

ask you a few questions. You influence your Instrument in various ways. Would it be possible for you to influence her to write, if we placed a pencil in her hand?

Mrs. G. (*Uv*): I have never been able to write—no!

H. C.: Very well. Now could you tell us something about yourself? What is your full name?

Mrs. G.: My name is Joseph Ben Hafid (son of Hafid son of Ali). (?) Ben Ali.

H. C.: Where were you born?

Mrs. G.: I was born near Basra.

H. C.: In Asia Minor?

Mrs. G.: So!

H. C.: When were you born, as you count time?

Mrs. G.: As *you* count time it would be less than 100 years.

H. C.: You passed out of your physical body very suddenly, did you not? Some accident?

Mrs. G.: Accident? No, no, my friend! I die by the sword. A noble death.

H. C.: In battle?

Mrs. G.: Not what you would call battle. Over the rights of my land and of my brother's child. I am always my younger brother's protector, and so of his children. A duel—my cousin.

H. C.: You had brothers and sisters?

Mrs. G.: There were with us Aben Aber (?), the older, and then my father, who was a chief—Jusef (Joseph). There was a brother, Aben Aer (?), and Salib (?) and Rosali (?). Yes, seven brothers and sisters. . . . [*Names taken down phonetically, by the stenographer, as best she could*].

Some further information regarding 'Uvani's life-history was elicited at a sitting held on May 16, 1933. This in no instance differed essentially from the above. It is hoped that this may be published at some time in the future.

APPENDIX D

'UVANI'S' ACCOUNT OF HOW HE CONTROLS THE MEDIUM

(*Sitting of March 22, 1932*)

H. C.: Now I should like to ask you a few questions as to how you control the organism of the medium. Do you know just how you do this?

Mrs. G. (*'Uvani'*): I must know how to be able to do this. If, over a long period of time, a great friend says to you 'To you I have great sympathy of mind'—it is like that. For a great period of time this Instrument of mine I have been near—in close contact. I am always in attendance, during the uncharted years of her life. When she comes into the Light I do not withdraw, but the moment I see the wanderings of her underconsciousness I find myself drawn to her.

It is of that underconscious that I shall one day make a recording machine. For my curiosity, and for my desire to help my own people. I am prepared to use that (if I may so call it) Instrument, as she leaves it. . . . As the time draws near, I am able to impress upon the underconsciousness not only my presence, but others, and I control that underconsciousness. Of the conscious mind I have no control at all, nor would I find it right. But of the underconsciousness it has been given to me to impress. I have little by little gained suasion over the underconsciousness. It is a part of her mind that is moving restlessly, and therefore right that we should use that figment of the mind, through what you might call Hypnotism; the consciousness then expresses it as now—*vo!* (Clasping hands together).

H. C.: Have you any knowledge of the contents of the medium's mind? For instance, if she were seeing something, would you know about it?

Mrs. G.: It does not interest me. I have no interest in her thinking. Her conscious mind is to me naught. . . . It would not be for me to use. I work on a split of the underconsciousness . . .

H. C.: What becomes of her conscious mind when she goes to sleep?

Mrs. G.: The conscious mind, during the moments of sleep, is permitted to go into the Cosmos, to renew itself, where it receives strength and is purified. . . . Her conscious mind, in sleep, has no more to do with me than with you.

H. C.: Is the Soul then taken quite out of the medium's body?

Mrs. G.: In every case. Sleep comes when the consciousness is taken out into the Cosmos, of which it is a part.

H. C.: And in this peculiar kind of sleep we call trance?

Mrs. G.: It is then that I am not only there, but can make that underconscious to become a 'figment,' not only for my ideas, but for many other entities. I, through that underconsciousness, project myself, for it is more pliable . . . The underconsciousness is the vehicle; my expression works it like notes on a piano—on this piece of soul-fabric.

H. C.: Have you any idea as to how you influence her brain and body?

Mrs. G.: I do not influence her body or her mind. I use a 'figment'—the fabric of the soul—which is stimulated by my thoughts; this stimulates the fabric and produces automatic expression. . . . It took me many years to learn to subdue the conscious mind . . . When the conscious mind is out, the underconscious takes control. . . .

H. C.: You speak of 'fabric' and 'mesh.' Just what do you mean by these terms?

Mrs. G.: It means to me this body. It seems to me that it is moving, like the plasm of fishes . . . There are two bodies—one visible to you, one not seen by you. The invisible body is the reality. I am of that same composition when I come to you . . . When I speak of 'fabric' I am speaking of that plasm . . . It is more dry, more nebulous, less condensed . . .

H. C.: We think, and our thoughts are not material things, like chairs and tables. On the other hand, our brain is a material thing. How by thought do you influence the medium's brain?

Mrs. G.: That to me is matter—matter into which I have come. But there is a body of finer matter, and it is that which I use. It has a different rate of vibration. It is that which is played upon and stimulated.

H. C.: Then there is a connecting link between the 'figment' and the operating entity?

Mrs. G.: Yes.

H. C.: And you work on the brain of this invisible body?

Mrs. G.: Thoughts leave their impressions on this soul-context (?).

H. C.: Does the body of your Instrument appear as 'light' to you?

Mrs. G.: No, it is heavy.

H. C.: I mean, is there any light around it that you can see?

Mrs. G.: I take but little interest in the body.

H. C.: Have you any influence over the actions of the medium?

Mrs. G.: Very often; I influence the underconsciousness, causing her to operate along certain lines; it is telegraphed to the conscious mind.

H. C.: How do you know when she is ready for you to come?

Mrs. G.: I know. I have a telegraphed impression that the Instrument is ready; the moment that the conscious mind becomes very low, then the soul-body becomes more vibrant. That for me is a telegram to operate. But remember, it is prepared before I take command. The underconsciousness is preparing to operate. . . .

H. C.: If your Instrument were to see, for instance, a horse falling over a cliff, and,