not often a direct communicator. Various personalities assume the functions exhibited by Rector in the Piper case, namely, those of control and intermediary. Two or three times Mr. Gifford tried with more or less success to control directly (pp. 232 and 324-329). The first effort to do this was associated with an entire failure to get his identity indicated by speaking through George Pelham, and falls into line with the general psychological characteristics of the better results of direct control usually, especially after the communicator has become accustomed to the "conditions" for thus communicating. But the reader will observe that most of the direct communications are by the trance personalities represented by Dr. Hodgson, George Pelham and Mr. Myers, and that Mr. Gifford does his work either through Subliminal II. or one of the personalities named. They are presumably more familiar with the "machine." They have learned to dispense with the intermediation of Starlight and control for themselves, while they apply apparently very different methods from Starlight, at least in respect of using the oral machinery and a sole reliance on pictorial means of getting the messages, tho these are still employed, as the reader may observe.

But there are two or three important psychological features of the case to be noticed that are of great interest.

First, we have a much deeper trance, as implied by the amnesia of its work by both Subliminals I. and II. and the normal consciousness, as well as Starlight, except on occasion. The whole mass of chaff that so characterizes Starlight's talk is eliminated or diminished, and the character of the messages take on a more personal form and represent more distinctly the distinctive characteristics of the communicator. The deeper trance has shut off the loquacity of Starlight and Subliminal II. Subconscious influences are not entirely eliminated, but such as they are they are not self-con-

scious, but representative of what Dr. Hodgson and even some communicators called the "habits of the organism." You find the various personalities with different characteristics such as real persons would manifest and there is not the uniformity of style and method that are betrayed by Subliminal II. and Starlight. As long as any one of these personalities controls, the style remains uniform, but in this deeper trance there is no limitation of the method to the same control. The attempt is made to eliminate the superfluous matter which is so prevalent in Subliminal II. and Starlight, and if the conditions permitted the transmission of more specific incidents it is possible that this chaff would wholly disappear from the results. But such as they are they represent a mould of more promising character and the psychological play is more natural.

The second incident to be noticed is the fact that there is complete social intercourse between the communicating personalities with each other. They represent a personal world of intercommunicating realities. In other words, there is no apparent cleavage between these various personalities and other personalities, as we observe it between primary and secondary personalities in the living. There is no intercommunication between Subliminal I. and Subliminal II. They do not represent themselves as spirits. Indeed they distinctly deny that they are such and Starlight represents them as "folds" of Mrs. Chenoweth's consciousness. There is no intercommunication between them, as we observe between Dr. Hodgson, George Pelham and Mr. Myers and others. Neither does Starlight appear to "communicate with the two Subliminals. She seems to have free access to their information or experience, but does not represent herself as communicating with them. She does claim, however, to communicate with Dr. Hodgson and his associates, while also maintaining that she is a wholly independent personality from the medium. Under the group of controls mentioned, namely, those who trace their relation to Mrs. Piper, the intercommunication with each other clearly represents a real world and involves, if not a memory of each other's ideas, etc., an access to them after the manner of

some sort of intercourse resembling our own. Whether it is real or not makes no difference to the description of the phenomena. All that we need to remark is that the whole dramatic play is of reality and an intercourse that does not exhibit itself in the Subliminals which are supposedly different strata of Mrs. Chenoweth's consciousness.

A third interesting characteristic of the automatic writing trance is the varying results of the control. The reader will observe great differences between the communicators in this respect. There is no uniformity of power to control and send messages. This is true without regard to the interpretation of the phenomena. Whether we regard it as subconscious impersonation or real spirits that are involved the personal equation is manifest in the psychological features of different communicators. They are not all equally endowed with the power to communicate effectively. Some can manage to carry through almost an entire sitting and others can hardly remain at the wheel a minute. The record will not superficially indicate this peculiarity, tho critical study will reveal it to the reader. But the automatic writing exhibits it very clearly. The best illustrations in this record of this phenomenon are the attempts of Mr. Gifford and Prof. Sidgwick to control. Mr. Gifford finally succeeded in achieving something. But Prof. Sidgwick did not do very much, certainly much less than was desirable to prove his identity. But the automatic writing showed great confusion and much scrawling. With Mr. Myers, Dr. Hodgson, and George Pelham the automatic writing was very free and easy usually. Occasionally there were difficulties, but various arrangements or pauses overcame these and their writing generally was easy and natural. The handwriting in their cases very distinctly assumed the character of Mrs. Chenoweth's. The letters were often absolutely identical with hers and rarely did a letter vary technically from her own habitual style. But when a new communicator assumed to control there was great difficulty in managing the handwriting at all, and usually it was mere scrawling and wholly different from Mrs. Chenoweth's, tho I doubt not that expert students of handwriting would find essential points of resemblance in various

places and letters. To the ordinary reader, however, the resemblance would not be apparent. But the difference is marked enough to show that different personalities do not have the same power to control the machinery of writing or to maintain the same uniformity of psychological characteristics as they are exhibited in the work of Subliminal II. and Starlight. The variation is precisely what we should expect with differently endowed persons trying to manage an organism not their own.

With all this psychological analysis of the phenomena the reader may perhaps be left to determine for himself the amount of false impersonation or "dream fabrication" involved. The whole complex play of states and representations shows no trace of that sort of thing. There is no such confusion as must naturally manifest itself in such work. There is no pretence of it in the Subliminals, in spite of the fact that one of them gets as good evidence as the "possession" type of phenomena, tho characterized by more chaff. In the deeper trance the impersonation is perfectly realistic and there is no resemblance to the dream life. The result is too systematic and rational to confuse it with any such hypothetical processes. The evidence of the supernormal is not always what is desirable, but there is sufficient of it for various communicators, in this record of Mr. Gifford, not to insist that all controls shall give equally good incidents for proof, especially if they have to be the chief agents intermediating the personal identity of others. But in any case there is no special excuse for supposing any particular tendency to impersonate falsely or to palm off "dream fabrications" as realities. The variety of conditions is too great and the unity of the whole too manifest to sustain such an hypothesis. In the case of Mrs. Piper we have no such variety of trance conditions and no such variety of methods implied in the work, while some states represent the supernormal without impersonating its source, and when the impersonation of the source occurs it is consistent, not confused, and bears no resemblance to dream life, while it is less characterized by the normal knowledge of Mrs. Chenoweth. There seem to be no such graded stages in the Piper trance and we are not

able to study the various conditions psychologically. Mrs. Chenoweth's are much more continuously related and show fewer contrasts between the normal and trance conditions.

I have not called attention in this play of mental action to the interruptions of apparently other personalities at critical moments to help smooth over certain difficulties. I cannot discuss this in detail until a fuller report is published on this case. But the reader who studies the record critically and in detail will observe occasions and crises where the communications are suddenly interrupted by a change of personality or by some physiological disturbance which is accompanied by the apparent intrusion of certain persons to restore the equilibrium. The mixture of French and Indian languages indicates the appearance of this interruption. What it is for can only be conjectured. Seldom does anything occur that the sitter would observe to anticipate it. But it very frequently takes place when a new communicator tries and encounters difficulties in controlling. Dr. Hodgson would have called it restoring the energy which had been depleted by the previous effort to establish a new control. This restoration of the normal condition for communicating is usually accompanied by the suspension of other activities. The automatic writing will cease and be resumed when the confusion ceases.

When any strenuous effort has been made with a new communicator, or such a communicator has failed to accomplish his object it is frequent for a personality who calls herself Jenny P—— to "come in" or assume control to either complete the messages or to restore the equilibrium of the psychic. The reader will notice that this personality is a jolly character and very fond of audacious statements and repartee. She is not easily beaten in a conversation and is as ready a personality for answer to all sorts of situations as I ever met in a psychic. There is no timidity or bashfulness about her. She hesitates at no accusations within the limits of propriety, tho quite capable of being as serious as others, if she can only relax the mental tension of the situation. Her function seems just to do this and to be equal to any intellectual emergency for badgering the sitter. Her boldness

is quite the opposite of Mrs. Chenoweth's modesty and reserve. But she seems not to interpose for the same object as the personalities who indulge in French and Indian languages. They make no effort to communicate. She does so and at times can receive the messages and send them more effectively than the other personalities. She belongs to the regular "band" of Mrs. Chenoweth's controls independently of the Piper personalities, but at times seems necessary to help them out of embarrassment. Any sitter that can match her wit and chaff will do well and must have served an apprenticeship in light society. She has remarkable control of the writing, evidently thinks rapidly, and can be equally serious and funny. Her analogies and similes are unique and spontaneous. How much she is determined by the subliminal knowledge of Mrs. Chenoweth cannot be decided as yet. I have no doubt that we can not wholly escape that influence in any case. But Jenny P—— is not like Mrs. Chenoweth in manner or mental readiness. She is much bolder and delights in either teasing or scolding you, tho I rather think no distinction can be made between the teasing and scolding. There is little of her in this record, but there is enough to illustrate her characteristics and functions.

All this intrusion of Jenny P—— and other agencies for restoring equilibrium or aiding communicators and relieving mental tension is carried on without conflicting with the general trend of things. There is nothing in it that suggests "dream fabrications" or false personation. The whole affair is too systematic and teleological for this. It is a perfect representation of what ought to occur under the imaginable difficulties of communicating between two minds in an unusual or abnormal set of conditions. The realism is quite natural and there are no contradictions in the psychological articulation of the complex results, as there should be on a theory of impersonation or "dream fabrication." Impersonation, as it occurs in psychics who fail utterly to give real evidence of identity, has no difficulties in the process of alleged communication and everything moves smoothly. But here the phenomena are subject to the same difficulties and confusions that we should suppose to prevail under such circum-

stances as must characterize communication between two worlds so different as a spiritual and a material order, to say nothing of the difficulties that exist between two living personalities in the material world when they have no common symbolism for the purpose. In any case the supposed impersonation so thoroughly reproduces the conditions and characteristics of reality that it has no proper resemblance to cases in which impersonation gets its name. As to "dream fabrication" that should settle itself in comparison with the represented character of dreams as mosaics of experiences not properly associated. The course of mind is here rational and perfectly fitting. The statements simply lack the evidence of coming from the alleged source. The patchwork of the dream life is not apparent and the impersonation of ancient persons is not attempted. But the interplay of apparent realities is of the kind that is not at all necessary for simulating spirits, tho it does consist with the reality of them working under unusual difficulties to express themselves in the way desirable for us. There is, of course, no adequate evidence of their reality in many cases and we may still suppose subliminal action capable of the result, but we should have to maintain this view without complete empirical evidence for it either in the contents of the record or in other instances of it about which there is no doubt.

I do not say that there is no evidence at all in the record that the subliminal impersonates, but that there is not sufficient evidence in it to prove it adequate to the whole complex product. I do not doubt that subliminal influences are active in the result and I recognize that there are evidences of it in the record. To me one of the chief values to science in this case and record is the evidence that subliminal influences affect the phenomena even in the evidential incidents and perhaps still more in the non-evidential. We have been accustomed to regard secondary personality and subconscious action as an obstacle to the entertainment of a spiritistic interpretation in many cases, and on the side of evidence, where secondary personality is provable, this is correct enough. But what we constantly forget is the possibility that secondary personality or subconscious action is the

matrix in which the supernormal is cast. For that reason it becomes extremely important to study it and to ascertain how far it determines the medium through which transcendental information has to filter. Whatever the possibilities of impersonation, whether fabricatory or real and genuine, it is clear from the record that the influences of Mrs. Chenoweth's normal experiences reflect themselves on the products of Subliminal I. and II., tho they do not take the form of impersonation of any kind. The manner in which the cleavage between the different states and personalities is kept up is favorable to the hypothesis that the phenomena are genuine, not that they are supernormal or represent foreign agencies, but that they are not in any sense a conscious fabrication. It matters not whence the stock of information and conceptions which the subliminal has may have been derived, it is used more or less unconsciously in the material appearing as messages. It is in no respect normally conscious in this usage. But, whether from automatic action in the influence of association or from subliminal intelligence, it avails often to color all the matter that represents either real or alleged messages from a spiritual world, and the careful study of the record, in connection with a knowledge of Mrs. Chenoweth's normal mental habits, will reveal the reflex influence of her language and conceptions on even the evidential matter, and it ought to serve as an indication of the conditions through which the supernormal has to make its self known or to find expression, while it limits the right to apply the theory of impersonation or "dream fabrication," since it illustrates so clearly the unconscious influence of the subject, as a physical object, acting as a "medium," modifies and colors the motion transmitted to it. In this way we conceive subliminal functions as a condition, even tho an obstacle, for the mediation of messages from a transcendental world. Whether it is merely impersonating a non-reality will depend upon better evidence than is procurable from these records, tho we admit the intrusion automatically of organic habits and ideas.

**THE SUBCONSCIOUS IN THE LIGHT OF DREAM
IMAGERY AND IMAGINATIVE EXPRESSION:
WITH INTROSPECTIVE DATA.**

By Hartley Burr Alexander.

Introduction.

The concept of "subconsciousness" is one of great importance and great ambiguity in contemporary psychology. It is used in a number of distinct senses by partisans of the several usages, most of whom are inclined to criticise the justice of opposing uses,—at least, it is certain that the use which most bids fair to find a place in literary English, as distinct from the "jargon" of psychology, is often the target of psychologistic attack. Were there no other reason, the fact that this sense is becoming, indeed, already is established in the literary tongue should suffice to insure for it a respectful review at the hands of psychologists; for few word histories are more interesting, as few classes of words have more profoundly affected the plain thought of men, than those of the terms of mental analysis introduced into the common speech from Chaucer onward.

However we may define them—and the definitions are numerous—we are likely to agree in distinguishing three typical uses of "subconsciousness." It is taken to mean:

(1) The whole range of mental phenomena that are "in" consciousness but outside the range of attention. They are phenomena which we know to be conscious phenomena only *retrospectively*. When attention at last seizes them it is to find them stoutly asserting their long-clamorous but neglected presence. As the writer in the *Dictionary of Philosophy* states it, they are facts "not clearly recognized in a present state of consciousness, yet entering into the development of subsequent states of consciousness." In short, they are the

phenomena of *marginal consciousness*—which seems a more appropriately descriptive term than “subconscious,” though it is in this sense, if any, that “subconsciousness” has an “orthodox” usage.

(2) The mental systems, or groups of associated ideas, which form independent “personalities” in the one physical organism. Since one of these systems is regarded as the dominant, or first, personality, the others are relegated to a secondary rank, which there is some reason in designating as *subconscious*, though the term does not now mean that there is necessarily any difference of type between the dominant consciousness and the subconsciousness or -consciousnesses; each in turn may eclipse the other, or the two may co-exist in more or less mutual unawareness. Dr. Prince proposes the term *co-consciousness*,¹ and this without question is an excellent term for phenomena of this type, though in the narrow application he demands for “subconsciousness”—to “states which actually co-exist with the primary consciousness”—the semblance of sequence and life-history which is implied in “secondary personality” becomes unaccountable.² If the term “co-consciousness” may be used for the consciousness of the secondary, in the same sense that “consciousness” is used for the consciousness of the primary personality, then it is surely to be preferred to “subconsciousness” in such usage.

(3) Forms of mentation that are never “in” consciousness at all, that are never (in ordinary experience) conscious; yet which must be assumed in order to make what is conscious intelligible. “Subconsciousness,” in this sense, means that “mind” is not co-extensive with “consciousness,” but includes along with conscious mentation states and processes

¹ *The Dissociation of a Personality*, Appendix A.

² The difficulty here is partly metaphysical, turning upon one's description of “personality” as revealed by consciousness. But even in psychology we carry a perpetually implied discrimination between *a* or *the* consciousness and its several *states*. Dr. Prince's use of co-consciousness would seem to limit its application to co-conscious states; whereas, as Professor Fullerton justly observes (*Metaphysics*, p. 488), the fact of “exclusion from a given consciousness” is no good reason for denying that the phenomena in question “constitute a consciousness”; and the reader is referred to Professor Fullerton's work for an able discussion of what is signified by “a consciousness.”

of which the conscious self is only indirectly aware. Along with the order of nature and the order of conscious thought, there is a third order of events which is so much nearer the latter than the former that it is best describable as "subconscious thought." This need not imply that the "subconscious" order may not be reducible to the physical order of nature,—any more than the distinction of the order of nature and the order of ideas has prevented innumerable readings of one in terms of the other. But it does imply that in the present state of knowledge the facts called "subconscious" are most intelligibly to be described in terms of the analogies furnished by the phenomena of consciousness.

It is this third use of "subconsciousness" which suffers from a criticism on the part of psychologists that seems often to amount to antipathy, and it is this use that is finding a permanent lodgment in literary English. It is also this use which I propose to make my own in the present paper, and to justify, if may be, by an analysis and criticism of the data that seem to me to give it ample warrant. But before proceeding with the analysis, I must briefly consider two other terms used in a sense more or less identical with sense 3 above; and again, I must briefly present the grounds of objection to the intended use.

Of the alternative terms to be considered, the first is that given vogue by the most exhaustive study of the phenomena supporting the conception, the term *subliminal consciousness* used by F. W. H. Myers in his *Human Personality*. Myers' use of the term "subliminal" is determined by the psychological conception of the *limen* or threshold of consciousness, but he vastly extends the common psychological notion of what lies "below" the threshold; instead of being confined to weak sensory and motor excitations, he regards the subliminal area as comprising "feeling, thought, or faculty, which is kept submerged, not by its own weakness, but by the constitution of man's personality." Subliminal consciousness is, in fact, the basis for that great extension of the notion of "self" which Myers names the "subliminal self." He writes: "The 'conscious' self of each of us, as we call it,—the em-

pirical, the supraliminal self, as I should prefer to say,—does not comprise the whole of consciousness or of the faculty within us. There exists a more comprehensive consciousness, a profounder faculty, which for the most part remains potential only so far as regards the life of earth, but from which the consciousness and the faculty of earth-life are mere selections, and which re-asserts itself in its plenitude after the liberating change of death.”

Without question “subliminal” accurately describes Myers’ conception, but there are two reasons for preferring “subconscious.” The first is the purely literary reason that the notion of a limen of consciousness belongs to technical psychology, so that to one untrained in that science the word is not self-explanatory; “subconscious,” on the other hand, is as self-evident as any term is like to be. The second and more cogent reason is that Myers’ use undoubtedly leads him into verbal contradictions: to speak of “subliminal consciousness” amounts to speaking of “not-conscious consciousness” —and it is not to be viewed as surprising that this form of speaking has been criticised as mystical or even as meaningless.

Hereby I do not wish to be understood as joining in what has often been a quibbling criticism of Myers’ conception, for I have a sympathetic conviction of the main truth of that conception. The ideas to which any generation gives birth are, of course, long “in the air” before they are crystallized in authoritative expression. I cannot, therefore, lay much stress upon a fact that seems at least to argue an experiential plausibility in Myers’ theory,—the fact, namely, that an entirely different regard of psychical phenomena had framed in my own mind a theory closely approaching his before I was familiar with his work.¹ Yet some stress, I believe, may properly be laid upon this, and to me it seems to count for the more in that the facts which have influenced my own think-

¹ The conception in the form developed by my thinking (far more limited in application than with Myers) was sketched in chapters V and VI of *Poetry and the Individual*, (Putnam, 1906) and in sections III, IV and V of “Human Personality,” published in the *Journal of the American S. P. R.*, I., xi. and xii.; II., i.

ing have been throughout the facts of normal psychology whereas Myers' stress falls upon phenomena generally regarded as abnormal. The data to be given in this paper will, I presume, explain my contention.

So much for "subliminal." I now turn to the second alternate for "subconscious," which is *unconscious*.

This term is the one largely preferred by French and German writers (*l'inconscient, das Unbewusste*), and it possesses a natural prestige in the historic fact that it has made for itself a place as the designation of a metaphysical conception. The "philosophy of the Unconscious" is firmly and loftily seated above the domain of mere psychology.

But this metaphysical connotation of the term, which von Hartmann rather too triumphantly shows to be carried over into psychology,¹ is really disadvantageous in psychological discussions. The rich flavor of a score of ontological meanings cannot be supposed to simplify our discriminations. For the psychologist's purposes the term suffers from its history.

There is also the secondary objection that "unconscious" in plain speech refers to a state of the consciousness-bereft body, which is as far as need be in meaning from either the psychologist's or the metaphysician's intention.

"Subconsciousness," then, seems to possess all of the advantages and few of the disadvantages of its competitors. What is to be said of the objections to our use of it?

These objections may be summarized as in the main three: (1) That the phenomena usually described by sense 3 of "subconsciousness," as given above, are all comprised under senses 1 and 2,—that *marginally conscious* or *co-conscious* phenomena are all the *subconscious* phenomena that there are. (2) That the use of "subconscious" in sense 3 introduces an unwarranted hypothesis (that of the "subliminal self") into our analyses. (3) That the term in this sense is a mere cloak for the idle indulgence of mystery-loving tempera-

¹ See the chapter entitled "Das Unbewusste," in *Die Moderne Psychologie*, Leipzig, 1901.

ments,—that it is unscientific, nonsensical, a name for airy nothings.¹

The first and second of these objections must be answered by the paper that here follows: this I expect to show that sense 1 and sense 2 of “subconsciousness” are not adequate to the phenomena and that if the notion of “self” be broadly extended, the extension is in suit of empirical necessity.

But the third objection demands a word here, for, unlike the others, it is an expression of prejudice rather than reason and it makes its appearance in a form of verbal opprobrium that is undignifiedly close to childish “calling names.” In this category, I place such remarks as that which ascribes the view to a preference for “the poetry of science rather than the dry facts which constitute the body of exact science,” or that, again, which ascribes it to “a more or less disguised preference for beliefs in transcendent, or more plainly ‘occult,’ influences.”² For if the facts of exact knowledge are

¹ A fourth objection—that the “unconscious” always reduces to a particular case of the “conscious”—is urged by Ribot, *Essai sur l'Imagination créatrice*; but this is only a verbal difficulty and has been dealt with above.

² Quoting Fullerton, *Metaphysics*, p. 507, and Jastrow, *The Subconscious*, p. 535. Both of these gentlemen have given the theory for which I stand so fair a hearing that I presume I may quote without offense what was probably intended without offense, yet which seems to me none the less to be an appeal to prejudice, even if the prejudice be “subconscious.”

A more obvious and less pardonable employment of epithets, amounting to persistent innuendo, is to be found in Professor Münsterberg's *Psychotherapy*. By what right is a theory so carefully and laboriously elaborated as that of Myers to be designated as “fantasies” or as “haphazard psychology” or as an “easy-going” hypothesis? True, Professor Münsterberg (following the “orthodox” custom) does not name the man against whom he directs his epithets, but if it be not the one man who has given the theory an impressive statement, he has no right to speak at all on the subject. Yet more to be deplored in a book that intends to be popular is such an unfair and unwarranted insinuation as is conveyed in “a conscious fact may easily suggest the appeal to subconscious theories to those who have accepted such theories for other reasons” (p. 148), or the absurd dogmatism which can assert that every instance of “split off” consciousness is “abnormal” (p. 152)—an epithet, by the way, that soothes only the lazy-minded.

But if there be one place where a word or meaning, if it appear at all, deserves to be given an impartial treatment, that place is a dictionary. In the *Dictionary of Philosophy* we meet this definition (save the mark!): “The subconscious and ‘unconscious’ have been hypostatized to do many marvelous things; art has been made the product of the subconscious, genius has been endowed with a wonder-working ‘subconscious’; all of which means that certain mysteries of endowment are not open to introspective analysis—certainly to those of us who have them not—and because they are not spread out on the tablet of consciousness, the subconscious, it is held, plays the greater part.” This neither deserves respect nor bespeaks intelligence.

uniformly "dry" then it is a mark of sanity to turn from them in search of more humanly profitable facts; and an honest preference for things "transcendental" or even "occult" is no more an intellectual sin, nor yet a disqualification of judgment, than is a preference for reaction-time machines or for the doings of Wall Street. If preferences warp sanity, no human being is sane,—and we may still, I presume, take it for granted that scientists are human. I have never yet encountered a ghost, though I own without shame that such an encounter would vastly interest me; nor have I ever yet had experience of anything that I could call occult, though if I understand that term, such an occurrence would add hugely to the zest of life.

I will briefly resume the purpose of this paper.

I propose, first, to present with suitable analysis certain psychic data that to my mind demonstrate that there is a form of mental operation which is not conscious, but is subconscious in the third sense defined. The data seem to me to be of a nature with which every student of normal psychology ought to be familiar, though so far as I am aware this nature has seldom been accurately described by psychologists and still more seldom accorded the position of importance in the interpretation of mental life that I believe the facts deserve. My study of data is mainly founded upon introspective observations extending over a full decade.

In the second place, I hope in my critical discussion to show not only the reasonableness but also the persuasive need for such a conception of inner activity, yes, of an inner agent, or "self," as is implied in the use of "subconsciousness" herein advocated. I believe that experience itself (as in my own case) leads obviously to this conception, and that reason and logic find it fully qualified.

These two purposes, if realized, should answer the main objections—above noted—to the use in question, and should somewhat advance our knowledge of this department of psychology.

ANALYSIS OF DATA.

I. Normal Waking Imagery.

Before proceeding to a discussion of the imagery of states connected with sleep, I wish briefly to describe my normal imagery. Images connected with taste, smell, touch, and motor impulses are with me too vague to permit of enlightening observation. Auditory images are not common. On a few occasions, when in a state of nervous tension, I have been awakened from sleep by hearing my name called in a familiar voice, only to discover that the call was imaginary; and I often have bits of melody in mind in a semi-conscious way. But as a whole my imagination is weakly auditory. My verbal imagination is more important, sentences and phrases forming constantly in the course of my thinking, and often automatically. Indeed it seems to me that nearly every phrase or turn of expression which appeals to me as especially felicitous comes with some special spontaneity; at all events such turns invariably bear with them an atmosphere of pleasant surprise and treasure-trove. Verbal images undoubtedly originate in the motor field, as a rule; yet a moment's dwelling upon a phrase is sufficient to crystallize it into typographical visual images. Possibly such images are constantly present in a vague way; e. g., I find myself more vividly aware of typographic images when speaking French. This tendency of verbal to pass into visual imagery merely emphasizes my prevailing visual type. As for the sake of comparison with what is to follow this type needs full description I subjoin a description published by me some years since in the *Psychological Review*.¹

I shall begin with a general analysis of grades and types of visual imagery. With reference to vividness, three grades or intensities are to be discriminated.

1. There are the fleeting images of common thinking. They are vague, fragile and ephemeral, only by chance to be observed,

¹ Vol. XI, No. 4-5, "Some Observations on Visual Imagery."

the moment they attract attention transforming themselves to grade 2. They may be pictures of things or typographical images.

2. Whenever any image is fixed in attention, it becomes distinct in outline and seemingly filled in with substance. The liminal quality in this grade is of a tenuous, "watery" sort, but if the thing imaged is naturally of distinctive color, the color is sure to appear. Thus *dog* calls forth only a colorless (gray) figure of a dog, but *Spot* summons the image of a particular, black and white, shaggy dog. The color element varies from the black and gray (pure white is difficult) of typographical images to a verisimilitude hard to differentiate from reality. With the exception of the typographical, the images all appear small, *i. e.*, as miniature copies of the things they represent. Furthermore, they are commonly isolated; there is no background of non-related objects. A landscape may be presented, but it is seldom full or distinct unless enlarged to grade 3.

3. In the third grade images are richer in detail; there is illumination as of a stronger light thrown on, though the color scheme *quâ* color is not altered; there is added substantiality and a filling in of background; and the images appear to be of the actual or approximate size of things as viewed from a normal standpoint.

It will be seen that the three grades pass perceptibly into one another. In general, the variation in distinctness of outline or figure is minimal; variation in definiteness of content (as smooth to shaggy) is greater; variation in substantiality is still more pronounced, and variation in color, luminosity and apparent size is greatest of all. In imagery subject to volitional retention the vividness is directly proportional to the attention bestowed. Of the imagery as a whole, the conspicuous characteristic is fragmentariness; seldom save by effort is a whole object seen, and within the given content there is usually one portion more striking, distinct and detailed than the remainder.

In addition to the three grades, there are to be distinguished two types or classes into which the images fall. These are:

a. Voluntary or memory images; all images that may be called to mind or retained by an act of will. Memory images, in the simplest sense, afford the typical instance, but I include along with simple reproductions all images consciously constructed from remembered elements, as, for example, a geometric figure, a landscape ideally composed in accordance with the elements furnished by a description, or a mechanical device illustrated in imagination.

b. Spontaneous and irrelevant images, the salient characteristic of which is that they seem to determine their own occur-

rence, coming and going of their own accord. Of course these images can be retained or reproduced in memory, but the retention or reproduction involves a change of quality: it removes that asset of surprise and perversity which gives so much of their forcefulness, and usually it projects them into new associational environments and new spatial contexts.

II. Hypnagogic Imagery.

In the description of normal waking imagery I have included the visual type *b* because it occasionally occurs under normal waking conditions. Nevertheless this imagery is chiefly characteristic of that state between sleeping and waking in which active attention and consecutive thought gives way, or tends to give way, to reverie and dream.

This type of imagery is generally known as "hypnagogic," or sleep-inducing, imagery. It possesses—at least in my own case—characteristics at once striking and difficult to account for. (1) The images are visible with the eyes open or closed and with the mind in various stages of alertness. (2) They tend constantly to impinge upon "real" space, although they can be introspectively distinguished in spatial quality from after-images, positive and negative,—a fact which argues against their retinal locus. (3) They are extraordinarily independent and unpredictable: they come and go of themselves without apparent interconnection. In fact they clearly defy all known rules of association. This to my mind is a very striking character, having only two exceptions that I have been able to note; viz.: First, there is in the one case of images of closed and closing eyes an apparently kinesthetic element involved, as if the image somehow *translated* into visual sensation one's awareness of closed eyes. Second, on occasion I have been able, not to influence wittingly, but to *observe the influence* of my thoughts upon the images; e. g., an image appears and I say to myself curiously, "That resembles a frog (an alligator, or what not)." Forthwith the image transforms itself into a frog. Or again, I become interested in a particular image and it proceeds to play Protean changes upon the original design. In neither of these cases is the sense of spontaneity and the fact of unpredictability

lost—the fission between the objective image and my observing mind is complete. And in the vast majority of cases “association” is emphatically not a word that can be employed in description; if there be such a thing as irrelevance, these images show it. (4) This is curiously illustrated by the presence in many of the images of expression of violent emotion. My own state at the time is almost untinged by feeling—perhaps a languid interest in watching the images or amusement at their absurdities. Doubtless the interest tends to prolong the hypnagogic period and so to multiply the number of the images, but it does not affect their character. (5) There is frequently a limited sequence of forms in what I may term the “life-history” of an individual image; it undergoes transformation before the eyes, and in spite of any efforts I may make to preserve it unchanged.¹ In regard to duration, however, there is again no rule; each image is law unto itself, and different images vary greatly in lasting quality. (6) It should be needless to add that I see no discoverable connection between the images and my concurrent reading, interests or activities. On the other hand, I do observe a fairly constant general character of the images, though so far as I can recall utterly without concrete repetition. They are largely grotesques and largely of the limited classes below described. This general similarity has been maintained through as many years as I can remember,—and it will be noted that the two records below given are ten years apart in date.

I first give a descriptive memorandum written in December, 1899. The instance of the two figures in this memorandum seems more like a dream than like *b* imagery.

In the state of minimal bodily consciousness just preceding sleep... the images are spontaneous, almost invariably odd, grotesque and irrelevant to any thought, memory or association, so far as I can see. Commonly they appear as fragments of faces,—in general order of frequency, I should say: eyes, mouths and and noses, half faces, whole faces, heads, figures. They are not

¹ Illustration of successive phases of the same image is given in the second and third figures of Series I, and in figures *e* and *f* of Series II.

necessarily of human beings, nor, indeed, of any recognizable creature. They have, however, almost invariably a strong personality of expression: for example (Saturday night) an aquiline nose and shaggy eyebrows, semi-profile, strongly suggestive of Dante, though rather sinister. This image gradually filled out with eyes and forehead and assumed the "long" expression of vapid mock piety. Another image was of very thick lips with rows of large even teeth widely shown. All such images seem small. Another characteristic is that they cannot be fixed, but continually undergo changes until they disappear (within a few seconds). The changes are quite as spontaneous and unexpected as the images. Memory images of them can be retained and compared with the changing forms, but the memory image does not have the same quality as the spontaneous—it seems to belong to another space.

Saturday night I went to bed with the self-avowed intention of studying these semi-sleep images. I concluded to try to influence them and so formed as distinct a memory image as I could of a picture at the Academy that had much impressed me—a face in a red hood, by Henner. I wanted to see if the memory image would not subsist of itself, as do these other images, without effort of recall on my part. . . . Presently I lapsed into semi-dream, though the memory-image was still in consciousness and my whole attention was fixed upon it. Then, suddenly, I was fully roused—roused by a picture image. It consisted of two full figures—a young man and a young woman. She was leaning on a bicycle (I did not clearly see the bicycle, but the attitude suggested it); while he knelt at her feet. As the image came he was putting on his cap. The action, the movement, in the image struck me; for I saw it distinctly. At the same time I became aware of the words: "They are going to take her to Washington; they may make her live [alive] there." I was conscious of having thought these very words, even to "live" for "alive."

It will be seen what the words mean. I had been trying to get a spontaneous and independent image of the girl's head in Henner's picture; in my vague dream consciousness to make her "live." The association with Washington and the indefinite "they" are evidence of the dreamlike nature of the thought.

Later the same night another image awakened me to bodily consciousness—an image of a woman's head and shoulders. The head was thrown back and there was strong light and shade on the features. The face was primitive—prominent cheek bones, prognathous jaws, the mouth open showing strong irregular teeth; the neck was very muscular; the eyes were in shadow, but the forehead and hair were distinct. Both of these images were

small, that is, seemed diminutives of real people; but both were vivid in color and distinct in form.

With the foregoing may be compared records made during the summer of 1909, when it occurred to me to make drawings of the images. This is not easy. For the images come when one is as a rule too sleepy to rouse readily even to this exertion and as they have no associational *points d'appui* they are almost impossible to remember; occasionally by fixing them in mind I have been able to carry the image until morning and one or two of the images represented were so sketched, but in the main immediate record is essential to preservation. Even this is extremely inadequate; my powers as a draftsman are quite incompetent to the task of presenting the lifelikeness and vividness of the visions, while the details of form, often minute, could not even be approximated. The images vary greatly with respect to color—from high naturalism¹ to watery tracings.

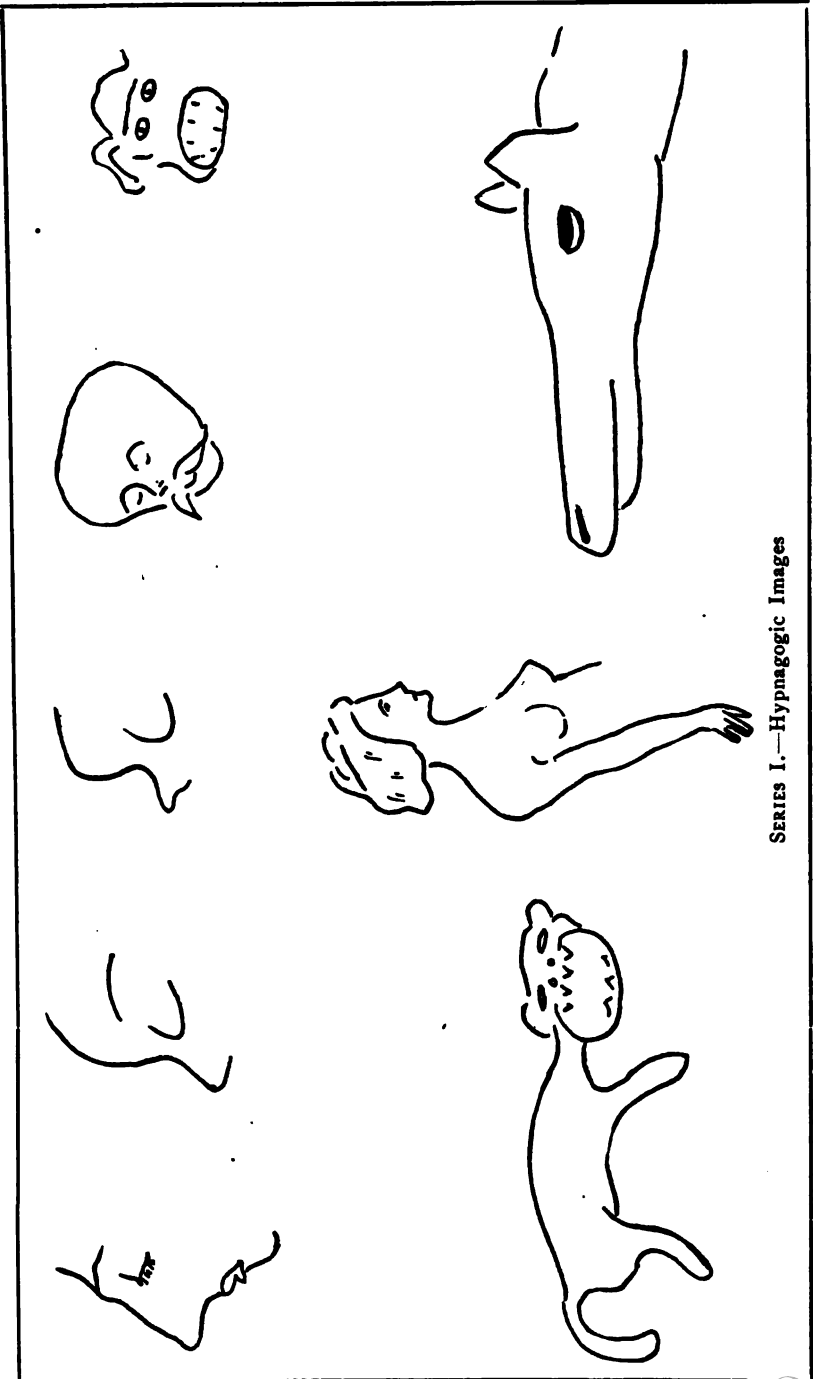
Series I, of the illustrations, represents images sketched on various occasions, usually a short time after retiring—while I was sufficiently awake to engage in conversation and sufficiently energetic to make the record. The images of Series II were sketched under especially favorable observational conditions, which the following memorandum will explain.

June 30, 1909.—a. m. Made trellis for honeysuckle vine. Ran over bunch of book catalogs. p. m. Drowsy, hot. Glanced into Couturat *Principes des Mathematiques*; read, lying in hammock, Evans' *Elegy*. Drowsed.

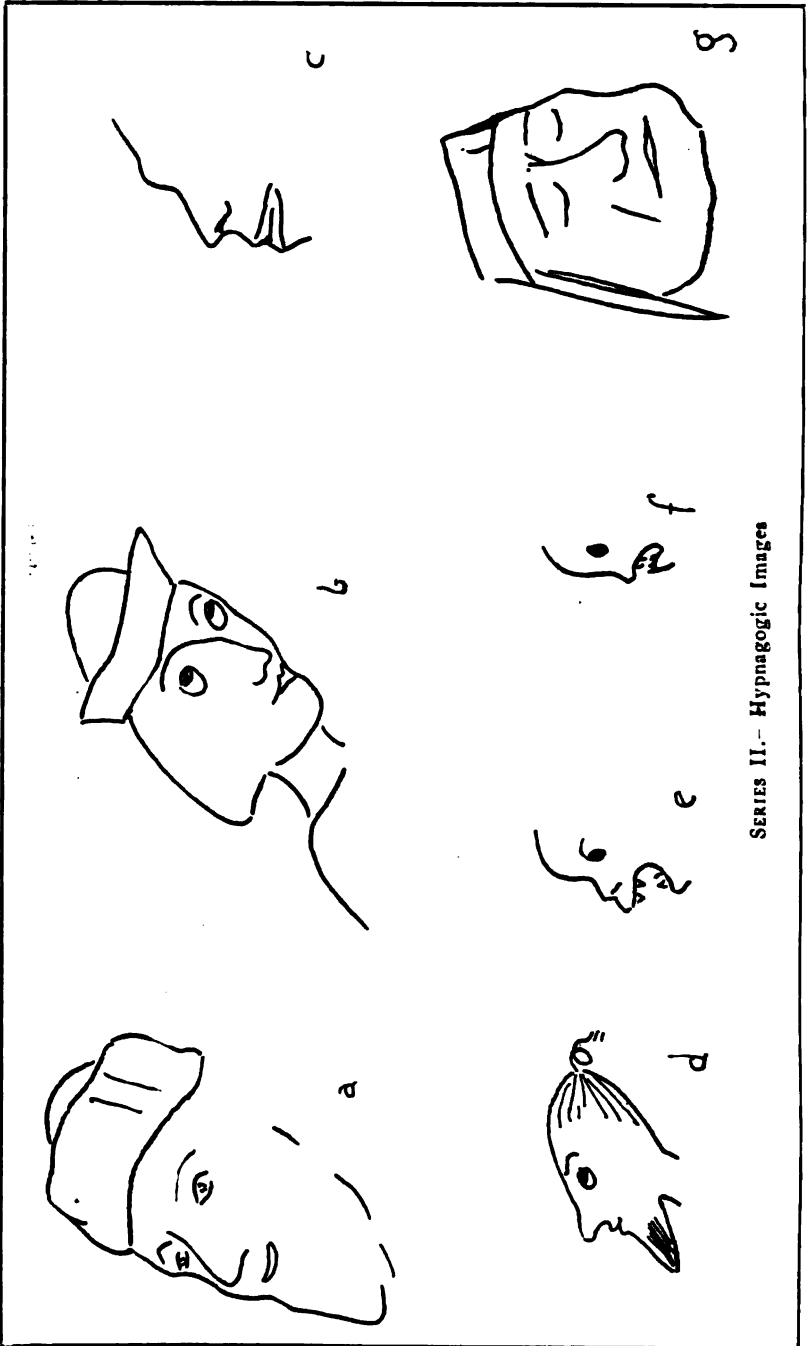
Image of closing eyes—languid interest. Image *a* (Series II); reflected on the relative intensity of color and form in such images. Images *b* and *c*, many others less intense intervening.

[Finding that I could not sleep, I determined to report as fully as possible whatever images followed, having already sketched the three foregoing upon a note pad. Following are the notes on sixteen images, "a few of the clearest among many," as the memorandum states. My general mental state throughout

¹ Illustrative of this naturalism is the following: June 17, 1901. Last night...an unusually luminous and realistic image of a single, lidless eye. The eye was exceedingly blue, and as I watched it the ball slowly turned so that a large portion of the white was exposed on which bloodshot veining was clearly apparent.



SERIES I.—Hypnagogic Images



SERIES II.- Hypnagogic Images

the series was of alternate drowse and awakening, never real sleep, yet a curious mingling of sleep and waking strata.]

(1) Image *d*—resembling a Singhalese: hair black and coarse, pose of head very clear. (2) Landscape: stormy clouds, clear detail. (3) Figure *e*, changing slowly to *f*. Note.—These figures are clearly distinct from idioretinal lights and retinal excitation. [This is a note made at the time from actual comparison of the two within the field of vision.] (4) Figure of eyes and brow, distinct, dignified. (5) Weeds, two kinds, one familiar, one strange. (6) Various after-images—taken from a vehicle at some distance, for the purpose of noting comparative size when the eyes were closed. (7) Then, quite unexpectedly, a bunch of red berries amid green leaves—the red possibly an echo of the red of the vehicle. (8) Dot and circle, as if sculptured in stone,—reminiscent of cup sculptures; no tangible association. (9) Pine-cone-like image, not clear. (10) Six-leaved plant, seen from above; reddish stalk at center; counted the leaves twice, only five of them visible, but the structure demanding six. (11) Nearly asleep; was saying to myself, “no one of these images very clear,” when suddenly aroused by figure of gorilla-like face. (12) Figure of a comic profile followed, soon after again falling into a drowse. (13) Then figure *g* which lasted some seconds and underwent various changes. (14) Vague female faces—the first seen in the series—of an Oriental cast, suggestive of Astarte. (15) Suddenly roused by an image of an addressed and post-marked envelope, showing first name “Gertrude;” obvious though complicated association. (16) Necktie, broad-brown stripes alternating narrow stripes; said in dream, “I had forgotten I had that.” (I have none such.) Roused suddenly.

There are three points of psychological interest which I wish to make with reference to these images:

i. *The images are not of peripheral origin.* Observers have at times been inclined to assign retinal excitation of one sort or another as cause of hypnagogic imagery. I am not concerned to deny the possibility of retinal stimulus as a furthering condition: the absence of such stimulation is impossible to discover. But I do not hesitate to assert that there is no discoverable, nor indeed conceivable, relation between such stimulation and the objects perceived. The images are neither perceptions nor illusions nor inchoate sensations; they are distinctly mental constructs, and of the order which I venture to say is meant by the phrase “creations of the im-

agination." Whether or no retinal excitation is an essential condition to the formation of such images is a secondary and relatively unimportant question. That such excitation is not the determining factor, that the determining factor is, on the other hand, central in the mind, is practically demonstrated by the fact that with persons of an auditory type of imagination the hypnagogic images are auditory,—for there is no reason to suppose their eyes less sensitive than the eyes of habitual visualizers.

With all this, there remains the fact of the peculiarly vivid sensational feel of these images. They seem to belong to real space, and at times (perhaps constantly) they modify our normal visual space perception. This quality, I believe, is what has given them a fictitious value as peripherally originated perceptions (or "pseudo-hallucinations"). But the evident truth is, not peripheral, but central origin; the images are *externalizations*, or, to use the word in its common-speech sense, *materializations* of mental facts; that is, they end rather than begin in sensation, acquiring a kind of phantasmal reality.

ii. *The images are mental constructs.* That these hypnagogic images are the work of imagination, of mind, is self-evident. They are not memories; they are not representations of things seen or previously imagined; they are no part of a mental store of whose acquisition or presence we are aware. Nevertheless they are not made out of whole cloth: rather they are very obviously fabricked of familiar features—eyes and noses, mouths and ears, etc. They are fabrications—mind fabrications, pure and simple; they are psychic growths, bearing all the ear-marks of this origin; if anywhere in nature there are works of human mind and of human mind merely, these certainly belong to the genus.

Then where were they wrought, where fabricked? They present themselves in the fullness of their development, not as a congeries of elements but as organic creations; they may contain "two and two," but they *are* "four,"—and the addition remains to be accounted for. The addition is the *mental* fact of their making, *a fact which has never been a conscious fact.*

Suppose that we own (as of course we do) that they represent elements assembled from our normal mortal experience, the puzzle remains to account for the fact that new and individual creations are the result of this assembling, that it embodies what we call *design*, which is another word for human thinking. In fact we have every evidence except the consciousness of creating that these images are the result of mental operation, the work of intelligence, and that intelligence in some true sense our own; and we have no evidence that they are anything else, least of all physical automatisms.

iii. *The images are the work of subconscious mind.* I have made the statements, which seem to me *prima facie*, that the images in question are mental constructs and that they are not constructed in consciousness,—at least not in the “clear light” which Ribot gives as the proper mark of consciousness. It follows, then, that they are the work of mind that is not conscious. Whether the essence of that mind is or is not physiological I am not here concerned to resolve. But I do insist that it may legitimately and intelligibly be termed “subconscious” mind,—that this is, in fact, a very natural designation for it, since the one evidence we have for its existence is of a kind that falls obviously and falls only within the range of phenomena which we distinctively recognize by the term “mental.”

Further, my experience leads me to believe that these images are the work of a highly differentiated mental compartment. I find little connection between my ordinary thought and imagination and the work of my hypnagogic agent—whatever it may be. To formulate the points of difference: (1) There is almost no associational connection. (2) There is certainly no volitional connection; the images are spontaneous and self-willed. (3) There is no emotional connection. In short, the images are the work of an agent that does not share in my interests, aims or feelings.

None the less (and the reader may form some idea on this score from the evidence) the images do seem to me to be the work of what may fairly be termed a “self”; that is, they have an individuality and likeness *inter se* which argues a

common and an idiosyncratic source. Judged by its works (and we judge all personalities, even our own, by their works) the hypnagogic agent may reasonably and usefully be designated by Myers' phrase, a "subliminal self"; for however low may be the plane of its mentality, it is still with a relatively independent mentality of some sort that we are dealing.

Before turning to another topic I wish to make brief note of my experience of what Myers has termed hypnopompic, or sleep-dispelling, images. Myers classes them with the hypnagogic. In my own case I detect no similarity. Hypnopompic images are rare with me, and where they have occurred seem to belong to the class of dream images rather than to that of hypnagogic.¹ I find, however, that I frequently awake with a sentence of some sort on my lips. I append several examples because these sentences seem to me curiously analogous to the aphorisms, pseudo-aphorisms, quotations, etc., obtained so frequently in automatic writing; there is a similar verbal pomposity, a similarly cunning, though unintellectual wit.

"M. [a well-known professor] will conduct well-meaning persons on tours to any part of Europe, Asia, or Africa."

"Our mind is not one of those (which Wesley's was) in which the relation of mind to subject is one of subject turned over and then fished up again."

"All facts are made by the special interests of individual persons; therefore all facts are fairy tales."

"Buy stock in the fixed stars. It is remarkably stable."

While reading Mrs. Verrall's report in the *Proceedings of the English S. P. R.*: "Dis aliter visum."

All these sentences except the last were caught in the morning at the moment of awakening. They have nothing in common with hypnagogic images except their irrelevance—their defiance of normal associations. For I trust that the reader will take my word for it that "M's" is the least likely of the names of several dozens of professors to occur to me in this or another connection, that I have never read and

¹ Cf. the two dreams on p. 635.

never felt any particular interest in Wesley's works, and that concern with the stock market is not for me. In the case of the quotation last given, I had drowsed over the book on a hot afternoon. The fact that it is Latin (although not one of the quotations included in the *Report*) is very probably due to the extensive use of that language in Mrs. Verrall's article.

Normally the entrance into consciousness of the hypnompic sentence is without association with a previous dream. I simply find the sentence forming on my lips or coming out in print before my eyes without perceptible associational tinge. A recent instance, however, is a somewhat interesting exception, and may serve as an introduction to the topic of dream imagery. I awoke (Sept. 4, 1909) with the words: "Le médecin de tout est le médecin de soi-même." These words came in a complicated dream, only fragments of which remained. But I recalled the act of writing the sentence on a blackboard with chalk and of having great difficulty with the words. First distinctly appeared "le physicien" and this, I conceive, somehow called vaguely into action (*not* into consciousness) the mandate "Physician, heal thyself," for which I dreamily began to seek a French equivalent. At any rate I seemed to be feeling for some such sentence as: "Le médecin de tout le monde c'est le médecin de lui-même." I am certain that the sense I was trying to convey was "the physician who can heal himself is the physician for everybody." But I had great difficulty with the words, debating which phrase to write first and adding the "même" after a troubled feeling that "soi" was incorrect. The experience is thus illustrative of three interesting phases of dream psychosis: (1) A process of laborious composition in a dream. (2) The existence of a felt, if inept, critical factor in the dream consciousness. (3) The fact that the dream structure requires for its explanation a subconscious associational link.—an adage of which it is more an interpretation than a translation, for the sense of the dream affirmation is obviously a making explicit of what is the implicit sense of the imperative, "Heal thyself."

In short, we have here an instance of deductive reasoning

as well as a very curious series of associations: Conscious French word; *suggesting* subconscious English cognate of different sense, and in a special context; *suggesting* conscious French word of the sense of the English word, and in context which expresses a reasoned inference from the English phrase never consciously present. As to why the dream should have assumed this French-English form, I have no remote notion; nor have I any possible associational explanation for any of its elements—that is, as touching my current thoughts at the time.

This sentence brings out with some clarity the fact exemplified by all of these hypnopompic utterances: that even on this inchoate thought-level we have more than mere associational word-clustering; we have certain elements of reasoning, the apodictic judgment-form, and a real amalgamation of ideas which is not entirely without pertinence nor a kind of nonsensical sense. Let us suppose that the expression is to be called “automatism,” still it must be conceded that the automaton is one that responds with a new kind of jump to each new jerk of the same string,—which, of course, is not automatism.

III. Dream Imagery.

For obvious reasons the imagery of dreams is exceedingly difficult to analyze. First of all, it must be handled entirely by the memory and it requires small experience of introspection to show the need for the constant checking of this witness. To be sure, as I have found in my own case, one may in time evolve so lively an interest in dream imagery as to be able occasionally to note points of psychological importance even in the dream state itself,—as if, somehow the critical interest were aroused by the dream from some separate observational compartment of the mind; but at best such fortune is sporadic and unreliable, and it, too, is dependent upon memory for record. None the less, we get in dreams perhaps our most profound insight into the independent working of mind as mere mind, almost unaffected by bodily or extra-bodily conditions,—and we get a real and shrewd glimpse of

mental creation: what the metaphysicians might call "world-thinking." For these reasons all careful analyses of dreams are important documents.

In the following analyses I present points of interest in my own dream-records.

i. *The space of dreams.*—In the dream state objects appear to be of their normal size,—at least, they bear normal proportions to one another ordinarily. In this respect dream images differ from hypnagogic and certain waking images. Nevertheless, it is by no means certain that dream space really does correspond to ordinary waking space; it may be much more limited, as, of course, it is much more fragmentary.

"I guess this from two confirmatory experiences. The first was an awakening in the midst of an early morning dream in which a horse drawing a sleigh seemed to be approaching, growing in size as he did so with the rapidity and a good deal of the effect of the moving picture produced by a kinoscope. Wakened, I became aware of sleigh-bells outside, the approaching sound of which undoubtedly suggested the dream; in addition, I became conscious of having heard the bells in the dream, and also that the visualization had been diminutive, enlarging as the eyes opened. The dream had, so to speak, telescoped, and was retrospectively given a proper extension through the influence of the continuous stimulus furnished by the bells. A second case was the projection of a dream image of a human figure upon sudden awaking. It was one of a group in the dream, and when my eyes suddenly opened, I was surprised to see the figure lengthen out exactly as does an after-image."¹

Scene-shifting and other traits of dreams show us well enough that dream-experience belongs to a world spatially distinct from the world of waking perceptions. And dream space must be in a more than Kantian sense a way of thinking. Doubtless the "transcendental aesthetic" of dreaming will include also a special and individual time form; we have hints of this aplenty in the little that is known of dream time,

¹ Quoted from the *Psych. Rev.* article above cited.

—which it is to be hoped investigations of the future may better explain.

ii. *The body in dreams.*—That the state of the body and dim bodily sensations affect the dream state is well-known. Dreams of being naked or abroad in one's night-robes are instances in point cited by the psychologies. The case above described of the sleigh-bells causing a dream-vision of horse and sleigh show the effect of sensation upon dream, while on another occasion I awoke from dreaming that my bedroom was swarming with enormous angrily buzzing hornets to the realization of a splitting headache. Nightmare is instance again of bodily discomfort translated into imagery. Probably most dreams are conditioned by some form of synaesthesia, some vague sense of being confined to the body and the bodily space. But that this sense is not universal is widely attested by dreams of levitation, or flying. It seems certain that the peculiar feeling of lightness and exaltation in such dreams is due to absence of any sense of a confining body. As a child dreams of this sort were common with me; in mature years they have for the most part disappeared. I have, however, one recorded instance of loss of bodily consciousness in which the sense of emancipation and the attendant exhilaration were so intense as to produce a lasting impression. The memorandum (which I append) appears to me indubitably to show, as it were by experimental elimination, that consciousness may seem most keenly alive when freed from its somewhat thick and stuffy awareness of the body.

February 1, 1900. On Thursday, the 23d ult., I was very sleepy, had been reading several hours. Presently I became aware of a most delightful state of consciousness. It seemed perfectly clear and distinct, translucent; and yet somehow far away. I desired ardently that it should continue. I *thought* myself perfectly awake. I do not remember any further describable content of the state, beyond these qualities. Then suddenly, I remembered that the state was different from my normal condition, and I began to fear lest I should lose it. Instantly bodily consciousness returned, settling down like a sort of cloud. It seemed *brown*,—this color-feeling was very strong at the time.

The experience of the return was more like a sudden accession of a consciousness such as that noticeable when the attention is concentrated on the throb of the arteries, than anything I can think of. It was very disagreeable—or rather, regrettable, for I had a feeling of wistful regret when I felt myself slipping back helplessly into myself, so to speak.

When I aroused I tried to think of words to describe the consciousness I had experienced. This was literally impossible, but I thought I might perhaps express the *atmosphere* of it figuratively and I wrote:

The clear sweet crystalline tinkle
Of bells in a far fairy-land...
The sun-flashing diamond sprinkle
Of spray on a rock-girded strand...
The scintillant myriad twinkle
Of star-gems adorning God's hand...

The first two tropes suggested themselves immediately and spontaneously; the third was perhaps due mainly to the rhyme—though the “far-awayness” and “clearness” of stars in a rarified atmosphere were contributory factors. Since I have not been to the seashore, the second figure has for me the same far-away, magical quality. Crystalline clearness, farness, magic charm—these are words that most nearly suggest the state.

Taken as a type of experience, dreaming gives us the minimum of bodily sensation; we are less aware of our bodies in the dream than in any other conscious state. This relative remoteness of body sense is well illustrated by the fact that when a bodily condition does force itself upon our dream attention it is presented not in what in our waking we regard as its true character, but symbolized, objectified, dramatized,—as in the instance above, the headache came as a vision of hornets. In other words, the dream, even when it is aware of the body and its states, treats these as if they were *external to the dreamer's self*.

This is all bionomically natural enough when we consider that there is no vital pressure upon the organism demanding attention to bodily states: if we are to be freed from body sense at all in this physical life, the appropriate time for the deliverance is during the comparative safety of relaxing sleep. There is then no need for accommodation; all the stresses and strains and tensions of the physical life are at ebb, and the mind is free to wander. Here we have a ready

and thoroughly plausible propaedeutic for the primitive belief in soul journeys during sleep.

Of course we have yet to answer the question (though we may count upon its being ignored by the physiologists) as to how, in the order of nature, so curious and seemingly superfluous a mental function could have been evolved. If consciousness and mind are once and for all interwrapped in the body's destinies, by what freak of nature can this convincing—and primitive—sense of their mutual independence have been occasioned?

iii. *Vividness and persistence of dreams.* The vividness, persistency and truth of dream images are illustrated by two dreams which date from the time of my mother's death when I was three and a half years of age. I have no memories that I can identify as belonging to an age earlier than three years. I have a very few memories which I am sure belong to the summer of 1876, when I was just past three. Of these few only one is of my mother and it is the only recollection I have of her except two memories of events connected with her death in November of that year. The two dreams given below were, as stated, also connected with this event. But it is to be noted that I know this only from the character of the memories themselves; subsequent experience has taught me that the happenings of these memories are such as only occur in dreams; so far as the imagery itself is concerned, or the memory-feeling associated with this imagery, it differs not at all from my actual recollections of waking experiences of the same date.

That these two dreams made a powerful impression upon me is certain from their long duration. I *remember remembering* them when I was a small boy, and in 1896, as it happens, I wrote them down in the form here given. This form be it observed, is from a third-personal point of view. What the phrase "remember remembering" implies is strictly true. There comes a stage with each of us when we have so outgrown the far past that the self, the "I," of that past is wholly objective to the self of to-day,—an intimate acquaintance of mine, but not myself. The boy from which the man has

grown is merely the one boy among many whom the man happens to know most about. Consequently my description written twenty years after the dreams is true to the later development of the memory, in being third-personal, and in so far is untrue to the original psychical happenings.

But the memory images of the dreams are still fairly vivid—as vivid as any early recollections,—and it is these images and their resultant structures that now have a psychological interest. For these dreams undoubtedly represent distinct imaginative activity and show that to a child in his fourth year the work of the imagination is of a piece, in impressiveness and real-seeming, with sense-perception.

Shortly after my mother's death, sometime in 1877, my father removed from Lincoln, Neb., to Illinois. I did not dwell in the city again, and hardly saw it, until 1893. In 1898, I left it once more, to return again ten years later. It was during the second residence that the dreams were recorded. In 1909 the sight of a certain doorway suddenly struck me as peculiarly reminiscent of the stair entered from the street in the dream. Then it occurred to me to verify, if possible, incidents out of which the dreams might have been formed. The incidents of the first dream suggest a circus street performance. Examination of the daily paper for the summer of 1876 shows that there were three circuses in Lincoln that summer and that there were the usual street attractions—"Centennial Pageant and Carnival seen in the street each day," one circus advertises. There was also a special Centennial Fourth of July celebration, including a farce circus, the description of the streets being (to me reading), uncannily reminiscent of the street of the dream.¹ Fur-

¹ Here is a sample of the description of what must have been sufficiently awful to a toddler. "Ten Allied Humbugs—a capital take-off on the ten-allied show that was here: It consisted of a huge wooden cage on wheels and inside the cage were a dozen or more dogs, muzzled and painted to represent a cage of wild animals. Lou Franklin, dressed with immense beard, long hair and fancy suit, to represent the great European lion tamer, went through the usual daring feats inside the cage, firing pistols, feeding the beasts raw and bloody beef, whipping and throwing them about in a daring and venturesome manner. On top of the cage sat the great tamer of wild beasts, Bill Beach, holding by a chain a powerful dog representing a lion, while Ed. Church's stuffed wildcat, chained to the back of the cage, and a huge serpent within, filled up the scene of terror."

ther the streets were decorated with banners, some of which bore *portrait heads* of Washington and other personages. Until I saw this item I had always associated the dream hobgoblins with rope-walkers or trapeze performers.

The evidence for the memory element in the second dream is if anything stronger. My father was a Methodist minister and was spending that summer on a farm toward Bennet, a short distance out of Lincoln. That year, it appears, the Methodists were dedicating a new camping ground at Bennet. The news-writer states: "There are about thirty-five large tents and about ten smaller ones and wagons" and "the Methodists of Nebraska will be out in force." I cannot doubt that it was here that I got, in early July, the picture of a camp-ground which the experience of November fixed in its dream form.

The points which I wish to make are: (1) That dream images are—at this early age, at least—as vivid as waking images and that dream experiences are not distinguishable from waking experiences.¹ (2) That the process of building up ideal experiences from empirical elements is from the very beginning rather a creation of a new real-seeming than an assemblage of familiar associations.

Following are the narratives:

The boy dreams two dreams. They are terribly real dreams. The first is this:

He is on the street of a city with his father and mother and brothers and sisters. 'Great buildings that go way, way up stand on either side of the street as far as one can see. The street is filled with people—more than he can think. The people are all very much excited.

Stretching across the street from the roofs of the tall buildings are a number of long ropes. On each rope there is fastened a head like a man's head only much bigger—may be a million times bigger—and terribly ugly. They twist around the ropes and open their huge mouths very wide.

The people are scared. They say the heads will eat them up. The boy is very much frightened.

¹ A lady of my acquaintance tells me that as a child she was convinced that she could fly because, as she would stoutly assert, she had done so. She had not learned to distinguish dream levitation from waking experience.

The father takes them all to one of the tall buildings which has a big stair opening on the street. They go up the stair to the very top and look down on the street and the people and at the horrible heads on the ropes. The father leaves them there.

Presently the boy notices that the mother is gone. He has not seen her go. He is afraid one of the heads has got her. The older brothers and sisters try to reassure him, but she doesn't come back. He cries very hard for fear she is lost. But it is only a dream.

The second dream was of this sort:

They are in a grove—all the family—where the people live in tents and there are meetings under the trees. The family has a tent off by itself. They are all gone from the tent except the boy and his mother. She sits in a little folding chair in front of the tent. The boy leans on her knees while she talks to him.

Presently—he doesn't know how it comes about—the boy is alone by the tent and the chair stands empty. But near by there is a long mound of raised earth. The boy knows that it is a grave.

The family comes and all get ready to go—to go home. The boy wants to wait for his mother: he will not go without her. The father tells him she cannot come: they must not wait.

Then all go along a road, walking in the middle, for it is in the country. They come to a bridge. The boy stops and begins to cry. He feels that he cannot cross that bridge. The family passes over. They call to him to follow. He says that he cannot. They threaten to leave him behind, but he only cries the harder. He cannot stir without his mother and he knows she is behind under the mound. He is afraid to go alone to the mound. He wants to cross the bridge, but he cannot move. One of his brothers starts back after him. But the brother never reaches him. The boy still stands there crying when the dream ends.

iv. *Association and dream construction.* In the dreams just cited there is obvious reconstruction from experiences the link of whose association appears to have been their emotional strength rather than any natural connection. The dreams were new experiences in the sense that nothing sequentially like them had ever happened to me, yet it is evident that they are built up of recent and vivid recollections. It must be observed, however—what is really the central interest in all dreams—that each dream does actually represent *a total and organic experience*,—an experience so thoroughly life-like that only the critical powers which the years have

brought enable me to assert that the memories represented are dream memories and not memories of actual happenings.

As applied to dreams "association" involves extra complexities. To begin with the term is ambiguous even in psychology. There in precise usage it means a conjunction of two or more ideas bound together by similarity (or its relative "contrariety") or by contiguity, so-called. In common speech the term means chiefly association by contiguity—a mutual connection of ideas centered by experience about some locus, be it a place, a person or a period of one's life-history. It is obvious that in the second type memory is the important analyzer—the individual life as such is the sole clue to the riddle. Association by similarity, on the other hand, is indifferent with respect to the individual and his memories, save in so far as he is the thinking machine: its results are universals.

Now in analysis of dreams it is only the individual, the life-history, type of association that is important. And here, at first blush, we encounter curious differences between dream and waking consciousness—differences strikingly suggestive of those strata of personality emphasized by Myers. For dreams have only frail and unreliable memory co-efficients; they represent a living-in-the-present in a peculiarly absolute sense. We are almost entirely dependent upon our *post-cognitions* of dreams for our recognitions of their bearings upon past mental states. Within the dream period itself there is rarely any memory element, and more rarely still any accurate memory. Again I cite an illustration from my article already quoted:

On January 7 I dreamed that I was being shown a collection of pen and ink drawings and instructed as to their merits. One of the drawings was of a mediæval landscape, and on examination the clouds in the sky proved to be swathed cherubim in horizontal attitude. In my dream this picture seemed very unique and impressive, and on waking I remembered it with great distinctness. On February 15 I dreamed that I was shown this same drawing again, that is to say, I recognized it in my dream; but on awaking I remembered that what I had seen in this dream had in fact been

a chalk drawing on slate of two vertical, or erect, swathed figures, with no landscape at all.

In this experience there is evident a beginning of the formation of a separate center of intelligence, a dream center, such as sometimes, as is well known, results in series of related "dream-stories" pursuing their course quite independent of the waking intelligence. There are, that is to say, two distinct strata of experience, which only need persistence and continuity to become distinct selves.

Yet it is only the waking self that is able to "apperceive" the dream self—to criticize it, to "place" it in the whole of experience. This is natural enough when we recollect that it is on the waking self that we depend for our material existence; it is this self which the hard rub of a world of conflict and effort has educated to critical, almost suspicious, analysis of whatever presents itself to us as real. The waking self is specialized for criticism by nature herself. The dream self, on the other hand (or as I believe, something very much more comprehensive, the subconscious self), is under no biological pressure; it is under no restraint, for restraint is what criticism means. The dream self is thus given freedom of the house; it is at liberty to create at will; and *creation*—imaginative creation, mind achievement—is its striking character. The dream self is a synthesizer, working familiar world materials into new world phenomena. We meet here again the phenomenon encountered in the case of hypnagogic imagery of something appearing *de novo* in the universe—something that is mental fact and a product of mental elaboration if anything can be so termed, but which at the same time is presented to us as made rather than in the making. That we can, in our waking critical capacity, detect in the "nova progenies" certain factors of former experiences only argues the more cogently the need for postulating intervening mind.

I offer one more illustration for the two reasons that the creative activity seems to me peculiarly evident in it and that it represents a rather unusual period of incubation—a period of a year with, so far as I can discover, no intervening suggestion. And as in the case last cited, the fission between my

critical consciousness of myself and the work of the artist of the dream is absolute: so absolute that my dream self creates a fictitious artist author for its productions.

This dream was written down in June, 1909, several weeks after its occurrence. I had, however, described it several times so that it was clearly fixed in mind—indeed, its visual values are still distinct in my recollection.

In my dream I thought that I was viewing an exhibition of pictures by my friends, W. Marcy Pendleton and Mrs. Gertrude Evans. Mr. Pendleton's works consisted of a series of marine nocturnes of an almost indescribable coloring. The atmosphere in each one seemed remarkably and admirably "wet" (this was the adjective that came in my dream); they had a feeling for spray and mist and the dash and foam of the sea such as I had never yet seen in art. A peculiarity of the pictures was the use of ivy and vines in the foreground, standing out in sharp black silhouettes which served to give depth and night-light to the perceptive of sea and sky.

In one picture (with the narrow dimension for base) the ivy was vined over the entire surface, as though one were looking out to sea through the meshes of the vining; but there was no hint of land in the scene itself,—only a darkness of swirling waters and the faint glimmer of starlight. In another (with the long dimension for base) the ivy formed a frieze at the lower front; it constituted a part of the picture in the sense of giving perspective and enhanced illumination, yet was more obviously than in the first instance a decorative adjunct.

The most impressive work of the group depicted a night at sea with the deck and sails of a ship in the left foreground; there were two seamen visible, one pointing out over the waters toward a dimly descried land. As in my dream I studied the picture, the night-light gradually gave place to an ethereal rosy glow, coming, as it seemed, like dawn from beyond the land. In this picture again there was the frieze along the lower front, at the first ivy, later changing into an inscription in French. I am unable to recall the exact words (save the phrase "l'homme cria,")¹ but in sense it was a brief dialogue:

¹ It is probable that most of the words in my dream were English words, and that I only *dreamed* them to be French—that is, I suffered dream illusion. Nevertheless, I feel confident from dim recollection that more of the words were French than the one phrase definitely recalled. Of the tenor of the dream words I was altogether confident. The phrase "the light that never was on land or sea" could hardly have occurred except in English.

"And the man cried: 'Master, there is land beyond the waves.'

"And the master: 'Sail on, sail on. Those are the islands that we ne'er shall reach.'

"And the man cried: 'Master, there is the rosy dawn. Day breaks o'er the sea.'

"And the master: "'Tis not the dawning day. 'Tis the light that never was on land or sea. Sail on, sail on.'"

In the dream collection there was but one picture by Mrs. Evans, a large canvas representing a desert scene. All about were cliff-like hills of the castellated type common in Utah and Arizona, while in the very midst was a sink or canyon. The coloring was the intense reds, yellows, purples, of the Southwest; the sky was a pale, almost metallic blue. On the verge of the cliff were a young man and woman, bareheaded and haggard, gazing down into the canyon where stood a "prairie schooner" with one of the oxen fallen. The phrase, "Then they came to the mid of the world," was in my mind as the title of the picture.

The associations to which I trace elements of this dream belong to March and April, 1908. In the former month I spent some two weeks with these friends, both of whom were then painting, Mr. Pendleton on portraits, Mrs. Evans on an architectural scene. We discussed matters of art continuously, especially with reference to color technic. We also visited an exhibition by the "Insurgents" in New York, containing one canvas which struck me as peculiar by reason of the frieze-like effect of the human figures grouped along the bottom. Among Mr. Pendleton's canvases was one marine nocturne, from off the coast of Sweden, the coloring of which impressed me, although as I recall it the deep mistiness characteristic of the dream nocturnes is absent; and it was chiefly in Mr. P.'s portraits that I was interested. In April I went to California via the Denver & Rio Grande and was so impressed by the vivid coloring and Cyclopean architecture of Western scenery that I wrote to my friends suggesting it as material for color study. The dream which synthesized these materials came a full year later with, as above stated, no intervening suggestion of which I am aware.

It is plain that this is not an ordinary case of association of ideas. The elements related in my life-history are not *brought* together like so many monads; they are *grown* to-

gether, and so as to form a new and individual experience. And they are so grown in some laboratory of the mind absolutely closed to my waking consciousness.

v. *Translation and dramatization in dreams.* There is a phase of dream experience to which I have already alluded in my discussion of hypnagogic imagery. This is the *translation* of experiences from the terms of one department of mental life to those of another. Instances above given included translation of motor impulses and sensations of pain into visual imagery and of auditory into visual imagery. This translation, or reinterpretation, of experience is an elementary and interesting instance of that objectification or *dramatization* of thought which is so constantly characteristic of dreams. Imaginative expression is ordinarily taken to mean a concrete and vivid picturing of an idea or a situation. Here we have the imagination passing, not from the abstract to the concrete, but from concrete to cognate concrete: we have, that is, primitive imagination.

It is characteristic of imagination even in its highest development to depersonalize our thought—to set it off from our consciousness of self. Imaginative expression treats even our most intimate feelings as if they possessed ontological independence. In this respect waking imagination precisely resembles dreaming. It gives us a sense of dualism—the critical and the creative selves held apart. Then again we encounter an inner fission of mental operation, with the “clear light” of consciousness centering about the critical, effortful self.

Personally I am much inclined to stress the notion of effort in the definition of “self-consciousness.” In proportion as the work of the imagination comes to be felt as *work* the imaginative procedure seems to be more and more keenly felt to be *ours*; in proportion as it is spontaneous and effortless it seems to belong to some other self. I may cite a last dream in illustration. While studying French I dreamed of carrying on a conversation in that language. My dream utterances were labored and groping; my interlocutor spoke

with fluent ease and I was aware in my dream of painfully translating his expressions into English in order to realize their meaning.¹

All of these facts, from simple translation (and who, pray, can be this translator who flashes before us *mental* pictures of concurrent states?) to complicated objectification of ideas—even the performance of involved mental operations, the solution of problems and the like²—point an obvious fact. Something is *done* to a certain set of ideas. And that something is of the nature of what we mean by “mental operation.” The ideal elements are not *aroused* from so many cloisteral dormitories of the mind; they are *transformed* by creative thought. That this creative thought is not conscious is a fact open to any introspection. It is, then, not only normal and legitimate, but necessary to intelligible discourse to speak of it as subconscious. Of course such speech does not prejudice one from proposing a physiological explanation; neither does it prejudice the case of him who argues some other explanation.—which certainly cannot be claimed for the descriptions usually offered as substitutes for this commonsense one.

IV. Dreams and Imaginative Expression.

The three dream records which I propose here to give differ from the preceding in that the records are not literal descriptions, nor meant to be, but represent literary modifications of the dream experience. The dream in each case was the inspiration, but not the conscious author of all the details.

i. *Irrational fantasy.* The description in the first instance adheres very closely to the dream detail. The principal exception is that in my dream I enacted a part. I have dreams in which I am passive spectator of the story; again dreams in which I am part of the time spectator and part of the time

¹ This was a dozen years ago, but I still have occasional French-English dreams, two of which have been heretofore cited. The occurrence of this type of dream is very common with persons learning a foreign language, and that it frequently results in the feeling of a divided self I am certain from instances narrated me.

² See the classical cases cited by Myers, *Human Personality*, Appendices 417 A, B, C.

participant; occasionally I even dream of reading the dream story, though my belief is that I always *see* the events, never the mere words.¹ But in most of my dreams I am actively present in some function or other. The following description was written for an English composition exercise in 1896. Excepting that it is stated impersonally it is to the best of my belief true to the dream. So far as I could then or do now see there are no associations involved. It is again a case of utterly unpredictable experience. Further it is as irrational as the hypnagogic images; to my mind it contains no discoverable truth or meaning, for the intellect. Nevertheless it has a kind of imaginative truth. It is the sort of thing the imagination would produce were it concerned to embody a true or normal experience in an aesthetic medium. Where imagination lacks truth, where it is of this meaningless sort, the term "fantasy" appears to be its more proper designation. This, then, is dream fantasy:

In a far country there was once a mighty city, which, on account of the many beautiful statues adorning it, was called, "The City of Magnificent Sculptures." The citizens were exceeding proud of this, the wonder of their city, and continually were erecting new images wrought by the most famous artists. Gardens glittered with marble forms; avenues were lined with them; they stood forth in myriads pedestaled on the great buildings. Singly and in sculptured groups the statues peopled the city. But there was one peculiarity common to all: all were of gigantic size. It was as if an impressive army of marble Titans brooded over the city.

Now it happened that a great festival was held in the city. All its thousands of citizens and a multitude of strangers come from distant lands thronged the streets. And in the midst of the festivities, all at once, as stirred by a common life-impulse, the Titan statues awoke from their marble sleep. Together they stepped from their pedestals, down amid the people. They crushed the multitudes beneath their stony heels. They gathered them in their Titan arms and hugged them to their marble breasts until the blood of the feasters besmeared their dazzling limbs. Only their impassive marble faces towered, unstained, serene, above their crimsoned robes.

¹ Cf. Lafcadio Hearn's narrative of the dream book which he read night after night, an interesting instance of dream continuation as well as impersonality. In *Shadowings* (Little, Brown & Co., 1900).

The people, swooning in terror, sank beneath the crushing feet, or crouched silent in vain concealment whence Titan fingers snatched them to their doom. None had strength to flee, and all the myriad multitude that day knew death.

And when in all the city was left no living soul, the marble images returned once more, each to his proper pedestal. The marble faces as before watched over the silent city. And rains came and washed the blood from each Titanic form, so that as in former days, they flashed pure white in the rays of the morning sun.

And even yet they stand thus in that far city, which no man durst approach. About their feet lie strewn the scattered bleaching skeletons.

ii. *Interpretation of an idea.* The instance which I next give belongs to the same year as the preceding—1896.¹ Verses 11-48 were first written, and these verses represent the embodied idea of the whole in comparatively intellectual, unimaginative form. I was at a loss to find suitable figures, a suitable *embodiment* for the notion. The figure embraced in verses 49-73 occurred to me and was written down, but rather as an inorganic fragment than as an intelligible feature of a composition. Several weeks passed, during which I may have had the matter more or less vaguely present in an otherwise-occupied mind. Then, in a dream, came the conception embodied in verses 95 ad fin., which seemed to me a solution of the total structure; the composition was completed and put in form the day following the dream.

Oddly enough this dream happened to be of the impersonal type, the form it assumes in the composition being doubtless due to the fact that at the time I was reading Browning and had become interested in his monologues. But it is a clear, and to my mind a striking instance of dream supplementation of waking intelligence. The dream imagination furnishes the concrete, incarnated experience which brings an abstract, cosmical conception down to human terms and human intelligibility. That the idea involved is essentially ironical rather adds to the interest. For irony is a type

¹ Published under the title "The Heavenly Cannibal" in *The Mid Earth Life* (H. R. Hunting Co., Springfield, Mass., 1907).

of thinking peculiarly in need of vivifying aids; it has an emotional tang absent from the usual cold formulation of abstract ideas, and this tang can only be conveyed by imaginative addition where the real-life context is absent.

In this instance, too, the fact that a period of subconscious incubation was necessary to the final expression is to be noted,—but we return to this topic later.

Another day is dead, and damned, I trust—
 If days may be damned as I hold they must
 Which so damn me. Another day is dead
 And buried in its chrysalis. Let night
 Spin spider-webs of starlight, fool the sight
 With skeins of silver moonshine! Still my head
 I raise regardless: day is dead! And toll
 No knell for the sun I hate. That morn it burst
 Irradiant revealing her accursed!
 10 Let darkness now be mirror of my soul!

In heaven is everlasting day, 'tis said,
 For heaven is centered by a great white throne
 From whence sun-glorious radiance is shed
 Eternally, and in its midst alone
 Jehovah sits. Nor durst e'en angels glance
 One instant on his flaming countenance,
 But prostrate bowed before it must upraise
 Unceasingly exultant songs of praise.
 In heaven is light of everlasting day
 For heaven is centered by a radiant throne
 From whose high midst Jehovah holdeth sway,
 Enveloping in splendor all His own.
 Enveloping in splendor that devours!
 For like a mighty altar flame it towers
 On high, and like a mighty altar flame
 Consumes the myriads calling on the name
 Of God the Father; till made one with Him
 Are all the multitudes of Seraphim.
 So lives Jehovah by the sacrifice
 Of spirit to His substance, so His throne
 Sun-glorious radiance sheds o'er Paradise,
 Enveloping in splendor all God's own.
 And that eternal daylight may abide
 The thousand pearly gates are opened wide,
 The thousand golden streets, with joyous feet
 Of living spirits thronged, convergent meet
 Beneath the burning throne whereat is bowed
 The prostrate multitude that chant His name
 Till clothed in Him as in a fiery shroud:
 For God's wide mantle is consuming flame.
 Jehovah must be Lucifer as well,
 And whereso heaven is, there, too, is hell.
 In heaven is everlasting day, 'tis said;
 In heaven damnation is eternal then,
 And they whom God would save are lost instead—

The blest no better than accursed men.
Jehovah must be Lucifer as well,
48 The light of Paradise, the fire of hell.

Hast seen on humid hot midsummer days
When all of earth and air was damp from rain
Scarce fallen 'ere drawn sunward yet again—
Hast seen a worm crawl from the steaming earth,
Break loose the mold that gave the larva birth
And drag its slimy trail undreamt-of ways?
Hast seen again the caterpillar weave
Its silken grave-clothes, bind past all retrieve
Its self inside to wait some end uncertainly
Hung like an Indian mummy in a tree?
A thousand years are as a day to God:
To the buried worm one winter's day may be
Ten thousand years. Yet the poor woven clod,
Its sepulchre, must burst at last and free
The winged ethereal earth spirit buried there
To flit away in the warm sunshiny spring
Or summer twilight as its kind declare
Or its poor birth some unrecked chance may bring.
How wise the worm! How wonderful!—you say?
But follow first the moth upon its way.
Scarce has it winged one hour of twilight gloom
Ere to a lamp it darts with blinded eyes,
Falls wingless, singed, curls impotently and dies
Beneath the flame that lured it to its doom.
73 Better the worm were crushed upon the earth.

Ah, God, how dross the joys of earthly sins!
Forgettings of commandments—Moses' ten:
Mere frailties Christ's blood maketh whole again.
Ah, God, the joys mere human sinning wins!
How rich the ecstasies of damned delights!
The sins without atonement in Christ's blood.
And blame no Satan's choice of bad for good
When ecstasy of sin hell's pain requites.
I used to guess in speculative days—
So strange they seem now, strange and long ago—
If God who knows all things must therefore know
The torture of the damned; if in His gaze
All-seeing, thought all-compassing, must dwell
Their sins and punishment; how heaven could be
All heaven if God is One. Today I see:
Jehovah must be Lucifer as well,
The light of heaven is the fire of hell.

Perhaps would'st hear the story? How I came
To hate the daylight, hate o'er all the sun?
Learned joys of angels and of fiends are one;
That heaven's love, hell's malice are the same?

95 Nay, but I'll tell thee. Sitting here last June
In this same hammock, 'neath the same silver moon,
The night breath laden with the drowsy sweet
Of the lilies and the violets at our feet,
Of honeysuckles drooping from the vine

O'erarching us, that seemed to intertwine
 Fragments of moonshine with its pallid bells,
 Enweaving round about us mystic spells,—
 So sitting here together, she and I,
 In silence all unbroken save for sigh
 Of too great bliss that fluttered now and then
 From her soft lips, in silence sought again
 Forgetfully to live for love alone,
 To know its joy, akin to the unknown
 And greater joy of death. Upon my breast
 Her head lay, beautiful and moonlight blest;
 A wildflower of a dreamy summer's night
 But just recovered from the day's affright,
 With petals yet but timidly dispart,
 Reveals the sleeping fairies in its heart—
 So there I saw within her spirit stir.
 We listened to the drowsy hum and whir
 Of night-winged insects, breathed the pale
 Sweet perfumes of the flowers, watched fireflies trail
 Their meteor-lights about us, and just there—
 On yonder trellis, now so gauntly bare—
 A great night-blooming cereus unfold
 Its snowy petals to the moon, turned gold
 Beside its silver, while the fragrance stored
 Within its heart tumultuously outpoured.

We watched it there together, she and I—
 The great white flower waxing momentarily.
 We watched it there together silently,
 Till from her lips unbidden burst a cry:
 "As yonder flower turneth to the moon,
 Its love, and at his summons giveth all
 Its sweets, its soul, its spirit, at thy call
 I give thee mine, my soul! But call it soon!
 But be a god, and make me wholly thine!
 But be a god, a god, and make me thine!"

And I? I bent and kissed her soft moist hair,
 That seemed between my lips to twist and twine,
 And kissed her burning eyes upraised to mine,
 And kissed her mouth that breathed to me its prayer.
 And I? I pressed her closer to my breast;
 I felt the fiercer beating of her heart,
 And knew that she did fear her own behest—
 Yet with it seemed my hearing all astart:
 "But be a god and make me wholly thine,
 But be a god, a god, and make me thine!"

And I obeyed—obeyed, and all too soon
 Her spirit at my summons stole—
 As at the mystic summons of the moon
 The flower had opened up its fragrant soul—
 Forth from her flower-like body unto me.
 I breathed it in,—as were thy nostrils fed
 But now upon the blossoms of yon tree,
 As God inbreathes the spirits of the dead.
 Ah, bliss! I knew then God's delight.
 I knew just how His fiery passion burns

Afar throughout a universe of night
Till all enveloped in His radiance turns
To day eternal, and the souls of men
Are swallowed in their primal source again.

Still sat we here together, she and I;
Still at my breast I felt her beating heart;
Still seemed her soft lips trembling just apart
As when they uttered that unbidden cry:
"But be a god and make me wholly thine!
But be a god, a god, and make me thine."
Her face still beautiful, still moonlight blest,
Her dewy hair still seeming to incline
Between my lips to twist and intertwine—
Her eyes alone sunk heavily to rest.

Night-long, night-long, we sat together here,
A night that seemed to me eternal then,
For I knew joy eternal, not of men.
Exultant was my soul, transcended, fear.
Night-long we sat together; in the west,
Still blessing with its pallid halo light
Her beautiful, the red moon sank to rest—
The red moon sank to rest, and sombre night
Enfolded us as in a monkish stole,
Star-jewelled that its gloom may seem more dense,
Star-jewelled that the light be not forgot,
And hope of light and pain of hope die not;—
Her spirit's burning brought me recompense—
And light, light, light laughed sorrow from my soul!

Night-long we sat together—*one* night long
In world's time, but in mine an endless throng,
How great I know not. Hast in heaven trod?
Say then how great eternity is to God:
I lived that space. But at the last day burst
Irradiant revealing her accursed,—
Revealing her mere clay and damning me
Forever while the daylight yet shall be
To gaze upon her face, its soul burned out!
Her dead flower face wrapped round and round about
With cerements of clay! Damned, damned to gaze
On her dead face illimitable days!
Her face, her face, her face, her face all days!

iii. *Interpretation of mood; obsession.* I quote a final instance dating from May, 1908. Here again the note is one of irony. But the idea, such as it is, was hatched along with the mood of it in the dream itself. There was nothing in my current state of mind remotely to suggest this thought or this dream,—of that I am positive. The dream came in visual form, myself somehow inextricably intertwined,—ghastly enough in all good truth. It produced a vividly annoying

impression, which I tried to walk off immediately after breakfast. I directed my mind this way and that, tried to whistle and found the notes dying on my lips. Finally I yielded to what may fairly be called the obsession of the dream mood, and composed it "off my system." The phrases came with an irritating self-will—irritating because I felt inclined to be critical and rebellious. And the phrases, be it noted, were no part of the dream, which was a mixture of vision and nightmare. It was as if the dream had set up an independent current of intellection, coming to the surface in this new verbal form after I had given it permission so to come. This is as accurate a description of the "feel" of the composition process as I can give; to be modified only, that in the case of several proffered phrases and words my critical consciousness intervened to effect changes. The title, "The Knowing Dead," was an after-thought.

They say the dead love coffins fine
 Because they see and see and see
 Through dark velour and oak and pine
 As pall and wood were crystalline
 Unto their eyeless visionry,—
 Because they see and know full well
 That they forevermore must dwell
 In tombed house, in confined bed,—
 They know it well though they be dead.

They say the dead love o'er their bones
 Tall monuments and carven stones,
 Because they see and see and see
 With eyeless vision piercingly
 Through moldy earth as we through sky,—
 Because they know though deep they lie
 Just what is writ high overhead
 And how each reads who passes by,—
 They know it well though they be dead.

And oh, they know they cannot change
 Nor coffin nor tall carven stone
 Nor what be writ if it be strange
 Unto the truth which they alone
 Do see and see and see and see
 With piercing eyeless visionry,—
 And every idle word that's said
 By those who pass high overhead,
 They know it helplessly though dead.

And each one knows if any other
 Hath a finer tomb than he,
 And each one hates his better brother

For each one knows how helplessly
He yet must lie in this one bed,—
And in each breast writhes Jealousy,
And Envy gnaws and gnaws and gnaws
Into each heart with needly jaws,—
One is so helpless lying dead!

And so the dead love coffins fine
And rich velour for shroud and pall,
And balm of myrrh and honeyed wine
And carven marbles white and tall
To stand unblenching over all,—
But each is jealous if another
Lie in finer funeral bed,
And never, never can we smother
Envy in the helpless dead.

V. Fantasy and Imaginative Expression.

The boundary between dream and fantasy is indefinite. This appears in the case of the phantasmic and fantastic hypnagogic images, and it is obvious in language itself, in the history and meaning of such terms as "fantasy" and "phantasy," "day-dream" and "reverie." On the whole, "fantasy," as stated above, seems to be employed largely to designate such work of the imagination as has chiefly a decorative, fanciful, function. It designates imaginative play—a sporting with ideal elements rather than earnest reconstruction. It is thus, like dreaming, whimsical and irresponsible,—the more likely, we may say, to be spontaneous and individual. And that it is so a very small acquaintance with the work of men of eminent fantasy (like Blake or Coleridge) will readily convince.

Naturally, it is not easy to subject such a faculty to experimental conditions. However, I believe that I have come close to doing this under circumstances which I will describe.

I have never had any training in or practice of drawing other than such as comes naturally in childish attempts at this art. But my imagery is so strikingly visual that it occurred to me in the summer of 1901 to attempt its modification by the practice of drawing. I attempted only the simplest line drawings and at first my efforts were exceedingly mechanical. I speedily found that this practice did strikingly modify the images. I began to see line drawings here, there and everywhere, and it was hard for me to think of con-

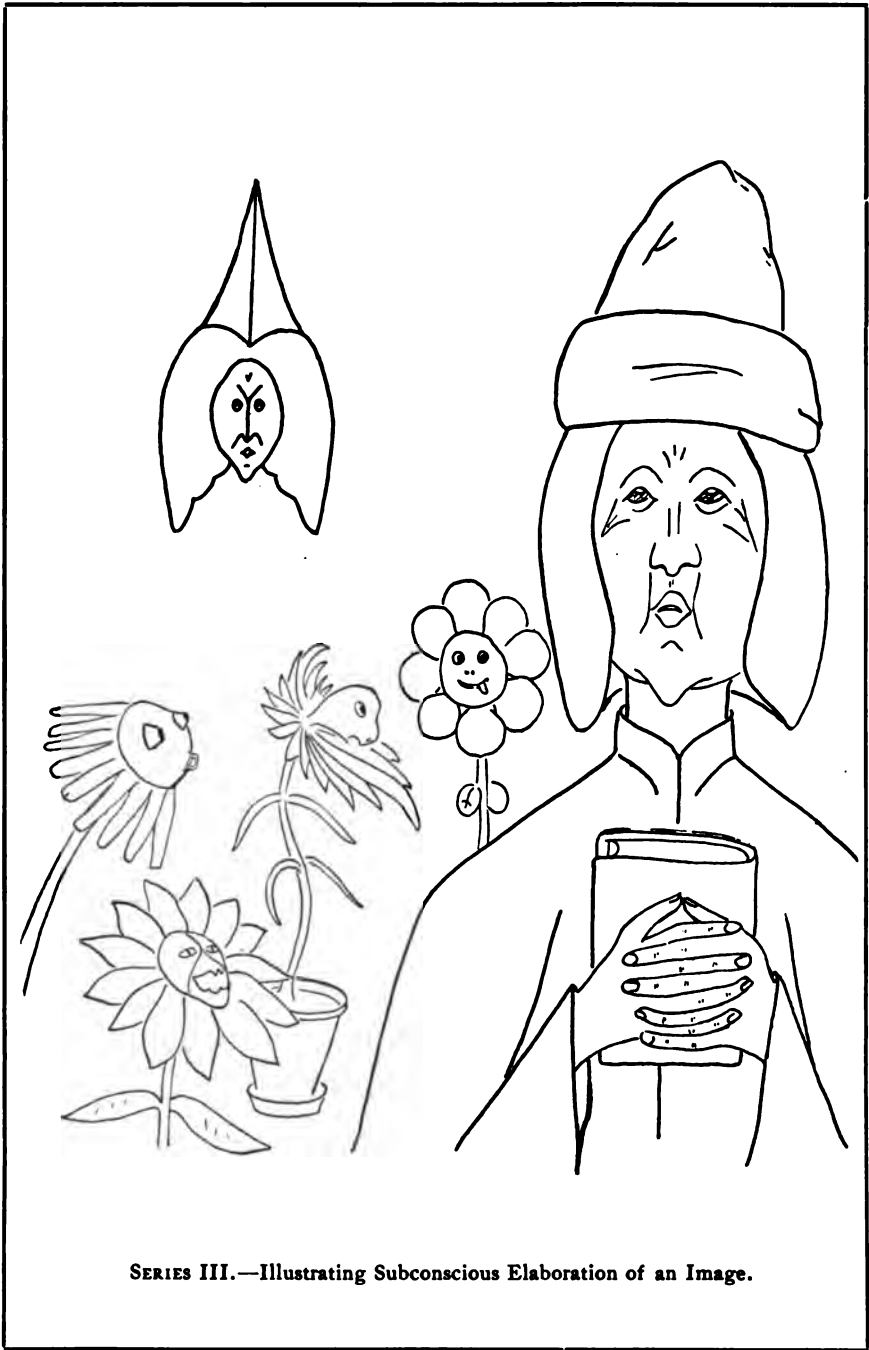
crete objects without their receiving imaginative illustration of this sort.

Now the characteristics of this imagery were not the characteristics of the hypnagogic images. The latter may have suggested themes to me occasionally, but in making the line drawings I usually started out with some definite notion of what I was going to draw, the image commonly forming itself after I had picked upon a subject. This is to say, ordinary association of ideas was at work.

Nevertheless this associational type of expression was in a number of cases overpassed and overpassed in just those cases where the drawings seem to me to possess the greatest individuality and verve. For the most part, what I drew was designed along mechanical lines of decoration; the exceptions to this rule came with a self-will and spontaneity quite that of the hypnagogic images. I give two examples.

In the first instance, represented by Series III, the small drawing, upper left-hand, was one of my earliest and most mechanical efforts. Its associational suggestion—children's pictures of witches and wizards, peruked dignitaries,—is evident. The drawing interested me little and I speedily forgot it. But some weeks later there suddenly flashed before me an image only poorly indicated by the head in the main drawing of this series. It came at once with instancy and irrelevancy, complete in all facial detail and suggesting the pose given. Here again is an instance of incubation—something given at point *a* in experience and recurring at point *z* in a form so transformed that only an intervening alphabet of mental facts can account for it. For again I submit that the operation here evidenced must be assumed to account for the phenomena, that it is an operation which can only be classed as mind-working, and that its proper name (since the work is not done in consciousness) is *subconscious* thought.

In the second case there was no fore-presented *suggestion* that I can identify. I had no special notion in mind when the image occurred, although I did, I believe, have pencil and paper at hand—which may be taken, perhaps, as a motor suggestion, in which case we have here again an illustration of



SERIES III.—Illustrating Subconscious Elaboration of an Image.

“translation.” What happened was that the head of a figure, somehow bearing with it implicitly the whole figure, popped before my eyes with such convincingness that I laughed aloud (as occasionally happens in the case of hypnagogic images). It was a sort of taunting invitation: “Draw me!”

Now this image, too, can only fairly be described as the work of subconsciousness—for work of something or other it surely is. That it, as the other image, is in some sense actuated by my conscious interest in line drawings is evident enough; the subconsciousness involved is *my* subconsciousness. But why these particular images? I might wait a dozen years, a lifetime, and never discover or manufacture anything of the sort. My mind has obviously done something in a way beyond my conscious understanding. And it has done it with human intelligence, be it observed, in answer to a tacit request of my conscious intention.

The degree of whimsy, irrationality, here shown is what might well be expected of the free fancy. The imagination is given carte blanche, and it avails itself of the do-as-you-please. Here we touch reverie and dream, and here we seem to touch, too, something that suggests the creative instinct that animates the world.¹

¹The distinction between contiguous associations and organic reconstruction of ideal elements is fairly well brought out by the relationship of these drawings to the jingles which they suggested. Thus the first crude picture (Series III) suggested:

How shocked this medieval sage
At our degenerated age!
By strict deduction long ago
He found man's terminus a quo;
And now by argument ad rem
Beholds man's terminus ad quem.

But the picture which came as an evolution of the foregoing associated itself with a jingle already thought in connection with another absolutely unrelated drawing:

When I was immature and wee,
Folks told me on the square
That every flower is a fairy's bower
Which one might find could one but see
A fairy anywhere.

VI. Critical Imaginative Expression.

The distinction between "imagination" and "fancy," (or "fantasy" if we stress the inner aspect) is mainly a literary one; it is the product of aesthetics rather than of psychology. Nevertheless, as is the case with most distinctions which take root in language, it does express a psychological truth. Allowing for fluctuations, this distinction is, in brief: that "fancy" designates the spontaneous and uncritical play of imagery in the mind, while "imagination" denotes imagery held in rein by a critical regard for truth—be that truth aesthetic or logical. Imagination is, therefore, with justice treated as a "higher" type of expression, that is, it embodies more of intelligence.

Heine divided literary artists into two classes: those concerned with "an orderly arrangement, an editing, so to speak, of thought, a logical composition of the parts of speech—in brief, the architecture of the period;" and those who, "when they would write well, must work themselves up into a state of passionate excitement, a kind of mental intoxication—Bacchants of thought who stumble after the god in sacred inebriety." And this division fairly illustrates the distinction in vogue under the two terms in consideration—criticism is the ear-mark in one case, unrestrained outpouring in the other.

That critical imagination is associated (and deservedly) with the better products of the aesthetic instinct is sufficiently shown by the degree of depreciation so commonly connoted by such terms as "rhapsode," "improvisatore," etc.; we justly recognize the useful function which a restraining in-

But now I'm worldly wise and old
And well I am aware
'Tis the microbite who takes delight
Beneath each petal's dainty fold
To make his horrid lair.

It was, of course, the notion in this last rhyme which suggested the adjuncts to the main figure in the drawing. These were legitimately speaking associational addenda,—though why they should take this or that special form is still a psychological problem of some interest. But the formation of the main figure was quite independent of and preliminary to these associational elements. The latter were mere parasites adapting themselves to, not adapted by, the main theme.

telligence may perform in the field of aesthetic expression. And yet there is an uncompensated loss in the fact that our expositors of imaginative thinking, both psychologists and aestheticians give so little heed to the testing of their own powers of imaginative production in the free and easy mode of fantasy. The *critical bias* is a necessary and obvious result of their exclusive devotion to their own type of performance. I am convinced that an invaluable sanative for the mind perverted by logic (and some degree of perversion is the usual result of devotion to the abstractions of logical truth) is practice in some form of concretizing imagination. I am convinced of this because trial of it has shown me how significantly diverse are the two types of thinking—not merely in product, but in the whole system of mental diatheses. When the mind brings itself to the creative frame the whole color and tenor of its content alters: in place of evasive abstractions and typographical images come vivid and actual visions; in place of the cold reticence of calculation come the zest and eagerness and swift thrill of discovery and emotional reactions that make those of the objective life intelligible; in place of the elaborate schemata of reason, a curiously unanalyzable feeling for aesthetic form.

Imagination, then, even in psychology deserves recognition as a distinctive frame of mind.¹ It perhaps includes fantasy—as, to employ Myers' way of speaking, imagination at a lower level; and it in some innerly attested sense stands apart from "pure reason" or logical calculation. This does not mean "mental compartments" or "faculties"; I believe that the data already given show the graded emergence of ideational influence upon imaginative products, even in dream and fantasy; and we shall presently see that I regard the imaginative element to be obvious, perhaps dominant, in reason itself. But it does mean that the process of imaginative creation shows us certain relationships of mental contents not clearly shown in other types of thinking.

The striking character of the imaginative state is the

¹ Instead of being glossed over as the "image-making function" or power of reproducing sensation by central induction, as is so often its whole treatment.

sense of its dualism: The two factors are those already discriminated: spontaneous offering of material and critical selection. The two factors are associated with very distinct feeling-tones. On the one hand, the productive or expressive phase of the experience has all the seeming objectiveness universally recognized as typical of aesthetic experience; the creative agent, whatever its source, acts in the character of a showman or of a peddler bringing forward new and tantalizing goods from his pack. The critical self—to continue our last simile—is in the case of the tantalized customer whose consciousness of his needs by the very act of restraint intensifies the offish feeling of self. At times the mind becomes so clogged with material that it becomes necessary to “walk it off,” subjecting the whole field to critical organization. But even so there is no definite amalgamation of the two mental phases: one’s self is the effortful, critical consciousness, worried by multifarious allurements, bound in by dogged determination to admit only qualified candidates. There is still a fission of the personality—with oddly enough, the most *personal* element on the side that feels most objective.

The phases of imagination which I am here discussing have a genetic analysis which Ribot has indicated¹ and which best of all emphasizes their distinction. In illustration I cite an admirable analysis written for me by a student—a young woman of marked poetic power.

As far as writing is concerned, I am conscious of two periods in my life, with the dividing line at nineteen. They correspond pretty closely to the “flowering” and “critical” periods of Ribot. In the first I lived at an emotional pitch which, as I look back upon it, was always high. Whether my images had the comparative intensity of my emotional temper, I cannot remember. I should say that I had more visual images and not so many typographical ones. At any rate I dreamed more frequently. *I wrote without effort, mainly verse, which came to a tune.*² Usually I didn’t bother to write the “poem” down until it was finished. It started with a phrase or sentence that suddenly acquired a tune. The process of composition was pleasant. If it had not been so, I would not have gone beyond the first line, for I was lazy.

¹ *Essai sur l’Imagination créatrice.*

² My italics.

An example will illustrate the process and the imagery better than a generalization. One day in history class, when I knew my lesson and was consequently out of danger and not very much interested in what was going on, the sentence "*When things were young* I wasn't bothered with school," or something to that effect, popped into my head. The underlined words had a fine sound and kept humming in my brain. They set me thinking of what I might have done "when things were young"—mostly deeds of hair-raising adventure for I liked to play that I was a boy,—until they took on a drawling tune which demanded finishing. Through the day it bothered me, until by the time I got home I had finished the tune and pieced out the verse, which went like this:

When things were young
I was a lean dream-haunted boy,—
The song you sung
Found me but lame of tongue,
But in my heart there stayed the joy
Of you, a joy that ever deeper rung.

Perhaps I died
In serving you,—
More like I cried
From very weakness when at last I knew
That dreams tho' dreamed year long may not fall true.

Things are no longer young,
And yet today
I hear the song you sung,
The song that stole my wandering words away
When as an idle boy I lived my year of May.

Now in this I had just two picture images. One of these was very vivid and comes again whenever I think of the verse. It is of a boy without a hat, in doublet and hose, sitting by a road with his chin on his knees watching a cavalcade go by. There is a lady in the center, tall and gay, but I do not get either her face or her costume. The image has no particular color. I cannot tell the number of people in the cavalcade, but there are more men than women, say, eight to two or three. No image at all went with the second stanza. My other visual image evidently belongs to the last line. It is vague. There is a flat piece of ground like a meadow, a boy and a lady walking in it and a group of people at the right hand side of the picture. I cannot even identify them, by sight, as the same boy and the same lady, as of course they are.

The process and the imagery represent the first period very fairly although the verses were written towards its close, when I was eighteen. After I was nineteen I began to care more about

writing and to write with greater effort. I did not know what was the matter; I thought a great deal about writing poetry but had to take it out in reading biographies of poets, as the stuff that I ground out was indescribably discouraging. It was not only that I had turned critical. The verses did not come. I sat down to write now, deliberately, and had a bad time of it. For one thing my tunes deserted me and I did not know how to write poetry without them. And while I had more thoughts than before they did not seem meant for verse. My images followed the line of my thought. They were less impelling. In general, I seemed to feel less and think more, and I hated the difference. . . . The "critical period" still oppresses me. I like to plan but not to write, and yet it makes me unhappy not to write. That is why I register for courses in aesthetics and psychology of the imagination. There is something in the old story of the singed moth and the flame.

Here is described what may very properly be called an awakening of the aesthetic self-consciousness; it is the coming on of the awkward age of the imagination. The inhibitive trend of the critical consciousness goes so far as to stifle for the time being the innate and spontaneous propension for expression: music disappears entirely, visual imagery loses imaginative lustre, rhyme and meter seem lame and feeble. But underneath all—evidence that *somewhere* in the personality the old instinct is still alive—is the tantalizing desire to realize once again the old freedom of poetic outflow, now manifested in a sense of the pain of the inhibition. The mind is big with the creative impulse which the newly developed critical consciousness refuses to allow to come to birth.

In a later stage, that of matured self-confidence, imaginative expression again becomes facile—at least, where it has initial strength. But if the records of artistic creation reveal anything clearly, they show the persistence of this dualism of critic and creator to the very last, with cautious and conscious retraction as the critic's mark, free adventure and surpriseful conquest the creator's. There are two people, and the one whose feeling-tone we call awareness of self is continually being brought to confusion, in bafflement or delight, by the obstreperous alter ego whom he regards as his servitor.

But it will be objected (with point) that this seeming

dualism is, in fact, belied by the total result of the mental work; a single work, of some sort, is the product, and judged as it must be judged by this work, the mind that produced it is one. We are dealing with one creator, not a partnership.

This is all true enough; but it none the less fails to alter the primary phenomena; rather it leaves us with a new problem, viz., in what way and to what extent does the critical self influence the output of the creative consciousness?

Beyond all question an alert and self-conscious interest does modify inner expression. We have seen that it may even modify the dream state. And *interest* is one of a group of terms which afford a clue to the analysis of the puzzling relationship before us. Let us ask what it is that determines the "unity" or completeness of anysoever work of the imagination: is it not just the degree of our interest in the subject-matter? Applying the question to the unity of the news item or newspaper "story" the case is obvious, such an item chooses from the whole mass of details which constitute the truth of the situation only such as are likely to hold the habitually fickle attention of the newspaper reader,—often, as we know, to the warping of sane judgment. Comparable is the unity of art. Every work of art is built up by excision of uninteresting or incomprehensible detail; at its best, every stroke counts, that is drives home to the critic's assent, to his confession of interest. That is why art can *interpret* life for us,—because it can disregard what, for want of a sufficiently broad view perhaps, we regard as life's superfluities, its bores and tediums. An easy illustration is the case of any drama: why does the action begin with grown men or recognized lovers rather than with the children from which these developed? why does it end with death or marriage when each of these haps is in real life so fraught with consequence? That this is no academic question, but a concrete problem will be patent to a very little study of the devices of novelists and dramatists aiming to work in, as it were surreptitiously, the uninteresting but essential prehistory of heroes and heroines. And a reflection of our modern impatience of mind is evident enough in the small tolerance we have of the long

explanatory interludes of our elder fiction and drama. Our interest is keenly prophetic of the end, the point, and we cannot brook slow approaches.

And just here we make the next step of the analysis. This consciousness of end and point exists as the soul of our interest,—and it exists subconsciously. It is an anticipation of the form of something whose detail (the aesthetic medium—imagery, color, sound) is wanting. It comes to the surface in impatience or in the exhilaration of rapidly moving events; but this surfacing is no intelligible account of the thing itself—only the whole mental achievement, whether of appreciation or of creation, of which this is the outer recognition can justify the emotion or account for its being. We have, in short, even before the experience is achieved an adumbration of its total form; and our consciously critical sense is entirely determined in its lease of life as in its procedures by the fact of adumbration.

Here is the link between critic and creator, here in the adumbrate form which each of them obeys. When I speak of this form—by a common metaphor—as adumbrate, I mean thereby to assert that it is not “in” consciousness in any clear or apparent sense; it is below the threshold of the aesthetic experience, which none the less it dominates while that experience is *in transitu*; it is, in brief, subconsciously present.

Now the dynamogeny of this relationship of critical and creative intelligence takes on some intelligibility when we consider them as parallel branchings from one subconscious source. The critic is above all concerned with the future, with the purpose, design, end, of the work in hand; the creator is full of the present, exuberant with progeny. It is the critic's part, then, to measure all this present creation against future need and to pronounce upon its fitness to that need. The critic has the whole plan in view; he is dominated by his sense of form, and continuously stresses the needs of that which is to be. He *suggests* once and again the kind of material that is required, and the creator responds to this suggestion with ever approximating productions. What is meant

by *suggestion* in psychology is a question of first importance.¹ It seems plausible that here in a traceable relation of two conscious factors acting with reference to a common subconscious purpose, we have a clue to its operation.

One of the best of illustrations, because of its simplicity, of this inner obedience of the mind to its own hidden purposes, is furnished by memory images, especially the productions of "la mémoire pittoresque," as Paul Souriau happily designates it.² "Strong as it may be, the memory never reproduces nature with absolute fidelity; it simplifies things; it synthesizes; it always exaggerates a little the characteristics which have impressed it." Memory images are not photographic reproductions; they are impressionistic sketches; they are the result of *sensuous abstractions*, gaining their vividness and appeal just by the fact of having neglected, excised, the uninteresting contexts of perceptual experience. A portraitist of my acquaintance—as more than one before him—finds himself confused by persistent comparisons with his model. His method is to study the model and then to allow the "picturesque memory" to abstract from the complication of the perceptual experience the salient image of the portrait.

¹ Dr. Boris Sidis defines (*The Psychology of Suggestion*) "suggestion" as "the intrusion into the mind of an idea; met with more or less opposition by the person; accepted uncritically at last; and realized unreflectively, almost uncritically." This definition is undoubtedly a good description for the type of phenomena exemplified by hypnotic suggestion; but it certainly fails to cover the critical self-suggestion which is a constant factor of our thinking. The spontaneity and abruptness of the suggested idea is the common element,—but this element seems to me to be the characteristic one; so that I conceive the eventual definition of the term must be one which shall include what is true of inner suggestion as well as suggestion of the hypnotic type. Professor Münsterberg (*Psychotherapy*) supports Dr. Sidis' view as respects the element of resistance: "We have a right to speak of suggestion only if a resistance is to be broken down, that is, if the antagonistic impulse, or the motor setting for the antagonistic action is relatively strong." (p. 105.) But since the maintenance of this view depends entirely upon theories of cellular inhibitions, brain chemistry, and the like, I see no good reason for warping the common-speech meaning of the term to fit such hypothetical circumstances. In ordinary language, one's mind may be blankly open to suggestion, one may be ready or even eager for suggestions,—that is to say, for direction-giving ideas. There is no normal resistance here involved; rather there is a predisposition in favor of the desired somewhat. This ordinary meaning is the one I aim to employ,—in the confident belief, moreover, that the definition eventually to be given the term in psychology will be one quite in accord with common-speech usage.

² *L'Imagination de l'Artiste*, Chap. I.

In presence of the model, he says, "I am soon confused by the everchanging color; I cannot see any particular tone, a characteristic complexion; I see a myriad tones."

The student's paper already quoted furnishes again illustration:

My lack of observation has become a byword in my family. I see things, but I do not seem to see them as they are. The images they create are powerful but impressionistic, and usually lack some important details which have been noticed by everyone else. For instance, on a lake where we spent a summer, there was a hill with two tall pines and a number of smaller trees. My image is always of a hill quite bare except for two enormous pines showing black against the sky. I did not know that that was an inaccurate image, did not know, in fact, of the existence of any smaller trees, until I happened to give a description of the place in the presence of a friend who had summered there. This impressionism is typical of my images.

This selective, abstractive power of memory is certainly no result, nor yet the expression, of conscious attention. "Attention" is another of the many psychological terms abused by overwork; it intelligibly denotes the "focus" or the "clear light" of consciousness; it does not intelligibly denote at the same time a dynamic agent or directive force. If we take it in the intelligible sense, it is certainly not the determining factor in memory selection; for one of the peculiar traits of memory images is their odd insistence upon what we normally regard as irrelevant or unimportant details. This is a well known fact frequently made use of by literary artists who heighten the effect of a tense emotional situation by the introduction of some trivial or minute association, or some homely concern of normal life. An instance is the injunction given by the "Duchess of Malfi" in the midst of her torments:

I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

The incident of the "cock owed to Asklepios" in the *Phaedo*—following one construction of the commentators—is again

in point. But the vagrant and whimsical character of memory presentations is a matter of common experience.

Interest, then, may be properly defined as a mental diathesis rather than a clearly delimited conscious predilection. And to say that it is of the nature of diathesis is the same as to say that it is subconscious: its character and scope is a matter of retrospection, not of present observation.

But interest is itself rather a symptom of the fundamental state of mind than its description. Interest is itself the result of a determining motif of mind.¹ When such motif is easily separable from the general life-history we call it a *mood*; when it can only be read in terms of life-history we term it *personality*. I shall have occasion to revert to these conceptions hereinafter; for the time being I wish merely to point out that each mood is an embryo personality,—repeated often enough. it gives the tone, the unifying impression, which we call personality. Further, I wish to assert that since mood represents the domination of a more or less protracted period of conscious life by a single characteristic influence, it cannot properly be said to be “in” consciousness at all. Rather it is a time-transcending interlocking of the successive conscious contents. The same is, of course, true of personality—in a far broader and more protracted range of events.

Neither mood nor personality is *in* the specious upper consciousness, the unity and bearing of which they are yet the measurers. It would seem, then, no straining of language to speak of them as “subconscious”—and in the sense which we choose for that term. A very limited study of the creative processes of the imagination shows their dependence upon mood and personality; indeed, the work of imagination may properly be said to be the most typical of all expressions of mood and personality.

But it is my belief that every phase of consciousness is in some sense expression of an underlying, dominating personality, and perhaps I broaden the use of “imagination” in making it a blanket-form for the expressive element. It re-

¹ Cf. Stout *Analytic Psychology*, II, 31: “The existence of an inward train of mental imagery presupposes an interest independent of the actual presentation of the corresponding object to the senses.”

mains to be seen if even in the most logical types of thought this broad use may not find justification.

VII. Imagination in Reasoning.

The mind functions as a whole: it is this fact which has taken the wind out of the old-time "faculty psychology"—an incident of which has been the later under-emphasis of imagination. For the "faculties," after all, were good descriptive vantages, and true enough so long as we take them in their proper quality,—offering, indeed, conspicuous superiorities to the omnibus procedures of the associationalists. The simple truth is that we have to keep up the invention of new modes of description in order to fail of forgetting what our descriptions mean: such is the elusiveness of things psychical.

When we find ourselves in danger of compartmentalizing, we must come back to our normative rule: That, in ordinary experience, at least, the mind functions as a whole,—special faculties and functions are alike fictions of description, serviceable but dangerous.

But taken in the serviceable way, and allowing for the dangers, I regard the *aperçu* of mental facts gained from the starting-point of "imagination" as the most fruitful of all, and for the reason that it goes most directly to the trait which distinguishes mental facts from physical. If this be true, we must be able to see its operation in logical as well as in aesthetic reasoning.

The two sorts of reason are really not far apart. Their difference is one of end rather than of procedure. Logical reasoning—even when most theoretical—has utility for its outcome; its aim is to be usable, practical, to lead to some new or varied type of experience. Aesthetic reasoning, on the other hand, has no purpose beyond the experience which itself yields; it is end-in-itself. A consequence of this distinction of purpose is the need for checking logical thought by external fact—"verification," we call it. Logical thinking is more bound down to conditions beyond its control, less free, than aesthetic.¹

¹ I have given a fuller presentation of this view in chapter III of *Poetry and the Individual*.

Reduced to inner terms, this difference means one simple fact: that the range of selection allowed by the critical motif is more restricted in logical than in aesthetic thinking. "Reason" operates within in a narrower range of experience than "imagination," though the form of its operation is essentially the same.

Let me recapitulate my description of this form: There is first, a reception of materials, perceptual or other experience which (for causes if analyzable at all are analyzable only in retrospection of life-history) acts as a *suggestion* (psychical stimulus) upon the mind. There is second, a period (be it of the brevity of seconds or protracted through years) of *incubation*—which is an easy metaphor for the process of growth or transformation of the suggestive materials in subconsciousness. There is third, the *presentation* of the idea achieved, characteristically in a spontaneous, objective mode, in the clear light of consciousness. There is fourth and last, the critical assent or dissent of *judgment*, also in the clear light. But the relation between presentation and judgment, I have said, is intelligible only upon the hypothesis of their being rooted in and dominated by the one *interest* which is itself describable only as a conscious adumbration of a subconscious diathesis.

The process thus described may be repeated as often as you please, and the more exacting the purpose involved the more numerous are like to be the repetitions. But I believe it to be a fair account of the creative mode of human intelligence. Of course it is dangerous to generalize any one procedure as *the* characteristic, much less the sole, manner of thought; there may be a multitude of psychical mannerisms: so that I would be understood to allow for this "may be" while I must yet maintain that the process here described is the only one I have been able to find evidence for, or even to find comprehensible.

And that this process is at least an actual process (whether or no the sole actual) there is superabundance of evidence. In the realm of aesthetic thinking the facts are common property, and I regard the data heretofore given in this paper as good proof. But in the realm of logical reasoning we

have evidence as good. The literature of the "scientific imagination" is burdened with illustration. I here cite from Ribot's essay an admirable description furnished by an engineer of his own mental procedures:¹

The creative imagination assuredly follows diverse fashions according to the temperament, aptitudes, and, in the same individual, the disposition of the spirit, the milieu.

However one can perhaps, for mechanical inventions, distinguish four phases fairly clear: The germ, the incubation, the hatching, and the putting to the test.

I mean by the germ the first idea which occurs to one of finding a solution for a problem that a group of observations, studies and researches has caused you to propound to yourself or that, propounded by another, has struck you.

The incubation follows, often long and laborious, and even without your knowledge. Instinctively as well as voluntarily one brings to the solution of this problem all the elements eye and ear may accumulate.

When this latent labor is sufficiently complete, the idea emerges brusquely, be it in sequence to a volitional tension of the mind, be it on the occasion of a fortuitous remark which rends the veil concealing the suspected image.

But this image appears always simple and bare. To pass from the ideal solution to the practical, it is necessary to struggle with matter, and the putting to the test is the most thankless part of the work of the engineer.

It is necessary in order to give form and consistency to the idea, received with enthusiasm in an aureole, to have patience and perseverance for all tests. It is necessary to examine in all their aspects the mechanical means which may serve to articulate the image and to attain the simplicity which alone will render the invention useful. In this work of application the same spirit of invention and imagination should be constantly put under contribution for the solution of all the details.

Doubtless there are great individual differences in the strength and suddenness of the imaginative insights vouchsafed. Probably the writer in a recent issue of *Engineering* (London) is correct when he assigns eminent advances in science to men of eminent imagination, who nevertheless suffer relative eclipse at the hands of the journeymen of their

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 222.

profession. "Each year sees an enormous output of so-called research work of the third order, involving little more intelligence on the part of its author than is required by the attendant of a bank of automatic machines. In each case, however, the output is really based upon the possession by some third party of intellectual powers of a very high class." The annals of science often furnish in the phraseology of the narrative of discovery evidence of the manner of its attainment. Thus Kepler records his gratification when "dictabat mihi genius" that with the earth as with the planets the apparent change in the diameter of the annual orbit is due to the fact that the center of equal distances and the center of equal angular motion are not coincident. And when a chance observation brought him the clue to the solution of the problem of the Martian orbit, he says: "I awoke as if from sleep, a new light broke upon me."¹

¹ Cited by Dreyer in *History of the Planetary Systems from Thales to Kepler*.

There could be cited no more admirable an example of the working of the scientific imagination than the account given by Kekulé of the origin of his theory of the linking of the atoms (here quoted from the "Kekulé Memorial Lecture," delivered before the Chemical Society in 1897):

"During my stay in London I resided for a considerable time in Clapham Road in the neighborhood of the Common. I frequently, however, spent my evenings with my friend Hugo Müller at Islington, at the opposite end of the giant town. We talked of many things, but oftenest of our beloved chemistry. One fine summer evening I was returning by the last omnibus, 'outside' as usual, through the deserted streets of the metropolis, which are at other times so full of life. I fell into a reverie (Traumerei), and lo, the atoms were gambolling before my eyes. Whenever, hitherto, these diminutive beings had appeared to me, they had always been in motion; but up to that time I had never been able to discern the nature of their motion. Now, however, I saw how, frequently, two smaller atoms united to form a pair; how a larger one embraced two smaller ones; how still larger ones kept hold of three or even four of the smaller; whilst the whole kept whirling in a giddy dance. I saw how the larger ones formed a chain, dragging the smaller ones after them but only at the ends of the chain. I saw what our Past Master, Kopp, my highly honored teacher and friend, has depicted with such charm in his 'Molekularwelt'; but I saw it long before him. The cry of the conductor: 'Clapham Road,' awakened me from my dreaming; but I spent a part of the night in putting on paper at least sketches of the dream forms. This is the origin of the *Strukturtheorie*."

In a similar experience Kekulé tells how the idea of the benzene theory occurred to him:

"I was sitting, writing, at my text book; but the work did not progress; my thoughts were elsewhere. I turned my chair to the fire and dozed. Again the atoms were gambolling before my eyes. This time the smaller groups kept modestly in the background. My mental eye, rendered more acute by repeated visions of the kind, could now distinguish larger structures, of manifold con-

But however obvious the operation of imagination may be in the case of great discoveries of a theoretical nature or in the persons of men of unusual genius, I conceive that we are hardly thereby warranted to treat ordinary reasoning as a type of imagining without some nearer examination of it. To this purpose I briefly address my effort.

Anyone who is familiar with the principles of the growth of language, or even one who has reflected upon the development of philosophical terminology as shown in the writings of philosophers, is aware of the fact that thought-distinctions are lineally derived from distinctions of things. The "first intentions" of mind are invariably the objects we call external; "second intentions," the objects of reflection, represent *transferences* of meaning from the thing realm to the thought realm. Our general ideas, in other words, are all metaphors, the ground of the metaphor being concrete experience of things and situations.

To think, then, in any sense above the perceptual, is to create figures of speech, to poetize. This is commonplace of mental development, nowhere more conspicuously illustrated than in the works of the most abstract—and hence the most daringly figurative—of thinkers.

Now in abstractive thought there are two notable procedures: there is *metaphor* and there is *hypostasis*, in the language of logic, apprehensions of *sameness* and apprehensions of *difference*. These two processes are the very soul of our schematizations of real-seeming. In describing their conscious form, therefore, we are describing the conscious form of all logical thinking.¹

formation; long rows, sometimes more closely fitted together, all turning and twisting in snake-like motion. But look! What was that? One of the snakes had seized hold of its own tail, and the form whirled mockingly before my eyes. As if by a flash of lightning I awoke; and this time also I spent the rest of the night in working out the consequences of my hypothesis."

¹ As illustrative of *metaphor* in philosophical discourse I cite a random-chosen passage from Professor Jastrow's chapter on "The Conception of the Subconscious": "Acquisition, elaboration, expression, compose the triumvirate that direct the affairs of the mind. We have sought the most distinctive clue to the nature of subconscious functions in their mode of entry into the psychic forum. But entry implies some act of reception, some incorporating procedure, that of itself constitutes an initial elaborative step." This is one of the more reserved passages of the chapter, and yet nearly every word is

It is a conspicuous fact that the psychology of the Law of Identity is no nearer solution to-day than it was in the day of Aristotle. Judgments of sameness (A is A) and judgments of difference (A is not B) are still elementals of the mind, refusing to submit to closer analysis: they are "given," and there is an end on't. To be sure the Hegelian logicians have reduced the process to a kind of endless mental oscillation; but the essential nature of it is not thereby solved; indeed, their only pretention to a solution is some final "transfusion," "transmutation," or "transcendence" of the process in that Absolute which is the only rest of a weary mind. It is true, again, that the mathematical logicians have advanced our understanding by showing the fluid and functional character of judgment. And for the pragmatists, Mr. Schiller has exuberantly demonstrated the provisional quality of all identifications.¹ But even Mr. Schiller has failed to bring us within grasping distance of the *psychical event*. He observes, with keen justice, that "*psychologically* perception of likeness is ultimate, anterior to identity, and incapable of being reduced to it"—leaving the problem of the psychological *esse* of identification as far from solution as ever.

To my mind, it is obvious that *presentationally*, that is, in overt consciousness, identification is as "ultimate" as "perception of likeness." It is something "given," if any mental fact may be so described. What mentally transpires (so far as observation teaches me) is first an apprehension of a va-

now (or yesterday was) a metaphor. It is no derogation of Professor Jastrow's agreeable style that his whole analysis proceeds by a succession of figures most of them far more obvious than these; he is compelled so to write if he psychologize at all. Yet I think the degree to which such writing is metaphorical will come home to any one who tries imagining the problem that would confront translation of such passages into a Martian's, or even an intelligent Hottentot's, dialect.

Illustrative of *hypostasis* is the following from Bosanquet's *Logic*: "A nothing can only be invested with the character of a something by being a precisely limited nothing that implies a positive nature in the limiting and sustaining something, such that in affirming the nothing we are not affirming an absolute nothingness, but are covertly alleging a positive something which is or is involved in *the* nothingness of something in particular." Such a passage must inspire us with elation for the power of the philosophic imagination; though that philosopher is lost in whom it does not also call forth a sheepish grin of self-comprehension.

¹"Axioms as Postulates," section v.

riety of somewhats held *together* in mind; second, an emerging but untraceable perception of similarities, gradually erasing the sense of multifariousness; and lastly, a sudden realization that the object of reflection is *one* object—the definition of whose unity must take into account the feeling that it is a key or clue which at desire may be made to lead back to the original particulars. The only modification that this statement needs is that where the identity is a new one in experience the unifying process is to be likened to a crystallization; where the new data enter into a familiar generality—one of the stock clues of the mind—the process is an amalgamation. But in each case it is spontaneous,—or, as I say, subconscious.

As good an illustration as any of the process is the apprehension of the truth (in the Euclidean intention; for we may leave the Riemannian denial to its own system) of the geometric axiom that between two points there can pass but one straight line. In last analysis, this truth is a matter of visualization, and of the impossibility of *seeing* multiple lines conforming to the requirement. We can make as many *like* images as we please, but when it comes to the measurement by superposition (which is the only possible measurement) the many lines become one in the twinkling of an eye—and the act of confluence, the *Verschmelzung*, is hopelessly beyond our conscious ken.

The same psychical series obtains, *mutatis mutandis*, of judgments of difference. Every abstraction, as we know, is a mutilation of real-seeming. Whatever is ideally set apart as an object of thought is mental fiction. Every “thing” that we talk about owes a good half of its individual being to its name, and there is a respectable degree of truth in the hypnopompic enunciation heretofore quoted: “All facts are made by the special interests of individual persons; therefore all facts are fairy tales.” If we be minded to measure the realm of fairy tales by make-believe, then all abstraction does in good sooth belong to this realm.

Now the interesting psychical fact is that *abstraction* is psychically not, what its name might imply, a taking away of part from part. Rather it is the creation of something wholly new in experience. This is only too admirably illustrated in

primitive thought processes, as when for the American Indians the conception of an animal kind or genus emerges as the archetypal Elder or Ancient of that kind, when in an agricultural civilization the idea of vegetation comes as a personified Earth Son or Earth Daughter, or when men's social sense of the need for private holdings is incarnated in a watchful Guardian of Boundaries. These ideal beings, abstracted as they are from a multitude of particular contexts, have all the verve, and all the power to influence conduct, possessed by the most perceptual realities.

In mythology and poetry we call this process "personification," in philosophy we call it "hypostatization." But it is the same process, the complement of "metaphor." And like metaphor it is presentationally instantaneous; it is *a way thoughts come*, a way of thinking, and one of the elemental ways of thinking.

I suppose no one will question that thinking is a mental function—one of the things that mind does. Here, then, we are face to face with the fact that in creating thought the most abstruse, as in the case of concrete images, the core of the procedure is undisclosed. The creative agent still works in hidden laboratories.

It is possible, of course, to deny that there are intermediate processes, to say that when it comes to things mental Nature does make leaps¹—in fact, knows only this kangaroo locomotion. But few of us do so deny, having a very fair warrant for our attitude in the ideal relationships which we observe to imply an interdependence and in our not unwarranted reliance upon the solidarity of the thought-system. And if we be of those who maintain that thought and intelligence do consistently grow, then it is not easy to see how we are to escape the conclusion that the very soul of the thinking process is subconscious in mind.

¹This is apparently Professor Fullerton's view (*loc. cit.*). But the upshot of it seems to me mental chaos. It invariably results that the phenomenon of a *mind* must be "saved" by some metaphysical last resort.

CRITICAL DISCUSSION.

I. The Problem.

In his chapter on "Subconscious Mind" Professor Fullerton says:¹ "How one should undertake to prove the existence of an unconscious mental fact I cannot conceive, nor, for that matter, how one should make clear to oneself what one means by the expression."

In definition 3 of "subconsciousness" I made some provisional effort to define what I take this expression to mean. In the analyses of data that followed, I have undertaken to prove (in the only watertight meaning of "proof," which is "persuasion") the existence of the type of phenomena defined. The evidence I must allow to stand without amendment; but I fully realize the need for a nearer determination of the meaning given to "subconscious."

So far as I am aware there are but three types of "explanation" for the facts under discussion. There is (1) the physiological explanation, the gist of which is the filling in of the gaps in conscious events by physical events, viz., brain changes. There is (2) the "indirect consciousness" explanation—the common one among psychologists,—which amounts to saying that the intermediate events are "in" consciousness, but unnoticed or noticed only retrospectively. There is (3) the explanation which stands fairly for an order of events that is mental while yet not conscious, and finds the clue to the connection of the conscious and subconscious in the nature of personality or in some metaphysical Unconscious.

Ribot² is undoubtedly right in reducing these three explanations to two; for the difference between the second and

¹*Op. cit.*, p. 502. Professor Fullerton here uses the word "unconscious," but the conception he is discussing is that denoted by my third definition of "subconsciousness."

²*Op. cit.*, Appendice B.

the third is very largely due to the fact—which he notes—that the theory of indirect consciousness (the twilight theory, one might call it) fails to take account of the more conspicuous facts favoring the third explanation; the twilight theory is used as far as it will go and residual facts are either starred as “abnormal” or reserved with a wise caution against over-hasty hypotheses.¹

Evidence that the facts in question are not “abnormal” to any characteristic degree is nowadays conclusive, I should say. But whether or no this be the case, it is still worth while to point the fact that the evidence for twilight consciousness is in precisely the same case as evidence for sub-consciousness (sense 3). Whether we call it “subconsciousness” (sense 1), or “marginal consciousness,” or “diffuse consciousness,” the main fact remains that it is *known* only *retrospectively*, after the fact. To use an illustration of Professor Jastrow’s: I am attentively occupied at my desk. The door-bell rings. Bye and bye, attention relaxed, I rouse to the fact that someone is conversing below and I *remember* having heard the bell—that is, the clang of it now emerges into consciousness from some subconscious stratum where it has all along been clamorously demanding entrance. The illustration holds for the whole range of facts “not clearly recognized in a present state of consciousness, yet entering into the development of subsequent states of consciousness” which are all the subconscious facts ordinarily conceded by psychologists. But it is as plain as any psychic fact is plain that the *ex post facto* consciousness of *having been* hearing is validated entirely by inference: if subsequent experiences warrant the face of my impression I assume that I really heard the bell without noticing it; if they do not so warrant I assume that I am suffering from an auditory illusion. This is to say, the subconsciousness assumed as “indirect,” “marginal,” or the like, rests upon inference entirely; it is never “in” consciousness at all, in any intelligible sense,—nor is there any help in Professor Jastrow’s phrasing that “the

¹ It is difficult to see why the sequitur of “abnormal” is so often and so serenely taken as if it were “therefore, non-existent”!

merged influence of subconscious factors...though not in consciousness may be said to be of it."

In the context of the passage from Professor Fullerton's criticism, above-quoted, he says: "It should be borne in mind that we know no mental facts directly save conscious mental facts. Our argument for the existence of mental facts of which we are not directly conscious—for ejects—is an argument from analogy." If "directly" here means, as usually it does in metaphysics, "directly given" or "directly presented" to the attention or self-consciousness or some other psychological fiction, then all of the so-called "indirect" phenomena of consciousness are "ejects" in kind,—and it is perfectly just to describe our arguments for their existence as arguments by analogy. I freely acknowledge this to be the case for the type of subconscious phenomena I am especially concerned with; I maintain it to be no less the case where liminal or marginal consciousness is in question. Conceding this, we are left with two rather than three types of explanation of the subconscious.

The major portion of many discussions of the subconscious (in the sense I have called "orthodox") is devoted to the sensational and perceptual phenomena connected with the rising and falling of the conscious threshold or with the definition of the *minimum perceptibile*. The problem is even treated as if the main evidence for subconscious mentation is the fact of reaction to unnoticed stimuli or the fact that stimuli severally too weak to affect consciousness may do so aggregationally. This is a phase of the problem of comparatively slight importance,—for my discussion, at all events. The *kind* of subconsciousness that I am interested in is the kind that shows the *same general type of result* as does normal consciousness in its most intellectual, its most distinctively mental, operations. This kind of subconsciousness is as a rule only grudgingly conceded, if conceded at all, by writers strongly prepossessed with psychophysical theories; and where it is conceded to have being the only attempted explanations of it are explanations in the terms of association of ideas, or some more modern equivalent.

Accordingly, in my discussion, I shall first consider the

physiological, and second the associational accounts of the subconscious, as the only accounts in contemporary psychology (I am excluding the metaphysical views) which seriously contest the field with the type of explanation which I favor.

If there be those who still question the fact that there are works of mind which are yet not the work of conscious mind, their task must be to revise our descriptions *in toto*, and to begin by revising that common speech of ours which makes a distinction between "consciousness" and "mind."¹

II. The Physiological Explanation.

The physiological explanation of subconscious mentation is merely an inferential extension of the theory of psychophysical parallelism. The gaps and chasms in the sequence of conscious phenomena are supposed to be not present in the parallel sequence of brain states. "Unconscious cerebration" fills out all the fragmentariness of seemingly incon-

¹ And taking the bull by the horns, to this task Professor Münsterberg bravely sets himself. The first sentence of his recent chapter on "The Subconscious" (*Psychotherapy*) is: "The story of the subconscious mind can be told in three words: there is none." The last sentence: "The most exceptional and most uncanny occurrences of the hospital teach after all the same which our daily experience ought to teach us: there is no subconsciousness." But the resemblance of the art of Professor Münsterberg's chapter to that of Browning's *Sordello* is not confined to the likeness of beginning and end. There be "innards" worthy of analysis. The groundwork of the chapter's great negation is set forth in the following sequence (pp. 132-134): "The mental world is a system of mental objects." "To be an object" is to be an object of awareness. "Physical objects are those which are possible objects of awareness for every subject; psychical objects are those which are possible objects of awareness for one subject only." The "subject of awareness is that which the psychologist calls consciousness. . . . To have psychical existence at all means thus to be the object of awareness for a consciousness." Something psychical which "simply exists but is not object of consciousness is therefore an inner contradiction. . . . as impossible as a wooden piece of iron." We are told a moment later that "no other function is left to consciousness but merely that of awareness"; as a moment before (p. 130) we have been dogmatically informed that the so-called "subconscious mental facts are either not mental but physiological, or mental but not subconscious." The prescription is not after all so difficult: First, dichotomize facts into physical and psychical. Define psychical facts as objects of awareness. Define awareness as the sole function of consciousness, and reciprocally implicate consciousness in awareness. And then—is it not apparent?—any resort to the data would be an act painfully supererogate: subconsciousness is already eliminated by the combined cogency of clever definition and dogmatic suggestion. *Quâ* philosophers we may admire the dialectic, but *quâ* plain men we feel justified once more in reiterating our gibe—"word juggling."

sequential "conscious cerebrations"; physical nature makes no leaps, even if its psychical parallel does so.

This is an entirely intelligible inference from the hypothesis of psychophysical parallels,—indeed, a necessary inference from that hypothesis. But let us understand what it means.

In the first place, be it noted, the cerebration series is entirely independent of the mentation series; the latter may be as fragmentary or as full as you please, the cerebration series is not thereby affected; it is equally compatible with consciousness or no consciousness, in whole or in part. Consciousness of any sort exists only *per accidens* in connection with cerebration, so far as the hypothesis shows. The net and obvious consequence of this theory is that it affords *no description whatever* of the mentation series; if there are any facts that may be termed mind facts (that is, if the word "mind" conveys a meaning), they certainly must be described in one set of terms, not in an impossible polyglot of alternating "brain" and "mind." Until the cerebration series can show cause why in part it should be paralleled with conscious and in part with unconscious (that is, none at all) states, achieving the like results, until then, it is the part of wisdom as well as of clear thinking to avoid mixed interpretations. And it would seem that any psychologist who is willing to take thought must recognize the fact that the conditions of assumption of the parallelistic hypothesis make this demonstration impossible,—of this, more anon. "Unconscious cerebration" is certainly meaningless in psychology; its only possibility of sense lies in giving "unconscious" either a metaphysical meaning or the meaning I have given to "subconscious" in this paper; to make it a term of *mind* description.

In the note above cited, Ribot, while he avows his inclination toward the physiological explanation, yet finds it beset with a difficulty which he thus describes: "It is established . . . that unconscious (unperceived) sensations . . . produce the same reactions as conscious sensations . . . But the particular case of invention is altogether different; for it does not suppose merely the adaptation to an end which the physi-

ological factor would suffice to explain; it implies a series of adaptations, of corrections, of rational operations, of which nervous action alone furnishes no example." The difficulty which Ribot justly feels is that which I have urged: the series of phenomena which we call "mental" phenomena cannot be translated into the language of physiology; if we are going to recognize what is normally meant by such terms as "imagining," "reasoning," "inventing," we must take them as indicating ways of thinking, that is, as denoting "mind" and not "brain states."

In passing it may be observed that in "unconscious cerebration,"—thus used as a filler-in of the mind series.—we have a theory in comparison with which "lapsed intelligence" is as daylight to black night; for the latter, at least, does not mingle Chinese with plain English.

To put the matter in a manner which I trust may be vivid: Let us take the procedure of the syllogism, symbolized AB; BC: AC. Now A, B, and C may be regarded as brain cells related by fibrils, if such a conception is of any use; or, again, they may be regarded as symbols for ideas,—say, Socrates, man, and mortal. In either case our logical symbols may stand for real relations, and they may reasonably stand for a parallelism of the two sets—cell-relations and idea-relations,—in which case, if we like the metaphor, we may speak of "cellular syllogizing." All this is permissible and may be profitable on the theory of psychophysical parallelism. But what is neither profitable nor permissible is the mingling of our two sets of symbolized meanings. Suppose—what is usually the case,—that the only terms of the syllogism that enter consciousness are A and C, "Socrates" and "mortal." Is it, then, conceivable that the middle term is "cell"? How could such a description remotely aid our understanding? For every middle term would have to be likewise "cell,"—Socrates, *cell*; *cell*, mortal: Socrates, mortal; "horse, *cell*; *cell*, herbivorous: horse, herbivorous,"—in such wise must our reasonings go, and it would little simplify the machinery of them to give each cell a numerical index, so that cell 12 mediates the ideas of "Socrates" and "mortal" and cell 60

“horse” and “herbivorous”; for we can hardly expect to reduce human speech to a system of enumeration.

With all the explicit cautionings that have been given against the “psychologist’s fallacy” and all the careful analyses of the provisional, indeed, the fictional, nature of the parallelistic hypothesis, it would seem that such comment as I have here given should be more than superfluous. Nevertheless, the most recent treatment of the conception of “subconsciousness” which has come to hand, and that by a psychologist of eminence,¹ rests its denial of subconsciousness upon the “physiological explanation.” Thus, we are told that for what seem subconscious phenomena, “scientific psychology has no right to propose any other theory as explanation but that no mental states at all remain and that all which remained was the disposition of physiological centers. When I coupled the impression of a man with the sound of his name, a certain excitement of my visual centers occurred together with the excitement of my acoustical centers; the connecting paths became paths of least resistance, and any subsequent excitement of the one cell group now flows over into the other. It is the duty of physiology to elaborate such a clumsy scheme and to make us understand in detail how those processes in the neurons can occur and it is not the duty of psychology to develop detailed physiological hypotheses. Psychology has to be satisfied with the fact that all the requirements of the case can be furnished by principle through physiological explanation. Least of all ought we to be discouraged by the mere complexity of the process. . . . Complexity is certainly in good harmony with the bewildering manifoldness of those thousands of millions of possible connections between the brain cells.”

The field of “scientific psychology” is one advantageous to pre-empt, but it is somewhat difficult to see how it can be long held secure by this collection of presumptions. Psychology must be satisfied with descriptions of its facts “furnished by principle” in a clumsy physiology; and the subtleties and complexities of the psychical life are sufficiently pro-

¹ Hugo Münsterberg, *Psychotherapy*, New York, 1909.

vided for by their "good harmony with the bewildering manifoldness" of cellular interconnections. The whole method resolves into the (plainly impossible) enumeration of cellular copulas of ideas and feelings, which violates the fundamental hypothesis of modern scientific psychology.

III. "Association of Ideas."

The upshot of the physiological explanation is no explanation at all. It happens that the anatomy of the brain, and especially the microscopic anatomy with its myriads of cells and its complexities of interlacing fibrils, affords an unexampled chart for the representation of the groupings and associations of ideas in our thought-processes. The result is that the old associational terminology has given place to a set of hybrid terms confusedly mingling thought-analysis and brain-anatomy. We have now "association fibres and cells," to say nothing of cell "communities," "clusters," "constellations," and "centers of aggregation and disaggregation." All of this is cartographically interesting and to some extent enlightening,—but unfortunately the degree of enlightenment it ought to afford is usually quite outshadowed by the foggy effort to think two sets of facts as one.

"Associational psychology" is commonly spoken of in a past and patronizing tense, but the psychology, the "physiological psychology," that nowadays replaces it, appears to consist very largely in a bizarre dressing out of a simple conception in complicated and duplicitous terms. The new method is certainly no easy tool and it has as certainly brought no solution to the essential problems dealt with by the old—the problems of the inner relationships of ideas. The account given by the old method, so far as it went, was at least intelligible,—say, of the reason why "syllogism" should suggest "Socrates" to my mind before it suggests "Aristotle," or the very different reason why the premises of a syllogism should suggest the conclusion. And *having this account in mind*, I am able to schematize the relationships of the ideas and to picture my schematizations in cells and fibres. This is the modern method. But its impotence becomes

beautifully evident the moment we suppose, for example, that for the nonce "syllogism" introduces "Aristotle" to my consideration in advance of "Socrates"; can we predict this hap from our cell-analysis? Never,—we cannot even represent it; after the fact, by a new schematization; one cell is as good as another in our scheme, so that even if we substitute a hypothetical alternate, it is functionally and practically the same cell.¹ Always the physiological representation comes trailing along after the associational explanation.

It is the associational explanation in a poorer form that we are dealing with, then, when we have to do with the physiological explanation of subconscious thought. What are we to say for the account which associationism thus gives?

In the first place we must note that the conventional treatment divides the phenomena to be discussed into two categories. There is the category of the "normal" and the category of the "abnormal" subconscious, and the term means something quite different according to the category in regard. As applied to the "normal" mind, "subconscious" is taken in sense 1 of my definitions; it means *marginal* consciousness. As applied to "abnormal" mind, it is taken in sense 2, meaning *co-consciousness*.

This second category of "abnormal" subconsciousness is made broad enough to include every mental operation indicating fission of consciousness, thus ranging in application from the phenomena of secondary personality to any form of ideal synthesis which seems to demand, and does not show, consecutive consciousness. The gap between normal and abnormal phenomena is always, and very properly, reduced to an imperceptible modulation so far as the facts described are concerned. But this modulation itself destroys the explanatory basis on which the distinction is first made. For it should be noted that the abnormal co-consciousness is not at all to be likened to the normal subconsciousness (sense 1) but to normal consciousness having its own subconscious processes. The co-consciousness theory merely doubles (or otherwise multiplies) the problem of normal consciousness.

¹This, of course, is the reason why we must be satisfied with explanation "by principle" from the physiological side!

To assign certain phenomena to a fissioned or doubled consciousness is certainly not to explain them in the same way as by assigning them to a *sub*-consciousness; for the difference between the two kinds of consciousness is not one of modulation, degree, or intensity, but of form and function. Furthermore, it is surely seasonable to question whether the epithet "abnormal" is rightfully to be applied even to every somewhat protracted consciousness in fission. Dreams are certainly an instance of this phenomenon, and we have yet to hear that dreams or yet dream continuities and stories are abnormal. Myers' evidence makes certain other phases of split-off activity quite as plausibly normal as the dream phase. In any case the epithet leads to no explanation, and in so far as it tends to restrict the scope of "normal" psychology—as surely its current use does—it is mischievous and misleading.

With this digression made, we may return to the central issue. I have termed the theory of a normal subconsciousness, understood in sense 1, the "twilight" theory because it assumes that the phenomena concerned differ from other mental phenomena wholly or chiefly in being excluded from the "clear light" of conscious awareness or attention. These phenomena are sometimes regarded as grading by degrees toward a zero point, sometimes apparently identified with the limen, and sometimes made subliminal. The latter view is that of James Ward who discriminates consciousness which is merely non-focal from subconsciousness which is subliminal. The line of demarcation is determined by the possibility of drawing the eclipsed presentations into clear consciousness by means of attention: non-focal consciousness merely awaits the act of attention; subliminal consciousness is beyond the pale of attention's influence. The function of subconsciousness is thus described:¹ "Subconscious presentations may tell on conscious life—as sunshine or mist tells on a landscape or the underlying writing on a palimpsest—although lacking either the differences of intensity or the individual distinctness requisite to make them definite features."

¹ *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, xx, pp. 47-48.

It is this conception of an atmospheric character or function that controls prevalent descriptions of subconsciousness in normal mind. Professor Jastrow's figure is of "a chorus led by a commanding voice" and again of an "associative ground upon which, and in which, designs significant and fanciful unceasingly play. The movement," he continues, "is infused with varieties and qualities of awareness; such awareness is dominantly of ends and not of means, of halting-places and not of flight, and is normally termed conscious thought when dominated by deliberate purpose, and when a directive attention, selecting and rejecting as it goes, is given to the successive stages of the associative product. It is called subconscious when, after quite prolonged submergence in the depths of the associative waters, a result emerges that stands in some fitting relation to our interests."¹

Again, Professor Münsterberg: "Much that figures in literature as subconscious means indeed nothing else but the unattended. But it belongs to the elements of psychological analysis to recognize that the full content of consciousness is always larger than the narrow field of attention. This narrow field on the other hand has certainly no sharp demarcation line. There is a steady shading off from the most vivid to the least vivid. We cannot grasp those least vivid contents of consciousness, we cannot fixate them as such, because as soon as we try to hold them, they move from the periphery of the content into its center and become themselves vivid and clear. But as we are surely aware of different degrees of clearness and vividness in our central mass of contents, we have no difficulty in acknowledging the existence of still lower degrees of vividness in those elements which are blending and fusing into a general background of conscious experiences. Nothing stands out there, nothing can be discriminated in its detail. That background is not even made up of whole ideas and whole memories and whole emotions and feelings and judgments and volitions, but of loose fragments; half ideas and quarter ideas, atoms of feelings and incipient impulses and bits of memory images are always mixed

¹ *The Subconscious*, p. 430, 447-448.

in that half-dark background. And yet it is by principle not less in consciousness, and consciousness itself is not different for these contents. It is not half-clear consciousness, not a lower degree of awareness, only the objects of awareness are crumbled and fading."¹ Professor Münsterberg thus eschews the term "subconsciousness" for this "background" of "marginal" consciousness, while implying that this, if anything, deserves the name.

No one is like to be concerned to deny the presence of the type of consciousness—background, marginal, atmospheric—here described. But in this paper I am concerned to deny that it is any account whatever of the phenomena which I described as evidencing subconsciousness. Subconscious phenomena (sense 3) are different *in kind* from "twilight" phenomena, and cannot be interpreted as limiting grades or degrees of the latter. To summarize grounds:

(1) Ribot has keenly remarked² that there is no justification for the assumption that consciousness grades off by degrees into semi-consciousness, subconsciousness, unconsciousness, etc. We may with as good right contend that its differences are leaps and bounds. Indeed, this would seem to be what William James means by the statement that experience comes as in "drops."³ If this contention be as incontestible as it appears, then the only distinctions of mentation that we are warranted in making are distinctions of quality or kind.

(2) The evidence for a distinctive type of subconscious mental activity cannot possibly be construed in accordance with the "twilight" hypothesis. I submit the case of the hypnagogic images heretofore described. These images are as fragmentary as you please, but bringing them into the clear light of attention neither fills them out nor diminishes them. As a matter of fact, each such image has not only its definite and vivid center but its vague and implied completion, its "twilight" parts; and that independent of the notice given it. In the more elaborate syntheses represented by

¹ *Psychotherapy*, pp. 149-50.

² *Op. cit.*, Appendice B.

³ *A Pluralistic Universe*, Lecture V.

dream and creative imagination the like relationship of clear and semi-clear elements repeats the distinction.

(3) The "associational" explanation which is expressed or implied in all of these descriptions entirely misses the point. Subconsciously elaborated presentations may or may not be associationally relevant to the consciousness in which they appear; very often their striking character is their irrelevance. Background consciousness is normally a mixture of perception and vague associations; it can serve as an atmosphere for the dominant conscious trend just because of this tendency to associational coherence; the two elements form one system, one consciousness. Similarly there are subconscious systems, which may be properly analyzed, *inter se*, associationally. But the explanatory function of association is far transcended when we attempt to group these separate systems on the same principles as their respective factors. We cannot—in other words—explain subconsciousness associationally "by principle" any more profitably than we can so explain it physiologically. There is "nothing in" such explanations.

The physiological explanation, we found, resolved itself into the associational. The associational explanation, in turn, usually seeks verification or supplementation in its physiological replica. The net result is a *circulus in probando* admirably adapted to confuse thought and to eliminate unmanageable details.

I might here leave the topic, but there is yet a phase of associationism that deserves remark. I refer to the tendency to treat subconscious syntheses as examples of association by contiguity,—*therefore*, as "lower" and more "physiological" than conscious reasoning, which is governed by the association of similars, and contraries.¹ As a matter of fact, brain physiology can be made to picture contiguous associations much more effectively than associations of the rationalizing type; the analogy of scars serves very well here, and as a rule mechanical conceptions of cell-relationships suffice where as-

¹ Dr. Sidis takes this view in *The Psychology of Suggestion*.

sociational identities call for cell-chemistry to give us adequate tropes.¹

But unfortunately for this view, the majority of our clear cases of subconscious activity exemplify the higher and more complicated type of syntheses. With his usual sound sense, Ribot points this fact as an argument directly against the physiological explanation. The case of subconscious invention, he says,² does not "suppose merely such adaptation to an end as the physiological factor would suffice to explain; it implies a series of adaptations, of corrections, of rational operations, of which nervous action alone furnishes no example." This is entirely true. Subconscious phenomena—even such as have been described in this paper—afford case after case of union, growth, and transformation of ideal elements for which it is entirely useless to seek physiological parallels that will even, in the present state of knowledge, explain them "by principle."

And ordinary association of ideas is equally useless when it comes to such phenomena as, for example, what in my description I termed *translation*.³ This process is much nearer to perception than to association. The almost physical growth of images, inner dramatization, the seemingly spontaneous commingling of particular into general ideas,—all of these phenomena, which are certainly mental and as certainly not always, perhaps but rarely, conscious, exemplify at once the failure of associationism and of physiology to give any enlightening account of what is properly subconscious.⁴

¹ In an amusingly naive passage Professor Münsterberg writes: "That all such phrases as the opening and closing, the widening and blocking, of channels of discharge are only metaphors hardly needs special emphasis. Instead of such comparisons, we ought rather to think of chemical processes which offer various degrees of resistance to the propagation of the nervous excitement." *Op. cit.*, p. 92.

² *Loc. cit.* The reader should consult also the excellent discussion of association in Chapter I of the *Essai*.

³ See pp. 623, 636, 646-7.

⁴ I do not mean to say that the term "subconscious" is the only one which might be profitably used for the description of the phenomena. The terminology of Stout's *Analytical Psychology* is admirably adapted to the description of many of the phenomena. And it is certainly no small credit to the author that by inventing a new set of terms he has succeeded in avoiding the quagmire of inconsistencies into which the physiologists fall. "Psychical

IV. Mind and Consciousness.

"Explanation" is our term for adequate description. I have shown the inadequacy of the so-called "physiological" and "associational" descriptions of certain mental facts, the one confessing its inability to explain save "by principle," the other frankly filling in its gaps with hypothetical connecting links. In neither case is there an adequate account of the phenomena, in neither case any genuine explanation.

The phenomena in question I have defined as "forms of mentation that are never in consciousness at all; yet which must be assumed in order to make what is conscious intelligible." The existence of such forms of mentation I now assume to be shown not only by the evidence adduced but also by the unsuccessful attempts at their explanation. As against these attempts, I support the type of explanation offered by Myers' conception of a "subliminal"—or as I prefer to say, a "subconscious"—self. In pursuance of this support I conceive it to be incumbent upon me, first, to discuss the possible meaning of a mental fact which is yet not a fact of consciousness, and, second, to show in what way subconsciousness may be regarded as a manifestation of a "self." My support, in each case, will be an appeal to the naturalistic analysis of experience of which our daily speech is the vehicle and evidence.

The common-speech contrast of "mind" and "consciousness" is first to be called to account. In what sense is it justified?

The philosophic ambiguities of "consciousness" are innumerable, as recent literature has abundantly demonstrated.¹ But for my immediate purposes two of its meanings only need be saliently distinguished. (1) "Consciousness" is

dispositions," "implicit apprehension," "noetic synthesis," etc., are terms which lead to clear-cut accounts of many psychical events interweaving conscious and subconscious factors; but it seems to me that they do not show us any profitable avoidance of a term of general summary for the phase of mental life denoted by "subconscious" in the usage I have given it.

¹ See especially the numerous articles in the files of the *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Method*.

equivalent to "awareness" or mental immediacy; sense-perception, thinking, feeling,—whatever bears the stamp of current real-seeming is consciousness; it is mind *in actu*. (2) "Consciousness," as *a* or as *my* or *your* consciousness, is the sum or series of the moments of consciousness, in the preceding sense. What enables us to speak of it as "a," "my," "your," etc., is the fact that this "sum" or "series" has the kind of part-to-part connectedness that forms of it what we can call a "life-history" or a "mind." This is to say, when we pass from the fleeting moment-to-moment awareness to its limiting terms, past and future, we do more than merely add the several moments; we amalgamate them biographically; this we do conceptually by our notion of a "self," experientially we do it by dint of the memories carried along from moment to moment.

Whatever its opinion as to the *esse* of physical objects, the modern philosophy of experience has been fairly unanimous in its opinion that the *esse* of mental objects must be *percipi*. It will, therefore, doubtless appear presumption to call this opinion to account. Yet that is precisely what must be done if our notion of a subconscious self is to be justified; by definition, a subconscious mental fact is one the *esse* of which is not *percipi*—so long as this means conscious immediacy.

But mere resort to Latinity does not resolve subtle ambiguities. If we stick to theory of knowledge it is not worth while to doubt that all *esse* really is *percipi*, for there *esse* is a synonym for *truth*, the very nature of which is object-of-thought. But whatever our metaphysics may be, however uncompromisingly idealistic, we make a distinction between the *esse* which is "our" truth and the *esse* which is the reality of which our truth is true; it is my truth, my percipience, if you please, that the fossil ammonite now on my desk is relict of a once living creature of the Mesozoic seas, yet I realize perfectly that my reconstruction of that ancient life is not the faintest adumbration of its reality, of its share of the actuality of the Earth's vital history. I distinguish in my present percipience the *esse* of my thinking, which is a part of the vital procedure of the world as well as a part of my consciousness, from the long-extinguished *esse* of a life that belonged to the

world procedure in a mode that it never can belong to my or any other experience (however, "absolute"). "*Percipi*"—wherever it has to do with truth, at all events—thus involves not only a conscious present, but as well a non-conscious absent *esse* which is what gives the presented *esse* its reliability or validity.

Now this doubleness of percipience holds just as strongly of one's perception of his own life-history as of his perception of the life-history of the world in general. Consciousness in the sense of awareness or real-seeming can embrace "a consciousness" only in intention—by a constructive intention analogous to truth construction. We have, to be sure, certain perceptually given indicators, the locative signs of memories, but even these are valid only as their two-fold *esse* is maintained. In great part the life-history which we reconstruct under the caption "a consciousness" is pure inference, having no more immediacy for us than has the life of the pristine seas.

The business of Science in the composition of the scientific world-history very largely consists in corrections and emendations of current real-seeming,—half our perceptions turn out to be illusions; they are misfit truths. In precisely the same way our consciousness of a life-history peculiarly our own is everlastingly rectifying and supplementing its presented evidences. We innerly insist that it possess consistency and continuity; without these it evaporates.

And what are these supplementations and rectifications if not mental events so long as their part in the world is the making of a mind? They are moods, ideas, impressions, necessary to intelligibly unite other moods, ideas, and impressions, into the kind of serial completeness we can call a life. Some of them we can locatively place by dint of memory, and these we affirm to have been "conscious." Others we can as definitely exclude from the conscious series, though they are none the less requisite to the mind's intelligibility, and these we are warranted in terming "subconscious." And our evidence for the existence of this subconscious order of events is every bit as good as (is of a kind with) our evidence for the reality of Mesozoic life.

The difference between a conscious and a subconscious event when these are viewed from the standpoint of mind construction is very slight indeed. Take the case of a gargoyle or of one of the hypnagogic images: such a creation would be recognized at a glance as the kind of thing that grows in a mind and not the kind which nature generates; it is an ideal fact, a mental fact. Now such a figure might be discovered to have been laboriously constructed in the full light of consciousness, or it might be found to have been subconsciously elaborated, even automatically transcribed, before entering consciousness at all. Whichever process turn out to be the real one the *mind-fact* nature of the creation is not in the least affected. A subconscious moment is always a conscious moment *in posse*. It happens that in building up our conceptual mind the inferred conscious moments do not fill out the tale, so that we are instinctively compelled to supplement their partial series by moments of consciousness *in posse*, which is subconsciousness *in actu*.

I wish to be unmistakably clear; therefore I resume:

(a) A conscious moment, a state of consciousness in the sense of mere awareness, may be defined as one whose *esse* is exhausted by its *percipi*.

(b) Such a conscious moment may embrace awareness of "a consciousness"; but the *esse* of this (or indeed of any other *meaning*) is entirely different from its *percipi*.

(c) This inferred *esse* may be a conscious moment of some other time—that is, a past state of consciousness,—or it may be a non-conscious but necessary psychic link in the sequence of psychical events which make up the particular consciousness of which the present moment is the awareness.

(d) The inferred psychic events, viz., conscious moments and intermediaries which are conscious only *in posse* or, we might say, in function,—are not only an essential of our awareness of a particular consciousness, but constitute the distinct order of facts which we call mental; so that our evidence for the existence of mind is evidence for the one stripe of event as much as the other: each is an assertion of present inference, the validity of which inference is tested by the fact

that the inferred moments are what make the series intelligible, what make it a life-history.

(e) And this type of inferential construction, which is precisely parallel to the scientific reconstruction of world-history, introduces us to the conception of an individual mind in which conscious and subconscious moments are each to be found. If the conscious moments (with their necessary supplementation) may be serially viewed as "a consciousness," so may the subconscious moments (with the necessary supplementation) be viewed as "a subconsciousness." Both the consciousness and the subconsciousness so constructed will belong to the one mind of which they are the complete account.

The meanings given to "mind" and "consciousness" in this analysis are certainly nearer to the meanings conveyed by our common-speech usage—in which consciousness is only the current phase of mind—than are the meanings usually derived by the psychological effort to resolve the whole of mind into percipience. This is saying, of course, that the pragmatically justified meanings are those here given.

But we have yet to show in what way a subconsciousness may be regarded as a "self." To that inquiry a separate section must be devoted.

V. The Subconscious Self.

Granted the validity of the conceptions of "a consciousness," "a subconsciousness," and "a mind," it is plain that here are three possible candidates for the role of "self." Each of them is evidence of a self, and we doubtless agree that normally all are evidential of the same self; why then speak of the "conscious" or of the "subconscious" self rather than "the self" whose mind these compose? The reason is entirely one of convenience; in ordinary talk we continually distinguish the "true" or "real" self from the traitorous and false selves of our unworthy deeds and moods. We recognize various types and degrees of inner fission, and have a long-standing myth of an innerly conflicting better and worser self. Now the true self of this common-speech dis-

inction is commonly the under-struggling better self; however bad we find ourselves consciously to be, we still have a lurking conviction that, given the appropriate chance, a now suppressed goodness would assert itself as lord of the domain and as the soul's verity. In other words, we feel that the true self is subconscious when we are consciously bad, whereas when we are consciously good we seldom have a like sense of suppressed, subconscious bad self: the wickedness in us always seems to us to be an evil obsession, a foreign intruder into the spirit's house.¹

This is one reason for our usual mode of speech. In psychology there is a different and far more potent reason for speaking of subconsciousness as more truly representative of the *self* than consciousness. The reason is that what is most idiosyncratic or self-characteristic in the mind is most intimately associated with subconsciousness, whereas consciousness is mainly concerned with external and indifferent things. Memory implications, imaginative creations, the hidden wilfulness of moods,—all these are subconscious in their main action and these are just the characters that make of the self that personality which we distinguish as ours. As I have elaborated this view in a previous paper,² I content myself with this present reminder of it, feeling assured that it will be recognized as the normal procedure of our thinking. The points to be noted are: (a) That not every mental content is recognized as belonging to the self. (b) That the contents

¹The opposite view, that the subconscious self is "stupid, brutal, unintelligent, lazy, immoral," (to quote some of the epithets applied) is the usual one with writers who approach the subject from the standpoint of pathology,—as, for example, Dr. Sidis (and compare the descriptions of Professor Münsterberg, *loc. cit.*, in the moments when he apparently forgets that the subconscious is non-existent). But it seems to me that opinion of this sort represents an obviously professional bias. There is no question that psychopathology has worked wonders in revealing to us the hidden structure of the mind; but it is an easy danger to allow the diseased mind to be taken as a model of the mind sane and whole, especially where the subconscious is concerned. Such views should be most carefully checked by study of the role of the subconscious in invention,—or, indeed, if I am right, in our most involved and most intellectual thinking. Meantime we may note that to be even a "stupid, lazy, and immoral" subconsciousness is already to be a self, a person, whose existence is judged in the aesthetic or impressionistic mode (see below).

²In *Human Personality*, heretofore cited. Myers' occupation of the subliminal self seems to be based upon similar grounds—the subliminal dominates the life-history.

which are so recognized are such as require for intelligibility the greatest degree of subconscious supplementation. (c) Of course any mind is a self's mind, any consciousness a self's consciousness, and if this self is regarded as dominantly subconscious that is due merely to the necessities of mind interpretation.

But what are these necessities? What is the essence, the core of them?

My answer is that what makes a mind a mind is the fact that it portrays a personality. Personality is *logically* indefinable. *Naturalistically*, as an empirical fact, it is definable; for experience is constantly defining personalities galore. *Aesthetically*, it is partly definable; for on the whole our apprehensions of personality are in an aesthetic mode, that is, we derive them by a series of *impressions* each serving to reinforce a total impression of style or character which henceforth we are able to identify, just as, with familiarity, we come to identify an artist's style impressionistically. In active life these impressions are mainly in a dramatic mode, because we are concerned with a world wherein conduct counts most of all.

I believe that the nearest we can come to a logical definition of personality is along the line, heretofore indicated in this paper, of the definition of interest and mood: interest is dominated by mood, mood is embryo personality. Of course both interest and mood derive their definition from personality, so that we are defining in a circle—but the circle is only a logical one; in real life, mood is *progressive* interest, personality is *progressive* mood. This means, of course, that in real life personality never gets itself defined *totum in toto*,—and this is what experience teaches ought to be. Experience is not made up of discrete details nor yet of completed series; rather it consists of incomplete continuities and complexes, which in their minor ranges are defined and made intelligible by our interests, in their major ranges by our personalities.

We cannot think except we think historically: the only possible meaning of scientific truth is cosmogony, world-history, world personality; the only possible meaning of a human life is biographical portrayal of its evolving personality. As presented to consciousness each of these is mainly infer-

ential,—but in each case the necessity of the inference validates it.

Truth of whatever scope always appears in the dramatic, the impressionistic mode; that is its ultimate measure; in last resort, it is aesthetic rather than logical.

The long and short of it is that each of us has a way of thinking peculiar to himself. It comes to the fore most strikingly in subconscious activities—those inner dramatizations represented by dream imagery, fantasy, imagination,—but it is none the less apparent in our most formal logic: the end governs the means and personality is what makes the end intelligible. Of course this is anthropomorphic—or psychomorphic,—but we happen to live in that kind of a world.

In closing I wish to call attention to an analogy that is metaphysically suggestive. In discussing fantasy I said that in the spontaneous and whimsical imagery which the less controlled states of mind yield we seem to touch something that suggests the creative instinct that animates the world. Certainly if we accept the idealistic interpretation of fiat creation, we can have no more realistic analogy than is furnished by our spontaneous imagery. “And God *thought* light; and there was light,”—it should read. So we, in effortless thought, create what may be as physically objective and self-willed as our hypnagogic images.

But the analogy is yet richer.

Personality at once defines purpose and creates its satisfaction. In the contrast of the fecundity of creative imagination and the reserve of the critical intelligence, both dominated by the same interest, the same purpose, we have, as I see it, an analogy that at last makes intelligible Nature's seeming contradiction of creative plan and creative waste. The whole theory of evolution—constant generation of types, constant selection of the evolutionally fit—is illustration of this process. And what it yields us toward the world's intelligibility is the conception of a world personality having an interest and a purpose which is yet no deterministic bridle of its creative activity: it still has the power to produce—what Nature obviously does produce—abortions, incompetents, vagrants, which yet do not swerve it from the dominant path

BOOK REVIEW.

The Little Book of Life After-Death. By Gustav Theodor Fechner.
Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1907.

Gustav Fechner is known to psychology as one of the pioneers in the experimental branch of that science. With Weber he was the author of what is called the Weber-Fechner law of the relation between stimulus and sensation. By the experimental psychologist he is recognized as one of the most scientific men in their field. But they never have anything to say about his philosophy or his theory on the soul and its continued existence after death. Their silence on this aspect of his views is like that of most philosophers on Hegel regarding the same subject. Mr. Andrew Lang had to reproach the memory of T. H. Green for not telling his classes that Hegel was a spiritualist! The historian of Hegel evades this incident in his doctrine quite as carefully as he does Hegel's theory of the tides. The experimental psychologist ignores Fechner's theory of consciousness and the soul as if Fechner were not worth regarding. But Fechner held his view right within the domain of facts which the psychologist reverences. He may be wrong, but he is scientific.

This little book was first written in 1835 and printed in 1836, under a pseudonym. A second edition came out later and a third edition in 1900. The present translation has an introduction by Prof. James written in 1904.

It is in many respects a remarkable book, remarkable especially for its intermixture of Platonic Christian and Spiritualistic ideas. Many thinkers have supposed that Plato's doctrine of immortality was sympathetic with that of Christianity, but this is not clear. But whether so or not the idea of surviving in the life of your friends is a curious conception for those who would not consider it survival at all. But in the midst of this Fechner gives a very clear outline of a belief which is almost identical with the spiritualistic theory of the after life. One would think that he must have come to it by experiment. He does accept clairvoyance and shows that he is familiar with mediumistic phenomena. But there is not the slightest trace of scientific inquiry or facts in the book. It is absolutely dogmatic. Everything is asserted with the confidence of a man with scientific proof and yet there is not an iota of evidence presented. Of course, it does not pretend to be scientific, but its affiliations are perfectly clear.

INDEX

Names of authors of articles and of signed contributions are printed in SMALL CAPITALS.

- Abstraction a creation.....675-76
 "Addie,".....203, 206-7, 378
 Adirondacks, Allusion to...91, 103-4
 Aesthetic reasoning.....669-70
 Allen, Miss, reporter,....133, 155, 176
 "Daisy" and "Vivie,".....195-96; 281, 318, 332
 "Alma,"323
 "Alter Ego," Vision of.....60, 151, 377, 394
 American Art Galleries, Gifford pictures at the...7, 19, 32, 43, 65
 American Branch of Society to disband,502, 554
 Amnesia and semi-trances of Mr. Thompson460
 Anna, not known to Thompson..133n
 Apparitions or hallucinations of Mr. Thompson veridical...462
 "Arthur".....129, 200, 201n, 216, 230n, 311, 378, 380
 Association and dream construction641-45
 Association of ideas.....684-90
 Atwood, Dr. C. E., Diagnosis of Mr. Thompson's case....15-16
 Auditory apparitions.....1, 7, 19, 32, 43, 55, 58; 462
 of music.....52-53
 Augustine, Mr., on the Thompson pictures39-41, 443
 Automatism of Mr. Thompson, Example of the.....61-63
 Automatism, Union of sensory and motor, unique.....466
 Autumn scenes and colors.....55, 126, 439
 B., Mr.....272
 B., C.....551
 B—g, Mrs.....557
 B—s, The.....330
 Bancroft, Margaret, Hodgson's verse to.....479, 522
 had light.....486
 Sitting of, at Oldfarm.....514
 The Owl's Head sittings at home of.....520-32
 Psychic susceptibility of, 520, 524n
 Sincerity of.....528
 "Basil"267
 "Battle of the Elements," Story of sketch of the....5, 10, 65, 67
 Search for the trees....21-25, 59; 72, 74, 327n
 Scene on Nonamesset....67, 77, 83
 Mrs. Salter nearly describes, 108-110
 at Dr. Hyslop's home.....274-75, 305n
 Picture, fig .XVIII...327n, 352n, 385, 394, 406, 443
 Bayley, Dr., on Hodgson's mannerisms509
 at Owl's Head.....522, 524, 526
 gave watch to Miss Bancroft, 528
 on the sittings.....532
 Beckwith, Carroll, on the Thompson pictures.....42
 "Belle"267
 Bergman's, Miss, sittings.....565-75
 Hodgson's German friends...566
 Recollections of Hodgson...570
 "Billy," see Newbold, Prof.
 "Billy, Baldhead".....216
 "Black Woods"....20, 58, 74, 80, 81, 82
 Body, The, in dreams.....636-38
 Book reviews (J. H. HYSLOP):
 Life and matter, by Sir Oliver Lodge.....590
 A pluralistic universe, by William James.....591-92
 Bosworth, Mr.....56
 Bourget, Paul.....310, 381
 Bourne, Ansel, case.....454
 A boy's two dreams.....640-41
 Brushes, Basket of old.....290, 378
 Building of granite and brick....302
 Bull, Dr. Titus.....15
 C—, Mrs.....57
 C—, Mr. A. B., owner of island....33, 53n, 56, 58, 103n
 Letters from.....71-73; 452
 Captain142, 144

- "Care" 310
 Celery, Hodgson's reference to,
 at Oldfarm.....514-15, 520
 "Charles" . . .114, 159-61, 241, 358, 395
 Chenoweth, Mrs..... 5
 Sittings with, arranged for... 13
 Good incidents from...25, 26, 57
 First sitting with..... 87
 called Mrs. Smith in *Journal*,
 vol. I..... 91
 received pay..... 93
 Careless question of sitter
 opened way for guessing..93-94
 Pertinent incidents.....94-95
 Unevidential communications,
 95-96
 under control of Starlight... 96
 Amnesia after sitting..... 96
 Communications from Dr.
 Hodgson, George Pelham
 and Mr. Myers..... 97
 Call for personal identity in-
 cidents at last sittings.... 97
 Confession of communicator, 98
 Dissatisfaction with herself.. 98
 Sitting with.....111-33
 under Starlight control..... 112
 Character of Thompson.....113-
 14, 426
 Two communicators...116, 427-30
 Letter H comes to.....127-28
 names Arthur and William,
 129-30
 Sittings with.....155-76;
 176-93; 193-216; 216-38;
 238-74 395-97
 Dr. Hyslop on.....193-95
 complains of cold and dark-
 ness 218
 sees oriental city....220-21, 399
 Confusion in messages....225-26
 Vision of.....238-40
 Indefinite references to Gif-
 ford.....250-55; 260-63
 His home.....256-58
 Dogs and picture of gully, 259, 391
 Sitting with.....282; 320-34
 Classification and references
 of sittings with.....378-81
 Evidence at first sitting per-
 tinent at times..... 387
 Summary of sittings..... 398-406
 Mistake of, as to Gifford's
 smoking422-23
 Collective cogency of inci-
 dents at first sitting....431-32
 Motor automatism of.....466;
 594, 598-613
 "Chesterfield" 358
 Chicago Exposition, Gifford and
 Diehlman at.....292n
 Child, Francis J., Message from,
 to W. James..... 530
 Child, Little, not known...60, 140-43,
 145, 157, 322-24, 440
 "Christ before the Doctors," by
 Hoffmann 240
 Churchill case..... 551
 City, A large.....59, 219-21, 399
 City of Magnificent Sculptures,
 648-49
 Clairvoyance, Light upon..... 468
 Spiritistic intervention the
 source of..... 469
 Classification of the evidence.... 375
 Divisions and subdivisions.375-76
 Evidence of identity and of
 supernormal376-82
 Clergyman, A mediumistic....535-36,
 541, 552
 Clyde Line.....255, 380, 384, 420
 Co-consciousness.....615, 685-86
 Color sense, Development of
 Thompson's 61
 Colors, Gifford's fondness for
 rich119, 378, 387
 Colors, Influence of, on Mr.
 Thompson 237
 Communicator a writer.....100, 106,
 116, 167, 437
 Communicators, Spontaneous dis-
 tinction of.....341, 347, 382
 Confusion, Explanation of....423-25
 Consciousness, Mind and....691-95
 Cox, friend of Gifford.....206, 378
 Cross, A., seen by Mrs. Rathbun,
 147-48, 153; 326
 with Gifford's initials seen
 by Thompson and painted,
 fig. XXXII.....363n
 Cross references.....433-40
 Crystals in Mr. Thompson's
 pocket221, 281, 377, 440
 Cunningham, Mr., instructor of
 drawing 48
 Cuttyhunk 36
 Paintings of trees in....44, 398
 Painting of photograph of
 landing at..... 49
 Mr. Thompson at.....52-56
 D. or Davis.....262, 380
 D——, Miss, Hodgson's poem
 to477-78
 "Daisy," horse of Miss Allen's
 friend195, 378

- Dana, Dr. Charles L., on Mr. Thompson's case..... 17
- Death, Figure of.....328, 379, 414
- Densmore sisters, The..489-91, 493-95
Huldah 516
- Diehlman, Frederic..... 291
and Gifford.....292n, 305n, 408-9
- Donkey156-57
- Door, Large black, with lock.... 341
- Dorr, Mr. G. B., House of..... 484
at sitting.....490-91
secures Hodgson a salary.... 497
Administrator 501
Notes to the Oldfarm sit-
tings at home of.....511-20
at Owl's Head sittings..... 520
at Newbold sittings..... 532
- Dow, Prof. A. W., Report of, on
Mr. Thompson's pictures,
8-10; 42-44, 442
- Dream fabrication.....593, 609-613
- Dream fantasy, A.....648-49
- Dream supplementation of wak-
ing intelligence..... 649
- Dreams, Association and con-
struction641-46
The body in.....636-38
Memory of boyhood.....638-41
Post-cognitions of.....642
The space of..... 635
Translation and dramatiza-
tion in.....646-47
Vividness and persistence of,
638-41
- Dreams and imaginative expres-
sion647-55
- "Dumpling Lighthouse"..... 301n
- Dutch school, Gifford liked the,
298-99, 379
- E. or Essex.....257-58, 380, 384
- Edmunds, Lucy, asst. secretary,
501, 569
- "Edward," unknown ..102, 377, 423
- Egypt183n, 395
- Elizabeth Islands, Mr. Thomp-
son's visits.....19, 53-56, 71
Painting of one of the...43-44;
103n, 364n, 366, 381
- England, Allusion to, by Mrs.
Rathbun91, 103-4
- Enid, niece of Hodgson..... 529
- Errors and mistakes specifically
examined420-23, 425
- Evans, Mrs. Gertrude, artist...644-45
- Evidence, Discrimination and es-
timation of the.....418-33
Cross references of.....433-40
- Evidence, Examination of the...375-
440; see also Hyslop, James
H., Classification and James,
William.
- False personation in the Piper
phenomena 498
- Fantasy and imaginative expres-
sion655-58
- "Farmer's Light"..... 301
- Fechner on memory processes... 587
- Field, Kate..... 315
- Fire buckets, Hodgson's warning
to get..... 531
- Florence 284
- Forbes, Mrs.....426, 461
- Foster, Ben, on the Thompson
pictures 42
- "Frank".....106, 165, 380, 438
- Fraud, Detective, excluded...25, 87, 90
Relation to the record....593-595
- "Fred," see Myers.
- G., of Gifford's name, a good hit,
359, 381
- G., von, Hodgson's reference to.. 519
- Gifford, R. S., Inspiration from,
influences F. L. Thompson. 4-5
- Initials of, on tree...7, 57, 76, 78
- fond of music..... 7
- Identification of style of, in
Thompson's painting...9, 10, 43
- Voice of, heard....19, 32, 43, 55
- identified at sitting..... 25
- Death of..... 29
- Thompson called on..... 31
- Picture by, admired by
Thompson32, 85
- Evidence of style of, in the
pictures37-42
- Home of the spirit of..... 54
- Thompson visits studio of,
56-57, 64, 67
- objects to spiritualists..... 66
- Initials of, figs. XXXII and
XXXIV 78
- idealized his work.....83, 376
- described by Mrs. Rathbun,
99-102, 120, 436
- Indications of.....115-24, 130-31
- Places visited by, described.125-27
- Favorite rug.....127n
- Friend Henry.....128n
- Father of.....129n
- a hard worker..... 130
- Message to Thompson...131, 380
- worked with chemicals.....134n
- Description of.....159, 378
- fond of music.....174n

- Interest of, in the Orient....183n
 Sketch-books of.....209n
 Brick house of..... 210
 Room 211
 and members of the Tavern
 Club211n
 Trips of, to Egypt and Al-
 geria221n
 died in New York.....224n
 Handkerchief incident at fu-
 neral228-29, 400
 did two kinds of work..... 231
 Apparent effort to control...231n
 Jeannie P.— on.....233-34
 Horse of.....236, 401
 Vague description of..... 242
 not an impressionist.....243n
 not a smoker.....245, 422
 Pictures by, described.246-47, 401
 His method of working...248-49
 illustrating 253
 Picture of gully.....259, 403
 Two places for working..267, 404
 Many unfinished sketches of,
 287, 402
 Old furniture.....287-88, 402
 Style and habit in painting,
 289-90
 Old brushes.....290, 408
 did designing.....291, 407
 on N. A. hanging committee,
 292-93, 408-9
 tried other psychics.....293-94
 had a large picture planned.. 295
 Taste and style.....296-300
 Lighthouse300, 411
 Not enough clothing.....302-4
 painting storms.....304-5
 Non-evidential statements..306-8
 Club life.....309, 412
 Child of, asleep.....309-10, 412
 "Carl" and Paul Bourget... 310
 communicating324-29
 Picture fig. XVIII..... 327
 Brushes 361
 Thompson to have unfinished
 pictures 361
 Initials..361-62, 368, 371, 373, 416
 works by inspiration..... 373
 See also references.....376-82
 Early home on island....366-67,
 417-18
 not a smoker..... 422
 Personal identity of, estab-
 lished in a supernatural
 manner 457
 Gifford, Mrs. R. S., Thompson
 visits56-57
- Letter of, regarding the Nash-
 awena picture..... 66
 Characterization of.....308
 Gorham Manufacturing Co.....291n,
 378, 408
 Gower case..... 554
 Greenwood, J., owner of Gifford's
 Nashawena painting, 65, 73n, 443
 Group, Dr. Hyslop on efforts of
 the270-71
 Guessing and inferences, Surface
 indications of..... 88
 Question of..... 90
 not prevalent in first sitting
 with Mrs. Rathbun.....91-92
 Gully, Picture of a.....259, 403
- H. or Henry.....128, 211, 379
 H—t, Letter from.....551, 557-58
 Hallucinations combined with ob-
 session I
 Testing, through mediums..2, 14
 of music..... 7
 Evidence of objectivity of... 13
 supported by mediumistic ex-
 periment14, 377
 Veridical hallucinations of
 Mr. Thompson..... 467
 Händel's work, The power of...587n
 Handkerchief incident..... 228
 Hell fire and the rich..... 317
 Heavenly cannibal, The; poem,
 649-53
 "Herbert".....314-15, 380, 388
 Higham & Co..... 31
 Hindu, Greek or what?..... 143
 Hodgson, R., and Mrs. Cheno-
 weth 97
 in control.....204-12
 Gifford at Tavern Club...211;
 315, 316, 329
 thru Mrs. Smead...341, 351, 370
 Death of.....470, 501
 Reality of Imperator band... 471
 Earliest messages thru Rec-
 tor 472
 Other possible sources of
 communications472-75
 Earlier communications...476-81
 Poem to Miss D—...477, 478-79
 Verse to Margaret Bancroft. 479
 Communication to W. James,
 480-81
 Ring incident.....476, 482-87
 Mrs. Lyman.....482-84, 485-86
 The nigger-talk case, at sit-
 ting with Prof. Hyslop..487-88
 The Huldah episode...489-95, 516

- Prof. Newbold's sitting...492-94
 Mrs. Thaw's statement..... 495
 The pecuniary messages...495-97
 Discussion of the Piper case. 499
 Reality of control by..... 503
 Mannerisms of.....509-11
 Incidents at Oldfarm called
 up511-20
 The Owl's Head communica-
 tions520-31
 W. James on the.....531-32
 at the Newbold sittings..532-46
 on helping Hyslop..... 550
 Lodgings in Charles St., Bos-
 ton 569
 Supernormal knowledge.... 571
 Conversations in Boston.... 571
 Australian recollections of.572-75
 James' remarks on.....573-75
 and conclusion on.....575-89
 Evidential points..... 575
 Fist-shaking incident..... 576
 Handwriting 577
 "In the trick".....577-78
 Conveys message to W.
 James from F. J. Child... 580
 Christmas cards..... 581
 Ms. volume of poems...581, 595,
 599, 607, 608
 Holland, Mrs.....425, 461
 Homer, Winslow, Resemblance
 to work of.....9, 43
 "Hope," unknown.....320-24
 Horse riding by Mr. Thompson.. 236
 Hosmer's, Harriet, will..... 315
 Howard and Cockshan..... 31
 Huldah episode, The.....489-95, 545
 "Hurricane," name given J. H.
 Hyslop by Jennie P.....232n
 Hypnagogic images.....627, 628
 not of peripheral origin..... 630
 are mental constructs..... 630
 work of subconscious mind.. 631
 Hypostasis.....673, 674n, 676
 HYSLOP, JAMES H., A case of ver-
 idical hallucinations.....1-469
 Diagnosis of Thompson's
 case 1-2
 arranged for sittings..... 3
 on noticeable incidents..... 6-7
 Arrangement with Prof.
 Dow8-10
 on Thompson's mental con-
 dition12-14
 Reports from physicians...15-17
 visits Gifford's haunts.....20-24
 on protection against fraud.25-26
 on Mrs. Smead.....26-28
 Detailed incidents and com-
 ments29-30
 on Thompson's acquaintance
 with Gifford.....34-36
 Evidence of Gifford's style in
 the pictures.....37-44
 Limitations of Mr. Thomp-
 son's experience.....44-51
 on Thompson's color sense.. 61
 Verification of the pictures.64-85
 Comments on the mediumis-
 tic records.....87-98
 Sittings with Mrs. Rathbun,
 99-105, 133-46, 146-55
 with Mrs. Salter.....105-11
 Sittings with Mrs. Cheno-
 weth111-33
 Oral55-76, 176-93, 216
 Automatic writing.....193-95
 on Hodgson and Sidgwick,
 194, 201n, 222n
 Starlight to.....113, 132
 Stein and blue plate of...212-13
 on confused messages.226n, 230n
 on Jennie P.....232n
 Gifford's house at Nonquitt.257n
 Experiment with clergyman
 at home of.....271n
 on sitting with Mrs. Rath-
 bun274
 on "Battle of the Elements."
 274n, 352, 440
 Medium questions.....293
 on the name "Hope".....324n
 complimented by Hodgson... 330
 Experiments with Mrs.
 Smead, introduction....335-39
 Uncle James McClellan....340n
 called by father..... 342
 Wife of, communicator..... 344
 Attempt for automatic writ-
 ing with daughter...345n, 355n
 on drawings by Mrs. Smead. 364
 Father of..... 370
 Desire of, to visit Gifford's
 studio372n
 Examination of the evidence,
 375-440
 Classification and references,
 375-84
 Summary and evaluation.384-418
 Mr. Thompson's experiences,
 384-86
 Mediumistic incidents....386-418
 Discrimination and estima-
 tion of evidence.....418-33
 Cross references.....433-40
 Explanation of the cuts...441-48

- Conclusion449-69
 The nigger-talk case at sitting with.....487-88
 Vice president.....501-3
 on incident of Hodgson and Dr. Bayley.....544n
 Note on Sanger or Zangler, 536n, 540
 Convert to spiritistic theory, 547-48
 Sitings, and Hodgson communications548-49
 Hodgson on helping..... 550
 Notes on Hodgson's allusions553n
 gets messages through Miss Gaule 554
 Hyslop, Mrs., painted in her girlhood.....373, 374n
 Hyslop's society.....502, 554
 Idea, Interpretation of an....649-53
 Ideas, Association of.....684-90
 Identity, Classification of evidence of376-82
 Psychology of the law of.674-75
 Illustrating subconscious elaboration of an image..... 657
 Imagery, Dream.....634-47
 Hypnagogic623-34, 656
 Hypnopompic632-34
 Normal waking.....621-23
 Verbal 621
 Visual622-23, 655
 Images, Memory.....622
 Spontaneous and irrelevant, 622-23
 Imagination, Conscious and effortless 646
 Distinction between, and fancy659-60
 Dualism of.....661-64
 Genetic analysis of.....661-65
 in reasoning.....669-76
 Scientific671-72
 Imaginative element dominant in reason 660
 Imaginative expression, Critical, 659-69
 Emperor.....271n, 370, 372n
 Emperor band..543n, 582, 593, 609-13
 Incidents, Detailed, and comments29-86
 Collective value of isolated, 431-33
 Incubation 670
 Inspirations, Sources of..... 143
 Interest664-68, 670
 Interpretation of mood: obsession653-55
 "Jack," Hodgson's reference to.. 512
 Jade pendant of Mrs. Chenoweth, 214-15
 James, H., Jr., administrator.... 501
 JAMES, WILLIAM, Report on Mrs. Piper's Hodgson-control, Part I: Summary of special incidents470-500
 Introduction470-75
 Earlier communications...475-82
 The ring incident.....482-87
 The nigger-talk case.....487-89
 The Huldah episode.....489-95
 The pecuniary messages..495-500
 Part 2: Selections from detailed records.....501-75
 Introduction501-11
 The Oldfarm series.....511-20
 The Owl's Head series...520-32
 Professor Newbold's sittings, 532-49
 William James' sittings...549-65
 Miss Bergman's sittings...565-72
 Australian recollections...572-75
 Conclusion575-89
 Conversation with Newbold, 546 on the Hyslop sittings.....48-49
 Voice-sittings with Hodgson, 549
 Remarks on sitting.....563-65
 admits impression of the supernormal 581
 A will the active cause..... 583
 Will to personate and will to communicate583-85
 Permanent entities.....585, 695
 "Joe," uncle of J. H. Hyslop.... 282
 Johnson, Alice.....217
 Johnson, Arthur.....216-17, 380
 Judah, Mr.....540
 Judgment 670
 Kekulé's imagination.....672-73n
 Keppler, Genius of..... 672
 Kettle Cove..... 58
 "Kiddie".....217, 318, 332
 Knowing dead, The, poem.....654-55
 Knowles, J. L., on the playing of Wagner music by Thompson60-61
 Krebs, Rev. S. L.....536n
 L., Mrs.....214, 483
 Ladder 149
 Leonardo da Vinci..... 240
 Levitation, Dreams of..... 636

- "Life, Death and Immortality,"
328, 406, 409
- Light, The.....329, 330
- Lighthouse.....301, 379
- Logical reasoning.....669-70
- Lou and Louie.....102, 166-70
- Mr. Thompson's name...169, 377,
378
- Low Art Tile Co.....31
- Lucis, Nelson.....59
- "Lucy".....128, 378
- Lyman, Mrs., sitter, ring incident,
482-86
- M., Meaning of, not known..161, 180
- M., Mrs.....315, 330
- and Hodgson's cross....528, 554
- Pipes.....578-80
- Ms. volume of poems.....581
- McClellan, James.....340n
- Macy, Mr.....35, 47, 48
- "Madam".....319, 329
- Marchan, name of island.368, 382, 418
- Master with velvet hat.....188-89
- Mediumistic experiments free
from fraud.....25
- Mediumistic incidents of Thomp-
son case.....386-418
- Mediumistic phenomena com-
monly sensory.....465
- Mediumistic records, Comments
on the.....87-98
- Honesty of medium.....88
- Mediums, Supernormal nature of
information conveyed by
the.....14, 27
- Memory and communication, 231, 232n
- Memory images.....666-68
- Memory processes co-ordinated
with material processes...587
- Mental pictures.....434-35
- Mental processes, What, involved,
the question.....89
- Message modified by natural pro-
cesses of an active mind...90
- Metaphor.....673
- illustration of, from Jastrow,
673n
- Michael Angelo.....284, 286
- Miller, gardner at Oldfarm.....517
- Mind, The, functions as a whole, 669
- Intentions of.....673
- portrays a personality.....697
- Mind and consciousness.....691-95
- "Minna," Hodgson and, at Old-
farm.....511, 515
- and cigarettes.....518
- Morse alphabet.....372
- Moses, Statue of.....283-84
- Moses, Stainton, physical phe-
nomena.....543n
- Mrs. ————.....217
- Müller, Dr.....19, 39, 328n
- Thompson plays Wagner
music at house of.....60-61
- confirms Mrs. Thompson...110,
275n
- Thompson wrote out vision
of woman for.....328n
- Müller, Mrs. Dr.....8, 10
- buys several pictures.....38
- Story of criticism by an ex-
pert.....39-41, 452
- Munich, Building in.....303-4, 381, 412
- Münsterberg on Myers' sublim-
inal.....619n
- on suggestion.....666n
- on the subconscious....680n, 687
- Music heard.....52-53, 58, 172-75,
379, 386, 396-97
- Influence of on Thompson.190-91
- Myers, Mr., and Mrs. Chenoweth, 97
- "Fred".....199
- and Dr. Sidgwick.....200-1
- Identification of.....202, 316
- concerned about the light,
329, 599, 607, 608
- Myers' automatisms.....586
- Myers' subliminal self....616-18, 632
- Myers-control and "nigger-talk," 488
- Names hard to remember.....514
- Nantasket, Hodgson and New-
bold at.....532-38
- Nashawena, Picture of trees at,
Figs. XVII to XX.5, 64-67, 443
- owned by J. Greenwood....65
- Mrs. Gifford on Gifford's
painting of.....66
- by Thompson.....352-53
- "Nellie," Hodgson asks for..523, 525
- "Nelly," the Light.....334
- New Bedford, Opinion of Thomp-
son's paintings in.....45-46
- New Bedford Standard*.....25-26
- New England coast, Gifford's
fondness for.....299, 410
- New Yorkers, God too slow for..318
- Newbold's, Prof., sittings.....493-95,
532-49
- Hodgson's reference to.....525
- on evidence of Hodgson's
identity.....547
- Nickerson, Mr.....57
- "Nigger-talk" case, The..487-89, 562

- Nonamessett, Scene of "Battle of the Elements" on...67, 74, 300n
 Thompson never on.....68, 69 367n, 385
- Nonquitt, Mass., Thompson visits
 Gifford's studio at...5, 56-57, 64, 67; 130
 Gifford's house at.....257n
 Description of.....300n
- Obsession or "possession," Ap-parent...I, 135, 141, 143-4, 158, 167, 170, 173, 204, 268, 377, 439, 468
- Oldfarm series of sittings, The, 511-20
- Oriental characteristics, fig. XXXI.....237n; 238-40
- Orrin, not recognized.....180-81
- Osler, Ms. reply to.....552
- P., Jennie, "Whirlwind".....232n, 599, 610-611
- P., T., on Hodgson's mannerisms, 509
- Pairpont Co., Mr. Thompson's work for the.....11, 12, 30
 Failure of.....31, 35
 Pictures painted for the...441-42
- Pandanaram Salt Works, Picture of the.....66
- "Past, Present and Future".....280n, 406
- Peacemaker, charade.....526, 556
- Pearls.....241
- Pecuniary messages, The Hodgson.....495-97
- Peebles, Dr.....281
- Pelham, George, and Mrs. Chenoweth.....97; 222n
 Communicator.....314-16
 gave copious supernormal information.....511, 599, 607, 608
- Pendleton, W. M., artist.....644-45
- Pennant on Gifford's boat.....241n
- Percipience.....692-93
- Personalities, Independent.....615
- Personality, Disintegration of..I-2, 14
 nearest logical definition of..697
- Photographs, Copies of..49-50, 441-42
- Physiological explanation, The, 680-84
- Physiological psychology.....684
- Picture and real scene...327, 379, 414
- Pictures (Thompson's) sold on merits.....19
- Pictures, Verification of the...64-86
 Figs. XVII-XX.....5, 64-67
 "Battle of the Elements," fig. XXIII and XXVI..5, 67, 72-73
- Crooked trees fig. XXVII...79-81
 Explanation of the.....441-48
- Piddington, Mr.....488
 at sitting of Huldah episode, 489-90; 502
- Hodgson's promise to.....568
- Piper, Mrs.....216
 Sittings with.....230n
 Value of...424, 425, 455, 461, 463
 Motor automatism.....466
 Reports sent to England....502
 at Oldfarm sittings.....511-20
 Subliminal states.....595
- Piper-phenomena, W. James on the.....498-99
- Piper's, Mrs., Hodgson-control, Report of (Prof. WILLIAM JAMES).....470-575
 Part 1: Summary of special incidents.....470-500
 Introduction.....470-75
 First message from Hodgson, 470, 476
 "Rector," the control.....471
 Dream creations.....471
 Supernormal knowledge....472
 Sources for veridical communications.....472-73
 Truthful information copious.....473
- Hodgson a bad test for Mrs. Piper.....474
- Hodgson's brusquerie.....475
- The ring at first sitting at Miss Pope's.....476, 482
- Poem at second sitting....477
- Poem to Miss Bancroft....479
- Details of ring incident...482-87
- Nigger-talk case.....487-89
- The Huldah episode.....489-95
- Letters missing.....489-90
- Proposal of marriage.....491
- Dr. Newbold's evidence....493
- James' sitting.....494
- Pecuniary messages.....495
- Man and woman and food...496
- Hodgson's salary provided..497
- Discussion.....498-500
- Part 2: Selections from detailed records.....501-89
- Introduction.....501-11
- Hodgson's death.....501
- Adjustment of affairs....502-3
- Reality of Rector and Hodgson communications.....503
- Discussion of spirit agency..504-9
- Hodgson's mannerisms...509-11
- The Oldfarm series.....511-20

- The Owl's Head series....520-32
 Prof. Newbold's sittings...532-49
 William James' sitting...549-65
 Miss Bergman's sittings...505-72
 Australian recollections...572-75
 Conclusion575-89
 Pocket-book, Incident of the... 169,
 208, 380, 384, 396, 398
 Pope, Miss Theodate, sitter...476, 477,
 479, 482, 567
 Hodgson spoke first to..... 571
 Changes in house of..... 578
 Pratt, Biela, modelling a bust of
 Hodgson 561
 Presentation 670
 "Priscilla"223, 380
 Proctor, the astronomer..... 545
 Prudens, a medium..... 550
 Psychic, How interview with, is
 conducted 5-6
 Psychics, First sittings with, in
 ignorance of man and facts, 87
 Two, were normally con-
 scious 89
 Gifford tried several.....293-94
 Psycho-physical parallels..... 681-83
 Psychologist's fallacy..... 683
 Putnam camp, Children at the,
 558-60
 Putnam, Miss, and Christmas
 cards.....565, 580-81
 Ranger, Henry W., on the
 Thompson pictures..... 41
 Raphael 278
 Rathbun, Mrs..... 5, 25, 26, 56
 not the real name 91
 Sittings with, arranged for. 83, 87
 Question of guessing at first
 sitting90-91
 Nothing irrelevant said at... 92
 received no pay..... 93
 Sitting with.....99-105
 Ignorant of sitter..... 99
 Gifford described..100-2, 387, 436
 Mother of Thompson...101, 423
 Trees103, 387
 Sittings133-55
 does not remember Thomp-
 son 146
 Clay152, 406
 sees a cross.....147, 394-95
 Sitting with.....274-82
 Classification and references
 of sittings with.....376-78
 Evidence of first sitting frag-
 mentary, but direct and
 pertinent 387
 and fraud..... 594
 Visual form of messages.... 594
 normally conscious..... 594
 Impersonation 594
 Reasoning, Imagination in....669-76
 Logical and æsthetic.....669-70
 Records, Detailed.....99-374
 Sitting with Mrs Rathbun..99-105
 "Rector," W. James on.....471-72
 Reality of..... 503
 Redlich and Co..... 31
 References at various sittings..376-84
 Rich, John, Hodgson forgets
 name of.....514, 517, 518-19
 Richard 222
 Ring incident, The Hodgson... 476,
 482-87
 Ring of Mr. Thompson's....136-37,
 140, 234
 Ring, Seal, of Mr. Gifford's..121, 378
 Robbins, Miss, Message from F.
 J. Child came to..... 580
 Robinson's, Mr.....57, 71, 72-73
 "Rowley," unknown..... 313
 Royce, Prof., Hodgson's refer-
 ence to..... 519
 Rug, Gifford's old..118, 378, 383, 387
 S., Dr., Sidgwick.....200-1, 222, 380
 Age of.....199, 225n
 S——, Miss..... 56
 S——, Mrs., and the Thomp-
 son pictures.....39, 84, 391
 St. Louis Exposition, Gifford and
 the292n, 378
 Salter, Mrs., Struggle for evi-
 dence of the supernormal
 at sitting with.....92, 106-7
 Resemblance of incidents to
 those of other sittings, 93, 107-9
 received no pay..... 93
 Sitting with.....105-11
 sees picture at Mr. Hyslop's, 109
 Incidents of sittings unclass-
 ifiable382-84
 Discussion of.....424-25
 and visual functions..... 597
 Sanger or Zangler.....536n, 552
 "Sara"321-24
 Scotland.....102, 377, 423
 Self, One's, the effortful con-
 sciousness 661
 The subconscious.....695-98
 Sidgwick and Hodgson.....577-78
 Sidis, Dr. Boris, on suggestion...666n
 Sistine Madonna.....147, 437
 Sittings, Feeling of reality in one
 attending good.....503-4

- Sketches, Dated, in hands of J. H. Hyslop.....4, 29
- Smead, Mrs., ignorant of facts before experiments with..26-27, 88, 336, 414
- Hyslop on.....335-39
- Record339-74
- Confusion340-51
- Pictures unfinished..... 352
- Hyslop had some pictures... 352
- Nashewena scene.....353n
- Sketches of trees.....366-67
- Ignorance of, of Mrs. Gifford372n
- Incidents of sittings..381-82, 414-18; 419; 424, 455; 461
- Motor automatism..... 466
- Somnambulism untenable in Thompson case.....456-59
- Soule, Mrs.....554
- Spirit of Art, The.....189-90
- Spirit-return, W. James on...498-99, 505, 507-8
- Spiritistic hypothesis.....460-67
- Three types of facts pointing to a..... 462
- Muensterberg on..... 507
- Spiritualism, Reference to..... 136
- Starlight, the control of Mrs. Chenoweth.112-33, 155, 176, 315
- Winsome 331
- Starlight trance.....599, 602-604
- Stein and blue plate of Dr. Hyslop's212-13, 379
- Storm scenes, Painting, from window305, 379
- Subconscious, The, in the light of dream imagery and imaginative expression (H. B. ALEXANDER), 614-676; critical discussion, 677-98; marginal consciousness, 615; co-consciousness, 615; sub-conscious thought, 616; the unconscious, 618; objections to the term, 618-20; psychic data based on introspective observations, 620; normal waking imagery, 621; verbal, 621; visual, 621-23; hypnagogic, 623-34; images not of peripheral origin, 629; are mental constructs, 630; work of sub-conscious mind, 631-32; hypnopompic images and utterances, 632-34; dream imagery, 634-47; creation the striking character of the, 643; dream of pictures, 644-45; translation and dramatization in dreams, 646-47; dreams and imaginative expression, 647-55; irrational fantasy, 647-49; interpretation of an idea, 649-53; interpretation of mood; obsession, 653-55; fantasy and imaginative expression, 655-58; critical and imaginative expression, 659-69; dualism in imagination, 661-64; suggestion, 666; interest, 664-68; imagination in reasoning, 669-76; the process, 670; scientific discovery, 672; metaphor and hypos-tasis, 673-76; abstraction, 675-76; Discussion, the problem, 677-79; the physiological explanation, 680-84; mental phenomena not translatable into language of physiology, 682; no explanation, 684; association of ideas, 684-90; mind and consciousness, 691-95; the subconscious self.....695-98
- Subliminal states of Mrs. Piper.. 595
- Subliminal condition, Our ignorance of the..... 89
- Subliminal self.....616-18
- Subliminals I. and II.....595, 598, 599-603
- Sugar loaf mountain..... 276
- Suggestion666, 670
- Supernormal, Evidences of the, in first sittings..... 90
- Classification of evidence for the376-82
- abundant 419
- Discussion449-60
- Phenomena of spiritistic origin461-66
- Swain School of Design.....44, 48
- Symbols used in detailed records. 98
- T., Miss (stenographer)..... 112
- Taraulin, Gifford's use of a... 126, 305n, 378, 383, 388, 439
- Taraulin Cove.54, 55, 56, 57, 73 103n
- Tavern Club, The.....211n, 519
- Telepathy and spirit communications197, 463

- Mr. Thompson's hallucinations not explicable by telepathy between the living.. 462
 from the dead..... 467
 Real hallucinations in..... 468
 Thaw, Mrs. Dr. Blair.....494-95
 Think, To, is to poetize..... 673
 Thompson, F. L., Diagnosis of case of, by J. H. Hyslop.. 1-2
 Result of mediumistic test of, 3, 100
 Impulse of, to paint through inspiration from Gifford, 4-5, 37, 377, 384, 388
 Pictures of, described.....5, 76-83, 442
 visits Gifford's studio.....5, 57
 Visit to second psychic..5, 112-33
 visits scenes of Gifford's work.....6-7, 20, 71, 76
 Art critics on paintings of, 8-10, 442
 Testimony of companies employing 11
 Condition of, under impulse to paint.....12-13
 Hallucinations of, correspond to realities in life of Gifford.....14, 377, 392, 467
 Diagnosis of Dr. C. E. Atwood14-16
 of Dr. C. L. Dana..... 17
 Veracity of.....17-25
 Facts summarized..... 18
 Pictures sold..... 19
 Record of story on file before pictures were made..... 29
 Written statement of.....30-34
 thought he was R. S. Gifford, 32
 Sitting with Mrs. Rathbun.. 33
 J. B. Townsend buys picture, 33
 Acquaintance of, with Gifford34-35
 Evidence of Gifford's style in the pictures of.....37-42, 442
 Limitations of experience of, 44-51
 copying photographs in oil, 46, 441
 Finished by a Mr. Macy...47, 48
 Letter of..... 48
 at Pairpoint shops.....51, 441
 Diary of.....52-60
 Vision in the valley.....55-56
 Other visions.....59-60, 141, 144, 172, 220-21
 Development of color sense.. 61
 Automatism of.....61-62, 377
 dislikes goldsmith work....63-64
 Letter of mother of..... 68
 Letter of sister..... 69
 Confirmation of story..... 72
 absent-minded 76
 Initials of, on tree.....79, 81, 312
 at Mrs. Rathbun's.....100-4
 Grandmother of.....100n, 134, 139n, 164-65
 Mother.....101, 139-40, 438
 Material confusion of...101, 137, 166, 171, 172, 184, 438
 Makes sketch at Mrs. Salter's 108
 Pictures by, astray.....110-11
 Characteristics of, from Starlight.....113-14, 380, 426
 Gifford's relations to...116, 388
 Groups of trees.....127, 389
 Want of confidence.....128, 144, 162, 185, 190, 439
 wore oilskins..... 134
 Honesty of, questioned..134, 392
 Reference to insanity of..... 135, 139, 141, 377
 Accidents138n
 Attitude of wife.....139, 393
 Ring of.....137, 140, 392
 Lost child.....140, 377
 Automatism of.....143, 377, 438
 Goldsmith work..... 142
 asks for sources of inspiration 143
 Inspiration lost.....153, 377
 Picture145, 139
 Influences around.....158-59
 Relations with friends...113-14, 163, 172-73, 380
 Uncle Frank.....165, 380
 Goldsmith.....161, 187, 440
 Described as Louie...167-70, 438
 Mediumistic nature.....170-71
 Sensation of, during...172, 392, 396, 439
 Clairaudience of.....172-75, 396
 Half-sister of..... 177
 Psychic work of..... 181
 Financial relation.....184, 392
 Unfinished paintings..185-86, 307
 Figs. XXXV and XXXVI... 186
 crying off discouragements.. 191
 Changing influences..... 193
 Vision of city..... 59
 Fig. XXXI.....220-21
 Some characteristics of...234-38, 265-6
 as a psychic.....268-69
 Trouble with colors.....269, 405

- Inability to work.....276n
 New inspiration..... 276
 influenced by older artists,
 278-79, 327n, 398
 Old artist and new picture... 280
 painting storms.....304-5n, 379
 Vision from bridge under
 Gifford's influence.....312, 413
 infested with visions.....326n
 New picture in head.....326-27,
 409, 421
 Figure of Death.....328n
 "Fred" all right..... 329
 A good sitter..... 331
 Message to, through Mrs.
 Smead343-44, 381
 Picture near door.....344n,
 348, 414-15
 Nashawena picture....352-53, 384
 Efforts of Gifford (?) to
 reach356-60, 415
 Letter to wife on paintings
 and visions.....363n
 "Inspiration" from Gifford.. 373
 Summary and evaluation of
 experiences of.....384-86
 Mediumistic incidents....386-418
 See also references.....376-82
 Correspondence of sketches
 and pictures by, with scenes
 found later.....385-86
 Summary of Smead evidence,
 414-18
 Initials of communicator.... 416
 Gifford's initials on painting
 of cross on shore..... 417
 Coincidences at first sitting
 with Mrs. Chenoweth.... 432
 Veracity of.....450-60
 Spiritistic hypothesis.....460-67
 Clear case of union of sens-
 ory and motor automatism, 466
 Thompson, Mrs F. L., confirma-
 tion of husband's state-
 ment29, 30, 37
 Thompson, Mrs. L. H., (Carrie
 E.) Letter of..... 68
 consults Mrs. Salter.....110-11
 Thompson, Mrs., Case of..... 425
 Thought distinctions, Derivation
 of 673
 Townsend, J. B., bought first pic-
 ture of groups of trees,
 34, 442, 443
 Letter of, to J. H. Hyslop... 38
 Trance, Advantage of a..... 88
 Light, in case of Mrs. Cheno-
 weth 112
 Translation and dramatization in
 dreams646-47, 690
 Trees, storm-beaten, Pictures of,
 and finding of....5, 6, 9, 21-24,
 31-32, 43, 54-59
 Figs. XXIII. and XXVI...72-73,
 76-83
 Figs. XXIX. and XXX,...81-82
 Record of sitting with Mrs.
 S. in reference to..... 84
 Accidents of finding the...84-85
 A favorite subject of Gif-
 ford's.....86, 299, 410
 Described by Mrs. Rathbun,
 103, 105, 108, 434
 by Mrs. Chenoweth.....126-27
 Starlight to.....131-32, 366n
 Truth of story of, proven...453-54
 Uniform.....134, 141, 439
 Veeder, Mr., Death of.....135n, 144
 Verbal imagination.....621
 Verrall, Mrs.....426, 455, 461
 Motor automatism..... 466
 Hodgson promised to repeat
 messages 568
 Virgin Mother, The..... 285
 Vision of misty valley..... 55
 of wonderful city...59, 60, 220-21
 of mother and child...59, 60, 144
 A new.....279
 Visual form of messages.....594, 597,
 602, 604
 Visual imagery.....622-23
 "Vivie," horse of Miss Allen's
 friend195-96, 378
 W. or William.....129, 378
 Unknown252, 286
 Wagner music played by Thomp-
 son60-61
 Waking self, The, specialized for
 criticism 643
 Water, Across the.....103, 119,
 182, 208, 439
 Watson269, 378
 Weehawken, Mr. and Mrs. Gif-
 ford visit.....211n
 "Whirlwind," Jennie P.....232n
 Whistler, Relation of Gifford to,
 253, 380
 Wilkinson, Miss..... 521
 Will, A, the active cause of com-
 munications 583
 Will to personate, A, in the
 Piper-phenomena.....583, 593,
 609-613

- Will to communicate, An external, in the Hodgson-control cases 585, 588
- Witches' Glen, Trees at 58, 59
- Woman and child, Vision of .. 60, 148-50, 187, 276, 280, 285, 436, 440
- Woman in spirit world and Thompson..... 99, 134, 138n, 152, 163, 171, 187, 275, 285, 327, 395, 398
- Wood's Hole..... 54, 56
- Wright, Hodgson asks for woman named..... 544
- Writing..... 100, 106, 116, 167, 396
- "Youth, Manhood and Old Age," 280n, 406
- Zeivorn, password..... 555, 560, 583

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