

# The Journal of Borderland Research

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## THE JOURNAL OF BORDERLAND RESEARCH

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The Journal is published six issues a year with the assistance of the Associates, at the Director's home, 1103 Bobolink Drive, Vista. It is printed, 36 pages an issue. The Foundation was incorporated under California law, May 21, 1951, #254263, and has been in continuous existence since then. Address all correspondence to the PO Box. The Journal is included in the Foundation membership of \$7.50 a year. Single copies and back issues of the Journal are now \$1.50 each. If you don't care to join you may receive the Journal by donating \$7.50 a year or more to the Foundation. The Director's wife, Ms. Judith Crabb, is office manager and Secretary-Treasurer.

**PURPOSES OF BSRF:** This is a non-profit organization of people who take an active interest in unusual happenings along the borderland between the visible and invisible worlds. In the words of the late Meade Layne, founder and director of BSRA from 1946 to 1959: "BSRA publications are scientific in approach but employ few technical expressions. They deal with significant phenomena which orthodox science cannot or will not investigate. For example: The Fortean falls of objects from the sky. Teleportation, Radiesthesia, PK Effects, Underground Races, Mysterious Disappearances, Occult and Psychic Phenomena, Photography of the Invisible, Nature of the Ethers and the problem of the Aeroforms (Flying Saucers). In the year 1946 BSRA obtained an interpretation of the phenomena which since has come to be known as the Etheric or 4-D interpretation, and which has not been radically altered since that time. This continues to be the only explanation which makes good science, sound metaphysics and common sense."

The chief present concern of the Foundation is to make this kind of unusual information available as a public service at reasonable cost. Headquarters acts as a receiving, coordinating and distributing center. An important part of the Director's work is to give recognition, understanding and encouragement to people who are having unusual experiences of the borderland type and/or are conducting research in any of the above fields. For consultation on borderland problems, or for Spiritual healing through prayer, write or phone 714-724-2043 for help or for an appointment. Donations and bequests toward Foundation research programs and expenses are welcome.

The 24-page list of BSRF publications is available from Headquarters for 50¢ in coin or stamps. This includes mimeo brochures on borderland subjects, tape recordings of Mr. Crabb's lectures and of members of the Inner Circle, talking through trance-medium Mark Probert. Write to BSRF, PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083 USA.

## BLACK, WHITE AND YELLOW REVOLUTIONARIES

Clips, Quotes & Comment by the Editor

"I think being put in solitary confinement in prison really helped me to discipline myself and focus my life. One time, they threw me into solitary for 15 days. It was a terrifying experience.

"My rebellious character determined that my sole motive was not to let them break me. But that solitary -- they used to call it the soul-breaker -- was a four by six-and-a-half-foot room. There was a steel door, no light, no wash basin, no bunk, no toilet paper.

"You're nude and they feed you split-pea soup once a day and they give you a carton or half a carton of water. No books, no cigarettes, no toothpaste. And they take you out every 15 days for 24 hours, the jail doctor examines you, and then they put you back in. And it's in the dark and the cell is painted red and black. It's a deprivation chamber. They flush the toilet -- you cant flush it -- by running a hose in every week or two. You can imagine the smell. You have to discipline yourself so that you wont eat as much, so that you wont have to defecate so frequently.

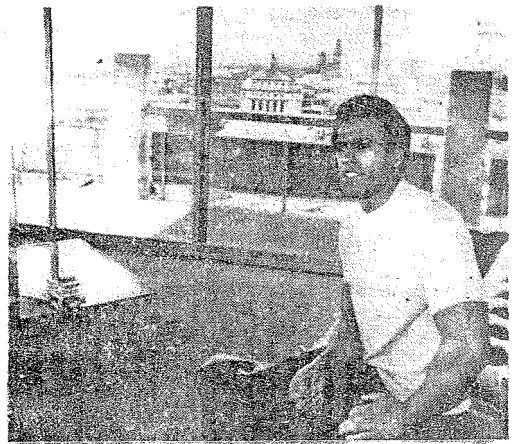
"Most guys scream to get out after the second or third day -- they scream that they'll repent. And if you dont, they keep you in there for the maximum time. And of course I would not repent. So I started doing exercises and I would do them when I heard the keys of the police coming. I did it to break their will. So every time they opened the door, they'd see me doing exercises instead of begging to be let out. I would be happily doing exercises and they'd close it up again.

"I found a problem that I'd never faced before in my life: the human organism needs to be bombarded from outside, by stimuli, and when it isn't everything starts to whirl. To stop this, I would think about the happier experiences outside. (Meditation with support.) It takes a certain art to slow my thoughts down. I finally mastered the concepts of speed. I started suspending myself in time as they do in Buddhist rituals. (Meditation without support.) When I got tired of doing that I started doing exercises. Even now I only sleep about two hours a day. After my first experience I was prepared for solitary when I went back in 1967. The punishment is to take everything away from you that you need in order to exist. So, if you overcome that, what have you done? You're overpowering them. You can exist without those things. If you can do that, you're not as dependent as they think. When I was in state prison, they were always very puzzled."

The foregoing should be some very illuminating remarks to a student of the Mysteries. They were made by Huey P. Newton to LA "Times" reporter Digby Diehl in revolutionary's Oakland, California penthouse in 1972. The strength of will, of mind, of character which enabled Newton to make the break-through to higher levels of consciousness became clear during the interview.

#### HIS FIRST BOOK: PLATO'S REPUBLIC!

Newton faked his way through high school without actually having learned to read. "When I got out of high school I told the counselor that I wanted to go to college. He said that was impossible because I didn't know how to read. I should get a job. And that's when I decided to learn to read. He said I couldn't do it. If he had told me I could have done it, I probably wouldn't have gone. Hell, I can do anything I want to do, I told myself. And it was a pretty frightening experience, too. I would study my brother's college notes from his literature and philosophy classes. He brought home some records of Vincent Price reciting Yeats and some other poets. I would listen to the words. In that way I started to identify words. And the first book that I read was Plato's 'Republic'. It was very difficult but finally I mastered it. Eventually, I went on to Merritt College."



Huey P. Newton: Penthouse view

The effect of this masterpiece of Western literature on Newton's consciousness and character becomes clear later on. After he got out of prison in August 1970 the other Black Panther leader, Eldridge Cleaver, was in exile in Africa, still preaching revolution by armed conflict. Newton wisely saw the futility of this and turned the Panthers into survival programs: "Free health clinics, free food and clothing, sickle cell anemia testing, free ambulances and the Panther free breakfast program for children."

In Huey Newton's book, "Revolutionary Suicide", we learn of another masterpiece of Western literature which has been a source of inspiration and comfort to him: "Once I got a 'beef' and went to the hole. I went without a struggle. Since I was already in isolation, being in the hole meant only that I ate my meals in my cell instead of the prison dining room. It was the easiest solitary confinement I ever pulled because I was allowed to have reading material there. Most of the books were old and juvenile -- Rin-Tin-Tin, Hopalong Cassidy, and the like -- but I also got hold of the Bible, which I love, and which I read through again, for the third time."

## PSYCHIATRIC WEAPONS

The strength of mind which carried Newton through solitary -- sensory deprivation -- also produced an interestingly different view of psychology.

"Prison systems are fond of tests, all kinds, psychological, I.Q., aptitude. During my stay at Vavaville I was interviewed several times by two or three psychiatrists who ran a battery of aptitude and I.Q. tests on me. I scored low on the I.Q. tests, about the third or fourth grade; I don't know about scores on the others. Puzzled over these low scores in view of my good grades in college, the psychiatrists asked me about it. I explained to them that I refused to relate to these tests because they are routinely used as weapons against black people in particular and minority groups and poor people generally. The tests are based on white middle class standards, and when we score low on them, the results are used to justify the prejudice that we are inferior and unintelligent. Since we are taught to believe that the tests are infallible, they have become a self-fulfilling prophecy that cuts off our initiative and brainwashes us.

"I told the psychologists that if they really wanted to know my I.Q. they ought to examine my background and the work I had done in many areas, including creative disciplines like music. This seemed perfectly logical and obvious to me, but the psychiatrists either could not understand or preferred to remain ignorant. Their approach was so mechanical, so lacking in insight, that they appeared unintelligent to me. They refused to see that it is more important to judge a person by his accomplishments than by some abstract tests that may or may not correlate to the facts of his life. It has been my experience in prison that psychiatrists are among the most rigid and inflexible members of the staff. They are programmed and computerized like robots and cannot approach inmates as human beings. With their tests and questionnaires they seem to have a preconceived idea of what an 'adjusted' human being is. Any deviation from this mold is a threat to them. . .

"In the spring of 1970, prior to my first parole hearing, I was summoned to the prison psychiatrist for an evaluation. From the minute I entered his office I made my position clear. I told him I had no faith or confidence in psychiatric tests because they were not designed to relate to the culture of the poor and oppressed. I was willing to talk with him but I would not submit to any testing. As we talked he started running games on me. For instance, in the midst of our conversation he would try to sneak in psychological questions such as 'Do you feel people are persecuting you?'

"Each time he did this I told him I would not submit to any sort of testing, and if he persisted I was going to leave the room. The psychiatrist insisted that I had a bias against psychological testing. He was correct. In response to this I showed him flaws in the psychological systems of Freud, Jung, Skinner, and others

that made those systems inapplicable to black people. When he asked me whether there was any psychological system that I could trust, I told him I accepted the theories of Frantz Fanon. He had never heard of him, so I suggested some books by Fanon that he could read, and left. Their psychological warfare got them nowhere. . . ."

## THE DIVINE CAGLIOSTRO

Solitary confinement for Cagliostro was in one of the underground cisterns of the Italian castle of San Leo. He was immured in a hole cut out of solid rock. There was no toilet, no hose to wash out the excrement and urine every two weeks, only the one man-hole for entrance and exit at the top; and when the jailer was gone after delivering the daily ration of food and water, total darkness, total silence.

The goal of the Roman Catholic barbarians who put him there was to kill him without shedding his blood. It took three years. His jailers called themselves Christians. If this is Christianity, let me out! It was Napoleon's intention to have this prominent initiate of the Western Mystery Tradition let out of his dungeon when he invaded Italy, but death was the liberator in 1795.



CAGLIOSTRO

In his "Encyclopaedia of Occultism" Lewis Spence quotes from the report of the French commissioner Napoleon sent to inspect Italian prisons after the successful invasion.

"The galleries (of San Leo) which have been cut out of the solid rock, were divided into cells, and old dried-up cisterns had been converted into dungeons for the worst criminals, and further surrounded by high walls so that the only possible egress, if escape was attempted, would be by a staircase cut in the rock and guarded night and day by sentinels.

"It was in one of these cisterns that the celebrated Cagliostro was interred in 1791. In recommending the Pope to commute the sentence of death, which the Inquisition had passed upon him, into perpetual imprisonment, the Holy Tribunal took care that the commutation should be equivalent to the death penalty. His only communication with mankind was when his jailers raised the trap to let food down to him. Here he languished for three years without air, movement or intercourse with his fellow creatures. During the last months of his life his condition excited the pity of the governor, who had him removed from this dungeon to a cell on the level with the ground, where the curious, who obtain permission to visit the prison, may read on the walls various inscriptions and sentences

traced there by the unhappy alchemist. The last bears the date of the 6th of March 1795."

### REVOLUTIONARY PROPHECY

Cagliostro was falsely charged with the theft of a diamond necklace from one of noble? ladies of King Louis' court, and thrown in the Bastille. In the subsequent trial he acquitted himself, but as Spence writes: "Although proved innocent he had through his very innocence offended so many persons in high places that he was banished amid shouts of laughter from everyone in the court. Even the judges were convulsed, but on his return from the courthouse the mob cheered him heartily. If he had accomplished nothing else, Cagilostro had at least won the hearts of the populace by his kindness and the many acts of faithful service he had lavished upon them, and it was partly to his popularity and partly to the violent hatred of the Court (and of the Church) that he owed the reception accorded to him. He was reunited with his wife (who had also been imprisoned) and shortly afterwards took his departure for London where he was received with considerable eclat.

"Here he addressed a letter to the people of France which obtained wide circulation and predicted the French Revolution, the demolition of the Bastille, and the downfall of the monarchy. . . From that moment he could find no rest for the sole of his foot . . . Switzerland, Austria. . . At last he came to Rome, whither his wife Lorenza accompanied him.

"At first he was well received there and even entertained by several cardinals, privately studying medicine and living very quietly; but he made the grand mistake of attempting to further his masonic ideas within the bounds of the Papal States. Masonry was of course anathema to the Roman Catholic Church, and upon his attempting to found a Lodge in the Eternal City itself, he was arrested on the 27th September, 1789, by order of the Holy Inquisition, and imprisoned in the Castle of Saint Angelo. His examination occupied his inquisitors for eighteen months."

With Cagliostro in their power, the devil-worshipping priests of the Church hoped to extract from him secrets of magick and initiation which they denied themselves by their own worship of the false Christ, Looeamong. The Veil of Isis is no mere fancy. The borderland between the two worlds is heavily patrolled. As many a would-be magician has found to his frustration, "Unless thine eye be single, thy body will not be filled with Light!"

### THE CENACLE DE TREIZE

One of the more startling, and revealing, anecdotes of Cagliostro's stay in Paris was the so-called Banquet of the Dead. The story of this famous dinner is to be found in the memoirs of the Marquis de Luchet. W.R.H. Trowbridge, in his book, "Cagliostro",

saw fit to include the item even though he didn't believe it himself. "Cagliostro, having invited six noblemen to dine with him, had the table laid for thirteen. On the arrival of his guests he requested them to name any illustrious shades they desired to occupy the vacant seats. Straightway, as their names were mentioned, the spectres of the Duc de Choiseul, the Abbe de Voisenon, Montesquieu, Diderot, d'Alembert, and Voltaire appeared, and taking the places assigned to them conversed with their hosts in a manner so incredibly stupid, which had it been characteristic of them in the flesh would have robbed them of all distinction. . . ."

Of course the "shades" were not real. They were the creations of Cagliostro's imagination. But the power which ensouled these puppets and activated them for the entertainment of his guests was real! To this student of the Mysteries of the Western Tradition the anecdote reveals that Cagliostro had mastered the forces of both Hod and Netzach on the Tree of Life. Like any good student of the Comte de St. Germain, he could create "familiars" at will, and also reabsorb the forms and elemental essence when the mission was accomplished.

### THE THIRD INITIATION

We can speculate that Cagliostro's solitary confinement in the dungeons of San Leo was the "crucifixion" of the Third Initiation. The pain and degradation of the flesh were the fires which refined the gold of the Spirit. The Church claims that Cagliostro died in San Leo in 1795 and was interred there. Did he really? Or did he use those three years to master the art of dematerialization, and left the Jesuits an empty tomb? To those who have seen the sun rise at midnight the answer is obvious.

### A NALJORPA OF THE HIMALAYAS

Alexandra David-Neel considered herself fortunate indeed to have an interview with the 13th Dalai Lama when he was an exile under British protection at Kalimpong, India in the early 1900s; but a meeting with a Naljorpa was more revealing of the Tibetan magick for which she yearned. He was seated to one side of the throng lined up to receive the blessing of the God-king.

"His matted hair was wound around his head like a turban, in the style common to Hindu ascetics. Yet, his features were not those of an Indian and he was wearing dirty and much-torn lamaist monastic garments. I pointed him out to my interpreter, Dawasandup, asking him if he had any idea who this Himalayan Diogenes might be?

"It must be a travelling Naljorpa," he answered.

She learned that Naljorpa means literally: "He who has attained perfect serenity", but could be interpreted as an ascetic possessing magickal powers. Dawasandup talked to the dirty, smelly character



and learned that he was a "peripatetic ascetic from Bhutan. He lives here and there in caves, empty houses or under the trees. He has been stopping for several days in a small monastery near here".

Later that day Alexandra had nothing else to do and suggested to her interpreter that they find the Gompa, monastery, and interview the Naljorpa. He obtained horses and they rode to the small country house and found the vagabond seated in the room containing the holy images, at a low table finishing a meal. She was curious to find out if that morning he was "really mocking, as he seemed to be, at the Dalai Lama and the faithful? And if so, why?

"It was difficult to begin conversation with the the ascetic as his mouth appeared to be full of rice; he had only answered our polite greetings by a kind of grunt. I was trying to find a phrase to break the ice when the strange fellow began to laugh and muttered a few words. Dawasandup seemed embarrassed.

"What does he say?' I asked.

"Excuse me,' answered the interpreter, 'these Naljorpas sometimes speak roughly. I do not know if I should translate.'

"Please do,' I replied. 'I am here to take notes; especially of anything curious and original.'

"Well, then -- excuse me -- he said, 'What is this idiot here for?'"

"Tell him I have come to ask why he mocked at the crowd seeking the benediction of the Dalai Lama?"

"Puffed up with a sense of their own importance and the importance of what they are doing. Insects fluttering in the dung,' muttered the Naljorpa between his teeth.

"This was vague but the kind of language one expects from such men. 'And you,' I replied, 'are you free from all defilement?'"

#### TO FASHION STARS OUT OF DOGSHIT

"He laughed noisily. 'He who tries to get out only sinks in deeper. I roll in it like a pig. I digest it and turn it into golden dust, into a brook of pure water. To fashion stars out of dog dung, that is the Great Work!'"

"Evidently my friend was enjoying himself. This was his way of posing as a superman.

"Are these pilgrims not right, to profit by the presence of the Dalai Lama and obtain his blessing? They are simple folk incapable of aspiring to the knowledge of the higher doctrines -- "

"But the Naljorpa interrupted me.

"For a blessing to be efficacious, he who gives it must pos-

sess the power that he professes to communicate. Would the Precious Protector (the Dalai Lama) need soldiers to fight the Chinese or other enemies if he possessed such power? Could he not drive anyone he liked out of the country and surround Tibet with an invisible barrier that none could pass?

"The Guru born in a lotus (Padma Sambhava) had such power, and his blessing still reaches those who worship him, even though he lives in the distant land of the Rakshasas. I am only a humble disciple, and yet -- "

"It appeared to me that the 'humble disciple' was maybe a little mad and certainly very conceited; for his 'and yet' had been accompanied by a glance that suggested many things. My interpreter was visibly uneasy. He profoundly respected the Dalai Lama and disliked to hear him criticized. On the other hand the man who could 'create stars out of dog dung' inspired him with a superstitious fear. I proposed to leave but as I understood that the lama was going away the next morning, I handed Dawasandup a few rupees for the traveller to help him on his way.

"This present displeased the Naljorpa. He refused it, saying he had already received more provisions than he could carry. Dawasandup thought it right to insist. He took a few steps forward, intending to place the money on a table near the lama. Then I saw him stagger, fall backward and strike his back against the wall as if he had been violently pushed. He uttered a cry and clutched at his stomach. The Naljorpa got up and, sneering, left the room.

"I feel as if I had received a terrible blow," said Dawasandup. "The lama is irritated. How shall we appease him?"

"Let us go," I answered. "The lama has probably nothing to do with it. You, perhaps, have heart trouble and had better consult a doctor."

"Pale and troubled, the interpreter answered nothing. Indeed there was nothing to be said. We returned, but I was not able to reassure him."

This anecdote from Madame David-Neel's "Magic and Mystery In Tibet" shows that the brilliant, analytical mind of the Frenchwoman was not yet ready to accept action-at-a-distance, Psychokinetics, even when it was demonstrated before her eyes. But this was near the beginning of her studies in Tibetan magick. 11 years later, when she returned to Europe after having earned the title of Lama with constant study and practice, her scepticism must have been considerably modified. She wasn't forced into solitary confinement to develop her magickal powers, but voluntarily chose long periods of isolation in which the Flower of Christ-consciousness could be encouraged to unfold without disturbance. The challenge to today's student of the Mysteries is to create temporary "solitary confinements" with ritual magick, in which he or she can carry on the Great Work without hindrance.

# AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

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Dear Fellow Human:

If you love freedom ... if you have a feel for diplomacy ... if you can deal intelligently and discreetly with sensitive information ... if you are willing to sacrifice both time and money in the service of humanity ... my colleagues and I would like you to join us in a modern day, nonviolent, worldwide "Resistance" movement.

In return for your sacrifices, I can promise you disappointment and grief. Sometimes, despite all, your efforts will fail. What this often means is that a human being will be put to death. You will be notified; you must be prepared for this. You will have to take what consolation you can from the realization that to have fought the forces of tyranny and lost is infinitely better than not to have fought at all.

But sometimes you will succeed. Through your efforts, a fellow human will be spared from the firing squad, or will be released from torture, or will be set free and returned to his loved ones. You also will be notified of this. You cannot imagine, until it happens, the emotions you will experience when you can say to yourself, "Because of me, he lives." And this will happen. I can promise you that, too.

In today's troubled world, it is seldom possible for one ordinary citizen to make a significant difference, to do important things for mankind. I am writing to offer you just such an opportunity -- an opportunity to improve materially the condition of basic human rights on earth. An opportunity, perhaps, for you personally to alter the course of history.

So on behalf of my colleagues, I extend to you an invitation to become a National Member of Amnesty International, an officially sanctioned organization which operates quietly but effectively to free "prisoners of conscience" throughout the world.

Before I go any further, I probably should mention a couple of things which I will explain in more detail later. As a member, you will be asked to pledge yourself to discharging certain minimum responsibilities. And because AI depends largely upon members' dues and contributions for its support,

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joining will require a financial outlay. Not burdensome, but not inconsequential either.

What I am trying to say is that this is not fun and games. We are concerned with matters of life and death. Thus your membership must involve a degree of commitment. You should read this letter very carefully, be sure you understand the nature of our work and weigh your own interest before you decide to join.

Amnesty International's mission is to seek out and secure freedom (or improved conditions of imprisonment) for the world's "prisoners of conscience" -- individuals imprisoned for their political beliefs, religion, race or ethnic background who have not used or advocated violence.

Although AI is not a large organization -- about 35,000 members in 60 countries -- it is well known to the torturers and tyrants of the world. We have waged campaigns on behalf of more than 13,000 prisoners of conscience in our twelve years; over 7,500 have been released.

Amnesty International is -- and must always remain -- scrupulously independent. We are not associated with any government, political party, ideology or religion. We think and act not in terms of nationalities or even races, but in terms of humanity.

AI has been granted consultative status with the United Nations, the Council of Europe, UNESCO, the Organization of American States, the Interamerican Commission on Human Rights and the Organization of African Unity. This status gives us the right to petition these organizations and to have direct access for making our views known. AI representatives on official missions are generally accorded treatment comparable to that accorded UN officials.

(Indeed, Amnesty International's reputation for reliability is such that the United Nations Organization and individual nations turn to us for authoritative information on mass arrests, trials and imprisonment in situations such as the crisis in Chile. We have devised ways for our network of informants to penetrate even the most closely knit veils of secrecy.)

The Nuremberg trials established the principle that governments and the officials within them were ultimately accountable to international law and morality. These principles have been accepted by the UN and codified in affirmations of international responsibility such as the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners.

Almost all member states of the UN have agreed to observe and abide by the principles set forth in these conventions. And yet, hundreds of thousands of prisoners of conscience are interned today by these same countries.

Many of the prisoners were never tried or were tried under laws and by means of legal processes that mock justice and mock even the most rudimentary concepts of human rights. Many have never been told why they are in prison. Many are forbidden any contact with the outside. Many have no idea of when, if ever, they will be released, because they have indeterminate sentences or never actually were sentenced at all.

The conditions under which many are held range from abominable to ghastly. Many prisoners of conscience are underfed, undernourished and diseased; Many live in constant fear that they will be executed; many others live in constant fear that they won't be, that they will survive to be tortured again. Prisoners today are subjected to tortures of unspeakable horror. Compared with the sophisticated forms of torture devised by modern technology, the rack and thumb-screw were minor impositions.

Prisoners of conscience are held in the Western nations, in the Communist bloc, in the countries of the Third World ... in nations as diverse as Argentine Republic, Bangladesh, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Guatemala, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Libya, Pakistan, Philippines, Portugal, South Africa, South Korea, South Vietnam, Sri Lanka, Turkey, Uganda, Uruguay, USA, USSR. Virtually every country which signed the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is -- or has been -- guilty of profound violations of human rights.

It is remarkable, I suppose, that an organization armed with nothing more than moral authority and the consciences and energies of its members actually has been effective in the age-old struggle against tyranny and oppression. But AI does get results. Not always, but a good portion of the time.

From correspondents and observers throughout the world, we learn of prisoners of conscience. The Research Department of our International Secretariat in London undertakes the laborious task of investigating each case. This usually requires gathering background information on the prisoner, digging for the details of his arrest, trial (if any) and imprisonment. Such data are seldom a matter of public record; some of our informants expose themselves to great danger.

Once the documentation of a case is complete, AI evaluates it to determine whether a particular prisoner qualifies for help. If he does, the International Secretariat may either assign his case to an Amnesty group for adoption or call upon the entire membership for help through a postcard and letter campaign.

Depending on the government involved and the circumstances of the prisoner's case, members may write to the prisoner, to his family or friends, to the officials in charge at his prison to the news media in his or other countries, even to the head of state or other government leaders. Meanwhile, the International Secretariat protests through diplomatic channels, including the appropriate international bodies. When possible, AI will send an official observer to the trial of a prisoner of conscience or to the prison where a prisoner is held.

Often, it is sufficient merely to expose a case to the light of day. Repressive governments prefer to deal with dissenters secretly. When their violations of the Declaration of Human Rights are revealed, when their UN delegates are subjected to pressure from their colleagues, when the newspapers of the world headline their transgressions, when their mailrooms are deluged with postcards and letters, a surprising number of governments conclude that a particular prisoner really isn't worth all the hassle and international embarrassment.

Amnesty International consists entirely of concerned private citizens who have come to realize that by changing one life for the better, they change the world. Most of us become emotionally tied to our prisoners. We know them by name, know of their families, occasionally even know the names of their torturers. To be part of this "Resistance" movement is often to rejoice, often to weep. But always to know, in your heart, that you are part of the most unrelenting force ever to set itself against the bastions of tyranny and inhumanity.

As a Member of AI, you will receive periodic reports, some containing extremely sensitive, not-for-publication information. You will be sent case histories of prisoners, with instructions on what actions to take (to preclude charges of political partisanship, no Amnesty member may work for a prisoner held in his own country); names and addresses of officials to whom you should write; how these officials should be approached; whether or not it is safe for the prisoner if you identify yourself as a representative of Amnesty International.

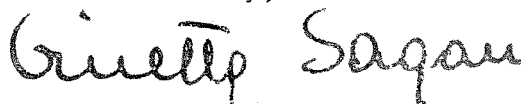
You will, in addition, be issued Amnesty International credentials; these will identify you as a member and facilitate contacts with members abroad.

We ask that you pledge yourself to write at least three postcards on behalf of prisoners of conscience every month. You will, of course, have opportunities to take on much more (Under special circumstances, you may be permitted to undertake overseas missions for AI. Such assignments will always be voluntary.)

To accept my invitation and join Amnesty International, just fill in the application form I've enclosed and return it, with your membership dues (\$15 for one year, tax deductible), in the postage-paid reply envelope. If you add \$10 to your check, we will be able to help a prisoner of conscience we could not afford to help otherwise.

Your efforts will bring you little glory or recognition. It will often be necessary, in fact, for you to operate in relative anonymity. But if profound satisfaction is reward enough for you ... well, I know of no opportunity which offers more. I hope we can count on you.

Sincerely,



Ginetta Sagan

## EE-WAH-KEE, or PASCALITE, the MUD THAT HEALS

By Keith Ayling, From Probe Magazine

"Some 40 years ago, Emile Pascal, a French-Canadian trappers, noticed that deer, elk, coyotes, and other animals were making tracks to a remote area of the Big Horn Mountings, Wyoming. Among the animals he observed was a deer, which had been severely mauled by another animal, and a coyote with a broken leg. Pascal watched as the two animals rolled over and over in the white clay and dragged themselves away only when they were thickly smeared with the strange stuff.

"Intrigued by the wierd spectacles, Pascal, an experienced woodsman, came to watch the scene the following night. This time, not only deer, but other smaller animals, were bathing in the white clay. To his astonishment, the veteran trapper noticed that the deer he had first seen appeared to be healed and walked away without any sign of being handicapped by its injuries.

"Observing the way the area was crisscrossed with the tracks of all kinds of animals, Pascal decided to set out his line of traps -- despite the bitter January weather and the agony of his severely chapped hands. When he had finished setting the traps, his hands were caked with sticky, white, clay-like soil. Since it was too cold to rinse them in the nearby frozen lake, he tramped back down the mountain to his cabin, where he fell asleep.

"When he awoke the next morning, Pascal was astonished to find the painful sores on his hands, which had troubled him so severely that he had often been tempted to quit trapping in mid-winter, were no longer painful. The tortured, cracked flesh of his hands had softened so much he could move his fingers freely without pain.

"The next night, Pascal made his way back through a blizzard and brought a tobacco can full of the white clay, which he had applied liberally to his hands, to his cabin. In a matter of days, all of his sores had disappeared; so had the chapping, leaving his hands 'soft as a woman's', as he described them.

"Impressed by the strange unexpected cure, Pascal asked the Indians if they knew about this clay. Members of various tribes told him stories about the healing substance which the Great Spirit instructed their ancestors to use when sick or wounded in battle. Some came from several hundred miles away to avail themselves of the clay's healing qualities.

"Many were the stories the older Indians related to the white trapper. Some told of several limbs becoming re-attached when me-

dicine men used Ee-Wah-Kee on the wounded; of the dying brought back to life; of the aged being restored to active virility; and of children, born crippled, having their limbs straightened. . . According to a member of the Cheyenne tribe which used the clay for barter, 'The Great Spirit takes care of all life.'

#### NO NEED FOR AN AMPUTATION

"One man says he owes the fact he has two legs today to the use of the white clay. As a boy in Tensleep, Wyoming Carl Largent scratched his thigh. The scratch failed to heal, turned red, throbbled and ached. Gradually it got worse, the leg swelling painfully. His father took him through the snow of the Badlands to the doctor in Worland, but his treatment failed. Finally, the doctor suggested that, to save his life, the boy's leg would have to be amputated. The father objected. He asked Pascal for some of the 'white earth' he had people talking about, mixed it into a thick paste, and spread it over the leg, now swollen to twice its normal size with what was apparently then deadly gangrene.

"That night, young Carl slept soundly for the first time.

"The next morning he told his father something had happened to his leg. When the bandages were removed, it was found that the swelling had decreased. The father applied a second pack and continued the treatment. In less than a month the leg was healed without a trace of the wound and the boy recovered its full use.

"In another case, the infant son of Rancher Frank Harvard had been badly stung by a swarm of bees and lay unconscious, in danger of losing his life. Harvard made quickly a paste of the Pascal clay and covered the child's entire body. Within a few hours, the child had recovered. . .

"Just what is this mysterious substance? No two geologists have the same opinion. Spectrographic examination reveals it contains virtually all the minerals vital to human existence. Its base is silicon and aluminum, but it also contains calcium, magnesium, iron, potassium, manganese, copper and a trace of cobalt and silver. . .

"Indian lore says that hundreds of years ago the Great Spirit sent an earthquake to bring the clay up from the depths of the earth to benefit his children. Some of the older residents of Worland tell of hearing their grandparents say there had been an earthquake, traces of which still remain in the foothills of the mountains. . . There is evidence of massive segments of earth and stone having been upheaved by some terrific force.

#### A FLYING SAUCER DUMP

"Several miles to the south, on the northern rim of Tensleep Canyon, a huge red crater suggests that the cheesy soil said to contain strontium was brought to earth by a meteor which fell per-



haps a million years ago. Evidence to support this theory is seen in geologists' occasional discoveries of foreign stone in the area, where the rock is massive limestone. Nearby, heavy stones resembling huge cinders lie around as if scattered by some giant hand. The meteor theory is supported by the suggestion that the substance may be identical to the antibiotic moon dust brought back by the astronauts.

"Today, the Pascalite mine covers approximately 700 acres and is from five to 10 feet deep in some places, lying 12 to 15 feet beneath the surface of the ground. When uncovered it is in the form of damp clay.

#### EXPLOITATION FOR MONEY FAILS

"His Honor, Judge Ray Pendergraft of Worland, Wyoming -- at present part owner of the deposit -- has been associated with the white clay almost since its discovery. 'I was an out-of-work miner,' he says. 'It was 1935. The depression had gripped the area. We were near to starvation. I heard of a company formed to 'develop a rare mineral discovery' in the Big Horn mountains and got the job as foreman.

"On my first day of work the clay provided me with a startling demonstration. On the way to my home down the mountain, the car became mired in deep mud. I stripped to the waist to extricate it. I was so severely sunburnt that when I got home I could scarcely move. Getting a doctor to treat me was out of the question. I had to get to work the next day or lose my job. Peggy, my wife, applied the raw clay which she had taken from the hillside where I had been working. In a few hours the effects of the burn had vanished.

"I was the sole worker. The job was hard. I used the clay regularly for cuts, scratches, sore arms and legs, and for sundry aches and pains. The corporation that hired me failed after they had developed ointments, toothpaste, soap, pomade, and rectal suppositories made of the clay. The soap was fantastic for removing dirt, but they were unable to merchandise the products -- perhaps because they gave their products the unromantic name of Life Mud. When another corporation, Pascal Products Company, took over, I was kept on, sometimes having to work in mid-winter howling blizzards that chilled me to the bone.

"The new company met with the same problems as the former. People just wouldn't buy their products. How could 'dirt' kill germs and heal wounds? There being no money to pay my wages, I accepted half ownership of the mine from Pascal and took a job as Chief-of-Police in Worland when the oil boom was on, which kept me busy. But somehow I couldn't shake myself from what could have been an occult presentiment that the white clay was valuable; so on weekends my wife and I would climb the mountain and bring back and store as much of the white clay as we could manage.

"Some months later I was approached by A.J. Katches, a mining engineer of Thermopolis, Wyoming to lease the mine. He had a series of tests made by the Gottische Foundation, a medical center in Thermopolis (so named for its mineral hot springs), which he said showed remarkable results. Encouraged by the tests, Spa Laboratories, Inc. of Thermopolis leased the mine from myself and Carl Sneed, a fellow police officer, who had bought out Pascal. They named the clay Spa Mineral.

"Tests made under the direction of J.L. Pool, the foundation's biochemist, with patients' full knowledge and consent, included its use on staph infections, burns, skin rashes, ulcers, corns, warts, dermatitis, ringworm, eczema, pinkeye, diaper rash, and various other ailments. . .

### "SOMETHING DESTROYING BACTERIA"

"A wet pack applied to a boil headed it out in three days. When it broke, a culture taken from the wound was sterile, the wound granulating from the inside in an additional forty-eight hours. A patient who was given two 00 size capsules for an active ulcer was relieved from all symptoms of an active ulcer and hyperacidity in seven days. Summarizing their tests, Spa Laboratories, Inc., stated: 'Our own tests and case histories, though somewhat limited, have far exceeded our expectations. We did not expect miracles, but there is something in the mineral that is destroying bacteria in the body and causing it to heal. We do not know what it is, but we feel it should be made available to more people. We believe there are possibilities for this as a staphylocide and an ingredient that gives almost immediate relief in many cases.' . .

"However, there seemed to be a jinx on their operation. They were unable to meet the terms of their lease, which was cancelled in January 1963. Prior to this, they had mined and transported to storage about 90 tons of the clay. Later, some of their staff, still enthusiastic about the potential of the clay, wanted to buy more; but we were in negotiation with another group and had to hold off. Strangely enough the group who took the next lease broke up, again leaving us with the mine. Hearing this, an Indian whose family had used the clay for generations, suggested that perhaps the Great Spirit was opposed to white men exploiting the healing clay."

Ee-Wah-Kee, or Pascalite, has not been tested by the FDA, nor is it likely to be; so, licensed medical men cannot legally use it in their practice; but borderlanders are free to experiment on themselves. If you want to look into the healing properties of this clay for your own satisfaction, you can buy a sample pound of it, prepaid, for \$5.00, from Ray Pendergraft, PO Box 104, Worland, Wyoming 82401. You will have to sign a standard release form, assuming all responsibility for the results of your research, and the Judge also expects you to report results, favorable or otherwise, to add to his data on the mineralized clay. Reports of experiments by other researchers are included with the "user's risk" form letter.

## SOLUTION TO AIR POLLUTION

From "Newsweek", June 17, 1974

"In the wake of the energy-crisis a 50-year-old British-born inventor named Eric Cottell has come up with an ingeniously simple and economically practical solution -- one that is now exciting industry and government officials alike.

"In the conventional combustion process, fuel is combined with air and burned. The result is carbon dioxide, water vapor and heavy oxides of nitrogen, which are a prime cause of chemical smog. Cottell reasoned that if water could largely replace air as a source of oxygen in combustion, this would avoid the large amounts of nitrogen introduced by the air -- and thus eliminate much of the noxious nitrogen oxides.

"To accomplish this, he turned to a device he had patented 22 years ago -- an ultrasonic reactor that emulsifies heavy liquids and is widely used today to prepare such products as Worcestershire sauce, ketchup, cosmetics and paint. By refining the reactor, Cottell was able to break water into particles about one fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter and to disperse them evenly in oil (or gasoline!) to create an emulsion that was 70 percent oil and 30 percent water. When this emulsion was burned, Cottell found (1) that there were far fewer waste products and (2) that the fuel gave off much more heat as it burned. This was because the small water droplets expand on heating, then explode into steam, in turn shattering the oil into even finer particles, and thus increasing the surface area of the fuel exposed for burning.

"Last month Cottell divided his time between Washington, in talks with officials of the Federal Energy Office, and Detroit, where he consulted with engineers working to meet the tight 1976 automobile-emission requirements. So far, auto tests have shown that with an ultrasonic reactor attached to a carburetor, a car can get almost double the normal miles per gallon of gasoline -- with negligible exhausts. Cottell's company, Tymponic Corp. of Long Island, N.Y., is also about to produce units for home oil burners that will be no larger than a flashlight and cost \$100 to \$150.

"Last winter, two Long Island schools converted to Cottell's system, and both reduced their fuel usage by about 25%. Adelphi University reports that it saved more than 3,500 gallons of oil per week! -- and reduced soot output by 98 percent."

From the standpoint of the average motorist, Cottell has come up with the dream solution to pollution and to the high cost of gasoline. He saves all the present automotive equipment.

No expensive changes nor the addition of bulky devices to the car engine, just a little, flash-light sized Ultra-sonic mixer to the present carburetor. And by doubling the car's gasoline milage, that would bring the per-mile cost of gasoline back to where it was before the major oil companies doubled the price a couple of months ago, with the President's support.

Of course the Majors are not going to take this lying down. Cottell must now be number one on their enemies list. Just imagine, all the careful planning that went into the so-called oil crisis of 1973-74, and its successful conclusion, about to be neutralized by the radical ideas of this innovator.

Already the Majors have a gasoline storage crisis on their hands, from under consumption, and are urging their dealers to stay open longer hours again to sell more gasoline. This is why the Majors made no plans for sinking hundreds of millions of dollars into new gasoline refining capacity during the crisis last winter. Over the years they have also resisted any efforts to improve gasoline milage on existing cars, through an unholy alliance with Detroit.

For Detroit, the alliance proved disastrously expensive when car sales fell off so drastically last winter. If Detroit buys Cottell's solution to emission exhaust pollution and makes it standard equipment on all future new automobiles, this will indicate that the Major oil companies are victims of their own greed for profits, and they will be stuck with billions of dollars worth of idle gasoline refining equipment.

This is something the Majors have feared for a long, long time, a radical change downward in the consumption of gasoline. They knew it was bound to happen sooner or later, but have depended on a sympathetic Congress and Administration to maintain their monopoly control of energy. They still have this sympathy in Washington, these Lords of Materiality; so it should be an interesting battle in the next few months. It might even replace Watergate in the headlines for a week or two. If, on the other hand, Cottell disappears and his company is bought out, and nothing more is heard of Ultra-sonic oil mixers, you will know that the Majors have won again. America is a democracy in name only. The Law-and-Order Right is supreme.

Meanwhile, borderlanders are free to experiment with ultra-sonic oil-and-water mixers of their own design, anything to cut fuel costs and improve milage -- not to mention reducing air pollution from exhaust. The ultra-sonic parts cleaners used in industry might be adaptable. Edmund Scientific Company sells them. Water-injection systems for autos are also available now from auto parts companies such as J.C. Whitney in Chicago.

BUS DRIVER TAKES A "SPIRITED" RIDE  
ON HER HAWAIIAN ROUTE

From the Honolulu "Advertiser",  
July 19, 1973

A ghost rode the Bus in Nanakuli on Monday. Or so says Mrs. Helen Corbett, 30, a bus driver with the City's MTL for the past five months.

"You better believe I was scared out of my mind," she told the "Advertiser". "I still am."

This is the story she told. When the sun lifted out of the ocean Monday morning, Mrs. Corbett was driving her minibus on the "D" run between Lualualei and Nanakuli. She was slightly troubled because her bus was running peculiarly, but it was nothing she could pinpoint.

"It was just making different sounds," she said.

Her bus was empty as it traveled down Hakimo Road towards the ocean. At about 7:10, four teen-age boys shuffled aboard and sat in the rear of the bus. Five minutes later, he got on. He was a short, elderly man with graying hair and a slender build. He looked Hawaiian or Filipino. Mrs. Corbett vividly remembers one thing: his old, worn, cracked feet.

She remembers thinking it was odd for him to be barefooted when "he was wearing an immaculate black suit and a beautiful white shirt".

"Good morning," he said as he dropped a quarter in the fare box. "Isn't it a beautiful morning!"

Mrs. Corbett told him that if he went to City Hall he could get a pass that enables senior citizens to ride the Bus free.

"No need," he replied. "I'm just taking only one short ride."

With that he sat down directly behind Mrs. Corbett. The bus turned off Hakimo Road and headed down Farrington Highway toward Nanakuli. Mrs. Corbett remembers talking with the old man. They talked about the weather and the high surf. He spoke with a pidgin accent. At Auyong Homestead Road three children hopped aboard, headed for a day with the City's Summer Fun program. They hopped off at Nanakuli Beach Park.

All the while Mrs. Corbett and the old man with the cracked feet talked. Occasionally she turned to look at him, she said. She turned the bus up Nanakuli Avenue toward Nanakuli High and Intermediate School. They continued talking. Finally, they reached

the high school and the four boys got off. The old man remained aboard. Mrs. Corbett is positive of that. In a minibus, there is only one door the passengers can exit from.

"I watch everybody that gets off," Mrs. Corbett said. "You can never tell when an accident is going to happen."

When the doors closed, Mrs. Corbett turned to ask the old man where he was going. But he wasn't there. He was gone. Vanished.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Corbett groaned. And then, "Oh, no. Oh, Christ. You never saw one Haole jump out of the bus as fast as I did."

She quickly called the four boys who had just left the bus. They confirmed that the old man had remained on board. When Mrs. Corbett told them what had just happened, they ran away. She never got their names. She searched the bus. She searched under the seats. She searched under the bus! The old man with the cracked feet was not there.

"I've never seen him before. Why in hell did he pick my bus?" Mrs. Corbett asked.

This was Mrs. Corbett's first encounter with a ghost, but she has heard stories from other bus drivers. Some say an old, white-haired man sometimes can be seen sitting on a rock on Waianae Valley Road, smoking a cigaret. When the bus drivers go up to speak to him, he vanishes. But his lighted cigaret remains.

Mrs. Corbett will not be on the "D" bus run until Monday. She does not know if she will see the old man with the cracked feet again. But Mrs. Corbett knows one thing. When she drives the "D" run again, "I'm going to carry more crosses with me than Jehovah ever did!"

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#### UFOS USING WORLD'S LARGEST AIRPORT

"Unidentified Flying Objects (UFOs) are using the world's largest airport for takeoffs and landings. Mysterious craft have been coming and going from Dallas-Fort Worth (Texas) Airport ever since the gigantic facility opened in January, claim area residents.

"They've reported their sightings to airport and Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) officials. What the creatures from outer space want, where they're coming from or where they're going, no one knows for sure. But the UFOs are taking off in a westerly direction between 9 p.m. and 1 a.m., according to five eye witnesses from three families. The UFOs keep extremely close to the ground when doing so. Mrs. Sandra Hodgson, 36, has made numerous sightings while traveling between her home at Grapevine, Texas and her job as medical technician at Irving Community Hospital. A Polaroid photo she took shows a tiny yellow light appearing in a twisting pattern against pitch black sky. . . ."

# CLIPS, QUOTES & COMMENTS —

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## CLOUDS AND RAIN

"Regarding the rain-making items in the May-June Journal, page 24-25. My wife and I spent several months with relatives in South Africa in 1966. The drought in the High Velt (the Transvaal, the high, arid northern section of the nation) became unusually severe, so that all the Christian denominations, the Moslems, the Witch Doctor cults -- everybody -- joined in a National Day of Prayer; and that very day it poured; and there was abundant rain for several days thereafter.

"From long before the White Man the Hopi Indians of Arizona and New Mexico have done their rain dance and it has brought sufficient rain. Tourists are invited to witness it without charge. My wife and I did, once. There is a physical explanation: The ritual cools the air above the dance area. Even dry air contains some moisture. It condenses into rain. Compare the lowering of temperature in seance rooms.

"Banishing ritual. Once in a nightmare some sort of Dero creature was pursuing me. When it almost had me I turned and made the Sign of the Cross toward it (not toward myself), and it vanished. This was no ordinary dream but a real psychic experience."

Bob Wilson, Tampa, Florida

## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, WITH POWER, WISDOM AND LOVE

A couple of months ago your Director had a long distance call from Berkeley. One of our student Associates was under attack every night. He had finally come to realize that the attacks were coming from an older friend in the campus area, a bachelor and a student of the Mysteries, and also realized that he needed advice and help. There were strong contacts, Aka Thread connections, that extended back for several years; so he found it difficult to accept the Jekyll-and-Hyde character of his friend, this Dracula.

We reminded him that the nightly nightmares were an undeniable fact and if the older friend was the source of the vampire becoming too familiar, Dracula would give himself away, sooner or later. He had three choices. He could stay and submit to the forced relationship. He could break the connection by moving away, far away, preferably over some large body of water -- such as a permanent move to Honolulu; or he could stay and fight; and we'd put him on the prayer list for month, bringing in such support as we could from our Guides and Controls.

If he chose to stay and fight, he would have to keep himself and his living quarters as clean as possible. He would have to

get rid of or dispose of personal things given to him by Dracula. These were physical contact points, talismans, by which the nightly Astral break-in could be made. New gifts and letters from Dracula would indicate that the breaking off of the old connections was proving effective. They would also have to be neutralised somehow.

We reminded our Associate that the Golem, the Familiar, the vampire was after his life force. This it needed to maintain its precarious existence; and that if he wasn't married, he'd better find himself an understanding and compatible partner of the opposite sex. This way his excess life force could be safely "grounded" or "earthed". Coming into the prime of life as he was, it wouldn't be likely that he could successfully transmute or sublimate all of his sexual energies in his studies or work. Beyond that, it isn't healthy for any young person to study magick by himself or herself. Sooner or later they will drift into the morbid condition indicated here.

Finally, this student of the Mysteries was told that Dracula was putting him to the test. This was a challenge to put his occult knowledge into practice, and make it work! The other day we had this letter in the mail:

"Many thanks for your suggestions and for keeping me on your prayer list for the month. I took your advice and stayed, and fought back. I used the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram every day. I grounded the sex forces with a willing coed occultist. I have not been troubled for about a month and a half now. The polarization of the sex forces, and use of ritual, must have had their effect. I also read again Dion Fortune's 'Psychic Self-Defense'. By the way, 'Dracula' stopped by yesterday and informed me that his personal affairs in San Francisco were finished and that he would be going back home to Seattle within a month or so."

L.V.X., Berkeley, California

Yup, Dracula has to move on to a new location, looking for new victims. Watch out for the student of the Mysteries, the occultist, the witch who tells you proudly, "I am above sex." As Dion Fortune warns us in "The Mystical Qabalah": "This is caused by a spiritual vanity which considers the more primitive aspects of nature as beneath its dignity." But suppression of the life force at the physical level leads to the wildest sexual excesses at the Astral level when the Desire Nature is free from conscious control. The world is full of Draculas motivated by a false spirituality! "It is because of our spurious ideals with their false values that we have so much neurotic ill-health in our midst. It is because Priapus and Cloacina (Roman goddess of sewers) are not given their due as deities that we are cursed by the Sun-god and cut off from His benign influence; for an insult to His subsidiary aspects is an insult to him."



## DEVILS IN THE "LIFE OF SAINT THERESA"

"Once, when I was about to take Communion, I saw with the eyes of my soul, more clearly than ever I could with my bodily eyes, two most hideous devils. Their horns seemed to be about the poor priest's throat; and when I saw my Lord, in all His majesty, held in those hands in the form of the Host that the priest was about to present to me, I knew for certain that they had offended against Him, and that here was a man in mortal sin.

"How terrible, O my Lord, to see that beauty of Yours between two such hideous shapes! They seemed so cowed and alarmed in Your presence that I think they would gladly have fled if You had let them go. I was so upset, Lord, that I do not know how I was able to receive the Host; and afterwards I was afraid, for I thought that if the vision had been of God, His Majesty would not have allowed me to see the evil that was in that soul. Then the Lord himself told me to pray for the priest, and said that He had allowed this in order that I might realize what power there was in the words of consecration, and that God never fails to be present however wicked the priest who pronounces them.

"He also wanted me to realize His great goodness in placing Himself in the hands of His enemy, only for the good of myself and of all men. This clearly showed me that priests are under an even greater obligation to be good than other men, and what a terrible thing it is to receive this Most Holy Sacrament when one is unworthy, also how completely the devils is master of a soul in mortal sin. This vision was a very great help to me. . . ."

Yes, Theresa of Avila, who wanted to see and feel only the good, the true, the beautiful, had her eyes opened to the opposite! This priest had not one, but two Familiars haunting him and it is obvious from Theresa's and the Lord's remarks that these were "children" of the priest's own mind and passions.

## GOOD STUDY MATERIALS

"Two questions: 1. Your mention of "Magic and Mystery In Tibet" in the Journal, where can I get it? 2. The Don Juan Trilogy. What do you think of those three books?"

H.S., Wichita, Kansas

"Magic and Mystery In Tibet" by Alexandra David-Neel, is published for \$7.50 by University Books, Inc., New Hyde Park, New York 11040. Her companion book, of equal interest to the student of the Mysteries, is "Initiations and Initiates In Tibet". This is published at \$2.95 by Shambala Publications, Inc., 1409 Fifth St., Berkeley, Cal. 94710.

The Don Juan Trilogy is actually three paperbacks by Carlos Castaneda, a South American student studying for a degree in an-

thropology at the University of California, Los Angeles. In 1960 he decided to make field trips to study peyote as used by the Indians in their rituals. At a bus station on the Arizona-Mexico border he met a Yaqui indian who was expert in the use of the psychedelic drug and was willing to initiate Castaneda in the proper procedures. Thus began an apprenticeship to pagan magick which endured for over 10 years. The results of Castaneda's studies are in three books: "The Teachings of Don Juan, A Way of Knowledge", "A Separate Reality, Further Conversations with Don Juan", and finally, "Journey To Ixtlan, The Lessons of Don Juan".

This last volume of the trilogy contains all the material left out of the first two because the young chela thought those experiences were too fantastic to be presented to the public, and they weren't so directly related to the use of peyote. Simon & Schuster, 1 West 39th St., New York, NY 10018 has made "Journey To Ixtlan" a part of their Touchstone Book series. \$2.95 to their Mail Service Dept. should bring you a copy.

You wont find the word love in the Trilogy. The emphasis is on power, the power of the earth to control nature and to control people. Poor Carlos, trying to understand his transcendent experiences with his logical mind, and failing completely. And his guru, Don Juan, with no mind to explain these great forces in a logical way, but with powerful instincts and years of practice to make them work! What a wonderful education for any student of the Mysteries. By all means get the Don Juan Trilogy and study it. Then for an explanation of how pagan magick works, study Max Freedom Long's "Secret Science Behind Miracles".

#### DON VICENTE, THE SORCERER

Carlos Castaneda learned from Don Juan that the magicians, sorcerers, Brujos of northern Mexico are both respectful of and jealous of each other's powers and territories. Don Juan, the Indian, suggested that when Carlos drove through Oaxaca, he stop and look up the Mexican sorcerer, Don Vicente. In the market place one day Carlos was attracted by the selling chant of a vendor of herbs, who claimed he could cure all human diseases with his potions. This turned out to be Don Vicente.

After introducing himself as a student and friend of Don Juan, Don Vicente spoke with great respect of Don Juan and his powers and suggested and suggested to Carlos a simple magical experiment to perform on his way north, with some plants that were freely offered.

"Juan is a true Man of Knowledge," said Vicente. I myself have dwelled only briefly with plant powers. I was always interested in their curative properties." He rubbed his chin, searching for proper words. "You may say that I am only a man of lyric knowledge. I'm not like Juan, my Indian brother." His eyes were glassy and staring

at the floor at my left side. Then he said almost in a whisper, "Oh, how high soars my Indian brother!"

Carlos stopped his Volkswagen on a small hill. "I could see the road ahead and behind me. It was deserted in both directions as far into the distance as I could see. I waited a few minutes to orient myself and to remember Don Vicente's instructions. I took one of the plants, walked into a field of cacti on the east side of the road, and planted it as Don Vicente had instructed me."

The instructions included watering. Carlos tried to knock the cap off a bottle of mineral water. It shattered and a glass splinter struck his lip, causing it to bleed. This was a blood sacrifice -- though of course Castaneda didn't realize it. The results were immediately apparent. The chela went back to his VW for another bottle of mineral water. There suddenly, from that deserted highway, was a VW stationwagon. The driver stopped and asked if help was needed. At Carlos' negative reply the visitor drove away.

When Carlos finished watering the plant and was returning to his VW he was surprised to hear voices. Out there in that deserted desert!! Vicente was really a powerful sorcerer.

"I hurried down the slope onto the highway and found three Mexicans at the car, two men and one woman. (Three 'allies' or Familiars!) One of the men was sitting on the front bumper. He was perhaps in his late thirties, of medium height, with black curly hair, a bundle on his back, old slacks and a worn-out pink shirt. His shoes were untied and perhaps too big for his feet; they seemed too loose and uncomfortable. He was sweating profusely.

"The other man was standing twenty feet away from the car. He was small-boned and shorter than the other and his hair was straight and combed backward. He carried a smaller bundle and was older, perhaps in his late forties. His better clothes were a dark blue jacket light blue slacks and black shoes. He was not perspiring at all and seemed aloof, uninterested. The woman appeared to be also in her forties. She was fat and had a very dark complexion. She wore black Capris, a white sweater, and black, pointed shoes. She did not carry a bundle but was holding a portable transistor radio. She seemed to be very tired and her face was covered with beads of perspiration.

"When I approached them the younger man and the woman accosted me. They wanted a ride. I told them I did not have any space in my car. I showed them that the back seat was loaded to capacity and there really was no room left. The man suggested that if I drove slow they could go perched on the back bumper or lying across the front fender. I thought the idea was preposterous. Yet there was such an urgency in their plea that I felt very sad and ill at ease. I gave them some money for their bus fare. The younger man took the bills and thanked me, but the older man turned his back disdainfully. 'I want transportation,' he said, 'I'm not interested

in money. Cant you give us some food or water?'

"I really had nothing to give them. They stood there looking at me for a moment and then they walked away. I got into my car and tried to start the motor. The heat was very intense and the motor seemed to be flooded. The younger man stopped when he heard the starter grinding and came back and stood behind my car ready to push it. I felt a tremendous apprehension. I was actually panting desperately. The motor finally ignited and I zoomed away.

#### A MISSED OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN

"After I had finished relating this to Don Juan, he remained pensive for a long while.

"'Why haven't you told me this before?' he said without looking at me.

"I did not know what to say. I shrugged my shoulders and told him that I never thought it was important.

"'It's damn important! Vicente is a first-rate sorcerer. He gave you something to plant because he had his reasons; and if you encountered three people who seemed to have popped out of nowhere right after you had planted it, there was a reason for that too; but only a fool like you would disregard the incident and think it wasn't important.'

"He wanted to know exactly what had taken place when I paid Don Vicente the visit. . . .

"'Lyric knowledge, my eye!' Don Juan exclaimed after I had recounted the whole story. 'Vicente is a brujo. Why did you go to see him?'

"I reminded him that he himself had asked me to visit Vicente.

"'That's absurd!' he exclaimed dramatically. 'I said to you, some day, when you know how to see (clairvoyantly), you should pay a visit to my friend Vicente; that's what I said. Apparently you were not listening.

"I argued that I could find no harm in having met Don Vicente, that I was charmed by his manners and his kindness.

"Don Juan shook his head from side to side and in a half-kidding tone expressed his bewilderment at what he called my 'baffling good luck'. He said that my visiting Don Vicente was like walking into a lion's den armed with a twig. Don Juan seemed to be agitated, yet I could see no reason for his concern. Don Vicente was a beautiful man. He seemed so frail; his strangely haunting eyes made him look almost ethereal. I asked Don Juan how a beautiful person like that could be dangerous?

"'You're a damn fool. He wont cause you any harm by himself. But knowledge is power, and once a man embarks on the Road of Know-

ledge he's no longer liable for what may happen to those who come in contact with him."

### I AM ABOVE THE LAW

This is a trap into which fall all those who, having become the Law, think they are above the Law! This is what comes of having Power without Wisdom or Love. Your Director shudders to think of the lifetimes of struggle Don Vicente will have with those three powerful artificial elementals -- "allies" Don Juan called them -- he has created, until he has finally absorbed them and transmuted them. We have another example of this "above the law" attitude in the White House gang. As they face their trials and do their prison terms, they find that they are not above the law after all.

"You should have paid him a visit (Don Vicente) when you knew enough to defend yourself," continued Don Juan to Carlos, "not from him, but from the power he harnessed which, by the way, is not his or anybody else's. Upon hearing that you were my friend, Vicente assumed that you knew how to protect yourself and then made you a gift. He apparently liked you and must have made you a great gift, and you chucked it. What a pity!"

"What is self-explanatory to you, Don Juan, is totally incomprehensible to me."

"How many plants did he give you?"

"Four, I think, but I don't remember," replied Carlos.

"The number of plants is important and so is the order of events," he said. "How can I tell you what his gift was if you don't remember what happened? At least then I could tell you how you chucked your gift."

"What do you think I did wrong?"

"Everything."

"But I followed Don Vicente's instructions to the letter."

"So what? Don't you understand that to follow his instructions was meaningless?"

"Why?"

"Because those instructions were designed for someone who could see, not for an idiot who got out with his life just by sheer luck. You sent to see Vicente without preparation. He liked you and gave you a gift. And that gift could easily have cost your life."

"If he's a sorcerer he should have known that I didn't know!"

"No, he couldn't have seen that. You look as though you know, Carlos, but you don't know much really." (From "A Separate Reality, Further Conversations With Don Juan", by Carlos Castaneda, 6th printing, 1973, \$1.25, published by Pocket Books, Simon & Schuster, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020.)

## PROPHET WITH HONOR -- BUT NO SATISFACTION!

Back in the spring of 1970 we did a feature article in the March-April Journal on "The Bitter Medicine of Inflation". The title was taken from an address by President Nixon to the nation, in October 1969. In that he said: "We have asked the American people to take bitter medicine. We believe that the American people are mature enough to to understand the need for it. . . and I report to you that the medicine has begun to work. There will be no overnight cure but we are on the road to recovery from the disease of runaway prices. . . "

Two weeks earlier there had been a convention of the American Bankers Association in Honolulu, Hawaii, 12,000 of them. The keynote of the convention, sounded by several speakers, was that the bankers were not responsible for inflation, the people were. The main cause of runaway prices was the war in Vietnam and the massive government spending this required and the President was accelerating the war. None of this was mentioned in convention speeches -- at least the ones reported in the press.

Nat P. Rogers, Houston banker, was elected president of the ABA there in Honolulu on Oct. 1, 1969. In his acceptance speech he said: "Not since the early days of the 1930s have bankers faced the flak equal in intensity to the public displeasure with high interest rates. The nation's failure to understand fully the nature and causes of inflation leaves millions with the belief that bankers are profiteers and that banks are responsible for the high rates." He insisted that this is not so and that bankers are the victims of tight money, not the cause of it! Even though they set the rates which make money expensive, or cheap.

Nothing was said about wage and price controls and you remember that in his 1968 campaign, Nixon vowed that he would never be guilty of imposing wage and price controls on the American economy. In his February 1970 budget message Tricky Dicky made no mention of his secret war in Laos and Thailand, and not even the multi-billion dollar war in Vietnam. He demonstrated so well the political principle which took him to the top: "Tell the people what they want to hear." General spending for military in his budget was down. This was proudly pointed out, but a careful reading of the budget figures indicated that spending for strategic weapons was up. Our general conclusion from all this was that even if the President succeeded in winding down the war, there would be no peace-time "fall out" of extra money for civilian needs at home. In January he had vetoed the \$19 billion Health, Education and Welfare bill, "too inflationary", but initiated the second phase of the Anti-Ballistic Missile program. There would be no deflationary drop in income for the Merchants of Death.

So, my reading of the Signs of the Times in 1970 was that inflation would continue and warned Associates that we would have to

raise the membership/subscription rate to match the increased cost of production, and so we did, and will continue to do.

It is true, the President did impose wage and price controls on the economy in 1971, but this was only a political gesture designed to help get him re-elected in 1972. Once this was accomplished the controls were scrapped. The President read correctly the state of mind of the majority of those who voted him back into office. In effect the voters said to the government: "Get the hell out of the way! We want to make money!"

#### THE DISCIPLINE OF THE OLD TIME RELIGION

On Sunday, July 7, 1974, we got the word from the chairman of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, Herbert Stein: There will be no effort on the part of the Administration to control inflation. It's the peoples' fault and they will have to control it by reducing their purchases.

Cutting taxes would be wrong, said Stein, because "we should not be putting \$5 billion or \$10 billion in their hands which they'd only go out and spend". And, if we don't exercise moderation in spending there might have to be a tax increase, but nothing is planned at present. What Stein didn't say is that as inflation continues at its present rate of 11 or 12% a year, wage earners will have to strike for higher pay just to keep up. The higher pay will put them in higher income tax brackets; so they'll automatically be paying higher taxes anyway!

As for the cost of renting money, highest now they've ever been, Stein said: "I would not interfere to put interest rates down even if they went a good deal higher". He grudgingly admitted, under questioning by television reporters, that high interest rates could contribute to inflation; but he reminded them that high interest rates are the classical way of reducing the supply of money.

#### "THIS OCCULT BUSINESS IS OVERDONE"

An Associate and retired Army officer writes: "I don't think Nixon is 'inspired by the dark forces' as you wrote in the Journal, or any such thing. This occult business is overdone. I knew a Theosophist in Washington 30 years ago who said he'd never seen a black magician and never expected to. We are surely in a hell of a mess, but brought on ourselves mostly by selfishness. Why should Satan waste his time and energy when we are going his way without his help?"

It's all in the point of view, Captain, as you write from the peaceful surroundings of your Florida home. If you had been a member of Nixon's White House staff and were now in jail, your

career in ruins, your right to practice law withdrawn, your wife and children scratching for a living without your support, Nixon wouldn't seem quite the Knight in Shining Armor his expert propagandists have made him out to be.

As a Theosophist a more thorough study of the writings of H. P. Blavatsky would remind you that the Left Hand Path of Black Magick is a forced return to the past, to more primitive times. This is what Nixon has done to the United States. The carefully structured social and economic controls of the 1920s and 1930s -- erected by forward-looking leaders of both political parties -- are being systematically destroyed. The wild inflation we are now experiencing is characteristic of an earlier time in the nation's history, the boom-and-bust economy of the 1890s; and he achieved this in less than six years. Quite an accomplishment.

A couple of other indicators of Nixon's worship of the past. Soon after taking office he wanted to create a "palace guard" in the comic opera uniforms of 19th Century Europe. And who is the President's political idol? Certainly not his former boss, Eisenhower, nor any of the constructive greats out of the nation's past, Washington or Lincoln; no, Nixon's idol and ideal is a Roman Catholic autocrat across the Atlantic, the late Charles de Gaulle, a military royalist if there ever was one.

But, this is the "note" the President sounded in his first term in office, and the people responded with a tremendous vote of approval. So be it.

#### THE EFFECT ON TOMORROW'S CITIZENS

"I am a social studies instructor in a middle-class school that contains approximately 70% white and 30% black students. Both black and white students are from affluent, middle-class families. The school is located in a traditionally conservative area. At the present time about 25% of the students in my U.S. government classes are registered voters. Students are becoming increasingly bitter, hostile and cynical about our governmental system. I find this very distressing and also find it exceedingly difficult to teach government classes.

"When each new indictment comes out, with appalling regularity, and the President consistently ignores Congress, I am consistently on the firing line in the classroom. I wish the people who are involved in creating this problem were having to face these young people each day as I do! One of the most depressing of all things occurring lately is the rather obvious sentiment on the part of many young people is that they can break laws with impunity -- this is a very dangerous sentiment indeed in our citizens of tomorrow."

Ula Pendleton  
Los Angeles "Times", July 13, 1974

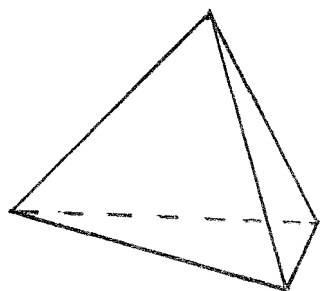


## FEAR NOT, THE STARS ARE STILL THERE

"About the Platonic Solids and my letter in the January-February Journal. I had actually studied them about two years ago while reading Buckminster Fuller. He studied them because of their simplicity and great structural stability. He soon became convinced -- as I am now -- that these are the geometrical building blocks of the material universe. From this knowledge he was able to create his geodesic structures.

"At this time I was building models of the Platonic Solids and was hanging them from the ceiling and placing large ones upon my front lawn. I thought they looked exotic and their appearance never got boring. I also built a large geodesic dome, covering it with clear plastic vinyl. I used it as a super-tent whose fascinating design kept me awake well into the night, as did the stars. I have read that some believe the Tetrahedrons and Fuller's geodesic structures may be a source of pyramid energy. All I can justly say is that the Platonic Solids and Fuller's geodesic structures make one cheerful!

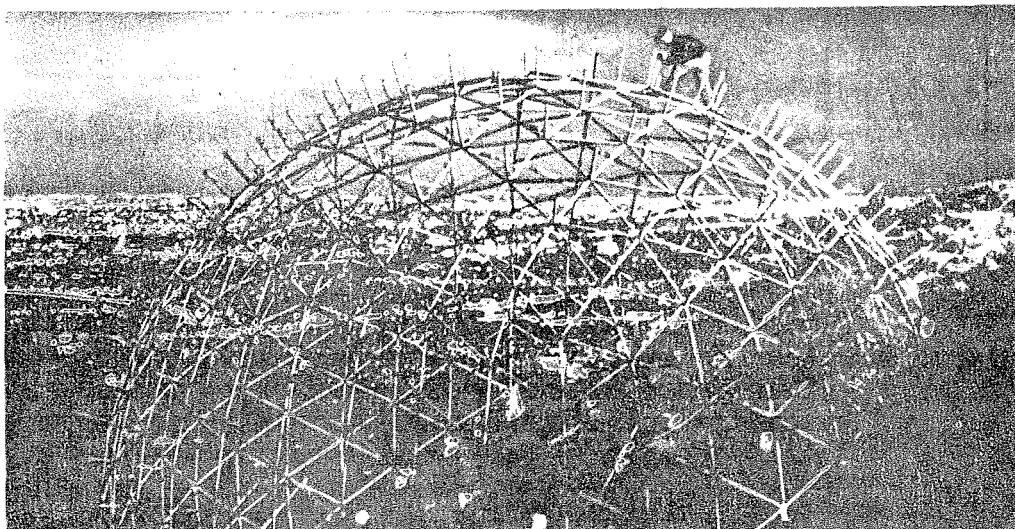
"Your article made me think of the similarities between Pythagoras and Fuller. Fuller believes Nature works with the power of whole numbers and models can be made of all Her processes: 'And



TETRAHEDRON

(This three-sided pyramid -- four sided figure -- is a symbol for Chesed, the Fourth Sephirah on the Kabbalistic Tree of Life. The mundane chakra is the planet Jupiter. At right, a Los Angeles enthusiast for practical mathematics creates a Geodesic dome, a mathematical bubble.)

look at all this whiteness and all those bubbles. Beautiful, beautiful bubbles, every one of them. They tell you spheres use Pi, and Pi is irrational. 3.14159. . . and on goes the number. Every time Nature is making one of those bubbles, to how many places did She carry out Pi before She discovered you cant resolve it? And at what point does Nature decide to fake a bubble?' says Fuller. Any library should have his book and books about him.



They will explain his works much better than I can. I was also pleased to find out that Fuller was a member of Tiffany Thayer's Fortean Society and has written the forward to Damon Knight's biography on Charles Fort. I have bought and am now reading Edouard Schure's 'The Ancient Mysteries of Delphi: PYTHAGORAS', because I never learned to my satisfaction what the old Greek's philosophy really consisted of. And I have once again hung the Platonic solids from my ceiling. I recently found that the Spanish painter, Salvador Dali, is also impressed with the power of phi-Lonc's 'cosmic constant' which he discovered through his paranoid-critical method. He was very much involved with these ideas during his rhinoceros horn period -- if you want to call it that. A rhino's horn forms a portion of the logarithmic spiral. Enclosed is \$7.50 for subscription renewal."

Bruce Pennington  
Pt. Washington, New York

The only way you'll find what Pythagoras' philosophy really consisted of, Bruce, is to pierce the veil of ignorance through meditation. The basics of the old Greek's School -- as of any Occult Lodge -- cannot possibly be transmitted through the printed word, but only through revelation by inspiration -- after the perspiration of thousands of hours of study and practice. Charles Fort made a breakthrough of sorts, after thousands of hours of poring over the newspaper files of the Western world; and so he learned of the presence of Flying Saucers a couple of generations before Ken Arnold's famous sighting of June 24, 1947. Charles Fort's major conclusion after all that work: "We are property."

A FUTURE "MESMER"?

"Would you please send a second subscription to my address starting with the May-June issue of the Journal? Have lost my last few issues to a budding neighborhood experimentalist who lives by the code: It is more honorable to borrow than to buy. Since his enthusiasm to memorize my copy of the Journal shows no wane, I am left with two choices: To move to a new neighborhood, or to supply the future 'Mesmer' with a copy of his own. The latter choice was less costly."

Ed. C., Federal Way, Wash.

LIGHT OVER DARKNESS

"During the past year, funds from the Legal Defense Fund (Liberty Stamp Drive) have enabled your Federation to go to court or co-counsel and defend a number of individuals and/or companies in the true American tradition. (See partial list in January 1974 National Health Federation Bulletin.) Some of these cases are still pending with success more than a possibility, and the harassment and arrogance of bureaucratic governmental agents is being reversed on all levels. The Food and Drug Administration is des-

perate! BUT, thanks to your fine response, the Legal Defense Fund has assisted in those cases where the principle of FREEDOM was at stake. We pledge our continued aid to those who are denied their individual rights under the law. Your Dollar-A-Month Club funds will continue to support this cause, and our determination to see that the TRUTH prevails is unwavering."

National Health Federation  
212 West Foothill Blvd.  
Monrovia, California 91016



FRED J. HART, Chairman of the Board.

### THE ALCHEMISTS, TURNING THE LEAD (OF PRISON) INTO GOLD

Some of the victims of Nixon's policies are turning their personal tragedies into welcome and much needed cash. Instead of weeping and wailing they are writing, memoirs of their White House years which find a ready market with the reading public. Haldeman hasn't gone the route yet, he is only under indictment, but he is burning the midnight oil and the manuscript sheets are piling up. The asking price is a million dollars. No doubt some enterprising publisher will come up with the money.

Then there is Edith Irving. Remember the wife of Clifford Irving, who wrote the Howard Hughes biography hoax? And was convicted of fraud along with him? Swiss prison officials allowed her to rehabilitate herself by using her two years in the clink to paint pictures, 75 of them! Already, since her release and her one-person art show at a Swiss gallery, 50 of her paintings have been sold, for \$2000 to \$3000 apiece!

### HEALTH ALCHEMY, THE MAGNETIC TUBE

"We have been very interested in reading about Daisy the Tube in the last two issues of your Journal. We have been able to locate all of the equipment for construction except for the Sono cardboard tube itself. Even checking the Denver, Colorado market there was not one place that would sell only one tube. Could you forward the name and address of a company anywhere in the U.S. that would be willing to sell one 6 or 7 ft. by 30 inches cardboard tube and ship it? Enclosed is a self-addressed, stamped envelope."

Mrs. D.B., Cheyenne, Wyoming.

We bought our tube, 6½ ft. long and 25 in. diameter, from Burke Concrete Accessories, Inc., 3870 Houston, San Diego, Cal. 92110, phone 714-297-0375, around \$25 a couple of years ago; and they willingly delivered it to our home when their truck was in the Vista area, no charge. If they don't have a branch office in your area, perhaps you can persuade a building contractor to order an extra 7 ft. of 30 inch tube for you in his next order. Tubes can also be formed from Masonite.

## CHANGING NEGATIVE TO POSITIVE

"I have been working with the pendulum, testing food and soil, using the methods of the late F. Graham, of Tum Tum, Washington. For example, using the culture from Prometheus in San Francisco, the following due to the acidophilus recorded. The test with canned skim milk before was 290 radiation wave reading, after being cultured, 7900, both positive readings. The DI in the milk, that is negative, changed to positive D and the amount increased. So a poor food is changed to a good food with more energy in it. Mr. Graham made Discs using special bacteria, like the 'D cells' of Brown and Sloan, but more different types.

"Several of these Discs were stacked with air space between each Disc. Several inches below the stack was placed a pan of water that had been 'grahamized'. This water had been placed above the stack for 30 minutes. To start with I had trouble getting water that would test 300. Now it is so high I cannot believe it! The higher the test of the water under the stack of Discs the better. This is the power, and used up, as it removes the negative elements and restores life to the dead elements in the material on the top of the table. Example: dolomite has lead and fluoride in it. These are removed after 30 minutes, the water in the pan under the stack has lost some of its stored energy and may even be negative, and the sides of the dish seem oily, needing cleaning. This dolomite is free of lead and fluoride for a month now and the charge is still the same.

"I feel that magnets may be OK in a pinch but that the natural energy is better for man. Mrs. Graham still lives in Tum Tum, if you are interested. Do you know where I can get some gem chips for use in Teletherapy? Are there any Wisconsin members interested in Radiesthesia or Color Therapy? Your work is filling in some blanks for me."

Orville Hoffman, 521 Liberty St.  
Ripon, Wisconsin 54971

Thanks for the order for literature and the donation to the Cause, Orville, the Cause of borderland science. It helps us to keep up with the galloping inflation. But the holder of the mortgage on our place, contracted for when money was dear in 1959, is even less happy than we are. We are paying it off with the cheap, 50¢ dollars of the 1970s! Thanks for the info on the effectiveness of the Graham catalysts. Guess we shifted to magnets instead of Discs or D Cells because they wear out and Alnico magnets dont. It's interesting that Dr. Bhattacharya used a small horseshoe magnet as a pendulum for diagnosis in Teletherapy. As for the colored gem chips, you'll have to write directly to Dr. A. K. Bhattacharya, Shastri Villa, Naihati, 24 P.G.S., West Bengal, India for those. Last we heard he was charging \$25 for a set. In my opinion, synthetic jewels from the dime store would be just as effective, or even colored plastic chips, because it is the color rate that is important -- and the dedication of the therapist.

HELP! THEY'RE AFTER ME!

"Please send me your book on Psychic Attack at once. I enclose \$1.25. In the event this is incorrect, please ship the book at once, and I'll send the balance by return mail."

I.V., Bronx, New York

The concentration of Drujas (Oahspe), Familiars, obsessing entities -- whatever you want to call them -- must be beyond belief in an old metropolis like New York. We hope Mr. V. puts the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram in our "Retro Me, the Art of Psychic Self-Defense" to good and successful use. We also sent him our newly revised Publication List, by First Class Mail. "Retro Me" is still only 50¢.

"YOU LIVE IN FOUR WORLDS", Lesson Seven in our Series on "The Invisible Reality Behind Appearances" also has the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram well illustrated, but it also contains explanatory material on the four levels of consciousness in which we live, move and have our being: Physical, Emotional, Mental and Spiritual. Thus the reader gets some knowledge of where these obsessing entities come from -- "allies" Don Juan calls them -- and what can be done to keep them in their proper place. As the decay of our civilization accelerates the need for such knowledge will become more obvious, also the need to put that knowledge to practical use. 67 pages. . . . \$2.00

"THE THREE PATHS FOR MAN TO FOLLOW" is an interesting and detailed explanation of the three basic human types, the Pagan, the Mystic, and the Hermetic Scientist or Cabalist. Those of you who have read or are reading the Don Juan Trilogy will realize, after reading this, that Don Juan is a perfect example of the Pagan magician, who has Power but no goal. Opposite to him is the Mystic, who has a Goal -- union with the Divine -- but no power! The Hermetic Path is the Middle Way between the two. The "Three Paths" is Lesson Two in our Series on the "Invisible Reality Behind Appearances". It is combined into one volume with Lessons One and Three, "Working With Spiritual Power", and "The Western Tradition". This volume is called "Part One" of the "Invisible Reality Behind Appearances". In addition to a discussion of metaphysical principles, Part One has workshops on meditation, rhythmic breathing, concentration and contemplation, with question-and-answer discussions between teacher and students. 95 pp. Illus. . . . \$3.00

"TULKUS, A TIBETAN INITIATION" is our examination of the technique of building an immortal Solar Body or Body of Light as practiced by the Tibetan lamas and revealed in the writings of Madame Alexandra David-Neel and of W.Y. Evans-Wentz; but Ms. David-Neel also revealed that the Lamas perverted this particular piece of occult wisdom so they could keep control of their earthly power and wealth through a series of self-chosen reincarna-

tions. She found Tibet to be an outstanding example of what happens to a nation that falls under control of a religious oligarchy. All progress stops. The practice of Tulku was as highly secret to the uninitiated Tibetans as it was to uninitiated Greeks, Jews, Romans and Egyptians two thousand years ago. Then it was practiced in that part of the world by the Essenes and the Gnostics. Now we can better understand what Paul (Paulus, Apollos, Apollonius) wrote in his first letter to the Corinthians: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body (self-created, by the occultist). . . . So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death shall be swallowed up in victory'. . . ."

Lesson Twelve, 54 pages, illustrated. . . . . \$2.00

BSRF No. 2 - D: COMMUNICATION WITH FLYING SAUCERS (and Their Occupants). This is an analysis of the problem of communication with beings from other worlds and from other levels of consciousness, and the dangers to a human being who indiscriminately yearns for more Light from heaven. So, this transcribed talk starts starts off with an explanation of the five different kinds of ESP or mediumship, and of the three types of contact. Examples are given from the experiences of Dan Fry, George Van Tassel, Orfeo Angelucci, George Adamski and Paul Vest. As the Venusian told Vest in Santa Monica in 1953: "Our problem is to find people who can understand without fear, and cooperate without hesitation." Included in this is a description of the characteristics of the psychic racketeer, and of the sincerely deluded contactee, mostly from Director Crabb's personal observation of them. There is also a listing of the seven basic character principles necessary for mediumship of the highest order, by Manly Hall. The talk concludes with a review of data on physical contacts with Venusians in Los Angeles in 1953. Illustrated, 8½x11, 30 pages. . . . . \$2.00

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