

The second, in sight of the dowser, fills eight identical cigar boxes with sand and in one of them he embeds a small bottle of oil, shuffles them, and asks the dowser to find the one which contains the bottle of oil, seven times out of ten. The offer is still open. In both these cases the oil is insulated, and if the dowser could see the can of oil and the box containing the oil he pointed out to him, he would be unable to "get" them with his stick. The only way it could be done would be to connect the oil in the can and the sand in the different boxes, with a cord or copper wire, to the earth. I could go on with other experiences and examples, but this article would grow to too great a length. What is written, I hope will be of interest, and helpful.

[An article by Mr. Cook describing his methods appeared in *B.S.D.J.*, Vol. III., 21, p. 239.]

In view of the fact that dowsing can be successfully carried out from horseback, motor-car, railway coach and aeroplane, it would appear that inhibitions caused by electrical insulators, such as glass supports, rubber boots, &c., must be of a personal nature.—EDITOR.]

INHIBITIONS

By AUBER

"Always higher, always further" was the motto used by the President of the Association des Amis de la Radiesthésie when closing the fourth International Congress of Radiesthésie in Paris in 1935. I venture to add "*Festina lente.*"

The TRUTH about rod and pendulum movements will be revealed in God's good time.

Meanwhile, although we ignore what "it" is, we can use "it"; and all we sensitives *should* use "it," in the many possible ways, for the relief of suffering humanity and animals, as well as for the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, in the widest sense—and it *is* wide, were we not so blind and deaf.

Meanwhile we are all learning, or ought to be, and progressing, however imperceptibly, towards the TRUTH.

The Abbé Mermet said that we were building a cathedral; each bringing to its construction our little stone. Each little stone should be progress; but is it?

Devouring everything one comes across, in several languages, one cannot but be struck by the repeated conveyance to the building site of stones already used or already rejected by the builders. The effect of this, if not actual retrogression, is a brake on progress. Among these unnecessary stones are inhibitions.

The Village Water Diviner has for over 30 years been unable to locate springs with his twig when wearing rubber boots. So he thought. I have a "box of tricks" which "fabricates" magnetism. Pretty fierce it is, too: ask Captain Halliday (B.S.D.).

In his rubber boots the V.W.D. held his twig over the apparatus: nothing doing: "can't feel anything in these boots." Suddenly I switched on: the twig nearly flew out of his hand; "Crikey, what was that?" "That, my friend, is what you feel above a water course, gumboots or no gumboots. Come out into the garden." There the V.W.D. was marched over a stream, gumboots and all; and his twig and my pendulum did the Lambeth Walk together. "Oi!" Yes, that's what the V.W.D. said. Exit *that* inhibition.

The V.W.D. doesn't study Radiesthésie, or read about it. He just finds water. Had he known about "it" being felt in an aeroplane, or in a motor-car, he would have known that gumboots don't matter two hoots.

Alas and alack, for those articles written by scientists and other educated men which, to neophytes, must be as retardatory as gumboots in a Flanders trench, being, as some of these articles are, full of inhibitions.

Let's see what one of the French "Aces" says about this, the late G. Brochenin in *Le Pendule et la Baguette des Sourciers*:

"*Avoid imaginary obstacles.* Don't start with preconceived ideas; to imagine, for instance, that rubber soles prevent you working, for that idea, with some, will stop the pendulum moving. This can be experienced, so true is it that our nervous system follows with docility the impulse it receives which is, after all, an orientation of the mind.

"Rubber shoes don't worry me. I don't orientate my position for working on a plan or on a photograph; it doesn't matter if I face North, South, East or West. I function sitting down, or standing up, legs crossed or uncrossed, feet up or feet on the ground. It matters not that my map (plan) is not orientated. In all my researches, whether in situ or on plan or photographs, I've never paid any attention to metallic objects in my possession: watch, penknife, keys, rings, coins, &c., nor to colours, nor to the proximity of metals or of other objects surrounding me. I have not found that these objects upset my work. I usually

forget all about my gold wedding ring, so that I can only use it as a 'sample' if I think of it very strongly.

"If we imagine that any obstacle can exist, our mind, thereto orientated, will find numbers of obstacles, which in effect will interfere, whereas if we concentrate on what we are looking for, *overlooking* all possible obstacles, the obstacles which we do not honour by thinking of them, will go to join the multitude of others, of which we do not even dream, and which nevertheless exist around us.

"It is very rare not to perceive, from time to time, the worthlessness of certain dogmas; thus simplifying our work by throwing overboard all that is unnecessary. Let our precept be, as often as possible, straight to the mark."

That, quite simply, is the truth of the matter. Imagine an obstacle, and it will prove an obstacle.

The inevitable moral is, "*festina lente*." Radiesthésie is not a science yet; it is mainly an empirical art. So, whatever the would-be teacher's intellectual baggage, scientific or otherwise, he should first learn the ABC of Radiesthésie before attempting the teaching of the solution of its hieroglyphics. Let him read the masters, the pioneers, all of them that he can. Let him retain the gems, but, above all, oh above *all*, let him reject *all inhibitions* as useless and retarding impedimenta.

Now as to the tools of the craft. It is my firm belief, borne out in practice, that if one's instruments, and oneself, are sensitive enough, *nothing* will stop radiation perception. Concentrate on what you want to find; chloroform your imagination; *allow* the pendulum to work freely; read the code words it forms, and then *translate* these code words: *that* is the difficult part, and nothing but constant experience will make a good translator an accurate and reliable radiesthésiste.

To those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, and are aware of their sixth sense, is offered a master key. Discard electricity: magnetism is trumps—*not* electro-magnetism, but its very much elder brother.

A final word while on the subject of influences which retard the progress of radiesthésie.

It is the commonest thing to read that, in such and such circumstances, with such and such a screen, "there is no reaction." This statement, nearly always, is inaccurate and misleading, *i.e.*, retarding. The correct way to think, and therefore to write, is: "Within the limits of my personal receptivity and within the limits of the sensitivity of the instrument I use, there is no reaction." In other words, *don't* imagine, or lead beginners to imagine, that because *you* cannot obtain a reaction therefore there *is* no reaction.

As an illustration: a well-known English dowser tried his rod the other day over the "hands" of my magnetism-fabricating "box of tricks." Over one "hand" he got a very strong reaction; also between the two; over the other "hand" nothing. He wasn't at fault; he is highly sensitive, a brilliant natural dowser; but he didn't say "there is no reaction." He said, "I wonder *why* there is no reaction?" The explanation is quite simple: his baguette, or rod, is not sensitive enough to capture those particular radiations.

I use principally a pendulum and allied instruments of French manufacture, and so far have found *nothing*—animal, mineral or vegetable—of which I cannot capture, measure, and analyse the radiations, even a bit of firewood and a stone picked up on the road!

Nor am I ever stopped by any inhibition whatsoever. Day or night; sunshine or cloud; hot or cold; wet or dry; always my instruments work; indoors or out of doors; facing North, South, East or West. Fading is the only impediment. I met it once. It lasted for about an hour. Some say even that can be overcome? also, ware *rémanence*!

HUMAN RADIATIONS

[NOTES OF AN ADDRESS GIVEN TO THE BRITISH SOCIETY OF DOWSERS BY MRS. KINGSLEY TARPEY ON NOVEMBER 24TH, 1938.]

I am very often asked how long have I known I possessed this power of healing, and when did I first discover it. I find it very difficult to answer that question with any certainty. When one is very young one accepts one's own qualities as a matter of course, whether they be gifts or defects. The musical child finds some kind of an instrument, piano or penny whistle, and the sculptor digs out some clay and fashions his images. Neither speculates about the special tastes of his playfellows. It is only in later years we begin to discover our unlikeness to our fellow beings.

There are a few things I can remember which seem significant now. I always liked flowers and plants, and, especially, I used to enjoy having growing things in pots. I had an entirely undeserved success with these enterprises, for I was an ignorant and careless gardener, but I must have had the "green finger" even then, for my plants outlived gross illtreatment. My elder brothers and sisters had a name of affectionate derision for me, "Potting Jenny," very hurting to my feelings, which, later on, was supplemented by an expression relating to my supposed skill with sick animals. Whenever I was wanted to do anything in