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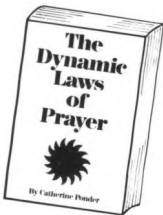
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FROM THE EDITOR

Visions of the Virgin Mary are among the most persistent and inexplicable of paranormal phenomena. They are the subject of a massive literature written by theologians, journalists, parapsychologists and others, not all of them Catholics but most of them puzzled by what, in some cases, they have seen with their own eyes. These episodes occur so frequently that most are forgotten once the phenomena have ceased to manifest. In this issue Paul T. Collins reports a little-noted incident which took place in California in 1950. His account is of special interest because of what he saw when he investigated personally.

Andrew MacKenzie, the well-known British psychical researcher, relates one of the most unusual and well-attested paranormal events in recent Italian history. Wanda Sue Parrott recounts her experience with a phenomenon that seems physically impossible but which she believes happened to her nonetheless. Martin Ebon reviews sympathetically the much-maligned Spiritualist career of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Two articles deal in very different ways with the future: Branley Allan Branson sees today's desert and envisions the ecological decay that may well mark our future; Alan Vaughan dreams of his personal future and lives to see those dreams come true . . . Enjoy the issue!

Jerome Clark

FATE

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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Come, children, let us put up our box and our puppets for our play is played out.

—William Makepeace Thackeray
Vanity Fair

AFTER MORE than 40 years of editing and publishing FATE, it is time for Mary and me to say good-bye to you, our readers. FATE has been the fun part of a larger publishing operation. It is the magazine we have been personally involved with and all these years it has been an integral part of our lives.

Our purpose throughout this long time has been to explore and to report honestly the strangest facts of this strange world — the ones that don't fit into the general beliefs of the way things are. All of us see the world distorted by our upbringing and our training. We hope that our perspectives have helped to expand your horizons and, more important, to help you understand that there are many realities that may be as valid as the ones that are familiar to us.

This is no more than open-mindedness. Our great privilege has been to explore with you the anomalies and paradoxes that scientific orthodoxy and our own conservatism keep wanting to ignore. We never have pretended that we have the answers to the great mysteries surrounding us. We have wanted only to recognize them and talk with you about them.

We have tried to convey some of the excitement and wonder we have experienced in examining our marvelous world. We have found it a strange and enchanting place. And we have tried to stand aside and, as Thomas Huxley advised, to sit down before fact as a little child, or "you shall learn nothing."

As you read this, we expect that FATE will have been sold to new owners who will introduce themselves to you next month. As for Mary and me, at ages 74 and 76 respectively, we hope to fish for a while on Golden Pond. Meanwhile, dear friends, thanks for being with us all these years.

And now for perhaps my last



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account of what I see by the papers.



PLATINUM SECRET

THE November-December issue of *Americas* points out that modern science figured out how to melt platinum only about 115 years ago. Yet South Americans made platinum jewelry 2000 years ago. How did they do it?

Warwick Bray, a teacher at the Institute of Archaeology, London University, presents the rather surprising answer. Platinum melts at 3227 degrees F. compared with gold which melts at only 1949 degrees and copper which melts at 1985 degrees, and there was no known way the South American Indians, or anyone in the Western World, could achieve such temperatures until the 1870's. At that time Laurent Lavoisier invented the "gasometer" which melted platinum by directing a stream of pure oxygen into a hollowed-out piece of charcoal containing a small quantity of platinum.

Erich von Daniken, of course, knew the answer. It was space visitors. Actually, a Danish metallurgist named Paul Bergsoe analyzed articles from the National Museum of Denmark and discovered that the South American Indians had been able to do this. He also learned how they had done it.

Bergsoe found the platinum content of jewelry from the Tolita site

varied widely. While a few pieces were almost pure platinum, others were gold with an admixture of only one- to two-percent platinum. He regarded this as due to accidental inclusions. But in between these extremes were objects containing between 26- and 72-percent platinum. Other jewelry was made with a thin layer of platinum over a gold or alloy base.



A SPANISH NUISANCE

BERGSOE found that the natives handled the platinum in various ways. Smaller objects of pure platinum were made in a single piece by hammering and forging nuggets that didn't need to be melted. Platinum dust was mixed with a small amount of gold dust and heated until the gold melted and flowed, binding the platinum granules together. This mixture was alternately hammered and heated until it could be forged or cast. The platinum granules were simply unmelted inclusions bound together by the gold.

David Scott of the Institute of Archaeology hammered platinum fillings onto a gold alloy base and, with alternate cycles of hammering and water-quenching (annealing), produced an acceptable platinum-plated finish in only 20 minutes.

The fact that the Indians did not melt platinum surely does not demean their accomplishments in us-

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ing it. They produced beautiful platinum and platinum-gold objects while the Spaniards regarded the metal as a form of contamination in their sluice pans and either threw it back into the rivers or scattered it on the ground. The Spaniards, in fact, abandoned several gold mines because of the difficulty of separating the gold from the platinum.



BAT CREEK MYSTERY

IN 1889 AN archaeologist for the Smithsonian Institution excavated a sealed mound along the Little Tennessee River near the mouth of Bat Creek in Tennessee. The excavation uncovered nine skeletons. The skull of one was cushioned by two metal bracelets, a scattering of rock, bone and wooden relics, and a curiously-inscribed stone now known as the Bat Creek inscription. This inscription has been the source of an archaeological controversy lasting over the past century.

In *Before Columbus: Links Between the Old World and Ancient America* (1971) Cyrus Gordon, a cultural historian and expert in Semitic languages at New York University, wrote:

"The significance of the excavation at Bat Creek is that they attest inscriptionally and archaeologically [to] a migration in early Christian times from Judea to our Southeast."

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Gordon said that the letters on the Bat Creek stone are of Hebrew origin, written during the First or Second Century after Christ, and were inscribed by Israelites who, in flight from Roman persecution, crossed the Atlantic and settled among the Indians.

Gordon has archaeological experience but no archaeological credentials. He has been savagely ridiculed for his unorthodox views and for his translation of the inscription as "Year 1: Comet [Messiah] of the Jews."



CONFLICTING EVIDENCE

ALL OF THIS has been previously covered in FATE but

now a new champion of Gordon's theory has appeared. J. Huston McCulloch, a professor of economics at Ohio State University and a longtime amateur archaeologist, has dug up additional support for it. He has been studying relics from the Bat Creek Mound for nearly 10 years and has found new evidence to support Gordon's claims. David Lore, a reporter for the *Columbus Dispatch*, has interviewed McCulloch in depth.

Wood bits found with the inscription have been radio-carbon-dated between A.D. 32 and 769. Cyrus Thomas, the Smithsonian archaeologist who excavated the stone, concluded that the inscription was Cherokee, not Hebrew. But McCul-

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By Guy Waid

I recently interviewed Joyce Jillson at her luxurious and delightfully informal home in California's exclusive San Fernando Valley. Over a cup of tea, Jillson confided she had recently completed a pilot research program which proved her psychic knowledge and advice brought new wealth and romance to everyone in the program. She showed me letters from those who had joined the project

"... following your advice the relationship between me and my boss improved, which allowed for my major career change."

The psychic knowledge and advice of the ages is now available to everyone!

In the past 20 years, the world of astrology has undergone great changes. Now all the math necessary to interpret the charts is done by computer. Jillson tells the students at her Astrological School in Los Angeles that they can now forget about the math and concentrate on the humanity of astrology.

When I asked what had given her the greatest personal satisfaction, Jillson laughed and said that being



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RONALD REAGAN "Jillson insisted that astrology was definitely used in the planning of the summit between the President and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev."—The NY Daily News



NANCY REAGAN "Things didn't go smoothly with the first two ladies, Jillson explained, because Raisa Gorbachev's birth date is unknown and consequently no guiding horoscope could be cast for her."—USA Today

describing wonderful new romances and unexpected wealth! L.J. of Edmonton, Alberta wrote her, "You said I was going to meet a man. And I met a gentleman on the bus last week."

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H.H. in Montreal was very excited. "I won at Bingo: May—\$200, June—\$100, July—\$100. And K.H. in Penticton, British Columbia thanked Jillson,

consulted by Hollywood stars was a "real thrill. But I am most gratified that, through my personalized computer consultations, anyone can now afford to benefit from the vast science of astrology."

Now, thanks to Joyce Jillson, when you participate in her research project you can receive your own, unique Lucky Numbers, Lucky Days and Lucky Signs!

I read through letters she had received and was amazed

PRESIDENTS AND REVEAL TO HOLLYWOOD STARS!

by how her predictions had meant sudden wealth and new romance to so many people. For instance, J.C. of Black Creek, Wisconsin wrote, "Put my name in lights. I went on a trip to Las Vegas. I taped my Lucky Number in the flap of my purse. I won \$1,111.00!"

Jillson recalls her first encounter with astrology was "love at first sight." She was 14, living in Boston and her mother took her to meet the famous Maude Williams, then the leading astrologer in the U.S. "She was wealthy and lived in great style. I was so impressed by her insight into my teenage problems. She took a liking to me and asked me to be her student, I jumped at the opportunity."

Jillson confided to me, "I went through my own divorce several years ago. I think that was when it really hit me what an important role astrology plays in everyday lives."

Joyce Jillson is consulted by Police Departments.

I was surprised that she had been consulted by various Police Departments. "From finding lost pets to tracking down desperate criminals, I have proven that astrology is a science that works in the 'real' world!"

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**The Time of My Birth _____ AM PM

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loch points out that the Cherokee alphabet was not adopted until 1821 and even the Smithsonian's site report on the mound concluded on a basis of trees and soils that it was at least a century old, which would put it before 1789. Moreover, the stone could not have been inserted in the mound at a recent time because the Smithsonian report says it was sealed until opened professionally.

The bracelets, says McCulloch, were brass and not copper, as claimed by Cyrus Thomas. Such brass was made only between 45 B.C. and A.D. 200 or was made in modern foundries. The bracelets, therefore, could not be of Indian manufacture though they could be modern trade goods.

Charles H. Faulkner, editor of the *Tennessee Anthropologist* at the University of Tennessee, planned to publish a paper by McCulloch this past fall. Faulkner was impressed by the radiocarbon dating and the analysis of the brass bracelets that McCulloch had developed. He acknowledged that "there will be a hue and cry from some of my colleagues. What I hope is that the article will stimulate similar thought and constructive comment."



CELESTIAL PUZZLES

MOST OF the space mysteries we have discussed in this column have been descriptions of scientific discoveries. This is also true

of the following two discoveries which seem incredibly weird.

The first is the revelation of a gigantic hexagon in the clouds around Saturn's north pole. It is about one-fourth the diameter of Saturn itself, which means it is larger than the earth. The strange hexagon has not immediately observed when Voyager 1 and 2 spacecraft flew by Saturn in 1980 and 1981 because they did not fly over the pole. Their photos showed Saturn's pole from an angle and the hexagon wasn't noticed. But the National Optical Astronomy Observatories in Tucson made projections of several images taken as the planet rotated in order to get a better view of the pole. When a mosaic of these was made, the strange hexagon appeared.

David Alan Godfrey of the Tucson Observatories says that it is not so much a hexagon as an atmospheric feature consisting of a wave pattern repeated six times around the planet. The hexagon nevertheless remains fixed in the same longitudinal position despite winds of more than 300 mph blowing easterly.

MOST EVERYONE has seen the image of a face on Mars as shot by the Viking probe to that planet in 1976. Now Mark Carlotto, from a company called Analytic Science in Boston, has analyzed the pictures with computerized image-

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processing techniques and believes his results may be significant. In fact, Carlotto urges that future probes of Mars take a closer look at this Martian feature.

The face is about two miles wide and is dismissed as a trick of the light by most of the involved scientists. But Carlotto has developed three-dimensional profiles of the structure and fed this information into a computer which produced information on what it would look like from various angles and with the sunlight hitting it from different directions. He has also used a technique called local contrast enhancement which produced an image that looks much like an extension of the "mouth" and a second "eye."

Carlotto reports in the journal *Applied Optics*, according to *New Scientist*, that "the image enhancement results indicate that a second eye socket may be present on the right, shadowed side of the face; fine structure in the mouth suggests teeth are apparent."

He concludes cautiously, "Results to date suggest that [the origins of the face] may not be natural."



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accounts of eclipses from the years 1876 B.C. and A.D. 532.

The eclipse records show that the earth now spins more slowly, thus making the day longer as the moon moves away. Kevin Pang of NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., remarks, "Four billion years ago the moon was only one-third as far away as it is now — the day was only eight hours long."



POTATOES

I ADMIT it. I am a potato fan. Boiled, mashed, cottage-fried, french-fried, baked, scalloped, chipped, au gratin — I like them all. I hadn't given potatoes a great deal of other-than-gastronomical thought, however, until I came across the brief article "Through the Eyes of a Potato" by Diana B. Edwards in *Science News*. Then the marvelous world of the potato really began to sprout for me.

Potatoes are not magical as they were once believed to be. The Scottish clergy, for some strange reason doubtless associated with their Calvinism, believed them to be evil and warned their parishioners not to eat them. On the other hand, they may have been correct in their prejudice because potatoes belong to the deadly nightshade family and if you ate the sprouts or the leaves, you would find they are poisonous. Potatoes in ages past also were

believed to cause leprosy and syphilis.

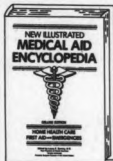
If you are a potato fan, it will please you to know that the genus *Solanum*, to which they belong, contains more than 2000 potato species and about 5000 varieties. Nevertheless, only eight species are grown worldwide, to produce a total of 290 million tons. Edwards admires the potato for its fibers, carbohydrates and vitamin-C content. In addition, "Fat-free and 80 percent, the average potato — peeled and unbuttered — contains only 90 calories."

POTATOES are immensely difficult to change genetically. Gardeners who have propagated

them by planting cut-up pieces may be surprised to know that potatoes also have seeds, so tiny that there are 60,000 to the ounce. And if you plant the seeds, watch out. The potatoes you grow will not necessarily resemble the parent or even each other.

When plant scientists set out to develop hybrid potatoes, they take leaves from the plants and treat them with enzymes to dissolve their walls. This leaves structures called protoplasts. When they are mixed up in special solutions, protoplasts fuse to combine genetic material from two or more parents, and these eventually grow into hybrid plants.

South America has many vari-



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Think you have problems? I remember the day in 1981 when I lost my TV job. I remember that black period when nothing was going right for me. I remember those times when it was hard at the end of the month. Believe me, I know what it means to be chased by bad luck.

Today, everything is going wonderfully well. Maybe you have seen my photograph on magazine covers.

I have been written up in the press. I've returned to television. I have just signed several big contracts. I miraculously escaped injury in a terrible automobile accident.

Where does such luck come from as suddenly?

I'm going to tell you in a minute. But first, let me ask you a question. Do I look like the kind of person who would buy talismans or good luck charms?

Well, I assure you, I am not. In fact, I've always been very skeptical about things that are supposed to bring you luck or help you win the lottery.

But that all changed when I heard about the legendary Ring of Ra.

I made some inquiries.

And discovered that many men and women had found luck as soon as they started wearing the Ring of Ra. They won contracts or the lottery, often large amounts of money, or they received unexpected in-

fortunes, or benefited from lucky events at work, in their emotional life, or their health.

I can tell you that all these things troubled me. I wanted to know more about it to try to explain the mysterious powers of the Ring of Ra.

I learned that this ring was the exact reproduction of an ancient piece of Egyptian jewelry that was found in the last century. It was worn many centuries ago by the Pharaohs, kings and other highly-placed persons.

This ring had the reputation of protecting everyone who wore it from bad luck. It had the reputation of attracting good luck in all the games of chance of that period. There is no doubt that the geometric forms shown in relief on the ring are directly related to the secret of its supernatural powers. As far as I know, there is no rational explanation. But it would seem that the form and the arrangement of the geometric figures not only have a protective influence, but also modify our psyche and multiply our intuitive powers. That is what researchers and writers such as A. Mellen (pseudonym), Jacques La Mère (pseudonym) and others, as well, have concluded.

I was more and more troubled by these revelations.

I said to myself, "Can all these reputable, serious, competent specialists be wrong? Is it simply coincidence that thousands of people suddenly find themselves with luck?"

Finally, I made my decision. I ordered the Ring of Ra. I had nothing to lose since I could try the ring free of charge for 30 days (as you can, if you want to). They had told me, "If no particularly lucky event happens within 30 days, all you have to

DANIELE

to share brought

(An open letter from who has no luck

do is return the ring and it won't cost you anything."

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I kept the ring.

The first time I put it on my finger, I felt a strange sensation come over me, like a protective presence.

As the days went by, my life didn't seem particularly improved. But then I had that horrifying automobile accident. I got out alive, unharmed, from a car that had become a flattened scrap heap. I am certain I would no longer be in this world if it hadn't been for the Ring of Ra. I could feel that it was protecting me.

I felt it in the same way you can feel a physical sensation. Later, I had other proof. I would not want to be without it today for anything in the world. From then on, I have worn it all the time.

The reason I agreed to tell my story is to allow people with emotional or money problems to learn of an effective, accessible means which has been proven throughout the centuries.

The role of the Ring of Ra is to protect the person wearing it from any attack (evil neighborhood, at home, or at work), as well as from certain "subtle" waves that can be generated by various objects (statues, all sorts of medallions, etc.)—in short, from the environment in which you live every day. The Ring of Ra effectively protects you from all harm that could come to you, without your even being aware of it. It is the 1. I respond to everyone bad luck or bewitchment.

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though the newsletter editor says she will "always be grateful for evidence of verification."

This practice, of course, has come about the same way in FATE, although we do not publish a separate newsletter to present psychic experiences. But we do publish them in "My Proof of Survival" and "True Mystic Experiences," two of the most popular features in this magazine.

We have always understood that there is seldom any way to verify such stories, especially since most of them are purely subjective. More than half of the people in the United States have had such experiences and this accounts for the widespread belief in parapsychological claims despite the sneering attitudes of the less than half of the population that has never had a psychic experience (or an open mind).

We have handled our material a bit differently from the way the SPR has done. We ask for affidavits, swearing to the truth of the material before a notary public, from the author and from other persons mentioned in our stories.



THE PHANTOM CAR

A TYPICAL letter in the *SPR Newsletter Supplement* comes from Mrs. E. A. Hughes of Welshpool, Powys, Wales. She writes:

"In October 1976 my husband

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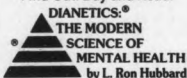
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was driving with me through France. We were making our way from Lyon to Versailles using minor roads. The sun was setting but we had not yet got our lights on. There were the traditional poplar trees every few yards along the sides of the road. Suddenly a car of the old bull-nosed Austin type began to cross the road very slowly in front of us. It seemed to be about a foot above the actual road level.

"My husband braked. The Austin glided noiselessly on. Then a car with its headlights on came towards us: the headlights shown brightly through the windows and under the wheels of the crossing car. There was no sign of anyone driving. The car with the headlights passed by. The other one disappeared across the road. We stopped and each said to the other, 'Did you see that?'....

"There was no road crossing ours, which had no hump in it to account for the odd space between the phantom car and the road surface; and on either side of the road beyond the poplar trees there were only plowed fields stretching to the horizon.

"We wondered whether there had once been a hump-backed bridge, crossed perhaps by people escaping to Vichy France during the war. We drove on to the next hamlet, a place called Porthday, but it had no hotel where we could have stayed the night. Otherwise we should have tried to discover the local history

and whether anything were known of such an incident.

"Do such happenings get imprinted on a landscape? ... Neither my husband nor I ever saw a ghost before or since that time."



PSYCHIC LOSES CASE

IN OUR August 1987 issue Loyd Auerbach reported the case of Hawaiian psychic Gharith Pendragon, who brought suit in U.S. District Court against CSICOP, James Randi, Hawaiian Skeptics and the University of Hawaii. Pendragon complained that pressure by local debunkers had caused him to lose his job teaching noncredit courses in psychic phenomena on college

campuses throughout the state.

Last August Federal Judge Harold Fong ruled against Pendragon, dismissing his suit as "frivolous." Pendragon is appealing.



HELPING TO REMEMBER

SO FAR only science-fiction writers have invented medicine that will enhance memory. But now Alan Kozikowski, professor of chemistry and behavioral neuroscience at the University of Pittsburgh, has described one.

For centuries, it appears, the Chinese have brewed a tea from the leaves of the plant *Huperzia serrata* and served it to the elderly to improve their memories. Now the

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Shanghai Institute of Materia Medica has isolated the specific compound responsible for this memory miracle. Kozikowski says he has succeeded in synthesizing the compound, an alkaloid known as huperzine A. "The synthesis is particularly important because we can attempt to improve on nature," Kozikowski says.

The National Institute on Aging continues to think of its use solely for Alzheimer's disease patients, apparently, but meanwhile the natural plant compound has been tested in China on 200 persons with impaired memories. The Chinese report that their memories improved considerably. Memory improvements are also reported in tests on rats and monkeys.

American tests of the synthesized compound will be conducted on rats and other animals before being tested on humans. Those of us who are absent-minded will have to wait a little while.

**ONLY IN IOWA**

Gale and Pat Bonsall, flying to a real estate convention in Honolulu, Hawaii, left their 1987 Oldsmobile 98 running in the Des Moines airport's loading zone with the lights, heater and radio on, the trunk open and the doors unlocked. A fellow real estate salesman rescued the car three hours later, still running and with no apparent damage.

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The Logic of Snails

Snails lack the power
of reason — yet they
present a lesson for
reasoning man in the
ability to survive
where man has failed.

By Branley Allan Branson



ASI LOOK at the nearly dry, trash-filled El Paso River, I find myself increasingly anxious about man's future in the earth's hot places. At one time I nearly gave up studying the aridlands, but their magnetism was too great. My years, like library walls, are full of stored experiences; my skin is scarred from too much exposure to sunlight. I have thought so much about the water problems of desert dwellers that I feel empathy for the smallest creatures that survive there.

One such creature, which survives in the hotlands of Oklahoma, Texas and Mexico, is a genus of land-snail known as *Bulimulus*. This snail has thrived there for hundreds of thousands of years, little changed by the passage of time. *Bulimulus* is not auspicious, either in size or in beauty, but it is striking because of its elegant adaptations to the austere environment in which it out-competes nearly all other snails.

Yet *Bulimulus* is a mollusk and like all other mollusks it requires a ready supply of water in order to fulfill its biological destiny. That is what makes *Bulimulus* such a special symbol of the desert. It has learned, in a manner of speaking, what all other desert dwellers except man have learned: to use resources when they are available and to do without when they are not.

Like man, *Bulimulus* cannot hoard

water internally; therefore to remain abroad and active on hot, arid days would soon prove lethal. Their soft, permeable bodies would dry and shrivel.

Some years ago in a Texas mesquite jungle I happened upon a long-dead snag sticking skyward in the sand. The snag was of no interest but its weather-beaten surface held the promise of a future generation. Most of you might have failed to note the presence of the aestivating (hibernating) snails.

These snails can, with supreme biological confidence, endure waterless conditions for months in environments where the most confident of all earth's species — our own — would swiftly perish. A series of thin, concentric, dry, mucouslike sheets secreted within the shell, between the sleeping animal and its exterior, are almost impervious. Even the searing, beating sun doesn't affect it too much. Yet, when the rains return *Bulimulus*, like the Phoenix rising from the ashes, emerges onto the desert to ensure the continuity of its biological system.

Sometimes I bring a few of these aestivating snails into the laboratory to show to my students. They find them interesting but are slow to make the comparison between the snails and humanity. "They are tough little animals," they say, turning the mottled brown and gray snails, labeled *Bu-*

Top photo: The austere Davis Mountains of western Texas show barren vistas in the lack of water. Middle: Although a hostile environment for most life, the Big Bend area of Texas yet provides a toehold for a hardy land-snail. Bottom: Ruined kiva near Santa Fe, N. Mex., tells that men fled when water dried up.



Desiccated pluvial lake in Utah reveals that in the past enormous quantities of water were available here to sustain life.

limulus alternata, this way and that. "But what's the point? Snails don't have brains and they can't do the things humans have to do."

There is, of course, more truth than not in their youthful pronouncements. Some of the time I am infected by their confidence. I would like always to feel so positive.

But there are still those extinct pueblos and kivas scattered throughout the American Southwest and there are buried cities in other deserts. It may be hard to believe but man has often lost his challenge of the desert. In the distant past man dug fail-safe wells and extensive irrigation systems. Did it slow the desiccation of his villages and cities? Perhaps. Or, per-

haps, we do not wish to understand what those ruins are telling us.

* * *

MOST OF us have enormous confidence in the engineering ability of our modern technology. Didn't we build Hoover Dam, a monument to our ego, which still stands after 50 years? But I'm talking about the future, not the past. We live in dangerous straits. Our dams are bigger than their dams but our water requirements are exponentially greater than those of man even 50 years ago. The Indians' demands on their environments were not different from the ones we are now invoking except in magnitude. We are on the same trajectory.

In the thinking of scientists, bring-

ing the desert under control thousands of years ago was exactly the same as it is today. Man affixes himself in desert climates by storing water and by constructing artificial rivulets. Conduittization or irrigation is in reality simply a device for hastening, in agricultural lands, the evaporation of water which ensures the leaching of hardpan alkalis to the surface. Such land — the Egyptians learned the hard way — rapidly loses its fertility.

If we carefully examine one of the reconstructed pueblos at Chaco Canyon and Aztec National Monument and compare it with modern towns or cities in the Southwest, we observe that both Indian and our own logic is more similar than not. The prehistoric builders always lived close to a source of water whereas modern man often builds his cities with surrogates in mind, piping in needed water from distant sources. Both prehistoric Indians and modern man are alike, waterwise; their physiologic requirements haven't changed in the course of the few thousand years since man inched his way out of the tropics. Our hearts still pump water-girt blood; our cells still swim in water.

By contrast, most desert plants and animals have evolved mechanisms for survival. Kangaroo rats and other members of that species never drink water — they make their own metabolic water from the carbohydrates of dry seeds. Snails build epiphragms. Spadefoot toads dig deep into the soil and absorb water through their skin

until the rains come again, holding reproduction in abeyance until exactly the right moment.

Humans cannot do these things. Through our weird, apelike developmental sequence we have retained not only the external features, albeit modified, of our forebears, but also most of their physiologic constraints as well. In well-understood mechanisms the glands and organs demand a continuous source of water to replenish that lost through excretion and sweat — we carry our own cooling system — or death will swiftly follow. Our survival in deserts and aridlands depends entirely, then, upon a constant source of water and that dependency has stimulated developments in the desert that have slowly steered us away from the errors of the Indians.

Or have they? Modern man retains many of the same desires and all of the shortsightedness of the Indians; youthful dreams of immortality die hard. The great network of flush toilets and automated carwashers is emblematic. In the end these mechanisms will fall to piles of rubble and rust and the huge reservoirs will fill with the debris of the eons. It is doubtful whether most of our congeners in Phoenix and Tucumcari view life in the desert as anything but a pleasant travail but theirs is a heavily predicated view. There is too much lush greenery at multi-million dollar Paco Diablo and Sedonia to allow thoughts of desiccation; there is too much confidence in our engineers.

American desert dwellers today,

then, are hydrophiles—the hairless, yet undeniable products of an evolutionary line whose body has changed but whose internal requirements are inherited from the old dwellers of the savannah. We have, for better or for worse, changed the face of the American Southwest. We build huge reservoirs and evaporation works to defeat us. Our cities show signs, in our escalating demands, of cultural and physical decay. Our building has increased beyond the carrying capacity of the desert and few, even of our professional engineers and hydrologists, have enough imagination to understand the message of the now dry channels of the San Pedro River or the muddy ooze that was once the Lower Rio Grande. The evidence — as sure as the crumbling, eroding abandoned pueblos, stairs and kivas at Bandolier — points toward a steadily declining environment for man and to an eventual collapse of the aquifers and waterways. There are limits to everything.

IMAGINE FOR a moment the trends that forced abandonment of thousands of Indian pueblos continuing into the desert settlements of modern man. Imagine our population numbers increasing at the same rate as they have during the last 50 years while the water supply continues to decrease proportionately. The Hohokam acquired irrigation and water-saving technology late in their cultural evolution under the stimuli of a steadily worsening environment. When the climate shifted,

they were able to hold out longer than the other Indians, to maintain their cultural centers for a while. But it was only a matter of time before they, too, succumbed.

But, you may say, that is where we differ from those archaic peoples. We truly control our environment. No other people in history have so controlled their own destiny. We have highly skilled and intelligent technologists who can solve the water problem just as they have always solved it. These solutions are centered on the highest technology in history — engineering.

Once I marveled at those great desert achievements and I was awed. Sometimes I still marvel as Hoover Dam's 726-foot tall geometrical, powerful and imposing bastions tower over me. It is, I realize, more than steel and concrete. It is a symbol of that in which man believes. But it is not, we all know now, the tallest dam, nor does it contain the most water in its basin. The game of engineering records moves onward always to bigger things — bigger in obscure, off-the-path parts of America where the vast number of entrepreneurs dug basements and raised the walls of brand new cities. There is nothing like engineering marvels to spawn new mouths to feed.

These people were not visionaries. They thought they were and they meet all the requirements of what a visionary ought to be. They achieved that status on the raw nerves of Americans caught up in the worst depression in

our history. Their singlemindedness and physical bravery bear testimony to the weird inner motivation that drives men into the desert but they see opportunity there rather than beauty.

Arizona has always been as difficult a place to live as people have imagined. But like all arid places it has its own unforgettable beauty, its ancient and isolated genetic pools, its races of people whose inheritance flows so far back into time that the roots are obscure or impossible to decipher. We know only that their ancestors held places like Black Mesa, Rainbow Arch, the San Francisco Peaks and the Grand Canyon sacred. So do many latecoming white Americans but until comparatively recent years they were dwarfed by the digging arms of the federal government. Arizona's plight is of its own making and the spectre of running out of water is a very real and frightening one.

FOLLOWING for over 1400 miles its tortuous passage to the sea, picking up hundreds of small creeks and lesser rivers along the way, is one of the most important rivers in America—the mighty Colorado. So important is this stream to the vast territory bounded by seven states that the knowledgeable hydrologists who have studied its canyons and channels state, "The seven states it touches would be uninhabitable by humans without its presence." Spurred on by the ever-worsening water problem, the Bureau of Reclamation urged more and more

dams for the Colorado and its main tributaries which, in the words of the bureau's booklet *Jewel of the Colorado*, singing praises of Lake Powell, meant "To have a deep blue lake/Where no lake was before/Seems to bring man/A little closer to God."

But that was not all. Sen. Clifford P. Case of New Jersey commented on the senate floor in 1966: "At a time when the President is pressing a campaign to preserve natural beauty, Congress is being asked to approve a plan that would destroy a great part and radically change what remained of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado." He was speaking against the Bureau of Reclamation's harebrained plan to build two huge dams right in the heart of the Grand Canyon—Marble Canyon and Hualapai dams.

More fascinating than the huge dams themselves, perhaps, is why they were planned in the first place, the relation of collected water to potential profit. The CAP — Central Arizona Project — was designed principally as a smoke screen to disguise the creation of NWC — National Water Commission. This permanent commission, had it gotten off the drawing board, would have expanded, bulging across the entire aridlands and beyond, into the drainage of the Columbia River. An a priori goal of this commission was to drain Columbian River waters into the dwindling Colorado. All this, as George Laycock wrote, was "largely for the benefit of California, and especially Los Angeles." And the bottom of the

plan grew, apparently, at a well-paced and nearly hidden tempo, while the visible part remained steadfastly in the public domain.

The desert was expendable. When those plans are studied in retrospect we find that the National Water Commission, generally considered an outgrowth of the Central Arizona Project, had an amazing master plan known as the Pacific Southwest Water Plan. In essence that plan would have debilitated the Columbia River in favor of Los Angeles. That single fact is a marked indication of the philosophy of 20th Century engineers regarding subordination of the American deserts. It is true that the Bureau of Reclamation was frustrated in its attempts to transform the Grand Canyon into a unique fish pond; but even in the bureau's frustration, almost as if to defy the very concept of aridlands wilderness areas, it had already turned the plan book pages to the Gila Wilderness and beyond. At best, all such plans are predicated upon "reclamation," but reclaimed from what? Before something can be reclaimed it must first be lost. The architecture of the desert, desolate, awesome and forbidding though some may find it, has maintained its own councils for eons without the help of cosmetics.

The modern American deserts vary somewhat from place to place but they are all more or less waterless. Many of our scientific speculators have prophesied that we will discover in time an ancient age for our deserts. This seems

an unlikely extrapolation from a few relict plants with unique adaptations to xeric conditions. Probably the presence of such plants indicates development in a few seasonably dry habitats and expansion of ranges as the desertlands expanded. Packrats provide part of the evidence. Here, mummified caches seem to demand the previous widespread occurrence of at least dry woodlands like those in the eastern Great Plains. Nature decreed a rather rapid retreat of the woodlands.

In its unyielding march the desert encompassed progressively more and more territory until today we observe the greatest extent, both in total range and in severity of climate, of desert that North America has ever supported. We believe that these conditions will continue to prevail, worsening rather than ameliorating. A combination of continental features has thus created, as far as we can judge from physiographic standpoints, one of the most intensive rain shadows that ever existed this far north. Had the mountains been thrust up in the east only, they would have blocked only the westward progress of engineers, not the free-sweeping clouds of moist air, and we would have had little desert at all.

We may, of course, ponder the theoretical question: What did the advancing desert mean to all the things, including man, that lived in its path? We can wonder over the possible impacts of decreasing water and increasing light and heat. Yet we must not forget the enormous power unleashed by the miles



To benefit the ever-thirsty residents of Los Angeles, man has dreamed of draining the flow of the Columbia River, seen here between Oregon and Idaho.

of ice that developed in the north, power that, once released, affected the entire continent; even on the verge of recent times great animals and plants became extinct from climatic perturbation.

We may doubt that man has ever lived under the extremes of desert climates and we would be right. We can contemplate the remaining evidence of hundreds of pluvial lakes and rivers, point to the flake tools, axes and arrowheads on the extinct shores. And in so doing we are marking the places where desert men congregated in the shade of trees and in the presence of plentiful water. We remember the Ice Age, recall that men entered America and her desert regions and, oddly enough, flourished here in the midst of abundant game animals. We cannot

conclude, when faced with such evidence, that the desert has always been as formidable and dry as it is today.

Neither can we use this evidence as a basis for artificially attempting to return the deserts to pluvial times, to make the deserts green again. In a very real way, the pluvial waters and winds of time sped the deserts into a realm of no return—a realm which, these 8000 years later, is more profoundly desert than ever. We may speculate that the animals and plants sifted from desert life and brought forward to the present still survive because of rapid natural selection.

THE TUMULTUOUS sorting out of desert life has led to many peculiar adaptations if, assuming the ex-

perts are right, we equate extreme forms of life with extreme environments. There always comes to me, as I survey the wild melange of a natural desert community, the only deduction possible: it is a battlefield where the only survivors are those capable of preserving water resources.

But in my deductions, even in my questions, there is a paradox. In the confines of the museum, where I am utterly alone, I take from the neatly labeled cabinets and study once more the mottled shells of *Bulimulus*, its silky smooth interior which grew whorl by whorl as the soft-bodied mollusk expanded, the thin remnants of the epiphragm clinging to the aperture, and I know the difference between true desert animals and the big-brained ones that came up from the tropics, the internal hoarders and the builders of dams.

I search the desert mountains, ecological islands really, surrounded by seas of prohibitive waterlessness, and I know from the studies that I have seen the relatives of the creatures I find there in wetter, greener places. I have touched their soft, slimy bodies in the cool wet conclaves of the Ozarks and the Great Smokies beyond. And once again I am reminded of survivors, the ecological concept by which the scientists often account for the presence of widely separated relatives, and the meaning is crystal clear.

The terrestrial mollusks of the past, like the vast transcontinental forests that supported them, came into being

and moved unimpeded across the land. They left their shells in the loesses of the desiccating land, their descendants isolated in the mountains and on the West coast. If we understand the fossil record, the trend continues eastwards. No messiah, no bringer of water, is lurking in the evolutionary wings, waiting for just the right instant to expand the forests westward. Or has the messiah taken on a new disguise that uses the bulldozer and shovel to slow or even forestall the end of desert life?

Perhaps the peculiar gods predicted by the Mayan and Aztec priests to return have, indeed, set foot at long last upon the North American continent. That is the dilemma that I think *Bulimulus* poses for desert-dwelling humans. We are not microcosms. We cannot sleep away our shortfalls.

Whatever other deductions are derivable from the extinct snails and the derivative modern ones, one thing is patently clear: those among us who contend that organisms without specific adaptations, and the constraints associated therewith, can live indefinitely in a selective environment like the desert are dead wrong. Many species of plants and animals have been unable to invade aridlands or have become extinct when environments became arid and that includes communities of men. One only need review the recent disasters in Ethiopia and other parts of Africa to believe. The reason does not lie in our inability to modify even large deserts; rather, as

ecologists have known for years, it is contained in the strong set of selective forces that brought man upward from his ancestors, peeling away veneers of adaptations at each rung of the ladder.

Whether man, as the universal animal, is destined to invade still other environments in the immediate future we have no way of foretelling. But one thing we can confidently predict. Man, in his predilection for control, has been able to populate vast expanses of the globe, to bring his populations far beyond the innate carrying capacity of the land. Within the confines of his engineering genius, even at present levels, it is possible to spread momentarily into the deeper recesses of the desert. But the need is not for more cities springing up like weird mushrooms in the wastes; the need is for an understanding of desert cycles in relation to what we have saved. The mind that brought the slow westward movement to the fore, under the guise of mandate destiny, now contemplates the Euclid earthmover and bulldozer with great fondness. Old patterns of behavior are not easily abandoned.

I once observed, a number of years ago, a body of men working in the heat of Flaming Gorge, transporting rottenone and other equipment to the yet freeflowing river. It was a powerful scene and I could see the confidence in their bearing. They were preparing to infuse the murky water with toxicant,

aiming to kill all fishes in the area to be impounded by the new dam to make the world safe for introduced trout. I remember, too, the protesting voices of a handful of desert ichthyologists who feared for the safety of a large rare minnow that lived in the river, a resident that had come up with the desert itself. Apparently, the men in charge quickly pointed downstream to where an apparatus was dripping potassium permanganate into the water. The firm mouth under the hard hat seemed too willing to argue the point, too full of certitude for my liking.

"Oxidation," one of them said knowingly, staring downstream at the drip-line, "will protect everything."

Remembering several unfortunate accidents of miscalculation, we said nothing. These men were the top craftsmen in their trade and they understood killing in the desert. And hadn't we all studied in this country's great universities? So we watched them working in the heat and saw the great silvery chubs dying far downstream from the protection they were getting.

Since then, each time I walk between the concourse shelves in the university museum and observe the cold dead stares of preserved specimens, the heat and stench of that exercise comes back to plague my thinking and I wonder about the logic of snails in places where cities and dams should never have been.



The Miracle of Jennifer

She was born prematurely, with severe disabilities — but
we found a way to beat impossible odds.

By Cynthia Pike Ouellette

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magazine of the Association for Research and
Enlightenment

I WILL never forget my first sight of my daughter Jennifer when she was born three months premature. Her body, although tiny, was perfect; but she was very white and apparently dead. The medical team, working quickly, resuscitated her and rushed her to the Newborn Intensive Care Unit (NICU). But the doctors who diagnosed her condition said she could not possibly survive. Jennifer had just too many things wrong. She weighed only two pounds. She was only 15 inches long. She was severely jaundiced, had seizures, was not breathing properly, and had a large amount of

fluid and blood in her brain. Her heart stopped occasionally. It seemed as though she had more things wrong with her than right.

If she were to survive, the doctors said that she would very likely have severe cerebral palsy, damage to her eyes, ears, throat, and lungs, and the excess fluid in her head would have to be continually drained. This did not give me much to hope for, but somehow I just knew she would be all right.

I was called to the NICU many times during the first five days, and told that Jennifer was dying. Each time I would go to her, and spend time



Jennifer, born three months prematurely, weighed only two pounds and was 15 inches long. She suffered from severe jaundice, had seizures and was unable to breathe properly.

talking to her and touching her. As long as she was on the ventilator, a machine which helped her breathe, I could not hold her. I told her how much I wanted her to get well so that I could hold her. I repeatedly told her I knew she could live and get better, and that the doctors and I would do everything we could to help her. I told her to take and use all my love, to gain the strength to fight to live. In each crisis, she pulled through.

The doctors were not over their amazement that she was still alive when she had improved enough to be taken off the ventilator. She was seven days

old, and it was one of the happiest days of my life. Normally, the mother or father is allowed to hold such a premature baby for only a few minutes. Since Jennifer seemed to improve whenever I touched her or talked to her, they allowed me to hold her for almost an hour. So I held her, rocked her, loved her, and talked to her. I told her how happy I was that I could finally hold her and how proud of her I was.

* * *

ALTHOUGH IT seemed more like two years to me, Jennifer spent a little over two months in the NICU. She had her ups and downs, and in each

crisis I would tell her that I knew she could overcome that problem, just as she had overcome others before. I told her how much I wanted to take her home with me, so I could have her with me all the time.

The day I brought Jennifer home was, at the same time, happy and frightening. She now weighed 6 1/2 pounds, and the doctors were shaking their heads in amazement. I had to use a heart and respiration monitor on her for the next six months, however, because she still had a tendency to stop breathing or her heart stopped occasionally; the monitor alerted me when either of these things happened.

By the time Jennifer was completely off the monitor, cerebral palsy had become very obvious. It affected the right sides of her body. I worked with her daily, massaging her whole body, doing simple movement exercises with her, and stretching the muscles and tendons in her right arm and leg.

Jennifer continued to grow and develop. I would teach her how to do something with her left hand, and then have her try to do it with her right hand. She caught on very quickly, and tried hard to use her right hand.

Although I was thrilled by each tiny accomplishment, I found it depressing. Jennifer was 14 months old and could sit up only if she was securely propped. It was so painful to know what she should be able to do and enjoy, and then to look at her and know that she could not even sit up without help. She could roll over to one side

with effort and coaxing. She did have full use of her left arm and leg, and could only move her right arm and leg slightly. I could not, however, just give up. I had a feeling that Jennifer was not going to give up either. There had to be a cure for her.

One day, while feeling depressed, I recalled when Jennifer had been born and all the awfully dire predictions the doctors had made. It was then that I realized that she had already come a long way. Some of the things the doctors said would be permanent problems for Jennifer had already disappeared completely. Because some of these things were just as "incurable" as CP is, I wondered what could have caused her improvement. I could only come up with one answer — talking to her! I never said anything negative to her during the time she was in the hospital. In fact, I am sure some of the doctors and nurses probably thought I was not quite in my right mind.

I began studying everything I could find about the mind — conscious and subconscious — and about positive and negative programming and reprogramming. The more I studied, the more convinced I became that this had to be one of the big contributing factors to Jennifer's survival — I had been programming her subconscious mind without even knowing it!

I decided to try the same method to see if it would help her improve her use of her right hand, arm, leg, and foot. I continued doing all of the other things I had been doing, massaging and doing



Jennifer is shown as healthy and active at age six. She overcame hydrocephalus, heart and breathing disorders and cerebral palsy.

simple exercises with her. The big improvement did not come though, until I started telling her that she *could* use her right arm and hand, and that she *could* use her right leg.

I bought a cassette recorder and recorded the suggestions, then turned it on when I put her to bed. I had read that the mind is the most suggestible during the first 20 minutes of sleep. So I made the recording last that long, and

played it each time I put her to bed. If she woke up during the night, I played it again. I also played it for her when she was awake.

POSITIVE programming was my "cure" for Jennifer. The results would have been unbelievable if I had not seen them myself. The doctors continued to monitor her progress weekly, which gave me written verifi-

cation of her progress.

When I first started using this method of reprogramming, Jennifer was unable to do much of anything herself. Within two weeks after I started using the recordings, she was sitting up by herself rolling over to either side and attempting to crawl. At first, I thought this might be a coincidence, but I continued to play the tape just in case.

In another week, she was pulling herself up on the couch, and scooting along on the floor! She was also beginning to use her right hand more consistently and with better coordination.

Within two months she had outgrown her first tape. She could do all the things I had suggested on that recording. On the next tape, I reinforced the points made on the first tape, and then added many more new ones. Jennifer progressed with this tape on about the same timetable as the first one. Her progress was truly incredible.

I learned a lot during my studies on the conscious and subconscious mind, positive suggestion, programming and reprogramming. I learned that many of the statements we think of as being positive are in fact negative. This is generally because the subconscious mind thinks mostly in pictures. It also disregards words such as "try" and "going to" or other words that indicate the future tense. The subconscious mind thinks in the present tense. It cannot tell the difference between a lie and the truth, and it cannot tell when

you are joking. One example of a negative statement that most of us think of as positive is: "I am going to lose weight," or "I am losing weight." The first statement is in the future tense. As for the second statement, what is the first thing you think of when you hear the word weight? Something heavy, right? Here is how you can make it a positive statement: "I am thin." The subconscious mind takes everything you tell it, and depending on past programming, either files it for later reference or starts working to cause it to become your reality.

To overcome negative past programming, constantly fill your mind with positive reprogramming. Putting positive suggestions on tape is one way of reprogramming. These are some of the suggestions I recorded for Jennifer: "Your body is perfect, whole and healthy. Your whole body functions perfectly and normally. You use both hands equally well."

I try to speak in a quiet, loving voice when I make her tape, since it is always played when she goes to bed at night. I also try to show her, on tape and in person, that I share her excitement about what she does and that I am very proud of her.

During my studies, I have also learned that everything we say to a young child or baby becomes part of their programming. Knowing this, I became very aware of what I said during the day, both to Jennifer and about her. Each time I said something to the effect that "Jennifer has CP and it makes

it hard for her to use her right arm and leg," that was programmed into her mind.

Consequently, I learned to be careful about what I said to her and said about her. When someone asked what was wrong with the baby, I simply said, "Nothing is wrong, she is perfectly normal and healthy." I felt ridiculous doing this initially, but when the results were positive, I did not care what it sounded like to others. My friends and family knew what I was trying to do. They also helped and gave me encouragement.

WHEN I FIRST considered using positive programming, I felt that the doctors were doing all that was possible to help her; and this approach could not hurt her, even if it did not help her. So I decided to give positive programming my best effort and see what would happen. Jennifer, her medical records, and photographs are proof of the results. She really is a healthy, active six-year old. The love and joy she gives to all of us is truly special.

The current condition of Jennifer's health is excellent. She no longer has the excess fluid in her head (hydrocephalus); she no longer has the problem of her heart or breathing stopping; and her eyes, ears, throat, and lungs are fine. She has taken Phenobarbital since the day she was born to prevent seizures; and although I no longer think she needs it, I am waiting for her doctor's permission to wean her of it.

As for the cerebral palsy, her right hand is not quite as coordinated as her left. Although she constantly uses both of her hands now, we are still working on developing and fine tuning the motor skills in her right fingers. Perhaps I am just stubborn, because I promised myself I would not give up until she was right-handed! Her muscles and tendons are fine and she uses them all normally.

The only other thing we are currently working on is Jennifer's tendency to lead with her left foot when walking or running. Jennifer shows no evidence of having CP. However, since it is not curable, the doctors say that she has mild CP but has overcome all of the disabilities.

Many doctors are now telling their patients about this technique. My success with Jennifer is only partially responsible for this, as there are similar cases all over the world. Often mothers follow their hearts and intuition, sometimes without realizing what they were doing. Now the doctors are starting to realize that often love, touching, hope and positive programming can help where medical science cannot.

I hope Jennifer's story will give other parents hope for their children, as well as the courage and conviction to at least give positive programming a chance. Positive programming may not "cure" everyone, but it will at least help them to reach their fullest potential. Perhaps, like Jennifer, their potential is much more than you dare to hope for now. I know this technique

worked for Jennifer, and it has helped us all become more self-confident and positive. We have learned not to accept limitations, but to fight and work hard for what we want. I believed in my daughter, and now she believes in herself.

WHEN I THINK how far she has come, I feel an incredible joy. My miracle baby first defied death, and then the doctors' prognosis in order to enjoy a healthy, happy life. Today she acts, speaks and plays like any

other youngster her age. She also gets into as much mischief — and sometimes more, with a little prompting from her four sisters and five brothers, not to mention Dad. She really believes she can do anything she sets her mind to. Some things may be harder than others to accomplish, but as long as she really wants to do it, and sets her mind to it, she will get it done.

The miracle of Jennifer is that she believes she is no different from the other children, and believing it, she has made it so.



INTEREST IN SPIRITUALISM INCREASES

By W. Ritchie Benedict

MARILYN Zwaig Rossner, founder and president of the Spiritual Science Fellowship, says there is a growing interest in spiritualism, according to the *Canadian Press*. A writer and broadcaster, Rossner says polls show many North Americans have had what they consider to be psychic experiences — premonitions that turn out to be true for example or sensations of having traveled out of the body.

The spiritualist movement in its modern form is associated with clairvoyance, seances and mediums. The fellowship, which will celebrate its

12th anniversary in September 1989, claims 5000 Canadian members, has no dogma or creed but takes a keen interest in yoga and the world's major religions.

All great religions have the same message, says Rossner, who was ordained over 15 years ago after training at a spiritualist college near Indianapolis. Rossner, whose husband is an Anglican priest, said the Spiritual Science Fellowship has two chapters as well as study groups across Canada. There are nine affiliated groups in the United States and several in India.

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, 3510 Western Ave., 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.

THE MAN IN WHITE

By Cindy Favella

As told to Helen M. Duncan

IT WAS A warm morning on July 28, 1987, as I drove along McAllister Expressway toward my office in downtown San Antonio. After I eased my Bronco into the flow of expressway traffic, I relaxed a little. The radio was playing softly. I stayed in the right-hand lane of three. I was almost to the intersection of a busy thoroughfare when I saw the man in white. He must be a medical technician or a male nurse, I thought, dressed in white pants and loose fitting white jacket. He was walking at the edge of the expressway, which in this area had grassy slopes on either side. I slowed down as I looked for a stalled car but saw none.

Suddenly when I was a car's length from him, he turned, looked straight into my eyes — and walked

in front of my car. I hit the brakes and drove off the pavement onto the grass. I fought to keep control of the car and I lost sight of the man. I looked back and all around but did not see him.

"Oh, my God," I said out loud, "I must have hit him!"

No cars were stopping. If I hadn't hit him surely some other car had. Where had he gone? I was shaken



Helen M. Duncan

but drove on to work. As I parked my car a co-worker walked over and asked, "What in the world were you doing back there on McAllister Expressway, Cindy? Why did you run off the pavement? Good thing there weren't any cops in sight."

"I wish there had been. I was trying to keep from hitting that man who walked in front of me."

He looked at me strangely. "What man? There wasn't anyone crossing the road. You just slammed on your brakes and swerved onto the grass."

I refused to believe him and called the police. They told me there had been no report of a pedestrian's being hit that morning.

A friend who had been listening made the sign of the cross as she whispered, "Cindy, be careful. You saw the Angel of Death."

I went to church during my lunch hour to pray because I was scared. I kept busy with my work until the phone rang in the middle of the afternoon. My mother was on the line.

"Cindy, come to your grandparents' home immediately," she said. "Grandfather has had some sort of seizure in the backyard. Emergency Medical Service is already here."

I reached my grandparents' home just as the ambulance attendants were carrying out my grandfather Henry Favella, Sr. His usually brown face was the color of putty and he was attached to an IV.

"You stay here," my uncle, Roland Favella, said to me. "Mother needs you. I'll go in the ambulance."

Grandma was crying, "Cindy, take me to the hospital! I must go to Henry."

At the hospital the nurses wouldn't let Grandma see Grandpa but directed us to the waiting room next to Emergency. Grandpa did not survive the heart attack. He died on the way to the hospital after asking Uncle Roland to tell all the family how much he loved them and to take care of Grandma.

I was so upset about the day's events that I went to see my priest that evening. I asked, "Did I really see someone this morning? Why didn't anyone else see him?"

"I think you really saw him, Cindy," he said. "It was a warning only for you. That's why no one else saw him."

"A friend of mine said it was the Angel of Death. Was it?"

"Not necessarily the Angel of Death, but perhaps a messenger sent to prepare you for what happened. Don't fear such a warning, Cindy."

Perhaps I'll never have such a warning again, but if I do I'll be better prepared to handle it. Now I know that such psychic experiences are possible and warnings of danger or disaster can be real.—*San Antonio, Tex.*



Maria Sullivan

THE OTHER ME

By Maria Sullivan

ON A COOL Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1983 my friend Olive Fraser-Mackay and I were listening to music in my lounge in Harare, Zimbabwe. She sat to one side of the large, old radiogram/record player cabinet and I leaned over it in a standing position, enjoying *Thus Spake Zarathustra* by Richard Strauss. After the tremendous volume of sound in the first part, truly overwhelming, there is a pastoral interlude, a peaceful and lovely tune.

I felt relaxed, perhaps a little spaced-out from the beauty of the piece, one of my favorites. Idly glancing down, I suddenly saw I was wearing a long, tubular, high-waisted dress of white broderie anglaise with a pink satin sash; on my feet were delicate kid leather button-up boots; my arms wore long white gloves and I was holding a white lace parasol. At the time the

"I" that I know as myself wore dark slacks and a blouse.

The "I" that was so fancifully dressed lifted her arms and discovered a straw hat piled high with flowers and a draped veil; what is more, this "I" was young, slender and blond, whereas I am dark of hair, nobody could call me other than well-rounded, and at the time I was past 60.

Moreover, looking around, I saw that I stood in a well-trimmed emerald green meadow; in the distance were typical fair booths, hoopla stalls and all the things associated with a country fair. Beside me an elderly gentleman, wearing top hat and morning dress, smilingly held out a pair of scissors.

I judged from the attire that the period was the early 1900's and the "English" atmosphere of the place suggested Edwardian England. All around was an uncanny silence. I knew I was supposed to cut a ribbon and declare the fair open, but the man beside me never said a word and the booths, though full of colorful wares, were empty. I had the distinct certainty that I was beautiful and had a right to be there, opening the fair.

Just as I was about to cut the ribbon I heard a woman's voice on the other side of me say in a puzzled tone, "Hey, where have you been? Not here, that's for sure."

For a second the two "existences," Edwardian England and

1983 Harare, seemed as if frozen in time, side by side. Then the open air scene faded and I replied, "I've been opening a country fair in Edwardian England."

I was quite awake. I *know* I did not fall asleep standing by the cabinet. I was conscious of every note of the music. I saw the spinning record and heard the birds singing outside my balcony in the "modern" time, while being fully conscious, in the "other" time, of the whole outdoor scene.

Strauss wrote his symphonic poem some time in the late 19th or early 20th Century. Could this period have been the *trigger* that brought about my experience? Whatever it was, the event was extraordinarily vivid, three-dimensional and personal. Olive remarked that I had stood there with a smile, eyes wide open; at one time my hands had gone up to touch my face and hair as if feeling them in a most natural manner.

That eerie double exposure, at once pleasant and disconcerting, seemed to bear out the theory that the unconscious mind, existing as it seems to do outside the present, had delved into the past and presented another "me" to myself.—*Harare, Zimbabwe.*

THE WINNING NUMBERS

By Janet E. Neuman

About two o'clock one morning in September 1967, I awoke

from a dream that seemed like reality. I reached over, tapped my husband and asked him to wake up to hear what I had to tell him.

I must stress that my husband and I are not gamblers or racetrack fans. I understood only what a "daily double" and a "win" ticket were, and that two dollars bought these bets. We had been to the Pompano Beach Raceway with friends on only two occasions.

When my husband sat up in bed I told him the following story of my dream, as well as I can recall the details:

"I am at the Pompano track and I have just watched the daily double and the six races." I then named the winning numbers.

My husband wrote all the numbers down. We would have to wait to bet until December, he told me, since the racetrack did not open until then.

The day before the track opened, my husband suggested that I go to the track, by myself, and bet the numbers. I did.

All the horses won until the sixth race and that number lost by a photo finish.

As I have mentioned, I knew nothing about betting and my four-dollar bet — two on the daily double and two to win — brought me \$806.

I have waited 21 years for my next number-dream — and it has never happened again.—*Pompano Beach, Fla.*

Life After Death in the 14th Tunnel

By Andrew MacKenzie

RETURNING FROM a visit to his fiancée in the South Tyrol Mountains, a young man died after a fall of rock crushed his car. His fate was indicated to three people in different places in ways which they could not comprehend at the time, but which were made tragically clear later. This account, based on an investigation by Italian researcher Graziella Piccinini, has no parallel in modern times.

On Sunday, May 4, 1980, Johann Hofer, 26, had spent a happy evening in the pizzeria run by his fiancée Christine Saxer and her married sister Hilde in a small village in the Val d'Adige. Christine, 22, lived in another village nearby but was helping in the pizzeria during the busy season.

Christine tried to convince Johann to stay until midnight so that they could eat together when the pizzeria had closed, but he was impatient to leave. The journey home to Val di Pennes (Mount of the Val Sarentina) would take him about an hour and the rain that was falling would make the mountain roads more dangerous than usual he pointed out. He insisted on leaving at 11:00 P.M.

So Christine went to the car with him to say good-bye. Although they

Tragic death
didn't stop
the victim from visiting
loved ones in three places
at the same time.

were not yet married, they had a boy two years old.

Half an hour later Hilde went out of the door of the pizzeria and to her surprise saw Johann driving past. He slowed down, smiled and waved. She waved back and watched the car as it disappeared round the bend toward Bolzano about 30 kilometers away. Hilde wondered what Johann had been doing in the past half hour. Possibly, she reasoned, he had met someone he knew and was delayed. She decided not to tell Christine that she had just seen Johann.

As it happened, Johann left at 11:05 P.M. After passing through Bolzano, he drove toward his home in Val Sarentina. The valley on the Bolzano side is a deep gorge cut by the Talvera torrents. The road, cut into the rock about halfway up the gorge, passes through a series of tunnels. The short stretches of road between one tunnel and another jut out from the rock.

Johann went through one tunnel after another. He entered the 13th, which is seven kilometers from Bolzano—a long straight tunnel at the end of which was only a few meters of road before the 14th tunnel began. This was a short artificial tunnel with a cement roof constructed to protect the road from snow or falls of rock. It was another 10 meters to the entrance to the 15th tunnel where the road curved slightly to the right.

At this point an enormous slice of rock that had broken away from high up in the mountains came crashing

down. Eighty meters of road was destroyed and the artificial tunnel collapsed, flattening Johann and his car under a block of cement.

The time was 11:30 P.M., exactly when Hilde saw him driving past the pizzeria in his car, smiling and waving.

THAT SUNDAY evening Christine's son was sleeping in her aunt's house near the pizzeria in the same room as his grandmother Maria. The elderly woman woke up suddenly thinking someone had come into the room. For some minutes she heard the sound of footsteps as though someone were walking back and forth. Maria wanted to go to the pizzeria to fetch her daughters, but was too terrified to move.

She stayed awake until after midnight when Christine and Hilde came home after closing the pizzeria. The found their mother still frightened, although the sounds had stopped. Maria explained that she thought someone had just died, possibly a relative of hers, such as an elderly sister who was ill. She could not imagine why the visit had not been directed at her, but rather at the small child who had slept through it all.

Maria had not looked at the clock when the phenomenon occurred, but estimated that it was around 11:30 P.M.

WHEN JOHANN was killed, he was on his way to his father's home on the mountain slopes of Passo Pennes where the last of the winter's

snow was melting, leaving the green pasture full of rhododendrons. Josef Hofer had gone to bed early. Suddenly he woke up, thinking he had heard Johann's car returning, recognizing the sound of his son's parking in the yard. He was accustomed to the sound; his son worked in Bolzano and came home by car every evening. Thinking his son was back, Josef went back to sleep. He did not look at the time.

In the morning, however, the father realized his son's car was not in the yard and his wife noticed that Johann's bed was undisturbed. Josef, thinking about the noise he had heard the night before, immediately suggested to his wife that the sound had represented a cry for help.

A few telephone calls revealed that Johann had not slept at Hilde's and had not reported for work that morning. Josef traveled to Sarentino, the main village in the area, and shortly after arriving heard about the landslide of the previous night. The time at which it occurred corresponded only too well with the time Johann would have been traveling on that road.

Josef was determined to recover his son's body. At the first inspection the Department of Road Maintenance absolutely excluded the possibility of clearing the road by removing the debris; there was a grave danger of further falls of rock. The technicians decided that the only solution would be to build a new tunnel through the mountain to join the 13th tunnel directly to the 15th, thus avoiding the

area affected by the landslide.

Josef did not give up the struggle. He went down to Bolzano, taking the only passable road, an awkward, winding little road almost like a mule track. It took him finally to the site of the landslide. When Josef saw the mass of debris, he knew where the car was buried, a few meters from the beginning of the landslide, and indicated the precise spot where the search must begin.

In the days that followed, Josef tried all possible means to get the debris cleared, but permission was refused. After he went through many channels, permission was finally granted, but only to remove a few meters of rock and concrete with a mechanical excavator. A few minutes after work had started early one afternoon the crushed car was seen, exactly where Josef said it would be — at the beginning of the 14th tunnel. He removed the body of his son from the car and later arranged a dignified funeral.

HOW DID Josef Hofer know the exact spot where his son's car was buried? Investigator Graziella Piccinini said it was evident to her that no one could tell by just looking at the mass of debris where the car was buried. The place had already been examined by many people, in particular by technicians who had to decide whether to excavate or not, but no one noticed anything that might indicate where the car was buried. Two relatives who were with Josef when he first visited

the landslide site confirmed to Piccinini that his certainty about the location of the car was "purely intuition, to which he could give no plausible reason."

Piccinini had found no explanation for the touching struggle by the father to recover his son's body other than the one given by him. He felt that his son's body was there. "I was not wrong, not even by a meter," he told the investigator. "I do not know how this can happen; these thoughts are uncomfortable, but they come."

The investigator traced the only person who had experienced the landslide and escaped. Geberhard G., who lives in Valderma, was going by car that evening to Val Sarentina. As he entered the 14th tunnel he heard the rocks hurtling down, the back of his car being struck. He accelerated and managed to escape entering the 15th tunnel where he slowed down and looked back. Earlier he had noticed the headlights of another vehicle about 100 meters behind him. The lights were no longer visible through the pile of rocks and rubble.

Piccinini was able to trace the driver coming from Bolzano who was probably the first to arrive at the site of the landslide. Albert R., of Sarentino, reached the site at 11:40 P.M. and found the road blocked immediately after the exit from the 13th tunnel. He noticed that the 14th tunnel, under which Johann's car was eventually found, had already collapsed. Therefore, Piccinini reasoned, Johann must

have arrived before this and was already buried under the landslide. No other motorist was reported missing that evening.

What intrigued Piccinini most was Hilde's account of how she had seen her sister's fiancé driving past in his car at a time when he was either dead or dying. In her interview with Hilde she tried to establish that the man she saw in the car definitely was Johann and not someone resembling him. Hilde based her conviction on three facts: she maintained she had seen and recognized the face of the young man and said that she could still see him smile; he had turned and waved to her, indicating that he had seen and recognized her; and the car was unmistakably his, being a gray, metallic Audi with distinctive colored stripes across the back of the window.

Piccinini went to the spot where Hilde saw Johann to check the lighting. It was not bright but sufficient for a person to recognize someone from a short distance. The road was eight meters wide and Hilde, at the time, was standing on the pavement. She said the car traveled by rather slowly and she had a good view of the driver.

When interviewed Christine said she was certain that Johann had left at 11:05 P.M. In order to test the time Piccinini made the same journey by car to the landslide site on a Sunday evening. It took her 30 minutes when driving at a normal speed and she estimated that a good driver who knew the road well could reduce this time by

as much as five minutes.

Hilde also confirmed the time Johann had left checking her watch and figuring that about half an hour had passed before she saw him driving past the pizzeria.

Hilde's experience might have been a crisis apparition in a hallucinated car, the one he usually drove. The action of the driver was not an automatic one; he smiled and waved acknowledging his fiancé's sister, the only person there at the time.

A hallucination, G.N.M. Tyrrell reminds us in his classic study *Apparitions* (1953), may consist not only of the apparition but of various appurtenances, such as a dog, stick, another person and even a carriage. What are called carriage or coach cases are rare in modern times, but they are still reported. A phantom car is what we would expect in modern times.

Piccinini said she was unable to determine any possible cause for the footsteps heard by Maria Saxer. She felt immediately that something terrible was happening. Maria told her daughters that someone was dying before they or anybody knew about the tragedy.

As for the noise of the car heard by Johann's father, he knew exactly the sound of his son's car. No other member of the family had come home by car that evening. It was most unlikely, Piccinini considered, that the sound heard was that of another car since the house was off the main road on a small road.

WHAT IS so unusual about this case is that it concerns three separate happenings involving the death of one individual. Each occurs at the same time but in a different place. Presumably, apparitions and the way they manifest themselves are not bound by the laws of the physical world. There is no reason, the eminent British researcher Mrs. E.M. Sidgwick has argued, why a ghost cannot be at two different places at the same time as depicted in this instance.

All names in this case have been changed. The case was selected from a survey of spontaneous cases between 1979 and 1981 in South Tyrol in the extreme north of Italy by Piccinini, wife of G.M. Rinaldi, well-known Italian parapsychologist. Piccinini separately interviewed no fewer than nine persons more or less involved, including the three principal witnesses, within three to five weeks of the tragedy. The case, therefore, has high evidential value.

Interviews were conducted in Bolzano and in some small villages in the mountains. Piccinini went from door-to-door introducing herself as a journalist or a psychologist. The main interest of the researchers was in death coincidences, so the first question she asked the informant was whether he or she had had any strange experience at the time of the death of a family member, relative or friend. Over 1000 persons were interviewed and 961 cases collected. None was more astonishing than the one revealed here.



Experiencing the **IMPOSSIBLE**

Heavy objects can't float into the air on their own

— but what if they do anyway?

By Wanda Sue Parrott

THE WHOLE THING began during World War II when I was just a little girl living in a middle-class neighborhood in Alhambra, Calif. My parents were the air raid wardens for our block. It was their duty to assure that all our neighbors' windows were covered with heavy drapes which didn't allow any light to show so that, in the event enemy planes managed to fly over Los Angeles, all would appear dark.

One of our neighbors was a retired school principal who had never married. Myrtle Cora James,* as I will call her here, was a pillar of the community. She wore her silver hair in a prim bun atop her head and on her feet were low-heeled dark shoes which laced up clear to her ankles.

Miss James softened her severe look

*Pseudonym. Real name on file at FATS's editorial office.

with a bit of lace at the collar. She always wore dark dresses with long skirts which flared in a bias cut around her calves. She frequently wore a white baker's apron because she loved to cook. Homemade candy was her specialty and she taught me how to pull taffy without getting long sweet strings of sticky goop on her oriental carpets. She also taught me to make jawbreaker strength rock candy by boiling sugar until it crystallized into lumps.

During the war sugar was rationed. Miss James' home, therefore, was like an alchemists' laboratory to little girls who never dared question Miss James about whether she stocked her larder with black-market supplies. In those days schoolteachers had to be circumspect, and principals — even retired ones — were just a cut below angels in the social hierarchy of that era.

If she hadn't been endowed with a dimpled smile and sparkling eyes, I might have feared this tall woman whose erect body emanated an aura of quiet authority.

But because she was kind, people liked Miss James. My parents liked her well enough to allow me to stay all night in her home, where her young niece Carla was living with Miss James. My young friend's mother was away working in an aircraft factory.

I loved staying with Miss James because I got to sleep in a high four-poster bed with crisp cool sheets which were fancily embroidered with hand-fashioned lace. She served chilled red

grape juice which looked like blood and tasted divine. The house, whose windows were covered with heavy maroon velvet drapes, was furnished with late Victorian pieces — heavy mahogany chairs and sofas richly covered with tapestry scenes, such as knights in armor battling with swords, or bouquets of multicolored roses exquisitely lifelike in petit point.

The rooms were lighted by tall candles set strategically in corners so that a multitude of shadows seemed to come to life, appearing to move about the rooms like comfortable houseguests in slippers.

* * *

SINCE MY parents never asked what I did when I spent the night with Carla and Miss James, I never told them. Instinctively I knew they would not approve of the goings-on. Nor, I felt, would they have believed it.

But I knew what I saw. I knew because I was part of a special small circle of women who gathered in secrecy and silence to hold parlor seances. Miss James' friends ranged from 70 to approximately 95 years of age. All were widowed or old maids. All, except for Carla and me, had white hair and everyone liked to drink the thick red grape juice before forming their circle.

After the refreshments had been passed, everyone would become still. An astounding sense of quiet — almost like a cool presence that could be felt — entered into our midst. We — or at least I — couldn't see anything

unusual, nor did it give me any cause for alarm when I felt a change in my own internal energy, as if something had entered into me or I had entered into something not quite of this world and yet in it.

Pretty soon Miss James would announce that we were ready to get started. We would then sit in a circle around a table. Usually there were between four and six of us, sometimes as many as eight, and always strictly females were present. Miss James led us through a ritual.

"Place your hands on top of the table, fingers lightly touching the surface, palms down," she would say.

All hands would take their places.

"Spread out your hands so your little fingers lightly touch the person's next to yours on either side."

A few moments would pass while we placed our hands in the proper position.

"Place your own thumbs directly in front of you so the tips of your thumbs are slightly touching each other. Be sure they are directly in front of you and not off to one side."

After more shuffling of our hands, we were ready to begin.

Miss James, who had told me we were playing a game called "up table," then began talking but in a very different tone. It was as if she were not looking at us but instead gazing at something that we couldn't see. "We will be asking some questions," she continued in that strange voice. "If the answer is yes, the table will tap once. If

the answer is no, it will tap twice."

The instructions having been given, Miss James now had us close our eyes, take a few deep breaths and relax. She intoned some vague words dealing with protection being around our circle and our purpose being solely for goodness and love.

The older women then chanted something like "amun, amun, amun" or perhaps it was a series of "amens" strung together. We were then told to open our eyes so the action could begin.

"I will start with the first question," said the leader, and Miss James would ask in a slightly thickened voice, "Is there anybody with us?"

Something like a slight tremor would run through the tabletop, making my fingertips vibrate with slight tingles which felt warm, even hot.

No one spoke but several pairs of bright eyes would look around to see if all hands were where they should be—in full view. Then the table would give a shake, almost as if it were trying to snort, the way a bull in the ring snorts and paws the ground moments before attacking the matador. Next would come a crackling or groaning sound, almost inaudible, and the table would begin to rise.

First one leg would come off the floor. Next, the second leg would slowly come up and, finally, the table was standing upright on one leg. Sometimes it would only rise slightly; other times it became so elevated that everyone had to stand to keep her hands in place.

As this excitement was taking place, Miss James would say, "Up table, up table," the way a pet owner would talk to a dog which was being urged to beg for a treat. "Good table," she would murmur, adding, "Just a little more. You can do it."

Once the table was ready to play its part, questions would be taken from the floor. One dowager might ask, "Is America winning the war?" and the table would bang once or twice. Another threw in, "Will the war end this year?" Eventually the questioning came around to the horse races. Apparently the women's concern was not wholly spiritual; they pooled their money and bet the horses through a bookie, splitting any winnings they made.

The table was told to tap out the numbers of the horses that would win the first, second or third races at different tracks. Sometimes the table would tap one time or perhaps eight times. These "tips" were then discussed after the session was ended and the group agreed on the bets to be placed through the neighborhood bookie, a nervous little man with a pug nose and cauliflower ears. Carla and I were excused from betting. I believe that a few extra hands aided in bringing about better results in the table-raising experiments and we were handy helpers in the surreptitious — and illegal — sessions. Gambling in the home, even penny-ante poker, was strictly forbidden by law. So at age eight I learned to keep my lips sealed. Carla was 10.

Most often we sat at a card table. But one night, when a larger-than-normal group had assembled in Miss James' home, she thought we should form our circle around her dining room table. No one, especially not Miss James, expected what happened.

After the preliminary preparations had been completed, we were ready to begin asking questions, when suddenly, quite without warning, the table rose as if by its own volition. But it wasn't balanced on one leg, nor could we keep our hands in position, because the heavy mahogany table levitated. It rose off the floor and over our heads and remained suspended for a few moments just below the ceiling. Then, like a graceful glider coming to earth, it settled down in the corner.

The table was so heavy that all of us joined hands to drag it back into its place beneath the crystal chandelier.

* * *

WE NEVER held another circle after that. The war ended, my family moved away and I forgot about levitation until, in 1963, it happened again. But this time it wasn't a mere material object that defied gravity. I rose up, just as a helium-filled balloon ascends above the earth and comes back down when its string is pulled.

The day of my levitation, Friday, September 13, 1963, was special. In the final stages of pregnancy, I was on my last day as a member of a team writing I.Q. tests in Monterey, Calif.

I left work at noon and came home to our lovely little wooden cottage

whose large paned-glass window looked out on a garden which was ablaze with colors. The magenta fuchias, orange nasturtiums, honeysuckle and red roses seemed to be pulsing with almost neonlike light. A summer storm had blown in from the sea, spraying the Monterey Peninsula with rain that glistened like jewels in the garden that soon was illumined with rays of sunshine.

I stepped outside and was standing in the lane that ran down to the main street. I was just taking in the beauty of the moment. I forgot temporarily the physical discomfort my swollen abdomen brought. Then, suddenly, all physical sensation was suspended. I started to rise, ever so slowly, until I was about six feet above the ground. All my faculties were intact. Below me was the garden. Nearby were the

eaves of the house. I could have touched them if I had been a little closer.

Realizing I was airborne, I pinched my arm. Ouch. It hurt.

At about that time my husband came home. I watched him enter the house through the back door. He must have looked for me in the house and, not finding me, came to the window to look into the garden.

After a few seconds he turned his eyes upward. His gaze met mine silently. His eyes widened, a look of shock came onto his face and something like an electric current ran through my body. I descended rapidly, landing on both feet.

With the return of normal sensation, I knew my baby was about to arrive. Our son Ted was born within 24 hours, weighing in at nine pounds. I've been earthbound ever since.



HEADHUNTERS AND HALLUCINOGENS

By Richard R. Jones

THE JIVARO of Ecuador, famous for their shrunken heads, called *tsantsa*, use hallucinogenic drugs for a variety of purposes, including the discipline of their children, according to anthropologist Michael J. Harner, author of *The Jivaro People of the Sacred Waterfalls*.

A Jivaro baby receives *tsentsema*, a mild hallucinogen, when only a few days old. It is believed the visions produced by the drug will give the child supernatural power and help it to survive. An older child who is dis-

respectful to parents may be given a strong drug called *maikua*. The object is to allow the child to see the "real world" and learn from the spirits and powers the error in showing disrespect to one's elders.

Maikua is also given to six-year-old boys who, with the aid of their fathers, are searching for their souls. The Jivaro believe people are born without *arutam* (souls) and must acquire them by going on a search for a soul in the unseen world with the aid of drugs.



The Enigma of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The creator of Sherlock
Holmes spent the last years
of his life trying to solve
the ultimate mystery:
life after death.

By Martin Ebon

SIR ARTHUR Conan Doyle, creator of the Sherlock Holmes detective stories, was a Victorian gentleman. Once, when his son Adrian spoke of a lady of their acquaintance as "ugly," Sir Arthur slapped his face and said, "Remember, no woman is ugly." That may not have been entirely realistic, but it tells us a good deal about Conan Doyle — about his standards, his mindset, his style, his manners and his attitude toward others.

He was, in the most literal sense of the word, a gentle man — at least most of the time. He believed in a world that was orderly — or, if it wasn't, should be. The lasting and universal appeal of his Sherlock Holmes stories is their underlying assurance that an orderly mind can defeat the chaos that finds its ultimate expression in crime, that the deductive process can solve the puzzles of life — that, ultimately, the human mind is capable of dealing with the seeming anarchy of everyday existence and that an ever-advancing science is the key to human progress.

A century ago, in 1888, the first Holmes story, *A Study in Scarlet*, was published. Doyle actually produced only nine Holmes books, including collections of short stories. But between 1918 and 1930 he wrote 10 books devoted to psychic phenomena, including his two-volume *History of Spiritualism*. The titles of his other books in this field are *The New Revelation*, *Vital Message*, *The Wanderings of a Spiritualist*, *The Coming of the Fairies*, *Our American Adventure*, *Our Second American Adventure*, *Phineas Speaks*, *Our African Winter* and *The Edge of the Unknown*.

It is unlikely that he would have found a wide reading public for his books on psychical research and Spiritualism if he had not achieved an enormous following for his Holmes stories. His popularity as a writer of detective fiction was enhanced by the man's energy, range of interests and personal vitality.

Much of his effort, in research and writing, was devoted to historical fiction. In all he published 13 novels, now largely forgotten, ranging from *Micah Clarke* (1889) to *The Maracot Deep* (1929), a science-fiction tale. There were also 10 collections of general short stories, three volumes of poetry and two works of history; one of these dealt with the Boer War in South Africa and helped bring him knighthood in 1902. And finally there were three books that literary historians categorize as autobiographical and belles lettres.

Several of Doyle's works have been transformed into stage plays and over the decades Sherlock Holmes has figured in films and television shows.

BUT WHAT really mattered to Doyle, during the last 15 years of life, was communication with the dead through seances with mediums — in other words, Spiritualism. And one reason this man's ultimately total absorption with this work should matter to us is that Doyle was about as far removed from the image of the lonely individual in need of contact with another world as could possibly be imagined. Sir Arthur summarized his life extremely well when he wrote in *Memoirs and Adventures*:

I have had a life which, for variety and romance, could, I think, hardly be exceeded. I have known what it was to be a poor man, and I have known what it was to be fairly affluent. I have sampled every kind of

human experience. I have known many of the most remarkable men of my time. I have had a long literary career, after a medical training which gave me the M.D. in Edinburgh. I have tried my hand at very many sports, including boxing, cricket, billiards, motoring, football, aeronautics and ski-ing, having been the first to introduce the latter for long journeys to Switzerland. I have traveled as Doctor for a whaler for seven months in the Arctic, and afterwards on the West Coast of Africa. I have seen something of three wars. . . . Finally, I have been constrained to devote my latter years to telling the world the final results of thirty-six years' study of the occult, and in endeavouring to make it realize the overwhelming importance of the question.

These words were published in 1924. Doyle devoted still another half-dozen years to his Spiritualistic crusade. He died in 1930, at the age of 71. His life had linked the 19th and 20th Centuries. The quest for an understanding of life after death is as vivid today as it was when Spiritualistic phenomena first alerted the world, beginning in Hydesville, N.Y., in 1848, when the Fox sisters, Margaret and Kate, appeared to be the instruments of contact with the spirit world.

In his last book, *The Edge of the Unknown*, Doyle narrates the fame and notoriety that enveloped the Fox sisters throughout their lives. No one should assume that Doyle was unaware of what he called the "danger of blindly following alleged spirit guidance." He recalled that shortly after the Hydesville phenomena became a public sensation, a man mysteriously disappeared

from nearby Rochester. Doyle wrote:

An enthusiastic Spiritualist had messages by raps which announced a murder. The canal was dragged, and the wife of the missing man was actually ordered to enter the canal, which nearly cost her her life. Some months later, the absentee returned, having fled to Canada to avoid a writ for debt. This, as may well be imagined, was a blow to the young cult.

* * *

IT IS almost commonplace that deep interest in psychic phenomena is based on one or several striking personal experiences. These can range from an experience in crisis telepathy to the appearance of an apparition. Or they may concern a precognitive hunch or dream. A particularly moving and therefore convincing seance-room encounter, seemingly with a relative or friend who has passed into the next dimension, may result in a life-long involvement with Spiritualism, mediums and seances.

While it is true that Doyle's major dedication to Spiritualism took place during World War I, with its millions of deaths on the battlefield, including the deaths of close family members, he was never specific about the event that prompted his virtually messianic devotion to his chosen cause.

Mercy Phillimore of the London Spiritualist Alliance introduced Doyle to several mediums. She claimed that in 1916, when he was 60 years old, Doyle received what she called that "final bit of evidence he needed to

Continued on page 68

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THE ENIGMA OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Continued from page 65

satisfy his analytical reservation" about Spiritualistic evidence. But even she acknowledged that "like the majority of thoughtful people, when they first come in contact with mediumship, he suspected that fraud, either conscious or unconscious, must account for such unusual experiences."

One of Doyle's biographers, the mystery writer John Dickson Carr, said that Doyle received a message from the spirit of his wife's brother, Malcolm Leckie, who had died in battle on August 23, 1914, that finally broke the dam of doubt. Carr wrote, "It was reminiscence or reminder so intimately personal that it could have been known to no person in the world except to Malcolm Leckie and himself. In it he found the objective proof which he had been seeking for nearly thirty years."

Scholars have traced only one fairly specific reference to this event. During a lecture in Australia, reported in the *Sydney Morning Herald* in 1920, Doyle revealed that the crucial message came through the automatic writing of a family friend, Lily Loder-Symonds. Lily was a close friend of Doyle's wife, the former Jean Leckie, who had earlier developed mediumistic writing. In fact, Lily had been a bridesmaid at the DoYLES' wedding. Three of her own brothers had died in battle.

She started to write automatic

messages which seemed to come from the spirits of her brothers. They described battle conditions that were common knowledge and Sir Arthur was not at first much impressed. But when she wrote as if her hand were controlled by the spirit of Doyle's brother-in-law Malcolm, Sir Arthur was instantly alert. He asked questions of the alleged communicating entity. When he asked for details of a personal conversation he had had with Malcolm, the reply astonished him. It broke down whatever wall of doubt Doyle had maintained up to that moment.

* * *

PSYCHICAL researchers, including critical-minded Spiritualists, would assume that such information, being part of Sir Arthur's own memory, could prove telepathy, at least as much as Leckie's survival after death. But while Spiritualistic proof of the afterlife had been part of Doyle's lifetime fascination, he expressed skepticism as late as September 1915. At that time the *International Psychic Gazette* asked him, "What would you say to those in grief? How would you help?" His reply was cautious: "I fear I can say nothing worth saying. Time is the only healer." But after the Leckie message, he wrote in the November 1916 issue of *Light*:

In spite of occasional fraud and wild imaginings, there remains a solid core of this whole spiritual movement which is infinitely nearer to positive proof than any other religious development with which I

am acquainted. . . . We have reached a point where further proof is superfluous, and where the weight of disproof lies upon those who deny.

We should see his reaction in full context. Ever since his break with religious traditions, as a young man, Doyle had sought to find a rational, scientific, provable basis for the concept of human immortality. By 1916 Britain was in the midst of a severe crisis of national and individual emotions, as death hit family after family like an epidemic. The Doyle household caught between mourning the dead and hoping for an afterlife, was permeated with the feeling and the desire that the spirits of loved ones were seeking to communicate, to prove their continued existence and to reassure the bereaved family members.

Doyle wrote in his *History of Spiritualism* that the "sight of the world which was distraught with sorrow" and which was eagerly seeking his "help and knowledge" did "certainly affect" him deeply and caused him to conclude that his psychic studies "could no longer be regarded as a mere intellectual hobby or a fascinating pursuit of a novel research." Clearly he felt that his own prominence placed a responsibility on him: to state openly what he had concluded. To say that he saw himself as a chosen missionary for the cause of Spiritualism is neither an exaggeration nor a criticism.

Doyle regarded Spiritualism as a sort of "applied religion," as a merger

of traditional religious ideas with scientific method. This was the original aim of the founders of the Society of Psychical Research, men and women who had been shaken by Charles Darwin's concepts of evolution, caught up in the industrial revolution and its scientific advances, and eager to seek a common ground between religious tradition and modern science.

* * *

ARTHUR CONAN Doyle was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on May 22, 1859, and it was there, at Edinburgh University, that he went to study medicine in 1877. He studied under a man whom he would later use as a medical model for Sherlock Holmes: surgeon Joseph Bell, who delighted in guessing a patient's background and occupation from his anatomy, dress and mannerisms. Once, during a surgical demonstration, Dr. Bell asked his students for questions. Doyle called down, "Does that body have a soul in it?" Bell's reply, reflecting a rather primitive materialism, was, "Just look at it! Is there room?"

While today the University of Edinburgh is world-renowned for its high standards and as a pioneer in medical psychology, Doyle saw it as a cold academic factory. The city itself, like London in those days, was in many parts an unhygienic slum, with rampant disease, drunkenness and crime.

After two sea voyages which took him to the Arctic and to the West African coast, Doyle set up a medical practice in the town of Southsea. There

he attended his first seances, although he found them disappointing. Later, in the home of astronomer-mathematician Maj. Gen. Alfred Wilkes Drayson, Doyle was exposed to more dramatic seance-room phenomena, in the presence of several local mediums. At Southsea, Doyle met his future wife, Louise, sister of Jack Hawkins, a patient who had died of cerebral meningitis and in whom Doyle had taken a deep interest. They were married in a quiet Protestant ceremony on August 6, 1885. Arthur was then 26 years old.

At one point Doyle had hoped to specialize in ophthalmology but his office did not attract a single patient. At another point, and typical of his enthusiasm for new causes, he rushed off to Berlin, where a quick cure for tuberculosis had been publicized. But it turned out to be a false alarm. Tragically, Doyle's wife Louise died in 1906 of tuberculosis after years of illness.

The outwardly-rugged Arthur shared her suffering. These years severely taxed his emotional and moral strength. Work — writing — was his major refuge. During this period much of his fiction contained elements of horror, often mixing the themes of sexuality and death in a macabre manner. One story had a man lured to his death by the image of a seductive ghost hovering above the waters. Another story featured an Egyptian mummy and her reincarnated lover.

A year after Louise's death, Doyle married Jean Leckie. Like Louise, Jean at first did not take much interest

in Sir Arthur's fascination with the occult. But the war years brought a merging of their interests and Jean developed automatic writing, and eventually there was a good deal of that type of mediumship going on in the Doyle household.

Like the Ouija board, automatic writing is a highly controversial aspect of alleged spirit communication. Doyle himself wrote at one point, "Automatic writing should always be regarded with suspicion, for it is so easy to deceive oneself. How can one tell that she is not unconsciously dramatizing strands of her own personality?" Perhaps the most dramatic incident in this field occurred in 1922, when the Doyles visited the United States. They were staying at the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City, as was Harry Houdini.

* * *

THE RELATIONSHIP between the literary giant Conan Doyle and the master illusionist Houdini was and remains a story of intriguing contradictions. Both men, in their own way, inevitably were narcissistic. I use this term in a merely descriptive sense. They were adored by the masses. They were rich. They were number one in their professions — and they had a genuine admiration and liking for each other. Both were intrigued by claims for life after death. Houdini had been deeply attached to his mother. After her death he tried to contact her through mediums, was unsuccessful, encountered fraud and turned from a skeptic into a noisy, publicity-seeking

debunker of mediums.

Like all serious Spiritualists and psychical researchers, Doyle was also appalled by mediumistic fraud. But he was inclined to be tolerant, while Houdini could be destructively skeptical. Nevertheless both men were knowledgeable and endlessly curious about life after death. Their affection for each other is well illustrated in the letters they exchanged. In 1932 these were compiled and annotated in *Houdini and Conan Doyle: The Story of a Strange Friendship*, jointly prepared by Bernard Ernst, a leading personality in the Society of American Magicians, and Hereward Carrington, psychical researcher and author.

In an obviously felt and genuine effort to persuade Houdini of the reality of spirit communication, Lady Doyle sat down with her husband and Houdini in an Atlantic City hotel room, to obtain automatic writing from Houdini's mother. For all his doubts Houdini was clearly keyed up. Soon Lady Doyle began covering page after page in very rapid pencil writings, apparently outbursts of devotion, concern and enthusiasm from Houdini's mother. Sir Arthur passed page after page on to Houdini as if he were tearing sheets off a teletype machine. The writings were at times halting, as if choked by emotion, and at other times pouring out rapidly.

Houdini appeared to be impressed. Yet later on he said that the messages had contained nothing that might not have come from the unconscious of

Lady Doyle. Whether he actually ever said that he had "debunked" Lady Doyle is in dispute. The fact is that the dramatic event cooled their relations substantially.

The wound healed somewhat and after Houdini's death in 1926, Doyle and Houdini's widow were in close contact. To the very end Doyle asserted that Houdini could not have done all his remarkable feats of stage conjuring without the use of psychic powers. He wrote in *The Edge of the Unknown*, "Is it possible for a man to be a very powerful medium all his life, to use that power continually, and yet never to realize that the gifts he is using are those which the world calls mediumship? If that be indeed possible, then we have a solution of the Houdini enigma."

* * *

IT IS truly difficult to find fault with much of Doyle's defense of seemingly fraudulent or unconsciously-misleading mediums. Being utterly straightforward himself, he seemed incapable of assuming that others would use bereavement and life beyond death for illicit gain or fame. As years went by, Doyle became more dogmatic and, at times, gullible.

In 1917 two young girls, Elsie Wright and Frances Griffiths, produced photographs of what they said were fairies in the woodlands. Doyle subsequently published a book, *The Coming of the Fairies*, around these pictures. Although he endorsed the photographs as authentic, Doyle allowed for the

possibility that they could be fraudulent — as over 60 years later the photographers would confess they were.

There used to be a saying that went, "Oh, that my adversary had written a book!" The implication is, of course, that something can always be found, in or out of context, to make an author look foolish or find one or several contradictions. This can be done, amply, with Conan Doyle. But a more objective and fair selection simply shows that Doyle originally had serious doubts about seance-room phenomena but that he sincerely felt that successive experiences provided totally convincing proof of life after death.

It may have been General Drayson who introduced him to a book, *Reminiscences of Judge Edmunds*, dealing with the contact an American judge had with his wife after death. Doyle recalled later, "I read the book with interest and absolute skepticism. It seemed to be an example of how a hard, practical man might have a weak side to his brain, as it were, against the plain facts of life with which he had to deal." And in his book *The New Revelation* he candidly wrote, "When I regarded Spiritualism as a vulgar delusion of the uneducated, I could afford to look down upon it; but when it was endorsed by Crookes, whom I knew to be the most rising British chemist, by Wallace, who was the rival of Darwin, and by Flammarion, the best known of the astronomers, I could not afford to dismiss it."

Sir William Crookes (1832-1919), discoverer of the element thallium, was a pioneer in radioactive research. Alfred Russel Wallace (1823-1913), whose research did, in fact, rival that of Darwin, was an enthusiastic Spiritualist. And the French astronomer Camille Flammarion (1842-1925), who often studied the stars during balloon trips, was interested in just about everything from life on Mars to physical mediumship. Doyle met another prominent scientist and Spiritualist, Oliver Lodge (1851-1940), while both men were waiting to be knighted by the Queen; needless to say, they had a most animated conversation.

Following World War I, Doyle's missionary travels took him across the United States, to France (where Paris audiences overflowed and antagonists came to blows) and to Australia. Despite this taxing schedule he kept on writing. The new books described these trips, his encounters with mediums, and much of the correspondence his lectures created, in fascinating detail. He defied doctors who urged him to slow down. After quarreling with the Society for Psychical Research, he resigned from it in 1930. Drained, exhausted, he died that year, on July 7.

In his futuristic writings he had anticipated such developments as television and nuclear energy. Yet Doyle emotionally remained a child of the 19th Century, a century that believed scientific proof might replace faith. "Reason," he once said, "is the highest

gift we got; and we must use it."

Still, Doyle ultimately replaced one faith with another. He tackled the spiritual dilemma of his life and of his generation with courage, persistence and dignity. Deep down his dilemma

remains our own. If we have learned anything in the last 100 years, it is that faith and science, like mind and soul, live together within us — not in rivalry but in the harmony that is essential to a serene human existence.



NO PARANORMAL POWERS FOR THE U.S. ARMY

By George W. Earley

FOR YEARS rumors and allegations existed that the U.S. government has been funding research into parapsychology.

Various writers claimed that America, concerned over Soviet studies of paranormal powers, was funding large-scale studies of its own. The missile gap, some writers felt, has been superseded by the mental muscle gap. See such books as *Mind Wars* by Ronald M. McRae and *Psychic Warfare: Threat or Illusion?* by Martin Ebon.

But proof of government investigations of the paranormal has been notably lacking, and skeptics, particularly the nay-sayers of CSICOP (Committee for the Scientific Investigations of Claims of the Paranormal), have loudly asserted that our government was not conducting any such studies.

It now seems, at least to judge by a recent item in *Design News* magazine, that both sides in this dispute were right...and wrong.

The Pentagon does read science fiction and has wondered if such paranormal powers as extrasensory perception, telepathy and psychokinesis could be used for spying, sabotage and other covert military operations.

They asked the National Research Council to study the matter.

The NRC spent three years on their study but their findings are not particularly encouraging for parapsychologists.

According to *Design News*, the NRC found that "sleep learning, mental practice of motor skills, and some parts of accelerated learning programs deserve further study. But no acceptable evidence supports attempts to integrate activity from the left and right brain hemispheres, or to influence beliefs and behavior through neurolinguistic programming. Also rejected are parapsychological techniques, including ESP and "mind-over-matter" attempts. Biofeedback does reduce muscle tension, but does not significantly reduce stress."

Experimental psychologist John A. Swets, who headed the 14-member NRC committee, told *Design News* that, "As a bottom line, there are probably no easy ways or quick fixes for helping people perform more effectively."

So it would appear that neither thinking nor wishing will make it so...at least not unless it is accompanied by plain old-fashioned hard work.

Prophetic Dreams of the Far Future



Dreams that come true
many years afterward suggest
that major events in our lives
are pre-planned in psychic "blueprints."

By Alan Vaughan

HOW FAR in time are we able to dream about our personal futures? Since 1968 I have been recording my dreams to answer that question.

My research project began when I was studying at the Institute for Border Areas of Psychology and Mental Health in Freiburg, Germany. The institute's director, Hans Bender, introduced me to Christine Mylius, an actress who had been filing her recorded dreams

with the institute for 20 years. About 10 percent of her dreams proved to be precognitive. Some of these precognitive dreams were prophetic of movie roles she played years afterwards. Bender later made a documentary film on his star subject.

Inspired by Christine Mylius, I began to record my own dreams with the intention of noting any about the future. One of the first dream corre-

spondences was about the assassination of Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles on June 6, 1968. I had recorded dreams with a dozen details of that tragic event more than a week before and on May 25 had written a warning to Stanley Krippner, a psychologist and parapsychologist then working at the Maimonides Dream Laboratory in Brooklyn, N.Y.

In response Dr. Krippner invited me to become a subject for the lab's dream-telepathy experiments for two years (1969-70).^{*} Some of these experimentally-recorded dreams turned out to be precognitive of events in my own life. The fulfillment of one intriguing dream took place at the Dream Lab in an unofficial experiment filmed for Canadian television.

Here is the fifth recorded dream from me for the night of April 3, 1969; this is the dream that later, on July 17, I suggested to Dream Lab director Montague Ullman might be pointing to a future experiment in the lab. The experimenter was Charles Honorton, who currently directs the lab's successor, the Psychophysical Research Laboratories in Princeton, N.J.:

Fifth Dream Report: Chuck [Honorton] was looking over a report of some previous experiment, and he had marked for some reason through the transcripts "Fs" which meant failures. . . . There was a television set in the room. . . . I watched a scene. There was a man with a knife in his

hand and out in a corner was outstretched a monkey. . . .

Post-sleep Interview: I was lying in bed and Chuck Honorton was there and he was marking a transcript and he was using the letter "F" as a symbol for something. . . . He said, "Oh, 'F' is for failure". . . . Then I looked at the television set there and this television set actually seemed to be part of the experiment as well. . . . As I looked at it, the whole thing began to move and come to life, and there was a man holding a knife . . . and behind him was a monkey lying on the floor, and there may have been someone else there as well. . . . I wonder if there might be sometime an experimental thing like this.

On January 12, 1970—nine months later—the Canadian television personality Norman Perry arrived at the Dream Laboratory to film an experiment for television. Perry was to be the dream subject and I was to be a backup subject in case he couldn't get to sleep or remember his dreams. A target pool of pictures had been made up the day before and that night the agent, Don Rice, was in another building looking at the randomly-selected target pictures. Honorton was the experimenter.

In the morning, after Perry's and my dreams were recorded, a pool of pictures was brought in and we tried to determine which had been the target. I judged a miss. It turned out that my dreams were only about the agent's own associations with the target and not about the target itself. Perry, however, scored a direct hit by picking

^{*}See *Dream Telepathy* by Montague Ullman and Stanley Krippner with Alan Vaughan (1973).

out the appropriate target sent to him. And since I was there only as a back-up subject, it was decided to film Perry's judgments alone.

As the cameras for the TV show went into action, I and several other persons watched the scene. Perry put the oversized target pictures on the floor and pointed out his first choice: a photo of an albino monkey. This corresponded with his dream image of a white animal and the strikingly correct detail of a blue broadloom rug. Perry then pointed out his second choice: a man holding an ax.

The correspondences between my dreams and the actual events are:

(1) I was lying in bed (as a subject for a dream experiment).

(2) Charles Honorton was there.

(3) A transcript from a previous experiment (that of April 3, 1969) was pertinent.

(4) My judging was a failure.

(5) I watched the scene.

(6) Instead of a television set, there were cameras for television.

(7) There was a "monkey" lying on the floor.

(8) Instead of a man holding a knife, there was a man holding an ax.

(9) There were other persons present.

(10) It was "an experimental thing."

IT MAY BE that the unusual excitement of a television filming singled out in my unconscious that particular experiment to dream about nine months before it took place. Moreover, I had

been attempting to document precognition in an irrefutable way. Thus a unique opportunity was offered not only to record on tape the dream itself but also to film its fulfillment.

One reason for singling out that dream as precognitive of a future experiment at the Dream Lab was, of course, that the setting was the Dream Laboratory. Another was the appearance of a television set. At that time I did not own a television set, so it seemed an odd thing to dream about. The dream precognitively focused on an event of more than usual interest, since during the course of the experiment I was invited by Norman Perry to appear on his nationwide show in Canada to discuss precognitive dreams the following October.

Television again was the theme of a dream I recorded at home in Brooklyn on December 12, 1968. The dream began:

I was working in an office with two women. We were working late. I was called away for a television interview, with another woman. Together, we discussed the behavior of another woman TV personality, with me defending her. I didn't see any cameras but I somehow knew that I was on TV. I was surprised to feel so relaxed and self-assured, and I thought I put my case very well. Then I returned to my office. . . . I wonder if indeed I shall be interviewed on TV some day, as this is the second dream about it.

Nearly nine years later, on April 26, 1977, I was working in San Francisco

for *Psychic* magazine and was sharing an office with two women. Gayle Delaney, a dream-psychologist friend, arranged for me to appear with her on an hour-long show to be taped that day for Channel 2 (KTVU) in Oakland. Delaney drove to my office, picked me up and took me to the taping.

The topic of discussion was dreams. The interviewer, Julie Yip, was both charming and intelligent in her questions about Delaney's technique for "incubating dreams" — i.e., asking the unconscious to produce a dream to solve a specific problem. I defended Delaney's technique with my own examples of dream incubation — asking for dreams about the future. I told them about my 1968 dream of being on television with them.

I thought that Delaney made an excellent TV personality, with or without my defending her. She went on to do many TV shows. As in the dream I didn't see any cameras because I was turned to face the interviewer. As in my dream I felt relaxed and self-assured. And as in the dream I returned to the office.

By now I have been on television over 50 times, but this was one of the few shows devoted exclusively to dreams — hence, perhaps, my prophetic dream about it.

Yet another television show was predicted in a dream of June 10, 1977, when I was living in San Francisco: "People said they had been watching me on TV and wondered where I had taped an appearance. 'It was in San

Rafael,' I said." In a comment following my noting this dream, I suggested, "Perhaps a TV series will be shaping up . . . and have something to do with someone living in San Rafael."

On July 19, 1987, now living in Los Angeles, I was invited to visit Jeffrey Mishlove in San Rafael, Calif., to tape a TV show for his new series titled *Thinking Allowed*. The series is now being shown on PBS. Dr. Mishlove lived in San Francisco at the time of the dream over 10 years before.

This next dream occurred on March 18, 1970, when I was living in Brooklyn:

I was answering an ad for editorial work. A young woman answered the door and showed me a newsletter — connected with astrology or occult things — that she needed help with. She invited me in and there I met several other young women. I started chatting with one, when a large black dog came up to us and appeared to be eating an address someone had written out. The dog's name was Tiny Tim.

In October 1982, while living in Los Angeles, I answered a newspaper ad for editorial work. Subsequently I got the job as editor of *Reincarnation Report*, which ran articles on astrology and other "occult things."

When I arrived at my new office in Malibu, I was introduced to several young women working there. I had an office mate, Christine Conrad, who was sitting on the floor and assembling stacks of catalog mailouts. A powerful sense of *deja vu* came over me. "I've

seen you before," I said. "It must have been in a dream a long time ago. In the dream you had a large black dog named Tiny Tim."

"I do have a large black dog," replied Christine, "but I'm the one who is Tiny Tim. That was my first and only stage role."

That evening I went through my dream diary to find the Tiny Tim dream. The next day I discussed it with Dick Sutphen, the publisher of *Reincarnation Report*. In 1970 he had no inkling of plans to move from Arizona to Malibu to start a magazine. An elaborate series of events had led to Christine's employment in the office. The black dog wasn't even born then. Were our lives already set up in blueprint form 12 years before?

THE QUESTION extended to 16 years when I recently reviewed some transcripts of psychic-dream experiments done at Maimonides Dream Laboratory in 1969. For several years after the 1969 experiments, I occasionally would review the dream records and puzzle over what this dream could possibly mean. It was triggered by a friend who mentioned before the experiment that she had just read Philip Roth's novel *Goodbye, Columbus*.

On March 28, 1969, my sixth dream report, as told to Stanley Krippner and transcribed for record, was:

I was walking back from a mess hall, and music was playing — something to do with Columbus.... It seemed to be after the experiment, or even before the experiment was quite over, and I talked there with

some people I had known before. I talked in particular to this one chap I seemed to have known before. He said he was going to go to Erin on the weekend.... He spoke of flying to Erin.... It's Ireland.... He had to carry some sort of equipment along with him so he could function all right....

I remember now the reason I left this mess hall was because the food was so bad that I decided that I'd have to go out and find something to eat....

The person about whom I was giving this reading... may have been Negro....

And I was walking up steps and they were very peculiar steps because the water was coursing down them and each step was like a little pool.... And coming down from this were a group of children.... I had to stop along the side in order to let them pass by, and it was at this point that I was hearing the song about Columbus....

The name of Columbus immediately brought to mind an ESP experiment in which I participated in Los Angeles with the Mobius Society (an organization devoted to using psychics for practical projects such as finding sunken ships or other promising archaeological sites) in 1985.

In March of that year marine archaeologist Roger C. Smith telephoned Mobius Society director Stephan Schwartz for help in locating two lost ships of Columbus in St. Ann's Bay in Jamaica. The caravels had been missing for nearly five centuries. Schwartz agreed to undertake an experiment in collaboration with Smith. The following August, Schwartz, Rand de Mattei and I, along with two other Mobius consultants, flew from Los

Angeles to Jamaica. We stayed in a small hotel next to the archaeologists' residence, which also served as a mess hall.

The "chap I seemed to have known before" was Schwartz. Earlier he had to fly to Ireland to work on a case of a kidnapped horse. The equipment that my dream saw him wearing "so he could function all right" turned out to be oxygen tanks for functioning underwater.

The mess hall with the bad food was all too real. It was not the fault of our cook but of the budget: \$35 a week to feed a dozen persons. We went out to eat on a number of occasions.

The most unusual event in our Columbus mission was a visit to Dunn's Falls — an amazing waterfall which cascades down dozens of natural stone steps, each forming a pool of water. It took more than an hour for our group to climb up the steps. At one point we had to stop along the side to let a group of children come down the steps. I was helped up the slippery steps by our cook's assistant, a young black man for whom I had, in fact, given a psychic reading. Our "hydrological experience," as Smith termed it, came at the end of our two-week visit. We were saying "Good-bye, Columbus."

NOW A skeptic might say that just by chance I should eventually over the years experience a combination of Columbus, an ESP experiment, a mess hall with bad food, a friend who flew to Ireland and wore strange equipment,

climbing up the steps of an unusual waterfall, and a black man for whom I did a reading. Yet I find that a skeptical explanation is hard to believe. Such a highly specific combination of unusual life events seems to rule out such a range of coincidences. And so, I ask, were we all (Smith, Schwartz, De Mattei and the others) participating in a joint life plan?

A current Mobius project of searching for a sunken treasure ship also seemed forecast by dreams. The first voyage of the Mobius vessel *Seaview* in September 1987 from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., seemed to have been anticipated in a dream I recorded on March 21, 1986:

I was about to leave from a visit. I was walking toward an old brick building on the water. I passed a group of people I seemed to know and waved to them. I told them I would be back in a little bit to say good-bye. Among them was Fran, who lives in Florida.

I commented, "I wonder if the dream could be symbolic of my working with a group in Florida."

Eighteen months later (September 1987) Mobius flew me to Fort Lauderdale to join a group aboard the *Seaview*. The 125-foot ship was docked near an old red brick building. We stayed in dock for a few days and then went to the Bahamas in search of sunken ships. When we sailed back to Fort Lauderdale, I was one of the first persons off the boat, since I had only a short time to catch the last airplane back to Los

Angeles. I said good-bye to the group and promised to return soon. I learned that Fran had in fact been invited but was unable to join us.

The second voyage of the *Seaview* seemed to turn up in a dream I had recorded nearly 11 years before (June 10, 1977):

I was coming back on an ocean liner. We were soon to dock so I cleaned my gear out of my locker. I had not yet paid for my return ticket so I tried to find the office to pay. . . . Meanwhile I talked with others. We were learning Portuguese. I think we were headed for South America.

On May 2, 1988, I was coming back from a week's voyage on the *Seaview*. I cleaned out my locker and packed. I talked with the cook, Gabrielle Silva, who said that she was learning Portuguese in preparation for going to South America (specifically Brazil) to work on an educational project. I had to get additional funds from Mobius for my return air ticket from Miami, since canceled flights from the Bahamas had made me miss my scheduled flight and I did not have a reservation. But, luckily, I was able to talk my way out of paying more.

The return from an ocean voyage with someone who is learning Portuguese and going to South America, coupled with concern for paying the return trip, seemed unlikely to have occurred by chance.

* * *

MANY OF my prophetic dreams forecast times of major career

events. Of 222 dreams I recorded at home between 1968 and 1977, I count 63 as precognitive (28 percent), to which I could add seven more that were recorded in the Dream Lab, making a total of 70 precognitive dreams from that period. (The cutoff date was forced on me when a later dream diary was stolen from the car of a television producer.)

The dream-event correspondences tend to show a clustering around major transition points in my life. I noticed such a clustering in the spring of 1988 when seven precognitive dreams described events associated with the major career commitment of starting a computer-software company. The dreams dated from 1969, 1970, 1973, 1976 and 1977. Some examples:

A second dream recorded at the Dream Lab from the night of March 18, 1969, reported just before the "Good-bye, Columbus" dream, referred to "Fortune-Telling Dials" and an oil can labeled "Lubricant for Fortune-Telling Dials." The Fortune-Telling Dial is an excellent description of Psychic Reward, a computerized intuition-training system that I am working on. I call it an "electronic wheel of fortune."

On March 7, 1988, after reviewing the dream, I studied a printout of the Psychic Reward design and wondered how on earth it might be related to an oil can. My wife arrived and said that she had taken the car in for a lube job at Oil Can Henry's and showed me the invoice. About that time my collabo-

rator on Psychic Reward, Jack Houck, called to tell me he had "swatted some bugs" in the program — i.e., was "lubricating" the "Fortune-Telling Dial" to make it run better. So the Oil Can and the Fortune-Telling Dial finally came together — after 19 years!

On the morning of March 18 I experienced a strong sense of *deja vu* when I took the cover off my electric typewriter. Brazenly poised there was a cockroach. I attempted to swat it but inadvertantly dropped it into the machine's innards. I was wondering how to get it out when I remembered that I once had a dream about cockroaches. I found the dream report dated April 4, 1973: I had dreamed about holding a cockroach with tweezers and was attempting to put it on repro proofs I was correcting. The dream gave me the idea of using tweezers to remove the cockroach, but I still couldn't locate it. Later that day I was correcting repro proofs for a flyer.

On that same day I contracted for a new office for my newly-formed software company, Mind Technology Systems. Again I experienced a sense of *deja vu* as I noted that the office was a bungalow with a fireplace and had a patio garden with round tables and chairs. Going through my dream records, I found an April 24, 1969, dream which described the new office: a bungalow with a patio garden and round tables and chairs. The dream's association was to a psychic prediction about having a fireplace. It all finally happened 19 years later — a pivotal

time in my life. I was considering moving to Malibu but decided instead to stay in the same neighborhood and rent a larger office.

My decision not to move to a house in Malibu was made largely on the strength of a recent dream, in which I was in the new house and making out a check for the rent. A shark threw itself against the door and forced it open. I shut the door and again the shark thudded against it. My analysis was: "Wolves at the door are bad enough, but sharks really mean nasty business. Don't take the house." So I rejected the possible future shown in the shark dream but chose instead the possible future I had dreamed about 19 years before.

My dream odyssey continues. I was surprised to find that events many years in the future could be accurately dreamed about. When I began my experiment, I supposed that events near in time would be easier to dream about than events far in time. In fact, physicist Russell Targ had made such an experimental prediction: that events near in time would be more accurately precognized than events far in time. Yet the detailed correspondences of the "Good-bye, Columbus" dream — fulfilled 16 years and five months later — shattered that concept.

I do not feel that these prophetic dreams predict the only future. Many other dreams, unfulfilled, may well describe alternate futures that were not realized because of my choices of free will. We'll never know for sure. But

certainly the precognitive dreams recorded here strongly suggest that major events in one's personal future are determined in blueprint form many

years before. It was up to me, and many others, to make those blueprints become reality.

(c) 1989 by Alan Vaughan



DARK DAY FOR QUEEN VICTORIA

By Wyn Esselborn

ARE YOU afraid of a particular date in the year? If so you're in royal company.

Britain's longest reigning monarch, Queen Victoria (1837-1901), dreaded the thought of December 14.

On that day she lost her devoted husband Albert, Prince Consort, whom she would deeply mourn for the rest of her life.

Another December 14 her son, later sporting King Edward VII, came so near death that doctors gave him up. Miraculously, as family and country expected the worst, he rallied.

On the same date her daughter Princess Alice, Victoria's mainstay

and comfort, died.

Probably December 14, 1936, would have hit the dedicated queen the hardest since a situation erupted that gravely hurt her family and rocked the empire. On December 10 her great grandson King Edward VIII, the world's Golden Boy, had signed an Instrument of Abdication in order to marry Wallis Simpson, an American born and twice-divorced charmer. Four days later when everyone in his domain was reeling from the fact of his leaving, *The Times* announced his arrival in Vienna the previous day, another ex-ruler minus fanfare, starting an at-large road.

How can a living snake survive
inside a block of stone? How
could it have gotten there
in the first place? Science
hasn't a clue.

Reptiles in Stone

By Karl P. N. Shuker



ALTHOUGH yet to be explained satisfactorily, many examples of stone-entombed toads (not to mention frogs and even the occasional newt) have been recorded. Reports of comparably-immured reptiles are much rarer. So the following account — which I discovered while browsing through the March 19, 1823, issue of a long-defunct journal entitled *The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction* — is worth recalling:

The newspapers of June 1772, state, that a living adder was found in a block of stone of 30 French feet diameter, the centre of which it occupied. It was twisted nine times round itself in a spiral line; it could not support the weight of the atmosphere, but died in a few minutes after it was taken from the stone. On examining the stone, not the least crevice could be discovered through which it could have received fresh air, or inhale any sort of sustenance.

To explain this snake's entombed existence by traditional argument, we must postulate that the stone originally possessed an orifice or crevice large enough to facilitate at least the entrance of a 5-1/2-to-8-1/2-inch-long snake — the size of a young adder — before subsequently becoming sealed in some way and thereby imprisoning the unfortunate animal indefinitely. And if the snake were an adult to begin with, then an orifice sufficiently large to permit the passage of a 20-to-24-inch-long snake would have been needed!

Even more perplexing is the con-

cept of how any snake, young or adult, could breathe or feed while so interred — unless it underwent a sustained period of torpor, comparable to the period of enforced rest carried out by snakes wintering in temperate climates.

Only one thing is certain: 200 years after its discovery, science is still unable to provide a conclusive solution to this entombed enigma.

EVEN RARER than the occurrence of living reptiles incarcerated within stone, however, is the existence of primeval reptiles embedded in amber. Examples of archaic insects and other arthropods preserved in this manner are numerous, but until as recently as a decade ago not a single example of a reptile — or indeed of any form of vertebrate — embedded in amber was known to science.

In 1979, however, Dr. C. Baroni-Urbani from Basel's Natural History Museum obtained a spectacular, scientifically-priceless specimen: an entire, fully-preserved, 28-inch-long lizard encased within a large portion of Dominican Republic amber.

Discovered in the La Toca amber mine of Cordillera Septentrional, this remarkable sample of amber was found to be of early Miocene age; in other words, it was 20 to 23 million years old. Moreover, it was sufficiently transparent to permit detailed observations to be made of its reptilian occupant, which was identified as an anole. This lizard type is related to iguanas and represented by numerous modern-day

urchase it and then donate it to a scientific establishment. In view of its asking price, however, the possibility that it will be rescued in this manner seems remote. Consequently, to in-

spire potential philanthropists, Poinar has promised that anyone willing to do this will be rewarded by having the frog named after him when the species is formally described.



RAIN OF STONES, MYSTERIOUS FIRES ERUPT

By Peggy Hughley

GOVERNMENT officials and the local residents are puzzled over mysterious fires and rain of stones, described as banamati (sorcery), in some villages in the Medak district of Andhra Pradesh in India. Officials could not locate the source of the occurrences.

Mysterious happenings, reports *News India*, caused a state of panic in

some of the villages, such as wet clothes catching fire. Tantriks (exorcists) were called in, but to no avail. Villagers began to believe that some of the tantriks were responsible for the mysterious incidents as they continued for about a month. Some families which had deserted their homes following incidents have since returned.

EXORCISM IN HASIDIC COMMUNITIES TODAY

By Claire Metzger

EXORCISM, a reality to the faiths of hundreds of millions of people, is still accepted by Hasidic Jews as part of their faith that a malign spirit can invade a human being and take over his personality.

According to Rabbi David Novak of New York, while the enlightened Jewish attitude from the time of Maimonides in the 12th Century has been to regard exorcism as part of folklore, he said, "I am sure there have been exorcisms performed in the Ha-

sidic community in Brooklyn during the past year."

Rabbi Novak, who teaches Jewish law at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York, said, "Unlike rabbis in mainstream Jewish congregations, the rabbis of the Hasidim are regarded as possessing charisma, and having a spiritual link to God. This enables them to expel evil spirits from people, as dramatized by Shloime Ansky in *The Dybbuk*, a classic of the Yiddish theater."

The Virgin of El Rio:
Miracle or Mirage?

Many reported seeing an image of the Virgin Mary in the roof boards of the new house being built — but not everyone saw the same thing.

By Paul T. Collins

ON SUNDAY morning, February 12, 1950, the headlines of major metropolitan newspapers in California proclaimed a stirring event: *ROOFTOP SCENE OF MIRACLE* and *VISION OF VIRGIN MARY ATTRACTS*

THOUSANDS TO VILLAGE OF EL RIO, followed on Monday by **STRANGE SIGN**, below which a large photograph of the amazing image on a rooftop was reprinted in startling detail.

The story centered on the Reyes family who lived in houses and trailers on Cortez Street in El Rio, Calif., a predominantly Mexican-American community of some 200 families at the time the so-called miracle occurred. Among them Manuel Reyes, a war veteran, was known as a good son, the news stories said. Reyes had started building a modest four-room house for his mother, Atilana Reyes, toward the back of the large family lot, and the structure was framed before the following incident took place.

On Saturday, February 11, Reyes climbed a ladder, intending to lay roofing paper. He was stunned to see a finely-etched image of the Virgin Mary on a certain area of the roof boards. Her face was plainly distinguishable and her body was cloaked in colorful robes. The whole scene wavered in a shadowy effect.

Nearly speechless with amazement, Reyes scuttled down the ladder and ran to get a picture of Santa Maria de Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico. The similarity was so pronounced that he could not doubt the lifelike figure on the roof was a genuine miracle.

Jubilantly he ran up and down the street shouting his great discovery. Quickly a large crowd of friends and neighbors gathered. One after another

climbed the ladder to gaze at the sight of the Holy Mother in the roof boards, and as each verified the sight for himself, a steady murmur of awe rose from the assembly. Schooled in the discipline of their church, the witnesses spoke reverently and unhysterically.

Others spread the news and by dusk nearly 4000 had gathered. Among them was a skeptical newspaperman but he, too, saw the image.

Later Ventura County Deputy Sheriff William Suyter arrested Reyes on charges of drunkenness and disturbing the peace, and one local paper featured a photo of him behind bars. It stated the weekend pilgrimage and all the excitement began when the local priest came to the Reyes home to bless the new structure that Manuel and Aurelio Reyes were building for their mother. Rumors circulated that when Reyes first saw the vision, it was above the house, that it was life-size, in color, and that it spoke to him.

A deputy sheriff said he believed the devout had used crayon to give deeper shading to the image as it faded in the sunlight, but a newsman said there was no indication of crayon markings. It looked more like a stain than a picture to him. A man rubbed the image and none of the color came off. A photographer climbed the ladder and saw essentially what others had seen. The features had faded, he thought, but there were definite lines marking eyes, nose, mouth and cheeks.

Joe Garcia said, "I saw the Lady of Guadalupe at about one o'clock. I saw

her face looking sideways and down, like in all the pictures. She was outlined in white and there was a kind of purple color in her dress." Later in the evening his sister-in-law Rose Zaragoza climbed the roof. "I saw her shape outlined, but the color was fading," she reported.

An unidentified woman told of seeing a purplish image appear *under* the roof boards. Paul and Tacha Mendoza were there in midafternoon. "I could see her outline and a faded blue color," one said. "But when I knelt close I could see all the colors — colors blended like a rainbow. It's nothing like anybody could paint, but it couldn't be an imprint."

ASRADIO newscasters spread the word, people began to arrive in throngs, some equipped with ladders which they hastily leaned against the frame house. One reporter stated as many as 50 were on the roof and the whole structure trembled under the load. A two-by-six rafter broke.

Police prudently ordered the roof cleared to avert disaster and suggested to Aurelio Reyes that he pour tar over the image to conceal it and discourage people from climbing the roof. This was done but it did not stop the crush of the curious. As a last desperate move police roped off the whole yard and cleared the area of all outsiders, and for a short time a semblance of law and order was restored.

One paper said Father Fosselman of the Santa Clara Catholic Church in

Oxnard was called upon to examine the strange figure in the boards. He reportedly said it was merely a remarkable likeness of the image of Santa Maria blended of the shadows and the wood's grain but denied that the vision deserved ranking as a miracle. Yet to the gathering throngs it remained a miraculous vision.

Father Jacobs of the Santa Clara Church also tried to persuade people that no miracle had occurred. "We do not countenance this as a miracle," he said. "It is only sensationalism. The image is an indistinct marking like a watermark roughly shaping a human figure, and only strong imaginations have interpreted it as anything more." That was a rash allegation, as anyone who saw even the photograph of the image could attest.

Meanwhile Peter Flores, who sold the lumber to the Reyes family, said any marks on the lumber his company delivered may have been due only to leaf mold. That did not explain, however, how leaf mold would have created so perfect a picture. The mystery only deepened.

The California Highway Patrol tried to prepare for the invasion on Sunday but police could not stop people from breaking through ropes and ripping boards off the new house for souvenirs.

The faithful came and crossed themselves. The image reminded them of the mantle, or tilma, of Juan Diego, the Indian, which is now displayed at the national shrine of Mexico — the third

largest church in Catholic Christendom — in the Basilica of Villa Gustavo Madera at the edge of Mexico City.

Around a bonfire, made to keep them warm during the long night's vigil in the Reyeses' yard, the assembled heard a man recount the story of how, on a cold winter morning — a Saturday morning — in 1531, Juan Diego had seen a dark-skinned woman he mistook for the spirit of an Indian princess on Tepeyac Hill, the former site of a temple of Tonantzin, Aztec goddess of earth and corn. But then the little person in the soft glow of light said to him, "I am the Virgin Mary," and proceeded to relate the purpose of her visit. There, a few days later, she made an imprint of herself on the poor ayate mantle of that humble but devout and now world-famous Indian. All thought of Manuel Reyes and the image he had seen on a winter morning — a Saturday morning — in 1950 in El Rio.

Sunday was the last day of the miracle, but Monday five- and six-column headlines increased rather than quenched public interest in the event. Pilgrims continued to pour into El Rio from distant towns and states. Manuel Reyes, released without prosecution from county jail at 1:00 P.M., came home and was immediately surrounded by eager folk wanting to know the truth. "I saw it," he repeated steadfastly, then wistfully murmured, "It was beautiful."

Tuesday, February 14, headlines

wrote finis to the story: *PEACE RETURNS TO EL RIO*, said one. El Rio — The River — which from 1875 until about the turn of the century was known as New Jerusalem.

THE FOREGOING gives a fair picture of what news media told the country. In the excitement names inevitably were misspelled, errors made. One report even placed the event in Mexico. Deadlines demand fast work by reporters and snap judgments by editors, so it is not surprising that some Monday headlines derisively screamed *HOAX*. By casting doubt among readers one local editor probably dissuaded many sightseers from coming to El Rio and perhaps thereby helped police and church officials avert a mob disaster. On the other hand this editor never substantiated his allegations that this "miracle" was a monstrous fraud. It is evident from the news stories that if anything more is to be learned from these events, it remains for disinterested researchers to ferret out the facts.

Eyewitness accounts generally reflect honest but varying viewpoints. It has been a characteristic of the Virgin's visitations that only some people have seen her, while others have not. For example, during the most spectacular miracle of its kind in Christian history — the Miracle of the Sun at the Cova da Iria (Fatima, Portugal) — only three persons saw the Virgin, although some 70,000 were present.

Conflicting observations may be partly accounted for by factors other

than the physical positions of the observers and different times they saw the same happening. These other factors are subjective and can hardly be more clearly demonstrated than by the impressions of four eyewitnesses from Pasadena when they saw the "miracle" at El Rio on Sunday.

Early that day a prominent South American mining engineer, with whom I was then associated in a local business, phoned me and suggested a trip to see what was going on in El Rio. I readily assented. Bill and his wife Terry, whose names are fictitious here for reasons of anonymity, joined me and my wife Jilda and in due time we arrived at El Rio after experiencing some difficulty in extra-heavy traffic. Parking quite a distance from our destination, we walked a dusty street to a point as close as we could get to the Reyes home, which by that time had been roped off and was under police guard.

Hundreds, strangely quiet, lined the ropes, gazing intently toward the new building, but we found a place where we all could see the frame structure clearly from 150 feet — and, most important of all, the roof. Because of the pitch of the roof, the image in the boards was not visible from the ground, but instantly my attention was caught by a sight near the corner of the roof, in the air, above the spot where the image was said to be situated. And then I comprehended the silence of the on-lookers.

Bill had briefed me on the event

before we got there but I was unprepared, nevertheless, for the splendor of what I saw. Wavering in a graceful rhythm to and fro was the most magnificently beautiful scintillating blue light it has ever been my privilege to see. Scientifically trained, not emotionally predisposed to see anything in particular, I nonetheless felt something leap up within me as if responding to a stirring, nearly-forgotten melody.

I blinked my eyes and looked away momentarily, but the object, some 50 to 60 inches high, was still there when I looked again. Tiny, bright little pin-points of sparkling rose-colored light darted from the body of the flame, sharply accentuated by the blue background of a — robe? Careful scrutiny failed to reveal a definite human form, although for fleeting seconds the flame approximately shaped a human outline and I easily could have imagined the existence of a heavily-cloaked human body. I say this without in the least detracting from the testimony of others who saw more detail than I or implying they were deluded or subject to hallucinations.

My wife, also a trained observer, meticulously careful in every aspect of her work, saw what definitely appeared to be the form of a small human female, cloaked in blue robes, moving slightly, above the roof boards, but she could not see enough detail of the face.

Jilda's description reminded me of the statement of Lucy dos Santos (now Irma Dore, a Carmelite nun) whose testimony of the Virgin's visitations to

na during World War I is available for all to read and hear. Speaking of the Virgin's expression and appearance as she stood atop the azinheira in the Cova da Iria, Lucy said, "It was all of light. The light had various tones, yellow and white and various other colors. It was more intense and less intense. It was by the different tones and by the differences in intensity that one saw what was real and what was mantle and what was face and what was tunic."

At opposite extremes were Bill and Jerry. Bill, with the most impressive credentials in his profession, a highly technical and hazardous field of engineering, confessed in a low tone that he didn't see anything more than a familiar sort of disturbance or turbulence — like nothing he had ever seen before.

Terry, of Mexican birth, a native of Guadalajara, stood as if transfixed. The light in her eyes answered my question before I could ask it. On the way home, however, when we had all regained our composure, Terry, unusually subdued, told us in her accented English she was absolutely sure she had seen the Virgin Mary, *Nuestra Senora, Santa Maria Guadalupe*, the patron saint of Mex-

Our religious backgrounds may be of interest under the circumstances. Bill and I were raised Protestants; Jilda and Terry were Catholics. All of us had drifted from original church affiliations and, like most middle-aged people, were seeking enlightenment

we could not find in orthodoxy. That day in El Rio we were too close to the event to weigh its impact upon us and we knew that only in years to come would we really understand what this flash of glory in the noonday sun meant.

IN 1963 I was cordially greeted at the rectory door and ushered into a little waiting room by the Rev. Father John Fosselman, pastor of the Church of the Assumption in Los Angeles. Yes, indeed, he was in El Rio when the greatly-publicized event had happened. He was pastoring the Santa Clara Church to which Doña Atilana Reyes came regularly to make her devotions.

Smilingly he intimated that the only miracle he saw was a fully-packed church the morning following the appearance of the image in the roof boards of Atilana Reyes' new house. Doña Atilana was possibly the best-known and most-beloved person in El Rio, the priest said. For her sake he wanted to believe, since she obviously did. But in spite of his desire to justify the faith of those who were involved in the incident, he said that after studying the case thoroughly, he could find nothing of a phenomenal or miraculous nature in the occurrences.

Fosselman confirmed news reports of the touch-up job that gave the image in the boards a closer resemblance to the image of Santa Maria on the cloak of Juan Diego. In his opinion, however, there was no exudation of resins or any other substance which would have produced any light such as Terry,

Jilda and I had seen. Fosselman was the first person interviewed to corroborate what we had seen on the Reyeses' roof. "What you and a few others have reported comes the closest to anything supernatural," he said, "but since these phenomena can be explained by natural causes we are not justified in attributing them to supernatural causes."

Fosselman told me that Manuel Reyes was given alcohol to make him talk when arrested *after* he had discovered the image in the boards. Contrary to news reports, he was sober when he first saw it.

IN 1967 I talked with Peter Flores, yard superintendent of the lumber company that supplied the materials for the new Reyes home in 1950.

Flores recalled that he had been summoned by Father Jacobs to give expert testimony on the mysterious scene on the roof. "I got there before they covered the image with tar," he said. "I climbed the ladder and saw what did appear in general outline to be the familiar figure of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The details and the colors were not clear enough to me, it seemed, to positively identify it as a perfect image.

"My impression was, and still is, that the likeness was caused by leaf mold, or grain mold in the lumber we had sold the Reyeses. It was common lumber, not select, and there had been enough rain just about the time we sold them the lumber so that it is my opinion

the so-called image was caused by leaf mold, and not by a special act of God. I went back to the lumber yard and checked the pile of lumber from which that delivery had been made. There were leaf-mold spots on some of the remaining boards in the pile, too."

Others who were at the Reyes home at one time or another during the occurrence were equally cautious when interviewed. All impressed me as God-fearing, laboring country folk who would have a natural horror of perpetrating a hoax which would misrepresent their patron saint and invite ridicule of their church.

Tony Reyes, a son of Atilana Reyes, was the first member of the family I met when I interviewed the Reyeses in March 1967. Tony pointed to the house where the Virgin had appeared and said if I wished to see the altar one of the family would take me inside. One of Atilana's granddaughters, Antonia Nishimura, showed me the altar in a small bedroom they called the "Virgin's room." The altar was located in the corner directly underneath the place on the roof where the image of the Virgin had appeared in the roof boards.

On the altar was a picture of the Virgin, as Santa Maria de Guadalupe, a photographic reprint of a popular painting of Jesus, several statues of saints, an assortment of artificial flowers, and a newspaper photograph of the imprint on the roof. Parts of the ceiling, walls and altar were covered with aluminum foil. There were no chairs in the barely-furnished room and

quin (one of Tony's brothers) and I on the bed while Antonia stood holding her baby in her arms as she talked with me about the miracle.

Of the many incidents she related, I recount here only the most significant. Speaking fluent English, Antonia confessed it was impossible for her to describe the shock and amazement of the dazzling sight that met her eyes when, as a small girl in 1950, she climbed to the roof and saw the image of the Virgin Mary. Aside from the clarity of the imprint, she said, the most important impression she received was that a great power emanated from the little figure; even now, when she and her grandmother were alone by the river, she could feel a wonderful kind of power in the "Virgin's room." Antonia's eyes became shiny, her voice softly hushed.

When I asked Antonia if anything of an unusual nature had happened there since the 1950 visitation, she said the Virgin had appeared once in recent years to her grandmother, but this young woman disclaimed any knowledge of a visible message and discreetly suggested I ask her grandmother about it upon her return from Juarez.

My next contact with the family was almost four months later when Dolores Reyes returned from Mexico. Her son Manuel and his sister-in-law Carmen Reyes served as interpreters, besides giving their personal testimonies. This interview took place in Manuel's little trailer where I waited for him while he went to bring his

mother back for the discussion.

Dofia Atilana was one of the most remarkable human beings I have ever met. Hardly five feet tall, I guessed — she had friendly, penetrating dark eyes which bespoke great spiritual strength. The deep wrinkles in her calm face told a story of hardships, toil and tribulations and of great understanding earned from them.

The first thing I asked Dofia Atilana was whether any healings had occurred soon after the miracle. Through my interpreters Carmen and Manuel, she said that the lady with an abdominal ailment (mentioned in the news stories) who had not been expected to live six months had gone up on the roof of Atilana's new house and had cut out a piece of board with part of the image intact. At home the lady had then placed this piece of wood on her abdomen and she kept it there for several weeks. When she went to her doctor, his physical examination and X-rays revealed no malignancy or other diseased condition, and she was pronounced cured. This grateful lady, Carmen added, had helped build the altar in the "Virgin's room."

Manuel added a very important observation: The wood which had been freshly exposed at depth by the knife blade had the same bright color as the surrounding untouched surface of the image of Santa Maria de Guadalupe. The image apparently was impregnated in the wood, and this fact reminds one of the similarity between this phenomenon and the imprinting,

or impregnation, of the image of the Virgin upon and in the tilma of Juan Diego at Tepeyac more than four centuries ago. The extraordinary combination of techniques required to produce that magnificent work of art, a committee of Mexican artists had claimed, could not be duplicated by the human hand.

Were there any other healings? Yes, a blind man had been helped up the ladder to the rooftop. He touched the image and on the way home as he walked along assisted by friends, he began to regain his eyesight. It was reported that his doctor determined that his vision was good enough so that he could see without glasses. This joyful man returned to the scene of the miracle with a big bouquet of flowers.

Other healings which an impartial observer might or might not attribute to the 1950 visitation of the Virgin took place within the family. Carmen's husband Tony, a war veteran who had returned from military duty with a severe case of sinusitis, headaches and nervousness that physicians could not relieve, was completely cured following the miracle. Also, according to Carmen's testimony, Michael Nishimura, Antonia's son, had nearly died in a hospital during infancy. Antonia had prayed to the Virgin and the boy recovered. Antonia made a special pilgrimage to the national shrine in Mexico City to fulfill a vow she had made to the Virgin.

Asked if in 1950 she had prayed for a miracle to take place here in her

home, Atilana said she had not done so. In this respect the 1950 miracle is reminiscent of the Fatima and Tepeyac visitations which were not preceded by any special act or request of the innocent persons who became involved. It is significant that in her appearances Mary has usually made her presence known first to children or to common country folk rather than to those in high places.

I asked Atilana if there had been other visitations of the Virgin and she said that about three years earlier, after she had been praying through her devotions, she saw a glow of white light over the heart of the Virgin in the framed picture on the altar. Upon seeing this she called another person into the room to witness the light. Also a few years ago she had waked just before dawn and seen the Virgin Mary, robed in pure white light, standing nearby. A moment later she disappeared.

OF THE El Rio phenomena, there is nothing I can say that is not better expressed by the title character of Willa Cather's classic novel *Death Comes for the Archbishop*:

"Where there is great love there are always miracles. . . . One might almost say that an apparition is human vision corrected by divine love. . . . The Miracles of the Church seem to me to rest upon our perceptions being made finer, so that for a moment our eyes can see and our ears can hear what is there about us always."

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, 3510 Western Ave., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. Manuscripts must show author's name and address and include a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

THE SHINING FORM

By Robert C. Henderson

IN 1962 my father Glenn Henderson died of leukemia in a small hospital in Pecos, Tex. In his last hours of life my mother and I reassured him of our love.

While in a coma, he had been calling my mother's name for over three hours. When he fell silent and the doctor pronounced him dead, it was almost a relief. The doctor was accompanied by a nurse and an assistant. Father's bed had been raised to a sitting position so that he could breathe more easily. The nurse later returned the bed to the prone position.

I told her that I had heard music the entire time. She assured me that no music was playing at that hour, which was shortly after three o'clock in the morning. My mother slumped into my arms as we sat on a settee nearby.

Suddenly the nurse said to the doctor, "Do you see it?"

We looked up and saw a small figure, above my father's prone body, shining as though wrapped in silver foil. It was in a sitting position, with knees bent and arms outstretched. The two forms were joined by a silver cord. We could see the window across from the bed through the rising form. All was gone in less than a minute.

While not a religious man, my father was a spiritual one. Of course, what Mother and I saw could be explained as an illusion due to our emotional states, but a doctor and two nurses also witnessed the event. They certainly were removed from this happening emotionally, having been in contact with my father for less than 24 hours.

Afterward the nurse said it was the second time she had witnessed such an event. It has been a great

comfort to Mother and me through all the following years. The experience confirmed our belief that we live on after death. My father was a strong and loving man who would give us proof of that if he could.—
Lake O Lakes, Fla.

GO NORTHEAST

By Patricia L. Parhad

MY ADOPTIVE father, Edward Johnson, lived a life of grace and honor. Those who remember him still speak of his generosity and honesty. He owned three small businesses, one a car dealership in Lancaster, Minn. As a child I recall his offering a "loaner" car to anyone in need, even people considered bad risks.

Dad was grandfather only to my two children. He loved both equally and although they were young when he died, I always made a point of relating stories about Dad to them. As a result, both kept his photo in a place of honor, along with that of their grandmother, Isabelle.

In late fall 1987 my daughter, Amal-Isabelle, resigned a pressure-laden job in Chicago. In a telephone conversation with an acquaintance in the Boston area — which I wish to stress was *northeast* of our Chicago home — Amal-Isabelle mentioned that she was interested in working in one of the Pacific Northwest states, especially Oregon. Six weeks later her Northeast contact informed her that a position had



Patricia L. Parhad

opened up in a newly formed department at the Veterans' Administration Medical Center in Roseburg, Oreg., and she was advised to "go for it!"

Armed with fine credentials, she applied for the position and was accepted. It was the most wonderful happening for her. Without the telephone tip coming from the Northeast, she would not have known about the job opportunity exactly where she longed to work.

The realization that Amal-Isabelle was about to leave home for the first time caused me to feel some depression. She was one of those jewels who repaired leaking roofs, built a new back porch, painted houses, tiled a kitchen, paneled four rooms, sawed, hammered, sanded and created beauty everywhere her attention turned.

On April 14, 1988, three weeks before my daughter left, I had a vivid and unusual dream about Dad. Awaking at 5:00 A.M., I

rushed to wake Amal-Isabelle and relate the dream to her. I drove to work that day filled with a sense of awe and amazement. I described my dream to just about everyone I knew, feeling it was special and had to be shared.

I dreamed that Amal-Isabelle and I were walking on a trail leading upward between rocks and huge boulders. It was a strange place and the strangest feature was a dark wooden trellis overhead that extended for what seemed miles.

I felt an impulse to look back and to my amazement saw Dad walking upward to meet us. His face looked as it had when he was about 50 years old during life.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and kissed his cheek over and over again. My joy was unbounded. He did not smile, but I knew he was happy.

"We have only 10 minutes together," he told me. Hand in hand, we walked up the hill together. At the edge of a bluff Dad raised his right arm to point.

"See there, see how beautiful the hills are in the mist. Go northeast. Go northeast."

The dream ended.

On May 5 Amal-Isabelle flew to Oregon. Two hours after she arrived she took a cab to a new car dealer just to "look around." When the dealer learned she was new in town and without a car to drive, he told her, "You will need a car until you

can buy one." He pointed to a new red Honda. "Here, take this one to use. Just show me your Illinois license and name the motel where you are staying."

Amal-Isabelle drove away with a sparkling new car, which she returned three weeks later without charge. She bought a cheaper car from the dealer, of course, and regarding the loaner, she remarked to me, "Didn't you once tell me that Grandpa used to do that?"

Finding an apartment was her next step. She found one in a beautiful complex. The view from its balcony was breathtaking, she said, a glorious view of high hills blanketed with a soft mist.

The rental agent told her, "Your new address should read Northeast Street."

Amal-Isabelle rushed to a phone to tell me she had a new address on Northeast Street and that "the hills you see from there are covered with a gray mist — just like Grandpa said in your dream!"

She was delighted with the mountain vistas, the thick stands of trees and breadth of the Pacific Ocean a short drive away. Her letters with photos of her surroundings transported her happiness back to me in Illinois. One photo made me call her long distance. It showed her standing with something like a long roof over her head. I asked where the photo was taken.

"Why, Mother," Amal-Isabelle

said, "the buildings in this hospital complex are connected by overhead wooden trellises that give some protection in bad weather when we walk from one building to another."

There is nothing supernatural about the power of love. My reason and intellect tell me these events are linked in ways I cannot, in truth, fully explain. But it does not surprise me at all that a man who cared, comforted and shared with many somehow was able to reach out and touch again those who will always remember and love him.—*Mount Prospect, Ill.*

THE GOLDEN LIGHTS

By Beverly Dash

ONE EARLY afternoon in September 1946 in Brooklyn, I had finished my chores and had dressed my two daughters, Nadine and Rhya, aged 15 months and three months, respectively. We were planning to go outside for some fresh air. I hurried to take a shower and get dressed myself.

Stepping into the enclosed shower, I turned on the water. It was warm and felt good against my skin. I wasn't thinking about anything in particular when suddenly the water stopped running.

Startled, I gazed as the air was filled with hundreds of brilliant, pear-shaped lights which came floating down all around me. My body



Beverly Dash

went cold. I blinked my eyes and incredibly, all about me were these beautiful lights, first surrounding me and then slowly falling about me.

Somehow, I don't know why, I knew it was my father trying to reach me and I cried out, "Daddy, Daddy, I know you're there!"

Again I called, "Daddy, please stay," but gradually the lights faded and I was alone. The water came on again.

I hadn't been thinking about my father, Nathan Fields, that day. He had died of a heart attack over a year previously, but inexplicably I knew he was trying to reach me. A keen sense of loss swept over me and I started to cry.

The incident has never been repeated, but to this day I am sure that my father was trying to communicate with those beautiful golden lights.—*Ramona, Calif.*



10



STRANGEST LIST

IN THE opinions of the editors of *Strange Magazine*, the international magazine of unexplained phenomena, the following are the 10 strangest occurrences of the past year (from October 1, 1987, to October 1, 1988) in descending order. Over 1000 occurrences were considered for this year's "10 Strangest List." This list is not an endorsement of the "reality" or the existence of any of these phenomena and these cases have not necessarily been fully investigated by *Strange Magazine's* staff.

Rather, they are gleaned from the international press and should be viewed in that light.

Anyone interested in receiving the complete "Top 10 Strangest Events" list may do so free of charge by sending a legalized self-addressed stamped envelope to: Top Ten List, *Strange Magazine*, P.O. Box 2246, Rockville, Md. 20852.

(1) *Lizard Man*

Few would have suspected that during the summer of 1988 the sleepy town of

Bishopville, S.C., would be the scene of the most highly publicized creature flap of all time. Whether fact, fiction or a combination of both, the Lizard Man will go down as one of the most controversial and well publicized American monsters of the 1980's, if not in the history of monster lore.

(2) *Reagan Astrology Flap*

Many Americans were surprised to learn that much of past President Ronald Reagan's schedule had been determined astrologically. Actually, Nancy Reagan's reliance on astrology had been reported years earlier. The real news was the extent to which astrology may have affected the presidential schedule.

(3) *Japan Christ*

A transcript of an ancient scroll in Shingo Village, Japan, claims that Shingo was the final resting place of Jesus after his death at the age of 106. The chronicles claim that Jesus escaped persecution in Palestine and traveled via Siberia to Alaska, then by ship to Japan.

(4) *Horicon Haunting*

Horicon, Wis., residents Allen and Debora Tallman along with their three children were reportedly afflicted by escalating poltergeist phenomena for a few months. The last straw for Tallman came when a thing emerged from the floor in his one-year-old daughter's bedroom; it was, he said, "gassy and foggy," vocally threatening, with green eyes and flames.

(5) *Pink Frog Fall*

Pink frogs fell from the sky in a Gloucester, England, rainstorm. Investigators found these frogs exist in the Sahara desert and presumed they were transferred by storm winds from Morocco to Gloucester without transferring the sand in which they hide.

(6) *Electric People*

Pauline Shaw, a 46-year-old London

resident, is full of electricity and has trouble controlling the intermittently powerful discharges. She has put out of commission three VCRs, a dozen radios, 12 TVs, 10 washing machines and at least 250 light bulbs.

(7) *Knowles UFO Car Case*

Members of the Knowles family were driving through the Nullabor Plain in Western Australia on January 20, 1988, when they claim to have sighted an egg-shaped UFO. The glowing object chased their car, allegedly lifted their car and shook it violently, leaving the car with blown out tires and covered by ashes.

(8) *Winning Lotto Dream*

New Jersey resident Michael Gabriele says his daughter came to him in an eerie dream less than a month after she died and told him to play Lotto. He won \$10.5 million the next day with the numbers on tickets found in his 23-year old deceased daughter's car.

(9) *Ghost Boat*

The Rev. Thomas Willis, exorcist of buildings for the Diocese of York in England, was called upon to rid the 635-foot trawler *Pickering* of its haunting presences. The Bridlington Bay-based trawler had a history of strange happenings such as cabins that would freeze up despite a working heating system, flashing lights, unreliable steering that would send the ship in circles, and a radar system that would go haywire at 1:30 A.M. only at sea.

(10) *The "Hard to Believe" Award for 1988: "Elvis Is Alive"*

While not limited to the past year, the "Elvis Lives" rumors peaked with the release of the book *Is Elvis Alive?* by Gail Brewer-Giorgio and its accompanying cassette tape purporting to contain a recent message from the supposedly dead pop singer.

BOOKS

NEWS & REVIEWS

by D. Scott Rogo



DREAM CONTACT

POLLS have documented that large percentages of the American (and other) people report psychic, religious and mystical experiences. (For some specifics, see Andrew MacKenzie's "How Common Are Psychic Experiences?", November 1987 FATE.) Evaluating the significance of such experiences for both the percipients and society at large is parapsychology's newest challenge. The personal side of psychic events also serves as the subject of two recent books on the paranormal.

Psychologist David Ryback focuses on psychic dreaming in his new book *Dreams That Come True* (Dolphin/Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1988, 267 pages, \$17.95), written with Letitia Sweitzer. Dr. Ryback became interested in the subject when he noticed that people commonly report such experiences. This led him to conduct a poll of 433 college undergraduates, of whom 66.9 percent reported psychic dreams. When he eliminated obvious coincidences and other ersatz cases, he concluded that 8.8 percent of the public experience such dreams. Letitia Sweitzer joined Ryback in his research after she expressed her skepticism of his findings. But when she conducted her own informal survey, her

results closely replicated her colleague's.

Dreams That Come True is filled with dozens of firsthand cases reported by the people surveyed. Many of the cases reported in the book, if recalled accurately by the witnesses, seem too detailed to be explained normally. These fascinating incidents, taken alone, make the book worth reading.

Besides reporting cases, Ryback and Sweitzer introduce us to some of the dreamers, most of them women. Clairvoyant dreaming and possible "dream contact" with the dead are also discussed. This second subject is especially provocative because conventional survival research has paid little attention to it. True, such stories are difficult to evaluate, but even the great Swiss psychologist C. G. Jung believed it was possible to communicate with the dead through dreams.

Ryback and Sweitzer treat the subject cautiously. While not rejecting out of hand the possibility of post-death contact, they prefer to believe that such dreams result from psychological factors, such as the living person's attempt to deal with his bereavement. Sometimes genuinely extraordinary information may be communicated by the "dead" in dreams, but the authors hold

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that this information, like the dream characters themselves, is produced by the dreamer's own psyche.

The rest of the book is padded with information on dream interpretation. Ryback and Sweitzer offer do-it-yourself suggestions which tend to detract from the central parapsychological thrust of the book. But these instructions are more sophisticated and legitimate than can be found in most popular—and worthless—dream books.

While *Dreams That Come True* is a generally worthwhile book, it has two major problems. Much has been published in the parapsychological literature on psychic dreaming and related spontaneous experiences. A number of surveys on the subject, for instance, were published in the 1950's by the late Dr. Louisa Rhine (wife of J. B. Rhine) who made a career of studying cases of real-life ESP. Oddly, Ryback and Sweitzer never mention these and similar studies or otherwise integrate their research into the context of this rich literature.

It is also unfortunate that the authors didn't try to formally document some of their better cases. Since many of the dreamers reported their experiences to friends before their predictions were fulfilled, some of these stories could have been easily corroborated.

LIFE AFTER LIFE AFTER LIFE

PM.H. Atwater's *Coming Back to Life* (Dodd, Mead and Company New York, N.Y., 1988, 242 pages \$16.95) follows closely on the heels of Kenneth Ring's *Heading Toward Omega* (1984) and Charles P. Flynn's *After the Beyond* (1986) in its examination of people's lives subsequent to their

near-death experiences. The book has a personal flavor because Atwater herself is a NDE survivor.

Following her experience, she spoke with dozens who had similar experiences. As had Ring and Flynn, Atwater found that NDEs profoundly change the lives of the survivors. They begin to appreciate the overwhelming power of love, focus on spiritual and humanistic life goals, apparently become more intuitive or psychic, and so on.

Each of these observations is interesting, but at no point does Atwater consider whether these life changes result *specifically* from the NDE. Psychologists have long known that many kinds of intense psychological experiences can cause people to change their lives in radical ways. It would be interesting to study some of this literature and see if the inner changes reported by NDE survivors differ from or conform to those reported by religious converts, suicide survivors or cult defectors.

Unlike less insightful commentators on the NDE, Atwater resists the temptation to paint a wholly rosy picture of life after the NDE. To the contrary, she shows that daily life in the wake of such a powerful experience can be difficult. Dealing with a world still tied to material values can be upsetting and some NDE survivors find little in common with their previous spouses or careers. Some of Atwater's informants reported divorces which they blamed directly on the psychological aftershocks of their experiences. In fact, *Coming Back to Life* contains a chapter on "How to Help Near-Death Survivors" which should be essential reading for researchers and parapsychologists working in this field of study.

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By the time you read this, Atwater's publisher, Dodd, Mead, may be out of business, so the hardcover edition of her book may be hard to find. Fortunately, a Ballantine paperback version will soon be available.

PSYCHIC WARFARE: FACT OR FICTION? edited by John White, Aquarian Press, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, England, 1988, 222 pages, £5.99, paperback.

THE GOLDEN CHALICE edited by Maria Mir and Larissa Vilenskaya, H. S. Dakin Company, San Francisco, Calif., 1987, 192 pages, \$5.95, paperback.

Despite substantial changes within the Soviet Union, Moscow's attitude toward the study of parapsychology remains obscure and ambivalent. This has its roots in ideological fears of any infusion of "idealistic" — i.e., nonmaterialistic — thought into Soviet society. But it is also related to the interest Moscow's military-scientific community appears to be taking in the manipulation of the human mind and its possible use as a military weapon.

John White's anthology *Psychic Warfare: Fact or Fiction?* provides a multifaceted overview of what it regards as "the threat posed by the existence of psi and psychotronic weaponry." The volume begins with an account by Thomas Bearden, a retired U.S. Army lieutenant colonel, of the mysterious sinking of the submarine *U.S.S. Thresher* which the author attributes to the action of a psychotronic (hyperspatial) superweapon, located in the Soviet Urals. The book ends with a brief essay

by Stanley Krippner and Arthur Hastings, "Scenario One," a futuristic dramatization of "team telepathy."

Other contributions range from such historic papers as the late Anita Gregory's summary of Soviet physiologist Prof. Leonid L. Vasiliev's work on hypnosis-at-a-distance, to Michael Rossman's provocative essay on various potentials of psychic warfare (with the forbidding title "On Some Matters of Concern in Psychic Research"). Other contributions deal with topics such as the Pentagon's "psychic task force," the pioneer research of Nicola Tesla and its impact on current developments (one of two additional contributions by Bearden). In all, there are 13 chapters, dealing with a variety of aspects of the book's basic theme, and of sufficiently diverse styles, approaches and quality to keep the reader consistently absorbed.

Our most reliable pipeline into Soviet parapsychology has been, for nearly a decade, the remarkable long-distance collaboration between Barbara Ivanova in Moscow and her former colleague in the Soviet capital, Larissa Vilenskaya, currently in California. Vilenskaya edits *Psi Research*, an East-West journal of parapsychology, psychotronics and psychobiophysics. *The Golden Chalice*, co-edited with Maria Mir, pays tribute to Ivanova by reprinting a representative selection of her key papers and providing biographical, anecdotal and professional appraisals of her work.

Barbara Ivanova had an opportunity to leave the Soviet Union in the late 1970's but decided that her ongoing parapsychological studies should take precedent over her personal life. Her career as a professional translator-interpreter was destroyed by her devo-



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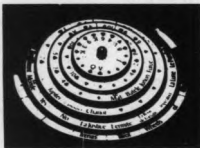
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QUIRKS OF FATE

by Harold Helfer

Tomas Kopka was a steely-eyed lion tamer, perhaps as swashbuckling as the European world has turned out. He seemed to think nothing of sticking his head into the jaws of the big tawny beasts. He was sitting just outside his cage of lions getting ready to perform once again for the Sagi Bros. Circus, when Tomas let out a scream of horror as he clutched at his leg. He was so scared that his face seemed to turn absolutely white with fear — and moments later he was dead. A tiny mouse had crawled up his leg. Said Daniel Papp, the circus doctor at Cyor, Hungary, "The mouse scared him so his heart stopped."

Jody Hutchinson of Minot, N. Dak., was hurt in an automobile accident. He was rushed to a hospital in an ambulance and it was struck by a car and overturned. This time Mr. Hutchinson was killed.

Frank and Wanda Kaduk of Westmont, Ill., have enough children to field a football team — 11 — but it isn't likely to happen. They're all girls. What they might do is become acquainted with the Feltons of Birmingham, England; Irene and Lionel have 11 children, too — all boys.

Victor Guzman was on his way home after seeing a movie at a Chicago theater when he became aware of a disturbance at a filling station. State Trooper Dennis Galle had been shot in the abdomen as he attempted to break up an argument. Guzman promptly jumped in, grabbed Galle's gun and kept the two men involved covered. "I don't know if I'd do it again," he admits. But he was just doing what someone had done in a scene of the movie he'd just seen, *Robocop*.

In Draperstown, Northern Ireland, grief-stricken Charlie Rogers was digging a grave for his brother — and wound up dying in it himself. The grave collapsed and he suffocated.

It was a strange way to meet. It was on a bus in West Berlin — they'd literally bumped into each other. It was so literal that Christina was bowled over. Gunter picked her up and apologized profusely. He even invited her out to dinner. Two years later they were married. The marriage was a strange, and sad, affair, too. They were kissing for photographers moments after the wedding when Gunter Wunsch suddenly slumped to the floor. He'd had a heart attack and died.

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tion to the study of psychic phenomena.

The book begins with a description of Maria Mir's visit to Moscow and her initial personal contact with Ivanova. Subsequent sections deal with "The Soviet Psychic Healing Controversy," "Transcending Contemporary Scientific Concepts" and such "Exotic Areas of Psi" as reincarnation and "voices from the unknown." There is also a section on links between human beings, animals and other elements of nature, as well as a concluding collection of essays in which Ivanova offers words of caution to psychics about physical and mental risks.

The White anthology and the Ivanova collection are strikingly different in mood and content. One warns of psychic warfare, while the other, with its emphasis on healing, conveys an air of universal understanding. Both, I think, are helpful in widening our view of developments in the U.S.S.R. and should impel us to continue monitoring evolving events with open-minded attention. — *Martin Ebon.*

CHANNELERS by Robin Westen, Putman's/Perigee Books, New York, N.Y., 1988, 224 pages, \$9.95, paperback.

Whether *Channelers* is a good or a bad book depends entirely on what you think of the phenomenon called "channeling."

If you are convinced that there exist exalted beings who occasionally use living people to convey messages of ineffable wisdom, then this book may prove of real interest. It contains a history of channeling, with thumbnail sketches of such notable figures as Joan of Arc,

Emanuel Swedenborg, Andrew Jackson Davis, Edgar Cayce and Jane Roberts. Also included are brief biographies of all the major contemporary channelers and the entities they channel, with synopses of their main teachings. In addition the book contains a fairly comprehensive New Age channeling directory listing names and addresses of channels and related services and organizations.

All in all, the volume is an easy-to-use, easily-understood account of channeling written from a believer's point of view.

If you do not share the believer's viewpoint, however, or if you take channels at their word and refuse to accept any message that does not satisfy your sense of rightness and reason, then the book is of little interest. Despite the publisher's claim that the work contains *everything* you need to be informed about the hottest new phenomenon of the New Age, readers will find little that might help them intelligently assess the channeling movement. No evidences or arguments are offered to sustain Robin Westen's contention that channeled messages proceed from real entities, nor does she even admit that there is a question to be considered. The view, endorsed by many channels, that the entities that speak through them are dramatized aspects of their own higher selves is likewise not addressed.

Also not mentioned, even in passing, are any of the numerous theories that would explain channeling without invoking the unknown. Most importantly, the reader is provided with no hints or suggestions about how to judge the validity or otherwise of channeled messages. One of the entities Westen quotes,

Jach Pursel's "Lazaris," does offer a few useful rules of thumb to help assess the value of otherworldly communication, but Westen seems to accept everything at face value. Evidently, for her any message that comes without conscious thought or volition is, for that reason alone, worthy of all acceptance.

Another problem with the book is its fuzziness of focus. Westen never tells us why she wrote it, the questions she hoped to answer or even what the reader may expect to gain from the book that cannot be gotten elsewhere. The publishers, not surprisingly, make more ambitious claims for the book, but in no case is the claim matched by the performance. Judging from appearances, I would judge the book a potboiler written to cash in on the recent popularity of channeling before the practice once again lapses from public notice.

Let it not be misunderstood: The book, with its state-by-state directory of channels, is useful if you want to locate a local person who claims to be in communication with higher powers, but it provides no clue as to what to look for, or look out for, once you pass through the door. Considering the dangers, recognized since ancient times, of trafficking with denizens of the invisible realm, *Channelers* does a positive disservice by not informing the reader that in channeling, as in much else, things are not always what they seem. — *Rodger I. Anderson.*

FLIGHTS OF FANCY? by Lynn Picknett, Ward Lock, London, England, 1988, 124 pages, \$29.95.

Imagine the shock of opening a book

and finding that it covers almost exactly the topics you have found of interest, investigated and written about (sometimes in FATE). That was my experience with *Flights of Fancy?* but the pleasant anticipation of what was to come quickly faded as I began to see what Lynn Picknett is up to here.

Picknett comes with a blind spot — she can't see any worldview other than her own. Of course this is the very attitude skeptics and debunkers sometimes exhibit when they consider paranormal claims. But surely what's bad in one group is no better in its opposite group. It is one thing, as Picknett often does, to object to the labeling of something as "impossible." It is wrong, however, to accept something, as Picknett often does, *just because* the "other side" rejects it. Each claim must be judged independently.

The things that Picknett investigates in this book include levitation, spontaneous human combustion, the Cottingley fairies, Fortean phenomena, and the mediumships of D. D. Home and Florrie Cook. When Picknett does admit fraud in the light of overwhelming evidence (e.g., the fairy photos, Florrie Cook possibly), she always manages to hedge her statements. That would be acceptable if she exercised — as she does not — the same caution when the evidence *in favor* of the paranormality of an event or phenomenon is weak. Instead she unreservedly accepts the genuineness of the claim in question.

Picknett, it is clear, loves mysteries and hates solutions, even reasonable ones. The result is an occasionally interesting book which in the end fails to address the question in its title in any meaningful way. — *Gordon Stein.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

These columns of FATE are set aside each month for your comments. Send your opinion articles and stories of unusual occurrences to FATE Magazine, 3510 Western Ave., Highland Park, Ill. 60035

SHADOW OF DEATH

I am responding to Dai Circe's letter in "Report from the Readers" (December 1988 FATE). My article "In the Shadow of Death" (September 1988 FATE) was a compendium of observations made over a lifetime about how the individual about to die seems to know, at least unconsciously, what will soon happen. The advance behavior pattern given was originally developed for the chapter on Brain Shift in the book *Coming Back to Life*.

The statement concerning how human deaths are planned before birth was a quote from soul-level communications encountered during the time I worked as a professional hypnotist. Observations summed for the article came from thousands of case studies, including multiple-death events, even one involving an airplane crash which claimed 24 lives.

I cannot nor would I ever state that my observations prove anything, but they do suggest and imply many things depending on who does the interpretation. I have no vested interest in how anyone chooses to consider what I have to say. My responsibility, at least as I

see it, is in presenting information as honestly and objectively as possible in whatever manner is appropriate for the time and place involved.

To the reader who feels the article contains dangerous and socially harmful notions, I would rather suggest that to withhold such observations would be the real danger. None of us can long afford to exist in a vacuum, content within frameworks of thought that preserve precious comfort zones. Dying taught me to confront life as it is, not as I might prefer it to be.—P.M.H. Atwater, Williamsburg, Va.

COMING TO TERMS

I read with interest "Near Death Experiences Around the World" by D. Scott Rogo (December 1988 FATE). I suggest that those collecting NDEs ask a few additional questions when interviewing non-Western informants.

Tropical trees often arch over a path, creating a tunnel-like environment as branches mingle together. When "walking through a forest" is given, such a detail should be investigated.

People who have never flown but always walk would most likely see them-



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selves walking along a path. People accustomed to seeing houses built on stilts might see such a house in a NDE, but a person who had never seen such a house would not. Instead of "floating" or "walking" we might substitute "traveling," establishing a universal term to the experience. "Going to a higher place" could be indicated by a hill, stairway, or ladder.

We are not taught to think in symbols; we are not taught to understand symbolic utterances such as the parables of Jesus or the fables of Aesop. NDEs are best understood in that respect.—
Ernestine Busch, Springfield, Ill.

FIREWALKER FEATS

It's understandable that scientists would like to completely explain firewalking-without-burning by laws of nature. ("Fireproof People" by Gordon Stein, August 1988 FATE). But the cooler-ash-covering-hot-coals theory can't explain the firewalking that I and thousands of others witnessed in late August 1973 at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

Hot limestone rocks — not ash-covered hot coals — with an average diameter of about 10 inches were walked on. The rocks taken from the shore of Lake Ontario filled a rectangular pit about 10 feet by six feet and, we were told, four to five feet deep. The stones were heated by a seven-foot high pile of old boards and discarded hardwood furniture, which burned until it was reduced to ashes.

The firewalking ceremony began immediately after the coals were raked off the stones. Four formally-dressed, distinguished visitors, as instructed, came forward one by one and tossed a white linen handkerchief on the hot

rocks. Each cloth burst into a puff of smoke about five to 10 inches above the rocks.

Twelve young Fijian firewalkers were introduced. They walked to the fiery rocks, stepped onto them gingerly, and walked across the 10-foot length.

Afterwards several firewalkers roamed around within the enclosure to answer onlookers' questions. I asked to see the soles of one man's feet. I almost expected to see horny calluses and old burn scars. But his soles were soft and pink with no scars. I asked what it felt like to walk on hot rocks. He said that his feet felt cool, never warm. And the rocks felt quite slippery. This was the reason, he explained, why the firewalkers stepped carefully while looking down at the rocks to see where they placed their feet so they avoided slipping and falling. The implication was that falling on the rocks might have jarred them so that the ceremonial protection might have been lost causing the firewalkers severe burns.

It is possible that we don't yet know all the laws of nature, as well as all the ways that known and unknown laws of nature can manifest. Someday physicists and electrical engineers working with metaphysicists and clairvoyants may be able to show how the mind can direct the body to cool high heat or warm great cold as well as levitate, disappear and reappear.—*Joanne Ashley, Manlius, N. Y.*

UNIQUE WHITE IRIS

Mention of flowers blooming "from the top axis of cabbages and on the leaf tops of green vegetables" by Michael Bowker in "Can Animals Predict Earthquakes?" (July 1988 FATE) was timely and apro-

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pos to recent phenomena in our neighborhood.

On Sunday afternoon, May 22, 1988, while my wife and I were 20 miles away attending commencement at Smith College, lightning struck a 70-foot ash tree in front of our property, splitting the main trunk from top to bottom and completely stripping bark from a length of some 20 feet. The bang stirred sediment in the deep well tank resulting in riled water for two days.

Although there was no evidence that wiring or equipment motors were damaged, the electric field must have been intense. A nearby TV set stopped working due to a ruined transistor and all the tab stops were cleared on the electronic typewriter. The coolant level sensor on a car parked in the garage had to be replaced. A neighbor one-quarter mile to the northwest observed sparks coming from an unplugged TV.

Oddest of all was the behavior of a bed of yellow iris plants. Buds had formed but were not due to flower with their normal yellow coloring for another week. However, the next morning and lasting three days, one blossom appeared — completely white. — *Clifton J. Noble, Huntington, Mass.*

BENVENISTE SUPPORT

In "I See by the Papers" (December 1988 FATE), Curtis Fuller discusses Jacques Benveniste's research report. In summary the subject partly relates to human white blood cells activated by dilutions of antigens to as great as 10 to the 120th power. These research results were unreasonably attacked.

I worked out an explanation that could be verified with an electron microscope at each level of dilution. As

fantastic as it may sound, I have reason to believe that the theory can be true.

At some level of dilution, the antigen is reduced to its atomic state, which means that atoms exist in the numbers required to complete the formula of the antigen. It is undoubtedly true that the antigen, a compound of molecules, detectable in some physical manner, is no longer present. However, the atomic constituents, not detectable in any physical manner, are still present.

When this diluted aqueous solution comes in contact with a white blood cell, itself molecular, the atoms in the solution attach themselves to the blood cell (plus) antigen molecules.

It is my hope that someone with access to an electron microscope will attempt to prove or disprove this theory.
—Ralph W. Strong, Las Vegas, Nev.

THE HOLE THEORY

In September 1880 David Lang, a farmer walking in his field near Gallatin, Tenn., vanished in full view of five witnesses never to be seen again. It was believed he went into a hole in the ground about 20 feet in diameter. He was walking on solid ground when he vanished and no hole was ever found.

In the late 1940's Rev. Alfred Byles and his wife witnessed a hole that had appeared across a path in his churchyard in Yealmpton, Devon, England. The hole was visible for some time and became larger before it completely disappeared.

On a summer afternoon in the late 1940's, I witnessed such an appearance of a hole in a field just outside Thomasville, Tenn. It grew to 30 to 40 feet in diameter before I fled in fright. Days later after getting enough nerve to re-

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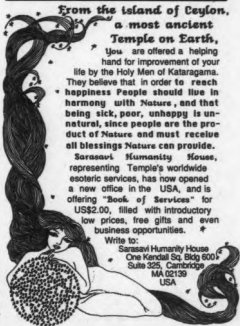
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turn, I found no hole, only solid ground which had since been plowed by a farmer for planting. I was the only witness to the hole phenomenon.

If bottomless holes can appear and disappear in solid earth, might they not also be *above* as well as *below*? Could a black hole, time warp vortex, be the answer to the disappearance of David Lang, the men and planes and other victims of the Bermuda Triangle? Personally I don't accept the space-alien connection.

I wonder how many others have seen such holes, but have chosen not to go in.—C.D. Jackson, Douglasville, Ga.

The David Lang story, although widely reported as true in popular books on "unexplained mysteries," apparently is little more than a folktale without foundation in fact. See Robert Schade-wald's "David Lang Vanishes...Forever," December 1977 FATE.—The Editors.

SERIOUS SEEKERS

After reading Stuart C. Burdick's letter in "Report from the Readers" (December 1988 FATE), I feel empathy for all those souls searching for the truth, as I myself have been doing. Two great revelations have come to us in this century.

From Austria comes the *Great Gospel of John* through the Inner Word to a Christian Jew of the direct lineage of David. The English translation has just been published in an abridged form and is available in the U.S. at Divine Word Foundation, 4880 Piper St., Fremont Calif. 94538.

(Continued on page 126)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from Page 116)

I would recommend you first read the 75-page book about the author: *The Unknown Prophet Jakob Lorber*, a prophecy and warning for the near future by Kurt Eggenstein, also available at the Divine Word Foundation.

A most unusual and intriguing book, *The Urantia Book* (urantia means earth) is not for the close-minded or the gullible. This book, actually four in one, is for the serious seeker. The 2000-page book contains many surprises and answers to centuries-old questions. For information write Urantia Brotherhood Corp., Urantia Foundation, 533 Diversey Pkwy., Chicago, Ill. 60614.—*Bernard Girard, Pascoag, R.I.*

GHOST WRITERS

I am collecting true stories of personal experiences with ghosts and poltergeists for a book I'm writing. If any FATE reader would like to contribute to my work, send a confidential, detailed account.—*Thomas Sopher, 13162 Highway 8 Business, Space #138, El Cajon, Calif. 92021.*

MURDER REMAINS MYSTERY

One spring morning in 1894 my grandfather Charles Franklin McClure hitched up his team at his farm in Shelby County, Ohio, and went to plow a new field. As the plow cut into the dark soil, the blades struck something and my grandfather shouted "Whoa!"

He got down on his knees and tossed the clods of earth aside until he discovered what had stopped the plow — a skeleton in a shallow grave. An Indian, he thought, since Granddaddy had a burlap bag in the barn full of flint

arrowheads and stone axes which he'd turned up in the fields.

The skull was fairly well preserved. As my grandfather picked it up, he noticed five gold teeth in the lower jaw. This couldn't have been an Indian since Indians didn't have gold teeth.

Being an old-fashioned gentleman and not wanting to disturb the dead any more than he already had or evoke publicity, Granddaddy carefully reburied the skeleton, considerably deeper than it had been before.

Forty years later he related this experience to me. "I knew it couldn't be an Indian," he said. "Wonder who it could have been."—*Doris McClure Humphrey, Rockville, Md.*

INTRIGUED BY FATE

A friend brought me copies of FATE magazine which I treasure. As my government is strict on foreign exchange remittances, I unfortunately cannot subscribe to your magazine. Would some kind reader please send me old copies of FATE and I will in exchange send him some of our magazines and Indian articles?—*Dr. A.D. Raj, Glendale Estate, Coonoor-2, South India.*

WHICH WITCH IS IT?

Lee I. Levenson refers to Charles Arnold, a High Priest of Wicca, as a "warlock" in "Canada Recognizes Wicca" (November 1988 FATE). This terminology is incorrect. Wiccans, no matter the gender, are always witches. The term "warlock" means liar, traitor or oath-breaker and was employed by Christians and not by the followers of the Old Religion.—*Danior V. Moonstalker, St. George, N.Y., and Blythe Esan, Lancaster, N.Y.*

LETTER TO RACHEL

This is a letter my mother Sonya wrote to her sister Rachel in Russia when I was very small. Translated from the Yiddish:

Newton, Iowa
April 30, 1914

Schvester Teiere: (Sister dear)

The worst has happened. I should cry, but tears will not come. Only my pen weeps as I write.

First, Mama. On a cold day in March, she contracted pneumonia while out for a walk. Death came quickly. Thank God, she didn't live to see what came later.

Soon after the funeral, a premonition swept over me while we were visiting the Weidenbaum family — remember I wrote you, Max and Ida, the only other Jewish family in this small town.

My Belle, a big girl, already 3½, and the baby Libele, walking pretty good now at 1½, were playing with the Weidenbaum children. I pointed to Belle and said something so absurd that Max and Ida stared at me openmouthed, "Belle will die soon." I don't know what made me say this since the child was running about happily, without a sign of illness.

A month later she was dead of diphtheria in the milk from a farmer's milk cow we had been using all along. Six other children in our town died from the same milk. Dr. Keable vaccinated both of my children, but it was too late for Belle. He even failed to recognize the white blisters in her throat when I pointed them out to him the week before. He said it was nothing serious.

Sam carried her picture around with him even in his overalls at work until it cracked. He can't forget her last words, as he held her down. The doctor cut into

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her throat so she could breathe. "Bad Pap," she cried, and was gone.

Join me, Rachel, my sister, in a Kadish for Mama and Belle.

Sonyi

Rachel never received this letter. She was dead from a pogrom in Russia. --
Libby Brahms, S. San Francisco, Calif.

ENCOUNTERS ANYONE?

As readers of FATE know, the UFO close-encounter/entity experiences is a situation filled with frequent reports of bizarre physical and parapsychological anomalies. I have personally interviewed several dozen men and women from Ontario, Canada, to Brooksville, Fla., who have described a wide variety of UFO contact anomalies, i.e., telepathic communications, poltergeistic hauntings, peculiar bodily marking or scars and landing impressions. I am now undertaking a detailed study of anyone who has had any such experiences and would be willing to relate full particulars. Confidentiality will be given all claimants.

I would also be interested in corresponding with any researchers studying these types of situations who would be interested in comparing notes with me.

Has anyone noticed any patterns with dates, anniversaries, holidays or birthdays? Has anyone information on UFO contact experiences that may have for some begun at an early age?

Episodes of healing and psychokinesis also interest me. A number of UFO contactees who I have interviewed have described coming into possession of such abilities.—*Brent Raynes, 326 Haggard St., Waynesboro, Tenn. 38485.*

As a published author I am starting to work on the personal experiences of those who have had close encounters of the second and third kind. If you have had such an encounter, please contact me.—*Association, Box 668, Severna Park, Md. 21146.*

I am compiling research for a book on UFOs and related occurrences and am interested in contacting people who have either sighted or had other types of contact with UFOs. When sending your information, indicate whether or not you want your name mentioned in the published work.—*Terry Cope, Route 8, Box 427A, Benton, Ky. 42025.*

I'm writing a book on UFOs and I'd like to hear from anyone who has anything to contribute. Your name will not be used if you desire anonymity.—*Mathy Arsenault, Apt. 114, 1186 Queen Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H4K9, Canada.*

SECRETS OF PAST LIFE

I would like to research the possibility that regression, channeling and automatic writing could give us some clues through past life history. I am especially interested in the ancestors of Minoan/Mycenaean, Mesopotamian, Egyptian and the Aztecs. Any information about what they looked like, their mode of transportation, religious ceremonies, forms of communication, burial and clothing would be appreciated.

When sending material, please enclose a SASE so I can contact you about the findings. — *Karen LaClergue, 4109 N.E. 76th St., Vancouver, Wash. 98682.*

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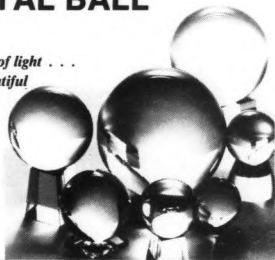
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Easy-to-use, sharp but super safe, this is the finest Toenail Clipper ever. Designed in chrome plated metal a quality surgical instrument. This unique clipper gives a manicure smooth pedicure every time because the special ultra-thin blades slide easily under your toenails, where they can grow inward and cause you trouble. Best of all, it's yours FREE when you check the box in the coupon and send it along with your order for anything in this ad.

PROFESSIONAL QUALITY
EXTRACTED FROM FISH BODY OILS
Since it has now been determined that EPA is very effective, we are offering unsurpassed quality EPA capsules at very low prices. Each sealed capsule contains 180 Mg. of EPA plus 120Mg. of DHA. We are currently filling orders from individuals, doctors and hospitals. Others charge up to \$19.00 for 100 capsules of this potency.

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