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Strange Lights

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(A Certified Public Accountant turned Occultist tells why & HOW)

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BELIEVE IN PEOPLE - SO
FEW OF THEM BELIEVE IN
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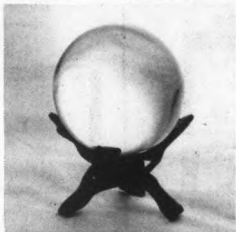
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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

The reason why the reality of such phenomena as telepathy and clairvoyance has not been generally accepted lies — and this is an interesting commentary on the way of thinking in the modern world —not in any inconsistency or any incompleteness in the evidence itself, but in the absence of any scientific theory which could account for the observed facts.

— Dr. Gustaf Stromberg

quoted in *Telephone Between Worlds*
by James Crenshaw

WHEN WE started FATE in the spring of 1948, the parapsychological community was engaged primarily in testing presumably gifted psychics for special abilities. Parapsychologists were recording such phenomena as the progressive decline of the test scores of promising subjects, the separation of sheep from goats, and comparable details. Much of this still goes on but the major thrust seems to have graduated into the use of high-tech research machines and the seeking of an acceptable theory in such esoteric realms as quantum mechanics.

The individuals doing this research can't be termed parapsychologists in

the conventional sense. Our observation is that they are credentialed physical scientists who are intrigued by the phenomena and more concerned with establishing a theoretical basis for psi than merely proving it exists.

For example, Robert Jahn, dean of the School of Engineering/Applied Science at Princeton University, discussed the role of quantum mechanics in parapsychological phenomena at the third annual meeting of the Society for Scientific Exploration. He stated his belief that before any adequate theory of psychic phenomena can be developed it will be necessary to understand the role of consciousness in defining physical reality.

Dean Jahn takes the position that only the interaction of consciousness with its environment constitutes reality and that "any scheme of conceptual organization developed to represent that reality must reflect the processes of consciousness as well as those of its environment."

This is truly a different way of thinking about reality. It begins with the premise that our reality exists only as a result of the interaction of consciousness with its environment. If this is so, then any attempt to model reality must

reflect the nature of human consciousness as well as the nature of its environment. Thus, the method of investigating psi must be found in quantum theory and experiments to study psi must be designed using traditional quantum theory methods.



GETTING RESULTS

THE PRINCETON Engineering Anomalies Research program has been under way six years and is doing extensive experiments with anonymous and uncompensated volunteer operators, none of whom claim unusual talents. Their psychokinesis (PK) experiments use a number of machines including random-number generators. About a fourth of the operators have shown results above chance in a total of 600,000 trials. In addition, it has been

observed that some operators produce distinctive patterns of results which they call "signatures."

Precognitive remote perception experiments are also under way. In these the agent tries to describe a geographical location distant both in time and in space. These experiments also have produced positive results.



A SCIENCE OF MIND

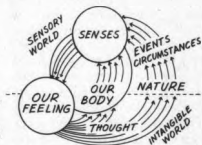
DR. JOHN Beloff of Edinburgh University spoke at the Anita Gregory Memorial Lecture last May 22 about such experiments and the theories of the "new physics." Despite the optimism of many experimenters Beloff remains cautious. He believes that breakthroughs will be difficult because parapsychology is the science of mind.

Just how difficult is dramatized by an

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abstract of a report by E. C. May, G. S. Hubbard and B. S. Humphrey of SRI International. The three conducted experiments which seem to indicate that participating subjects were able to alter statistically expected results. They conclude that the positive effects their subjects are getting come not from changing the results so much as from predicting them by precognition. The following is their summary:

"We have reexamined the claims that a quantum system can be directly affected by the mental processes of an observer. Following procedures outlined in 10 years of published experiments, we asked individuals to alter fundamental random processes. While our results agree with those reported, they do not produce evidence for direct influence. Rather, it appears that individuals can anticipate the natural fluctuations of random processes. This model appears to violate causality but it is the one most consistent with our data." In other words, precognition.

In retrospect, of course, quantum mechanics should not be more of a mystery to us than precognition, which implies that we can know events before they happen and that effects can occur before their causes.



"DO IT, ELLISON"

IF YOU'RE still with me, let me go to something lighter for a bit by telling you of an incident reported in the August 1985 Newsletter Supplement No. 2 of the Society for Psychical Research.

Arthur J. Ellison, president of the society between 1976-79 and 1981-84, writes that on a Sunday afternoon early

in 1982 he was sitting at his desk at home planning the society's 100th anniversary presidential address which he regarded as exceptionally important. Mr. Ellison was concerned as to whether he should change the tone of such presidential addresses and stop "sitting on the fence regarding almost every conceivable psychic function."

Ellison felt strongly about this because he personally believed that after 100 years the Society for Psychical Research had reasonably satisfactory answers to a number of questions. He felt as confident of these answers as he did about many other scientific facts—but should he make this personal statement in his presidential address?

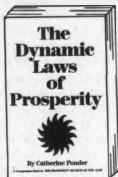
While he was pondering this question, his telephone rang. The call was from a medium he once had known well. Apologizing, she expressed some embarrassment for calling but said she had a rather enigmatic message intended for him but meaningless to her.

She said, "I have Sir Oliver Lodge with me"—Lodge was a world-famous early-20th-Century physicist and psychical researcher who died in 1940—"and he wishes me to give you a message. The message is 'Ellison, do it, do it! Ellison, do it!'"

"She said she had no idea what this meant and did not know whether I would know either," Ellison writes. "Needless to say, I was a little surprised and pleased and told her that I did indeed understand what it meant."

Whether as a result of this message or not, Ellison did indeed state his own views in the presidential address.

Now, how can quantum mechanics explain this kind of incident, assuming it is accepted as veridical? Possibly pre-



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cognition by the medium (plus a good admixture of telepathy) could help explain it. But can quantum mechanics deal with spirit communication? Or is it necessary that it should?



WHAT'S PARAPSYCHOLOGY?

WHEN WE deal with a controversial area such as parapsychology, we can have trouble with definitions. There is no doubt in my mind what I mean by the term parapsychology — it means a scientific discipline devoted to investigating and describing such phenomena as telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis and time-transference (precognition and retrocognition); it also includes other areas such as poltergeist phenomena and apparitions, whatever these may be.

These subjects are unconventional

enough so that most Establishment scientists deride or ignore them and the term "parapsychology" is further clouded by the fact that people try to bring so many other outlandish claims under its umbrella that the general public is confused and many persons who could or do accept some of the phenomena are completely turned off by others.

This confusion is dramatized in two recent news stories. These stories are quite different in one sense and quite similar in another.

Early in August 1985 the *El Paso Herald-Post* described problems which had arisen from a planned November convention of witches in Juarez, Mexico. Juarez Municipal Secretary Sergio Conde Varela warned that "witchcraft is against the law." The Social Defense Law, he said, "prohibits exploitation of the fears, superstitions and ignorance of

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I was shown that by using crystals in a certain way, I could reach down deep inside of myself to transmit and amplify the power and knowledge that is there. The crystals helped me activate my Inner Healer and I was led to everything I needed to heal my body, my mind, and my life.

Rapid Healing

In my visions I was also shown how to use crystals to help other people. I do a lot of healing work with the crystals at my Healing Center/Crystal Showroom. But not everyone can come to the center, so I was shown how to energize crystals so that anyone who uses my crystals, no matter where they are, can experience a rapid healing of the body, mind and spirit.

By rapid, I do not mean overnight. It is more natural than that. People who use my crystals find that their lives move in a positive direction within three months from the date they get their crystals. Then, there is steady progress as time goes by.

I have a big stack of letters from people who have told me how the crystals have helped them change their lives and if you are ready to change your life, they can help you too. If you are ready for health, happiness and prosperity, you can have them!

*It was hard for me to believe that the crystal could help me and I sure am glad that I tried it. In just a few weeks I felt so much better and I had a wonderful new job. Thank you.
C.T. Toledo, Ohio*

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the people." Violators could face jail terms of up to 12 years.

Still, said Conde Varela, the witchcraft convention could be held in Juarez if it were reclassified as "parapsychology." "Parapsychology is a science, or at least it is on its way toward becoming one," he declared.

As we write this late in October we don't know the outcome of this controversy. But Stephen Blake, reporter for the *El Paso Herald-Post*, wrote that nearby El Paso was scheduling a "parapsychology" workshop late in August and one of the participants was Miguel Angel Chavez, organizer of the proposed Juarez "witchcraft" convention. Chavez pointed out that the San Antonio "parapsychology" workshop would include lessons in "pyramidology," tarot cards, good luck charms and body auras.

This is parapsychology?



BANNING SATAN

THIS HARDLY seems more nonsensical than the unanimous passage by the august United States Senate of an amendment to the Appropriations Act:

"No funds appropriated under this act shall be used to grant, maintain, or allow tax exemption to any cult, organization, or other group that has as a purpose or that has any interest in the promoting of satanism or witchcraft: provided that for the purposes of this section, 'satanism' is defined as worship of Satan, or the powers of evil, and 'witchcraft' is defined as the use of powers derived from evil spirits, the use of sorcery, or the use of supernatural powers with malicious intent."

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Simple Method Of Energizing the Body Discovered by Inventor

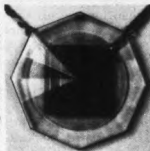
In the early sixties, Leon Halton joined the staff of the famous Dead Sea Hospital. He became part of a team that was developing methods of treating headaches, tension and insomnia with externally applied electrical energy. The dramatic results achieved by the hospital team inspired him to begin research on his own into ways of applying this knowledge to benefit people in all walks of life. His effort led him to the discovery that a continuous flow of low-yield energy into the body would create a POWERFUL ENERGIZING EFFECT on the physical and emotional state of the recipient. And this energy could be easily supplied by the small solar cells used to power spacecraft!

A Functioning Space-Age Power Source

The "Solar Energizer" is more than just an attractive necklace — it is a functioning space-age power cell that delivers a continuous supply of energy when exposed to light. The positive and negative electrodes are formed by the chain, which delivers a gentle and continuous flow of ENERGIZING POWER THROUGHOUT THE BODY of the person wearing it. The energy produces no tingling sensation on the skin but any simple electronic multi-meter will detect its presence and verify that the energizer is working.

Renewed Energy Lets Body Heal Itself

After wearing the Solar Energizer, many people have reported reduced blood pressure, decreased allergy and asthma attacks, and relief from chronic pains and insomnia. Relief comes from the body's own natural ability to heal itself, once it has the needed energy and vitality to do so.



Dramatic Improvement Within One Week

Although many people report a definite change in their mood and energy level within the first one or two hours, full beneficial effects take place gradually over a period of days. During tests with volunteers in Southern California most of the participants reported a dramatic improvement within one week! Increased energy, elevated mood, calm restful sleep, and reduced tension were all commonly reported. A common thread with many victims of chronic pain was an initial feeling of needing to sleep

which was followed by an improvement of symptoms after the needed sleep was gained.

U.S. Patent Office Awards Patent

The Solar Energizer is a patented device that has been subjected to a thorough review by the U.S. Patent Office. Patent Number 4,173,229 was issued on November 6, 1979. The Summary Of The Invention begins with: "It is the object of the present invention to provide an improved and decorative therapeutic adornment or jewelry object operable to generate a beneficial flow of electrical current through the body of a person wearing same".

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SOLAR ENERGIZER™

Patent #4,173,229

Who will tell us what the "powers of evil" are? One of the sponsors of this amendment was Sen. Jesse Helms, the fundamentalist politician from North Carolina. Preachers with fundamentalist beliefs similar to those of Senator Helms have specifically called parapsychology a subject for the devil. Are we now to be subjected to persecution under the influences of such narrow religious prejudices? We can hardly imagine the federal courts standing for that kind of thing — but the fundamentalists are trying.



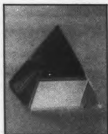
PLOT AGAINST MORMONS

SEVERAL Mormon readers of FATE have objected to our reports on the so-called White Salamander Letter and other early documents which raise questions about the origins of Mormon-

ism. (See, for example, Rodger I. Anderson's "The Man Who Saw Visions in His Hat," October 1984 issue.) During the month of October the whole affair took a bizarre and murderous twist.

Our first report dates back to 1980 when Mark Hofmann, a dealer in autographs and antique papers, sold a number of uncomplimentary documents purporting to deal with the early history of the Mormon Church. These documents aroused a great deal of controversy among church critics and the Mormon hierarchy by raising important questions about the origins of the *Book of Mormon*, which the church holds was given to Joseph Smith, the founder, by an angel. The White Salamander Letter appeared to depict Smith as a practitioner of folk magic.

Then Hofmann produced a new set of documents named the McLellin Col-



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MASTER WORDS OF MYSTIC POWER

by Veronica Reade

Here is a revolutionary mind power concept that, once applied, can immediately solve your personal problems, and help gain your desires! Too good to be true? Not at all! The secret lies in the power of certain words that, once spoken in a certain manner, induce an immediate positive state of mind! It is like hypnosis... only much better! These easily pronounced English "Master Words" are simply miraculous in the effects they produce... and they work INSTANTANEOUSLY! Whatever your problem - lack of confidence, lack of energy, lack of good health, lack of money - a Master Word can begin solving it as if by the simple press of a button! Master Words are not superstitious nonsense: they work, and are based upon the latest findings in psychology and paranormal research! The author, a hard-headed career woman, accidentally "stumbled on" the mystic power of "Master Words" at, of all occasions, a business board meeting! A student of Mental Science, she worked on her discovery, asked friends to try it out, consulted with psychologists and hypnotherapists, and found that in some strange, almost inexplicable way, Master Words worked for every one, no matter what their situation!

Miss Reade has now written this book which she says can be the answer to your prayers, now. It is NOT hypnotism - NOT witchcraft; its power can be used by anyone, any place, anywhere, any time. No rituals: just simple, immediate, practical results for problems that demand immediate action! In this unusual, inspiring book you will read about, according to the author:

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- * GAIN FREEDOM FROM POVERTY AND BEGIN A NEW LIFE OF WEALTH AND OPPORTUNITY! Master Words can accomplish seeming "miracles", even in financial matters! You can be freed from the worry of trying to make ends meet, and get money flowing to you in a mysterious, wonderful way! You will be amazed!

- * END BAD LUCK - ATTRACT CONSTANT GOOD FORTUNE! Here is a secret more powerful than any

"lucky charm". Use this power and you will discover the secret of perpetual good luck!

- * COMMAND PERSONAL PROTECTION! Can we protect ourselves from accidents and misfortune? With Master Words the answer is "yes" - because these powerful words reach into the subconscious mind, which, according to parapsychologists, knows in advance about everything that befalls us! With this power you can beat "fate" at its own game!

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lection which he presumably obtained from an unnamed source in Texas. William McLellin had been one of the inner circle of 12 apostles but was later excommunicated. After McLellin's excommunication he burglarized Smith's house and stole Smith's personal diaries and other documents including a number of ancient Egyptian papyri that Smith said the angel had translated for him. These documents too were said to be damaging to the official version of church history.

Influential Mormons, who had purchased some of the prior documents from Hofmann, began to negotiate with him for the purchase of these papers just as they had for the prior papers including the White Salamander Letter. It was at this stage that a series of tragic events began that you may all have followed in the newspapers.

BOMBS AND MONEY

HOFMANN had been negotiating with Bishop Steven Christensen and his business partner Gary Sheets to sell them the documents, including the papyri which Smith had claimed proved the Mormon belief that God saved Abraham from a pagan sacrifice in the Americas around 4000 B.C.

Christensen, who was a Mormon-document collector, and Sheets decided to ask Kenneth Rendell, one of America's leading rare-documents dealers, to authenticate the papyri. Before Rendell could do so, Christensen and Kathy Sheets, Gary Sheets' wife, were killed in separate bomb explosions in Salt Lake City. Kathy Sheets also had been deeply involved in the negotiations with Hofmann.

The following day Hofmann himself was seriously injured when a third

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bomb exploded as he was placing it on the seat of his sports car across the street from Mormon headquarters. According to Salt Lake City police, Hofmann had bombed Christensen and Mrs. Sheets because of their decision to have Rendell authenticate the papyri. *Chicago Tribune* reporter James Coates writes that Rendell said in a phone interview from Paris that he had sold Hofmann two Egyptian papyri in September for \$10,500 each. Rendell inferred that Hofmann was planning to sell these papyri to Christensen and Gary and Kathy Sheets as part of the McLellan collection.

Salt Lake City police concluded that Rendell would have instantly exposed the hoax by recognizing the papyri as those he himself had sold to Hofmann.

Meanwhile the papyri would have cast further doubt on the origins of Mormonism because the documents had nothing to do with Abraham and the Americas. Instead, they dated only from the Second Century B.C. — not from the Second Millennium B.C. — and were segments of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*.

This tragic case may raise serious doubts about the authenticity of the other documents sold by Hofmann. These documents have been taken most seriously by the Mormon hierarchy. And Elder Hugh Pinnock, a member of the First Quorum of the 70, another governing body of the church, acknowledged that he had helped Hofmann obtain a \$185,000 loan to buy the McLellan papers. New questions also may arise regarding the White Salamander Letter which had actually been authenticated by Rendell. At the same time we should note that much of the

Explore the Miracles of the Hidden Realm...

SECRETS OF ASTRAL PROJECTION AND PSYCHIC POWER

by ARLENE, director of Psychic Research, Earthlight Center, California

You've read about people who have psychic abilities, who travel to the astral plane, who can see auras and communicate with spirits, who can find missing objects and see into the future and distant past. These people all have one thing in common. They know how to tap the powerful abilities hidden deep within their inner minds. Now, thanks to miraculous breakthroughs by famous psychic Arlene, you can use these same secret techniques to enter your ASTRAL BODY and explore the MIRACLES OF THE HIDDEN REALM.

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evidence described here is circumstantial because Salt Lake City police have been ordered by the district attorney to stop talking to the press about the case.



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

THE DINOSAUR extinction is a very big subject these days and hardly a month goes by that some scientific research or theory isn't reported.

One of the latest modifications of the old theory is the discovery by J. Keith Rigby, Jr., a Notre Dame University paleontologist, of the bones of dinosaurs believed to have survived from 40,000 to 200,000 years after the theoretical asteroid impact was supposed to have extinguished them. These bones were found among streambed relics in east-central Montana.

This find in turn has led us to the surprising discovery that paleontologists as a group don't believe in the dinosaur-extinction-by-asteroid impact and actually are hostile to it.

Last October 300 paleontologists attended the annual meeting of the Society of Vertebrate Paleontologists in Rapid City, S. Dak., and had a great time going on field trips, attending conferences, trading gossip and cursing the impact theory.

They are concerned about the impact theory and the extinction of the dinosaurs and spent a lot of time talking about it but they also complained that the theory has created so much unhealthy controversy that scientific thought has been polarized and publication of scientific papers has been blocked by prejudices.

Of the 300 paleontologists in attendance 118 participated in an informal

survey to determine their views on dinosaur-extinction theories. "Only five, or four percent, said they believed an asteroid or comet had caused the extinction of dinosaurs and other land animals at the end of the Cretaceous Period," according to Malcolm W. Browne of the *New York Times*.

Twenty-seven percent scorned the whole idea on the grounds that no land extinctions occurred and that many species of land animals, including the dinosaurs, continued to live into the following Tertiary Period. They also insisted that the supposed mass extinctions actually took place over millions of years, beginning before the end of the Cretaceous Period and were neither instantaneous nor simultaneous.

They didn't contest the assertion that a large terrestrial object struck the earth about 65 million years ago, however; in

fact, only 10 percent of those present doubted that. They just believe the dinosaurs died out for other reasons.

Some of the harshest words were spoken by Dr. Robert T. Bakker, the University of Colorado Museum scientist who is widely known for his theory that the dinosaurs were warm-blooded:

"The arrogance of these people is simply unbelievable," he said. "They know next to nothing about how real animals evolve, live and become extinct. But despite their ignorance, the geochemists feel that all you have to do is crank up some fancy machine and you've revolutionized science."



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have been reported (such as the much-publicized reports of a giant "boom-crang" over Westchester County, New York) remain controversial, with some ufologists arguing that the events can be explained conventionally.

But this past summer UFO encounters in Argentina and Chile were headlined in those countries' newspapers. No wonder! The incidents are among the most spectacular in years.

For example, on the evening of August 17 many thousands of residents of Santiago, Chile, saw two shining objects passing overhead. The Unidentified Flying Objects were visible for two hours. One was photographed by astronomers at an observatory in Calan. The Chilean Weather Bureau speculated that the phenomena were weather aircraft or satellites launched from Australia, but the Australian government

denied this was the case.

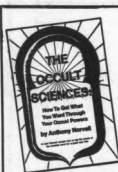
The objects were last seen flying over the Andes mountains in the direction of Argentina.



AERIAL ENCOUNTER

MEANWHILE Argentine reporters and press photographers were flying home from Santiago, where they had attended a cross-country race. At 7:00 P.M. a light shone through the right-hand windows of the aircraft, an Aerolineas Argentinas Boeing 737, and the weary passengers looked outside to see an astonishing sight.

It was, journalist Eduardo Ruiz of the newspaper *Tiempo Argentino* (Buenos Aires) reported, "a bright light that continuously moved from left to right and up and down on the right side of the plane and kept the whole crew in an



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anthony Norvell has spent many years of his life in the study of psychic phenomena and occult philosophy. A recognized authority in these fields, he has been a popular astrologer, psychic and lecturer. He has been an advisor to movie stars and has performed on his own radio and television programs.

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uproar. It was there for some 40 minutes At one point the captain left the cabin and told us to remain calm, that they had already seen the same thing on their trip to Santiago del Estero, hardly an hour before. The light disappeared slowly and we calmed down. . . .

"Suddenly something blinded me again. This time it was another light, not as bright as the first one. Like a star. It remained to one side of the plane until we began our descent. What did I see? I think it was a UFO. I saw it and can't forget it."

Another witness, Orlando Rios of the sports magazine *El Grafico*, said that the object, in sight for 40 minutes, "moved to all sides at difficult angles and at incredible speed. It went up and down like a yo-yo. . . . It was something impossible on account of its movements."

OO

PHOTOGRAPHS

AS THE airliner was passing over Ceres — in Argentina's Sante Fe province — one of the flight attendants asked if anyone had a camera. When Roberto Ruiz of the Buenos Aires newspaper *Clarín* said he did, he and his colleague Miguel Angel Merlo were allowed into the cabin, where they watched a luminous object intermittently giving off light. Sometimes the light "lost intensity, then blinked again and changed color." The colors it gave off were violet, yellow and white.

The *Clarín* reporters said the object moved erratically at great speed, then "suddenly stopped as if it were nailed in space. It seemed to defy gravity."

The plane's altitude was about 30,000 feet. Pilot Jorge Requiere estimated that the UFO was at about 70,000 feet.

To the left of the aircraft was another UFO, although at a much greater distance.

The object on the right was shaped like a cone with, in Ruiz's words, "the vertex pointing upwards. Its luminous flashes also went up." The photographs Ruiz took confirm the description, showing a large, glowing cone.

Ruiz took 36 pictures in all — perhaps a record number of photographs ever taken of a single UFO.



OVER BRAZIL

ON THE AFTERNOON of August 22 a UFO was seen above the city of Foz de Iguacu, located in the Brazilian state of Parana on the border of Brazil, Paraguay and Argentina. It stayed there for several hours and was observed by half the population, accord-

ing to Brazilian press accounts. Among the observers were meteorologists at the International Airport. On two occasions airplanes tried to approach the UFO, but each time it shot away at great speed.

Most of the time the object, described as "very large, shaped like a pan and with a huge antenna sticking up above," hovered over the Itaipu Bi-National Dam. The pilot of a Boeing 747 flew under the object — estimated to be at 50,000 feet — and said it seemed to be twice the size of his aircraft.

The airport radar, however, did not pick up the object.

The object left the area and was observed as it passed over several towns in the state. An air force commander at Foz de Iguacu, Lieutenant Bernardino, told reporters that the object appeared to be following Route 086, moving east. He said there was no truth to the rumor

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that the object was a balloon — it was traveling *against* the air currents.

"This is exactly what could be termed a UFO," he declared.



SUPERSTRINGS

IS ABSOLUTELY everything in the universe made of strings? Some leading physicists are beginning to suspect that the basic particles of all matter are strings and not points, as has been assumed until now. Some theorists believe that this new concept, if confirmed, may represent the boldest step toward understanding the basic constituents of all matter since quantum theory emerged in the 1920's as the basis for modern physics.

In the *New York Times* for May 7, 1985, Walter Sullivan reports, "The so-called superstring theories, proponents

say, offer the best hope of developing a unified theory accounting for all the particles of nature and the forces that control them, including gravity.

"Superstring theories propose that all basic particles such as electrons, quarks and the wavelike particles transmitting light (and presumably gravity) are elongated, one-dimensional 'strings.' They are so tiny, however, that until now they have seemed to behave like points."

Dr. C. N. Yang of the State University of New York at Stony Brook sounds a cautionary note, however. He insists there is as yet "not a single experimental hint" that the string theories have any basis. Scientists working on the theory, he says, are attracted by "its beautiful mathematical structure."

In August 1984 Dr. Michael Green of Queens College, University of London,

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My name is Rennie Foster and I want to tell you about a new book called

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I am sure you are acquainted with the old superstition that if salt is spilled a pinch of it should be immediately cast over the left shoulder to avert bad luck. There are in fact many superstitions concerning salt, but did you know that its incorruptible properties actually have a very profound mystical significance? Now I don't wish to bore you with philosophy but I do want to tell you that salt — when ritually employed — has a very real effect on changing circumstances according to one's will. Maybe you think I am mad, but since I discovered this secret just under six months ago I have:

- * twice won on the horses — \$3,500 first time and \$18,900 two weeks ago.
- * twice played bingo and won \$300 each time.
- * last month won \$15,000 on a state lottery.

I don't mind anybody thinking I am mad for my ritual use of salt because "mad" or not I am doing very well out of it! I have given up my job as I no longer need to work to make a living. Instead of working I have just come back from a long luxury world cruise which took me to Cape Town, Madras, Bangkok, Melbourne, and other exciting places. I now have three TV sets in my home — one in the sitting room, one in the bedroom and the other in the kitchen. I also have two video recorders — one downstairs, one upstairs. All these luxuries have come my way since beginning to use "Salt Power".

The funny thing is that I didn't use "Salt Power" in the beginning to win money. Frankly I considered the use of salt for such a matter as childish nonsense. In fact I used salt simply for the purpose of stopping a neighbour calling on me. I did it in response to a challenge by a folklorist who was telling me how much salt ritualism had helped him in life. I was very sceptical, but he said that I could prove it for myself by using salt to stop the pestering neighbour. The folklorist told me what to do and I was surprised by its simplicity. I felt silly using salt in this manner — all that salt had ever meant to me was its use in adding flavour to cooked meals. The neighbour in question had always been a pest — always borrowing things and wasting my time with gossip. Three times a week she would be at my door. She was a nuisance to others too. She was one of those thick-skinned people who would never get the hint that you didn't want them.

After using the salt ritual she never called again. I was not so strident in my scepticism when I next met my folklorist friend! I confided that maybe it was "just coincidence" that she never called again, but even so my curiosity in salt's so-called "mystical powers" had been aroused. I felt there could be something to it. He assured me that there was in fact a lot more to it, and that he was prepared to tell me how it could help me in all kinds of situations if I was willing to try it. I can tell you that I am glad I tried at life has changed so much to the good for me these last few months that I can hardly believe it has all happened! I am now an even bigger believer than my folklorist friend! Even as I write this I have a little salt nearby — in fact I do nothing or go nowhere without a little sprinkling of salt! Maybe all this good luck is coincidence, but I am not prepared to give up using salt to find out! And I must be frank with you — I do

not have a clue how it works! I just perform the salt rituals and I get what I want! I am not a "psychic" person so it can have nothing to do with possessing any "special powers". The only thing that I have "special" is luck — and that only began when I started following my folklorist friend's advice!

But I have more than "luck" — I have love, too. I know my wife won't mind me saying this because she, too, is a believer in "Salt Power". In recent years our marriage — like a lot of people's — had grown stale. We were getting on each other's nerves, and it seemed difficult to believe that we were the same happy couple that married so many years ago. I decided to see if Salt Power could help. It more than "helped" — it made us like rapturous honeymooners again! Whilst I am very grateful for all the financial blessings I have received I must say that nothing has made me happier than this rekindled love between my wife and I. Money cannot bring happiness, but "Salt Power", I confess, can. The purpose of this advertisement is not so much to tell you about my own good fortune, but to tell you about a book called **SALT POWER For Bringing Love, Luck, and Wealth**. It's author is Marcus T. Bottomley and I have been privileged to write the foreword to it. It is, I believe, the only book in the world written exclusively about the mystical properties of salt. It features all the rituals I have used for bringing the luck I have experienced. In fact it gives salt rituals for many different needs and situations such as:

- * INFLUENCING A DESERTING MARRIAGE PARTNER TO RETURN HOME
- * BRINGING PEACE AND HARMONY IN AN UNSETTLED HOME
- * GIVING PROTECTION TO YOUR HOME AGAINST BURGLARS AND MALICIOUS PEOPLE
- * HOLDING THE CONTINUED LOVE AND LOYALTY OF A PARTICULAR PERSON
- * BREAKING OFF AN UNWANTED RELATIONSHIP
- * KEEPING UNWANTED PEOPLE AWAY FROM YOUR HOME
- * ATTRACTING THE FRIENDSHIP OF NEIGHBOURS
- * PROTECTION AGAINST EVIL SPELLS
- * BRINGING A JOB

So you can see it is not just in money matters "Salt Power" can help you, but in many other matters as well. However, in order not to belittle the financial aspects of this power I should tell you that it is not just ordinary people like me using it, but also prosperous business people. In fact some of these people say that it is *regular* use of salt ritualism that helped them to become prosperous in the first place!

For me I think the most delightful thing about Salt Power — apart from the luck it brings, that is — is its sheer simplicity. You will be relieved to hear that you don't need any candles, incenses or oils. You don't have to be up at midnight on the Full Moon. Occult ritualism is not my cup of tea, and if it is not yours either then you will find Salt Power very welcome. All you need is a packet of ordinary table salt and, of course, the book.

To order your copy of this unique book all you have to do is write "SALT POWER" on a piece of paper with payment of \$14.95 and mail to:

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and Dr. John H. Schwarz of the California Institute of Technology found a mathematical approach that has made the theories plausible enough to create a surge of enthusiasm.



NEW DIMENSIONS

SUPERSTRING theories are appealing because they depend on multiple dimensions beyond length, width, height and time. Sullivan writes, "Six additional, mathematically-defined dimensions determine the nature of space within the tiny realm of the strings. This realm is that of the Planck scale, which is as much smaller than the nucleus of a hydrogen atom as an atom is smaller than the solar system.

"String theories originated in the late 1960's as various theorists sought to explain the perplexing multitude of heavier particles, or hadrons, then being discovered and the force that binds them together, as in an atomic nucleus.

If the hadrons were not points but strings, the various forms being observed could be different oscillation modes of the string, like those of a stringed instrument. This theory, which called for 26 dimensions, was not widely accepted.

Superstring theory draws on a concept known as supersymmetry which proposes that each known particle has a massive but as yet undetected counterpart. Among theories advanced are those depending on only 10 dimensions, incorporating the elements of supersymmetry and describing all forms of particles as strings. In the version scientists considered the most plausible, all the strings form closed loops and interact by merger.

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STRANGE LIGHTS ON WALKER MOUNTAIN



He had never seen anything like it: a huge glowing dome-shaped object. . . .

By Richard D. Osborn

JAY HERNDON is not the kind of man from whom you would expect to hear a bizarre story about strange moving lights which appear late at night. He owns and operates his own business, a construction and consulting company based in Brevard, N.C., about 35 miles south of Asheville. He and his wife Kay, who have two young children, live in a house which they designed and built themselves.

Knowledgeable about nature and the outdoors, Herndon is also an experienced sailor who at one time owned and operated his own cutter which he sailed between Fort Lauderdale and the

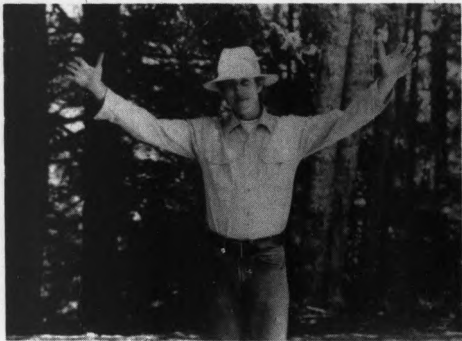
Bahamas. In short, he is not given to seeing things. And there is not much he doesn't know about the out-of-doors and the tricks it can play on the unwary or the inexperienced.

At 11:15 one night in June 1983 Herndon and his wife had just finished watching the news on Channel 4, out of Greenville, S.C., and were ready to retire for the night. The children had long since gone to bed. As he almost always does before turning in, Herndon looked out the kitchen window in the general direction of Boring Creek. What he saw froze him in his tracks.

Glowing in the night was an "intense fluorescentlike luminescence" in the shape of a large, well-defined dome. It was hovering over a meadow just below a rise, less than a quarter of a mile from the house. Herndon estimated its diameter to be at least 200 feet and its height to be between 100 and 150 feet.

Jay Herndon of Brevard, N.C., has seen glowing light three times on nearby Walker Mountain. Each time he has watched it from the front of his house, always in the late-evening hours.





Witness Herndon estimates that the glowing object he has watched is at least 250 feet in diameter. The phenomenon, "white with a slightly greenish cast," is not swamp gas, automobile headlights or fire, he insists. He thinks the light is "controlled" but it never leaves physical evidence of its presence.

The light, which did not pulsate, was "white with a slightly greenish cast."

The couple watched the phenomenon for over two hours. It was not a grass fire. They were satisfied it was not poachers. It certainly was not an automobile light or a lamp or flashlight from a camping or hunting party. Kay went to bed around 1:30 A.M. Herndon watched for another half hour.

The light was still there when he went to bed a little after two o'clock. He thought about going outside for a better look but decided against it. "It was too constant to be a fire," he says, "and it didn't flicker."

Having been chief of the Riverdale, Fla., volunteer fire department between

1977 and 1979, he was satisfied that, if what he had seen had been a fire, he could easily have identified it as such.

The following morning Herndon walked to the area and checked it thoroughly but found no evidence of anything unusual. There were no burned areas. The grass was not trampled. There were no tracks, human or machine.

He considered discussing what he had seen with his neighbor Roy Whitmire but having no idea what he had seen, he decided against it. He recalls, "I had never seen anything like it. It was simply beyond anything I had ever experienced or heard of. It left me totally baffled. You get the impression,

though, that these lights are controlled and that there is an awareness of your presence."

Herndon's second experience with the light was in October 1983. "I remember saying to my wife that maybe someone is playing a Halloween prank on us," he says.

The time was the same, just after the nightly TV news.

"I watched it for well over an hour," Herndon remarks. "It was in the same spot. The light glowed with the same intensity and it gave me the same feeling of eeriness. I was tempted to go outside for a closer look but something told me to stay put. I've seen swamp gas. It wasn't that. And anyway that area is not swampy."

Herndon didn't see the phenomenon again until one night in January 1984. The night was pitch-black and a light rain was falling.

"This time my curiosity got the best of me and I was ready for a closer look," he says. "I started to dress, preparing to go outside. My wife became frightened, however, and insisted that I stay inside. Once again I watched it from the window. The size and form were identical to the other two sightings. When morning came I checked the area thoroughly but could find nothing. If it was a tube of the kind that produces fluorescent light, it would have had to be at least 36 inches in diameter. Not reasonable. I was baffled."

If it was a fire it was not coming from burning wood. Herndon concluded that the source, whatever it was, was synthetic, not natural. "If I had to compare it to something I am familiar with," he says, "I would say that what I saw was not chemical in nature but electrical."

The site is at 2400-foot altitude. It is not unusual for clouds to form at that height but not clouds that glow with the intensity of a powerful light and certainly not clouds that are well-defined and dome-shaped and stay that way for long periods of time.

Herndon recalls nothing unusual about the weather: no bright moon, no unusual amount of wind, no unusual amount of humidity. The first time Herndon sighted the phenomenon, the sky was clear. The other two times the sky was overcast. The first sighting was on a warm spring night. The second sighting was in the fall. The third sighting was during a light winter rain, with the temperature just above freezing.

ROY WHITMIRE and his family live about a 25-minute walk from the Herndon property. Whitmire is a lifelong resident of the area. Whitmires have lived in the area since North Carolina was settled by English and European immigrants in the 1700's.

It was from Whitmire that Herndon learned more about the balls of light that appear periodically on Walker Mountain. I talked with Whitmire in June 1985.

One of the more impressive experiences Whitmire had with the phenomenon was in October 1983. He was standing in his front yard between 10:30 and 11:00 P.M. The sky was clear and the air was fresh, with a light breeze blowing. As he turned his gaze to the southeast, his attention was captured by an unusually bright light at the top of Walker Mountain just to the south.

Walker Mountain is an eight-mile drive southwest of Brevard. The easiest way to get there is to drive south on

State Route 276 for five miles and then turn west on East Fork Road. The Whitmires live on East Fork Road which winds its way to the west off Walnut Hollow Road. The altitude at the peak is 2800 feet. At the foot is the east fork of the French Road River. Walker Mountain, like the surrounding territory, is heavily forested and contains a number of streams and springs and outcroppings of rock. It's known as a particularly good place to hunt or to keep out of sight.

When Whitmire first saw the light, he thought it was a game warden's spotlight. He says, "It first appeared at or near the top of the mountain and then slowly worked its way down, weaving back and forth the same way a person would if he were working his way to the river. It never moved fast, just steady. I watched it for at least 15 minutes, maybe longer. I watched it come all the way down the mountain and that's at least a 20-minute walk. It came within 100 yards of me and then disappeared in the trees."

As the light approached the river and the Whitmire property, Whitmire could see it was no ordinary light. No one was holding it. It was large and unattached to anything. At times it moved among the trees. At other times it moved just above the trees. "It was just about the size of a kitchen refrigerator or freezer, only it was round or oval," Whitmire reports.

Whitmire, who is 68, is young for his age and in excellent physical condition. He served in the South Pacific during World War II and he is as familiar with the ways of nature as any man in the area. He hikes the area regularly. He is satisfied that what he and others, in-

cluding his brother Charles and his two sons Don and Ron, have seen on and near Walker Mountain on numerous occasions is not ball lightning, a phenomenon with which he is familiar.

Whitmire has seen the light as recently as May 1985. There is no way it could be a game warden, hunters or anyone else, he insists. "It never moves quickly. It never makes any noise."

THERE IS nothing south of the Herndon property to account for the light. The South Carolina border is five miles away. The nearest power plant, operated by Duke Power, is located northwest of Hendersonville, N.C., some 35 miles to the northeast. There is a nuclear power plant some 50 miles away, in South Carolina, but nothing there could account for what has been seen.

The Rosman Research Station, however, is located about seven miles west of the Herndon property. Prior to 1982 it was a satellite-tracking station operated by NASA but since 1982 it has been known simply as the "research station." No one in the area not associated with the operation knows what goes on there — or, if he does, he's not talking. Activity at the station is conducted under conditions of extreme secrecy. Persons who live nearby talk of strange odors coming from the general vicinity of the station but no one seems to know what has caused them or whether they are potentially harmful. It is said too that the station uses an unusually large amount of electrical energy.

Reflecting on the lights he has seen, Herndon says, "It leaves you with an eerie feeling. Naturally I'd like to know what this is all about."

Psychic View of . . .

MY ALABASTER ISLAND

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In the raging storm visibility was zero and death seemed certain —until a vision of stunning beauty told me we would make it.

By Waldo T. Boyd

WHILE WAR ravages the world, persons who have never before taken stock in the "supernatural" often have eye-opening psychic experiences — as if in such a time the spiritual side of man is stirred to reach for something beyond his own inhumanity. Servicemen talk of such experiences infrequently and then only to their closest buddies for fear of drawing a "Section 8" for mental imbalance. But a lot of time has passed since my own experience and I am no longer concerned about others' skepticism. Somehow, in the midst of a violent hurricane, I envisioned a haven for our battered airplane.

In August 1945 I was a Warrant Officer Radar Electrician in the navy, serving in Gen. Douglas MacArthur's electronics warfare outfit in Brisbane, Australia, when I received my long-awaited orders to return to the United States. En route home I hitched a ride on a bomber heading for Manila. (It was probably a Flying Fortress but I know nothing about bombers. I did all my war work in an experimental electronics laboratory.) Once inside the plane I could see that the five-man crew had patched bullet and shrapnel holes

as best they could but the sunlight of high noon came through the thin aluminum skin in all too many places.

As the pilot set course for Peleliu, one of the Palau Islands in the western Carolines, a crewman told me that was our refueling stop. I had never seen any of these islands. In fact, the only island I had seen in two years' service was New Guinea, a tropical rain forest, and I'd seen far too much of that for my liking. Nor had I ever experienced a tropical hurricane — but suddenly we were in one. Our escorts, two Black Widow fighter planes, were instantly invisible. Ice began to coat our wings so the pilot quickly dropped to within sight and warmth of the boiling ocean, leveling out only 50 feet above the tops of huge waves. Fearful as they looked, their angry reach was preferable to gray nothingness.

Then I heard the radioman yell that the direction-finding radar had quit. Within a minute or two the navigational and interplane radios were dead. Pelting rain pouring through poorly patched shrapnel holes had drowned the plane's electronics. Without communication with our escort planes, we were in deadly danger not only from the buffeting winds but from collision with other aircraft as well.

It is one thing to be shot at by the enemy; it is quite another to be at the mercy of a tropical tempest. In the roar of a hurricane a wounded bomber is utterly helpless. This is a time when a man turns to his last resort — prayer. An agnostic for years, I had only recently accepted the Baha'i faith and although I was far from versed in its precepts I had accepted on faith the efficacy of prayer. So I pulled out my little pocket prayer book and by the light of a tiny bulb in the communications panel was searching for an appropriate prayer when the pilot ordered me into a gun blister to watch for land.

When the radio equipment went out, we were instantly lost. In a hurricane, I later learned, a plane can be blown off course in a matter of seconds because the winds change direction so rapidly. The seat of a pilot's pants is a poor substitute for radar. When the crew was deployed to the gun blisters, one of these lookout seats was left over. Thus I became a crew member.

I climbed into the upper blister and looked around. I might as well have remained in the cargo hold for all the difference in visibility. I could see nothing whatever; the plastic bubble looked like aluminum. But having been trained as a sailor in years past, I peered into the blackness. We were lost; we had only enough fuel to get to the scheduled refueling stop. To miss it above this vast expanse of ocean was to turn our flying fortress into a very expensive casket.

After some five or 10 minutes — I had lost all sense of time — I closed my eyes to rest from the strain of trying to spot something, anything, out there. Suddenly, in my mind's eye, I saw a beautiful alabaster-white island. My

eyes popped open — and the island was still there. I turned my head to the right, then left, then toward the bomber's tail. The island, bathed in full sunshine, surrounded us. It was utterly impossible; yet the sunlit brightness of that tiny flat-topped island filled my vision in every direction. I don't know how long it was before I finally called the pilot on the intercom, the only electronics still working on the plane.

"I see an island," I blurted out.

"Where?" the pilot demanded.

"Dead ahead!" I said, knowing better than to tell him I could see it in all directions and even with my eyes closed.

We flew on for five minutes before the pilot spoke on the intercom again.

"Who the hell called in that report?" he yelled.

"Me, your passenger," I replied. The "vision" had faded by now, leaving me with a feeling of deep contentment, utter calm and the certainty that we would land safely on that island.

"We're doing three miles a minute in 50-foot visibility," the pilot said. "How in hell can you see an island 15 miles ahead?"

"I don't know, sir," I said, "but I saw it."

"Christ on a crutch!" he mumbled, half to himself. As he continued with a full range of unprintable invectives, the plane suddenly burst into full sunshine and the blackness of the hurricane lay behind us. To our right and left the two escort planes emerged from the hurricane. About three miles ahead everyone could see the island of my vision — dead white like gleaming powdered eggshells. It was Peleliu, our refueling stop.

When we landed, the crewmen kissed

the bleached-white coral sand. I just stood there, glad to be alive, transfixed by the mystery of my experience.

"What the hell happened?" the men asked me wonderingly, perhaps thinking I was kinky or something.

"I saw this island dead ahead," I said, nervous now that the danger was past and I had to face these men. Instead of laughing at me, they pounded me on the back and hugged me. Then we trooped across the landing strip to the Red Cross quonset hut. Dropping coins into the familiar donation box at the treats table, the pilot said, "This one's on me!"

The plane was grounded for repairs so I caught a ride on another bomber headed for Manila where I boarded a Liberty ship for the States. Just after we left port bound for Bremerton, Wash.,

the ship's daily newsletter brought the news of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. It was August 6, 1945.

For many years I told no one about what had happened in the hurricane. After all, in the face of atomic power, of what significance are uncontrollable, even highly suspect psychic powers? Yet it is possible that in a realm we have yet to explore lies an ability to see history before it happens. Today we spot hurricanes on radar screens and change course ever so slightly to skirt them. If my beautiful white coral island came into psychic view before the plane was within the limits of physical sight, then surely there is reason to hope that mankind will develop "psychic radar" and that he will "change course ever so slightly. . . ."



COURT CLEARS "DREAM MURDERER"

WHY PAUL Linscott went to police in the first place is a mystery but he did. On October 6, 1980, he told them about a dream he had in which a woman was beaten to death. The police asked Linscott to write an account of the dream, then arrested him when the details matched the slaying of Karen Anne Phillips two days earlier.

Phillips, a 24-year-old nurse, was bludgeoned to death in her Oak Park, Ill., apartment and a tire iron found near the scene matched one Linscott described in his dream. He also described Phillips' assailant wearing the same clothes he had on when he went to the police department.

Linscott, a 31-year-old Bible student, was convicted June 16, 1982, and sentenced to 40 years in prison. He spent three years in the Correctional Center

in Centralia before the Illinois Appellate Court reversed his murder conviction in a two to one decision, saying the case against him was "entirely circumstantial" and "merely raises a possibility or suspicion that the defendant is guilty."

"It was an eerie case," said Justice Dom Rizzi who wrote the majority opinion. "But you can't convict a man based on his own dream. The state failed to produce any tangible evidence... no fingerprints, no blood samples, nothing."

In a dissenting opinion, Justice Daniel J. McNamara noted that hair and blood samples at the murder scene were consistent with Linscott's and, he wrote, Linscott "exhibited knowledge of the crime only the killer could have."

Dream or reality?

Psychic Archaeology

From ATLANTIS to OZ

The allure of these findings lies in their magical quality, their promise of something above and beyond mundane science.

By Marshall McKusick

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A RCHAEOLOGICAL discoveries provide an increasingly well-documented record of the past. Thanks to new methods, more sophisticated assumptions and a wealth of fresh technology, what was little more than a fledgling discipline 50 years ago has become, in our day, a fully mature and rigorous science.

It is a source of wonderment, then, that "psychic archaeology" is enjoying such a vogue; and it is even more remarkable that this spurious pursuit is taken so seriously by otherwise responsible people. For as a scrutiny of the claims of psychic archaeologists show, it is in truth all "psychic" and no "archaeology." The stuff of dreams becomes reality as psychics "divine" the presence of Alexander's tomb beneath an Alexandrian mosque or conclude, with much sobriety, that they have located the lost civilization of Atlantis and the fabled Fountain of Youth.

It is no marvel, really, that exploitative cynics exist who wish to profit handsomely from the public's gullibility. Cultists of every stripe are willingly duped by fantasies, and the followers of psychic archaeology are no exception.

The problem becomes a serious one when commercial publishing houses publish such fantasies as legitimate archaeology and lend respectability to quasi-magical claims that have no basis whatever in fact. At this point there must be a reckoning.

Who are these psychic archaeologists and what do they stand for? Many of them are devotees who derive their inspiration from Edgar Cayce (1877-1945), American prophet and faith healer. Cayce wrote nothing, but he left behind him a massive legacy of so-called revelations, which he claimed he had received from the Keeper of Akashic Records, a guardian god living on the farthestmost boundary of the universe. Cayce's followers, many of whom are members of the Association for Research and Enlightenment, study these trance-induced visions, which number more than 14,000 and cover a variety of subjects: ancient history and archaeology, the state of the stock market, the end of the world, and many others.

Cayce's revelations may very well have been sincere in the sense that they were products of an intensely fertile and overheated imagination, but his "findings" in archaeology were pure mystifications — and, moreover, they were

plagiarized. The Keeper of the Records had supposedly informed Cayce that civilization on this planet had begun on Atlantis 100,000 years ago. In 28,000 and 10,000 B.C., however, disasters on Atlantis resulted in forced migrations to other lands and thus the Atlanteans took their culture to colonies throughout the world. They brought pyramids to Egypt, created civilization in the Near East, overthrew Pacific continent Lemurians in Peru, founded Mexican and Maya empires and became the Mound Builders of North America. Further, according to the Keeper, the Atlanteans obtained star energy from crystals, possessed other forms of advanced technology unknown to modern science and enjoyed refreshment from the Fountain of Youth.

Cayce's followers insisted that all of his revelations had to be authentic inasmuch as the Master had had only a sixth-grade education and was reported to have read no more than the Bible and the newspaper. But this charming story does not bear up under scrutiny: some of his revelations repeat, word for word, absurdities authored by Ignatius Donnelly in his 1882 book *Atlantis: the Antediluvian World*, while the rest of this mythical antiquity comes from the work of the mystic Rudolf Steiner, whose *Atlantis and Lemuria*, first printed in 1911 and again in 1923 in both London and Chicago, tells of the Akashic Records. It was from Chicago most likely and not the farthest edge of the universe that Cayce's guardian god had come.

Steiner's book not only tells of the Akashic Records but also blends Atlantean-Hindu cosmology and karma reincarnation — a combination, inciden-

tally, that recurs with impressive frequency in the work of psychic archaeologists, who as a group are preoccupied with certain motifs: the lost continent of Atlantis, the Fountain of Youth, pronouncements made by ghosts and spirits, "megalithic" or "cyclopean" structures, and gigantic early men. It is hard not to see the repetitiveness and relative narrowness of these interests as fairly damning evidence of intellectual poverty and lack of sound training. Cayce himself committed a blunder of substantial proportions when in the 1920's he had "revelations" explaining the Piltdown discovery — which, of course, turned out to be a notorious hoax. Cayce, however, neatly fitted Piltdown man into his standard preoccupations, explaining that the great race of giants from Atlantis settled England in very ancient times.

The allure of Cayce's visions and the findings of psychic archaeologists lies in their magical quality; they seem to promise something better than what we have and know. Cayce promised his followers eternal life, youth and power; Jesus, he said, had been reincarnated 29 times in various parts of the world, and the Bimini Islands in the Bahamas were the unsunken remnant of lost Atlantis where both the Akashic Records and the Fountain of Youth were to be sought. Accordingly, seekers of the miracles began to report wondrous Bimini sites and others saw them too — such things as a sunken Phoenician ship whose deck cargo included parts of a Greek temple; remnants of mystery temples; a stretch of an Atlantean roadway; underwater labyrinths and pyramids; Atlantean statuary; and even the mythical Fountain.

As lately as 1978 these preposterous "findings" have received the attention of psychic archaeologists. In *Stones of Atlantis*, David Zink, an avowed Cayce follower, rejected certain of the Master's findings but accepted and elaborated considerably on others. With the aid of a female medium, Zink did psychic research on underwater masonry; a piece of unmodified stone on the harbor floor became Atlantean sculpture and other underwater objects (according to the medium's visions) became a Minoan-like labyrinth built by star people from the Pleiades during galactic missionary service to the Atlanteans in 28,000 B.C. Another very visible psychic archaeologist, Jeffrey Goodman, does not deny that this Bimini site may be a submerged Maya-like settlement of 4000 B.C.

In truth, the Bimini Islands tip of Cayce's Atlantis is no miracle site. A smelly pool which David Zink proclaimed the Fountain of Youth because it made his crew feel younger is just a smelly pool. The Phoenician shipwreck is a mid-19th Century hulk with a dismantled sarcophagus and a New York safe aboard. Temple pillars are merely hardened cement in discarded barrels; a submerged temple area is a sponge storage area from the 1930's. The mysterious masonry submerged offshore is neither an Atlantean roadway, a Pleiades labyrinth nor a Maya-like settlement. The geologist Eugene Shinn identified the formation as natural limestone beach rock dating from 2200 to 3500 years ago which was subsequently submerged during general coastal changes in the area. Psychic archaeologists, with their typical lack of care, had misidentified the natural limestone frac-

tures as indications of huge masonry blocks. They had also misread a depth finder in such a way as to discover a phantom underwater pyramid.

David Zink is also one of the people who help to foster the megamania characteristic of psychic archaeology. In another of his books, *Ancient Stones Speak: A Journey to the World's Most Mysterious Megalithic Sites* published in 1979, Zink lumps together a hodgepodge of unrelated architectural styles and functions, ignores cultural contexts and scrambles chronology in wrongly identifying "megalithic" remnants of Atlantean civilization.

Who were the people of Atlantis? In *The Secret of Atlantis* published in 1978, Otto Muck uses phony reconstructions of man to tell his tale of the lost continent. Muck's book claims to illustrate a huge "Cro-Magnon Atlantean" over seven feet tall; in Muck's picture, this giant towers over the skeleton of a gorillalike Neandertal, a race of men described as powerfully built pygmies barely five feet tall. But the picture is a hoax; it derives from an old French textbook with the sizes transformed. The purpose of Muck's hoax was to convince readers that giant Atlanteans swarmed over Europe and caused the extinction of the Neanderthals.

In a similar vein, in *Psychic Archaeology* published in 1977, Jeffrey Goodman reports his discovery of Atlanteans in Arizona and tells readers about a population which seemingly developed on oceanic islands — Cayce's Atlantis and Lemuria. In *American Genesis* published in 1981, Goodman traces the origin of man to an American Garden of Eden in prehistoric California. And

he traces the spread of modern *Homo sapiens* from a New World origin back to the Old World — a delusion which, like Muck's, constitutes a denial of all known fossil evidence. Curiously enough, Goodman's digging in Arizona produced no evidence of his Atlantean, but such a failure did not deter him: Using dreams and visions, he concluded that deeper digging would reveal tunnels and parchment scrolls bearing hieroglyphic writing.

The will to affirm Cayce is strong in Goodman's work. The denizens of his American Garden of Eden Goodman terms "American Paleo-Indian," and he endows these creations with Atlantean prowess and technology. They are said to have given the world the first domestication of plants and animals, pottery, the calendar, astronomy, aspirin, quinine, insulin, narcotics, hallucinatory drugs and birth control pills. In a modern paraphrase of Cayce's Atlantean star power, these "Paleo-Indians" allegedly possessed "the applied understanding of the physics behind electromagnetics and Einstein's gravity waves."

* * *

WHILE Edgar Cayce has provided the single greatest impetus to psychic archaeologists, he is not by any means the only one who has fostered the tradition. The fantasies of Frederick Bond are undergoing a revival. Bond was an English architect and spiritualist who wrote books during the period between the World Wars claiming that ghosts had instructed him where to dig during his reconstruction of Glastonbury Abbey in southern England. Bond informs his credulous reader that the ghost of Julius Caesar happens to speak

schoolboy Latin, but his other ghosts do not appear to be at home in their native language. An ancient Greek mariner, an Anglo-Saxon warrior, Normans and monks of the Chaucerian period all speak 19th-Century English prose larded with poetic archaisms. This synthetic English is further invalidated by the ghosts' anachronisms and historical errors. Yet Bond's work has had a formative influence on the recent psychic archaeology of Jeffrey Goodman and Stephan Schwartz.

Hans Holzer is another perpetrator of phony ghost stories with archaeological pretensions. Holzer depicts himself to the public as a parapsychologist. His mediums communicate with the spirits of great men like Alexander Hamilton as well as with spirits of even greater antiquity — Merlin at Camelot, King Arthur during a ghostly "visit" to St. Louis, and Leif Eiriksson in Los Angeles. Merlin and Arthur both speak modern English and Eiriksson manages to Anglicize his name.

Such intellectual howlers typify the use of the occult in psychic archaeology. Witness Stefan Ossowiecki (1877-1944), nicknamed the Polish Wizard, who is often pointed to as proof that occult powers can be used to reconstruct prehistory. Ossowiecki, we read, was capable of visions of a Palaeolithic toolmaker working in his native hut — visions inspired by the Wizard's picking up an artifact. As closer scrutiny shows, the Wizard merely accepted popular stereotypes of Palaeolithic culture that were prevalent in the 1930's. Ossowiecki also reported seeing Palaeolithic fat ladies and awkward, subhuman Neandertals, and Palaeolithic burial urns made of pottery.

Such hit-or-miss "sightings" are less troublesome, however, to the serious archaeologist — and to the reputation of archaeology as a discipline in general — than such claims made in conjunction with ostensibly genuine field research. Most often, this "research" takes the form of psychic predictions which are then "confirmed" by archaeological "testing." Every such report of psychic research proves to be flawed, however. A recent — and extraordinarily misleading — instance of this sort of work is Stephan Schwartz's book *The Alexandria Project*.

Schwartz's work is especially pernicious because the press initially greeted it as a series of spectacular legitimate discoveries and because its publisher, Doubleday, has advertised it as an instance of "breakthrough science" when it is nothing of the sort. *The Alexandria Project* is virtually a casebook of phony visions cribbed by different psychic mediums from a tourist guide written by English author E. M. Forster, and the fieldwork which purports to confirm these visions is flatly contra-

dicted by more recent archaeological and historical reports.

Why even *bother*, finally, to contest the outrageous, plainly fraudulent claims that are made by psychic archaeologists? The answer lies partly in the public's uncertainty about legitimate archaeology. As the recent film *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* demonstrates, many still suppose that the practicing archaeologist is an artifact hunter and looter of curious sites. Psychic archaeology lacks sophistication because it is based on phony revelations about antiquity. Cayce drew his basic inspiration about antiquity from two Atlantis books, but bits and pieces came from everywhere. He read or heard about L. Frank Baum's wonderful wizard in the children's classic and an internalized name reappeared during a self-induced trance at his home in Virginia Beach. Cayce revealed that ancient Peru was the land of Oz. His followers seek to confirm revelations by searching from Atlantis to Oz. But psychic archaeology is nothing more than a Children's Crusade.

MARSHALL McKUSICK, who received his Ph.D in anthropology at Yale University, is Associate Professor of Anthropology at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, where he also served as State Archaeologist from 1960 to 1975. He has excavated sites in the West Indies, on the West Coast and in the Midwest. In addition to midwestern archaeology and ethnohistory, his current professional interests include alleged pre-Columbian voyages to America and the history of archaeology. This latter interest led him to this appraisal of psychic archaeology.



CHIMPS ARE CLOSER THAN YOU THINK

HUMAN BEINGS resemble the chimp more than the chimp resembles the gorilla. It may be unflattering to some persons but it's true, according to findings reported by Yale biologist Charles G. Sibley at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The genetic test that shows chimp and human DNA as similar also indicates how long ago the key ape families and humans branched off from their common ape ancestor.

TRUE

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each true experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. They must be signed by the author and address must be shown. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

PHANTOM TRUCK

By Harriette Spanabel

I DRIVE a tractor trailer and haul produce from Florida up the East Coast and west as far as Texas. For the past year and a half, always on my return run, a phantom truck follows me at least part of the time. At first I thought it was my imagination. One minute nothing would be behind me but the next minute a tractor trailer would be there.

This truck has followed me on both interstate highways and narrow two-lane roads. It is always behind me at night, moving over every once in a while so that its left headlight hits my left mirror directly. It disappears just as quickly as it appears.

I now know for sure that I am not imagining the truck because I have a witness who also watched my mystery vehicle. I recently took my friend Kelly Rose with me to Miami to make a delivery. I picked up the load in Philadelphia on March 8, 1985. It was a load of dry freight with two drops. The first drop

we delivered on March 11 in St. Petersburg, Fla., and the second drop was delivered on March 12 in Miami.

It was when we were coming back from Miami that the truck first joined us at approximately 11:30 the evening of the 12th. I drove out of Lakeland, Fla., on U.S. 98 going north. I planned to turn onto S.R. 471 which runs through the middle of the Green Swamp. The phantom truck first appeared behind us on U.S. 98 about two miles before I made my turn onto S.R.



Harriette Spanabel

471. It followed us from there until we had almost reached S.R. 50 where I turn to go west into the town where I live.

On a narrow two-lane road which runs through a state forest, about 50 miles from my house, the truck again appeared behind us. Kelly immediately asked where it had come from. Of course I couldn't tell her but it followed us for 30 miles before it disappeared this time.

Kelly, who had been watching the truck intently in her mirror, was astounded. I stopped my truck on 471 and we got out and looked for the other truck. It was completely gone. On this road there are no side roads where a truck could pull on or off. There are no shoulders where a truck could pull off without either tipping over or ending up tangled in a mass of big trees. And let me add there was no other traffic on 471 going in either direction.

My phantom truck remains a mystery. — *Brooksville, Fla.*

MY RED-HAIRED LADY

By Dennis Magic

IN THE SUMMER of 1977 I had an experience that profoundly affected my life. I always had felt that I had some degree of psychic ability and had even tried some experiments with a friend a few years earlier. But life goes on and other things seemed to take priority over cosmic revelations.

My good friend Clarence Comstock, his wife Alice and I had just returned from a late-night party and, although I had toured their new house in Campbell, Calif., earlier that afternoon when I arrived, it was really the first time I had concentrated on looking around.

Clarence started a fire in the fireplace and as the three of us settled in for some late-night conversation, Clarence asked me to step into their converted garage to turn on their stereo before I got too comfortable. He had always hung his speakers in the living room and had a habit of locating the actual components elsewhere in his previous homes, so it was no surprise to find he had the components in the other room.

Entering the dark room, I realized that I did not know the location of the light switch and I began to feel for it. What happened next was not spectacular but it did stir my curiosity. As I stood there in the dark, an extremely strong thought of the name Barbara came into my mind. This was so intense that I went back into the living room and mentioned the experience to my friends.

Clarence pointed out that I still had not turned on the stereo and he seemed uninterested in my experience, so off I went once more. As I reentered the room and turned right from the doorway, I received a perfectly clear colored image of a small red-haired woman who seemed to be rising out of a chair or off a couch toward me. She was in a desperate hurry.

All of this I saw peripherally. Frankly, it scared the hell out of me and I nearly jumped back out of the room in one leap. I also had a very strong sense of urgency due to a fire somewhere.

I rushed back into the living room and related this new event to Clarence who suddenly seemed interested in my story after I described the woman. He disappeared into the back room and returned with the deed to their new home. Then he proceeded to tell me that



Dennis
Magic

the woman I had described was the woman from whom they had purchased the house and he showed me her signature on the deed. It was Barbara.

I learned that Barbara had converted the garage into a dance studio and at one time was earning extra income teaching all of the neighborhood children ballet. Apparently an electrical fire had started in the ceiling and she had an anxious time getting help and seeing to the children. Clarence later confirmed that the ceiling rafters above the room were indeed scorched — something he discovered while storing Christmas decorations up there.

Although I am not an expert, I did nonetheless have what I now consider an interesting experience. I had never thought that persons who are still living could communicate in this manner. I now feel, however, that traumatic experiences we go through are absorbed into rooms and buildings much as images are put on pieces of film. Having a brief ability to see that image of the red-haired lady allowed me to experience an actual moment from that event. I wonder if appearances of ghosts can be attributed to such absorbed images. — *Aptos, Calif.*

"RUN!"

By Lori Jean Hagar

ON FEBRUARY 4, 1981, something happened to me and my husband Donald that convinced me of the reality of clairvoyance and telepathy.

I was still at the University of California at Santa Cruz then, spending my weekdays at school in Santa Cruz and my weekends with Don, who was then my fiance and who lived in Berkeley. On this February night my bus back to Santa Cruz was late. By the time it arrived I had already missed the last shuttle bus back to the dorms. I called my friend Mary MacPherson to ask her to drive me up to the university. She picked me up in her new shiny-brown Mercedes and we proceeded to drive up the hill.

No cars were allowed in the sector of the university in which I lived, so she let me off at the entrance to my college. My dorm lay at the end of a long dogleg street, a quarter-mile uphill by the lighted path but just two minutes' walking distance by a shortcut through the woods. Tired, my shoulders aching with the weight of my backpack, I decided to take the shortcut, a path I'd taken many times before, both at night and during the day.

As I climbed the path that led into the woods, I could see the lights of my dorm glowing through the darkness 300 yards ahead. It was a quiet evening. The only sounds were the wind in the trees and the padding of my feet on the needle-covered path. Though there had been several assaults on campus that year, I felt perfectly safe as I started up the path. The path itself was dark but only 20 feet to my left was a long line of lighted dorm windows. I could see the



Lori Jean Hagar

bent heads of students deep in study at their desks.

Halfway up the path I felt a twinge of uneasiness. My dorm was only 100 yards away now and I could see my suite mates moving about in our rooms. I increased my pace slightly, chiding myself for my nervousness. Then out of nowhere the word "Run!" thundered through my brain. I *felt* as much as heard the word. I broke into a sprint, backpack and all, that brought me to my doorstep in less than 20 seconds. Behind me on the path I heard a crashing, like the sound of someone fleeing through the underbrush.

As I stepped into the dorm kitchen my suite mate Yasmine told me that Don had been calling all evening and was worried sick that something had happened to me. I called him immediately. Don picked up the phone on the first ring. I'd barely said hello when he blurted out, "What the hell were you doing walking in the woods?" I listened stunned as he proceeded to describe in perfect detail all that had happened to me in the past few minutes.

"I was so worried," he said. "You

were so late getting home. I couldn't just sit here not knowing where you were, not knowing whether you were safe. So I, uh, tried to find you."

Knowing what he meant, I protested, "Psychic mumbo-jumbo, again. . . ." Don's belief in psychic phenomena had always been a point of contention between us. But how, I wondered, had he known I was walking in the woods?

"At first all I saw was a white archway like the one in front of your college," he related. "Then this car, brown and very nice, pulled up at the entrance and you got out. There was a woman in the driver's seat, someone I didn't recognize."

"Mary," I informed him. "A friend from my old neighborhood. You've never met her."

"Well, I was just glad you were safe," Don continued. "I watched as you walked under the archway and paused for a second looking at the long street ahead of you. I had a horrible feeling then. I knew what you were going to do and sure enough, you turned and walked up the stairs to the forest path. You had your backpack on one shoulder and your overnight bag in one hand and you were walking down that path just like it was the middle of day."

"You were almost home but I couldn't shake the uneasy feeling that something was wrong, that you were in danger. Then I saw him. A man, dark-haired, crouching behind a tree, the big redwood." Don's words came haltingly. "There was something in his hand, something shiny. Maybe a knife, a broken bottle."

I felt a chill come over my body as he went on, "You were walking right toward him, Lori. I yelled for you to run.

In my mind I yelled and willed you to hear me and, sure enough, from a nice casual gait you broke into a dead run."

"He ran off," I said shakily. "The sound I heard behind me as I ran. . . ."

"Do me a favor," Don sighed. "Don't

ever take that path by yourself at night again."

"Not only that," I promised. "I swear never to make fun of your psychic mumbo-jumbo again." — *Berkeley, Calif.*



MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each story published in this department. Stories must deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be mailed to FATE Survival Editor, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. Manuscripts must show author's name and address and include a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

TILLY CAME HOME

By M. Rhoda Brehe

I REMEMBER the date on which Tilly disappeared because it was my birthday, May 17, 1984. We had two dogs which were much-loved orphans rescued from an uncertain fate at the animal shelter of the RSPCA.

Tilly had been found abandoned on a hillside with 12 puppies. She was valiantly caring for her pups who were about two weeks old when she was found and moved to her quarters at the shelter.

We found her there on our search for

a puppy for our son David's birthday. We fell in love with her at first sight. She



Tilly and Hun

had the most intelligent, loving eyes and seemed almost human. We couldn't leave her there, so we took her and two of her puppies home with us. All the pups were ready to be weaned, so the timing was good.

Our friend Wendy Hagerty was enchanted by one of the pups and he moved to his new home a week after we got him. That left us with Tilly and one pup which we named Hun.

We live out in the country on an agricultural property named "Berewin," in the Upper Hunter River area of New South Wales, and so both dogs enjoyed a dog's paradise of fresh air and room to run. It's just as well; Hun grew up to be twice the size of her mother. They enjoyed going along with my husband Frank as he worked out in the fresh air.

On one of those excursions the dogs wandered away from him and didn't return right away as they usually did. Hun finally limped into the yard a few hours later but she had a nasty gash on the ribs and it was obvious she had been fighting with a kangaroo. We dressed her wounds and wrapped her in bandages which she wouldn't leave alone. But Tilly didn't come home that night.

We set out on a search the next morning, walking up all the gullies we came to and calling her name. The property we live on is very rugged and there was no way we could cover all of it, but we tried. We didn't find her.

Late that afternoon David and I were at home. My heart skipped a beat when I heard a whimpering at the front gate. I was busy in the kitchen and waited as I heard David going to check it out. But he came back to report there was nothing there. We checked all around the house but found nothing.

Shortly after that I heard the clatter of a dog's feet on the wooden floor of the veranda. I went to check this time but again found nothing. My son also heard the footsteps.

We didn't find Tilly until a week later when we discovered she had drowned in a stock dam while fighting with the kangaroo. I expect she asked for it because she did enjoy a good scuffle. But we do miss her very much.

I can't help feeling that the sounds we heard the day after her disappearance were made by Tilly coming home to us one last time, in spirit. David and I both heard them clearly but could find no physical cause. I know she would have tried desperately to return home if she could. — *Scone, New South Wales, Australia.*

HOLLYHOCKS AND DAISIES

By Olive Hall

MY SISTER Edna Johnson died on the way to the hospital November 13, 1939. Edna was 13 years old and she had leukemia.

Her favorite flowers were daisies and in the spring after her death a clump of daisies came up in our yard and bloomed there. We never before had had daisies growing in our farmyard on Route 41, 3½ miles south of Greenfield, Ohio.

On December 31, 1940, a little bit longer than a month after Edna's death, my father William Johnson died of pneumonia. His favorite flowers had been hollyhocks and in the spring of 1941 two hollyhock stalks came up and bloomed side by side. Like Edna's daisies, which bloomed that same summer, we had never had hollyhocks either.

The clump of daisies and the two hol-

lyhocks continued to bloom year after year. They never multiplied.

Four years later, in 1944, we moved into Greenfield. Saying nothing to anyone, I went over our new yard carefully to be sure no daisies or hollyhocks grew there. But the next summer they came up, in the same spots relative to the house as they had on the farm.

We lived on North Street for eight years and then moved to a house four blocks away. Again I checked the yard and found no daisies or hollyhocks growing there.

But the next spring they grew and bloomed again at our new home. We lived on North Fourth Street for 15 years and throughout those years the hollyhocks and daisies bloomed faithfully.

Then my mother Mabel passed away in December 1959 and the next year there were no daisies or hollyhocks. And they never came up again. I still miss them very much.

Were the flowers from my sister and my father who were just waiting quietly for Mother? — *Milford, Ohio.*

JIMMY, IS THAT YOU?

By Roy Matsuda
As told to Corliss Chan

IN THE SUMMER of 1966, when I was 17, my 19-year-old cousin James Kajiware and I spent endless hours discussing our plans for the future. Then Jimmy was drafted into the army. His eventual destination was Vietnam. Before leaving for advanced infantry training at Fort Benning, Ga., he gave me my Christmas, birthday and graduation presents.

"Roy," he said, "I have a feeling I won't be back."

"Don't say that!" I pleaded. "Promise me you'll be back for my graduation next June."

"Okay, I promise. I'll be back."

But four months later, on March 11, 1967, he was killed in action. I tried to deny his death. At first I felt empty, then angry; finally I felt nothing. Graduation day came and thoughts of Jimmy welled up inside me. The graduating students sat up in the hot bleachers of the Tennyson High School gym while the parents were seated on the main floor. Wiping the sweat off my face, I watched the setting sun cast an eerie light through the doors.

Suddenly a chill swept through my whole body as if someone had dumped a bucket of ice water on my head. I began to shiver uncontrollably. I looked for Mom down in the audience and then I saw him. Standing in the doorway 200 feet away was Jimmy. A wave of heat engulfed my body. Quickly I looked away in fear.

The student sitting next to me said, "What's the matter? Looks like you just saw a ghost."

Though panic-stricken I summoned my courage and looked at Jimmy again. He was wearing his favorite red Pendleton shirt, carrying his camera as usual and smiling directly at me.

"Do you see that guy standing over there at the door?" I asked my neighbor.

"What guy? Are you all right?" he replied.

But it wasn't a dream. All I could manage was to smile at Jimmy and then he was gone. My heart sank. Who would ever believe me?

Several days later, when I couldn't hold it inside any longer, I confided in Mom — Lillian Matsuda.

"Tell me when and where you saw him," she said. "What did he look like?"

Slowly I repeated the details of my experience to her.

"I thought it was a dream but I know it wasn't."

"It was no dream," Mom said, "because you're describing exactly what I saw too."

I was relieved and stunned all at once. Heretofore I had never had any feelings about life after death. Jimmy came back to show me the truth. — *Larkspur, Calif.*

I REMEMBER DEATH

By Bruce A. Jones

AFTER I HAD several ESP experiences I began to question my own sanity. Friends with whom I spoke advised me to see a psychologist so I wrote to A. M. Cooper, Ph.D., a professor of psychology at California State University at Fresno.



Bruce A. Jones

On more than half a dozen occasions I had experienced trancelike states in which floodlights, vivid colors and, sometimes, faces of the deceased appeared. Dr. Cooper declared that I was

a "very fortunate man . . . that such experiences are given to few . . . perhaps only to those who are truly receptive to them. In this sense these experiences are *abnormal* — above that which is considered the norm." He further stated in a letter that great philosophers, scientists, Nobel laureates, poets and writers had shared these experiences and likened reporting them to trying to explain the color "red" to a blind man.

Further conversations with the doctor on the telephone led me to search further back into my life for unusual experiences. When I was 12 years old, six months after the death of my mother in 1921, I was still living with my older brother Archibald in Bauxite, Ark. When I became ill and was going to have a tonsillectomy, my brother (not knowing better) advised me to eat all I could beforehand because I would not be able to eat for several days afterwards. The ether the doctors used to put me to sleep caused me to vomit and I literally choked to death.

I floated out of my body and watched from above as the doctor and nurse worked frantically to unclog my throat. I then drifted up through the ceiling and joined other souls circling the earth.

I awoke on the operating table and was sent home that same evening but I was told later that I had been clinically dead for about 20 minutes.

Since then I have encountered spirit beings, lights and other unusual phenomena and I wonder if my mingling with the spirits on that day 6½ decades ago opened the door to my extraordinary experiences later in life. I have even been informed in dreams of coming events, marriages and deaths. — *Sheridan, Ark.*

By Judy Arriola

THE EARLY morning air on October 14, 1975, was bitingly cool and by 3:00 A.M. Jack Frost had made his famous ritual paintings on the windows in Sterling, Colo., where I lived.

I had just arrived home, dog-tired from a hard night's work at the Longhorn Saloon. It was one of those nights when one of my bartenders hadn't shown up for work and after doing a double-duty shift, I didn't bother with my usual nightly shower. Letting my clothes drop by the bed, I gratefully crawled beneath the covers. Needless to say, it didn't take me long to doze off—into troubled sleep.

inside death's bed, the coffin disappeared and my father's face replaced it. He was smiling with peace and contentment. At that point I woke up drenched with perspiration.

The first time I had this dream I thought it was because I was overtired. But it kept returning nightly. For two weeks I dreamed the exact same dream, no matter whether I was extremely tired or not.

On the first Wednesday in November (the fifth)—I remember it because I did my monthly books and inventory on that day—at 2:00 P.M. the phone rang. My barmaid Jerrie yelled that it was for me. Before I touched the phone, I instinctively knew it was my mother

Father's Spirit Foresaw Crisis

I forced my way through the people crowded around the coffin. Someone I loved was inside but I didn't know who. . . .

As I slept, I felt as if everything were floating in slow motion as I watched a silver gray coffin lined with blue satin rotate in and out of a velvet darkness. I could feel myself striving hard to reach it, knowing someone I loved was in there. I wanted desperately to see who was inside it. But just as I would get nearly close enough, a crowd of non-descript people would gather about it, keeping me from seeing whom the casket contained.

Once in my dream, when I broke through the crowd and was able to see

and I knew what her message would be.

In between her broken sobbing she told me Dad had had a severe stroke and wasn't expected to live.

After making the necessary arrangements with my assistant manager Nancy, I left for Iowa City a few hours later. I drove into the V.A. Hospital's parking lot 12 hours after that. There, in the emergency room, I found my mother Lillian, my younger brother Travis, 30, and Randy, my older brother, 41. As I looked into my family's faces, concern and fear overrode my weariness.

Mother rose from her chair with her arms outstretched. Hugging me, she broke down. Between her sobs she poured out, "Oh-h, Judy, he's — he's been asking for you. Dad keeps slipping in and out. Oh, God, he's so p-pale."

With each sob Mother's body shook violently.

I said, "Mother, I want to see Dad. Where is he?"

Before she could answer, Randy broke in, "Sis, they won't let anyone in but Mom. And then it's only for a few moments. You might as well just take a load off your feet and sit down." His voice trailed off as he added, "I'm afraid it's going to be a long haul."

Well, once I set my mind to something I don't let the word *no* stand in my way. Finding out my father's whereabouts, I located some surgical clothing and headed for his bedside.

When I first saw Dad, I felt as if someone had slammed his fist into my midriff. It took every ounce of my strength to walk over to his bed. Placing my hand on his, I began to speak in a wavering voice, "Dad . . . Dad . . . it's me, Judy. I'm here, hon. Come on. . . ." My throat began to tighten but I went on, "You can make it. After all, we've got that fishing trip to go on." Swallowing, I rushed to finish my thought. "We've got to see who catches the big one," I said quickly.

At that moment I swear I saw my father's eyelids flutter. In the next instant one of the doctors came up behind me, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Harold can't hear you. You'd best leave now. You're not sup —"

The doctor's voice broke off abruptly as Dad's heart monitor began to beep wildly and the needle gyrated errati-

cally. Right then I knew the doctor was wrong. Dad did hear me!

As they began to work on him, someone hustled me out of the room. With a little bit more hope than when I first went into Dad's room, I rejoined Mother and my brothers.

Travis lifted his head and Randy pulled himself out of his chair. Mother leaned forward on the couch. All of them hoped eagerly for some news of improvement. "Any change?" Randy asked. "Did he come to?"

I shook my head. "I know he heard me, though," I said, "because just before they rushed me out, his eyelids moved and his heart monitor reacted strangely."

Three days and nights passed as we waited. Finally, on the fourth day, at 5:00 A.M., a doctor came in and he broke our strained silence to announce, "We have moved Mr. Vail out of I.C.U. His condition has stabilized and even improved somewhat." As relief flooded our faces, he smiled kindly and continued, "You may see him but only one at a time and only for five minutes each. You'll find Harold in room 408." We thanked him and headed for the elevator.

After much persuasion Mother and I gained the doctor's consent to sit with Dad. We took turns of six-on and six-off shifts. Our spirits rose as we watched Dad improve. The doctors admitted he was making remarkable progress but they cautioned us not to expect too much.

When Dad was in his second week of therapy and all seemed to be going well, I began to make plans to return to Colorado. Thank God, I thought, this time my premonition had gone amiss.

On the night of the day before I was to leave, however, I awoke with the sensation that someone was standing over me. And there at the end of my bed stood my father. His feet did not seem to be touching the floor.

He spoke in a low, sad voice. "Judy girl, I'm going to die soon and I must warn you that there will be those who will cause great difficulty and hardship for Mom."

I interrupted, "No — no — you're not going to die. You're not dead!"

Realizing that my voice was rising and not wanting to frighten Mother who slept just down the hall, I stopped. Dad went on, "You must listen. I don't have much time, so hear me good. Mom is going to need your help with financial papers and to be protected from the one who plans to take advantage of her and of my death. You must not let this happen. Protect. Watch. . . ." Before he and his voice faded, I heard him say, "I love you, Judy-girl. Take care of Mom for me."

I lay there trying to decide if I should awaken Mother and tell her what had happened. Finally I rose and went to her room.

It was unnecessary to wake her. In the dim-lit room I could see her lying there with her eyes wide open. My mouth felt dry as I told her, "Mother, I have something to tell you. I don't know if you will believe me but . . . I think you should know." My legs threatened to buckle and I sat down on the edge of her bed. Then I told her of my communication from Dad. She listened

quietly. Once I had finished, she patted my hand and in a husky whisper said, "I believe you, dear."

There was a long silence between us. Then I said, "Mom, I think I ought to cancel my plans and not go back to Colorado."

"No," my mother said with conviction. "You go ahead and return like you planned, Judy. We mustn't intervene in God's will."

Knowing there was nothing further to say, I returned to my room.

At 10 o'clock that morning, against my better judgment, I pulled out of Mother's driveway on my way home. A week later, on November 19, I awoke in the early hours of the morning feeling cold. Even under the heavy blankets and with the room at 75 degrees, I knew Father had died. Later that morning a phone call confirmed my conviction. Once again, with a heavy heart I prepared to leave for Iowa City.

We buried Father on November 21, 1975, and his warning to me to expect trouble began to be fulfilled the next day. All he had predicted came true.

Perhaps it was reasonable of Dad to expect difficulties. At the time Dad died he and Mother were not legally married. Mother and Dad had been divorced nine years before and then the family had been united due to a double crisis. Mother was involved in a serious automobile accident which nearly took her life and her father — our grandfather — had a serious heart attack. In silence and without apologies we had all come together.



I WALKED ON FIRE

It's much easier to walk on fire than to explain how it's possible. And what does this bizarre practice *mean*?

By Dennis Stillings

I FIRST HEARD of the fire-walking movement in 1984, at a time when I was involved with metal-bending parties. It appeared to me that whatever was moving people to demonstrate paranormal effects in metal was pushing onward into paranormal effects involving fire. Perhaps there was even some progression involving the four elements of the ancients: metal bending (earth) and fire walking (fire), presumably to be followed by walking on *water* and levitating into the *air*.

Metal bending is simple enough to do and I have seen at least one instance that leaves me totally convinced of its reality. Fire walking appears to be easier for everyone to succeed at than metal bending. Far fewer fail at crossing the coals unharmed than at consistently bending metal. Perhaps this is because the region in which the necessary PK occurs in fire walking is more "hidden."

My own opportunity to face the flames came on a very chilly day in April 1984. Tony Robbins had come to Minneapolis, where I live, and was offering us the opportunity to barbecue our bunions. I signed up.

Little or nothing is known about what exactly the secret ingredients are for fire-walking success. Minimally, it appears, one should be in an altered state of an emotional sort (simply facing hot coals will do this) and this

should be accompanied by some sort of belief system with its own set of images.

At the time of my first walk I had not considered these things to any degree and, considering the perceived risk, I thought it wisest to stick with the program as presented by Robbins. Actually it didn't quite work out that way because I originally didn't intend to do the fire walk — I just planned to observe, take videotape and make notes for an article for *Artifex*, the Archaeus Project newsletter. While everyone else was whoopin' 'n' hollerin', I was moving around with my Sony. My nonparticipation in the exercises didn't seem to make much difference, however. What told me I was "in state" was the involuntary clenching of my fist whenever the group did the same (a yell accompanied by a raised clenched fist was part of the ritual). So I decided to go ahead.

Naturally, before walking over the coals, everyone took off his shoes and rolled up his pants cuffs. I mention this only because not only was it a cold night, with the temperature somewhere in the 40's, but it was also very windy with a light drizzle. Normally I would have found this unpleasant but for some reason I was quite comfortable. Those who did not do the fire walk complained much more than the others about the cold weather.

Robbins led off, of course, and one by one the others followed. I was about

Californian Tony Robbins has taught techniques of fire walking to thousands of persons in the United States. When author walked on fire under Robbins' direction he found that the experience was not frightening, no more "exciting than standing in a cafeteria line." (Los Angeles Times photo)



midway back in line and as I approached the pit I felt no anxiety building. As I told someone afterwards, it was about as exciting as standing in a cafeteria line. I reached the threshold of the coal bed.

I should note here that the weather conditions did not appear to have any effect on the temperature of the coals. They glowed bright orange quite evenly over most of the surface of the bed. The 20-plus-mile-per-hour wind would gust suddenly and the fire would become noticeably brighter. It was near midnight and overcast. The coal bed looked hot and red in the extreme darkness. I

turned my eyes upward, repeated, "Cool moss, cool moss," in the prescribed manner and stepped into the coals, taking five steps to traverse the pit. I walked at normal speed, my 250 pounds crunching heavily into the coals.

After my first two steps I got a little curious. I began to *think* about what was going on. The apparent result of this inadvisable intrusion of consciousness was that, on the third step, it felt precisely as if a gas jet were being turned up rapidly under my instep. That area of my foot would be somewhat tender later but not burned or blistered. In two more steps I was out of the pit, scrub-

bing off my feet in the grass.

A large red-hot coal had stuck to the bottom of my left foot without doing me any harm. Several of the people around the pit had seen me carry this brightly glowing coal on the bottom of my foot for at least half the length of the coal bed. Other than the incident of the third step, crossing the expanse of coals had felt like crossing a bed of barely warm wood chips.

Within seconds after leaving the coal bed, my feet, which had been comfortable up till then, became painfully cold. They felt so cold that I thought I had actually burned them. Nearly in tears from the stinging, I hobbled back into the lecture room and did an examination. My feet were not burned, just unnaturally cold. The following day I was constantly hungry.

In January 1985 Jack Houck and Eric Best invited me to Pacific Palisades, Calif., to participate in a fire walk which Eric would conduct. This would be particularly interesting, I thought, because Eric is a pretty serious fellow who displays little of Robbins' showmanship.

The emotional peak of the group under Eric seemed substantially lower than that achieved by Robbins. It made no difference to the success of the walk, however. A further attraction, for me at least, was that Jack Houck would be hooking up some people to instruments in order to get some data on temperatures and time of exposure during the fire walk.

The walk occurred routinely and without incident. Boma, an impressive fellow from Africa, strolled leisurely through the coals. I have been told that his time of contact per step is .4 second,

plenty of time for searing the skin to a significant depth.

I got very hungry again, but not cold, which is hard to do in California anyway.

WHY, AT THIS point in history, are so many people willingly performing an ostensibly dangerous act formerly thought to be the province of trained adepts? What is the symbolism of the fire walk? There are, after all, *two* "miracles" involved in the fire walk. One of them has to do, of course, with crossing the coals without injury; the other is that *one takes that first step at all*.

The image of fire walking is that of daring to take a dangerous passage involving fire. Certainly the entire world is currently in a dangerous transition involving fire — and fear. By generating an enthusiasm among ordinary people to walk on the small, microcosmic fire of the fire walk, it appears that a message is being communicated through this collective symbolic act: namely, that if one accepts the fire, accepts its consequences and reality and gives oneself over to it, *something interrupts the "normal" expected outcome*.

It does not matter whether the fire walk can be explained in terms of known science. This important image, this symbol, remains. The fire walk, a kind of ritual dance into which we enter, puts us in touch with the cosmic fire of transformation. The passage through the alchemical fires of transformation is an old theme. Fire walking is indeed presented as a potential transformative experience. The fact that it has become a widespread movement involving thousands of persons, how-

ever, points to a transformative process taking place on the collective level.

Perhaps a ritual relationship to the inner nature of nuclear fire is also being established. The atom is an external manifestation of what is "smaller than small, greater than great," i.e., the Atman, the Self.* Through an irrational, ritual connection to this most deadly of fires, a transformative process is initiated; soon it will be reflected in consciousness in a manageable way. As this occurs, it will be our obligation to understand — and further — this transformation.

These considerations may be far more important than the question of whether or not the fire walk is "paranormal" and they do not depend on that determination. From this standpoint one can consider the far-reaching benefits of the fire-walking movement; it is a baby that the skeptics and "explainologists" should be careful not to toss out with any dirty bathwater they may find.

THE HISTORY of attempts to explain, in terms of "known science," how fire walking works is not exactly edifying. In 1936 Harry Price suggested that weight may be a factor, theorizing that small, thin, underweight individuals, because of the light pressure they exert on the coals, do not make enough contact to get burned. I doubt that Price himself took this theory seriously. If he did, he was wrong.

One popular explanation put forward in an August 1977 *Scientific American* article by Jearl Walker involved invocation of the "Leidenfrost Effect." The Leidenfrost Effect gets its name from

the 18th-Century physician Johann Leidenfrost who noted that water droplets on a smooth, heated surface will evaporate quickly up to a certain high temperature. After that a vapor barrier builds up around the droplet and it vaporizes much more slowly; then again, at very high temperatures, the droplets vanish quite rapidly.

The problem is that the temperatures of the coal bed during fire walks have been both above and below the Leidenfrost range and there have been no burns.* The lower temperature of the Leidenfrost range for water (or sweat) is still more than sufficient to produce a painful burn in a very short time. Furthermore, a coal bed is a far cry from the smooth, nonporous surface required for such effects; worse, the Leidenfrost "explanation" requires that the "steps not be too fast" so that sufficient sweat can build up on the foot in the air.

Nowadays, even skeptics have a hard time with this explanation and they are usually willing to accept almost anything. The standard of "excellence" represented by the Leidenfrost explanation, however, remains to be surpassed. Recent contributions by "explainologists" such as Bernard Leikind of UCLA indicate that Harry Price's weight suggestion may well have been the high point in attempts to understand the fire walk.

"No special talent is required to do this stupid stunt," says the eminently qualified stupid-stunt investigator Dr. Leikind. Leikind goes on to say (*Los Angeles Times*, April 21, 1985) that "the rules of physics — not one's state of

*See Gerhard Adler's *Psychology and the Atom Bomb*, Guild Lecture No. 43, The Guild of Pastoral Psychology, London, England, April 1946.

*See James McClenon's "Fire Walking at Mount Takao," *Archaeus*, Winter 1983.

mind — allow anyone to tolerate a brief barefoot walk over embers."

Let us pass over the questions raised by considering the relationship of the "rules of physics" to one's state of mind and simply point out that there are many, many documented fire walks that are not at all brief.

Leikind advances the ninth-grade general-science notion of the difference between temperature and heat: the light, fluffy embers of the fire walk have low thermal mass, while the body has a large capacity for absorbing heat. So, Leikind says, when the foot touches the embers, the embers cool off faster than the skin warms up, enabling one to tolerate a "quick walk." (Remember, according to the Leidenfrost theory, you shouldn't walk too fast or you won't have time to sweat. Walker also suggests that the would-be fire walker should have a high tolerance for pain. But where *is* this pain?)

Leaving aside the question of why several bright investigators of the fire walk in the past, including the physicist Jearl Walker, have failed to think of this simple "thermal-mass solution," let us suggest that the body probably does not absorb heat in the manner required by Leikind's explanation. If I hold a match, which has far less thermal mass than an average glowing coal, next to my skin, I will be painfully burned in less than one second. If the heat of the match were very quickly dispersed throughout my body, or even throughout a small part of my body, the heat effects would scarcely be noticed. But there is no way to obtain this instantaneous heat dispersion, or even anything like it. If the temperature is high, the point of contact, involving a very

limited volume of tissue, will reach nearly the same temperature as the heat source before there is any dispersion. A burn will inevitably result.

The body is nowhere near being an efficient thermal conductor, especially on the calloused bottoms of the feet. If it were, it would be much more difficult to get burned than it is. In conversation with one elderly physician with vast experience, during World War II, of the treatment of "low thermal-mass" burn cases (brief contact with burning oil slicks surrounding sinking ships), I was told that serious burns occur in an extremely short time. He was astounded at the idea that anyone would expose himself to the conditions of the fire walk.

Another problem with Leikind's idea is that people *do* get burned. On rare occasions several persons have been burned to various degrees in a single fire walk, under physical conditions not readily distinguishable from those obtaining at entirely successful fire walks. There are also recorded instances of fire walking over fresh lava fields,* red-hot plow blades and heated rocks.** Coal beds over 20 feet long and built to the highest temperatures are leisurely traversed by fire-walk practitioners in such places as Japan and Sri Lanka.

Such fire walks have been filmed for national television and witnessed by no less than the noted explainologist (let us no longer dignify such persons with the

*Forced by Kahunas to traverse a barely solidified lava field, Dr. William Tufts Brigham, an ethnologist at Honolulu's Bishop Museum, had his shoes burned off at the bottom, leaving him in his socks. These did not burn, nor were his feet injured. How is leather for thermal conductivity? Pretty good, I'd say. Works even when it's gone. For a full account see *Into the Unknown* (1981), edited by *Reader's Digest*.

**Instances of both are recounted in Mircea Eliade's classic *Shamanism* (1974).

term "skeptical") James Randi. Leikind's "explanation" may be termed — if we wish to be generous — aggressively stupid and ill-informed. To document fully the confused, even bizarre nature of Leikind's "skeptical" program, let me quote from the *Los Angeles Times* account of Leikind's "theory":

"In addition, the embers lose heat rapidly, so that those who walk 15 minutes after the embers are spread have an easier time of it," Leikind said. (Measurements . . . found that parts of the embers fell to 500 degrees.)"

What happens to the maybe two dozen persons who walk during the first 15 minutes? Are they, as a rule, used as sacrificial coal-bed coolers who end up hospitalized? And what's 500 degrees? Evidence of fraud?

Leikind provides no data, no evidence of any kind. He does not bother to investigate or present information on how living tissue actually responds to high temperatures. He indulges in the

kind of speculation to which a medieval theologian could only aspire.

Leikind held a meeting at which he gave some 100 excited and enthusiastic persons (in a high emotional peak state) a lecture on his "theory" of fire walking, then led them through the fire walk. In other words, Leikind is a fire-walk instructor using the same basic principles of fire-walk preparation used by perhaps all those "deceitful" fire-walk instructors. No fire-walk instructor that I know of claims that any one belief system is necessary for successful fire walking.

But it was noted — I hear from the grapevine — that these bold old-paradigm fire walkers zipped across the coal bed in quite a comical fashion. Said one "enlightened" Leikind convert, as he cooled his feet in a pool of water after his brave passage, "It's important that people realize there are people out there trying to deceive you."

I couldn't agree more.



BANNED IN BANGKOK

THAILAND'S state-run radio and television stations are prevented from airing "One Night in Bangkok," a song that reached the Top 10 on United States and British music charts. The Mass Communications Organization of Thailand, a governmental broadcast regulation body, imposed the ban in May 1985 because, according to director Pramut Sutabutr, it could cause misunderstandings about the kingdom. He added, "Some of the lyrics showed disrespect to our national religion, Buddhism."

The song, which extols the sexual and tourist attractions of the Thai capital, was heard for two months, however, and quickly became a favorite among go-go dancers. Written by Tim

Rice (who also did some writing for *Cats* and *Jesus Christ, Superstar*) the song depicts Bangkok's night life — girlie bars that attract male tourists from throughout the world.

One music industry executive told United Press International that the pace of the song is so fast that the lyrics are probably little understood but a popular women's magazine recently printed the lyrics, giving government officials and others a hard look at the song.

Thai authorities are especially sensitive about the way the kingdom is depicted abroad. They have banned the hit musical *The King and I* on the grounds that it contains inaccuracies and demeans Thai royalty.

Preview:

HOLDUP AT THE CIRCLE K

In my vision I saw in chilling detail the crime about to occur — but would anybody heed my warnings?

By Dorothy Nickerson

ONE NIGHT in November 1982, I awoke with a knot of fear in my throat, remembering the mean twist of the man's mouth and the threatening muzzle of his gun. Had I been dreaming? I opened my eyes and saw the cold dawn through the window. Then, superimposed on the white lacy curtains like a movie, a store holdup took place before my eyes. Outside lights were on and a wall clock in the store read 12:15; it had to be after midnight. The store looked familiar. Could it be a place where I had shopped?

Trying not to waken my husband Nick, I slipped into my robe and slippers and walked softly down the hall to the kitchen. As I put on the coffeepot and set out the cups, I suddenly identified the store. It was the Circle K Market on Main Street in Cottonwood, Ariz., run by a woman and her daughter. We live just across the river from Cottonwood.

I knew I had better stop worrying about the dream—or whatever it was. Nick would soon be coming out for his morning coffee; I didn't want to upset him. After he left to get our truck

serviced for an upcoming camping trip, my worry about the dream settled in again, coloring everything I tried to do that morning. If the dream were a warning, what should I do about it? I remembered other times when I had felt things were going to happen. Once I "knew" that the Indian jewelry store, "The Peddler," was going to be burglarized. Nick had doubted me that time so I never did tell him that I had called the owner. Later I read in the paper that a break-in had been attempted but the owner had shown up in time to foil it.

I felt that some of my friends would look at me in a very strange way if they knew I "saw" things. For that reason I have always thought it wise to keep quiet. Now I tried to wipe out of my mind the vivid holdup scene—with success that lasted only a short time.

I sat down to watch my favorite television soap opera and soon became absorbed in the story. But then it happened again. I gasped in disbelief as once more the store robbery unfolded on the television screen. Through the store window I could see a woman

standing at the checkout counter. Two men walked up to the door as the last customer left. They went in boldly, pointing a gun at the woman. Again the clock on the wall read 12:15. In a flash the soap opera returned to the screen.

With shaking hands I turned off the television set and sat wondering. Should I call the woman at the Circle K Market and warn her? I cringed at the thought. I decided to wait until Nick got home and tell him all about it. He's not as emotional as I and probably would know what to do.

After making the decision to tell Nick, I felt calmer and went into the kitchen to start lunch. Nick was late getting home and waiting for him made me nervous all over again. I could hardly wait for him to finish his meal and finally blurted out the whole story during dessert. It seemed to upset him.

"Are you quite sure you didn't imagine all of this?" he asked.

"I don't see how it could be imagination, Nick. I was watching my program, not even thinking about the store. Then there was the holdup scene just as I had dreamed it last night. Nick, you must believe me. I'm really worried about this. I feel I should warn that woman or somebody."

"If that's the way you feel, then I guess you had better call," he responded, then went into the living room and settled down with his newspaper.

I dawdled as long as I could in the kitchen, washing up, and when I finished I walked to the telephone. As the number began to ring, I sank into a chair.

"Hello, Circle K," came a woman's voice.

"I don't think you know me," I

began uncertainly, "but I have stopped there a few times. My name is Dorothy Nickerson and I live not far from your store. I have to warn you about something." I hesitated, carefully choosing my words. "I had a dream about you last night," I went on. "It has worried me all day and I finally just had to call you." As I explained I could sense fear and disbelief in her responses. "Please," I continued, "take most of your money out of the register tonight and hide it."

I asked her if she could get a police dog and keep him in the store for the night.

"Oh, no," she replied. "Dogs are not allowed in a store that sells food. I do thank you, though, and we'll be careful. Maybe I can get someone to help us in the store tonight."

I sank back in my chair and breathed a sigh of relief. I had done my duty and now maybe I could stop worrying. I found Nick fast asleep in his chair. I would have to wait to tell him that I had called. I would rest awhile and read. I didn't get far in my book before I fell asleep too. The shrill ring of the phone roused me and I was surprised to hear the evening news already on the television.

Nick answered the phone and called out, "Honey, it's for you. It's the police."

"Oh, no!" My heart sank. Now I was in real trouble. I should have kept quiet. I picked up the extension in our bedroom and managed a weak hello.

"This is the Cottonwood police, the night sergeant. We had a call from Denise Sharp at the Old Town Circle K Market. She said you had warned her of a holdup tonight. Could I ask you for more details?"

"Sergeant, I may be all wrong, but this premonition came to me two different times. I debated a long time before calling the store."

"Ma'am, just tell me about it," the sergeant said patiently.

I told him about the lights being on and the wall clock reading 12:15 and then said, "I saw a customer leave the store. Then I saw two men come around the side of the building, the side next to the real estate building. One man was big and dark with mean eyes and a drooping, black mustache. The other man was small and short. I know he was a white man but I think the big one was a Mexican. They walked in and the big man pointed the gun at Mrs. Sharp."

"What kind of a gun did he have? Was it a large gun, maybe a rifle?"

"No, no, it was small," I replied. "His hand almost covered it up. Seems like it was black. Sergeant, could a little gun like that kill a person?"

"Yes, ma'am, it sure could."

"Are you going to watch the store tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, we will," the sergeant said.

"It won't take place until after midnight. Will you let me know what happens? I hope that poor woman doesn't get hurt!"

"We'll see that she doesn't, ma'am," the sergeant said. The line went dead.

I felt faint as I walked down the hall to face Nick's questioning look. I repeated the dialogue with the sergeant.

"Well, if nothing happens, they will just say that they had another hysterical woman on the line," he joked. Then his voice softened. "Don't feel bad, honey. You only did what you feel is right."

* * *

THAT WAS a long evening. All through supper I kept my eyes on the phone. And I couldn't concentrate on our favorite evening programs. Finally, almost nodding in his chair, Nick said, "Let's go to bed. No need for you to stay up and worry. The police will call you if anything happened."

"I couldn't sleep, Nick. I think I'll just watch the movie for a while and wait." I gave him a goodnight kiss and watched him go down the hall.

I found I couldn't concentrate on the movie or on my book. I was simply waiting for the phone to ring. And it did—twice. About 10 o'clock a well-meaning friend called to remind me of a meeting the next night.

"We'll try to be there," I promised, hoping to hang up. What if the police were trying to call?

As the clock inched toward midnight, the phone rang again. Wrong number.

Getting settled in my chair once more, I tried to read. Surely the police would call soon, I reasoned. But if nothing happens, maybe they won't call at all. I decided that if the call didn't come by 1:00 A.M. I would call police headquarters. My thoughts were shattered once again by the ring of the telephone.

"Yes?" I answered, somehow knowing it was the sergeant this time. It was.

"Well, we caught your holdup man, all right!" he said in a surprised voice. "He was behind the building next door. We got him before he ever got into the market."

"But there were supposed to be two. Where was the other man?"

"We don't know, ma'am, but it was the white man we caught."

"He must have been waiting for his partner. If you had just waited, you

would have caught both of them." It didn't occur to me that I was being a bit presumptuous in trying to tell a policeman his business.

"Maybe so," he replied, "but at least nobody was hurt this way."

"Sergeant, what kind of a gun did he have?"

"Ma'am, it was a small snub-nosed automatic." There was wonder—or disbelief—in the sergeant's voice.

"Thank you, sergeant, for calling me," I said. "I'm so relieved." And I was too. Now I could go to bed and get some sleep. This time I had been right to act on my premonition.



TINY MISSOURI BANK SUITS TIGHTWAD

BANKER Jim Simmons is a generous man, as bank presidents go. He hands out little coin banks as favors, gives lollipops to visiting kids and pays competitive rates on certificates of deposit. But he also appreciates a good joke and could not resist renaming his bank in Tightwad, Mo.

"The original name was going to be the Citizens Bank of Windsor Truman Lake Facility of Tightwad," said Simmons, "but as soon as we moved in, people started calling it the Tightwad Bank." He gave in to the local sense of humor and had the time and temperature sign painted to reflect it.

Simmons opened the bank in the summer of 1984 as a branch of his family's bank in Windsor, a town 14 miles north of Tightwad. The allure of Tightwad was a lake the Army Corps of Engineers built for flood control and hydroelectric purposes, thus creating great recreational opportunities in an area less than an hour and a half drive southeast of Kansas City.

Soon after the Tightwad Bank came into being, a Kansas City columnist

wrote about it. Associated Press picked up the story and the Tightwad Bank was publicized in newspapers around the world.

"We got countless calls from all over the United States and Hawaii," Simmons said. All this unsolicited attention set off a flood of mail from out-of-town people which would cause the big banks to turn green with envy. So many new accounts were opened that the bank's deposits almost doubled in a month.

A lot of the new deposits were what Simmons calls novelty accounts: people who want checks that read "The Tightwad Bank," people who grate their teeth when they write alimony checks and those who open accounts as Christmas presents so their spouses can have Tightwad accounts. But many were new money market accounts and certificates of deposit which require very little attention.

If business keeps growing, Simmons might consider opening another branch in a tiny community a few miles up the highway — a place called Racket.



THE GREAT PYRAMID SPEAKS

FIRST TO CAST SPELLS

In about 350 B.C. King Nechtanebo found the powers of magic to his liking. When his kingdom was attacked by land or sea he would fight his enemies off with wax figures, animating these "robots" with the breath of life, using a ritual taken directly from the Book of the Dead, which was a stone ledger containing the world's most powerful incantations.

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PHARAOHS

unknown entities in tombs right alongside mummified remains. Many knowledgeable researchers steadfastly maintain these images are of the Pharaohs' guardian angel, said to be a supreme mover, a power, or force which enabled the leaders of Egypt to make their way to the spirit world without obstacle.

In THE GREAT PYRAMID SPEAKS you will find the exact name given to this special angel, and how if you chant its name repeatedly, it is said that you will receive all that you ask

MOSES — MOST FAMOUS INITIATE

While only the most scholarly of Biblical students may realize the fact, the truth is that Moses was half Hebrew, half Egyptian. As verification, the New Testament says, "Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." What that statement means is that the deepest wisdom were laid open to him, and he was taught that which was forbidden for most others to know.

ATLANTIS AND

were still a primitive people. Then quite suddenly, about 3000 B.C., an advanced civilization sprang up almost overnight, a civilization that only 100 years before had used the most primitive of tools, but were now responsible the construction of the Great Pyramid which remains an architectural marvel.

THE GREAT PYRAMID SPEAKS answers these nagging questions:

- Was this development inspired by God?
- Did members of a super race from the lost continent of Atlantis, visit with the Egyptian high priests?
- Were the Egyptian leaders guided by visitors from another planet?

Among the burning evidence for these theories is the recent research conducted by an outstanding Soviet scientist who says he has concrete proof that extraterrestrial visitations took place during the reign of the early Pharaohs.

A TIME CAPSULE UNDER THE GREAT

BONUS DARE YOU OPEN THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN MUMMY CONTAINING THE SECRET PROPHECIES OF THE PHARAOHS

Recently a series of startling prophecies were translated from hieroglyphics found on an unknown mummy's case deep inside the Great Pyramid. The actual origin of these predictions is unknown, though those who have seen the mummy's case ment say it is highly unique, and totally different than any other so far discovered. They describe it as being hot to the touch and very hypnotic so that you cannot pull your eyes away. Researchers are also amazed at the size of the mummy that must have been buried within (the corpse is now missing), since the mummy's case is over eight feet long, indicating that the body that inhabited this death chamber must have been massive, unlike most of us born on earth. Now, for the first time, we are able to reveal the contents of these stunning prophecies smuggled out of Egypt which were made thousands of years ago, but which deal with events of today and the immediate future. Since these prophecies may be highly traumatic to some who read this book, we have decided to place them in a special sealed chamber so that the weakened will have to break a seal in order to see what the future holds for us according to the masters of ancient Egypt.

WILL THE CROSS JESUS WAS CRUCIFIED ON BE FOUND BENEATH THE PYRAMID?

Diane Tessman, a San Diego based minister who had repeated contacts with space beings since the age of seven, has received a wealth of data from her spiritual guides concerning the Great Pyramid what will eventually be uncovered underneath

MYSTERY OF A SPACE SHIP

In addition to the cross of the crucifixion, beneath the pyramid is also said to be a gigantic spacecraft which though dormant, now, will eventually be activated, and will be responsible for removing people from this planet in case of a global catastrophe. Diane reveals the newmankind fact that the Israeli government, as well as its opposition forces of the Arab nations, know all about the existence of this spaceship.

CAN TOO!

Excavators in Egypt have found both stone and wooden images of

ancient Egypt which had been buried in seed. It is the sudden blossoming of civilization. Researchers know that around 3100 B.C. the Egyptians



NOT ONE...BUT 13 MAGICAL GOOD LUCK TALISMANS AND AMULETS FROM THE POWERFUL HIGH PRIESTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

The high priests of ancient Egypt () The ability to be psychic, knew more about magic and casting astral object to other places, visit the spells than any other adepts who future, observe UFOs, contact have ever lived. The high priests, in other dimensions, realms or planets, fact, were considered the spokesmen () Make new friends. for the "gods," and those () Enable members of the people who did not receive the family to achieve what they desire blessings of the priests could not most. expect to succeed in their endeavors. () Own a brand new car, or a

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00000000000000000000000000000000

The first hint that the communicator is more than a random intruder surfaces when his sensuality engenders disgust and disdain.

By Jule Eisenbud

From *Parapsychology and the Unconscious*
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2320 Blake St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704

IN 1916 Dr. James H. Hyslop, one of the moving spirits of the American Society for Psychical Research, arranged for Doris Fischer, a 26-year-old woman with a long history of multiple personality, to have a series of sittings with a Boston medium, Mrs. Minnie Meserve Soule, known under the pseudonym of Mrs. Chenoweth. Hyslop had used Mrs. Soule previously to test his hypothesis that many, if not all, cases of multiple personality were instances of undeveloped mediumship.

During the sittings, several personalities emerged — Doris' mother, for one — but the most remarkable was finally identified by Hyslop as the bogus Count Alessandro Cagliostro. Nothing published before the sittings about this notorious 18th-Century figure hinted at the kind of characterization that emerged. He came through as a Nietzschean proponent of the kind of instinctual freedom that wouldn't surface again until the 1960's. This communicator expressed ideas about sexual morality and religion completely out of tune with his time. Not until the early 1970's

did information come along publicly supporting such a characterization. In Robert Gervaso's biography Cagliostro, published in English translation in 1974, the baffling bogus count comes across as a debauchee and blasphemer.

These events leave the familiar alternative explanations: Either some kind of discarnate intelligence was operating through Mrs. Chenoweth, or someone — not necessarily the medium — was demonstrating what is customarily called super-ESP.

THERE IS little I can say here to get the perennial controversy over these two explanations off dead center — which is where Murphy left the issue almost 40 years ago.¹ Certain features of the case, however, seem admirably suited to illustrate aspects of the material that may not be immediately apparent. Right at the start our attention is drawn to what at first appears to be the lifelike quality of Cagliostro's performance. This aspect of mediumistic episodes finally tipped the balance for many investigators in scores of cases toward a discarnate-intelligence hypothesis. Here we have to go entirely by feel, for there are no objective measuring devices to rate a communicator's performance. But just reading Caglio-

stro's material gives the impression of a live intelligence at work, an intelligence other than the medium's.

A second look, however, gives us pause. For all its liveliness, Cagliostro's material is all too plainly unidimensional. Here, after all, is supposed to be a person who spent much of the last possibly five or six years of his life in solitary confinement, from all accounts in almost unimaginable misery, wracked with pain and, in the few moments of sanity left to him, undoubtedly consumed by memories and emotions that could only have added to his agony. Under what kind of compulsion, now, would such a personality return to rant and rave about issues that one would imagine might be the least of his concerns? There is nothing here like Shakespeare's conventional ghosts who show up on battlements or at banquets burning for revenge, or even like communicators who seem to be searching for something (if only a lost limb).² In such cases there is at least some suggestion of purpose, that *sine qua non* of life. With Chenoweth's Cagliostro, despite all the talk about "Life, life," it is definitely as if whatever intelligence is directing these things had ordered a computer to slice through a complete life and personality and dish up merely a narrow segment fulfilling a limited prescription. It is like the story of the street hawker who tried to press on a Vienna tourist a skull he claimed was that of Beethoven. When the tourist protested that the skull was far too small, he was assured that the skull was that of Beethoven as a child. Here we have Cagliostro as, in a sense, a child — a child with, curiously, no knowledge, no memory, as it were, of the future that was to destroy him. Yes,

there is one perfunctory reference to such a future when Hyslop, trying to confirm the suspected Cagliostro's identity, came boring in with leading questions. "I refuse to be questioned," was the response. "I paid my price." To Hyslop's query as to what that was came the absolutely flat, unemotional, "Life and liberty," after which we hear nothing more about what one might think would be the most pressing thoughts of someone who had lost both in a tragic miscarriage of justice. "Life and liberty" comes out here with all the affect of a C-minus grade school student's answer to some routine question about Patrick Henry.

The second feature that invites our interest is that, as Hyslop emphasizes, Cagliostro is as foreign to Doris and Mrs. Chenoweth as any character out of history could be. He is a party-crasher, a communicator of the so-called drop-in type.³ Indeed it is this very feature that, as Hyslop hastens to point out, argues against the possibility of telepathy from the sitters. In fact, there seems to be no reason for the communicator's presence at the seance at all.

The first hint we get that Cagliostro is something more than a perfectly random intruder is that Hyslop himself is anything but indifferent to him. His attitude from the beginning is one of high moral disdain. He refers to Cagliostro in his notes as a rake and a debauchee and to the material he provides as "ugly." He is an unwelcome invasive spirit with "an immoral character" and a much to be deplored "sensuous view of life," a view which is "fatal" to spiritual development. Curiously, however, Hyslop, who has apparently devoted much of his life to spiritual and moral

development, seems repeatedly to encounter communicators at seances who, like Cagliostro, do not share his views. And "those who have not cared for spiritual realities and culture when living," he writes, "or who have led vicious and low lives, are the ones most likely to give trouble." Occasionally such sinners can be won over to a spiritual view of life when they return at seances but Cagliostro, it seems, is beyond redemption. He "had not wanted a spiritual life when living and there is no reason he should obtain it after death."⁴

In spite of himself, thus, Hyslop seemed to find himself locked into some sort of epic Manichean struggle against the forces of evil. But that there could be an internal dynamic connection between the spiritually inclined professor and the low "sensuous" characters who kept turning up at the seances he attended was not yet widely appreciated as a psychological possibility, any more than that the unceasing preoccupation with vice of Anthony Comstock, New York's Canadian Mountie of sin and smut and Hyslop's contemporary, was anything more than just righteous zeal. An additional bar to insight was the notion, prevalent at the time (and even much later in the seances of the experimentalists), that persons participating in such procedures were always dutifully playing the roles assigned to them. It never occurred to anyone in 1914 that observers and notetakers may have had just as active a part in what was going on as the designated sitters.

In Doris' case, similarly, the dynamic possibilities in the vast chasm ostensibly separating sitter and sinner were never suspected. Herewith the description of this 26-year-old maiden given by

Walter Franklin Prince, her first mentor and adoptive father: "Jests which contain an element of coarseness... revolt her. She would not in the least know how to go about a flirtation, and the conduct of certain oppositely inclined ladies is so incomprehensible that she terms it 'crazy.' Her sole conception of the advantages of the matrimonial state is that it gives 'someone to take care of' and that it usually brings children, of whom she is passionately fond. But that she might marry seems hardly to occur to her. . . . A purer, more guileless soul it was never the writer's good fortune to know."⁵

Although Prince remarks at one point about Doris' "notable lack of sex instinct," there is no indication that he regards this "deficiency" (as he terms this lack) to be in any way connected with the possible inhibitions of strong opposite tendencies. Thus when it happens that this person of unblemished purity is, in her first shot at a procedure that is after all aimed at flushing out unsuspected aspects of the personality, confronted with a rake and debauchee who tells her that everything she stands for is humbug, that life is to be lived, not fled from, that purity and chastity are nonsense, there is not even a momentary flicker of anything remotely resembling insight. That this confrontation may have been something more than just the luck of the draw, however, is suggested in Cagliostro's curious answer to his own question, "Who says that natural experiences are wrong?" His "Men, men, men who stand up in cells" is (even allowing for Mrs. Chenoweth's tendency sometimes to repeat words or phrases) hardly something we would expect from a character who, as

represented, would as likely as not be a sexist of prime rank. Here, in fact, in this hint of almost militant feminism, is a suggestion that somewhere in this personation could be a faint voice struggling to express itself, that indeed Cagliostro could be a kind of composite figure seen in dreams, an amalgam of conceivably quite different strains.

If we try to trace the provenance of this peculiar "residue," we are inevitably led to what would appear at first to be another unlikely source, Doris' mother, who had died when Doris was 17. A communicator purporting to be the mother comes through, not too surprisingly, as everything a mother should be — loving, caring and concerned about "my baby," which is what the mother did in fact call Doris in life. It is when we turn to this long-suffering life itself, however, that we begin to suspect something missing in this Hallmark card picture. The first thing that catches our attention is a bit of information in the rundown on Mrs. Fischer given by Prince in the first of his two massive volumes. At the very start of her miserable marriage to the callous brute who, drunk or sober, beat her and made her take in wash and do it even on Sundays — a mortal sin in the home from which she came, she had stopped going to church and had in fact become cynical about religion. But we also learn that her well-off, strict Methodist father, the very model of what religion meant to her as a child, had disowned her when she had eloped at 16 with the man he had correctly sized up as worthless, and that he had turned a deaf ear to all her later pleas for reconciliation, even when the fast-growing family (Doris was the last of 13 children) was

reduced to little better than squalor. If anything could finally have hardened her against religion, on top of her having slipped into mortal sin from which there was no escape, it was certainly this.

But there is something more, something the empathic Prince tries to tell us about Doris' mother in a way that would not offend his average reader, some of whom, we must bear in mind, could still remember the days of the hoop skirt. "All of Mrs. Fischer's strongest instincts," he writes, "were thwarted from the time of her marriage." She was, however, of a "peculiarly imaginative temperament and found relief in the midst of her sordid tasks in daydreams filled with the life-elements which she yearned for and of which her real existence was so barren."

Can we not see a hint of a Cagliostro in the "life-elements" that Prince, in his veiled way, tells us filled Mrs. Fischer's daydreams? Thus even if a Cagliostro would not have totally assuaged the sense of mortal sin that had never ceased to plague her (despite her cynicism she never stopped encouraging Doris toward a deep reliance on the Bible), he at least could legitimize the adolescent sexual longings that led to her elopement with Doris' father, for which her own father never forgave her.

If there were such a link between Mrs. Fischer and the Cagliostro who appeared almost a decade after her rather sudden death (witnessed only by Doris and a husband lying in a drunken stupor), how could it come about? Bypassing for the moment the possibility of some sort of direct connection in a still moot spirit world, it would most likely come through Doris herself, all

appearances notwithstanding. That such a connection is far from implausible we know from the fact that parents' most secret and most deeply guarded fantasies can somehow filter down to children, who may act them out in the most extraordinary ways⁶. Parapsychologists should be the last to be mystified by such seemingly inexplicable contagions and certainly ought not be surprised that Doris could be carrying the seed of her mother's moral rebelliousness. Prince seems to have been dimly aware of such an obscure link but he was unable to put his finger on its role in Doris' development. "She must have been absorbing impressions from her earliest infancy," he tells us, "and her sympathies for her harassed mother must have early awakened." Even the mother's "repressed sorrows during the period of gestation must probably be taken into account," he suggests.

Certainly Doris had ample opportunity to absorb her mother's repressed sorrows — and fantasies. Given to "reverie and excess of imagination," the mother often played the game of "supposing" with Doris. Can we not then see here, under the surface of this sorrowing woman, all the elements of deeply hidden fantasies — the "life-elements" that Prince hints at darkly — that could be satisfied only by someone of Cagliostro's supposed frank sexuality?

We now recall one of Doris' alternating personalities, a saucy, impertinent imp who called herself Margaret and whom Prince himself likened to the thoroughly amoral Sally Beauchamp of Morton Price's classic *Dissociation of a Personality*.⁷ Margaret was undoubtedly an undeveloped miniature of the unabashedly sexy Eve Black of *Three*

*Faces of Eve*⁸ who captivated a generation of readers and moviegoers. From everything we know about this character type, which is invariably seen in cases of multiple personality, Margaret could only have been pulling the good Dr. Prince's leg when she told him how amazed she was that he "had not learned that doctors find babies on riverbanks and take them to expectant mothers in satchels." (Stupid questions get stupid answers, she probably thought.*) At any rate, there is little question that the generic Margaret, like Eve and all their sisters in spirit the world over, would have found Cagliostro much to her liking.

As did, it seems, none other than Mrs. Chenoweth, who was most displeased with certain of the communicators who were ganging up on Cagliostro in an apparently successful effort to exorcise him. From his very first appearance, in fact, something like a medieval morality play began to be enacted with the mother, a communicator known as George Pelham and several others making great speeches about safeguarding the purity of the "little visitor" (the 26-year-old sitter Doris), Hyslop all the while getting in a few licks from the sidelines. Pelham (who was not at all like a character by the same name who gave brilliant performances with the greatest medium of the day,

*A truer picture of what was swirling around in the maelstrom of sexual fantasies engulfing Doris and her alternating selves is revealed in the suggestion of the one known as Sleeping Margaret, who claimed to have emerged and to have seen everything just before Doris was dashed to the floor, that it was the child's interrupting something naughty going on between her parents that caused the drunken father to pick her up and do that. "But how could you understand [what was going on] when so young?" asks the incredulous Prince. "Wasn't your mind that of a child of three?" "No," Sleeping Margaret (who always has her eyes closed) responds matter of factly, "I was not a child in mind."

Mrs. Leonora Piper) insisted that "he [Cagliostro] must be kept away from the child even if by the same method as you would keep a beast away." Mrs. Chenoweth, in trance, appeared to be quite indifferent to all this until it really looked as if the harassed Cagliostro was about to depart forever. Then she broke out into loud lamentations about what was going on and demanded that the much excoriated Count be brought back. In her subliminal state (that is, in trance but without any communicator in control of her utterances) she started to show signs of distress ("stretching her hand in the air and then putting it on her breast as if in pain") and then began castigating the exorcisors. "You give him back [pause]. You give him back. . . . Give the Count back to me." When Hyslop asks who wanted the Count, she answers, "We all do. We are lost. We are lost, we are lost, we are lost [pause]. Oh, Devils, to take him away from us. [Distress and crying]. . . . I won't stand it [pause]. I don't want your old God. I want the Count. [Crying] Give him back."

So we have more than ever reason to suspect that Cagliostro may not have been simply the unwelcome intruder he seemed at first. He could very well have been, as suggested earlier, some sort of dream figure omnibus for the repressed unconscious hankerings of all the principals at the sittings, including now the medium herself who may, deep down in

her own femininity, have shared the hidden yearnings of Doris and her mother — and yes, of Hyslop himself* — for the uninhibited life of the senses. In her outburst, thus, Mrs. Chenoweth might have been giving voice to one anguished cry for all of them: "Life, give us life, give us freedom to live, to have, to be!" If such were the case, the peculiar tendentiousness of Cagliostro's performance now becomes comprehensible. The performance was, as it were, made to order.

*There is a curious bit in a sitting several days before the one at which Mrs. Chenoweth gave vent to her angry feelings about Cagliostro's exorcism when, in trance, she saw earrings and bushy, curly hair superimposed on Hyslop's visage. In his note Hyslop dutifully admitted that this vision — almost as irreverent as a mustache and crossed eyes on a portrait of George Washington — fitted well a picture that might have been of Cagliostro. This may have been Mrs. Chenoweth's way of expressing a startling insight that she could not otherwise convey.

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This is Part II of a three-part article.



NEED FOR A NEW LAW?

BROWARD County (Fla.) Chief Judge Miette Burststein has received several complaints that prisoners come reeking into her courtroom. In August 1985 she demanded that newly arrested, stinking prisoners must bathe beforehand. But Sheriff Nick Navarro said he may have trouble obeying her order. "There's no law against B.O.," he said.

WASHING AWAY A GHOST

The 60-year-old murder had never been solved and the brutal killing was nearly forgotten. But a ghost remembered. . . .

By David Angus

ONE OF Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* tells the harrowing story of a murder victim's corpse which, well hidden though it is, finally cries out against the guilty party for all to hear. I had always thought it was just a tale. Now I am not so sure.

I first heard of the murder in January 1980 after I had lectured about old, unsolved crimes to a group in the Scottish village of Sterling. Audiences, of course, love to catch a speaker out and I was caught out on this occasion, for the murder, although it had occurred many years before, was committed practically

on my own doorstep, at Bridge of Allan near Sterling in central Scotland.

It was no use my saying I had never heard of it, that no one in the village had ever mentioned it during my 20 years' residence. My audience was elderly — very elderly in some cases — and most of them recalled the sensation from their own childhoods. That I, an "authority," should not know of it seemed incredible to them.

My particular informant — the one who spoke first and said most — was the plump, cheerful Miss Ramsay. She knew the name of the murder house —



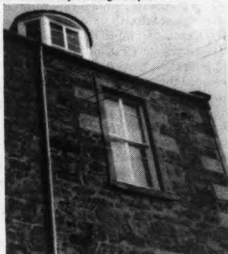
In the early morning hours of August 7, 1921, 84-year-old Mary Traill was bludgeoned to death in second-floor bedroom of this boarding house in Bridge of Allan, Scotland. Although some suspected who murderer was, they did not report him to police.

Birnock — and she knew the name of the victim — Miss Mary Traill, “a very old lady.” She had forgotten the year but she remembered distinctly that the crime had taken place shortly after the end of the local Highland Games* — in the small hours of the following morning, in fact.

What was most striking of all was that she claimed to know *who* the murderer had been, although apparently no one had ever been arrested or tried for the crime. He was, she asserted (no one else asserted this), a schoolteacher who had boarded at the house next door, at that time the annex to a large boys’ school across the road.

Miss Ramsay did not think fit to mention why the man who “was known” to have performed this dastardly deed

*These were originally athletic competitions at clan gatherings in the Scottish Highlands. The clan system broke up in the 18th Century but the games were revived in the 19th Century as public competitions all over Scotland. There are about 40 major meetings each year.



The murderer, thought to be a teacher at local boys’ school, may have secretly washed his clothes in his room, then poured bloody water down this pipe.



After killing Mary Traill and assaulting her nurse Elizabeth Sutherland, murderer fled through open bedroom window.

had escaped scot-free but evidently he had. I gathered that the local police, naturally enough, had suspected some doubtful character among the multitude of visitors attending the Games that long-ago August day but again, not unnaturally, they had failed to find him.

Determined not to make this *faux pas* a second time, I proceeded to read the contemporary accounts of the crime in the local press. The *Bridge of Allan Gazette* was a weekly paper which appeared on Thursdays, so the affair had not appeared in print locally until August 11, 1921, although it had occurred about 1:00 A.M. on the previous Sunday, the seventh. Birnock was described as a “well-known boarding establishment” (no mention was made of the annex) and the killing had taken place in a back bedroom in the second flat.

Mary Traill, 84, had been one of the permanent boarders, originally a head-master's daughter from Aberdeen and evidently a lady of some means. Her nurse-companion Mrs. Elizabeth Sutherland, 70, had shared her bedroom.

Mrs. Sutherland, shortly before her mistress' murder, had had reason to get up and go to a small kitchen on this floor. A heavy crimson curtain hung across that little room "concealing some domestic utensils." At some point Mrs. Sutherland had grown acutely aware of feeling that she was not alone, that some person unknown lingered in concealment behind the curtain.

Some women have an infinite capacity for closing out unpleasant things from their consciousness. What Mrs. Sutherland did immediately was, of course, quite sensible. She walked quietly out of the kitchen. But by the time she reached the bedroom the process of excluding the unpleasant completed itself. She raised no alarm but went to bed beside her sleeping mistress. Nor did she even think to lock the door.

She must have slept soundly too, for what woke her was the blow that killed Miss Traill. She looked across in alarm and saw a shadowy figure bending over her employer. According to *The Gazette*, she "remonstrated," which is probably putting it mildly.

In a moment "a tall young man dressed in dark clothing (possibly blue)" was staring at her. His face was peculiarly pale and his eyes "seemed to burn through" her. When she screamed he muttered, "I'll do you in," but she screamed again.

He raised the hand holding the murder weapon and brought it down with

stunning force. But, more active and alert than Miss Traill, Mrs. Sutherland quickly turned her head and the pillow bore the brunt. He struck again but by now she was struggling furiously, his aim was out and the bottle (for that is what it was) was smashed on the headboard.

And now the alarm had been raised. There were cries and movements elsewhere in the house. With a curse the intruder threw down the neck of the bottle and vanished through the open window of the bedroom. The gently sloping roof of a single-story outhouse lay below. It was as simple for a fit young man to make his exit that way as it had been for him to enter.

NEXT DAY the police found clear traces of his hasty passage over the outhouse roof — the moss had been disturbed. Unfortunately the garden below had been chiefly under grass which bore no trace of his footprints. It was assumed that the intruder had run a few steps and jumped the low wall that gave access to Graham Street (on the opposite side from the annex) and had escaped through the sleeping streets of the village.

It seemed clear that his object had not been murder but robbery but he had carried the empty bottle (it had once contained a pint of Guinness' stout) just in case. He had hidden behind the kitchen curtain until people went to bed and then emerged. Of course there was no certitude that he had been interested only in Miss Traill's room. From that flat there was access to every part of Birnock. It was interesting that another boarder, a Miss Inglis, had (most unusually) locked her bedroom door that

very night, having experienced "an evil premonition."

The man had evidently followed Mrs. Sutherland from the kitchen, possibly to check whether she would give the alarm (at one moment she had actually *felt* him through the curtain!). Then, once he was satisfied all was quiet, he had entered and evidently made for Miss Traill's bedside cabinet in the mid-summer gloom. But he had not been able to open it before she had been roused, which had sadly necessitated her being silenced.

The paper confirmed that the police had assumed the culprit must be one of the 20,000 visitors to the Games of the day before. Like all such public events, these attracted annually their share of pickpockets and petty crooks, and Graham Street was part of the main thoroughfare leading to the park. A sharp-eyed thief, spotting the low sloping roof and the open window, might very well, in daylight hours, have marked it as a possibility for later on.

I looked at subsequent issues of *The Gazette* but they contained little of relevance. Police in Fife and even in Aberdeenshire had pursued suspicious characters "of no fixed abode" in this connection and caught them too, but all were equally innocent and could prove it.

No one, it seems, had dreamed of searching the annex or of questioning anyone there. Yet only a footpath and another low wall separated the two buildings and access was as easy from there as from Graham Street. True, the school had been on holiday and the annex was empty of boys but one or more teachers, according to Miss Ramsay, had been in residence.

Miss Traill was buried at Aberdeen in the old family lair four days after her sudden demise. For some time those who had known her or had other reason to remember her must have waited, with some impatience, for an arrest to be made but arrest there was none. When the vagrant leads all petered out, the police had nothing to fall back on, or so they thought. In the very nature of things, interest in the affair eventually languished and died. As I say, I had lived 20 years in the place without hearing one word of it, although Miss Traill had been done to death within 100 yards of my house.

But after I had read the old newspaper reports and made the necessary notes, I confess I was every bit as dilatory myself. I did not think to question Miss Ramsay further although I saw her at other lectures and I should certainly have realized she knew more than she had said. I was as much at a loss as the police of the 1920's and my interest too languished and died.

Naturally I had taken a good look at Birnock and had easily traced the path of the murderer's progress in and out. But I did not know the present occupants and saw no reason to intrude.

Of the annex I thought even less. It was now divided into flats and I knew all the occupants, for my garage lay in a row of lock-ups to the rear of the block. Indeed, I had visited most of these flats at various times. I had never, however, been in the top or attic flat, for its sole occupant — Miss Slessor, a retired schoolteacher (and a former colleague of Miss Ramsay) — guarded her privacy with a single-minded determination that defied intrusion.

AND SO A year passed and then the reclusive Miss Slessor died of a heart attack. The flat was duly advertised as vacant and duly purchased and occupied by a single gentleman who soon became a friend of mine. Naturally we discussed the flat — still something of a mystery to the rest of us—and that was how I heard eventually about the remarkable finds he had made there — survivals of its days as part of the old school annex of long ago.

The finds that my new friend Paul had made indicated that the annex, or this part of it anyway, had once been the scene of late-night beanfeasts. Now beanfeasts* had been *de rigueur* in all public school stories I had read but those at the annex had been dormitory revels with a difference.

I should explain that Paul had found the articles immediately under the roof and near the eaves in a corner which had been long plastered up. Miss Slessor could have known nothing about them in all her years there.

First, there was a splendid range of wine and beer bottles of various shapes and sizes. There were also one or two large wooden cigarette boxes, minus their cigarettes. And (mysteriously) there was a large quantity of empty envelopes addressed to a number of the boys. The postmarks all indicated the autumn term of 1904.

I remembered, vaguely, the aspersions Miss Ramsay had cast on the nameless teacher but when I told Paul the tale and asked him if any pint bot-

tles of Guinness' stout figured in the cache, he disappointed me by saying no. In any case 1904 was far too early for the murder and so I dismissed Paul's finds from my mind.

But a month or two later, in August 1981, I was forced to think again. Chatting with him one day, I jocularly suggested that the annex — a venerable Victorian pile — might well be haunted. Paul was an engineer whose interests were mechanical and I reflected as I asked that he of all people was unlikely to have any odd experiences to report.

To my astonishment his grizzled beard quivered and his bushy eyebrows shot up at the question. He had not *seen* anything but he had heard — on several occasions — certain unexplained knockings. I shall give his account in his own words as nearly as I can:

"I was working in one of the front rooms, papering it. It was very late, well after midnight, but I was determined to get that room finished. All at once I heard this tapping or rapping or knocking and I assumed someone was paying a late call. But it seemed to grow fainter, not louder, as I neared the door. When I opened it, there was no one there.

"As I closed and locked the door again, I noted that the rapping had nevertheless stopped. I shrugged, forgot it and went back to papering. But later, in bed, I heard it again, fainter but still quite distinct. Eventually I dropped off. It was still going on, I think.

"The following night I was papering another room and again I worked late. I had lost all track of the time because the pattern was difficult to match and required concentration. But when the knocking recommenced, rather louder than before, I glanced at my watch and

*The word "beanfeast" is borrowed. It actually meant an annual dinner given by employers for their workers. Beans and bacon formed an essential dish at these dinners. As used here it means an impromptu (and illicit) meal taken by boys attending private schools in their dormitories late at night. The food is usually supplied from home by their parents but not for this purpose.

saw it was the time I had heard it the previous night.

"I was quite certain now that the source of the sound lay somewhere within the flat. I disengaged myself from paper and paste and hunted about the room. It came loudest from one particular partition wall or rather, I sensed, from the other side. So I went through to the next room, a bedroom still unpapered.

"Here the knocking was a knocking indeed and in a moment I realized it came from a heavy, dark, old mahogany wardrobe set against the partition wall. It came from *within* the wardrobe, which was empty and closed.

"It is, as I have said, a large and gloomy piece of Victoriana, of darkest mahogany, and now it fairly reverberated with that ghastly, ghostly inward knocking. It was exactly as if someone were trapped there, locked in and beating on the wood steadily, rhythmically and mechanically, in a hopeless effort to fight its way out.

"As I say, the thing was empty so far as I knew. I had certainly put nothing in there and there was no pet or person in the house who could possibly have got inside it. Well, I'm a phlegmatic sort of chap but *there* was the knocking and *here* was I listening to it and staring at that blasted black wardrobe door, inches from my nose.

"I swallowed very hard, turned the little key and opened it. The naked electric bulb revealed nothing but the knocking had ceased abruptly with the opening of the door. I leaned forward and gingerly peered about inside. Still nothing. So I gently swung the heavy door shut. Silence. I turned the key. Silence.

"But in bed once again I could not sleep and in a few minutes, sure enough, there came the knocking. Wild horses would not have dragged me back to that black, throbbing door! At last it stopped of its own accord or I fell asleep in spite of myself. Again, I don't know which."

This was Paul's tale in essence.

It had happened again on several occasions, he said. But when I asked if I might come up and help him in the house one night, so that I might hear it too, it transpired that the knockings were now a thing of the past. Paul had the feeling that some kind of unnoticed exorcism had occurred and the haunting spirit had now gone off for good. The flat felt quite "normal" once again and he was profoundly relieved about that.

Well, I was as piqued by the end of his story as I had been intrigued by its start and I probed further. When I asked him if he had done anything that might have contributed to this involuntary exorcism, Paul frowned suddenly and nodded.

"Do you remember those old bottles I told you about finding?"

"Wine and beer bottles? Sure."

"Didn't you say that the old lady in Birnock had been murdered with a beer bottle?"

"Stout. But. . ."

Evidently he had forgotten that the murder weapon had been smashed, for he interrupted me to say, "It's funny but the night the knocking stopped — or failed to resume — was *the night I washed the bottles out for the first time.*"

"Well?"

"Don't you see? There could have

been blood on one of them. The murder weapon. . . ."

At that I had to remind him that this was impossible. Paul's face cleared at once.

"Yes, I remember your saying that, now. Oh, well, it was just a mad thought. Obviously there was no connection with the murder."

I nodded mechanically but something now nagged at me although I did not tell Paul. *Why* had Miss Ramsay been so certain about the guilt of Mr. X, the schoolmaster? Miss Ramsay had been vague about details, true, but there had been nothing halfhearted or unsure about her conviction regarding Mr. X. Yet how could she know?

MISS RAMSAY was not within the circle of my friends or acquaintances. She lived in some neighboring village and bred cats. I did not even have her address or telephone number. I did, however, know yet another lady who had been a teaching colleague of hers at a local girls' school and through her I soon traced Miss Ramsay and rang her up.

Miss Ramsay must have been an excellent teacher. She recalled instantly the matter in hand and told me all she knew about it without wasting a word.

She herself had been a child of six or seven at the time but her mother had been a close friend of the matron at the boys' school, had had her as a visitor on the Sunday of Miss Traill's murder and had found that excellent middle-aged lady in a state of great distress. This was not because Matron had known Miss Traill (she hadn't) but because Matron had found something that very morning. On the top of the wardrobe in Mr.

X's room Matron had found (while cleaning) a pile of blood-soaked clothing. She had not, however, reported the matter. Rather, now she confided in Mrs. Ramsay and sought her advice.

Little Miss Ramsay had not, of course, been privy to those secret confabulations but she heard of them later from her mother and was astonished to hear that the ladies did not intend to take the matter further. Even as a child she had remonstrated.

But they had their reasons, however inadequate or wrongheaded. A private school must avoid scandal or parents and pupils will abandon it and the staff be left jobless. What a fury must descend on the head of the one who had unleashed the scandal, for whatever commendable reasons! And suppose there had been a quite innocent explanation. The bloodstained clothes could be those of a boy recently injured in an accident. Matron would have been out of work at once and blacklisted forever.

Next day the clothes were gone and we may be sure that Matron took care not to look any further.

So Mr. X had stayed on and the police had scratched their heads and indulged in pointless pursuits. Yet, by some kind of curious poetic justice, Matron (as I found out from Miss Ramsay) had been indeed instrumental at the last in having him removed from the school, and that in the most ignominious circumstances.

It appeared that wristwatches and other valuables belonging to the boys had gone missing at the annex. Finally some of the seniors had come to suspect Mr. X and one day when Matron was unlocking his door prior to cleaning, they had persuaded her to go through

his drawers while they stood guard outside. There, sure enough, were the purloined articles, all neatly cached away.

Matron knew what to do this time. Mr. X was sacked on the spot — and stoned down the drive by the boys.

On thinking it over afterwards, I became less sure that Paul's finds had nothing to do with Mr. X. Perhaps in the 1920's they had been *his* finds too. The empty envelopes might well have inspired his thefts. Had he rifled the boys' mail as well as their lockers? The bottles might have inspired or even provided the murder weapon. And above all, what of that pile of blood-soaked garments? Could they have been his own?

If so, how to get rid of them? Burning? Smuggling out and hiding? Both hazardous, as many a felon has discovered, and prone to detection. Easier to wash the clothes, surely. But not in any laundry. He must do the washing himself, and in absolute privacy. A school bathroom, with desperate little boys pounding at the door, would never do.

Much wiser to carry a basin or bucket of hot water to his room in the night hours and wash the garments there, with his door locked. Dry them there too, by a heater or on a radiator or before a fire. Yes, but what of the bloody water? How to carry a basin or pail of the crimsoned liquid through a lighted corridor where any boy or colleague might see it?

How much more prudent to transfer the bloody water piecemeal in the old bottles from the attic — and not to the

bathroom, where his frequent presence might be detected and where stains and splashes might be left, but to the attic. It is, after all, the duty of a housemaster to patrol the corridors and stairs at night. The bottles, in their passage, would have been safely hidden in jacket or dressing gown pockets and their contents decanted from a dormer window down a nearby drainpipe, on a wet night when the rainwater would wash away all traces in a moment.

I thought of all this because I remembered Paul's knockings in the night. Had some mysterious, supernal bond tied Miss Traill's shade to her own spilt blood? Had her noumenal presence clung somehow to that lost life of hers? Had the washing out of the bottles finally served to release that aged shade or to send it elsewhere? The more I thought of it the more certain I grew.

Miss Mary Traill, whose last traces on earth had been spirited away in dribs and drabs, bottle by bottle in the night, had not been *altogether* spirited away. Instead she had lingered on and then chosen her own moment to go — but not without one backward look, one burning glance, one pointing finger that told (at least me) the whole gruesome story.

Miss Ramsay had voiced only suspicions. But here was proof.*

*One more thing: Paul had heard rappings but a friend, working with him on the flat, had glimpsed a ghost — a female figure wearing what appeared to be an old-fashioned governess' uniform — disappearing through a door. I can't help wondering if this was the old matron trapped in eternal colloquy with Miss Traill's shade over justice not done. I do not know but, as I say, I can't help wondering.



QUIRKS OF FATE

by Harold Helfer

William Katz of New York City was in Atlantic City trying to get his mind off a big financial loss in his business. Slot machines abound in Atlantic City and while Katz had never played one before, he decided to risk a dollar. He won the jackpot—\$2,200,000.

Daniel Erickson of Safety Harbor, Fla., became irate when a soft-drink machine took his change without giving him his can of pop. When he began to shake the machine, it fell on him and killed him.

Augustine Viviani and his brother Brandon are twins but they were born in different years. Augustine was born at 11:54 P.M. on December 31, 1984, at David Grant Medical Center in Sacramento, Calif., and Brandon came along at 12:05 A.M. on January 1, 1985.

A doctor told Isodoro Valli of Soligo, Italy, to give up smoking but he didn't—and it saved his life. Caught in a blizzard while looking for some lost sheep, Valli found shelter in a cave but was slowly freezing when he remembered his cigarette lighter. He gathered enough combustible material to keep a fire going until a rescue party found him 24 hours later.

Uprooting a weed from his garden, Don Spence of Luton, England, found

a ring among its tangled roots. It turned out to be the wedding ring his wife had lost 25 years earlier.

William Spoor, chairman of Pillsbury Company, was well versed in matters pertaining to flour but didn't know a birdie from a sand wedge when he ambled onto a golf course for the first time at Woodhill Country Club in Wayzata, Minn. On the 135-yard second hole, the 61-year-old Spoor shot a hole in one.

Bent on robbing the Allied Irish Bank in Dublin, some men spent days digging a tunnel toward the vaults. They missed their goal by a few feet and wound up in the ladies' room. To add to their chagrin, an alarm bell sounded and the would-be robbers had to flee empty-handed.

Deputy Sheriff Don McClure of Bloomington, Ill., had just finished giving a lecture on firearm safety when his pistol went off. The bullet struck his hand and he had to be hospitalized.

James Binsted of Rockville, Md., is paid by the county court to search for parents who fail to make child support payments. On one such assignment he had no problem whatsoever in finding the delinquent parent. It was he himself. He was \$1,050 in arrears in payments to his ex-wife.

Murderer Robert Willie's death in the Louisiana electric chair had an ironic twist. Years earlier, his father John Willie, in jail for stealing cattle, had been assigned the job of wiring the electric chair.

Bill Bazhaw finally married the girl next door—61 years after their first date. They grew up on the same street in Shawnee, Okla., and dated, but each wound up marrying someone else.

When Bill became a widower after 45 years of marriage he began trying to find Iva Lee. It wasn't easy because he didn't know her married name. After three years of searching he located her in Oklahoma City. Sure enough, she had become a widow. It was love at second sight and now at last they're living happily ever after.

Siphiwe Msibe of Swaziland, Africa, the mother of five sets of twins, has outdone herself. She became the mother of triplets.

Passengers are not supposed to eat on Saudi Arabia's buses or to distract the driver by talking to him. When this thought was translated from Saudi to English, the sign read: "Eating of the driver forbidden while coach is in opera-

tion." With or without salt?

Bruce Thomas Johnson, serving 10 years in the Oregon State Penitentiary on drug charges, figured he would stay free when he made his escape—he would keep a low profile and never call attention to himself. He became a model, law-abiding citizen—for four months. Then he was back in the penitentiary. He came to police notice when an officer stopped him for riding a bicycle without a headlight.

Roger Brandy, a Los Angeles paramedic, has been answering emergency calls for 17 years but never one so shocking as a recent car crash. He raced to the scene to find his daughter Sherry dying and her fiancé dead.

Senior citizen Frank Kane of Madison, Ind., selected six numbers at random for an Illinois lotto game, then decided to buy another ticket. Rather than pick six new numbers, he stuck with the first set. Each ticket brought him \$1,200,000.

A building in Penistone, England, was declared a fire hazard because it had inadequate emergency lighting, too few fire extinguishers and no fire escape. It housed the Firemen's Social Club.



IS SOPHIA LOREN A WITCH?

BEWITCHING Sophia Loren claims to be a witch. In the July 1984 issue of *Ladies Home Journal*, she talked about her superstitions and her ESP which she believes qualify her for witchhood.

"I am a Neapolitan witch," she stated flatly. She claims that her ESP prevented her taking a Brussels-bound plane which crashed and killed everyone aboard.

Loren also said she always wears something red, "even if it's underneath" and out of sight. "Red brings me luck, I think," she said. "There is something alive about it, something violent and aggressive."—*W. Ritchie Benedict.*

Flight

TO THE AFTERLIFE

One moment I was lying in bed. The next I was in an airplane on my way to a strange land where the dead live again.

By Freda Quenneville

MY MOTHER Judy Herbert* was a wonderful woman but because she had been plagued with ill health, alcohol problems and suicidal tendencies, there remained much unresolved anguish in my heart about our relationship. Her death occurred in Macon, Ga., on June 12, 1951, when I was 14. Three years later I left the South and now live in the Northwest.

In the early afternoon of October 3, 1971, as I lay on my bed resting, the ceiling of the bedroom dissolved, revealing the sky beyond. As the scene shifted I saw an airport landing strip where a ramp was being rolled up to a plane. A young man in flashy white clothes stepped down the ramp. He was blond and striking, with an air of energy and professionalism akin to that associated with an entertainer or stage personality.

Smiling broadly, he greeted and escorted a middle-aged but youthful-looking man up the loading ramp.

When I focused my attention on the older man, I was startled to see that he looked like my brother Charles.

When they were seated in the airplane (which was small and round—the kind you see in old cartoons), they flew over the opening in my bedroom ceiling. As the plane circled overhead, the two men waved and smiled, motioning me to join them. No sooner had I agreed to go with them than I found myself inside the airplane.

Although I wondered who this flashy-looking man in white was and why my brother was with him, we did not speak. The man who appeared to be my brother kept looking at me, grinning playfully. Everything felt warm and friendly and a kind of electrical energy emanated from the man in the white clothes.

Quickly the plane reached its destination and as the three of us stood on a flat, desolate plain stretching as far as the eye could see, I became aware of the figure of a woman approaching slowly from the distance. Walking with labored steps, head down, shoulders sagging,

*A pseudonym. The author has asked that real names of her relatives not be used. Their names are on file at FATE's editorial office.

this figure was a vivid representation of isolation, despair, hopelessness. My heart felt heavy with her grief. But as she drew nearer, I recognized her as my mother, wearing a navy-blue dress I remembered well and looking some 12 years younger than her age at the time of her death.

The man who looked like my brother broke from us and ran toward her. When she looked up and recognized him, she said with surprise and relief, "I'm glad to see you. I've been so lonely here."

My sad feelings turned to joy at seeing my mother after so many years. I was jumping with excitement, trying to communicate with her, but she gave no indication that she was aware of my presence. My mother and brother, arm in arm, faded into the horizon. The young man in white remained beside me, smiling.

Suddenly I was back in my bedroom, starting to realize that the flashy-looking man had been someone who conducts people over to the "other side." If what I had experienced was real, my brother had died and gone to join our mother. Since all of my relatives were in the South and our contacts were infrequent, I had had no recent news warning me of any illnesses or problems.

When I related this experience to my husband Paul, I struggled to explain the fact that, although the person who had died certainly looked like my brother, he had been different in ways I couldn't pinpoint. Besides, Charles was just 42 and, I thought, in good health.

But I couldn't shake the feeling that my vision had been a glimpse of the afterlife. As the day went on, I grew increasingly concerned about my

brother. Around seven o'clock that evening the phone rang. I could tell it was long distance and my body steeled itself for the news. It was my brother's wife.

"This is Mary," she said. "Now I know we don't call often and you'll be worried about Charles, but it's your Uncle Henry. He passed on earlier today. We just got the call from Florida."

This solved the problem in identification—it had not been my brother but my mother's brother. The two men looked very much alike.

This experience left me with some interesting questions to ponder. Had the elaborate symbolism of the airplane been somehow necessary to bridge the "distance" between Florida and the Northwest? Did I need to see events unrolling like a movie so that I could accept them and participate? And had my mother, because of her state of consciousness (she died in a coma), been trapped for the past 20 years in that solitary void? Was that her purgatory, her self-created illusion of suffering brought forward from her days on earth? Was she released only when joined by her brother to whom she had been close?

Two years later my mother appeared to me in a dream. I could hear her beg forgiveness for the wrongs she had caused in my life and ask God to "send blessings to that poor baby." That dream, filled with the love I had yearned for from my mother, was apparently a final parting as she was taking leave of earthbound consciousness. I have had no further awareness of her in the years since then.

Three and a half years after the

airplane vision, while I was involved with a theosophical group in Seattle, I became acquainted with a person whom I knew only as Moss. He resembled the flashy-looking man who had orchestrated my uncle's journey after death. In casual conversation he claimed that he sometimes worked as an invisible helper. I related how, with the aid of a helper, I had visited my mother. I told him he reminded me of that person,

only he was not so flashy a dresser or as much a showman.

He replied that when out of the body he had a more dazzling appearance from the energy he put into the work.

I was never entirely convinced that he was the man in white on the plane ride. There was, after all, no way to verify such a fantastic possibility. When I asked him if he was indeed the man I saw, he only smiled.



WORKING AGAINST THE SANDS OF TIME

By W. Ritchie Benedict

A TEAM OF archaeologists is recording in painstaking detail the art and architecture of ancient Egypt in the belief that the monuments of the pharaohs are being eroded by salty groundwater, armies of tourists and the winds and sands of time.

The temples of Luxor and Karnak, the Valley of the Kings, the tombs of the queens and the lesser monuments in the ancient capital of Thebes (now Luxor) were discovered for the modern world by Napoleon's 1798 military expedition. For centuries they had been plundered by thieves, defaced by vandals and occupied by squatters whose campfires blackened the brightly colored paintings and inscriptions. Only in the last 150 years have these monuments been cleared of the dirt and grime of centuries.

Once stripped of their cloak of filth, the monuments stood exposed to wind and sand erosion and tourists eager to

touch the delicate carvings and paintings. Photos taken by Egyptologist Henry Breasted in 1894 show about 40 different painted areas that today, 90 years later, no longer exist.

"Breasted knew, just looking at these monuments, that they were not immortal and that they would eventually deteriorate," says Lanny Bell, director of the University of Chicago survey and Luxor's Chicago House, a branch of the university's Oriental Institute. "Before they disappear, we want to have complete commentary records so when they are gone we will have an accurate picture of them."

The deterioration of the monuments has been hastened by the construction of the High Dam at Aswan about 100 miles up the Nile River. The resulting rise of the water table and the humidity of the Nile Valley created by the enormous lake behind the dam are taking their toll.



THE HEALING EXPERIENCE

Paranormal healing is not "faith" healing —
because you don't have to believe in it for it to work.

By David Harvey

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THERE IS an enormous gulf between the certainty with which healers put their case, backed up by the testimonials of their patients, and the widespread skepticism with which their claims have been met by science and medicine. Those scientists and doctors who have taken a positive interest in healing are still very much in a minority, albeit one which is growing. It is worth reviewing the main reasons for this clash of views.

The medical profession's refusal to accept the validity of healing, other than as a form of high-powered suggestion, has been consistent from the first major investigation of Mesmer through to the last British Medical Association inquiry. There are professional reasons why doctors have been keen to preserve their territorial rights regardless of the validity or otherwise of the evidence for healing. In various ways, the medical

Establishment has shown itself to be hostile towards therapies based on unconventional principles and beliefs that threaten to usurp its monopoly of health care. In the absence of any more cogent explanation, that must be assumed to be the real reason for the British Medical Association's refusal to investigate the cases brought forward by the healer Harry Edwards,* or at a later date to take up his offer to cooperate in clinical trials to evaluate healing. There is no doubt that the BMA, as the doctors' representative body, views healers as a potential threat to the security and livelihood of its members. Unless through fear of a positive outcome from such an investigation, it is difficult to understand why the profession should have turned down flat Edwards' offer to participate in properly conducted clinical trials. What orthodox medicine seems to be saying is, "If healing really does work, we don't want to know." But it is not only professional jealousy that has barred the way.

*Harry Edwards died in 1976

Medicine is, itself, in a state of crisis. Ironically, its insistence on pursuing physical solutions to all health problems has revealed the limitations of orthodox medicine. Drug trials have turned up a fresh mystery: the placebo effect—the term used to describe the mind's ability to bring about powerful biochemical changes in the body through suggestion and expectation alone. Medicine does not know how to handle this because thoughts, attitudes and consciousness have no place in the biochemical model of man which, although due for drastic revision in the light of science's own recent discoveries, remains fundamental to medical practice. If the profession has difficulty in taking the mind into account, the problems it has with healing can be easily imagined. Scientific medicine, as it is currently formulated, lacks the terms of reference to make a sensible evaluation of the healing phenomenon. But there is a growing tension within the medical profession: some doctors stick faithfully to the old mechanistic creed while others are looking beyond the restricted concept of man that this implies to see health and illness on much broader terms. For many Plato's dictum that the physician should begin with man's mind and soul looks like sound thinking. In this context, healing begins to appear plausible.

There are many questions to be asked about healing and clinical trials would obviously provide some, although by no means all, of the answers. If, as Edgar Chase and most other healers claim, healing is concerned with the whole person, then there are psychological, spiritual and sociological as well as physical effects to be taken into ac-

count, most of which lie outside the scope of traditional medical investigation. What we need to provide in a satisfactory account of healing is a mosaic of evidence: clinical, experiential, analytical and anecdotal.

Despite the numerous accounts written about healers and healing, there has been very little systematic examination of the phenomenon on any front. So to fill in some of the blanks in our knowledge, a survey was conducted to look at the subject through the eyes of people who had been treated with positive results. The idea was to explore their expectations and responses to healing in order to provide a more substantial picture of the healing process. A survey carried out in 1981 was based entirely on respondents' feelings, attitudes and beliefs and it is worth dwelling for a moment on the value and importance, as well as the limitations, of subjective evidence.

There is clearly no point in pretending that opinions and personal evaluations are a substitute for the objective measurement of blood chemistry and physiological factors; it would also be quite inadequate to restrict a study of the effect of healing to a catalogue of physical changes. How someone's outlook, physical ease, peace of mind and quality of life are affected is equally important. There are many pointers among existing testimonials to the beneficial effect of healing to suggest that there is far more to the whole business than the mending of broken bones and banishing of ailments. While a healer may not influence the physical course of an illness, he may transform the patient's state of mind from abject despair to acceptance and thus inspire an ability

to cope with the condition. Quality of life, freedom from pain and related considerations cannot be weighed and calibrated, but they are probably the most important factors from the patient's point of view.

Up until now, medicine has tended to regard the condition, rather than the patient, as the focal point of interest; but we are currently seeing a pendulum swing away from this extreme, encouraged by the growing appreciation of the psychosomatic link in disease and the therapeutic influence of altered states of consciousness on physiological states. Therefore it seems obvious that those who are on the receiving end of treatment are likely to have something significant to tell us.

Since it was beyond the scope of the survey to collect medical data on the conditions and progress of those covered by the survey, respondents were asked to give their own evaluation of their state of health before and after treatment. They were asked to describe their symptoms and to say whether there were any changes as a result of healing. This kept the survey as simple as possible and avoided the risk of entanglement with medical technicalities. Nonetheless, attempts were made to set any claims of improvement in perspective and the questionnaire asked for any relevant circumstantial evidence. Had respondents consulted healers because of the failure of other therapies? Did those who thought healing had helped notice anything during treatment? And so on.

Healers do get some feedback from their patients; but in most cases they have neither time nor opportunity to follow up their treatment. In a few cases

people write to express their thanks for the benefits they have experienced, but healers rarely learn the full story. However, healers generally have a good idea of whether they have helped people at the time, even though they may never discover the long-term outcome. Part of the aim of the survey was to check on the progress of patients.

Overall, the survey had three main objectives.

First, it asked whether people could confirm any benefit from treatment and if so, on what level. As healing allegedly deals with the whole person, this involved looking beyond any improvement in symptoms.

Second, the survey examined the circumstances under which any improvement occurred to see whether healing could be isolated as a factor where total or partial recovery took place.

Third, the questionnaire went into the respondent's experience of healing during the time treatment was given.

Over and above these three aims, the survey sought information that would throw more light on people's opinion of healers and healing.

To reach suitable subjects, nine experienced healers, most of whom are members of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers, were asked to supply the names of about 20 people who they believed had shown a positive response to healing following treatment. The healers were:

Alan Bellinger, a full-time healer who works from his home in Hathersgate, Sheffield. He is past treasurer of the NFSH.

Ron Broadbent, a vice-president of the Federation with special responsibility for community service matters, who

has been healing full-time since he retired. Apart from seeing patients privately, he runs a twice-weekly clinic in rooms attached to the Central Methodist Church, Holwood Road, Bromley, Kent, where he works with his wife and a team of healers together with other therapists, including a reflexologist and herbalist.

Don Copland, a company director who devotes most of his spare time to healing. As well as working as a healer, he has lectured and written extensively on the subject and is currently president of the NFSH.

Rose Dawson runs a healing group in Newbury and the patients whose names she provided for the survey were treated at various times by different members of the group. She also acts as vice-chairman for the Federation and is a frequent lecturer on healing.

Rose Gladden's Healing Centre in Letchworth is run by herself, her husband Peter and a small team of healers. Half her year is now spent lecturing and healing in the United States.

Joan Green works full-time from her home in Stoke Mandeville, Buckinghamshire, and as a member of the NFSH is also responsible for training new healers.

Dorothea Hughes lives and works in Southport, Merseyside, and has been elected a fellow of the Federation for her services to healing and the Federation and lectures frequently at courses.

Matthew Manning, whose youthful psychic experiences have been widely publicized, now concentrates on healing in this country and overseas.

Phyllis Matthews, a Federation member, works from her home in Southampton.

In all, the nine healers provided the names of 175 people who had been treated by them, or by groups they ran.

"HEALING WORKS! FACT. Accept it and thank God for it!" was the way one 59-year-old psychotherapist summed up his experience. He received instant and permanent relief from back pain after a single 10-minute session. A handful of others who participated in the survey reported similarly dramatic and rapid results. At the other end of the spectrum, four said they had not seen any improvement. But the vast majority claimed they had experienced some benefit ranging from complete recovery to an improved ability to cope with their symptoms.

The majority of people had nothing but praise for the healers they had seen. Several drew attention to the fact that they were struck by the friendliness and concern shown by the healers, who seemed genuinely to care about them as individuals.

For several people, recourse to a healer had been a desperate last resort after many years' suffering and unsuccessful treatment. Quite a few expressed their surprise at the positive outcome.

Overall, the respondents' replies confirmed the healers' impression that those selected for the survey had benefited from their treatment. Over a quarter of the sample claimed complete recovery, a quarter claimed partial recovery and just over a quarter claimed that they had an improved ability to cope with their symptoms. Of the remainder, most experienced some improvement initially but were either still continuing their treatment or had not completed the course of treatment for

various reasons—because they had moved, for example. Only four said that they had not even experienced any initial improvement.

Those who felt they were in a position to make an assessment of the outcome of healing totaled 116. Almost three-quarters of this number attributed their progress wholly to healing. Eighteen percent of them believed that healing was partly responsible for their improvement and 10 percent said that they did not know to what they could attribute their improvement. But the full significance of these claims became apparent when other circumstances are taken into account.

Almost three-quarters of the people who consulted a healer did so because of the failure of medical or other therapies to produce improvement. In many cases, healing was a last resort.

Among the other reasons why people went to a healer were "the knowledge that she [the healer] had healed my relatives," "I was curious to try it," and "nothing to lose by trying." In one instance, a respondent was inspired by the effect that healing had had on her horses. "I first saw healing being done on one of our horses that had been lame for days for no apparent reason," said 28-year-old Mrs. A. "The healer put his hands on the horse's leg and the horse started breathing deeply and closed its eyes, and by the afternoon it was sound and the lameness never returned." She went on:

When I became ill, I was taken to hospital, given X rays and the surgeon said I had Crohn's disease and that I would need a major operation. As I was due to get married in six weeks, I refused the operation, and went to a herbalist who put me on a special diet and herbal medicine.

I also went to see the healer, lay on a bed and the next thing I remember was being told to wake up and that I was now better. After this visit I began to put on weight and six weeks later went to see a Harley Street specialist, who said from seeing the X rays and examining me that I had Crohn's disease and was getting better, he told me to go on a special diet which was exactly the same as the herbalist had given me.

The reason why people feel convinced that healing has contributed in some way to their recovery is based on a number of factors, one being their experience of healing itself. Ninety-six percent of the people who took part in the survey said that they were aware of some response during the healing session. The most commonly reported sensation was that of heat, which was registered by 74 percent; next came deep relaxation (49%), calmness (42%); tingling (33%); coldness (15%); spontaneous movement (8%); and discomfort (5%). Most respondents reported that they were aware of more than one sensation or response.

It would be misleading, however, to suggest that improvement is only likely to occur when the individual feels something has happened when healing is given. Three people who were aware of nothing out of the ordinary during treatment said they subsequently noticed an improvement. One person who had consulted Rose Gladden for painful spasms and stiffness thought at first that her visit had been in vain. "That evening I discussed my visit with my daughter. As nothing happened I put it all down to experience and dismissed it from my mind. I went to bed as usual depressed and frustrated with pain, it was next morning when I got up that I realized I was absolutely free of any

pain. It was wonderful to walk about and bend at will."

One of the popular explanations for the effectiveness of healers is that they are only successful when dealing with suggestible patients suffering from psychologically induced conditions. There are two points to be made here. First of all, medical thinking is rapidly coming round to the idea that the simplistic distinction between organic, that is having a physical root cause, and psychosomatic, or mind-triggered, disease is artificial. Even with orthodox medicine it is thought that over 80 percent of diseases have a psychosomatic element. Second, whatever the factors underlying their conditions, a high percentage of respondents were suffering from symptoms of a physical nature. It is also important to point out that however the symptoms are labeled, the crucial concern for the patient looking for relief is to rid himself of the cause of the discomfort. The kind of diagnosis that suggests to the sufferer that it is "all in the mind" simply begs the question: "If it is, how do I rid myself of the symptoms?" Doctors, though, usually have neither the time nor the inclination to become involved with this kind of conundrum.

Many of the complaints that led patients to consult healers are the sort that have caused particular problems for orthodox medicine; including back pain, arthritis, acute headaches and migraine. In all, the 151 respondents complained of 41 kinds of health problems, ranging from allergies and anxiety to muscular dystrophy and frozen shoulders. The most frequently mentioned complaint was back pain, cited by 30 respondents, followed by arthri-

tis, mentioned by 20 people. Migraines and headaches came next on the list with 10 cases. There were six people with multiple sclerosis and six with heart conditions; the remainder cited a wide range of complaints, including epilepsy, cancer, hay fever, eczema, high blood pressure, diabetes, deafness, strained tendons, postoperative complications and nonspecific pain.

Although 12 percent of the sample experienced healing on one occasion only and although most of these claimed complete recovery, they were the exception. Forty-seven percent received treatment up to 20 times and 41 percent had been treated more than this. The six people with multiple sclerosis had all been treated for long periods of time, some regularly for a year or more. Four claimed partial recovery and one claimed an improved ability to cope with his symptoms. The sixth, a 49-year-old company director, believes that healing has enabled him to lead a "reasonable life." He has been going to Ron Broadbent's Bromley clinic for five years, having turned to healing on the basis that "any chance was worth trying" after he had exhausted the possibilities of orthodox medicine. Since then he has been able to drive to work and handle the demands of his job.

The other people with multiple sclerosis claim that healing has brought considerable relief. A 28-year-old woman describes her experience like this:

I really find that my symptoms are much worse the day following healing but the following day they are beginning to improve or have disappeared.

One particular occasion will always spring to mind. I had suffered a most uncomfortable feeling in my abdomen and tops of my legs when I felt as though I was encased in a

suit of armor and everything was swollen and hard. I had this sensation for four weeks and although various healers had worked on it, there had been no improvement. Then Mrs. Rose Gladden attacked it, causing quite a lot of discomfort. The next day the sensation was more uncomfortable—the following day, completely gone. When I first attended healing I was suffering daily severe headaches. Since the first healing I only have a very occasional headache.

Another MS sufferer, a 61-year old woman, says:

I have derived benefit from healing by Joan Green in many ways. My muscles are gradually improving, also I don't fall and therefore my balance has improved. I can also get out shopping for two or three hours. After this my legs swell and I'm tired but this I could NOT do before healing. Her untiring help and encouragement to think positively is truly wonderful and I am very grateful to have the fortune to know and receive treatment from such a dedicated person.

In cases such as these, where there is no medical cure or effective treatment, there can be little doubt that any improvement respondents feel is a consequence of healing; but in other cases, there could be an alternative explanation. The most obvious is that some other treatment they were receiving at the same time triggered the improvement and so respondents were asked to say if they were being treated during the period that healing was being given. About 40 percent of the sample said that this was the case. The vast majority of this group were under orthodox medical care, while a small number were being treated with other therapies such as acupuncture, osteopathy and herbalism. Some of those who were still on a course of treatment prescribed by orthodox medicine pointed out that they were receiving nothing more than pain-

killers or sedatives. Over half of the group said that they were only receiving other forms of treatment for part of the time they were attending a healer. If, however, we look at the 59 percent who were on an exclusive course of healing and compare the rate of recovery with the total sample comprising both groups, the results are not very different.

Those on healing alone who claimed complete recovery accounted for 37 percent (against 38% for the total sample); partial improvement, 37 percent (against 33%); and an improved ability to cope with their symptoms, 26 percent (against 29%). Slightly more of those on healing alone attributed the results wholly to healing: 82 percent (compared with 72% for the total sample). When it is remembered that the main reason for respondents consulting healers was the failure of other therapies to bring about improvement, then the pattern of results is perhaps not so surprising.

A 53-year-old woman with rheumatoid arthritis provides a typical example of how even a long-standing condition which had not yielded to medical treatment can be substantially helped by healing.

When I first consulted Mrs. Dorothea Hughes, I was in a low state of health, having suffered from this complaint for 12 years with acute pain in all joints. Medical treatment had helped but also produced side effects: skin irritation, nausea and stomach upsets. Mrs. Hughes suggested I should be prepared for a long treatment, the joints by this time being damaged and misshapen. After only two weeks my infected toes had healed and within a few months my improvement was remarkable. I have voluntarily reduced my drug intake to a minimum, so my general health is excellent.

As we have seen, the full benefits of healing may be reaped over a period of time rather than instantaneously. Although over half the respondents experienced some improvement after the first treatment, about a third noticed a change after the third or fourth visit; for the remainder, improvement was a more gradual process. It underlines the point that it takes a course of treatment in most cases to bring about results.

Nor is it necessarily a smooth line graph. Often there are relapses on the path to recovery. About 30 percent said that they had experienced a relapse, although most of these who returned to the healer found they made progress once again.

One of the biggest contrasts between the healer's sanctuary or clinic and the doctor's consulting room is the amount of time patients spend with their therapist. Particularly on the first visit to a healer, the session is likely to be quite long. Twenty percent of the survey sample spent over an hour on their first visit to a healer, almost 40 percent between half an hour and an hour, the remainder up to half an hour. On subsequent visits, three-quarters of the respondents said they spent about half an hour on average.

One description that healers almost universally reject is the adjective "faith." They claim that any beneficial result they achieve is not primarily a product of faith; it might help if people have confidence in healing but it is not a prerequisite. This would seem to be borne out by the survey, which revealed that under half of the respondents were believers in the virtues of healing at the outset of their treatment; the remainder were uncertain or skeptical.

In about two-thirds of the cases respondents said that their encounter with healing had strengthened their belief in the reality of paranormal healing. The experience had also affected people in other ways: about a third said that healing had increased their belief in a spiritual or nonmaterial life force. Similar numbers also said that their experience had increased the responsibility they felt for their own health and the way in which they ran their lives.

A closer look at the 44 people who claimed complete recovery reveals no specific pattern or circumstances to mark them out from other participants in the survey. Some had suffered from their ailments for many years, others for only days or weeks.

In 12 cases, nearly a quarter of those who claimed complete recovery, the improvement occurred after just one session. About a third recovered after five sessions or less; 16 percent in up to 10 sessions; 11 percent under 20 sessions and 10 percent after 20-plus visits. Two-thirds were not receiving any other treatment at the time and 80 percent attributed their recovery wholly to healing.

A 54-year-old man who found relief after only four visits said:

I was stricken with back trouble for the first time about six weeks ago and consulted a doctor who diagnosed sciatica. Several of my friends who to my knowledge had had long histories of back trouble strongly recommended me to contact a person who had treated them with remarkable success. This I did and, like my friends, was quite skeptical, but I am convinced that some sort of healing power was transferred from the healer to myself and I made a fairly speedy recovery. For me the most effective session was the second visit when I felt the heat from the healer's hands drawing the pain out of my

left hip joint and from then on I improved in mobility quickly over the next three days.

In some cases, suffering had been endured for years and healing is claimed to have had what can only be said to be a lifesaving effect. A 59-year-old housewife writes:

I was so bad that I was seriously contemplating suicide when I awoke one morning and thought of facing another day of sheer hell. It is just impossible to describe the pain I suffered in my head. I was quite convinced that I would go raving mad. All this was due to having meningitis whilst I was doing service in the army. I was discharged unfit after long spells in hospitals and was told I was lucky to be alive and that as everything possible had been done, I should learn to live with it. I was never able to work or lead a normal life again.

All those years I suffered and dreaded waking up each morning. Then I happened to see an article in the newspaper about Rose Gladden and decided she was my last hope. The moment she put her hands on my head, all down one side of me I felt a warm tingling and I thought I was up in heaven. Suddenly a figure of an angel in gold appeared, just for a split second, and the peace was wonderful, I felt every bit of pain leave my body and I knew I was cured. I have never looked back.

SUMMARY

THE SURVEY showed that the overwhelming majority of people experienced improvement after healing. Over a quarter of the total 151 respondents reported complete recovery, about a quarter claimed partial recovery and a similar proportion claimed an improved ability to cope with their symptoms. Nineteen percent had seen an initial improvement but then had either not completed their treatment for one reason or another or were still continuing their treatment. Four people said that they had not noticed any benefit:

Of those (just over three-quarters of the total number) who were in a position to assess some definite improvement in their condition, 72 percent ascribed their progress wholly to healing, 18 percent thought healing was partly responsible and 10 percent did not know.

Almost 60 percent of the total were not receiving any other kind of treatment during the period they were seeing their healers and the results in terms of complete recovery, partial recovery and an improved ability to cope with symptoms closely matched the pattern for the total number of respondents.

Nearly all experienced some sensation during the healing session, although a handful felt nothing. The most commonly reported sensations were those of heat, deep relaxation, calmness and tingling. Many reported that they were conscious of more than one sensation. Several remarked that the next day they felt an intensification of their symptoms before they sensed some improvement.

A minority, 12 people, obtained relief from their symptoms in one session and about half the total completed their course of treatment in under 10 sessions. Forty-one percent said they had been to their healers 20 times or more.

Three-quarters consulted a healer because other treatment had failed to produce results and most learned about healing through personal recommendation.

Forty-one different ailments were cited by respondents, the most common being back pain, followed by arthritis, migraines and headaches, multiple sclerosis and heart conditions. Other complaints ranged from allergies and cancer

to epilepsy and frozen shoulders.

Over 60 percent of respondents were either uncertain whether healing would help or were highly skeptical.

Ninety-four percent of respondents said that they would consult a healer in addition to going to a doctor if they were ill again. A similar percentage said they would recommend healing to

others and nearly three-quarters said they knew that people had consulted healers as a result.

Over a third of the total had made it known to their doctors that they had been to a healer. Half the doctors who were told expressed no opinion either way; 40 percent of the doctors approved and nine percent of them disapproved.



WILL GHOST FORSAKE AUTOMATED LIGHTHOUSE?

By George W. Earley

SINCE Colonial days, tricky tides and pea soup fogs have made Long Island Sound one of this nation's trickiest sailing areas. Lighthouses, so essential to navigation, have been in continuous operation on the Sound since 1798.

Now the beacons are giving way to automation. Indeed, the last beacon — Ledge Light at the Thames River estuary near New London, Conn. — has seen its human crew replaced by timers, transistors and other high tech gadgetry. And the question in the minds of local residents is: What will happen to "Ernie, the Ghost"?

It's unclear just when "Ernie" took up residence at Ledge Light. Unlike most haunted spots the lighthouse has no bloody tragedy in its background to bind a spirit to its premises — unless "Ernie" is the spirit of one of the many boaters who have drowned in

the Sound through the years.

Whatever his origin, "Ernie" sounds more like a prankish gremlin than a horrible haunt. The Coast Guard crews who have manned Ledge Light over the years tell of lights mysteriously turned on and off, of the foghorn sounding when there's no fog and of repair crews' inability to find any cause for these malfunctions. Footsteps have been heard pacing back and forth on the third level at a time when all hands were accounted for on the lower level. Then there were the fishermen who stopped one day to visit the Coast Guardsmen. They tied up their boat securely, fastening lines fore and aft — but someone set it loose. The next time they looked the boat was drifting seaward on the ebb tide. If not "Ernie," then who?

When the crews go, will the playful "Ernie" leave? Or will he stay to tamper with the automated equipment?



ANGLING HOOKS SAUDI-ARABIANS

THE OASIS community of al-Hasa, five hours away from Saudi's capital city Riyadh, now provides a new weekend recreation: People go fishing in the drainage ditches. Fish, unknown here for centuries, are escapees and descendants of experimental fish-raising projects begun in 1982 by the Arabian-American Oil Co. (Aramco) and King Faisal University.

YES—YOU, TOO, CAN SEE THE HUMAN AURA!

If you have the abilities of nine out of 10 students, you can see the human aura after only a few minutes' practice with these specially designed goggles fitted with pinacyanole bromide filters.

Our goggles are a huge improvement over the awkward hand-held films first used by their inventor, W.J. Kilner, M.D., of St. Thomas Hospital, London. Consisting of filter frames set in adjustable eye-hoods of soft leather, they are comfortable, safe and leave the hands free.

Without aura goggles the extraordinary atmosphere surrounding the human body is invisible to all but specially gifted or trained persons. Modern researchers believe that this atmosphere is composed of infra-red and higher electromagnetic energies, plus possibly "bio" energies as yet unknown.

Aura research is a pioneering field. Our goggles can provide hours of fascinating study and set you on the road to exciting discoveries.

Like most observers, you may find that the aura appears as a pulsating cloud or envelope of light, composed of one or several delicately colored bands. And like scientific researchers, you may wish to focus on studies of aura colors for what they may reveal of the mental, emotional and physical states of your subjects. Even qualities of character and intellect are said to be discernible in the colors.

You, too, may see how the auras of some subjects reportedly show attraction by blending and becoming more intense. And you, too, may observe strange rays of light of electric appearance leaving or entering the aura. These and more wonders await you in the new world our aura goggles can open up for you.



Diagram of normal aura based on sketch by Walter J. Kilner, M.D.

Set of Authentic Aura Goggles with optically perfect 2X filters and instruction booklet, \$28.95.

Suggested Equipment for Advanced Students

The aura goggle frames are designed so that you may replace the original filters with a selection of special-purpose filters intended for higher study of this fascinating phenomenon.

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Set of three pairs: 4X dark, 3X medium, 1X pale \$22.95

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For advanced studies of the outer aura \$8.50

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Set of six filter pairs used to view all bands or rays in the aura \$29.95

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Yes, I am interested in studying the aura. Please send me _____ set(s) of Authentic Aura Goggles with optically perfect 2X filters. Each \$28.95, plus \$1.50 postage-handling. (Each set comes with instruction booklet.) Also send me the following filters at prices listed above. I enclose \$_____ the total of my order.

_____ \$ _____	Name _____
_____ \$ _____	Address _____
_____ \$ _____	City _____
Add \$1.50 postage-handling \$ _____	State / Zip _____
Total \$ _____	

WINNING WITH WITCHCRAFT

Although my book is called "Winning With Witchcraft" it is not a book for witches. Fully fledged witches will not find anything really new in its pages and indeed they may disapprove of many of the things written in it. They will not like the fact that I have removed the "mystery" of witchcraft, dispensing with all the complicated paraphernalia usually associated with the Craft, in order to demonstrate to the ordinary person that to practise it is really very simple indeed. My book is definitely only for the everyday lay woman or man; the person who is fascinated by witchcraft and its possibilities, but is either too busy or apprehensive to actually get involved in it.

HOW TO WIN IN LIFE

I do not in my book bog the reader down with the theory or history of witchcraft. That can be found in other books. No, my work is an "action" book, one of practice rather than speculation. In it I show you how to win in life with witchcraft. There are two sides, or dimensions, to witchcraft: the religious, spiritual dimension, and the dynamic "active" dimension, i.e. that of deliberately manipulating events and circumstances for one's ends. My book is about this second, exciting dimension. But before I continue let me tell you something about myself. My name is Jean Williams, and for the last twenty years I have been actively practising witchcraft in the pursuit of securing personal objectives. I am a perfectly ordinary (and not possessing special psychic powers of any kind. Neither am I particularly bright or good looking. I mention these points because I want to show you that the wonderful, fast acting powers of witchcraft can be at anyone's command, regardless of ability, once the secret of witchcraft is understood. I have never belonged to a coven or occult group of any kind. There is nothing special that you have "to be", or no one special you have to know, in order for you to begin working wonders with witchcraft from the very moment you know what to do.

IMMEDIATE RESULTS

Immediately you have finished reading my book you can begin casting magic witchcraft spells to obtain whatever you desire. And you don't have to worry about trying to obtain difficult to get herbs or special equipment; almost all of the rituals I give involve very little or no paraphernalia, and what things you may have to get can be purchased very easily and inexpensively. For twenty years I have been "winning the game of life" through witchcraft. With my book you can start doing the very same the minute you have read it. With simple witchcraft spells and rituals I show how you can make any member of the opposite sex desire you immediately... compel a reluctant lover to marry you... stop the romantic interest of someone you would rather be without. With witchcraft you can forget about being a loser in love, in money, or anything else. By using witchcraft I show how you can actually take control of the "forces of chance" and make everything you touch seemingly turn to gold. You will be able to play a bingo game, place a bet, enter any contest, and know that you will win. You can have any man or woman you want, or any luxury you choose. With witchcraft these things become automatic when you use the appropriate spells or rituals to obtain them. I can say all this with absolute confidence for this has been my experience from practising witchcraft. I have benefited handsomely from witchcraft and I only seek the pleasure of sharing my knowledge with you. Witchcraft, I believe, should not be the jealously guarded secret of a selfish few, but should be made available to all who seek a better and more fulfilling life.

WHAT WITCHCRAFT CAN BRING YOU

In my book you read about:

- Winning the admiration and respect of people. Stop them exploiting and using you
- Using witchcraft to promote your self interests at all times, without harming the interests of others
- Commanding things to happen through powerful spells and invocations. With witchcraft you don't have to grovel or pray to God for help
- Magic witchcraft spells that quickly make you more self-assertive, confident, and sought after by the opposite sex
- The Binding Love Spell that makes someone of the opposite sex love you
- Simple witchcraft remedies that alleviate pain, reduce fever, stimulate hair growth

- A powerful ritual that compels an unwanted neighbour to move away
- A simple Moon Spell for miraculously solving financial difficulties
- An ancient ritual for making a barren woman fertile
- A simple divinatory rite for immediately telling if your mate is true or not
- Compel a thief to return stolen property
- A Roman Love Spell for catching all the men you will ever want!
- A simple formula for finding out which of two lovers loves you the most
- An ultra-simple ritual for keeping your partner true
- A spell that compels a deserting partner to return to you
- How to leave your physical body and travel invisibly anywhere. You can invisibly "spy" on your lover, rival, enemy, completely without his/her knowledge! This way you always win in the game of life because you can anticipate in advance the actions of others!
- "Invisible travel" is easy; it only needs practice. I succeeded on my third try. It is not only easy, but fun, too. And it is perfectly safe
- A simple spell you can take for stopping any witch from invisibly spying on you!
- A powerful self-rejuvenation ritual for renewing your personality and character; extremely potent!
- How to use The Witchcraft Circle to break disease and ill health and regain perfect well being

THE SECRET SCIENCE OF NATURE

It is unfortunate that many people associate witchcraft with devil-worship. Most witches don't even believe in the Devil! I certainly don't. Witchcraft is not Black Magic. But, fortunately, witchcraft can be used to protect one's self from Black Magic. My book shows how you can quickly and easily break any evil curse, and shows also how you can forever make yourself safe from harm and evil of every kind. Some people also harbour the idea that witchcraft is just "superstitious nonsense"; in fact quite the opposite is true. Witchcraft is the secret science of nature. It could not possibly work if it was merely based on old wives' tales. I personally am not superstitious; I was born on the 13th, I live in a house no. 13, I walk under ladders, etc.; but I very much definitely believe in the powers of witchcraft. You will believe, too, once you have tried the simple rituals in my book! Nor is witchcraft just "positive thinking". I know lots of people who use positive thinking and yet they are losers in life. Witchcraft is more dynamic. With witchcraft you don't, and cannot, fail; you only succeed and win.

THE ULTIMATE WITCHCRAFT RITUAL

The very end part of my book I have saved for what I consider to be the ultimate witchcraft ritual, at least in material terms; a ritual that unleashes a tremendous torrent of opportunity, riches and good fortune. I consider this ritual to be little short of sensational, but I will be frank with you: I have only ever used it once. It worked so well that I just couldn't handle all the good things that came from it. I am not one of those people who can handle immediate, or even gradual, wealth. But if you are one of those people who believe they can then you should try this ritual. It could change your life! I do not claim my book to be the best or finest written on the subject of witchcraft. But I do claim it to be the most practical. If you are one of those people who has always wanted to try their hand at witchcraft, but were too busy or apprehensive to do so then my book is for you. It is written for you, and I promise you that what you pay for it will be the best spent money of your life. Witchcraft works. Those who practise it know. They are life's winners.

To order your copy of Miss Williams' book ("Winning With Witchcraft") send \$14.95, made payable to Finberg International, to: Finberg International, 16 Turkel Road, Folkestone, Kent, England. Send your own personal check or money order. Price includes express air mail, delivery guaranteed within 14 days. We have been shipping books worldwide since 1946; you can order from us with complete confidence. Readers in England send six English pounds.

BOOKS



NEWS & REVIEWS

by Jerome Clark

COSMIC CON MAN

I NEVER met George Adamski, amateur astronomer, occult teacher, friend to brotherly beings from other worlds, but I wish I had, if only to have some firmer sense of what his appeal was. I was in grade school when he claimed to have met his Venusian friend Orthon in the California desert in November 1952 and I was a freshman in college when he died in April 1965. Yet even now, more than two decades later, this teller of tall tales remains a flying-saucer legend.

A serious biography of Adamski has yet to be written (although my good friend J. Gordon Melton, an authority on this country's esoteric religious movements, tells me he has one in mind). There is one biography which, while far from satisfactory and suffering from an excess of credulity, is certainly interesting, *George Adamski — The Untold Story* (1983), prepared by two of his most devoted followers, Timothy Good and the late Lou Zinsstag (reviewed in Richard Thomas' article "Pioneer or Profiteer?", July 1983 FATE). Even as the memory of Adamski lives on, some of his contemporaries still active in the contactee business are all but forgotten, lost in Adamski's shadow.

To those of us who regard Adamski's claims as patently bogus, this may seem odd. After all, even some of Adamski's closest associates saw him as a flawed and not entirely admirable character. One of them, C. A. Honey, broke with him after uncovering a scheme by which Adamski hoped to bilk his followers. Other followers, even as they characterize Adamski as "extraordinary" and "magical," describe a man with the kinds of limitations and prejudices one would expect to encounter in someone who

has had little formal education. Ray Stanford swears that Adamski once told him he had been making a good living as a bootlegger until "that son of a bitch Roosevelt" ended Prohibition, forcing him eventually to peddle not liquor but "this saucer crap."

After he appeared on the scene, other flamboyant figures claimed contact experiences prior to November 1952 but Adamski, as the one who was selling the stuff before anyone else, was the real pioneer of this particular brand of Space Age hucksterism. Moreover, as a fixture on the California occult circuit since the 1920's, Adamski knew his audience and knew what it wanted — and when flying saucers came along, he saw new market possibilities. All he did, in effect, was to take Theosophical doctrines out of the mouths of Ascended Masters and put them into the mouths of Space Brothers. He didn't get rich but he made a living.

Yet Adamski was more than just another con artist. However unremarkable he may have been otherwise, he was the perpetrator of a remarkably durable hoax. It certainly didn't fool everybody but it fooled those it was meant to fool: restless occult seekers looking for a religion suited to the age of science fiction and space exploration. Adamski assured himself of a role in occult history by seizing the moment; seeing a vacuum, he rushed to fill it with a Space Age faith. A student of the physical and spiritual mysteries of the cosmos, a visionary with a telescope, he was a man of his time.

Research Working File on George Adamski, edited by William L. Moore (William L. Moore Publications & Research, 4219 W. Olive St., Suite 247, Burbank, Calif. 91505, 1985, 125 pages, \$16.50, paperback), is a val-

uable collection of mostly contemporary documents by government and military officials, ufologists, contactee enthusiasts and others, discussing matters relevant to Adamski's career. These include FBI memoranda describing Adamski variously as a "mentally unbalanced crackpot," a "fraud" and an associate of Communist sympathizers. (Another document, apparently not an official one, alleges, however, that Adamski was "closely associated" at one time with American fascist William Dudley Pelley. In reality Adamski's fuzzy utopianism should not be confused with any coherent political philosophy.)

Moore, a disbeliever, has chosen mostly critical material, making the collection not a pro-and-con examination of a controversy but an inquiry into a hoax. There are some new revelations which will interest students of the Adamski phenomenon. For example, those who have wondered where Adamski got the inspiration for the model he used in his "Venusian scoutcraft" photographs (which depict an object unlike any described in legitimate UFO reports) will want to know that the "scoutcraft" apparently was patterned after an illustration of a hypothetical flying saucer in a 1952 booklet by Adamski's friend Mason Rose.

File has its limitations — it lacks a comprehensive introduction and it needs regular explanatory notes throughout the text; without them even informed readers will sometimes be confused about the significance of certain documents — but it is, nonetheless, an essential work for all serious students of UFO history.

Another important work is the late Isabel L. Davis' classic essay "Meet the Extraterrestrial," recently reprinted by Armand A. Laprade (Would-You-Believe Publications, Route 4, Box 156, Marshall, Ark. 72650, 1985, 42 pages, \$3.25, paperback). This essay, which originally appeared in the November 1957 issue of the science-fiction magazine *Fantastic Universe*, is an extended review of eight early contactee books. Davis was a pioneering ufologist who in the early 1950's helped found one of the first serious UFO groups, Civilian Saucer Intelligence, New York, which brought sobriety and critical analysis to a fledgling field which till then had seen little of either.

Although other investigators from the

period looked into the contactees' backgrounds and interviewed their associates as they sought to expose the claims as fraudulent, in her essay Davis confines herself simply to textual analysis, highlighting the internal inconsistencies, demonstrable falsehoods and absurd declarations in books by Adamski, Orfeo Angelucci, Truman Bethurum, Daniel Fry, George Van Tassel and George Hunt Williamson. By the time she has finished with them there is nothing left. No more devastating an expose of the contactee con game has ever been written.

Davis suggests that in a way the contactee movement was a psychological response to the UFO phenomenon. "We human beings," she writes, "don't take bafflement gracefully. We don't like permanent mysteries. . . . If nothing was known, something had to be invented. I think that, in part, 'space intelligences' were an inevitable reaction to the impatience caused by the UFOs themselves. . . . Best of all, for contactees and followers alike these stories have *normalized* the whole idea of extraterrestrials, which some 10 years ago began to loom as an actual ominous possibility."

CONTACTEES TODAY

IT WOULD BE A mistake to think of all contactees as conscious frauds. In fact, throughout this country, indeed throughout the world, there are thousands of persons who believe sincerely that they communicate frequently with benevolent people from other planets. Psychological studies of some of these individuals indicate that such beliefs are not a product of mental illness.

The colorful contactee hoaxers of past years mostly have been replaced by "silent contactees," otherwise-normal persons living private lives and eschewing publicity or financial gain while experiencing contact (mostly psychic) with exotically-named Space Brothers from improbable places in this and other solar systems. The silent contactees often keep their experiences secret from friends, neighbors and — sometimes — even family members. (My three-part series on the new contactee movement is scheduled to begin in an upcoming issue of *FATE*.)

A good book on the subject is Ruth Montgomery's *Aliens Among Us* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N.Y., 1985, 240 pages, \$15.95). This is not a sophisticated treatment

Woman Receives LOURDES MEDAL

Wins \$20,000.00.

Gets Lourdes Medal for Daughter— Daughter Wins \$3,000.00!

My name is Jean Connell.

And believe me... I wasn't born yesterday.

I'm a housewife blessed with a lovely family. This year I'll be celebrating my 35th Wedding Anniversary.

That's me in the snapshot, with my daughter. Do I look like the kind of person who sends away for "lucky charms"? I'm not, I assure you.

(What I'm holding in the picture is a \$20,000.00 winners check! But I'm jumping ahead of my story.)

I've always been skeptical of Good Luck Pieces...

Until I read an announcement about the miraculous LOURDES MEDAL.

This LOURDES MEDAL has genuine Holy Water straight from Lourdes — the Miracle Site in France.

I decided to send for my own LOURDES MEDAL.

How could I lose? The price was amazingly low — only \$10.00. And even that small amount would be returned if I didn't find all the Good Luck I expected.

Was I glad I made the decision to send for the LOURDES MEDAL?

Here's what happened: *The day I received my Medal I won \$400.00 in the lottery and shortly afterwards won \$20,000.00. Thrilled as I could be, I bought another LOURDES MEDAL for my daughter. Guess what? She immediately won \$3,000.00!*

How about you? Do you need Good Luck also? Then don't miss this chance to get a LOURDES MEDAL for yourself. You can look forward to Good Luck also.

God bless you.

Jean Connell



We certify that this Medal has been specially created for you in Lourdes, France and contains water drawn from the Miraculous Spring of OUR LADY Apparitions Grotto in LOURDES, France.



Here's Jean Connell with her daughter after she sent in \$10 for each of their Lourdes Medals.



Reports from around U.S. of Winners,

Winners, Winners: Grateful holders of Lourdes Good Luck Water Can't believe "cash miracles" happening to them:

Sends for Lourdes Water — wins \$2,040.00!
"I have won over \$2,040.00 — and I have been having all kinds of luck."

N.W., Odessa, Texas

Receives Lourdes Cross — husband & wife win over \$2,000.00! "Around Christmas the Miracle Lourdes Cross worked for both of us, my wife and I. She won \$4,000.00 playing bingo and on December 15th I won \$2,154.90 on 649 lottery."

W.R., Prince Rupert, BC Canada

Credits winnings of \$2100.00 to Bingo to Lourdes Water! "I must tell you of the immediate change in my life since I wrote to you for the Lourdes Water. I won all Bingo six times for \$600.00 and then I talked my husband into going to Bingo with me and we won \$1500.00."

J.G., Everett, Washington

Goes for Lourdes Water — receives check for \$2,400.00! "I sent for Lourdes Water. I received an insurance check for \$2,400.00. Thank you. May God bless you."

S.F., Jackson, Tennessee

Wins Lourdes Cross — receives car, then wins \$5,000.00! "I received Lourdes Water. A month later a Ford Granada was given to me, and the same month I won \$5,000.00."

M.R., Indio, California

Sends for Lourdes Medal — wins \$4000.00! "The week I sent for the medal I won \$4000.00 in the Illinois Lottery. My first check was to my church for \$400. The rest to bills. I give God working through Lourdes the credit. I am a Lutheran. God Bless."

M.B., St. Peters, Mo

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TWT-FA-2

Yes, rush me the famed Lourdes Medal, for which I enclose a small amount of only \$10 plus \$1 postage and handling. I look forward to money miracles that will change my life. **If I am not completely satisfied with my Lourdes Medal I may return it for a full refund.**

Total

Please send me
Lourdes Medal(s) for only \$10 plus \$1 postage & handling \$

Check here to receive a special 18" cable/curb chain
plated with pure gold and created by master artisans
in Lourdes, France. Price is only \$2. \$

Charge to my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Grand Total \$

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Canadians may remit \$15 for delivery to Canada.

by any means. Montgomery accepts these stories at face value, "verifying" them with her spirit guides who assure her that Space Brothers "of the highest spiritual quality . . . are here to instill awareness and love of the Creator, while others are here to advance us in the earth realm technology and stop our pollution." The Guides also tell her that many earthpeople have the souls of extraterrestrials who came here long ago and who have reincarnated repeatedly as part of a larger cosmic plan.

Montgomery recounts the experiences of a number of silent contactees and provides a mostly accurate picture of this odd cultural phenomenon. Montgomery's own uncritical enthusiasm mirrors the uncritical enthusiasm of contactees generally, so her book captures not only the substance but the spirit of the contact movement. Montgomery writes well, telling her story in an informative, entertaining style.

If silent contactees and bogus contactees sound a lot alike, the reason is probably that the visionary experiences of the former are based on the contact model set in the fabrications of the latter. Significantly, silent contactees seldom produce "physical evidence" of their experiences. While they firmly believe their experiences to be "real," they also acknowledge that they are primarily "psychic" — i.e., mental. A sincere person can claim extraordinary mental experiences without being a lunatic — but so far we have no reason to believe that someone can claim extraordinary physical experiences, providing photographs of spaceships and extraterrestrials as "proof," without being a liar.

OTHER REVIEWS

MINDREACH by J. H. Brennan, The Aquarian Press, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, England, 1985, 160 pages, \$6.95, paperback.

My first impression on viewing the cover of *Mindreach* (subtitled "How to Develop Your Personal PK Power to Move Objects With Your Mind") was, "Oh, Lord, not another how-to-develop-your-psychic-powers potboiler!" What a pleasant surprise I got when I opened it to find that it is instead one of the most comprehensive and knowledgeable treatments of psychokinetic phenomena ever directed at a general reading

audience. Perhaps some of our scientists may learn something from it as well.

J. H. Brennan's initial purpose is to link so-called hauntings and poltergeist phenomena (recurring spontaneous psychokinesis [RSPK] in scientific terms) with volitional PK. He traces the history of these mysterious happenings from ancient Greek accounts through famous occurrences such as the Bell Witch incidents, the controversial Fox sisters and the "Phantom Drummer of Tedworth" (in which a man claimed to have caused a poltergeist disturbance out of revenge) to contemporary reports. One of the latter is a fascinating firsthand experience which Brennan interprets as a healing "familiar" sent to a woman friend of his to heal a skin problem.

Brennan notes that in most instances people, rather than places, were "haunted," that despite the *appearance* of violence, usually no *actual* violence and serious injury occurred and that the incidents were usually associated with one or more young persons. He goes on to state the theory that most parapsychologists hold today: that these phenomena are creations of the human mind using powers "only half-suspected by the scientific establishment" and that their cause is rooted in "some peculiar mental talent."

Finally Brennan pays tribute to Kenneth Batchelor, the English psychologist who has contributed immeasurably to our present understanding of PK, especially that manifested in "sitter groups." In fact most of the remainder of the book is devoted to Batchelor's insights, findings and recommendations for inducing PK effects such as rapping, table-tiltings and levitation.

Brennan emphasizes, as does Batchelor, the importance of mental attitudes such as the "absolute belief" necessary to produce phenomena and what Batchelor calls "ownership resistance." He discusses other psychological variables affecting PK production, including "emotional resistance" to tight controls growing from a universal fear of psi. (If the experiment were to succeed under tightly-controlled conditions, it would no longer be possible to explain away the paranormal.) Therefore Batchelor has suggested leaving "loopholes," at least at first, to allow room for doubt, to avoid tasks that strain participants' incredulity too much (such as trying to levitate massive tables

The Five Secrets to a Successful Life!

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF MODERN MAGIC

Have you ever suspected that some persons possess and conceal certain knowledge that gives them a continuous chain of successes? Again, have you asked yourself at times what secret powers some people have that enables them always to triumph in achieving their desires? "THE FIVE SECRETS TO A SUCCESSFUL LIFE" (*An Encyclopaedia of*

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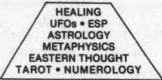
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unliftable by other than Gargantua) and encouraging "artifacts," normal events mistaken for paranormal, which he believes are of the utmost importance in starting the PK process by helping to produce a mind-set of intense belief.

Brennan provides cogent examples of how our convictions affect our abilities and discusses the problem of what Brian Inglis calls "retro-cognitive dissonance," or the collision between "common sense" and actuality.

In his eagerness to argue his points, Brennan cites a case or two that some may consider suspect and he includes superfluous chapters on card-testing. But quibbling aside, on the whole this is an excellent book. I hope it will encourage more experimentation with sitter groups and inspire more imaginative and far-reaching applications of PK. —*Rosemarie Pilkington.*

DO YOU HAVE A GUARDIAN ANGEL?
by John Ronner, Mamre Press, Inc., 315 Riverside Place, Indianantic, Fla. 32903, 1985, 186 pages, \$10.95, paperback.

One of the more reassuring stories taught to children in Western culture is that each of us has a guardian angel who will look after him. But the dilemma for both a young child and a mature theologian is the definition of a guardian angel. Is it a spirit being? A disembodied human soul? A special creation? And if there really are angels, can they influence us in our daily lives?

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Indeed, Ronner's book consists of over 80 different questions on the nature and history of angels, among them: "Where do angels live?" "Do angels have beards?" "What are fallen angels?" And "What do angels eat?" Unfortunately, Ronner does not deal with the subject in a systematic and scholarly way; instead he jumps from subject to subject with no apparent logical scheme. In his answers, moreover, he draws on wildly varying sources, from the Bible on one hand and John Lilly, Carl Jung and Raymond Moody on the other. Thus the reader encounters a confusing assortment of conflicting responses, none of which illuminates the issue of angels and their alleged existence.

This is not to say that the book is without redeeming qualities. If the reader can overlook the author's potpourri method, he will find the book lively, filled with all sorts of interesting trivia. For example: "How many angels can dance on the point of a pin?" Well, if we accept Thomas Aquinas' definition of angels as 100-percent pure spirits, the answer is that "every angel in God's cosmos could dance on the tiniest smidgeon of a pinpoint and all of its space would be left over." Naturally, this answer necessitates another pivot-

al question which Ronner also poses, "Do angels get physical?" (Answer: sometimes.)

The best way to approach Ronner's *Do You Have a Guardian Angel?* is not too seriously. In this way the reader avoids being disappointed when it becomes evident that Ronner's questions and answers on angels are as etheric and unsubstantiated as his object of study. If the book is read instead as a trivia exercise on angel folklore, it can serve as an enjoyable reference work, suited for coffee-table discussions and arguments.

— David Christopher Lane.

CURIOUS ENCOUNTERS by Loren Coleman, Faber & Faber, Boston, Mass., 1985, 166 pages, \$11.95, paperback.

The gist of Loren Coleman's new book is that no matter where you go, you may have some *Curious Encounters* of the Fortean kind. A sequel to his earlier *Mysterious America* (reviewed in January 1984 FATE), *Curious Encounters* covers such topics as phantom trains, sky serpents, thunderbirds, "creatures from the Black Lagoon" and assorted other oddments.

Mysterious America should be read before



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you come to *Curious Encounters* because Coleman frequently refers to it. The new book does not always stand on its own owing to these cross-references but it contains, nonetheless, a fascinating number of weird tales.

Consider the phantom train. "Ghost or phantom trains are heard from one end of America to the other," says Coleman, adding that "no one can easily explain the source of the phenomena." One report dates from 1878 while another account claims that sightings of Lincoln's funeral train may be seen almost annually in one area; in another location witnesses frequently see a train being wrecked but no wreckage is ever found.

Other sightings, which involve mysterious "spook" lights, are under investigation and may be caused by subterranean shifts which create luminous electrical displays on the earth's surface. But for others, no "reasonable" explanations seem forthcoming.

You want monsters, not lights? In 1972 several witnesses at Thetis Lake, British Columbia, reported a scaly, silver-colored humanoid creature with "a monster face . . . and great big ears." The Mounties investigated but had no more luck than any other pursuers of such Fortean wills-o'-the-wisp.

Although the fishman is one of the weirder critters Coleman writes about, the reports I find fascinating tell of phantom panthers, lions and kangaroos wandering around various suburban locations. The usual explanation is that the critter seen is a zoo or circus-train escapee — although no one is ever able to locate either a zoo or a circus that admits to a missing beast.

Some of these reports may well be of real animals. Connecticut, where I live, had a rash of bear sightings which went unbelievable until one was shot to death — but what are we to make of a "little elephant" in Brooklyn or an "apelike creature" roaming Hoboken, N.J.? Or the "big birds" of Illinois?

Unfortunately, for the most part Coleman's tales are anecdotal. This is no fault of his — he has dug out and recorded what people have to tell him and checked on witness veracity as thoroughly as possible. But given the almost total lack of scientific interest in mystery animals (especially ones that vanish like smoke in a breeze), such reports cannot help being anecdotal. Still, are we to assume all witnesses are liars or drunks? I

do not think so.

Coleman wraps up the book by telling of personal visits to various mystery spots, places where stone ruins whose builders are unknown sit almost forgotten and uninvestigated. While their existence cannot be doubted, the scientific community seems oddly reluctant to investigate them.

The final pages of this fascinating and informative book provide a number of appendices listing the general location (state, town) where various phenomena have been reported. Readers who wish to follow Coleman's footsteps and do some investigating of their own will undoubtedly discover some "strange places" within a few hours' drive of their homes. A list of Fortean organizations and publishers is also included as are a number of illustrations. In short, there's everything here you need to move from armchair into the field to do your own research. Who knows — you may solve a mystery! — *George W. Earley.*

MULTIPLE MAN by Adam Crabtree, Praeger, New York, N.Y., 1985, 278 pages, \$24.95.

It is startling to find a book on "possession"

produced by one of New York's most highly regarded publishers of psychology books. Adam Crabtree, a Toronto priest-turned-psychotherapist, devotes his book to the possibility that some forms of psychopathology represent psychic invasions of the mind.

Multiple Man is principally concerned with the phenomenon of dissociation, a condition during which part of the mind "breaks off" from the id and functions autonomously. The syndrome manifests itself through automatic writing, fugue states, trance and multiple personality. Crabtree reviews the historical study of these disorders and phenomena before contending that some cases of multiple personality and dissociation cannot be explained psychologically. They may represent not only influences from demonic or discarnate beings but also possession by entities projected from living minds.

This is a fascinating thesis. Between 1905 and 1940 psychical researchers spent considerable time seeking evidence for this very interpretation. Crabtree cites their work but focuses his attention chiefly on cases drawn from his own practice.

Here his book falters because his cases are

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not especially impressive. Although he cites one incident in which a possessing entity spoke a language unknown to the patient in therapy, little else in these case studies seems evidential. Crabtree even admits that, in working with possessed patients, he avoids trying to elicit evidential information from them. Dissociative reactions are similar to hypnotic states and can easily be molded into delusions of supernatural possession if the therapist holds such beliefs. In these cases, therefore, it is essential to get the possessing entity to "prove" its identity. Crabtree also seems unfamiliar with the fact that some temporal lobe disorders in the brain will manifest as cases of "possession" if the patient has a tendency to dissociate.

The book's high point comes in Chapter 14, in which the author explains how he treats cases of possession. He argues that, even if genuine possession does not exist, treating the disorder by taking it at face value can be therapeutic for the patient. A valid point — it is well known that psychotherapy works best if the therapist and his patients share a common world view. This chapter will be helpful to mental-health workers who

find cases of self-perceived possession in their practice.

Although Crabtree fails to prove his central thesis, *Multiple Man* is still worth reading. Lucidly written, it will be easily understandable even to the general reader with little background in psychology. — *D. Scott Rogo.*

ENOCHIAN MAGIC by Gerald J. Schueller, Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul, Minn., 1985, 271 pages, \$12.95, paperback.

There are many magical systems, ranging from simple visualization to complicated rituals. Perhaps the most complex system of all is that developed by Dr. John Dee, the 16th-Century scholar, astrologer and adviser to Queen Elizabeth I, with the aid of Edward Kelly. The Dee-Kelly system included a unique language and "tables" or boards with letters on them whereby a magician could either learn the names of various angels or communicate with those entities. Lying fallow for 300 years, the system Dee called "Enochian" (after Enoch who was said to

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have "walked with God") was resurrected by the Victorian magical society, The Golden Dawn.

Unfortunately, the original system did not exactly fit into the Golden Dawn's magical view of the universe. Dee's system was "corrected," changing elemental relationships and the functions of various nonworldly entities of the original Enochian pantheon. This fact is little known because most magicians are familiar with the Enochian system only through the works of the Golden Dawn and people who learned it through the G.D. such as Israel Regardie and Aleister Crowley.

In his *Enochian Magic* Gerald J. Schueler follows the Golden Dawn version and since he does not make clear that there is a difference between that and the original, we are forced to assume that he has not used the source material as the basis for his work. Still, for a person working the Golden Dawn system this is an excellent and needed introduction. It explains the Golden Dawn Enochian system far better than anything yet published.

But when Schueler tries original thinking, he gets into trouble. His Gematria, a numerical system important to magicians, is contrived and bears little relation to that of the Golden Dawn or the Crowley variant. His personal philosophy expressed in the beginning of the book reflects the beliefs of the Theosophical Society, not those of magicians from Dee's time or ours.

Disturbingly, the blurb on the back of the book claims that this book has made the Enochian Magic "easy." The only way to make a complex system easy is to simplify it. Schueler has chosen to simplify it by ignoring the need for protection and banishings before and after the rituals! As any person practicing magic knows, these are vital to the mental and physical safety of the magician. A person new to magic and using this book as a sole source could have great difficulties. Before following Schueler's Enochian system, he would be well-advised to take a course of study in magic as outlined in books by Regardie or Melita Denning and Osborne Phillips. — Donald Michael Kraig.



REPORT FROM THE READERS

These columns of FATE are set aside each month for your comments. Send your opinion of articles and stories of unusual occurrences to FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

NOT GUILTY?

The September 1985 issue of FATE has a story which contains several false statements about me. I demand that you retract these and apologize for printing information about me without checking its veracity.

Specifically, the following statements in the story "Psychic Crimebusters" by Rob MacGregor and Trish Janeshutz are false and misleading:

(1) I have never lived in a trailer, so the detective Rod Englert obviously never talked to me there and he never interviewed me about the crime itself.

(2) I was the prime suspect before Englert was assigned to the case. My lawyer had told the Multnomah Sheriff's Department not to talk to me unless he were present. Englert violated this request but the fact remains that I refused to talk to him about the case.

(3) I was the only person Englert was trying to charge for Turel's murder at the time he saw me.

(4) I never "lured" Turel anywhere to meet a woman. He told me he was meeting his girl friend.

(5) Englert never checked any phone records to see that I had called some woman from the office because the alleged call was a local call and there were no phone records of local calls in Portland. The woman your authors mentioned went to the police with her false story (eight months after she supposedly received the call which any intelligent person knows indicates fraud) *only* after they offered her \$5,000. In fact, the only

data used to convict me came from "witnesses" who were bribed or promised money and/or deals to lie about me.

(6) *I have never confessed to any murder* — to Englert or to anyone else. The simple fact is that I have never committed murder and this is fully proven by polygraph tests which the officials ignore — contrary to their assertions when they suggested I take the tests. Furthermore, several "psychics" who have "investigated" the case have informed me that they *know* I am not the murderer.

It is a very sick state of affairs when one not only has to suffer the horror of being wrongfully caged for more than 10 years with no hope of relief but also must contend with media such as yours that continue to print falsehoods about the case. It seems to me that caring people would want to know what went wrong and why our justice system allows these things to happen. Why glorify officials who violate the law they swear to uphold? — *Ron Addicks, Walla Walla, Wash.*

A MONSTROUS ERROR

Apparently there is a monstrous error in the story "A Penny Saved..." (October 1985 FATE). The end of it reads: "The whereabouts of the other nine 1943 cents are generally known to dealers and collectors as are the locations of nine 1944 copper cents. These could command \$40,000 to \$50,000 each."

A number of coin collectors have told me that 1944 copper cents are worth exactly one



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cent each. What is the source of your information? — *Lucy G. Steward, Jamaica, N. Y.*

* * *

I have five 1944 "wheatie" pennies. Which, if not all, of the 1943 and 1944 copper pennies could command \$40,000 to \$50,000? — *Martha J. McVay, Roswell, N. Mex.*

* * *

Your item states that there are nine 1944 copper cents that only dealers and collectors know of. I have two myself, one plain without a mint mark and one with a "D." Evidently there were many 1944 copper pennies minted. — *Lydia R. Crum, Prociuous, W. Va.*

* * *

Coin dealers in my area have informed me that my two 1944 copper pennies are worth exactly a penny apiece. Can you imagine my disappointment and chagrin?

I think you should print an apology about this misinformation because it has misled and disappointed a lot of people who have 1944 copper pennies. — *Rita Berendt, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The misinformation, for which we apologize, came from a United Press International newspaper story datelined Jacksonville, Ark., and released in May 1985. — The Editors.

THE LAST WORD

I received a card from James (The Amazing) Randi in response to my letter titled "A Thought for Today" and published in the August 1985 FATE. As he included no return address, I presume we are not going to be pen pals.

Quoting my letter, Randi writes, "If a psychic result proves not to be replicable, it may be because all of these factors have not been duplicated." And he comments, "It may be because there is no 'result' to be replicated." When Lord Kelvin said, "X rays will prove to be a hoax," and Ernst Mach said, "I can accept the theory of relativity as little as I can accept the existence of atoms and other such dogma," and St. Augustine wrote, "All diseases of Christians are to be ascribed to demons," I can only assume they meant their statements to be the last word. They weren't.

Randi further chides me, "No, water does not boil at 100 degrees C. and freeze at 0 degrees C. Rather, the temperature of boiling water at normal pressure is 100 degrees

C. and the temperature of freezing water at normal pressure is 0 degrees C."

This also may be someone's last word on the subject. Of course, some of us can make water appear to do all sort of things, even disappear.

Randi ends his note with a word of caution: "Do not assume that competent parapsychologists have not considered the possible effects of environmental variants. They have."

This is most difficult to reply to. At one time I too learned that there were only 92 elements and science had thoroughly investigated all of them. — *H. Lee Stern, Pittsfield, Mass.*

NOT SO NEBULOUS

D. Scott Rogo, in his review of David Lorimer's *Survival?* (May 1985 FATE), says, "Swedenborg believed in a rather nebulous survival after death in which we shed our personal memories, which we then are able to retrieve only through psychic contact with the living." Yet Swedenborg wrote, "After death man is possessed of every sense and of all the memory, thought and affection that he had in the world, leaving nothing behind except his earthly body."

There is nothing "nebulous" about the life of spirits as described by Swedenborg. In *The True Christian Religion* he relates that he saw Greek philosophers, who had been in the spiritual world for hundreds of years, inviting newcomers from this world to their athenaeum and inquiring eagerly, "What news from earth?" Afterward they discussed what they had heard and their comments on modern intellectuals, as compared with those of ancient times, are not flattering.

Certainly Swedenborg teaches that spirits have lost the external memory "proper to the body." Consequently all spirits speak in the common language of the spiritual world, the language of interior thought and memory (and of telepathy). Far from being nebulous, this is a thousand times clearer and more precise than any earthly language. — *Gordon Tuckey, Paihia, New Zealand.*

IN SEARCH OF MERMAIDS

I am pleased that Curtis Fuller commented on my trip to Papua New Guinea although a small but significant error appears in the text ("I See by the Papers," October 1985

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FATE). It says that I reported not having found any native who had seen any mermaidlike creatures but my report in *Cryptozoology* actually states that I found nobody who could verify that they had eaten any. Some natives alleged they had made sightings but most had not. None had caught or eaten any mermaidlike creatures although some had caught dugongs.

I made inquiries through accomplished interpreters and also stood watch at high tide by day and night for seven days. I used binoculars and a night vision device — all this at the very beach where Roy Wagner reported the sightings of *ri* had occurred.

As to proving a negative, the purpose of my trip was to show that nobody, neither Wagner's group nor I, could find any evidence to verify stories of mermaidlike creatures being netted, caught or eaten. Despite claims of sightings, the physical existence of the creatures — as in the cases of Bigfoot, UFOs and Nessie — remains unproven. — Erik Beckjord, Malibu, Calif.

TELEPATHY IS GLUE

As a long-term schizophrenic myself, I particularly appreciated "Driven Crazy by Telepathy?" (October 1985 FATE). I have often thought about the telepathic element in my disease.

I don't believe it is a question of whether schizophrenics are telepathic; all people are telepathic on an unconscious level. This unconscious telepathic network normally functions as a glue in family and romantic relationships. Sexual maladjustments stemming from early childhood or disturbed family relationships may inflict strains on that network.

Mary Leeds' case in the article fits with what I have said. She was a schizophrenic who seemed to be in contact with her brother. It was not a contact with just anyone but with a relative. That relationship, furthermore, was disturbed; she and her brother had been estranged for many years.

I pray that in the future more observations like Dr. James McHarg's will be made by psychiatrists. Only then will we begin to gain a handle on this mysterious disease. — Dan Kerley, Jr., New York, N. Y.

* * *

The young Plato in *Phaedrus* calls insanity "a divine gift and the source of the chiefest

blessings granted to men." The Greek word for psychotically mad, *manike*, and the word for prophetic, *mantike*, were the same word for Plato; the letter "t" he called "only a modern and tasteless insertion."

Another ancient Greek word for insanity, *paranoia*, meant having another mind alongside one's own, descriptive in part of what is known today as schizophrenia.

The elderly Plato repudiated his early description of insanity, advocating the shunning of the mad. But might it still be said that what we now call schizophrenia began in human history as a relationship with the divine? — Joe La Rosa, San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Christopher Bloom's article may be misleading despite the author's caveat. Because of the title — "Driven Crazy by Telepathy?" — and the author's lengthy treatment of the Mary Leeds case, the reader may be left thinking there's something to the old idea that schizophrenics are in fact more psychic than other people.

Of course schizophrenics often believe they are psychic (delusions concerning ESP are extremely common) but the clinical evidence indicates that, if anything, schizophrenics are less psychic than others. Also, since schizophrenia is a mind-shattering illness, we should expect it to interfere with psychic functioning as it does with all other mental activities. Schizophrenia is also a very common illness and we should expect schizophrenics to be proportionally represented among the psychics if their psychic abilities are even average. I don't know of a single well-known and allegedly genuine psychic or medium over the past century, however, who has been schizophrenic. Al-

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though they have suffered their share of other illnesses — neuroses, alcoholism and the usual diseases of mankind — psychoses are notable for their absence.

The implication that psychics are often regarded as schizophrenic *because* they are psychic, presumably by ignorant doctors, is something for Hollywood. Schizophrenia exhibits a large number of symptoms, many of which must exist before a diagnosis is made.

Still, my observations don't preclude the possibility that ESP may emerge in schizophrenic delusions. Ullman and Krippner's dream studies showed that telepathy can influence dreams, so we shouldn't be surprised that it occasionally influences psychotic delusions as in Mary Leeds' case. But ESP in these instances merely colors dreams and delusions, it doesn't cause them. — J. Finley Hurley, New York, N. Y.

REWRITING HISTORY

Although FATE is subtitled "The World's Mysteries Explored," the two-part article "Lost Wisdom of the Ages" by Arnold Kent (August-September 1985 FATE) could have been copied out of any encyclopaedia and it repeats many historical lies.

Your author gives us a list of the Alexandrian scientists and praises their discoveries. FATE has published many articles in the past several decades showing that there is no proof for Kent's statements. Advanced civilizations existed on earth millions of years ago and the records of these civilizations eventually came to Egypt where the Greeks used them in their Library. Plato described this in his book on Atlantis. The Alexandrian scholars copied and plagiarized everything they "discovered" from these records.

For example, Kent claims that "Alexandrian scholars created the science of cartography around 300 B.C. Prof. Charles Hapgood wrote *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings* and published several articles in FATE in the 1960's showing that the science of cartography is more than 10,000 years old; recent evidence shows that it could have originated millions of years ago. Hapgood's analysis of 16th- and 17th-Century maps showing an unglaciated Antarctica exposed the big lie in Western history and thought. The last time Antarctica was unglaciated was millions of

(Continued on page 128)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 118)

years ago and the accuracy of the ancient maps indicates the use of air or space photography. In 1984 the *New York Times* praised Hapgood's research and admitted that scientists are using these maps in studying the buildup of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere.

Another Establishment lie that Kent kept repeating is the myth that very few works of the Alexandrian Library survived to the present day. On the one hand, he writes, "The Romans stripped most Greek literary activities from Alexandria and transferred them to Rome. . . ." but on the other hand, he sums up his article by saying that nothing really important survived the burning of the Library.

The Romans not only shipped most of the Library's contents to Rome but also had every book copied several times by teams of scribes working day and night. These ancient records can be found today in the Egyptian manuscript section of the Vatican Library. To keep the people ignorant of the contents of this library, the Vatican allowed only church officials and approved personnel to examine these records (despite the fact that United States tax money is used to support the library). Renaissance scholars used these records to rebuild civilization after the Dark Ages. If you have ever wondered how Leonardo da Vinci could draw pictures of jet planes, rockets, tanks, machine guns and other 20th-Century devices, the answer lies in his status as a high Vatican official. He had unlimited access to the Vatican Library. The map that Columbus used to "discover" America — the Piri Re's map — also could be found in the Vatican. Hapgood showed that it existed in the Alexandrian Library 2000 years ago but political pressure prevented him from admitting that the original was still in the Vatican. — *Michael Cohen, Bronx, N. Y.*

THE MISFIT

One night in June 1983 when we went to bed, we double-checked to make sure everything was locked—as we do every night. All of the windows are the same—different sizes with identical hardware.

In the morning everything was still locked up but one of the dinette window handles was

different and the original was nowhere to be found. Since it no longer matched, we exchanged the odd handle for that on the single window in the bathroom. It is still there.

For nine years all of the handles matched until suddenly one misfit turned up. Where did the original handle go?—*Joy Terzich, Hibbing, Minn.*

THE ONGOING SEARCH

I am seeking information on the early automatic writer William T. Stead (1849-1912) and his daughter Estelle. Does any FATE reader have any information about them?—*Debbi Henderson, 2121 S. Wolf Rd., Apt. 412, Hillside, Ill. 60162.*

For a book on mysterious catlike creatures, especially the so-called black panthers, I need stories and firsthand accounts of encounters with such creatures, especially in the eastern United States.

I have personally seen and tracked the supposedly extinct eastern puma and I believe there may be a resurgence in its population. I am also convinced that the eastern cougar is entering a black phase.

FATE readers, please send me your experiences.—*David Chamberlain, Box 73, Chemung, N.Y. 14825.*

I am a handicapped veteran living on a small pension. My vision and hearing are leaving me and doctors can do nothing about it. Because I don't want to sit around doing nothing in these last years, I have projects going that keep me busy. FATE readers may be able to help with one of them.

I am collecting bona fide ghost stories involving military men and women and accounts of strange unexplained incidents on military bases, battlefields, ships and aircraft. Anything of this nature, whether old or new, will be welcome.—*Leon Thompson, 1211 Chicago St., Kent, Wash. 98031.*

I am seeking information on the Church of the Final Judgment, sometimes called "The Process." I'd like to get the address of its headquarters and membership information.—*Dave Tillman, P.O. Box 1291, Wauchula, Fla. 33873.*



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∞ What should you do if you have a sudden, overwhelming mystical experience which transforms your life in strange and unexpected ways? Call the Spiritual Emergency Network.

∞ They call it the "Old Hag." It attacks at night, awakening its victims, paralyzing them—sometimes killing them. Psychiatrist J. Finley Hurley describes a terrifying phenomena which, although little recognized, victimizes many people.

∞ Cat-lovers today are brothers and sisters under the skin of the cat- worshippers of ancient Egypt, where felines were near-gods and it was punishable by death to kill one, even by accident.

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CREATIVE VISUALISATION:

How to Make It Work For You

by Jolene Anderson

Almost all books on the subject of visualisation have one thing in common: they don't work. Try as one may nothing happens for the reader, and it is usually difficult to get the "mental pictures" to occur in the first place. We are now proud to announce the availability of a book that, at long last, demonstrates a totally PRACTICAL and realistic approach to the subject. Visualisation, says the author, usually fails because of the **rigidity of the process** expounded by its proponents. She dismisses such rigidity in her book, and demonstrates, simply, how Creative Visualisation can be a **totally exciting, stimulating and individually unique experience**. When visualisation becomes orientated towards the visualiser's needs, says Miss Anderson, controlled mental pictures begin flowing easily.

But what is so important about **Creative Visualisation** in the first place? The answer is simple: visualisation is the **most essential aspect of all occult and personal psychology**; without it you cannot progress in any phase of these subjects. However, you do not have to be an occult student to benefit from its application: **anyone** can use it, and as a result gain virtually anything that is desired in life.

Creative Visualisation, correctly employed, **definitely WORKS**, declares Miss Anderson. What **doesn't** work is the usual vague and general instruction on the subject found in most books. Here in this book are PRACTICAL... WORKABLE methods of making visualisation effective. These methods and techniques are geared to the **individual needs and preferences of the reader**. Instead of being an arduous affair visualisation becomes, thanks to these techniques, an exciting and **fun-filled** experience. You will **look forward** to visualising rather than treating it as a difficult necessity. Never, will you think, that visualisation could be like this! But "like this" it is: with the author's guidance you can become **superbly proficient** in its use within days or weeks! Here are some of the points you can read about in this book:

- HOW TO GET CLEAR MENTAL IMAGES OF YOUR GOAL - IMMEDIATELY!
- HOW TO GIVE INSTANT POSITIVE IMPACT TO YOUR MENTAL PICTURES
- HOW TO GET YOUR VISUALISATION TO WORK QUICKLY AND POSITIVELY FOR YOU!
- WHAT "HAPPENS" IN YOUR MIND THAT MAKES VISUALISATION PRODUCE THE THING YOU WANT - HERE IS WHAT OTHER BOOKS DO NOT EXPLAIN!
- A GUARANTEED EASY WAY OF STOPPING YOUR MIND FROM WANDERING WHILST VISUALISING
- HOW TO MAKE AN IMMEDIATE 100% IMPROVEMENT IN THE QUALITY OF YOUR VISUALISING
- WHY THE "USUAL" WAY OF VISUALISING IS THE WRONG (NON-PRODUCTIVE) WAY
- HOW TO GET WHATEVER YOU WANT IN LIFE BY VISUALISING ONLY A FEW MINUTES EVERY DAY

- THE MIRACULOUS "TV TECHNIQUE" FOR MAKING THINGS HAPPEN IN YOUR LIFE!
- THE "EMOTIONAL TECHNIQUE": IRRESISTIBLY POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE!
- HOW AN ORDINARY EMPTY BOTTLE CAN WORK "VISUALISATORY MIRACLES"!
- THE "MOVEMENT TECHNIQUE" - WHOEVER SAID YOU HAD TO KEEP STILL WHILST VISUALISING?
- MIRACLE "COLOUR TECHNIQUES" FOR EFFECTIVE RESULTS WITH HEALTH PROBLEMS
- HOW TO MAKE AN ORDINARY CANDLE MULTIPLY THE POWER OF YOUR VISUALISATION

Some readers reading this ad may still be unsure of what exactly is "Creative Visualisation". Simply defined, it is the elementary act of **mentally picturing something you want in life in the belief that by so doing you will gain it**. This is the basic message of all "positive thinking" books. It is not witchcraft: only simple psychology. The only trouble is that visualising, as simple as it sounds, is usually not quite so easy to do. Saying "visualise" is usually easier to say than to do. This exciting new book makes it **easier to do than say!** However, visualisation shouldn't be just the special preoccupation of a few people - **IT SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD AND USED BY EVERYONE WHO CARES ABOUT THEIR FUTURE HAPPINESS AND WELFARE!**

There are some astonishing revelations in this book that no thinking person should refuse to consider. Never, in the history of man, has it been so important, as it is now, to understand and use the powers of mind for **protection and self-preservation**. And for those who think that Creative Visualisation is an insignificant matter, not of scientific value or import in daily affairs, the author shows how you can **positively prove the power of visualisation to change your circumstances within one week!** Yes - you can test this power - and get a **positively ascertainable answer within seven days!** The Creative Visualisation in this book is **demonstrable** - and can be **positively tried and tested!** Miss Anderson does not claim that all and sundry wishes can be fulfilled through this power. She says that money, love, gambling, health goals can be achieved, but **only on condition that the reader understands the basic usage of the power**. She examines case histories of people who failed to obtain their desires with visualisation, outlining exactly where they went wrong. She guides the reader, like a close friend rather than a teacher, through avoiding the pitfalls and disappointments so that the reader will obtain **only success**, rather than failure, with visualisation.

This book is above all else, PRACTICAL - not the "pie-in-the-sky" stuff of other books. **No person interested in mind power should be without a copy**, and anyone interested in seeking a relatively quick way of achieving his heart's desires should not waste a moment in ordering this invaluable book.

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