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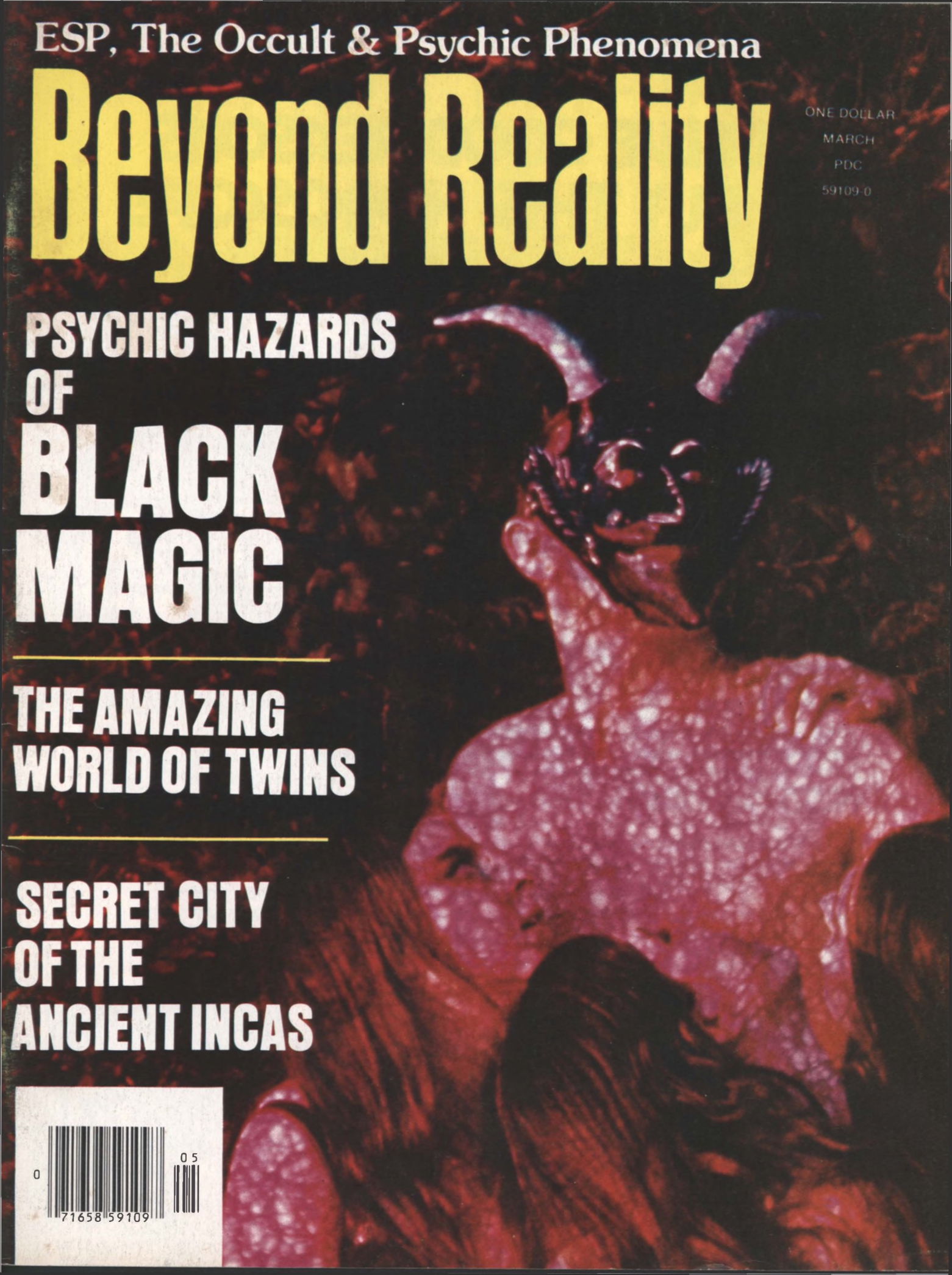

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BEYOND REALITY MAGAZINE is published bi-monthly by Beyond Reality Magazine, Inc., P.O. Box 428, Nanuet, New York 10954. Single copy price $1.00, subscription, $6.00 per year. Add $1.00 for foreign. No responsibility whatsoever is accepted for unsolicited manuscripts or photos and, none will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Second class postage paid at Nanuet, New York. © 1976. No part of this publication may reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Printed in the U.S.A.

EDITORIAL

When our editorial staff got together and decided to compile a special issue on "Pyramid Power," we had to hold our breath for awhile because, as many of you know, in a society as predominantly technocratic as our own, issues like "Pyramid Power" just don't get put into magazines. Well, we took a step forward, the issue has nearly sold out, and we are still being swamped for copies by unfortunate readers who couldn't pick up a copy at their news stand!

This is proof to me of one thing above all else, that people are ridding themselves of the "blinders" which direct the mind, like an old work horse, in one direction only. Whether or not "Pyramid Power" works [and believe me, it does, I tried it!] is not the real point here: it is, rather, the fact that people are looking into something new and different, opening up their minds to new and exciting thoughts...that is the point. And I want to take this opportunity to thank all you readers who have made this issue so successful, but also in showing me that your minds are still open to new modes of thought.

Now, all of us are familiar with the "Mummy's Curse"; but, how many people have looked at the other side of the coin, how many of you are aware of the strange "blessings" which befall many who come into contact with MUMMIES? The point is, I guess, that if you are looking for evil, then that's what you are going to find, evil; and if you're looking for good, then you're going to find it. Personally, I thought this article was good because it brought into focus both sides of the coin and may well point to the folly of believing in CURSES at all.

Our staff is presently at work researching lost and ancient civilizations and has come up with extensive information in support of the theory that thousands of years ago our planet was visited by super-civilized beings from another planet. There is much evidence purported and documented by some of the world's leading scientists to support Von Daniken, himself, in his thesis that planet Earth was visited by GODS FROM OUTER SPACE. This proves to be an interesting issue and well-worth watching for.

Another subject of recent interest in the headlines is our friend, BIGFOOT, that elusive "apeman" known, if only by his footprints, to be active in Northwestern California and Southern Oregon. And we have new information forthcoming from one of our staff members who has been out in that area tracking down BIGFOOT for the last few months.

As always, please continue to write since it was your letters that helped us to find the right direction in the first place-to discover your areas of interest and, thereby, give you the type of journal you are looking for. And when you write be sure to include a self-addressed-stamped-envelope for a prompt reply.

Sincerely,

Harry Belil, Editor/Publisher

NOW THERE'S A HOROSCOPE FOR THE TWO OF YOU

It takes more than love to make a relationship work. It takes understanding. And understanding comes from knowing. Do you really *know* the one you love?

By combining new astrology techniques with humanistic psychology, scientific analysis, and computer accuracy, Para Research has developed a new way of looking at a relationship.

Now there is a horoscope for the two of you. It's the Astral Composite, the world's first computerized *composite* horoscope. This 10,000-word report takes a look at your relationship by actually casting a horoscope of the relationship itself.

Until now astrologers have compared two people's horoscopes by superimposing one on the other. Such a comparison views the people as individuals who happen to be involved in a relationship. This is helpful to a point, but misleading and incomplete.

The Astral Composite is different from comparison horoscopes. As its name implies, it is a *composite* of the two natal charts. With this method a third chart is created, a chart of the relationship itself. When two people come together to form a relationship, something new emerges. They are still the same two people, of course, but together they are something else as well. Together they are the relationship. This is what the Astral Composite is all about.

This method of analyzing human relationships was developed about 30 years ago. Today most astrologers still adhere to the old comparison method. One astrologer in particular, Robert Hand, has further developed the composite technique for a new kind of horoscope. The result of his work is the first complete text on composite horoscopes in any language. It is now available to you as the Astral Composite from Para Research, America's leading producer of computer horoscopes.

What does the Astral Composite consist of?

1+1=3. An Astral Composite is three charts in one. First the computer calculates the natal charts of the two people involved. Next these two charts are combined to form a third chart, the chart of the relationship. This is followed by a reading of the chart, describing the potentialities of the relationship. All the factors of love, money, and friendship are taken into account. This helps point out the kind of relationship that works best for the two of you. You may be great together as lovers, but when it comes to a more lasting commitment, you may be heading for trouble. Better to be prepared than to fall into a situation unknowingly.

The Astral Composite not only points out the strengths and weaknesses in your relationship, it also offers astrological advice on how to improve the relationship. Even the most difficult planetary combinations in the composite chart can be turned into positive forces. With your Astral Composite you will be able to enrich your relationship to the fullest degree.

Specifically, this is what you get when you order your Astral Composite at the remarkable introductory price of only $10:

- Three charts: a natal chart of each person plus the composite.
- An introduction describing the meaning of each planet.
- Planets in the houses: divisions of the horoscope describing different areas of the relationship. The positions of the Sun and Moon show the main emphasis of the relationship.
- All major planetary aspects: these are important to understanding the dynamics of the relationship. Conjunctions, sextiles, squares, trines, oppositions are included, as well as aspects to the Ascendant.
- Accurate calculations: an IBM 370-158 computer is used to provide accuracy to the nearest minute of arc. (Our accuracy depends on the accuracy of your birth data. See coupon below.)
- Text by Robert Hand: Mr. Hand is a specialist in the field of astrology for human relationships. He is the first and only astrologer to write an extensive work on composite charts.
- Approximately 10,000 words and 25 pages in an easy-to-read beautifully-bound book format.
- Money-back guarantee: the Astral Composite is unconditionally guaranteed by Para Research. If unsatisfied, simply return the horoscope for a full refund.

We would like to emphasize that this is not just a love horoscope. It is a full-dimensional analysis of a relationship. There is no other horoscope in the world that can compare to the Astral Composite. It represents the most exciting development in astrology since the invention of the computer. It is truly unique.

You are invited to partake in what we feel will be a revealing experience for the two of you... and your relationship.

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ASTRAL COMPOSITE

☐ I am sure of the accuracy of the birth time indicated. I enclose $10 for our Astral Composite.

☐ I am not positive about the birth time. I enclose 50¢ for a booklet and instructions as to where to write for accurate birth information.

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Address

City State Zip

My Birth Data:

Date: Mo. Day Yr. Time: AM/PM

Place:

Birth Data of

Date: Mo. Day Yr. Time: AM/PM

Place:

Mail to: Para Research, Box 7Q Lanesville, MA 01930

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

I was very interested in an article entitled "Insights on Space and Time" in the March-April, 1975 issue. On page 20, the author Clyde E. Quade, Jr. said there were 12 locations on the earth where people and things have been known to disappear quite often. I know of the famous Bermuda Triangle and an area south of Japan called the Devil's Sea which has had quite a few unexplained disappearances, but I am unfamiliar with the others.

Please send me thenames of the others.

Pam McClure
College Park, Ga.

The late Ivan T. Sanderson, world renowned Fortean researcher, said there were eight such areas around the world. We would refer you to his books, available at your local bookstore or at your public library, for complete details. —*Editor*

Dear Editor,

As per your TV program offer, please send me your free booklet on Pyramid Power and information on how to subscribe to your magazine, Beyond Reality. The program was most interesting.

Joseph L. Rethy
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editor,

Please send me information on Pyramid Power as advertised on the TV show, Also, I enjoy your show very much.

Newtyn Becker
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editor,

Your show last night (witchcraft rituals) was fantastic. Please send me subscription information for your magazine Beyond Reality.

Lita Johnson
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Editor,

I caught the last 10 or 15 minutes you your tv program tonight and I wish I had seen the whole program. The area of discussion is one that I have been more than a little interested in for a long time.

Although I do not have a great deal of statistical or historical knowledge committed to memory, I have acquired, through reading and personal involvement, a firm, well-rounded base of knowledge in the paranormal or psychic phenomenon fields of interest and have wanted, for a long time, to become acquainted with people of similar interests who do not place so much importance on the sensational aspects of these occurrences.

Steve Krotz
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editor,

This is my second letter to your publication and I'm at this point certain it shan't be the final such; merely the second in a never-ending sequel—giving you advice, which you doubtlessly need, opinions, commentary, remarks-in-general, and whatever else I can find time to spare.

About your current attempt at aspiring heights of periodical grandeur...

Let me say this about that: the cover was the most breath-taking thing I have seen in a l-o-n-g time, and I mean that. It was so awe-inspiring I may frame it. And I mean that too. The three-color effect was tremendous. If all your covers were as good, you could almost sell the magazine on them alone. Alas, you'll probably botch this good work up by following it up with something less grand—two color or something. I see you plan a UFO issue for the next attempt; now that could *really* give artistic possibilities. Don't be

like your competitors who scribble *UFO* all over the cover. That's stupid when a good illustration of work of art can tell me the same thing only more interestingly. Hell, I show these magazines to my friends when they're good. If not so good—I shove 'em under a desk somewhere and forget I ever bought 'em.

Now: to the contents of ye old *Pyramid Power*...

Your array of articles was somewhat better than average (meaning that you're finally getting away from all that psychic baloney, Aunt Arlene's ghost, and the usual junk stuff run; I can read the same sort of garbage in *FATE*—whenever I bother to pick up a copy of that too-old magazine, that is).

The Backus mini-interview was so-so. But then every magazine has a so-so feature (only *BR* usually has a magazine full of them). Who in the hell ever titled Sutherly's article: *Those Maddening Animal Mutilations??* I was almost put off by that very thing, but it seemed so corny that I actually was compelled to read further; glad that I did, too. The "plot-line" made sense—in a bizarre sort of way, but then I guess that's what happens when a guy writes about cattle killers, Tom Snyder, his newspaper editor, and Lord only knows what else in the article. I'll give 'em a B-plus for the effort (I don't generally rate that high anyway, so I guess its a winner).

Now, let's see, what else do we have here? Ah yes, *Tarot Cards,* by one Allen Greenfield...Hmmm, the article didn't do much for me largely because I'm not into playing cards (oops: Greenfield said the Tarot aren't playing cards). But in all earnestness, the feature was moderately informative, well-presented, and if I got something out of it due to my lack of concern for the subject—then a Tarot buff should have had a field day. I *did* think the wrap-up was splendid..."Three Fools" indeed!

I didn't even read the "Dreams" article: too much of that stuff in circulation already...

The Uri Geller article was mildly interesting, but was merely a repeat of everything ever before printed on the Interesting Israeli. So I guess it falls into the so-so catagory. (I probably would have liked it more but the current *Reader's Digest* has an article by John Fuller—the *Interrupted Journey* man—on the same thing and recounts said events almost exactly).

Now we come to the GOOD one: *Pi and the Pyramid*, by Rick Lawler. Give Rick a healthy thank-you for me, will you Mr. Publisher (I'd address your underlings—meaning the associate editors or whatever—but I suspect they're all non-entities; I dare you to prove me wrong on that). But back at Lawler's prose: I loved it when he put ol' Doc Wilson, and especially that idiot Grouse in place. Imagine a scientist like Grouse really penning that stuff about a mathematicle problem being dependent on the selected unit of measurement in order to arrive at a value. Anyone—as Lawler so fantastically points out—should have the same despite whatever unit is used, whether "feet, meters, cubits, or the blockheads a thing or too. And the rest of the article was equally well presented. Did I say earlier I never go above a B-plus?? Well, I admit my error—give Lawler an A-minus...Oh yeah, about that "pi in the pyramid," Rick...???

Walsh's article was another so-so. It seemed rather dull after the above presentation. Her *Strange and Unknown* column was a good deal better...(rated at about C).

Building pyramids articles are almost as worthless as trying to fit a man under one of the pint-sized models you gave dimensions for. Tell me, where does "Christopher Roblee" get his specifications from (for the pyramids, I mean)? In fact, where does he get his name???

George Wagner's article was something between so-so and slightly better than average; but just where I'm not certain. I guess it depends how hot about the Sphinx one may be...

And further incidentally: In my last dispatch to your doorstep, I mentioned the fact that I didn't appreciate that stuff by Hero Bond (or whatever) on J. W. Spencer (Tracy). *Now* I read here—lemme quote it—"we will also feature an interview with Charles Berlitz, author of the best-selling hardcover book, *The Bermuda Triangle...*" Boy, you are asking for it! I've been reading that very book and since I'm now an expert on the Triangle (after all did'nt I tell you last time around that I was gonna fly through the area: well I did and I made it back in one piece), I'm gonna poke holes in some of ol' Charles theories. Thought I'd warn you in advance, is all.

Ya know, the potential for this magazine is tremendous. But somehow I don't think it'll ever get beyond what it now is (only fair, Publisher, only fair, although the last couple of issues have shown some improvement—provided you keep it up, which I doubt and which is why I say above that you'll never become a 100,000 issue magazine.

Ray Thomas Majors
Jonestown, Pa.

It is good to hear from you again, Mr. Majors.

Yes, the names on the masthead of the magazine are real. We do appreciate your criticisms, even if you don't agree with us very often.

Editor

BOOKS FOR REVIEW

THE GREAT BRITISH GHOST HUNT, by Hans Holzer, Bobbs-Merrill, New York, N.Y., $7.95.

The inveterate ghost hunter, Hans Holzer, travels through Great Britain, the home of haunted castles, old ruins and famous and little-known spectres, to unearth strange stories of ghostly doings in THE GREAT BRITISH GHOST HUNT.

With the skill and dedication that have made him famous in psychic circles, parapsychologist Holzer has traced a path through English and Scottish history, looking for the unexplainable. In the towers and turrets of London and Edinburgh and along misty roads in the English and Scottish countryside, he presents mysterious and fascinating psychic experiences concerning ghosts, reincarnation and ESP.

With the help of established mediums and clairvoyants, Holzer encounters the ghosts of famous queens—Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Mary, Queen of Scots, and Katherine Parr—some simply as wandering spirits, others appearing to inhabit the bodies of living persons.

Ordinary as well as famous people reappear from the past in Holzer's accounting. He investigates incidents involving the new tenants of old homes, where the spirits of past owners have appeared. In seeking out the ghosts at Blanchland, near Newcastle, he employed a medium who succeeded in contacting ghosts from the 12th, 13th and 18th centuries. Two different ghosts materialized and were questioned. Holzer speculated whether more unknown spirits exist in that house.

Thoroughly researched, THE GREAT BRITISH GHOST HUNT is a fascinating trip into the incredible world of apparitions and spirits.

———

THE COMPLETE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT, Dover Publications, New York, N.Y., $15.00.

When you hear references of Fortean or Forteana, the name Charles Fort is always in the back of your mind. Fort was the tireless researcher who early this century cataloged literally thousands of newspaper clippings and reports of that which science refuses to accept.

In the words of the old master, from his first book, "A procession of the damned.

"By the damned, I mean the excluded.

"We shall have a procession of data that Science has excluded."

There follows in Fort's unique style an astounding list of strange events that range from UFOs to falling frogs, to poltergeists, strange footprints in the snow, surviving fossil animals, and much more.

———

ILLUSTRATED ANTHOLOGY OF SORCERY, MAGIC AND ALCHEMY, by Emile Grillot de Girvy, Causeway Books, New York, $7.95.

This fascinating book was first published in French in 1929. It is a unique collection of the entire scope of occultism, with over 360 illustrations from a myraid of sources, dating from the Middle Ages to the eve of the nineteenth century.

Keeping in mind the old adage "a picture is worth a thousand words," the author has tied together these illustrations as the best possible way to learn about and understand the occult.

The text is translated by J. Courtenay Locke, and while it will not read like a modern thriller, the work is very engrossing indeed. Although its nearly 400 pages may seem like a formidible reading task, instead it's an amazing journey into a world that science dares not explain.

It is good to see this classic work in print again.

————

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE MAYA HIEROGLYPHS, by Sylvanus Griswold Morley, Dover publications, Inc., New York, N.Y., $3.00. Around 130 years ago, the discovery was made that the jungles of southern Mexico and the neighboring countries contained scattered remembrances of a high but vanished civilization—the Maya, with a system of writing so complicated and evolved as to render itself undecipherable in the face of some of the world's most prominent linguists. In the last hundred years, with much study, the system has gradually surrendered its secrets, glyph by glyph, with the eventual result that we can now read a fair amount of the inscriptions.

The published writings on the subject of the Maya hieroglyphs have been so voluminous, so widely scattered and often inaccessible, that it is difficult for students of Central American archaeology to really familiarize themselves with the accomplishments in this field of investigation. In this volume, Mr. Morley, who has devoted years

to the study of Mayan archaeology, concentrating particularly on the hieroglyphs, summarizes the results of this research to the present time. Here is a book that will enable the average reader a ready and a closer acquaintance with an interesting and an intricate subject.

———

HARMONIC 33, by Captain Bruce Cathie, Imported by Charles E. Tuttle Co., Inc., Rutland, Vermont, $8.95.

One summer evening in 1952, a young New Zealand pilot and six companions stood outside the local air club at Mangere airfield, Auckland, and for nearly 20 minutes watched a phenomenon that, they agreed, could only be an Unidentified Flying Object. From then on the pilot—Bruce Cathie, began a serious study of UFOs. And he has, since that day in 1952, made five more UFO sightings.

After a close analysis of these and other confirmed UFO sightings in New Zealand, he discovered that they occurred in a regular pattern that conformed to a systematic grid pattern. Further research proved that the New Zealand grid was a small part of a worldwide grid and that UFO sightings are interrelated with other natural but so far unexplained phenomena.

From these discoveries Captain Cathie has evolved a theory that is nothing short of astounding: "Even while you read this, interplanetary spaceships are rebuilding a world grid system from which, it appears, they can draw motive power, and they are possibly also using the grid for navigational purposes...."

Wouldn't it be fascinating to discover this incredible method of propulsion, especially in light of the worldwide energy crisis?

The skeptics may smile, and talk of "hallucinations," but UFOs are being taken very seriously indeed by the Governments of more than one great world power. HARMONIC 33 is a very important book indeed.

———

THE EDGAR CAYCE HANDBOOK FOR HEALTH THROUGH DRUGLESS THERAPY, by Harold J. Reilly and Ruth Hagy Brod, Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., New York, N.Y., $10.95.

For Americans who are victims of an overdrugged society, THE EDGAR CAYCE HANDBOOK FOR HEALTH THROUGH DRUGLESS THERAPY is a declaration of independence, according to author Dr. Harold J. Reilly. With co-author Ruth Hagy Brod, Reilly presents an at-home program for looking and feeling better based on the natural methods of Edgar Cayce, the "Sleeping Prophet" whose therapies helped thousands to better health for more than 40 years—often after medical science had given up hope.

Reilly's "Care" package for glowing health concentrates on restoring to normal balance four vital body functions—circulation, assimilation, relaxation and elimination—through an easy-to-follow regimen of diet, exercise, massage and water therapy. He shows how to set up an inexpensive home health and beauty spa utilizing many of the techniques employed in his renowned Health Institute in Rockefeller Center, which was frequented by the Duke of Windsor and other celebrities.

———

HOW TO TEST AND DEVELOP YOUR ESP, by Paul Huson, Somtein & Day, New York, N.Y., $8.95.

The ability to foresee the future, read the thoughts of others, and influence matter directly with our minds is a power everyone shares to some degree. It is also a power that can be developed.

HOW TO TEST AND DEVELOP YOUR ESP offers practical step-by-step techniques to enhance an individual's psychic potential. Author Huson offers techniques to enhance psychic potential as well as how to develop ESP, cultivate psychic "luck" and meaningful coincidences. He also outlines how one can be taught to see visions as psychics do. Psychic healing, remembering your own past incarnations, out-of-the-body projection techniques and methods of "dreaming true" are, according to Huson, also within the realm of psychic potential.

For the student of parapsychology, HOW TO TEST AND DEVELOP YOUR ESP contains a review of college courses offered for credit in the field, plus information on grants and scholarships.

LEE WALSH REPORTS ON THE

STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

POLTERGEIST,

where did you come from?
there's a tapping at my door!
are you slipping softly inside?
I hear a footstep on the floor!
mysterious inhabitant,
unseen visitor in my home,
gliding down my corridor,
I can hear you roam.
rustling in the darkness,
leaving no footprints in the snow,
mischievious little friend,
where do you go?

Poltergeist activity has long been one of the most fascinating aspects of the strange and unknown. Many state that they have been a "victim" of a poltergeist and there are hundreds of documented cases to prove it. These mysterious inhabitants in our home, who are they and where do they come from? All we really know is that they exist and can hardly be ignored. I have experienced poltergeist activity and I find it satisfying when something I am interested in happens to me. Indeed, it brings the enigma closer to home.

In thinking of my own experience with poltergeist activity, I do not feel I was a "victim" as it was not that destructive nor annoying. It was limited to rappings, the sound of doors opening and closing when locked, unexplained whisperings, and shadowy figures accompanied by cold drafts. The most dramatic event was the time a heavy pot lid lifted from the sink, flew across the kitchen to slam into the leg of the ironing board. It came with enough force to chip it badly.

The following incident was related to me by a friend, Charles A. Reynolds, of Maybrook, New York. I must add that he is a non-believer in such things, but the following is written in his own words, without any editing on my part:

"This event happened to my twin sister, Mildred A. Rempfer, who was living at 75 Colfax Road, Springfield, N.J., at the time when a most noisy and inexplicable poltergeist did what he could to drive her and the family from their home.

"The poltergeist started in early 1963 with rapid-fire bombardments of the Colfax residence; loud booms which shook the whole house and left no marks on the outside! Naturally, the thought was that pranksters were at work. Outside vigilance, inside cowering without lights, and neighborhood help never detected a human around.

"The husband was home alone when floor lamps were knocked over before his eyes. He called in Chet Macervoy[a friend] who sat in the kitchen with him. The noises were deafening and the lamps and table were upset. Chet recommended the police be called.

"Believe it or not, the police came, sat in their cars, heard the noises, investigated and gave my sister a book on poltergeist activity!

"The Metropolitan Insurance agent sat at the dining room table, heard the noises, and refused to collect again until the Rempfers found a safer home.

"The Public Service Gas and Electric Co. investigator came when explosions occurred outside while he and Mr. William Rempfer were on the lawn. The representative ran into the home to examine it and encouraged the Rampfers to move, lest they get killed.

"Chief of detectives came and stayed in the home and found the bombardments fantastic and not to be explained by earthly knowledge. He wrote the home off as ghost infested.

"Finally, there was an interior explosion which blew out the bedroom wall while Mrs. Rempfer was home alone. I then started to conduct some private investigations of my own.

"My scientific explanation of possible converging ultrasonic beams from parabolic reflectors was advanced to a top man in Bell Telephone Labs upon the occasion of his visit. He went back to Ma Bell to get proper detectors. Apparently Ma Bell couldn't or didn't want to believe the story. He never came back.

"In any event, right up until October, when my sister sold her home, the noisy ghost was active.

"This story is absolutely true. The family that bought the house was never contacted by me or my sister. However, they moved in 1974. The house is still there. The police blotter can certainly be looked at and many are the people who can testify to every truth here."

'Poltergeist' is a German word meaning, literally, "noisy spirit." The word has come to include any ghost or spirit that manifests itself by noises, knockings, etc. As for this writer's experience, I have no explanation to offer other than that these experiences were caused by a poltergeist and were definitely psychic. □

If Clark Gable, Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe Had Known About Biorhythm—They Might Be Alive Today

New discovery of hidden natural power can bring you health, happiness, success... even make the difference between life and death!

Imagine. You've run out of gas on a cold, moonless night. You're shivering and scared. But you must cross the woods to get home. Darkness conceals hidden dangers. You could slip on an icy spot, or stumble over a fallen tree. Just as bad, you could walk in circles for hours. Darkness also hides the one safe path—to a warm house, a cozy fire, loving friends.

What if someone came along and offered you a little light? Would it make a difference?

Of course it would. And that's why I want to share MY little light with you. It's called the science of Biorhythm. And may have made the difference in my life between success and failure, perhaps even life and death.

Biorhythm could make a big difference in your life, too. Let me explain why.

The Philadelphia Inquirer (Nov. 4, 1973) reports that "Biorhythm poses such a natural and logical explanation for our fluctuating health and temperance that it simply cannot be overlooked."

How I Discovered Biorhythm

Like you, I want to do the best for my loved ones. To insure my children's good health, my husband's financial success, my own sensitivity as wife and mother. And, of course, I want to really understand myself. But before I discovered Biorhythm, I only had "fate" and women's intuition to guide me.

I was often filled with self-doubts and fears. What if my husband had a terrible car accident? What if his business suddenly failed? What if my children got seriously ill?

And then a miracle happened.

A scientist friend told me my fears MIGHT BE PREVENTED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

How could I not listen? My friend introduced me to the science of Biorhythm. He calls it "one of the most effective life controls known to man and woman."

Clark Gable's Death Predicted

On the John Nebel radio show in 1960 a biorhythmist predicted that, according to Clark Gable's biorhythm chart, the star (who had recently suffered a heart attack) would have a "critical day" on November 16. He urged extra precautions for Gable on that day.

ON Nov. 16 Gable died and the doctors, who had not heeded the biorhythmist's warning, stated that "Gable could have been saved had the heart machine been available quickly."

The Difference Biorhythm Has Made For Me

Now that I've learned of Biorhythm, I'm less moody, more creative, more sensitive to my family, more aware of myself. Biorhythm might help you too make decisions more confidently, quickly. What's more, physically you'll feel more energetic, less run-down. Biorhythm might even help you stick to a diet. And as an extra bonus, try gambling during your "high" days—you might be called a "born winner."

Nature's Secret Clock

In brief, Biorhythm operates on the basis of our natural biological cycles. You know about women's menstrual cycles. Well, scientists also chart 3 other major cycles: emotional, physical and mental. They effect each of us from the moment we're born. And we each have a unique pattern, based on our day and year of birth.

When these cycles are at their "highs" we're most likely to give our peak performances. When they're low, the opposite is true. And when the cycles are changing, we're in our critical days. That's when we're most susceptible to accidents and poor judgement.

A recent book on biorhythm reveals some fascinating facts. All of these occurred on critical days:

- Jack Ruby's murder of Lee Harvey Oswald
- Sirhan Sirhan's assassination of Robert Kennedy
- Arthur Bremer's attempt on George Wallace's life

What's more, Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe swallowed lethal doses of sleeping pills on critical days.

Evidence Overwhelming

Industries around the world swear by Biorhythm. They credit Biorhythm for their outstanding safety records. These include:

- the transportation system in Zurich, Switzerland
- several European airlines
- over 5,000 firms in Japan!

The Long Island Press quotes Russel K. Anderson, head of a U.S. Industrial Consulting firm (March 30, 1973), "We have analyzed more than 1,000 accidents during the past two years and the amazing thing is that we have come out with more than 90% of the accidents occuring on the critical days."

Biorhythm Scoops on Sporting Upsets

- Muhammed Ali lost to Ken Norton on Ali's critical day
- Floyd Patterson lost to Ingmar Johanson on a critical day
- Arnold Palmer shocked fans at the Pro Golfer's Association Play-off in 1962 when the "sure winner" tied for 17th place instead (he was at a biorhythmic low)
- Bobby Riggs lost to Billie Jean King on a day when his physical cycle was critical and his emotional cycle low (Ms. King, however, was at an emotional and intellectual high)

Research Study Now In Progress

Biorhythm could be one of today's most powerful sources for self-knowledge and life control. It helps you know the most important person in your life—yourself.

To help YOU discover Biorhythm's effectiveness, the Life Cycle Institute invites you to participate in a special research project. You can see for yourself how Biorhythm improves your health, your diet, financial success, family happiness, sexual responses, vacation trips, everything! At the same time you'll be engaging in valuable life-changing research. See Life Cycle Institute's special offer below.

LIFE CYCLE INSTITUTE

Needs YOUR Help In Our Research Program

Thanks to computer technology, Biorhythm will soon be available to the general public. At Life Cycle Institute, we are currently compiling results from thousands of Biorhythm users—and need your report for our on-going research. When this research is completed, Biorhythm charts will cost approximately $10 a year—a low sum considering the work involved, and Biorhythm's effectiveness.

But right now you can receive a full year's Biorhythm chart for only $6.95 plus .55 handling (this just about covers our costs). All we ask is that, at the end of the year, you inform us of how Biorhythm has helped improve your life. As a research participant, you will also receive a full report of Life Cycle's research findings.

Biorhythm is GUARANTEED FOR ONE FULL YEAR. If not totally satisfied with Biorhythm, return your chart within 365 days from date received and we will refund your money in full.

Act now. Fill out and mail the form on the right to Bio-Cycle, Limited, **6 Commercial St., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801** and let YOUR Biorhythm start working for you.

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BIO-CYCLE, LTD. DEPT. BY-C1 BIO.
6 Commercial St., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801

I wish to participate in Life Cycle Institute's Research Study and get my personal computerized Biorhythm chart at a special research price. Enclosed please find $6.95 plus .55 (handling charge) for each chart requested. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I will return my chart within the next 365 days for full refund.

Name Mr. Ms. .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Date of Birth: Day ..... Month ..... Year .....

Time of Birth: ..... AM ..... PM Place of birth .....

If no time is given, 12 p.m. will be used. For additional Biorhythm charts, attach sheet of paper with necessary information (name, address, and date and time of birth.)

I enclose check or money order for

☐ 1 Biorhythm Chart for $6.95 plus .55 handling
☐ 2 Biorhythm Charts for $13.90

Life Cycle Institute reserves the right to terminate offer when research is completed. **N.Y.S. Residents Add 7% Sales Tax**

Borley Rectory's Last Haunting Mystery

When Sister Mary Lairre broker her vows and ran off with Waldegrave, no one thought at the time that Borley Rectory was destined to become of the most famous haunted houses in England.

BY WILLIAM P. SCHRAMM

Borley is a small town about sixty miles northeast of London. The hamlet lies just inside the border of Essex and about two miles from the town of Long Melford in Suffolk. In 1863 when the Rev. Henry D.E. Bull chose it as a place to build a rectory for himself, it was a tiny hamlet of a hundred God-fearing souls. No one thought at the time that this rectory was destined to acquire a reputation of the most haunted house in England.

There appears to be no reliable record when Borley rectory first became haunted. One fact is a certainty—its visitation by a spectral nun was underway in 1892, when the Rev. Henry Bull was succeeded by his son Harry as rector. Some reports have it that several apparitions haunted it. The apparitional star was the nun. Proof that her specter had annoyed Rev. Henry Bull existed until about 1940 when the rectory was gutted by a mysterious fire. Up to until that time, the attention of visitors was directed to what had at first been a window on the left side of the dwelling's front entrance. It had been bricked up by the Rev. Henry because the phantom nun had been in the habit of standing outside by the window and peering in at the rector when he sat in his study preparing his sermons. To appear in broad daylight as it had been done, is an unusual precedent on a ghost's part.

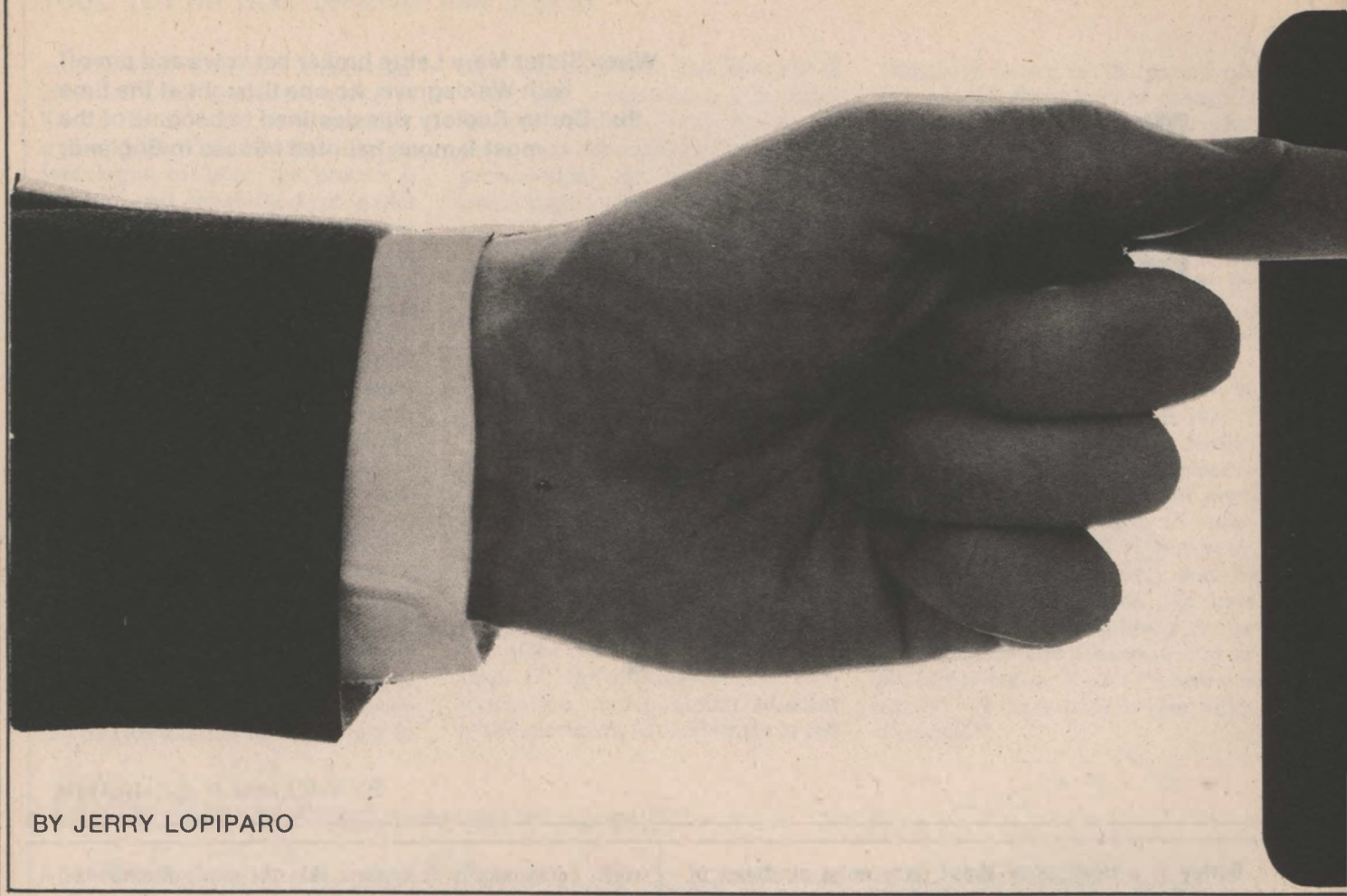
Rev. Henry Bull sired a family of fourteen offspring which in time necessitated his employing a sizeable servant staff. Paradoxically it appears that the nun's disembodied spirit's appearance at the window was the one instance by which the large household was annoyed by the haunting.

The nun's life story is briefly this, gleaned from William O. Stevens' *Unbidden Guests*, a classic collection of true paranormal phenomena. Under the name of Mary Lairre, she was consecrated as a Sister of Mercy. There was a monastery near what was later to be the rectory's site. This much seems to be true.

In some way Sister Mary Lairre came in contact with a groom named Waldegrave who was employed by the cloistered monks. The two became enamored to the extent that the sister elected to forsake her sacred vows and elope with her lover. Another groom, a friend of Waldegrave's, hired a coach for the lovers to make their getaway in. Thus, Sister Mary Lairre was literally abducted from the convent. But almost immediately something went awry. Some miles from the convent the elopers got into a violent quarrel. It ended with the groom strangling his fiancee and hiding her body in a nearby forest. The two male conspirators were caught and beheaded.

Whether legend or truth, another version of this illicit affair between a monastery groom and a nun is that the two were caught by the monks as they were entering the coach. The two men were guillotined. The nun was put in a solitary cell with only a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water

[*Continued on page 60*]



BY JERRY LOPIPARO

From the very beginnings of time, man has held the belief that forces for both evil and good coexist in his world. Whether these forces were called by the name of god, demon, spirit or whatever, man has both worshipped and respected them. He's also made images of them, variously in stone, gold, or on canvas. A surprising fact emerges. Almost without exception, the deities representing good are pictured as *right handed,* and the ones representing evil are seen as *left handed.*

But the phenomenon does not stop there. Through the ages, those things, be they plant, animal, human or ethereal, that are associated with the supernatural or the unexplained, are all connected in some way with the left as opposed to the right hand.

Evidently, identification of the left hand with the unknown was common even in the Lower Paleolithic period, millions of years ago. Prehistoric man's cave drawings indicate a preoccupation with the left side, especially as it pertained to the terrifying and foreboding elements in his world. It is from this era, virtually at the dawn of creation, that the left hand's association with magic and demonology began. As we'll see, it has been an enduring association.

The Romans are next to deserve our attention for introducing the concept of evil spirits favoring man's left side. They believed, for example, that sneezing to the right forecast good fortune, while sneezing to the left was a portent of calamity. Our present-day superstition that one should toss spilled salt over the left shoulder is a carry-over of this belief. We also know that the omens that the oracles and other seers detected to the left of the subject were only minimally accredited, while those appearing to the right were considered quite prophetic. Alexander the Great was a left-hander and a strong believer in the mystery and potential for power his left hand had within it. His frequent visits to the oracles of his day, especially on the eve of a battle, attest to his belief and respect for the unknown.

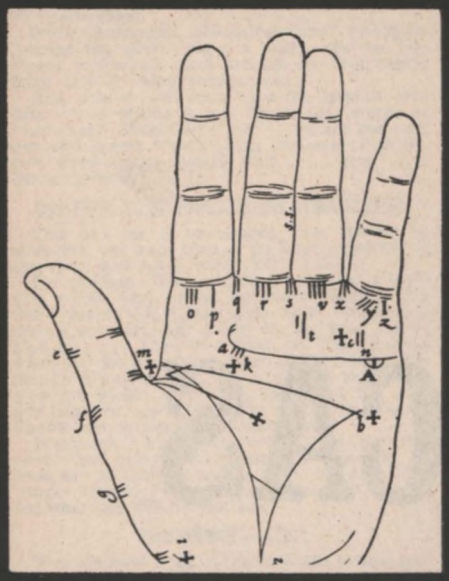
Ancient India was witness to ritual sacrifices to the demons or raksas, wherein the celebrant would strew the sacrificial gifts about with his left hand, while on bended knee, his left, as the sacrificial animal awaited its fate, securely tied to a stake by its left hind foot.

Central Europeans, translating this belief to their folk medicines, were prone to tying a blue woolen thread nine times around a toe of the left foot, thereby to ward off the demons of fever.

The sinister qualities attributed to the left hand (*sinister* is Latin for "left") persisted. It became popular belief that any relationship whatsoever with a magical or mysterious object be carried out with the left

Is the left hand really such a mystery? Certainly those of us who are left handed will tell you that it sometimes is quite difficult and confusing trying to live and function in a world that seems to be in reverse.

YOUR LEFT HAND



A LEGACY OF MYSTERY AND MAGIC

hand, for to use the right hand would invite vulnerability to the object's powers. Thus, in Medieval times, when one was threatened by a witch, the recommended defense was to strike her with your left hand. She would then be rendered harmless and you could escape her influence.

We also find the left hand as the preferred one in any contact with magical plants of the order solanaceae. This includes henbane, the deadly nightshade, thornapple, and most notably, the mandrake. This latter plant is known for its curiously shaped roots, which often bear a striking resemblance to humans. In fact, the often grotesquely shaped tubers are said to embody the tortured spirits of lost souls, waiting their chance for release. In digging out this plant, dire consequences await those not familiar with the ritual for uprooting a mandrake, a ritual which is performed almost exclusively with the left hand, the only hand able to commune with the forces of the unknown without jeopardy.

Turning to the ancient art of palmistry, we again see that in some sects, notably the Gypsies, the right hand is never looked at, only the left. The Gypsy believes all of our destiny, all that we call our heritage, and all of the *unknown* in our life, reposes in the palm of our *left* hand. Since the Gypsy has no faith in man's ability to change his destiny, there's really little use in trying to read a person's right hand, for this is the hand of achievements, not potential.

Virtually all palmists agree that the left hand portrays the past and the right hand the present. Continuing the negative valence attached to the left hand, palmists see all of our dark motives, our barely controlled faults, and our sensual strivings in the left hand. This idea is very close to Freud's conceptualization of the id, which he imagined as the repository of all of our baser instincts. It is therefore not surprising that some of his followers, who utilize his teachings in the practice of psychoanalytic therapy, view the left hand as the symbol of negativism or resistance to suggestion.

Is the left hand really such a mystery-laden part of us? Certainly those who are left handed will tell you that it sometimes is quite difficult and confusing trying to function in a world that seems to be in reverse. The tendency to feel alien and misplaced must be quite common. Are left handers more mysterious than right handers? Are they the ones more prone to psychic phenomena and communication with the unknown? No valid evidence exists for such assumptions, but one nagging fact bears our attention. In most early representations of the Lord of Darkness, Satan himself is pictured as a left-hander! Draw your own conclusions. □

THE SECRET CITY OF THE ANCIENT INCAS

BY B.B. BENTON

The fascinating story of Machu Picchu has become quite familiar. Experienced travel readers now recognize photos of the lofty Andean saddle rock, terraced gardens, and templed grandeur of the deserted city of stone some 400 miles inland from Lima, Peru. Perhaps most interesting, has been the story of discovery, July 24, 1911 by Hiram Bingham, after having defied detection for nearly 400 years.

But *how* did Vilcabamba, as Machu Picchu was known, remain undiscovered? Its actual existence had been well established all the time. *What* efforts had been made to find the secret citadel of the ancient Incas? *Who* frustrated them, and *how?*

That has remained the untold story of Machu Picchu, until recently gleaned from musty tombs at Lima and Cuzco. Reading like fiction, the 1557 odyssey of a religious layman, Don Diego Rodriguez de Figueroa, has been reliably but obscurely detailed by the forgotten pen of Rodriguez's secretary, Martin Pando, who was kept captive by the last Sapa Inca. The crusade of two Augustinians, Friar Diego and Friar Marcos, eight years later, was documented by the Spanish colonial historian, Father Calancha. Their footsteps may be followed today in comparative comfort by those who travel the trails of historic adventure.

Columbus had been dead but 25 years when the Pizarros charged across New Castile, as Peru was then called. By late 1533 they had cut a bloody beachhead 400 miles inland and two miles up into the Andes where they pillaged and occupied Cuzco with such pecuniary acumen that the entire city remains today one of the world's unique living museums.

Cuzco was sacred. In *Quichua* it means "Navel of the Universe." Its gold-walled and silver-ornamented temples had ruled *Tawantinsuyu,* "Land of Four Directions," for over 500 years. Thirteen Sapa (Supreme) Incas had raised their civilization to splendor then unmatched in this hemisphere. From Cuzco a network of paved and bridged highways, which still may be traveled, extended thousands of miles and controlled the empire. Incas did not enslave. The vanquished were absorbed politically and economically, and converted religiously to worship of the Sun.

Inca citizens never worried about unemployment, food, housing, nor old-age security. The welfare state provided everything—except freedom of choice. No need for written language. Nobles kept surprisingly accurate accounting with color-coded and knotted string *quipus.* An elite corps of foot couriers

Titu Cusi died convinced that no white man would ever find the lost city of Vilcabamba. But today, its empty courts echo to the tread of curious travelers as the twilight of history envelopes both pagan god and the Christian cross within an enigma of repetitive futility.

maintained reliable communications.

But all that gold and silver lying about had no commercial value. It looked nice and worked easily, so the royal family long ago had decreed that gold was the solidified tears of Father Sun, silver the tears of Mother Moon...so it was used exclusively to decorate temples, palaces, and persons of the Sapa Inca and his court. *Peaceful exchange of simple iron tools could have won the white man permanent welcome and easy fortune.* Failure of his conquistadores to realize this obvious opportunity eventually cost Spain's Philip II the greatest empire ever ruled by a single monarch!

Cuzco's population exceeded 100,000 Inca nobles and functionaries. Less than 200 of the invaders were available as an army of occupation. Yet, Pizarro desperately needed time to establish Lima as a logistics base. To control the natives he quickly coronated Manco as Sapa Inca, a puppet prince on a captive throne.

Manco bided his time for a year, until internal dissention exploded among the invaders. He then launched a massive two-year rebellion. Temporarily united for survival, in 1536 the Spaniards crushed forever the western hemisphere's greatest primitive civilization. Manco's status was reversed from royalty to renegade, and he was driven back into the impregnable haunts of Vilcabamba, legendary birthplace of the first Inca.

Among those captured were Manco's favorite wife and son. The 19-year-old youth's opportunity to escape and re-join his father came during the excitement of his mother's execution in Cuzco's great plaza, *Huakaypato*—"Leisure Square." Six years later, June 26, 1531, Spanish malcontents murdered Francisco Pizarro at Lima. Because they had achieved the revenge Manco himself had vainly sought, he granted two of the assassins sanctuary at his own guerrilla stronghold. They returned the favor by fatally knifing Manco.

Thus, at the age of 15, after witnessing the death of both parents by Spanish hands, the lad succeeded to the remnant throne, and became the last Sapa Inca. The youth's name was Titu Cusi.

Pizarro's assassination jolted Charles V and his son, Philip II, into a crash program of social and religious reforms in New Castile which fell on fallow soil among the disillusioned natives. After 15 years of futile efforts by missionaries, Don Rodriguez unsuccessfully attempted a layman's approach to penetrate the religious heart of the remnant Inca empire in the zealously-hidden

Titu Cusi obscured the location of Vilcabamba by establishing his court at Vitcos, a lesser but imposing stronghold which guarded the Anta Valley approach to the Sacred City.

The ruins as they appear today, were discovered by Hiram Bingham in 1911. It took five years of cutting and burning in sections shown above to uncover the ruins.

To this very day, Incas who live in the city of Vilcabamba, hold on to their customs and beliefs through yearly festivals and rituals.

citadel of Vilcabamba.

The year was 1557. Now 30, Titu Cusi had become almost as legendary as his secret city. He had further obscured the location of Vilcabamba by establishing his court at Vitcos. It was a lesser but imposing stronghold, blocking the only approach to Vilcabamba. There his ancestors had flourished where the Urubamba River cuts a fertile entrance into the narrow Anta Valley. about 50 forbidding miles northwest of Cuzco.

For 15 years few whites had ventured to Vitcos. None had left—alive! Titu Cusi stared hostilely at Rodriguez, but he was more interested in the Don's secretary, Martin Pando, who could read, write and speak both Spanish and Quichua.

"I came alone, with neither arms nor armor," Rodriguez explained through Pando. "I seek only understanding between one brave man and another." Eager to pursue the cause of the Church, he continued, "Surely, the Sapa Inca's bravery on the field does not desert him in the shadow of the white man's cross?"

Although he understood Spanish, Titu Cusi pressed Pando's use as interpreter. The memory of childhood scenes clouded Titu Cusi's eyes. "Let him speak of bravery who first has known fear!"

The following morning Titu Cusi conducted Rodriguez to the parade ground where they reviewed the garrison of 600 picked warriors, including a contingent of cannibals from the nearby upper Amazon. The spectacle opened with war dances. Demonstrations of incredibly accurate spearmanship and sling throwing increased with the tempo of

Heart of the Inca world was the gold-sheathed Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. An earthquake in 1961 revealed the original foundation. Inca craftsmen had shaped and fitted interlocking ashlars so tightly that, despite countless earthquakes, their joints today still defy natural attrition. Many original Inca walls remain the foundations of Spanish colonial structures throughout Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia and northwestern Chile.

chica-inspired music. Rodriguez paled at the reckless skill with which the chanting fighters juggled their obsidian-edged knives, and the seemingly unquenchable enjoyment Titu Cusi found in *chicha*. The cannibals finally suggested to Titu Cusi that they eat "the little bearded deceiver" raw. As two warriors lunged at him, Rodriguez pleaded for mercy and protection.

"*Now*, Spaniard," Titu Cusi smiled grimly, "you may speak of bravery." His spear quivered into the earth at Rodriguez's feet. "Here you may plant a white man's cross. Tomorrow you shall return to Cuzco. The bridge at Yucay will be burned behind you. Never try to rebuild it." Then he turned to Pando. "You shall remain among us, to record the story of my life. A history," he added softly, "of the last Sapa Inca."

Eight years later, when Friar Diego and Friar Marcos arrived at Vitcos, Titu Cusi was 38. Lack of combat, 30 wives, and heavy drinking had sapped his virility. But he *had* provided maximum security for Vilcabamba. The ancient citadel was functioning as a sanctuary for the Chosen Women. He had restored full facilities for his priests, and had provided safety for the royal family. The defense corps was well barracked—the length of the 3,000-foot gorge from Pisac, near Cuzco, to Huinac-Huayna, only three miles from the hidden single portal to Vilcabamba. Artisans were maintaining public works and an excellent water system. Farmers were nursing the terraced gardens and keeping the commissaries well stocked. He was satisfied, indeed—*no white man would ever find Vilcabamba!*

A week following the Frairs

Continued on page 58

Many believe that if the reports are true, this discovery could be the tool that will link the unknown to the known, and will also attract science-oriented researchers towards the psychic reality.

Kirlian Photography: TOOL, TOY OR TRAP?

BY HOWARD BURGESS

Experimenters who work in the grey areas which lie between science and psychic have amazed themselves, impressed their friends, and wiped out radio and TV programs for miles around with Kirlian photography apparatus. It all started in the 1960's when meager reports out of Russia told of a new kind of photography. It was said to be an electrical process that could make visible the aura surrounding the human body, the force field that is said to surround all living things.

Many of us felt then that if the reports were true, this discovery could be a tool that would help link the known to the unknown. It might even attract more science-oriented researchers toward the psychic and supernatural. If false, it would be a trap for many wishful thinkers who were searching for answers.

This exciting picture process soon became known as Kirlian photography, after the husband and wife team that did so much to publicize it—without really trying. Since its inception many interesting pictures have been made and a considerable amount of rhetoric generated on its behalf. Maybe it is now time to take a serious look at what has *not* been done with the so-called Kirlian technique. Also, perhaps we should now look at what we may have lost by the route we have taken. Perhaps there are more productive areas for research in the fields of para-science and para-psychology.

As happens so many times in this sort of project, a few key details of how the work was accomplished were always omitted from the early reports and translations. However, after Kirlian publicity began to gain momentum, it was possible to patch details together. At this point it became clear to some workers that this form of photography was merely exploitation of phenomena which have been known for many years by electronic specialists.

From old file material on hand, of work done almost 40 years ago, I was able to duplicate the Russian work and produce some of the first pictures made in this country under the new name of "Kirlian." There is one difference now from 40 years ago. We now have better components and better film with which to work; even more than this, we also have a very receptive segment of the population which is not in a position or mood to really question how or why it works. Also many serious researchers soon lost interest as the "How" of the process became apparent.

In the years that have passed since the Kirlians made their first announcement, an interesting pattern has developed. It is not a pattern in photography, but in human actions and reactions. Kirlian photography has given a far better picture of the polarization among thinkers than it has of the human aura.

It is interesting to note that much of the experimental work has been taken over by persons concerned with the psychic and the occult, but who have only a superficial knowledge of electronics, bioelectronics, and gas conduction physics. Many in this group continue to amaze themselves and make rash statements about phenomena that have been known by professionals for many years. There are also those who seem to feel that the process has given them a private line to the supernatural, and they resent any attempt at a rational explanation that might break the connection.

But just as absurd, another segment made up of well-qualified and equally narrow professional people refuse even to discuss the subject, apparently fearful they will be classified as followers of the occult.

In the meantime, no one using this method has photographed the body's force field or the body's aura; and science is possibly losing a diagnostic tool of great value. With a modern approach, this system could probably be developed into a useful device

for all forms of living matter. However, because of stringent instrument and equipment requirements, the use would be limited to only the large, well-equipped laboratories. As a weekender's do-it-yourself gadget, it is only a toy.

It is now common knowledge that the Kirlian picture, in one of its simple forms, is made by placing the object to be photographed and a piece of photographic film, sandwich-style, between two metal plates. When just the right value of high voltage is applied to the metal plates, the specimen will glow at various points and expose the photographic film. If the high voltage is switched off and on repeatedly at a high rate, the result is like a high speed camera shutter. Many exposures are made on the same piece of film. It has the effect of stopping the motion of the little tongues of electric glow. What might have been only one tiny flare caused by the high voltage will appear in multiple as a complete aura.

If we remove the high voltage field, the glow will disappear. This is not just a case of the high voltage causing the natural aura to become visible as some operators claim. The glow which we are photographing is the reaction of the air, the cell byproducts, the equipment contamination, and film chemistry to the high voltage field which we apply.

The human aura, if it does exist, is present at all times. In contrast, the glow of the Kirlian photographs is present only when the high voltage is applied and only then when it is of the precise value. Many of us would like to believe that an aura really exists around the human body and that it is visible to some people. Some of us are still looking for a means to detect or measure it—but this type of photography is not the answer. It is only a diversionary detour.

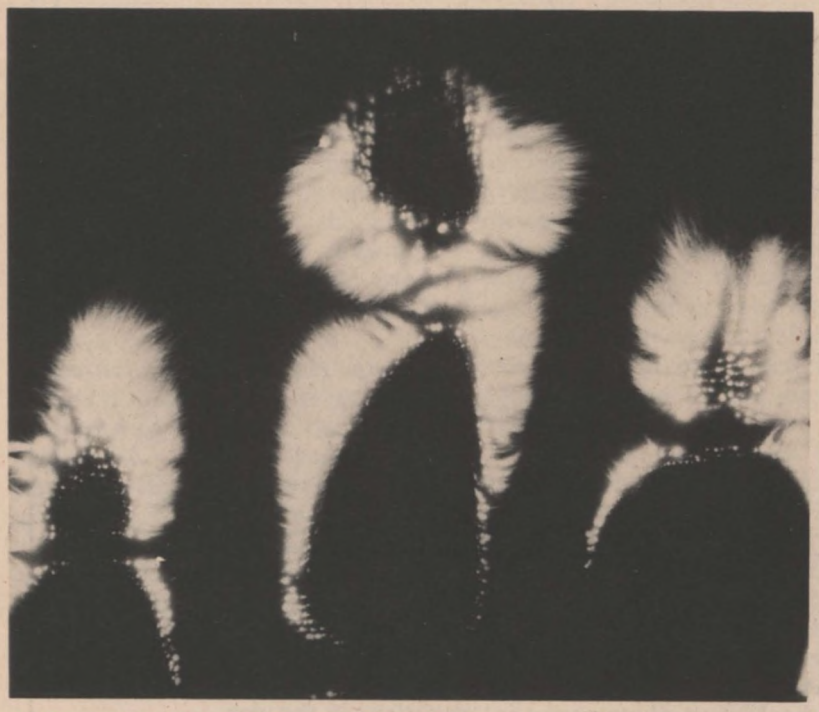
This same phenomenon was known long before electricity was in common use. In the early days of sailing ships, when storm conditions were just right, superstitious seamen became "believers" when a buddy or part of the ship suddenly began to glow in the dark. This condition is now known to result from what is technically termed a high potential gradient, and it is related to the same conditions that cause lightning.

This same glow effect is used under refined and controlled electrical and pressure conditions in neon signs and flourescent lamps. The effect is just more difficult and less predictable at normal atmospheric barometric pressure. This same principle has been used for years to determine the surface smoothness of special metal parts that have been precision machined. Small irregularities on the surface of the metal show up as variations in the glow.

However, as the Kirlians have pointed out, the designs and colors are far more exciting and interesting when living things are viewed. The fact that the glow drops to lower and lower levels as life leaves a plant or tissue has fired the imagination of many wishful observers. To some observers this proved that we were now able to photograph life itself. One individual who "borrowed" some of my photographs even planned to use them to prove the body has a soul.

Another facet that has fueled the fire of speculation is that colors and designs of the glow pattern of living things will change with illness or chemical intake. The very fact that Kirlian-type photographs of the human body change with emotion or illness seemed to prove the psychic explanation of how the body aura looks and functions.

To bring some of these facts into perspective, something many experimenters dislike to do, I would like to first refer to, and recommend a book by Albert Szent-Gyorgy, a Nobel prize winner for his work in metabolism and vitamin research. Szent-Gyorgy has accomplished



This photo shows discharging flares around finger tips. Multiple exposures resulting from the high frequencies used can make a few flares appear as thousands forming an aura.

Flares on a plant stem. First areas to produce flares or glow are those with contamination or exposed to heavy pollution.

many things of note in scientific research, but one of the most interesting products of his work is a little book called *Bioelectronics.*

In his book Szent-Gyorgy shows that the living cell, in addition to being a small chemical laboratory, is also an electronics device. He shows that most of the functions of changing chemicals to energy, energy to chemicals, transfer of energy, and most other operations of the cell are electronic in nature.

Herein lies part of the secret of the marvelous and fascinating patterns found in Kirlian-type pictures, and it is far from the psychic or occult world.

Because of the electrical activity always in process in the living cell, the cell functions can be readily influenced by electrical fields, either internal or external. As the cell operates to produce, use, or store energy, various byproducts and waste materials are produced. Some of these are emitted as gas, or materials that can be converted into vapor, with changes of pressure or temperature and high voltage fields.

When living cells are placed in a very high voltage field that is changing or alternating at a high rate, the very life processes within the cell can respond violently. The conversion processes within the cell may be altered and the extra byproducts that become available in the vicinity of the cell can affect the glow and color in the high voltage field.

Gasses or chemical vapors will develop a glow at particular voltage and pressure combinations. The light from each chemical involved has its own characteristic color pattern or spectrum, such as the red of neon or the yellow of sodium. Therefore each chemical or compound that may appear on the surface of the tissue or that may be thrown off as waste from the cell, can contribute its characteristic color to the tiny tongues of glow that make up the Kirlian effect.

It has been shown in this type of photography that if a person takes certain chemical compounds into his system the color patterns change. Without much doubt this change is caused by certain chemical components entering into the tissue or cell system. The end byproducts become available in the area adjacent to the cell structure, to add their influence to the color pattern. The same effect occurs with illness or strong emotion. The chemistry of the cell changes, and so do the byproducts available for ionization or glowing.

This is where we may be neglecting a most valuable tool for diagnosis. The chemicals in, or placed in, a cell can determine the color and glow that will be seen around the tissue. If the characteristic color or light from any chemical or compound can be produced, it is then possible to determine, with special instruments,

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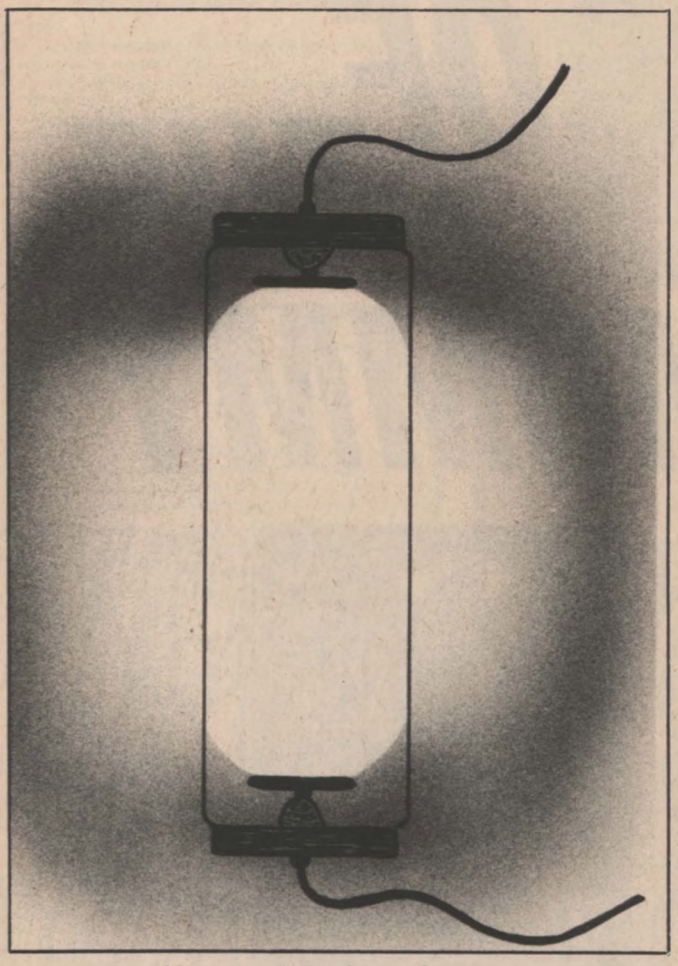
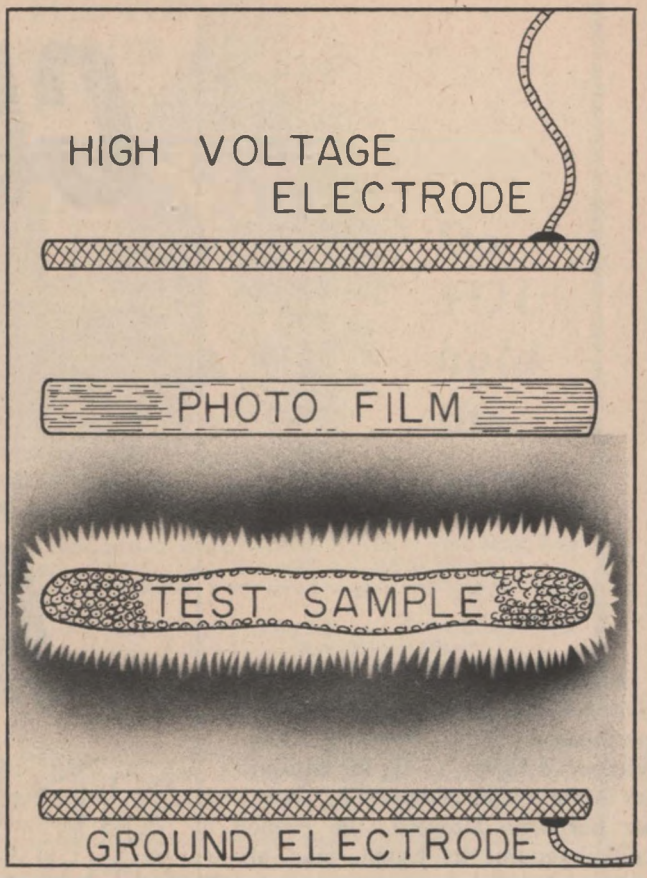


Neon gas in a glass tube



This Kirlian sandwich is another form of gas conduction phenomenon

St. Elmo's fire with large objects and an excess amount of Natural electricity.

CURSE OF THE MUMMY

Antonio Lebolo, an Italian tourist, visited Cairo in 1818. He obtained permission from Mehemet Alim, Viceroy of Egypt, to dig for antiquities in the Valley of the Nile. Chevalier Bernardo Drovetti, the French consul-general in Egypt, was appointed Lebolo's supervisor.

Lebolo began digging at Gernah, near ancient Thebes on the Nile, site across the river from the many-columned temple of Karnak. The native diggers believed the location of Lebolo's digs to be cursed. Though the Italian managed to keep 433 men working four months, he was eventually abandoned by each helper.

Then, the Egyptian government detailed regular army soldiers to help carry on the excavations. Lebolo paid each man between four and six cents a day—a decent enough wage for that day and place.

On June 7, 1821, Lebolo's army diggers broke into a crypt 60 feet beneath the surface of the earth. Niches in the catacomb walls contained hundreds of mummies. All but eleven of the ancient corpses had been so poorly and cheaply embalmed that they were not even brought up from the subterranean chamber. The mummies dated from the Ptolemaic or Roman periods,

A careful reading reveals to the observant reader that "curses" and "blessings" are only outward appearances of man's inner self - and not external manipulators. The relentless search to endow life with meaning is often just another mask before the face of truth.

BY GEORGE WAGNER

just before the birth of Christ, when the old embalming techniques had already been lost for centuries.

Eleven mummies, however, were in a fair state of preservation. Lebolo transported them down the Nile. Two were purchased by the Baron Minatoli, a German archaeologist. Minatoli crated the mummies and put them on a ship bound for Europe. The mummies never arrived at their new home—the boat sank on the way!

Frederic Cailliaud, a French explorer in Egypt and Nubia, and Giovanni Anastasi, the Swedish consul-general in Egypt, each bought one mummy. Three of the others were given to Bernardo Drovetti. Subsequent trace of these mummies had been lost.

Lebolo kept four mummies for himself—a woman about 30, a boy about 14, and two adult men. He intended to take them to Europe. While sailing across the Mediterranean with these mummies, Lebolo fell ill. He was so sick that he and his cargo were put off the ship at Trieste. After making a will leaving the mummies to a nephew, Lebolo died.

The mummies were now the property of the nephew, Michael H. Chandler of Ireland. They were shipped first to London; then to Chandler's home in Dublin where Irish authorities revealed that Chandler had recently moved to New York.

The mummies arrived in New York Harbor in 1824 or 1828. It was discovered that Chandler was now a resident of Philadelphia; so, the ancient remains were sent there.

Chandler opened a museum in Philadelphia and made the mummies the main attraction. He also displayed numerous papyrus fragments he'd found in the mummy wrappings. Chandler soon abandoned the museum for the life of a traveling showman, exhibiting the mummies along the Atlantic coast. His show later visited the small towns of the rapidly growing "West".

In June, 1835, Chandler took his mummies to the Mormon settlement of Kirtland, Ohio. Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, was enthralled by the archaeological curiosities. He suggested to Chandler that he would like to purchase them. Money and mummies changed hands. After, Chandler disappeared from Kirtland and was never seen again.

Joseph Smith believed the papyrus scraps, which he obtained with the mummies, were writings of the Biblical patriarch Abraham. From the sheets he translated **The Book of Abraham,** first published in 1842. Two years later, on June 27, 1844, Smith was assassinated.

Some time after the Prophet's death, two of the mummies—those of the woman and of the boy—were sold to the Saint Louis Museum. The exact date of the sale is unknown, but the first mention of the artifacts in the museum catalogue is 1856.

Nothing unusual seems to have occurred with the mummies in the museum, but, in 1863, it did go out of business. The entire collection was sold to Colonel Wood's Chicago Museum. This museum burned to the ground in the great Chicago fire of October 8-9, 1871, and the mummies were lost in the flames.

The other two mummies, together with the papyrus fragments, turned up in the Philadelphia Museum, the same building where Chandler had exhibited the curiosities decades before. In later years, all record of these mummies and papyri was lost.

The New York Metropolitian Museum of Art, in 1947, purchased a collection of papyri from a Brooklyn woman who had inherited them. Nineteen years later, in May, 1966, a member of the faculty of the University of Utah stumbled upon these

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PSYCHIC HAZARDS OF BLACK MAGIC

BY MAGISTER L. DALE SEAGO

The actual truth about Satanism is perhaps more frightening than even occult fiction will have you believe it is.

During the course of a recent guest appearance on a radio talk show, a woman called in on the telephone and asked me if I were aware of the "psychic hazards" inherent in the practice of Satanism and black magic. I must confess that her question jolted me a little. Having been so long and happily practicing these arts myself, it becomes easy to forget occasionally that there are still some people who claim to have studied the subject in depth and yet still adhere to such archaic, obsolete ideas. On examination of the ideas themselves, however, it becomes apparent that these people simply do not understand the actual nature of the perils they so ardently warn us against. I therefore feel it is time for the matter to be presented from the inside, from the point of view of the practicing Satanic magician, rather than that of someone who has only skimmed the surface of the subject. So what about these dangers, then? Do they in fact exist? Yes, they do, in much the same sense that if you tell a gullible child a frightening story, he **will** have a nightmare. The principal hazards cited generally fall into two categories: the summoning or inadvertent arousal of uncontrolled forces or entities which will turn upon and destroy the would-be magician; and possession by some malevolent force or entity. The proficient black magician recognizes both ideas as the absurdities they are; yet they do seem to happen to some would-be practitioners. Why?

The first reason is the manner in which the average person approaches the practice of sorcery. He is the victim of a Judeo-Christian religious and moral tradition which conditions him to believe that man alone is nothing, that he must place his trust and reliance in a power or being outside himself. He is also led to believe that sorcerous delvings are sinful and forbidden and will lead to the inevitable destruction of the student. A resulting attempt to justify such experimentation is the current emphasis on "White" magic. If the student has been lucky enough to avoid a Judeo-Christian type of indoctrination, he is still generally ensnared by a magical orientation based on the same principles and teaching that some forces are "good" and others "evil", and that he should concern himself exclusively with the good or "positive" and avoid the evil or "negative".

It is easy to see how this sort of approach to morality and magic leads to frustration and to the repression of perfectly natural feelings and desires—such as lust and anger—into the subcon-

scious. These may later erupt from within as twisted monsters, demons, elementals, or powerful compulsions and obsess the student. St. Jerome's account of his temptation in the desert is an excellent illustration of this:

"How often when I was living in the desert, in the vast solitude which gives to hermits a savage dwelling... how often did I fancy myself among the pleasures of Rome! ...When I had no companions but scorpions and wild beasts, I found myself among bevies of girls. My face was pale and my frame chilled with fasting, yet my mind was burning with desire and the fires of lust kept bubbling up before me when my flesh was as good as dead."

Indeed, the entire history of the Middle Ages is a case in point, as G. Rattray Taylor so well points out:

"In the earlier part of the Middle Ages what we chiefly find is frank sensuality, with which the Church at first battles in vain. Then, as it improves its systems of control, we find a mounting toll of perversion and neurosis."

Springing as they do from the depths of the subconscious mind, these monsters may be powerful indeed. The student, unwilling to admit that such things could arise from within himself, naturally prefers to perceive them as some sort of Influence from Outside. The student who encounters such phenomena is often too shaken to experiment further and, bound by repressive conditioning, never penetrates past these shadows to confront the awesome majesty of his true nature.

So much for these Monsters from the Id. If magic is correctly approached, you will probably never be confronted by them. If you are, then recognition of their actual nature should enable you to easily dispel them. If it does not, then you are the type of person who is likely to become posessed.

Posession is supposedly the control of a human being by some outside intelligence, demon or even the Devil himself. Now logically speaking, one would think that any Devil worth his salt would find better things to do with his time than to rush off for the nearest clergyman and Getting Right with God. Such a project would be, to say the least, self-defeating. We will understand the situation more clearly if we once again look within ourselves rather than outside.

What I have said above concerning subconscious repression of elements of the psyche which are regarded as undesirable is just as applicable here, but so is an additional factor: the desire for attention and

recognition. Let's face it—being possessed by the Devil, here and now, is far more exciting than having been Bridey Murphy or the Atlantean High Priest. In addition, posession frees the "victim" from all responsibility for his actions: *he* is not the one who murdered his mother (whom he secretly hated for years); it was the demon who controlled him. Possession allows one to express oneself in socially-unacceptable ways and get away with it. It allows one to bathe in attentive sympathy or provoke fear in those one dislikes, and gives one an excuse and sense of purpose for his otherwise-useless existence and his inability to cope with the pressures of life. In short, possession is never the "victim's" *problem*; rather, it is his subconscious *solution* to problems and conflicts which he can not resolve in any other way. A good idea catches on quickly, too: remember the rash of "possession" cases following the release of *The Exorcist*?

The approach of the Satanic magician to the sorcerous arts is from a basis of rational awareness which allows him to avoid the pitfalls which entrap others. He places no reliance or dependence on any force outside himself. A materialist, he recognizes from the outset all the powers with which he deals are his own. He perceives God as simply the natural order of things: a mindless, static, non-conscious, impersonal cosmos which doesn't give a damn about him or anything he does. Satan is seen as a finite intelligence greater than that of man, but in no way supernatural and certainly not as a reverse Jehovah to be blindly worshipped and obeyed.

In the Biblical myth Satan was cast out of Heaven because he decided that, rather than serving God, he wanted to become a god himself. The Satanist finds an allegorical inspiration in this and feels he can do no less if he is to be truly Satanic. Satan having inspired man with knowledge and intelligence (the Biblical account, though a myth, is at least correct in that respect), man now has the key to turn the universal inertia to his amusement and make of the Universe his playground. Hence, the Satanist does all he can to become more godlike by working to develop his mind and his abilities, and learning to exert an increasing control over himself, his environment, and his chosen sphere of social influence.

In a ritual context, the Satanist may use candles and incantations and call the names of various demons from a number of different myth-cycles. However, these are merely psychological props designed to stimulate the flow of emotional force which will ensure a successful magical working. He deliberately engages in a form of controlled, constructive fantasy in order to attain very real objective ends. And because

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Are Spirits People?

Spiritualism has only recently been accepted by large numbers of people. The traditional orthodox teachings have lost their appeal for sophisticated thinkers.

BY M. HODGKINSTON

"We're no different from any established Christian Church," said the fine featured, young, intelligent-looking clairvoyant." except that we believe we can communicate with those who have passed into another world. We continue," he went on, "to be whatever we are in this world, taking those qualities with us into a different planetary system, another dimension and time zone. Those who have gone before may be out of sight," he hesitated, "but, shall we say, the telephone lines are still open. It takes the sting out of death and eternal separation from those we love."

Three miles from Interstate Highway 4 lies the small town of Cassadaga, Florida. It is 30 miles from Orlando, of Disneyworld fame, and only a small inconspicuous sign marks the turnoff to Highway 432 leading to Cassadaga.

Here is a tiny town perched on the edge of yesterday and beckoning it's followers and the curious to the world of the hereafter.

And they come.

The long haired youth of today and the wrinkled faces of yesterday. Here is a center for clairvoyants, faith healers, and mediums. On a small billboard at the one intersection of the town, there is a list of a few real estate agents, a house repair man and 14 clairvoyants. The clairvoyants and mediums are all followers of the National Spiritualist Association of Churches.

A block from the center of town is a church resembling no other church one can recall. It has no towering steeples, but is a stark white building that might have been a city hall.

Inside were rows of chairs, a podium backed by a blue curtain and at the side an American flag and a vase of fresh flowers.

The afternoon sun filtered through the high windows. It was peaceful in its simplicity.

Suddenly a bell rang and an organist slipped into the back of the church and soft music followed. The minister entered; a smartly dressed young woman with shining long hair. Certainly not a contemporary witch as is often expected in spiritualist churches. A few people drifted along with some curious tourists with cameras slung from their shoulders. The healing service began with no prior announcements. One middle aged man approached the podium indicating pain in the region of his neck. The minister placed her hand, palm down, on the top of his head and the other hand on the back of his neck and started to chant softly. Her gentle motion and speech seemed to develop a rhythm as though the man could be lulled into a state of semi-consciousness. This went on for about ten minutes. Then the man returned to his seat. There was no change in him physically but there was a smile of satisfaction and relief on his face.

Then the minister made a quiet statement, reminding her listeners that many ills were of the spirit and not the flesh. And there was an air of earnest prayer and dedication that could well heal the wounds of the world.

This portion of the service was over and it was announced that those who did not wish to receive a message from the spirit world could leave.

"Spiritualism has only recently been accepted by large numbers of people. The traditional orthodox teachings have lost their appeal for the more sophisticated thinker." The young clairvoyant went on.

He walked over to a wall map. "Would you like to look at this map? You can see," he pointed out, "That along the great Atlantic seaboard, the Great Lakes and the coast of California, as well as Florida, there are great concentrations of our people. We have no explanation as yet as to why our centers are always near bodies of water;" he smiled, "but we're working on it though."

"The same thing applies to England where you may be surprised to know that the Spiritualist Church is next in membership to the Church of England. There, too, most of the centers are along rivers, lakes, or the seashore.

"For those of us who have been in the movement for some years, we spend much time trying to refute the idea of selling dreams," he smiled. "For instance, there are the many charlatans who predict a rosy future; inheriting a million dollars; winning the *Reader's Digest* sweepstakes prize; or meeting a tall, dark, romantic stranger. We have other means, honest ones, of supporting our research program, ourselves, and our church.

"You can believe me when I say that the Spiritualist church does not

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HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle advocated the use of spiritualism in some type of crimes. He himself possessed the power of psychometry. In the past few years more and more law agencies have come to accept psychics as a means of crime detention.

BY PATRICK MAHONY

Predicting the future is, paradoxically, illegal in England and America but the police of both countries are not averse to using it in some of the more perplexing criminal cases that come within their province. There was the very brilliant psychic, Gene Dennis (1895-1950), who was employed in some difficult murder cases by Scotland Yard in the 1930s. She was born in Atchison, Kansas, and died in Seattle, Washington. When at school in Atchison, she discovered that she had the power to get into communication with the minds of some of her friends.

Somehow she came to the attention of the local police chief for whom she found the whereabouts of some stolen jewelry. Then, in Sedalia, Missouri, she located for the police a cache of stolen stocks and bonds. These, she said, would be found in the left luggage compartment of the Railway Station, where they were. Several other cases were handled either with her helpful clues or by outright correct prediction.

She became so famous that she was eventually invited to New York City by Police Commissioners Enright, Faurot, and Shaw. They assigned her to a murder case in the Bronx where a man had been murdered in a similar ritualistic way as several others. Miss Dennis gave important clues which solved the mystery and brought the culprit to justice.

In 1924, the *New York Daily Mirror* decided to test her by entrapment. A reporter interviewed her and fictionalized a murder case that he asked her to unravel. The victim was said to have been done to death in Staten Island. As usual, Miss Dennis gave details and fell sadly into the net. As a clairvoyant she found it impossible to differentiate between the invention of the reporter and the true vibrations of a crime that was actually being committed at that moment in Staten Island.

Miss Dennis then went to London, where she became front page news. She helped Scotland Yard with several cases but never enjoyed the success she had up until the time of her entrapment, which seemingly damaged her ability. She retired to Seattle, where she married an elderly lawyer. Scotland Yard tried out other clairvoyants, among these was Miss Nell St. John Montague, who was known to have been consulted by members of the Royal Family. Miss Montague was directly responsible for solving the Irene Monroe case, as brutal a murder as can be found in the annals of English crime.

On August 20, 1920, a young boy was playing on a shingled beach be-

tween Pevensey Bay and Eastbourne, in Sussex, when suddenly the child stumbled over a corpse protruding from the pebbles. He went screaming to his parents, who called police. Investigator Mercer of Scotland Yard was assigned to the murder. Quickly he established that the victim was a Miss Irene Monroe, a young typist from London who came from a very respectable Scottish family and was highly esteemed by her employers. The police, for reasons best known to themselves, did not disclose that Miss Monroe had been raped. They did say that a sum of money had been left in her purse, making it more of a mystery than it actually was.

An enterprising young journalist had just been to see Miss Montague in London and had been impressed with his "fortune." He was covering the tragic murder and wired Miss Montague to come and see what she could evoke. The clairvoyant lost no time in putting her psychic powers to work. In a trance she sobbed out words which were uttered in a voice much younger than hers. "I see my murderers in a small hotel with a white front. There is a battered sign on the front. Ask mother to forgive me."

The journalist handed the results of Miss Montague's seance to Inspector Mercer who scoffed at first. But later he decided to look for a small hotel with a battered sign—a difficult task since coastal English towns are dotted with small inns. But in Eastbourne only a few have white fronts, and at one named the Albemarle hung a sign which needed repair! Two young men named Jack Field and Thomas Gray were registered and, according to the manager, had been acting suspiciously.

The young men were interrogated and then arrested. Reconstructing the crime, the police found that Irene had met the young men in a "pick-up" acquaintance. Miss Monroe's appeal for forgiveness was because her mother had warned her about friendship with strangers. Field and Gray had asked her to take a walk along a lonely stretch of beach, where they both raped her. Both men were tried and convicted, then hanged in short order, as was the practice of England in those faraway times.

Another famed crime clairvoyant, the Abbe Mermet, was often used by Interpol in Europe. He came from a family of mediumistic abilities. The Abbe was instrumental in putting the German police on the track of the infamous "Terror of Dusseldorf," Peter Kurten—known as the German "Jack the Ripper."

Mermet, known as the master seer, used psychometric divination in his work. He held a piece of the bloodstained clothing belonging to one of the fiend's recent victims. Firmly, he declared that the perpetrator of these vile murderous assaults against women possessed evil occult powers. He felt, also, that the criminal was gifted with second-sight which would make him the harder to catch. If only he could be given a piece of clothing worn by this man.

In a short time a personal article believed to belong to the murderer was found near the remains of another victim. It was a small razor-like knife, which Mermet took into his hand then held to his nostrils. His breathing became labored, as if in pain. After some minutes, in a screeching voice, he gave exact directions to the hideout of the killer. An arrest followed and a speedy trial for the "Terror of Dusseldorf."

During the mid-Thirties Sheriff "Red" Wright of Fort Worth, Texas, used occult methods of crime detection with gratifying results. His "human bloodhound" was a Professor Sharpe who will always be remembered as the man who was able to tell Albert Einstein complicated details of the work he was doing in abstract mathematics which nobody could have possibly known by ordinary means. The great Jewish scientist dubbed Professor Sharpe "the man with fourth-dimensional thought."

The most celebrated case which he solved for Sheriff Wright was the one in which Emily Farmer, a society beauty in Fort Worth, was murdered. Her body was found lying in a ditch in a mutilated condition. She had been missing from home for several weeks, and her remains, when found, were in a sorry state, but not enough to conceal that she had been criminally assaulted.

The Professor held some of her clothing, saying as he did so, "The man you seek for this murder is in Kansas City and will be at 254 Cowley Street at 2 p.m. next Thursday." There followed a minute description and a warning that the man would be armed.

Immediately the Sheriff gave orders to the Kansas City police to keep a watch at the address. When Thursday had come, the little house which stood at the address was surrounded by plainclothesmen. At the hour of 2 p.m., a tough-looking man sauntered into the hotel looking for a rest. Spying the police inside, he made a furtive attempt to run away. When cornered he drew his gun and fired, missing the mark norrowly.

He was arrested at once, tried and convicted. Shortly before he was executed, he confessed to murdering Emily Farmer, adding that he could not understand how he could have walked into the trap set for him at the hotel. He said he had no reason to go there, but he was lured by some inexplicable impulse.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle advocated the use of spiritualism in certain types of crimes. He himself possessed to a marked degree the power of psychometry. During the mysterious disappearance of Agatha Christie, another celebrated detective story writer (in 1926), he reconstructed her whereabouts. Holding one of the gauntlets which she always wore, he told her husband the precise day and hour she would return. She did so, apparently suffering from loss of memory. Malicious people said it was all a publicity job. Before this event, she was not a "best-seller," but after it, she became one! □

Twins, both identical and fraternal, are being used in America and around the world in research projects dealing with medicine, education, criminology, normal and abnormal psychology, ESP and many other areas. We have learned much from twins. We can learn much more.

THE AMAZING WORLD OF TWINS

BY IRWIN ROSS, Ph.D.

Twins have always been of peculiar interest to mankind because of their relative rarity. In primitive times twins were often regarded as omens of good or bad fortune—mostly bad. looked on as signs of ill fortune, they were usually destroyed.

In civilized society twins, besides being cherished by the family circle, are in a sense laboratory material for scientists, medical men and educators. We have learned much from twins. We can learn much more.

In an average year, there is one twin birth for every 93 single births. Over a long period of years there has been one twin birth to 88 single births.

There are two kinds of twins: one-egg (identical) and two-egg (fraternal twins). One-egg twins are always of the same sex, both boys or both girls. In most cases such twins are almost indistinguishable in appearance, so that, when seen separately, it is difficult even for their relatives to tell which is which.

They are not quite identical, however, but differ somewhat in minor ways. For example, one may be an inch or two taller than the other, or may weigh several pounds more.

But in some respects they never seem to differ. They are always identical in the several blood groups, in taste reaction, in the presence or absence of hair on the second joints of the fingers.

In hair color and texture, in complexion, in eye color and iris pattern, in ear shape, tooth color and irregularities they are usually nearly identical. Their fingerprints are similar, though not so much alike as to baffle an expert.

Two-egg twins are derived from separate eggs that happen to be released from the ovary at the same time and fertilized by separate sperms. Pairs may consist of two boys, two girls or a boy and a girl.

Since fraternal twins are related in the same way as are brothers and sisters born at different times, they differ to the same extent as ordinary brothers and sisters, except that they are of the same age.

Now and then a pair of fraternal twin brothers, or sisters, are strikingly similar in appearance, but as a rule they differ in so many ways that they are easy to distinguish.

One of the commonest fallacies about twins is that one of each pair of twins is likely to be sterile. There is no truth in this idea.

Another common notion is that it is injurious to twins, especially identical twins, to separate them, to send each to a different school or college.

Psychological studies have shown that identical twins may vary in their attitudes toward each other. There is one type that apparently rejoices in twinship and never wants to be separated. Such twins dress alike and enjoy the game of being mistaken one for the other.

There is another type that might be described as reluctant twins. They resent the fact that they are alike and do everything to make themselves seem different. I would say that this type could be separated to great advantage.

Whether any harm would ensue from separating the former type can only be determined by actually separating them and observing the consequences.

Years ago I studied twenty cases of identical twins separated in infancy and reared apart under different environmental conditions. Separation did not seem to have affected them adversely, but there were sometimes rather marked differences between twins of the same pair in mental ability, temperament, behavior and health.

Since both members of a pair of identical twins have exactly the same heredity, and differences between them must be non-hereditary, or, generally speaking, environmental. About half of the separated pairs that we studied had been reared in contrasting environments, such as city versus country life; a home of wealth versus a home of poverty; marriage with several children versus no children; and so on.

The most striking fact developed by this study was that, even though reared apart, the twins were about as similar physically and as hard to distinguish as if they had been brought up together. In two cases, however, physical appearance had been modified by health conditions. Even so, the resemblance was remarkable.

In mental ability there was in several cases a marked difference in IQ, the largest being 24 points between a pair of women, one of whom was a college graduate, the other having stopped school after the third grade. In general, the twin with more education made the better showing in intelligence tests. Temperamental and emotional traits were more affected by environmental differences than were either physical traits or mental ability.

However, studies reveal that identical twins, if reared together and in school together are as much alike mentally as physically. Frequently their grades are almost the same in all subjects. Fraternal twins, however, differ in mental ability almost to the same extent as ordinary brothers and sisters.

The frequency of mental deficiency is considerably greater among twins than among the singly born. The explanation offered by some doctors is that since most twins are born prematurely, they are more susceptible to brain injury.

It seems fairly certain that a psychic bond exists between identical twins. Here is an illustration taken from the school room, which was reported by a highly reputable person, a dean of the Superior Court of California. There was considerable discussion among the teachers over identical replies to examination questions by Joe and his twin. They had been separated by the width of the room during the examination.

One skeptical teacher refused to admit the possibility of telepathic communication. "There has been some trick," she insisted. "They communicated with each other in spite of my precautions."

So it was arranged to hold the next examination in separate rooms. The test was on the works of Shakespeare. The twins had studied for it together. On the day of the examination Joe's twin sat in the teacher's office but was unable to begin.

"Why don't you get to work?" the teacher asked impatiently.

"I'm not ready," was the answer.

There was more delay and at last the principal, in whose office Joe was awaiting the test, came in and asked where the examination papers had been left? Not until Joe had his paper and started the test was his twin able to begin. When it was over the principal called the twins together.

"Boys," he said, "your papers coincide exactly—the same words, the same syntax, the same grammar, and strangest of all, the same mistakes. One thing I am sure of. I'm sure neither of you cheated."

Identical twins themselves affirm the fact of mental telepathy between them. They can't explain it, that in many instances one is able to know what the other is thinking about.

One twin once told me that if she and her sister were preparing for an examination and did not have time to read all the books assigned, one would read some of the books and the other the rest. When they took the examination they would have no difficulty with the answers—provided they were in the books one or the other had read. Many scientists are skeptical of the reality of mental telepathy, but remain open-minded as to its possibility.

The case of Edwin and Fred illustrated the psychological affinity of identical twins. The boys were adopted in infancy by different families and brought up without knowing they were twins. When Edwin was 21 and working as a telephone repairman in a Western town a fellow employee, recently transferred from another district, came up to him and said:"Hi, Fred, how's tricks!

Edwin said his name wasn't Fred. The other fellow scratched his head. "I'd have sworn you were Fred. I knew him well in Chicago. Excuse it."

Later, the same thing happened - Edwin was taken for Fred. He began to wonder and finally went to his parents. They told him he was not their real child, that he had been adopted and that he had a twin brother. It was not difficult to trace Fred. The twins met. Each was a repairman for the same telephone

[*Continued on page 44*]

REPORT FROM JAPAN

By BOB DUNHAM

SPIRITS ALMOST CLOSE SCHOOL IN TOKYO

Students of a Junior High School in Tokyo have become so embroiled in a debate with their teachers, as to whether human beings have souls independent of their physical being, that the principal has threatened to suspend classes.

Strangely enough the debates were not specifically promoted by the "Exorcist" (which is now showing in Japan with no age restrictions), but by a series of photos taken by one of the students at several local cemeteries.

The controversy started when a 2nd year student took some photos of some gravestones, which when developed showed a young man's face, his eyes closed, standing beside a stone lantern in the compounds of Yasaka Shrine in Tokyo.

On a closer inspection of some of the other prints more shadowy figures appeared without any plausible explanation. The lab who developed the film swears, to the best of their knowledge, the exposures were not tampered with.

The students are demanding the subject be discussed in class and their parents are backing them up. Meanwhile the teachers have split down the middle, pro and con, and while more than 60% of the student body is pressing for an explanation of the pics, Takahashi Kitagata, the principal, is trying to discourage any further debates during school hours.

Interviews with several of the students and teachers by telephone indicated that while they are determined to follow the thing through on their own level they are not all that interested in all the publicity which has developed as a result of their pressing their demands.

OZE GHOST CHILLS GIRL HIKERS

A snapshot taken at Oze Marsh, a popular hiking resort in Gumma Pref., Japan, has added fuel to the "occultism" fad which has been sweeping Japan recently, as it shows the image of a "ghost" standing behind four women hikers.

As the rumor of the mysterious incident quickly spread among hikers this past autumn an increasing number of curiosity-seekers are travelling to the area to look for the spirit man.

The color photo in question was taken around 10:30 a.m. early in September by Kenji Saito, 23, a company employee from Koriyama, while he was on a hiking trip with 22 of his fellow workers.

In the photo four women members of the party are lined up on a wooden walkway in the middle of the marsh. The otherwise normal snapshot has the image of part of a man's face just behind the second woman from the right. The ghostly man who is wearing an orange-striped cap and glasses is a total stranger to all members of the party, and both the four women and Mr. Saito have flatly denied the possibility of anybody joining their party. They claim that if somebody had actually stood on the ground behind the four girls standing on the 6' high wooden walkway, the man's face could not be seen in the photo unless he was well over six feet tall.

The mystery deepened when a rigid examination of the negative by qualified lab technicians proved that it had no traces of any modification.

One of the four women who has become terror stricken by the ghostly image is reportedly getting severely emaciated from insomnia.

Somebody has suggested that a person could have covered one of the many signs in the park with a cap and a cut-out of a face, but that seems unlikely as a check of the actual scene by park officials revealed there is no sign on that site. Someone else suggested it was nothing more than a double exposure, but with Mr. Saito's Nikon it is impossible to take a double exposure. So the mystery still stands.

So far no one else has been able to capture the ghost on film.

Psychic Powers of Dust Devils

Don O'Neill was a Yuma, Arizona newspaperman with whom I discussed a series of strange psychic experiences during 1966-69 when I traveled afoot through the lower Sonoran Desert. Whenever in Yuma, I visited Don, and our conversations always probed the baffling events happening to me almost daily.

One morning in 1967 I told him about a mystifying series of experiences with a "dust devil," or desert whirlwind, an act of nature common to the desert. I had become convinced of a psychic force in, or created by, dust devils. I also confessed I didn't know how to go about proving it.

That same afternoon, however, a dust devil developed while Don and I were together. In seconds it provided what seemed incontrovertible proof that dust devils were indeed connected with the desert's psychic happenings.

Dust devils are especially numerous during scorching days when heat shimmers up from the desert floor. Then the desert is calm. The air above the sand becomes very hot.

With no breeze, fast-rising chimneys of air are created through a type of air-heat explosion. Ground air currents move in, replacing the air which has exploded upward.

The result is a violent whirl gathering up objects in its path as it races across the desert like a phantom. As it travels, it gains speed and intensity, extending to heights of over 1,000 feet.

The dust devil which captured my curiosity occurred at the Rob Roy, an abandoned gold mine in the Kofa Mountains of central Yuma County, Arizona. I was living in one of the cabins there. One afternoon upon returning, I discovered someone had been there and dumped a large, heavy cardboard box near the cabin.

It was about four feet square. Looking at it, I wondered why people had such little respect for the desert, and I felt angry about the box being there.

It was around noon. I walked over to pick up the box, but a few feet from it I jerked back, startled. The box had begun spinning violently on the ground. It seemed to be alive and thrashing. All around it, everything was calm.

Suddenly the box sped straight up. Fascinated, I saw it grow smaller as it rose rapidly on a vertical course. I rushed to the cabin for my binoculars.

With the glasses I followed the box as it continued on a true vertical course. Soon it appeared no larger than a tea cup.

Then suddenly the box quit spinning. For several seconds it was suspended motionless. Suddenly it began tumbling slowly and moved east. It soared high over a mountain, then disappeared from sight.

In succeeding days, a variety of objects I had placed near where the box had been, disappeared. Once a large dishpan of water for wild animals vanished within a few hours. On other occasions a bucket filled with water vanished, and another pan of food for my dog.

I searched for each article, but found no trace. They had simply vanished.

Don had listened interestedly as I related the experiences. It had seemed especially odd to me that at the moment I wished the box had not been dumped, it would vanish before my very eyes.

"There are many strange forces in the desert," Don commented. "If you ever unite with one and grow to understand it, you'll have found a way to obtain whatever you seek."

I was surprised by his statement. I didn't understand what he meant.

"Well, how is all this going to come about?" I asked.

"I'm not certain. At present you don't want anything. In the desert you have everything; you're too well satisfied. You're seeing much, experiencing too much to desire anything materialistic."

I didn't say anything.

After a moment Don spoke. "I think you're attracting these psychic events. Those ESP experiences and others you've told me about."

Many extrasensory things had happened to me in the desert. I'd sensed rattlesnakes in my path and changed course a split instant before the rattler appeared. A canteen of water, vital to my survival, had van-

There are many strange things going on in the desert, if you ever unite and grow to understand it, you'll have found a way to have whatever you seek.

BY BEN TOWNSEND

ished. The next day it had reappeared! There had been endless numbers of happenings of a mystical nature.

I had never been able to understand them.

That afternoon, I began to understand.

Don and I were returning to Yuma from a drive over into California. I had been in town several days, and was anxious to get back into the desert. I needed $5 to round out my food supply and planned to ask for a loan of that amount.

We were approaching the Colorado River bridge, and once again were discussing my experiences with dust devils.

Finally I decided to ask Don for the loan. I knew he would lend me the sum, but I didn't like to ask him. But it would be another week before I had any money, and it was necessary in order for me to return to the desert cabin.

For several minutes I kept thinking of a five dollar bill. I tried to figure a way to get by without it, but couldn't. So I started to ask Don.

And at that exact instant I glanced out into the desert just as a big dust devil developed in the sand dunes, about 100 feet from the highway.

"Stop the car, Don!" I cried out. I'd seen the dust devil gather something up out of the desert.

Don pushed on the brakes and pulled off onto the shoulder, just as the dust devil raced across the highway in front of us. As if prearranged, it deposited a new tarpaulin in the center of the highway, then dissipated.

I pointed excitedly at the tarp.

"That's worth $5 to the owner!" I exclaimed, and pointed to the billowing canvas settling on the highway. I sensed it had blown off a semi-trailer and that it would cost the owner a large sum to replace.

We stuffed it into the car's trunk and started on.

Don turned to me. "You said that's worth $5 to the owner," he said. "Tell me, Ben, were you needing $5 back there?"

I related how I was just getting ready to ask him for a loan when I saw the dust devil materialize.

"Strange, isn't it?" I said. "How we were just talking about them. How that one developed and snatched up that tarp, just as I got ready to ask you for $5."

"It sure as heck is," Don answered.

"We have to find the owner," I said as we pulled onto the river bridge. "But he may be in LA. by now. How can we ever find him?"

Don laughed. "Don't worry. If we don't, I'll lend you five. But I have the feeling you're going to find him and he'll hand you five."

We reached the edge of Yuma. Service stations were on each corner. Don pulled in to the one on the left where he traded.

"I got a feeling the man who lost the tarp is close by," I said. "Let's see."

While an attendant filled the car's tank, we crossed to the station across the street. We stepped inside just as a man handed the station manager a scrap of paper.

"This is my California phone number and address," he was saying. "Anyone find that tarp, have them telephone me collect. I'll see they get a reward."

"Your tarp's across the street," Don told him matter-of-factly.

The truck driver stared at us, disbelief written on his face.

"It's in my car trunk," said Don. "This man found it for you. Or, should I say materialized it for you?"

"Never on earth did I really expect to see that tarp again," the truck driver said. "All I knew was I'd lost it between here and Los Angeles."

He pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket.

"Who gets it" he asked.

Don pointed to me.

We pulled into Don's driveway.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"I think you got more than that five-dollar bill you were wanting," he answered. "That dust devil on the highway came very close to proving there's something psychic about them. After your other experiences with them, you wanted proof. I think you got it this afternoon." □

"For the life of me, I don't know what to say, or what it is all about. If it's a joke of some kind, I wish someone will let me in on it."

THE POPLAR RIDGE ENIGMA

BY RICHARD C. REDMOND

To begin with I consider myself a sensible average guy who seldom comes in contact with the unexplainable. Searching for nonfiction material for articles is my forte. This I do week-ends or whenever a story presents itself.

Most of the material I unearth is interesting and plausible — that is, except the incident at Poplar Ridge. It's still got me buffaloed. Anyway, here's the story, and it all happened a few miles from my home. See if you can figure it out. To this very day I can't.

The trouble started with a mysterious explosion that shook the Poplar Ridge area of Central New York on November 12, 1968. The blast was loud and could be heard for miles. It took place on the Lacey farm on West Corey Road in Cayuga County.

Apparently, the first report of the incident was made by Mrs. Howard Lacey, of West Corey Road, who lived in a remote section of the county. She called the news office of the Citizen Advertiser, a local newspaper with her strange story.

"This is Mrs. Lacey, of Poplar Ridge," the agitated voice told a reporter. "We had a terrific blast near our home last night. It was so bad that it shook the house and got everybody out of bed." Soon more reports of the explosion began to reach the newsrooms in the area. In Auburn, a city 12 miles away from the scene, hundreds of people had also heard the blast which had rattled their windows. Many had stepped outside to search the heavens for the cause of the sonic-like boom. Others had inspected their property, expecting the worst.

That same day, the state police were notified, and Trooper John Moochler came to investigate. But no information was released by the police because they did not want curious persons to go to the area and hamper the investigation.

Later, Lt. W. J. Sjoblom of the state police took charge of the investigation. The more data he obtained, the more puzzled he became. He learned that the explosion had lighted the sky for miles around and was heard in six Cayuga County townships. The explosion created a circular crater at the Lacey farm, which measured at least six feet in depth and 18 feet in diameter.

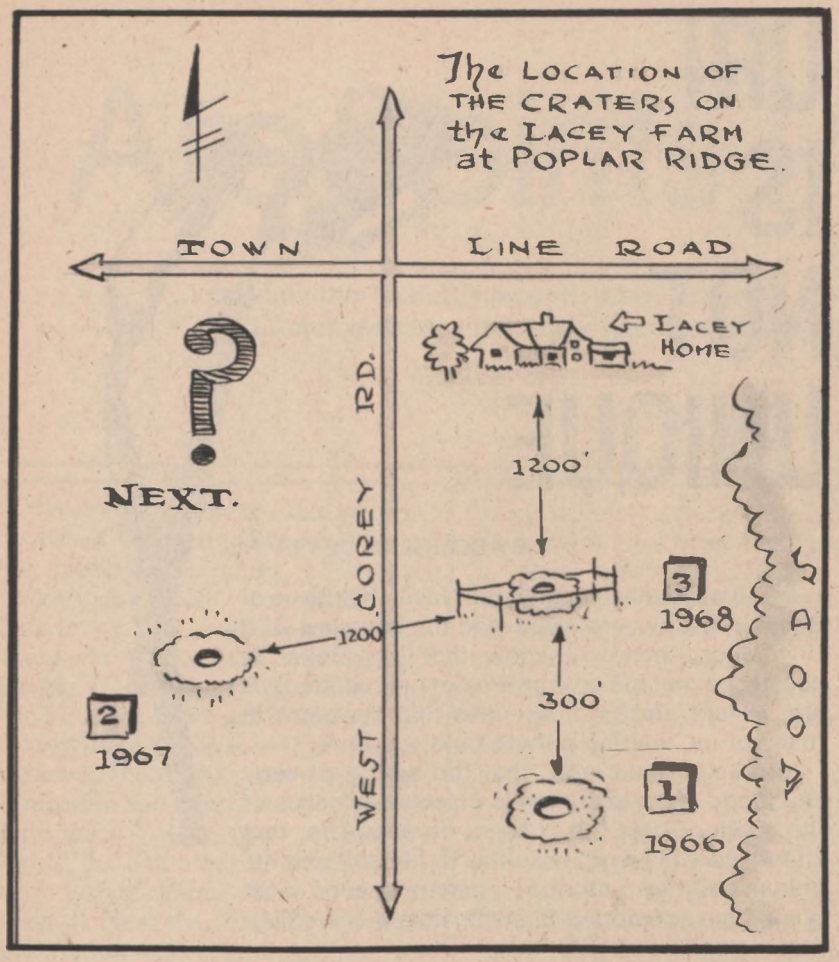
Despite a hampering snowstorm, Lt. Sjoblom completed his investigation and arrived at two possible explanations: The large hole was caused either by a meteor or a man-made explosion. However, he said, this did not mean that either of these possibilities was the only cause of the crater.

Upon the completion of his investigation, the lieutenant roped off the area for further study, and signs were hung that read, "Crime Scene — Keep Out."

Then more startling news came out. Lt. Sjoblom learned from Howard Lacey that the present crater was *only* one of three to be reported on successive years by explosions — and all in the vicinity of the Lacey farm.

The first crater, which had been caused by an earlier year's blast was about seven feet in diameter and about 100 yards from the road. The

[Continued on page 42]



Howard Lacey. It was the Lacey family who first reported the strange explosions which rocked the area known as Poplar Ridge.

Map drawn from information which was obtained on the scene by the author

Photo of the last crater which happened on November 12, 1966 and shattered windows up to 12 miles away. In 1966 and again in 1967, two equally mysterious blasts left similar craters in the area.

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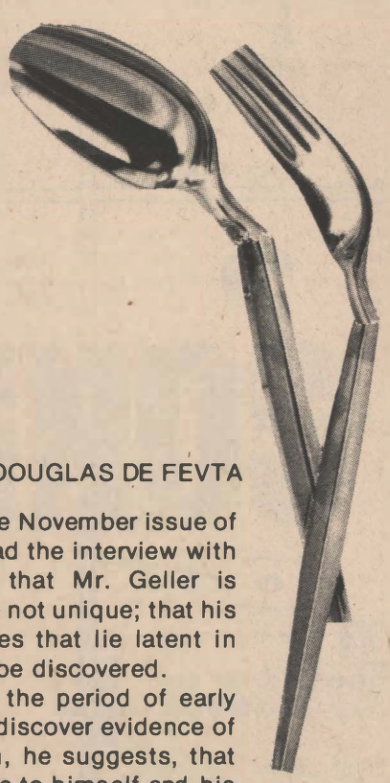

BY DOUGLAS DE FEVTA

If you happened to catch the November issue of Beyond Reality, and if you read the interview with Uri Geller, then you know that Mr. Geller is convinced that his powers are not unique; that his are, in fact, forces or energies that lie latent in many of us, waiting only to be discovered.

Mr. Geller feels, too, that the period of early childhood is the best time to discover evidence of the "Geller Effect." It is then, he suggests, that an individual is most sensitive to himself and his unique abilities. Later on, a person spends most of his time attempting to eradicate any abnormalities.

Paride Giatti is a 10 year old Italian boy with an interesting talent. Recently, Italian TV carried a broadcast of Uri Geller's psychic feat of key-bending. As Paride's parents sat, fascinated by the Israeli phenomenon, young Paride called out, "Look, Dad, I can do it too."

It was true. There was Paride bending keys at 40 degree angles—not with a hammer; just with his mind! And that wasn't the only trick in the little fellow's bag, either. It soon became evident to his amazed parents that Paride could, at will, and with his will alone, set the hands of a broken clock to moving again. Not to mention his uncanny talent for reading minds!

Mr. Giatti wasted no time in rushing his young son off to Bologna's Center of Parapsychology where the powers of the young psychic were quickly confirmed by Dr. Massimo Inardi.

As Geller himself insists, the long-range implications of powers like those of young Paride, when harnessed, are not pleasant. Imagine a world in which children like this one are taken from their homes at an early age and trained, for the rest of their lives, to use their minds for nothing but psychic warfare—bending, not spoons, but human minds! People must be careful, warns Uri. ☐

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But, your Astral Body can do many things that your physical body alone can't, for it is part of the Fourth Dimension—an (invisible) *sea of electrons which flows in, through, and around the physical, giving it form and substance.* Your Astral Body can flow right through solid matter, *materialize in plain sight of others, perform* every one of the *functions of your physical body—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell*—all the while being controlled by you!

You can control your Astral Body by giving it certain specific commands—METAPHYSICAL COMMANDS which I spell out for you in plain English in my new book "Meta-physics: New Dimension of the Mind.' For instance, you can command your Astral Body to . . .

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• **"BLEND" YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THOSE OF SOMEONE ELSE** — Since your *Astral Body is an invisible extension of your own* — with a mind that is an extension of your own — *it is possible to "blend" this mind* with the mind of someone else to *find out what he or she is thinking,* and even *implant your own thoughts in the minds of others!*

• **DUPLICATE ANY OBJECT IN EXISTENCE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN** — Your *Astral Body exists and is part of the Fourth Dimension — a sea of tiny electrical particles from which all matter is formed.* By giving your Astral Body an Electromagnetic Command to duplicate some object — an expensive piece of furniture, for example — it pulls the particles in the air together to form a solid replica of that which you desire!

• **LIFT AND CARRY OBJECTS, TRANSPORT THEM TO YOU FROM A DISTANCE** — You can command your Astral Body to *lift solid objects, using its own concentrated energy* — such as *lifting a pair of dice and making them roll the way you want.*

• **"READ" OTHER PEOPLE'S PAST AND FUTURE** — Since, with your Astral Body, *you can "tune in" to the thoughts of any person, all memories and future plans* of his become an open book to you.

• **HEAL THE VERY CELLS OF YOUR BODY** — Your Astral Body *can help heal you if you are sick, keep you healthy, strong and youthful* — add years to your life! If your body is rundown, tired or "old" *it can charge and rejuvenate the very cells of your body with its own vibrant electron energy* to make you look and feel years younger!

• **TALK TO THE COSMIC MIND, RECEIVE HELP IN EVERY MATTER** — Your Astral Body is your only true means of communications with the higher Spirit Plane. In this manner, *it is possible for you to talk to the Cosmic Mind, just as you would to family or friends, and receive help and guidance in every matter!*

MEET THE AUTHOR

Anthony Norvell is a world-famous psychic investigator, known to thousands (through his books and articles) for his amazing discoveries in the realm of the occult. Here, for the first time, he presents the sum total of his investigations in the secrets of ancient India, China, Tibet and Greece.

IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE. READ THIS:

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Scholars, when editing and cataloging Aristotle's writings, realized that not all of the information was about the natural physical world. In the process, Aristotle had accumulated information that was "outside" the physical world or "non-physical." This 'non-physical" information was filed as "Meta-physics" literally meaning 'After-physics." This information, "after," "above," or "beyond" the physical, held the attention of many people through the ages, including philosophers, theologians, scholars and scientists. It was described in different ways: Ultimate Reality, First Principles, Miracle Power, Metaphysical Power, Divine Mind, Cosmic Mind, God, Faith, Intuition. In the 20th century some call it Energy, Astral Projections, Precognition, Inner Space.

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A short time later, her boss called her into his office. There was a strange expression on his face and he said: 'I don't know why I'm doing this, but I feel you deserve a ten dollar raise in salary!"

A lady who had a 17-year-old daughter, came to one of my lectures at Carnegie Hall. She was a widow, and though she had worked hard to bring up her daughter, they never had more than just enough to get along. After this lady learned the Metphysical Command for controlling her Astral Body, she bought a sweepstakes ticket. By maintaining an "astral grip" on this ticket, she caused her number to be chosen — and won a grand total of $144,000!

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POPLAR RIDGE ENIGMA/continued from page 39

second hole, also about seven feet in diameter, was located on the William Van Nostrand property adjacent to the Lacey farm. The latest crater, which is the largest, is located 25 yards west, and 100 yards north of the original hole and 400 yards from the Lacey home.

Now more inspections of the puzzle. Shortly after Lt. Sjoblom's inspection, the U.S. Army and Air Force became interested in the case. The Seneca Depot in Romulus, New York sent a team of investigators to examine the new crater, and they concluded that the crater was not caused by any man-made explosive device.

Lt. Edward Schollian of the 143 Ordnance Detachment said, "There was no evidence of any remains of any explosive device set to make the hole, some remains would have to be present."

The Army then quickly terminated its investigation once it had determined that no explosive was used.

Next on the scene came Lt. Harry Robinson, information officer of the Air Force unit at Hancock Field in Syracuse, who stated, "As far as the Air Force was concerned, the crater was not the result of an extraterrestrial or celestial force."

Lt. Robinson also added that on the night in question no jet aircraft flew over the area, contradicting speculation that the house-shaking noises had been caused by a sonic boom.

That still was not the end of the investigation. There was more to follow. Following the Air Force was Cornell University's team from Ithaca, New York. Team member William Scherffius explained, "There are no fragments or meteorites upon physical examination of the crater."

Of course neighbors had much to say on the subject. Speculation as to the cause of the craters varied. One neighbor thought it was caused by underground gas. Another was sure that it was the result of ice falling from the sky. Howard Lacey, owner of the property, was uncertain.

"For the life of me," he told me, "I don't know what to say, or what it is all about. If it's a joke of some kind, that's okay by me. I only wish they would let me in on it. I've had enough."

"To me," Lacey confided, "it wouldn't be such a mystery if all the blasts hadn't such perfect timing. All three craters were formed on successive years at exactly 12:35 A.M. on November 12. Those are the facts. Now you know why I'm worried about my farm and family." And he shook his head in deep puzzlement.

The last crater, which resembles a perfect circle with a deep core or center, is still the object of interest to all passersby. An irregular ridge of earth three feet high rings the crater as if protecting it from intruders. Even the casual observer can see that the last crater is not man-made, that it is devoid of footprints and shovel marks. The only mark of man is the rope fence with the warning sign.

Since the last blast in 1968, the comfortable home of the Lacey family has not been rocked with further explosions, but each November 12 they fearfully contemplate another devastating bombing from the unknown, but none has taken place since then. □

PSYCHIC HAZARDS OF BLACK MAGIC/continued from page 28

he fecognizes it for the fantasy it is, he is able to manipulate it in any way he desires and control it rather than being controlled by it.

The practice of Satanic ritual magic, in a nutshell, involves the deliberate release of forces from the Demonic or subconscious personality under condition which are controlled by the magician. This has two principal effects on the practitioner: First, instead of driving a wedge between the conscious and subconscious and setting them against each other, it causes them to work together, unifying and strengthening the entire personality. This, in turn, results in the development in the practitioner of abilities, powers of concentration, and force of will completely unknown to him before.

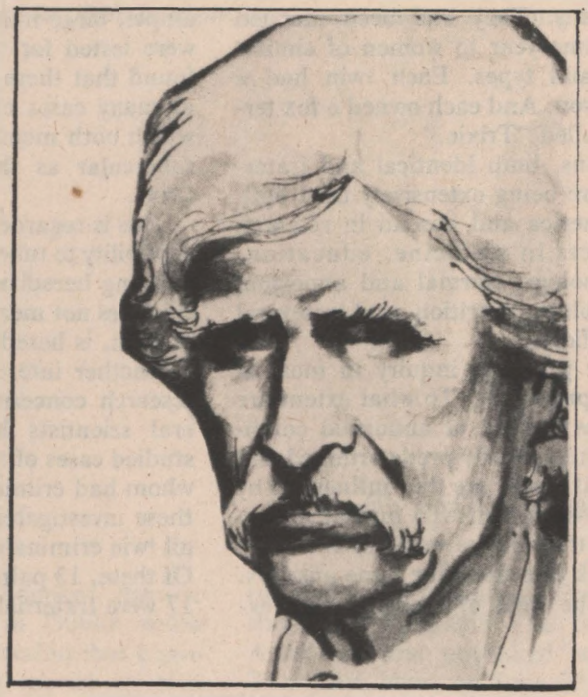
The actual truth about Satanism is perhaps more frightening than even occult fiction would have you believe. The real Satanist is not the furtive degenerate sacrificing an animal in the woods, or a Charles Manson stealing into a home and bent on murder. The Satanist is more likely to be your banker, your accountant, your stock broker, the pretty model advertising the latest fashion, or the policeman who lives in your block. The real Satanists are the people you allow to control your lives.

Pleasant dreams... □

People start pollution.
People can stop it.

Mark Twain believed that his dream was a warning. He felt that he could have found some way of preventing his brother's untimely death.

MARK TWAIN'S PROPHETIC DREAM



BY GLENN CLAIRMONTE

When Samuel Clemens, always known as Mark Twain, became 23, he finally earned his license to pilot the *A. T. Lacey*, a Mississippi steamboat plying between New Orleans and St. Louis. The first thing he did was to use his new status to get a job for his younger brother Henry, who was assigned as a clerk aboard the *Pennsylvania*. Although they covered the same route, they usually crossed in midstream, both of them staying with their married sister whenever they docked at St. Louis on alternate nights.

One morning while having breakfast with his sister Mark Twain said, "I had a terrible dream last night, but don't tell Henry for it might bother him. I saw myself walking into a small crowded room, and there he was lying in a metal coffin that was propped on two chairs. On his chest there was a bouquet of white flowers with one red flower in the middle."

"Musta been somethin' you et," said his sister, trying to relieve his worry.

A few days later news reached Mark Twain on the *A. T. Lacey* that the *Pennsylvania* had blown up with a loss of 150 of the 500 passengers. Of course he was more or less comforted when the first bulletin announced that all crew members had been rescued. Shortly afterward, news reached him that Henry Clemens had been injured and carried with other survivors to the port of Memphis, where an emergency hospital had been set up, with the local ladies volunteering as nurses.

Mark Twain hurried to his brother's bedside and found him in such gruesome pain that he urged a student doctor to administer some of the new pain-killer called morphine. Thereupon Henry sank into a deep sleep from which he never awakened.

The ladies of Memphis had raised a fund to buy cheap metal coffins for the victims of the disaster. When Mark Twain next went to see his brother, not realizing that he was no longer among the living, he witnessed the same sight he had seen in his troublous dream: the coffin in which Henry's body lay was resting upon two chairs in a small crowded parlor. While Mark Twain stood there recalling his dream in great anguish, feeling guilty that he had recommended the morphine because that may have been the immediate cause of Henry's death, an old woman entered the room. Very piously she placed on the body's chest a bouquet of white flowers in the center of which was a red rose.

Mark Twain was inconsolable, and everyone agreed that he began to look old after that. He always believed that the dream had been a warning that he ought to have found some way of preventing his brother's death. □

THE AMAZING WORLD OF TWINS/continued from page 34

company. They had been married the same year to women of similar ages and types. Each twin had a baby son. And each owned a fox terrier called "Trixie."

Twins, both identical and fraternal, are being extensively used both in America and abroad in research projects in medicine, education, criminology, normal and abnormal psychology, nutrition, and in several other fields.

The principle inquiry in most of these projects is: To what extent are various normal or abnormal conditions hereditarily predetermined and to what extent are they influenced by the environment? To further understand the strange world of twins, let us look elsewhere for some answers.

In the field of medicine, for example, large numbers of twin pairs were tested for tuberculosis. It was found that there were several times as many cases of identical twins in which both members of a pair were tubercular as there were fraternal twins.

This is regarded as proof that susceptibility to tubercular infection has a strong hereditary basis. Of couse, this does not mean that tuberculosis, as such, is hereditary.

Another interesting piece of twin research concerns criminality. Several scientists have independently studied cases of twins one or both of whom had criminal records. One of these investigators made a study of all twin criminals in French prisons. Of these, 13 pairs were identical and 17 were fraternal.

In ten of the 13 pairs, both members were criminal and usually the same type of criminal. While in only two out of the 17 fraternal pairs were both members criminal, and then not all in the same way.

This led the scientist to believe that the tendency toward criminal behavior has a strong hereditary basis. This method of twin research may give a better understanding of the nature of the type of person called "criminal."

The same methods have given important results in the study of feeblemindedness and various types of what is commonly called insanity.

Apart from the scientific aspect, are twins desireable? Any healthy pair of twins is highly desirable, if one desires children at all. □

THE MUMMY'S CURSE EXPOSED/continued from page 25

documents. Among them were some of the "Mormon" **papyri** thought destroyed a century or so before.

Professor John Albert Wilson of the University of Chicago, and other noted Egyptologists were invited by the Mormons to translate the papyri and the compare their findings with Joseph Smith's Book of Abraham.

According to Wilson, in his *Thousands of Years,* the *papyrus* fragments he examined comprised "a standard Book of the Dead of late times (well after 300 B.C.), executed for a Lady Ta-shere-Min, whose mother was Nes-Khonsu. Although now cut up into ten pieces, it had once been a scroll of noble length, perhaps 10 feet or more."

Other scraps were studied by Klaus Baer, also of the University of Chicago. They made up a "Breathing Permit of Hor." according to Wilson, the Permit "was another late *papyrus*. Its magical force was to allow the deceased person to breathe the breath of life in the next world. This text was not as common as the Book of the Dead, but several other *papyri* comprising 'the Breathing Permit' are known, all of Roman times."

These re-discovered documents raise an interesting question. If these items, originally in the Philadelphia Museum, survived to the present day, what happened to the two mummies? Could they possibly still exist in some public or private collection not yet been unearthed?

In spite of the bad luck the mummies brought to antonio Lebolo, Joseph and Hiram Smith, the City of Chicago, and perhaps to Michael Chandler, they seem to have brought a measure of good fortune to some others.

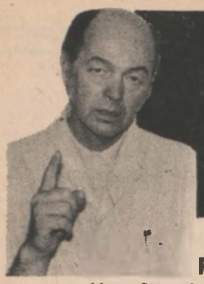
Take Frederic Cailliaud, for example, who purchased two of the mummies from Lebolo in 1823. All trace of these has been lost, but Cailliaud himself lived for nearly three decades after the sale, dying at age 82. Bernardo Drovetti lived almost thirty years after obtaining his mummies; he died in 1852 at age 77.

When Michael Chandler first exhibited the mummies in this country they were examined by young Charles Anthon, Philadelphia's leading classical scholar. Anthon subjected them to lengthy tests, but the "curse" did not rub off on him. He died more than 40 years later, in 1867 at age 70.

The mummies were also scrutinized by the equally-young Philadelphia physician, Dr. John Kearsley Mitchell. He lived to only age 60—but the date of his death was four decades after his examinations.

In May, 1884, only a month before his murder, Joseph Smith showed the mummies to two visitors from Massachusetts. One of the guests was Charles Francis Adams, son of President John Quincy Adams, and the other was near-relative Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard University and former mayor of Boston. The two Bostonians sarcastically mocked the mummies and poked their fingers at the dry, withered flesh. Even so, Josiah Quincy, who was 72 at the time of his visit, lived an additional twenty years. Charles Adams died 44 years after his visit, at age 81.

The *"curse"* of ancient Egypt is well-known. Is there also a *"blessing"*? □



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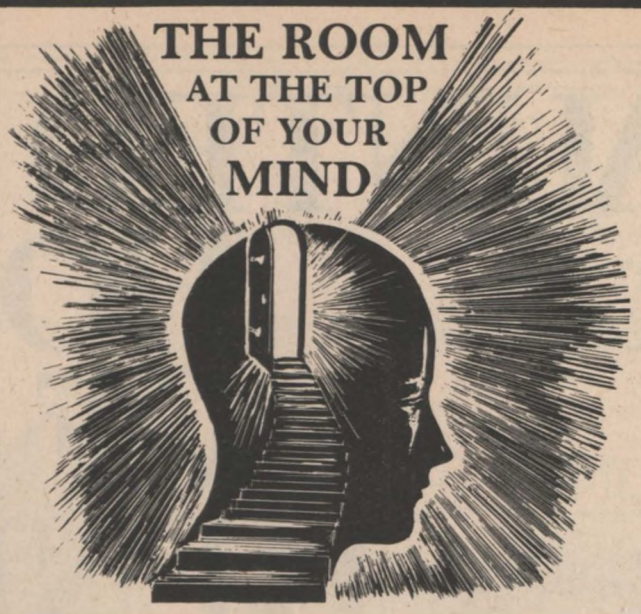

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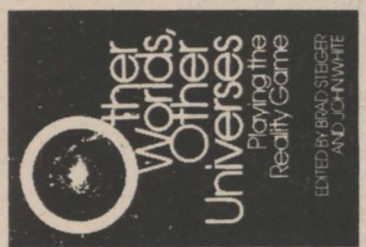

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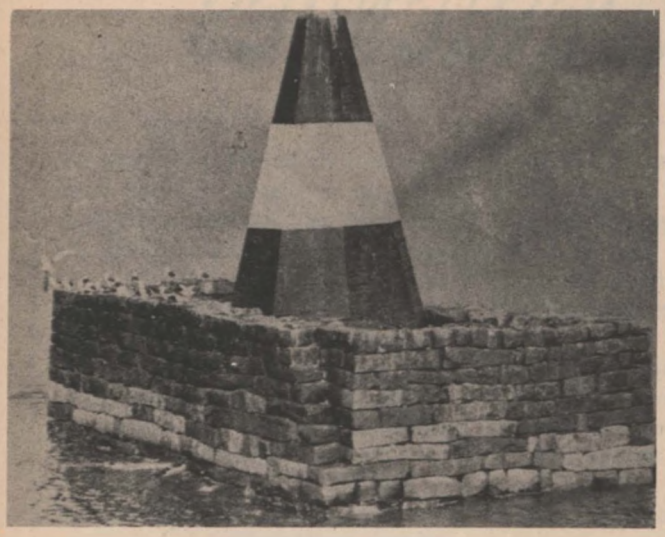
HAUNTED HOUSE OF HENNIKER

BY DAVID CRAIG

The stately Ocean-Born Mary house in Henniker, New Hampshire. It was behind this house where, according to the legend, the pirate Philip Babb was found murdered—and where a fabulous treasure may lie buried.



Nix's Mate near Nantasket Board in Boston Harbor. This was journey's end for many pirates who were executed on this spot and their remains left dangling from the gallows.

A wood cut of that period shows what the Wolf's *passengers might have expected at the hands of ruthless pirates had it not been for the birth of Mary earlier on the day the ship was stopped.*

Enniker, N.H., is a quiet town of 2,400 inhabitants located about 60 miles from the Atlantic. There is an eternal quality in the dark tangled forests and brooding hills that surround this village as though time had slowed its pace here. And in a curious way, it has.

Several miles outside of Henniker proper on Bear Hill Road, a wooded lane winds into the hills. A half mile up this road a weathered yet well-preserved house sits back behind a picket fence among the trees. At first glance, it seems no different than other New England colonials. But appearances can be deceiving. Some years ago this very structure was featured in a **Life Magazine** article as one of the ten most haunted houses in America. According to popular tradition and the direct testimony of witnesses, the spirit of a woman has stalked the premises for 160 years. Her name is Ocean-Born Mary.

Mary's story begins 254 years ago. In the late spring of 1720 a small ship, the **Wolf** captained by James Wilson, left Londonderry, Ireland, with a complement of Scottish respectability. On July 28, near Outer Brewster Island in Boston Harbor, the **Wolf** was stopped and boarded by pirates. (Such audacious privateering was common in these waters. Nix's Mate, an islet near Nantasket Roads, witnessed the execution of many buccaneers.) The captain of the pirate ship went by the pseudonym of Don Pedro. He was, in fact, an Englishman named Philip Babb who pillaged under a false name to prevent reprisals upon his family.

The **Wolf** was, of course, an easy prize. Any resistance was token. But before he could loot the ship, Babb heard the cries of a newborn child. Investigating, he discovered that Capt. Wilson's wife, Elizabeth, had given birth that very day. The baby was a girl and as yet unchristened. In an unusual display of sentimentality, Babb offered to leave the ship and its passengers unmolested if the child were called Mary after his own mother (some accounts say his wife). Needless to say, this was an amenable arrangement. The bargain struck, Babb presented Mrs. Wilson with a bolt of greenish-blue Chinese silk brocade to be used for Mary's wedding dress. Then he sailed away.

Capt. Wilson survived this episode only to die in Boston shortly after his ship docked. His wife and daughter—along with most of the **Wolf's** passengers—

[*Continued on page 52*]

TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

STRANGE DREAMS

In my freshman year in college, I experienced my first brush with precognition and the supernatural. I was an art student, newly enrolled at the Atlanta Division, University of Georgia, and busy with the basic freshman courses in life drawing, sketching, everything I would need to gain a solid foundation in the field of art.

The fall quarter was perhaps six weeks old, and I was making good progress with my work in the various media: oils, charcoal, pastels and pencil drawing. My instructor, Professor Alan Kuzmicki, had flattered me some weeks earlier by hanging an oil and dry brush sketch I had done from life in the student gallery.

Things moved along comfortably for me, and we began the study of folds, fabrics and drapery, working on techniques to make them appear as real as possible. I recall that I was in a good mood at the time, pleased that my sketch still hung in the gallery, and not too disgusted that I was having trouble with my ability to show realism in fabrics. My efforts satisfied neither myself nor my instructor, and this fact must have weighed heavily on my mind.

Thus it was, after an uninteresting and frustrating day in class, I was more than a bit disgruntled as I dropped off to sleep one evening. I immediately found myself dreaming that I was back in class again, with Professor Kuzmicki seated near me, lecturing and demonstrating to the class grouped around him the methods of creating realistic folds in drapery. The room, my classmates, the sketchboards, everything was in its place, and the strokes and words he used as he lectured were all logically correct. He was still working with the folds of a piece of gray fabric when I awoke.

Hours later, wide awake and once again in art class, I was stunned to find myself suddenly reliving the very dream I had dreamed the night before. I was in the same spot in the classroom, listening to the professor go through the same actions and motions, using the same words to describe his technique that he had used in my dream the night before. Even my classmates were standing in the same positions.

Somehow, I managed to live through that class, though the feeling of numbness gripped me. Even today I can still see the motion of his arm as he worked to describe the light and shadow on that gray fabric before us.

Years have passed since then. I have never had another such dream that I've been aware of, but from that one vivid dream in my youth, came an awareness that we all follow a path that seems to be predestined for us. More than once I've found myself with that same strange tingling awareness I remember experiencing in that class that morning. The concern I felt then is no longer with me, for I know that though I've had no dream that I can remember, I am simply passing through another part of my life that was predestined, just as I did on that morning so long ago. Today I accept these feelings for what they must surely be. Checkpoints that come to me in this form as I make my journey through life.

Howard T. Winters
Mill Valley, Ca.

A DESERT UFO?

At 5:02 p.m. on September 28, 1968, I observed through binoculars a short, elongated object moving silently northwest across the hot desert sky over the Kofa Mountains of central Yuma County, Arizona. The wingless object had caught my attention while I scanned a nearby mountain slope, hoping to catch sight of a big horn sheep.

In coming days I observed the object several times, though on different courses. Finally it became such a routine event that I ceased making notes on it in a diary.

It did not have the shape of a drone, and its length was much too stubby for a missile, judging from those I had seen. Its nose was bullet-shaped, and fins protruded from the rear.

Shortly after my first sighting, I contacted military authorities at the Yuma Proving Grounds, and other military installations closeby. The general explanation of the object was, "It's nothing, probably a drone or a missile."

For a time I was satisfied with the military's explanation.

But soon after my inquiry my remote desert camp was invaded by hordes of various groups of men "who just happened to drop by and notice my camp." At the time air temperature was registering 99 degree highs, which meant the temperature in the open was around 125 degrees. People just didn't go into the desert without a reason when temperatures were so high.

Usually the visitors came in pairs. Some produced identification papers showing they were military men. Most claimed to be searching for a lost "object with wings."

While one man would talk to me, the other would prowl about my camp. Then he'd join the other and question me as to why I had taken up living in the desert, what type of unusual happenings had I seen.

In weeks I had visits from officers in the U.S. Navy, the U.S. Army and the U.S. Marines. Others in civilian dress never identified themselves. Two of them offered me $50 if I'd take them into a rugged mountain area and search it for "an object" they never described to me, other than it was winged.

I had been in the desert going on three years, living in its remote reaches. Not until I had reported the UFO had I had any visitors, except for prospectors passing through.

The first sighting found the object moving with the direction of the prevailing winds, northwest. The desert was still, and I listened intently to see what was propelling it, but there was

no sound. It traveled in a perfect horizontal plane, always at what seemed the same speed.

Then suddenly it reached the vicinity of a peak and was buffeted wildly, and I lost sight of it. A day later I made my inquiries in person and my phone to the military.

The next observance I had of the object was about 10:50 a.m. on September 30. I was looking through an old copy of *Life* when I chanced to look up and saw it again. This time, watching it through my binoculars, I sketched on the margin of the magazine the general shape of the object. It was traveling on nearly the same course, and appeared to be silver in color. One thing differed. The object appeared as a transparent material. This had no similarity to a chute, and appeared to be a fluid condition. It was not observed on any of the other flights. On this sighting, it was traveling the same course.

By October 5, 1968, I had observed it several times. Once it came from the east on a straight west course. By now it had become so routine a sighting that I paid little heed to it.

But judging from the military men who began dropping in, it seems the government may have been more excited about it than I, even though they said it was nothing to get excited about!

Ben Townsend
Parsons, Kansas

TELEPORTATION?

Several years ago my husband and I were living in Los Angeles. A good friend of ours had just bought a 25 foot cabin cruiser and invited us to go water skiing with him. Since he had the boat on a trailer at his home, he asked us to help him load it with supplies and hitch it up to his car. That we did, but in the process my husband had taken off his glasses and casually laid them down on the top of the back of the boat.

When we were all set, we agreed to follow our friend towing the boat through the busy streets of Los Angeles down to the Long Beach harbor.

My husband was driving and doing his best to keep up with our fast driving friend when all of a sudden I noticed that my husband's glasses were still on the back of the boat. I looked at him and realizing that he did not have another pair of glasses, I told him that he had forgotton his glasses on the boat. He said "Oh God, you're right, there they are." I thought he was going to try to catch up to our friend and stop him before the glasses fell off and broke on the road. However our friend crossed an intersection on a yellow light and we were forced to stop for a red light.

All of a sudden something very peculiar happened. I was looking at my husband who seemed to be in deep concentrated thought. As we waited for the light, I saw our friend with the boat pull over to the side of the road to wait for us. During the few minutes we waited for the light to change, I had looked at my husband several times and also at the boat across the street. I thought that we were lucky that the glasses had not fallen off by now.

When the light turned green we proceeded through the intersection when all of sudden I didn't see the glasses anymore on the back of the boat. I turned to my husband and gasped. He had his glasses on! He looked at me and smiled and said "I know, my glasses are on."

My husband is one that believes in teleportation and levitation, UFO's and other aspects of psychic phenomena. In fact he had told me about similar experiences that he has had in the past. I had been married to him for four years. He is a wonderful amazing guy so I accepted this phenomenon as a form of teleportation. I smiled and looked at the boat and thought to myself that if someone else had witnessed this they would be shocked and bewildered. Maybe nobody would ever believe it, but then again there was no reason for an optical illusion or chicanery. I looked at my husband, he winked and I winked back. It would have cost $50 to replace the glasses if they had been broken.

Judy L. Crewe
Blackduck, Minn.

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.

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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.

THE NEW ROSETTA STONE

Light at the End of the Tunnel

BY GENE KIEFFER

Truth, we know, can be stranger than fiction. This is often demonstrated in our personal lives, and even novelists sometimes discard real incidents for ones that are less bizarre just so their stories will seem more believable....Man, we come to see more and more as time goes by, is but an actor on the stage of life, a puppet in the hands of an invisible artist of infinite imagination.

In the case of the Rosetta Stone, the famous rock that became the key to the understanding of Egyptian hieroglyphics. If a writer were to present the story as fiction, readers would dismiss it as too improbable, if not impossible.

For 1400 years the hieroglyphic writings were only jibberish to scholars. Monument upon monument up and down the Nile was inscribed with weird pictures and symbols, but each was impenetrable to one and all. Fabulous temples stood in the sun as silent reminders of a once-proud civilization, yielding no clue as to who their builders were or when they had been built.

It is said that one of these temples was constructed on such a vast scale that the Cathedral of Notre Dame could be placed in a single wing as a mere ornament. Yet nothing was known of the men who had labored to put it there.

The Rosetta Stone, however, has changed everything. This slab of black basalt, only 3 ft. 9 in. long and 2 ft. 4½ in. wide, was discovered quite by accident in 1799 by one of the workers engaged in repairing a section of the fort of St. Julien, near the town of Rosetta.

Engraved on one side of the irregularly shaped stone were three different texts. At the uppermost were the mysterious hieroglyphics. In the middle were "native letters," called demotic writing. And, at the bottom, was a text in familiar Greek epigraphic characters. Here was a bilingual document that could be used as a key to the deciphering of the hieroglyphics.

But this was a key that could not be applied by just anyone. In fact, there was nobody who was prepared, at that time, to make the breakthrough, even with the key in hand. A very special mind had to be fashioned for this specific assignment.

Just nine years before the Rosetta Stone was found, a child was born in the little French town of Figeac, chosen by destiny even before birth to play the decisive role in this mystery-drama. He was Jean Francois Champollion, and it is true that he was singled out for the Rosetta Stone many months before he breathed life or saw light.

Champollion's mother had been told by her doctors that she was incurably ill and had to be confined to her bed. As a last resort, however, her husband called in a magician named Jacqou, who told the woman that if she would lie on heated herbs and drink hot wine she would be quickly cured.

He then prophesied that before the year was out—it was early summer—she would give birth to a son. The child, he said, would grow to become a famous man and be remembered down through the centuries. On December 23, 1970, Jean Francois Champollion was born.

It is said that Champollion bore no resemblance to his parents, but looked every bit like an Egyptian. He developed a passion for the history of Egypt in early childhood, and he showed a great talent for languages.

When he was given his first glimpse of papyrus fragments and hieroglyphics—he was only 11—he asked, "Can anyone read them?" Told that there was no one who could, he announced with absolute certainty, "In a few years I will be able to do so; when I grow up."

The young Champollion set out to learn Arabic, Syrian, Chaldean, and Coptic. He took up Old Chinese, too, so that he would have a still better chance of unraveling the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

On September 14, 1822, he spelled out the name of Rameses II on the Rosetta Stone, and two years later he published his *Precis du Systeme Hieroglyphique*. This work, said the historian Alexandre Moret, "was an incomparable masterpiece of penetration and French clarity." In it, he declared that he could henceforward

[*Continued on page 56*]

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 too 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.

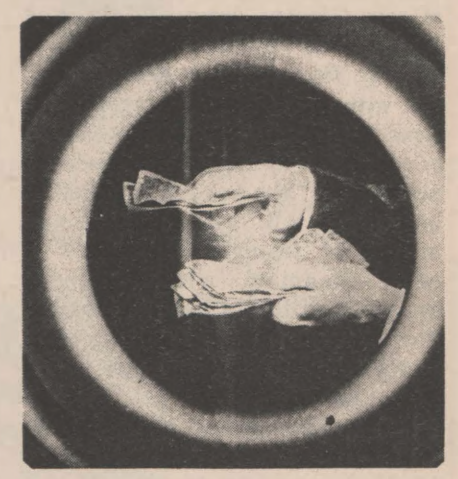
CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o– w— c—— p— a– c– s— a– p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying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

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

ISLAND PARK BOOK CO., Dept. 169A
55A Saratoga Blvd., Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of MIND COSMOLOGY by Norvell! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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ISLAND PARK BOOK CO., 55A Saratoga Blvd., Island Park, N.Y. 11558

settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire, on land granted to them. For several generations they annually celebrated Mary's birthday in commemoration of their deliverance.

Mrs. Wilson married one James Clark, the great-great-grandfather of Horace Greeley, eventually dying in 1732. Mary herself grew into a striking figure of a woman—6-feet tall with red hair and green eyes. Leander W. Cogswell, in *The History of the Town of Henniker,* describes her thusly: "She was remembered as being quite tall, resolute, and determined; of strong mind, quick of comprehension, with a strong brogue, and full of humor. She was florid of complexion, bright eyes, and elegant in her manners to the last of her life."

Mary continued to live with her step-father's family until December 18, 1742, when she married Thomas Wallace who'd settled in Londonderry the year of her mother's death. She was 22 and reputedly wore a bridal gown fashioned from the material Babb the pirate had given to her mother. She bore five children: a daughter, Elizabeth (who possibly died in infancy), and four sons—Thomas, Robert, William and James. All her boys stood closer to seven feet than six and all fought in the Revolutionary War. Robert, born September 5, 1749, also helped to frame the constitution of New Hampshire.

Thomas Wallace died on August 22, 1754, leaving Mary a young widow. Consolation came to her from a strange quarter. She was offered the position of companion-housekeeper to a landed gentleman in Henniker. This benefactor was none other than Philip Babb who'd been keeping tabs on his "god-daughter" all this time.

Tiring of a pirate's life and apparently a widower, he'd purchased a large tract of land (accounts vary between 100 and 6,000 acres) and had his ship's carpenters build him a stately 10-room house with hand-hewn beams, 6 fireplaces and H-L hinges on the doors (these considered an effective hex against witches). Some of the floors were purposely slanted to remind the former seafarer of a ship's roll. In the years to come, the home would be visited by such notables as Lafayette, Daniel Webster and President Franklin Pierce.

Into his home Mary moved with her children and her she lived until her death on February 13, 1814, well into her 90's. It was a reasonably pleasant existence ("sunny and happy," says Cogswell), marred only by the occasional appearance of Babb's former shipmates and local adventurers who were convinced, perhaps correctly, that a fortune in plundered booty lay buried somewhere on the property.

At some point Philip Babb inadvertently went after whatever reward awaits reformed pirates. He was found murdered in the orchard behind the house. Some say a cutlass pierced his chest, others a dirk in the back. In either case, he was as dead as any buccaneer who ever swumg from a yardarm.

In accordance with his wishes, the legend goes, he was buried under the 8' by 30" hearthstone in the kitchen. Possibly his treasure, valued at seven to eight million dollars, lies with him. Assorted psychics and dowsers have "sensed" great wealth in and about the house. One dowser, in fact, indicated that beneath the hearthstone were human bones lying above successive layers of silver, copper and gold.

Nobody has ever found Babb's treasure, if there was one. He is reputed to have put a curse upon his grave just as Shakespeare and countless others have done. Mary Wallace lived out her days beneath this roof. But her death in 1814 was seemingly just a hiatus, for rumors persist to this day that would suggest for her the past still lives on, that she still walks the corridors of the home she lived in for 59 years.

Her spirit seems to have slumbered peacefully through a succession of owners until 1917 when a Louis "gus" Roy from LaCrosse, Wisconsin, purchased the house from the Dowlin family who'd acquired the property in 1866. It was with his tenancy that Mary began to make her presence known, previous occupants having reported nothing particularly unusual.

It should be mentioned that, given the romantic nature of the house's history, a legend persists that on Halloween a phantasmal coach drawn by four horses pulls up before the house, Mary herself alights and goes to the well into which she drops something, then the coach resumes its journey only to evaporate into the trees. Mary was reputed to have discovered Babb's body upon her return from town in a coach-and-four.

Such is legend. What's happened since may or may not be. Shortly after Roy moved in, he opened the house to the public envisioning a small income. He was an antiquarian and had published a few articles in such journals. A man named Anthony Eddy of Gloucester, Mass., heedless of the "curse," asked and received permission from Roy to dig up the area about the kitchen hearthstone, offering to split 50/50 any treasure found. A week before the excavation was to begin, Eddy was killed when his car slipped off a jack and fell on him.

Very soon thereafter Roy himself had his first brush with the unknown. He was about to throw an old paper bag into the fire when he felt a spectral hand grip his wrist. Upon checking, he discovered that the bag contained blasting powder.

This was but the beginning. During the great hurricane of 1938, Roy ventured out into a torrential rain to buoy up his garage against fearsome winds. When he returned to the house, his mother, Flora Roy, said that she'd seen the figure of a tall woman working beside him. While Mrs. Roy claimed to have seen the spirit of Mary many times, Gus Roy never saw her. However, he

(Please turn page)

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 pea e 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!

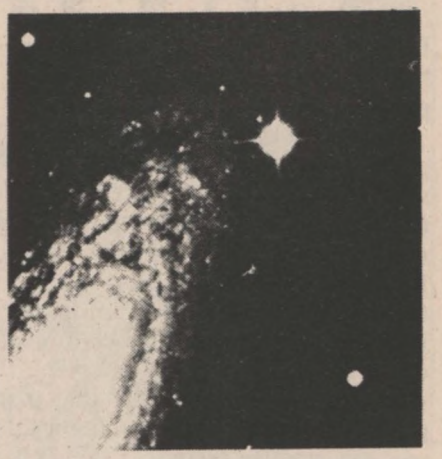
IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

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. Arrivin 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!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of THE MIRACLE OF PSYCHO-COMMAND POWER by Scott Reed! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

NAME _____ *Please print*

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CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

stated that she saved his life 19 times during that hurricane alone. Evidently unusually accident-prone, on one occasion he had been trapped by falling trees when the limbs were hefted away before him, affording a path to safety.

Not too long after this two state police officers, now both dead, had a strange tale to tell. For whatever reason, they were walking up the mountainside lane off Bear Hill Road one dark night when both saw the tall figure of a woman approaching them. Oddly, she was clad in a dress two centuries out of style. it wasn't until some time later that the possible significance of what they'd seen occurred to them.

Mrs. Roy had a particularly disquieting experience. One day a woman knocked upon the door. "I've come to see the rest of the house," she announced. "What do you mean the *rest* of the house?" Mrs. Roy inquired. The lady revealed that she'd been there the day before. A tall, red-haired woman had answered the door, giving her permission to look over the ground floor. This was all well and good except the Roys hadn't been there the day before. The house was empty!

After Mrs. Roy's death in 1948 all was peaceful for a while. Gradually, however, Gus Roy became aware of a presence in the house. He felt his mother was attempting to contact him as her picture kept falling off the wall. Accordingly, in August of 1959, a spiritualist named Paul Amsdent came by invitation to the house. He revealed that there was someone buried on the premises "enclosed by a stone wall of some sort." Shortly later, the man who'd recommended this medium visited the house with several other people. On this occasion the door to an upstairs room slammed shut by itself. And one of their number—a confirmed skeptic—was standing alone in the second-story room in which Mary allegedly died when he heard a woman's voice insist that he leave. He was so unnerved he required a doctor's attention after this incident.

In 1963 a family named Russell bought the house. They, too, had their share of inexplicable occurrences. During the fall after they moved in their caretaker dropped a portable heater down the staircase. Immediately, flames covered the stairs and began to climb the wall. Since there was no water supply within the house, Mr. Russell dashed outside for snow to dowse the fire. Mrs. Russell, standing by the staircase, saw the flames suddenly extinguished as though someone had smothered them with a blanket.

Before the Russells actually moved in, they spent some time renovating several of the rooms. One night Mr. Russell had just settled down in the so-called Lafayette Room (supposedly Babb's own room) when he heard footsteps in the adjoining chambers. There was a thunderstorm raging outside and Russell had his dog with him as the property had recently been vandalized. He quickly got up and checked—especially since the behavior of his dog suggested they were not alone—but the house was locked tight. There was no one there!

Several weeks later Mr. Russell had good cause to be alarmed again. As before, he was preparing for bed in the Lafayette Room when he heard a knocking on the door. He answered it but the hallway was empty. Assuming he'd been fooled by the sounds of a settling structure, he went to bed only to be disturbed a few moments later by his doorknob being turned back and forth. Once again, a search revealed nothing.

Mr. Russell's third and last reported experience took place in early 1964. It was about 4:00 P.M. and he was about to enter the cellar. With him was his dog, a faithful creature who rarely left his side. On this occasion, however, the dog absolutely refused to go into the cellar. It stood adamant at the top of the stairs, hackles raised, bristling and growling. It might be added that one legend mentions a yet undiscovered tunnel that supposedly opens into the cellar.

Does Mary Wallace still roam the corridors of her old home? It might be romantically supposed so. At least someone apparently does. The well-known parapsychologist Hans Holzer, author of nearly 30 books on the supernormal, investigated the circumstances. He tells of a medium from Massachusetts named Lorrie (a pseudonym) who, together with her daughter, saw a tall woman gazing at them form an upstairs window during a 1961 visit.

Lorrie, who like Mary is very tall and red-haired, had a particularly frightening experience. After his first visit she found herself strangely drawn to the site and returned many times, almost always sensing the presence of Mary both in and around the house. One night around 11:00 P.M., after several recent visits, Lorrie "awoke" to find herself clad in pajamas and robe and bare-footed driving toward Henniker. She had no recollection of leaving her home, but when she returned it was to find the lights on and the door wide open.

In the months to come, Holzer employed the aid of the famed British psychic Sybil Leek. Her testimony, tape-recorded while she was entranced, revealed a strange story. Babb, it would seem, had not given up his pirateering life when he "retired" to Henniker. He continued to keep his foot in the door as far as coastal smuggling was concerned. Not only does *his* restless ghost prowl the premises as well as Mary's, but also the spirits of several other "runners" and a servant girl named Mary Degan.

Today, as it has almost always been, the Ocean-Born Mary house is a private residence not open to the public. Yet it is difficult to stand before it, with the wind soughing through the trees and the twilight settling down, without being aware of the history that has passed here. And whether it's fact or fancy or both, one gets the definite feeling that if he were to gaze quickly at an upstairs window, he might see a tall woman "florid of compelxion and bright-eyed" staring intently back at him—the spirit of Ocean-Born Mary. □

NOW! USE THE ONE THIRD OF YOUR LIFE LOST IN SLEEP, to:

LEARN WHILE YOU SLEEP!

Absorb Any Information WHILE YOU SLEEP!

. . . and without losing your rest. How? It's all managed very efficiently by your subconscious. You can learn all you want to learn. You can do all you want to do . . . help yourself in any area you choose by going directly to your subconscious, the source of genius and inspiration—as well as just plain, good, profitable ideas.

You can 'computer-record' information and instructions directly to your subconscious while you are asleep—and 'play-back' the information for immediate action when you are awake!

Your Brain: THE ORIGINAL COMPUTER!

Never underestimate the powers of your subconscious mind! Remember that the most highly developed electronic computer available is merely a second rate copy of the brain you received as a gift of birth!

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TOOL, TOY OR TRAP/continued from page 23

exactly what is in that compound. However, such a process would be limited to only the very versatile, well-equipped laboratories. To get meaningful pictures, the process is difficult and must be kept under tight controls. Even a slight change in voltage level can shift the pattern and color values. Very small changes in the barometric or mechanical pressure can change the pattern completely. To make use of this process in a scientific manner, all phases of the process require precise instrumentation. Little do-it-yourself devices to "see your Kirlian aura" or "determine your health" are gadgetry!

For those who are interested in related background information, I would highly recommend the book by Szent-Gyorgy and also two volumes on *Conduction of Electricity Through Gasses* from Dover Press. An additional source of information can be found in the books *Theory of Ion Flow Dynamics,* also from Dover Press and *Atmospheric Electricity* from Pergamon Press. However, these texts are sophisticated in their presentations, and they are not recommended for beginners.

Some of my work shows that cells may prove to be valuable as sensors, when combined with electronics, and we may find them useful to explore fields and waves that are as yet unknown. Cells can react with great sensitivity to even subtle changes from within and from without. However, in Kirlian-type photography the cells are used in such a manner that we get a combination of so many variables that the final picture is of little value.

What we really end up with is a composite indication of (1) the reaction of the cells to the applied voltage field, (2) the reaction of air, contamination, and pollution adjacent to the specimen, (3) variations in cell chemistry caused by the parent system and (4) the effects of change in film position, voltage, and air pressure. No doubt other unknowns also enter into the end result. With so many shifting factors we have a colorful but unpredictable kaleidescope that can defy analysis. It has become a trap too often used by the publicity seekers, and it is a field that has not been completely overlooked by the "fast-buck" artists.

It is not pleasant to remove so much of the glamour from such a fascinating "discovery" as Kirlian photography; however, research loses its value without honest analysis. The scientific facts of today were the supernatural of yesterday. The supernatural of today may be the science of tomorrow. We have found that an occult follower can be just as narrow and conservative as an old-line scientist. It isn't "where you stand" but "how wide is your angle of vision?" □

THE NEW ROSETTA STONE/continued from page 50

read the monuments of every period and translate the hieroglyphics without hesitation.

Champollion had thrown the switch that would soon light up a 3000-year corridor into man's historic past. Over the next ten years he left the world what he himself called his visiting-card on posterity," his *Grammaire Egyptienne* and his *Dictionnaire Hieroglyphique.* Then he departed the stage at the age of 42.

The Egyptians, themselves, had called the hieroglyphics "the words of the gods," and it has become increasingly apparent that these strange picture-writings do hold meanings that scholars have so far been unable to comprehend. There is an esoteric side to some of the texts that has yet to be deciphered.

What is needed now is a new Rosetta Stone and another actor to play the Champollion role if we are to shed light on the sacred meaning-secret-writing of the Egyptians.

But, can we really expect another Champollion to come upon the stage? Can there be another Rosetta Stone? Yes, and that individual's name is Gopi Krishna, and his life story is no less "miraculous" than Champollion's. He, too, it is clear, was destined from birth to play a unique role in deciphering ancient writings that have baffled scholars for centuries.

Born into humble circumstances in the tiny village of Gairoo, in the Indian state of Kashmir, Gopi Krishna, now 73, is largely self-educated. His "Rosetta Stone" is something quite different from the one found in Egypt, though. it is a "stone" nonetheless, in at least one sense of the word.

For Gopi Krishna, the magic key to the understanding of the sacred writings, whether they be found in Tibet, China, Egypt or India, is the ancient science of Kundalini, a word often used interchangeably with "the Serpent-Power."

Some intelligent force had invaded the womb of Champollion's mother and had given her a linguistic genius for a son. This same intelligent force took possession of Gopi Krishna, but it happened in an entirely different way. The "invasion" took place when he was 34 years of age!

From that day in December, 1934, he has been a different personality. He began to speak and write in nine different languages, seven of which he had not seen nor heard spoken before.

We, here in America, have not yet heard from this amazing man, but his ideas and his new interpretations of the ancient documents are beginning to take root among a certain class of scholars. More will be told about him in future columns, as we report on his findings.

For the present, it is enough to know that Gopi Krishna is busy at work at his home in the faded Vale of Kashmir, putting together his "dictionnaire hieroglyphique" in a manner uniquely his own. Volume one of this all-important work, just completed and entitled *The Dawn of a New Science,* has been sent in manuscript form to leading Indian government officials, editors and scientists.

In time, Gopi Krishna expects scholars and scientists all over the world to apply this new Rosetta Stone "key" to most of the heretofore secret writings of the ancient adepts and masters. □

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SECRET CITY OF THE INCAS/continued from page 19

arrival, he summoned them and began his hoax. *Perhaps* he would permit them to plant a few crosses, maybe even build a church and seek converts, with a vague gesture, "just outside Vilcabamba, beyond that lake."

That lake he had created by damming the Urubamba to flood the gorge deep enough to reach the frairs' shoulders. Rocky terrain provided countless traps for complete submersion. "Your God suffered His Son to trust the waters," he had taunted. "Have you equal faith? Let me first see if your hearts possess the strength of your mouths!"

It was the rainy season. Raw air and freezing water racked Diego and Marcos with convulsive chills and burning fever. Their bare feet became shredded on the merciless stones. Each step wrenched groans of agony from lips that struggled for air against the strangulation of the water's surface.

But no amount of derision, no depth of depravity nor despair had dissuaded the two little friars. Not even the unmatched provocation of Titu Cusi's two favorite wives had been able to break the friars' vows of celibacy.

Incredulous! Titu Cusi received the report from his distraught concubines with mounting anger. Marcos, if the girls' story could be trusted, may have been brought to the brink of breaking. One more supreme effort just might strip him either of mind or body—perhaps both. But, ah, that Friar Diego! The one who had even dared caution him, the Sapa Inca, against the excesses of *chicha.*

"Arouse all my wives!" Titu Cusi commanded drunkenly. "Give the Spaniards no peace. Contrive every wile known to woman. Break their vows of conscience, or you die!" He reached for another gourd of *chicha.* "Work especially on the younger one, Friar Marcos."

The *chicha* was bubbling in rivulets from every pore when Titu Cusi awakened, yet his teeth chattered with the cold. His eyes ached as they focused on the distorted features of Friar Marcos.

"Heathen! Drunken heretic!" Marcos was shouting. "I have taken God's vengeance upon the brothel of your idols!" In each trembling hand he thrust toward the Inca fragments of the gold sun symbol from the sacred temple..

Marco's pursuers burst into the chamber, also dragging Diego whom they threw at the Inca's feet. In return, Titu Cusi hurled Marcos bodily toward them. "Stone him!" he thundered. "To the gates of Cuzco, stone him. But let him live, to sing his sorry prayers in sickness!"

Titu Cusi suddenly clutched his chest and sank to the floor beside the prostrate Diego. He waved his guards back and beckoned to the little padre. "I hear my ancestors calling," he whispered. "Spaniard, can your God stay me from joining them?"

"No, my son," Frair Diego rose painfully to one knee. "But I can absolve your soul and deliver it to our supreme God for everlasting life." He raised hs crucifix toward Titu Cusi's lips. With the final thrust of his life the Inca swept it aside.

Fear and superstition gripped the wives and paladins of the last Sapa Inca. The din of their unleashed anger were the last sounds Friar Diego heard on this earth.

For Christian monk and Pagan monarch alike, their strife-locked death symbolized the end of an era during which a rapacious conquest had burst open the New World. In his victorious hour of vengeance, the Inca was himself destroyed. And in this hour of failures to convert the Inca, or to reach Vilcabamba, the friar founded spiritual victory.

The twilight of their respective gods descended with the repetitive futility of history. The empty halls of Vilcabamba, known today as Machu Picchu, now echo to the tread of curious white men. But there,, also, instead of the cross, the Inca's hitching post of the Sun god still points mutely to the Andean sky. □

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ARE SPIRITS PEOPLE/continued from page 29

further itself by ethereal goodwill. It takes money. My regular fee," he said, "is $8.00 for a one-half hour reading. I have speaking engagements and charge fees comparable with any speaker's fees. We conduct classes of ten students each, charging $20.00 for the introductory courses and $17.00 for the following ones which take four years of concentrated study to complete.

"We have private donations also. In fact, this house was donated by a wealthy client who had received much help through our program."

It was a pleasant house of the 1900 period, set in a flower filled garden, and since it was a bird-twittering day, there was a feeling of quiet normality about it. Inside were sunny rooms, a friendly white dog and no mysterious, eerie, hanging pictures; no disturbing blue lights and no odor of burning incense. Nothing could have been less menacing.

"I am a member of a team of 15 clairvoyants who work with the Orlando Police Department in locating missing persons, fleeing criminals, and lost children. It takes long hours of concentration and right now we are working on 13 out-of-state cases. For this we charge no fee.

"Eventually," he said, "we hope to establish schools especially for handicapped children in Orlando, under the leadership of one of our best-known mediums, Ann Gehman. We think through our spiritual insight we can do much for afflicted children." He paused. "Just remember this one thing. If you have lost someone dear to you, and most of us have, they are not really lost, they are temporarily out of sight.

"When you drive along a well marked highway and go from state to state, you are seldom aware that you are in Nebraska for instance, but gradually you know that you are in another state. So it is with those who have passed to that other state. They may not be visible to you but they are there, living in a happy, productive way.

"We think though, that lines of communication are open and it only takes some skill and much study to communicate with those who have passed out of our orbit."

He sighed, "This was a long speech and I hope you absorbed some of it."

"Is yours a God given art?"

"Compare me with a musician. You know of those who give a great performance; technically perfect but with little warmth. Then you may have been fortunate enough to have heard someone who has the same perfect technique but also has the gift or soul that makes him a truly great musician. I need not point out the difference.

As for me, I am also one of the fortunate ones. I've had the gift since early childhood and became aware of small things like knowing something would take place before it really happened. Then I have perfected my technique through years of study. I spent six years at Duke University in their program of research into psychic phenomena." He went on with a twinkle in his eyes, "It's not as tough for me to be a clairvoyant as it might be for someone else unless they have the gift."

Nearby was a park and up a short path was a moss-covered marker. The faint letters said that on January 5, 1848, George Colby had come from Pike, New York, to establish this nucleus of the National Spiritualist Church. He was led there by a vision he had in his early youth. In 1895 this place became the center of a recognized organization.

For those who have a pre-conceived idea that spiritualists are "kooks", a visit to Cassadaga and a talk with one of the followers of the church can be a rewarding, thought-provoking experience. □

THE ROMANTIC GHOST

It seems that some spirits are looking for something more than just frightening people. In fact we found it hard to believe, that a spirit has been making quite a name for himself by hopping into bed with a pretty little English girl. The report comes from London than an amorous spirit who wears miner's clothes, such as boots and baggy pants, has taken a fancy to Beryl Gladwin, age 18.

The report states that the spirit visits her between 4 and 6 P.M. three times a week. "First the ghost tugs at the bedcloth," Beryl said, "and then I feel it next to me in bed. It holds my hands and starts kissing me and biting my neck. I've never been so frightened in all my life."

Beryl has moved into her parents bedroom in their rented home in Nottinghamshire, but the spirit still makes the scene after her parents are fast asleep.

The hauntings started a few weeks after the family moved into the house. A clairvoyant, Simon Alexander, who was called in by the exhausted parents, found that the spirit was that of a miner who lived in the house years ago.

Alexander further stated that the spirit's name was Dexter and that he became malevolent. Alexander plans to hold a seance in hope of ridding the house of Dexter.

Beryl's mom is looking for a new house to rent, "The spirit seems to have taken a liking to Beryl," said the mother.

"My other two teenage daughters haven't been affected." □

and left there to die, the bread and water keeping her aliive long enough to do her penitence. This much is not legendary: a Sister of Mercy named Mary Lairre, nineteen years of age, died a tragic death on May 17, 1667, not too far distant from what long afterwards became Borley rectory's site.

After her death Sister Mary began haunting the convent until exorcised from it. Her reason for returning from the life in the hereafter was on account of her unhappiness there and because no proper burial was given her. So much for the story of the ghostly nun.

Her tragic death occurred in 1667. The rectory was not built by Rev. Bull until 1863. So there was a time passing of 196 years. The deceased had a long wait until there was a place for her to manifest herself. Her remains were supposed to have been buried under a fir tree that stood on the southwest side of the rectory's grounds. During the first years of the rectory's existence, there was a tall fir tree there. What might be left of the nun's skeleton is purportedly to be still lying there under a stone slab with the letter B engraved on it. What the B represents has never been explained. This may well be consigned to legendary hearsay. Better to take up the story at a time nearer two centuries later, when the hauntings in Britain's most haunted house first began.

Not too long after its erection, the rectory's ample grounds, under the overseeing of a master gardener engaged by the Rev. Bull, became a natural show place with trees and flowering shrubbery in addition, a large garden provided vegetables for the rector's growing family. There is no reliable record of the year when something of a preternatural nature was first seen.

Then there came the path walk between the trees where at least a dozen persons at different times saw the Sister's apparition strolling. The path became known as the "Nun's Walk."

The person who saw the wraith at its best was a resident of the town of Sudbury, a carpenter named Fred Cartwright. His job necessitated his walking to work each morning, his route taking him past the rectory. In that year the place was unoccupied. It was on Monday, September 16, 1927, at 7 A.M., when Carpenter saw the woman. Garbed in the habit of a Sister of Mercy, she was standing by the rectory gate, silent, motionless, eyes closed, and her sad face was the pallor of death. Outside of this she appeared to be a live person, although she gave no indication that she was aware of the man's approch. Cartwright said later that when he came abreast of the woman an eerie sensation of fear gripped him, making him anxious to leave the woman behind him. It made him hasten his steps.

The next time Cartwright saw her was on the following Friday. She was standing close to a hedge by the gate. Being she appeared so much like a living person, he had his mind set on saying 'good morning' to her. Alas, the nearer he came to her the stronger the same feeling of fear came to him, making him hasten his walking.

The following Wednesday he saw her the third time at the same spot. This time fear did not come to him. The nun vanished before he came too near her.

Being a stranger in the immediate community, he told her experiences at a local inn. Here he was told that what he'd seen was not a flesh and blood nun, but the ghost of one!

The Rev. Henry Bull was succeeded by his son, Rev. Harry Bull, as rector. The year of Rev. Harry's assuming the rectorship is not clear. Rev. Harry died in 1927. But for more than a few years he and four of his unmarried sisters lived in the place. On the afternoon of July 28, 1900, three of the young women—Mabel, Ethel and Freda—were returning from a social affair. It was bright daylight with the sun still high in the sky. The girls entered by the back gate. As they emerged from the shade of the trees and came out on the open lawn, all three at the same instant saw a woman with bowed head, dressed in the black habit of a nun. Her hands were clasped in front of her as if she were telling her rosary beads. Being familiar with the story of the nun's wraith, they stood and watched her quite unafraid. As they looked, the phantom seemed to be slowly drifting as if wafted by a breeze. What the girls noted especially was the sadness and death pallor of her face.

One of the girls then ran into the house and called the other sister, Elsie, who had up until then refused to believe anything about the phantom nun. When she saw the shade, she exclaimed, "A ghost? Nonsense! I'm going up to her and speak to her. Stay here and watch." With that she started toward the specter. When she was almost within touching distance of it, the ghostly figure turned and faced Elsie with a facial expression of intense grief. Elsie stopped in her tracks. Whereupon the apparition vanished like a vapor in the sight of the four sisters.

Some months later, Ethel saw the black-habited figure standing by the rectory's gate. Edward Cooper, the gardener, stated that the sad, white-faced, black-hooded Sister of Mercy had on several occasions walked slowly, silently past him where he happened to be at work.

Here we may conclude the part played by the apparitional nun in Borley rectory's ghostly saga. We now go back to June

(Continued on following page)

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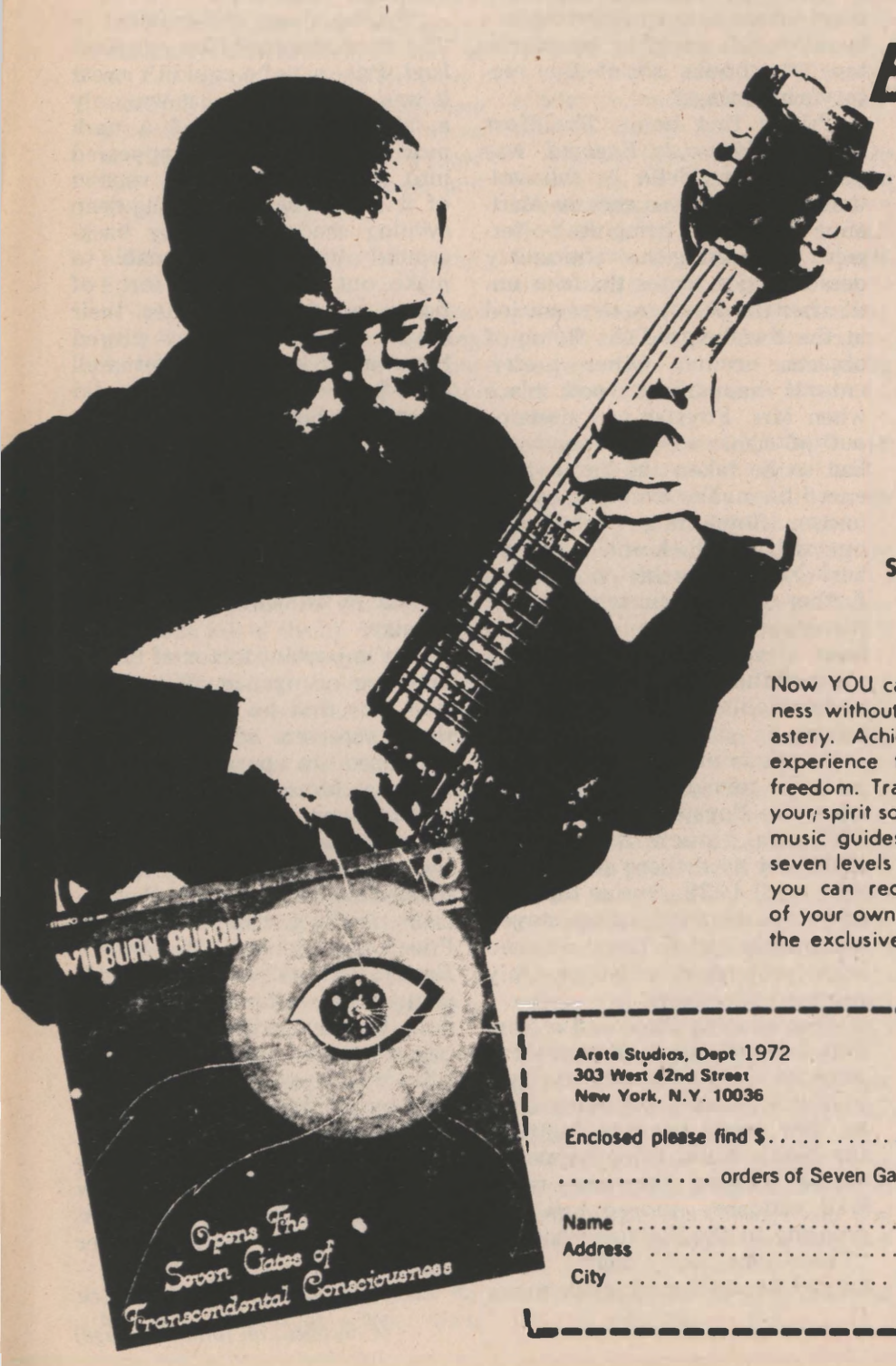

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BORLEY RECTORY'S LAST HAUNTING MYSTERY/continued from page 60

1929 when there entered the picture, Harry Price, Honorary Secretary and Editor of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation of Supernatural Phenomena. In addition to holding this eminent office, Price had acquired a reputation as a ghost sleuth, exposer of fraudulent mediums, investigator of paranormal phenomena, and a self-professed agnostic and nonbeliever in a life after death.

At the time of Mr. Price's appearance on the scene, there had moved into the rectory mansion an elderly rector named Foyster and his attractive young wife Marianne, twenty years younger than he. Prior to their tenancy the house had been lived in by a Rev. G.E. Smith and his family for over a year. It was evidential that by this time the spectral Sister of Mercy had faded away for good. After Rev. Harry Bull's death in 1927, there is no mention of her promenading the rectory's grounds.

But after the Foysters had gotten settled in the dwelling, disturbances of a violent nature began to take place. Things began flying in the rooms. An invisible Something pushed furniture about or overturned it. Clothing was scattered about. Objects from the outdoors came flying through the windows into the rooms. Bells were rung by unseen hands. Doors locked and unlocked themselves. Knocks sounded from inside the walls. A mischief wreaking poltergeist had taken residency in the house. It did everything except setting fires in the place which sometimes is the wont of this type of spook.

Worse yet, this sinister Thing singled out the attractive young Marianne Foyster to vent its spite on. She was struck, pushed from her bed, and scratched. Curious handwritings appeared on the walls that were difficult to read; but as near as they could be deciphered they were beseechings for litanies and Masses for a 'lost soul' in Purgatory.

The Foysters moved out of the haunted mansion in 1935. Then for two years the place stood vacant. But it appears that in the time the Foysters lived there, Price saw and heard plenty. How else could he have written two books about the rectory's hauntings?

Price's first book, *The Most Haunted House in England*, was published in 1940. In this volume he as good as accuses Marianne Foyster of being the poltergeist. Something she vehemently denied. Price writes that not until after the Foysters were settled in the dwelling did the flying of objects occur . Other preternatural happenings took place when Mrs. Foyster was alone or out of sight; so only her word had to be taken she had experienced them. For example, had an unseen Something pushed her out of bed, struck and scratched her? Price bases his conclusions further on the contention that the young woman could have been clever enough to perform some of the poltergeist's mischief undetected in the presence of others.

Price's interest in the haunted mansion remained so keen that when the Foysters moved out in 1935, he himself rented it in 1937 and lived there most of the time until 1938. During the time of Price's tenancy, things stayed remarkably quiet. There were no more poltergeist activities. Only one minor incident.

One evening Price and a London newspaperman named Wall were sitting on the rectory lawn in the summer's gathering dusk so they could see the length of the Nun's Walk. Price happened to be looking elsewhere when Wall suddenly nudged him and pointing to the Walk, exclaimed, "There she is!" When Price looked he saw a dark shape move into the shrubbery. Both men leaped to their feet and hurried to the pathway; but when they got there neither one saw anything. In this connection it may be said there never was positive evidence of the nun's appearance inside the mansion.

Writing about the incident in *The Most Haunted House in England*, Price says he couldn't swear it was a nun's figure; it was only a brief impression of a dark moving shape that disappeared into the verdure. Wall's version of it is that because of the deep evening shadows cast by background objects, he was unable to make out any definite form of figure or dress. Whether their keyed up imaginations played them a trick—as it might well have been—or the two men did see a dark Something go into the shrubbery, it apparently was the closest Price ever came to beholding a ghostly manifestation on the rectory's grounds. Someone said that what the men glimpsed was a large black dog owned by someone in the community.

An important factor of Price's one year occupancy of the mansion was that he had with him three observers who were inexperienced in paranormal phenomena. More about this later.

Not long after Price moved out, the premises were purchased by a Captain Gregson. Then a mysterious fire gutted the ancient dwelling. I have before me Price's second book, *The End of Borley Rectory*, written in 1945, about a year after the fire. It is a dull, blandly written work, the bigger portion of it detailing what was supposed to have been seen by spectators at the fire and the firemen who fought it. Phantom figures were seen moving through the flames. Others saw ghostly ones looking out from the heat-broken windows after the fire was out.

In his second book, Price

(Continued on following page)

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makes a faux pas by saying that digging in the rectory's cellar after the fire had brought to light human bones that could have been those of the murdered Sister. But how could her remains have been interred here when the rectory basement was not excavated until nearly two hundred years after her death?

Price died in 1948. Then came his castigation, mainly by the Society for Psychical Research. The first of this came in 1956 and Price's two books got the brunt of the scorn from three of the Society's outstanding members. They were E.J. Bingwall, K.M. Goldney and Trevor Hall who published *The Haunting of Borley Rectory*.

Of course Price had loyal supporters, but their indulgence was overshadowed by the negative side. The latter had reasons to accuse him of rank charlatantry, and this for the purpose of getting money from a gullible public. Hand in hand with Marianne Foyster he'd staged the poltergeist disturbances. During the year of his tenancy of the rectory, the place had been a top tourist attraction. Much was made of the paradox: the two rectors and their families that had lived in the haunted mansion after the Bulls, and neither was disturbed by ghostly happenings. When they vacated the place, both families gave the same reason for leaving. . . .it was the unhealthy dampness and deterioration of the dwelling's interior that prompted them to leave—not supernatural phenomena.

Then there came Trevor Hall's book, *New Light on Old Ghosts*. It alluded to a confession alleged to have been made to a newspaper reporter by Marianne Foyster—that she had been the poltergeist!

Price's observers who were with him during the time he occupied the mansion were laymen; had they been experienced Society for Psychical Research members, Price could easily have been caught in his web of fakery, as readily as he had detected fake mediums.

Last but not least, the Borley community was heavily enmeshed in ghostly legendary, and the local folk enjoyed telling and will continue relating these stories in the next hundred years. One example concerns the phantom coach drawn by spectral horses on a pastoral road after nightfall. The driver is a headless man (A favorite character in ghost stories.) Without a sound the coach goes to a certain spot near the rectory where it stops, and out of the nowhere a young man and woman materialize and enter the vehicle. Then it drives off in the direction of the forest where the Sister of Mercy was strangled by her abductor lover. In one of these tales the coach's wheels are heard rattling on the graveled road.

It is this writer's opinion that as a capable showman Price played up these legends to their best for the purpose of bringing in the tourists, and who will say it didn't pay off at his "box office?" One of his observers could well have been the admission seller, while the other two were the guides who showed the dupes around.

Of the multitude who paid an admission fee, none saw an apparition or heard any supernatural manifestations. None of the few who did would have passed the Society for Psychical Research's high criterion for genuineness. Those who made these claims were neurotic or with a mentality and had eyesight that made them susceptible to seeing things; in better words, people saw what they wanted to see.

After discounting the legendary stories, only 10% of the rectory's haunting can be credited to the nun. Her appearances could have been genuine ones. It could be that some energy or "soul" (Edison called it a surviving entity) survives the human body long after its flesh and bones are dust. Scientists have conceded the possibility of it.

Following the fire a demolition crew reduced the burnt out structure to rubble and hauled it away. Today, unless it has a marker, it might be difficult to find the exact spot where once stood Britain's most haunted house.

There is now on the market a monumental 22-volume work, *Man, Myth and Magic*, an Encyclopedia of the Supernatural. It is on my library shelves. It devotes two pages of text by Douglas Hill to Borley rectory. A photograph illustrates it, purportedly snapped while the fire-razed mansion was being demolished. It shows a brick that allegedly suspended itself in midair after leaping out from a walk leading into the house. Even a layman in photography can see that it is a faked picture, that the brick was not lifted up by ghostly hands but probably were human ones. The brick is almost snow white in color, which it couldn't have been if it was lifted out of the ground. It was maybe white washed or painted by someone prior to being hung with a black string.

It can be said Borley rectory's last haunting mystery went up in the billowing cloud of black smoke that spread over the countryside as firemen subdued the blaze with outdated equipment. Left unanswered are some important questions, the most vital one being: Did the most haunted house ever harbor a ghost? Reliable evidence is lacking. □

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A Glimpse of the World Beyond

Do you ever think about death? I suppose at one time or another, each of us confronts the nature of his existence and the length of his stay on the Earth. Here are accounts of three famous people who have looked on death and come back to tell about it.

At 80, W. Somerset Maugham, British novelist and author of *Of Human Bondage* felt himself slipping into what he felt to be his last coma. Here it is in his own words: "I felt myself going. Time ended. It might have been an hour or a century. The light began to change. To my surprise it did not grow darker but lighter."

"It became iridescent, blinding. I could sense my pulse fading and my heartbeat slowing and still the light increased in intensity. And then, and then, the most exquisite sense of release. A great final orgasm. A giving up of the whole being."

A timely injection brought Maugham back into the realm of the living where he remained for 10 more years. But his grim apprehension in the face of death was ever replaced by a placid sense of wonder and awe.

Nineteen year old Ernest Hemingway was serving his country in World War I over in Italy. Around midnight on July 8, 1918 he was holed up in a trench near Fosealta when an Austrian mortar shell exploded beside him. He recounted his experience to a correspondent for a New York newspaper.

"I felt as if my soul were coming right out of my body, like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket by one corner. It flew around and then came back in and I wasn't dead any more."

Notwithstanding his lighthearted analogy with the silk handkerchief, Hemingway received serious wounds in the explosion. He further describes the experience later in one of his novels —*A Farewell To Arms.* His hero, Frederick Henry, is in a trench when a shell hits beside him. "I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily. And I knew that I was dead and it had been a mistake to think you had just died. And then I felt myself slide back and I was back."

There you have the phenomenon of death as depicted by two famous authors. Now, let's consider it from another, a psychological point of view.

In 1944 Dr. Carl Jung, famous for his theories on the "archetype" and the "collective unconscious", suffered a severe heart attack. For all practical intents and purposes, the man was dead. These are some of his impressions of that experience:

Jung ascended from his body to a point high above the Earth whence he hung suspended. Below him was the Earth "bathed in gloriously blue light." He saw to one side of him a magnificent luminous temple which he expected to enter and therein discover "all those to whom I belonged in reality" after being stripped of "the whole phantasmagoria of terrestrial existence."

For these men, rather than imprisonment, death seems to imply a release, an escape from the captivity of the body. Rather than the last horizon, death suggests a new frontier; not an ending, but a beginning.

We must be careful to remember that in experiences as personal as these, it is always difficult to substantiate them with empirical data.

But the similarities to be found in all of the experiences, especially among men who have devoted their lives to finding and conveying a deeper understanding of the human condition, should, at the very least, open doors to new thought.

Accordingly, it seems that the body may only be a temporary dwelling place for something more enduring. Here man is no more the pinnacle of creation but only an infinitessimal dot in the scheme of all things. One derives a certain amount of refreshment from such a view. Man and all his problems really don't seem to be that important. Life and death are aspects of the same thing, just part of a continuing process. Death has as little sting as the grave, a victory. □

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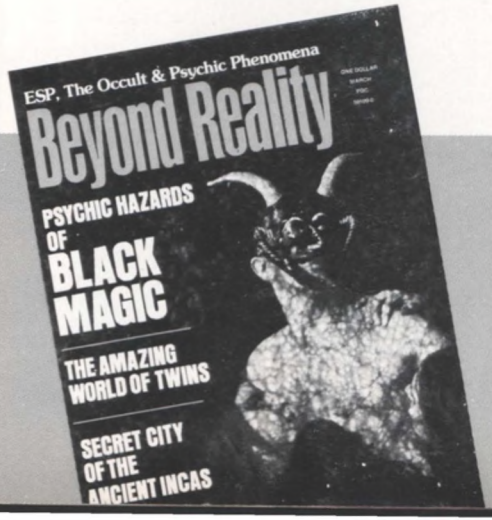

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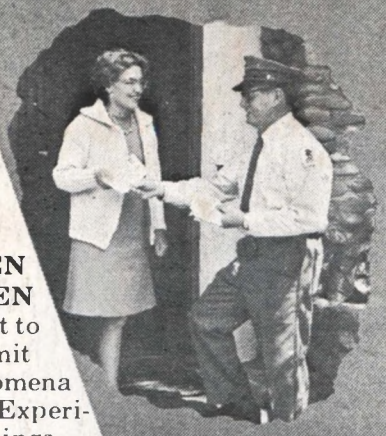

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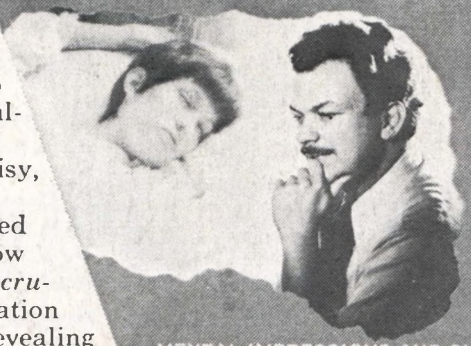

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