

# Graves, Ghosts, Madness, Magic & Religion

*Richard Carder*

**Abstract:** This essay looks at several loosely related topics. Most prominent among these are the appearance of ghosts in Robert Graves's poetry, both as metaphors and their association with madness, and actual apparitions, and Graves's ideas about death and the paranormal, along with his association with psychics. It concludes with some observations on the poet's alterity and how it expresses itself and anticipates the dilemmas confronting civilization today.

**Keywords:** ghosts, death, parapsychology, nuclear accidents

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## Ghosts

It is hardly surprising that Robert Graves had a fascination with death, having inherited such a surname from his father. Death also became a personal possibility when he joined the wartime army soon after leaving school, which he considers in 1915 in 'The Shadow of Death':

Here's an end to my art  
I must die and I know it  
With battle-murder at my heart  
Sad end for a poet!<sup>1</sup>

But death already appeared in poems written at Charterhouse, which were published in his first book, *Over the Brazier*, in 1916.<sup>2</sup> In 'The Dying Knight and the Fauns', he depicts the death of a hero, and incidentally writes about psychedelic mushrooms – a motif which would recur years later, after his meeting with Gordon Wasson. 'Munching mushrooms red as coral': one wonders if he knew of

the effects of *Amanita muscaria*, at such a tender age! Life after death is also considered here, as ‘the fauns still think him living’ (*Complete Poems*, p. 5).

Ghosts also make their first appearance in *Over the Brazier* in ‘Ghost Music’, in which he considers an old organ loft in a church, where: ‘the ghosts of long-dead melodies’ hang like bats from the rafters, though these are friendly ghosts, ‘drowsy-sweet, they huddle here in harmony’ (p. 8). Death is present in most of the poems in the second half of the book, and its successor, *Goliath and David*.<sup>3</sup> But not until the final poem, ‘Not Dead’, do we meet the first real ghost, that of his dear friend, David Thomas, to whom the book was dedicated, and who was killed at Fricourt in March 1916.<sup>4</sup> In ‘Not Dead’ he recognises his friend: ‘Walking through trees to cool my heart and pain, | I know that David’s with me again. | All that is simple, happy, strong, he is’ (*Collected Poems*, p. 28). In his next book, *Fairies and Fusiliers* (1917),<sup>5</sup> the ghost in ‘When I’m Killed’, is again a benign one, his own, who will not be found either ‘buried there in Cambrin Wood, or with the intolerable Good’; and certainly not with the ‘damned to Hell’, but rather living through ‘these verses that you’ve read’ (*Collected Poems*, p. 37).

The moon, often paired metaphorically with ghosts, can also assume a ghostly appearance. It first appears in Graves’s canon in a rather silly schoolboy lyric, ‘The Jolly Yellow Moon’ (p. 7), but later in a more sinister guise in ‘The Cruel Moon’, where the moon’s ‘face is stupid, but her eye is small and sharp and very sly’; though the prospect of her inducing madness is introduced by ‘the nurse’, the poet dismisses the possibility, since ‘moons hang much too far away’ (p. 34): an attitude which he would later reject comprehensively! Another ghost appears in ‘Corporal Stare’ at Bethune, where his former comrades are enjoying a seven-course dinner,

Then through the window suddenly,  
 Badge, stripes and medals all complete,  
 We saw him swagger up the street,  
 Just like a live man  
 [...]

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He paused, saluted smartly, grinned,  
Then passed away like a puff of wind. (p. 53)

These hauntings by dead soldiers continued for some years after the War, contributing to Graves's neurasthenia and aversion to crowds and cities. He refers again to these ghosts in 'Haunted', 'I'm ashamed to greet | Dead men down the morning street', asking them to confine their activities to night-time (*Collected Poems*, p. 92). From the same collection (*Country Sentiment*)<sup>6</sup> comes 'The Haunted House', which conjures the more traditional ghostly features of 'bone-chilled, flesh-creeping [...] groans and knockings in the gloom' (p. 84). This description has something in common with lines from Edmund Blunden's poem 'The Waggoner' – 'But in the dim court the ghost is gone, from the hug-secret yew to the penthouse wall' – and from 'The Barn' – 'The barn is old, but not a place of spectral fear; and no phantom wailing will be heard'.<sup>7</sup> Shared gothic elements aside, Graves's ghosts in 'The Haunted House' are frightening, whereas Blunden's are friendly.

Madness figured in Graves's awareness since the War, most famously, when he got Siegfried Sassoon into Craiglockhart Hospital to save him from being court martialled.<sup>8</sup> After the trauma of the War, Graves heeded the work of Dr William Rivers,<sup>9</sup> Sassoon's attending psychologist. The War had given him an aversion to towns and cities, and his classical education encouraged looking even further back than the Roman Empire to find where humans had gone astray from wholesome living, which then developed into prophecies about the collapse of our current civilisation. He had also observed Ivor Gurney's 'persecution complex' at their meetings in Oxford,<sup>10</sup> and knew of his confinement in an asylum; but the word does not appear in his poems about himself until 'The Cool Web', in which he fears loss of language as in senile dementia:

But if we let our tongues lose self-possession  
Throwing off language and its watery clasp  
Before our death  
[...]

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We shall go mad no doubt and die that way. (p. 283)

This plight was still hypothetical; but, in 1936, he felt madness approaching, and wrote about it in 'The Halls of Bedlam': 'Father in his shirtsleeves flourishing a hatchet' (p. 372). That year saw the start of a long period of instability for Graves, as the British consul advised immediate departure in early August from Mallorca, following the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War.<sup>11</sup>

This may also have triggered fearful memories of his own war service. Back in England, he was also in contact with his abandoned children; and although no longer in love with Laura Riding, he still supported her campaign to prevent another war, so all these agitations could have resulted in chronic instability of mind.

Ghosts, either real or imaginary continued to make frequent appearances in his poems until 1938, when he began to fall in love with Beryl Hodge, while they were living in the French Chateau near Rennes.<sup>12</sup> His relationship with Riding was by then very tense, and near to a breaking point. He found some expression of his feelings in another ghost poem: 'The Suicide in the Copse', in which the ghost stares down at his dead body, and all he can see is, 'a year-old sheet of sporting news, & a crumpled schoolboy essay', and realises that living offers more chance of hope than death (*Collected Poems*, p. 395). The final split with Riding came next year in the USA, and led to a new life beginning in 1940. Beryl's gentle nature brought about a more harmonious relationship than he had had with Riding, and a change in his psychology, which finds expression in the title poem of his next book of fifty selected poems the same year, 'No More Ghosts', in which an old patriarchal four-poster bed, inhabited by ancestral ghosts, is cut up and made into more 'wholesome' furniture.<sup>13</sup> His wholehearted love for Beryl, his second wife, had had a salutary effect on his sense of being haunted.

No new ghost can appear. Their poor cause  
Was that time freezes, and time thaws;  
But here only such loves can last

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As do not ride upon the weathers of the past'. (*Complete Poems*, p. 385)

A certain kind of ghost (a 'new ghost') may be banished, but other imaginary creatures, present in Graves's poetry from the very beginning, haunt the poems, and madness is still a prospect. In 'The Shot', 'honest human nature knows its own miracle: not to go mad' (p. 392). Imaginary imps, called 'Lollocks' are produced by sloth or sorrow, or 'when the imbecile aged are overlong in dying' (p. 393). With the exception of the poet, 'men cannot see them', do not believe in them, but are inflicted with 'boils on the neck', or stomach aches. From the siege of Troy, a departing spirit arises from the body of Penthesilea (p. 461), after Achilles commits necrophilia on her corpse, and then kills Thersites, who sniggered at the spectacle. The phantoms of 'The Sea Horse' are rather imaginary doubles, 'who assume your walk and face', when the love-sick poet worries if his love is returned (p. 452).

Apart from the figurative language of poetry, Graves dismissed the possibility of reincarnation. In 1956, a book was published in the USA, called *The Search for Bridey Murphy* by Morey Bernstein, a hypnotist, who recorded the story of a young woman, Ruth Simmons, relating in hypnotic trance how she had lived a previous life in Ireland 150 years earlier. Many of the details of her life in Belfast proved to be true. In his review, Graves rejects the possibility of reincarnation, supposing that she had overheard the story of Bridey Murphy while dozing as a child and subconsciously recorded the conversation.<sup>14</sup>

It is probable that this same book aroused the curiosity of Dr Ian Stevenson, who, in 1957, became the head of the department of psychiatry at the University of Virginia Medical School, and started his research into reports of children who remembered their previous lives. His research involves no hypnotism but relies on interviews with young children who recall their former names, where they lived, and their relatives in that life. He follows this up by travelling to the place and talking to the people who remember the person named, often taking the child there, who recognises and identifies his former

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relatives. Stevenson investigated over 2000 such cases, and a review of his work in the journal of the American Medical Association states that ‘he [...] collected cases in which the evidence is difficult to explain on any other grounds except reincarnation’.<sup>15</sup>

I already knew of Stevenson’s work when I began my correspondence with Robert in 1967, while studying music in Birmingham. During the interval before his last letter in November 1972, I was working in a Steiner school for handicapped children, and wrote to him about reincarnation, which was central to Rudolph Steiner’s philosophy. He replied:

My view of birth is that it is decided in the moment of death, and that there is no past existence or pre-existence, there being no such thing as time, except as a matter of convenient reckoning. This is not an enigmatic remark, it simply refers to the proper use of the 5th dimension.<sup>16</sup>

I knew something about the fifth dimension, having read a book of the same title by Vera Alder,<sup>17</sup> and understood it to be a realm outside and beyond time. This realm may relate to Graves’s claim to practise ‘analeptic’ trance, a form of time-travel, whereby he could inhabit a former person, such as Claudius; and is alluded to in his poem, ‘To Bring the Dead to Life’:

To bring the dead to life  
Is no great magic.  
Few are wholly dead:  
Blow on a dead man’s embers  
And a live flame will start.<sup>18</sup>

Some years later, Kathleen Raine replied to my question about Graves’s views, by saying that he was a Euhemerist,<sup>19</sup> believing only in gods who manifest in human form. Euhemerus was a Sicilian philosopher of c. 300 BC, who believed that all gods and their myths are derived from human behaviour.

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He was to keep the same humanistic approach in *The Greek Myths*, and embody the philosophy in his poem, 'To Juan at the Winter Solstice', in which he asserts that: 'Her sea-grey eyes were wild | But nothing promised that is not performed' (*Complete Poems*, pp. 405-06). This assertion was a sly dig at conventional Christianity, according to which 'heaven' can be reached only after death, following a virtuous life, rather than in a loving human relationship. Despite his ecclesiastical forebears, Graves had a horror of priests in their black robes, in common with William Blake.<sup>20</sup>

In June 1943, came the news that Graves's eldest son David had been killed in action, in Burma. Graves was then writing his retelling of the story of Jason and the Argonauts,<sup>21</sup> in which the Goddess makes perhaps her first appearance in Graves's oeuvre as Isis. Graves was familiar with Frazer's, *Golden Bough*,<sup>22</sup> which describes the ritual sacrifice of kings at the end of a season, and in that context, David's death may have triggered the analeptic trance that was to result in his magnum opus, *The White Goddess*.<sup>23</sup>

### The Paranormal

When he was approached by Eileen Garrett in 1942, who had just set up her Creative Age Press in the USA, asking if she might publish any of his new writing, he was set fair for his next six books.<sup>24</sup> Garrett, with whom Graves got on well, was well known as a psychic medium. She wrote to him after receiving the first draft of *The White Goddess*:

I have in my way been preoccupied for years with thoughts and studies concerning the origins of religions, and I spent ten years of my life studying in the College of Psychic Science in London, searching for objective meanings to the great pattern of subjective language.<sup>25</sup>

Graves was aware of Garrett's gift as a psychic and told Martin Seymour-Smith he found her great fun, and that the two of them

got on like two oysters on a plate. Although American, she was brought up in Ireland, which gave them more in common. She wrote about her contact with Graves in her autobiography:

I was fortunate enough to publish several of his books, and to have him tell me about his method of going deeply into the collective unconscious, where he derived great knowledge in abstract terms. He told me he was careful to check with eminent scholars everything that he learned from the deep unconscious.<sup>26</sup>

His creed as a Euhemerist prevented him from accepting that we have more than one life, or may spontaneously contact the dead. Nevertheless, healers, such as Betty Shine, have claimed success in this undertaking. Perhaps the most amazing incident she recounts is her telephone conversation with her mother,<sup>27</sup> who had been dead for five years. She also records many instances of missing objects turning up in unexpected places, a phenomenon Graves also experienced, as he wrote in November 1969:

If I lose anything which I must have back, I simply invoke St Antony of Padua who never fails me. But be careful to address him, and not St Antony the Abbott, or you will lose something else. A fortnight ago I lost my ticket and passport in an Oslo hotel 5 minutes before I was due for my return plane. St Antony produced it within 3 minutes from an impossible quarter [...] What all this means really is I suppose a 'magical' means of focussing one's attention on circumstances, which in one's ordinary way of thinking, one cannot possibly envisage. In scientific terms it is 5th dimensional thinking. Since the name of St Antony has so long been an instrument of Christendom inducing this way of thought, it has acquired power that nothing else that I know of (except certain Sufic divinatory measures) possesses.<sup>28</sup>

Psychic energies of the kind which Graves used habitually are denied in the prevailing orthodoxy of modern materialistic science, as it will not fit into their mathematical formulae; but plenty of

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scientific work has been done in this area, as may be seen in the archives of the Society for Psychical Research, founded in Britain in the late nineteenth century. A good example of such is the faculty of ‘remote viewing’, in which distant objects can be seen clearly by those with the gift, such as Ingo Swann and Pat Price, who are able to see and describe things hundreds of miles away if given the map co-ordinates. Examples of this are given in Lynne McTaggart’s book, *The Field*, which gives a comprehensive guide to much contemporary research, including the work of British biologist, Dr Rupert Sheldrake, who, she says:

in a rush of fevered inspiration at an ashram in India, worked out his hypothesis of formative causation, which states that the forms of living things [...] are shaped by morphic fields, [...] which have a cumulative memory of similar systems through cultures and time.<sup>29</sup>

Sheldrake explains his theories in more detail in his book, *A New Science of Life*, for example in the field of parapsychology.

Even within modern Western society, there are persistent reports of apparently inexplicable phenomena, such as telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, memories of past lives, hauntings, poltergeists, psychokinesis, and so on. In so far as these phenomena cannot be explained in terms of the known laws of physics and chemistry, from the mechanistic point of view they ought not to occur.<sup>30</sup>

Sheldrake’s ideas and intuitions about the world strike a note of defiance against the prevailing Western philosophy but harmonize in their alterity with Graves’s views. In the nineteen-sixties, prodded by Omar Ali-Shah,<sup>31</sup> he embarked on a new translation of *The Rubaiyat* (Graves would spell it *Rubaiyyat*) of Omar Khayyam. Ali-Shah maintained that the poem is a mystical religious poem in the Sufi tradition and encouraged Graves to make that clear in his new translation, which he does, explaining in his introduction that,

‘Khayaam [sic] treats wine in Sufic fashion as a metaphor of the ecstasy excited by divine love’ (p. 4).

Khayyam was a middle-aged University professor at the College of Nishapur, who broke away from his academic colleagues to return to a Sufi way of thought of the eleventh century AD. ‘His university colleagues felt only scorn for Sufis, whom they regarded at best as heretical enthusiasts’ (p. 3). Graves’s encounter with the goddess during his frenzied writing of *The White Goddess* utterly changed his previous aversion to religion, to which a primary female aspect was added. He was later to co-author a book about Genesis, showing how the female attributes of God had been suppressed by the patriarchal priests.<sup>32</sup> So, the discovery of Khayyam as a Sufi mystic was inspiring, and tuned in well with his new acceptance of the religion of love.

One sees another comparable mythic principle in Graves’s post-*Goddess* writing. The Indian Goddess, Kali, appears several times in *The White Goddess* in her dual aspect of benefactress and universal mother, and the opposite as fury and ogress. Graves also prescribes: ‘Only after a period of complete political and religious disorganisation can the suppressed desire of the Western races, which is for some practical form of Goddess-worship, with her love not limited to maternal benevolence, and her after-world not deprived of a sea, find satisfaction at last;’<sup>33</sup> an idea which he explores more fully in *Seven Days in New Crete*, in which the new Golden Age has dawned after a complete breakdown of mechanical civilisation, and poets have at last become the acknowledged rulers. He does not use the Indian word Yuga (age), perhaps from a distaste for systemisation learned from his Indian friend, Basanta Mallick,<sup>34</sup> in the early nineteen twenties, but he surely must have had some awareness of the cycle of the four Hindu Yugas, in the ratio of 4-3-2-1 in the length of years; in which the Satya Yuga (the Age of Truth) corresponds to the Western ‘Golden Age’, which declines into the ‘Silver Age’, then ‘Bronze Age’, and finally the shortest, most materialistic and least spiritual, ‘Iron Age’, ruled by Kali in her destructive aspect.

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The signs that we are living in the Iron Age become more obvious each year, with the world being increasingly taken over by money and mechanisation; its most sinister aspect being the Nuclear Power Industry – described by Albert Einstein as ‘a hell of a way to boil water’.<sup>35</sup> There have been several attempted assassinations (e.g. Karen Silkwood, & Dr Rosalie Bertell)<sup>36</sup> connected with the nuclear industry,<sup>37</sup> one of which purportedly claimed the life of Clifford Dalton, husband of Graves’s daughter, Catherine. Her book on the case quotes a letter from Graves of 2 January 1966, comparing it with Kennedy’s death in 1963:

The story sounded so cloak-and-dagger, that I was very glad in 1965 to meet that man in Mexico City who worked under Cliff and told me that there were powerful and conscienceless elements who might well be working against you [...] It is like the Dallas Shooting: one knows that it wasn’t just poor Oswald who shot Kennedy but a hired and well-protected marksman, and the finger points (I am told) at [...] Ordinary people can’t believe it; it’s too much like *I, Claudius* (but *Die Nasty* was a joke at my prep school).<sup>38</sup>

His printed letter omits the name of the assassin, presumably after legal advice, but it would have been known to Catherine. William Blake’s ‘mind-forged manacles’ of the Iron Age tighten their grip, at the same time as seeds of the New Age are being sown.

The ‘mad scientists’ (of *Seven Days in New Crete*) are regrettably not yet running down corridors in terror, pursued by visions of the Goddess as a Fury! These hubristic apprentices, all descended from Perseus, are incompetent in the absence of the ‘Sorcerer’ (viz. Henri Dukas), and this Iron Age is ending with bangs after all, though with much whimpering to follow. Whether the human race is doomed to become a mere unlamented ghost or whether magic will save us is a question one wishes Robert Graves were here to answer.

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Ivor Gurney, *Seven Sappho Songs* (London: Thames, 2000). As a keen environmentalist, he campaigns for Friends of the Earth.

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## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Robert Graves, *Complete Poems in One Volume*, ed. by Patrick Quinn (Manchester: Carcanet, 2000), p. 13. Unless otherwise indicated, all references to Graves's poems in this article are to this volume. To help establish a chronology, titles and dates of books in which poems first appeared have been added.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Graves, *Over the Brazier* (London: Poetry Bookshop, 1916).

<sup>3</sup> Robert Graves, *Goliath and David* (London: Chiswick Press, 1917).

<sup>4</sup> Graves was also reported dead in August that year, so he knew something of the afterlife, as he describes in 'Escape', *Collected Poems* (pp. 27-28).

<sup>5</sup> Robert Graves, *Fairies and Fusiliers* (London: Heinemann, 1917).

<sup>6</sup> Robert Graves, *Country Sentiment* (London: Martin Secker, 1920).

<sup>7</sup> Edmund Blunden, 'Waggoner' and 'Barn', in *Poems of Today* (London: Sidgwick and Jackson 1922), pp. 51, 60.

<sup>8</sup> Robert Graves, *Good-Bye to All That: The Original Edn.* Ed. and annotated with an introduction by Andrew Motion (London: Penguin, 2014), pp. 316-27; Richard Perceval Graves, *Robert Graves: The Assault Heroic, 1895-1926* (New York: Viking, 1987), pp.179-81.

<sup>9</sup> W. H. R. Rivers, *Medicine, Magic and Religion* (London: Routledge, 2001).

<sup>10</sup> Richard Carder, 'Gurney's Journeys to Graves', *Gurney Society Journal*, 10 (2004), 73.

<sup>11</sup> Miranda Seymour, *Robert Graves: Life on the Edge* (New York: Holt, 1995), pp. 239-40.

<sup>12</sup> Seymour, pp. 263-67.

<sup>13</sup> Robert Graves, *No More Ghosts* (London: Faber, 1940). The poem 'No More Ghosts' appears in *Collected Poems* (p. 385).

<sup>14</sup> Robert Graves, 'Reincarnation', in *The Crane Bag* (London: Cassell, 1969), p. 75.

<sup>15</sup> Tom Shroder, *Old Souls: Compelling Evidence from Children Who Remember Past Lives* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999), p. 26.

<sup>16</sup> Graves to the author 15 November 1972. Robert Graves Collection, The Poetry Collection of the University Libraries, University at Buffalo, The State University of New York. The letter is unprocessed (12 May 2022).

<sup>17</sup> Vera Alder, *The Fifth Dimension* (London: Rider, 1940).

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- <sup>18</sup> *Complete Poems* (p. 363): Perhaps he was contacting the Akashic Record, referred to by Rudolf Steiner, in which all memories are stored in the aether.
- <sup>19</sup> Raine to the author, 1985 (private collection).
- <sup>20</sup> See for example his *The Garden of Love*, in which ‘priests in black gowns were walking their rounds, | And binding with briars my joys and desires’, (*Songs of Experience*, 1794) <<https://www.tate.org.uk/art/artists/william-blake-39/blakes-songs-innocence-experience>> [accessed 12 May 2022]
- <sup>21</sup> Robert Graves, *The Golden Fleece* (London: Cassell, 1944).
- <sup>22</sup> James George Frazer, *The Golden Bough* (London: Macmillan, 1890).
- <sup>23</sup> Robert Graves, *The White Goddess: A Historic Grammar of Poetic Myth* (London: Faber, 1948).
- <sup>24</sup> Creative Age published in order of appearance: *Wife to Mr. Milton* (1944), *Hercules, My Shipmate*, the American title of *The Golden Fleece* (1944), *Poems 1938-1945* (1946), *The White Goddess* (1948), *Watch the North Wind Rise*, the American title of *Seven Days in New Crete* (1949), and *Occupation: Writer* (1950).
- <sup>25</sup> Martin Seymour-Smith, *Robert Graves: His Life and Works* (London: Hutchinson, 1982), p. 419.
- <sup>26</sup> Eileen Garrett, *Many Voices* (New York: Putnam, 1968), p. 146.
- <sup>27</sup> Betty Shine, *Mind to Mind* (London: Bantam, 1989), p. 40.
- <sup>28</sup> Robert Graves to the author 15 November 1969. The Poetry Collection of the University Libraries, University at Buffalo. The letter is as yet unprocessed (12 May 2022).
- <sup>29</sup> Lynne McTaggart, *The Field* (New York: HarperCollins, 2001), pp. 46, 149, 163.
- <sup>30</sup> Rupert Sheldrake, *A New Science of Life* (London: Granada, 1983), p. 28.
- <sup>31</sup> Omar Ali-Shah and his brother claimed to have a manuscript of the Persian poem older and more correct than the one Edward Fitzgerald had seen, but never provided it to Graves who worked from an English crib, which they also provided. See Sara Greaves, ‘Mythopoetic Hospitality’ in this issue. Robert Graves and Ali Shah, *The Rubayyat of Omar Khayaam* (London, Cassell, 1967).
- <sup>32</sup> Robert Graves and Raphael Patai, *The Hebrew Myths* (London, Cassell, 1964).
- <sup>33</sup> Robert Graves, *The White Goddess* amended and enlarged edn (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1966), pp. 484-85.
- <sup>34</sup> Seymour-Smith, p. 116; *Good-Bye*, p. 410.
- <sup>35</sup> Several major accidents have occurred; these include but are not limited to: Windscale (UK) 1957; and Kyshtym (Russia) 1957; Three Mile Island

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(USA) 1979; Chernobyl (Ukraine, then Ukraine SSR) 1986; Fukushima (Japan) 2011. In addition, damaging effects on genetics have been covered up and denied by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), and warnings ignored. At Fukushima (2011), meltdowns in three reactors continue, completely out of control after ten years, and thousands of fish and birds have died as the Pacific Ocean is polluted with lethal manmade radioactive isotopes, while in New Mexico, buried drums of Plutonium are exploding. Gayle Greene, 'Science with a Skew: The Nuclear Power Industry after Chernobyl and Fukushima', *The Asia-Pacific Journal*, 10 (2012) <<https://ratical.org/radiation/radioactivity/ScienceWithASkew.html>> [accessed 29 January 2022]

<sup>36</sup> Howard Kohn, *Who Killed Karen Silkwood* (New York: Summit 1981); Rosalie Bertell, *No Immediate Danger* (London: Women's Press 1985).

<sup>37</sup> Robert Green, *A Thorn in Their Side* (London: John Blake Publishing, 2011), covering the murder of his aunt, Hilda Murrell, and his own persecution by agents of the nuclear industry.

<sup>38</sup> Catherine R. Dalton, *Without Hardware* (Canberra: Nicholson Publishing, 1970), p. 213. Graves wrote the preface. The last of the 124 footnotes is a letter from Graves's first wife, Nancy Nicholson (January 1968), in which he gives his reason for visiting Catherine at her home in Australia: 'I went there half-persuaded by Jenny [his elder daughter] that Catherine had gone round the bend, but by very careful check-ups with the grandchildren [...] I came to the conclusion that she has been completely accurate in her statements, and has one of the most extraordinary minds, as well as the most enormous courage of anyone I have met for years'.