

APPENDIX EM

When physicists learned that microwaves could cook food, and therefore people, safety guidelines were set at ten percent of the level required to heat up meat. However, much lower levels also interfere with human physiology. In-vitro studies have found that EM radiation disrupts both DNA synthesis and RNA transcription, ‘trigger[s] a cascade of enzyme-driven cell-signalling events’, and causes abnormal cell division. This raises questions about the effects outside of the lab, and although statistical studies can only point to correlations, the evidence is compelling.

A study of every child living in the vicinity of power lines in Sweden found that leukaemia incidence increased proportionally with proximity to the power lines. Those within 300 meters were at four times the risk of the general population, and a large Danish study revealed that children living near power lines were five times more likely to develop lymphoma than others. Research conducted in Sydney and Honolulu shows that leukaemia is also correlated with proximity to TV towers, a survey of every male industrial worker in Finland found high incidence of leukaemia amongst those exposed to ELF fields in their jobs, and in Norway, a sample of 38,000 electrical workers found that ten years in this profession increased the likelihood of brain tumours or leukaemia by 40 percent. The largest studies are from Scandinavia where, for some reason, governments seem to give a shit about their citizens, but a privately funded survey of tens of thousands of New York telephone linemen also found increased leukaemia, and another revealed that male switchboard operators were at increased risk of breast cancer.

But cancer is not the only hazard. Studies found correlations between low level EM radiation and Alzheimer’s disease, diabetes, birth defects, depression, learning disabilities, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, and tests show that radiation compromises the immunoactivity of breast milk, alters the shape of brain waves, and disrupts sleep.

This is a small section of the research published in the scientific press.¹ There are voices that disagree, but a data set the size of Scandinavia is enough to convince this Reverend. Even so, the safety levels are still set at ten percent of the radiation required to heat up meat. The World Health Organisation recognises Electrical Hypersensitivity (EHS), a condition where fluorescent lighting, mobile phones and computers cause a wide range of symptoms, including

headaches, vertigo, depression, mood swings, tinnitus, and cognitive dysfunction. The reverse syndrome is not officially recognised, and is as yet only speculative, but it is interesting. If streetlights often flicker as you walk past them, if the stereo turns on as you go to touch it, or if you have a telekinetic relationship with your laptop, you may want to look up the Street Lamp Interference Data Exchange (or perhaps join the Xavier Institute).

In order to decide whether there is anything in this electro-magick, try the following experiment.

Procedure

- 1) Subject places her mobile on a nearby table.
- 2) Subject stands with leading arm out to the side, at right angles to the body, palm up.
- 3) Technician pushes down firmly on her wrist with one or two fingers. Subject resists. (If she cannot resist one finger, she is a weakling, and you must find another subject)
- 4) Subject shakes her arm and rests for five seconds.
- 5) Subject takes mobile phone in her non-leading hand, resting naturally at her side, and sticks out leading arm as before.
- 6) Technician pushes down as before

Aikido and chi kung students sometimes ask me to repeat the experiment again, and they perform Jedi mind tricks to strengthen their energetic fields, which are usually successful. One friend was immune in the first place, but she is a twenty-two year old raw food eating, teetotal jogger who lives on a hill in Spain. She is outrageously healthy, but there are some lifestyle changes anyone can make, like not carrying your mobile in my pocket whenever possible.

A similar test is done to check for allergies. In one of my earliest paranormal experiences, a woman came round to put baked beans, orange juice, toothpaste and such things in my hand, to find out what made me hyperactive. I was too little (or too hyperactive) to do the arm test, so I held my sister's hand and the witch pushed her arm down. The effect works across two bodies. You can try it where the subject being pushed doesn't know if the person holding his hand has the phone or now. Electrical transfer across bodies has been studied in the lab. It appears that the electrical energy generated by one subject's heart can be detected in another's brainwaves if they hold hands.²

APPENDIX HELEN DUNCAN

The following is my correspondence with the Webmaster of a website 'dedicated to clearing Helen Duncan's name'. I include this so readers know what the shit one sometimes has to wade through smells like, and also because he annoyed me and I seek revenge. I have taken the liberty of changing our names, but in other respects they are faithfully reproduced as sent (including my own poor grammar). The times are a bit strange because he lives in a different time zone, and I am nocturnal. Enjoy.

Sent: Tuesday, August 08, 2006 12:30 AM

Dear Sir / Madam

Thankyou for your informative site.

I am writing a book on the place of the occult in the history of science, and as part of this, I am researching the history of Spiritualism. I attended a Church on Sunday where my friend was the medium, and was truly amazed at the accuracy of her descriptions, including correct names and numbers of siblings, plenty of biographical information, and even a brown and white terrier who lived to be 20 years old!

I wonder if you could help me. I would like to know if there is a post-mortem report I can access, or a doctor's statement, with proof of Mrs. Duncan's tragic fatal burns. Also, if you have the case number for the Witchcraft trial, I would like to check the Old Bailey records.

Alternatively, perhaps you could recommend a well-referenced biography of her life to me.

Sincerely

NEMU

Ω

Sent: 08 August 2006 06:38

NEMU,

There is no book in print that contains a complete or detailed account of Helen's life. We have a policy of not doing free research for anyone, as an author I am certain you can understand that. Other researchers have had little or no trouble finding the information you seek. I am certain a few weeks in Scotland would provide you more than enough documents for several books.

Morgan Maplebonk
Webmaster

Ω

Sent: Tuesday, August 08, 2006 7:12 AM

Dear Morgan

Respectfully, no, I don't understand at all. Yours is the 'official' site is dedicated to clearing the name of a famous medium, but there is not a single source quoted where researchers can check your details, not even the details of the court proceedings. I'd love to believe what you have written, and corroborate it in my book, but where can I check that it is anything more than hearsay and wishful thinking?

The field of Spiritualism, of which my Grandmother was a devotee, is traditionally seen as plagued vague suggestions and gullible patrons, and obtuse Spiritualists who are unwilling to allow the facts to be checked. I am certain that there are genuinely interested, open-minded responsible devotees and researchers, but they are hard to find. Perhaps that is why there is no book in print detailing this fascinating lady's life.

I did not ask for free research, I asked for a pointer towards some documents which would help me clear her name. If you don't know the court proceedings, just say so.

NEMU

Ω

Sent: 08 August 2006 16:09

NEMU,

We get a letter or two like your every day. Yet, all it will take is a trip to a good library. We have spent several thousand dollars in research and many more thousands of hours of research. We have volumes of documents that resulted from hard work. Yet would be writers feel we should give them a free ride all the time rather than doing any legwork on their own. If you really want to be an author, the first thing you must learn is how easy it is to do your own research off line.

Good luck.

Morgan Maplebonk
webmaster

Ω

Sent: Tuesday, August 15, 2006 2:14 PM

Morgan

I spend plenty of time in the library. The two books (Medium on Trial and The Story of Helen Duncan) I read raise some doubts about your site, but you haven't sourced anything, so I can't check your claims.

What do you do with the volumes you have accumulated? Have you published anything?

Sincerely,
NEMU

Ω

Sent: 15 August 2006 20:25

Try reading the Trial of Mrs Duncan by Roberts published in 1945. Also try reading NEWSPAPERS of the time.

Ω

Sent: Thu 17/08/2006 01:23

Dear Morgan,
Thankyou for the recommendation.

I am still interested to know what you plan to do with your volumes of documents. Are any of them in the public domain?

Regards
NEMU

Ω

Sent: Thursday, September 07, 2006 4:53 PM

Dear Morgan

I haven't heard back from you, maybe you are busy with your research.

I'm still interested to know what you are doing with your documents. I trust you are using them to clear Helen Duncan's name, but how are you going about it? Have you lobbied the British government? Have you published anything besides your website?

Sincerely

NEMU

Ω

Sent: 07 September 2006 22:57

As stated on our web site, we do not answer every email. Many of the questions are frankly none of your business as to the future of our documents. Future emails from you will be ignored.

Ω

Sent: Thursday, September 07, 2006 6:27 PM

Dear Morgan

Thank you for your prompt response.

In my book I discuss the fact that both scientists and spiritualists are sometimes guilty of being more interested in protecting their own conceptions of the world than in honestly evaluating the evidence before them. This is not true for all researchers, but it may be true for you.

I am considering publishing the emails I have exchanged with you in an appendix to show how useless (and unpleasant) some occultists can be. I have also met plenty of helpful occultists, and I advise my readers not to reject the entire field of occultism because some people in it offer neither evidence nor sources, offer in fact nothing more substantial than a condescending tone.

I asked several times about your research to give you ample opportunity to show me that you are doing something more constructive than being rude to people. I still don't understand why you would go to the trouble of doing thousands of hours of research in order to publicize an injustice, and then be cagey about the nature of the documents. I would have thought you would be happy that a sympathetic researcher was interested.

Perhaps you have not produced anything worth reading at all. That might explain your poor grammar as well as your caginess.

Sincerely,

NEMU

Ω

To: abuse@hotmail.com
Cc: NEMU
Sent: Fri 08/09/2006 00:34

Sirs,

I have asked this person to stop emailing me, and he continues. He is now in violation of your terms of service. Please remove his account or face legal action.

Thank you.

Morgan Maplebonk.

Ω

Sent: Fri 08/09/2006 11:35

Dear Morgan,

You never once asked me to stop emailing you, you told me you would ignore my emails. You claim to be researching legal history, then you threaten legal action on a completely unfounded claim. What kind of a researcher are you if you don't even check your own statements?

Sincerely
NEMU

Ω

I'm still waiting for a response.

Ω

APPENDIX CHAOS

ALL HAIL ERIS!

The following grimoire was first distributed at a Desert Storm tekno party in Manchester. I found it, covered in boot prints, in an old diary. It was produced by Lord Mungdungus, ipsisismus templi of our terrifically powerful and greatly feared magickal order, now sleeping but always undead. I record it faithfully, with the original chaotic typesetting and spelling as Eris (or EriI) intended. The gematria is left up to you.

Magick for thee ConfuZed

Now, us lot in thee Churche ov Random EthicZ (C/O/R/E/z 23 Node) think that thee Occult shouldn't be all about Masons and men in pointy hats wearing dresses, we reckon it should be for everyone. Why? COS IT WORKS. So, here is a little guide on a type ov magick called SIGIL magick. Here's a step by step guide:

1) Write out your statement ov intent. This is what you want, what you really really want to happen. It should start 'It is my will to...', or 'This, My will to...'. Try simple

things at first, like 'It is my will to be phoned by Chris', later, you can try for such classics like 'It is my will to get laid next week'.

2) Take out all ov thee repeat letters, i.e:

IT IS MY WILL TO GET LAID NEXT WEEK

→ IT S MY L O G A N X K

(I have omitted E's and W's because M, E, and W look alike, iv you look at a particular angle).

3) Make a monogram ov these etters. This means laying thee letters over one another to get a design. When you've drawn your design, you can stylise it, as long as

thee SIGIL does not resemble thee Statement ov Intent.
Then destroy thee statement ov intent.

4) Draw out your SIGIL on paper. Stare at it, at chich point you have to enter an altered state ov consciousness called GNOSIS.

This can be done a number ov ways:-

i> Masturbate to orgasm whilst staring at thee SIGIL.
This si thee most common way, because it's easy and fun.

ii> Draw thee SIGIL at eye height on a mirror and stare at your own eyes. Do this for bloody ages, till everything gets cosmic. This is REALLY HARD, but effective.

5) Destroy thee SIGIL and forget about it. Smoke a spliff, watch TV, whatever. Try not to think about thee thing you wanted. Iv you're lucky your SIGIL will work, you will 'know' when it happens. SIGILS are extremely efficient and tend to work 90% ov thee time.

NB:- Dont not ask for something without thinking where it comes from. Thee classic example is thee man who asks for money, but has no money making schemes like applying for a job, so he gets his money, only because his wife dies and he collects thee insurance.

BE CAREFUL

Hail Eril! Praise thee Spice Girls! Laud and Honour to thee Sacred Cows!

Nothing is true! Everything is Permitted!

*COREZ 23 NODE

How does it work? Probably best not worried about too much. Theories can obstruct magick, which is (as I see it) an essentially irrational process, working with the raw power of the unconscious. The best magicians are angry adolescents full of hormones, and those who can key into carnal need, such as A. O. Spare, who would give up smoking after a rite and let the craving work on his unconscious mind until his will was realised. The mind gets in the way, philosophy gets in the way, the rational gets in the way. The goddess likes you better naked.

Phil Hine's *Condensed Chaos* is a more detailed chaos magick primer is, but it is still pretty punk. *Prometheus Rising* by Robert Anton Wilson may be a better idea.

APPENDIX SALVIA

To the Dane's wife.

Aim:

To investigate the nature of time and reality

Apparatus:

Salvia Divinorum x10, (more if you are very brave)

One large bong

Introduction:

Or perhaps initiation is a better word. Saturday afternoon at a hemp traders Wembley, the air was thick with ganja smoke but I was straight for once, strolling around, seeing what was going on, getting lost amongst the grow cabinets and bong sellers. Someone was selling a legal smoking mix called Spice, which was pleasant enough. I passed the bifter I had to a random rude-boy, and we began to chat. He pointed to an old hippy sitting behind a bong, and asked if I had tried what he was peddling. I had not. Neither had he, nor his mate. They were unwilling to sit down and smoke his herbs, because other people could not stand up again.

I sat down, completely unaware of what I was letting myself in for. The hippy was busy with other headz, so it was up to his wife to administer the dose. She was a middle-aged black woman, straight looking and kindly as she assured me that I would be back to normal with in few minutes. 'Are you ready?' she asked, and lit the lighter. Big toke, as big as possible, coughing ruthlessly suppressed, charge held down...

... for as long as possible...

...which was ridiculously long...

I could feel the eyes to the two guys watching me intently, for an age as I remained inflated. I wondered if there was something I should be doing. I reminded myself that my task was to hold down the smoke, but nothing was happening. Not just no trippiness; nothing at all. I was staring at the bong, waiting for time. Perhaps I should exhale, I thought to myself ... but there was no urge. It is legal, and probably very weak, I reasoned, perhaps almost imperceptible, like most legal highs.

I thought again about the rude-boys, and wondered what they were thinking. I was waiting for something to happen, but nothing was, and there was an uneasy sensation that nothing ever would. I had still not exhaled. Funny stuff...

After a very long time, I heard a clear sound, rising slowly from bass up to high beyond my perceptive range. I didn't know if it was a hallucination or a sound from the sound system, and it didn't really matter either way. Time passed...

'He can't even move!' said one of the rude-boys. I considered the possibility that it was true. I wondered if I would ever exhale again. I tested the theory by exhaling a little. It was possible, but unnecessary. I felt fine. I turned my head towards the rude-boys, to show that I could, and still nothing happened. My visual field remained the same! I could still see the bong, sitting on the table in front of me.

This is pretty weird shit, I thought to myself. If things like that are happening, then I'm somewhere very strange, and I should probably breathe, in case I die of voluntary asphyxiation. I exhaled a little more, and, whoops: I popped out of reality!

It was not out-of-body so much as out of context, obliquely related to where I normally existed. Then I felt a wave of panic. My vision was stuck in the past, looking at the bong whilst my head was pointed elsewhere, but then it started to catch up. There followed a very slow series of images, each one at a new angle, and this trail was the crack between the worlds, between the visual world and the narrative in my head. My cognitive system was working well, but my visual system was in a different time zone. Before the scene converged on the rude-boys I foolishly turned my head once again, starting another retarded sequence. Oops! I thought better of the whole vision thing, and closed my eyes. The darkness eventually caught up with me, and I was left with the feeling of a body, somewhere in the universe, and an ocean of time.

In retrospect, my perceptive system couldn't keep up with reality. The copy of external reality I am accustomed to watch unfolding, something I had assumed to be the same as reality, was only a sketch generated by my brain. The narrative of mind is another reality entirely, and at that point it was the only one that I had any hope of relating to, though that also disappears sometimes, during meditation or an ayahuasca session. As to external reality, well, what can I say? It may well exist, but interacting with it is problematic, to say the least. The sketch we make of it, however, is simply not true.

The whole experience was completely bizarre, and not enjoyable in any way, though neither was it physically unpleasant. When I finally

exhaled the rest of the charge it went beyond words. I was suspended somehow somewhere eternal, and I was reluctant to move and break the permanence. And then, after a time which could have been seconds or minutes, or days for all I knew, I became aware of time again, and place, and the fact that this place was completely unsuitable for such a mind-bender. The first thing I said was 'what... here?', but then I realised that was my problem, not the lady with the bong. She was an angel from another dimension, quietly blowing minds. She asked how I was. I was somewhat shaken, but I was grateful. 'It's very strange,' I said. 'Yes it is', she said, with a knowing smile.

At this point the Dane turned to me and launched into a long and confusing monologue, the gist of which was that he was very happy to meet somebody on the same wavelength as him, and that gauze in pipes was a crime, and you were much better off making a substitute with a pipe cleaner and a lighter, and he began to explain in detail how to do it. This man was disturbing me, so I turned to his wife and told her I didn't understand. She didn't seem to think the gauze thing was very important. I was coming back to the room now from the edge of the galaxy. He told me that he had given me *salvia divinorum* x10 strength, but there was also x25 if I wanted. That, I said, is completely out of the question. I purchased some of his strange herb, and administered it to a series of subjects, beginning, as any responsible researcher must, with myself.

Methodology:

- 1) Surround yourself with responsible people you know and trust.
- 2) Move sharp objects out of reach.
- 3) Take one bong (or fit a length of piping with a complicated spiral gauze fashioned from a pipe cleaner)
- 4) Fill the bowl with *salvia divinorum*.
- 5) Give a lighter to a friend, who lights it for you, and also releases the charge in the bong.
- 6) Keep the charge for as long as possible. Relax, and don't worry.
- 7) Hold tight.

Observations:

The second experiment was performed at home, with eyes closed and slow electronic dub playing in the background. As the charge filled my lungs, time began to stretch as before. Nothing happened for a long time, until I swallowed, at which point a kick drum sounded. The music had stopped. I was alert, thinking, and waiting, but time had stopped

passing. This made me nervous, and again I worried about asphyxiation. I had nothing to think about, and ended up testing my lungs with a puff of smoke, and as I exhaled, a rim-shot sounded. It dawned on me that any muscular action I made elicited a noise from the stereo, and if I remained motionless, nothing would happen. I felt obliged to maintain stillness, to preserve the peace of eternity, but also the enormity of eternity unnerved me. I had stumbled upon forever. I twitched my head to one side a fraction, and the stereo released a bass note. This stuff does something funky with time. The fear of the first trial was not so oppressive, and I decided to experiment with a sweep of my head, conjuring a cascade of bass notes, each note in time with a different set of muscles working in my neck. I exhaled a little, triggering a kick drum. After that I continued to breathe slowly, and within a minute, I was back, with a slight residual buzz from my journey.

Subject 2 got the giggles. When this stopped, he noticed that with a sweep of the head, all the various things he saw could be registered, noticed, and thought about individually. He also saw a blue humanoid figure.

Subject 3 looked around like a lost puppy, trying to work out what the hell was going on. He had never tried it before, but had heard Salvia described as 'that stuff where you mustn't turn your head.'

Subject 4 went into hysterics. She started babbling, demanding over and over again that her sensible boyfriend take a hit, which was never going to happen, and then she explained, through watering eyes, that she was going to get told off when she got home. No useful observations were recorded. Her boyfriend was not best pleased.

Subject 5 giggled along with Subject 4.

Subject 6 took his medicine, and after a short time he said 'mmmm'. Then, after a bit, he said 'yes'. Subjects 4 and 5 found this hysterical, and started asking him stupid questions. He said 'Shut up, I'm trying to take this seriously,' at which point everyone including the technician got the giggles, but subject 3 was still looking uneasy.

Subject 7 was Japanese, and he also got the giggles, and said '*omoshiroi*' (interesting / fun). Though Japanese approach their psychedelics with admirable enthusiasm, getting definite statements out of one can be like getting blood from a stone, and they often make useless subjects.

Subject 8 reported pressure on one side of her body. She wanted to follow this sinking feeling with her body, but she didn't move. The pressure rolled past, as if a board was pressed and rolled along her

body. She also registered the individual instruments and beats of the music as distinct, discrete entities.

Subject 9 was another Japanese, and was all enthusiasm, grinning broadly, even as he began to exhale. Still grinning, he said *'hen ya na'* (strange isn't it) after which point his grin faded and he broke into a sweat. He looked around the room confused. The people had become humanoid blobs, and he forgot who they were, except for his closest friend there, the technician who had put him into this sorry state. He felt pressure on his body, and noticed that he was taking in information in a series of discrete, whole units. He would notice a voice, a sight, and a sensation all at once, and then the next set would come, and then the next. He worried that he might never regain normal perception, but he was calmed down by the technician's words, which came to him in strange cyclical patterns. Three minutes later he had relaxed enough to start laughing again, and he was thinking about reality and perception. He suggested that this might be the usual mode of perception for people born with mental disorders. He also announced that it was the weirdest thing he had ever experienced, and that he wanted some more, but not until six months later.

Conclusions:

Most subjects reported that their thoughts remained normal, whilst their perception slowed down in a curious fashion. Visual perceptions crawled along, so turning the head produced a trail of distinct scenes. With music, the beats were linked to a particular action. The space between individual perceptual events was extended, giving the impression that the subject had slipped out of time, and some people saw entities in that space.

My own experience was that time has no existence independent of action. If there is no action, there is no event, and there is no sensation of time. If there is nothing happening, there is nothing to mark time with, and time stands still. In this sense, space-time is a unified concept. Perception is not a passive process, it is active, and making a perception is an act. As the mind settles on a new perception, the previous one dissolves, and time is registered as having passed. Reality is funny stuff that lies beyond one's perception. Whilst not completely independent of our perception, it is not the same as what we perceive.

The insight about mental conditions is interesting. Autists become totally engrossed in an object, swallowed into it, so perhaps time slows right down for them. With Salvia, focus becomes singularly intense, so you see every crinkle of a petal, every vein, the gradient of the colouring, the pollen on the anthers; each texture is another perceptive event,

discrete, unintegrated, and out of time. Then there is the thinker, which is more or less unaffected, in a different part of your brain, marking time whenever it notices something.

Further research:

Not for me, thank-you. *Salvia divinorum* is legally available from many disreputable Internet mail order companies. It does not seem to be addictive in the slightest, and is too weird to be moorish.

A word of caution:

Despite being legal in most countries, Salvinorin A is one of the most potent substances known to man, mind-blowing at x10. x40 must be shocking. Some people have a very bad time on this stuff, so be careful with the dose and the setting of your experiment. Surround yourself with soft things and soft people, and try to stay calm. You'll be back home in a few minutes, regardless of how many centuries the minutes last.

You are cordially invited to a party on the twenty-third of each month, at 23.23 in your time zone, (because in a magickal universe, time is as bendy as space). All welcome, orderly behaviour please, and don't mess with the bouncers, they have biceps light-years across. Directions below, but if you have your own spaceship, just turn up. All you have to do is drea-ee-ee-ee-eam, dream dream dream. Or project, or journey, or whatever it is that you do.

Directions:

- 1) Sit in a quiet space where you will not be disturbed.
- 2) Meditate upon the Ace of Swords from the Thoth tarot deck for ten minutes. You can find an image online.
- 3) Close your eyes and lie down. If you are with a friend, you can hold hands and touch feet.
- 4) Spend a few minutes moving attention slowly from toes to head.
- 5) Spend a few minutes moving attention rapidly and randomly around the body.
- 6) Imagine the sword from the ace running the length of your spine, with the tip at the crown of your head.
- 7) Move attention slowly from the hilt to the tip. Allow the sensation of a charge to build up.
- 8) Release charge. Visualise energy streaming out of your head.
- 9) Visualise stars rushing past. Wait until you arrive at Sirius. If you loose your way, the sword will direct you. If you meet any X-wings, the sword will protect you.
- 10) See what you see. Behave respectfully with any residents.
- 11) Come back, imagining stars rushing past. Watch the earth getting bigger as you draw near.
- 12) Re-enter the atmosphere, and splash down in the sea. Swim to land.
- 13) Focus on the sensations in your body. Feel your back against the bed and the breath in your nose. Wiggle fingers and toes.
- 14) Inform your friend you have returned by gently squeezing her hand twice. Do not disturb her more than this.
- 15) Thank your guides. Thank your Sirian hosts.
- 16) Sit up, and write what you have seen, **before** discussing it with your friend.

APPENDICES

1 Data presented in *Discovery of Magnetic Health* - George J. Washnis and Richar Z. Hricak, Nova Publishing Company, Rockville, 1993

2 *The Electricity of Touch: Detection and Measurement of Cardiac Energy Exchange Between People* - McCraty, R. et al in Proceedings of the Fifth Appalachian Conference on Neurobehavioral Dynamics: Brain and Values, Radford, V.A. & Mahwah, N.J. (Lawrence Erlbaum Association, 1996)