

I merely give the results of my experiences which affect this matter so closely.

In conclusion, I would quote the words of one from that further world of which I have spoken. It is at Uvani's instigation that my book has been written, and, in summing up his wishes as to the form the book should take, he ended in the following way :

"We are stating no religious views. We are holding up no banner of what is termed spiritualism ; and there are no doctrines which have to be extolled. Purely a statement of fact is what will come from your pen, a search into what lies beyond the little span of man's existence here."

## I

IN 1933 my son Ronald went for an expedition into Tibet, and on his return he wrote a book in which he mentioned that I have a faculty for knowing something of what is taking place in the lives of himself and my other son when they are away from me. I rather reluctantly promised that on Ronald's return home from his second journey into Tibet I would give the story of what happens, and when he came back after a long absence of nearly two years I started to fulfil that promise.

My sons had been away from me for the greater part of six years. In the autumn of 1932 Bill joined his regiment in India, and, while there, spent two months in Tibet, travelling with one native servant, and actually being there at the same time as Ronald, although they were hundreds of miles apart. Later on, when stationed in the Sudan, he obtained leave to go on a journey into the Libyan Desert, accompanied only by camel men and an occasional guide. Ronald remained at home for just over a year before returning to Tibet in 1935.

I had always been full of fear with regard to dangers and troubles coming to those I love, and I can truly say I should have been constantly agonized had I been in the dark about them, for I simply could not have borne the suspense in those long weeks and months of waiting when there was no news ; but I always did have knowledge of them, a knowledge so clear and so constantly proved to be correct that I was usually able to continue unafraid, and to feel as though they were near me. Since 1929 I have known in broad outline what will happen to them, and to myself ; and a couple of years later, through my own hand, I began to be given information which was, and is, seldom wrong.

It was, however, after Ronald and Bill went far away that the writing began to take the form of vivid descriptions, with so many details that we came to speak of these 'seeings' as 'pictures', for they are pictures in words portraying things that my sons are doing, people they are with, places they are in, and sometimes what they are saying or thinking. At first when these pictures came to me, I rather diffidently included them in my letters to my sons, wondering whether they would be in any way correct. To my relief they replied in the affirmative, and presently, as more and more detail was given, I sent them typed copies, retaining others for myself which I filed in separate books. Those sent to them they returned with their annotations, confirming what had been seen or pointing out discrepancies ; sometimes saying that a picture had been wrong so far as the actual event was concerned, but that the thought of doing this very thing had been in their minds ; and every now and then, letting me know that the picture was wholly wrong. The latter seldom happened, for almost always there were certain details which were right. That this



is not telepathy will, I think, be shown in this book ; but I shall have to go back twelve years to show the train of events which led up to all this.

My husband died very suddenly in November of 1929, his death coming altogether unexpectedly, for, although he had been very ill with a severe heart attack in the spring, we were confident that he was getting well. We were staying with a friend in Scotland when he died—one moment apparently all right, and talking to me ; the next lying dead—and as I sat beside him all through that night, feeling as though I had lived through countless years since it happened, I thought : “If it is possible for anyone to return, you will come back to me.” And so it came to pass.

During 1924 and 1925 I had had a little experience of psychic matters, and the results of three sittings, one with Mrs. Vicars, the next with Mrs. Barkel, and the third with Mrs. Garrett, were very outstanding in their results, sufficient to show my husband and myself that, even if what was given me had been taken from my mind, there was in all three mediums some remarkable supernormal faculty. In each case there was the clearest evidence of my brother Frank, who had died in the Great War early in 1915. I did not talk about these details and there were few people who knew what had occurred. From 1926 I was away from London, with little opportunity for practical experiments, but always I had a great longing to know more ; and two months before my husband died I had arranged with one of the societies at which Mrs. Garrett worked to have three sittings with her after our return from a round of visits which we were about to make. One day, when talking to my husband, I suddenly said : “I would give worlds to know if what I have heard is true. Do you think you could come with me to Mrs. Garrett ?” He answered : “Yes, I’ll go with you. I should like to see for myself what happens.” Three days later he was dead, and when I went I was alone.

It was on November 26th, twelve days after my husband’s death, when I had this first sitting ; and, on my arrival at the London Spiritualist Alliance, it was quite obvious that no one there had any knowledge of what had taken place. This applied to Mrs. Garrett also, for I realized she had no recollection of ever having seen me before, and I remembered that hundreds of people had been to her in the intervening years. She quickly went into trance, and I found her control, Uvani, was speaking. Quietly and unemotionally he traced the events of the past eight months, giving me for nearly two hours the most incontrovertible proofs from, and about, my husband, and I knew in very truth that he had kept his word and was there with me.

From that time onwards I made an intensive study of psychic matters, experimenting with the finest mediums ; but (and this is a very important point), keeping my investigations entirely secret. I told no one when I had an appointment ; I never spoke either to the mediums, or to anyone connected with them, about myself or my affairs ; and I very rarely gave the least information to anybody at all with regard to what was told me. I kept complete records of all that took place, the evidence which poured through to me from my husband being utterly amazing. There was little which had happened in our lives which was not mentioned, and in refutation of the old theory that all this was coming from my own subconscious mind, much was spoken of which had not yet happened.

To take one example only : years before Ronald knew that he would be an explorer I had heard he would be one, though I had kept all mention of this to myself.

There may be some people who will read this book with but the haziest idea as to what is meant by a ‘medium’, and of what happens at a ‘sitting’. When appointments are arranged with mediums through the various Psychic Societies, this is the general method of procedure. The mediums do not live on the premises but attend at their allotted times ; they go straight to the rooms which are used for their work, and do not know with whom their appointments will be. The visitor enters unannounced, and the name is not mentioned. Both visitor and medium sit quietly for a few minutes ; then the latter—if a trance medium—slips into unconsciousness. As a rule there is nothing strange or alarming in this trance. The mediums are almost invariably quite normal and natural, and to the onlooker it is merely as if they were going to sleep. Suddenly he or she rouses and begins to talk, but the voice and personality are different to those of the medium. The depth of the trance varies considerably, some going into a very deep sleep, from which it takes a long time to awaken when all is over, while others go off lightly and very rapidly, ‘coming to’ again with the same ease. My own experience has been almost entirely with trance mediums, and I have found, in the case of practically every one I have been to (and they have been many), that they have never asked any questions in their conscious state, nor sought out any information from me at any time.

I think the easiest way towards understanding communication between this world and the next is to try and forget any orthodox and fixed ideas that one may have concerning it. Think of yourself as having arrived in that other world to find it very much like the one you have left ; your feelings are the same, your memory intact, and you are yearning to return to someone whom you love. You suddenly find that it is possible to do this with the help of a human telephone called a medium, and that messages can be given by you to an operator (or control) and transmitted by him, or her, through this medium. In other words, it is very much as it would be on earth if someone who had never used a telephone asked you to ring up a friend for him, telling you what he would like said. You could not send his message without the proper apparatus, and this is just what a mental (as opposed to a physical) medium is—a very sensitive human telephone. Thus there should be no sinister meaning attached to the term ‘medium’, which only implies in this case someone who serves as a means of communication between one person who has passed through bodily death and another who is still on earth.

I am not going to speak in detail of the extraordinary results of my first two years’ work, but will quickly pass on to the time when I myself developed psychically and became my own intermediary. Mrs. Garrett is, frankly, quite devoid of interest in the people who go to her ; she knew nothing whatever about me during the first six months of my association with her—not even my name for a considerable time—and she has to this day no knowledge of anything concerning my past life, and very little of my present one. Whilst she was in deep trance, and totally unconscious of what was going on, her control, Uvani, continually



gave me facts about myself and those dear to me, together with a wealth of detailed evidence on matters of which I was until then unaware. I should like you to think of Uvani as a real person—an Arab, very aloof, proud and calm—doing all he could to help and make everything clear. In my case he went on steadily from one subject to another, sometimes asking a question (only to answer it immediately himself), sometimes using his own quaint words and phrases, and then suddenly speaking exactly as my husband would have done, and with the very words he would have used. I hardly spoke. I never at any time gave any information about ourselves; and, as Uvani was talking, I wrote down almost all he said. Throughout this series of communications the evidence is astounding, not only through Eileen Garrett but also through the other mediums to whom I went—Charles Glover Botham, Annie Brittain, Mrs. Clegg, Mrs. Mason, Estelle Roberts, Mrs. Dowden, the well-known medium for automatic writing, and Frances Campbell, who is not a trance medium but sees clairvoyantly. I am alluding now to the work of the first few months, for after that I went to other mediums, some of whom I shall speak of at length.

Uvani invariably spoke of my husband as 'your lord', and it was during my tenth visit to him that he quietly remarked: "Your lord says this: 'The next time I come I won't have an interpreter. I am coming to talk myself. I hate being explained away by a third person.' Uvani then said meditatively: "He has done many strange things in his life, but this will be one of the queerest. He never thought he would be pulling strings on the other side."

I asked: "Uvani, will he be able to talk to me himself?" and Uvani replied: "He says he will, Madame, and he is a man of great determination, great force of character. What he says he will do, he will do."

This was five months after my husband's death, and was the beginning of one of the most wonderful periods of my life. During the next eighteen months Uvani came three times only, on each occasion staying not more than a few minutes, and it was my husband alone who now spoke to me. That it was he in person I could not doubt.

The first series of communications given through Uvani had been outstanding, remarkable in their continuity, and very correct; but they were in a sense relayed, and now we could talk directly to one another. In Eileen Garrett we found we had a perfect instrument. Not only did my husband evince the clearest memory of all we had done together, but more and more was it evident that all manner of things that went on around myself and the boys (both of whom were at Cambridge) were known to him. His care of us was exactly as it had been, but his knowledge and understanding were infinitely greater. Things which would have bothered him once now seemed trivial; it was what lay beneath, and not what was on the surface, which signified. My great wish was to keep any worries away from him, but I found that if I was troubled about anything he always knew of it already. If there were any business matters to be undertaken he would speak of them without being asked; if there were an interview coming off, which might have been difficult for me to deal with, he would know; and, as the weeks and months went by, I realized ever more fully that now I always knew in myself, somehow,

what to do; that all fear was lifted away from me; and that I was no longer in any doubt as to how to manage, financially or otherwise.

Mrs. Garrett was, however, leaving for America in the autumn of 1931, and although there were many other fine mediums to work through there was none other whom we could utilize in precisely the same way. The day she left we had our last talk through her for a very long time, and while I was wondering how we should be able to talk again directly to one another, my husband said: "We'll have a try with the pencil."

Accordingly, after Mrs. Garrett left, I did try on many occasions during the next three weeks to see if involuntary writing would come, but it was not until November 12th that I had any success.

That afternoon I sat down by myself with pencil and paper. I waited for twenty minutes or so, while nothing happened, and then, slowly and feebly, my hand began to move. There was an attempt at a word, which I could not read; some small circles were made, the pencil going over and over the lines; then my name, written several times, quite legibly, and finally a short sentence from my husband.

At this first attempt, each letter was made with the utmost difficulty, so that altogether I must have sat for about two hours absorbed in what was happening. The following day there was an improvement, and this continued for the first week, sentences being formed quite distinctly, and with each word separate. On November 20th I paid a visit to Mrs. Dowden, feeling that perhaps her great power might, in some measure, communicate itself to me. I sat beside her and occasionally she placed her hand on mine; there was the same slow, careful forming of letters, and while I was with her there was not very much done by myself. Some force had undoubtedly come to me from her, however, for that same night at home there was a great improvement, almost a whole page of foolscap being filled with close writing.

After that I continued to work on my own, and a period of training began which lasted until December 2nd—that is for a fortnight. During this time, hours were spent in laboriously shaping letters, like a child learning to write. Pot-hooks and hangers, straight lines and curves, all were practised and perfected, until, little by little, they became easier to manage. Even after this training some days were completely blank, without the least movement of the pencil; and at no time were more than eight lines of foolscap filled until December 26th, when the writing became very tiny (as though to conserve energy), and considerably more was accomplished. On February 3rd, for instance, four hundred and sixty words were written in twenty-three and a half lines, which means an average of rather more than nineteen and a half words to the line; while, on February 14th, three months after I had started, a whole sheet of foolscap was written, and from that day on there was no further difficulty, for the writing invariably began at once, and continued with ease. I realized also that the effort needed was becoming less and less. The writing was still very small, but it gradually became bigger, until, by February 29th, it was normal in size, since when it has remained so.

In addition to my husband, I have three other constant communicators, and it is very rarely that anyone else writes through me. The first of these is my brother Frank. His coming dates back to December 30th,



1931, when, between them, he and my husband wrote thirteen lines in two and a quarter hours. Frank nearly always comes first (except when my husband is going to speak) to tell me who would like to talk to me. On June 17th, 1932, I wondered if Uvani could possibly come and explain something to me. He wrote almost immediately, and since then he has come every day for the last nine years. Lastly there is Abdul Latif, who controls both Mrs. Garrett and Miss Francis. He first came to me on December 18th, 1932.

My training had been good. Infinite pains had been taken over the formation of words, and no slipshod methods were ever allowed. It was all very typical of my husband's efficiency and thoroughness. With the coming of Uvani, however, it became even more methodical. At first it had been sufficient for me, when writing, merely to think of a question or comment in order to receive an answer ; but had I continued like this there would have been no record of the conversation which had led up to any particular subject. It therefore became necessary to institute some other system, so that what I had said myself could also be seen.

From this time, the power working my hand was always abruptly suspended for me to make my remarks, which I put down in red pencil to distinguish them from the involuntary writing. It soon became clear that it was Uvani who was the strictest control, for my husband, Frank, and Abdul Latif were more lenient, and would still answer if I only thought what I wanted to say, instead of writing it down as well. Uvani would never speak at all until I had first entered the hour, the day, the month and the year ; saying it was most important there should be no laxity in this, in order that complete records might be kept. Now and then I tried to see if I could persuade him to answer if I questioned him unnecessarily, or did not conform to his system, but I found that the pencil would remain motionless until I did as I knew he expected me to do. The only exceptions to this rule were (and still are) when I was very tired ; and then at times he would say : "I will not be obdurate. Do as you will" ; or words to that effect.

When this writing of mine started I took for granted that it was what is known as 'automatic', but I was wrong about this, for I gradually realized there was nothing purely automatic about it. It is indispensable to give my whole mind to what I am doing in just the same way that I would devote my entire attention to a person who was telling me something of compelling interest. As a matter of fact, this is an apt simile, because although the words are not audible, I seem to hear them with an inner consciousness, and thus this writing is controlled through the medium of my brain and not directly through my hand as in the case of most automatic writing.

It is true that from the time of my husband's death I have had unbounded proof of his continued existence. It is from him that the most perfect evidence and cross-tests have come, and it is he who keeps me most constantly supplied with news of our sons. I know that essentially we have never been separated, that our lives have gone on together ; but everything concerning him touches me so deeply that I felt I could not tell anything of our own story. Therefore, except for an occasional

reference to him, or an account of our boys' doings given by him—or by Frank—I wrote this book originally around the two people so well known to many, Abdul Latif and Uvani.

Since then, however, Eileen Garrett has published a very interesting book, *My Life as a Search for the Meaning of Mediumship*. She stresses her belief that these two beings, Abdul Latif and Uvani, are, in all probability, part of her own personality, and that it is in reality some faculty, deep seated in herself, which enables her to supply with information those who go to her. It is not surprising that Mrs. Garrett should have this idea about her controls. They come to her only when she is in trance (and therefore unconscious), leaving no after-impression ; but it may be sadly disconcerting to many people to read that what was to them convincing proof of the survival of their loved ones is, in Mrs. Garrett's opinion, her own gleaning from their subconscious minds.

It is for this reason that, in addition to recording some of the experiments by which Abdul Latif and Uvani gave me proof of their separate individualities, I am adding some of the evidence about my husband which Uvani gave me through Mrs. Garrett. I am therefore including the greater part of the first two sittings I had with her after his death.

## II

MRS. GARRETT says in her book that by the summer of 1929 she realized she was very weary of giving sittings for evidence. She knew that many people derived great comfort from them ; but she now felt she wanted scientific investigation of her strange powers and to obtain, if possible, some satisfactory explanation of them. It was no wonder, therefore, that she seemed bored and uninterested when, on December 26th, I went into the little room where she was waiting for me ; and I mention this because the difference was marked when Uvani took control.

She barely said a word before going into trance, and then I heard the grave calm voice of Uvani :

"I give you greeting, friend. Peace be upon you, in your life, and in your work, and in your house.

"I am in a Scottish-Celtic atmosphere. There are two ladies and two gentlemen. One gentleman is youngish, so it seems—middle-aged. The other is somewhat older. A brother is also there."

*From this I knew that Uvani was on the right track. From October 23rd we had been staying in Scotland with a friend and his daughter, and my husband's death took place on the night of November 14th, just twelve days before this sitting. The following day one of my brothers came to me there. Our host was several years older than my husband, who was fifty-one.*

I sat absolutely silent while Uvani continued without a break. He told me he now saw two ladies, and the description he gave of the first was a very good one of my husband's mother. He gave details of the