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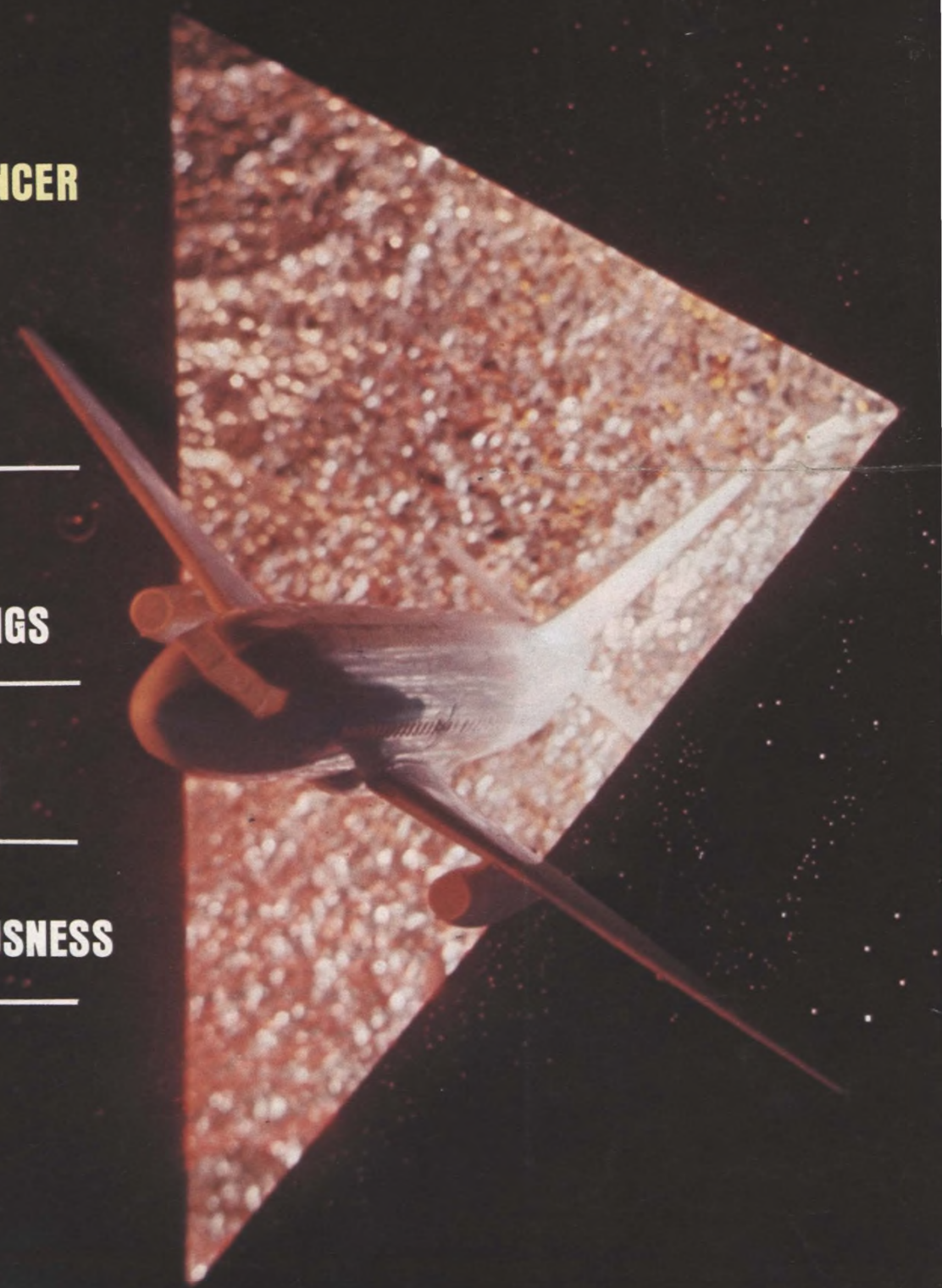

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN WALLACE SPENCER ON THE MYSTERIOUS BERMUDA TRIANGLE

BRAD STEIGER ON CAT CREATURES AND OTHER STRANGE BEINGS

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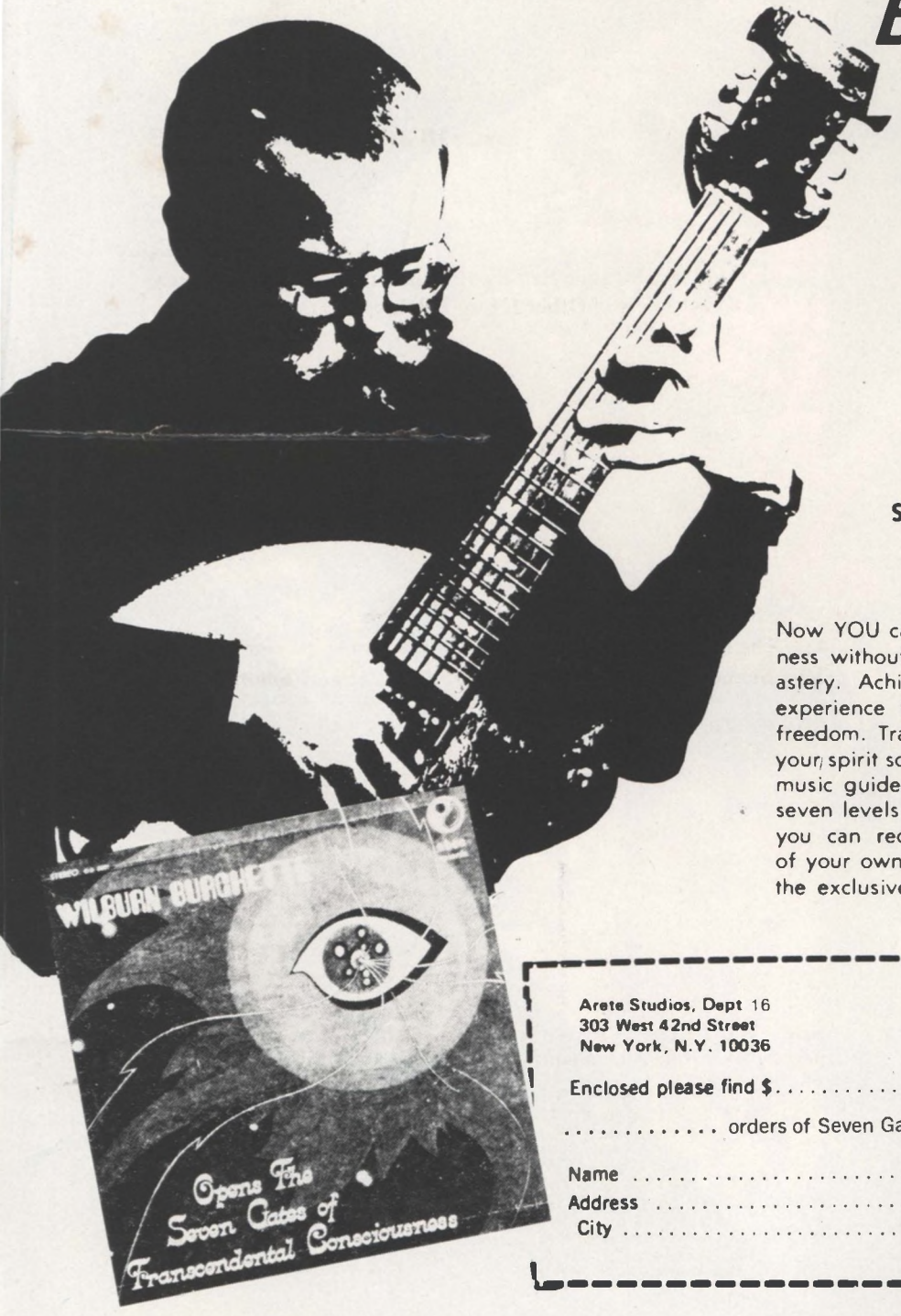

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PHOTO CREDITS: Front cover, Harry Belil; page 12, Bryce Bond; pages 16-17, Robert Dunham; pages 26-27, Andrew E. Rothovius.

BEYOND REALITY is published bi-monthly by Beyond Reality Magazine, Inc., P.O. Box 428, Nanuet, N.Y. 10954. Please send letters and manuscripts to: 303 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copy price $1.00. Subscription rates: $6.00 per year. Add $1.00 per year if outside the U.S., except APO and FPO. No responsibility whatsoever is accepted for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs, and none will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Application for 2nd class mailing is pending at Nanuet, N.Y. 1975 Beyond Reality, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. **All rights reserved. Printed in Canada.**

Most if not all of our readers are familiar in varying degrees with what is commonly referred to as the Bermuda Triangle—that expanse of sea and sky which has historically been blamed for the strange, unexplained and apparently unexplainable disappearances of numerous ships and planes.

Since World War II in particular, there has been a rash of both commercial and military vessels that have journeyed through this mysterious area off the southern coast of the United States—never to return. There has also been a rash of books published on the subject, most of which do not even care to mention that the Triangle is not a triangle at all. As a result of the principle points of reference—Southern Florida, Bermuda and Puerto Rico, most people automatically assume that the area in question forms the shape of a triangle, when actually it is a southwest to northeast oval-shaped expanse.

The point is that many authors have not done their homework, have no personal knowledge of the facts involved through first-hand interviews and the examination of data—and have more or less merely repeated well-known stories in their books, which adds to the misconceptions and confusion.

One major exception, though, is John Wallace Spencer, author of *Limbo of the Lost,* and today an authority on the phenomena reported in the Bermuda Triangle. In this issue is a special *Beyond Reality* interview with Mr. Spencer, who explains how and why he became involved in this field, what he has found, and what he concludes are the only possible explanations.

Mr. Spencer is a former Navy man who began some years ago to investigate UFOs, and who became increasingly concerned and aroused with the reports coming from people who had something important to say about the strange occurrences off our southeastern coast. In *Limbo of the Lost,* he reported what he had found after strenuous investigation—but he refrained from offering any theory to explain it; he was interested only in offering the facts.

Now, however, he has reached certain conclusions about those phenomena—conclusions that he believes are the only ones tenable and possible—and for that you are invited to read and consider the interview in this issue.

Mr. Spencer has given many lectures on his findings, and has appeared on many radio and television programs. Recently, he was a guest on *The David Susskind Show* along with other proponents and opponents of the Triangle question. Where others offered theory, Mr. Spencer offered fact; where others suggested ridicule, he offered substantiation; where others brought forth questionable speculation, he offered investigatory evidence. All in all, it was clear from his comments that Mr. Spencer has done his homework, and wisely avoids offering statements that he feels cannot be backed up.

I look forward to hearing from you, our readers, on this very intriguing topic. Your comments and suggestions are always welcome, and I hope you find this issue to be interesting and informative.

Sincerely,

Harry Belil
Editor/Publisher

GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches... protecting yourself against sickness... securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business... winning happiness and love... reading the thoughts of others ... and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D—— J—— W— N– T—— I- M- L—."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you tob may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y– k— I l— y–." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n– p—— u—— l—."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n– b—— t– m— o- p— h—— p——." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

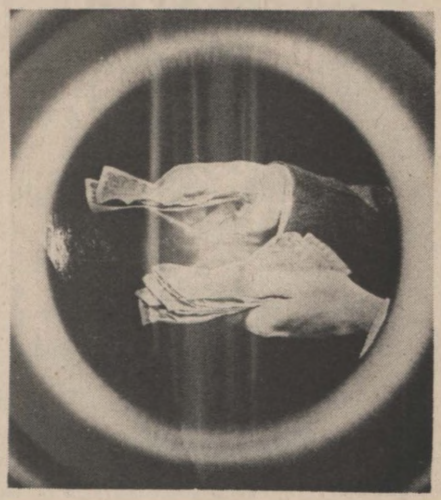
CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o– w— c—— p— a– c– s— a– p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n– i—— m- m— a– b— c— w— t– p—— p—— o- r—— g— h——" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t– s– o- o– t—— d—— s- I c– p– t– s——." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

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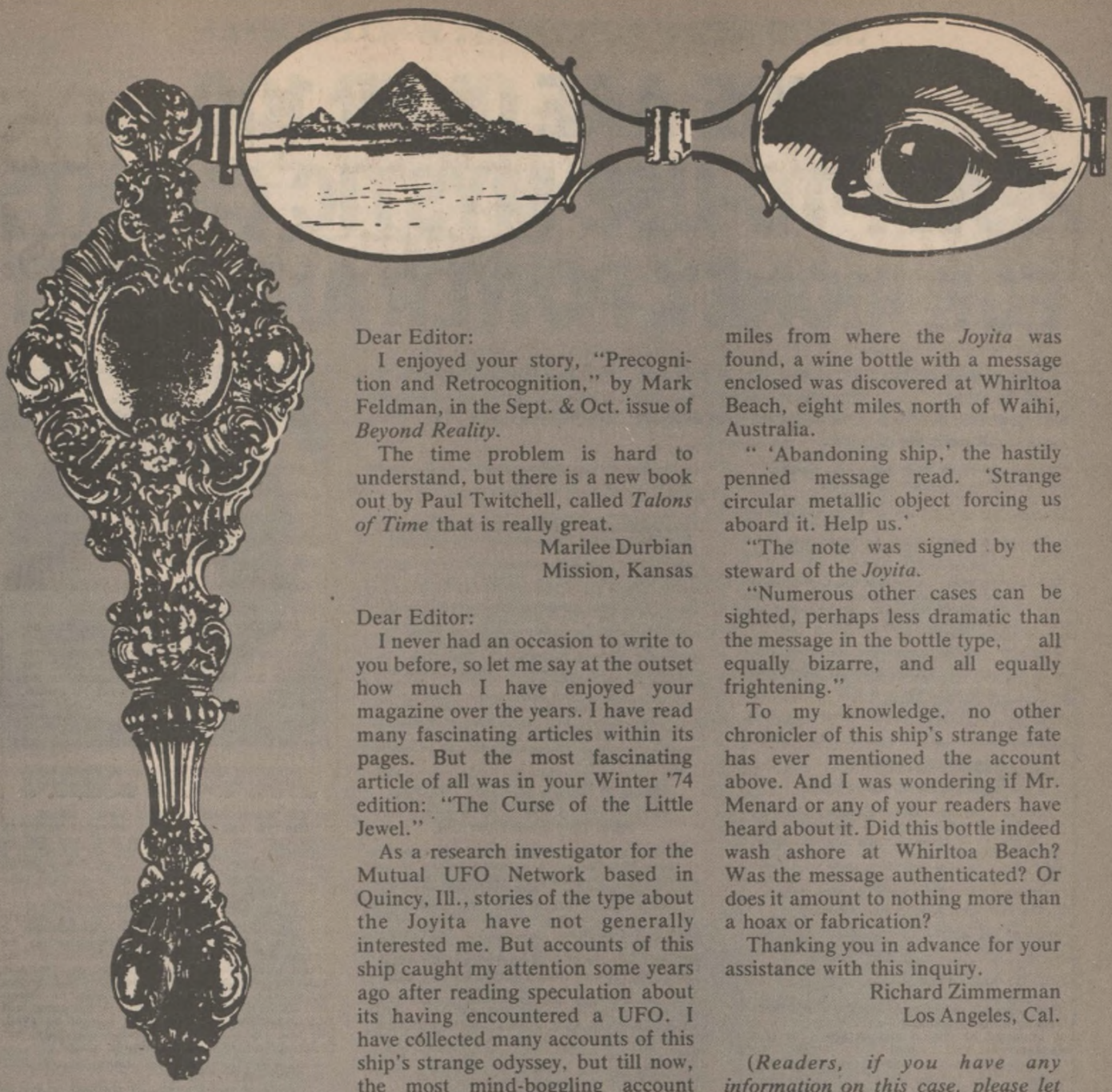

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed your story, "Precognition and Retrocognition," by Mark Feldman, in the Sept. & Oct. issue of *Beyond Reality*.

The time problem is hard to understand, but there is a new book out by Paul Twitchell, called *Talons of Time* that is really great.

Marilee Durbian
Mission, Kansas

Dear Editor:

I never had an occasion to write to you before, so let me say at the outset how much I have enjoyed your magazine over the years. I have read many fascinating articles within its pages. But the most fascinating article of all was in your Winter '74 edition: "The Curse of the Little Jewel."

As a research investigator for the Mutual UFO Network based in Quincy, Ill., stories of the type about the Joyita have not generally interested me. But accounts of this ship caught my attention some years ago after reading speculation about its having encountered a UFO. I have collected many accounts of this ship's strange odyssey, but till now, the most mind-boggling account appeared in Brad Steiger's 1972 Lancer paperback, *Strange Disappearances*. Attached below is a copy of page 136 from Mr. Steiger's book:

"The schooner *Joyita* was found November 10, 1955, abandoned and in bad shape. The ship's log was missing, and there were no signs of violence to account for 20 missing passengers and five missing crewmen. She was found north of Samoa, 600 miles off course. She was drifting on the outer perimeter of the Devil's Deep. As with other floating derelicts, the *Joyita* had to be written off as yet one more sea mystery.

"Four years later, in 1959, 3,400 miles from where the *Joyita* was found, a wine bottle with a message enclosed was discovered at Whirltoa Beach, eight miles north of Waihi, Australia.

" 'Abandoning ship,' the hastily penned message read. 'Strange circular metallic object forcing us aboard it. Help us.'

"The note was signed by the steward of the *Joyita*.

"Numerous other cases can be sighted, perhaps less dramatic than the message in the bottle type, all equally bizarre, and all equally frightening."

To my knowledge, no other chronicler of this ship's strange fate has ever mentioned the account above. And I was wondering if Mr. Menard or any of your readers have heard about it. Did this bottle indeed wash ashore at Whirltoa Beach? Was the message authenticated? Or does it amount to nothing more than a hoax or fabrication?

Thanking you in advance for your assistance with this inquiry.

Richard Zimmerman
Los Angeles, Cal.

(*Readers, if you have any information on this case, please let us know. Perhaps Mr. Steiger—who is one of our regular writers—has some new information to give us. We'll publish any new substantive information we get. — Editor*)

Dear Editor:

Having recently picked up the last issue of your fine magazine—I'm writing to let you know what I feel its strong points to be and where it might need some improvement. I like UFO articles, and I'm sure you realize documented articles have brilliant sales potential. This is good. So always keep an article or two on the subject of UFOs in each month's

(*Continued on page 48*)

HAILED BY MANY AS...

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS for the Relief of Signs of Illness!

Yes, Dear Friend:
Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read about these amazing natural medicines. Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

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BOOKS FOR REVIEW

THE MYSTIC HEALERS, by Paris Flammonde, Stein and Day Publishing Company, $8.95.

The recent volcanic revival of mystic healing challenges our religious and medical beliefs. Who are the mystic healers? How do they effect their cures? What distinguishes saint from charlatan? What is the line between a paranormal cure and a natural recovery? These are the basic questions answered in this complete survey of mystical medicine.

The book's tone is objective, its style popular, its material well-researched, fascinating, and provocative. Some miracles, it shows, may be explained; some defy logic. Paris Flammonde, a recognized authority on the occult, has written widely on controversial subjects. His recent books (*The Kennedy Conspiracy* and *The Age of Flying Saucers*) were hailed by reviewers as definite works in their fields.

— — —

OUTLINES OF CHINESE SYMBOLISM AND ART MOTIVES, by C.A.S. Williams, Tuttle Publishing Company, $12.50.

The author describes the book as "a practical handbook of the science of Chinese symbolism as based on the early folklore." Certainly, for the attainment of a sound understanding of Chinese art symbolism and primary concepts, there is no better book than this one. Above all, it is easy to use. The subjects are arranged alphabetically and described in concise but comprehensive essays. All pertinent terms are accompanied by their Chinese writings, so that the book is of value to the scholar as well as to the layman. It is abundantly illustrated with line drawings by Chinese artists. In a word, it is a most efficient guidebook.

— — —

IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT GODS, by Erich Von Daniken, Putnam Publishing Company, $8.95.

New examinations and explorations by the famed author of *Chariots of the Gods*? of the extraterrestrial worlds he has made his private domain—ancient artifacts, secret archaeological and scientific information, to bolster his fascinating theory of an "Era of the Gods" on earth.

Erich von Daniken, internationally known author of Gods from Outer Space and Gold of the Gods, now offers his magnum opus—a remarkable work giving graphic credence to his belief that the earth was visited eons ago by extraterrestrial "astronauts," who conveyed information enabling man to develop from a primitive into a civilized being.

MYSTERIOUS BRITAIN, by Janet and Colin Bord, Doubleday Publishing Company, $14.94.

What is the truth about leys—the invisible straight lines which connect churches and ancient sites all over Britain? Why did "savages" take more than a hundred years establishing, with astronomical exactitude, massive carved standing stones, some in lines, some in circles?

MYSTERIOUS BRITAIN suggests fascinating and provocative answers to these and many more questions. There is an increasing and exciting realization that we should reconsider the popular conceptions of our ancient ancestors, and this age seems to be producing a greater and more widespread understanding of geomancy, mythology, harmony, astrology, folklore, psychic experiences, the location of ancient sites, etc. This lavishly illustrated book is a panorama of questions, clues, and answers, in words and pictures, of the places, facts, and beliefs which have made Britain a land to visit all through the ages.

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SUPERSENSES, OUR POTENTIAL FOR PARASENSORY EXPERIENCE, by Charles Panati, Quadrangle Publishing Company, $8.95.

The people and experiments described in this book are part of a scientific revolution, heralds of the age of psychic energy. They are nothing like the earlier world of seances, table-rappers, and palm readers, but are instead respected scientists conducting rigorous laboratory investigations on both gifted psychics and ordinary people who reveal tremendous potential for a wider and deeper life of the mind.

Today, parapsychological research is an effort that joins all of science—neurobiology, biochemistry, psychology, and physics—and brings together universities, private research centers, and the federal government. Using the most sophisticated laboratory equipment to monitor heart rate, skin conductivity, and brain wave pattern, researchers across the country and around the world have proven beyond a doubt the reality of a very broad range of paranormal phenomena.

Charles Panati, currently a science writer for NEWSWEEK magazine, has been a radiation physicist at Columbia University and head physicist at RCA, working in space communications and laser technology.

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IN SEARCH OF LAKE MONSTERS, by Peter Costello, Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, $8.95.

Here is an amazing monster safari, spanning five

By MARY GOLDSTEIN

continents, in search of the legendary Loch Ness Monster and all his fabulous brethren wherever they are at home beneath the waves. Exploring that shadowy boundary where science meets the mysterious, a young investigator trained in anthropology and literature marshals compelling evidence of the existence and nature of the lake monsters that have stealthily inhabited the world's freshwater lakes for centuries.

IN SEARCH OF LAKE MONSTERS consistently traces reports of all lake monsters from Scotland to Utah, British Columbia to Sweden, the jungles of Africa and New Zealand and taking in Patagonia and Siberia on the way. It offers intriguing evidence these fabulous creatures *do* exist.

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WHAT IS MEDITATION?, edited by John White, Doubleday-Anchor, $2.50.

Is meditation the same as prayer? Is it daydreaming? Is it more than just being alone and quiet for a few minutes. This book effectively answers the questions surrounding this popular subject. It is the first book on meditation to offer a comparative approach based on accounts of experienced meditators, so that for the first time readers can evaluate the various methods of meditation for themselves. The authors represent Christianity, Buddhism, secular forms of meditation and others from both East and West.

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MY PASSPORT SAYS CLAIRVOYANT, by M.B. Dykshoorn, Hawthorn Books, Inc., $8.95.

Born in a small Dutch provincial town, Dkyshoorn was not immediately aware that his psychological "difference" from other people arose from his strong psychic abilities. In fact, his uncanny ability to know things before they happened constantly got him into trouble with his parents before they realized the nature of his unusual talents.

In 1949, by psychic means alone and in the presence of a notary public, he found a cache of money that had been buried during World War II. In the twon of Breda, Holland, he located—again in the presence of authoritative eyewitnesses—a metal box that had been buried under a cellar floor for more than three hundred years. Later, he gave police in Ruhrort, Germany, data that led to the solution of two criminal cases within twenty-four hours.

Near Ypres, Belgium, he located and unearthed the remains of seven soldiers killed in World War I, more than forty years earlier. In Antwerp he supplied authorites with information that led to the recovery of the body of a missing girl from a city canal.

Dykshoorn is a well-known lecturer and consulting clairvoyant. His work is supported by documentation—much of it in the form of affidavits prepared by members of his lecture audiences.

— — —

THE SEARCH FOR A SOUL, by Jess Stearn Doubleday, $7.95.

One of Jess Stearn's most dramatic and provocative explorations of the hidden dimensions of man's mind, this book delves into the psychic lives of best-selling novelist Taylor Caldwell. A skeptic about reincarnation, Miss Caldwell agreed to undergo hypnosis "in the interests of setting the theory of reincarnation to rest." Yet once in a trance, she lapsed into memories of other lives and other places—lives which make fascinating narratives in their own right, places that provide the background for many of her novels, memories that suggest a wealth of experience of which she has no conscious memory or knowledge.

Jess Stearn stands in the first rank of today's writers in the field of parapsychology and the occult.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WITCHCRAFT, by Tom Ravensdale and James Morgan, Arco Publishing Company, $10.00.

The Psychology of Witchcraft is a concise study of some of the stranger aspects of folklore, black magic, the occult, and the supernatural. No one volume can hope to cover these subjects completely, since witchcraft is almost as old as the World itself. This work, although it does not claim to be an exhaustive text, is an enthralling account of many of these strange practices.

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THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE, by Charles Berlitz, Doubleday Publishing Company, $7.95.

In this absorbing book, Charles Berlitz reviews many of the bizarre (and continuing) disappearances connected with "the Bermuda Triangle" and proposes intriguing theories of the strange forces that may be at work there.

Included are interviews with people who have made harrowing escapes from the Bermuda Triangle —including a man who has twice experienced its cataclysmic forces and lived to tell about it.

STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

BY MARK FELDMAN

EXORCISM FRAUD

A sultry Oakland gypsy who promised to exorcise evil spirits and cure the terminally ill husbands of two Oakland housewives bilked her victims of $101,000.

"It's the biggest exorcist fraud I've heard of in California," police said. The bizarre tale of exorcism and the supernatural began eight months ago when Sonia Williams approached an Oakland woman whose husband was suffering from a terminal illness. The "exorcist" convinced the woman she could rid her of the evil spirits in her heart and thereby cure her husband.

To prove her supernatural powers, the exorcist asked the wife to tie three knots in a white thread. Then she took the knotty thread in her hand, rolled it up, and handed back a piece of white thread without knots. After her exorcist rites (and payments) began, Mrs. Williams would bring a tomato, egg or banana to the housewife's home and offer incantations over them. Suddenly the exorcist would smash them, and a wad of hair would appear in the remains.

During the eight months her exorcist treatments went on, the grieving wife sold her home, emptied two bank accounts and gave the gypsy woman her jewelry. Some $85,000 later, her husband died, and the woman was left penniless.

The second victim, a 55-year-old housewife, paid $16,000 for Mrs. Williams to cure her sick husband, who is still terminally ill. The ritual in this case included repeating magic words over burning candles and the burial of $3500 in the ground so the exorcist could pray over it.

The exorcist was indicted on two counts of grant theft, arrested, and released on $10,000 bail.

ANCIENT MAN IN FLORIDA

It has been reported by a group of Northern Arizona University anthropologists that for the first time there is documentary evidence that a creature called Man once roamed the swamps and forests of Florida in antiquity.

Archeological finds in the Southeast United States do not date as far back as in the western states because of the acid content of the area's soil, and although researchers believed that ancient man had lived in Florida, they never had enough real proof to substantiate the theory.

"We now have the first proof of the unequivocal association of a human tool with an extinct animal in the Southeastern United States," announced Dr. Charles Hoffman, a former University of Florida professor now heading the Silver Springs expedition sponsored by Northern Arizona University. "While we didn't find the man's bones, we did find a mammoth between 11,000 and 12,000 years old with a tiny rock-point spear head imbedded among his bones."

The discovery was made a couple of miles from the entrance of a popular amusement park, and was the second such important find in the area. Earlier, a skull unearthed was verified by state archeologists as being 10,000 years old, making it the oldest known time period that human beings ever occupied what is now the state of Florida.

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The tiny, one inch spear is similar to what is referred to as a "Clovis spear point," resembling a group of prehistoric weapons found recently in Clovis, New Mexico and documented. The spear was found near the hipbone of a baby mammoth, whose bones were unearthed underwater from beneath eight feet of sediment. The find is also significant in that it is the first time anywhere that the remains of an extinct animal have been systematically uncovered, mapped and photographically recorded under water.

Dr. Hoffman said that "we are waiting right now for the results of carbon samples sent to Japan for exact age determination, but according to the best specialists in the field of Florida archeology and to the best of my knowledge, this find definitely puts man back at least 12,000 years ago in Florida and the Southeast."

PSYCHICS ASTOUND PHYSICISTS

A group pf physicists at the prestigious Stanford Research Institute have recently concluded experiments surrounding the psychic abilities of two individuals, with astounding results.

(Continued on page 48)

How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . , . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

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- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
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- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
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- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
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Bryce Bond Interviews:

JOHN WALLACE SPENCER

What are the amazing facts behind reports of missing planes and ships in the Bermuda Triangle? Noted researcher John Wallace Spencer, author of *Limbo of the Lost*, has some startling evidence to present.

Author of the best selling book, *Limbo of the Lost*

Bond: John Wallace Spencer is the author of *Limbo of the Lost*, a chilling best-seller that explores the Bermuda Triangle about which much controversy has arisen, especially...I think it was December 5, 1945, when an ill-fated flight left Fort Lauderdale on a routine patrol mission and suddenly they vanished! Can you fill us in, John?

Spencer: Okay. The first thing I'd like to clear up is this "triangle" business. Back in 1964 Vincent Gaddis wrote an article in *Argosy* magazine stating if you were to draw a line from Miami to Puerto Rico, Puerto Rico to Bermuda and back again, it formed a triangle. He called this the Bermuda Triangle. He said ships, planes and people mysteriously disappeared in this triangular area. I got involved in it and carried the research up to 1973...and realized that when you leave the area around 1945 to 1950, it was *not* a triangle, and this was just the initial research—a scratching of the surface.

Bond: It was shaped like a lozenge, almost.

Spencer: Let's see...the shape... well some people would call it a "blob," I guess. Start at Cape May, N.J., go due east to the edge of this continental shelf line, start down the continental shelf line southward and when you are adjacent to Bermuda swing out in an arc and pick up Bermuda, come back in, continuing that arc in the Gulf of Mexico and you've got the region. A foot—a blob, whatever shape you want to call it—it's roughly 380,000 square miles (it sounds like a lot but it really isn't). Back in 1945 when those five planes took off from Fort Lauderdale ...let's analyze some of the conditions surrounding the loss:

The aircraft—Grauman TP Avenger Torpedo bombers. The torpedo bomber was a plane designed naturally to fly over the ocean to drop torpedos at ships and try to get away and, many times, shot down.

Bond: Low level?

Spencer: Right, low level. So, when they built the aircraft they, naturally, took this into consideration and they built a high degree of buoyancy into the craft so if it was shot down the crew of three (the pilot, gunner and radio operator) could stay with the aircraft, and not have to leave it immediately. So, we are dealing with an aircraft that had a high degree of buoyancy; is a very small bomber carrying three crew members; it's peacetime conditions—December 5, 1945—most of the personnel assigned to Fort Lauderdale back then were combat flying personnel belonging to the Navy. They were there for just one reason: just to get that piece of paper, and get out of the service after that long second World War.

While there, the flying personnel would have to take regular routine training missions, to clock the hours needed to receive their flight pay. A lot of people mistake this and say,

"Well, they were just learning how to fly, this was a training mission."

This was not so! They labeled it a training mission to cover the flying hours needed. This particular mission was launched many times, three times in one day. Different crews would board different aircraft, go out and fly a small triangle; another crew would take off and fly the same triangle. One man could not make the flight (he was ill) and he was a gunner, so the command pilot decided to take the mission anyway. It really was a peacetime mission; a training mission, and didn't really need the pilot.

So, fourteen people took off in the five planes at 2:00 in the afternoon. Routine. Their mission was to fly this triangle and return at 5:30. At 5:25 the command pilot radioed into the

control tower that the entire squadron was lost. I talked to several of the people that were in the control tower at the time and they said "We didn't believe it; when this thing came back, we thought it was a gag. Then we realized as we listened to the voice of the command pilot that it was breaking up and that it wasn't a gag. He was very serious about it, saying 'We don't know whether we're over the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico; we have enough fuel for seventy-five more minutes.' "

At this point, the executive officer of the station arrived at the control tower, in time to hear the command pilot say: "According to our last known position (because our instruments are all haywire now), we do not know where we are. Our last known position places us somewhere around 75 miles northeast of the Naval Air Station, which is about 200 miles northeast of Miami." At this point, all of the personnel in the control tower, many of the Navy personnel around the control tower, jammed into the room...the executive officer...all listening to the speaker (they were fascinated, and hung on this position).

They noticed the voices of the command pilot and the other pilots in the five planes were bordering on hysterical as they remarked: "The sea doesn't look as it should; we can't tell what is up and what is down!" (At this point the instruments were all haywire, of course). Now you've got to visualize this moment: everybody is in the control tower listening to the speaker, and as if somebody turned the switch *all five* planes instantly disappeared from radio communications with Fort Lauderdale.

Bond: Well, that's very unusual, because I was in the service as aerial motion picture and underwater photographer in the Navy and we are taught that anything that crashes into the sea always leaves some sort of debris that rises to the surface within at least two weeks. But nothing came to the surface during this particular mission. They searched the area, but of course when things disappear like that it's almost totally impossible...it's like a light switch...

Spencer: Well, the unusual part of this story is (if this isn't unusual enough) when they disappeared, they sent out another aircraft for them.

Bond: Yes, the Martin Mariner, with thirteen experienced air/sea rescue people aboard. It's a funny thing—I have been studying this particular case, also, and when you realize that all these people are trained, the pilots of the planes had Mae West vests on, the self-inflating life rafts (if the plane hits you know they inflate automatically). What happened? Was the day crystal clear? What were the sea conditions? The weather conditions at this time?

Spencer: Well, the weather conditions were not ideal for them, but were not bad. There were gusts, in the area, up to 40 m.p.h., not enough to throw the plane off course, naturally. The fact about the debris is very important: If five planes go down you're going to have enough floating debris out there to fill a junkyard.

Bond: And for five experienced pilots to go down all at once, is very, very unusual. Now Ivan Sanderson, in his book *Invisible Residents,* was claiming that there is a colonization beneath the sea in this particular area.

Spencer: Well, he isn't too far off. The reports that I have received... (at one time I wished to be an official investigator for NICAP [National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, in Washington, D.C.] so I was able to get hold of records that were locked up away from the public. I also could get to areas and talk to people with credentials in this area and I could get the chance to talk to a lot of commercial airline pilots)...one of the things that they seemed to be talking about was the fact that in that area when they spotted UFOs, many times the UFOs were going into the water and leaving the water, which is very unusual. You can talk to pilots from all over the world and you do not get this report— only in the "Limbo" area.

Bond: Have you heard about pilots these days being threatened with suit if they mention this to the public about seeing UFOs? I think it was a $10,000 fine.

Spencer: They're suspended! Automatically suspended! Oh, definitely!

Bond: Why? How come this is in effect?

Spencer: Well, the airlines, of course, give the excuse that if the pilots talk about it, it is going to affect people flying; people will not fly. However, I think it is a matter of the government putting pressure on the airlines and the airlines accepting this. After all, the Civil Aeronautics Association has a tremendous amount of influence over airlines and they seem to be exercising it and it is working, because you cannot get an official comment from a pilot today.

Unofficially, over a cup of coffee, they'll tell you all kinds of things. Just recently I talked to a pilot and he said: "Mr. Spencer, I'll tell you this—I have been flying for 25 years; I heard stories about UFOs; I did not believe in them; I talked to my fellow pilots and they talked about UFOs and I thought these were sharp boys but that they were hallucinating."

"One day, about four weeks ago," he said, "I was flying in the Gulf of Mexico and looked out in front of me to see what appeared to be a large pleasure craft on the surface of the water, all lit up with a great amount of lights. As I approached it, it rose up out of the water and flew past me. It was round, large..."

I asked, "how big was it," and he said "About as as big as a house; very large; it wasn't making a sound and that thing took off at a tremendous rate of speed. Now, if you ask me, do I believe in UFOs...I believe in UFOs."

Bond: In my personal opinion I am a firm believer in them myself because I have actually witnessed one at close range...three yards away, and that is very close. Now I, after I have been practicing these parapsychological

techniques for many, many years, am beginning to go down into the altered states of consciousness. It wasn't a hallucination. It was an actual, tangible, physical thing because it left its impression. Now, getting back to the Bermuda Triangle again: On the last transmission, wasn't there something relayed to the control tower like "We seem to be lifting"... and end of conversation?

Spencer: I am trying to recall the Board report—I don't have it with me—but I believe it was something like that, I am not sure.

Bond: And then they cut it off. Now, what did the Navy say happened to these craft? What was their report?

Spencer: Oh, their report was very simple: They were baffled by the disappearance of 27 military personnel and 6 military aircraft.

Bond: I was speaking to one of the wives of one of the men. His name was Eddie J. Powers, who was on the flight with his wife, Joan... was telling me that the Navy told her that they crashed at sea and that she would not believe it nor did the other wives.

Spencer: Well, I talked to Mrs. Gellivan. One of the men was Francis Robert Gellivan, 21 years of age, from Northampton, Mass. I come from Springfield and Northampton is about ten or fifteen minutes driving from where I live, so I sought out the Gellivans and found his mother. I asked: "Mrs. Gellivan, can you tell me about December 5, 1945?"

She quickly corrected me as though I had said the wrong thing, saying: "No, December *sixth!*"

I kind of looked at her as she continued: "That's the day burned in *my* memory. I stayed at home from work that day awaiting a telegram from my son stating he was discharged from the service, and what day he would be arriving home after that long, awesome second World War. Instead, a wire arrived from the Navy Department stating he was missing, and like any mother would do I stayed right there with the Navy searching the area, hanging on every last report. Then the Navy told me they were ordering a Board of Inquiry to look into the matter, and would certainly come up with a conclusion. When it was all over the Navy official reported to me, and all he said was: "We're sorry, Mrs. Gellivan, we do not know what happened to Robert Francis and 26 other people. They just disappeared on December 5, 1945."

Bond: Does she feel that her son is dead?

Spencer: She does not. "No, no," she said, "I don't know why I feel this way, but I believe he is not dead."

Bond: May I say something? A lot of the other wives themselves have the same feeling that their husbands or boyfriends are not dead; that they are still alive. Now you get a complete correlation of these people. If someone is killed at sea after so many years they would sense it and feel it that the person was dead, because the so-called physical loss within the person themselves would sense this, and feel it. But, with each individual that was on this flight, there is not one person who truly believes that the person is dead!

Spencer: That's right. As you bring it up, several of the people I have talked with have that exact feeling. They have expressed it: "I don't know why but I feel he is going to walk right through the door and say: 'Here I am!' and this is ridiculous, it can't be!" But they go right back and hang onto that eerie feeling of theirs.

Bond: Well, the trouble with so many people is that they stand aside in scorn and ridicule and put something down that they know nothing about. But, I found that intelligent individuals are somewhat more... well, will correlate this information and piece it together in their own minds and come to their own conclusions.

Spencer: We have a fellow at American International College in Springfield that likes to write letters to the editor and they appear in the paper in very large columns—in fact, he should be a writer, no question about it—and he writes: "People who believe in UFOs are cracked urns, they're hallucinating."

Well, one day I called him on the telephone and said: "Professor, how would you like to go on the radio with me and you tell the people why you think UFOs don't exist and I'll tell them why I know they do exist?

He said "No," and I asked why, and he replied: "Because you'd tear me apart."

I asked, "How do you figure that I'd tear you apart?" and he said: "I don't know anything about UFOs."

Then it hit me: The fellow usually making the most noise about something not existing usually knows so little about the subject that it's like a big empty drum and this thing is bouncing around inside. Now, as a member of NICAP—(I am no longer a member since I had to resign as I'm on the road with my book) we find that knowing is believing, digging in and getting the information about what is really going on; not taking a report lightly. I figure that as an investigator I have covered about 15 legitimate-type sightings; people who were not crazy; 15 people who believed they saw UFOs... before I got *one* good story! All of the 15 people were not lying; their imagination took over and they had a spark.

One fellow told me he was followed home in his car one night by a UFO. One of the first questions we ask is: "Do you know anything about UFOs?" and the perfect answer is "*no.*" If they know very little about UFOs I'm ahead. If they know a lot about UFOs, then the imagination and the knowledge go together and I am working against a very tough obstruction.

So I started questioning him. It was about 2:00 in the morning, he said on his way home, and as he rounded a turn in the woods, there was this light source that lit up the whole area and as he drove further about 50 yards down the road there was a car parked on the side of the road and a fellow standing behind

(*Continued on page 52*)

The house of death before it was torn down. looking at the house as it was, no one would guess at the un-natural acts that would take place within its walls.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH

BY BOB DUNHAM

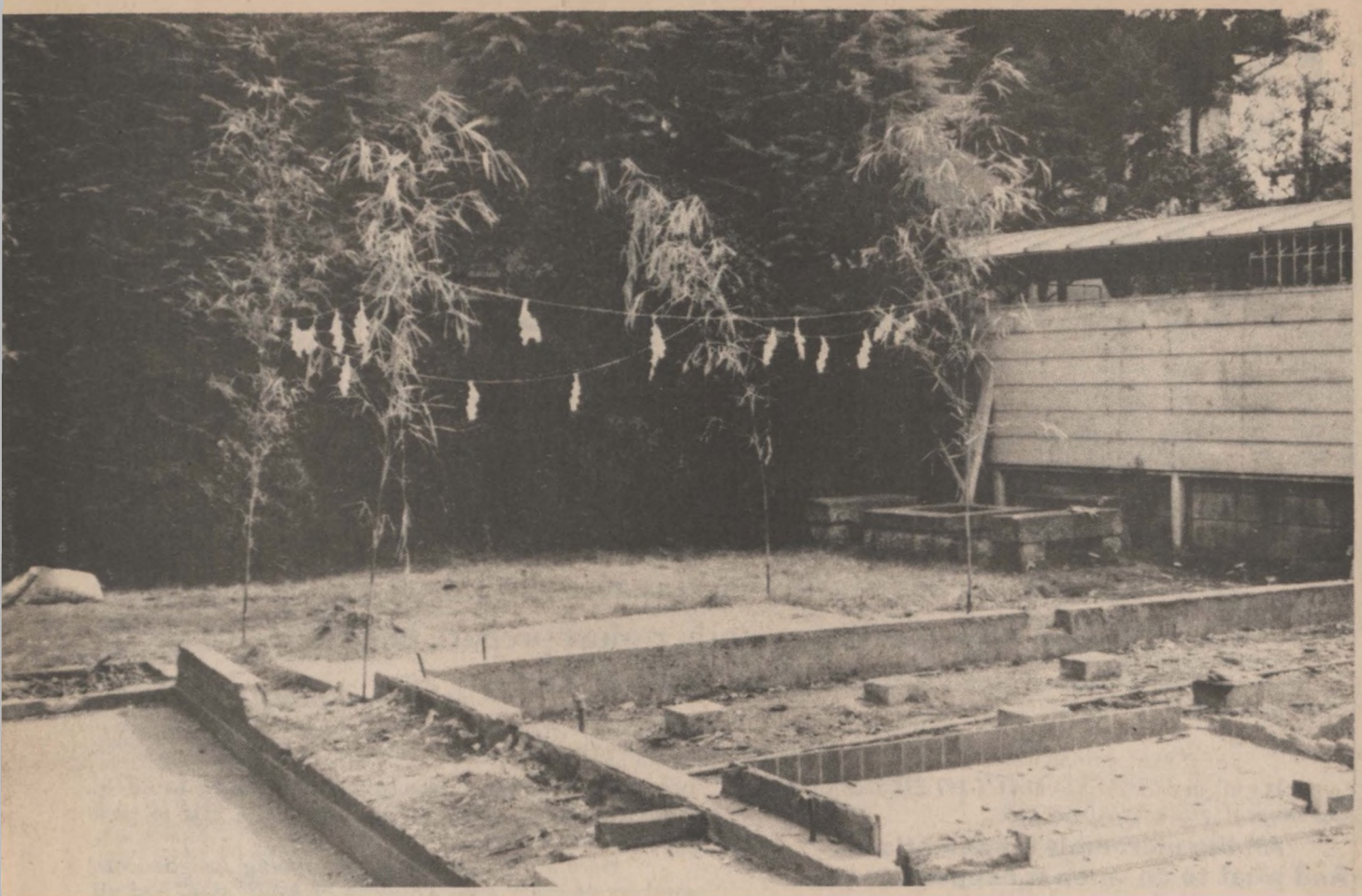
The House of death is gone, but the memory of what happened there is still fixed in the minds of the neighboring families and will probably stay there a long, long time.

Once upon a time there was a house. It was a small house, but it was a fairly new, warm, secure and comfortable house. In it lived a mother and a father and their 20 year old son.

Several weeks ago the house was destroyed. . . . every last brick, board, nail, straw mat and window was dismantled and loaded onto four huge trucks which towed the resulting mass of debris away to destinations unknown.

Why? Because this house had become a "House of Death". . . .a house no one wanted. A house in the suburbs of Tokyo which, even though it had supposedly been "exorcized" by several Buddhist priests, had turned into a gigantic white elephant for the remaining relatives of the deceased. The deceased? Yes, this comfortable residence within the short period of six months had become a house of horror, a haunted house, a house that couldn't be sold or rented at any price.

The gruesome history is short, but astounding. . . . .in late December of 1973 Mr. Sekiyo's young son, because of some problems he was supposedly having at school, started a chain-reaction which eventually



wiped out the entire family. The #1 and only son took a silk tie he had received for Xmas and hung himself with it in a little room at the back of the house which was used as a storeroom.

Heartsick over her son's suicide, Mrs. Sekiyo had a nervous breakdown soon after and was confined to her bed. However, her despondency soon overwhelmed her and one afternoon early in March of 1974 she took off her nightgown sash, went to that same little room where her son had dangled and hung *herself*.

Mr. Sekiyo, a prominent company executive, thereafter began to fall apart in little bits and pieces and finally the stress and strains of living alone in the house of two suicides were just too much for him to bear. In May of 1974 the infamous storeroom seemed to have pulled him towards it like a powerful magnet, and one quiet evening he took a length of clothesline and hung himself in the exact same place his wife and son had done only a few short months before.

Relatives immediately put the house up for sale, but by that time the family name and address had become too well known, making real estate brokers shake their heads in dismay. Even offered at way below market prices no one wanted to buy the property. Even a rental contract appeared out of the question, as by this time many of the families living in the immediate vicinity began to circulate stories that mysterious lights had been seen in the house at night and strange noises were often heard in the early morning hours.

Several weeks ago a wrecking crew appeared, and within three days the house was completely leveled (see "before" and "after" photos).

A Shinto ceremony was held on the spot (note white papers strung between the bamboo poles in the "after" picture) to wish luck to the future owner of the land.

As yet the land has not been sold. The House of Death is gone, but the memory of what happened there is still fixed in the minds of the neighboring families and will probably remain there for some time to come. □

The same area after the house was torn down. this comfortable home was to become within the short period of six months a haunted house of horror that couldn't be sold or rented at any price. A religious Shinto ceremony was held on the spot where the house stood (notice the white papers strung between the bamboo poles) to wish good luck to the future owners of the land.

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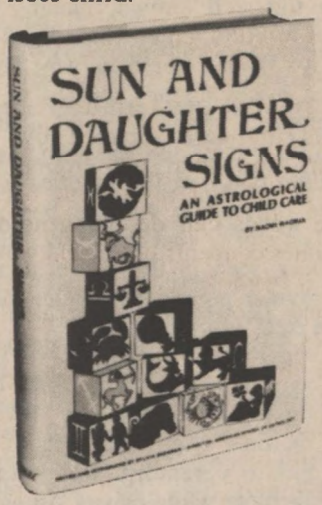

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GRAPHOLOGY: STRANGE REALITY OF HANDWRITING

By JOEL FELDMAN

You are met at the door by a small, bony woman. You're not really met; she is floating in and out of the tiny study, saying "Who referred you to me?" and getting into the purpose of your visit, even as you enter. The study is part of a roof-top apartment in an old, pink-stuccoed Miami Beach home. You've walked around the back, climbed the narrow stairs, crossed part of the roof, and now you're in her sanctum sanctorum, answering a few preliminary questions tossed at you in a nasal but honest voice by a lady obviously accustomed to asking.

Like her voice, her clothes and her furnishings are "honest" to the point of severity. She's a non-nonsense gal. She is Charlotte Leibel.

You've been referred to her for a handwriting analysis, for Charlotte Leibel is a professional graphologist. Most of us have heard of this service and may have books on the subject, purchased after being fascinated by the form sent by Muriel Stafford. Miss Stafford gained fame years ago for her twenty-five cent analysis. ("She's an old lady now and retired," says Charlotte.) Airports use Muriel's idea to make money with "handwriting" machines that give you electronic trivia in exchange for your signature and half a buck.

But a real pro, a wizard of written words, will tell you that graphology is an authentic—and really not mysterious—form of analysis. Authentic because you write with your fingers, which in turn are stuck to hands that are directed by your brain. And what two brains were ever alike? Not mysterious because large words can denote generosity, tiny ones concentration, and you can take it from there. The real pro has studied thousands of wiggles and curves, the written kind, and learned what they all mean. Then he, or "she" in this case, combines them to form patterns of behavior and comes up with a penned portrait of the writer.

Your average American graphologist is a "she" but it's not so in Europe, where graphology is studied as part of the psychology curriculum. So if you find it necessary to visit a bearded European handshrink, be prepared to let him peek at your penmanship.

Now suppose you wanted a super-analyst? You're convinced that handwriting is the real you in black and white, but you'd like a sure thing for your money: an analyst who services prestigious companies, who has a psychology background, and who practiced a related profession. Look no further; Charlotte is your gal.

She graduated Magna Cum Laude from New England School of Law and practiced law for nine years. Legal case work followed at Associated Philanthropies of Boston, where she specialized in marital and juvenile problems.

"She had an uncanny ability to analyze a situation and find a workable solution," says Professor Gibler of Harvard University, where she was sent to study advanced psychology. Further training was received at Simmons College and Boston Psychopathic Hospital. And so, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Carlotte is a complete analyst who reads your writing right and relegates remedial reasoning.

Name dropping is not her bag, but this fellow New Englander brought out her association with "descendants of the Mayflower including Peabodies, Bradfords, Standishes,

Kennedys and other Beacon Hillites." Good elbow-rubbing indeed, as your history book will attest. The Boston twang is unmistakable in that clipped voice that you'd better keep up with lest you miss something.

"Retirement in Miami began a new life for me," she says, for it was here that she took a mental look at all that experience and decided she could help people as a graphologist. After 27 years of her "new life" she is retained by executive placement specialists, averages ten consultations per week, lectures, appears on radio shows, and has written a revolutionary new book about her craft.

This prestigious package of psychological power is wrapped in a 100-pound frame that's well-charged with energy. Deceptively frail, this lady is into your case and speeding out the solution end of it even before you've said "good morning." And in case you're counting, the track record of experience outlined above has already covered a bunch of years. Mrs. Leibel is a brisk 72.

"My health and energy? I attribute it to logical living and proper eating," she says. The logical living is the mistakes she doesn't make, after a lifetime observing the mistakes of others. For proper eating she has become a strict vegetarian. "I trade at local fa-a-ams," she says in Bostonese, "for organically-grown vegetables. We use no coffee, tea, processed foods, meat, or (surprisingly) fish.

"By studying nutrition and its curative powers, I cured myself of an advanced case of aluminum poisoning, and I feel fine ever since." Her sister, a nutritional non-believer, passed away at an early age; but Charlotte claims to have cured her husband of cancer with her nutritional program. He is the lean man walking around in the next room. He's 93. Does she have difficulty explaining nutrition or graphology to people? "I don't discuss nutrition with laymen because it's a highly complicated field," she says, "and graphology takes care of itself.

"In 1972 I analyzed (former president) Nixon's handwriting at a Women's Republican Club luncheon, and the members were quite upset at what seemed like derogatory remarks. After Watergate, however, they called and said my analysis was uncanny but true."

She seems to have the key to your soul before her instead of just your handwriting, for she's telling you things you forgot, suspected, and didn't dare think about. When your chin is about to touch the floor she gets to the good things. "In every human being there is some good," she says.

You give her a letter from your pocket. "This man has a serious illness in the upper part of his body," she says after a quick perusal. The firm-looking writing was indeed done by a man with thyroid trouble that proved malignant and fatal. Diseases can be detected by a good graphologist, she adds, but this, too, is a complicated field. You are reminded of the Chinese "whole body" philosophy, right down to the hands and thus the handwriting, and you believe.

The revolutionary aspect of her book is revealed in its title: *Change Your Handwriting, Change Your Life*. In the first half a brief history goes back to 1632 and earlier, followed by self-analysis charts with hundreds of samples. The "self-correction" half begins with a convincing plea to eliminate emotional stresses and misuse of the body, to re-direct your energy, and to do it all through handwriting. Then follows a description of each character trait and the writing associated with it. Charlotte claims to have documented proof that eliminating negative handwriting, one item at a time, can correct a negative personality. The book shows you how, or you can get private instruction from Charlotte by appointment.

Thumbing through her book, you find that "lower loops, long" indicate "physical activity, material and practical interests, love of pleasure, sensuousness, ambition, variety, restlessness." All from a lower loop? "Yes," she says, "but these traits must be validated in the rest of the script."

Apparently it's a juxtaposed jig-saw puzzle, where a cool, poised person (left slant) can still be sympathetic and understanding if his y-strokes swing to the right.

Explaining it is to over-simplify a tough job, but Charlotte herself answers phoned-in radio listeners who ask "what does a long t-cross mean?" or "what about big capitals?" Egotism, she may say to the latter caller, but egotism can be controlled by other factors too numerous to mention. People understand this, she says.

If nothing else, the radio program to which she's been invited some 25 times show verbally the potentialities of the written word, and introduce an analyst unafraid to give quick, clear answers.

Following your analysis, you will probably ask the sociological question that brought you there in the first place, such as "Why can't I relate to my family (or friend or employer)?" or whatever it is that's bugging you. At this point Charlotte draws upon her years as a case worker, assumes all the dignity a 100-pound lady can muster, and suggests a logical answer.

"I offer mental and emotional guidance," she explains, "to help people attain self-realization by removing what interferes with their personal progress." A grand statement for a graphologist? I refer you to her credentials and I rest my case. □

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See page 61.

Hamilton

CAT CREATURES AND OTHER STRANGE BEINGS

By BRAD STEIGER

On April 16, 1974, Paul Swanson, a Pike's Peak State Park ranger said that he saw a cougar chasing a deer near his home in the park near McGregor, Iowa. That is correct, *Iowa*. You say you didn't know that there were cougars (also known as mountain lions, pumas, panthers, catamounts, etc.) in Iowa? Well, there are not *supposed to be* such 200 lb. felines bounding about amongst the rolling hills, soybean fields, and corn rows of Iowa.

Paul Swanson is an expert on wildlife, and he became a bit indignant when people began to question his powers of perception and analysis. His was not the only sighting, after all, for other residents of the Clayton County area had also seen the big cat. But even if he had been the only witness, he certainly *knows* the difference between a cougar and a cocker spaniel—or any other dog, cow, horse, goat, or whatever that might have some reason, natural or unnatural, for being in an Iowa park.

As a life-long resident of Iowa, I can remember numerous outbreaks of "pantheritis," when dozens of residents of one county or another swear that they are being set upon by a giant cat or cats. Livestock are mauled, terrorized, slain. Piles of the predator's droppings are found. Huge cat-like tracks darken the snow or depress the dark Iowa soil. Yet hunting parties never get a shot at the fierce beasts.

In August, 1971, farmers in the far northwestern part of the state (McGregor is in the far northeastern part of Iowa on the Mississippi River) became a bit nervous about reports of a strange, cat-like creature prowling through their cropland. That previous spring, it, or something similar, had been sighted in yet another part of the state and had proved itself equipped with an enormous appetite by eating large sections from several pigs. In self-defense, or maybe just for sport, the creature was said to have broken the necks of a number of large dogs.

Park Ranger Swanson said that he had received several letters from Iowans who had witnessed appearances of mysterious cougar-like animals. One farmwife told of such a creature that had hung around the family farm in the 1960's and had made itself known by emitting "nerve-jangling screeches at night."

A farmer reported that a black cougar had killed one of his calves.

Swanson relayed another experience for the *Des Moines Register:* "A farm woman said one afternoon her husband was on his knees picking dandelions in the yard as she watched from the farmhouse. She said she noticed a large animal coming out of a nearby cornfield and start to stalk her husband. She said the animal was a cougar and that she yelled at her husband and when he jumped up the cougar left."

Iowans are not the only people who see misplaced animals. Sincere and sober men and women from all over the United States have witnessed not only cat-like invaders of their environment, but monkeys, apes, sharks—and bizarre creatures that seem more out of a nightmare than any earthly geographical location. Strangely enough, the misplaced marauders are never bagged by hunting parties, but the creatures do very often leave pawprints, which are seldom precisely identified, but which can be demonstrated beyond doubt not to be that of any known indigenous animal.

In 1969, a Connecticut Company bus driver swore that he had seen a "baby tiger" walk across Valley Street and disappear into the brush. He told police officers that he had made the sighting about 5:00 P.M. near West Rock. Although seven New Haven police cruisers were on the scene within minutes of the call, they could find neither baby nor mother tiger in the area.

At about the same time in Branford, Connecticut, a large unidentified wild animal was seen walking

"in a most stately way" near the driveway of Senator Lucy T. Hammer's 40-acre country estate. The tracking dogs of game wardens and police were able to find only the slashed remains of a squirrel.

It was the practical husband of Senator Hammer who first saw the great, cat-like animal strutting near the driveway. Thorvald Hammer, an iron company executive, was eating breakfast when he noticed the bizarre intruder.

"My husband went out and watched the thing walking in a most stately manner down our path," Senator Hammer said. "The animal went around a bend and my husband lost sight of him. He must have gone into the woods."

In May and June of 1959, residents of the western section of Lorain County, Ohio, were having trouble with a giant cat possessed of a large head, a huge light-brown body, and an insatiable appetite for dogs, cats, and sheep.

Mrs. Iva Witteman, Royalton Road, Columbia Station in Lorain County, went out to check her eight sheep at about 8:00 P.M. She found six of them literally ripped apart. One had been completely skinned, and another was missing.

Sheriff's Deputy Charles L. Dugger said that he had never seen anything like it, and he ruled out a dog pack as the wanton marauders. Mr. and Mrs. Witteman and a friend had been visiting in their house only 250 yards from the pasture in which the sheep were kept, but they had heard nothing.

In the middle of May, 1969, Mrs. Mabel Rippy of Rock Bridge, Tennessee, found her chicken house being molested by some unwanted creature that was eating eggs out from under her laying hens. One day she heard noises coming from the coop, so she grabbed her shotgun and headed toward the chicken yard.

Something brown and furry dashed out of the door in the shed and began to scurry up a nearby cedar tree.

Mrs. Rippy levelled her shotgun and blasted away.

Later, Mrs. Rippy, her neighbors, and several visiting authorities were completely at a loss to explain how a three-pound, 15-inch brown monkey had found its way to the hills of Tennessee.

And no one has ever explained how, on October 26, 1956, the body of a small, furry monkey could come hurtling out of the sky over Broadmoor, California, and smash a solid four-by-four-inch clothesline post at the home of Mrs. Faye Swanson of Stanyford Drive.

A spokesman for San Francisco International Airport said that no airliner had been transporting monkeys during the night. No authority from any organization could offer an explanation for the hurtling monkey.

To take a moment for what many may consider wild speculation, might it be possible that a monkey might leap from the branch of a tree in South America and crash to the earth in California, because it had somehow entered a kind of "hole" in our standard three-dimensional reality construct?

Such a theory may tax the credulity a bit if one insists on holding fast to the respectable tenets of orthodox science. A migratory pattern gone awry could possibly explain cougars in Iowa, but why is it that the big cats are never captured or killed? Could it be because they re-enter the "tunnel" between dimensions which has temporarily permitted them to walk into their lairs in Montana and emerge in McGregor, Iowa?

On June 16, 1963, a four-foot, 50-pound, sharklike creature was caught in the St. Clair River near Detroit, Michigan. Experts identified the aquatic mystery as a monkfish, a member of the family that includes sharks, skates, and rays.

Dr. Willis Matthews, Chairman of Wayne State University's biology department, noted that the monkfish would have had to have swum more than 1,000 miles in fresh water to have reached the Detroit area. But monkfish have not been known to be able to survive in fresh water.

Did the sharklike fish swim into some vortex in its salt water environment which instantly transported it to a fresh water river in Michigan? Or did a prankster ship the monkfish in a salt water tank so that he might release it in a river near Detroit?

Possible. But it would seem too expensive to do the same thing with an elephant.

In the winter of 1955, residents of Senzu-mara, a village on the Japanese island of Oshima, found the carcass of a five-year-old, 1,000-pound elephant on their beach. An examination of the huge corpse by trained experts disclosed that the creature had been dead for about a week. A careful check revealed that no elephants were missing from Japanese zoos and that there were no reports of any elephants having died aboard ship.

The contention that the elephant walked around a clump of trees in Africa and instantly found itself transported to the Pacific Ocean where it could only flounder and drown is, admittedly, only a theory; but it does serve the human compulsion to provide an answer to every mystery. To suggest that an elephant carcass could drift to Japan from Africa or India in a week and arrive intact stretches reality even further.

If there are warps in our Space continuum, then there must also be vortexes in Time, as well.

On July 26, 1970, the London *Sunday Express* reported that troops and police were hunting a huge reptilian monster in the woods near Forli in Central Italy. According to the *Sunday Express:*

"The monster——some call it a dinosaur—was first seen last Tuesday by Antonio Samorani, a 48-year-old peasant. He reported that he had been chased by a huge scaly thing at least 15-feet long. "It walked on thick legs and its breath was searing hot. I ran for my life and it followed me for a couple of hundred yards." Samorani said.

"Police were skeptical at first, but changed their minds when they saw large footprints in a glade near where Samorani says he saw the monster.

"Police Chief Dr. Pedoni said: "We are convinced some sort of creature of colossal size is hiding in the

woods. Three other people have seen it. We are combing the area with armed police and soldiers with nets. If possible we want to catch it alive. Over a thousand guns will be out looking for this animal when the hunting season opens on August 1. If the local hunters reach it first, we will be powerless to stop them."

Police Chief Pedoni did not have to worry about local hunters slaughtering some saurian creature that had awakened from a sleep of aeons in a remote cave. As is the pattern in these monster sightings, the fearsome beast was clearly seen by numerous witnesses, was found to leave footprints and an occasional mauled domestic animal, then disappeared, perhaps by finding its way back into the "hole" in Space and Time from which it came.

If the reader should have difficulty with the theory that our Space-Time continuum from time to time may develop "doorways" which permit creatures from other areas and other times to materialize where they have no business, I will suggest an alternate hypothesis that may boggle the brain even more.

Perhaps there is another dimension which somehow shares this planet with our own borders of reality. If such a dimension co-exists with our own, we might speculate that it is peopled by an intelligent species which shares its own world with assorted animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and so forth. This intelligent species may have discovered a means of gaining access to our dimension from time to time; or through some as yet unknown principle of nature, there may appear "holes" in our dimension or theirs, which permit—or enforce—passage between the two worlds of being. Because of this interdimensional interaction, the creatures of our legends, myths, and nightmares may have their origin on this other plane of reality. At the risk of offending, we may at least consider the possibility that our neighbors around the corner in another dimension—this co-existent intelligent species—may, to us, look like gargoyles, demons, or monsters.

In July of 1964, two five-foot tall, tailless, earless, 200-pound lion-like creatures walking on their hind feet disturbed campers on Mt. Tamalpais in Marin County, California, on three different occasions. The campers said that the cat-people had heads close to their bodies and were very muscular below the shoulders. In one instance, the two campers had heard the creatures "chittering" back and forth for about seven hours.

Samuel Johnson, a Chicago motorist, ran into his nightmare on a road near Niles, Michigan. He could remember it only as "something that had red eyes, brown hair, and squealed!" Johnson's car window had been shattered in four places where the monster had punched it.

In the spring of 1956, Henry Morton of Wadesboro, North Carolina, saw a giant man-like creature in his watermelon patch. Every watermelon grower has to be concerned about the pilferage of his crop, but this was ridiculous.

"It was foggy when I drove up to my riverside field," Morton said later. "When I got closer, I could see that the big object appeared to be a man in a stooped over-position. Then the creature, the beast, came out of the watermelon patch *and disappeared.*"

The next day, Morton showed Rural Policeman Manley Thomas tracks in his melon patch that measured 13 inches by 5 inches.

It may be that the various reports of "Abominable Snowmen," the Sasquatches, Oh-Mahs, and the like have no basis in our physical reality at all. Some researchers have amassed thousands of eye-witness reports from sober and respectable men and women. Footprints, dung, even photographs abound. But no one has ever brought an apeman back alive. Perhaps the "Abominable Snowmen" are the apes—*or the residents*—of another dimension co-existing with our own, who may, from time to time, stumble into our world.

The same may be true of those pesky tales of large cat-like animals that annually crop up in so many sections of our nation. I suppose the only reason that they take second berth to the giant apeman reports lies in the fact that our science does recognize the existence of the cougar, the mountain lion, but there are no official records of any primates ever having prowled our forests. Therefore, whenever farmers in New England, Iowa, Nebraska, or any section of the South complain that a monstrous cat has been mangling their livestock, it is easy enough to theorize that a cougar has somehow managed to migrate in search of more plentiful hunting grounds.

The imaginative reader cannot help bringing to mind the ancient tales of werewolves, cat-people, and other assorted monsters and wondering if even these eerie legends might not have had their basis of reality in actual sightings of creatures or citizens from other realms of being. As we have been recounting, these sightings of weird and grotesque entities are as much a part of our rocket-ship, moon-shot era as they were of the centuries of animism and superstition.

On the evening of February 27, 1971, 35-year-old Donald Childs of Lawton, Texas, suffered a heart attack when he looked out in his front yard and saw a wolfman on its hands and knees attempting to drink out of an empty fish pond.

When he was released from the hospital two days later, Childs told police officer Clancy Williams that the creature had been ". . .tall, with a lot of hair all over his face, and dressed in an indescribable manner."

Other witnesses who viewed the incredible creature said that it was wearing pants "which were far too small for him."

The first reports of the wolfman came from West Lawton. Police Officer Harry Ezell said that they received calls describing "something" running down the street, dodging cars, hiding behind bushes, then getting up and running again.

Twenty minutes later, Officer Ezell stated that they received a call from a man who had seen the mon-

(*Continued on page 59*)

"It was real fire," wrote an eye witness. "It threw off a blistering heat that I felt." It was not just fire walking over hot coals; it was incredible survival of both men and garments in flames that should have consumed both to ashes in moments.

THE FIRE THAT DOES NOT BURN!

By ANDREW E. ROTHOVIUS

Among the most extraordinary of all psychic phenomena, and yet one which is little known or overlooked by most students of the subject, is the *Fire That Does Not Burn.* Not to be confused with firewalkers' exhibitions of immunity to burning, which involve ordinary physical fire and embers, this phenomenon features flames that to the beholder seem to have all the searing heat and destructive combustional force of regular fire—yet leave neither ash, charring nor any other sign of their ever having been there at all, after they have faded from view.

The oldest known instance of this strange fire is the Biblical account, in the third chapter of Exodus in the Old Testament, of the Burning Bush that Moses came across while he was pasturing the flock of his father-in-law Jethro in the Wilderness of Sinai. The bush flamed fiercely, yet was not consumed—and when Moses approached to view more closely this marvel, there spoke to him out of the midst of the unburning fire, the voice of the Almighty commissioning him to go before the Pharoah and seek the release of his Israelite brethren that were held in bondage in Egypt.

In this earliest case, the unconsuming flames were the manifestation of the Deity Himself, and thus had no taint of evil about them; but in later times they appear to have most often been seen in connection with sites noted for tragic events, and to have something in common with the "tulpas" or elemental thought-forms that psychic adepts are alleged to be able to call into existence. (Medieval Europe knew them as the dreaded "familiars" of wizards.) A remarkable instance of the unburning fire, featured in a two-page spread in the *Boston Sunday Post* of January 22, 1899, involved a house in Francestown, N.H., that had come to have a fatal influence on all who attempted to dwell in it.

According to the *Sunday Post* account, on the evening of Friday, January 13—a week before the appearance of the story, so that it had not had time to get garbled in numerous retellings—Samuel Bryant, the local stage-driver, and John T. Wood, a visiting plumber and steam-fitter fromWest Harwich, Mass., both men of unquestioned reputation and probity, were passing by the house when they suddenly saw it shoot up in flame. As they knew the house to be deserted, and the fire increased with terrific rapidity so that in a few moments the whole building seemed to be gutted and collapsing, the men saw no point in summoning the fire brigade from the town center several miles away; they went home, and in the morning returned with some of the town officials to examine the ruins.

To their utter bewilderment they found the house completely intact, with not a trace of smoke or charring. Shaking their heads—and perhaps shaking a little otherwise, too—they decided that the whole thing was part of the sequence of morbid phenomena that had beset the house since the day, a quarter of a century earlier, when it was the scene of the death by fire of the three children of James Taylor's sister. They had probably set themselves ablaze, playing with matches.

In the ensuing 25 years, ten persons residing in the house came to

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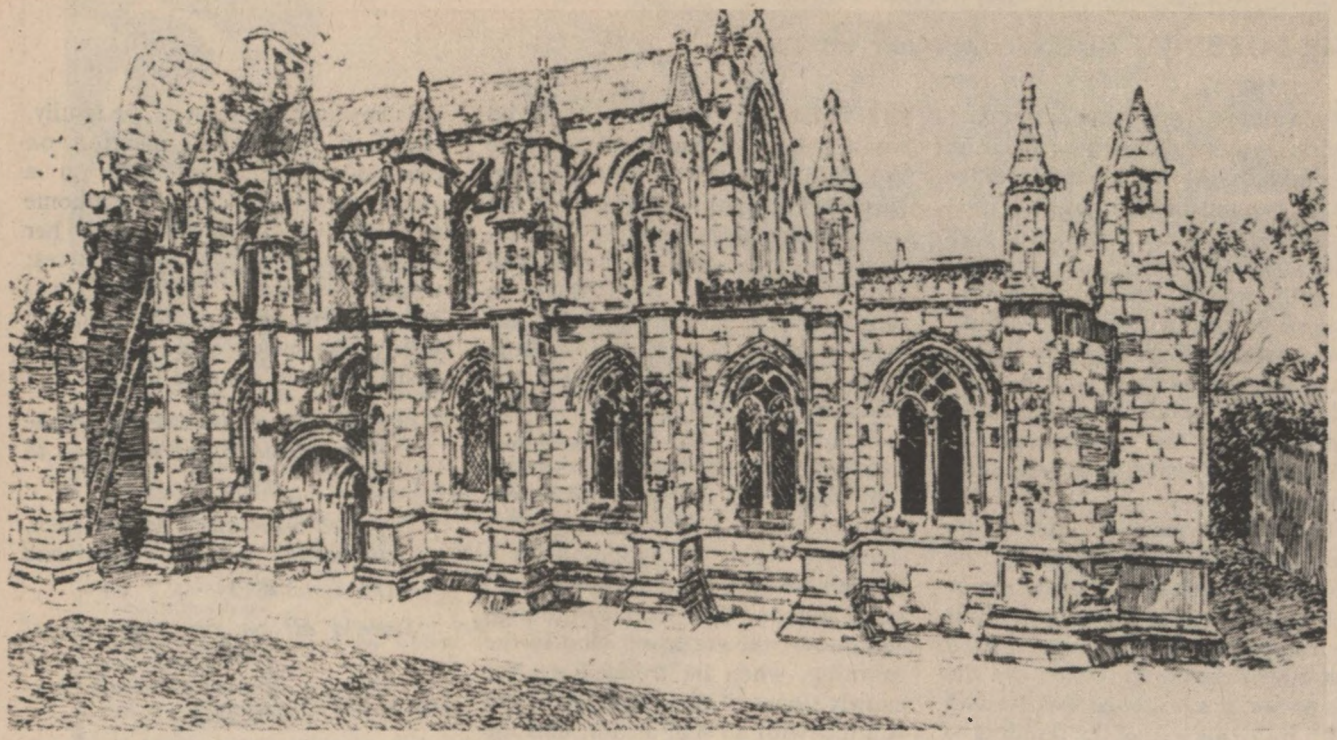
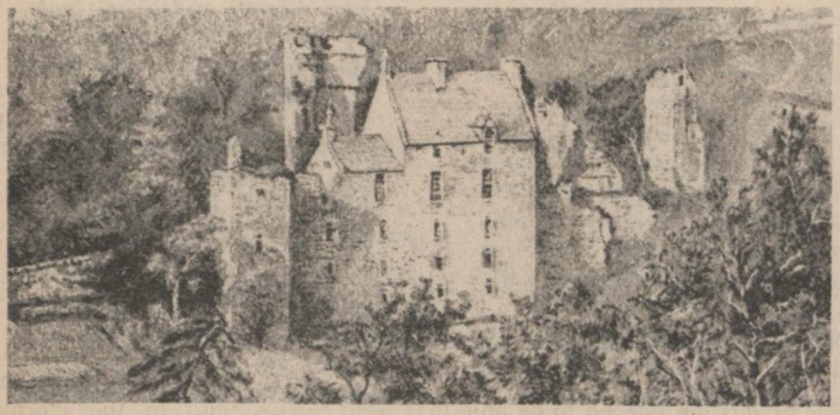


Above, a view of Roslin Chapel, where the flame glimmered on the dead men's mail, the armor worn by the Sinclair earls who lay in open coffins. The chapel was built around 1450 by William Sinclair, Earl of Orkney and Caithness.



Left above, Roslin Castle, which adjoins the chapel, dates back to the early 13th century. Left, bottom, the Taylor House, which is located in Francestown, N.H. Photos supplied by the New Hampshire Echoes.

sudden ends—five by suicide, four of them hanging themselves from a huge oak in the front yard; two by illness, two murdered in a brawl over cards, and one by falling into the 42 foot-deep well in the back yard. An eleventh wound up in a mental institution, and a twelfth recovered from a strange illness only by fleeing the vicinity. After that, no one dared to live in the Taylor house anymore; and following the incident of the unburning fire, it fell into decay and eventual ruin.

This writer visited it a few years ago—the floor boards sagging, the roof partly fallen in. I did not see or feel anything out of the ordinary, but my companion on the visit insisted that out of the corner of her eye she was aware of a presence that seemed to flit from one side of the building to the other, and up to the ridgepole of the shattered roof.

"Something like a small dark imp or monkey," she said. Finally, I was almost convinced I saw it myself!

At that time I was not aware of another incident of the unburning flame, which had occurred in Greenbrier County in the backwoods of rural West Virginia around 1875. As recounted by Lee R. Gandee in his *Strange Experience* (Prentice-Hall, 1971), the story goes like this:

In the early 1870's, one Ira Taylor set up housekeeping in a mountainside cabin that had been built by his father, William, coming from Tennessee about 1850. There had been no tragedy or unhappiness in the cabin prior to Ira's taking it over, nor any psychic manifestations; but Ira's wife came of a family subject to such things, and soon after they started life together in the cabin, poltergeist phenomena commenced and made it so unpleasant that Ira built another house down in the valley, a few miles distant (see footnote at end of article).

He made the mountainside cabin into a stable for the cattle he kept in the upland pastures; and occasionally hunters would shelter in it overnight, warming themselves with fires that Ira continually feared would get out of hand and consume the building. Thus he was not surprised one winter night when the local midwife, Granny Sides, knocked on the door after midnight and—almost too breathless to talk—told the Taylors that on her way back through the snow from delivering a baby, she had seen the mountainside cabin burst into flame.

Bundling up, the Taylors rushed outside, but looking across the valley they could see that the cabin was already gutted beyond saving. Ira, damning what he supposed were hunters and their carelessness, said he only hoped they had had enough sense to let the cattle out. But in the morning, when he trudged up the snowly slopes to the cabin, he found it intact with no sign of fire, and the cattle safe in their stalls. There were no tracks in the snow other than his own; but out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to see a little dark imp or monkey run along the roof.

Ira Taylor hired men to help him take the cattle away to other quarters, and never again would he aproach the mountainside cabin. Over the years, it decayed away, but was not again seen to blaze with the unburning fire.

From New England villages and Appalachian cabins to an earl's castle in Scotland is quite a jump—but that is where our search for the unconsuming flames next takes us. Roslin Castle, in southern Scotland, is the ancient seat of the noble family of St. Clair (Sinclair), which in the latter Middle Ages became Earls of Orkney. For generations, it was reputed that whenever danger or death threatened any of the family, the castle—and especially the chapel, where the St. Clairs that had left this world lay in full armor in open coffins—would appear to take fire, which nevertheless did no harm and consumed nothing.

This phenomenon is the subject of "Harold's Song" in Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel,* that tells how one daughter of the family, the fair Rosabelle, insisted on crossing the Firth of Frth on a stormy day, in order to return home to a restival at Roslin where her lover, Lord Lindesay of the Byres, would be present. Her barge was capsized and she was drowned; but before the news could reach the castle, in Scott's famed lines—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen...

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs un-coffin'd lie...

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale,
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd al the dead men's mail...

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved butt-ress fair...

Thus far, in all the instances we have cited, the unburning fire is completely separated from any occurrence of natural fire; and apparently its cause and explanation are to be sought purely within the realm of the psychic. Yet in at least one case that must be mentioned, there seems to have been a mixture of the two kinds of fire, one shading off into the other.

In his *Days of Our Years,* a best-seller of the 1930's, the Dutch journalist Pierre Van Paassen told how in the heart of the northern Sahara, at Uzdja, he witnessed a Moslem holy man—one of the half-crazed marabouts venerated by the desert tribes—kindle a fire around a small eucalyptus tree. Soon the flames, fed by twigs, faggots and camel dung, were leaping five and six feet high—yet the tree did not burn. (*Continued on page 59*)

THE ART OF ELEVATING CONSCIOUSNESS

By JOHN R. TURNBULL

DEFINITION OF YOGA

The best understanding of the essence of yoga is found in the definition of its cognate, yoke, in the dictionary. Yoke means binding two similar beasts to produce work. Yoga means bondage, the servitude of the practitioner's lower self for the benefit of his own vision of his higher self. Of importance is that the two selves which are yoked must not be and, in fact, are not too dissimilar. That is, the vision one has of one's self is neither very realistic nor complete, nor is one's vision of one's finished self. The amount of work and time, as we imagine it, and in reality which separates the two pictures is not very large, especially if one uses the best techniques of yoga to unite the two. Yoga implies a sincere commitment to the work of life, the constant movement toward perfection. This is none other than the same reason we make the effort to rise from bed each day.

THE KEYS TO YOGA STUDY AND PRACTICE

Like all essential philosophies yoga is ethnic in origin, well embroidered with Indian and Hindu culture. The truths to be found therein are only as hidden as one thinks they are. The keys are: to persevere, to be sincere, to listen to one's self. The most important principle is that everyone is his own guru (teacher). Everyone and everything else are everyone's upaguru (chance, occasional, temporary teacher). One's internal book—mental, physical and spiritual—is *THE BOOK*.

YOGA PSYCHOLOGY

Yoga psychology is a simple, practical explanation of the expansion of the mind along the consciousness continuum from its lowest to highest states correlating perfectly with the general level of development of mind and/or its predominate fixations and with the seven main centers of the body along the vertebral column. It is a complete psychology to which all questions may be addressed and satisfactorily answered. It may be applied to one's self, others, peoples, nations, mankind, phenomena, and soon for full psychological gestalt. It is divided into seven centers or levels which are, from lowest to highest:

1) *The Sex Center.* Physiologically this corresponds to the

major sex organs, internal and external. Freud has postulated that most activity in life is sexual. The wearing of clothing, in most cases because of sexual restrictions, is the best example. Sexual freedom movements, the solving of population problems, women's liberation, less bisexual clothing, smaller swimming costumes are positive signs that humanity is groping and coping with its sexual problems. The mind on this level is dominated by sexual frustrations, fixations and complexes.

2) *The Abdominal Center* Physiologically this consists of the liver, the stomach and the intestines. The liver is overworked and overloaded because of the excessive intake of food and the dangerous chemicals in that food. The toxic excess from the liver can be seen in the discolored and bloodshot sclera of most persons' eyes.

The intestines are constipated with excretory matter from shortly after birth to death. Human feces demonstrate this. They are universally putrid, too large in diameter, and too long to have been stored only in the rectum—the short, non-absorptive end of the colon, their proper storage place, prior to elimination; hence the poisonous materials in the feces are constantly being absorbed into the body long before they are eliminated. Feces should have no odor, should be of small quantity, more yellow than brown, almost liquid, and should be eliminated within a few hours after eating, just like those of a healthy baby.

The stomach is unnaturally loaded with acidic juices, only necessitated by the very difficult-to-digest foods we consume, especially those cooked.

Eating is the predominant activity of the second-level mind. When carefully examined, eating can best be described as obsessive habitual oral gratification producing a feeling of fullness in the stomach, bearing almost no correlation with what should be the first reason for eating—to satisfy the nutritional needs of the body. The desire for a full stomach is a habit babies teach themselves to accept as a substitute for the love they seek and cannot find.

Psychologically this is the emotional center, but because of these infantile habits the mind is dominated by the poisons from the constantly stuffed intestines resulting in lower-level emotions and activities. Fear, hate, envy, greed, pride, jealousy, lust, and ego manifest, all producing the world's tension, violence, war, crime, selfishness and feelings of aloneness. The beginning decline of gluttony in some areas is humanity's way of trying to solve these problems.

3) *The Diaphragm* This is perhaps the most important muscle in the body because it controls the intake of oxygen. Breathing, its importance to life, and the motion of the diaphragm are taught in general science classes everywhere; yet most of mankind loses the ability to breathe properly by the age of three. An increased intake of oxygen results psychologically in an increase in thinking, awareness and knowledge. Expanded verbal communication, education and reading are the manifestations of this center.

4) *The Heart Center* Physiologically there should be a total, constant and relaxing syncopation of the diaphragm, lungs and heart: one downstroke, one inhalation, one heartbeat, thereby relieving the heart from its lifelong excess of work which leads to its failure. Psychologically this center is the opposite end of the emotional continuum of the second center. Love, compassion, cooperation and peacefulness begin to develop here—all qualities which relax and expand the heart muscle.

5) *The Throat Center* This consists of the thyroid gland and the vocal cords. Here is the "Adam's Apple," the fruit from the tree of knowledge, sticking symbolically in man's throat: God's gift to man in the form of expanded verbal communication, our original free-will choice to become aware of dualistic knowledge, of good and evil. The word thyroid comes from the Greek "to shield" because this protrusion in front of the throat shields the vocal cords. Most speech is guarded, limited, dishonest and, of course, multi-lingual. This is the center yoga calls control level one. It is the beginning of the realization that mind is the key, that thought controls all. It is the first true awakening. Most yogis, genuises, masters, mystics and all persons with any psychotronic ability have reached this level at least one time and are usually there-after capable, to some extent, of temporarily reaching this exalted, though still limited, state of mind.

6) This center in the forehead consisting of the pituitary master gland and the brain is known as the third eye and is often depicted in the apex of the great pyramid. This is the center of intuition. On this level one works diligently toward increasing the control of the mind, toward permanent control, total elimination of the subconsious, peace, perfection. Jesus was perhaps the first and only person, at least on record, to have achieved this state extensively. He was in control of most of his mind most of the time for three years. His various psychotronic abilities are well known.

7) This is the complete mind. Its various names and descriptions are illumination, enlightenment, white light, heaven, *kundalini*, *satori*, *samadhi*, *nirvana*, universal consciousness, superego, and, of course, its one and various name is God. In this center there is but one steady flow of thought, one mind. The individual becomes a diminished point of nothingness, aware of his

uniqueness, in harmony with all and everything, in total ecstasy and bliss. Significant numbers of people have reached this state for at least one brief moment. Their records are ubiquitous. The memory of the event usually guides and motivates them the remainder of their lives.

HOW TO PRACTICE YOGA

There are many branches, schools and techniques to be found in yoga. There are even fast and slow paths. Most of them are quite old and have been and are being passed down by persons who neither understand nor practice them fully. The following, modified to fit present needs and practiced fully or as one chooses, have stood the test of time as the most effective techniques.

1) *Water Cure* (full fast)

This is the only technique which is dangerous unless practiced carefully. Most of us have been eating all our lives extremely dangerous chemicals which have been added to food for preservation and other reasons and which come from food that has been cooked. Especially since the Second World War, especially those who have been overweight (one reason fat cells are created in the body is to act as safe storage for these chemicals—salt, for example) and especially Americans (the average American consumes *three* pounds of chemical additives, plus other chemical stimulants and medicines, per year) are loaded with these substances. Be cautious. Pay careful attention to the beat of your heart and the feelings in your body. They will tell you in advance when there is danger. If you are already weakened, consult first a naturopath or a doctor experienced with and advocating fasting.

When we stop pumping the body full of food and chemical stimulants, it will rapidly begin to reverse its usual energy inflow so as to digest its stored fat excess. Frequent, large, plain warm water enemas are necessary to eliminate as soon as possible the resultant poisons, which would accumulate in the colon as before. Such enemas should be frequent enough to keep the colon clean so that it does not continue to act as a center for readsorption. Frequent hot baths and dry sweat soaks or steam baths are necessary to promote perspiration to eliminate poisons through the skin. Combine such treatments with brushing, rubbing and massaging the skin to bring the poisons to the surface and stimulate circulation. These are especially helpful when and if aches and pains develop. Massaging one's self serves as good exercise and teaches one about the body. Drink large amounts of fresh, pure, aerated spring water at room temperature, as much as you can comfortably consume. Relax often in the sunshine wearing as little clothing as possible. Sleep outdoors in the fresh air. Stay warm. This cure should be taken as far away from the polluted air of urban centers as possible, preferably in warm, green, hilly, isolated areas, alone or with family or friends, silently.

There will be many signs when the body finishes its purification. The mouth will taste clean, the tongue will be pink, the sclera pure white and the pupils large and clear. The skin will glow, be tanned and wrinkle free. The length of time for this cure depends upon the individual's internal pollution, stamina, will power and effort. Twenty to forty consecutive days are usually necessary for completion.

After the cure? One must then teach oneself proper nutrition, the correct foods to eat and how much. One must learn how to identify and satisfy natural hunger. Man is certainly not carnivorous, nor is there any justification for cooking food. Natural nutrition consists of raw, fresh, organically grown, local vegetables, herbs, roots, fruits, nuts, berries, and the sprouts of seeds and grains, eaten only to satisfy the physiological needs of the body, consumed slowly, well masticated, in small quantities, once or twice a day, joyously, thankfully.

2) Hatha (Exercise) Yoga

There are two thousand yoga exercises, exquisitely designed to flex every muscle, ligament and joint in the body in every possible direction to restore them to their natural condition, that of an infant. The exercises should be done in balancing pairs, slowly, without strain, with emphasis on normal breathing, while concentrating on the exercise without forcing the concentration. The exercises can be found in most paperback books on yoga, or take one or two beginner's lessons. Do as much yoga as makes you happy. One exercise is better than none. Two thousand aren't necessary. One or two hours, once or twice a day, upon arising and in the early evening, in the sun, wearing as little loose clothing as possible, are optimum. The apparant time lost in doing the exercises will be regained by the resultant decrease in sleep one finds necessary. If one relaxes the body after each exercise and restores the breathing to normal, the net result will be an increase of energy rather than an expenditure as in calisthenics. Yoga is simply a matter of learning to apply efficiently the principles of mechanical physics to the movement of the body, progressing toward doing the exercises all the time, dancing through life.

3) Yoga of Breathing

Most adults breathe very shallowly, barely inhaling enough oxygen to sustain life and thinking. They breathe even less when they talk, inhaling in short gasps. They are only learning to speak, practicing. When they breathe more deeply, they follow

(Continued on page 60)

Hamilton

THE HAUNTED UNIVERSITY

BY MARIANNA ROSSI

She was unable to relax. It was impossible to study. There was always a continuous rustling of objects, weird vibrations and a sense of stirring in quiet places in the room.

The days were unusually warm for September. But the nights were even more unbearable, both stifling and oppressive making it difficult to sleep.

It was in the early dawn of such a fretful night, that I became aware of some foreign presence stirring in my room. Close enough for me to be touched by its static vibrations.

There was a sense of timelessness, as I lay there in bed, when suddenly a gentle weight seemed to settle itself on the foot of my bed, almost sitting itself squarely upon my outstretched feet, causing me to immediately turn over. And there on the foot of my bed, I recognized the ghost of my niece, Joan.

Instinctively I attempted to grab out to her, as she sat with head hung low. The soft misty look about her, gave her an air of aloofness. With streaming brown hair, drawn about her shoulders, she said in a pleading voice, "Help me, Aunt Marianna, Please help me."

Before I could reach up to touch her, she vanished. Thus leaving me in a state of panic. I trembled, first, from the sight of my niece's ghost. Secondly, because it vanished so quickly, and also from the declaration that she was in dire trouble.

I lay back helpless, as my mind dwelled on the thousands of miles separating us. She was attending a university in Texas, and I was residing in New Jersey.

You can be sure that for the rest of those long pre-dawn hours, I remained awake, like a sentinal on watch. I was waiting for the time when I could jump out of bed, and phone my sister Toni. For there were so many things I had to ask her about Joanie.

My sister greeted my early call without much ado. She sailed right in with, "Last night Joanie phoned from Texas, and left a message for you." "Tell Aunt Marianna, that I have decided not to move from my present haunted quarters at college. The ghost which is haunting the room has accepted me. We are now on the best of terms and understand each other."

On hearing this I became quite hysterical, and told my sister flatly that I was opposed to any such agreement between the living and the dead. And that such a bond, or contract made with a ghost is working into the hands of the devil. I tried to impress upon her the importance of phoning her daughter. And to warn her of the possibility of the ghost being stronger in nature, and using Joan for evil missions.

I asked my sister, "Just what was it that made Joanie change her mind about not wanting to move out of the haunted room she occupied at college?"

For I was already aware of the written contents of a letter Joanie had prepared, which she intended to present to the school board, requesting a room change.

I knew full well the complaints Joanie had with the room. I shivered as I recounted them. She had said something about the room being prejudiced about her occupying it. How it was like breaking through a spiritual barrier of resistance, just to enter the room. And that creepy feeling of knowing she was unwelcome in it. She said to me, "The room was so artificially cold. She felt like she was frozen and suspended in the center of an ice cube."

She was unable to relax in the room, making it impossible to study. There was always a continuous rustling of objects in the room. Weird vibrations and a sense of stirring in quiet places of the room.

Continued on next page

Also sleeping in the room became a trial. All night long there took place a constant procession of floating shadows, going back and forth the room at odd intervals. Occasional weeping could be heard. Yet, Joanie being stout of heart, talked herself into believing it was all her imagination at work!

It was not too long after, Joanie confessed, that she found herself walking in a most peculiar manner. Taking strides, swaying side to side, so alien to her own style of walking, that her friends made several remarks about it. Her mannerisms were also becoming eccentric. For instance when she walked across the room, she now found herself walking with her hands clasped behind her back, and her head bent forward, in a most tomboyish style.

And being privy to all this information was why I became so incensed about Joanie changing her mind, and deciding to remain in the haunted quarters.

Toni answered me, "Don't worry so. The ghost no longer resents Joanie. For some reason he has accepted her and has taken her under his wing. Joanie said she has spoken with the ghost and it appears that he was a former student who had occupied the same room Joanie now has."Toni added in detail, one night the ghost appeared to Joanie saying that he was going out and commit suicide. He also muttered something to Joanie about the world being filled with cruel people, and very unforgiving people. People who have hurt him and his family. The ghost continues to lament the loss of family honor, and of his father's good name.

Each time the ghost appears before Joanie and repeats its threat, Joanie tries to discourage his threats of suicide. Explaining cowardice and the heartbreak of such an act to all he loves.

Joanie also reported to her mother that the ghost responded positively to her advice, by admitting his shame and regret for having committed the act of suicide. He whimpered to Joanie, that he realized, his committing suicide only made it appear as though his accusers at college were justified in their alleged charges against him. And since he is now ashamed and repentant of the cowardly deed he committed, he refused to expose his full face, or give to Joanie any clue to his identity.

It was after this last terrifying statement which my sister made to me, that I informed her of Joanie's ghost appearing before me, on the previous evening.

The knowledge of this disturbed my sister, so that her voice could be heard trembling over the phone. "Joanie will be home for Christmas," she said, "do try to come over and talk this all out with her!"

Joanie returned home for the holidays, and I made it my business to meet with her.

I learned that the heart of the story was more or less the same as my sister had related to me. Excepting, Joanie's story contained the beauty and the sadness of it. For it was Joanie's story which exposed the shocking reason why this troubled young ghost revealed his presence to her. He was hoping that his many appearances, and disturbances, might be enough to warn her of an impending disaster she was soon about to face. Perhaps one similar in nature to which had driven him to suicide.

I noticed a definite change wash over Joanie, as she became more engrossed in the telling of her ghost tale. Her face became ageless, as she expressed a deep concern for the plight of this dear, sweet, tormented ghost, who suffered so unjustly. Her voice too changed, it became pensive, and the words became staccato, as she said with a passion, "I shall avenge the wrong committed against this young tormented soul."

Joanie returned to college in a more settled frame of mind. Talking about the apparition occupying her room, eased the tension, and placed it in its proper prospective.

However, the ghost, on Joanie's return to school, had its own ideas. And became even more active than it had been before. It was evident that the ghost was trying hard to convey to Joanie, some special message of warning.

Now, Joanie was becoming effected by the activities of the ghost. She was beginning to take seriously, that feeling of approaching doom. She was becoming physically exhausted, needing sleep more and more.

Unable to remain awake any longer, Joanie retired without eating her supper.

Comfortable in bed, Joanie dozed off, only to be awakened by muffled sobs coming from all over the room at once. This act repeated itself several times, leaving Joanie in frightened bewilderment, and with each session of sobbing, the heartbreaking cries became louder and closer. The weeper sounded as though his heart were breaking.

Suddenly the weeping stopped, leaving the room as quiet as a tomb, and Joanie as sensitive as though she had two sets of ears, two sets of eyes, and two hearts jumping loop de loops.

Then, just before the time of dawn, the male ghost made his appearance. Coming into the room through the closed door, sobbing and repeating his lamentations, "I regret killing myself . . . I am innocent, I am innocent . . . I am innocent . . . I only killed myself in a moment of despair while I was depressed . . . I was foresaken by all my friends" . . . Then, as though a dam had broken, the sobbing became louder, and heavier. And then in an intensity of greater despair, the ghost shouted while sobbing, "I cannot endure to face this shame again for the second time. I cannot face it. I am going out to kill myself!"

The urge to scream out for help was strong, but even greater was Joanie's urge to help this broken and dead spirit of a former human being. Thus it was that she heard herself saying, "What makes you think you will have to face shame and disgrace

for the second time. Or tell me, is it I who is in danger, and you are trying to warn me?"

The sobbing continued, and Joanies eyes filled with tears, as she wondered, who could do this to another human being?

She tried to interrupt the sobbing with some words of courage to the tortured ghost. "Please don't go out and kill yourself. It is not only the easy way out, but it is the cowards way out. And it is against the laws of God to commit suicide." As an after thought, Joanie said, "Please be strong."

With this the sobbing stopped, and the ghost began to fade, and depart from the room backwards. But as he did he pointed to Joanie, in a very tender gesture, and then said, "Now you remember well what you have just said to me on this night, when tomorrow comes for you." Then repeating himself, as he faded through the closed door, he added, as though pleased with himself, "BE STRONG . . . BE STRONG . . . be stro . . . . . "

It was natural that Joanie was unable to get a good night's sleep after that spiritual episode she had experienced. She said she only dozed as though she were in a coma. And had awakened more fatigued then when she had retired.

The morning came, and Joanie was about to leave for her first morning class, when she had been shocked by a fellow student, who said, "Joanie, I am serving a summons to you. You are to appear before the honor council. You are charged with cheating on a "Pass-Fail Test."

In shocked surprise Joan answered, "You have just got to be kidding. I am on the Dean's List. I don't have to cheat!"

The fellow student agreed with Joanie, and assured her that the entire student body were standing behind her.

Joanie was to report before the council, this very morning. But before doing so. Joan returned to her room. Calling out to the spirit she said. "I shall be strong. I shall be strong for both of us. You will not have to endure the pain of shame and disgrace again."

As Joan marched out of the room. She knew she was wrapped in an indestructable, and an invisible shield of spiritual protection and she intended to use it to the hilt, when she stood before the council.

When Joanie stood before the council, being questioned and cross-examined without benefit of council, she did not falter, not even for a moment. There was a presence within her, which reacted like the Rock of Gibralter. When defending herself, she recoiled to every challenge made against her, with an eloquence so profound, that there was only one verdict for the council to decide upon, and that was, "Not Guilty."

After being cleared of the alleged charges, Joanie returned to the room exhausted from the ordeal. She hoped to sneak in a few hours of sleep before returning to the rigorous school routine.

Before dozing off, Joanie gave up a silent prayer of thanks to God. She included a prayer to that tormented soul who was not at peace, with himself. Yet, he wept over her the night before. In deep humility her eyes began to swell with tears.

It was in this instance, that the room she now occupied, and which had been newly decorated in modern motif , began to fade from view, while slowly being replaced with a room decorated in an old fashioned style. The furniture was arranged differently. The rug was out of date. The drapes, too, were old fashioned in design. But, Joanie's instinct said, "This is the way the room was decorated at the time when my ghost was a happy student."

And then, without any fan-fare, the ghost appeared before Joanie. And for the first time, Joanie was able to see the ghost more clearly. He wore a D.A. hairstyle. He appeared very neat in his attire, although his clothing was not that of the expensive cut. He appeared clean and stylish. He was of slight build, and darkish skin and hair. He appeared to be more of a scholar than an athlete. The room appeared to be kept tidy. And he appeared to be comfortable and very happy being back in his old room. His face beheld a look of gentleness, of a soft and tender nature. He just stood there, and kept looking around the room in wonder.

Now half asleep, although quite conscious of what she was experiencing, a feeling of heavenly peace descended upon her. And in so doing she whispered to the ghost, "Welcome home, Beloved Friend, and you don't ever have to leave, if you don't wish to."

In this happy and drowsy spell, Joanie once more experienced an optical changing of the room. For, she was now seeing the ghost's room, slowly fading from view, and her room gently coming back into focus once more.

Later that day, Joanie learned that on the eve the papers were being drawn up, charging her with cheating, students living near, and across the hall from where the council was holding its meeting; were experiencing some of the following manifestations. Books being thrown off shelves with a vengence. Ornamental objects being dropped and broken. Papers being shuffled and disarranged. Clothing falling off hangers. Water faucets being turned on and off.

Joanie is still occupying the haunted room at the university. She feels obligated to do so, for the sake of this lost spirit. And too, her vow to exonerate him some day. So far she has made many attempts to investigate the story. But to date, all she has met with was opposition from all sides. She has been refused all information, but never did they deny the fact that a ghost existed in her quarters! □

Almost all Indian designs have a religious significance. Since few records of their pictograph writing have been handed down to us, much of the American Indian culture may have been lost.

American Indian Amulets

By MARY COUNCILMAN

Clothes and ornaments—or *costume fetishes*—have long been a powerful "amulet" throughout the world. When we "wear the uniform", we say to the world: "This is what I want to be, rather than what I was born". (Unless, of course, you are being *forced* to wear it!)

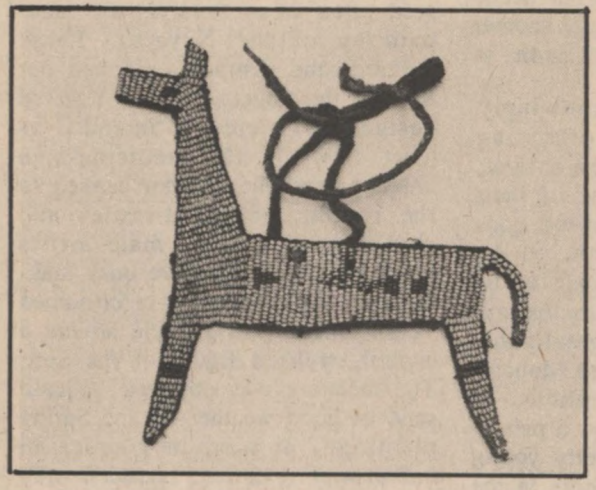
Young people who "empathize" with one or another ethnic group very often adapt their style of dress and ornamentation, even their hair-do. (As witness our current fad for "Afro wigs" among white students in favor of forced integration—and the increased sales of Japanese kimonos to youths interested in the Japanese fighting-arts of judo and karate! Not to mention the "Nehru jackets" and the long Biblical robes!)

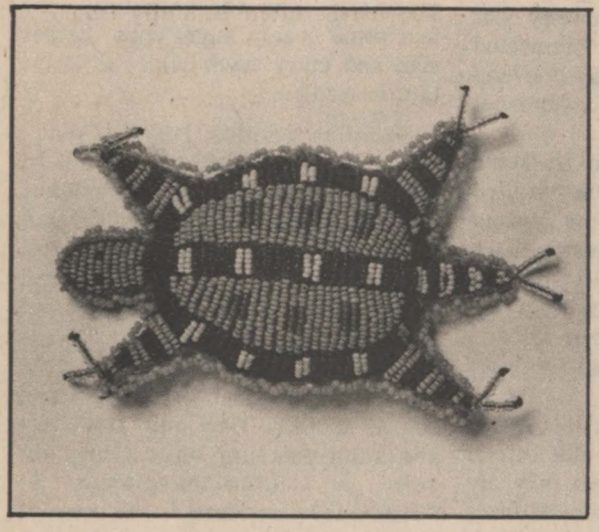
On the California and Florida coasts, spreading inland at a great pace, interest in all-things-Indian has been evinced by the so-called "hippies" in search of a simpler, more basic and truly meaningful way-of-life. Their "message" is carried to all viewers by the aborigine trappings that these young (and older) Americans are wearing.

Everywhere in America, these days, one sees young "white-eyes" dressed in squaw-dresses, fringed shawls, vests, and trousers, beaded headbands, leather jackets spot-stitched with the sewing of the Blackfeet and Crow, hammered copper belt-buckles from the Hopewell culture along the Ohio River, painted wristbands and feather-decked anklets, and moccasins of every tribal design. The jewelry, too, is Mayan, Mexican-Indian, Aztec, and Aymara. Ceramic or metal or painted leather is adorned with Indian symbol-writing and stylized birds, fish, human figures, and elementals—like those on Hopi and Zuni silverwork or Navaho blankets. Young mothers are even seen in supermarts with their babies in papoose-bags, slung onto their backs!

Almost all Indian design is amulet-based, with a religious significance or as a tribal symbol. Since few records of their pictograph writing have been handed down to us, like the records of our own historical past, much of the Indian culture has been lost. We can only surmise the meaning of their *amulet-symbols*—as we can only guess what the Australian "abo" means when he speaks of "the dream-time": his imaginary world, which is more real and satisfying to the "Outback" native than "real life".

The harsh, often painfully frugal lives of the American Indians may have made them, too, retreat into a "fantasy world" where gods (in the sky and below ground) ruled their every move. Their dances were never "just-for-fun", but were invariably ritual-dances to bring rain, insure a good harvest, pursuade the lightning not to strike, and so on. Many *amulet-symbols* (such as tiny canoes, weapons, horses, dogs, tools, etc.) were buried with their dead, to insure their being well-received and secure when they reached "the Happy Hunting-ground". Everything they did was either "good medicine" or "bad medicine"—not of their choosing, but entirely at the whim of





Gichi-Manitou, the Great Spirit, whom they could "see in clouds and hear him in the wind" (Pope's *Essay on Man*).

After fasting for days and purging themselves with a strong herbal emetic, young Indian braves would go into the hills alone and "see visions" in a trance-state induced by their fast. (A custom they must surely have brought to the American continent when the first Indians crossed the land-bridge from the European continent, long before recorded history.) They painted or etched imagined replicas of the gods on all their pottery, ornaments, tools, and weapons. And they made *amulet-figures* of them, in clay or wood—like the "love-dolls" of the Chippewa, and the *kachinas* of the Pueblos, and the witch-twin dolls made of corncobs-and-shucks by the Cherokee and Choctaw. The Indian's "dolls" were never playthings for their children, but *religious replicas*—amulet-figures of their primitive faith.

These amulet-figures can be bought by tourists at the Reservation gift-stalls today. But few Indians, and practically no "white-eyes", realize that they were actually *images of the Redman's god*, empowered to work miracles for those who made and kept them close at hand. Small *kachinas* are often seen dangling from the rear-vision mirror of some motorist's car, in the West and Southwest, as a kind of "luck-charm". The *kachinas* have no faces; only weird-looking masks, similar to those used in the rain-dances one can see performed on the Reservations. Some authorities claim that the dolls were not effigy-deities, but *messengers of the god*—"angels", if you like. No one really knows their true significance to the prehistoric Pueblos, living high in those cliff-villages above the plains.

The "love-doll" amulets were probably fertility charms. The wood and clay hawks, owls, bears and deer, made into bowls and pipes and spoon-handles, were certainly amulets, rather than ornamental art. It was the Indian way of "praying" while they worked, smoked, or ate. (And when we buy such replica-amulets at Indian village-shops, we are actually "buying their prayers for us", in the same way that we donate money to a Franciscan monastery and ask for a "special novena" in our favor.) The Indians, a taciturn race who conversed more in manual "sign-language" than in oral words, are still "chatting" with us, through these amulet-figures of their prehistoric ancestors! "May *Gichi-Manitou bless you, and give you peace!*" Their deity-symbols are saying to us, as we wear them about in our hectic modern daily routine. Simply another way of saying: "Peace on Earth, to All Men of Good Will".

But, we may be unknowingly "blaspheming" and offending them—or the spirits of their ancient, long-dead ancestors! Some of their effigy-figures, like the Zuni war-gods of clay, were not meant to be *"handled"*, but were made to be placed on their shrines. . .*as the god himself*! We would be greatly offended if we saw a devout Mohammedan buying two replicas of Christ-on-the-Cross as, say, a pair of earrings to adorn his pretty young "third wife", would we not? In the same way, the Plains Indian would not want *his* god-effigies "profaned" by our using them as "jewelry" or "curios.". .His *faith* has permeated these amulets—his and a thousand, thousand more of his ancestors before him!

So, don't be surprised if, some stormy night, you hear *the muffled beat of a "medicine-drum"—and then, chanting!* If that statuette of the Virgin Mary could "cry tears". . .well, why could not the icon of the American Indian contain the same divine power to "protest evil"?

The Hallowe'en masks of our "trick-or-treaters" might not offend the ancient gods—although they are most certainly symbolic amulet-faces handed down to us from the ritual-dances of the Indians: the "Devil-masks" of the Northcoast abos, and the "booger masks" of the mountain Cherokee. "All-Souls Day" was a pagan festival before it was a Christian holiday; now merely a children's night of innocent fun.

Replicas of the *quetzal* are very popular as amulets, too—the personification of the Mayan god, Quetzal-coatl, their god of fertility. One sees the "bird-snake" on jewelry and ornaments in all the department stores, as well as the pre-Columbian figures found on *huacos* (holy objects) of the Incas of Peru.

Another "Indian amulet", to be seen often at art fairs, is the sand-painting of the Navajos. These colored-sand symbols, pinched out through the fingers, formed a sacred design, and were not intended as "art". While the medicine-man chanted, and the woman danced to the rhythm of gourd-rattles and skin-covered drums, male artists (never female ones) were busy making these sand paintings of costumed "corn-dancers" in a circle around a central, stylized figure of the Sun. The meaning was obvious: "Please send us good weather for the Spring planting." It was, of course, an *Indian-writing letter*, intended only for the eyes of the "Thunderbird" as he flew over. (It was erased immediately after the ceremony, for fear some enemy might copy the design and curry favor with the Rainbird instead!)

Samples of this Navajo sand-painting are seen often at Southern arts-and-crafts fairs. Small amulet-bottles and jars of packed, colored sand can be bought, carefully poured and distributed to form ancient Navajo symbols that may or may not be "messages". (Even the Navajo have forgotten the meaning of "the old signs", and their relative position to one another. They only know that the sand-painting once "brought rain" or "cured the plague" or "made the sun shine"—by way of their deity's answer to their

(Continued on page 44)

PRESSURE ACUPUNCTURE

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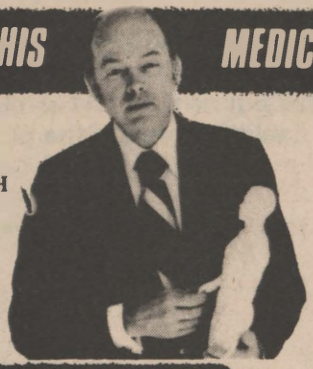

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How to increase your physical vigor while watching T. V. (Chapter 2)
How acupressure helps sexual impotence. (Chapter 10)

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Engaged in Acupuncture Research
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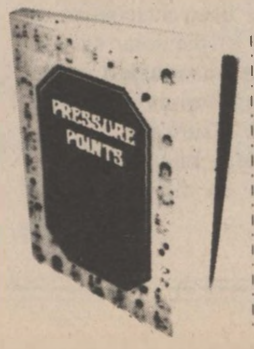
Paul Winchell



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Scientists who have heard of Gurdjieff's evolving solar system, have many objections to his basic idea, but here is where Einstein's most advanced thinking enters the picture.

THE DUAL UNIVERSES

By SAM ELTON

Two of the most brilliant minds of our era belonged to Einstein and Gurdjieff.

You have heard of one of these scientific geniuses but not the other? At the time that Einstein was working on a unified picture of the universe, unified every step of the way from atom to ultra-large universe, Gurdjieff was working on the same problem but within the framework of Eastern ideas, almost unknown to modern scientists.

Gurdjieff developed the theory that our solar system has always been an evolving, 'growing' process: *not* a static system of objects manufactured at a remote point in time. He maintained that the solar system began as a smaller system, something like the present Jupiter system with its four large moons. Gradually, very gradually, the sun heated up and the system expanded, developing into the system we observe today. The word evolution can be defined as "proceeding from simple to more complex stages" and thus Gurdjieff's theory is very evolutionary—and possibly revolutionary.

Scientists, that is those who have heard of Gurdjieff's evolving solar system, have many objections to the basic idea, but here is where Einstein's most advanced thinking enters the picture. If Einstein had been able to complete his two universal-type theories (General Relativity and Unified Field Theory), all existing objections to Gurdjieff's evolutionary approach would have disappeared some time ago. In addition, hundreds of new discoveries made during the past few years suggest, very strongly, that Gurdjieff's 'far out' ideas were correct!

According to contemporary scientists, Gurdjieff's theory is not feasible because the now very massive sun could not have started out as a much lower-mass planet resembling Jupiter. The theory also states the present 'giant' planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune were much smaller, terrestrial-type planets and there are serious objections to this idea. The difficulties all spring from a three-hundred-year-old concept called Absolute Mass; it is literally unthinkable, within the traditional Newtonian framework, that the mass of the sun—or a planet—might change in time. And yet Einstein spent the last thirty years of his life attempting to overthrow this last of the classical 'absolutes', the only one remaining after he successfully abolished Absolute Space, Absolute Time, Absolute Matter and Absolute Energy. If he had been successful, a brand new history of the solar system would have been required, one closely resembling the evolutionary history proposed by Gurdjieff.

As many readers know, Einstein worked for years on the problem of unifying—or at least harmonizing—the laws governing gravity and electricity. He borrowed the term 'field' from electrical theory and now all scientists are familiar with Gravitational Fields. However, the sources of these fields (moon, planets, stars etc.) remained as Absolute Masses and thus could not be harmonized with electrical charges which are never absolute but always purely relative or relational. For example; it is meaningless to even attempt to assign a value to an electrical charge, in advance of using a test charge, because the value of the original charge will depend upon the kind of test charge employed. By way of contrast, astronomers do not hesitate to assign a mass value, presumably absolute and unchanging, to the Moon or earth that would remain the same no matter what comparison object was used. Masses remain absolute and electrical charges remain relative and the twain shall not meet, at least they have not been brought any closer together since Einstein ceased work on this problem.

Gurdjieff's basic view was that an atom represented a small 'cosmos' and the solar system represented a much larger 'cosmos', not an altogether unfamiliar idea. But he went further and maintained that the laws peculiar to a small-cosmos would be reflected (so to speak) again on a larger scale, in a larger cosmos. Thus

Continued on next page

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atom-laws could be expected to appear again as the more or less 'hidden' laws governing the solar system. In this case, the sun resembled the very positive charge of protons at the center of an atom and our old, familiar planets were like negative charges (electrons) orbiting the center of the system. The unusual feature of this picture is that the high energy state of the sun, relative to the lower energy states of the planets, plays the dominating role in gravitational-attraction between the sun and its satellites. To put it another way, all the members of the system are regarded as *energies* and we must use energy-laws, not matter-laws, to gain a real understanding of the system. The effect of this approach is that a planet like Earth or Jupiter, heating up in time, will have an expanding orbit (as will an energized electron within an atom). Thus the solar system could very well have been expanding during the past several billion years, just as Gurdjieff proposed. And needless to say, the solar system as a system of *energies* (gravitational energies) is far removed from a system of absolute, unchanging 'masses'.

When Gurdjieff maintained that our solar system once resembled the present Jupiter system, he was also careful to point out that this would mean that Jupiter and its moons will develop into a real 'solar system'—in a few billion years. In other words, he believed that Jupiter was evolving in a stellar, or star-like, direction. These ideas were advanced at a time when every astronomy textbook contained the statement that "the giant planets were frozen to their very cores". It now turns out that all the textbooks were wrong and Gurdjieff was right. Jupiter and Saturn radiate so much energy (at microwave and radiowave frequencies) that they are now classed as small stars. The recent fly-by of Jupiter indicated that Jupiter has such high internal temperatures that it cannot possibly contain matter in the solid state.

Until recently, astronomers believed that Mars was a very old planet without significant future possibilities. New discoveries indicate that Mars is a young planet, beginning to heat up internally and evolve in an earth-like direction. Here again Gurdjieff's theory of planetary evolution has been supported by new findings. The past and future can be read like an open book when using his cosmology; past conditions on planet earth can be investigated by exploring Mars—future stages can be studied by gaining more information about the 'giant' planets. If we wish to learn about the past of the entire solar system, we can use the Jupiter system as a model. We can also observe the future of the solar system right now—by turning to a different location in space. The solar system will become a small star group and, in this connection, it is interesting to observe that many small star groups do resemble expanded solar systems. In fact, astronomers have frequently pointed out that these small groups are now expanding at rates that indicate that they were the same size as our solar system—a few billion years ago. The Gurdjieff approach predicts that these small star groups are advanced or evolved solar systems!

Two of Jupiter's moons have extremely light densities according to Newtonian calculations. One of these moons is predicted to have a density of 1.5; it is estimated to be only one and one-half times as dense as water. On the other hand the planet Mercury (about the same size as this moon) has an estimated density of 5.5—a curious situation in regard to otherwise similar appearing objects. The authority of Newton is still so great that the experts have not questioned the density estimate for Jupiter's 'lightest' moon but on the basis that gravitational masses are actually relative (and behave like electrical charges) we are going to predict that this moon will turn out to be composed of typical, heavy rock-like material with a mean density of about 5.5. If this prediction turns out to be correct,. Newtonian gravitational theory will be proved invalid. On the basis of the 1.5 density estimate, experts have concluded that this moon is composed of 'ices' of ammonia and water with (possibly) lumps of somewhat heavier material mixed in; an instrumented landing craft should be able to determine the composition of this moon.

The problem of Jupiter's ultra-light moon brings up an interesting point. Most people, including experts who actually know better, believe that Newton's gravitational theory has already been tested and proven correct; actually, nothing could be further from the truth. Newtonian calculations assign various matter-amounts to Earth, Moon, Sun, Jupiter etc. but the validity of Newtonian theory *still* rests entirely on the assumption that these matter-amount estimates correspond to the real facts. No independent tests—independent of the theory that assigned the estimates—have ever been conducted. Checking Jupiter's ultra-low density moon will be the first serious test of Newton's gravitational law and theory. Jupiter itself has an estimated density of about 1.5 and so does our sun; the odds against this typical appearing moon having such a light density are enormous.

We have delved into these gravitational problems because traditional gravitational thinking is responsible for existing ideas about the solar system's origin and history. In the traditional picture, the solar system was condensed several billion years ago, approximately as is, and since that time it has been operating like a giant perpetual motion machine. Since formation-time zero, very little has happened and thus the solar system, in this view, has no 'history' worth discussing. In the Gurdjieff "motion picture", all the members and the whole system change in time. The system expands and new members are added; the four giant planets are far older in this view than the terrestrial-type planets and assorted moons. As the sun slowly climbed in energy state it increased its 'gravitational charge' (or apparent mass as defined by a Newtonian observer); this enabled the sun to attract inter-stellar material and condense new satellites—the inner planets, Pluto and many moons. In this mo-

tion picture the sun maintains a balancing number of satellites: the parallel with atom systems and the way atoms evolve up the periodic table of elements is striking. Considering all the speculations ever made in regard to the solar system's history it would be ironic indeed if this history was laid out for us in great detail, before our very eyes, in the periodic table.

If the laws of one cosmos are **manifested** on a higher cosmos—a concept that links Einstein and Gurdjieff together even though they employed different methods—it follows that we should be able to make very detailed predictions about the structure and dynamics of our solar system based on atomic knowledge. Atoms are constructed according to a very precise plan; in particular, the satellite electrons arrange themselves into specific groups located at different distances from the nucleus. For example; the second electron group—out from the nucleus —contains *four* times as many electrons as the first group and is located *four* times further away from the nucleus than the first group. The next outer group contains *nine* times as many electrons and is *nine* times farther out. These numbers are the squares of one, two and three; if larger atoms are considered the squares of four, five and six are guiding or controlling numbers. A brief glance at the 'moon groups' in our solar system reveals that they follow the same plan. The Jupiter group contains *four*, large, 'genuine' moons (small captured asteroids are excluded) and this group is only a little more than *four* times further out from the sun than the first moon level —represented by our large satellite. The Saturn system contains *nine* stable-orbit moons and is *nine* times (approx.) further out (a recently discovered, very small tenth moon orbits, precariously close to Saturn's rings). The distances for Uranus, Neptune and even Pluto follow the same general plan. The parallel is not perfect but atoms, containing many electrons, do not follow the geometric progression 'perfectly' either.

Scientists have ceased working on the unsolved problems left by Einstein and the followers of Gurdjieff have not siezed upon dozens of new discoveries that support Gurdjieff's cosmological views. It might be advisable to replace faith (blind faith?) in Newton's rules with faith in a much older rule: as above, so below. After all, moons, planets and stars are entirely composed of atoms; we should not be too surprised if the rules governing the large system turn out to be similar to those governing micro-systems.

What difference does it make whether the solar system was formed by mechanical-accidental forces or by a self-designing, gradual, evolutionary process? The mechanical-accidental view places man in an essentially meaningless universe. The Gurdjieff view enables man to pinpoint his location in the larger scheme of things. We are the result of—and a part of—planetary evolution; planets are not to be regarded as mere 'things' but as evolutionary processes, developing within a larger framework—an evolving solar sys-

Continued on next page

THE PRIEST AND THE POLTERGEIST

A British butcher by the name of Tom Appleford complained to housing authorities in his district that his small apartment has been haunted for the last four years. The authorities considered his request for awhile, and decided to call in an exorcist. Rev. Pearce-Higgins listened sympathetically to the butcher's story—how carpets were mysteriously pulled up, dishes suddenly disappearing, and their two children becoming frightened.

The butcher also explained that he had finally seen the ghost, describing him as six feet tall and wearing a pleated coat. The priest consulted a medium, who said the entity was a man who had been knocked down and killed outside a subway station in 1922. Since then, the medium explained, the ghost has been wandering around trying to figure out what to do, either because he doesn't believe in an after-life or is not even aware that he is actually dead.

To the priest, it was a clear-cut case requiring that he confront the ghost. He entered the apartment, explained to the ghostly intruder that he was indeed dead, and performed the standard ceremony, sprinkling holy water and making the sign of the cross on doors and windows. Did it work? "I am a bit skeptical," said butcher Appleford, "but the priest seemed a sincere man."

It didn't work. The intruder became more violent, and the Spiritualist Association of Great Britain was called in to assist. Tom Appleford and his family had seen more than enough, however, and decided to get out fast. "I am not convinced," he said, "that the priest can expel the ghost." □

tem. The shift in thinking is from mechanics and chance to an orderly, 'natural' process. The long-term development of the solar system can be compared to the development of a tree with its familiar branching process. In particular, planet-and-moons systems are comparable to growing branches—but of course on astronomical space-and-time scale. Thus we are involved in a very large but entirely 'natural' process; that is, the realm of astronomy (now ruled by mechanical laws) is reconnected with that great complex of ideas called Nature.

In this view, we are like micro-creatures living on a small branch of a tree. Even if we imagine very intelligent micro-creatures living on a tree-branch, what can they learn of the real nature of a tree—with their micro-lifespans? We are micro-creatures in relation to our planet, our solar system and other astronomical systems. The moment we begin to understand the nature of this relationship we will realize how little we know of the real nature of moons, planets, solar systems and the universe at large. This realization is the first step towards achieving a deeper, more meaningful conception of the real universe—a universe that it is possible for man to relate to, far more closely than the mechanistic universe now pictured on the basis of partial, very incomplete knowledge of the true *facts*.

Einstein believed that micro-laws and macro-laws could—and should—be unified but his faith in the essential correctness of Newton's most famous law blocked the way to unification. Gurdjieff appreciated Western technology but was not over-awed by the entrenched, Newtonian 'world-view'; intuitively he sensed that mechanical thinking was appropriate for dealing with machines but not constructive or correct in relation to astronomical systems. He believed that the micro-laws and macro-laws were *already* unified and that only traditional-mechanical thinking prevents us from perceiving this unity. Einstein once said that "theory determines what we observe"; if we believe in Newtonian theory we 'see' a Newtonian universe and interpret all our observations to fit this vast pre-conception. The universe may obey a much more interesting set of laws; moons, planets and stars should probably be treated as 'energies' (not lumps of matter) and in this case their behaviour, on an astronomical time-scale, will obey typical energy-laws. This brings about a new interpretation of the same universe that we have all been observing and studying for some time; both Einstein and Gurdjieff were attempting to describe this New Universe. □

AMERICAN INDIAN AMULETS/*continued from page 38*

message-of-request.) So. . .The bottle of sand-designs you purchase from some booth at the next handicraft fair may well be a "bottled prayer" to the "Great Thunderbird"—or *"Galunlati' un"*, the Sky Man of the Cherokee. (Let us devoutly hope that the "sand-message" has been properly "worded"! Otherwise, the Thunderbird may send you *trouble,* through no intent of the ignorant modern sand-painter!)

Another *family amulet*—king-sized!—is the *totempole* of the Eskimo Indians in the far Northern part of Alaska and Canada.

The painted, carved birds and animal-figures, sitting one on top of another, are actually a sort of family, or clan, record. Many are *ritual carvings*—amulets, in the sense that they are symbols made to invoke the gods' "blessings" upon the Haida or Kwakiutl house in front of which the totempole stands. Some depict supernatural and mythical characters. Some are ancestors. Others recount a story or event in clan history. But all have a definite meaning; they are not just big-eyed, staring animal-figures perched on top of one another—topped, usually, by a bird-figure, either at rest or in a flying-position. The totem-pole is made to commemorate some great event of the past—a bird, a death, or perhaps some great victory. It is also a *prayer* for the continued welfare of those who live in the house where it stands.

When you copy such figures as a small replica of a twelve-foot *totempole,* fronting some lodge of the Nootka or Hupa or Yurok tribes along the Northwest Coast, you are taking along somebody's personal *diary*—or, in fine, "listening in" on his "Confession" to the Indian-god of his people! (If the supernatural beings carved are not "offended" by your affrontry, you may be taking home with you a whole ten-century collection of Eskimo-Indian prayers for "a full belly"! (That is, of course, if you *like* raw seal and whale-oil. . .) □

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After expounding political science in the introductory chapter, and the human aura, acupuncture, astronomical astrology, and astrological birth control in the second chapter, the author dives into a new theory of evolution far beyond Darwinism. His novel evolutionary concepts uncover the link between the legendary continent of Atlantis and Jesus Christ, the inner spaceman. Chapter three is concluded with a revolutionary explanation for the phenomena of UFOs and an original theory for constructing anti-gravity inner spaceships (aeroforms).

The following chapter may be considered the heart of the book. It emphasizes the organic philosophy that the line between the living and the non-living cannot be drawn --- that the entire cosmos lives, including the planet Earth. This part of the volume explains how the living earth organism will become aware of her spirit when man evolves her technological sense organs to see and hear (cosmic cinema and music). The reader will understand how these man-made world organs will have a great impact on education and social hierarchy. Chapter four includes sections titled "Evolving Earth's Brain", "Creative Education", "Knowledge As Power", and "Astrological Behaviorism".

Chapter five deals with the alarming statistics that indicate the earth is headed for a natural catastrophe involving the reversal of her magnetic polarity. However, the section titled "Balancing Geoplasmic Energy" explains how our heavenly Fathers (UFOs) are converting the destructive forces into spiritual energies to evolve the psychic powers in man. This leads to the prophesy of a chain of events, including the rise of the Golden Age of Aquarius.

In concluding the volume, the author expounds a cheerful theory for acquiring an infinite source of energy from "geoplasm" for commercial and psychic purposes, and reveals a master plan to evolve world spiritism in three phases by erecting a university temple and an international city to serve as a gigantic mental resonator.

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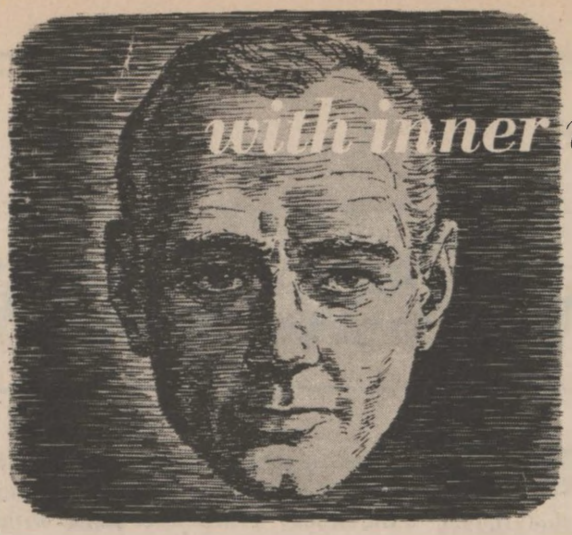

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TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

A GHOST HORSE INVADED OUR PASTURE

I was sitting quietly in the kitchen one spring morning two years ago when suddenly I heard the hoofbeats of a horse trotting along the cement walkway to the front door.

At first this did not seem too unusual. We had just moved onto a ranch and owned several horses. My first thought was that one of them had gotten out of the pasture and I must go out and get him before he escaped to the roadway. I jumped up immediately and went outside, only to find no horse in sight except for those grazing quietly in the pasture some five hundred yards distant. I chalked the experience up to some sort of weird echo, or a stray horse that I had not been quick enough to see. But, the hoofbeats continued to be a daily experience all that spring.

I was not the only one to hear them either. Both my son and daughter mentioned them to me at different times. And, one Sunday morning when I had friends over for a brunch party, one of my guests returned from the kitchen, where he had gone for a drink of water, to tell me that he thought one of my horses might be loose.

When summer came the hoofbeats stopped just as suddenly as they had begun, and as the weeks went by, we forgot about them. That is until the following spring when they began again...only this time the apparition came too.

There is a large oak tree in the pasture that is several hundred years old. One day my daughter was standing near the tree looking out into the pasture when over a ridge there appeared a white horse who came galloping at full speed toward the tree. When she came within about twelve feet of my daughter she stopped, pawed at the ground, tossed her head frantically and turned to race back to whence she came, only to disappear just as she reached the ridge.

Not wanting to appear strange we told no one of the experience, however, later I met the previous owner of the ranch who told me the following story. They had owned a lovely Arabian mare that they set great store by and had bred her to a fine stallion of good breeding. When the foal was born the mare had been extremely protective of him. Then one tragic day the foal had been killed in a freak accident. The mare had stood guard over him for several days, not allowing anyone to touch the body. Finally she had lain down to sleep and the owners had quickly buried the colt. When the mare awoke to find her baby gone she went into a frenzy and finally went completely insane, so that the owners had to destroy her also.

I do not know if this could have a bearing on the specter my daughter witnessed, but it does seem to be one answer.

Diana Gregory
Placerville, Ca. 95667

MY SON WAS NOT LOST

A male medium said to me, "You were greatly saddened at the death of your son, because you didn't know that he was with your mother all the time."

I replied, "I haven't had a son. I'm not even married."

"When I see the future," he said, "I must use the past tense about things that have happened by that time."

This had no meaning for me, and I discounted his ability to foresee, although I admitted there was wisdom in his advice about a project I was contemplating.

Some years later, at about midnight, my husband drove me to a hospital where two attendants carried me on a stretcher to the delivery room. The doctor there said to my husband, "You can go now,"but my husband answered, "She wants me to stay."

As gently as though floating down a chute the baby appeared while my husband's hands pillowed by head, and he said lovingly, "You know what? We have a son."

When I was wheeled to bed I felt immersed in the deepest happiness I had ever known, and I held to that through a running layer of sleep. A nurse entered the room at six o'clock the next morning, and I eagerly asked, "Are you going to bring my baby to me now?"

She answered bluntly, "Your baby is dead," with such a tone of relish that I didn't credit her remark. It may have been Nature's protection that delayed the shock, but within a few minutes my husband appeared with tears streaming down his face. Abruptly the bliss on which I had been resting through the hours of sleep ended.

Back at home whenever I was alone a paroxysm of tears overcame me. Once I felt that I could no longer endure the mystery and silently demanded, "Why? Why?" At that instant I felt my mother

standing at my right shoulder holding little Stephen. She swung him close enough to have his tiny cheek touch mine, and a small oval of silk gave me a tingling sensation. In a low reassuring voice my mother said, "Now do you know?"

Comfort infused me, for there was no finer care for a baby than that my mother could give. Yet within a few days again doubts assailed me. On the way to keep an appointment I almost strangled with the demand, "Why? Why?"

I was passing a branch library, when hands on my shoulders turned me into the building and conducted me to the stacked wall. My hand selected a book which opened as of its own accord.

I read: "Those who slip away from this level before they have been contaminated are the leaders in the next realm."

Then my hand replaced the book on the shelf, and I hurried out of the library to keep my appointment. My natural ambition for my son was appeased at the bit of information I had encountered, but on later days I tried in vain to find that book.

Years elapsed, and one morning I awoke in a flood of early sunshine. Beside my bed stood a slim lad with straight white back and blond hair. He was saying something that I have never remembered, though I do remember that in my custom of praising children I answered, "I didn't know you knew that."

He replied cockily, "I'm five now!"

Then he disappeared, and I was shaken into the realization that this was Stephen's fifth birthday. The vision was a complete answer to my continual grief: he was assuredly in good circumstances, and nothing could have pleased me more.

More years elapsed, and I was on vacation when I felt my mother "coming through." She was explaining, "He wants to reach you for his sixteenth birthday." This was amazing, to say the least, for it implied that Stephen cared to have me know him--besides, how should such a number as sixteen matter "over there" where time is not as it is here?

I remained alone all during that day, and at bedtime I sat up against pillows, waiting. I expected to hear Stephen's voice because most of my impressions until then had been auditory.

Toward midnight it seemed I had missed, and in preparation for sleep I pulled the lamp cord. At the instant of darkness I saw his full face. What I could never have guessed was that he was no longer the blond son of my husband but was dark-haired with a French-like resemblance to my mother's ancestry. There was no mistaking his identity, though. It was as though he might have been trying for hours to make the contact — perhaps by means of some instrument touched by his hand, though why I thought so I do not know. The moment our eyes met he batted his eyes like any bashful sixteen-year-old who hoped to be found acceptable.

The glimpse immediately disappeared.

In an attempt to reassure him I said aloud, "I am proud of you! You look handsome and intelligent!"

Gratitude has never left me.

On the day when Stephen would have been twenty-one I tried without success to make another connection. There has never been a repetition, but I am still convinced that all is well with him.

Mrs. Glenn Clairmonte
Downey, California 90241

Had Any Unusual Psychic Experience?

Many people boast of having had at least one unusual experience of an occult nature. If you number yourself among these individuals with psychic ability, *Beyond Reality* would like to hear about it.

Manuscripts should be typed on white paper, double-spaced —and please include a self-addressed stamped envelope for a quick reply.

Kindly send the carefully outlined details of your journey into the realm of psychic phenomena, together with documentation, to: True Experiences Dept., *Beyond Reality,* 303 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

We welcome any information about possible discoveries in the areas of ESP and the Occult. These may include items from your local newspaper, magazine articles or things of a personal nature that you feel will lead to the advancement of knowledge in this field.

STRANGE AND UNKNOWN/*continued from page 10*

The two psychics were Ingo Swann, who was tested for psychokinesis, and Pat Price, whose abilities are similar to clairvoyance-type phenomena. Not since Uri Geller was investigated at Stanford have such impressive results been forthcoming from the scientific community.

Ingo Swann is well known to researchers as a gifted psychic, and while at Stanford he demonstrated the extent of his abilities. He was assigned the task of influencing the output of a magnetometer, which is a device that produces a continuous and uniform current derived from a radioactive source deep within its center. The instrument is so exact that there is no known element able to deter its current, but for the purposes of the Swann experiment it was shielded with a metal known as *mu*—which is the best known magnetic shield. For three days prior to the experiment, the researchers continuously monitored the magnetometer's current to be sure it was performing with precision smoothness.

Swann was then brought into the room and asked to alter the current—to actually disrupt the machines behavior! He concentrated on the magnetometer's core and repeatedly was able to perturb the device's behavior, all of which was recorded.

No one knows how Swann does it, but one physicist suggested that he may have used energy already present in the target system to disrupt the current, rather than having mustered energy from within his own body or from another external source. Physicist Puthoff, who was also involved with the Uri Geller experiments at Stanford, states that as a result of such findings "It is our expectation that with the sensitive instrumentation and powerful theoretical tools that are presently available to research, answers in parapsychology *will be coming in the very near future.*"

The experiments with Pat Price, a retired police commissioner, were also very conclusive as to the existence of his psychic ability. "Price is able to repeatably discern, in amazing detail, remote target locations visited by an experimenter, while he, Price, remains secluded in a room at the Stanford Research Institute."

The test involved twelve researchers randomly visiting locations in the San Francisco area while Price remained at Stanford. When enough time had elapsed to ensure that the researchers were at their locations, Price was asked to describe these locations to another researcher who was with him. Price's descriptions were so accurate that it seemed as if he were actually there! When asked about this, he responds that it seems as though he really is there in the location he is describing.

Physicist Targ commented that "We are convinced that certain people can obtain accurate information from remote locations without going there bodily." This ability is tentatively being referred to as "remote viewing," rather than clairvoyance, telepathy or out-of-the-body (OBE) factors, to specifically indicate this type of phenomenon.

Physicists are presently contemplating the possibilities of associating psychic phenomena (telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, retrocognition, healing, et al.) with prevailing physical theory—quantum physics. It is suggested that modern physical theory can be slightly altered and reinterpreted to allow the inclusion of studies in parapsychology.

Perhaps, as is the case with the entire realm of scientific inquiry, parapsychology will be based on theories of physics. □

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR/*continued from page 6*

issue. Check out a few other authors like:

Lucius Farish

Frank Edwards (d. 1967)—wrote *Strange World,* etc.

Charles Berlitz (Re: Bermuda Triangle)

M.K. Jessup (d. 1959)

Gray Barker

James Moseley

Ray Palmer (himself a respected editor, critic & writer)

Welhelm Reich (d. 1957) (Re: Orgone energy)

Realize you are competing with magazines... that have been around for some time.

Also, the psychic phenomenon has popularity and "refined" readers—but be wary of the lunatic fringe of this phenomenon.

Interesting areas for possible articles:

1. Early development of magnetism—its peculiar characteristics.
2. Nikola Tesla and his *advanced* concepts of electrical energy.
3. *Psychic Conditioning*—or control of people's thinking by governmental agencies using brain wave devices—(this is *very* frightening).
4. Diet and mental, spiritual well-being.
5. Herbs and healing (like ginseng).
6. History of Parapsychology.
7. Philosophy of healing—Good or Bad?
8. Spiritual battles—Good vs. Evil?
9. Biblical documentation of what a miracle consits of.
10. The future of the human race by prophecy.

Hope these are beneficial. I do hope to continue to be reading great things in your young, up and coming magazine....

Phil Hruskocy
Whiting, Ind.

(Thanks for the suggestions. We welcome documented articles on all aspects of the unknown. Some of the writers you mention have already written for us—and others will be writing for us in the future. Also, our research staff will look at some of the subjects you suggest for possible articles. — Editor)

As a writer, I am often amazed that when some word I never use, and sometimes do not know the meaning of, will just automatically appear in a piece I am composing.

EXPERIENCING THE PARANORMAL

BY LETHA QUAYLE

It was a perfect morning. A golden sun shimmered in a clear blue sky while warm tufts of wind played hopscotch in the grass and twinkled petals in the rose garden. Birds sang and spattered dust over their backs. All was calm, serene, when suddenly horses threw high their heads, tails, and voices, and began careening about the pasture.

Brood mares, some with baby foals at side, some about to foal, were in a small pasture close by the buildings of the veterinary hospital where I worked. It is not uncommon for horses to play, suddenly and without apparent reason, but this was different. To this day I cannot say exactly how, but I knew as I watched, this definitely was not a normal performance.

All fifteen of them would come tearing through the field, only to stop dead in their tracks, as though on some unseen signal, whirl, then race helter skelter in the opposite direction. They snorted and whistled and nudged their foals. They did not appear afraid but assuredly were upset. I watched in awe as they roamed around the field, now this direction, now that. At no time did any of them crowd the fences or attempt to get out of the enclosure. There were no dogs or other animals on or near the premises. The mares did not seem to be testing for scent, nor did they appear to see or hear anything specific that might cause this erratic behavior.

After some fifteen minutes of this apparent madness they just as suddenly stopped their foolishness and went to eating grass as though nothing whatever was wrong.

The stallions in the barns had begun pawing and calling but this was normal behavior when the mare band played so they were ignored.

Shortly thereafter the doctor returned from his morning rounds of the breeding farms and ranches in the area, and the first thing he asked me was had the horses acted up?

We compared notes and found that the horses, and cattle, at other ranches had also "acted nutty", just about the same way as these had done. We later were told that animals all over the area had behaved strangely that morning.

Then we went into the office and heard on the radio the reports of devastation, destruction, and terror in Alaska. The earth was opening in great crevasses, tidal waves were forming and inundating the coastal areas. Havoc reigned as the ground trembled from the earth quake tearing its bowels asunder.

We were a long, long way from the earthquake. We were not on or near the faults that slipped and spawned the horror. Still, the horses and cattle in our area acted up at precisely the moment the earthquake, approximately 3000 miles distant, took place. What did they know? And how did they know it? How did they know when to stop their fussing, and why didn't they react to the aftershocks? Why did they react so violently, and yet not seem afraid?

To date I have had no answers.

I have always been interested in

Continued on next page

the unexplainable and have, from time to time, been involved in minor episodes of strange or unusual happenings. As a writer, I deal with words and ideas, and I am often amazed when some word I never use, and sometimes do not know the meaning of, will just automatically appear in a piece I am composing. After checking it out, I find it to be the perfect word for the occasion and, furthermore, I find I usually have spelled it correctly. From what depths of my subconscious, or from the remembrances of what other life, do these items come?

Near blastoff time for Apollo 13 to the moon, I told several people and wrote to a couple of friends that the flight was in trouble and would never make it to the moon. Or if it did reach the moon would not return to earth.

Apollo 13, shortly after going into orbit, had serious mechanical failure and was aborted—returned to earth—without reaching the moon. How did I know— I do not know.

Back in the early 1950's, a man was very severely injured in an accident. Taken to a hospital, a team of doctors worked over him for hours. Many hours. He was completely unconscious and literally about 99% dead. The doctors gave up and said there was virtually no hope he would live.

At that point his wife, a warm affectionate woman, thanked the medical team for their efforts but told them to "move over". It was now HER turn. She told them that she and God would take the next shift.

She entered the sickroom and sat on the side of the bed. She talked to him. She held his hands and stroked his head and face. She told him how much she, and their children, loved him and needed him. She refused to move from his side for any reason.

At first the doctors laughed. But then as time went on and the man continued to live they stopped laughing and became interested. The patient began to show improvement and by the next day woke out of his coma for a moment. He eventually recovered, leaving in his wake a puzzled, and humbled, group of medical experts.

When I was about nine years old my grandfather had a rather serious emergency operation. I was in school that day and for approximately one hour in the latter part of the morning I was extremely restless, absent-minded, and felt as though something were pulling at me, trying to get my attention.

It was at that precise hour that Grandpa was on the operating table.

When I was young my great hero was the silent-screen cowboy movie star Tom Mix. He was to my generation what the Beatles were in the 60's and the Osmonds in the early 70's. Strangely enough to this day I have never seen a Tom Mix movie but I read all the stories about him and the comic books, and if anything caused me to miss a single episode of his radio program I made life impossible for everybody. To be blunt, I was utterly smitten.

One evening in October 1940 I was upstairs in my room studying. Our radio had a good short wave band and my father always listened to the pending war news beamed direct from London by the BBC. In my room I could hear the hum of the newcasts but no words. Never words. However, suddenly I was electrified. Every sense tingled like a startled deer.

Precise, loud, and clear, I heard the British announcer give full details of Tom Mix having an auto accident near Tombstone, Arizona, where he had been found dead. It was as though the speaker were standing in front of me where I sat. When he finished and turned to other items, the sound was again a dull blur. I couldn't make out a word no matter how hard I listened.

I went down and asked my father if he had turned up the volume at any time. He assured me—insisted—that he had not touched the radio, had not in fact left his seat halfway across the room from the appliance. What happened?

I don't know. □

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A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected

A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says *Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.*

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

• "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."

• "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."

• "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."

• It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."

• "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"Its Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers — not only relief — but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

• You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. **"There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."**

Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.

Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine. Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

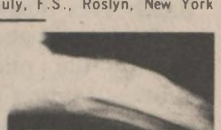
I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends —in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.



Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method —X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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the car looking back as he rounded the turn, his headlights hit a fellow dressed in a space suit and as he continued down the road all of a sudden this thing started to follow him.

He panicked; he pushed his foot to the floor trying to push the car to its ultimate speed and the thing followed him about five miles and then zipped off. Well, that was his first report and I went back over the story and said: "Now what were the weather conditions?" He said: "Well it had just started to snow." And I said: "Well, if it had just started snowing, wouldn't that have been a sanding truck with a sanding light and, of course, your windshield was all fogged up and it splashes against your windshield?"

"Oh now, there's no road there." I said, "Well I'll check it" and I drew a map of the area.

I said "When this fellow was standing beside his car, why didn't you ask him about it?"

He said, "Well, I was frightened." I said, "When you rounded the turn, you say your headlight hit this fellow standing there?" He said, "That's right." So I said, "Well, according to this diagram your headlights were not pointed at him; he was over here and your car was going in this direction."

So he said, "Well, I don't know how it happened." I said, "Now, when this thing started to follow you, it could have been another car." He said, "No, no, it wasn't bouncing." He had a very old car and I am sure because of the cold weather conditions the back windows were steamed up and he probably couldn't see out of the back window.

When I went back and checked the area there was a road right there, and when I checked with the highway roads department, they had sanding trucks about that time in that area. So most likely...Here's the topper of this story...as I am asking him over and over again to give me the details, trying to pick holes in it and loopholes in his story, all of a sudden his wife jumped up and said to him: "Isn't that just like the story about UFOs that I read to you?"

So, what happened is that the sanding truck triggered off the imagination into the rest of it. So, an investigator's job is to really get the facts.

Bond: I find that a lot of people are intrigued with this excitement and they want to manifest something in their own mind's eye about something that once is there or something that they are picking up out of the ether and then they elaborate upon it and all of a sudden it becomes a hallucination. Just like the fish wives' tale of ancient times. That's why those double-headed monsters that used to run probably was just a person with a bucket on his head or something on his shoulder running down the street yelling, and another woman picked it up and said: "Well, it's got two heads"...another one elaborates and says: "Yes, and it had three eyes," and then it goes on and on and on. Getting back to the Bermuda Triangle, what is your speculation about what happened at that very moment? I know they began to see white water below them. But what about above? Didn't something dark start forming above them?

Spencer: Well, no, not in the reports.

Bond: Their magnets were going haywire and their flight leadership was taken over by what—a Marine Corps captain?

Spencer: No, it seemed to the people listening that the command pilot was going to turn the command over, but he did not. He still maintained command of the flight right up to the end.

Bond: This is in all the reports that we have read about. It seemed that one of the pilots gave up, and another Marine Corps captain took over the flight leadership of it.

Spencer: No, according to the Board reports and all the evidence, it just appeared that way to the ear-witnesses in this case.

Bond: What is your speculation about what actually happened?

Spencer: Alright now. If you take all of the stores in the book, *Limbo of the Lost,* the one thing I tried to stress is documentation. The reason I didn't go back into old ancient losses, and there were hundreds of old losses in 1920 and '21. In 1921 there were 12 ships that disappeared but the documentation is very difficult to come by. A lot of it is hearsay; a lot of it has passed down and changed.

Most of my stories take place in 1945 because you have written reports that you can latch on to. Also, after 1949 you have radar to work with. You see you had a lot of things in the later years that you didn't have in the early years. *Limbo of the Lost* does *not* give an official opinion, or *my* opinion. It is a work that I put together so that people could understand what is going on without getting author's opinion.

Bond: I know you didn't put your opinion in the book, but...

Spencer: I'll follow this along, if I may, because I want every person who reads the book, *Limbo of the Lost,* to stop at the end of each chapter and ask themselves one question: What could possibly cause six aircraft to disappear in 1948; what could possibly cause three commercial airliners to disappear? In the past ten years, in the Limbo of the Lost area, Lloyds of London has paid out on 60 gigantic vessels that disappeared, a total of almost 1,000 people, costing Lloyds, I would venture to guess, somewhere around $500,000,000 in claims without having a piece of evidence to work from. When you have this type of question...now, you say, okay we use all the investigating knowledge we have gained in 1973 years and we cannot answer the question. Therefore, we have to look outside of this world for an answer.

This leaves us a choice: You can go to science-fiction for an answer or

you can be, as I am, a realist and get an answer out of reality. Science fiction; a hole in the sky; another dimension; time warps and all of these things. Okay, some people believe in them. It's perfectly fine to believe in these things, but...

Bond: But where does science fiction come from?

Spencer: Well, science fiction is, basically, the imagination of the writer...

Bond: You think it's the imagination? I don't. No man has the ability to create anything of this magnitude. What the man did was to attune to something that has already happened or is going to happen on the ether. It's like Henry Ford: At the time Henry Ford was thinking about the motor car, maybe a thousand other guys were thinking about it at the same time, but he was the man that latched on to it and ran with the ball. So again, science fiction could be a correlation of all the unusual things which have happened because when you realize that when you put all the beaches of the world together, get a pair of tweezers and pluck one grain of sand which represents the earth only in our galaxy, the Milky Way, then you look into our universe and realize that there are billions of other galaxies.

Spencer: I want to clarify one point if I may. Science fiction is fine. Obviously you are a science fiction bug.

Bond: I'm not.

Spencer: You're not? Alright. Many people are, but I am so much of a realist that when I am looking for an answer I am looking for the solid, the object, the tangible. UFOs *do* exist, there's no question about that. It is some information about UFOs that play hand in hand with the losses down there like the point of UFOs going into the water and leaving the water. They seem to be based under there. Now why are they based in that particular part of the world? Possibly the Continental Shelf may have something to do with it.

Bond: Well, there are eleven places around the world, according to some scientists, like this.

Spencer: Alright...those eleven places...I was on the air with Ivan Sanderson in Philadelphia about three or four months before he passed away and we had a three-hour debate on the station and we got talking about this: the different areas and I said: "Ivan, I read your works on the areas going around the globe, and again being a realist, I tried to check these out and I can't."

And he said: "The reason you can't is because it is about 95% theory, but I believe that this is exactly what is happening."

So, see you've got to separate the theory from the reality and, again, I am so much of a realist that I pry them apart and really look at them. The UFO situation: coincidence, now, is another part that you have to look at. If you have losses that you can't explain and you have other objects that you can't explain, it stands to reason that you can put the two together. What types of objects are we talking about, this flying saucer? How big is the flying saucer? We know exactly. We know how much it weighs; how big it is; what it looks like, there are thousands of documented photographs of UFOs.

Bond: Yes, but they're not all the same size, the same shape...

Spencer: The *saucer* is, the saucer is, the saucer is *exactly* the same size. No matter where it's landed...if one were to land in New York right now and you went out and measured the area burned in the ground (they burn quite a patch)...

Bond: Well, according to all reports, but again, I have seen at least three different types, physically, and have tangible proof!

Spencer: Well, were these saucers or different type of craft?

Bond: Well, actually, one was a saucer shape, one was cylindrical and one was in a triangular formation.

Spencer: Okay. Let's say there are two types of basic craft that we have been receiving reports on since biblical times and we are still receiving them today. In fact we are being bombarded with sightings all over the world on both types of craft. The one is the saucer shape. To give you an idea of the exact size you can say it is as big as a three-bedroom ranch house with three car garage attached to it. So, it's a pretty good sized object! We do not know how big it is simply because it has never landed. That is the mother ship.

This one is the cylindrical shape, or as some people call it: the cigar shape—this moves across the sky at a very high altitude. When it is reported as stopping—it always stops at a 45° angle, and the reports are that some 12 to 25 saucers leave this craft and fly off in different directions. Well, using a little logic: If each craft is as big as a house and this thing can carry up to 25 of them, you can well imagine how gigantic this object must be! It must be *tremendous* in size. It's an aircraft carrier of some type.

Bond: Well, as a recent photograph shows (one that they correlated) it being one mile in length and that's a large craft.

Spencer: I would think, easily. And how you get to the point of how would they take them away. Well, obviously, if a team from another planet have the technological knowledge to get here, and fly objects of that size and return, they must be *thousands* of years advanced in technology!

Bond: Of course they are.

Spencer: Then thousands of years advanced in technology, scooping up five aircraft or a ship, electrically, would really be no trick for them at all. A lot of people listening would say, well do they reach down and scoop them up? Well, this is kind of crude when you are talking about a sophisticated science that...

Bond: John, that TV series they had on called *The Invaders*, we have found out one of the reasons it was taken off is because 98% of it was true! 98% was what has actually

Continued on next page

been happening except for the shooting of extraterrestrials themselves, because they are not hostile. In addition, all of the things that you see are actually happening right now, such as *Star Trek,* but on a different scale. The reason we cannot see it is because it is programmed to us as science fiction like all of the other shows they are having now. But why is there such a rash of these particular shows now? As for the craft themselves as to how they propel themselves... they have learned to adjust to certain frequencies of energy and matter, which is basically all that it is.

Spencer: Well I'll tell you something that broke a couple of years ago that released a lot of the old theories and replaced them with new ones as to how they are being propelled. Originally it was believed that they had harnessed the anti-gravitational type of thing: (they used gravity to push away or to pull to.)

That was a popular theory of UFO which, in fact, flew over Long Island in broad daylight and there were people in Long Island taking pictures of this thing flying around. In fact the beach was packed; it was a hot July afternoon and the men and girls were on the beach and they were taking pictures, as men and girls do, and when this thing started flying around people turned their cameras to the sky and started taking pictures... all kinds of pictures, with all types of cameras.

Bond: Well, what happened to the pictures? Where are they?

Spencer: A lot of the pictures have made their way to NICAP headquarters; the government confiscated others. But, the point is, one fellow took a picture and through sheer accident, he had an infrared filter on this camera when he pointed it skyward and pointed it toward this UFO he got a beautiful picture of it except that under it there was a cloudish affair under the craft. When the eye witnesses were asked about this they said well that's the craft we were looking at but we do not recall seeing this cloud affair under it.

The photograph made its way to MIT. Now, at MIT, for a number of years now, they have been working on experiments of using radio frequency as a propellant and it's a funny thing, but looking at the photographs taken of trucks being raised off the ground by using radio frequencies as propellant, and if you take a picture of it with an infrared filter you get this cloud affair under it.

All of a sudden all of the points click into place: No. 1. When it lands it burns a very large patch in the ground. In fact you'll have to dig down three or four feet in the soil before you'll find soil that has not been severely scorched by this object.

Bond: These are the so-called tangible, physical ships themselves?

Spencer: Right. These are the craft that land, the flying saucer-type craft—if you want to give it a name.

So, this would tie in with radio frequency being very, very hot because they have these microwave stoves which is really a radio-frequency-type of cooking apparatus. So, this would account for the burned patch on the ground. Now, as for the flight... When you talk to people they ask, how do you know there was a UFO in the area? And they saw, well, we have this gigantic German shepherd, Killer, and all of a sudden, Killer cowered under the sink, and we went outside and there this thing was and it wasn't making a sound. But, obviously, it was making a sound because the dog heard it.

Bond: That's right. In Betty and Barney Hill's case, the little Dachshund that they had in the back seat panicked, curled up and was whimpering.

Spencer: I just completed a tour with Betty Hill and I talked with her. (Barney died a couple of years ago.)

Bond: I know they are doing a movie on it. This is another thing. I think James Earl Jones is going to play Barney.

Spencer: Well, I said to Betty that a lot of people say, well I think there is something wrong with these people. Well, when you sit down across the table with Betty and if you can walk away from a conversation with Betty stating that she is cuckoo, or she is making this up, as the old saying goes: "You're a different man than I am, Magee." Because just knowing Betty you realize how sincere the lady is and she has nothing to gain, there isn't a book on the market today... there was one called *Interrupted Journey* [which is available in a paperback edition] and *Incident at Exeter,* written by John Fuller.

In fact, I was one of the investigators at Exeter, N.H.... fantastic sighting up there. Betty Hill talks about going aboard a craft, being examined, Barney was examined, talking to the occupants of the craft and I asked her one very important question which triggered off a series of thoughts. And I am going to give you these thoughts now.

Betty, I asked, what do these people look like? She said, "Well, they weren't very tall. They were around four or five feet in height. They look very much like any other human being looks. They had one head, two eyes, a nose and a mouth. The only difference was the nose was a little smaller than the average and the mouth a little thinner."

I asked, "Well, how did you communicate with them?".

And she answered, "I don't know. I just know I was communicating with this fellow. I believe he was a doctor. I don't know why I believe he was a doctor, but I just made this assumption that he was and I seemed to hang on to that. The communication was... I don't know ...by word of mouth, by thought transfer. I don't know. I just know that I could communicate. The difference was that it was very much like taking a language in school: You would hear the words and it would take that split second to interpret the words before you understood what you were hearing. But, both of us could understand one another. The only real difference was the fact that their eyes had a very large slant to them. In fact, the slant of their eyes

(*Continued on page 56*)

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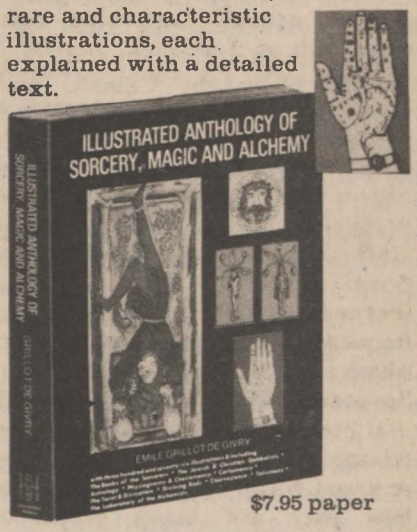

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almost went around to the side of their head."

And when I left Betty and I started thinking about their height, the shape of the body, the shape of the head, the slant eyes; they had a little yellowish tinge to the skin and I got thinking about the Chinese: the height, the slant, the tint of the skin and then my imagination started to go, but maybe it was really at that point, I don't know, but I started to think about acupuncture and here we have the smartest brains in the world in the U.S. We have the A.M.A. American Medical Association, medical colleges and universities and they can't tell you about acupuncture. They really don't know how it works. They have all kinds of theories coming up that possibly it is all a mind deal. This is an ancient Chinest art...

Bond: 25,000 years old!

Spencer: Where in the world did they gain the knowledge to do such a thing?

Bond: And, even now, instead of using the needles it is the pressure points.

Spencer: I ran across a situation at one of the television stations that I was visiting in the United States, and they had a doctor on from a university and he was talking about an experiment that they were conducting, and I thought it was so fascinating and it kept running through my mind over and over again. He said they had this very large maze laid out and at one end of the maze we had a cage. We would ring a bell which would lift the door of the cage and a rat would run out of the cage. At first he had a great deal of difficulty in finding his way through this maze, but once he found the route, he'd ring that bell; he would jump out through that doorway and we had little meters set in the maze to register brain waves from this rat, and as the rat got closer and closer to the food, the meters would go higher and higher and, all of a sudden, the rat would turn that last turn and see that food and the meter would actually ping.

The rat would give off this tremendous amount of energy from the brain waves.

Well, we had this rat going through this maze time after time, thousands of times a week and each time getting about the same meter readings. Then one time we rang the bell and as the rat left the cage he was stabbed and killed...and yet, the meters throughout the maze *continued* to move as if the rat was going through the maze, and pinging at just about the time the rat would get to that object when he would see the food!

Bond: Because I can tell you why... I can tell you exactly why this happens. At the instant of death, his astral body leaves and continues on.

Spencer: There have been cases of that exactly happening. You know something? Whenever I am interviewed by a person such as yourself, that is interested in all the different aspects, I can't help but go over one point in my mind.

You find a person that is interested in the *Limbo of the Lost, The Bermuda Triangle*, persons interested in UFOs and you find they are interested in different areas and they have picked up a lot of excess knowledge about a lot of things. It is the mind opening, accepting, rather than the closed mind and I have run across people who have their minds so shut down that I would imagine tieing their shoes would be a problem in the morning.

Bond: Well, you know you can look at the person's face. I would imagine they are highly constipated, also.

Spencer: (Laughing). Alright, I'll buy that.

Bond: John, let's get back to the Bermuda Triangle, which is what *Limbo of the Lost* is all about. That last moment they radioed that everything went haywire and the last radio contact that I investigated and found out was on tape or something on record: "We seem to be lift...."

Now, that can be taken two ways: We seem to be lift*ed*. Now, again, if this was the case, and a large mother ship came over and took them away, of course in all the relatives believing their people are still alive because they don't sense the so-called "death" in their so-called psychic structure, what do you think personally happened?

Spencer: Alright, now I lecture all over the country and, at one point in the lecture, I stop and I ask the people what *they* think. (I'm very interested in what people are thinking.) Some of the things I get are fascinating.

I remember one bright lad at one particular university came out with a theory that was absolutely fantastically interesting. He said, "You know, we're studying on earth how history repeats itself. You can check and find that there are other empires very similar to the Roman Empire, very similar to the situation in the United States—one very similar to the British Empire. They keep going up and going down."

In fact, I was on a program with a fellow just recently who wrote a book named *You Can Still Make a Million,* and he said, "Many years ago a government became much concerned that beef was going way out of reach, the price was going up too high, so they put a freeze on the price of beef and the farmers don't like this so they took the beef across the border and sold it across the border."

Well, this is what happened during the Roman Empire. So if we were reading history, we wouldn't make the same mistakes. But, obviously, we're not concerned with history, we just go on making the same mistakes. We're limited to this sphere that we're on, but thousands of years from now we will have a different type of knowledge and that will be of the galaxy that we live in and possibly other planets have gone through the same area of development we have gone through and possibly they have annihilated themselves.

The scientists talk about the year 2005 as a very terrible year...most likely man will destroy himself, because we will face a very serious famine on earth. We are seeing it

(*Continued on page 58*)

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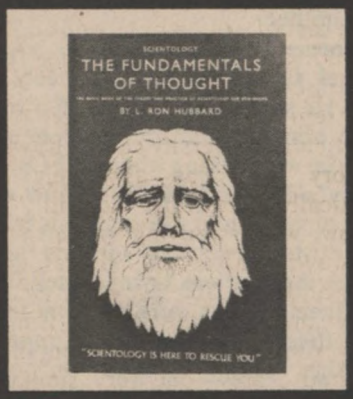

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Bond: This is what they give cancer patients, isn't it?

Spencer: Cobalt treatment, certainly. Now if this, on paper, could explode, start a chain reaction and the whole world become another burning sun, why do we have a stockpile of cobalt bombs? And why do the Russians have a stockpile of cobalt bombs?

Bond: Because again, fear attracts fear and if one nation has power the other one has to have power also. It's one of these particular conflicting things. In other words, the same thing happened back in ancient times. That's what happened to Maldek which is now a so-called asteroid belt between, I think, Jupiter and the Earth and science will prove this and so will astronomers. There *is* a large asteroid belt. It was a planet similar to earth, but again, man destroyed itself on this particular planet, much like ourselves.

Spencer: I am glad you brought that up because it ties right into this whole theory. If these people are watching us and know that we are following the same course of disaster that the other planets have followed, but they do not wish to interfere, they may possibly be taking a sampling of the people off this planet and their machinery and their buildings, transporting them to another planet in the galaxy that can sustain life so that when this one goes it is not all destroyed, so there is something left to continue on the population of the earth. It's an exciting theory and it's not one that you can take lightly.

Bond: I mentioned to you earlier, when I came into your apartment here, what 40 psychics and myself did. You see, I am a teacher of parapsychology and metaphysical techniques. I have been doing it for many years. I have been investigating UFOs and paranormal occurrences also and we projected out to that fateful day, December 5, 1945, to find out where those pilots were, and to *find* the pilots.

And we have some conjecture now. Amongst 40 psychics who were getting these psychic impressions as to where these pilots are. We intuned to one particular man. We found him. And to our estimation, he is still alive.

Of course, we cannot come out and tell the whole, complete story. Again, there are so many scientific minds out there that would be so willing and ready to put us down and we would subject to ridicule (ready for the funny farm and we should be weaving baskets in the country some place, you know). If science would only start to develop the "Inner Space," they would accomplish more in one year than they would in 100 years if they started looking within for the answers, and stop running from one textbook to another and from one man's opinion to another.

Spencer: I think Prof. J. Allen Hynek summed it up very nicely one day. He said he was sitting in a room with almost a hundred astronomers and he was talking about UFOs and everybody was looking at him with sort of weird looks because his fellow scientists did not hold with his theory at all. And he was trying to tell them the facts; he was working from facts, not theory. And as this happened another fellow walked in, quite excited, and said the people outside were looking up and we think there's a UFO flying around this area! And, he said, *not one man got up to go outside and look.*

Bond: John, in your investigations have you ever heard about colonization of extraterrestrials living upon the earth?

Spencer: Oh, yes, Sure.

Bond: I mean, do you think you have ever met one? Of course, he would certainly not tell you.

Spencer: No, he wouldn't tell you and you'd have no way of knowing it because they are humanoid types.

Bond: Yes, as in Rome, do as the Romans do...subtle disguise in every way.

There's a person named A-lan who has convinced the townspeople where he lives that they knew him as a child. He has a dog and the children to prove it, you know, and everything else.

But, he is living in a little colony in Jersey some place, and Wanaque, N.J. is another very famous sighting ground over the reservoir and I was told, one time, that there is a shopping center at Wanaque shaped like an "L" and on top of the shopping center there are blue lights to attract UFOs for some particular reason. □

CAT CREATURES AND STRANGE BEINGS/*continued from page 25*

ster sitting on a railing outside of his apartment.

"He told me he saw the thing when he opened the window curtain about 11:15 P.M.," Ezell told newsmen. "He thought it was all a practical joke because the subject was perched on the railing. It looked like some monkey or ape. He thought it was a joke until it turned its head and looked at him, then jumped off its perch on the second floor railing onto the ground 17 feet below.

"The man told me the person ran from the area on all fours, something like an ape or monkey would," Officer Ezell went on. "He described it as wearing only pants which covered his leg to near his knee.

"He said it had a horribly distorted face, as if it had been in a fire. It had hair all over its face, upper parts of the body and lower parts of its legs."

A group of soldiers from Ft. Still encountered the monster fifteen minutes later, and they freely admitted that the thing had frightened them.

The wolfman was sighted on Friday and Saturday nights in Lawton. Sunday night was quiet, and on Monday night, Major Clarence Hill, commander of the police patrol division, sent out an alert to be on careful watch for the "wolfman."

But the nightmarish creature, whoever or whatever he might have been, had already moved back into the dimension from which he had come—or else it had traveled north to make its den under an old farmhouse near Fouke, Arkansas.

Bobby Ford, 25, moved into the old Crank place near Fouke on May 1, 1971. He had lived in the home for less than five days when he had a face-to-face encounter with a six-foot tall, hairy monster. Ford was quoted in an Associated Press release as saying the creature had frightened him so badly that he had run "right through the front door—without opening it."

Lest the reader be tempted to laugh too readily at Bobby Ford's "feet-get-moving" attitude toward the unknown, he should be reminded that one day he might find himself similarly confronted by a creature possessed of the ability to run through the doors between dimensions without opening them. □

THE FIRE THAT DOES NOT BURN/*continued from page 28*

"It was real fire," Van Paassen wrote: "It crackled and threw off a blistering heat, and I felt, and I was not hypnotized." And into this inferno walked the marabout—and was not scorched, nor his cloak or turban singed. It was not just fire-walking over hot coals; it was incredible survival of both men and garments in flames that should have consumed both to ashes in moments.

Medieval legend spoke of the salamander, a creature that could live within flames. It may be that this tradition reflects an awareness of the "psychic unburning fire"—and its at least occasional transfer of its qualities to normal fire, as in the case recorded by Van Paassen. □

Footnote: *That the family name in both the New Hampshire and West Virginia cases should be Taylor is probably a mere coincidence—or is it?*

MEMORY PILLS

Scientists are coming close to coming up with a pill you can pop to make you remember things. And, if they do, learning is going to be a lot easier for students to swallow. This year Dr. Georges Ungar and Dr. S. R. Burzynsky of Baylor College of Medicine isolated in a test-tube the memory in a rat's brain of the sound of an electric bell. Memory, they found, is a chemical thing—a chain of certain basic chemicals of life called amino acids.

Ungar also trained mice to fear the dark by electric shocks and isolated the memory of this is a molecule he dubbed "scotophobin" (from the Greek word for this fear). He then synthesized it into a man-made molecule equally potent to the natural one. "We may someday use this process to duplicate memory codes to improve brain functions of the mentally retarded and we might be able to cure drug addicts and alcoholics with it," he says.

Injections of RNA extracts are said to improve memory in rats. Vitamin B 12 is said to increase the RNA level in the brain. Could B-12 pills improve memory? "It's too early in our experiments to say," he feels.

Hyperbaric oxygen is also being experimented with as a memory enhancer for senile persons. In recent experiments after sitting in a hyperbaric oxygen chamber for 90 minutes twice a day, for a week, the subjects' scores on memory tests improved 25 per cent.

The widely-held belief that one forgets bad experiences but remembers good ones has been supported by experiments at Princeton University where electric shock accompanied the learning of certain words—and not others. Shock-associated words were forgotten fifteen per cent more than shock-free ones, indicating that one does, indeed, tend to forget unpleasant experiences and things associated with them. □

the theory that it is best to expand the chest. This is backward. It results in a pulling upward of the skin in the abdominal area pushing the internal organs upward. However, the diaphragm is trying to move downward and thus cannot do so adequately. If the abdomen is stuffed, it is difficult to breathe abdominally anyway. Properly, the whole abdomen should be pushed forward, away from the back, with the rib cage remaining immobile until that part of the inhalation is complete, then expanded. One must teach this to oneself until it becomes automatic. Under no circumstances should breathing be discontinuous, and it should only be done through the nose. During speech we should spend as much time inhaling normally through the nose as exhaling. All restrictions on the waist, *no matter how apparently loose*, restrict breathing and thinking. Belts should be worn low on the hips or not at all and then opened in front as often as possible, especially when the body is bent in sitting.

4) Yoga of Meditation

Meditation is intensive thinking done anywhere, anytime. Its purpose is to resolve the problems of life, to bring the mind under control. Combining the best elements from the theories of meditative technique with the computer analogy of the brain (memory as computer storage, bit-by-bit input with instantaneous output, or result) plus the principles of reverse psychology, one arrives at a simple effective meditation technique.

Let us look at it in application. Consider the concepts: light and sunshine. Here we sit in a room blocking the sunshine from ourselves. Even if we go outside, our clothing continues to keep the light from us. This is almost always true of all members of "civilized" society from birth, to and beyond, death. Further clothing constricts us, prevents our skin from breathing, is expensive and inconvenient, and is partially the cause of the very low quality of our existence, all because we are living, most of the time, at the lowest level of human consciousness, not having resolved our sexual problems, afraid, ashamed and ignorant of our bodies. Such abysmal reality is certainly a subject for meditation.

The subject is described. What does our higher self to which we are now yoked tell us to do? Go outside; take off as much of our clothing as the laws we have made to restrict ourselves permit. At least our higher self will tell us to take off our shoes, jackets, ties; unbutton buttons; unconstrict ourselves. That is just a beginning. Carrying this meditation technique to its greatest effectiveness, we will start to reverse all of the "restrict ourselves from the light and sunshine" thought bits accumulated in our memory banks throughout our lives. Reprogram the program. We start saying to ourselves "I don't like clothing," "less clothing," or, positively, "sunshine is good," "light," "sunshine." Shorter bits, thought commands, are easier to remind ourselves to say and repeat; positive ones create more happiness. Repeat these instructions over and over again. Soon they will become habitual, and we will find ourselves becoming more and more conscious of the quantity of clothing with which we cover ourselves. We will find ourselves wearing less and less at every opportunity, more and more out in the sunshine. These thoughts will come happily without our even trying. Following our own instructions will then compound our happiness. Further, we can say (or chant or sing) out loud or to ourselves "let the sunshine in" with each exhalation, inhaling normally between exhalations, picturing sunlight entering our bodies, especially our hearts, as we sing.

Now let us apply this technique to the development of psychotronic abilities. These abilities are the natural powers of the higher mind. How do we develop them? Will them, using the same types of thought commands, but don't want them. As soon as we become in the least apprehensive of, desirous of, dependent upon the outcome (lower level thoughts), it will not happen. We have seen this occur in psychotronic demonstrations and tests. When the subjects are completely relaxed, the results are good and repeatable. The converse is equally true. They all tell us, "I just will it to happen. I don't care or even want to know why." They understand.

As one develops one's will, one will develop one's own meditation techniques and program. I have demonstrated various psychotronic abilities to myself, some of which astound me. However, I believe it is out of order to do so when there are so many lower thoughts in my mind, such as, "I like meat," or "I don't like what that person is doing." I meditate on the commands "relax," "breathe," "think positive," "smile," "be happy," "be strong," "I am God," "we are God," and a number of others.

PROGNOSIS FOR MANKIND

• The whole of humanity has progressed, explosively compared to the period before 1945, from consciousness levels one and two to three, all in the last 28 years. Everyone is listening to the radio, going to the cinema, learning to read, going to school, becoming educated. On the third level we begin to learn how to manage our body properly, about love and universality. From here it is just a few short steps, a short time, to the top of the mountain. It is obvious, to me, that mankind will reach the seventh level of consciousness soon, at least by January first, 2000 A.D. It has even been predicted. □

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Tokolshi, The Black Ghost Of Africa

Spectral huntsmen have haunted certain European forests for hundreds of years. King Henry IV recorded an encounter with *Le Piquer Noir* which occurred at Fountainebleau in 1601. This ghost, sometimes called Le Chausseur Maudit (immortalized into a musical suite by Caesar Franck) was usually sighted on a black horse and was said to be black-skinned. Always presaging disaster, one of the King's party was accidentally killed as he galloped past a low-lying tree on that particular occasion.

In Germany, a similar apparition has appeared from time to time, known as Schwarze Jaeger, in the Black Forest. A certain Count Gleichen, member of an ancient lineage (and collateral of the present British Royal Family) was hunting in the Forest one day when the ghostly rider sidled up to him and his companion. They took him to be a wayfarer and thought little of him as the three galloped along for several miles. Then the mounted stranger encouraged the Count's horse to ride faster so that they outdistanced the other man.

Count Gleichen was never seen again, and near the reputed site of his weird disappearance some archaeologists, working in the district in 1963, found some human bones hidden in the recess of a subterranean cavern, which dated back to the early Seventeenth Century under radiocarbon tests.

So much for the European sightings of an equestrian huntsman. The African version is called Tokoloshi and has brought terror to the white and black men who have encountered him. Evidence of the cunning, swift, monster ghost, usually seen riding a monstrous animal, is well attested by sober-minded persons. Authenticated accounts by certain Roman Catholic missionaries are contained in several volumes on Tokoloshi kept at the Biblioteca Apostolica in the Vatican in Rome.

Skeptical people point to the fact that most of Africa still lives in the mental state of the Middle Ages with all the accessories of the Dark Centuries, so that one must expect the practices of sorcery and witchcraft. A superstition such as Tokoloshi, they insist, is a patent anachroism whose existence is only possible in a land where blind faith in the Supernatural go hand-in-hand with a passionate love of the mysterious. Apparently the skeptics do not bother to explain his counterpart in Europe.

Contemplative persons, however, are aware that it is risky in Africa to shrug shoulders at the strange stories told "up country", always in solemn tones which almost forbid challenge and doubt. Tokoloshi is by no means the only important supernatural manifestation, but sightings of him are significant because they have been so well witnessed.

During the travels of David Livingstone in Central and Eastern Africa in search of the true source of the Nile, he heard of Tokoloshi, who was usually blamed by the natives for odd illnesses, bad weather, poor crops, and even cases of insanity. "The Jungle Demon has set his spite on us", the natives would say to him. And when Livingstone was faced with difficulties such as inundations a guide said to him, "Tokoloshi does not like your coming to these parts. Your entry into his solitudes disturbs his hunting."

There can hardly be any doubt that the great Scottish missionary and explorer did more than anyone else to lift the veil from the Dark Continent. With his practical genius he was enabled to live amicably with what to others might have been hostile natives, and among his great achievements were the discovery of Victoria Falls, and the important Lakes Mweru and Bangwelo.

All the same, Dr. Livingstone learned to accept rather than reject

BY PATRICK MAHONY

the odd theories of his black friends. "Look at that," said one of his natives, pointing to a distant mountain. "That is Tokoloshi lying in his green mantle, awaiting the day when he will rise to strike us again . . . "

On another occasion, when the caravan was marching during an unusually bright early morning by the banks of a river, the great traveler was suddenly alerted by the word "Halt!" from his chief guide.

"What's happened?" he asked angrily, gazing up at a cloudless sky.

"Didn't you notice, Master, that the birds have ceased to fly and the coats of our dogs are bristling? Earth and sky have stopped breathing. This means that Tokoloshi is stirring from his subterranean palace to go forth amongst us . . . "

Dr. Livingstone had noticed a sudden lull in the wind and a feeling of impending suspense, but his reply was typical of him. "Believe in God and all will be well," he counseled.

"No hope, Master. The Spirit Huntsman will ravage us whenever he pleases."

In November 1871, the great traveler made his accidental rendezvous with H.M. Stanley, the Anglo-American newspaper writer who had been sent there by the New York Herald to find him. This happened at Ujiji on Lake Tanganika where Livingstone was resting softly after much privation and suffering. Stanley had been traveling in his search almost a year through the Eastern and Central parts of the Continent with much needed supplies. It was at Ujiji that he uttered his famous words, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

He nursed the enfeebled explorer back to health, gave him the supplies to continue his explorations further, then returned to London where an avid and worried public rejoiced to learn news of their hero who was risking his life in the cause of Christianity.

Determined to make renewed incursions into the Luapula-Luapula Basin, thus hoping to solve the Nile-Congo drought problem, Livingstone traveled as far as the village of Tahtambo, where he was taken ill. Fortunately the local Chief, whose domain extended over a large area of Lake Bangwelo, was friendly and offered him and his followers shelter. Actually he was suffering from the last stages of dysentery as well as a rare tropical fever, but mentally he was as alert as ever.

It was at this last stop of his life that he experienced a firsthand encounter with Tokoloshi, which has been suppressed by his biographers who may have regarded it as the ravings of a feeble brain. It occurred on the 13th of March 1873 and was published by Major Dangerfield, the English explorer, who heard it a little later from the Chief of Tahtambo. It appeared in his *Travels in Equatorial Africa,* which he wrote serially for the *Morning Post.*

It was evening and the sun was going down in a blaze of color far out on the Lake where all the tropical beauties were finely reflected. Dr. Livingstone was lying on the floor inside one of the native huts. He lay dead still, his head propped up so that he could contemplate the scene through the open door.

Without warning, as if from an explosion from the water, a huge form emerged and came rushing towards the hut as if intent on charging into it. Witnesses noted that it was black from head to foot and similar to a human being—with two exceptions. It wore no face of human form and it was able to move by leaps and bounds without making any sound. Where the face should have been there was an expressionless blank, and for eyes there were two mud-like pools, like dark brown algae, that stared ferociously without focusing.

As the devout Livingstone clasped his hands together in a prayer for de-

liverance, he said a sensation of incredible evil came over him. He felt a sudden warmth, even more heated than the fever that was soon to carry him off—a warmth that was far from physical, far more cloying and suffocating. The visitation happened in the matter of an instant, passing over the hut and into oblivion. No doubt the Chief of Tahtambo knew it was Tokoloshi but he took note of Dr. Livingstone's description which was "A creature clothed in the flesh of the dead, an unearthly being, an abomination of Nature . . . "

In his serial for the *Morning Post,* Major Dangerfield tells of his own supernatural experience in Africa, where he was making a study of primitive man. In this pursuit he would sometimes follow the tracks of his human quarry, often enough mixed with those of rhinoceros and buffalo. Like Livingstone, he had the gift of ingratiating himself with usually unfriendly natives, the savage jungle dwellers who still today live apart from the tamer tribes in the forests of remote sections of the upcountry in Central Africa.

On one of his treks into the Interior the Major and his guides were camping near a small body of water. He had been used to hearing talk from the natives of strange experiences which he dismissed as phantoms of their over-active imaginations. Therefore he did not feel any cause for alarm when one of his party told him, with incomprehensible gestures, that all was not well in the camp. A man had been to the oasis nearby to fetch some water and returned as if being pursued. It was feared that Tokoloshi was abroad again!

In his humorous manner, Dangerfield said he would take the matter under advisement. Next evening, however, he went himself to the oasis for a stroll. A brilliant white moon, always larger and brighter in Africa than anywhere else, shone reflectively on the water. He had not been there for very long when there appeared almost in front of him a weird object, which later he recalled as having "a horrible and revolting presence . . . " On second thoughts, he said, it was "a representation of that which had never been born and could never die." And what impressed him more than any other feature of the creature was that it had no face. It was the same round black apparition with two large staring apertures in place of eyes as noted by Dr. Livingstone. It stood before him, seizing him with fear in a moment that was an agony. Suddenly it struck the Major with a blow that left no injury but sent him sprawling face downwards into the water. His cries for help were heard at the camp-site and two natives ran to him, spears at the ready. Together they helped the trembling Major Dangerfield to his tent, where they all knew what had happened to him before he was able to tell of it.

As for Dr. David Livingstone, the natives of Tahtambo village had learned to love him and wanted a part of his remains left behind. After he died, on 1st May, 1873, the Chief ordered his heart to be cut out and to be buried at the foot of a sacred tree—possibly as a sacrifice to placate Tokoloshi. Only what remained of his body went back to London for burial in Westminster Abbey on 18th April, 1874. □

NOTES ON THE PARANORMAL

By GENE STEINBERG

THE TRIANGLE AGAIN

At long last, there may be some solid, scientific evidence that something strange is really going on in the Bermuda Triangle.

Over 100 ships and planes have disappeared in this anomalous region over the past century or so—but it has taken a series of best-selling books and renewed interest in the paranormal to bring all this to general attention.

And now, a physics instructor from Virginia says that signals from polar-orbiting weather satellites are knocked out for some strange reason while they're over the Triangle region. In a recent UPI dispatch, the instructor, Wayne Meshejian, attributes it to "some kind of external energy source under the water."

Meshejian says these weather satellites transmit pictures of weather conditions in a sequence of two—first the clear picture, then an infrared one. The rub is that the infrared picture is stored momentarily on magnetic tape inside the satellite. Whenever the satellite passes over the Triangle, the infrared photo is wiped off Meshejian's receiver.

Proof that something is amiss in Satan's Triangle?

Not so, says Jack Glover of the National Environmental Satellite Service. Glover claims he can "guarantee it's nothing in the Bermuda Triangle, anymore than there's a hole in the North pole as some people think."

Meshejian counters, "We've been plotting satellite pictures for three years. For the last two the NOAA satellites have been misbehaving. It's not just my receiver. Anyone in range will notice."

Now if the scientists would quit squabbling and start looking for some source of radio disturbance in the Atlantic Ocean we might move a little closer to some answers of what's behind it all.

1974—THE YEAR THAT WASN'T

Towards the middle of the year, rumors cropped up about an imminent breakthrough in UFO investigation, and even some kind of admission from U.S. government authorities that they knew more about the elusive discs than they had been telling us.

A man who was promoting a UFO convention (who will be unnamed here, for obvious reasons) became a national personality for a brief period of time with the revelation that the Air Force had some UFO pilots on ice (literally!).

Well, I and a lot of other people checked all this out, and found out that the convention promoter was merely resurrecting an old tale about a crashed UFO that dates back to the late 1940's. The late Frank Scully wrote about it in his 1950 book, *Behind the Flying Saucers.* The pilots of the craft were supposedly found in the wreckage, and taken to Wright-Patterson Air Force base in Dayton, Ohio, headquarters of the now-defunct Project Bluebook (the military UFO investigation agency).

The new rumor was no more true than the old one. And in an era where things like the Pentagon Papers and the Watergate burglary leak like a sieve into all of the newspapers, something as earth-shattering as a real honest-to-goodness UFO crew in our hands inevitably would also be revealed by some recalcitrant military man somewhere to a Jack Anderson or some other reporter.

No such fact has surfaced, the rumor has never been confirmed, and I wonder why someone would bring it up at this late date if he didn't have some ulterior motive in mind, like filling a convention hall (which he seems to have done, incidentally).

So much for the crashed saucer story....

And then there were those rumors about government revelations about UFOs. The major rumor concerned the NBC-TV special on UFOs, broadcast in December. All sorts of expectations arose over that program, even to the extent of an actual government announcement of where they *really* stood on the UFO problem.

But the show itself—if well presented and fair-minded—was nevertheless a rehash and nothing more. It was good to see lots of old friends on national television, but the program (surprisingly, considering the subject matter) was otherwise rather dull.

1975 can only be an improvement (I hope)....

PA'S FLASHING UFO

Sometimes it just doesn't pay to answer the telephone.

Last November, I awakened writer Curt Sutherly from a deep sleep to dispatch him far across the state of Pennsylvania in search of a story about a crashed UFO.

Curt wrote:

"Arriving in Carbondale about 5 p.m., I decided to check out the local police station... Now it was my understanding that noteworthy scientist Dr. J. Allen Hynek was supposed to arrive in town to run the UFO recovery show. The thought passed through my head as I stepped into the police building. Hynek never arrived, and I soon learned why..."

Curt asked acting Police Chief Francis Dottle about the story.

"Dottle never said a word. Instead he held up a weird-looking object about three inches in diameter and not more than eight inches in height. It had a half-ring shaped handle and was made of some highly polished metal."

The saucer, it seems, turned out to be nothing more than an electric railroad lantern. But that doesn't end our tale. It seems a real UFO sighting may have actually been reported after all—and we're checking this out. □

BY ALEX SAUNDERS

THE COTTAGE THAT WASN'T THERE!

An American solider came face-to-face with the unknown in this strange World War II encounter.

During World War II, famed novelist John Steinbeck wrote a number of on-the-scene stories about the American fighting man. Telephoned across the sea, his hastily-written pieces from England, Italy and Africa appeared in many newspapers, among them the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Bantam Books brought Steinbeck's wartime writings to the public in 1960.

The most interesting story, in my opinion, was the one written in London on July 14, 1943. It bore the title "The Cottage That Wasn't There," and concerned a reminiscing and much-troubled U.S. sergeant, unnamed by Steinbeck, who found England a country difficult to figure out. The people were not easily understood because of their customs, speech, actions, etc.

What bothered him the most was a "ghost" story that he did not believe happened, yet knew to have occurred. Ghosts indeed! How could one take such nonsense seriously in these modern times? Really now!

Still, this particular ghost story refused to stay clear of his mind. Just now the sergeant had been thinking about it, and ended up feeling as helplessly baffled as ever.

The sergeant (let us henceforth refer to him as Sgt. Miller) was stationed at a little camp up in the country. About a mile away was a village usually frequented in the evening for beer or maybe a game of darts.

While there one evening, he remembered some paper work awaiting back at camp, so he decided to return early. His buddies had no such ideas, being far too busy flirting with the barmaid.

Sgt. Miller started out alone under the darkening sky where stars twinkled demurely from between large-sized clouds. The feeling of approaching rain was in the air.

The road back to camp was a familiar one. It was a narrow road, sort of cut down, like a trench, with hedges on both sides obscuring the fields beyond.

About halfway back to camp, a light shone out onto the road. One row of the hedge gave way to a small, garden-fronted cottage. Then came a fence, and a big, square window with little panes. From here issued the light.

Sgt. Miller stopped to look through the window. The room within was warm and cozy; a small fireplace burned cheerily. On a table rested a lamp that revealed such things as a white cat sleeping on a chair. The only other occupant was a woman, about 50, who was sewing while sitting beside the table under the lamp.

For a minute Miller stared inside, reluctant to leave a view so relaxingly peaceful. But then he moved on, and as he did so, something began to tug at the back of his mind, an indication that things were not as they should be.

Then it came. Quick as a finger snap! The cottage had no blackout curtains! Since he had been stationed in this district ten months ago he had never—not once—seen a light issue from that window at night. And, revealed with such unmistakable boldness as it was, the light was a very serious matter. If that woman did not pull her blackout curtains, she would get a stiff fine from some duty-minded country cop on patrol.

As Sgt. Miller turned around to head back and warn her, he noted that the cottage could not be seen. But the light shining out on the road was unmistakable. He thought to himself: "What the hell, maybe no cop will come by," and swung around to resume his walk back to camp.

Soon a frown marred his forehead. Again he felt that all was not right. Just what the trouble was completely eluded him. A light rain began to fall. The thought of the work he had to do did not drive away the persistent feeling that something was wrong.

Then, just as he was about to turn into camp, the answer plummeted into his mind. Now he knew what had seemed amiss.

There was no cottage halfway back on the road! Just four stone walls all black from fire. For early in the blitz, a German fire bomb had demolished the cottage utterly.

This was the story told to John Steinbeck by an American soldier in England on a summer day in 1943, a man who was worried because he did not believe the story he had just told.

Yet—it had happened to him! □

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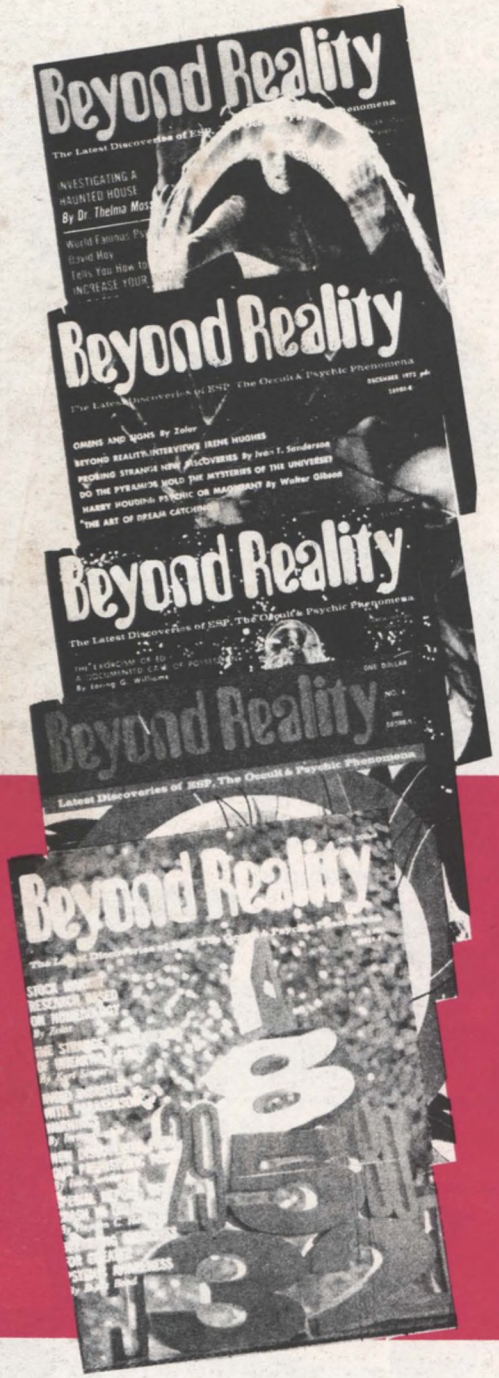

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