

THE SCIENCE OF THE OCCULT

**MYSTIC**  
MAGAZINE

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June 1955

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*True!*

MYSTIC ADVENTURES

ARTICLES ON  
PSYCHIC SCIENCE

•  
ANOTHER  
MARK PROBERT  
SEANCE

*Also:*

Reincarnation  
Story  
by

SANANDANA  
KUMARA



*Dorothy Spence Lauer*

YOUR FUTURE BY PSYCHOMETRY

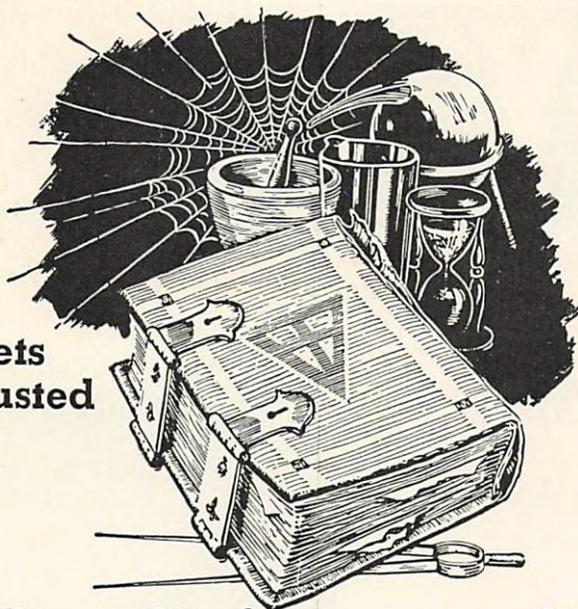
JUNE 1955

MYSTIC

Amazing True Stories, Articles, Features

ISSUE NO. 10

Secrets  
entrusted  
to a  
few



## The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that cannot be generally told—*things you ought to know*. Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind*, and *the mastery of life's problems*. Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

JUNE

1955

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**MAGAZINE**

Issue No. 10

Editor: Ray Palmer

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Cover: Dorothy Spence Lauer  
Photo by Bullock's Portrait Studio

Please address all correspondence to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.  
Mystic Magazine is published every other month by Palmer Publications, Inc., 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Evanston, Illinois. Additional entry at Amherst, Wisc., and at Sandusky, Ohio. Manuscripts, artwork, photographs invited, but no responsibility is undertaken for loss. Return envelope and postage essential. Subscriptions: 12 issues \$3.00; 24 issues \$6.00. Copyright 1955 by Palmer Publications, Inc. Printed in USA by Stephens Printing Corporation, Sandusky, Ohio.

# ...Editorial...

**T**HIS is a strange world we live in. Or perhaps we should say it is a strange "civilization." Particularly strange is the portion of that civilization known as "democracy." Democracy is "A theory of government which, in its purest form, holds that the state should be controlled by all the people, each sharing equally in privileges, duties, and responsibilities and each participating in person in the government, as in the city-states of ancient Greece. In practice, control is vested in elective officers as representatives who may be upheld or removed by the people." Today a new definition is needed, a definition of the government of the United States of America. Control is vested, today, in something quite foreign to that definition. In ancient Greece they did not have the atom bomb, or the hydrogen bomb. In America we have it. And it is outside the jurisdiction of the democratic form of government—it is a law unto itself. By the very nature of it, control cannot be vested in the people, nor can it be vested in elective officers. It consti-

tutes a science that cannot be correctly administered by non-scientists. But strangely, it constitutes an aspect that cannot be administered by scientists either! Its aspect is in its fearful danger to any people, no matter what form their government takes, against which it is directed. By sheer necessity, it can be controlled only by a military force, ever on guard, ready to put it to instant and undemocratic action. Because of the danger of "spying," it cannot be anything but "top secret" and that only among the military controllers. Because of the intricacy of it, it cannot be a property of the people, either scientifically trained or untrained. Apparently these things are so, because the bomb, as it exists today, is something about which the people only sit on the sidelines and hear vague references; it is something the elective representatives only know about in a vague fashion via uninformative, secrecy-shrouded pronouncements which are given to them in the form of "releases" or "briefings." They can listen, can comment, but

they cannot actually dictate one way or the other what shall be done with the bomb.

It is the statement of the soldier that "we cannot be subject to delay while we go through the due processes of democratic action, in case of atomic attack. We must be free to use the bomb at our own discretion."

Today we have a soldier for president. And also, we have a law, just recently passed, which gives him the right to use the bomb without consulting with any other American, in the fashion of democracy, because of the expediency which the use of the bomb demands. Here again, the statement is "no time for talk." Worse still, there is the growing factor, being pushed into the category of "axiomatic" that "initiative" processes are supplanting "retaliatory" processes. In short, the one who gets in the first blow may be the winner, because there may be no chance for a second blow, for a retaliation. One swift knockout punch, and the deed is done, and the war is won. Since it must be a "first" punch, the tendency is to claim that aggression is no longer aggression, but defense. Who is to decide if such a course is necessary? The people? The elective representatives? Could we ask the people to vote on whether or

not to "knock out" Russia on July 8, via 1000 hydrogen bombs? Absurd. We cannot let the enemy know we are going to attack him. It must be a complete surprise. The decision must be an instantaneous one, by one person, and carried out in complete secrecy.

Is that where American democracy stands? No, of course it doesn't. America will not be the aggressor. We are a noble people. We do not resort to sneak attack. Yet, how can we do otherwise, if existence depends on it? If Russia can gain the ability to deliver that knockout punch, and our intelligence services tell us that they have achieved that ability, what then? Must we, as a democracy, sit tensely by while we await the thousand blinding flashes of our knockout, and then, if we are able, retaliate with a similar punch which will knock out the enemy and leave both countries a devastated waste peopled by hundreds of millions of dead?

Yes, democracy is at a strange crossroads. The bomb has taken away our privilege of participating in our government. We must now sit blindly by, unaware of what is going on. When the decision comes, it will be carried out, then we will be told, if we are told, or if we live

*(Continued on page 120)*

# YOUR FUTURE

By

**Dorothy Spence Lauer**

**We'd all like to know what tomorrow  
will bring. Is it possible to know?  
Here is an experiment to prove it!**

*Editor's Note:* Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the playing card method. By laying out the cards, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given at the end of this article, and by writing them down on the chart, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment. Naturally we cannot publish all the requests for readings we receive, but we will forward all charts to Mrs. Lauer, asking her to select several which give her the strongest and most interesting impression, for publication entirely free in this department of MYSTIC Magazine. We assume no further responsibility for the charts. If you wish to correspond personally with Mrs. Lauer, we will be glad to forward your letters.

*Dorothy  
Spence  
Lauer*



Mrs. Lauer was born April 2, 1916 in Chicago, Illinois. She is a graduate of grammar and high school, and of the Hambleton Conservatory of Music. She studied psychology, metaphysics and occult arts, but possesses a natural gift of psychometry. She does this simply by holding an object (such as our charts) in her hand and effortlessly letting impressions come to mind. If no impression is felt, she puts the article aside (which accounts for delay sometime in passing on her answers to applicants). She refuses to fabricate an answer if one is not automatically forthcoming, but waits for a better impression. She has been able to perform this receptive act since childhood, and many times was left at home because her mother didn't want people asking her questions. Cards have no direct bearing on her work, the impression left on them by the applicant is what is important. She is outspoken, and does not give impressions only to flatter. She believes most people appreciate honesty. She does not like to be called a "medium"; she has never seen a "spirit" although she is a member of the Natural Religious Spiritual Educational Service, Inc., and is ordained therein. She has a son, a daughter, and a husband.

*Chart 034*

*Harold Friederichs*

*To Yourself:*

You may be surprised about a man acting very cool toward you. This will be due to jealousy I'm afraid, Harold, and I do feel this person thinks a lot of you, but thru someone giving them the impression that you did not agree with their opinion they may act this way. I suggest here, Harold, that you go to them and rectify this error.

*To Your Home:*

You will be among a group of people who seem very anxious to have you amongst them. You may wonder if this is the right thing to do, as somehow you feel an apprehension about this. Here I feel that not to accept this invitation could detour much good that could come into your life thru this association.

*To Your Desire:*

Could someone surprise you by showing you openly that they do not either approve or want you to have this desire? I do think they are for you 100% and if you do not care to take their advice, do not let them feel you are against them. This wish has a chance of taking place rather suddenly and with it comes many changes — one which even you won't expect.

*What you Don't Expect:*

A woman may wish you'd be a little more explicit with her, and if you're not, soon she will make an issue of several conversations. Looks as if so far you've used diplomacy with her, but very soon you will have to actually say what you've tried to avoid saying! So be prepared to have the answer.

*Sure To Be:*

You know, Harold, I feel you may be harboring a little ill feeling toward someone. If this is so, try to release it from your mind as I feel in some way this is holding you back from some good. I know you're right in feeling badly over this, but still to leave it hurt you is wrong. I feel you have wonderful capabilities and you must look to the future. Do not give up something you have set your mind and heart on— it will not be necessary to do so.

*Surprises:*

A letter comes telling you of someone making a move — for some reason you seem to breathe a breath of relief! You know, Harold, if you could see ahead as I do you'd look eagerly to the future— it holds much for you. Only one little warning; be cautious as to putting something in writing that could cause a little friction between you and another person.

\* \* \*

*Chart 033**Irene Jensen:**To Yourself:*

The first thing that appears in your chart, Irene, is that your wish must mean a lot to you. Several times you will feel this wish just will not take place — but it will. However, I do feel this is something into the future and if you will have the patience—and it will take quite a bit—you will definitely have the wish. Also could you or anyone else make a business or residential move rather suddenly?

*To Your Home:*

Someone that has met opposition in their work will now have smooth sailing. This will cause them to be so much happier. Their attitude may have been very despondent, but very shortly they will be their own cheerful self.

*To Your Desire:*

You will really be excited about having this wish granted won't you? I feel you may either call someone or run to them telling them your wish has been granted. You will also receive a call from a woman that will please you. You may have an opportunity to help a person that will deserve the help very much—do what you can here.

*What You Don't Expect:*

You may experience a delay in

signing an important paper. I feel this delay will upset you a little; still when the time comes for the actual signing you will find that the delay was really to your advantage. I feel much of your happiness lies ahead for you. Several things in the past caused you much disappointment, however leave the past where it should be and do not allow the actions of one who upset you cause you to distrust someone that cares deeply for you.

*Sure To Be:*

Someone seems disappointed, Irene that you haven't tried to have a reconciliation with them. If this hasn't occurred in your life, you will definitely have a rift with someone, then they, feeling you were wrong, will wait and wait for you to make the first step toward a reconciliation— however I feel you will be right in not doing so, as you will have been in the right.

*Surprises:*

Three months after you read this analysis you will find that many changes are ahead for you. This looks as though a path is clearly marked ahead for you. Also you will be able to go ahead with something you have wanted to do for sometime but was always held back. Now the way will be clear. Avoid a person who, having a suave manner, may try to convince

you they are right about something  
you yourself cannot approve of.

\* \* \*

*Chart 032*

*Mrs. Barbara Williams*

*To Yourself:*

You will be quite surprised to find many things now coming your way, several things you have almost put out of your mind feeling there was no use in even "hoping" they'd come true. Several of these were desires and hopes you wanted badly. Can you place anyone around you, who has had any ear trouble? I suggest if you or anyone has any such symptoms appear, to immediately see a physician, as much pain will be eliminated. This is nothing serious, but shows to ward off its becoming serious.

*To Your Home:*

You may have added responsibilities and I feel to do what you can. However if the responsibility becomes an imposition, then I feel you should be frank with the person and tell them how you feel. Since they are a sincere person they will immediately do what is right. A letter you should have written long ago will now be written. You will have an urge to write this and I suggest you go.

*To Your Desire:*

Someone causes a delay in you having the wish you wanted —

however I feel the delay will not be too long, so say little (you seem to know they are causing the delay) and do not force an issue. I feel something you did for someone quite awhile ago will now bear a reward of some kind, perhaps nothing of a material nature, but you seem so pleased at what this person does in return.

*What You Don't Expect:*

You evidently are a very sensitive person and I feel very tender hearted. Do you know someone loves you very much — almost for those two qualities alone? Also do not be discouraged over a man being upset over a working condition—this will be temporary, I assure you, and just encourage him to keep on and things will brighten for him.

*Sure To Be:*

Someone comes into the home and seems to cause a little upset condition by gossip. I feel here that you seem to sense there is no truth and I feel you should let the person know you're not interested in this, that is change the subject every time. They won't like it, but will know what you're trying to say without actually saying it.

*Surprise:*

You know, I feel many times you have worried and fretted over things that never did happen. I feel

you will take a hobby or something up that will make you very happy with your success with this particular thing. You have much to look forward to. The few little upset conditions that will occur will mean little or nothing. Seems as if you have a nice outlook on life and you may have to sort of guide a young person to see things in the right light.

\* \* \*

*Chart 031*

*John N. Brown*

*To Yourself:*

Someone may be very spiteful toward you, John. I feel here though that you have misgiving about this person for sometime and now this will prove you are right. Do not be angry with them as I feel you will see WHY they act this way. You in fact will have an opportunity to do this very person a favor, and I suggest you do this, looks as if thru this favor you do, causes the person to almost make a vow within themselves never to be spiteful again.

*To Your Home:*

There will be many changes for you this year, John. I feel something you have wanted for a long time will now be granted to you. This is something different than the wish you actually made while filling in the chart, but it seemed

to be in your mind as much as to say "I'd like this too, if I could make two wishes." I felt this very plainly.

*To Your Desire:*

Several times you will say I wonder if Dorothy is right in saying I'll have this wish, things look so opposite to me getting it, but I can assure you, John, you will have it eventually, however I will not try to misguide you by saying it is soon—because quite some time elapses before you have this wish, in fact I think the one mentioned above will be granted first!

*What You Don't Expect:*

There will be quite a lot of success around something of a business nature. Finances will pick up and you will be able to go ahead with buying something that you have had your heart set on. A very lovely person will ask a favor of you. This of course is a woman and I feel if possible do as she asks.

*Sure To Be:*

Can you place someone wanting you to go on a journey? I feel though this would be a disappointment, even a financial loss would be experienced, in other words the only one benefiting would be the person that wants to go along! I feel at times you "feel" things very plainly and follow these feelings. Can you place a woman being a

little disappointed that you have not let her know how much you think of her?

*Surprises:*

You could make a residential move and this surprises someone very much. I feel, John, you may have to tread lightly where your opinion could be voiced, this will be one time when silence is golden, yet it appears to be something that comes up soon and you will have to wait until it does in order to know what I mean, yet you will say "no wonder Dorothy said I should say nothing"—you will know just what I mean, in fact if you did say something it could cause quite an upheaval and you seem to know this—so silence is golden here!

\* \* \*

*Chart 030*

*Jeane Cobbe*

*To Yourself:*

Your chart is the most unusual I have received in all the thousands that have come to me! I feel Jeane, that you have tried desperately to cause a break between two people that would perhaps cause one of these to commit suicide. I realize that in being so very frank you may be angry, but again I will not tell you that you are right when I know you're not. Somehow I think your own inner self has told you

how wrong you are in this. The other person involved appears to be a very sensitive and sincere person and I cannot condone this, so if you wrote hoping I could say "You are right" I can only say this will cause untold happiness to everyone concerned.

*To Your Home:*

Someone that loves you dearly, this appears to be a mother, I believe may feel very bad over the above situation and may try to warn you as I have, only she seems to be afraid you may turn from her and never see her again. You know Jeane, many times I could have agreed with people, told them they'd get their wish and condoned something they know is wrong, but to me this work is too important to misuse it in any way.

*To Your Desire:*

This desire I see is concerned with the first paragraph. I cannot see it materialize and many years later you will look back and see how right it was that this was denied you—Oh right now you'll be angry with me I know, but I'd rather tell you just what I see rather than help you attain what later on would be a fool's paradise.

*What You Don't Expect:*

A letter comes, this looks like an anonymous one, warning you of causing trouble between these two

people. You see, Jeane, this is one case where you and only you can avert a tragedy, by stepping out of this picture entirely where these two people are concerned. Happiness will prevail for them — oh yes they were happy, but because you led the man to believe things that weren't true and misconstrued many things, this situation arose. Leave them I urge you, to find their former happiness. This may be hard for you to do as I feel you care more for the person than they do you. Someone HAS to step aside and I sincerely hope you will be the one to do it.

#### *Surprise:*

You may have an opportunity to travel to a distant state and find happiness with a person you do not know at this time. You will find the person that will come into your life will really be in love with you and be very sincere. I suggest though in this case not to go over the above condition with them. I feel that since you were big enough to straighten out the situation (you can see I KNOW you will do the right thing) that to go over this again would only bring an unhappy memory back — forget the past. You have wonderful qualities in your character, otherwise I would never have been so sure your sense of rightness would prevail.

*Chart 035*

*Mr. R. H. Lamarsh*

#### *To Yourself:*

A falsehood could be told to you that could cause you much worry, still I feel that you have had dealings with this person before upsetting you and I suggest you do not listen to a thing told to you. I know it will sound convincing—but only tears and trouble follow if you do listen.

#### *To Your Home:*

Again in this column comes the same warning, so do heed it won't you? You may also hear of a wedding that will shock you. This seems to be someone that has talked very much as if this were the farthest thing from their mind. Also you will soon reap the reward of a good deed you did for someone a long time ago.

#### *To Your Desire:*

This desire has been on your mind sometime and I feel several times you thought you may as well give this desire up as hopeless in ever attaining, however when you least expect it this could very well take place.

You will also make an entirely new wish very soon.

#### *What You Don't Expect:*

A man who is very hard to get acquainted with may surprise you by being very friendly. For some

reason this makes you a little skeptical, however I do feel he is very sincere and in some way this could be a very beneficial friendship. News of a relative that surprises you very much.

*Sure To Be:*

A disappointment you have had in the future. This seems to have had something to do in a business connection, will be hard for you to put out of your mind. I do feel though by constantly keeping this in the foreground you are keeping some good away from you, this disappointment, severe as it was, really was meant that the experience would not reoccur unless YOU permitted it to. You have a fine future ahead of you and I dislike to see you upset. Something you have worried over constantly will now clear up permanently.

*Surprise:*

You seem to go into a large building. This will be an important change or decision that will have to be settled in your mind before entering this building. Either you receive a notice of this meeting or you know in advance of it, however be ready with this decision — this is one of those things only YOU can decide, however I feel you will make the right decision. Again I feel you looking back — almost reminiscing, wishing in a way you

were not having to make this decision.

\* \* \*

*Chart 036*

*Roger W. Fearing*

*To Yourself:*

You seem to be faced with a problem, Roger, that worries you a great deal. I feel that this condition will clear up and you will find that many of your fears were unfounded. A letter may be received that seems to you to indicate a person has changed in their attitude toward you, however I feel the person is upset when writing you and you must not be upset over this, as they will try to imply they are in some way holding you back. They just need reassurance they aren't, and I'm sure you will give them the encouragement they need.

*To Your Home:*

You will be happy over some change in plans—these plans were once so very dear to you but you seemed to have to put them aside for a time. Very shortly you will again be able to resume the plan and it will materialize, in fact you will say "I just never could believe that this could be."

*To Your Desire:*

An obstacle will be removed in regards to your wish or desire, I feel in some way you have thought this obstacle would be permanent

but really, Roger, when you see changes that will come into your life you will never doubt again the wonder of the faith you seemed to have had in the past.

*What You Don't Expect:*

You know in a way I feel you really want to do so many things. You're an energetic person in mind especially — my how your mind works, fast—and quite accurate in many intuitive hunches—don't push these aside as being imagination will you? — they aren't! Could you possibly call someone to come for you— I feel you will, they will be so happy to do so.

*Sure To Be:*

A man may be disappointed that you will not hand him some money—this could be a very important step and I feel you should not do this. It would be a loss to you. Also this person could really be mean in their talk if crossed, however better to listen to the talk than have a loss.

*Surprise:*

A woman will tell you something very important. She seems to indicate she would like you to keep this to yourself, however I feel you would anyway! This person seems very devoted to you and seems to have your every interest at heart.

\* \* \*

*Chart 037*

*Esther Klemmer*

*To Yourself:*

You may have to encourage someone, a man, in regard to their work. They have been or will be upset over a working condition, however this is temporary and they should not be upset. I feel you have a very soothing effect on people, Esther, and in this case you could well be the means of saving this person from actually becoming ill.

*To Your Home:*

Do you know you are going to be so very busy, however you seem happy over the opportunity. Looks as if you have a chance to do something you've wanted to for a long time but just were held back. Also you will be elated over news you receive soon — this too will be good news. For awhile everything around you seemed upset, but slowly but surely things are working toward a serene and wonderfully peaceful path for you.

*To Your Desire:*

Could any person possibly do anything to keep this wish from you? I feel you seem aware of their action but it looks here as if you tell them your suspicion and they discontinue standing in your way — you may have to see this materialize before you believe me here as several times you'll say I just can-

not see how Dorothy means that. You will! therefore the wish could take place quickly if the above is followed— if not it may take a long long time, as thru this interference it would be delayed.

*What You Don't Expect:*

A reconcilliation for you with a person. This will please you. Also a young person should take your advice in regard to keeping on with schooling. There will be several new people in your life, several come in thru strange and unusual meetings—this seems to surprise you as you read this— again you will see.

*Sure To Be:*

Someone seems to be neglecting

their health in some way. I feel they may have to learn the hard way— may be hospitalized—but they will recover and vow after this if they are ill to take it to a competent physician at once. This seems to be something they are almost stubborn about.

*Surprise:*

You know there will not be too many tears ahead in your life, oh yes you've had some I know, but I'm most happy to say—very very few ahead—several will be tears of happiness. Also I feel you must believe someone that cares a lot for you—a doubt lingers, banish it from your mind.

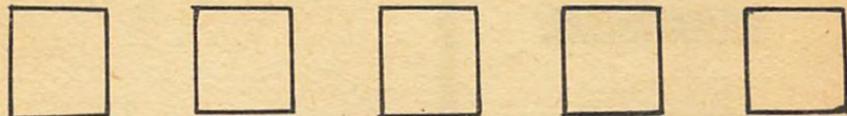
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Mrs. Lauer could not possibly analyze all of the charts we have received. Obviously Mrs. Lauer has duties to attend to, as do all women. And to take the time to do these charts would be costly. Equally obviously, we cannot retain Mrs. Lauer to do them for us. Therefore, at Mrs. Lauer's kind offer, we are informing our readers who would like to get an analysis not depending upon chance selection in the magazine, can obtain one by retaining Mrs. Lauer at a fee. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10), but she will analyze any chart clipped from MYSTIC magazine for \$3.00. However, please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to the Psychometry Dept. of this magazine. We do not assume responsibility for them and they will not effect our free analyses, as selected for publication.

## THIS IS YOUR PSYCHOMETRIC CARD LAYOUT

**Instructions:** Shuffle cards, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Lay out five cards in a row, face up, from top of deck, then discard five; lay out five more cards in a second row, and discard five; and so on until you have five rows of five cards each, and 25 cards discarded. Lay out last two cards in sixth row. Write denominations and suit of cards in corresponding squares below, using pencil, as ink will blot.

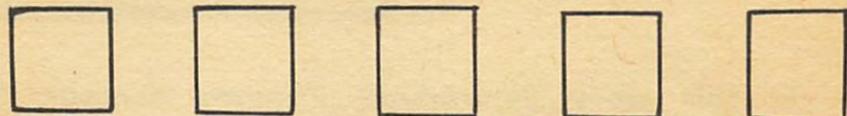
### TO YOURSELF



### TO YOUR HOME



### TO YOUR DESIRE



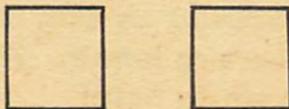
### WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT



### SURE TO COME



### SURPRISE



Tear out this entire sheet and mail to:  
MYSTIC MAGAZINE, Psychometry Dept., Amherst, Wisconsin

# AM I MY DARK

By

**SANANDANA**

**KUMARA**



*In this story Sanandana Kumara demonstrates his ability to "stylize"! You would swear the author is a hard boiled mystery writer. Such is far from the truth. You may also swear this is a detective story—which is also far from the truth. In his stories, Sanandana Kumara strives always to tell a great mystic secret, in such a way that it impresses itself upon you slowly and steadily for what it is. Today we are beginning to realize that the unseen world around us has more influence on us than we care to admit. There is a message from that world here!*

# BROTHER'S KEEPER?

I paused at the edge of the vacuous faced gaping crowd held back by the police on the sidewalk and lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply while I sorted the things in my mind that would go into the two-column spread. Larry, with his gleaming camera and conspicuous PRESS card in his hatband paused just behind me like an obedient dog on leash.

It was all there. Clara Armbrooster, with her face dead white and slack as though anesthetized, looking more like a corpse than her now late husband sprawled in the center of a fifteen hundred dollar rug where he had fallen when she killed him. The slug had gone in just above his right eyeball and out the back of his head. Maybe you wonder why reporters on the crime detail can't eat brains and eggs for breakfast . . .

His last expression was still on his face. Looking at the contemptuous twist to his thin lips had made me feel like an eavesdropper. In life J. G. Armbrooster would never have let anyone see such an expression — except, as it now turned out, his wife.

J. G. the bigshot, rumored to be possible Governor timber in next year's election. Sixty, but one of

those guys who radiate health and virility. Clara, thirty-eight, tops, the type of beauty that makes you wish she were your mother or your wife. They had been married only three years ago. Clara-Sue, her daughter, had flown home from college to be at the wedding. They would have gotten those pics out of the morgue. They'd be lying on the copy desk now for possible tie-in with what I phoned in. So would the shots of Clara-Sue the way she looked in her Cadillac when she committed suicide eight months ago — the ones we had never used. J. G. had been rumored Governor timber even then, so instead of telling the public Clara-Sue had been pregnant we had dished out a story about her being ill and despondent.

I tried to shut it out, but it came back with all its vividness. Clara Armbrooster, her voice lifeless and inaudible. "He told me he was the one. Maybe I could have taken it, but he boasted, gloated, said the only reason he married me in the first place was to get Sue when she was old enough. He — he didn't think I could shoot. I didn't either, but I did. . ."

I half turned toward the big

house set back behind the trees. It would be an act of mercy to put Clara Armbrooster in the electric chair -- but no jury on earth would ever do anything but set her free.

I muttered an Anglo Saxon word and flicked my cigarette in a slow arc onto the green velvet lawn, and turned to bore through the crowd to my beat-up Ford, Larry hugging my wake. It was eight blocks to the corner drugstore and phonebooths. I parked in front of the fireplug, knowing every available cop was at the murder scene. "Wait here," I told Larry. I started into the drugstore, then noticed the sign three doors away. GRUBER BREW. I could have a shot while I phoned in. I needed it. I had three in quick succession and took the fourth into the booth. I got the whole story out, knowing that the boys at the copy desk were taking it down, already beginning rewrite, composing headlines, sorting pics--and that the Old Man was also listening in on one of his phones in his plush office on the sixth floor.

"That's it," I finished, the harshness of my voice matching the snarl on my lips. I started to hang up.

"Wait, Jim." It was the Old Man.

"Yeah?" I said, putting the phone back to my ear.

"Send your photographer back on the streetcar. I have another job for you out there. Not in your department, but Mary was turned down cold. It's that holy man holed up in the Streeter estate. No paper in town has gotten to him. It'll be a scoop."

I did some mental geography. "Say!" I said. "The Streeter Estate across the street and about two blocks north of Armbroo--"

"That's right. Don't take no for an answer. Get an interview."

What he meant, of course, was that *he* wouldn't take no for an answer. I went out and told Larry to catch the streetcar. Then I went in and had a few more shots. I could chew some chlorophyll gum maybe.

I thought of the job ahead. A holy man, huh . . . A fake, of course. A pious fake with a pot belly fed by the donations of widows. I tried to think what I had heard about him. The bartender, a fat Greek named Pete, filled my shot glass again, perspiring rancid olive oil in his quiet, friendly way . . .

**T**HE Streeter Estate I knew about, of course. Everybody did. Joshua Streeter the corn and dairy king had built his mansion when I was a kid, during the depression, in order -- as old Josh put it--to give work to the needy.

There had been a mild boom in town until it boomeranged into a gold rush of out-of-towners by the hundreds arriving in town with their families, broke and hungry, hoping to go right to work on the Streeter mansion. When old Josh died in 1945 his widow continued to live there. Still did, so far as I knew. I'd never been in the place myself. I'd seen pictures in the roto gravure section, heard the stories about pink marble brought by boat all the way from African diamond county.

I'd always been curious about that place, so I didn't particularly mind the swami angle. It was as good a reason as any. He tied in with Mrs. Streeter. Rumor had it that the Streeter kids had tried a couple of years back to get her declared incompetent, and to get even with them she had cut them out of her will—left each of them a token half million or so as a parting insult. The rest, so rumor had it, would be left to various charities which changed from time to time as her interests jumped here and there.

The swami was her current fad.

I blinked at my shot glass. I had just drained it for God knows what umpteenth time and set it down. It was full again. Pete's fat fingers glistened like headless snakes as they delicately extracted a quarter and a nickel from the

money on the counter in front of me. It reminded me that I hadn't seen Clara Armbrooster's face for maybe five minutes—which was good. I toyed with the shot glass, and watched a holstered police positive slip into view under my right elbow. I followed it up to its owner, a pink faced cop who was perspiring slightly.

"Thought you'd be in here," he said gently. "You'll have to move your car."

I remembered my job, gulped the shot and scooped my change into my pocket. "Thanks," I said vaguely. "You happen to have some chlorophyl gum on you? I didn't think so," I added at his puzzled shake. It was the wrong thing to have said, I realized, as I glanced back and saw his worried frown when I reached the door. I chuckled about it as I maneuvered across the sidewalk to the car.

It wasn't until I was within sight of the Streeter place that I remembered I had forgotten to get the gum at the drugstore, but by then I knew it wouldn't have helped. I would have had to drink a couple of bottles of air freshener and let the wick stick out of my mouth. I chuckled at the mental image of myself, then said, "To hell with the swami."

But I knew I was going to see him. I was in the mood to see him.

Who the hell did he think he was, anyway? A pot bellied crook. That's who he was. And he probably knew it, behind his oily fat face—no, that was Pete the bartender, and I'd forgotten to leave him a tip. Ought to go back.

I parked my Ford directly in front of the driveway to block the crook's escape when he saw me coming. I got out and hung onto the door until the three story mansion settled into perspective through the square iron bars of the high fence.

The unexpected snarl of a wild animal lifted my scalp two inches and destroyed the effect of at least six shots of Pete's Bourbon. I looked down and saw three Great Danes on the other side of the fence, glaring at me, foam on their muscular jowls. I had completely forgotten about those dogs! About a year and a half ago one of them had almost killed a census taker. Mrs. Streeter had settled out of court for somewhere around fifty thousand.

I snarled back at them through the bars wondering if dogs left people who were loaded alone. Come to think of it, I'd never heard of a dog biting a drunk. I looked at them again, speculatively, and knew these three monsters were the exception that proved the rule. I should have phoned I was coming.

The big house showed no sign of movement. I explored the driveway gates and found no sign of a bell. I started along the sidewalk toward the gate to the walk that divided the immense expanse of lawn into two sections. The Great Danes paced me inside the fence with sinister silence.

At the gate I found a small phone box recessed into one of the stone columns. Sighing my relief, I lifted the receiver and pressed the button under the mouthpiece. A soft female voice spoke. "Hello?" It sounded foreign, though there was no accent.

I cleared my throat. "Hello!" I said. "I'm down at the gate."

"I know," the voice said with a touch of sarcasm. "What do you want?"

I hesitated. From the tone of that voice I knew the direct approach wouldn't work. Inspiration struck me. "I just came from the murder," I said. The silence that met this announcement encouraged me. "Get these dogs off my neck and let me in," I added.

The silence continued. I wondered if the woman had hung up. "Hello?" I said. "Are you there? Hello?" There was no answer. The line sounded dead. I slammed the receiver on the hook and patiently went through the task of getting a cigarette out and lit, all the time glaring at the dogs and talk-

ing to them with choice adjectives. They returned my glare with their large brown eyes. One of them growled and licked his chops with unmistakable meaning.

Suddenly all three dogs looked over their shoulders toward the house, questioningly. One of them whined softly. I looked toward the house but could see no sign of anything. Then the three Great Danes looked at me as though I were a chunk of raw beef they were going to have to pass up temporarily. The next moment they had turned, and were loping across the lawn with lazy motion, their powerful muscles working visibly under the skin toward the corner of the house. What had changed their minds about me? I stared at them with blank astonishment.

An almost inaudible ringing crept into my awareness. It was the phone. I lifted the receiver and barked, "Hello!" It was a new voice that answered. A man's. "You may open the gate and come along the sidewalk to the front door, Mr. Dale," he said. I muttered, "Okay," and hung up quick.

For the first dozen or so steps I wasn't too sure the sidewalk was wide enough to hold me. Undoubtedly I'd had a couple too many shots of that thirty cent Bourbon.

Then it hit me. Just like that. The guy had spoken my name.

I was stone sober now.

Sure there were a million ways it could have been done. Two, at least. The Old Man could have called up and told them who was coming, or with a pair of binoculars someone could have read the license plates on the Ford and checked the ownership. I told myself that as I went up toward the front of the house, and I believed me. But it didn't make the slightest difference. I remained sober. Maybe it was the way it had come on top of the dogs taking off as though at some mysterious command. Still, even that was easily explained; a high frequency dog whistle, available in any pet shop.

I went up the front steps, and it was like going up the steps of a public library rather than a house. Everything was of marble or granite. Unless the place were torn down to make room for some superhighway of the future, the Streeter mansion would last a thousand years. The double front doors were ten feet high and gave the impression of being able to withstand a battering ram. I knocked, then saw the inconspicuous button in the frame, but the door was opening

A butterball Japanese, incredibly short, blinked up at me with polite curiosity. "Come in, Mr. Dale," he said, chopping his English with an ax. His was not the voice that had talked to me on the

phone. "This way, please," he said after closing the door. I was tempted to play leapfrog over him as I followed him down a hallway whose walls were sliding doors. But he would probably have caught me in mid jump with one pudgy finger and broken my neck. He gave that impression. I wondered what tailor had gone mad fitting him so perfectly and so artfully that an American business suit seemed to have been styled just for his type of figure . . . .

He took me into a large room that I supposed would be called a drawing room. Maybe a library. Maybe a fabulous den. The cheapest article of furniture must have cost two hundred bucks. A lean man with the soft smokey skin coloring of a Hindu glanced up from a desk.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dale." He reluctantly closed the book he had been reading. The Japanese judo expert bowed and backed out the door, closing it softly.

"I am His secretary," the Hindu said in too perfect English. "He has asked me to take you directly to Him." The caps were in the tone of his voice. He rose from the desk and came around to join me. His clothing was too perfect, his teeth too clean, his nails too manicured. I could almost see the banks of gleaming vacuum tubes, the geometrical pattern of wires,

the blinking lights and fresh varnish of his perfect mind in the depths of his too large, too softly brown eyes. He probably had an I.Q. of 150. I didn't like him. Probably rich widows were impressed by him. He undoubtedly gave them the impression that it would be absurd to donate less than five thousand bucks to the Cause.

He led me out into the hall and up the carpeted stairs to the second floor, his new pastel cream colored sox flashing above his brightly polished shoes with their heels that showed no slightest sign of wear. I hated him.

He escorted me into a large room with enormously high and wide windows bordered by drapes that cost more than all the furniture I owned. There was an acre of rug at twelve bucks a yard, and five hundred to five thousand dollar pieces of furniture and statues and oil paintings and other stuff scattered around. It reminded me I'd better get my watch out of hock at the loan bank before next Wednesday or I'd have to pay another fifty cents interest.

"Hello, Jim."

I had been gawking at a statue of a pink marble nude girl. I jerked around guiltily and saw a woman standing in a doorway. That is, at first glance I thought it was a woman. It seemed to be a woman a-

bout forty-five, whose bosom had become a belly, draped in a long dress of some off-yellow fabric.

The face was smooth, the mouth generous. The black hair was fairly long and rather sparse. It seemed to be a woman. Then it seemed to be a child. Then I remembered the voice, deep and calm, and I knew I was looking at a man.

Abruptly everything seemed different. Right. . .

"You probably wonder how I know your name," he said, coming into the room. "Shiki looked at your license plate through his binoculars. He gets a big kick out of doing that. He has a book that lists the license numbers in order and gives the names. He's got the routine down pat so that in less than five minutes he can give me the name and occupation and credit rating of anyone." He wagged his head. "You ought to pay that doctor bill. They're getting ready to sue you." He chuckled. I liked him. We looked into each other's eyes and chuckled. He sobered suddenly. "Want a drink?" he asked. "Mrs. Streeter spares no expense, God bless her. Just name it and Shiki will pop in with it in less than ten seconds. That's another of his virtues."

"A Singapore sling," I said. "Not the phoney kind, but one made of gin and Dago Red like they serve in the places I trade at."

He blinked. "That sounds good," he said. He made no move to order it. Suddenly the door popped open and butterball popped in with a tray upon which two glasses of red fluid rested.

So butterball was Shiki . . .

The sling was authentic. I sipped it, trying my damndest to remember the name of this holy man. He sipped his and seemed to like it. He smacked his lips appreciatively. A daring light crept into his eyes. He gave me a side-long glance. "Maybe you'd like to try my favorite," he suggested.

"Sure," I agreed. I looked around the room, feeling like I belonged here.

It took less than ten seconds this time—more nearly five. Shiki's grin split his fat face as he handled the tray. The glasses were tall and slim and frosted, and lined with frozen snow. The liquid gave off a faint aroma of pineapple and watermelon. Something like evaporating liquid air hovered above the surface.

The holy man laughed goodnaturedly, enjoying his little joke. I laughed too. I felt good. I felt like a millionaire. I sipped the drink, disappointed at its mildness but intrigued at its taste. A moment later fireballs and scintillating stars floated in front of my eyes. I took another sip.

The holy man and I looked at

each other and laughed. We were a hundred thousand miles tall and the earth was covered with a rug at twelve dollars a square yard.

"Shiki is all right," I said with conviction.

"He believes in living in the world," the holy man said. "By the way, how is Mrs. Armbrooster taking her husband's suicide?"

**I**t took me a moment. Then I reverted in my thoughts to pure Anglo Saxon. And I felt like I was wading in I. Q. up to my neck—and had been ever since the dogs had whined in protest at some command I could neither hear nor sense. There was no sense of the supernatural. There couldn't be around this man who looked like a potbellied woman. Nothing around him could seem anything more than ordinary.

I took another sip of the liquid and said quite casually, "Suicide?" My eyes fixed on one drifting fireball and followed it until it vanished within the grande piano . . . "She's very much broken up," I said, having come to a sudden decision. "She insists she killed him. Of course, the evidence hasn't been examined as thoroughly yet as it will be. By the way, the reason I came over . . ." I looked at him questioningly and became silent. Inside, I felt the tingling of my own I. Q..

"Yes," he said. "Of course. The check." He sighed. "I'm sure it didn't occur to Julius that it would be worthless before it could possibly clear at the bank. Kim will bring it in in a moment."

I looked expectantly toward the door. Sure enough, in a few seconds there was a polite knock, then the door opened and the Hindu fashion plate entered. There was no slip of paper in his hand though.

Kim and the holy man talked rapidly to each other in a foreign language. I got one thing out of it. This Kim used the word Rishi several times. It struck a chord. I remembered the holy man's name. Rishi Kapilanda.

Rishi turned to me apologetically. "I had assumed that Julius stopped on his way out after lunch and left the check with Kim. It seems he forgot to. So—" He shrugged his shoulders under his yellow robe "—no check." His face lit up with a smile of comprehension. "But of course! He remembered it after he reached home. That is why you are here. You wished to know why Julius would have written that check as one of his last acts. You see, he felt very strongly that a temple should be built here. We talked of almost nothing else at lunch. Many people here feel that there should be a temple, but Julius, in his way,

wished to feel he had done one special thing rather than just add to the building fund. He insisted that it be his money that bought the ground the temple would rest on."

"I see," I said carefully. "He left here at—?"

Rishi Kapilanda smiled. "Within a few moments one way or the other of one forty-five."

"How did he seem when he left?" I asked.

"At the time," Rishi said, "I thought his mood was one of impatience to get this business of buying the property completed. Now, perhaps. . ."

"You think that he had already made up his mind to kill himself?" I prompted.

Rishi Kapilanda's expression grew inscrutable. "I would say so," he said slowly. "In some dark recess of his tortured mind the decision to die had already been made. He may not have been conscious of it yet."

Abruptly I had a strong feeling that the interview was over. Rishi and Kim had not changed expressions. They seemed to be waiting for my next question. But an invisible barrier had thrust itself up so that I found it impossible to ask another thing.

"Thanks," I said. I added "Maybe I'll be back."

"I am at your service any

time," Rishi said, his large mouth forming a generous smile. When I reached the door he added, "Please tell Clara, if you will, that I extend my deepest sympathy. I have never had the pleasure of meeting her, but. . ."

I grinned cynically as I hurried down the walk. The swami hadn't fooled me. He was still after that money. Behind the wheel in my Ford I got out a cigarette before starting the motor. The dogs came loping down toward the fence. They had been turned loose again. I watched them, and thought of Shiki the Japanese butterball, who could probably break bones with the flick of a little finger, of Kim the secretary, with his electronic mind and perfection of dress, and of Rishi Kapilanda himself. I closed my eyes, and he appeared in my mind's eye in vivid detail. His golden robe, straggly black hair, his large mouth and frank, almost childishly open face that hid a lazily superhuman intellect.

I grinned. My inspiration to say I had come from Armbroosters had hit the jackpot. I started the motor. The Old Man was going to like me. This was something that would rate a visit to his office on the sixth floor.

**M**. M. Blish, Publisher. I read the lettering on the door and then opened it and strode into the

reception room. The two gorgeously blonde secretaries glanced casually in my direction then sat up, their eyes widening in speculation. They were recalling, no doubt, that the last time I had come in through that door had been with the little black book that broke the crime syndicate. The time before that? I'd located the hideout of the number three communist bigshot. All of the six or seven times I had walked through that door had been high spots in my life. I wasn't too sure this was the same.

"Should I stop the presses?" the blonde named Hilda whispered excitedly.

"Uh uh," I said. I knew she'd already given the Old Man a secret signal. I went across the reception room to his door and went in. He was sitting behind his half acre of gleaming walnut puffing on a new cigar to get it lit. He looked questioningly at me across the flame of his lighter. I turned and closed the door carefully.

I sat with one leg on the corner of his desk while I told him everything. He interrupted me once while he picked up a phone and told the photo lab to send up prints of the Armbrooster case with a blowup of the face. The prints arrived seconds after I finished talking. He studied the prints in silence. I didn't have to look.

I remembered the powder burns.

Abruptly the Old Man got on the phone again. During the next ten minutes he talked with four psychiatrists. Two of them arrived during the next twenty minutes. We got the whole thing laid out in time for a six o'clock special edition. It hinted at new evidence. The psychiatrists did their stuff with authoritative "statements" about people under shock believing they had pulled the trigger. It was the kind of scoop a newspaper dreams of getting. Human interest plus! We reconstructed what we figured must have happened. Clara Armbrooster had watched her husband shoot himself, or had come into the room immediately afterwards. She had picked up the gun where it had fallen, without realizing she was picking it up. She had blacked out for an instant, and come to with the gun in her hand and a feeling that she must have done it.

At six o'clock I was in Moriarty's Restaurant blowing myself to a steak when a news kid came in with the extra. I bought it and read it with great satisfaction—especially at the sight of my byline. That would go all over the country.

I read it through for the third time over my coffee. It didn't sound quite right. Something began to nag at the back of my mind.

That something nagged all during the evening—at Marty's where I lapped up a few drinks and the envy of my fellow fourth estaters, and in the privacy of my apartment where I looked at my furniture with a new realization that its beauty was strictly lower class.

The early morning sun was streaming through the windows when I woke up. Something had suddenly clicked in my mind. I knew what had been nagging at me. The expression on Armbrooster's face. The arrogant twist of his lips. The exposed evil, trapped there by death.

Julius Armbrooster had not killed himself.

I lay there in the half light, sweat dampening my forehead. What had ever made me think for a moment that Armbrooster had killed himself?

I must have been under some kind of spell. It was the swami's doing. Or had it been something in that drink Shiki had cooked up? The whole afternoon, looking back at it now, seemed distorted and unreal, in the cool quiet sanity of the early dawn.

Without turning on the light I reached out and got a cigarette. After it was lit I lay there, smoking, trying to think. . .

**T**rying to think! The seven o'clock newscast took it on

from last night's six o'clock special edition scoop. The Governor of the State had personally stepped in. Clara Armbrooster had been released from jail by seven thirty under the care of her doctor.

Jimmy Dale, newspaper reporter, was the hero of the day. He alone had not believed the evidence. He alone had realized what a crime of injustice was being committed against a sick woman who did not know what she was saying, and against the memory of one of the noblest men who had ever lived, whose tribulations and responsibilities had grown too much for him to bear, and who in a moment of weakness and despair had taken his own life

That part, of course, was plain whitewash.

I continued to try to think. Only Jimmy Dale had not believed the evidence—and now only Jimmy Dale believed the evidence! Over my tenth cup of coffee and twentieth cigarette I tried to picture what would happen if I went downtown and said, "Look here, I was wrong yesterday. Clara Armbrooster did shoot her husband." For the fiftieth time my mind balked at visualizing it.

No one would believe it. Perhaps even Clara Armbrooster wouldn't believe it now. I could visualize the doctors working on her, proving to her with page and

verse just what had "happened".

And always, floating on the fringe of my metal imagery, was the wide mouth, smooth complexion, and long straggly black hair of Rishi Kapilanda, his whole expression conveying the thought,

"Why not?"

Why not indeed? What would be gained now by switching it back to a case of murder? Nothing. Clara Armbrooster would be acquitted, but for the rest of her life she would have terrible mental scars that nothing could erase.

But this way, with the doctors convincing her she had imagined shooting her husband, there would be no scars, only grief that time would heal. I had to admit to myself that if it worked it would be the ideal answer for the living. Mrs. Armbrooster had been given a raw deal by life. She deserved a break. Facts, truth, were of secondary importance in the face of that.

Out of the maelstrom of my confused thoughts emerged the thing that was really bothering me. I had been played for a sucker. The taste of that realization was in my mouth, along with the bitterness of too much strong black coffee and too many cigarettes. It was in my throat, impossible to swallow. Shiki the but-terball floated in front of me, his

pig-like Japanese eyes laughing at me, calling me sucker, while he served me drinks out of heaven with the aroma of pineapple and watermelon. Kim, the hindu, mocked me with his mechanically perfect mind and dress, treating me with the deference reserved only for a prize sucker. Rishi Kapilanda mocked me with his lazy superiority. What nationality was he? Hindu? Tibetan? Norwegian? It was impossible to tell—except that he wasn't English or German or French.

So I was feeling race prejudice. So it rankled more to be played for a sucker successfully by a foreigner.

I slammed out of my apartment and down to the street, where I jabbed the motor of my beat up Ford into life and shot viciously into the morning traffic. I was already half an hour late to work, and I didn't give a damn.

When I got to work there was a note from the Old Man on my desk. It was an order to get the write-up of Rishi Kapilanda ready for the Sunday Supplement, leaving out any connection with the "other affair", and playing it up very favorably.

I glared at the memo, then with a constrictive movement crumpled it up and threw it toward the wastebasket. It was the last straw.

There followed one of the worst days of my life, and yet it should have been one of the best. Every envious glance of a fellow reporter, every admiring glance, every word of congratulation on my scoop, added to it. Another thing—something I hadn't realized at the time—the way the Old Man had insisted the scoop be handled, hinting at information overlooked by the police without elaborating, had given the impression that I had done the whole thing unaided except for experts I had called in to back up my theory of what had happened.

At noon someone laid a late edition morning paper in front of me with a paragraph circled in red. An opposition paper. The paragraph stated that I had performed one of the most brilliant bits of sheer deduction in the entire history of journalism.

At twelve fifteen a sealed memo was tossed onto my desk. It was a notice that I had received a ten dollar a week raise, with a P. S. to get the article on Rishi Kapilanda out of the way by two o'clock.

I had been working on it all morning. My wastebasket was overflowing with it. I had to write an article saying nice things about a man. I had a total block against even thinking of something nice to say about him.

Sticking a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter, I rattled out a heading. RISHI KAPILANDA, THE PARK AVENUE HOLY MAN. I went to lunch.

Seven shots of Bourbon and three saltine crackers spread with cheese later it was a quarter to three. I hadn't enjoyed the Bourbon. It didn't smell like pineapple and watermelon, it smelled like spoiled cabbage and stale bread. It didn't create fireworks in front of my eyes, it gave me heartburn. My Anglo Saxon got a fluid workout. It didn't help my frame of mind a bit.

I got back to my desk at five minutes to three. There was a memo waiting for me. "The Old Man wants to see you," it said in Gerty's scrawl. The time marked on it was two thirty.

"Fine!" I muttered. I glared at my typewriter. No one had touched it.

There were people in the Old Man's office. Three of them. One was Big George Gahagan, the D. A.. The second was Marty Donovan, his assistant. The third was a stranger.

The Old Man grinned at me around his cigar. "Where you been, Jim? Out to lunch?" he said. He winked elaborately. "The D. A. wants to know how you did it."

"Yeah," Big George said mildly. He probably wasn't more than six

feet six with shoulders four feet wide and two feet thick, but he gave the impression of filling the room with his bulk. He had quick eyes and an intellectual face, which made him a successful politician instead of a wrestler.

I took out a cigarette, taking my time about lighting it. I was teetering on the verge of undoing everything. I teetered over. "One thing," I said, forcing the words out of my throat, "did you study the expression on Armbrooster's face?"

The words were literally scooped out of my mouth by the stranger. "Yes," he said. "I wanted to hear him say it. This reporter is a marvel. No one else recognized the fact that it was an expression of *self* contempt."

I opened and closed my mouth like a fish. I became aware the Old Man was smiling at me. "This is Dr. Eugene Montmarquette, the eminent authority on facial expressions," he explained.

"Yes," the doctor said emphatically, "and I want to congratulate you. I am frank to admit that even I myself would have undoubtedly missed the correct nature of Armbrooster's expression if the District Attorney had not picked it as the one item refuting your theory, and asked my opinion." He snapped his fingers as an advance punctuation for his next

remark. "Ordinarily, just like that, I would have said it was an expression of projection rather than introspection—which it was."

I glanced at the Old Man. His eyes twinkled at me. I took a deep drag on my cigarette and took it out and stared into its glowing end. I could have sat down on the floor right there and cried in front of all of them. They weren't real, they were puppets, dangled in front of me by a superior, sadistic, potbellied, babyfaced old woman of a man, to drive in deeper the fact that I was a complete sucker. The opening statement of my argument against myself had been snatched from my teeth to prove I was right before I could take another breath. And by whom? A circumlocutious, self important self-styled Authority with an infallible inflexible insanely maddening tone of voice that made my ears twitch. Next he would adopt me as his colleague. I saw it coming. His eyes were fixed on me like a cat's on a rathole, or a B girl's on a guy who had just gotten a twenty changed to pay for his drink. With a military snap he extracted a card from his vest pocket and held it out to me. I was forced to take it.

"My card," he explained. "I would most certainly like to have you come over some evening very soon to examine some faces in my

collection. I would like—in fact, I need—the opinion of an outside authority. . .”

“Thanks,” I said dryly. “I won’t lose the card.” Mentally he stepped back two paces into the ranks, satisfied. I glanced questioningly at Big George and Marty, then said to the Old Man, “I haven’t got this article done yet.” I nodded my head respectfully at the geometrical center of the group and walked out.

The two blondes stared at me like I was Eisenhower as I went through the reception room. In the hall I paused for a second and sighed with a mixture of too many things to straighten out. I dropped my cigarette and stepped on it before entering the elevator, and lit another when I got out on the second floor.

When I pushed the flimsy door to my own cubicle and stepped through the doorway I stopped—and stopped breathing.

The impeccable dressed figure sitting in the chair beside my desk turned, and Kim’s features rearranged themselves with perfect mental precision into a friendly smile.

“Ah,” he said with cultured inflection. “Mr. Dale.”

“Ah,” I said, going around to my chair. “Kim.” I glanced at the typewriter. It had been

moved up a space for easier reading of what was written. I glanced down at the wastepaper basket. Some of the crumpled sheets had been smoothed out and re-crumpled. “What brings you here?” I asked, looking him in the eye.

He blinked innocently. Extracting an envelope from his inside breast pocket and laying it on my desk, he said, “I was instructed to bring you this. It could have—ah—been mailed, but since I had to come into town on an errand. . .”

“Of course,” I said, making no move to touch it.

“And now,” he said standing up.

“Of course,” I said, grinning up at him.

He bowed imperceptibly. At the door he turned. For the first time his expression and movements didn’t seem entirely governed by a mental machine. “You handled it—very well,” he said. Then he was gone.

The next second Gertie burst through the door. “Get on the ball, Jimmy,” she said. “Jack was after that article for the Sunday Sup.” She giggled. “Some of that stuff in the waste basket is good. Why’d you throw it away?”

So Kim hadn’t been snooping! I hated him for not being guilty. “Okay okay,” I growled. When she was gone I picked up the envelope. I turned it over, glaring at it.

There was nothing on the out-

side, not even my name. It was unsealed. I hesitated. The envelope was fat, as though there were several sheets of paper in it. I considered the possibility of simply throwing the thing in the waste basket and forgetting it. It wouldn't work. It would prey on my mind. Eventually I would fish it out of the waste basket and see what was in it.

I took out the folded paper and unfolded it. There were several crisp fifty dollar bills. There was handwriting on the sheet of bond paper that had been in. It began, "Dear Jim:" and ended with Rishi Kapilanda's signature.

It read, "Thank you, Jim, for the wonderful way you handled everything. I know you would not accept money for having done it, so I have enclosed only the amount of that doctor bill you owe. I hope you will accept it. My debt of gratitude is very great. If I may be of assistance to you in any way at any time, please call on me."

With fingers that were shaking with rage, I counted the fifties. There were twelve of them. Six hundred bucks. The bill they were supposed to pay was exactly five hundred and fifty.

Yes, I was supposed to pay the bill, and maybe get drunk on the extra fifty—and feel grateful. I had been played for a sucker. Now I was rewarded.

Maybe I was irrational about it. When I was fifteen an aunt of mine took me to the dentist and had my teeth fixed. She paid the bill. A couple of weeks later she asked me to weed her garden, and when I didn't want to she reminded me of all she had done for me. I had a phobia against being bought. Or bought off. That made me irrational about it. Maybe someone else would have paid off his doctor bill and felt quite smug about the extra fifty. Maybe someone else—but I wasn't someone else.

I shoved the stack of fifty dollar bills in my pocket and went down to the parking lot and got into my car. I knew what I was going to do with them. I was going to get a lot of satisfaction out of it, too. I was going to throw them at that baby face with its wide, smiling mouth. Maybe butterball would break some of my bones afterward, but it would be worth it. I would feel better. Just the thought of doing it made me feel better.

They had had me sewed up. I'd had to swallow too much, and there had been no way of retaliating. Now I knew exactly what to do.

I got a ticket for crashing a red light and going fifty in a thirty-five mile zone on the way out to the Streeter Mansion. It made me

feel even better. The die was cast after that.

When I got there I stopped at the curb and got out. The dogs were at the fence, threatening. I jabbed the button under the phone recessed in the pillar beside the gate. I stood so I could be seen from the house. After a minute the dogs looked toward the house, then bounded away. This time I heard the click that unlocked the gate. I shoved it open and slammed it behind me.

Then I strode up the walk toward the mansion.

The money was hot in my pocket. A part of my mind screamed at me that all I had to do was behave in a civilized manner and I could keep the dough.

Sure. I could keep the dough—but not my self respect. It went even deeper than that. Racial respect, maybe. Maybe even deeper than that. Maybe the swami was the symbol of my aunt. Freud would have a field day with me if he were alive. He could write a book about me. I sneered at Freud and went up the marble steps.

Shiki let me in. His smile evaporated temporarily when he saw my expression. I pushed past him. Probably before I left this place he would get his chance to work me over—but not before I had done what I came here to do.

I heard the front door close quickly as I reached the foot of the carpeted stairs. I took them two at a time, sure that Shiki was padding after me even though I didn't glance back.

I twisted the knob and pushed open the door to the room where I had been before. I stepped inside. At first I didn't see Rishi Kapilanda. I closed the door behind me while my eyes searched. Then I saw him.

He was standing at one of the high windows, his back to me. His yellow robe hung loosely from his shoulders to the floor. The sun shone in through the window, around and past him, outlining his head and figure so that it seemed to be an aura of light emanating from him. He was motionless, and if I had not seen him before I would have taken him for a statue from some ancient culture.

"Rishi!" I snapped. When he didn't move I said, "Damn you, turn around!" I had the money in my hand, ready to fling it into his face.

Another long second he remained motionless. Then something happened that I saw, but even as I saw it I couldn't be sure. Something seemed to have gone wrong with my eyes. They were uncoordinated. There were two Rishi Kapilandas, partly super-imposed. One had always been there. The

other seemed to have arrived abruptly from a long ways off. The two figures moved together until they were one, as though my eyes were slowly coordinating again.

Rishi Kapilanda slowly turned toward me. He wore an expression of puzzlement. When he saw me his expression changed to surprised comprehension. "Oh, hello there," he said. "I didn't hear you come in." His wide mouth smiled. A twinkle appeared in his eyes. "I was—a thousand miles away."

I held out the money. "I can't take this," I said harshly. I was hating myself for not having thrown it at him. I had intended to.

Rishi Kapilanda looked at the money in my hand. "Oh," he said. "The money. Please keep it, Jim. It gave me great pleasure to send it to you." He glanced past my shoulder. "Ah, Shiki," he said. "Tea would be in order. Yes I think tea would be nice. We can talk better over tea."

The butterball jap bowed slightly. His expertly tailored business suit seemed so foreign to his shape as to be almost invisible. In its place I could see a ghostly cowl and loose robe, more natural to him. He was seething underneath. It was obvious in his eyes. He turned back to Rishi.

This time I threw the money in his face. It hit with an audible splat, then separated into indivi-

dual bills that scattered on the rug. "I told you I wasn't taking your money," I said. "Furthermore, when I leave here I'm going to prove Armbrooster was shot by his wife if it's the last thing I ever do."

Rishi Kapilanda blinked at me. He touched his face where the money had struck with a finger. "What a strange reaction," he said. "You hate me. I wonder why."

"Maybe you don't understand the occidental mind," I said bitterly. Then I added, "In a lot of ways."

"No," he said. "It goes deeper than that. I think I know why. We can go into it later. First, why are you sure now that Julius Armbrooster didn't kill himself?"

"You know he didn't" I said.

"I know only this," Rishi Kapilanda said. "He was filled with so strong a hatred for himself that he was determined not to live another day. It had grown on him slowly. It burst into consciousness quite suddenly, here in this room. Regardless of how he met his death, it was suicide."

"His wife shot him," I said.

"Then he chose the wrong way to die. Perhaps some perverted sense of justice drove him to that course. In his confused state he may have thought that giving her an illusion of having inflicted re-

venge would make her feel better."

"Words!" I sneered.

Rishi shook his head. "Not words. Understanding of the hearts of men. Understanding of the tremendous depths of confusion that drive them in so many different directions at once. Let me tell you. . ."

He became silent, and turned from me, again looking out the window. I looked down at the money scattered on the floor. For some reason I stooped down and picked it up. I took it over and laid it on the piano keys.

"You see," Rishi Kapilanda said without turning from the window, "Julius Armbrooster's trouble didn't really begin until a few months ago when he fell in love with his wife."

"You're crazy!" I said.

"Can you possibly imagine what such a clean thing as love would do to a man like him? There are things you, as a newspaper man, do not believe in; but I can tell you that this is true—Julius Armbrooster is what is known as a black brother. For most of us the path through life is upward toward the light. We may lose our way, and for a few lifetimes we may go backwards before we turn once again, by instinct, toward the good.

"But there are others who consciously and deliberately seek the opposite of light. Life after life,

down through the days and nights of Brahma, on world after world, whatever their physical form, they—desecrate. They are born into the world, are children, then become men. By seemingly miraculous circumstance they go to work, rising to power, gathering the forces of darkness about them. Such men as Hitler do not just happen. The slaving beasts that rally at such a man's call are not just there by chance, "good" citizens gone wrong, the "sheep that strayed from the fold." No, they are much more than that." Rishi Kapilanda turned suddenly and looked at me. "Why do you tremble, Jim?" he asked, all concern.

I hadn't realized it, but I was shaking like a leaf. "I'm not trembling!" I grated. "I just need a drink. I'm getting out of here. Your money is over on the piano." I started for the door. A few feet from it I stopped. Every nerve in my body screamed for me to get out, run, run, RUN! My feet wouldn't move.

"Can you picture it?" Rishi Kapilanda went on after a moment. "Julius Armbrooster was such a man. If he had gone on living he would have been Governor of this State, then perhaps President. What he might have done, we can't guess. Destroyed constitutional government? Plunged us into the final war? At any rate,

he fell in love. I'm not talking about a physical love, or even affection. I'm talking about something divine. He was helpless against it. There was nothing in his makeup to combat it. It ate into him like corrosive acid, tearing him apart. He was forced by desperation to escape it, and he did—but in escaping he tried desperately to keep from losing the object of his love in the only way open to him. Karma. If he could get Clara to kill him she would be bound to him. Do you see that, Jim?"

I didn't answer. All this was impossible to believe. Consciously I was seeing how persuasive Rishi Kapilanda really was. He had the power to get his hooks into you, play on your basic superstitions, make you forget you were living in a scientific age. Right now, for example, on the conscious level I knew all this; but something within me that was outside my conscious mind was in the throes of utter terror, evidently. I took out a cigarette and lit it, looking at my trembling fingers as though they didn't belong to me.

"If he could get her to *believe* she killed him it would be the same thing," Rishi went on. "It would *amount* to the same thing. Physical events play little part at such a time."

Shiki chose that moment to open the door and come in, balancing

a large tray on the tips of five fat stubby fingers.

Rishi Kapilanda spoke to him in a choppy tongue that must have been Japanese. Shiki glanced at me with cold eyes, set the tray down, and darted from the room. Almost immediately he returned with a water glass half full of liquid and thrust it at me. I tasted it. It was straight Bourbon. I took a deep gulp and felt the stuff burn all the way down.

As it seeped into my blood stream I began to relax. My case of nerves had been due to hang-over, I decided. Sure, that was it. I felt better.

I had never tasted tea quite like this. Faintly sweet, it had a subtle perfume that seemed a part of the flavor. It soothed my throat. In my stomach it rested with a sense of comfort.

Shiki had departed. Rishi Kapilanda sat across the small table from me, looking more than ever like a heavy set woman not particular about her hair. Only his voice belied appearances.

The glass of Bourbon and the cup of tea, I decided, made a nice, well balanced meal. I sipped them alternately. For a minute or so I tried to think of what Rishi had been saying. I couldn't recall a single word. It had been something important. I should remember.

I gave up the effort and re-

laxed. Gradually things came back to me. I became aware of my surroundings. Colors seemed enhanced, sounds unnaturally clear as they are after a freshening rain in the country.

Abruptly I remembered the question that had grown in my mind. "The thing I want to know," I said, "is, if Julius Armbrooster was what you call a black brother, did he know it? I've often wondered about that reincarnation business. When do you make up your mind you're the reincarnation of King Louis the thirteenth or whatever you decide you are?" Suddenly I was trembling inside again. I sprawled out to give an appearance of utter relaxation so it wouldn't show.

"I don't believe he knew," Kapilanda answered thoughtfully. "Of course, with a being such as he, it is often impossible to tell what they have become aware of. Such creatures seldom become aware of their true nature until they have attained full evil in this life. The fact that he fell in love indicates that he was still of two natures. He died, torn between the two natures, not knowing the force within him that had torn him apart."

"Uh. . ." I said. I failed in my effort to ask the question uppermost in my mind.

"You see," Rishi Kapilanda

said conversationally, "it isn't a question of making up your mind. There are people who do, of course. They talk themselves into the belief that they are this person or that person in a former life. Most of the time they are deluded. They cling to their delusions because they feel they would have nothing if they abandoned them."

"If it isn't making up your mind, what is it?" I demanded. "You, for instance. Do you think you were some other person in a past life? If you do, when and how did you begin to think that?" He smiled at me with his wide smile. "What I am driving at," I said, "is, that at three o'clock on a certain Friday you would say—and mean it—that so far as you knew personally, you had never lived before this life. Then at four o'clock you are just as positive that two hundred years ago you were so-and-so. You had to make up your mind to it some way. I think it's the road to madness—like a pyromaniac setting his first building on fire. At three o'clock he's normal. At five o'clock the fire-trucks are there putting out the fire, and the pyromaniac is in the crowd, conscious of the fact that he did it. Or take a murderer. Until he pulls the trigger he's not a murderer. Once he squeezes the trigger, there's no turning back for him. Isn't it that way? Once

you decide definitely you were Nero, and fiddled while Rome burned, you're sunk. You're crazy from then on."

Rishi Kapilanda nodded solemnly. "That's true, for that type of person," he said. "Unfortunately there are too many of them. You asked about me. I was a student of a very great teacher who taught eternal vigilance against self delusion, and the path to *self realization*. But let's go back to what we were talking about. When and how do you first realize who you are? It is the wrong way of phrasing the question, *because you always know who you are*. That is the basic truth. Even a person suffering from amnesia, with no memory of his past life in this body, knows who he is—somewhere within his mind. The part that knows is cut off temporarily, that is all. There is a split. The mind is divided because, perhaps, one part has expelled the other, refusing to admit its existence. When that happens the other part can do little about it. It learns to function alone. When it tries to unite with its counterpart it discovers that all it accomplishes is to build up terrific stress. The lower psyche is overcome with nameless terror. It trembles, and knows not why. It cringes, imagining all sorts of things. *It refuses to open itself to the influx of union.*"

I could feel my trembling increase. What he had said fit like a glove.

"You speak of conscious mind," Rishi Kapilada went on, unaware of the tensions that shook me like a leaf. "What is the conscious mind?" You are aware of *one* conscious mind—the one you consider your own. But what of actions and decisions and words that seem to happen without your volition? You look at them afterwards, and *if they had happened in someone else you would say they had been carefully thought out*. Intelligent. Because they took place within your mind, but not within your consciousness, you think they were impulsive. You do not admit that there might be another conscious mind within your makeup, *carefully and consciously thinking things out*. A mind not yet joined to you, but nevertheless you."

I gulped half of what was left of the Bourbon. In a few seconds it steadied me. I said: "Speaking of Julius Armbrooster, of course, what if the conscious part of you is still good, or trying to be, and that unconscious part is evil incarnate? What then? You can't accept it *unless* you plunge to the depth of degradation."

Rishi Kapilanda frowned in thought. "I see what you mean," he said. But often you can. Given the right moment, the right emo-

tional rapport, the two parts of the schism can unite, even though it involves emotional storm beyond description."

"Am I a black brother?" I blurted. To cover up I grinned and took out a cigarette, lighting it with fingers that shook. "Some people would say all newspaper reporters are the blackest of the black, you know."

Rishi Kapilanda laughed. "You a black brother?" he echoed. His mood changed abruptly to humbleness. "You are greater than I," he said. "In this country today are many such as you, guiding the course of history toward the Eternal Light. In all walks of life. . . The part of you that is eternal recognized the need of Clara Armbruster and did what had to be done to rescue her from the clutches of the damned. Is that not enough proof as to your nature?"

"What about you?" I asked, finishing the Bourbon in one gulp and setting the empty glass down.

He didn't answer. After a moment I glanced up at him. He was smiling at me, but it was a different smile than I had ever seen before. A sort of soft luminescence seemed to surround him, emanating from every cell of his body.

It was the Bourbon, of course. I thought, "You're getting hazy around the edges, fella," but I didn't say it.

I wasn't trembling any more. I felt good. I could see now that the way things turned out were the best. Clara Armbruster deserved a break. No question about it. A mood was settling over me. I could give this Park Avenue swami a nice writeup, if I could just hold the mood. I had all the dope.

This stuff about re-incarnation was strictly for the sucker trade, of course. I would play it down in my article. No need to bring in anything about the Armbruster case, either.

It was all getting clear in my mind. I ought to get down to my desk and dash it off while I was in the mood.

I glanced at my watch and gave a start. "It's getting late," I said. "I have to get back to the office." I got to my feet.

Rishi Kapilanda rose and went over to the piano and picked up the money. "Please take it," he said. "I have so little real pleasure in life."

"Well . . ." I weakened. After all, he wasn't my aunt. And it wasn't as though I were doing anything for him because of the money. I had already made up my mind.

We shook hands. Then I left.

After I started my car and had gone several blocks I thought of another question. What about people who never know if they are

the incarnation of someone? *Are they?*

Kapilanda would probably say yes, I decided. It didn't matter, really.

I tried to imagine myself *knowing* I had been John Jones who died September eighteenth, 1902. Or Gengis Khan, who almost conquered the world.

*But what if I were?* What difference did it make? I was still Jimmy Dale, newspaper reporter,

with a job to do.

I slid the car into the fast traffic on the arterial. The tires hummed a higher and higher pitch as the distant line of skyscrapers advanced to meet me.

"Damn!" I exclaimed suddenly. I had intended finding out what that brand of tea was. It had really hit the spot.

Oh well, I could probably get it some other time . . .

THE END

## PARTIALLY IMPARTIAL

W. E. Farbstein

SOME time ago a Pittsburgh newspaper editor, fishing for a feature story for his newly installed Sunday magazine section, sent a reporter whom I knew to do a local spiritualistic seance.

In the story the reporter ridiculed the proceedings unmercifully, and branded the performance a bare-faced fraud. I don't know whether his judgment was right or wrong—the medium may well have been a complex fake; but when I saw the reporter on the street I was impelled to stop him.

"George," I said. "I read that piece you did Sunday on the spiritualistic seance. I just want to ask you a question about it."

"Sure, go ahead," he grinned.

"George, your boss stated in the boxed introductory paragraph to your piece that he had sent you to this seance to obtain an impartial reporting on what happened. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"You found it was a fake, and he published your report in full." "Correct."

"Just for the sake of argument, suppose you had found the spiritualistic phenomena to be genuine—and had said so. Would your boss have printed such an article?"

George smiled wryly. "No," he said. "I guess not."

THE END

# SAUCER ORIGIN?

**O**UR moon is said to be a dead world, completely lacking in air, water and life—a silent, unchanging desert. But Lunar craters, such as Linne, have not only changed in shape and size, but have actually *disappeared* for months, some never to show up at all. Conspicuous objects have acted likewise. Spots expand, recede, change color, all very mysteriously. Inky black objects have made unexpected appearances and just as suddenly vanished. Reddish shadows have crossed over craters and hovered above them. Lunar features have been hidden, temporarily, by mists and uncountable obscurations.

At times, lights have flashed in a manner suggesting a code. They have appeared and disappeared on the dark portion of the moon. Projected light has been seen from Luna's upper limb. Formations of geometrical designs, too, have been reported. Volcanic activity? This is at once ruled out, for such events have never been recorded. Despite denials, there is some evidence of an atmosphere. Clouds, a product of such, have been seen, along with flare-up meteors.

Such strange activity on our "lifeless" moon makes one settle down to do some hard, chin-in-

hand, thinking. Has Luna become a temporary base for flying saucers? Signs of life and movement on our lone satellite do not necessarily mean the actual evolution of a lunar race.

When we rocket to Mars, it is logical to believe that landings will be made on the smallish twin moons—Phobos and Deimos—before we attempt to set foot on the red planet itself. Further logic is that an intelligent race from outer space would land on Luna preparatory to intensive exploration of our world.

Phenomena of an unusual nature have been detected not only on Luna and its vicinity, but on and about both Mars and Venus, such as the issuing of bright objects, rapid flashes, projected beams. Again, this does not necessarily mean that those two planets evolved intelligent non-human life. Mars or Venus, as well as some other body, may be used merely as a way-station.

It is the belief of many astronomers, perhaps the majority, that conditions on the planets other than Earth are not suitable for life. What should be added—but usually is not—are the words: **LIFE AS WE KNOW IT.**—*Alex Saunders*

# The INNER CIRCLE

Mark Probert is one of the most amazing mediums in America today. The editors of *Mystic* have secured the exclusive rights to present actual seances by Mark Probert, in which his controls will answer questions put to them by our readers.

These seances, recorded on tape while Mark Probert is in trance, are transcribed just as spoken. Unfortunately the printed word cannot carry the dramatic impact of the recorded tape, which is awesome and thrilling. Send your questions in today, according to instructions given at the end of this article. If your question qualifies, and space is available, it will be answered.

Conducted By

**MARK PROBERT**

*Famous San Diego Trance Medium*

**Q**UESTION: Professor Luntz, Mr. Russell Fox of La Plata, Missouri, wants to know: Is it wrong to kill animals, birds or insects, and is it right to pick flowers or is it cruel?

**PROF. LUNTZ:** No act contains within itself qualities called wrong and right — that which man has come to think of as wrong or right, good or evil, come under the heading of moral and ethical codes and are created by man in order that he may have a more harmonious existence in his earthly en-

vironment. However, because you live in a world of CAUSE and EFFECT you cannot escape the reaction to your action. The life force is constantly manifesting itself in various forms and shapes and these are created to conform to the environment so that they will have a greater chance of survival. As the whole nature of the physical world is that of construction and destruction it matters little in the eyes of nature whether you as a human being act as the destructive force of the body of animal, fish, fowl,

Born in 1812, died in 1893. He was a clergyman for the High Episcopal Church of England. He was of English and German parentage, and was born in North London. Graduated from Eton School for Boys at the age of seventeen. Worker in his father's law firm in Hanover, Germany until he was twenty. Attended Heidelberg, where he took a course in philosophy and comparative religion, then on to Oxford where he received his Ph.D. in the Episcopal Theological Seminary and later served a donship. He was a devotee of Queen Victoria. He was not surprised when he died to discover that he had survived the grave, but stunned when he realized there was no heaven or hell as he had so eloquently taught and believed.

—Mark Probert.



*Professor Alfred Luntz*

insect, or human being, or whether it is some violent upheaval of the elements. Every time one breathes he is both killing and bringing in to material birth millions of "animals" in what is called the microscopic and "sub"-microscopic worlds. Too, as man is no less an animal as far as his form takes him, he must like all other living forms eat things that contain the greatest life potency in them if he himself is to live a longer and healthier life. One of the main causes back of all physical diseases that man suffers is due to the dead foods he puts in his body.

(Dead, meaning without nutritional value). I am quite aware that one of the Ten Commandments is "Thou shall not kill" but I am equally aware of the law as stated by one called Moses: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"; and I find that the greater number of human beings lend themselves to the latter more often than to the former. If this is not so, then I beg the people of this enlightened age to tell me on what ground is it still condoning capital punishment and the mass murder of war? I suggest that man stop his nonsensical talk of the wrongness and rightness of his acts,

for he knows full well that when the time comes, he WILL do whatever he is urged inwardly or outwardly to do, and it depends entirely upon the strength of these urges as to how far he will go and *not* upon any moral or ethical qualms he may have acquired. Some, of course, hesitate long enough to find justification for what they are about to do, but this is only to salve their conscience should the reactions prove not in their favor. To do what thou wilt is the *whole* of the law and if you do it with LOVE you can do nothing that will be out of harmony with yourself and the universe.

QUESTION: Speaking of spirit controls: Are we right in assuming that although some are reliable, there are those who seek their own glory and still others, though they mean well, are unreliable?

ANSWER: Your assumptions are perfectly right. The mere act of dying changes man not one whit, and to make matters worse, if a discarnate being has to use the body of one still living in the physical world, in its efforts to communicate, it is in grave danger of having some of that one's personality traits rubbing off on it and if such traits are not of a harmonious and well balanced kind it will find itself in a discordant mess no matter

how well intended and reliable it may be in itself.

QUESTION: Is it true that man may by prolonging his life in the physical world retard his progress?

ANSWER: No. (The questioner will please note that I had to add the four words "in the physical world" — the question has no meaning without those extra words.) (Prof. Luntz). In the first place Life is one unbroken stream, so the acts of birth and death do not dam the stream—it simply changes its course temporarily. It is however much more difficult consciously to absorb knowledge and retain it, in the astral world, than it is in the physical; that is why it is taught that the physical world is the place where one must learn to wake up and live CONSCIOUSLY! The process is called growth and growth means the ever becoming aware of your own BEING.

QUESTION: Do animals have souls?

ANSWER: The word "soul" is not a very good word because it has no comprehensive meaning back of it. Its connotation is too abstract to deal with in any conclusive manner. The whole vast universe is a living one! All things, from a single electron to the most gigantic star, containing but different degrees of "pulsations" of what is called

the "Life" force. This difference is not in quantity but in quality. However this may be, there are some things that come under the classification of mechanical automats. Then there are things that have what is called consciousness but have no *self* awareness and there are yet other things that are both conscious and consciously *aware* of their own independent existence apart from other things. Man as a whole comes under the latter classification — this kind of personal awareness now enables him to stand off from life as it were and study it with circumspection. As analytic as one may become however about the external world, and as great the drive to rearrange the existing pattern more to his liking, unless he himself has mentally and emotionally risen above the seeming state of chaos, his best efforts will come to naught and it will be proof that he has not yet acquired that one and most important of all steps on the ladder of life. This step is called "Self Realization." Until one has attained this profound state of awareness they are of this world — wherein the "dreamer" believes *He* is the dream. Yes, Mr. Fox, all things have a soul, whatever one may construe that word to mean, but the soul they have is **YOURS**.

Every state wherein the individual finds his "reality," the concreteness and duration of that reality is entire due to his senses and how deeply he has centered his awareness on it, and the more emotional attachment he places on his dream the more he is likely to forget that he is **THE** dreamer and therefore finds it increasingly difficult to wake up. There is a great deal of loose talk about "Free Will" but no man possesses more than an emotionally governed choice in his need to act until he has mastered himself emotionally and stands free from action and reaction. (There is much more to be said on this subject but as you know space is limited.)

**QUESTION:** If the Soul is not Christ, then what is it on being baptized with the Holy Spirit?

**ANSWER:** (This is a combination of questions and I'm going to try to answer them in the order they were given.) (Prof. Luntz) . . . The word Christ is taken from the Greek "Christos" and means anointed, and in this case "The Anointed One," which by the way has nothing to do with one called "Jesus," of whom it is said he was both the son of God and God incarnated but is about one called "Iesus," the great Initiate, and many more like him who took their final

initiation in the various secret Temples or Mystery Schools throughout the world. The Christ or Christos, or in Latin, Christus, also means crystal clear. In Greek the one completing his final initiation is called "Epoptai" meaning one with super sight—Super sight in regard to Life and the nature of Life. Such a one has at least come to see through the great veil of maya or illusion that covers the eyes of humankind as a whole. Now my friends it is doubtful that all of you will understand the meaning of the above but don't permit yourself to be either angry about it, or at all excited — remember even the "blind" are walking The Path, so be of good cheer for The Light of Love walks with you, though you may not yet perceive "It."

QUESTION 2: Baptism and its nature. Baptism does not mean only to sprinkle but to dip. In Greek "Baptizo" — and is a symbolic act in the rituals of the Mystery Schools. In the orthodox churches of today it has little meaning and less value. The meaning back of it is self-purification and the act is to impress the consciousness of one who is just starting CONSCIOUSLY to seek the Light to make a daily effort toward clean living and thinking. By clean living and think-

ing I do not mean being what is commonly called good or thinking self-righteous thoughts with the hope of some future reward or fear of punishment but simply because one sees the wisdom in so acting and thinking. It is the Path that takes one more readily to the awareness of their own divine nature. The "water" that is supposedly used in the mystical rituals is not the oxygen hydrogen you drink nor the H<sub>2</sub>O of the chemist, but is the subtle cosmic forces centered in one's own body, known in Sanskrit as Kundalini-Sakti; in plain English it is the sex fluids of the body, which when raised and consciously directed to move through various centers of the body in the form of energy, can help one to do many things they could not do otherwise and if brought up to the brain centers can give one what is called clear-vision. Now permit me to add a word of warning here. To play with this force in ignorance is highly dangerous, inasmuch as it can mean stark insanity and death. As I have said, water is but the symbol of this cosmic fluid and the lay reader will please take note that in the so-called baptizing act of the churches, whether performed by sprinkling or dipping the entire body, the head of the person being baptized is the important part of

the body for the sprinkler or dipper to touch with water — the idea back of this is that the head is the symbol for Heaven—so now when the “water” (Cosmic Forces) reach the “Heaven” one attains what is known as “Heavenly Bliss” or Cosmic Consciousness or Samadhi or again in English the state of Divine At-One-Ment of the Lower-self with the Higher-self or with what the churchgoer would call “Man With God.”

QUESTION 3. Would an Inner Circle on earth be worth while?

ANSWER: The worthwhileness of things that men do, whether in groups or singly, in or out of the physical body, depends upon their thoughts and the sincerity of such thoughts, which is all I can say to that question.

QUESTION 4. What will the Aquarian Age be like?

ANSWER: Like any other age, it will be what it should be — by that I simply mean that the existing conditions in all ages are entirely dependent upon those living in such ages. The Aquarian Age will, like all other ages of the past, contain those who will earnestly seek the betterment of both themselves and their fellow men and those that will strive just as earnestly toward the destruction of others and in the end themselves

as well, and there will be yet others who will be neither destructive nor constructive — indeed they will do nothing but sit — the only sign of activity they will show will be in their waiting for someone else to tell them when or how they should think. These latter persons remind one of the parable of the servant who was given one Talent and because of lack of faith in himself he went out and buried it — such people are a greater danger to a social system than those actively engaged in destruction, inasmuch as the latter save the world from stagnation through lack of motion. I think that most of you will concede me the fact that the destroyers keep the constructors from going to sleep on the job. As an example, one may observe the tremendous action going on between Communism and the Democracies! I may add here that as long as the constructors in your country keep an active finger of irritation on all foreign political and religious elements of destruction it will remain free to grow. Now to go back to the word Aquarian— it is the name for a zodiacal division which covers about 2,160 years. I am not particularly versed in the fields of Astrology wherein it is said that the movement of the stars and other heavenly bodies influence the

actions of men—I am however very cognizant of the fact that as long as man “sleeps” he lacks volition to act on his own, so Nature moves him about like a puppet on the strings of her very subtle forces. As the individual comes out of his hypnotic sleep he becomes free of these strings and his actions are no longer dependent upon the action of the stars, the will of gods or devils, or the dictations of discarnate or incarnate beings, no matter how well intended they all may be.

QUESTION 5. The Holy Bible is being fulfilled.

ANSWER: It is hard to know what the questioner is driving at in the above statement for it was not put in the form of a question. I suppose he means the “prophecies” of the Christian Bible. If my supposition is true, then I’ll answer like this: All things being equal, all things that are said about all other things will in time come to pass. The mere fact that certain statements are made in a Holy Book, Christian or otherwise, does not necessarily make it more valid than it would be coming from any other source. One of the strange things about all prophecies seems to be the prophets of seer’s penchant for the gloomy and generally disastrous side of things, and more, he or she

as the case may be, hardly ever accepts that which he predicts as coming directly from HIMSELF, acquired by his OWN sensitive faculties — it is most always that some god, devil or spook, master, or in your times a Saucerian, who told him — Wake up man, come out of your self-induced trance! Now my dear friends this last question of Mr. Howard Gallagher’s is of such a nature I must confess I don’t really know how to answer it. It is a question that many well-meaning people ask—I myself asked it many times when I was in the business of saving souls while on earth. The question is this: “Are you ready to meet your God?” We of the Inner Circle have no objections to what anyone believes or disbelieves, but we are greatly interested in why and how they have come to so believe. We also hold to the self-obvious fact that he who rises in anger to defend his belief does so because he himself feels insecure in it. Man is an exceedingly credulous being and all too often he falls into the very erroneous idea that the emotional acceptance of a condition is the condition “per se.” Along with this he suffers a profound state of apathy in self-seeking. When asked how he arrived at what he calls his beliefs his most often expressed answers

are: 1. "My parents told me." 2. "My priest or clergyman said so." 3. "Professor So-and-so informed me." And last but certainly not least, "Some one of the numerous Holy Books says so." Happily for the rest of the world there are some who upon reaching their majority forget most of what their parents have taught and see through "heavenly" authority of the clergy in general and dare all the professors in the world to try and stop them from finding out by personal experience and trial and error. As for the Holy Books, they as a rule leave them to the holy. These people are the THINKERS and DOERS of the world.

Now for the sake of those who will be inclined to misinterpret what I have said I must attempt to clarify my statements a little. I am not crying out against parental authority for the child, as long as one is a child, but against parents who continue to hold their children in bondage to them by refusing to teach them how to think and act on their own, so that when they reach adulthood they will be men and women mentally as well as physically. Nor do I object to any one of the other alleged authoritative sources mentioned here, but I most certainly deny them the right to the claim of in-

fallibility or that any one of them are THE only source of what is called truth — "Am I ready to meet my God?" — Can you not hear how those words are uttered by my friends? Listen to the tone of fear and trembling that you have been advised to crawl to your Maker on! Yes, Mr. Gallagher, I am not only ready to meet what is called my God, I HAVE met Him and with the greatest joy I discovered we are ONE!

Irene Probert: Mr. John B. Pell of Syosset, New York sent in this question.

QUESTION: How can a man achieve self-mastery? Must this come about as a result of the experiences of ordinary life or do there exist schools for this purpose?

ANSWER: (Professor Luntz) There are a number of what is called Mystical Orders in America whose purpose it is to teach the real nature of life and one's own being. This may seem very strange, I mean, that schools had to be formed to teach man about something that is very natural to him. But because the human race got caught up in the hypnotic glitter of the material world man lost the awareness of his own divine nature now he suffers a prolonged state of amnesia. Fortunately for us however, back in the very remote

past certain high beings, seeing the plight we were in, descended from the higher vibratory world and gathered together the most advanced thinkers of the earth and gave them explicit instructions on the nature of the matter world and the keys that would unlock the door that held us imprisoned therein. This group were then given the title "The White Brotherhood," which simply means the "Brotherhood of Light." "Light" meaning Wisdom, in regard to life and one's own being. Out of this first mystical school came Masonry and the Order Of The Rosy Cross and many others. Unfortunately, however, few of these schools contain members who can be called or even thought of as true initiates — the word "Initiate" means CONSCIOUS seeker after the Light, and as I have said, unfortunate as it may be, only a small fraction of the men and women that claim to belong to these Orders have any idea of what it is all about. The true Initiates can do nothing for these drones in the hive, for they are keenly aware of the law that forbids one from forcing his Light upon another — we must come to the Light of our own volition. The only force that can legitimately move us in the direction of the Light is that of sincere desire to learn, and no one

can have such a desire unless he feels that there IS something to learn. Now Mr. Pell, judging from my own experiences in my quest of the Light I would say that the first requisite to the sincere study of life is emotional control. I think you will agree with me when I say there is a great deal of difference between the word CONTROL and that of FRUSTRATION.

Consciously applied control rids one of his or her frustrations. I would like to suggest that before you try doing any mental work upon yourself that you endeavor to get in touch with a certified psychologist and have him help you to understand your emotional nature. Then you will know how intelligently to do work upon yourself. Factually, there are but a very small minority of humans who actually know anything about themselves, to say nothing of their ignorance of the world around them. Most of your great men and women of material science openly confess that they do not know the nature of matter "per se" and because these highly integrated personalities so confess, the orthodox religionists, most of whom have seldom taken the trouble to glance into even a primer on physical science, nod their heads sagely and chorus, "God only knows!" Well,

apparently He won't tell, so it becomes man's lot to find out, and find out he will, in the course of what is called time! Indeed it is the very essence of his work here for it is only when he does find out that he shall be able to get out of this world ALIVE! By alive I mean CONSCIOUS. To simply die means one has gotten out of the world by the same door of unconsciousness as he came in and will therefore keep right on running in and out of said door until he learns to live consciously. In the Christian Bible there is a statement that goes like this: "Go not to the dead for the dead know nothing." This profound and yet simple statement is in no wise referring to discarnate beings or what are stupidly called ghosts. The word dead in this particular statement means "ignorant", without truth. Of course there are many millions of people in the astral world who were "dead" before they came here and are still dead when they get here and will remain that way until they get the inner urge to wake up — these can be legitimately termed "spooks," "ghosts", and "astral shells." May the Light attend you in your seeking, Mr. Pell.

E. M.: This from H. T. Leeper of Fairmont, West Virginia.

QUESTION: If reincarnation is

true, where do we go and what are we doing during the periods between earth lives?

ANSWER: (Prof. Luntz). This is a very provocative question and relatively little has been done with it from either side of the veil. I have been a silent and unseen spectator at numerous seances since I popped over here late in the year of 1893 and judging from observations made at these gatherings I would say that some of the reasons for this lack of knowledge of existing conditions in the so-called "after-life" is due in part to the usage of words as a mode of communication. This condition, coupled with the fact that in order for an entity to get into the world of matter he has to go into a deep hypnotic state. This deep trance state is brought about by an uncontrollable desire to "feel" through the physical body again. This desire is NOT to be thought of as either good or evil, nor does it have any other moral or ethical aspect. It is simply a natural phenomena that all mankind must go through in order to evolve mentally. Now as the incoming entity begins to come out of his trance of birth and become increasing aware of his physical self and surroundings it does not mean that he has awakened to anything other than that he is now

a material body, independent of all other bodies in his new environment. He is still subject to the laws of suggestion of both an internal and external nature, which means he is still in trance, and because the greater majority of those that have come before him are also in this self-induced trance, in varying degrees of course, he has almost no one to turn to for help. The fact is that many people do have recurrent memory of experiences of astral life, but because the very nature of human consciousness is form building, whether expressed in or out of the physical structure, the forms that one builds in the astral are very like those he builds in the matter world, and unless he has been trained via the occult path he cannot distinguish one experience from another. As most people already know, a dream in what is called the normal sleep state is often as real an experience to the dreamer as anything he has had in his wakeful state, and to carry this idea further, many individuals have experiences while awake that are so real while they are going on that they are ready to take a solemn oath in regard to their actuality, yet later events prove these experiences to have no existence in what is thought of as the external world of fact. Such experiences are

classified psychic and paranormal in nature. Now the Webster's dictionary says the word "psychic" means "mental." Then it goes on to say, "mental as distinguished from physical and physiological," and again, "beyond or from non-material forces." Webster however was not concerned with either philosophy or what is called "the nature of things" but only with the surface labels called words and what these words seemed to imply. For further clarification on this point, let us ask ourselves what, exactly, did he mean by the expression "non-material forces?" Were there such a condition as a non-material force as something distinctly different from material forces, then existence would be quite impossible, for dissimilar forces would have no common meeting ground to bridge the gap between them. Too, if we consider the fact that that thing called "existence" is made possible not by something called "consciousness" alone, but by something much more concrete called SELF AWARENESS. Consciousness merely proclaims "I Am" but Self Awareness proclaims "I Am THAT!" The instant consciousness makes the latter declaration about itself it has made a distinction—it has discovered that It is the Dreamer and NOT

the dream, or THE Creator and NOT the created. In your present times, the scientists in the field of physics say a bit of matter called an atom is ninety percent "nothing." Perhaps that ninety percent nothing was what Webster meant by "non-material forces." It matters little however what Webster meant when explaining the meaning of the word "psychic" and referring to it as non-material forces, because there is simply no such state as non-physical and the same statement is true of what your modern science asserts about the atom consisting of ninety percent nothing. Such statements are not only confusing to the lay mind who may be trying to learn something about the nature of life but they are nonsensical in the fact they have no meaning — one can say "This thing contains ninety percent or ten percent *something*," or they may say "This object consists of so many photons moving at so many pulsations per split second." Now even though it is quite legitimate to use the words photon, electron, proton, neutron, etc., we must not permit ourselves to assume that the name of a thing is the thing in itself. Actually there is no such condition as a thing in its self and to assume there is, is to postulate a static and entirely

homogenous condition which would be impossible states for creation for they deny the basic law of creation, which is *change*.

Now my friends if you have been able to follow my line of reasoning and have been able to see an element of truth in it then you will see clearly what I mean when I say that "all creation and of creation is born out of the world of THOUGHT. So all of the things are therefore but IDEAS." The individualized consciousness centered in what is called human form first thinks — to think is to create. To create means to become actively engaged in giving birth, or externalizing your mental creation so that you may better further its growth. This same condition prevails throughout all planes of consciousness and there always seems to be an inner and outer existence. Now if we are but the measure of our thoughts we shall be as busy with our thoughts in the so-called after death state as we have been with them while in the so-called physical. Now let us suppose for instance one spends a lifetime in what is called the physical world with his thoughts and actions caught in the field of higher mathematics. He may continue his seeking in that particular field on entering the astral world if that is

his desire. Now let us suppose again that one has been a drug addict or is driven by uncontrolled desire of any kind, he will find himself still held by those desires when he comes into the astral world, and permit me to assure all of you that may have any doubts about it you WILL be able to satisfy those desires or I should say *pacify* those desires in the astral, but you will also suffer the same sense of agony that follows such desires as you did while in the material world. Of course if you are a Christian and a believer in the anthropomorphic God of Moses, none of the above need interest you for you are bound for one of three places — Heaven, Hell, or Purgatory. This is a very fine arrangement, I must admit. Not however for the followers of Christianity, but for the priestcraft of it, for it enfor-

ces either a constant sense of guilt and shame upon the adherent or one of sticky superiority and self-righteousness. In both cases these people are dominated by fear. Naturally, and I certainly must add, extremely fortunate for the Christian religion as a whole, there are a number of people that attend the churches that ARE truly Christ-like in their living. These people devote their lives to others. They are not concerned with their physical safety and comfort nor with what may happen to them in some future existence. Their faith is not an "ism" but an unshakeable belief in the natural goodness of mankind at large. These people fully grasped the meaning back of the words of Christ when he said, "That which you do to the least of these you do also to Me." (Me — the Light).

### "DESPERATELY YOURS... THE SCIENTISTS"

THE day before the fourth of the 1955 atom bomb tests, a group of 2,000 scinetists sent a petition to the UN to investigate bomb tests, with a view toward discovering whether there was great danger in continuing them, and if so, to restrict such tests to a safe margin all over the world. They made their request a most urgent one by stating that

it was made "in some desperation." The next day, ignoring them, Admiral Lewis (Blue Pants) Strauss, chairman of the AEC, announced there was no danger. What *incredible* arrogance! Will somebody please remove this dangerous man from his position! If the scientists are "desperate" in their pleas, WE are terrified!

THE END

# MYSTERY IN THE NEWS . . . .

**T**HERE are certainly strange things going on in the world.

And perhaps the strangest of all are the opinions advanced by people in authority on things which are very difficult to express such opinions because of their complete cloak of mystery. Yet, people are expressing themselves, and one wonders just what they are trying to say. For instance:

Hermann Oberth, wartime V-2 rocket expert, said recently he is convinced the things called flying saucers are real and perhaps manned by "the Vikings from another planetary system."

"We cannot produce such 'saucers' yet, and we are fairly certain that the other planets of our solar system lack civilization capable of their manufacture," Oberth said.

"Thus one concludes that these flying objects are the exploring ships of another solar system, or even a far-off fixed star."

Oberth was one of the experts at the German rocket station at Peenemuende on the Baltic coast.

Washington, Dec. 15—The mystery over flying saucers was

brought down to earth today by President Eisenhower. Speaking seriously he said an Air Force officer whose judgement he trusts told him that the saucers do not come from outer space.

Asked for elaboration of Ike's remarks, an Air Force spokesman said only that 10% of the objects sighted remained unexplained. "People certainly have been seeing something," he added. "You can't say that everybody who reports one of these things is crazy."

The subject of saucers came up at the Presidential press conference when a reporter noted that some European governments were "quite seriously" investigating reports of flying saucers.

Eisenhower was also reminded that a recent book quoted some Air Force officers as believing that some of the reported saucers came from outer space.

The President said recent saucer reports had not been brought to his attention, but that some time back a man in the Air Force had told him it was completely inaccurate to believe that they came from any other planet or orbit.

A Gonzaga university scientist

says the substance that damaged an automobile windshield here contains the same metals found in meteoric particles.

But the Rev. Arthur L. McNeil, S. J., head of the Gonzaga chemistry department, wouldn't speculate on whether "dust" from meteors might be causing the wave of reported windshield damage in the northwest.

Japanese astronomers are puzzling over the disappearance of a "lake" on the planet Mars, which recently made one of its rare close approaches to the earth.

Tsunao Saeki, a leading Japanese authority on Mars, said observations made from the Osaka electrical science hall failed to disclose the landmark.

It was clearly visible in 1939 under similar conditions, Saeki said.

He described the "lake" as located "north of a triangular green area in the center of the planet."

He said the mysterious disappearance would be an important topic in the study of Mars' conditions.

Saeki also noted, in an interview carried in the Nippon Times, that the southern half of Mars was obscured by a yellowish cloud which some astronomers believe to be caused by sandstorms.

Scientists now believe that grav-

ity results from the fact that space is warped in the vicinity of a massive object in some dimension higher than the familiar three.

Flying saucers come from the center of the earth, not outer space.

This was the opinion expressed by Brazilian Navy Cmdr. Justino Strauss at a four-day conference of the Brazilian Theosophical Society.

Admitting he had no evidence to bolster his theory Strauss nevertheless insisted that one should not ignore the legends of enchanted cities.

"I believe these mysterious engines (saucers) come from the center of the earth, where it has long been believed that life exists to a degree far advanced over our own civilization."

Strauss felt that the disappearance of Col. Percy H. Fawcett, who vanished in the Amazon jungles years ago while searching for a rumored city of wealth, was connected with the operations of the people who dwell in the cove of the earth.

A Fort Wayne man admitted recently that he was "a little bit scared" while driving along U. S. 30 west of town.

Jerry Shuster, 3200 Crescent Ave., was driving along his bakery route about 10:30 p. m. one night when he looked into the sky.

There, he saw an object the like

of which he had never seen.

"It was a round object falling to the earth—about as big as a car—red on one side and yellow on the other—and looked hot as the dickens," Shuster explained in awed tones. "I watched it for 30 seconds before it disappeared."

The Weather Bureau at Baer Field could supply no solution for the mysterious "object." There were no clouds and probably no smoke haze that could have reflected light and given the appearance of an aerial object, a weather observer at the bureau said last night.

Shuster said he first noticed the "object" while near Fostmeyers corners, northwest of the city. Then he asked:

"Didn't anybody else see that?"

Flying saucers have returned to Magic Valley,

The latest report comes from Frank Dornick, 418 Canyon view, Twin Falls, Idaho, who along with seven other persons, saw a flying saucer Friday night in Snake river canyon north of Buhl, he reported Monday.

Dornick and his wife were with a group of people along Snake river about two and one-half miles below Gurley's orchard. They were watching for the body of Paul Van Hoozen. Twin Falls fisherman who drowned in Snake river April 11.

It was about 10:30 p.m., according to Dornick, when Edwin Adams, Twin Falls, yelled, "Look at that light!" The group turned and saw a saucer shaped object flash across the canyon rim.

The object was traveling at a tremendous rate of speed and was in sight but a few seconds. However, all eight persons saw the object.

They report it was bright blue in color. All but Dornick reported seeing a cross in the center of the saucer.

Dornick estimated the object's diameter at about three feet. "I never saw anything like it in my life," he declares. "There were eight of us, we all saw it."

Dornick admits he has always been a bit skeptical at previous flying saucer stories, but now has definitely changed his mind.

What ARE these strange high-flying white cocoons that have been drifting down on Fort Wayne?

They were much in evidence again on the city's west side, coming from the northwest.

If the thick white webs are the product of flying spiders, as has been suggested, then said spiders must have been flying at about a thousand-foot altitude.

Those who are weary of "flying saucer" stories may have here a novel mystery to dispel their boredom. Those who cling to the saucer

theories can now expand upon their speculations.

The reason: The mysterious floating webs that vanish at the touch of a hand have been reported seen and felt elsewhere in the world — in California, in France and possibly in New Guinea. And —brace yourself—witnesses claim the shining white cobwebs were emitted by flying saucers right before their eyes.

Writing in the November issue of Pageant magazine, Lt. Col. James C. McNamara, USAR, describes in an article entitled "Angel's Hair" a substance found in several locales on the West Coast that seems to be what is dropping on Fort Wayne.

Colonel McNamara, who is identified as the former press adviser to Gen. James Van Fleet in Korea, interviewed several persons in Southern California who not only saw the stuff but captured some of it.

Since the substance disintegrates when you touch it with your hands, one man, according to McNamara, called the Mt. Wilson Observatory for advice on how to gather up some of the strange stuff. Following instructions, he picked it up on a black cloth with a stick and kept it as evidence in a clean jar tightly sealed. Later, he had it photographed, but the substance still just as instantaneously van-

ished on contact. Chemical analysis has not yet been made, for this reason.

A couple weeks later, the webs began to fall in the San Fernando Valley. The Valley Times, on Feb. 15, 1954, reported the phenomenon as:

"A fluffy blanket, dead white, almost ephemeral in its delicacy and apparently electrically charged, may be the San Fernando Valley's first physical contact with visitors from outer space. It is reported to have streamed like a lacy ribbon from a mysterious craft that sped over the Valley."

Earlier, on Feb. 1, people in the Valley had reported seeing "a stream of white lacy substance" flowing from a mysterious "ball" racing through the sky. They were watching a jet airplane when suddenly they spotted a big ball apparently traveling faster than the jet. They described it as "about three times the size of a full moon . . . plain dead white, but didn't glisten." After the "ball" let loose the web stream, it went straight up and disappeared.

The same day at the same time, 20 miles away in Puente, another observer reported a "cigar-shaped object surrounded by a halo of light and hovering over the area of the San Fernando Valley."

Whatever this stuff is that looks like "angels hair" you put on

Christmas trees, it was reported by the London Evening News as seen by nearly 100 persons in Gaillac, France, in October, 1952, and that it was seen being discharged by 16 "flying saucers." And it was found in 1953 and several times this year in Southern California.

In August, 1953, a civilian aviation official at Port Moresby, New Guinea, filed a report with the Australian Air Ministry on a "saucer-like object leaving a clear vapor trail" which he watched climb sharply. The "report" he filed was a motion picture of the "flying saucer" taken with a telephoto lens. According to a Reuters dispatch from Sidney, Australia, Australian Air Minister William McMahon kept the incident and film secret until last March 14.

Take it or leave it, these reports of "angels hair" in California and France are all accompanied by tales of flying saucers, seen not by just one pair of eyes but many.

Clifton, Oregon, fishing community on the Columbia river, added to the Pacific northwest's confusion lately over things falling from the skies. A coating of yellow dust fell there.

Astoria, at the river's mouth had a powdering of shinny black pellets on Saturday and they were back there again the following Tuesday.

But in Clifton, it was a dust rather than pellets. It was the color of sulphur and that led some to conjecture that it came from Longview or St. Helens paper mills farther upriver. The paper mills said, however, their plants are fixed to prevent such discharges.

Two school teachers from Jerome, Ohio, and their 60 pupils have reported seeing a cigar-shaped "flying saucer" which left a 3-mile trail of silvery cobwebs hanging from trees and bushes.

The teachers, Rodney Warrick and Mrs. George Dittmar, said the saucers hovered over the Jerome Elementary school for several minutes and then flashed off, leaving a trail of substance that looked and felt like asbestos.

The teachers said they picked up several strands of the thread and "that it could hardly be broken." They said the substance disintegrated within a minute after being touched and before disappearing would roll up into a ball.

Mrs. Dittmar, wife of a minister, reported her hands turned green after handling the thread, but that the coloring came off with soap and water. Warrick said the green on his hands disappeared in about a half hour without being rinsed.

The teachers said none of the children were scared and all con-

*(Concluded on page 77)*

# IT HAPPENED TO ME...

*From time to time MYSTIC magazine passes on accounts of true experiences from our readers. The following stories are given to us as actual happenings, and the editors are pleased to present them at face value. "It Happened to Me . . ." is just one phase of MYSTIC's presentation of evidence upon which its readers can draw their own conclusions. Names and addresses are printed, or are on file at the office of MYSTIC in the case of those to whom identification might prove to be a source of embarrassment or inconvenience. MYSTIC does not pay for these contributions, but presents them as a service to those readers who request actual happenings going on today, and in the lives of living people. However, a 48-issue subscription, worth \$12.00 will be given for each manuscript published. Send your experience to "Drawer 48," Mystic Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin.*

## I AM AN ASTRAL HEALER

**I**T was early in 1940 when an air of intense apprehension had seemed to enfold our entire planet. Everywhere one could feel tension. My oldest son, Henry, had finished school and decided that he must be on his own. So, packing a few possessions, he set out, presumably to visit his Uncle's home and also look about for something to do.

Since we were tottering on the brink of another war, I was worried. In some intuitive recess of my subconscious mind, I sensed that Henry was planning to get into this war. This fear was realized when a letter came from him saying that he had been lucky enough to pass all the requirements for the Royal Canadian Air Force. Henry made it clear that he and

the other boys with whom he had enlisted had agreed to support our brothers to the north, but that this did not entail any allegiance. To these impetuous boys their action represented only an adventure.

It was something of a shock to me to realize that Henry had already signed to support the cause and had been accepted. Worse, he did not get a chance to visit home before going over-seas. However, I accepted the situation as calmly as I could, aided by my occult background.

For several years I had put in a good deal of time studying ancient wisdom and the occult. I had come into this world with spiritual gifts that the orthodox church either could not or would not attempt to explain; so I had turned toward metaphysics. At this moment I was more grateful that I had, and I turned desperately to a still more intensive phase of study. I realized that in order to keep my mind occupied and to avoid the mental erosion of self-pity, I must find something constructive to do. If I could only find something to do to bring joy and happiness to others, I felt I would have the answer. This longing and urge grew and grew. The answer came in a decision to work for the welfare of others.

I found a position as near to

my liking as possible and gave it all I could.

One evening while sitting alone, reading occult philosophy to feed my hungry soul, I suddenly sensed a feeling of complete detachment. I was being separated from my surroundings. I had thought of Henry all that day, and had thrown myself into my work to keep from taking on extra worry, all the while whispering earnest prayers that I was sure would reach God's ears the moment they left my lips.

I was really tired, and as the sensation stole over me, I put the book down and gave way to relaxation and vague numbness. I closed my eyes as the numbness crept over me, from my feet upward. Then, quite suddenly, I was standing looking at my reclining body in the easy chair.

Very brilliant light was all around me. I wasn't alone, for at my side walked the most beautiful Shining Being I could ever imagine. We were on a road full of holes and strewn with machinery. There were planes streaking overhead, shells screaming and bursting everywhere. I realized that we were in the midst of a raging battle. Someone was shouting orders, others were relaying those orders, men were falling, others rushing to them to do what they could. I found myself stooping

over a fallen human being, my shining companion at my side. Then I saw my boy's face; it was Henry!

I gasped and tried to take him in my arms; but my guide told me, although not with oral sound, that though Henry had been wounded, he would be well again. I was told to stay very close to my son, and to beam into his hurt body all the Mother-Love of my heart. I must remain unemotional, strong in the desire to heal and comfort his wounded body. My guide was radiating most beautiful softly colored tones of healing, rays of Living Light, wonderfully blue lights. I could see the light's strengthening power and energy flow into the hurt body.

Men came with a litter and ambulance. Henry did not see my guide and I. Henry was given emergency aid and lifted gently as possible into the ambulance. Then it was that I saw other Shining Ones hovering over the hurt and wounded boys who had gone into that battle so valiantly. I saw one guide take the released spirit that had just left one terrible mangled body and carry it like a mother would carry her babe, taking it miraculously upward out of my sight.

Then we were in the hospital with Henry. There were so many

others there too. Working with the doctors were many Shining Ones raying their Love-Energy and Healing - Force to all those tortured bodies which had so lately been filled with active life.

I became aware that I could aid best just by loving every one of those boys in this crowded place. I looked at my shining guide. He nodded with a smile that was so filled with pure God - substance that I felt strengthened. There was an inflow of Love-Energy, and I wanted to transfer this to each one of these boys. I stroked foreheads and held limp hands, although none of them saw me or felt me.

Henry's wounds were dressed and I learned he would be removed to another hospital, where he would regain his strength. Then the cots, the crowded room, dimmed and faded. I was standing listening to words that seemed like pure light from my angelic guide.

"Beloved, you have longed in your mother-heart for the privilege of working for others, your desire being of such intensity and sincerity that you were chosen to aid and assist on the higher planes. You entered the physical realm with a deeply imbedded gift of healing—and now you may use this gift by working with the

forces of mercy and love."

I could not find adequate words to express my grateful and humble thanks. I bowed my head, swift tears covering my face. I found myself once more in my own home.

The door opened. My youngest son entered, home from the evening movies. He came quickly to my side, taking my hand in his. It was cold, and he suggested we have some hot coffee.

I prepared some, and as we sat drinking it, I told him that his oldest brother had been wounded.

Wally asked: "Have you received a wire, Mother?"

I told him there was no visible message.

"Oh, one of your dreams."

I asked him to make a note of the "dream" on our calendar, and he did so. In eight days we re-received the "visible message", telling us that Henry had been wounded in a raid over their area

in England, but that he was recovering and in good condition.

I wrote down each and every experience I had in my astral visits while my son was over-seas. When he came home I let him read of those experiences. At first he was inclined to try to explain them as mere dreams, but the details of each experience had him thinking.

Henry was over-seas over five years. He was wounded several times and there were instances when he had truly miraculous escapes from physical death.

When my second son, Jimmie, joined the paratroops, going into the South Pacific, I was really busy.

As I write this account, my youngest son is in England, an American Airman. I hope that I do not have to make astral trips to minister to him as I did the other two.

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### COULD HE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

LIKE many of my race, I have had a number of inexplicable experiences, which might be termed "mystic". The following is an example of this gift of precognition which plagued me throughout most of my long life.

This particular event took place during 1910, when I was fourteen

years of age—but it was a shock to me that even now I remember it as clearly as though it had happened only yesterday.

Nana, my classmate and friend, who was two years my senior, and I, were making a short train trip to her country estate ten minutes out of Zaratov, Russia.

It was a hot, spring day, and as I settled back in my seat, I said, "I wish I could doze off! But that's the trouble with such short trips—you settle yourself comfortably, and it's time to get off." Nevertheless, I must have fallen half-asleep, for in an only half-waking state a picture suddenly flashed across my mind. In this "dream" of mine, we seemed already to be at our destination, climbing the steep hill along the railway tracks toward the path that turned off to my friend's estate.

I seemed to encounter a handsome young man in a dark-blue suit and a grey hat. He stood there staring unseeingly, with blue eyes, at a piece of paper in his hand, I next seemed to get a close-up view of the paper and saw, written thereon with green ink the words: "No one is to blame for my death." Nothing more.

"Come on!" Nana was urging me. "Here we are!"

I shook off the feeling of foreboding and followed her off the train. When it had started again, creeping slowly up the hill—the same steep hill of my dream—we followed in its wake, up the railway track.

While Nana stepped from tie to tie, I tried to tight-rope-walk along the rail of the other parallel

track.

"Get off that track, you idiot!" shouted Nana. "Go on, obey me! Your mother told you you've got to obey me when we go anywhere! Get off, you little fool! I tell you the express is due any minute and the moment it appears on the crest of this hill, it'll be too late to jump off. You should see the way it always plunges down this steep incline."

You can imagine I jumped off very quickly, and joined Nana on the other set of tracks.

Panting, we reached the place where we must turn off to the side trail. And there—there was my man of the dream I'd just had. Young, handsome, with staring blue eyes, and the very same dark-blue suit and grey hat. Worse still he was reading a piece of paper, and he certainly looked the picture of woe.

"Nana! I've got to save that man!" I gasped, knowing instinctively that he must be waiting for the coming express.

"Lala, you fool," Nana started scolding me again. "I'm going to tell your mother when we get back," and she fastened onto me, clutching at me so I could only have squirmed out of her grasp by making a scene.

"Nana, he's going to kill himself! Let me go!"

"Lala, you're always having these crazy premonitions and I'm tired of you. You're coming right along with me or I'll see you get into real trouble with your parents when we go back." And she dragged me along, no matter how I tried to resist. I kept glancing back at the stranger, but he never once looked at us. I don't suppose he even noticed that we had passed.

So the express sounded, hooting as it reached the top of the hill. Despite her own scepticism, Nana stopped and turned. I tore away from her and began to run wildly toward the man. But of course I could not possibly have reached him before the express.

The sickening sound of the screech of brakes, the bumping of the carriages as they jolted together told the story. I threw myself aboard the train even before it came to a standstill and scrambled across and off of it, to the other side of the track. Toward me a round object came rolling, and I recognized it as the youth's head. Good God, it's eyes—those blue, staring eyes seemed to fix me with an expression of reproach.

I did not faint. No. I merely collapsed and wept. No one noticed me, for people often weep in the presence of a suicide. But

soon I felt a hand stroking my cheek and someone—I could not at first realize who—was weeping bitterly at my side.

I looked up and saw Nana's grief-stricken face. But there was no pity in my heart for her. "You killed him!" I shrieked before I choked again with my own sobs. "If you had only let me talk to him, I could have distracted him till the express safely passed."

But now, years later, I ask myself: "Could he have been saved?" Can one take advantage of such warnings, such precognitive experiences, to avert disaster, as in this case?

Perhaps . . . In subsequent experiences, by following my instincts. I did manage to avert tragedy, more than once.

It was not long after this experience, indeed, that Nana and I went for a stroll in the countryside outside of Zaratov itself, where we both went to school.

Again, I had that precognitive flash, this time of a house with an odd balcony, afire, and children screaming for help.

"Nana," I gasped, "I just saw a house burning with children inside. Let's hurry!" I did not add that I also seemed to see my arms streaked with blood.

"Oh, God, you and your premonitions, again!" she groaned.

"Hurry!" I tugged at her, and this time it was I who dragged her along and she who pulled back.

"There it is!" I cried, as we turned a corner of the country lane. "See, that's the balcony! Look at it!"

Anyone could see the smoke belching forth. I broke into a run, with Nana still clutching at my skirt. "Stop, you idiot," she was chattering, "your mother will never forgive me if you get killed."

I wrenched away from her for I could already hear the screams. There was no way into the house — the door was locked — but I broke a windowpane with my bare fists and climbed in. Upstairs I found a girl of three and a boy

of five, absolutely paralyzed with fear. With a child under each arm, I plunged out again through the smoke, and outdoors people had already gathered, willing and able to rescue and console the two children. Only then did I look at my own arms—they were covered with blood, just as in that queer premonitory glimpse.

If I had not hurried, would those babies have been burned to death? And if so, what do these queer flashes of warning mean? From whence do they come? And should we avoid or encourage such a mystic gift?

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### THE FORTUNE TELLER

I WAS at the age when the world is filled with mystery and excitement. All the girls around us were going to the fortune teller, coming back relating stories of their glorious futures. The old fortune teller out in the suburbs of our town was doing a thriving business. "You have to make an appointment and perhaps wait a half day after that to get your fortune told," one of the girls told me.

My sister and I decided we wanted to know the future very

badly and went out to see the old lady the next day. After a long ride on the street car and walking several blocks in the hot morning sun we arrived at a small boarded up shack and took our seats on a weather beaten lumber bench.

The yard was full of people congregated together, talking in low excited tones about what they had heard and how accurate this elderly lady was in her predictions. Some had been to see her many times and she had told things that afterward happened.

Some had lost jewelry and she had told them where it could be found and they had gone home and discovered the jewels just where they were told to look. It was fantastic; almost unbelievable.

My sister and I sat there nearly all day, almost worn out waiting when she finally appeared at the door and motioned for us to come in. A girl grasped me by the arm, and said: "For Heaven's sake don't say anything about fortune tellers, or she will fold up and not say a word. Say, read the grounds, and you will be okay. She will tell you everything." I was glad the girl had given me me this important information and preceded my sister into the little shanty of a house with its dirty, dingy hole of a kitchen that smelled of grease, grime and filth. The floors were made of wide planks, and brown with spots of dust and dirt. She had us take our seats in chairs near an oil-cloth covered table. Then she went to an old coffee pot and poured out some fresh grounds in a saucer. She began reading my future first, stirring the grounds around with her finger.

"I see a very happy future, for you," she observed, and looked at me with small black, piercing eyes. "You will marry twice, your

first husband who will be a blond, will be sick a long time, then he will pass away. You will then marry a dark man and will be happy and have a lovely home. I can see the landscaping now. Your yard will be large and full of flowers and many beautiful plants and trees. You will have two children." This woman spoke these words to me when I was about seventeen years old. Everything has come true just as she said it would. I often wonder about this strange mystery. Was there some way she did look into the future in those black coffee grounds that day long ago to see my life spread out before me? Is it possible or was it only a guess? How could anyone predict anything so accurately?

This old lady read the grounds for my sister and too, her life has turned out just as she said it would.

One day my husband was in a large northern city and he saw an old lady telling fortunes. He laughed and said: "I believe I'll have my fortune told." He went into the small tent and the woman looked at him and said: "There is an old lady you love very much, going to pass away just six months from today. Go home and mark the date on your calendar and you will see that it will hap-

pen." My husband walked out of the tent, scoffed at her words, but went home and marked the calendar on the date she had told him.

Six months later my husband walked into the hotel where he was staying and the girl at the desk motioned to him and waved a telegram. He went over and took the telegram from the clerk and opened and read it. It stated: "Your mother died suddenly today. Come at once. Brother Jeff."

My husband remembered the marked calendar and was bewildered and shocked.

A friend of ours was going away on a trip the next day. Passing a fortune teller on the street he stopped to have his fortune told.

"You are planning to leave on the train in the morning on a long trip; don't do it" she warned him. "If you do you will never get there. There is going to be a

train wreck and you will be instantly killed."

This friend came to us and told us what had been predicted for him. "I don't believe her," he said, "but I am going to put it off another day and see what happens."

The next day we had one of the worst train wrecks in the history of our city. Ambulances ran all day bringing in the dead and injured. It was a nightmare I'll never forget and our friend said: "Thank God I went to that fortune teller and listened to what she told me. I might have been one of the dead."

I often wonder, is it chance, coincidence, or what that gives these people this strangely mysterious look into the future?

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### MY HUSBAND CAME BACK

SIX weeks after my husband died, on a Sunday afternoon, I was feeling rather tired, so I lay down, relaxing and not thinking of anything in particular. From where I lay in my bedroom, I could see through the door to the front entrance of our home. As I looked, it opened and my husband walked into the house, through the

sitting room and into my bedroom. He came over to stand beside the bed, and I could not tell that he was not there in real life. He was as natural, and solid-appearing as in life, wearing his own clothes, and looking down at me with a cheerful expression.

"Honey," he said, "I want you to go to the store, open the safe

and get out a certain paper. I want to make a change in that paper."

I sat up on the bed, feeling quite calm. It did not seem strange that he should be standing here beside me, and I felt no alarm over his presence, only an overpowering joy that was a fact. "I have forgotten the combination," I said.

"Never mind," he said. "Get your wraps and we will go to the store together. When we get there, I will tell you the combination."

I got up, filled with a feeling of happiness, and put my wraps on. We walked together, a short distance, to our general merchandise store. He walked beside me as naturally as in life.

When we got to the store, we entered, and he sat down and asked me to get paper and pencil, so that he could give me the combination to the safe. This I did, and opened the safe. I took out

the paper he indicated, and made the changes he directed me to make. Then he told me to give the paper to his brother in the morning and ask him to attend to the matters therein immediately.

He stood up, looked around a moment, then smiled and said, "Now we can go back to the house."

We walked back, side by side, all the way back to my bedroom. As I began to take off my wrap, he spoke. "It is time I must go, now." Then, smiling at me, he walked back through the sitting room and out the front door. He was gone. And we had not talked of anything that I wanted to talk about. However, my husband has come back twice more since then, and I am very happy, for I know there is no death.

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### A TRIP INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION

IT was in my late teens when I first heard anything in regard to the fourth dimension. At the time I thought it was just another term used by science in order to confuse the minds of ordinary people like myself. Later from scientific fiction magazines, I grasped the idea that it was some hidden

world, which one with the know-how could step into through a hole in space. It wasn't until I began to study occult philosophy that I began to get an idea of its meaning.

The fourth dimension is considered a time element, and as I see it, it is the actuality of

things, not as they seem to be, but as they really are. In itself it constitutes the past, present and future.

Going on with my story, it was some time ago while I was riding the bus to work in Peoria, Illinois. I was working second shift. I had been studying quite a bit on the subject of the fourth dimension, and had my thoughts on the subject at the time.

Traffic was rather heavy as it usually is in the afternoon, and now and then the bus was forced to stop.

It was rather cool for that time of the year and all the windows in the bus were closed. The bus came to a sudden stop while I was looking out of the window. Many people were walking down the sidewalk, and at the time I noticed two young ladies in particular who were chattering away. I could not even hear the sound of their voices, but began to wonder what was so interesting in their conversation.

While this thought was passing through my head, all of a sudden, instead of looking out, it seemed I was seeing these things inside of me, as if the world had decided it would rather be within me than on the outside.

I could hear everything, all around me, including the two

young ladies that I have mentioned. Their conversation came to me clearly, and I could even hear their footsteps, just as clear as if I had been sitting at their feet.

I had received a letter that day from my oldest sister down in Houston, whom I hadn't seen for years. I found myself suddenly wishing I was down there, for I hadn't seen any of my people for a good many years.

The next thing I knew, I found myself in front of a small double flat. I also noticed that it was quite warm outside, almost hot.

Without giving it any thought, I knocked on the door of the frame house, believing without a doubt this was really my sister's home, though I had never seen it before in my life. I didn't doubt either about my being in Texas, though I knew I had been in Illinois just a moment before.

Perhaps the reader would think I would have been alarmed under the circumstances. I can't explain it to you, but it seemed to be so natural to me, and I did not give it any further thought at the moment.

A small, chunky woman with blue eyes came to the door. Her hair was grey, and she wore a half smile on her face. Without hesitating, I spoke: "Hello Della," I said. "I'm your brother Joe."

"Oh . . . when did you get in?" she asked, opening the door to let me in.

"Just got here," I replied.

"How have you been? Are you going to stay long? I do hope so." Her words seemed to tumble over each other.

"I don't think so," I answered to her last question, as I sat on the davenport she had motioned me to. "I have to get back to work."

"Oh, have you a job here in town?"

"Ye—, oh, no," I said hastily. "I work in Illinois. In Peoria." I guess this was the first time it really dawned on me that here I was in Texas. Some times one may be thinking so strongly on an imaginary conversation with someone else, that it almost seems real to them at the moment. Perhaps I may have had the illusion that that this was an imaginary one up to this moment. But now I began to wonder how in the dickens I got down here, and what was I going to do about it. However I did not give myself away. I did my best to act natural, if such a thing is possible under such conditions. Anyway I seemed to get away with it.

"Are you on a vacation?" I heard my sister ask.

"No, I was on my way to work

. . . just took off."

"Won't they miss you?"

"Miss me?" the thought staggered me. "Why there'll be heck to pay."

"Then, why not stay awhile?" It was just like my sister to make some such suggestion. I must say it rather amused me, even if I were at a loss as to how I should get back home. Outside of a few dollars, all I had were the clothes on my back. These were not my best, because as you may remember, I was on my way to work. She didn't seem to notice this, or if she did, perhaps she thought they were my best. She was so busy asking questions, she even forgot to ask me how I got there. Perhaps she thought I had arrived by train. I had to smile as I thought what her reaction would be if I told her I had left Illinois just a few minutes ago.

My sister had barely enough money to live on for her meager needs, so I knew there was no need to hope of borrowing the money from her for my fare back home. Therefore I thought the best thing for me to do was to get a job and earn enough for a ticket on the train.

My sister lived in Caplin, which was far out the north end of town and it was a good ride downtown on the bus.

My first impression of Houston, when I got downtown, was that it seemed what I may call the Chicago of the South. It was a surprise to me to see all the tall buildings as I walked down Main Street. The noise of the many cars, trucks and busses were there also, and there was rush and hurry everywhere.

Try as I might, there was no job for me anywhere. I even went to the employment offices. I did see one specialized job that was right up my alley, as the saying goes, but the age limit was thirty-five. And that was the way it was in the oil-fields of Texas. Plenty work for young men, but after thirty-five, you may as well move on, or make your own job, as one old fellow told me.

I couldn't stay for any long length of time, so I had to do something and in a hurry. Not being able to find any better idea at the moment, I decided to try the idea some business man mentioned. That was to sell pencils. "You have a right to live," he stated. So it was that I went to work at.

Going from one office building to another, I was doing real well. It wasn't long before I almost had enough. However when I got down in the lobby of one of the buildings, there were a couple of police officers waiting for me.

Some busy body had put in a complaint, it seems.

One of the officers questioned me, and I was told politely we should go down and have a talk with the Chief. Well, I didn't want to, but as it were the choice wasn't for me to make.

So I was carefully ushered to their beautiful jail house. I didn't expect to be taken for a liar, but it seems I was. I couldn't tell them how I got to Houston and expect them to believe me, nor why I had come without money. And they call this a free country. Some times I wonder, for whom. All I can say is, they gave me the works. Fingerprints, pictures, etc.

They locked me up and forgot about me for several days. There was an iron bench for a seat and bed, if you want to call it that. At least I can say it was clean, but beyond that I have no more to say.

Finally they set me free . . . no trial. I don't even think I was booked, after all they had put me through when they took me in.

I had gone down the street a couple of blocks, on my way to my sister's house when they picked me up and threw me back in for vagrancy. All this time they had not notified my sister, or even given me a chance to get in touch with anyone.

"This," I said to myself, "could go on and on." I had to do something and quick. I couldn't figure it out, no matter how I tried. So after a time I turned within and prayed as I never had before, for Light and freedom.

After about a half hour, I got to thinking how I had got mixed up in the fourth dimension in the first place. I remembered that everything outside seemed to be centered within me. In my studies I had learned, what a person sees in this world is only a reflection of light, and no two people see the same thing in the same way. In other words, what we see before our eyes is real to us; but not the actuality, only reflections of the actual. We think of it as being real because we have been taught that all our lives. In this way we are limited, and hold ourselves in bondage, through our beliefs. One might call it self hypnotism.

Now as I said, when I was aware of the fourth dimension, all these things we usually see on the outside, I saw within the center of myself. So in this I had a key toward my freedom. All I needed

to do was to bring that state of mind back, which was far from easy for me. I tried again and again, and nothing happened. True I could close my eyes and picture those things within me, but when I opened my eyes they were separate, in front of me. Then the thought came to me, I was trying too hard. So I became calm and relaxed. It took time and some doing on my part, but after a while I felt a great peacefulness come over me, and I could hear music of the spheres ringing in my ears loudly. Without even thinking of it, I was soon looking at my cell within me. I knew then it was time to act, and act I did. I turned my thoughts to home and my easy chair. The next thing I knew I was enjoying these comforts. I was once more safe and sound.

I'll bet they are wondering yet how I got out of that jail. One thing I do know: if I ever go down there again, I certainly will make sure I have plenty cash in my pockets.

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### THE PERFECT GIFT

**B**ECAUSE there was absolutely no previous information available to me covering any of the background of this entire in-

cident, it seems worthy of telling. The amazing continuity of the whole story certainly takes the sting out of losing our loved ones

and proves that their love for us continues.

It began back in the mid-thirties, this privilege — for it is a God given privilege—to lighten the burdens for others. My work at that time necessitated much travel to rural and urban territory. The overnight stops were often in small towns, often in "tourist homes" as they were then called. There was one particular home which I frequented whenever possible, the home of a wonderfully fine widow who of necessity had opened her lovely old home to guests. Mrs. M. and I became warm friends and I often spent weekends with her.

On this particular weekend there were no other guests in her home, so we had a leisurely breakfast and after the homey breakfast duties were completed we planned a nice visit and some music in the "front parlor" to which she preceded me.

Coming down the broad stairway in the center hall, I casually glanced into the dining room as I passed. Great was my surprise when I saw a jovial, well built gentleman seated at the dining table. He sat partly sideways, with his arm up over the back of the chair. Just as I glanced in I saw him throw back his head in a good natured laugh, although I heard no sound. On the table, as

a centerpiece was a huge bowl of gorgeous red rose buds, apparently several dozen of them.

My steps had carried me almost past the wide doorway when I realized this must be a new guest, for neither he nor the roses had been in evidence a few moments before. Realizing that I would shortly meet him, I turned back to nod a friendly greeting and was amazed to find both the man and the roses had entirely vanished.

In rather a daze I wandered into the "front parlor" and dropped into the nearest chair, literally "weak in the knees". Mrs. M. was instantly concerned and offered assistance, adding facetiously "you are as white as a ghost."

Upon her insistence I finally suggested that she too be seated, and I carefully related my experience. After listening intently to my story, she questioned me in detail concerning the man's appearance and the color of the roses. I realized that this held unusual importance for her, for she too had turned pale, but with a radiant happiness which I had never seen before on her face. Then with a brave and tremulous smile she said, "Now, my dear, I will tell you a story which I have never told to anyone, not even my own family.

"Several years after my husband's passing, and I had opened

this as a guest home, a friend whom we had both known in business, began to stop here as he traveled his territory in contacting retail stores. We enjoyed our visits and he finally proposed marriage to me. Because of personal obligations which I felt should be my own responsibility, I refused him. He continued to be interested, often bringing books, candy and flowers. Finally we both agreed upon marriage as the right solution.

"Five years ago, on my birthday, he arrived with loving gifts, one being a huge bouquet of red rose buds, one for each year. He assured me that his love would endure through the ages and that each year I would receive red roses, no matter how far away he might be.

"The next day he left for his round of calls and we planned to be married upon his return. A motor accident took his life on that trip and he never returned.

"Until today there has been a lonely void, but the man you saw today was definitely John. He loved to sit that way and visit, and had such a happy and ready laugh. And it is beautiful to know that he brought me roses. This proves to me that his love does continue and all the fine things I believed him to be are true, for you have unconsciously given me the perfect gift. You see those were my birthday roses, for today is my birthday".

E. B. Noland

Box 144

Capistrano Beach, Calif.

## MYSTERY IN THE NEWS . . .

*(Concluded from page 61)*

sidered it "quite a lark."

Jerome is a town about 15 miles northwest of Columbus.

An explosion felt over an area of several hundred square miles shook the west coast of South Island, New Zealand late Sunday, Feb. 6, 1954. At the same time a search was begun for a silver, cigar shaped flying object reported sighted from at least four widely separated points.

No official explanation has been given for either the explosion or the strange object. Observers said it threw out a dazzling light as it traveled at high speed. It came in from the southeast on a course which would take it into the foothills of the Southern Alps, 25 miles inland, and appeared to be losing altitude as it moved inland.

THE END

# The BOOK of BEN

(Sometimes Called the Book of The Nine Entities)

*We have received so much mail concerning our publication of a portion of the book OAH SPE in a recent issue that we have decided to give you another of the interesting books in this gigantic volume. We give you here the book of the Nine Entities, or, the Book of Ben. It has some interesting material in it, and seems to be aimed particularly at the world's present condition.*

Jehovih is equivalent to THE ALL HIGHEST LIGHT. The All Knowledge.

The word TAE is equivalent to the words, THE HIGHEST GENERAL EXPRESSION OF MANKIND, or THE UNIVERSAL VOICE WAS.

Corpor signifieth whatever hath length, breadth and thickness.

Uz is equivalent to THE VANISHMENT OF THINGS UNSEEN. Uz is also equivalent to, WORLDLINESS, or, world's people.

Esfoma is equivalent to THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE WIND; or, AS THINGS SEEM TO INDICATE. Signs of the times.

Es is equivalent to, THE UNSEEN WORLD also to, THE SPIRIT WORLD. The testimony of angels. Also spirit.

Ha'k. DARKNESS. Ignorance is ha'k. Darkness may be corporeal or spiritual. Dark ages; or, a time of anarchy and false philosophy.

Kosmon. THE PRESENT ERA. All knowledge in possession of man, embracing corporeal and spiritual knowledge sufficiently proven.

Seffas is equivalent to, THE ESTABLISHED, or, THE ENFORCED; as the laws of the land, or, the religion of the land, as established.

These are the nine entities; or, according to the ancient, Jehovih and His eight children, His Sons and Daughters. And these are the same, which in all ages, poets and philosophers have made to speak as, THE FAMILY OF THE UNIVERSE. Through them I speak, Jehovih is the Light, that is, Knowledge. The manifestation of Knowledge in man is Jehovih. The growth of wisdom in man, as the earth groweth older, is the tree of light.

## CHAPTER I

**G**OD said: Before the arc of Bon the earth was rank.

The seed of the tree of light had been planted many times, but the rankness destroyed it.

In the time of the arc of Bon, the earth reached maturity.

Jehovih said: I gave to the inhabitants of the earth Capilya, Moses and Chine.

Through them the tree of light was made everlasting on the earth.

The great peoples then knew I was God, and My word was with them.

Es had spoken before that day, and man knew the presence of angels. But he heeded them not.

When My word came, man gave heed. Mine was with authority.

Emblems, signs and symbols were the letters of man's alphabet to lead him upward in wisdom.

Wisdom cometh not suddenly; as darkness goeth away, light cometh.

Great knowledge is all around about; to make man perceive it, is the labor of God.

Man said: I have looked in corpor, but found not knowledge.

Corpor said: Doth thy flesh know? Have thy bones knowledge? Is it in the blood?

Jehovih said: I am Knowledge; come thou to Me. I am the Unseen. Behold thyself, O man! Canst thou put thy finger on the place, and say: Here is knowledge? Hath wisdom bulk, and a place?

Ha'k said: Who knoweth the boundary of Light? Behold, I cannot hide away from Him. What is my small corner compared with the All Light of etherea?

Jehovih saith: Think not that the vault of the firmament is nothing; for thither have I created etherean worlds, of sizes equal to the corporeal worlds; but they are independent of them. These are My kingdoms, prepared for the spirits of men and women and children, whom I bring forth into life on corpor. Nor are My etherean worlds alike in density or motion, but of different consistencies, that they may be suitable for the varied advancement of My children.

Man said: O World, give me light. Give me substantial knowledge, that I can put my finger on it and say: Here is the real!

Uz said: O man! Behold thy folly! All things thou seest and hearest and touchest are my abode.

Man said: How sayeth thou? Thou art vanishment! All things perish; thou art that that is without foundation.

God said: Thou art both a flesh-man and an es-man. How hopest thou for thy flesh-talents to acquire substantial knowledge? All substance is evanescent. The real is the All Light, which thou canst not comprehend.

Man said: Why, then, this craving in my soul for all wisdom? Was my creation in vain?

Jehovih said: Because I created thee craving for light, thou goest forth searching. Thou art on a long road; to the summit of All Light, even Gods have not attained.

Man inquired: Why, then, was death created?

Uz said: Behold, even stones molder into dust. Wouldst thou have had a separate law for man?

Es said: I am within the corpor; when thy corpor moldereth into dust, behold, I am the es-man, thy real self. I am thy spirit; and, like a seed planted, I dwell within thy corpor.

Jehovih hath said: The corpor of man I created as a womb for the es of man. By death, behold, the es is born.

Around about My corporal worlds I placed atmospherea; for, as the earth and other corporeal worlds provide a womb for the spirit of man, so have I made of atmospherea the substance for a womb for the souls of men.

Man said: If, when I am dead, I shall see the place, is not the germ of that light already in me? How am I made that I see, but see not this? Hear, but hear not this? If I am now dead to that which is to be, will I not then be dead to what now is? Give me light, O Father.

Jehovih said: To man I gave a corporeal body that he might learn corporeal things; but death I made that man might rise in spirit and inherit My etherean worlds.

Two senses gave I to all men, corporeal senses and spiritual senses; nevertheless, the twain are one person. A man with corporeal senses transcending chooseth corporeal things; a man with spiritual senses transcending, chooseth spiritual things.

Two kinds of worlds have I made; corporeal worlds and es worlds. He who desireth of corpor shall receive from corpor, for he is My Son, in whom I am well pleased. He who desireth of es shall receive from es, for she is My Daughter, in whom I am well pleased.

Kosmon said: Because man liveth on corporeal worlds, corpor is called son; but because man in spirit liveth in the es worlds, es is called daughter.

## CHAPTER II

**G**OD said: Hear me, O man. I am come to teach thee wise dominion.

Man said: The aborigines were free. Why shall man with more wisdom learn dominion?

Seffas said: My peace is forced peace; I am the light and the life.

Man inquired: Behold, the air of heaven is free. Can dominion come down out of nothing (as it seemeth) and rule over something (that is proven.)?

How can God rule over solid flesh?

Uz said: O vain man! Do I not come in the winds of heaven and cast cities in epidemic? And yet man seeth me not.

I inoculate in the breath; I cast fevers in the bright sunlight, and yet no man seeth me.

Jehovih said: All power gave I to the unseen to rule over the seen.

Kosmon said: Why wilt thou, O man, search forever in corpor for the cause of things? Behold, the unseen part of thyself ruleth over the seen.

God said: Think not that the es worlds are less governed by system than are the corporeal worlds. The same Creator created all.

Behold, all things are in dominion. Thou wert in dark dominion before the time of Bon.

By mine own light gave I thee a

dominion of light in the time of Bon.

Man inquired: If the unseen rule in man, what ruled the substance of man before he was made?

Jehovih said: I created all things, seen and unseen. My hand was forever stretched forth in work. I make and I dissipate everlastingly.

Behold, I make a whirlwind in etherea hundreds and hundreds of millions of miles across, and it driveth to the centre a corporeal world from that which was unseen.

I blow My breath upon the planet, and lo, man cometh forth inquiring: Who am I, and what is my destiny?

I send an elder brother of man, to teach him, and show him the light.

God said: Behold me, O man, I am an elder brother. I have passed through death and found the glory of unseen worlds.

Jehovih gave to me, thy God, to have dominion over the earth and her heavens.

Man said: I have found truth in corpor; I know I live; that trees grow and die.

This is true knowledge. Give me truth in regard to the unseen, that I may prove it truth.

Why, O God, givest thou the matters of heaven and earth in signs and symbols? Give me the real light, I want no figures.

God said: Thou art vain, O man. What, then, hast thou learnt? Canst thou tell why the grass is green, or why one rose is red and another white, or the mountains raised up, or the valleys sunken low? Or why a man was not made to fly as a bird, or live in the water like a fish? Whence came the thought of shame? Even thyself thou dost not comprehend, nor know of thine own knowledge the time of thy beginning. Thou knowest three times three are nine; and even this thou canst not prove but by symbols and images.

Nor is there aught in the corporeal knowledge that thou canst prove otherwise, save it be thy presence; and even that that thou seest is not thy presence, but the symbol and image of it, for thou thyself art but as a seed, a spark of the All Light, that thou canst not prove to exist.

Man inquired: Where, then, is real knowledge possible to man? If my corporeal body and corporeal senses are evanescent and soon to fly away, how can I comprehend that which flieth not away, the spirit?

Yet I know a truth: I know that ten things are ten. This knowledge I can write down, and clearly teach to my brother. See, here are 10.

This is exact science.

Esfoma said: Thou hast written but two strokes, and called them ten. Now, I will show thee ten, (Esfoma wrote: | | | | | | | | | |.)

Yet, be not surprised, for now I will convict myself, also, inasmuch as I have deceived thee. I said I would show thee ten, and straightway, I made ten marks; but I should have written the word ten. Now, thou art wise! Nay, hear me further, for all I have spoken is false; for have I not tried to persuade thee that the one uttered word, TEN, was ten; wherefore, I should have uttered ten utterances. Thy supposed exact science is nothing, and thy supposed truth is only falsehood compounded and acquiesced in.

Jehovih saith: Man's wisdom is but the experience of My creations, expressed to man's understanding in signs and symbols.

Man said: If I search for the real shall I never attain it? Why then, this craving? Is truth only that which flieth away?

Behold, thou hast said: Thou shalt love the Creator with all thy heart and soul! How can I love that which I cannot comprehend?

Es said: Behold the utterances of the birds; and the skipping of the lambs at play! These are the expressed love they have for the

Creator.

To rejoice because thou art created; to seek after exalted rejoicing; to cultivate the light of thy life; to turn away from dark things; these are to love thy Creator.

Man said: Why, then, if truth cannot be found, and mathematics cannot be proven but by things that are false in fact, I will search for goodness; I will shun sin. Is this not wise?"

God said: This is wise. But what are goodness and good works?

### CHAPTER III

**M**AN said: Behold, I have struggled hard all my days and met many crosses and losses. To provide my son that he shall fare better, this is goodness.

Uz said: Vain man! Thou understandest not the creations. Thy trials, thy losses and crosses, have built up thy soul. To provide thy son that he shall have no trials, nor losses nor crosses, will not be good for him. This will not be goodness. Give him experience.

Man said: Then I will teach him to sin not. To tell no lies; to steal not; to preserve his body pure. This is goodness.

Uz said: What canst thou do,

that is not a sin? What canst thou teach, that is not falsehood?

Thou paintest a picture, and sayest: Behold, this is my farm! In this thou uttered falsehood. Thou givest a book to thy son, saying: Here is a good book! This is also false. Can paper be good? Thou sayest: Here is a book of wisdom! This is also false. Wisdom dwelleth not in paper.

How, then, canst thou teach thy son to tell no lies, since no man can speak without lying?

God said: One only is Truth, Jehovih. All else are false. One only is without sin, Jehovih. All else do sin every day.

Man said: To understand the laws of the universe, this is great wisdom.

Es inquired: What is a law of the universe?

Man said: That an apple will fall to the ground.

Uz said: By my hand the apple rotteth; the earth to the earth; but moisture flieth upward.

Jehovih said: By My touch the substance riseth up out of the earth and becometh an apple. Sayest thou, law is My opposite?

Man said: Why, then, there are two laws: one to make the apple rise up and grow on a tree, and one to make it fall down again.

Is this the creation? One law to

pull one way, and another law in another way?

Can one law make one rose red, and another law make another rose white? One law make one man good, and another law make another man bad?

Jehovih said: I make no laws. Behold, I labor with Mine own hands. I am everywhere present.

Es said: All men may be likened unto green fruit, and on the way toward ripeness.

What more is man's earth life than a tree? It hath its winters and summers for a season, and then the end cometh.

Jehovih said: Behold, I created light and darkness, and one followeth the other.

I give dan to the earth for a season, and then I rain down jiy for a season. Even so created I the soul of man; to-day, light and joyous; to-morrow, in gloom and melancholy.

Man inquired: How can I know if a thing be of God or if it be of nature? What is Jehovih more than natural law?

Corpor answered: What is nature, O man? Why wilt thou use a name for the members of my body?

Behold, the trees are mine; the mountains and valleys; the waters and every living thing, and every-

thing that liveth not; they are me.

Why sayest thou nature? Now I say unto thee, the soul of all things is Jehovih; that which thou callest nature is but the corporeal part.

Man said: I mean the laws of nature. Certain combinations under certain conditions give the same result. This is law.

God said: What hast thou gained by the word law, instead of the word Jehovih? If that that doeth a thing, doeth it of its own accord, then it is alive, and wise withal. Therefore it is Jehovih.

If it do it not of itself, then it is not the doer, but the instrument. How, then, can law do anything? Law is dead; and the dead do nothing.

Within atmospherea, wark becometh organic and falleth to the earth.

Wark in etherea becometh an a'ji'an cloud and shattered.

Men make laws, as betwixt themselves; these laws are rules governing action, but they are not action itself.

Jehovih is action. His actions are manifested in things thou seest. He is Light and Life. All His things are a complete whole, which is His Person.

**M**AN said: What then shall I believe? If great learning have not proven anything real; if science is based on falsehood, and if there be no natural laws, shall I not give up my judgment? Whatever is at variance with my judgment, shall I not turn away from it?

It hath been said: The soul of man never dieth. No one can know this, save Jehovih.

It hath been said: Jehovih is a person. No one can know this, for His magnitude is incomprehensible.

Is the soul of man made of oxygen or hydrogen? Give me light that is real. I can say of what man's mortal body is made.

Jehovih said: My divisions are not as man's divisions. Behold, I create one thing within another. Neither space, nor place, nor time, nor eternity standeth in My way. The soul is es.

Man inquired: If the dwelling-place for the spirits of the dead be up in the firmament, how is it created? What resteth it upon?

And how dwelleth the soul of man in heaven? If the es-man hath feet and legs, how doth he walk?

Hath his arms changed into wings? Or rideth he on the lightnings?

God said: Already goeth thy

soul thitherward, but it cannot take the body with it. Thy corporeal judgment cannot cope with spiritual things.

As thought travelth, so is it with the spirit of the dead. When thou hast quit thy corporeal body, behold, thy spirit will be free; whithersoever thou desirest to go thou shalt go.

Nevertheless thou shalt go only as thought goeth. And when thou hast arrived at the place, thou shalt fashion, from the surroundings, thine own form, hands and arms, and feet and legs, perfectly.

The Gods build not only themselves, but plateaux for the inhabitation of millions and millions of other souls risen from the earth.

Man said: Alas me! Why was I born in darkness?

Why was I not created knowing all things from my youth up?

Why did not the Creator send His angels with me every day, to satisfy my craving for light from the Almighty?

Kosmon answered: Hadst thou not craved for light, thou hadst not been delighted to receive light. Hadst thou been created with knowledge, thou couldst not be an acquirer of knowledge.

Had the Creator given thee angels to be forever giving thee light, then they would be slaves.

Liberty is the boon of men and angels; the desire for liberty causeth the soul of man to come out of darkness.

Whoso feelth that he hath no need of exertion, groweth not in spirit. He hath no honor on the earth or in the heavens thereof.

Man said: This is my comfort. Man nowadays is not so foolish as the ancients.

They worshipped before idols of stone and wood.

They built temples and pyramids so costly that they ruined themselves.

Seffas said: O vain man! In the day thou abusest the ancients, thou sendest thy son to college, and enforcest him to study the ancients.

Thy standing armies hold the nations of the earth in misery greater than did the temples and pyramids. And as for drunkenness and dissolute habits, and for selfishness, thou art worse than the ancients.

God said: O man, turn thou from the dead past; learn from the Ever Living Present!

What is thy wisdom for the raising up of the poor and the distressed, more than was that of the ancients?

Is it better for thee to hold up a book and say: Behold a most sacred and holy book! than for the ancients to say:

Behold a sacred and holy temple!

Seffas said: Consider the established things; in one age one thing; in another age another thing.

To make man break away from all the past, and live by the Light of the Ever Present, is this not the wisest labor?

## CHAPTER V

**J**EHOVIAH said: In the time I created life on the earth, and in the waters, and in the air above the earth; I brought the earth into hyarti for a thouand years.

And the earth gave out light because of the darkness of the heavenly forests whither I had brought her.

Man said: To know the beginning of things; what greater delight than this?

To know when the earth was made; and how the living were created!

The thousands of millions of kinds and species!

God said: Was not this answered unto thee? According to the light that man was capable of receiving, so was he answered.

Man inquired: But why was not the truth told? Why the six days? And why the rib?

God said: That which man can

accept, and is good for him, is given unto him. That which man cannot comprehend, cannot be revealed to him.

Behold, even now, as hath been shown, thou usest false symbols to illustrate the number ten.

Wouldst thou make man worship angels because they took on forms by his side?

Then thou wouldst lose influence over him, and angels would be his guides.

All teaching shall be to make man comprehend the Almighty's dominion upon man.

Symbols and images that do this, are true lights, though false in fact.

Man said: How shall man find light, knowledge, wisdom, truth? Is there no all teacher? Learning is void, because based on false grounds? The senses are void, because they themselves are perishable and imperfect?

The insane man knoweth not his insanity. May not any man be also insane, and know it not?

Where shall man find a true standing point to judge from?

Uz said: All thou seest and hearest, O man, are but transient and delusive. Even thine own corporeal senses change every day.

To-day thou triest to raise up thy son in a certain way; but when

thou art old, thou wilt say: Alas, I taught him differently from what I would now.

Man inquired: Is this not then the best course, to devote myself wholly to doing good?

Es answered: Who shall tell thee what doing good is? Knowest thou?

Man said: To provide the best of everything for my wife, and for my sons and daughters, and contribute to the poor.

Es said: Hadst thou created man, thou hadst given him hair or feathers and a cushion for his head?

Bethink thee, then. Give thou one thing too much to thy wife and sons and daughters, thereby preventing the calling out of their own talents, and, alas, thy works will be bad instead of good.

Contribute to the poor one fraction too much, and thou injurest instead of doing good.

Give him one fraction too little, and thou shalt rebuke thyself.

Man inquired: What, then, are good works? Shall I preach and pray for others?

God said: Man, thou shalt judge thyself as to what thou shalt do.

Within every man's soul, Jehovih hath provided a judge that will soon or late become triumphant in power.

Man said: Hear me: I am

tired of reason and argument.

Now will I covenant with Jehovih. He only shall answer me; He will give me light.

To Thee, O Jehovih, I commit myself, to be Thine forever.

To serve Thee by doing nothing for mine own selfish ends; but by doing the best I can for others, all my days.

My flesh body will I baptize every day in remembrance of Thee; for my body is Thine, and I will keep it clean and pure before Thee.

Neither will I suffer my spiritual body to be injured by wicked thoughts or passions of lust; for my spirit is Thy gift to me also.

Twice every day shall my spirit body be covenanted to Thee, in which times all earthly thoughts shall depart away from me. And whatsoever light Thou bestowest on me, that shall be a guide and ruler over me for the day thereof.

In the morning at sunrise will I turn to Thee, that I may be spurred up to swiftness in doing good and in manifesting Thy light in my behavior. And at night before I sleep will I recount my day's labor, that I may see wherein I was short in doing with all my wisdom and strength.

Thou, O Jehovih, shalt be my Confessor and Adviser; to Thee will I give praise, and my anthems

to Thee shall be without number: This do I perceive is the highest of all aspiration.

For what better is it for God or the spirits of the dead to tell me a thing than for mortals to tell me? Is not all wisdom necessary to be proved within each and every man? Is it not better that my vision reach up to heaven and see it myself, than to be told of it by the angels?

It is wiser for mortals to become pure as angels, than for angels to become impure as mortals. Nay, I will not drag the spirits of the higher heavens down to the earth. If they came and told me, it would be but hearsay testimony at best.

I will commune with them and weigh their words, as to whether they be wise and adapted to founding Thy kingdom on earth.

Am I not done, O Jehovih? Thou hast sealed up Thy kingdoms from me. Henceforth I will neither preach nor hear preaching. Only to labor and to do good, and be in peace within my own soul, and with my neighbors, and to glorify Thee.

I will do no more, nor will I multiply words with any one under the sun.

## CHAPTER VI

**G**OD said: I declare in the name of Jehovih, the Whole.

Through Him, and by His hand have I been lifted up. Hear me, O mortals! Give ear, O ye spirits of the dead! The Father hath spoken; Him do I reveal; in Him bestow the tree of light.

I was in darknes, but am now in light. His presence is upon me. Hearken, then, to my words, and be wise in your lives.

Seek not to disprove Him; seek not to prove that these things cannot be; seek not to deny His person, nor His spirit. Of such was my bondage. In bitterness of heart was I bound in darkness. Those who deny, those who try to disprove Him, are in darkness.

He is the same to-day and forever. The prophets of old found Him; so also can ye. But He cometh not to the denier, nor to the disprover.

He who will find His Person must look for Him. He who will hear His Voice must hearken. Then cometh light.

All argument is void. There is more wisdom in the song of a bird than in the speech of a philosopher. The first speaketh to the Almighty, proclaiming His glory. The second ploddeth in darkness.

By my hand were the ancient libraries burnt, to draw man away from darkness.

Kosmon said: What hath great

learning found that is valuable?

Shall learning, like riches, be acquired for one's own selfish gratification?

If a rich man with his hoarded wealth do little for the resurrection of man, how much less doth the learned man with a head full of knowledge? It neither feedeth nor clotheth the sick and distressed, nor stayeth the debauchery and drunkenness of the great multitude.

How shall we class the man of exact science? Where shall we find him? How shall we know that he will not be disproved in time to come?

Yesterday it was said, a man cannot fast forty days and live; to-day it is proven possible.

Yesterday it was said, there is attraction of gravitation betwixt the sun and the earth; to-day it is proven that there is no such thing. That no man can see without eyes or hear without ears, in su'is (clairvoyance and clairaudience); to-day hundreds of thousands know it to be so.

Yesterday it was said, thou shalt eat flesh and oil, because they supply certain things for the blood, without which man cannot live; to-day it is proven otherwise.

Yesterday the physician said: Take thou this, and it will heal thee; to-day the same thing is

proven to have no virtue.

This only is proven: That man is vain and conceited, desiring to make others believe he is wise when he is not.

What healed the sick yesterday, will not to-morrow.

Philosophy that was good yesterday, is folly to-day.

Religions that were good for the ancients are worthless today.

Crime and pauperism grow up in the heart of them, even worse than in the regions of the earth where they are not preached.

The physicians have not lessened the amount of sickness on the earth.

The lawyers have not lessened the rascality of the wicked or depleted the number of defrauders.

The march of Jehovih and His peoples is onward; it is like a tree of light, forever growing, but man heedeth not the growth.

Man bindeth his judgment by things that are past; he will not quicken himself to see and understand the All Light.

## CHAPTER VII

**E**SFOMA said: I am the signs of the times.

By my face the prophets foretell what is to be.

I am the living mathematics; the

unseen progress of things speaking to the senses of man.

My name is: THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Why have ye, the inhabitants of the earth, and ye angels of the heavens, not beholden me in my march?

I called out in the days of the pyramids: O ye kings and mighty ones! Behold the signs of the times!

And ye men of great learning, give ear; a voice speaketh in the wind!

Behold, Osiris and Isis shall go down. Anubi shall not judge the people of the Almighty!

I sent a storm into colleges of learning; the wise professors held up their heads and said:

I doubt the person of Osiris! I doubt Isis! Are they merely a principle?

The prophets looked here and looked there. They said: Behold the signs of the times! Let us measure the increase in the growth of skepticism to these ancient Gods.

They said: Osiris shall go down; and so shall Isis and Anubi, and Baal, and Ashtaroth, and Thammus.

But kings heard not; they called their councils for stern legislation.

They saw, but denied my person and the power of my hand.

Man calleth out: Give me a key for prophecy. Show me the way to find the destiny of gods and angels and mortals.

Show me the key for the rise and fall of nations and empires.

Then I come forth over all the land. Man beginneth to doubt, then to disbelieve, and then to deny the popular Gods and Saviors of his forefathers.

They will not see which way the wind bloweth; with strong arms and bloody hands they rise up against Jehovih.

Then they go down in destruction; they and their Gods are known no more.

Jehovih hath said: All things are like a tree; which springeth up from a little seed to become mighty; which beareth fruit for a season, and then falleth and is turned to dust.

One by one My Gods, and My false Gods, rise up and are powerful for a season, and then are swept away in Esfoma's hands.

Behold My thousands of Saviors, which I have sent to raise up the inhabitants of the earth. Where are they this day?

I give to mortals Gods and Lords and Saviors; according to the time and place of the earth in My ethereans, so, bestow I them.

But when they have fulfilled

their time, lo, I take away their Gods and Lords and Saviors. Not suddenly, nor without signs of the times of their going.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE BATTLE WITH THE BEAST OF THE ARC OF BON

ES said: The light of Jehovih touched on the earth, and the heavens about were stirred to the foundation. Things past were moved forward. His voice was from the depth of darkness to the summit of All Light.

Nations that had not known Him, now knew Him. Acceptable, and with loud rejoicings, they shouted: Jehovih! Jehovih! Almighty and Everlasting! Glory be to Thee on High! Creator, Father! all praise to Thee forever.

And Jehovih went far and near swiftly, quickening with a new power both the living and the dead. And the peoples rose up, and heard His voice from every corner, calling: Come forth! Come forth! O My beloved.

And in the stirring up of things long past, it was as if a cloud of dust and darkness, foul and poisonous, overspreading heaven and earth, was to be cleared away and make room for other Gods and Sav-

iors.

High above the clouds, and deep down in the all blackness, the All Light shone as the everlasting sun. The faith of men and angels rose up in unceasing assurance to the Most High, that He in matchless majesty, alone, would rise triumphant over all.

Jehovih said: Bring forth the legions of earth and heaven! Summon up the dead! Let the living rejoice! My kingdom is at hand.

And the dead came forth, clothed in the raiment of heaven; and they walked upon the earth; yea, face to face talked with the living, proclaiming the fullness of Jehovih, and His everlasting kingdoms.

Little infants that were long dead, returned to the living, full grown in heaven, singing in Jehovih's praise. Mothers returned from the unseen world with love and angel kisses for their mortal babes and sorrow-stricken husbands.

Then rose the cloud of darkness, higher and higher; the poisonous smell and damnable tricks of hada belched forth in blackness terrible. The spirits of those slain in war, delirious, mad, and full of vengeance; and those whose earth-lives had bound them in torments; and those who lived on earth to glut themselves to the full in ab-

horrent lust, came assuming the names of gods and Saviors.

And yet the voice of Jehovih called: Bring forth the legions of earth and heaven! Summon up the dead! Let the living rejoice! My chosen shall come forth.

Still struggled the beast, awful in the smoke and dust of his blood-stained mantle, till the earth around became as a solemn night before a battle of death. Rattling bones and empty skulls, with gnashing teeth, all stained with human gore, made hideous by the portentous omen, caused angels and men to stand appalled.

And then, as the cloud of darkness stretched up out of the earth, girdling it all around, as a venomous reptile secureth his living food, lo and behold, the monster beast stretched forth four heads with flaming nostrils all on fire!

On each head were two horns, bloodstained and fresh with human victim's flesh macerated. Their tongues darted forth in menace, and their open mouths watered for human souls; and with suspicion mad, and much distrusted, their blood-shot eyes pierced the temples of kings, and laid them in ruins.

And the names of the beast, now falsely assumed, to beguile Jehovih's chosen, were Dyaus, Lord God Osiris and Te-in; and their

horns were named, one Righteousness and the other Militant.

With their four bloody mouths, they called out of the fires of hell: Down! Jehovih! Down! I alone am Savior of mortals and angels! I will be the favorite God, or ruin all!

Jehovih answered to His faithful sons and daughters, the living and the dead: Bring forth the legions of earth and heaven! Summon up the dead! Let the living rejoice! My kingdom is at hand! My chosen shall be free!

The beast rattling his hideous bones, bated some his breath to see the great awakening light of the tree of Jehovih!

And as the beast looked along, behold his four heads saw one another, and burst forth in a new tirade of horrid curses.

Each to know the others' bold presumption.

First spake Anuhasaj, the false Lord God, to the east: Behold thou, Ho-Joss, thou bloody Te-in, God of hada, thy heavenly kingdom shall down. Know thou that I, the Lord God am God of all. It was I, drove the Great Spirit from earth and heaven, and made the name Lord God worshipful in the broad universe.

The false Te-in, mocking, said: And thou wilt bury it in depths of

hell, thou, of woman born.

Upward rose the head of the beast, the false Lord God, and with his mighty arm and sword, swept off the false Te-in's head. And as the beast surged about, Dyaus, the false, sprang forward, shouting Hold! Thou false Lord God! Never shall thy name be honored on Chine'ya soil or in her heavens. Behold me! I am Dyaus!

Ashtaroth, greedy Goddess, now urged her consort God, Baal, to rush in for the heavenly spoils. And the twain, in the terrible tumult, drew hence ten thousand million angel slaves.

Anuhasaj said to Dyaus: Thou miscreant God! That dared steal my name, De'yus, and now confront me with thy hellish taunts! Down! Down!

At that their bloody swords clashed, and Dyaus thrust his adversary through even as the false Lord God's sword clipt off Dyaus' traitorous head.

Meanwhile Osiris, the dragon-head, started up from the punctured body of the beast, shouting: Behold me! I am all! I, Osiris, Savior of men; Lord God of heaven and earth, Dyaus, De'yus, all! By my sword, I am sworn!

Ashtaroth, cunning Goddess, flew suddenly down to the earth, to the mortal king of Egupt, Phar-

ah, and through the oracle proclaimed;

There is war in heaven! Osiris, thriest of Gods, hath won the victory, and standeth master of all the heavens' broad kingdoms.

To earth he shall come no more. Proclaim thyself the Savior's vicegerent on earth, and king of the world!

Then Pharaoh, distracted by the flood of miracles and the superabundance of the spirits of the dead strolling over all of Egypt, embraced the oracle's fearful decrees.

And now, behold, whilst the beast struggled in the four quarters of the world, Jehovih's chosen, both on earth and in heaven, marched out of bondage, singing glory to the Creator's name!

And now, Osiris, the chief remaining head of the beast, turned from the anarchy and hells in hada, to vent his hatred against Jehovih's chosen on earth; and with Baal and Ashtaroth invented new tortures for the non-flesh-eating tribes of men.

But Jehovih's light broke across the world. The smoke and clouds from the battle cleared away.

Osiris fled from the earth. Another group of false Gods had cleared away before Jehovih's light.

Jehovih said: When the Gods have fulfilled their time in earth and heaven, behold, I put them away.

And in the time of their going, behold, I open the doors of heaven, and I call down the angels and send them abroad over the earth. And the earth becometh overrun with miracles.

Kosmon said: Let the wise man and the prophet consider the signs of the Almighty! Two extremes forerun the change of the Gods and Savior in heaven: These are, extreme disbelief and extreme belief. The one denieth all Gods, and even the person of the Creator; the other becometh a runner after the spirits of the dead, consulting seers and oracles.

Esfoma said: These signs are my signs. When these come, behold, the Almighty hath a new deliverance on hand.

None can stay Him, or hold up the Gods and Lords and Saviors of the past against Jehovih.

I speak in the wind, and man saith: Behold, something is in the wind; the Gods are at work; a new light breaketh in upon the understanding of men.

Out of the tumult, Jehovih riseth Supreme in every cycle.

He leadeth forth a few who know Him. He foundeth them as a

separate people in the world.

Uz said: And in the time of Jehovih's triumph, I come and make myths out of the deposed Gods and Saviors.

Then I stretch forth my hand against the libraries, and houses of ancient records, and I destroy them.

And man is compelled to give up the things of old, and to look about him, and rouse himself up to the ways of the Almighty.

O that the prophets would apply my lesson of the past, in order to foretell the future.

Behold, there is no mystery in heaven and earth. They march right on; cycle followeth cycle, as summer followeth winter.

In the overthrow of the departing Gods, behold, there is the beginning of a new springtime in Jehovih's seasons.

He planteth a new tree in His garden; it is a tree of new light for the righteous.

His chosen go out, away from the flesh-pots of the past, and they have neither kings nor emperors; only the Almighty!

Into the wilderness they go forth, persecuted and beset on all sides by the followers of the mythical Gods.

GOD said: Here is wisdom, O man: To be observant\* of all things and adapt thyself thereto on Jehovih's side.

To obtain great learning that applieth to the resurrection of thy soul in comprehending the works of the Almighty.

To suffer not thyself to be conceited in the wisdom of the moderns over the ancients, nor of the ancients over the moderns.

The Creator created man wisely for the time of the world in which man was created.

Thou art for this era, and not for the past.

The ancients were for the past era, and not for the present.

To know the present; to be up with the signs of the times, this it is, to see Jehovih's hand.

Make not a God of riches, nor of thy supposed sciences and learning.

For in the time thou seest men doing these things, behold, that is the time of a cyclic coil in the great beast.

Thy God and thy Savior shall surely be swept away.

Make Jehovih, the Creator, the idol of thy soul; neither setting up this or that as impossible.

Opening up thy understanding to find the tree of light and righteousness of soul.

Admitting that all things are possible in Jehovah's hands.

Then thy God shall surely not be swept away.

Look about thee, O man, and learn from the Sons and Daughters of Jehovah, the march of the Almighty's kingdoms.

Who shall make a system or a philosophy like Jehovah? What hast thou found that is infallible?

The truth of yesterday is not a

truth to-day; the truth of yesterday is the truth to-day.

Thou shalt come to understand even this.

To learn how to live; to rejoice, and to do good, and make thy neighbor rejoice also, this is wisdom.

Let these be thy loves and the glory of thy speech, and thou shalt learn to prophesy concerning the ways of Jehovah.

THE END

## ADAMSKI'S ANSWER TO BAKER

**For the record, will you publish Mr. Jerrold E. Baker's original statement: Sincerely George Adamski.**

During the time I was serving as an Instructor in the United States Air Force, it was my good fortune to learn of Professor George Adamski and the work he was accomplishing toward proof of the Flying Saucers' existence.

After being discharged from the Air Force on October 29, 1952, I came to California and began assisting the Professor in his work.

Last week was a very notable one because of a definite increase in the appearance of saucers. Midway in the week I suggested that we both spend some time in the

morning scouting for them. I suggested that we both situate ourselves in two different places, he with the telescope and camera, and I with a Brownie. I learned that in photography this to be extremely important from my enlistment in the service. We noted that on Thursday and Friday the skies were filled with low flying military aircraft that continually circled the area as if searching or chasing airborne objects.

On Saturday morning, while I was sawing wood for the fireplace, the Professor called me and said

that he saw what he thought to be a saucer coming in over the coast. I hurried up the hill to the water pump and stood by a large tree. From there I could get a closer view of the coast but I saw no saucer. I looked towards the Microwave station in particular which stands high on the mountain almost due north, because the night before I pointed out to a young boy with me at the time a flying saucer hovering in its general vicinity. I thought perhaps this saucer might be headed in that direction and I didn't want to miss seeing it as has often been my experience by scanning in only one direction. For about ten minutes I watched and waited but nothing happened. Suddenly in the corner of my eyes, I saw a circular object skim over the tree-tops from the general direction of the area where the Professor was located. It was a flying saucer—of that I was sure. I seriously thought it was going to land in the small clearing because of its extremely low altitude. I waited momentarily mostly because of shock I guess as it continued coming closer. It then hung in the air not over 12 feet high at the most, and about 25 feet from where I was standing. It seemed as if it did this knowing I was there waiting to photograph it. I quickly snapped a picture and as I did it tilted slightly and zoomed upwards over

the tree faster than anyone can almost imagine. I ran out from behind the tree hoping to catch another picture but I could only see a small object speeding towards Palomar Mountain—then it was gone completely.

Then in turning, I saw the Professor coming through the brush on the other side of the clearing and practically did flip-flops I was so excited over my good fortune. I had not for a moment dreamed he was able to photograph it through his telescope because it was so extremely low. But after he told me he had been successful in obtaining four shots, I persisted that we go to Carlsbad immediately. He agreed and I rolled the remaining portion of the film onto the exposed side.

Things happened so quickly that in the excitement of getting a picture I forgot many of the things I wanted to look for if ever I got close enough to a saucer. For I don't believe the saucer remained in my view for over two minutes.

These things I know for certain:

1. The saucer made no sound
2. It was guided by superior intelligence.
3. There was a slight odor present as the saucer sped upwards.
4. It had portholes and three huge ball bearings presumably landing gears.

Jerrold E. Baker

---

# The SEANCE CIRCLE...

## Letters from the Undead

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have been reading MYSTIC ever since its unobtrusive inauguration. I have laughed at some articles and pondered over others. I don't believe all your writers have to say, nor do I disbelieve, which makes me, I believe, a passive neutral.

But you've made me mad, old man. I like consistency. You have not been consistent. Publishing an article claiming that the flying saucers are friendly is all right; the author had proof to back up his statements. I was willing to believe it; in fact, I incorporated some of the author's facts in a term paper I was preparing. But what comes now? An article by Shaver in which he states that the inhabitants of the saucers are unfriendly, "are our ancient enemies." Shaver admits, however, that some might be our friends; and says they are destroyed before they "can free us from our ignorance." Is Nash (March 1954) right or is Shaver? If Shaver isn't, then one of his proofs for the existence of the "deros" is gone. If Shaver is right, then I shall look upon you with contempt for publishing a misleading and fallacious article, you will look upon Nash with contempt for misleading you with his logic and facts, and Nash will look down upon his informers for misleading him, *ad infinitum*. Whom are you backing, rap?

I should like to take exception

with another of Mr. Shaver's statements. Namely, that the teen-age science fiction reader couldn't comprehend the existence of his creatures, what with having a "limited school-test history." Perhaps Shaver had access to books millions of years old? I doubt it.

Mr. Shaver also states that the readers of science fiction were not the scholars he wished to convince; in fact, he says they aren't even scholars. And scholars were the ones Shaver hoped to convince; the same Shaver who worked in an auto-plant. (Were you a designer, Shaver, or just another name and hand on the assembly line?) How many of those scholars read your stories, Shaver, and how many of those scholars, so learned and intelligent, bought your magazine every month, rap? I doubt if it was many. So it must have been the uncomprehending teen-agers who bought it; they kept your job for you. Those poor, dull, stupid, laughable clods. How you must hate them! And how they *must* hate you! I know I do!

Wm. Deeck,  
8400 Potomac Ave.,  
College Park, Md.

*Oh come now, you know you don't! We aren't backing anybody. Our own private belief is that BOTH good and bad saucers are around! That both were seen doesn't mean either is false. The fact is, you are right about how many*

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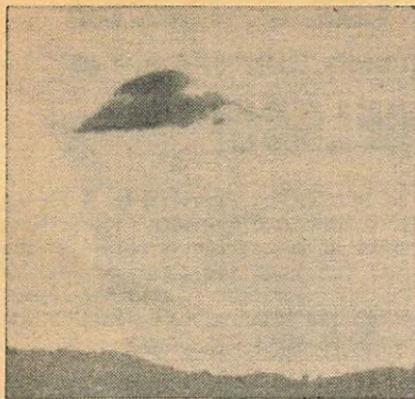
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*scholars read Shaver. Not many. But what Shaver meant was that too few who had actually delved deep into what he had studied, were available to corroborate him, and thus, he felt he didn't reach them. Before we finish, we intend to show you how Nash and Shaver agree with each other 100%! Stick with us!*

\* \* \*

Dear Ray:

In Mystic magazine for December, I note the remarks by P. J. Rasch criticising Mark Probert and his spirit voices. In my opinion, Ramon Natalli was quite right in claiming that Galileo was "greatly persecuted, made to suffer terrible degradations." It is true that leading Encyclopedias do not fully support such a claim, but there are other historical sources that do.

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In "Orpheus, A History of Religions" by Salamon Reinach, a well documented book, we find the following on page 378, paragraph 76;

"The Roman Inquisition made itself both odious and ridiculous by its prosecution of Galileo. As early as 1616 the opinion of Copernicus on the movement of the earth, revived and demonstrated by Galileo, was denounced by the Dominicans as inconsistent with the story of Joshua, who, according to the Bible, caused the sun to stand still. The Inquisition declared Galileo's assertion to be 'not only heretical in faith, but absurd as philosophy.' Galileo bowed to this decision, but went on with his researches. His great work, the 'Dialogo di Galileo Galilei,' appeared in 1632, under licence from the Inquisition of Florence. Extremely prudent in form, it was substantially a new demonstration of the system of Copernicus. The upholder of the opposite system was made to talk learnedly enough, but like an imbecile; a trick which had escaped detection by the good Florentine Inquisitor. Urban VIII, referred the Dialogo to a commission, and Galileo, nearly seventy years old and weak in health, had to travel from Florence to Rome to appear before the Inquisition. At a sitting of the Congregation of the Holy Office (June 16, 1633), the Pope decided that he should be interrogated "even under the threat of torture." Galileo was a scholar of genius, but no hero.

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When thrown into prison he retracted humbly, on his knees. The famous saying, 'E pur si muove' (And yet it does move!) was invented for him by a wit, 130 years later (in 1761). The system of Galileo was universally admitted in the eighteenth century; but it was not until September 11, 1822, that the Congregation of the Inquisition gave a license to print books teaching the true movement of the earth, a decision approved fourteen days later by Pope Pius VII."

In another authoritative book, "History of The Conflict between Religion and Science", by Prof. John William Draper, MD., LL.D., we find on pages 171-172, the following;

"Galileo was accused of imposture, heresy, blasphemy, atheism. With a view of defending himself, he addressed a letter to the Abbe Castelli, suggesting that the Scriptures were never intended to be a scientific authority, but only a moral guide. This made matters worse. He was summoned before the Holy Inquisition, under an accusation of having taught that the earth moves around the sun, a doctrine 'utterly contrary to the Scriptures'. He was ordered to renounce that heresy, on pain of being imprisoned. He was directed to desist from teaching and advocating the Copernican theory, and pledge himself that he would neither publish nor defend it for the future. Knowing well that Truth has no need of martyrs, he assented to the required recantation, and gave the promise demanded.

For sixteen years the Church had rest. But in 1632 Galileo ven-

tured on the publication of his work entitled "The System of the World", its object being the vindication of the Copernican doctrine. He was again summoned before the Inquisition at Rome, accused of having asserted that the earth moves around the sun. He was declared to have brought upon himself the penalties of heresy. On his knees, with his hand on the Bible, he was compelled to abjure and curse the doctrine of the movement of the earth. What a spectacle! This venerable man, the most illustrious of his age, forced by the threat of death to deny facts which his judges as well as himself knew to be true! He was then committed to prison, treated with remorseless severity during the remaining ten years of his life, and was denied burial in consecrated ground. Must not that be false which requires for its support so much imposture, so much barbarity? The opinions thus defended by the Inquisition are now objects of derision to the whole civilized world.'

I leave it to the reader to determine whether such treatment is persecution, or a minor form of censure. Having studied the history of the Inquisition, and knowing what happened to Giordano Bruno, another scientist of that time who was thrown into prison by the same Inquisition, and after spending two years in prison, was burned at the stake February 16, A. D. 1600, because his scientific discoveries and teachings displeased the spiritual authorities of the Inquisition; I am very much inclined to accept Reinach and Draper on Galileo, rather than the

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\* \* \*

Dear Ray:

Your comments on my letter which you published in "Mystic" annoyed me not at all — in fact, I was amused. In the first place God or the Logos are the Hierarchy which has charge of the evolution of this planet doesn't care a sixpence what I accept as my rule of life or (in your world) "believe." They are only lovingly patient and wait until this rule, if a wrong one, has been worn out and I have returned to the road which leads to perfection. Because they need helpers and need them badly.

However, to take up your hypothetical question, I could not do other than say "Yes" since I know reincarnation to be a Law of the Universe nor would I change it an iota, for it is one of the most just of all these laws, with the widest opportunities offered by its tenets.

(By the way, you knew of course that three fourths of the human race and not the silliest three fourths at that, accept reincarnation and try to adapt their lives to its tenets.) Again, did you know that you planned this present life in every detail long before you saw the light of day in this present existence? You and only you stacked the deck. How do you like the way the cards have fallen? For since perfect justice rules the world, every man is his own judge,

his own lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself.

Yes, I am most positive that I relived four of my previous lives because things occurred in them which I could not have read or heard about. If I decided that you really want to know about them and are not ribbing me I may take time to write them, but I am a lawyer's very busy secretary, and haven't time to cater to anyone's idea of a joke.

So you think reaping and sowing doesn't need reincarnation to make sense. Well, let's take your illustration. A man kills. He is tried, his attitude being one either of defiance and hate or cringing fear. He is condemned (by his fellow men) and murdered (by his fellow men.) And you say he has atoned. When and where? His killing doesn't bring his victim back to life, for taking life in any form is the one thing man cannot retract; and society gains nothing by his death. In fact, in more than one instance it loses, since it seems a wave of crime follows each execution. But anyway the man goes into the next world (which you do admit exists) filled with hate of both emotion and thought, and because hate is an emotion that has no place anywhere in God's plan and the criminal is now in the realm of emotion, hate gradually drains off as an emotion; then he ascends into the world of thought and here gets rid of his thoughts of hatred. Finally he is incarnated again. His hate thoughts and hate emotions are gone, but he must right the wrong he has done physically.

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Because, Ray, this is a universe of law. Things must be paid back where they were borrowed or stolen. If you owe a note at a bank you don't pay the money in the bank around the corner or in the postoffice. So this killer must give a life for the one he took. Fortunately, there are several ways to do this. He may be killed by his former victim and start the round again; or he can rescue the victim at the imminent risk of his own neck; and if he is a mass killer with many debts to be paid, he can do what the man did who rode to warn the people of the Johnstown flood, and lose his life doing it. All debts wiped out. Slate clean again.

Emotions of hate are worked out in the realm of emotion; thoughts of hate and revenge in the realm of thought; physical deeds in the physical world.

There is another element which enters into this. DO YOU KNOW THE REAL MEANING OF FORGIVENESS and how it works? I'd wager a good deal you don't.

Of course, Ray, nobody can prove to any other that reincarnation is really a binding law. Why? Well, let's suppose for a moment that you trod certain paths in the past and I still others. Our paths

may have crossed now and again, in fact they must have or we would not be corresponding now. But your experiences were far different from mine; your environment was different, your contacts not at all the same. Therefore that which would prove to me that reincarnation is a fact would seem utter nonsense to you. For instance:

Did you live in ancient Yucatan? I did.

Did you live in ancient Rome? I did.

Did you live in England in the time of the wars of Cromwell? I did, and I bear now upon my brow the mark where the bullet entered which ended that life, which bullet was fired from the gun of the man who in this life became my son, now dead these four years.

Even in this life you will have to admit that your experiences parallel no one else's relatives or friends.

No, I do not *believe* anything. I accept ideas, theories and concepts. I hope you will not think it necessary to publish this letter, though I do not care if you do, By the way, I have a letter from one of your readers eager to know more of what I have discovered about serene living in this age of turmoil,

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so perhaps my effort was not in vain.

Pansy E. Black  
1231 Pasadena St.  
San Antonio, Texas.

*First, Pansy, let it be known that you and I, personally, are not arguing. We are debating, if you wish. And let's both laugh once in a while, it will do us good! However, your letter gives me several openings that I shall not hesitate to wade into.*

*First, I certainly don't know that I planned this life. And I'm sure you don't know either. How would you know? If you did, you'd be able to tell me what's going to happen to me next. Certainly you would have known about me before you knew about me, if you get what I mean; and you didn't.*

*I agree with your comments on "executions". I am very interested in your comment that a wave of crime seems to follow such executions. Just my point. You execute the guy, and he comes back "in the spirit" and causes other people to commit crimes by his wicked suggestion, via obsession, or even possession.*

*But what I meant was that the*

*idea that responsibility follows even after death isn't logical. Your own letter tells us why. Here you have the killer coming back to life, and to make the score even, you postulate that his former victim can kill him, and that squares things. Picture the illogic of this. Let's say it is you who were murdered.*

*Just about the nicest woman we've ever had write us a letter! So, you have to be born again, grow up, and instead of being good, become a murderer, through no fault of your own. You have to backtrack along the road of spiritual progress, and incur even more karma, and worse, an unjust karma. Now you'll have to be born again, so your victim can kill you, and get even in his turn. No sense to it. Of course you mention other ways it can be done, like being heroic and warning of the Johnstown Flood. Okay, here's more illogic. You say I "planned" my life before I was born. I planned the Johnstown flood, and condemned all those people to death! Me! God! Or it seems I'm trying to be God. What right have I to plan such a thing? Yet, I'd have to do it, if my purpose is to be a hero and*

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save the survivors! And all because I killed you! Tain't fair, Pansy, tain't fair—and I ain't gonna believe it, no sir! It's against all my reasoning powers, and if they are that faulty now, they sure ain't to be trusted after I die! No telling what kind of a hero I'll want to be next, and foul up everybody else's reincarnation plans!

Yes, I know the real meaning of forgiveness. FORGET IT. Make like it never happened, that injustice that was done to you. Forget I killed you, and don't require me

to "pay it all back" and drag you into the same darn mess. Forget it, and don't make it necessary for you to hang around lord knows how many incarnations, while I make my silly "plans" to square my debt. It is just POSSIBLE that you might have conflicting plans. Have I any right to interfere in them? I kill you, and then proceed to pile more inconvenience on you. I require that you be born again and kill me! And for that you get executed! I sure got it in for you, haven't I, Pansy?

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Reincarnation, as long as you are being so **POSITIVE** about it, is just nuts. I'll be **POSITIVE** in my own right, and say it is **ONLY OBSESSION** and **POSSESSION**, and that those who think they are reincarnated don't remember that they are occupying a body they have no right to. But I won't be so positive; I'll only say that what I've just said has as many points of possibility in it as does reincarnation, and as long as the **POSSIBILITIES** are more than one, and as long as two other things can be the answer to the questions we ask about **WHY** are things like they are, I'll not go plump for reincarnation.

Pansy, let me tell you of my **OWN** experience! It **SEEMS** to prove reincarnation. Because I distinctly remember being a composer in Dresden, Germany, in the 17th century, and a failure at that. Checking, the house is still there as I remember it, my family history, traced back, led to Dresden. So many other items checked. But today I don't remember it. I am no longer bothered with the dreams I had. The obsession seems to have left me. The "memories" came, stayed a period, left again. But not one item cannot be just as logically obsession as reincarnation, and several items could not be reincarnation, because if so, I lived twice at the **SAME TIME**. And that is impossible!

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How do you know that you are not able to contact the "library"

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called the "Akashic"? There are so many possible answers . . . and all of them much fairer and more logical than reincarnation. Because three fourths of the human race believe, does not make it so. Some folks believe it is unlucky to walk under a ladder, or to have a black cat cross your path. Does that make it so?

Thanks much, Pansy, for taking the time to answer so wonderfully. And we surely would like to know more, and we absolutely do not consider it a joke.

\* \* \*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Since you published my letter to you in the August MYSTIC I have been completely astounded by the number of people who took the trouble to write me, and express interest in the letter, and the subject matter. Even now, although many months have passed since it came out, I continue to receive mail from new people from Germany to Alaska, who ask various questions and continue to tell of their own interest.

I mentioned the Soul-Carrier and the Guardian Angel. I said I would ask my teacher what controls growth rate—and why some children are born with defects. My teacher's reply was that the soul itself controls through our own previous development, and on the soul plane, the kind of physical body we will have. The soul may be pure, but it may build up an imperfect astral body which may predetermine the condition of the physical body. Karma creates the condition of the astral body, which again creates the condition of the next

physical body. This is the soul's own business, nothing to do with the Soul-Carrier or the Guardian Angel.

Mystic continues to be stimulating and thought-provoking, which is something that most magazines fail to accomplish. Keep it up.

Virginia J. Randall  
530 Lowell Ave.  
Newtonville, 60,  
Massachusetts.

*If we decide that we are to be murdered in this life, to correct our karma, just what can a Guardian Angel do about it? Why even have a Guardian Angel, because nothing could prevent our living until we are murdered, if that's what has to happen by our own "planning", and nothing could prevent our being murdered. Intriguing contradiction, isn't it?*

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:

The article on the "Holy Man" in October Mystic proves that the gentleman in question is far from a holy man.

The article in question is an attempt to popularize Buddhism, which I have the highest regard for, but the brand of Buddhism that said long-haired individual advances is decadent Brahmanism.

Originally, Brahmanism was a high quality of Truth, but the priesthood have debauched it to the point where there are countless variations of it as well as of Buddhism. It is no wonder that India is one of the most ignorant and backward nations on the face of the earth and your Holy Man does not help the picture in the least.

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comes a man, there is no transmigration of anything or anybody. Animals and worms are creations while man is a manifestation of the Almighty, Himself. Until one understands these things there is only dense ignorance displayed by that individual, no matter how holy he considers himself.

It is time that Americans divorce themselves from decadent Buddhism and Brahmanism and get on the Beam of Truth.

Dr. Addison O'Neill,  
1128 Hampton Road,  
Daytona Beach, Florida

*Our readers would like to know your reasons for rejecting the Buddhist precept of transmigration of souls. We merely presented the precept in a way that Americans could understand it. We didn't say it was so! We use our fiction to present things so that they give rise to the sort of letter you wrote. But don't just say it isn't true — you must have a reason. We want to know all sides of the story. Personally, we agree with you, but we don't want to be yakking about our own opinions all the time! Some of them need changing!*

\* \* \*

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I note that MYSTIC for December, 1954, prints my letter to you and your reply to it. From your answer I judge that I have made little progress in attempting to persuade you to be more objective in your approach to the material you use.

If I understand the story correctly, Professor Luntz is supposed to have been born in the settled orderly country of England, to have at-

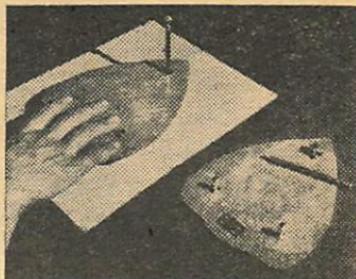
tained the rank of Professor, to have been a clergyman in the state church and to have died—all without leaving any verifiable trace behind him. You say that this answer might prove something to me. It certainly does. It proves that we should give the whole farcical tale a good close shave with Occam's razor.

You ask what difference it makes whether he is actually Professor Luntz. Do you actually intend that it makes no difference whether the communicator is that of a survivor or a product of the medium's subconscious or some other source? Surely you do not mean what you say.

You ask if he isn't Luntz WHO is he? May I point out that the fact you speak of WHO shows that you have already accepted the survivor hypothesis and are now speaking as a special pleader, not as an investigator. I have pointed out previously that it seems likely that he is a product of the medium's subconscious. Heard has written, "Unless the facts will take no other interpretation we must not claim that they have established our hope." In this case the facts seem to forbid acceptance of your hypothesis.

If my statements regarding the Aztecs were in error it was because you did not explain that you were not referring to the historical Aztecs led by Montezuma but to a similar people and leader of whom no record exists. It appears that this can be accepted only on some such theory as Nietzsche's eternal recurrence, but the philosophical difficulties in the way of such theories

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are so great that no student of philosophy gives them any credence.

It is strange how these communicators speak so fluently about Atlantis Mu and Lemuria, but are so strangely silent on verifiable data. Do you know of any case in which the actual artifacts of a previously unknown civilization have been located through their guidance? Note how Luntz answers a question about Chicago with another question—a technique which is obviously designed to avoid giving an answer and which is entirely unacceptable in discussions of this kind.

In your reply to Mrs. Karlott R. Carmelle you suggest that her experience is similar to the test which I proposed. I would suggest that in this connection you read Chapter VII of Antony Flew's *A NEW APPROACH TO PHYSICAL RESEARCH* and Chapter XI of Whately Carington's *TELEPATHY*. Mrs. Carmelle and her husband admittedly knew the answers. Any test in which the answer is known to the experimenters is invalid.

I think that many of Mr. Goldman's point's are well taken. For instance, Dr. Chesney's "The Exposer Exposed," which is presented by you as an attempt to give the facts of the Margery case to the public so that a fair judgment may be made, argues in favor of Margery's performance being genuine, quoting articles from the *JOURNAL OF THE A. S. P. R.* to prove the point. I fully agree that Margery appeared to have some ability to produce unusual phenomena, but any consideration of the facts in the case must include such items as the following, taken from p. 45

of W. H. Salters THE SOCIETY  
FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH:

The most versatile medium of this period was the American "Margery" (Mrs. Crandon, whose career is described and discussed at length in the publications of American S. P. R. and Boston S. P. R. Dr. Dingwall's very critical report on her ectoplasmic phenomena in *Proc.* xxxvi (pp 79-115) is an important contribution to the literature of her mediumship. In 1929 she gave a demonstration in the Society's seance room at which ostensibly super-normal thumbprints were produced. These were later regarded as suspicious at the time, and one of them was later proved to be spurious) (*Proc.* xxxix, 358-368, and xliii, 15-23).

As Dr. Goldman points out, you are guilty of precisely the same fault for which you rightly condemn others.

In case of the Vest "retraction," I have seen the plate in question, have read the analyses, and know the men who had them made. I am informed that Vest has never made any effort to contact them, altho they within a few miles of him, apparently being content to accept his "facts" at second or third hand.

The only attitude proper to an investigator is one of "enlightened skepticism." I have shown that Natalli apparently uses words in a way peculiar to himself and thus devoid of meaning to us. You have stated to Dr. Goldman, in regard to "metaphysics," at least, that you do the same thing to accept stories which present only one side of the facts, or which are written by men

who do not seek to obtain the facts, and to do so in language which is apparently meant to confuse rather than enlighten can have only one result: you will mislead the gullible and be ignored by the serious.

P. J. Rasch,  
567 Erskine Dr.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

*If you wish me to argue AGAINST Dr. Luntz, I shall be perfectly happy to do so. By this, I mean that I am not pleading for anybody. I merely asked Dr. Luntz if it would do me any good to look up his physical record, and he said no. You say Luntz is Probert's sub-*

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conscious. What if I said I don't believe it is either Luntz or Probert's subconscious? Would you then assume that I am saying Probert is just plain faking? Maybe he IS. But how can we find out anything, if we just all up and decide, one way or another. Maybe it's something different from all three postulates! People are always complaining that I switch from one side to the other, and that consequently I am a prevaricator both ways. YOU try publishing a magazine like this with a mind set one way or the other! Would that be fair!

Let's make this a point of contest, if you like. You look up Dr. Luntz, and we'll print your findings. While we're at it, let's look up all of the Probert controls whose records admit of such search. I still ask, whichever way the answer goes, does it make it positive beyond question? If they actually have records, could not Probert have foreseen this act in advance, and selected for his controls actual people with verifiable records? If they actually do not have records, isn't it rather silly of Probert not to have thought of being tripped up this way (because it occurs instantly to everyone to check?)

Maybe the reason the controls are "strangely" silent on matters we can verify, is because they don't know, or don't want to be verified. Because we publish Probert, it doesn't mean we WANT you to accept him, or are pleading his case. Quite the reverse, we put him where everybody can look at him, and form their own opinion. There is precious little of this service of

presentation available for the common man, and we think that is our purpose, and no other!

Your letter brings out many points we struggle not to bring out ourselves, because, egotistically, we'd like to nail down the coffin lid ourselves and it's hard to sit on the sidelines and let somebody else steal our "thunder". But apparently our acts along these lines confuse you. No need to be confused; you must see our positions?

By the way, how did Dr. Dingwall prove one of Margery's prints spurious? Were there none proved authentic? I've heard it said that some of the things done, such as plaster casts of hands could not have been removed from the plaster after it hardened because of the position of the fingers, etc.

I did not point out the possibility of telepathy in Karlotta Carmelle's case, because I felt sure dozens of readers would. Yet, the possibility doesn't make it telepathy!

\* \* \*

Sir:

Senator Wiley said *what* to Winston Churchill, about *what*? Pardon me for being so "un-blase", so to speak, but when you start dropping bombshells in footnotes yet, (*Mystic*, pp 89, Feb. '55) I start to reel a bit. So, kind sir, would you go over that once more, this time more slowly?

Clayton Pieder,  
513 McCulley St.  
Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

Why not? We quote from page 42 of the U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT for Sept. 24, 1945. "Q. How did you find Churchill? Did he seem in good spirits—in good

health?" A. Yes in good health and wonderful spirits. On the veranda at Chartwell just before lunch, we looked out at the hills of Essex and talked about continuity of life. Life goes on. There is really no death. I told him a new planet has been discovered so close to earth that life must exist there. According to one report, it is only 800 miles rather than millions of light years away. Churchill replied, "When I go, I'd like to go more than 800 miles away."

Now, there is the quote. Read it over and over again, and get more and more bewildered at the implications each time. You CANNOT read this without either retiring into a rationalization, and thrusting the thing from your mind, or refusing to consider it at all. But your editor will take this opportunity to consider it, and let the chips fall where they may. It is ironic that the most sensational comments ever to appear in MYSTIC, or anywhere in modern news periodicals, for that matter, will appear in small type as an answer to a reader's letter, but here it is! The following conclusions can be drawn from these few words by Wiley and Churchill.

1. Wiley and Churchill KNOW there is life after death. And if they know, they must have reasonable scientific, factual, physical proof, capable of demonstration and capable of being repeated. And if they have that, it is being held from us!

2. A new planet has been discovered only 800 miles away. A PLANET, not just an asteroid. And so close to earth that it MUST have life on it. And not just life,

but HUMAN, THINKING, INTELLIGENT LIFE. If Wiley says that, it must be that he has proof of that, scientific, demonstrable, repeatable (for our benefit) proof. But we are not being shown!

3. Churchill is aware that there is "life" at varying distances, and EXPECTS to go there, but NOT until he dies. And he considers this life after death to be identical to the life that Wiley says is on the planet 800 miles away. Wiley says that life is exactly like that on Earth, because he relates it to Earth life by reason of proximity. Proximity is the reason he uses to postulate this life. He must have good scientific, demonstrable, physical proof that proximity means something. We are not given that proof.

4. Since this is a planet, it must be one that is invisible to the naked eye, or with a distance of only 800 miles, we'd all see it. So, another method of "seeing" is involved here. What can that method be? We know what it is. It is the new electronic telescope invented by Grote Reber (who is now in charge of the \$4,000,000.00 Government radio telescope in Hawaii). What does this telescope see (they say)? It doesn't actually see, but it hears. It hears hissing noises (from stars). It hears also, hissing noises in intelligent sequence. In short, signals. We are not being told what those signals tell us.

Let Ray Palmer tell you what they say. Let Ray Palmer stick his neck out and get laughed at. He can always point to a few more magazines sold because of his latest "hoax". He can't prove a thing. But he CAN. If he had the money,

he could build such a telescope, and duplicate Reber's feat. He hasn't the money, so he won't. But as long as he isn't given the money, he will continue to yap about it, but nobody but other crackpots will listen. So he's harmless, and besides he's an introvert looking for attention because he was crippled in his youth (see science fiction fan mags for expert opinions on this by psychologist-psychiatrist Don Wilson).

Yes, there are invisible planets, inhabited by intelligent, living people, just like us, who send messages we can read, and do read, and who are trading information (or rather giving valuable information of a scientific nature, because we have nothing to trade, of course). People like Wiley and Churchill are well aware of these people, and that they exist from here to millions of light years away, and that they are people who once lived on earth, and other planets, but are now "dead", and communicating with us.

How fantastic can you get, Ray Palmer? Boy, you're nuts! Okay, we admit it. We knew this thing can't be presented to the people. Look what it would do to the religions? Look what it would do to politics. Look what it would do to governmental policies. Look what it would do to social security, the dollar, labor unions, organic gardening and french poodles! Yes, everything in life would be drastically chaotic if the people began to try to adjust their "brain-washed" minds to such a drastic new concept. It just can't be true, and nobody will believe it—except the people who are capable of ab-

sorbing it and taking advantage of it. Knowledge is power. Leaders can become unshakable with super-knowledge, if they can maintain it exclusively. And proof of the continuity of life (that's what Wiley and Churchill have,) certainly gives them an advantage.

We are assuming that this knowledge is being used for the GOOD of the world's people, and that by the combined efforts of scientists, government, and the people of these invisible worlds, we will achieve world peace, a true knowledge of life and death, certainly of our destiny and destination, and the "kingdom of God on Earth" as we have prayed for centuries!

Put it together, yourself. Pile up the bits of evidence that have come out, such as this seemingly innocent question and answer in U. S. NEWS WORLD REPORT. If words mean what the dictionary says they do, then there can be no other interpretation of these words by Wiley and Churchill. Are they trying to feed it to us bit by bit, innocuously, for those of us who are capable of seeing it, who have our eyes and minds open? Are they working under the theory that those who can see, will see, and those who can't, who won't, are beyond the realm of conviction anyway, and therefore it is best to have them remain docile in their blindness, rather than rouse them to unreasoning panic and mental confusion, which will be coupled to unreasoning action?

Do the flying saucers come from these invisible planets Wiley knows exist, and have life on them? Of course they do. Where else would they come? Is Clarion "sup-

posed to exist on the other side of the "moon" really an invisible world, and in order to make its existence seem reasonable, the thing is placed "behind the moon" where any reasoning astronomers can instantly discount its existence for a million and one obvious reasons, and prove it?

And if the planet is invisible, is it not also reasonable to say that it is in a different dimension of matter, or else its presence could not have been anything but obvious, by such simple things as tides not explainable by visible bodies? Did not the astronomers predict such planets as Pluto because of disturbances their presence caused in the orbits of other planets? Then how could they miss detecting one only 800 miles away, and large enough to support human life, human enough to fall into the category of "association," because Churchill obviously considers it human enough to visit, except that he isn't a "suburbanite" but has a larger imagination and desires to go a lot further than that when he goes. And he intends to go, by dying. He spots his "after-life" in a physical place!

Brother, the implications in these few seemingly innocent words. If you, as a thinking human being can explain away everything we have said, using those same words, by all means do so! It's important. You don't want anybody to read MYSTIC if it is all wet, and its editor a nut. He's not so nutty that he won't back down when faced with a fact. But he sure perks up his ears when faced with a juicy bit of gossip like this! He wants to KNOW if this double-talk is meaningful, or just misuse of the

English language, which he is laboring under the delusion that he understands. Either Churchill and Wiley are misusing the language, incapable of using it correctly, or Palmer is incapable of interpreting it correctly. Have these words any meaning? Are they competent avenues of expression of thought, of transference of intelligent thinking from one mind to another?

It is simply incredible to your editor that words such as these can be printed, and read by millions (what's the circulation of USN&WR?) and convey not one single meaning or impression, draw a completely blank reaction. Don't they rouse an intelligent reaction? Does planet mean planet, a large body in an orbit, capable of sustaining life, or does it mean a small piece of rock, covered with a bit of primitive moss, and invisible solely because we can't see it from 800 miles away? Does the word "must" mean probable? Or improbable? Does the word "really" mean only "possibly" or just plain X "I don't know"? What do these words mean, spoken by Wiley and Churchill? Why were they spoken at all?

When you ask Wiley and Churchill, they will laugh and say: "How ridiculous can you get? We were just 'theorizing,' and perhaps our choice of words wasn't quite as apt as it should be, but we were not paying much choice to precise word selection because this wasn't a factual pronouncement, but just a little 'brezing' in a fanciful vein among friends." And if Wiley and Churchill make such a statement,

(Continued on page 128)

## Editorial

(Continued from page 5)



to hear. Or we may even be lied to. We may be told that we were attacked, and that the first bomb (dropped possibly in a desert) was an enemy bomb, which missed its target, fortunately, and we retaliated in time to get in that "technical" winning punch.

How else can it be? Are we, as Americans, ready to die for our noble principle, so much bragged about in the past, that we never throw the first punch? "Don't tread on me!" Our first slogan. How else can it be? If we wait to be trod upon, and as a form of governmentally, and as a form of government. Yet, under God, we cannot throw that first punch! Or can we? Or *will* we?

It seems obvious that this dilemma is one that has confronted our governmental leaders, our elective representatives, squarely in the face, and must have been enormously disturbing. And having confronted them, it must have been discussed, and it must have been answered. But if the answer was for throwing the first punch what then? Can the elective representatives return to their people and inform them of such a decision? Obviously not. Did electing them give them

the power to make such a secret decision? There's the question we can argue until we are hoarse. How many Americans will say: "Yes, when I voted for Mr. Eisenhower, I did so knowing that it is necessary that I be kept in the dark as to the course of our democratic action." How many will say: "No, when I voted for Mr. Eisenhower, I expected him to be subject to the Congress, just as all presidents have been." There has been a lot of talk about the Bill of Rights. It cannot be interpreted as it was when written. The bomb has changed the interpretative conditions. Nobody has any rights concerning the bomb. It is a law unto itself. It is not a process of government. It is stark, staring, irresponsible, undictatable death. It is the ruler of all government. Its thunderous voice overrules the voices of all men, collectively or singly. It is our absolute master. We are its absolute slaves. It decides our moral as well as physical action.

Can we, as a people, as a government, "remove" the bomb? Can we vote, tomorrow, that America shall not use it, shall not build it, shall destroy what it has built. Don't be ridiculous! It would not, could not, even come to a vote. We would be voting our own death. We would be voting our own governmental sys-

tem out of existence. The moment we carried out the dictates of that voting, we would feel the knockout punch of the enemy. We would never vote again.

So, are we a democracy? There is no other answer; no equivocation. We must say "No!" An atomic "X" has been written across the face of the nation to mark the tomb of that ancient Greek form of government. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

No use to even talk about it. It is a status quo. We cannot escape it. It will come or it will not come, regardless of our own voice in the matter. We need not even pretend, as we do today, that we are a democracy. We are only people, indistinguishable as individuals in the mass of humanity. Nowhere in the world is there a single distinguishing characteristic. We are all fodder for the bomb, flesh beneath its heel, hopeless of release.

Who is to blame? Who has brought us to this tragic pass? Why have we been brought to so insoluble an impasse? The answer is the easiest one in the world. We have been brought to our knees by our past devotion to material science, rather than to spiritual science. We have been overcome by a mechanical brain without a soul. We have allowed our own conscience

to die in our hearts, stifled from any expression. We have built for hate, rather than for love.

Yes, the scientists are to blame. We gave them an education in how to control matter. We have given them material tools to work with. We have allowed them to invent unbridled by any conscientious deterrent. We have concentrated on advancing our state of "civilization" to exclusion of all else. We have begun with the wheel, and wound up with the atom. We have built mousetraps and refrigerators; DDT and television; white bread and atom smashers; electric trains for toys and guided rockets for killing; detergents and x-rays. We have given matter a billion expressions, all in the name of civilization. We have raised the *standard* of living until the goal is absolute leisure, and complete performance of work by machine. We have gone almost all the way toward eliminating ourselves as a necessary part of the function of living. We are, even now, seeking a way to create that "living substance" out of which we ourselves are made, so that we can duplicate it. And when we have done it, we will have finished our job. We will no longer need even ourselves. We can create machines which will create living matter, which will be self-sustain-

ing—machines to make new machines when old ones wear out; living matter to replace itself with new living matter when it grows old.

Yes, the scientist is to blame. But we are the scientists. We, the people. All of us are builders, handlers of matter, fabricators. And the building materials have been matter. In all our efforts, we have ignored every single bit of "spirit." What is spirit, we ask? We don't know, and we shrug our shoulders. It doesn't exist. Who has ever seen a spirit? Who has ever captured a spirit in a machine? What machine have we ever built that can detect, can *prove* a spirit? What effort have we ever made to prove it?

We have looked into the Cosmos until we have seen the outermost limits of the material universe, some fantastic figure like 800 billion light years away. We have looked into the tiniest atom until we can take it apart, and put it together again, in a different form. But we have not even cast a casual glance into our souls, into our existence, into our reasons for existing, into our spiritual reality. We have denied that we have a spiritual reality, or if we have not, we have relegated it to a sphere of existence beyond death, beyond matter, and beyond our consideration,

not worthy of our attention, or in the realm of possibility to give attention.

We have decided to "cross that bridge when we come to it." Well, we've come to the bridge! And to our horror, we are going to be given no choice. Cross it or else! No, not or else. Cross it!

Who is to blame? Is it our religious leaders? Have they failed to convince us there is a hereafter, and that its spiritual aspect is a reality in the physical world, and not something entirely apart from it? Have they failed to inform us that into every machine we must build a heart, a soul, and our love? Have they failed to tell us that every action has a reaction, and that as we sow, so shall we reap? Did they say, when we built the first automobile, "it is a snare of the devil?" Of course they did! And we laughed at them, some of us. Did not God tell us to people the earth and subdue it, bend it to our will, make it serve us? Is not the automobile expression of the obedience to that command? Of course it is! Then what is wrong?

Is there any difference between an automobile and a giant rocket loaded with a hydrogen bomb? You can smash a human being as mercilessly with an automobile as

with a bomb. Hate can drive either one to the same end, with varying degrees of effectiveness. There is no basic difference. If you wish to kill, the bomb is a more efficient means. But the automobile was built by its builders for a purpose—to carry human beings from place to place over the surface of the earth. It was built with LOVE as an inherent part of its mechanical makeup. The bomb was built with HATE in its makeup. It was INTENDED to kill!

Who is to blame? YOU, and I! No human being with love in his heart, with love for his fellow man, could even begin to build a bomb! He could not even consider it. He would be amazed at the suggestion. He would not entertain it for an instant. He would tell you immediately why he would not build it—because he does not desire to kill anybody.

What about Einstein? When he went to Roosevelt to say: "A bomb can be built" was he filled with the thought of LOVE for his fellow man? Certainly we cannot say he was filled with hate! He himself has said in public, it should not have been done, it was a mistake.

The worst we can say of him is that he did not seriously entertain any argument in his mind as to

moral values in his suggestion, and if he did, they were rendered erroneous because he was not being perfectly rigid in his interpretation of LOVE. He did not subject his decision to the acid test of the ten commandments, specifically to the fifth. He fell into the error of thinking that makes the fifth commandment read: "Thou shalt not kill, except . . .". THERE IS NO EXCEPTION!

When the automobile was built, simultaneously with the pistons the brakes were conceived. The brakes were to prevent the piston from killing. Along with rubber tires to make the car run smoother, lights were installed to allow the driver to see where he was going. Preventative factors were built into the machine to safeguard the lives of those in it and in front of it. Sadly, they aren't too effective. But the intent was there.

When the bomb was built, it was built to kill. Deliberately, soullessly, callously. And as we sow, so shall we reap. We used it to kill, and now it has said: "Your turn to die!" The bomb has come home to roost. But it has given us one condition by which we may live. If we will agree to surrender our liberty, to enslave ourselves to it, it will allow us to live. It will make of us what we have made of civilization

— machines, automatons, to perpetuate its horror into the future.

Yes, Americans can live. They can disarm and let the Russians take us over. But the Russians aren't a party to the agreement—they may slaughter us anyway, just for the fun of it. And the bomb will stand by and laugh! What a joke! The Russians hate us. We hear it every day. And we hate the Russians. We are both building our hate into machines to kill each other. And die we will. We are an ingenious people, we human beings, We can do anything we can imagine. We've done it. We'll succeed in killing us off; it's just a matter of time. A bomb big enough  
...

Hopeless?

No. There is one weapon by which we can overcome the bomb, render it helpless, restore it to its place as a servant of mankind. We can, with the God-given ability in us, express the Love in us for our kind, and before its onslaught, the very gates of hell will crumble. We cannot consider mechanical means to overcome the bomb. We cannot try to build a "defense." Worst of all, we cannot build an "offense is the best defense" defense. All these entail hate and killing.

We must, each one of us individually, set about the business of

loving, rather than hating. Each one of us who is now building for hate, can, by the right of free choice, stop building for hate, and begin to build for love.

Surely we are in the majority! Surely there are more of us who obey the fifth commandment, than who do not! But, let's not just do it in silence, in our own bedroom. Let's face the issue squarely. This IS a democracy, and those ARE our elective representatives, and he IS our president, and the soldiers ARE our "guardians of the peace" and we ARE responsible for the bomb! We still have the vote. But before we vote, we must place the question on the ballot. We must nominate.

We are democrats. We participate in our government. And we begin by expressing ourselves. We TALK. It is the duty of every American to say: "The bomb must be stopped!"

If 150,999,999 Americans say the bomb must not be used, will not 179,999,999 Russians be impressed? Will not those same Russians agree with such a tremendous mass of public opinion? No, you say? Well, since you and I have nothing to say about use of the bomb anyway, will it hurt us to say those three simple words: "I love you"? Why don't we say them?

Why don't we advocate building a bomb with love in its material makeup? We, the only truly free people on the face of the globe, are we not free enough even to raise our voices? Let's shout! And keep on, until the rest of the world hears us. If we sit silently by, giving acquiescence by our silence, are we not demonstrating our purpose to disregard the fifth commandment entirely? Are we not saying: "I intend to kill you?"

Have we lost the freedom to say the word "love" these days? Have we lost the courage to say it? Do we fear Joe McCarthy? Or is it the bomb we fear?

Our apologies to Joe! It IS the bomb.

Be sure of one thing: none of us will survive an atom war! Our scientists are good ones, and they know what they are talking about. They say that too many bombs exploded will so poison the atmosphere that we will all die or die out from racial sterility. They are perfectly right in saying so. It is true. And it is inconceivable that our leaders do not know it is true.

Then let's shuck off that fear. The bomb CANNOT be used. So let's come out in the open and refuse to let it be used. Americans and Russians alike. Let every one of us with love in our hearts, ex-

press that love in action! Surely it will overcome the hate that those others of us are expressing.

Or are you afraid?

If you are, it is already too late—for you have lost your freedom, and the bomb is your master. And don't think death will free you, because as you sow, so shall you reap. Will you expect the love of heaven to reward you for the hate of earth?

The bomb may not exist in the hereafter, but its victims do! And they'll be waiting for you!

And if scientists would really bend their efforts to proving it, they could do it easily!

Right there is the "brake" on the bomb, the "headlight" on the guided missile! Let those scientists who have built the bomb, turn now to proving the life after death, the existence of the spirit, and when they have, they will find the bomb rendered harmless. If they have a conscience that bothers them, here is a way to salve it. MYSTIC magazine exists for the express purpose of publishing their findings. It is one voice that will speak any word of love that is passed along to it.

Thus far, the voice is but a tiny whisper, and there is doubt that it is being heard at all. For instance, in our last issue we told what science is saying about the danger of

the bomb and of atomic energy. Perhaps it was only coincidence that one week after it appeared on the paltry few newsstands on which it is sold, there was an official pronouncement that the real danger, the third dimension of danger, in the bomb, is the "fallout." It may be that MYSTIC's small voice caused a public statement on a voluntary basis, rather than being placed in the position of being forced to by embarrassing public questioning. But as usual, the pronouncement was evasive. It completely ignored the real danger, by pointing, with a loud shriek of red herring-like falsetto, at a minor danger, and then pretending it had covered the entire question.

Just a few days ago (on February 28) a bomb was exploded at Yucca Flats, and then a crew of newspapermen were flown in an army bomber under and around and into the fringes of the atom cloud, to "prove to them that fallout danger is negligible under favorable weather conditions." Was this another concession to MYSTIC's tiny voice, or are we just being egotistic? But no matter, we are much disturbed at the deceit being practiced here. Of course the danger is negligible *under* and *around* and in the *fringes* of the cloud, as it floats along in the strat-

osphere. But not *in* the cloud! The cloud itself, which is the DUST we are concerned about, is carefully skirted. Just fly INTO that cloud, and remain for a day, (much less in its early concentrated form), and death is a certainty. And that dust will land somewhere, and no matter how little you breathe, it is cumulative, and when you've accumulated enough (either by breathing, eating or drinking) you'll die. One bomb is "negligible," but a thousand are not. No matter what you do, that bomb cloud is a real cloud of dust, and will settle somewhere. The dust in it is radioactive for centuries. But these newsmen are flown under it, around it, and slightly into its fringes, shown geiger counters clicking leisurely and normally, and told to tell the American people the danger is "negligible."

What can we say about a thing like that, except that it is just a confounded lie? A false presentation. A deliberate attempt to mislead. We don't want to know about the specific danger of one bomb. We don't want to know about what it's like "under favorable weather conditions." We want to know what the cumulative effect of all these tests will be! We brought up a point and we don't want it shunted aside by any half answers, any deceitful

propaganda, any misdirection of information. All that bomb did was add one tremendous cloud of dust to the dust already around us, daily, to remain there the rest of our lives. We asked: "How far can this go before it's fatal?" The bomb in question brought us a bit further along toward the fatal point. How far? Answer the question!

If Joe McCarthy ever got an answer like that from a general, he'd say he ought to be stripped of his stars and that he was a disgrace to his uniform. Let's have straight answers all around.

America is testing bombs in Canada, in Australia. They are testing them in Arizona, and at Kwajalein and Bikini. This year they will probably test as many as a dozen. England and Australia will test some; in Antarctica and in Australia. Canada will test. And certainly the Russians, at least a half-dozen. This year will see as many as twenty-five bombs tested. And all with many scientists (their number is increasing every day) sounding more and more frantic warnings of the great danger in continuing those tests. Said one scientist: A hundred bombs may doom us. Perhaps in 1956 we will test a hundred? We can't let the Russians get ahead of us in the

atom race. So we will not listen to the warnings. Until it is too late. We will not ask the people if they wish to become extinct through sterilization; if they wish to become victims of new types of cancers and other diseases; if they wish to disturb the balance of earth's weather until a catastrophic result occurs; if we want devastating earthquakes and eruptions to rack the earth because of the repeated hammer blows at its equilibrium. No, all these things are but the fancies of the writers of science fiction. Take Ray Palmer, for instance. Is he not the publisher of a science fiction magazine? Hasn't he been writing these wild tales of exploding worlds and monsters via mutation for more than thirty years? Why, the man doesn't know what a fact is! He's a dealer in fiction!

No, we won't listen. We are going right ahead with the bomb testing. Even if Ray Palmer asks to take part in his government, share in the duties, take part of the responsibilities—we will deny him the right. We will simply ignore him, and a hundred and fifty million other Americans with him. And maybe he'll fall down and break his neck some day, and it might be a good thing. These soap-box orators are always a pain in

the neck. Thinks he's a democrat. Wants to vote. Give him a big ballot and let him mark little x's all over it if he wants. Keep him busy. Let the lad play at being a

democrat. Everybody knows there ain't no such thing any more! There's the bomb.

The bomb . . .

THE END

## THE SEANCE CIRCLE (Continued from page 119)

*being important figures as they are, where does that put Palmer?*

*How silly can you get, Palmer?*

*But people shouldn't say things that chase Palmer to the dictionary and get him all confused. . .*

\* \* \*

Mr. Ray Palmer:

Please accept my subscription for 12 issues. I really enjoyed your article in the Editorial section of the last issue of MYSTIC about atomic radiation. Every word of it is true, incidentally. I worked nineteen months during the war in the government's atomic plant at Hanford, Washington.

Harmon Day,  
P. C. Box 516,  
Dragerton, Utah.

*Thanks for the subscription, Harmon. We could certainly use about 5000 more of you right now! By the way, why doesn't EVERY person who picks this magazine up on the stands and thinks we are publishing a good magazine, help us to keep it going by subscribing? We need you, frankly, and are not above asking. When you believe in a thing, is it worth supporting? Especially if it costs less than not supporting? You pay 35 cents at the newsstand, and you'd pay only 25 cents by subscribing. Why don't we try it once? EVERY reader who LIKES this magazine, and who*

*isn't already a subscriber, scrape together \$3.00 and send it in right now. If you can't afford \$3.00 make it \$1.00, and pay in installments. Ever since we started MYSTIC, we've been facing wolves at every door. Our nerves are worn to a frazzle. And we keep wishing we COULD ask every reader, just for one month, to subscribe (and it all seems such a simple thing to do) and it would ACTUALLY happen. We once heard a minister say that if Jesus himself passed the collection plate in his church, it wouldn't raise the collection more than about ten dollars, even if Jesus suggested that a dollar more from each would pay off the mortgage. Why is this true? Or is it true? Could MYSTIC's readers confound the experts? Brother, if you saw OUR mortgage! But, no matter, we'll pound away at MYSTIC in spite of the mortgage. We're not really practical. We could publish a sex book and get rich! Science fiction fans always say "Ray Palmer's after that fast buck." Wonder how they figure? We could put out that sex book full of dirty pictures, sell it for 50c, sell every copy, and retire in two years! Why don't we do it? Believe us, THOSE readers would subscribe! For TEN years! And put up \$50.00 in one lump! They never let you down,*

those boys! They know a good thing when they see it, and they'll support it to the limit. Just advertise Marilyn Monroe and her famous calendar nude, and the issue will sell out! We just don't get it! And to prove our convictions, if we get 5000 subscribers as a result of this plea, we'll give 5000 FREE subscriptions to match! In short if you total 5000 subscribers who say: "I'm calling your bluff," we'll make your subscription read 24 issues instead of 12 for \$3.00. Why, we're safe as a

church! Smart cookie, that Palmer. He's out to rook you. But then, why doesn't he put out a sex book, and play a sure thing? All his friends are doing it, and getting rich! Take PLAYBOY, for instance, and a certain science editor who puts out an "art" book for a dollar? (He asked us not to mention his name, but we don't know why.) But every time he says nobody'll support the junk we print, it sure stings when we realize he's right. Of course, if it's junk, then he IS right. Least

## REMEMBER!

While Mystic Magazine is in its infancy, your assistance in putting it on a sound footing is greatly needed. The simple, positive way to help is to buy 12 issues in advance, thereby saving yourself 10c on each copy! Do it now!

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\* \* \*

Ray Palmer:

Just now read letter by someone in church of Harmony about Mark Probert. I have been attending lectures for some time and after the aforementioned letter appeared, Lao Tse came and his first words were that he had appeared through no one else, and he wanted it understood that he had no intentions of doing so.

As for saying Mark Probert was going to get all out of it financially he could, he is going at it in a peculiar way. He refuses to advertise, or commercialize his mediumship. He gets less than a poorly paid clerk.

Ray Stein  
1115 2nd Ave  
Chula Vista, Calif.

*We just don't know the truth here, Ray. Lao Tse, to take the word of various mediums, has appeared for many years through hundreds of mediums. Obviously someone is lying. We present these things so they can be judged personally. Maybe no one is lying. Maybe it isn't Lao Tse at all, anywhere. What we want to know is exactly what, if we can find out. What anybody says means nothing. But MYSTIC is dedicated to printing everything pertinent. The conclusions are*

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*yours. And what one chooses to believe, after careful examination of what we print, that of course is correct for that individual. How can you accept more than you are capable of accepting? And isn't that the idea of freedom of thought, the basis of free will, of free choice?*

\* \* \*

Dear Rap:

After reading the April "Letters from the Undead" (in which consensus of opinion praised your February issue as greatest) I was compelled to rate your answers in said department alone the greatest thing to come out of Mystic yet. Did you hear that awful cataclysm which rocked central Illinois at 2:10 a.m. the morning of February 27? That was only me jumping up and down, waving my arms and shouting at the top of my voice. Rap, you were wonderful; you are indeed a great seer, sage and simply a terrific editor. I was never so proud of you as in your replies to "preacher" Todt and "researcher" Stevens. I was about to mail in a subscription just to express my thanks, but realized I'm now on one; however, you can count on my eternal renewal as long as you are editor of anything.

Robert Weirauch  
28 Maple Drive  
Belleville, Ill.

*This is our monthly "ego-salving" letter and it sure does a good job of salving!*

**ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:  
SEANCE CIRCLE  
c/o Ray Palmer  
AMHERST, WISCONSIN**

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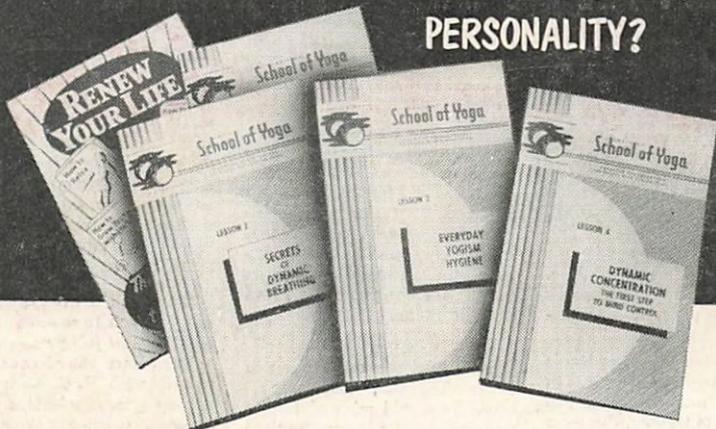
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