

REVIVALS, SEX AND HOLY GHOST

BY THEODORE SCHROEDER

SOONER or later all students of genetic psychology must face the important problem of supplying a psychogenetic understanding of religious experience, and of "spiritual regeneration." The remaining outline-descriptions of such movements as the Great New England Awakening will then seem hopelessly inadequate. We may read of jumping and shrieking, rolling and swooning, shouting and fainting; of laughing and catalepsy, wailing and singing; and of "inner voices" and "spiritual visions," but these are mere word symbols for that which is to be explained psychogenetically.

If we are to understand these "mysterious operations of the Holy Ghost" and their resultant "inward miracle of Grace" we must have more detailed observation and more exact descriptions. Of course, the best of all would be the re-enactment of those scenes under the very eyes of observing psychologists. Then, in terms of what is already known we might be able to explain and describe that "miraculous regeneration" by which the individual is invested with an instalment of divinity.

As a boy I attended a few western camp-meetings, but the uncritical observations of that period, and the present memory of these are both inadequate for present purposes. I only recall that we youngsters all had a conviction that at camp-meetings "more souls are made than saved." I thought of Billy Sunday's revivals; but these are too consciously controlled to give the "Holy Ghost" sufficient freedom to perform such unseemly miracles as accompanied the work of Jonathan Edwards and his immediate successors. It is in its most exaggerated expression that one can hope to get the best view of what is going on. I observed another revival¹ but found it void of that "divine spark" and of everything that distinguished the Edwardian awakening. In the midst of such difficulties some one told me of revivals conducted by several negro evangelists, each rechristened

1. Hours with a revivalist. A report from the psychologic viewpoint * * * with a bibliography of the author's essays on the "Erotogenesis of Religion," New York. Truth Seeker Co., 1917. Repub. from: Seven Arts, Sept., 1917, and Truth Seeker, 44: 577-9.

"The Colored Billy Sunday." I was assured that there I could see a reproduction of all that the New England revivalists had produced. At last my hopes were not disappointed.

GETTING RIGHT WITH THE AUDIENCE

First, I went to the pastor's home. I told him that I was a "heathen" void of religion, but interested in the scientific study of religion. With equal frankness, I told him of my tentative working hypothesis, viz: that religious experience is essentially a sexual ecstasy. He demurred. Then the parson was asked to point out the difference between a sexual ecstasy and the work of the Holy Ghost. He assured me that there was all the difference in the world, but that the difference could not be described. It must be experienced to be understood. I deemed it inexpedient to press the matter further. At another time I may report a number of interviews wherein this subject was discussed with some of his converts and with some of the clergy who assisted him.

In my first evening at this church, arm in arm, the parson and I walked up the aisle. Declining a seat behind the pulpit I sat by the side of it, some distance away. I was the only white person in the audience of about 500 negroes. The parson told the audience why his "distinguished white friend" was present, and poked fun at my thinking that I could learn anything about religion by scientific study. He told them that I claimed to have no religion in me, but he knew better. During the opening hymn he had seen my foot patting time with the music, and therefrom he knew that I was ignorant of how much of the Holy Ghost I really carried around. Practically every evening some good natured belittling of my scientific study of religion contributed to the mirth of the audience, and I believe promoted its comfortable adjustment to my presence.

It is with deepest regret that I confess my inability to suggest a vivid, living, moving picture of the extraordinary scenes that I witnessed. At the critical periods, there was so much excitement in various parts of the church and all at the same moments, that no pen can portray it. Therefore I must content myself with describing in a fragmentary way the behavior of only a few of the many persons who came "under the power of the Holy Ghost." Those who possess a very vivid imagination may, with a multiplication of the individuals whom I will describe, succeed in reconstructing something like

the real happenings. First, however, I will record a few observations, general in character.

WHY REVIVALS REVIVE

One of my first surprises was the discovery that the greatest religious excitement did not come into being at the time when the pastor was most energetic in his denunciation of sin and satan. On the contrary, the greatest emotional crises came into being, when the revivalist was least concerned with theology or morals, and most completely abandoned to the expression of his own intense emotions. At their highest, his emotions seemed quite void of ideational content. He simply jumped and bawled. I can adequately describe his apparent condition by reference to only one other human experience. It seemed to me very much like the uttermost of sexual orgasm.

The mere example of the pastor in abandoning all emotional self-restraint seemed to bring results. The prestige of the clergyman, the feelings of sanctity associated with the place, and the superhuman interpretation generally accorded to such events, seemed to lend courage for the liberation of repressed emotions. All this combined with the pastor's example eliminated from the audience the inhibitory fear of social custom, and of possible social disapproval. Billy Sunday, by denouncing the first outbreak of emotionalism in his audience, keeps the inhibitory influence effective. Among these negroes, as elsewhere, I noticed a like subjectivism manifesting itself in the less violent responses of the audience. Very often these spontaneous exclamations, both as to content and timeliness, were obviously unresponsive to the sentiments then being expressed in sermon, song or prayer. In other words, many of the minor manifestations of emotions came as accompaniments of an independent train of phantasy.

THE PASTOR'S TECHNIQUE

The evening services lasted from 8 p. m. until midnight. They began with a hymn during which we all stood up and each held the hands of his neighbors. The revivalist started his sermon in some narrative of commonplace experiences of the day. A bit of humor and laughter often promoted an emotional unity between pastor and audience. After ten minutes or so, by easy stages the parson would change his discourse to some religious or moral lesson, or comment in some rambling way upon a scripture passage. As the evangelist

grew more serious the laughter from his hearers changed to amens, groans, or humming, accompanied by the rhythmic tapping of the feet, movements of the head, and clapping of the hands. As the pastor became still more excited, as if quite unconscious of the fact, his voice lapsed into a sing song monotonous chanting rhythmic intonation, adapted in a measure to an existing responsive murmur from some of his audience. As some phrase of his suggested the words of a song his chanting merged by almost imperceptible stages, into some familiar hymn. The crowd soon took up the refrain and presently all were singing quite spontaneously and vigorously, without any sudden interruption in the pastor's performance or any announcement that music was in order. It just came because the emotions were properly attuned and guided. As the singing progressed, the pastor's voice sometimes became spasmodic and his short exclamations of some disconnected words of the song did little more than to offer a discordant rhythmic accentuation of the emotional expression of the crowd. This was frequently accompanied by the most violent hand clapping or stamping on the platform. As if by an unconscious automatism there came a realization that the time had come for a change in the energetic manifestations.

Too great a prolongation of the same kind of noise, tends to lose its stimulating power in inverse ratio to its duration and will eventually have the effect of only a monotonous rumble and cease to satisfy the craving for stimulation. Hence a frequent change in the expression of exuberance is necessary for efficient continuing stimulation. The pastor's voice was lowered as he sang, and soon reduced to a mere humming through the nostrils, the mouth being tightly closed. Sometimes this was accompanied by increased bodily movements. The crowd followed suit and the song soon faded out of existence. The pastor, even before the humming had died away, gradually merged from singing into the continuation of his discourse. At first this was mere monotonous jerky articulations. Later the ordinary intonations of his discourse reappeared. All this change seemed to be less the product of conscious design than of subconscious guidance of exertion.

After a couple of such songs the pastor's voice became still more intense and tremulous. His hand clapping became more frequent and more violent. Also he oftener indulged in stamping and in more frequent and higher jumping. Then he seemed almost to lose control of his voice. His exclamations became ejaculatory, spasmodic

and at times mere repetitions over and over of one or a few words. The lines of his face now made him look like one beside himself with some sort of all obsessing emotion or passion. Frenzy and the Holy Ghost operate much alike. The large thick lips trembled as he fairly howled in husky voice, something which was not even an intelligible word or syllable. Shrieks from the audience broke in; many jumped high from the floor; one stood upon a chair and gesticulated wildly; arms flew through the air; chairs were tipped over; there was great commotion in every part of the church. Pandimonium reigned. "The Holy Spirit" seized several sisters and threw them to the ground. Others were impelled to sit on the lap of their neighbors. Of all this, the parson seemed to be wholly oblivious. He too had passed into a world of rapturous phantasy so thoroughly obsessing that he appeared wholly unconcerned and probably was inhibited from becoming conscious of all that was happening. The pentecostal service was on and the Holy Ghost was busy, very busy, intensely absorbingly busy; that was all that mattered.

SERMON ON THE PRODIGALS

On another night the sermon was upon the prodigal son and daughter. The pastor pictured in elaborate detail many imaginary trials and tribulations experienced by the prodigals and by the anxious mother and father, before and while forgiving and welcoming the prodigals back to home and heaven. The pastor started in a mild conversational tone, but soon the voice grew louder. Quite gradually and apparently by an unconscious automatism, the voice at times assumed the sing song of a monotonous inflection, which I found a characteristic of many negro religious enthusiasts. Then by like processes he lapsed back to his ordinary form of sermon delivery. To me it appears as if this relatively monotonous intonation is probably the natural forerunner of the chanting still heard in many churches, where of course, it is modified by the refinement of musical harmonial technique, in a consciously improved imitation of the more primitive and passional chant.

As the sermon proceeded the parson grew warm and the perspiration began to run down his very black and very fat face and neck. His voice grew more hoarse and loud. Occasionally a mere shout at the very top of his voice was interjected by himself; then came a hand clap or two. The louder tones of the primitive chant become more tremulous; sometimes they were more like wordless

bawls at the very loudest of his ability, with the mouth stretched to the uttermost. The arms then were horizontal from the shoulder, with the elbows bent upright and fists tightly clenched. Moments of relaxation came. The former chant merged into a hymn, accompanied by rhythmic accentuation through the clapping of the hands. Then came also the singing accompaniment of the congregation. The hymn being ended, the "sermon" was resumed even more vociferously than before. Now the pastor stamped his foot vigorously upon the platform. Then with "a tear in his voice" and obviously under the very greatest strain of most extraordinary emotion, he begged the wayward sinning girl whose shoes have been kept under her male friend's bed, to come back to mother, to mother to—m-othh-errr. Before this, occasional shouts and groans had been interjected by the audience. Now several young women began to shriek, jump, throw their arms in the air, writhe a moment and then they fell back to the chair or over a neighbor's lap. Some young men accustomed to officiate in such cases gave first aid to those "thrown down by the Holy Spirit."

BEHAVIOR OF THE POSSESSED

Not far from me was a young woman who gave signs of coming under the influence of "the spirit." The semi-official male attendant grabbed her arms from behind so she could injure no one with her elbows or fists, as she twisted back and forth convulsively. Her eyes were shut, the man pulled her arms straight at an angle of 45 degrees to her body. She yielded to his greater strength, or responded to an opportunity for satisfying a personal impulse. At any rate, she dropped her head onto his chest and neck, then rested quietly, almost in his embrace. In a little while another young man tried to open her clenched fists but in vain. They sought to seat her, but her body would not bend. They tried to push her arms down nearer to her body but they were rigid. This method was abandoned. She was then pulled out into the aisle, her body still rigid, her feet dragging on the ground. Once in the aisle, with one man holding her at the shoulders, another picked up her feet, and rigid as a board she was carried from the room.² Meanwhile the services were continued as though nothing had happened. Others had shrieked and fallen, and had been restored, or had been carried out, and I could almost read

2. For the sexual import of this catalepsy see; *Psycho Analytic Review*, 2:352.

in the elated expectant faces of the attendants a disposition to shout "next."

Another evening a young woman of about 17 years arose and walked to the nearby space between the altar and the pews. Her gait was a bit uncertain and she began to gesticulate, rather slowly at first—then more violently, all the while preserving rythmic movements of the body in harmony with the singing. Soon she sang out of time and out of tune. Then came some convulsive shrieks. Next there appeared an evident loss of the control of other bodily muscles. Her gait became more uncertain; she staggered; the arms were in the meanwhile being flourished in a lively manner and she seemed to be trying to embrace something not visible. Now she collapsed entirely, depositing herself insecurely in the lap of a girl seated in a chair near her. Then she fell, knocking over a couple of empty chairs. On the floor she continued to twist and wriggle. Several young men rushed to her aid. She was picked up and supported by the willing arms of the young men, but with her feet resting on the floor, they straightened out her arms and held them at right angles to her body, evidently to prevent her from hurting any one with her tightly clenched fists, as she continued to twist herself rather violently to and fro. Her efforts did not appear to be directed toward a release of herself. She seemed rather to be bracing herself for a more effective and satisfactory muscle-tension. A momentary calm came over her, but it was only momentary. Then she collapsed. The weight of her body caused some lowering of it as she brought her head forward and drew up her knees. She was given support by the young men from her shoulders to her hips. They were almost carrying her. Now came a violent straightening out on her part. The head went back, the hips were thrust forward and upward, her heels violently struck the floor. She strained a few moments and then began again the rythmic thumping of the floor with her heels; both heels simultaneously kept time with the intensely rythmical but discordant singing which was going on. Now the energy of her movements seemed to be rapidly waning and soon were ended. The young men who had been trying to unclinch her fists at last succeeded. As the fingers straightened out one of the men gently slapped her open palm a few times with his own palm. The young woman seemed to be regaining consciousness of her relation to her environment. Wilted and weak she was guided to a nearby chair where she seated herself in a limp and very relaxed condition. Her body dropped forward; her head

leaned to one side, and the eyes were still nearly closed. She turned aside, put her elbow on an adjoining chair and covered her eyes with her hands, while she perhaps wondered what had happened to her, or whether others understood her secret; or she may have been trying to fathom the innermost secrets of the departing "Holy Spirit." After ten or fifteen minutes she sat more erect. Her eyes were now wide open and a contented calm expression was on her face as she looked out upon the next "wrestler with the spirit." Beyond a slight rhythmic movement of the foot, beating time to the singing she seemed not to have any further active interest in the unusual performance. Perhaps she was enjoying that peace which passeth all understanding.

HOLY GHOST GETS BUSIER

But we must have a still more intimate personal observation of the operations of the "Holy Ghost."

Next came a shriek from the other side, and an attractive young yellow girl came forward with a quick vigorous step and upraised arms. She staggered, then rushed across the open space before the altar and back again. She staggered again and halted at the head of the aisle. Her arms went straight up as she jumped high in the air and uttered a terrible shriek. As she landed on her feet she ran swiftly down the aisle into the arms of one of a group of young men who had just finished their services to another girl who had fallen among the chairs. On the young man's face, as he held her firmly in his arms, was a smile which seemed to express sympathetic understanding and amused indulgence. Soon, the internal storm was over. The young woman was released and later as I looked back her face was calm and placid as though nothing had happened. Thereafter she was only a calm and interested spectator of the excitement going on all about her. From now on she was among them but was obviously not of them.

Again, I was seated in the front row of seats by the side of the pulpit when from behind me I heard shrieks, falling chairs and much commotion. Not wishing to be too conspicuously curious, I only turned my head a little for a few moments and saw that several more young women had been seized by the "Holy Spirit," had been thrown to the floor and were receiving "first aid" from the young men. The singing was dying out but foot tapping continued as an accompaniment to the exhortation of the parson.

Here at my left, a woman of about fifty gave signs of restless-

ness and great excitement. Now she got up to testify for Jesus and with majestic stride, rhythmically responsive to singing, her head high up and bent as far back as possible, her arms sometimes swinging, and again momentarily folded across the breast, she proceeded in a shrieking excited voice to "bear her testimony." Twice she went across the floor and back, her voice and gait growing more uncertain. As she approached her seat the second time she shrieked at her loudest: "I am *with* God and *Jesus is in me*," and so she half fell and half placed herself in her chair. Now for the first time her head dropped to the front. She brought her arms forward as if to embrace some visible being, then folded them tightly over her breasts, gave her body a few vigorous wiggles and the "Holy Ghost" had flown. In a few minutes she resumed her former attitude, beat time mildly when the singing was on and otherwise seemed quite unconcerned about her surroundings.

At the front was a dusky young woman wrestling with the spirits. Her arms were folded tightly over her breast; her eyes were closed and her head hung forward, her body swaying greatly from side to side. On either side sat a colored woman. Each put an arm tenderly around the back of this spiritually controlled, bodily unstable sister and they placed their other hands upon the folded arms of the possessed damsel. So, by exerting a firm yet gentle influence upon the body, the "Holy Spirit" was seemingly prevented from producing the more violent manifestations which were then being exhibited through others at the rear of the church.

The hands of the supporting sisters probably had the effect of keeping the "possessed sister" too conscious of her relation to her environment, to permit of a total abandonment to the world of ecstasy and phantasy, or to its subconscious emotional compulsion. One colored man explained to me that the reason why these manifestations appeared more frequently in the young women was because the women have less physical strength to resist. The above incident suggest that the visitation and control of the "Spirit" was interrupted by the timely pressure of the neighboring sisters arms, which partially awoke the victim from her reverie and again made her so conscious of her environment, as to inhibit conduct which would then seem very unbecoming, very indecorous.

HOLY GHOST AT CLOSE RANGE

I sat at the side of the pulpit facing an open space in front of the

pulpit. From the seats at the opposite end of the open space a squeaky voice pierced the din of the battle with sin and satan and exclaimed "praise the Lord." Then a lady, appearing to be over fifty years of age, emerged from the seats and went jumping into the open space keeping time with the music and trying to do a little singing herself. Her attack seemed less violent than that of the younger sisters, and so far had the appearance of being more under the control of a conscious will. She was old and the muscles are perhaps a little stiff. She could not squat so low nor jump so high as the rest. She seemed a little artificial in her way of jumping about. The Holy Ghost seemingly was unwilling or unable to overcome the limitations of the body. To me it was almost pathetically grotesque, but the subsequent events showed that it did not impress others so. The old lady jumped about as sprightly as was possible for one of her age, yet her movements had an element of awkwardness and angularity. I also noticed that none of the young men went to steady her body during the jumping as in similar situation they aided some younger women. The old lady's awkward movements in jumping were so manifestly necessitated by some compulsion for a pelvic movement that probably many must have gotten from her a sexual suggestion implicating an invisible partner.

It is to this fact that I ascribe the result. With nothing going on other than a rather mild and usual singing, and the sight of this old woman's "superhuman" joy (manifested in her face and by her pelvic movement) there was produced among those around the altar, who had best opportunity for seeing her, the most extraordinary scene of the evening. In a short time a half dozen were here seized by the "Holy Spirit" and they shouted and leaped with joy most extravagantly. The commotion and excitement then spread to other parts of the audience where many others were "thrown down." The shrieks of these became mingled with those of some men who also became "Spiritually" happy. This scene even more than the others is far beyond my capacity to describe. The nearest approximation would be a lot of half intoxicated students celebrating a football victory. It might have been a riot or a madhouse medley. So I must content myself with describing a few of my neighbors.

Two or three chairs to my right, also in the front row of seats, sat a plump young molatto woman about 22 years of age. Suddenly

she shrieked and jumped into the open space in front of her. It seemed as though some impulse within had been suppressed too long and a sudden explosion was the result. There was commotion among the women. The jumper had some uncertain twists and movements of her body and for want of sufficient ability for self-control, she seemed in danger of falling. The regular assistants to the "possessed" were all busy, so I sprang to the rescue. I grabbed her left wrist in my left hand and placed my right arm at her back to steady her body. Some women attempted assistance but gave way at her right to a young colored man who held the right wrist in his right hand. In the meantime the "possessed one" regained a relative poise in a more regulated and rythmical jumping. We, the mulatto aid and myself, removed our arms from her back and got hold of her arms up close to the body. Now we guided her firmly in a perfectly upright position, while she jumped ever harder and higher, her head back, and her eyes in a fixed and glassy stare toward the ceiling. The girl had unusually large mamma, covered only with thin underclothing and a flimsy silk shirt waist. As she jumped her breasts flopped violently and conspicuously. Near by was seated a young woman who had wrestled with the "Holy Spirit" a few nights before and to-night sat calmly but with a beaming, satisfied expression on her face. Otherwise she had remained unmoved by the emotional scenes around her. She now came forward as if to protect my modesty from shock, and tried repeatedly to pull and fasten the girl's coat over a doubly heaving double sized bosom. But the coat could not be made to stay buttoned.

Meanwhile the bodily motions and the occasional scream had about reached the climax of her possibilities. Her breathing was loud, spasmodic and uncertain. The time for a last supreme dying effort had arrived. With a shriek, more despairing, if possible, than any before, she straightening herself as in final desperation, throwing back her head and shoulders, so that her weight was difficult to sustain with our present hold. Through her backward leaning body, simultaneously her pelvis came most vigorously forward and upward. Women came to our aid to sustain the sinking body as she twisted and wriggled as if to compel a release of our hold on her arms. Then she grew rigid for a few moments, followed by a few spasmodic pelvic movements, but with decreasing vigor. Now it was apparent that the "Holy Spirit" was leaving her. Her head came forward and she leaned against me seemingly indifferent to all around, her body

still quite rigid. Some were endeavoring in vain to open her tightly clenched fists. Others had begun to fan her. Some official "first aiders" having been released from duty elsewhere now insisted upon replacing me in the matter of ministering to the "glorified one." I yielded and in a little while she was seated calm and contented in her old place. In the meantime I busied myself with my immediate neighbor, whose hand I had held during the general hand-holding at the beginning. She went through similar but milder experiences.

CONCLUSION

There are other observations that I would like to report, especially those relating to the men. The same is true of some evidence that gives special support to my concluding remarks. However, one cannot tell in one essay all that one knows. Therefore, I content myself with a few concluding general observations impressed upon my mind by the scenes so inadequately described.

The foregoing revival observations can be approached with varying predispositions, and accordingly will receive different interpretations. The good orthodox Christian folk, who give support to revival missions held by all kinds of Billy Sunday's must, of course, find herein something to support their own need for a Holy Ghost, as a compensation for some feeling of inferiority probably based upon feelings of shame and excessive consciousness of personal sin. Among these we still find further variations of attitude.

If their feeling of shame or inferiority is great, then the need for superhuman support will be equally great. If, therefore, they strongly desire to be moved and supported as vigorously as were these negroes, or if they have already had similar experiences to which they have given mystical interpretations, they will see in these subconsciously determined performances very conclusive evidence of the operation of the "Holy Ghost," or of some other superhuman agency. Likewise, such persons will refer disparagingly to the less demonstrative, the more luke-warm convert, and must pity or denounce the cold "materialist" who seeks to explain such experiences on a psychophysical basis. The disparaging pity or denunciation, is a manner of attaining a compensatory consciousness of superiority over the ungodly ones. The degree of intensity of their emotional conflicts and its compensatory mystical interpretation, now becomes the exact measure of their emotional aversion to "medical materialism."

Many Christian mystics there are whose emotional disturbances are relatively mild. These will necessarily disparage all "excesses" such as I have described, as being manifestations of the "abnormal." They believe only in "sane mysticism," in "normal religion," in that "sweet calm communion with God;" that constant superhuman influence and personal guidance; that "ever-present consciousness of grace" which "giveth a peace that passeth all understanding." The extravagances of the "abnormal" they must disparage as a means of securing their own compensatory consciousness of superiority in "normality." And yet, when the divine rapture is over with, one cannot easily distinguish most of those who have gone through the above described experience, from the average of negroes who have never been so favored. Neither can any mystic point out an essential and fundamental difference in the psychologic quality (as distinguished from quantity and intensiveness), between the "abnormal" and the "normal sane" sort of religious experience. There is an obvious difference in the intensity of that which is experienced, accompanied by an obvious difference in the degrees to which the "abnormal" are for the time being obsessed by their subjective states, and correspondingly inhibited from guidance in conduct by a consciousness of the environment. Expressed from an opposite viewpoint we may say that there is an obvious difference in the degree to which the "sane normal" experience of religion is inhibited from going the same length as others. He is so inhibited by the persistence of his consciousness of the demands of his ordinary environment. There are also varying degrees of psycho-genetic consciousness, each in turn accompanied by varying degrees of shame or by an attendant feeling of inferiority. All these factors necessarily operate in some to check the more extravagant manifestations of impulsive tendencies. That such persons are able to remain more conscious of the environment only means that their impulses are relatively less imperative, their energies are less repressed. Religion as personal experience fades out, merges into pure secularism, when our libido is unrepressed through wholesome and continuous normal and satisfying self-expression. Then we only entertain more or less scientific opinions about subjects of religion, and we no longer have a religion of personal experience.

Very different from the above described various mystical interpretations is the result if we seek to explain these revival experiences from the standpoint of one who has no intensified erotism due

to repression or emotional conflict, and no inferiority complex that requires compensation through superphysical or superhuman attachments. Then we may co-ordinate the observed facts of revival experience with what we know of the behavior of human energy as observed in the field of religious and sexual psychology. Thus some are incapacitated from seeing in these revival phenomena, as described above, anything but a psychic sexual orgasm.

From this point of view the varieties of physical manifestations of revival excitement are explainable by varying degrees of sexual repression, sensitiveness, or shame, and the resultant varying degrees of intensity in the sexual excitement and of the muscles involved in the spasms. So we find a psychologic unity between Holy Rollers, Holy Jumpers, Angel Dancers, Holy Jerkers, Divine Quakers, Shaking Quakers, Dancing Dervishes and the Dance du Ventre.³ So likewise in the lesser intensity of "sane normal" religious experiences, we see only a milder stimulus perhaps not impelled to the orgasmic stage, and accordingly more largely conscious of environmental relations. Thus we explain those persons who cannot wholly lose themselves in ecstatic reverie, to the exclusion of all that sense of propriety and fitness which the consciousness of the environment imposes. When this consciousness is lost the conduct is no longer a response to the environment, nor necessarily in any way in harmony with it. Under the influence of such more intense compulsion "every one goes it alone"—acts out the needs of his or her own autonomic apparatus.

I have considerable evidence to be adduced later on to show that even some of such "normal" experiencing persons are at the very times of their experience conscious of the sexual involvement and character of their religious ecstasies. Others, with perhaps more emotional conflicts about sex, succeed better in excluding from consciousness the sexual sources and factors of their experience. Among these latter, some appear to do this quite permanently. Others have been found who later became aware of the sexual nature of their conversion experience. All this part of the discussion must be left for another time.

3. See:—The interpretation of this by Ida Craddock, mystic author of: *Heavenly Bridegrooms. Alienist and Neurologist*, 1916-1917.