

PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD — Traver Bornholz

35¢



Search

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1956

FORMERLY

MYSTIC

**EISENHOWER'S
HANDWRITING
SHOWS
CHANGED MAN**



**HOW TO MAKE
SUPERSTITION
WORK
FOR YOU**



**ASTROLOGY
AND E. S. P.**

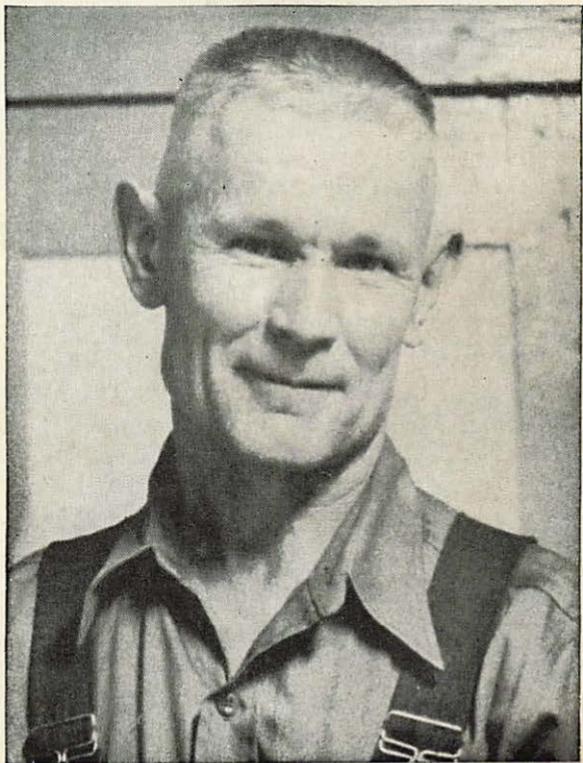


YOUR FUTURE



I VISITED MARS, VENUS and the MOON!

By Buck Nelson





*The Spiral to the left is printed
in an enlarged form in*

THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

Have your subject gaze fixedly at this spiral and then READ TO HIM the hypnotizing techniques given WORD FOR WORD in Chapter Two of this "Handbook of Hypnosis for Therapy." As soon as he is hypnotized, READ TO HIM the particular WORD FOR WORD therapy which applies to his particular problem. Many such therapies are given, always in the exact WORD FOR WORD form, which is essential in any scientific or professional use of hypnosis.

There has never been a book like this. A few years ago an article in **Western Family** said about its principal author: "Along the west coast, the 'hypnotism man' whose students you'll most likely run into, is Charles Edward Cooke."

Cooke has taught doctors of medicine, dentists, psychiatrists, psychologists, ministers of the gospel, nurses, and many others, from San Diego, California, to Spokane, Washington. Cooke has mass hypnotized as many as 400 people at once by READING the WORD FOR WORD hypnotizing technique in this work.

Although written for the professional man, this book will have a wide appeal among laymen who seek precise methods rather than the vague directions that have hitherto been available. THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK was written by Mr. Cooke in collaboration with science-fiction novelist and short story writer A. E. Van Vogt.

Chapters from THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

CHAPTER 1: A dialogue example of a new skeptical patient on whom mild hypnosis is applied to gain the patient's confidence and at the same time tell a good deal about hypnosis.

CHAPTER 2: This is the Basic Word for Word Technique for Inducing Hypnosis.

CHAPTER 3: What You Should Know for Your 1st Hypnosis.

CHAPTER 4: The Mechanics of Hypnotizing.

CHAPTER 6: Variation of Speed of Response.

CHAPTER 7: Disguised Hypnosis—Its Use in Therapy.

CHAPTER 8: Relaxing the Patient.

CHAPTER 10: Conditioning in Auto-Hypnosis—Monologue Method Word for Word.

CHAPTER 12: Hypnotic Re-education.

CHAPTER 13: Insomnia.

CHAPTER 14: Headache.

CHAPTER 15: Constipation.

CHAPTER 16: Overweight; Reducing; Dr. and Patient.

CHAPTER 17: Breaking the Habit of Smoking.

CHAPTER 20: Hypnotic Anaesthesia.

CHAPTER 21: Painless Childbirth.

CHAPTER 22: Hypnosis in Dentistry.

CHAPTER 23: Working with children.

CHAPTER 25: Confidence—for Doctor and Patient.

CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

Space does not permit a complete listing of all the material which is in this work.

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*Contents***SEARCH
MAGAZINE**

Issue No. 18

Editor: Ray Palmer

EDITORIAL	Ray Palmer	4
I VISITED MARS, VENUS AND THE MOON	Buck Nelson	6
EISENHOWER'S HANDWRITING SHOWS CHANGED MAN	Dorothy Belieff	22
PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD	Traver Bornholz	26
ASTROLOGY (NO. 3)	Hannes Bok	32
Astrology and E. S. P.		
HOW TO MAKE SUPERSTITION WORK FOR YOU	Hannes Bok	50
IT HAPPENED TO ME		64
My Spirit Doctors	Wing Anderson	
Catrina	Crescencio Z. Rosas Torres	
Astral Projection	Margaret P. Reid	
I Saw Gnomes	C. H. Turvey	
An Invitation From Mom	George Frega	
A Prophetic Vision	Arthur Lance	
How My Friend Died	W. N. Norton	
Lexie Came For Him	Laura E. Olson	
THE WORLD WITHIN	Paul F. Serpas	74
YOUR FUTURE	Dorothy S. Lauer	78
MYSTERY IN THE NEWS		83
PSYCHOANALYZING THE PSYCHOANALYSTS		89
PERSONALS	From Our Readers	90
COME, LET US REASON	Letters From Our Readers	92

Cover: Buck Nelson

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...Editorial...

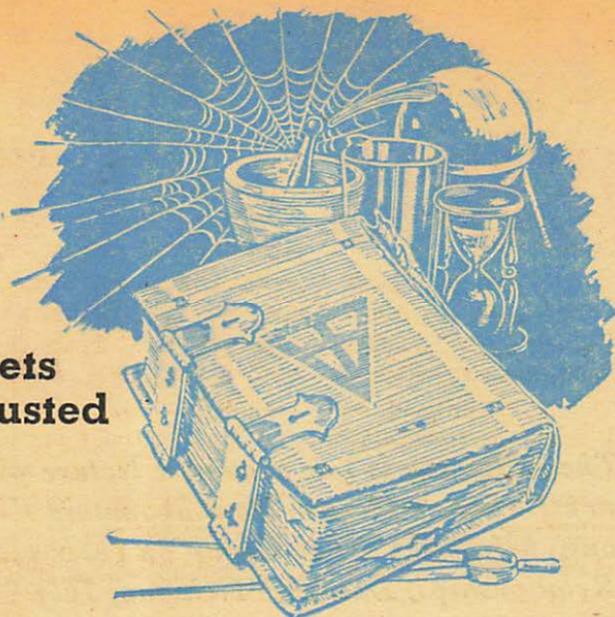
JUST recently the editor of this magazine did something rather unusual in the field of magazine publishing. SEARCH is published every other month, and there has been a strong demand from its readers for a more frequent appearance. Well, what these readers do not know is that the manner in which magazines are distributed, and the method of payment for those magazines, compels the publisher to supply at least three issues of a magazine before he receives any money. When it is considered that printing such a magazine as SEARCH costs as much as \$6,000.00 that means the publisher must have at least \$18,000 before he can even begin publishing, to pay printers, etc. The more magazines he puts out, the more money he has to have, in capital. Thus, increasing the frequency of a magazine speeds up the print bill, but not the income, since for the first few months, the income is based on the original frequency, and for a time at least, additional capital is required. We just didn't have that much capital. Yet, we, as well as our read-

ers, would like to appear on a regular monthly basis. So, we conceived the idea of going to our subscribers, and asking them to "move up" the date on which they would ordinarily renew, and send us their renewal now, as a sort of "loan", so that we could increase the frequency of the magazine. We sent them all a letter, and now we want to report the results.

First, we are rather astounded at the number of real friends we have. Our readers regard us as "people" rather than a publishing company. They call us by our first name. They give us bits of family news in their letters. It's a close, homey thing, and we regret we can't answer letters in kind (although we always try to make our business letters as personal and homey as possible), because if we tried, we'd do nothing but write letters! So, we want to thank Joe, and Martha, and Mary, and Annette and Phil, and Buck, and "Granny" and "Pop" and all the rest who responded to our suggestion. Yes, our subscribers did it! They provided us with enough

(Continued on page 20)

**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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organization) an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings*. Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe T.T.A.

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

I VISITED MARS, VENUS and the MOON!

The following is taken from a lecture given by Buck Nelson, a farmer, from Mountain View, Missouri, before the Study Group on Inter-planetary Relationships, Detroit, Michigan, July 26th, 1955.

INTRODUCTION by Mrs. Laura Marxer, Chairman, The Study Group on Inter-planetary Relationships: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. When George Adamski, co-author of "The Flying Saucers Have Landed" and author of "Inside The Space Ships" spoke to The Study Group on IR in May, 1955, he told of an experience that had come to his attention concerning a Mr. Buck Nelson of Mountain View, Missouri. In a letter to Mr. Adamski, Mr. Nelson had told of Visitors from other planets coming down over his

farm in Missouri in their flying saucers, and of the eventual trip they had given him to their homes.

Shortly thereafter, a committee, myself included, went to Mountain View, Missouri to investigate Mr. Nelson, with a view to bringing him to Detroit to lecture on his experiences. We found him to be a simple man living alone in a humble house he had built himself, high in an isolated area of the Ozark Mountains. His dog and his horse were his only companions. We inquired in the village of Mt. View and found that he was re-

By
BUCK NELSON

spected, liked by his neighbors, paid his bills; and that flying saucers had been seen by others in the vicinity. In checking into Mr. Nelson's earlier life we found that he had done some special police work in Los Angeles in the nature of plant protection, for a brief period, but for the greater part of his life he had been a farmer. In checking the grounds about Mr. Nelson's home, we feel that what he says happened **COULD HAVE HAPPENED.**

Mr. Nelson had no witnesses as to his visitors and the trip. Neither had Mr. Adamski, nor Daniel Fry, author of "White Sands Incident", nor Truman Bethrum, author of "Aboard A Flying Saucer." We have no 100% proof to offer you; we can only make Mr. Nelson's story available for you to evaluate for yourself. And now, may I present Mr. Buck Nelson, farmer, from Mountain View Missouri . . .

BUCK NELSON: Good evening folks. I am very happy to be with you tonight. The first part of my story started July 30, 1954. I was listening to my radio at home at 4:00 in the afternoon, when it began to go crazy wild. My dog, too,



Two of the three saucers that were over Buck Nelson's farm, July, 1954.

set up a barking, and my pony outside began to raise all kinds of cain. I went outside more to see what my animals were doing than anything. As I went out the kitchen door, right up over it were three huge disks. I went back in to get my camera and photographed them three times. Upon developing the pictures, however, only in one photograph did two of the disks show up. I had taken a flashlight out with me when I went to get the camera and I signaled

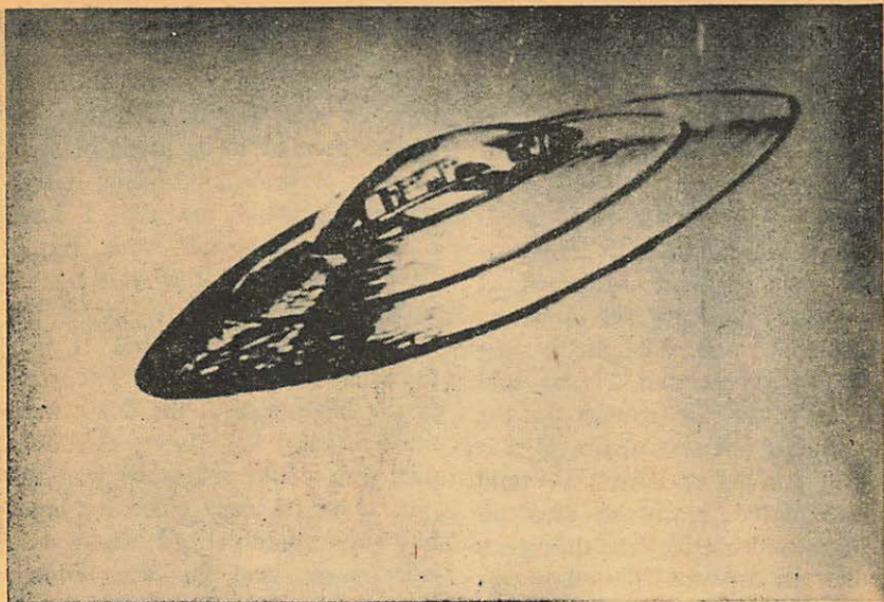
to the disks to land by flashing it at them. Immediately I felt a very hard jolt as some kind of current flashed back at me, and it knocked me to the ground, behind the barrel. I waited there for several minutes before moving, as I have suffered from neuritis in the back and lumbago for fifteen years. I waited until the disks left and then I tried to get up. I felt no more pain at all; and regardless of the weather or how hot or cold it is, I have felt no more pain in my back. Later the Visitors explained to me that they had sent the ray to help me and not to hurt me, since they knew of the condition of my back. At first, however, my thought was that it was an unfriendly gesture.

The second contact was on February 1, 1955, 12:00 Noon. They circled low over the house and asked in a friendly voice, as though from a public address system, if I was friendly. They said they would like to land in the back of my pasture beyond the house where there is a spring. They wanted to know if I would allow them to land unmolested. They said they would like to land many times if necessary. They talked for about five minutes. They did not land, but when they said good-bye they said, "We'll see you again."



Venusian Dog brought by the Visitors to Mr. Nelson's farm on their last visit in June, 1956

On March 5, 1955 around 12:00 Midnight, they landed and entered the house. There were three men. One of them was a young Earth man named Little Buck; another a trainee, learning to operate the ship, they told me, who never gave his name; and Bob Solomon (from Venus, who gave this name as a means of identification) — and a big dog called Bo. The dog stood as high as the dining room table, and higher than my head when he stood on his hind legs. They stayed with me for about an hour. They were interested in everything



An artist's conception of the saucers, according to Nelson's description.

in the house, especially my radio. I tuned it to different stations for them, and when they saw the battery on top of it, they asked what that was for. When I told them that was for the power, they smiled and said, "With all this power around you in the air" . . . The trainee never spoke (he was a different man each time). The other two spoke very good English. They were interested in my clock, and they pointed around the figures on our clock and shook their heads. There are seventeen numer-

als on their clock. They were interested in the oil stove I have. I had to light the oil stove for them. They wanted to see it burn. They held their hands over the burner to see how hot it was. They went all around the house and looked everything over, the bed, etc. They went past a picture of Christ, and I asked them if that meant anything to them. They said, "Yes, we understand, but you people don't." They said we have an entire misconception of it all. I have a small light plant outside and they wanted

to see that before they left.

On March 22, 1955 at 12:00 Midnight, they circled low over the house, visited some with me and told me to get ready for my trip into space. They left after staying a very short time.

I left this earth with them on April 24, 1955 at Midnight. I first arrived on Mars, ate dinner at the ruler's house. The air is just a little different and I was told that they set the gauges on the ship when I left this planet so that when I arrived on Mars, I would be acclimated, ready to step off on Mars and not feel the difference in the atmosphere. The day was very bright; the sun was either just coming up or going down; I

don't know which. I lost all track of time in taking the trip.

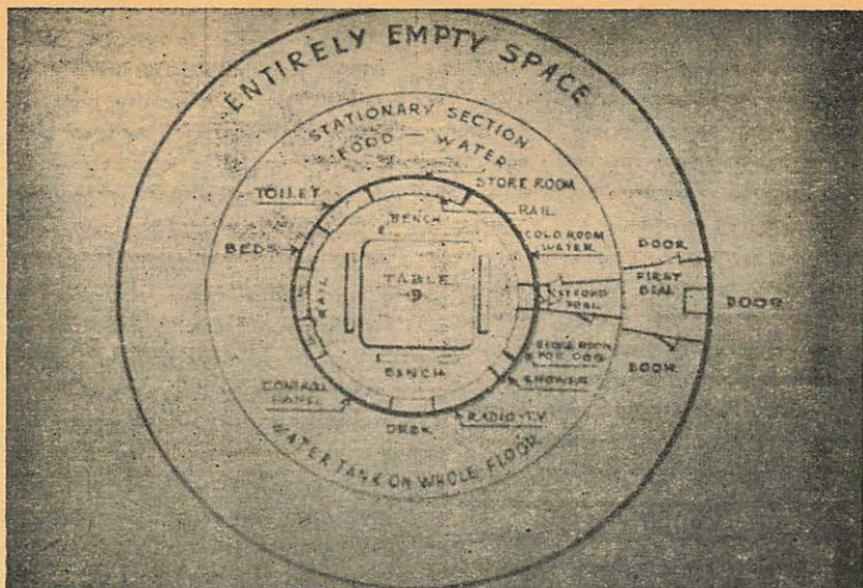
The buildings were built of rock on the outside and the interiors seemed to be made of steel or iron of some kind—how it was put on I could not tell. I have done some carpenter work, but I have no idea how they put a steel finish on the inside. It looked like it was plastered on, but it was definitely iron or steel. The part of the hinge side of the doors were molded into the door; the only part you could see loose was the pin. It was a very colorful planet but you couldn't tell where one color began and the other ended, it was so colorful. The people didn't know I was from Earth until they were introduced to me. The children came up around me and wanted to ask questions. There are other races, different colored, I am told, but the part I was taken to was most like what I would be used to.

On Mars they use electric power and sun power.

Next I landed on the Moon. Again we went directly to the ruler's home there. We ate again. The side we see from this earth



Ted, Buck Nelson's dog who went in the Space Ship with him to visit the Moon, Mars and Venus.



A design made by Nelson for the interior of the ship in which he traveled.

has deep craters and mountains and there is snow on those mountains. There is water, but not on the side that we see. There is snow on the mountains on both sides. The ruler's home was built in a crater. The first room we entered had a telescope and rock samples on shelves all around it. The moon is used for a base, they told me, for interplanetary travel. Earth is the only planet in the system that does not travel from planet to planet. There are homes there on the moon to keep up the bases.

Small towns, you might say. I was told that there are lakes and rivers on the dark side of the moon, although I did not see any. It was very hazy.

On Venus I had two landings. The first time I ate at the ruler's home. Venus, too, was very cloudy and hazy—you could see but a little distance. The homes there were made of rock and a steel interior, too. Venus has three moons, which I saw, and it was just about as bright as day.

Now I'll take you back before

I took my trip. There is a spring there in the west part back of my house about one thousand feet. The Visitors have been cleaning out that spring for me. They use the water for their drinking water, they said, and have come many times when I haven't known it, but have left some little tell-tale sign, like a rock placed on the post by the spring, etc. Their dog Bo was a very smart dog, he seemed to mind their orders without their speaking to him. I would tell my dog to set up and Bo would smile and laugh at him.

One time the Visitors left a circle of twelve rocks. When they landed again, I asked them what the rocks meant. They told me they were the twelve laws of God as they live it and they are as follows: I copied them down in the dark by the light of the interior of their spaceship as it shone out the door.

The Laws:

Love, Honor, Obey.

Love: Love your Maker; Your Parents; Your Neighbor; All Birds and Animals on Earth and Everything in the Air and Sea.

Honor: Honor Your God and Parents; Obey God's Law, Which is Also Man's Law; Do as You Wish to be Done by.

Obey: Obey God's Laws; Your Parents and the Rights of Others.

1. Love your maker God.
2. Thou shalt not kill (includes accidents and war).
(Mr. Nelson has asked that the words "but not for discipline" as written in a former publication of the laws be deleted as it was inserted through misunderstanding.)
3. Love your neighbor.
4. Let your light shine before men and all will see your good works and they will be an honor to you and your maker god.
5. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
6. Thou shalt not steal.
7. Thou shalt do as you wish to be done by.
8. No other God shall come before you (This does not mean that Christ was to be revered).
9. Do not take the name of God in vain.
10. Honor your father and mother.
11. Your Body is God's; do not misuse it in any way. Do not drink or eat or use anything that is not a food.
Use nothing to harm the body either inside or out. Wear nothing on the body that harms the body or is of no use. God made our body and is it not good?
12. God made the Heaven and the earth and we must give him thanks for what he gives us.

(Mr. Nelson, asked if this was all the young earthman Buck who

had gone with the visitors voluntarily when he was seventeen, or two years prior, from his home in Colorado) had said, he added "We have other rules like you folks do. We call them local and country. But only a few. We mostly live by the 12 Laws of God; that covers most everything. Our government is what one here would call local or family like."

It was April 27, 1955 when I returned home from the trip at midnight. They generally take off at midnight and return then. I was told they could come in at any time, but could leave better at midnight.

(A QUESTION AND ANSWER PERIOD FOLLOWED THE LECTURE).

Q. Do space people dress like us?

A. Yes, they dress very much like we do here.

Q. Do they eat meat?

A. Yes, in an emergency. I had eggs at one meal and there was fish. Nothing fried, all boiled.

Q. How do they speak English?

A. Very well.

Q. Do they have animals on the planets?

A. When I took my trip they knew I was interested in horses and as we flew over Venus they tipped the ship so I could see horses in the pasture. When I

landed at the ruler's home, in one place I saw children playing with several sizes of dogs.

Q. Did they give names?

A. No, no names. The only names they gave me were the ones I was to contact time and again and only for identification purposes.

Q. Were you taken to the planets in a mother-ship or saucer?

A. No, I was taken in a ship about fifty feet across, probably eight feet high. There was no mother-ship. It made the trip into space on its own power. I slept in the ship, and I was allowed to take the ship up into the air. They showed me what buttons to push. I was allowed to play with it for about fifteen or twenty minutes.

Q. Did they give you anything to put you to sleep on the ship?

A. No. They make you feel so much at home; it's hard to explain how friendly they are. They would do nothing to harm anyone.

Q. By what power do their ships fly?

A. By magnetic power, they told me.

Q. How long did it take to travel to Mars?

A. My whole trip up and back took two days and two nights.

Q. Did you know what time it was when you arrived on Mars?

A. No; I was mixed up on time. They told me not to take my

watch, the ship would magnetize it. After they allowed me to take off into space, we all went to sleep. They put the ship on automatic control.

Q. Did you see the sun when you got out into space?

A. No, because it is very dark in space.

Q. Did you notice any difference in your weight on Mars or the Moon?

A. No. I didn't see any difference.

Q. How could you see the mountains if there's haze on the moon?

A. There is dense cloudiness around the moon, but you can see for quite some distance. You can't see stars or planets from the moon.

Q. Do they travel by compass or the stars?

A. They travel by automatic control. They set their gauges on the ship and go where they want to by their maps.

Q. Did you have your camera ready expecting to see saucers that first time?

A. No, I wasn't expecting anything. I just went out to see what my pony was doing.

Q. Had you paid any attention to flying saucers before?

A. No, I only take farm magazines. They say nothing about flying saucers at all. I had no knowledge of flying saucers before.

Q. How high were the saucers?

A. I should judge about 1000 feet. The Air Force came when the place I had the pictures developed reported my pictures to them. They put their camera in the same place and did a lot of figuring. Then they said I came pretty close to the measurements. I was paid \$5.00 to move the post and I'm not to tell which way it was moved so that no one else can use my measurements. While one of the saucers landed to talk to me, two always remained in the air.

Q. Why do they want to land here?

A. They say that they land because they want to watch our atomic age; and that every so many ages they come to Earth, more so than others. Our bomb is causing the snow to melt on the ice caps. They are watching our bombing tests.

Q. What can they do to help when and if there is a bombing?

A. They will help us when the time comes if we welcome them.

Q. Why don't they come to our government instead of the ordinary people?

A. Because our government is not friendly; we won't accept them, and shoot them down.

Q. Has our Air Force shot them down?

A. They tell me that they have been shot AT, but they got away.

Q. Did they land right straight down or at an angle?

A. Landed straight down. They pushed over a little tree on my place when they landed.

Q. Why didn't you take a picture of them?

A. They didn't allow me to, but I begged to take a picture of their dog, and knowing my love for dogs, they allowed me to take Bo's picture.

Q. Where did the rocks come from that they had in the laboratory on the moon?

A. I think they come from the moon.

Q. Why do they build their homes of rock?

A. That's what they have the most of, I guess. They are very short of timber, especially on Mars. Plenty of vegetation.

Q. Are the homes all one pattern?

A. No, they have all different kinds, just like here on Earth.

Q. Did you see any plants where they manufactured furniture, etc.?

A. No, each time I was taken directly to the ruler's home and saw only small colonies of homes, in groups.

Q. How old do the people live to be?

A. Buck, Jr., the earth boy that visited me, was the youngest. He

was nineteen and Bob Solomon was two-hundred years old and yet you couldn't tell the difference between them. The trainee never gave his age. He was quite wrinkled, and when others told their age, they all smiled when I asked the trainee's age; but they didn't tell me.

Q. Who was Buck Jr.?

A. He was born and raised in Denver, Colorado. Went to school there. His parents, who know about people on other planets, prepared him so that he could be taken to Venus. He is now teaching English in their schools. He never gave his last name. He told me he is a distant cousin of mine, and told me all about my family tree—which I later checked and found to be true.

Q. Did your cousin die before he was taken on Venus?

A. No, he was taken alive two years ago in his earthly form.

Q. Do they have television?

A. Yes, but all I saw was on the ship and they were sending messages from one ship to the other.

Q. How about their beds on the ship?

A. They were built on the side of the wall. The pillow and mattress are all one piece, built for the comfort of the body. They have no blankets. They have a canopy that pulls down from the wall, over

the bed, down to the floor. It does not touch the body, and inside, on this wall, are temperature controls that you can set for your comfort and air conditioning.

Q. Did you see any objects in space?

A. No, all that I saw was space and it was dark. They turned out the ship lights so I could see how dark it was.

Q. Did you see the earth?

A. No, I wasn't interested in seeing the earth. I lived on it for sixty years and I was more interested in seeing their planets.

Q. Did you have the same relative position when you left the earth as when you came back?

A. Yes, the bottom of the ship was directed toward the earth, both going and coming down on this planet and theirs.

Q. What did you mean when you said they turned the center of the ship to make a turn?

A. Our ships have to turn completely around to make a turn and they turn only the round center of the ship and the outer part remains stationary because there is no front or back to their ships. They turn the core around and can go frontward or backward immediately. That's how they make such sharp turns.

Q. What speed did you travel?

A. Faster than lightning—that's

the only way I can describe it.

Q. Why do the Visitors refuse to have pictures taken?

A. One of the reasons is that Bucky would be recognized and the other is that there have been people from Mars and Venus down here walking amongst us, and don't want to disclose their identity until we are more friendly.

Q. Where did you land on Venus?

A. In the ruler's back yard, landing straight down.

Q. Describe Bo, the Venusian dog?

A. His hair was like the finest silk and hung in huge clusters. He stands about as high as the dining room table and is all white except for a few black spots and weighs about 250 to 300 lbs. When he stands on his hind feet he is about six ft. high.

Q. Does he have any dog odor?

A. No, he doesn't.

Q. Does he have any fleas?

A. No, I don't believe he did; but my dog and Bo were both washed down by the spring by the visitors before they were allowed to get on the ship.

Q. Are the space people going to visit you again?

A. Bob Solomon told me goodbye, but Buck, Jr. might come back again.

Q. What do they do for a liv-

ing?

A. It is hard to answer that because I got off the ships and went right to the ruler's house to eat and didn't get to see very much. But they have cities the same as we do so they carry on as we do, and work as we do. The children look much happier and they do a lot of traveling from planet to planet. They are very happy people.

Q. Did your neighbors know you were gone?

A. No, I have no reason to tell my neighbors. I turned my horse loose on 2700 acres (so he would have plenty of water and food) and I took my dog along on the trip.

Q. Did they have tractors there?

A. I didn't get a chance to see. They tipped the ship once so I could see they had farms, but I don't know if they had tractors like ours. Everything I saw on Venus had no wheels; they just skimmed the ground.

Q. Was there any sensation of speed when riding a saucer?

A. No, absolutely none. It's better riding than any ride I have ever had, there is no rocking at all or swaying.

Q. Are they planning on looking for a new place to live?

A. They told me that if we blow our heads off they will come in here and take over, but they are

still willing to help us if we will let them.

Q. Will you explain the twelve rocks? Do they represent the people they brought down here?

A. Among the twelve rocks there are about four black rocks, and they told me those represent the people that have gone astray. They brought them down to Earth; we are their descendants.

Q. If they want to help us why don't they go to the president?

A. I believe I answered that when I said they took some of our people up. Some were government officials and they refused to tell what they saw because they have much to lose.

Q. Did they say anything about the history of their planets?

A. No, they didn't say anything about the history of their planets. They said they had the history of ours, eons before the flood. They said they have seen civilizations come and go here on Earth. We didn't have time to go far into history.

Q. Did I understand you to say that in their laws Christ is not God?

A. They said we should revere God, not Christ. They recognize Jesus' place in our spiritual growth. They did not need him.

Q. How are the women on their planets?

A. Much the same as ours only better looking.

Q. Do they have doctors?

A. They don't have doctors as we know them. They are their own doctors. For instance, I had a terrible rash on my body from the change of water, etc. They gave me a milkweed kind of lotion to use on it and it helped. They use only natural medicines.

Q. What capacity does a ruler have?

A. They told me they have a rule of home-life, was the way they put it. But there were two rulers on Venus, because I was on Venus twice and each time a different ruler's home. How many altogether they have, I don't know.

Q. Is that all a ruler does on Venus is to rule?

A. No, they are working men. Both times I saw the ruler working in overalls.

Q. Is it possible that you were taken in a man-made ship some place here on Earth and was led to believe you were on some planet?

A. No, absolutely not! The governments are too closely watched by each other for one to have such a wonderful ship.

Q. Do they have a listener listening to you tonight. Are they here?

A. I am told that spotters check

on me. Sometimes they are right in the audience.

Q. Will Bucky come back to Earth or will he stay on Venus?

A. He is on Venus now; but he told me he would be back to see me after. I told my story.

Q. How long did it take you on your trip?

A. Two days and two nights.

Q. Do they know of our troubles here on Earth?

A. Yes they do.

Q. Will they help?

A. Yes, they gave me information on that; but I can't pass it on yet. We are not ready for it.

Q. Do they know of our lost continents, Lemuria and Atlantis?

A. Yes, we talked about it. They know of them.

Q. Did they take people from those lost continents?

A. Yes, they have been taking people right along.

Q. Are we wrong in our knowledge of religion?

A. We are absolutely wrong.

Q. Can anyone visit them?

A. If you should be around when a saucer lands you should stay where you are until they ask you to come forward.

Q. What type of air do the people on the Moon have?

A. Much the same as ours.

Q. Is the planet Mars red?

A. Not exactly, it is a very color-

ful planet; but not all red.

Q. What did you see on Mars?

A. I just went to the ruler's home, ate, talked a little.

Q. Were any of the children crippled?

A. No, they have no hospitals or sickness.

Q. Did you have any trouble breathing going up?

A. No, none at all.

Q. How are their lavatories?

A. Much like ours.

Q. Did I understand in your Tuesday night lecture you said there was a spaceman in the audience?

A. That's right.

Q. Did these people say the flood covered the earth?

A. No, they said they saw the flood come and go; that's their exact words.

Q. What was your means of communication?

A. When they didn't land they used a P.A. kind of system.

Q. Why don't our telescopes show the moons around Venus?

A. An astronomer in Chicago told me he had seen something that might be what I saw; and now after hearing my story he said he would check into it further.

Q. Is their language the same as ours?

A. They train to be in different parts of our countries.

Q. Why did they choose your place to land?

A. They said it was easier for them to land and take off around my place. The magnetic field was just right; and that I lived pretty much like they do.

Q. Will they make an official landing?

A. They didn't say and I didn't ask them.

Q. (Dentist) What is the condition of their teeth?

A. They are very healthy, use all natural foods.

Q. Did they give you any information in regard to their age?

A. Yes, they live much longer than we do.

Q. Are there different races?

A. Yes.

Q. What is their medium of exchange?

A. I asked them if they had money and they told me they had a medium of exchange and said no more about it.

* * *

THE following is an excerpt from a letter from Mr. Nelson, referring to the actual visit from "Bucky" on Christmas day, 1955, as promised. During this visit Mr. Nelson delivered a Christmas card and note addressed to "Bucky" from Fanny Lowery, Box 297, Clarkston, Mich., which had been sent to Mr. Nelson's ranch.

This accounts for the mention of Mrs. Lowery in the tape recorded message from Bucky made by Mr. Nelson the night of Bucky's Christmas visit:

"Bucky was with me on Christmas day. He arrived at 1:30 A. M., and left about midnight. While he was here, he made a tape recorded message which I reproduce here for publication with my article."

The message from Bucky follows:

"I wish to tell all a Merry Christmas, and especially thank Fanny Lowery for her card. Also give her the answer to her question. Yes, it has happened to our ships, torn apart for souvenirs. I appreciate such gifts, and I know that the giver does not expect anything in return, as we cannot yet exchange goods with this Earth. Many know the reason. Buck here can tell all that ask.

Will tell you why I am here. I have just returned from California. Then on to see my folks in Colorado. Now here to see Buck, and tell the world on this tape recording that this world must give up atomic weapons and warfare. The next war, if fought, will be on American soil. America will be destroyed, then civilization all over the world will be destroyed. We are here to see which way the world will use atomic power, for peace or for war. We have stood by and seen one other planet destroy itself. Is this Earth next? We wonder, and watch, and wait! Again I say, give up your atomic weapons and may peace be upon this Earth. I will tell Buck much more that he can tell the world. I know Buck will want my time here to be spent in a private home-like way, and I also desire it that way, so must say goodbye to all the world, from Bucky, of Venus."

Editorial



(Continued from page 4)

backing to increase the frequency of SEARCH! We don't know exactly how far we can go as yet, but we *can* manage to put at least nine issues on the stands each year instead of six. We'll announce next issue just what the schedule will be.

What is most amazing is the fact that we found continually in front of us as these letters came in—it wasn't the people who could "afford" it, but rather, the ones to whom \$3.00 or \$5.00 meant a great deal. When you get a letter from "Granny", who has already subscribed for 40 issues, and adds 24 more, sending in \$5.00 out of a pension check of \$37.50 a month, on

which she has to exist, you get a very peculiar feeling deep inside. Imagine it! The widow's "mite" is the *real* basis of support for our magazine, and not the \$10,000-a-year man! We get mixed feelings here. First, we feel really terrible to realize the sacrifices that are being made by "Granny" just for our dreams and hopes and ideals and plans. And at the same time, we get a wonderful sense of gladness that there *are* so many such people in the world! Who can fail to see the bright future of mankind, in the face of such souls as this? Who can look dimly at the "warmakers" and their plans to destroy us, in the face of this? How can they possibly succeed, against such spiritual power! The answer is, of course, that they won't! All they can do is to kill themselves. Perhaps they will kill "Granny" too, but we have a strong feeling that when that "second plateau" of existence is reached, "Granny" will be boss!

That's what SEARCH means to this editor—and obviously what it means to "Granny" too. We've got faith in truth and goodness and its ultimate power for victory. We know that Knowledge is Power, but that it also must be coupled to Love to achieve anything but its own destruction. We know that if we really look for the Good, we

can find it. We know that the Answers are waiting for the Seeker. "Granny" is seeking, with the faith that what she is looking for really exists. She puts her faith above her physical needs; puts her spiritual and moral and mental development ahead of her pocket-book. She knows that her "last dollar" is actually as worthless as the "first." She knows that the realities of life can't be put in a purse.

Let's consider, though, just *how many* there were of "Granny" and her kind. So far, we've received 825 "advance renewals." SEARCH appears on the newstands of America in too few places, we admit, but it *is* widely distributed. It has some 6,000 subscribers. Supposedly a subscriber is *interested* in the magazine he has taken the trouble to purchase in this manner. Supposedly he is interested in the magazine from a standpoint of what he can get out of it. It doesn't contain entertainment, or pastime, or sensationalism, but rather, demands that he think, and make an *effort* in reading, rather than a relaxation. Then why, if he has plenty of money, is he the one to shrug his shoulders, while the "little old lady" to whom \$5.00 is almost her only means of existence for almost a week, cheerfully and

(Continued on page 24)

EISENHOWER'S HANDWRITING SHOWS CHANGED MAN!

**Has Ike changed since '52? If you believe
in handwriting as an indication of character,
this may influence your vote on November 6!**

WHEN he was running for office in 1952, I wrote a letter of support to General Dwight D. Eisenhower, for I had seen, in samples of his handwriting submitted to me, the signs that he was a man of great understanding, of good practical imagination and yet one who stayed in close touch with reality.

You can see reproduced here the signature from the kind letter he sent to me in return. I was proud to vote for him because of what his writing revealed to me about him. I knew then—as I know now—that his first term would be one of prosperity under his wise leadership.

But now, in thinking of the next four years, I'm not quite so sure about him as I was in '52. Again, I am judging him solely on his

handwriting.

The most recent example of his signature (see second cut) has revealed to me that his heart attack, and its accompanying complications mentally, have caused a great change in the President.

This latest sample of the Eisenhower signature, as compared with the one of four years ago, shows that the early signature had heavier pressure.

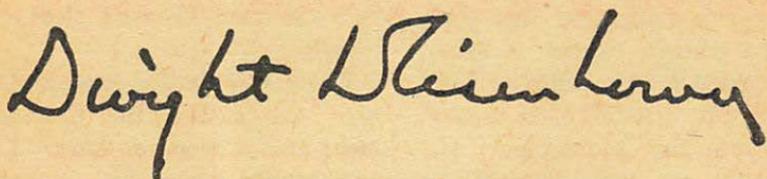
More important, the new signature shows broken lines and hesitancy. The long ending with the barb denotes a short temper. The pressure all through is uneven and so is the slant mildly uneven, showing a hesitancy that was not present before.

The writing definitely has taken on new aspects. The newer specimen is larger and more expansive.

By DOROTHY BELIEFF

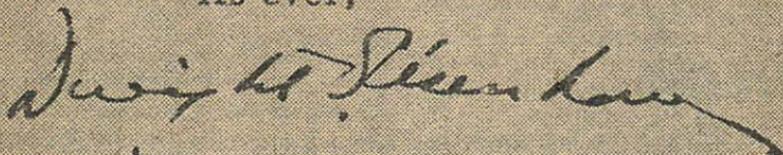
(Noted Lecturer In Graphology)

Sincerely



Eisenhower's 1952 Signature

As ever,



Eisenhower's 1956 Signature

Formerly, his writing showed by its tightness that he kept things around him pretty well under his ken. But the writing today is loose, and indicates that he has little interest in external matters around him. The letters now are more indefinite, as compared with the older script.

In 1952, General Eisenhower crossed his "T" carefully. The "T" is a very important letter to graphologists, and all of them agree that the manner in which he cross-

ed his "T" then showed firmness of purpose and intent. But today, the crossing of the "T" has gone "way overhead", showing an imagination that almost runs out of touch with reality at times. His "T" crossing always has been relatively high, but not far over the letter, as now.

Any graphologist, studying Ike's handwriting of 1952 and that of today would have to agree that he has changed greatly. Whether or not people will like the change in

personality, no doubt brought about by the pressures of his office and the unfortunate heart attack, remains to be seen.

I wrote in 1952 that General Eisenhower's writing, at that time, showed a graceful rhythm in living, and revealed a man with a keen sense of the artistic, plus a good insight into the intangibles. His hesitations, as they showed up then, indicated hunches and intuition, plus quick perception and rapid evaluations. The lack of flourishes and the austere simplic-

ity showed down-to-earth, uncluttered mental habits. The pointed writing denoted tenacity, and the abrupt endings showed a blunt "get-to-the point" attitude. His "o" was open, showing clear, lucid speech.

Unfortunately for him, and perhaps the nation, the Eisenhower heart attack seems to have taken a more costly toll on his personality, as revealed by his handwriting, than either the President, or those around him, yet recognize.

THE END

Editorial — — — — ★

(Continued from page 21)

by return mail sends it along, even though, had this editor been able to separate the subscriber list so that those people who already have subscribed for as much as three or four years in advance, wouldn't receive this extra request? Here is "Granny", who is 76 years old, on our subscription list now until 1965! And here is "Mr. X", whose subscription expires with the *next* issue, still unheard from! When we do notify him that his subscription has expired, he will probably say: "I intended to, but it slipped my mind . . ." Slipped his mind. But "Granny", who is 76, doesn't slip! She's sharp as a razor, even at her age! She does

not forget, although she has more on her mind than "Mr. X" by a long shot. She has to fight for a living, against real odds. That insignificant check she gets is her all. And she won't take charity. But she doesn't put our letter aside, and then forget where she put it.

Well, "Granny" is exactly who we are putting out SEARCH for! We know that she is a thinker, but also a doer. We know that she will spread that thinking around. She'll provide the *opportunity* for "Mr. X" to expose himself to something that may do him some good, even in his casual contact. Left to him, the opportunity would die, through having "slipped his mind", and he be left with nothing but "comics" and "crime magazines"

to read—which certainly wouldn't make him think!

The brain is like a muscle, really. It has to be used to develop strength. The more you think, the better able you are to think. And unless there are certain "exerciser stimulators", the brain does not reach out—no reason for it to do so. If all it gets are soporifics, it lies down and goes to sleep.

This editor has a certain feeling that life goes on forever, and that "doing" goes on forever. We live this life to learn the basics of doing. We are in a school, of sorts. If we picture life after death as something even more advanced than life before death, we can understand that knowing how to do a thing is important. Being an accomplished mechanic is obviously to be preferred than to be a bumbling amateur. What if you are asked after death, to build a house? Just for the fun of it, let's get fanciful. While alive, you were a carpenter. But you didn't get much practice at it, because you were lazy, or spent a lot of time in a tavern, or belonged to a union and felt you'd get paid even if the nail wasn't driven in solidly, or enough nails were used. You weren't any too honest, and didn't care if the cupboard door didn't fit exactly right—as long as you got paid, let the owner worry about the fit, la-

ter on.

Now you're dead. You haven't got a body (such as you were accustomed to) and you are informed that "here we build with the mind." What's that? Building with the mind? How do you do that? Well, it's simple really. You *know* how to drive a nail, don't you? You use a hammer, hold it so, hold the nail between your thumb and forefinger, and apply force, so. And presto, in goes the nail. Okay, now do it with your mind . . .

It didn't work? The hammer wouldn't even lift (not a real hammer, but the mental equivalent of one)! Too bad. Trouble with you is you don't *really know* how to drive a nail! You didn't *really learn* when you were in Life's School. You don't *understand* very well, how to drive a nail, and you didn't *strengthen* your ability by doing. You let the owner of the house "fix it right" after you left it go as "good enough."

Of course, if you *never did anything* in your life, but just inherited a fortune, and hired everything done for you, you certainly can't be expected to know how to build a house, mentally or otherwise! And here, in "heaven", or whatever you choose to call it (it makes no difference), we insist that if you want to live in a house, you

(Continued on page 31)

PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD

By

TRAVER
BORNHOLZ



Painting of a young
girl named Elehna.

WHEN a housewife with no artistic training is suddenly moved to paint portraits, and those portraits are later recognized as the likenesses of deceased people whom she has never seen, something is going on that merits examination.

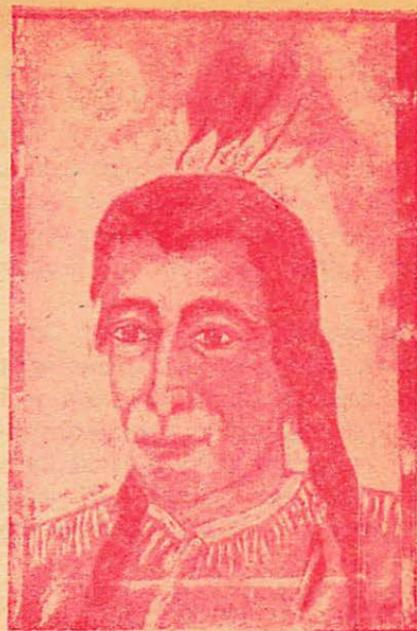
This phenomenon, like many other forms of psychic phenomena, is becoming increasingly prevalent. There have even been exhibitions of the works of these untrained automatists, impressionists and in-

spirationalists.

Erna E. Moore, a Eugene, Oregon housewife, experienced her first urge to create such a portrait March 11, 1954. She began having psychic experiences when she was 27. These experiences took the form of seeing and hearing people around her who appeared to be real, but were not, in that they appeared and disappeared with disconcerting mysteriousness. Being unacquainted with the occult or even with spiritualism, she was deeply puzzled and somewhat inclined to doubt her sanity until she made the comforting discovery that her husband, too, could see their uninvited guests.

One day the inevitable occurred. She wandered into a Spiritualist church and began a conversation with a little old lady. With this

**Mrs. Erna G. Moore,
Eugene, Oregon house-
wife, has painted many
of her "spirit" visitors
and on these pages we
present her fascinating
story, and a few of her
unusual paintings.**



**Painting of an un-
identified Indian.**

beginning she was led to read and study many branches of occultism.

Having become aware of her personal teacher, she was inspired to try out his face on paper. This inspiration occurred one night while after about eighteen years of contact with him during which time she had written under his guidance and come face to face with him during an astral projection.

Her first attempt was a pencil sketch very crudely executed. Undaunted by her lack of ability, she bought a set of pastels and proceeded to experiment with them. Recognizing her lack of skill, the obvious thing would have been to take lessons, but she was afraid that any such formal training might negate the inspiration she was receiving.

Anyone less persevering would have gone back to confining their painting endeavors to house painting, but she continued until an artist on the spirit plane came to her rescue. This woman, who called herself Estella, worked with her, inspiring her line by line and shadow by shadow until she completed a modern portrait of her, at which time she left, never to return.

Soon after this during a siege of flu, a wisp of a girl who called herself Elehna, appeared at her

bedside eating big, luscious purple grapes. So vivid was she that Mrs. Moore was compelled to do her portrait as soon as she recovered.

Elehna's picture was later recognized by a healer as the spirit who helped him with his healing work.

Describing her method, Mrs. Moore says she just begins with the urge to paint or draw, and then sits staring at the blank paper or canvas until a small flash of light appears at the spot where the eyes are to be. The eyes are

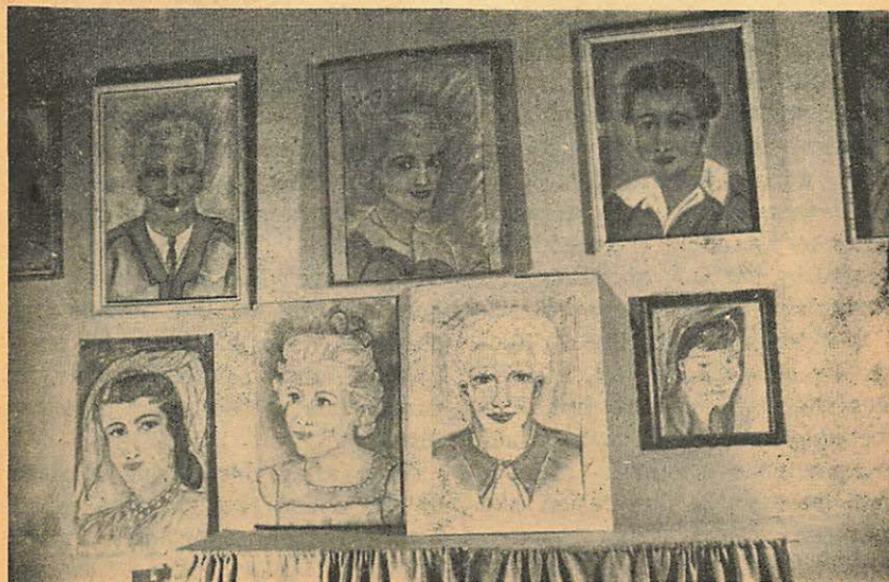
always the most prominent feature in all of Mrs. Moore's pictures.

There seems to be a great mystery in spirit people's eyes; they radiate a light and a beauty hardly ever found on the physical side of life.

Mark Probert, the deep trance medium, says that he also always starts with the eyes when doing portraits of spirits; and as anyone will agree who has seen the portraits of his teachers, the eyes are very interesting.

After the eyes are developed the rest of the features are revealed, and usually contrary to the dictates of the artist's conscious mind. As many of Mrs. Moore's pictures

Some of the paintings which adorn the entire wall space in Mrs. Moore's home.





Mrs. Moore shown holding one of her numerous spirit paintings.



Estella, an artist from the spirit world, who helped Mrs. Moore's technique.

are inspired almost line by line, with no previous vision of the model, she often finds her conscious inclinations for a particular shape of nose or mouth, complexion or hair balked by the compelling force which has her in control.

Once a friend asked her to try to paint a portrait of her dead son Larry, so that she might have it to show her materialistically minded family, as seeming proof of immortality. Mrs. Moore agreed

to try without even a verbal description of the boy, whom she had never seen in the physical or otherwise.

After sitting for a while in meditation with the mother, she began sketching the face. Without comment her friend took her leave. When the portrait was completed and mailed to her, she wrote back claiming it as a very good likeness of her son, even to the dark blue suit in which he had been buried

at nineteen.

Mrs. Moore then admitted to her friend that she had feared it would not be right, as she had felt moved to make the suit powder blue, the face younger, and that she had in fact been inspired to dress him in a cap and gown. The mother found this very interesting, as it was an exact description of her son as he had looked when he was graduated from high school at seventeen, two years previous to his death.

Another time Mrs. Moore did a picture of a woman with no feeling of any identity until a medium friend saw it one day and claimed it was the spirit who helped her in her materialization work. She had seen her clairvoyantly and recognized her picture at once.

Once Mrs. Moore began painting a woman with haggard face, with pain stricken eyes, who refused to have any hair. In place of painting hair she was inspired to swath the poor shaven head with a veil. After the painting was com-

pleted and placed on the wall among the other pictures, a stranger came in one day and claimed it was the exact likeness of his wife who had died as a result of brain surgery, and had been buried with just such a colored chiffon veil around her head.

In like manner, many of Mrs. Moore's pictures have found their rightful owners, having proved to be likenesses of dead relatives or personal guides seen clairvoyantly.

Sometimes she has done several portraits of the same individual, which appear to be the person at different ages. There are Indians; a Gypsy princess claimed by an acquaintance as her grandmother; ancient Hindus; peasants of doubtful nationality; and modern Anglo Saxons. Still the compulsion to paint continues, until there is no wall space left in the house on which to display them.

Whether Mrs. Moore's pictures are proof of the survival of the identity of the reality of thought forms, is difficult to say.

DO WE HAVE YOUR CORRECT ADDRESS?

If you've moved recently, or are planning on moving soon, be sure to send your change of address and your old address to:

Subscription Department
SEARCH MAGAZINE
Amherst, Wisconsin

Editorial -----★

(Continued from page 25)

are expected to build it, and even more, are expected to build houses for those who can't! You can't "buy" your way along here!

See "Granny's" house, over there? Quite a cute little place isn't it? "Granny" could build a skyscraper, if she felt like it. She has a mind that has been exercised. It's strong! What she *thinks*, comes to *be*! But she prefers that cute little white cottage surrounded by roses—yes, she even created the roses! Beautiful, aren't they? Why don't you create some roses? Never paid any attention to what a rose really was, eh? And besides, you never had time to waste over silly flowers. You were busy going back and forth to the stock market.

Stock market? No, we don't have such things here. However, if you want to, and have the mental power, we suppose you can create one. But what will you do with it? Come to think of it, however, there are a lot of stock market gamblers here who would probably gamble on your stock market, so go ahead and create one. But when you get tired of it, and see that it isn't getting you any "meat and potatoes" or whatever it is we eat here, why maybe

"Granny" can help you out. But watch out for "Granny"! She's a funny thing—it had to get its ability somewhere; some basic is involved. The mind was coupled with a "brain", which gave it a tough old customer. She'll make you sweat, trying to peel your own! She'll see that you won't starve, but she expects you to do your fair share—you didn't when you were alive; left the whole thing to her. It's only fair now that you learn it the hard way.

And it *is* hard. How *do* you learn to drive a nail without a hammer or a nail, or a physical hand? Yes, we know, we do it with our minds. But the mind is a means of "expression", and through that brain, hooked up with a body, it was enabled to experience the phenomenon of force and its application to matter for creation. The result is knowledge. Mind, unless it *knows*, can't *create*. You don't know, and the means of knowing has been left in Life. Oh, we have means, but they aren't so easy as they were in Life. You'll need to be given knowledge by other minds, and the acceptance of that knowledge is a hard thing. We've got laws here. You don't get anything for nothing. And that creates a problem when all *you've* got is nothing! You can see that,

(Continued on page 77)



ASTROLOGY



This is one of a series of articles giving a realistic picture of astrology, rather than the one usually found in the popular type magazines devoted to it. *Search Magazine* presents this study in the interests of our readers, but not as any attempt to present horoscopic information. If you so desire, you can communicate directly with Mr. Bok, simply by addressing him care of this magazine. You should be warned, however, that Mr. Bok only *charts* (not analyzes) horoscopes for a fee of \$2.00 and usually charges \$50.00 for an interpretation (by mail). The information given in these pages is entirely free. We will gladly forward mail of a personal nature, but cannot guarantee that it will be answered. Questions directed to us, if pertaining to his column, will be answered in future articles provided space and circumstances allow. What we want is an analytical type of question designed to bring out the truth about astrology (or the untruth, whichever it may be), and let the chips fall where they may. Is astrology really an ancient science, and is it worth more of our attention? *Search Magazine* intends to find out!

EIGHT or nine years ago, when I was just beginning to study astrology, and while wildly enthusiastic on the subject, still pretty much of a greenhorn, I read somewhere that Dr. Rhine of Duke University was about to investigate "life after

death."

This prompted me to write him, "Why worry about an afterlife when we still haven't solved all the problems of this here-and-now life? Why don't you investigate astrology, instead, so that it can be proved useful and recommended to

the public?"

In answer, Dr. Rhine tried his best to be helpful — it was a

to Dr. Rhine and see what he says. Who knows?

* * *

ASTROLOGY AND E.S.P.

Article No. 6

By Hannes Bok

beautiful correspondence while it lasted. He sent me his own birth-date (but didn't know the hour-and-minute of his birth) and dates of other members of his family. But since astrology is nothing much more than the study of character as affected by cycles in time, and since incomplete data means inaccurate data leading to inaccurate results, and also since I didn't know as much about the subject then as I do now — I pretty much botched everything up.

In desperation I wrote to the British astrologer, Charles E. O. Carter, whom I revere almost as much as Lewi. Carter wrote back that it was impossible to convince scientific bigwigs that astrology is important, and cited the instance of a world-famous astrologer who offered ten thousand documented cases for scientific investigation — and got snubbed.

So I left it lay. Now, however, I'd like to resume the broken contact, because of what I've learned through Belle. So when this article sees print, I'll shoot a copy of it

Belle? (The name's been changed, of course, to protect the guilty.) She's one of those folk who's used me for a Wailing Wall for years and years. She was having husband-trouble and feeling very sorry for herself, and one day I had her on my neck six different times. Call it an urge for power, or compassion, but I've never been able to boot pests out of here when they annoy me by wearing out their welcome. I always think, "Supposing it were myself?"

I did remonstrate feebly with Belle about her taking up most of my time, thereby preventing me from earning a living, but her attitude was, "You don't have any problems! If you'd just do thus-and-so, you'd be on easy street!" She's a great one for telling others how to run their business (which may be one reason why she was having hubby-grief).

For no reason whatever, Belle was given to attacks of "walking the floor" whenever her husband was away somewhere and (as it later developed) in some kind of

trouble. I've seen her do it (she wore a path around my room) so I know. Eventually she had me walking the floor too, though for different reasons than herself.

She came in one day and sat brooding at the window. When I started to talk to her she snapped, "Can't you see I don't want to talk? I just came in here because I wanted to get away from my own four walls, not to be social-able!" and she stamped out in a rage. An hour later she was back, so I just let her sit and tried (not very successfully) to go on working, whereupon she yelled, "Have-n't you any heart at all? How can you go on working when you know I'm so miserable?"

Hey ho!

"I don't know why I'm so restless," she said, as she jittered about. "It must be that Hal is in trouble again. If only he'd write me, so I could know!"

Being a shrewd cookie, she can put two and two together, and if she knew where Hal happened to be, and the type of people surrounding him (and how that man gets around!) she could deduce just what he was up to — and a few days later, a letter would arrive from Hal, giving all the gory details, proving she'd been right.

And this didn't happen just once or twice. It's gone on for

over eight years, and it's still continuing — several times per year. I've had to suffer with her through all of it, so in a measure I've experienced it myself. You could say that eventually I got so attuned to it that it began to affect me via a sort of induced telepathy — but you'd be wrong. I'll give you a better reason later on.

Not often, but occasionally, I've had one of Belle's sleepless nights right along with her. In the mornings, I ask, "Were you up all night, worrying for no good reason?" Yup!

Belle scorned astrology, and me because I'm an astrologer, but nevertheless she was desperate enough to lash me into calculating and trying to interpret her own and Hal's horoscopes, just on the off-chance that possibly there might be some clue to the mess — and she did this repeatedly, and without offering any payment. Oh, sure, she had me over to dinner a few times, but I might as well have eaten sawdust — she chewed my arm off so much about Hal that I never knew if or what I was eating.

Being "the level-headed, practical, realistic" type, Belle couldn't believe that "those tiny little stars, millions of miles away" could have any effect in her life (as if sincere astrologers ever really have

claimed that they do!) and it irritated the living hell out of her (bitter pun) via temper-tantrums that she could be so psychic about Hal, when she never had been able to believe in the psychic.

I couldn't make head or tail out of either horoscope. For one thing, a horoscope is purely personal. It doesn't show what the world and its inhabitants *really are*. It simply shows what you *think they're like* — a vast difference. In example, suppose your brother died in 1943, but you were overseas in a concentration camp and didn't get the news until 1945; as far as you'd be concerned, your brother died *for you* in 1945, and that's what your horoscope would indicate. Belle supplied me with the actual calendar-dates of events in Hal's life (in an attempt to work backward on his chart and establish his proper birth-moment) but of course these factual dates didn't always correspond with the dates of his becoming aware (and reacting to) these events.

Also, Belle prided herself on "knowing Hal backward and forward," though time after time he'd fooled her by doing the unexpected. Thus whenever I read something in Hal's various charts which didn't correspond to her notions about him, I had to be wrong. It got so that I'd have an anticipatory head-

ache whenever Hal's chart even was mentioned.

As for Belle's own horoscope, she's one of those folk who prefers to believe about herself only what she finds it flattering to believe. She "rationalizes." Thus again, if I said something unflattering about her, I had to be wrong.

Now when a horoscope is accurate, it not only double-checks, it triple and quadruple checks. You get so you feel a sort of E S P tingle when you've got it right — it's as beautiful as the multiplication-table.

Since none of the scores of charts I'd set up for Belle ever met with her approval — and since, if you've started with the correct data, a chart absolutely *has to*, and always *will be*, right, I could come only to the conclusion that she'd lied about her age (she's fifteen years older than Hal, and sensitive about it).

One way of "proving astrology" to a skeptic is to ask him for his correct birth-date plus two incorrect ones. If he'll answer your questions in all honesty, in an hour or two (of frantic research) you can match planetary transits to past events in his life and tell him which birth-date is the correct one. In my younger and more eager-beaver days, I used to do this at the drop of a hat, which made me a number of converts, but also be-

gan to cut too heavily into my schedule to prove profitable. Now I've reached a stage where I realize that my time is valuable, and "A laborer is worthy of his hire" — and since even baby-sitters get paid for their time, I refuse to prove astrology to anybody unless I get paid for it. If others need to be convinced before deigning to study the subject, that's their hard luck. I'm fed up on mental free-loaders.

So you see, I could have had Hal's chart rectified in no time at all if only I could have discussed his chart with him (he's screwloose, yes, but basically honest). But the couple of times that I did try to discuss his chart with him, Belle sat beside him kibitzing, and when he'd say, "Yes," she'd give him a dirty look and yelp tartly, "You know that's not true, Hal! You're not a bit like that!" So he'd meekly agree with her — and you may have another idea as to how come he did so much philandering.

Belle often has claimed: "You can't tell Hannes anything!" But I've noted that people almost invariably accuse you of their own failings. Finally I got so weary of Belle's orgies of self-pity that I told her to depart to the infernal regions. For a year, she left me alone (and O what peace!) but recently she barged in again to tear her hair about more of Hal's

naughtiness — and boingg! — everything about her chart and Hal's fell into devastating and deadly dovetail, so much so that Belle even borrowed a few books on astrology from me and has announced her intention of becoming an astrologer (astrologess?) herself!

And, as if this weren't miracle enough (after eight years of frustration), a few days later I had another case of this same darned "psychic" factor affecting another married couple. *Note:* this is one of the delights of astrology: if you know your planetary values well enough to sort the wheat from the goats and the sheep from the chaff, you'll find that related events occur in bunches, which accounts for "runs of luck."

Continuing the side-note: you'll be amazed and amused to discover that when strangers enter your life, they'll have in their horoscopes some aspect between two birth-planets which will duplicate an aspect made by a transiting planet to your own horoscope. When transiting Neptune is in square to your birth-Sun, you'll meet strangers who have birth-Neptune in square to their birth-Suns. I wonder if Carl Gustav Jung, the psychologist who has endorsed astrology, knows about this — and what he'd make of it?

I'd like to give you the actual diagrams (horoscopes) of the factors involved in Hal's and Belle's lives, but while they might look impressively technical, they wouldn't mean anything to you unless you're an astrologer yourself. So I'll simplify the details as much as possible.

Hal's Sun (male self-projection) is in 20 degrees of Capricorn and in square (conflict) with his Saturn (adaptability to circumstances) which in turn is in 20 degrees of Libra. Translated, this indicates a guilt-obsession (square) instilled in him at an early age through his father's bad example of instability.

Hal "fights fate" like his father before him, because he simply cannot adapt his self-projection to the current trend. Consciously he reassures himself that he makes his ill-timed, stubbornly impractical moves because he is trying to "find security." Unconsciously he doesn't want security at all. Guilt asks for punishment, and Hal wants to be punished because of his link to a father who deserved to be punished. (Silly, isn't it? But then most of our unconscious wishes are).

The aspects thrown by the transiting planets to this birth-Sun-square-Saturn factor coincide with the times that Hal is stimu-

lated into foolhardy action. And no, Hal cannot do anything about it. *If it were possible to change our horoscopes, or to act in disharmony with them (which is the same thing), astrology never could have been deduced in the first place.*

Sorry if this happens to scare you with its implied fatalism, but it's true nonetheless. And this calls for another footnote: a vote of thanks to your editor, Mr. Palmer. The only place that this article ever could be published is right in these pages, because only Mr. Palmer is open-minded enough to print it. I discussed with another editor (Mr. Nameless) the possibility of writing this article for his magazine, and he turned it down flat. I wanted to try to sell my viewpoint to a group of readers who never before had heard of it, rather than to continue selling it to people already in sympathy with it. Mr. Nameless wasn't worried whether the material was factual or not - - he seemed to agree that it was - - but his objection was:

"People don't want to think that there's something in life which is stronger than they are!"

Needless to say, I lost every shred of respect I'd ever had for him - - and I'd had a lot. But maybe I'm too harsh on him. Magazines are printed to sell, and people

like to buy what flatters them, even when it's palpably malarkey. He was just being a good business man: *don't give the public what it needs, give it what it wants!* as the man said when he threw candy at the drowning child, instead of diving in to the rescue.

You may argue that people *do* make radical changes in their lives that seem to go against their horoscopes, but it isn't so. Refresh your memory by reading my previous article explaining opposition of Uranus to one's birth-planets: all of us, if we live our allotted span, gradually swing from one extreme to another - - the more vehement our basic viewpoint on any subject, the greater the swing from it into its reverse; it's in accordance with our horoscopes and can be plotted in advance by an astrologer.

Belle's Venus (her perception, and use, of whatever she considers the good things of life - - which covers a lot of territory, from art-forms through social life to the affections) is in 20 degrees of Aries, and in square to her birth-Moon (female self-projection) which is in 20 degrees of Cancer. Moon-square-Venus translates as a guilt-obsession wherein love and pleasure tend to disrupt the steady progress of self-expression in routine affairs, and conversely, wherein

the daily life stimulates, yet denies, the urge to have pleasure and affection.

Since the Moon is related to the mother-principle, this is a guilt fostered in Belle at an early age by her mother. And the transits of the various planets to this birth-Moon-square-Venus invariably coincides with the instances that Belle is goaded into an emotional spree which disrupts her daily life completely. She quits her job, lives off her savings, and becomes a nuisance by inflicting her emotions on others (and I'm not the only one who's had to put up with her).

Do these indications check to actual history? Of course they check! Hal's father periodically ran off and left his large family to starve or survive; Belle's mother tried hard to make "a lady" out of a born tomboy.

Now the point is, Belle's Venus in Aries is in square to Hal's Sun in Capricorn, and in opposition (adverse) to his Saturn in Libra - - besides being in square to her own Moon in Cancer, which in turn is in square to Hal's Saturn in Libra and in opposition (adverse) to his Capricorn Sun. Meaning, whenever Hal's recklessness is stimulated into action, simultaneously Belle's daily and emotional life is disrupted. No mat-

ter whether Hal's around or away, these factors in both charts go into action at the same time, always. Even if Belle never had met Hal, (but I should happen to know them both and be interested in comparing their charts) she'd be goaded into an emotional frenzy of some kind exactly at the same time that he'd be spurred into spurts of instability.

Now another thing you'd find, if you were an astrologer, is that folk who have certain planetary configurations in their horoscopes always gravitate toward others who have similar configurations - - like seeking like. It takes a serpent to attract another serpent (nobody ever heard of a bee mating with a bull), and a neurotic to attract a neurotic.

According to my guess, Belle was attracted to Hal because unconsciously she sensed that he'd provide her with the material for her emotional flip-flops; and Hal probably was attracted to her because unconsciously he felt that she'd provide him with a good reason to fight responsibility and stability.

Thus too you may begin to see from their charts the reason why whole regiments of soldiers, none born on the same day, all may die at the same time in battle. Certain mutually related factors in their

horoscopes were stimulated into action at the same time. Sure, you can argue that they were all in a bunch because of "orders" rather than from choice, so that nothing in their horoscopes need necessarily agree - - but there *are* such things as transfers in service, defection and desertion, and that fact that darned few regiments ever are completely wiped out all in one instant - - not to mention the determinative bias or "personal equation" in officers' horoscopes which led those officers to pick those men for their various posts. Remember, an army has got to work as a unit and no soldier stays long in a company where he "doesn't belong" in usefulness.

Thus too, you can see the reason why "old married couples" always seem to grow to look like each other" and why "a dog always reflects the behavior of his master". The similarities of their birth-planets are what keep them together and are revealed in their surface similarities. (Sure, dogs have horoscopes, which can be grand fun when you start analyzing from them what they consider to be their property, and the types of other dogs they're attracted to: you'll find it's still a case of like attracting like. Even bottles and playing-cards have their horoscopes, and if you've time enough to go

whole-hog in research on them, they're very edifying.)

I've said that Belle is shrewd and canny. It didn't take her long in her years of life with (and without) Hal to spot the fact that whenever she "walked the floor" for no discernible reason, he was having troubles of his own, even when he was in Service overseas and elsewhere out of the immediate picture. Not knowing astrology, she concluded (with galloping misgivings) that she must be "psychic". Query: is she is, or is she ain't? I happen to be involved (even to the sleepless nights) because my own birth-Mercury (observation and communication) is tied-up by exact aspect to Belle's Moon-square-Venus and Hal's Sun-square-Saturn (in what's known in astrology as a Grand Cross). I think I've stressed that I've been communicated-with so thoroughly on the subject of Belle and Hal that I cannot help but observe!

I won't go into the second couple's charts because they offer pretty much the same thing, though other planetary patterns are involved, and it's a case of two folk of the same age who simply aren't emotionally compatible, yet who are attracted to each other by strong and shared compulsions.

Hal does love Belle (because his

own Venus ties in with hers) and he always comes home sheepishly wagging his tail behind him after each flight from conforming with duty. (Others claim that he does it because he thinks that Belle's an easy mark, since she always forgives him and feeds and cares for him until such time as he's regained sufficient strength to go galumphing forth afresh to fight his windmills. However, I've been closely involved and have noticed that the way in which she feeds and cares for him is destructive to his ego, so that he's forced to fare forth, if only to prove to himself that he's a man.)

The outcome? As long as Belle and Hal keep (even sporadically) in touch with each other, these mutually recriminative fate-flightings and emotional-sprees will re-occur. I think that eventually it might lead to murder. Each's planet of self-expression is in opposition to the other's - - a tug of war - - and Belle's Saturn is on Hal's Mars, meaning that her drive toward self-preservation tends to overwhelm his vitality, lower his morale and curtail his activities. Saturn works slowly and accumulatively.

And what has Belle been doing all along but slowly murdering Hal? She's forever tearing down his ego in an effort to change him. (To

try to change anybody is an urge to murder. Most of us cannot accept others as they are. No, we must try to "improve" them - - kill what they are in an effort to create what they could be - - playing God by creating others in our own glorious image. Indeed we all bear the brand of Cain!)

And Hal wants to be murdered - - the victim seeks the killer just as much as the other way around. Guilt always wishes to be punished - - he keeps coming back to her, always openly confessing his wrongs against her. She thinks "it's big of him" to be so willing to Tell Her All, and to seek forgiveness, because it's more flattering to her ego than trying to understand that he does it out of a desire to have her hurt him further.

The question is, will she kill him legally - - by wearing him down into ill-health and an early death? Or when some staggering set of aspects of the heavy planets (Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto - -governing adaptability, individuality, illusions and self-realization) affect Hal's and Belle's Grand Cross, their vicious circle, their un-merry-go-round - - will it precipitate a final free-for-all to end all their free-for-alls? She'll kill *him* rather than the other way around - - that much I'm sure of.

Can it be prevented?

I can't legally force them apart for keeps. Did you ever try to argue a lush away from drinking, or a Democrat into Republicanism? Hal and Belle have found in each other the perfect excuse for "doing what comes naturally" in their horoscopes, and the only thing to separate them is the finding of others whose horoscopes would promise them bigger and better means for this negative self-realization and destructive fulfillment.

All I can do is sit back with a wry smile of bitter satisfaction (because I really do like Hal and Belle; I'm willing to accept them exactly as they are in all their tawdry "color") and wait for it to happen. Some fun - - hah! It might be that a psychiatrist could get them to separate, but how to get them to go visit one? To the neurotic, all is neurotic. They think (but I hope you don't) that I'm the one who needs a keeper!

So it well may be, as once I wrote to Dr. Rhine, that what passes for ESP really is something else again. I do believe that it's possible to discover any potentialities for ESP between given people through a comparison of their horoscopes, and also the type of ESP to be expected through knowledge of the planetary factors involved (or "the coincidental factors involved" if you like that better).

Even telekinesis (the apparent ability to *will* inanimate objects to move without touching them) might be proved to be simply a human horoscope jibing closely with the horoscope of an inanimate object, both being stirred to motion synchronically. At least, some research ought to be tried in that field!

Or are the "scientists" going to continue to sit back smugly and non-scientifically, condemning a subject of which they know nothing (or at best, have only hearsay evidence)? "Science" stems from the Latin *scientia*, meaning *to know*. But it seems to me that the Science of today consists only in knowing what's convenient to know — something like a prehistoric cave-man coming upon a ticking alarm clock and observing, "To my knowledge, this object can't possibly exist, let alone function — therefore it just doesn't exist!"

The rest of this article is slanted more toward astrologers and astrology-students than to the layman, but I hope you'll bear with me, anyway, because even though some of it may seem "too technical," it might not be — and it might help give you a glimmer or two as to the how and why of astrology.

This morning I received in the mail a batch of horoscopes written out (for my approval) by a sin-

cere but somewhat befuddled astrology-student. His write-ups were full of contradictions (of the sort that makes "scientific investigators" disparage astrology) because he put too much emphasis on sign positions of birth-planets, and not enough on the aspects between the birth-planets.

For instance, Venus in its own peace-loving sign of Libra isn't going to guarantee romantic happiness (as he wrote it) if this selfsame Venus also happens to be in square (adverse aspect) to Saturn in Cancer. Some astrologers give Mars in Virgo a bad name (claiming that it denotes a person so immersed in details that he can't see the forest for the trees) but that selfsame Virgoan Mars (if well-aspected by other planets) can push a man to success by coinciding with an ability to build, brick by brick of small details, a towering temple of achievement. The Sun in its own "benefic" sign of Leo is no assurance of "noble, generous, sincere, creative" activity if that selfsame Sun also happens to be in square or opposition to other birth-planets.

The trouble is that few, if any, astrology manuals teach the beginner how to "synthesize" a chart, because most of them treat sign-position of birth-planets and aspects - between - birth - planets

as separate items. The hapless beginner tries to incorporate both of these (often dissimilar) versions into his interpretation of a chart, then finds to his chagrin that many of these statements nullify each other.

To the casual investigator, on facing this problem, astrology indeed seems an idiotic morass of contradictions.

I do have an easy system which enables even beginners to synthesize the elements of a horoscope into a comprehensive whole, and with little or no trouble — but it belongs in a manual, rather than on these pages (it would be too space-consuming, and perhaps boring, for non-astrologer readers). I'd love to incorporate it into a textbook on astrology if I could just find a publisher. However, publishers understandably would rather take a chance on a potential best selling novel for the general market, rather than on a textbook that very likely wouldn't break-even in sales to a limited market - - and one can't blame them; they're in business to make money, the same as anybody else, rather than out of sheer nobility.

One thing, though, that beginners can do, is to get into the habit of marking up horoscopes with a colored pencil (I use a "Post Office" pencil, half red and

half blue, available at the dime-store.) Link the planets with red lines to denote the "bad" aspects (square and opposition) - - the sacrifices that we are forced to make for *others* through our compulsions and fixed ideas or prejudices. Tie the planets together with blue lines to denote the "good aspects" (sextile and trine) - - the sacrifices which others are forced to make for *us* in the matters in which we have no compulsions or prejudices of our own. (If you think this implies that a person with no prejudices lives off others' sacrifices, you're quite right - - it does!)

This red-and-blue-line trick enables one to spot immediately the "good" and "bad" in any chart, and how they're tied-together into the integrated whole. As for the lesser aspects (Parallel, semiquintile, semisextile and all the rest, while they do have a certain effect in the chart, it's best to leave 'em alone - - they're not *that* important - - and if you start cluttering the chart with too many unimportant side-issues, you're due to get lost but fast in a welter of details. First things first!)

Now supposing you've enthusiastically dragged out your own horoscope and marked it up with red and blue lines, the next thing is to remember that "bad" aspects

(square & opposition) stimulate and impel you to action (based on fixed ideas in matters denoted by the planets involved), and the "good" aspects (sextile & trine) provide outlets, or releases from tension (because of your tolerance in whatever matters are denoted by the planets involved). Most horoscopes will feature planets tied together in both good-and-bad relationships at the same time, meaning indications of prejudices less-than-fanatic, or a sort of give-and-take in matters of self-sacrifice and others' sacrifices, a live-and-let-live attitude.

For an example, let's "make a suppose" that we have a chart with the Sun (male Self-projection) in 5 degrees of Cancer (and also in 6th house) in square to the Moon (male Ego-portrait) in 5 degrees of Libra (9th house) but at the same time, Mars (male Effort, Morale) is in 5 degrees of Scorpio (10th house). I suggest that you astrology-students whip out your pencils and erect a diagram of this situation, marking in the aspects between these planets with red-and-blue lines.

Do you know what you've got, h'm? The chart of a sadist!

The tension of Sun-square-Moon (Self-expression at odds with Ego-demands) finds release through the "bounce" aspect of Sun-trine-Mars

(or Self-expression released through drastic action at the sacrifice of others).

Now of course this only covers the meaning of the aspects between these three factors - - Sun, Moon and Mars - - with no mention at all of sign-and-house position meanings. In any chart, the aspects between the birth-planets are of first importance. Second in importance comes the house-positions of one's birth-planets, and last in importance come the sign-positions of the birth-planets.

For easy explication, let's first pretend that you (Charming Reader) are a motor car - - a vehicle for a Divine Driver who wishes you to carry Him to some certain destination. The aspects between your birth-planets are of prime importance because they show the kind of performance, good or bad, of which you're capable, (whether you have good tires and brakes and an efficient motor, and so forth). House-positions show the roads which you'll be called-upon to travel (super-highway, race-track or rutted country lanes). Sign-positions simply reveal the make and model of the car (truck, speedster or all-purpose jeep). If you're a racing-car with cracked axles, and destined to travel bumpy frontier roads, it behooves you to find out about it!

Again: aspects between birth-

planets are your potential of performance. House-positions of birth-planets denote where early training and environment will incline, impel or habituate you to stage this performance, (your field of activity). Sign-positions of birth-planets simply indicate the finesse, or lack of it, with which you'll decorate your performance - - you might call it mannerisms or style of action.

Still again, but now in reverse: sign-positions reveal heredity. House-positions show the effects of environment. Aspects between birth-planets show the results of both heredity and environment combined together into performance - - and in this world, one's performance is of paramount interest (in achieving recognition and success) rather than good intentions or good excuses (as to inherited physical handicaps or accidents of birth).

Hitler intended good for the German people, but we don't judge him by that!

So now let's go back to our sadist's chart and add house-and-sign-position meanings. Here's a bloke who hates himself (Moon square Sun: ego-intentions at variance with self-projection) and who takes it out on others through the trine-outlet of Mars (action) to his Sun. Add sign-and-house-posi-

tions, and here's what we've got:

In the first place, we have a schizoid personality; Libra is a "double-bodied" sign and thus indicates "more than one" ego-portrait - - Moon in Libra thus indicates a person trying to be "several people all at once". Since Moon is also in 9th house, we also have a person whose interests are "always tomorrow, never today", a case of galloping futuritis - - restlessly eager to find out and capitalize upon "what lies beyond the horizon" (good for teaching, advertising, investing, exploring and activities involving long-range plans in time or space). The Libra accent adds the tendency to have too many irons in the same fire and an "on the fence", indecisive attitude due to over-eagerness to "strike a balance" in all matters at all times.

By itself, this isn't too bad, but it happens to be in square (conflict) with his Sun! Due to early training, our hero was given a guilt-obsession by Momma (Moon) and Poppa (Sun) as to Intention and Performance; he was habituated to severe limitations in self-expression (Sun in 6th, the house of personal limitations, whether health or wage-slavery or duty to others) that vastly conflicted with his ego-desires for self-justification. Sun in Cancer furthermore is a

type of self-expression that is forever "making new starts" in the interest of gaining or maintaining security; combined with 6th house, especially those new starts concerned with employment and health-matters. Quite naturally this duty-bound, limited self-expression quarrels with the expansive "new worlds to conquer" ego desires. The guy wants to "go places" and can't - - and hates himself and everybody else, because of it - - and with that "more than one" ego, no wonder he's continually making new starts! (Which reminds me, ever hear that Sousa march, *Under The Double Ego*? So sorry!)

Knowing this much about our boy, you don't have to be an astrologer or even a psychologist to guess at what comes next!

Release from this self-hatred comes via Mars in the Scorpio 10th house. His self-expression may be thwarted in its deepest and dearest desires, but it blows off steam through "getting even" at the cost of others.

Mars in 10th is not only action through ambition, but action based on inborn feelings of authority. Mars in Scorpio is action for or against others' tastes and property. This bird sets himself up, in his actions, as a custodian of others' morals and property, and doesn't

deal with them gently. Sun-square-Moon always resents Authority; he hates himself; he behaves like an authority - - it figures! You wouldn't be too far off-beam if you named him a political assassin (venting his spleen on big-shots damming his desires). Actually he's a cop, which sometimes can be pretty much the same thing. And if any police officer reading this thinks that I'm being nasty about "what makes a cop", let him take comfort in realizing that I can be just as nasty in regard to what makes an actor or sports-figure or sewer-cleaner; as a matter of fact, what makes anybody into anybody.

But what emerges first and foremost from this detailed explanation of Sun-Moon-Mars? The aspects linking these factors! House-positions showed where the aspects' sadism operates. Sign-positions showed the nature of these special fields of performance.

Now as for the signs and houses, and their meanings, here's another area where beginners (and investigators - - and *Life Magazine*) get all fouled up. There are 12 signs and also 12 houses, and each set of them means the same thing - - with a difference.

The zodiac is the immediate space of the ecliptic (or, the Sun's apparent path around the earth,

which is the earth's orbit as seen from the Sun). It's divided into 12 equal parts, called zodiacal signs, of which Aries is the first. Who did the dividing, and why so arbitrarily, I dunno - - it goes too far back in time - - but observation via astrological practice has shown these divisions as valid. Each of these signs seems to have definite characteristics (in their "influence" or coincidence with human destiny) and since there isn't any sort of characteristic which can't be described by the "nature" of one planet or another, certain planets are said to have affinity for, or to "rule", certain signs.

Aries and Scorpio are "ruled" by Mars; Gemini and Virgo are "ruled" by Mercury; Taurus and Libra are "ruled" by Venus. I have on hand a gorgeous double-page spread from *Life Magazine* of a few years back, painted by Artzybasheff especially for *Life* when that periodical decided to look down its nose at astrology; whoever wrote the caption for this double-spread sneered at astrologers for claiming that Mars or Venus or Mercury could be in two places at the same time: *he* made the claim - - astrologers didn't.

At one time, many centuries ago, the constellations happened to coincide with the signs, and were named after the signs (not the

other way around). Astrologers never ascribed any "influence" to the constellations; they just used them as handy landmarks in locating the signs. Now the constellations no longer coincide with the signs (through a phenomenon called The Precession of the Equinoxes) but so what? New York is still the same New York even though its ex-mayor has moved to Mexico!

As the earth revolves on its axis, every 24 hours, these zodiacal signs appear in turn on the horizon, gradually rise to the mid-heaven, and descend to the opposite horizon.

Here's a list of the signs and their keywords. If you're a budding astrologer and know in what signs your birth-planets are located, you can dig up my article on keywords of the planets (in the March 1956 issue of MYSTIC MAGAZINE) and by combining the keywords of planets and signs, learn something about yourself, most especially your inherited traits. If you have Sun in Aries, for example, and have set-up your parents' charts, you'll probably find that your father had Sun in Aries (a Mars sign) or in strong aspect to his own birth-Mars. Not always - - in every family (if you go-in for "family astrology") you'll usually find that there's one "black sheep" or one person whose planetary set-up has scant relation to the charts

of the rest of the family - - and he or she is the "wicked uncle" or aunt, or the misunderstood and rejected child, who ran away to become famous or infamous, to the chagrin of the rest of the family.

ARIES (Mars) - - *self-centered*. A man's Sun in Aries denotes self-expression purely for the sake of boosting the ego. A man's Moon in Aries denotes an ego that works overtime. Mercury in Aries denotes perception, communication and the use of reason strictly for ego-building purposes. But don't get the idea that self-centered-ness is necessarily bad. An "afflicted" Sun in Aries (Sun adversely aspected by other planets) isn't good, yes, because it denotes a warped, destructive sort of self-expression, the selfishness that harms others. But an "unafflicted" Sun in Aries possibly denotes a person whose self-centered-ness is devoted to self-improvement (as with a dancer who spends many years in practice-halls building up a superlative body, able to endure tremendous effort required in dancing, an instrument instead of a body - - and thus hasn't time to become a social light or Lady Bountiful to others). As I said before, the aspects between the birth planets are everything; sign-position is relatively incidental.

Aries' symbol is the ram, leader

of the flock. Constructive or destructive, Aries' motto is "Me first!". Leader or ringleader, Aries' ego insists that he take (good word) the lead - - hence it's obvious why so many Sun-in-Aries gents are accused of "pushing others around". Venus in Aries, for example, denotes a love-life employed as an ego-booster rather than "love for sweet love's sake".

An unafflicted Venus in Aries could denote a person who makes up for a lack of self-confidence by depending on demonstrations of affection from loved ones - - which often can be a good thing (else why get married?). An afflicted Venus in Aries could signify the smug Casanova who rides roughshod over others' hearts, collecting trophies of conquest to bolster his conceit.

Incidentally, don't take my word for any of this. Be a knower, a true scientist - - test these statements for yourself. They work! And since they work, astrology is an exact science indeed: as in chemistry, certain combinations of planets, aspects, sign-position and house-position invariably guarantee certain effects.

TAURUS (Venus) - - The Bull - - *value-seeking*, whether in search of bigger and better standards of conduct, or bargain-basement savings in the "comparative shopping"

vein. An afflicted planet in Taurus operates in a shrewd, stubborn and earthbound manner, but an unafflicted planet in Taurus functions as an attempt in bettering itself through consciously harmonizing with one's surroundings. Venus in Taurus (unafflicted) uses love as a vehicle of self-improvement through the discipline of devotion. Venus afflicted in Taurus thinks of love as something to bargain-with, or a reward for others' good behavior.

GEMINI (Mercury) - - The Twins - - *concerned with the affairs of the immediate environment*, bound-up with the Here-and-Now. Venus in Gemini (especially if afflicted) can be pretty promiscuous because it can't see farther than the tip of its nose; it can't look into tomorrow to foresee what its actions can lead to - - besides, the doings of today are ever so much more enthralling that it wants to be everywhere, doing everything, all at once. Thus an unafflicted Mars in Gemini is the sign of the guy who succeeds through his ability to operate in many fields simultaneously, but an afflicted Mars in Gemini denotes the bird who "gallops off madly in all directions" and fails through an inability to concentrate. Quite a difference!

CANCER (Moon) - - The Crab

- - *foundation-seeking*. Like Archimedes, Cancer's plea is "Give me enough room for a lever, and I'll move the entire world!" It's based on unconscious feelings of inferiority: Cancer is out to gain the necessary base on which to stand firm in proving its ego. Thus too Cancer is forever making new starts, because no matter how firm the ground is underfoot, Cancer still has that "sinking sensation" of inferiority. Thus Venus in Cancer may seem to be promiscuous, but it's not in the Gemini sense of sensationalism - - the love-life keeps changing only in an effort to make it the more secure. Venus unafflicted in Cancer can mean only one love, deepening with time; Venus afflicted in Cancer can imply a succession of loves, but based on a quest for The One Love. Saturn, even unafflicted, in Cancer can denote a human doormat - - a person who "accepts" whatever comes, even to the point of deliberate maladjustment, in the interests of security, or a "born peasant", bowing and scraping to the whims of the feudal Lord Circumstance.

LEO (Sun) - - The Lion - - *self-projective*. Always giving of itself, whether or not it's really got anything to offer. An afflicted Leo Venus is "in love with love". An afflicted Leo Sun is the show-off

or theatrical ham. Whatever planet is in Leo, afflicted or unafflicted, is always used for self-dramatization. Mars in Leo, well-or-poorly-aspected, always contrives to operate in a flashy manner. Saturn in Leo always lets the rest of the world know how well or how badly it's faring in making the necessary adjustments to prevailing conditions.

VIRGO (Mercury again) - - The Virgin - - *enslaved by details*, which could be paraphrased into *circumstance-bound*, or *perfectionism*. Keep a young lady a virgin long enough, and you'll get the proverbially "fussy old maid". Now you can see why an unafflicted Mars in Virgo denotes gain through research and ability to assemble details into a comprehensive whole, and an afflicted Mars in Virgo denotes the fellow who loses out because he can see only the cogs and not the entire machine and what it's doing. Unafflicted Virgo-Venus: the head rules the heart. Afflicted Virgo-Venus: the head butchers the heart. Unafflicted Virgo-Mercury: cold-blooded analysis. Afflicted Virgo-Mercury: irrational quibbling.

LIBRA (Venus again) - - The Scales - - *co-operative*. Unafflicted planets therein: helpful and public-spirited. Afflicted planets therein: exploiting others by setting

them at odds with each other, (good for generals and rabble-rousers). Hitler's Uranus was in Libra and unafflicted; he used Uranus-individuality for what he thought was his people's betterment; he was sincere. Too bad that his Neptune (Ideals) was in Gemini, so that he could not look a little beyond his immediate environment to the reactions of other peoples and the inevitable cumulative effects of what he was undertaking!

SCORPIO (Mars again) - - The Scorpion - - (also The Eagle and The Snake) - - (and I'd like to call it The Ferret) - - *curiosity* (divine or infernal). Unafflicted, a planet in Scorpio asks *why and wherefore* about whatever comes into notice. Afflicted, a Scorpio planet becomes a tease, clamming up about itself and posing riddles to others. Scorpio is a martyr - - *Curiosity killed the cat*, you know! - - but doesn't mind its sufferings as long as it finds out what it's looking for. Venus unafflicted in Scorpio is capable of profound devotion based on intense study of others' needs. But an afflicted Scorpio-Venus begs to suffer through love, practically pleading for rape, by tantalizing others. Unafflicted Scorpio Mars: the energies operate through inquiry into others' business, often denoting a

champion of others' rights. Afflicted Scorpio Mars: the energies operate through knowing others' secrets and can mean legal or illegal blackmail. Unafflicted Scorpio Mercury: a master of deduction. Afflicted Scorpio Mercury: a master of strategy. Dominion (kind of cruel) through investigation.

SAGITTARIUS (Jupiter) - - The Centaur - - *anxiously forward-looking*, which of course whether for good or bad makes for restlessness and impatience. That's why Sagittarius is connected with religion and philosophy - - it wants to know about Tomorrow; with teaching - - it wants to help prepare others for Tomorrow; with advertising and promotion and investing - - it wants to capitalize on Tomorrow; with exploration - - it wants to expand into Tomorrow. An afflicted Venus in Sagittarius suffers through love because it neglects the love at hand today for the love it expects to find tomorrow. Any planetary factor, if afflicted in Sagittarius, tends to failure through ignoring the facts on hand in favor of the potentialities of the future. Like Libra and Gemini, this is a double-bodied sign, with a tendency to employment of more than one method (of whatever planetary factor may be in question) or suffering through

diffusion. An afflicted Sagittarius planet can be just as meddling and busybody-ish as planets afflicted in Gemini - - but for the opposite reason: it holds Today in contempt because of what it knows (or thinks it knows) about Tomorrow. Unafflicted Mercury in Sagittarius: a prophet. Afflicted Mercury in Sagittarius: a bombast.

CAPRICORN (Saturn) - - The Sea-Goat - - authoritative, which is fine if the planet in question is unafflicted. Otherwise it's a tendency to be right even when it's wrong. In any case it is based on feelings of superiority, meaning that it doesn't like to dirty its hands when it can find a suitable catspaw. "Let George do it!" - - not from laziness, but because I'm too "above" it. Venus in Capricorn, even when unafflicted, is pretty unloving and unlovable, because even at its best it's so annoyingly patronizing. "Are you *worthy* of my love?" Reminds me of Schiller's accounts of the Ladye Fayre who dropped her kerchief or glove into a pit of ravening wild beasts so that her cavalier could jump down, retrieve the hanky, and thereby prove his love. (As I recall, on climbing out of the pit, he bopped her a good one.) Wonder if givers of "Advice to the lovelorn" have unafflicted Capricorn Venuses?

An afflicted Capricorn Venus uses love as an instrument for the gaining of authority, sometimes through tyrannical chastity and again in outright prostitution, depending on what's required to help gain its ends. Wonder if executioners have Mars afflicted in Capricorn? Unafflicted Capricorn Sun: an upholder of tradition and a dispenser of what passes for justice, something of a patriarch. Afflicted Capricorn Sun: abuse of authority.

AQUARIUS (Uranus, but in earlier astrology, Saturn again) - - The Water-Carrier - - *self-improving*. Traditional manuals claim that Aquarius is nobly determined to change the world for the better, but actual observation of Aquarians hasn't convinced me of the truth of it. There's something parasitic about Aquarius: it's concerned with how others express themselves, and it has a tendency to live-off others' self-expression (as with critics and labor-leaders, anthropologists and politicians). The aim seems to be to improve oneself through first improving others, or a flea taking care of its dog. Traditionalists will scream at this! Unafflicted Mars in Aquarius still can be lazy; afflicted Aquarian Mars can be an outright plagiarist or thief. Venus, even unafflicted in Aquarius, often has the attitude

of, "I'm not going to think about loving you until you've first proved that you love me!" - - which is okay in a woman's chart (one expects modesty in a gal) but not so good in a man's chart.

PISCES (Neptune; in earlier astrology, Jupiter again) - - The Two Fishes - - *operating through others' limitations and suffering*. Unafflicted Pisces Sun or Moon: possibly a doctor, nurse, psychologist, Union Organizer, Welfare Worker. Afflicted Pisces Sun or Moon: a swindler, blackmailer or quack. (So if your doctor has a Pisces Sun or Moon, you can figure out if he's worth consulting or not.) Since Pisces is another double-bodied sign, planets in Pisces have a tendency to operate "with more than one method" simultaneously, so afflicted Pisces planets give the tendency of the other double-bodied signs to "galloping off in all directions". Unafflicted Pisces planets reap success through the ability to handle several situations simultaneously.

Male Sun or Female Moon in any double-bodied sign lives a "double life" - - often being known as one sort of person to one group, and an entirely different person to another group.

Which carries us through the 12 signs. And if you've come this far, perhaps you've begun to sense the

method in my madness - - all along, in these articles, I've been teaching you (painlessly, I hope) in a roundabout way, to become your own astrologer. We've a long way to go, but stick with me, and we'll get there.

Now as to houses and house-positions of birth-planets:

The houses of one's horoscope are dependent upon the exact instant of one's birth in any given location (which is why latitude and longitude of one's birthplace, and hour-and-minute of birth are so vital in the construction of an accurate horoscope), because they're a division by twelve of the visible and invisible sky.

If the zodiacal sign of Aries happens to be climbing the horizon at the moment of birth, and one happens to be born on the Equator, the zodiacal signs will coincide exactly with the houses of the horoscope - - otherwise not. Thus one would get the sign of Aries for the first house of his horoscope - - and since both Aries and the first house have the same characteristics (of a Mars and egocentric nature), Moon in Aries first house would be a triple assurance of a case of Ego Plus and then some (Moon being male ego, 1st house being the person at his most typical self, and Aries of course being self-centered).

Here's a quick run-through of the houses and the fields of activity they provide (some of which no doubt will cause traditionalist astrologers to go berserk):

FIRST HOUSE: *You!* Your inherited temperament and disposition is shown by whatever zodiacal sign happens to coincide with this house. If Aries, egocentric; if Taurus, earthily questing for better values in your environment and way of life, and so on. (The "rising sign", or sign occupying the first house, is supposed to denote physical characteristics, but this seldom works out according to textbook descriptions, so I've ignored it.) An unafflicted planet in first denotes some special attractive facet of the personality which will help project oneself into fame and fortune. An afflicted planet in 1st denotes some "personality problem" (according to the nature of the planet involved) in lifelong need of adjustment. Unafflicted Saturn in first: gain through serious and sensible outlook on life. Afflicted Saturn in 1st: loss throughout life due to feelings of personal inadequacy and inability to "take things" seriously or lightly enough, as required, which might further indicate a warped sense of humor.

SECOND HOUSE: *Your sense of values*, thus also by extension,

your personal property and money. You can be destitute, yet if you have a good sense of values (according to the sign occupying 2nd house, and unafflicted planets therein) you'll count yourself as rich, and vice versa. It's possible to be a billionaire yet feel impoverished because you're "down to your last yacht", you know.

THIRD HOUSE: *Your immediate environment*, which covers a multitude of items: close relatives, neighbors, local news and civics, elementary education, and the vehicles and mediums employed in attending to routine affairs. The sign occupying this house indicates the type of environment into which your heredity is apt to project you (the ghetto if you're a Jew, the slums if your skin isn't white), and planets in this house indicate (by their affliction or freedom of it) your relations with, and activities among the folk surrounding you.

FOURTH HOUSE: *Home life, parent of opposite sex, and the basis on which you make all your new starts.*

FIFTH HOUSE: *Outgoing self-expression*, or those activities in which you indulge for the fun of it - - hobbies, games, romance. A birth-planet or transiting planet in 5th doesn't guarantee that you'll be loved, it only implies that you will do some loving, good or bad

according to the planetary aspects involved, and the type of loving denoted by the sign occupying 5th house.

SIXTH HOUSE: *Your personal limitations*, which is where wage-slavery and health come in. Afflicted or unafflicted planets in 6th will denote factors contributing to, or hindering, accomplishment. The sign coinciding with 6th house will denote the nature of the limiting factors.

The first six houses deal strictly with your private life, and people born with a majority of planets in these first 6 houses generally live obscure lives and are glad of it.

The remaining six houses concern one's public life, and it's intriguing to note that they're the exact polar opposites of the first six. The first house was *you*, remember?

SEVENTH HOUSE: *Everybody but yourself*, thus the world and world-conditions; whatever is your complement, therefore the person you marry and the people with whom you form partnerships of any sort. (Fifth house shows what you're romantically attracted to; 7th house shows what you get.)

EIGHTH HOUSE: *Others' values*, thus others' tastes and funds, and such items as government funds and insurance. Eighth house

is traditionally associated with death, but I doubt it; probably it came to that association because of legacies, or the gaining of others' funds through others' deaths. (Now you know why Mars in 8th denotes channeling energies through others' values and funds.)

NINTH HOUSE: *The Beyond* (just the opposite of the 3rd house's "Here and Now") - - which takes in the future and all items connected with it - - teaching of advanced subjects, philosophy and religion, expansion through exploration, promotional schemes, investments and publishing, all of which depend very much on anticipating future trends; it also takes in "masters beyond the horizon", such as foreign affairs, export and import, and long-range travelling (and all vehicles and mediums thereof).

TENTH HOUSE: *Profession* (in the sense of your ultimate aim or "calling", rather than your wage-slave bread-winning job), *reputation, parent of same sex, employers and others in authority above you.* The 9th house is supposed to deal with lawyers and litigation, but the 10th house shows the outcome of it all, so don't rush into law-suits if you have an afflicted planet in 10th!

The 4th house shows how low you can sink (thus necessitating

new starts unless you want to stay sunk) and the 10th house shows how high you can rise. Whenever a planet transits through your 4th house, you sow "seeds" of activity (of the nature of the transiting planet involved - - a new lease on love and artistry if it's Venus, a new lease on effort and morale if it's Mars, and so on). When this same transiting planet enters your 10th house, you reap the harvest of whatever you've sown earlier. Moral: whenever a planet transits through your 4th house, be darned sure you're sowing "tested and approved" seeds, because if you start a project off on the wrong foot (by planting thorns) you're going to reap thorns. Act out of frustration and you're only going to jump headlong into further frustration (which is one reason why war never begets peace - - only further warfare).

Afflicted or unafflicted birth-planets in the 10th indicate (according to their nature and aspects) ambition-directed talents or flaws that will guarantee or deny success and prestige.

While 8th house is traditionally associated with death, I hereby submit that I believe that 4th house (traditionally known as "conditions at end of life") and 10th house are associated with death - - and if you think it's a

silly idea, start looking up the horoscopes of Napoleon (Saturn in 10th opposition Moon in 4th, or maladaptation through "belittled" ego and ego-puncturing mother), Shelley (Neptune on 10th cusp, opposition Saturn in 4th - - ideals and The Sea triumphing over adaptation) and others. (Note to advanced students: study the transits of time of death only IF you're certain the horoscope checks to facts, taking special note of birth and transiting aspects to "rulers" of 4th and 10th houses.)

ELEVENTH HOUSE: *Others' self-expression*, their creativity, romantic inclinations and pastimes as these affect you. According to whatever birth-planet is located here, afflicted or unafflicted, you'll be loved or disliked or taken advantage-of. Saturn (ruling Time, Adaptation, Circumstance, etc) unafflicted in eleventh promises older, wiser friends who come into the life "by chance" and whose loving support enables one better to adjust himself to life; an afflicted Saturn in 11th promises the same disparity of age and circumstantial coming-together, but it also promises maladjusted friends (and your inability to get along with them through being too dependent on them at times and too independent of them at other times - - both they and you will lack the necessary sobriety and levity to cope

with living). Mars in 11th (for good or bad) will tend to channel one's efforts (for good or bad) through his friends and well-wishers (in either case, denoting a person dependent on others). Venus unafflicted: beloved. Afflicted: poorly loved (and you can take it several ways).

TWELFTH HOUSE: *Concerned with others' limitations and sufferings*, which also can deal with prisons, hospitals, and other forms of confinement (since after all, a crook feels imprisoned due to others' limited understanding of his motives). A birth planet placed in 12th doesn't mean a life of ill-health (as a lot of obsolete textbooks seem to think) or even hospitalization, but it can (if afflicted) cause seclusion or secretive practices based on fear or dislike of others' interference due to others' weaknesses.

There, that covers sign and house meanings. Now you can, if you like, hop-skip-and-jump through my earlier articles (and this one) and have fun playing a little game of, "What does it mean when Mars is in Sagittarius 8th, square Venus in Virgo 5th, but also in trine to Jupiter in Aries 12th?" I've deliberately scattered all the clues throughout the various articles so that you'll have to do a lot of searching and re-reading

(it's one way of getting you to soak up this information more than once).

What's it mean when you have Sun in Aquarius 8th, square Saturn in Taurus 11th, but Saturn in sextile to Venus in Cancer 1st? H'm? What's it mean when a woman has Moon in Virgo 7th, in square both to Uranus in Sagittarius 10th and Neptune in Gemini 4th?

I'll close on another throwaway idea for advanced students: Men, being positive, aggressive and masculine, coincide with Aries (the first sign and "natural first house"). Why then shouldn't women, being negative, passive and feminine, coincide with Libra (the seventh sign and "natural 7th house")? Woman was meant as man's 7th house mate, you know. Could this mean then that we should try using a woman's 7th house as being really her 1st? (In other words, calculating her chart according to South Latitudes instead of North ones?) Sure, of course there are "masculine" women and "feminine" men, but the sexual equipment and hormones of each (which affect others' treatment of them as well as their own

unconscious attitudes) still keep men positive and women negative.

If, in my next article, I should explain how to set up a horoscope, and how to understand transits of planets through the various houses, I'll have shown you (in rear-end backward style) how to be your own astrologer. Would you like that? Let me know! But more important, also I'll have shown you how to use astrology, rather than to be used by it; how it can better your life by helping you to observe and think, rather than stunting your development by slavish adherence to outdated textbook "rules".

Does astrology work? The only way you're ever really going to know is by finding out for yourself! Be a truly scientific skeptic, but not a non-scientific cynic.

I've been so snowed-under by your letters that it's impossible for me to answer many of them, but please know that I appreciate them. Until my next article, have a happy Sun in Leo 5th, sextile Venus in Libra 7th, and also in trine to Jupiter in Sagittarius 9th. (There, that ought to keep you occupied!)

THE END

WHY NOT GIVE "SEARCH" AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT?

See page 130 for coupon.

HOW TO MAKE SUPERSTITION WORK FOR YOU

By Hannes Bok

Most of us have superstitious beliefs, whether we admit them or not. But we believe we can do nothing about "the black cat crossing our path", and fearfully await tragic results. Here's how to turn these superstitions to your own advantage.

“**W**ISHING,” SO the old song goes, “will make it so.” And it’s right, providing we take the word *wishing* to mean *the action of believing*. The same thought, negatively expressed, is embodied in that quote of Grant Lewi’s: “That which I have feared has come upon me.”

In either case, it’s just an allusion to one of the primal natural laws: *Like attracts like*.

Oh, sure, we’ve heard that *Opposites attract*, but it isn’t true. Bulls don’t attract bees, nor cats mice; and when you see two unlike humans joined in a misalliance, it’s still a case of like attracting like - - two perverse people drawn to-

gether through the power of whatever perversion dominates them.

Maybe I’m unread and illiterate, because I haven’t perused *The Magic of Believing* and *The Power of Positive Thinking*, but the titles stick with me. Really believe that you’re going to be great, and you will become great - - but notice that I said *really believe*.

When I was young, I heard (as who hasn’t) that *Faith moves mountains*. We hadn’t any mountains handy for me to practice upon, but there was a slight hill a block or so away, and several times I remember sitting down and staring at that hill and “concentrating upon it”, willing it to move,

until I thought myself into a juicy headache.

Come on hill, move! Aw, come on, hill! Just a little, then - - well, at least just a quiver or shake!

But the hill simply sat there, same as always.

I blamed that old saying, *Faith moves mountains*. It was wrong, not I! It took me many years to discover that I'd been wrong, perhaps because I hadn't realized what really constituted faith. Usually when I repeat the old adage nowadays, I amend it to, *Faith - - and a shovel - - moves mountains*. Because, as a lot of us still have to learn, faith isn't just pretending, faith is action. If a man hasn't the courage to live his convictions, then he can't be said really to have convictions.

So many people, in telling me about themselves, stress their "beliefs" which then I have to point out aren't beliefs at all, but merely illusions. Take the fellow who "doesn't believe" in race prejudice, yet who sits idly (and perhaps uneasily) on the sidelines while his friends crack race-prejudice jokes or worse: he doesn't "do anything about it" because he wouldn't want to offend his friends and possibly alienate them. If he really believed that his friends were in the wrong, he'd also realize that they weren't really his friends and he'd be glad

to alienate them so that they wouldn't clutter up his life. But as long as he plays along with them, it's a case of like being attracted by like, and all his noble talk of disbelief in race prejudice is strictly through his hat.

Superstitions actually do work for those who believe in them.

So don't sneer the next time you see somebody flinching from a broken mirror, knocking on wood or throwing salt over his left shoulder. My father worked for an insurance company, and he told me that by law, one cannot collect if he walks under a ladder and the person on the ladder drops a hammer or bucket of paint on him, so the "not walking under a ladder" bit re "bad luck" contains more truth than poetry.

Psychologically, the argument favoring superstition is auto-suggestion. If you have hypnotized yourself into believing something, your subconscious or unconscious mind will see to it that it does happen. Enter a race believing that you're going to lose, and only a million-in-one freak accident will make you win. Believe that nobody likes you, and you'll behave so unsympathetically that indeed nobody will be able to stand having you around.

I'm sure we're all familiar with that phase of auto-suggestion where-

in the alarm clock isn't working, and we've got to wake up at a certain time tomorrow, or else. "I've just got to get up at six!" we tell ourselves. There are of course a few who lie awake all night, worrying about waking up at six, and who are finally so darned tired that they fall asleep at about the time they had hoped to be getting up. But there are ever so many others who wake right on the dot of six.

And of course we all know the hypochondriacs who are so blasted suggestible that whenever they read about a new symptom, immediately they acquire it.

Since this also is a universe of cause and effect, "coming events cast their shadows before" to those with eyes to see them. Observe a cause and you can extrapolate the probable effect. The body can't reason, but it can "think" by reaction to external events (instinct). After the body's been burned a few times, the mind doesn't have to tell it to avoid fire - - the body instinctly avoids fire on its own. Once the conscious mind has taught the unconscious to swim or ride a bike, the knowledge is retained, and thenceforth swimming and bike riding become automatic or instinctive.

Since the material body is part-and-parcel of the material world

(in all its fluctuations), quite often the body is well aware of "something brewing" while the conscious mind is busily occupied in other matters. The body tries to make its feelings known (perhaps in dreams, perhaps in refusing to obey commands from the conscious mind - - or lapses into "absent mindedness" and accidents. There's no such thing as an accident, really. Conscious and unconscious minds aren't cooperating, that's all. This is a universe of cause-and-effect; accidents are impossible.)

Since the body can't speak aloud (without the conscious mind giving the command) it has to resort in conveying its message in pictures (in the case of dreams) - - and it's a tricky task. Try it consciously yourself, if you don't believe me. Go to the picture-room of the Public Library (where they have pictures of just about anything) and try to make intelligible to another person some statement or other, through the use of pictures. Try telling somebody, "If you take the 5:05 plane from Newark Airport Tuesday, you'll run into bad weather and crash." It can be done, but with difficulty, especially if you don't use your fingers to point.

Then try to put-across some abstract idea, such as, "Astrology is superstition" strictly through the

use of the pictures on hand. Unless it's an exceptional picture-library, you'll never do it.

The unconscious mind finds itself in something of the same plight in trying to get its messages across. It can draw upon memory-pictures (moral: have as many and diversified memories as possible if you want your unconscious to talk freely to you) but since it can't reason (at best it can only associate) it often has to fill-in the gaps with substitute-pictures. As if that weren't bad enough, the conscious mind usually has taught the unconscious that certain things are forbidden to it, and mustn't ever be brought up - - so the poor unconscious (which deals in facts, and may have something to say that's "forbidden", but necessary in the interests of self-preservation through warning) has to find some harmless, conscious-mind-approved, substitute-picture that can be associated with the forbidden subject.

Result: the dream is an apparently senseless garbled misch-masch which the conscious mind rejects on awakening as being "only a dream".

Superstitions, however, offer the body a wonderful opportunity to get its warnings across. I should know - - mine works for me. When I was a youngster, we had a lot of superstitions, that really

were family jokes, but which I took seriously at the time, being too undeveloped as yet to reason them out. One of them was, "If you drop a knife, a man's coming; if you drop a fork, a woman's coming; if you drop a spoon, you'll get a letter".

The fool formula has worked for me for years (when I let it - - I don't habitually carry knives, forks and spoons around with me at all hours of the day). Why? Because there's no such thing as an accident. (Remember, I defined "accidents" as being conflict of ego; or conscious mind, with body, or unconscious mind, instinct.) Thus at times when my unconscious mind is aware that somebody's on his way to my house, it can (if I happen to be holding tableware at the time) warn me that this person is due (by causing me to drop the appropriate utensil). In my case, I have silverware that doesn't match; some of it I look upon as my favorite pieces, and I find that when one of these favorites goes clanging to the floor, it heralds the arrival of a favorite person.

Another family saying was: "What falls to the floor comes to your door", and believe me, I have a busy doorbell. People visit this place as they visit the zoo, to see the freak artist perform. I'm con-

stantly dropping things - - and call it a funny coincidence, but the day I dropped and broke my last cup (ah, these shiftless bachelors!) a friend popped in soon afterward with a set of dishes he thought I could (and had better!) use.

Then there was: "I can tell it's going to rain because my corns ache". I don't have any corns, but I did break a few toe-bones which didn't knit properly. Guess what happens about 18 to 24 hours before it rains?

Thus next time you break a mirror, don't be too sure that you're not going to have "seven years' bad luck" - - if you happen to believe in that superstition. Probably it won't be all of seven years of woe, since the unconscious mind probably interprets mirror-breaking as "a great deal of trouble". But you've been warned to be on the alert. (And even if this superstition couldn't possibly work out, it's still a good thing always to be on the alert.) Of course it would be better to acquire some superstition which would give at least a clue as to the nature of the forthcoming "great trouble" - - your unconscious self would be only too glad to co-operate with you if you'd just let it.

One way you can consciously co-operate with it is to take up "automatic writing". I detest the

term, because as a kid I associated it with the belief that "spirits" could communicate through you, if you'd just pick up a pencil, hold it over a piece of paper, and "let yourself go". I didn't cotton to spirits then, and I can't say that I do now. Of course the "revelations" that came through this medium were simply the unconscious letting itself go, parroting memory-words. I never bothered to read any of these "automatic writings", but I'll wager that they translated as warnings from the unconscious as to current and future events.

You can do the same thing by sitting at a typewriter and just writing "any old thing that comes into your head". Pick it apart afterward, analyze the associations in it, and you may surprise yourself by "seeing into the future".

In other words, "superstitions" can be made to work by using them as a training-program for clairvoyance. So don't make fun of them in the future - - you may be cutting off your nose to spite your face.

Of course you can't make superstitions work for you overnight. It takes practice. Usually your unconscious self learns best if you accompany your commands to it with some sort of physical stimulus. Being material, it needs material evidence before it'll accept

your teaching. A hot stove is an excellent physical stimulus when it comes to acquiring the afraid-of-fire instinct. A couple of good chokes are fine when it comes to learning that you can drown if you don't swim.

Thus if you want to acquire the "drop a knife and a man's coming" superstition, you'll probably have to train your unconscious by running-quick-for-a-knife-and-drop-it whenever a male caller shows up. Bang your corns hard (if you have them - - if not, substitute some other sensitive part of your anatomy) when it rains, until your unconscious self learns to associate painful corns with rain. Get in the habit of humming one special tune whenever you're in trouble, and eventually you'll catch yourself

humming that tune a short while *before* you have trouble. Of course you can work it the other way around by humming a certain tune whenever you're happy - - and then, when unwittingly you break into that tune - - knowing that happiness is soon forthcoming. Probably you could arrange a code with your unconscious by associating certain tunes with certain states of being.

Another one that works for me is the itching palm - - when my right palm itches, it means money's coming - - the amount depending on the strength of the itch.

But then, you can invent your own superstitions.

And if you understand why they work, of course they'll work!

THE END

WANT TO MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME?

If you have time on your hands, and are able to get around your own home town, write to us, and ask us to explain our remarkable way to earn extra money to supplement your income, and to provide funds to get those "little extras" you've always wanted for your home, or family, or for yourself.

At the same time, you can help SEARCH Magazine to become more firmly established, and aid in spreading its thought-provoking subject matter to more and more people to whom it may prove immensely valuable.

Lend us a helping hand, and we'll return the favor—with cash right in the palm of that hand!

Just drop a note to Ray Palmer, Editor, SEARCH, Amherst, Wisconsin.

IT HAPPENED TO ME...

From time to time SEARCH 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 SEARCH'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 SEARCH in the case of those to whom identification might prove to be a source of embarrassment or inconvenience. SEARCH 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," Search Magazine, Amherst, Wisconsin.

MY SPIRIT DOCTORS

IN THE YEAR 1934 I felt better than at any time during my life. One evening at work I blacked out, came back to consciousness, had a bowel movement and found myself weak as a new born kitten. Every time that I moved quickly my pulse jumped up over 100.

Neither of the M.D.'s who examined me could determine the cause for the erratic heart action

nor why I should be so pale. I discovered, long after I had recovered, that an ulcer had ruptured and I had experienced an internal hemorrhage. Two weeks of examinations accomplished nothing. I remained so weak that I could hardly walk.

One night, while half asleep although fully conscious of my surroundings, seven men came to my bed. I knew that they were Spirit

men as I could see right through them. The one who seemed to be the chief physician stood at the head of my bed. I could sense his hands inside of me doing something to the lower part of my stomach. I knew the man on my left (I was lying on my back) was Dr. John Ballou Newbrough, through whom Oahspe was given to us. The man next to him was Dr. James Watson, a friend of mine who had been a spiritual healer in Los Angeles for over thirty years. Who the third man on that side of the bed was I had no idea. Neither did I know the physician at the head of my bed nor the three men at my right side. They were there only for a minute and then seemed to fade away.

The next morning my heart was acting normal. Three or four days later my strength had returned and I was well as ever.

That was a year before I met Dr. Newbrough's daughter, purchased the plates from her and republished OAHSPÉ which I still think is the most valuable and informative book in print. It covers the past, present and future of mankind. It is the only book, so far as I know, which explains the changes now taking place in the world and what the results will be. Over twenty types of interplanetary ships are described and their

forms and uses stated. OAHSPÉ was first published in 1882 which was many years before Flying Saucers or UFO were common in the atmosphere as they are today.

In 1935 I republished OAHSPÉ and have since sold over 50,000 copies of this Miracle of the Nineteenth Century.

In 1951 I fell from a high ladder and landed with a compound fracture of the right femur. The wound where the flesh was torn as the bone emerged and pushed into the ground, became infected. While in the third hospital with my leg in traction, I mentally paged Dr. Newbrough. I had the impression that he knew of my appeal to bring his associate spirit physicians and heal me again. I was impressed that he was not permitted to come to my aid. Why, I do not know.

I do not think that the surgeons at any one of the four hospitals where I was expected me to live. I didn't die as they expected nor did I recover as I expected to do. Today, after five years, I still suffer from the leg and can only be on it for a few hours at a time.

I have never been able to learn, from any source either in spirit or material, why I have been required to go through the years of suffering nor why the leg has not healed in five years. One thing seems evident; I was not permitted

to die, as it was my destiny and work to republish and distribute OAHSPÉ; the greatest book ever given to the human race.

Wing Anderson (an Essene)

2208 W. 11th St.

Los Angeles 6, Calif.

Author - Psychologist - Publisher.

CATRINA

IT WAS A BRIGHT Sunday morning; my wife and the children, as usual on that day, headed for the nearest city park to enjoy the sunshine and fresher air. (This park was about ten blocks distant from where we lived then; now we live much closer to it.)

Of course, our little bitch "Catrina", then about a year old, always went with them too; she would fetch the ball when lost under the bushes or when it rolled too far away for the little ones to go after it quickly. She seemed to know just what part she had to fulfill. We all liked her very much.

So, while the wife, the children and Catrina went to the park, I layed down on my bed, relaxing; my mind wandering as usual and reviewing, as if it were, a multitude of thoughts which followed one after the other like a pack of sheep hurrying out of their corral.

Such was the situation with me at the time: I was somnolent, when I saw the vaporous form of a dog standing on its hind legs, wagging its tail, while its forepaws rested on the edge of the bed; all this

happening in much less time than it takes to tell it and then ceasing to be.

I gave no particular thought to such an occurrence because in that house I had seen and heard - and always when in daylight would be laying awake or somnolent on my bed - somewhat strange things - - which I attributed to my nervousness.

However, when mother and the children returned, I was immediately informed that Catrina, our little bitch, had been run over by an automobile as she ran, careless and fearful into the street, on being chased by another much older and indeed, ugly bitch.

THEN I recollected the vision of the vaporous dog body I had seen a very short time since: Yes! I could see it now with my imagination; it was just about the size and shape of Catrina and I had seen it just about the time she had been instantly killed by the car!

So, I wonder, do dumb animals have a spirit too?

Crescencio Z. Rosas Torres.

Apartado Postal 26320

Mexico City, Mexico

ASTRAL PROJECTION

IT WAS 1950 and we were in the Philippine Islands where my husband had been sent for "over-seas duty" at "Clark Field" about eighty miles from Manila on the island of Luzon.

It was during the beautiful Philippine summer, when although it is usually quite warm during the day, it is always very nice at night; and at this time there was a beautiful full moon which somehow seemed even more beautiful in the Orient—at least I thought so.

This particular night we had gone to bed later than was our usual custom; the window louvers were open with the result that our bedroom was flooded with moonlight making the room very bright. I dozed off while gazing out at the lovely moonlit scene which was still new to me.

I had probably been asleep for about three hours, when suddenly I found that I was sitting up in bed and very much aware of my surroundings; I threw back the sheet, started to slip my feet into my slippers, but for some strange quirk of reason, decided not to.

I walked across the room to the door, started to switch on the light, decided that I didn't need it on

and turned to go into the hall looking back toward the bed. As I did so, lo and behold, there in bed was "I"!—yet here was "I" standing beside the bedroom door!

It is impossible to describe my feelings or thoughts as I stood there staring at my body still in bed and apparently sound asleep; I walked back over to the bed. The next thing that I knew I was once again in bed and very much awake.

The next morning I told my husband of my strange experience at the breakfast table; he laughed and assured me that I most surely had been "dreaming" and accused me of letting my imagination run away with me.

On the other hand, I definitely do not agree with that explanation; however, just what I was doing I couldn't say at this time.

I have since heard and read quite a bit on the subject of "astral-projection" and have often wondered if this is not the answer to what happened to me that memorable night in the Philippines?

Mrs. Margaret P. Reid
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Fairchild A.F.B.
Fairchild, Washington



I SAW GNOMES

IN THE MARCH issue of MYSTIC, Frank Patton tells an interesting story of his experience in seeing fairies and brownies, and of his firm belief in their reality.

You might, perhaps, like to know my own contact with one variety of the "little folk" which came when I was a child of seven. On the dim borderland between waking and sleeping, I would suddenly hear a musical tone that fascinated me to listen. It was soft, sweet, penetrating and it continued into a gradually increasing volume of sound, until it was so loud that it terrified me. At this point I became aware of a tiny figure at my bedside, a man with a long white beard, a "stocking" cap that hung down behind, a belted jacket and short pants buttoned at the knees, woolen stockings ending in stout, silver-buckled shoes. He frightened me until, with his mouth at my ear, I lost consciousness, not waking until the following morning.

This terrifying experience went on night after night for what must have been a long time. I remember that, for some reason, I never told anyone about it, nor tried to call for help. The first part was so delightful in its soft music, that I

was always unprepared for the change into threat and terror.

I got a very close view of the tiny man—who was larger than Mr. Patton's brownie—probably two feet in height so he, standing on tiptoe, could push his face near to mine. Tell Mr. Patton that these small gnomes, in spite of their white beards, have the eyes of a child—frank and impersonal and coolly inspective. Their hands are cold, dry and chalky. They slip out of your grasp.

This happened in Brooklyn, N. Y. Later, at the age of eighteen, I was in Germany and, for the first time I saw the ornamental reproductions in iron and papier mache, of the gnomes. The memory of my childhood flashed into consciousness and I cried out to my sisters and mother, "These are like the little gnome man who used to frighten me so!" Up to that moment I had entirely forgotten it. Probably there are good gnomes and bad ones, just as in us humans. The Germans used to portray them in pictures and small sculptures for desk sets, etc. I fancy they regarded them as friendly.

C. H. Turvey
Address on file



AN INVITATION FROM MOM

ON NOVEMBER 12, 1942, I was inducted into the U. S. Army; the Infantry. While taking my basic training at Camp Wheeler, my mother died. Her death was a great blow to me. I come from a family of ten children, five boys and five girls, I am the youngest. My Mom referred to me as the baby of the family. Being the baby of the family, she favored me a little.

After basic training, I was sent to England for more advanced training. Then came the invasion of France. My outfit, the 29th Division was one of the divisions that took part in the Invasion. During the fighting in France, my squad and I were captured by the Germans. We were taken to a prison camp in Germany—Stalag 4-F. We had to work for them repairing their railroads, after our planes bombed them. The work was hard and the food was next to nothing. We went through many hardships. What with starving, working hard, and dodging bombs

and bullets, it was getting the best of me. I believe I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown; or as some people would say—cracking up! One day when the area in which our stalag was located in, was being bombed, and machine-gunned, we were locked in our barrack. I was very nervous and upset. I went over to my bunk and lay down. I closed my eyes, but I was not asleep. Then I saw a vision of my Mother, she said: "Georgie, my son, I know what you are going through; would you like to come with me, it's nice over here." I knew what she meant, and I was frightened. I said "No Mom, no. I want to go back home and see Pop and the family." She said: "All right my son, I understand." Then she disappeared. (My mother spoke to me in our native tongue, which is Albanian).

About a week later, we were liberated.

George Frega
8 Jordan Avenue
Jersey City 6, N.J.

A PROPHETIC VISION

I WILL RELATE an experience that happened when I was seventeen years old in the year 1917. I was going to school at that time and had no thought of going

into the army. In fact I was like all young fellows; I liked to have a lot of fun. In the town that I lived in at that time in southern Indiana, the north section was a

little rough at times. I had a seven shot .22 pistol. It was about September, the best I can remember; I came home about eleven one night and went to bed.

It was some time later in the night when something woke me up. We had a large dresser opposite my bed with a mirror about three feet square. I looked at this mirror and there was a wooded glen and coming out of this wood were soldiers in close formation wearing coal-scuttle helmets and green uniforms with their rifles on their shoulders as if they were on patrol. They advanced toward me and looked as if they were coming out of the mirror. I got my pistol from under my pillow and cocked the hammer to shoot. Then a thin line of soldiers came between me and the soldiers in green and the ones in green started to back up and the thin line drove them clear out of sight.

I waited for a little while the ones in green came out again. The thin line drove them back each time I was going to shoot. This happened four times and the last time the picture faded and I was sitting up in bed all alone. Some say I was asleep, but I was as wide awake as I ever was. It was not a dream.

In 1918 I joined the army and was sent to Camp Shelby, Mississippi where we did our training.

All the men but about thirty were sent over as replacements. I was one that was left in the company. Myself and another N.C.O. was sent to train new men; then about two months later the whole division, the 38th (I was in Co. 152 Inf.) went to La Mans, France and from there was split up and sent to different places as replacement.

I was sent to the 82 Div., 325 Inf., Co. B. We joined them behind the front lines, just behind the heavy artillery. I saw the Germans as I had seen them in the looking glass that night long before, uniforms and all.

We stayed there two days and then started to a rest camp to get new outfits to return to the front lines. But after marching for two days, which would make it the 11th of November, an officer came along and said the armistice was signed. We went to another camp close to Cadillac, France. From there I returned to the U. S. And I did not fire a shot at the enemy as it truly foretold in my vision.

Arthur Lance
815 So. Noble St.
Shelbyville, Indiana



HOW MY FRIEND DIED

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, a friend of mine died of a heart attack while I was in his office. This came as a shock to all his friends, as he was in the prime of life and apparently in good health. Only one unusual fact puzzled me, and that was the appearance of a knot on his leg below the knee that I had never seen before, nor had anyone else who knew him. The knot appeared to be a cyst, no more, but why no one had ever noticed it before caused some speculation in connection with the circumstances of his death. But no one could arrive at any acceptable explanation. And since there had been no autopsy, as his death had been obviously from natural causes, no connection between this mysterious knot and the cause of death was suspected.

This friend was very close to me; being older, he had for years been my benefactor and mentor. He was a lawyer, highly educated and very wise. But he was a strange man and never ceased to intrigue me with his talk of the occult and spiritual manifestations of human experience. I had known him many years before I discovered that there was a strain of gypsy blood in his ancestry, which to me explained at least in part the riddle of his

mysterious nature and the oblique illusions, often accompanied by ironic laughter, he frequently made in the course of his many conversations in which he often referred to Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Phantom Walls". However, he was not a religious man by any means, and his sense of humor was often sardonic.

But after his death he appeared to me in a dream and gave me instructions on settling his estate, as I had been appointed administrator by the court. In the dream a snake crawled up the high bank of the creek on which he had been building a house when he died. The dream ended there, and I was puzzled by it for a long time. But one day when I was showing the house to a prospective buyer, he let out a yell. We were standing in a back room near a window, and I turned suddenly to see a large snake coiled on the window sill. I jumped back and grabbed a board leaning against the unfinished wall and killed it. And it was then that I remembered that my deceased friend had slept down here on the creek where it was cool on hot summer nights, making a pallet on the floor of his unfinished and unfurnished house. The snake had evidently bitten him while asleep. Then I knew the

meaning of the dream, which explained to me why my friend had died in the prime of life. And often now in the still hours of the night I seem to feel the presence of his spirit near me, and recall the ring of his sardonic laughter as he talked of the mysteries of life and the mystical contact with the spirit world, when in keeping with his

erudite Shakespearean knowledge he would often conclude by quoting from Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

W. N. Horton
216 W. 3rd St.
Texarkana, Texas

LEXIE CAME FOR HIM

IT WAS DARK and stormy on that mid-summer night in 1933 when "Old Bill" lay dying in a wretched shack on the outskirts of the small Georgia town, where he had spent most of his life. I had been in the town only a short time and knew nothing of Bill's past history nor even his last name, but had volunteered to relieve a neighbor who had been with him all day. Paralysis had clouded Bill's brain and reduced his speech to an indistinct mumble. He was drunk most of the time and few cared enough about him to brave the stench of his filthy shack and comfort him as his mis-spent life ebbed slowly away.

I looked at the clock and it had been an hour since the doctor, with an eye on the approaching storm, had made a hasty departure, saying: "He may go any minute, or could linger for several hours. Nothing can be done except to sit

by him if he should need attention. I gave him a sedative and he is sleeping and may just drift away without waking again."

A heavy gust of wind came through the broken window panes and extinguished the lamp. I relighted it and held it high over the face of the sleeper, and as I did so, he opened his eyes and said in a clear voice: "If there is any more of that good lemonade, I'd like a nice, big glass of it."

"I don't need another thing," he said, as I set the glass aside. "Just sit by me until Lexie gets here; she's due any time now. What's going on outside?"

"Just about everything," I replied. "Wind, rain, lightning and hail. Think she'll venture out in this weather?"

"Sure she will," was the confident reply. "She'll be right here when the time comes. That won't bother her in the least."

"I'll be glad of her company," I said, relieved at the thought of having a companion for my lonely watch.

He tried to answer, but his voice trailed away and he sank into a deep slumber and lay so still that I thought he was gone.

Slowly another hour passed and there was no sound but the fury of the storm and the shallow breathing of the old man, his waxen face peaceful in the flickering light of the lamp.

Suddenly there was a glow of pale, blue light near the front door and in the middle of the light, stood a tall and beautiful woman whose glossy, brown hair lay in shining waves on her head and fell in big curls to her waist. Great, brown eyes glowed beneath long lashes and her perfect lips were smiling. She wore an old fashioned dress of some filmy, pink material and carried a broad-brimmed hat, trimmed with pink roses.

The still figure on the bed moved slightly, and slowly the dim eyes opened. With the last

flicker of life, he held out his arms and cried, "Lexie!"

Before I could reach him, he was dead, a peaceful smile upon his face which now looked youthful and strangely handsome.

His brother-in-law came the next day and sadly viewed the ramshackle hut. "Didn't know things were this bad," he said. "Bill used to have plenty, but after Lex died, he started drinking—and you know the rest."

"Did Lexie look like this?" I inquired, as I described my visitor of the night before.

"That's Lex up and down, curls, favorite dress and even the habit of carrying her hat instead of wearing it. Beats all how you can describe her so perfectly. She's been dead over 40 years and you couldn't possibly have known."

"That is what you think," I replied. "I know exactly how she looks because I saw her last night when she came for Bill."

Laura E. Olson,
427 South Florida Avenue,
DeLand, Florida

THE END

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The WORLD WITHIN



By **PAUL F. SERPAS**

What is the relationship between the spirit body and the physical body of a man?

THIS QUESTION, the relationship of the spiritual and physical body, has puzzled man since the days of the Egyptian alchemists. Thinking, reasoning man has yet to solve the most basic truth of existence - the bond between the living and the dead. If, as we are taught, there is a spirit body within us, how is it connected to our human bodies? Why is it so dependent upon the physical person? If, as we are led to believe, our spirit is in control of our bodies, what happens when a person goes insane? And finally, the big question. How is the spirit separated from the physical body when what we call death occurs?

Any answer to these questions must, of course, be theoretical. There is a theory for the answer to each. First, let us try to find how our spirit bodies are connected to the physical body. Some-

where between conception and birth, our being, or true self, is manifest within the foetus. From that time until death, the human animal will intermingle with the psychic being, holding the higher vibration of the astral body down to the frequency of the material, as we know it. This is, naturally, assuming that Einstein's theory of vibration is correct, i. e., that everything exists at a certain rate of vibration, and that those things that exist at the same vibration such as all that we can see and feel, are real only to each other. They cannot be seen or detected by anyone existing at a different rate of vibration. Thus encased, the soul of man is held prisoner inside the very ether of the body cells. The drag of the physical body keeps the spirit harnessed to the world around us. It is part of the existence we know to-

day, yet it was meant to exist at a higher degree of vibration. Therefore it must depend upon the human body to act for it on this plane; to move it about; speak; hear; smell; and to touch earthly things.

The electrical forces of the brain are closer the true vibration of the spirit, and that is where contact between the two is made. It is the gyroscopic motion of the living cells inside the body that hold the spirit captive.

For example, when a person is hypnotized, the conscious mind, as we call it, is relaxed to a very low vibration. This allows the subconscious to come nearer the true vibration of the spirit, and thus tap the wondrous power of astral man. This is what we call mind power. It explains also how a medium can reach into the next world, and make contact with others who have crossed the gap. By the simple process of willfully slowing down the vibration of the mind, the spirit of the medium is brought nearer the plane of existence of the spirits with whom he seeks to communicate. That is the reason for the trance. The whole body process is slowed by the power of the mind.

Here also is the answer to the mystery of teleportation. Reverse the action of the slowing mind -

that is speed it up to the vibration of the spirit, and the body will also speed up. Reach the vibration of the astral world and the entire human body will pass into another realm of existence. Since everything is moving at a much faster rate in that world, relative to ours, it is easy to travel from place to place much faster, and then to materialize again on this plane miles and miles away from the place of dematerialization - in only a few moments.

The next question answers itself. "What happens to the spirit when a person goes insane?" Science has proved that the pattern of brain waves in a normal person and a person who is insane are very different. This is due to the breaking down of the electrical pattern by which the astral man controls his human body. For instance, if a man is driving his automobile down the road, and the steering wheel suddenly comes loose, the car goes out of control. There is nothing wrong with the driver, yet he has no means by which to control the machine. So it is with the human mind. The electrical connection is thrown out of contact between the two counterparts, and as a result the animal body is out of intelligent control.

The last question is perhaps the most important one. "What hap-

pens when death occurs?" You should have the answer to that already. It is really very simple. The mechanical workings of the body are put out of commission by some disorder in the system. A heart attack for instance. When a clot of blood is forced into one of the tubes inside the heart, the body cannot function properly. The gyroscopic action is stopped, allowing the spirit to eject to the higher vibration of existence for which it was meant. The material body is no longer needed, and without the strange force of the spirit, it decays.

But the life of the man goes on. He is at home in his true world. His surroundings are very real to him, because they exist at the same rate of speed as the spirit body. Due to his superior thinking power, having dropped the drag of the human mind, he is in position to do the seemingly impossible.

For example, I believe, he can lower the rate of vibration of his astral body and appear on this plane if he so chooses. This is not easy, however, and only in rare cases does he do it. Such as when a loved one is in danger, he may appear as a 'ghost' to warn them.

Some places on the surface of the earth, due to electrical forces, may be conductive to the higher and lower vibrations. That would give us some idea of why we sometimes see "ghosts".

All of this is just theory. But it seems plausible when you stop to consider that whatever the answer is, there must be an answer. Is it easier to believe Einstein's theory of vibration, or some other explanation? We will all someday know, that is sure. Until then, we can only guess at the truth, even as the first civilized man guessed at the relationship between life and death.

If you enjoyed reading *The World Within* in this issue of SEARCH, you will also enjoy reading

LOST LAND OF THE VOODOOS

by paul f. serpas

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Editorial -----★

(Continued from page 31)

can't you?

Fanciful? Maybe . . . But just the same, how come you let "Granny" do the job alone? You admit you like SEARCH, and you'll go on reading it. *If* it continues to appear! Well, it will, and now, on an increased frequency—but when it does, bear in mind that the big job was done by a few old ladies, some of them in wheel-chairs, but by Heaven, they are far stronger workmen than you'll be a thousand years from now, unless you begin to understand that Life is for Doing, and you've got little time to do it in! Even if you think that's all cockeyed, maybe you'll agree that there is a certain amount of satisfaction in a job done.

Your editor has that satisfaction today—and he's here to report that "Granny" was the *worker* who implemented his own effort, without which implementation precious little would have happened! You see, that law we were talking about is "do unto others". He who does for himself alone, winds up without achievement, for he is nothing. "Granny" is her "brother's keeper" and she shoulders the responsibility with real courage. We salute you, "Granny", and we promise you'll get it back! Just you wait

and see! We're going to learn how to make the prettiest rose you ever saw, and plant it right outside the window of that little cottage of yours. There'll be prettier roses, of course, but this one will be specially for you, to show our appreciation. Next Spring we're going to plant some roses, tend them, learn how they grow, and get it firmly in mind, so that when the time comes, we can "master-mind" that one we promised you into existence, without bungling the job!

And now, a few remarks before we close this little chat. To those readers who have asked, Mark Probert's articles will continue to appear. Mark's been very ill, also very busy, by turns. SEARCH will give you the Inner Circle as it comes to us. Another thing, we're working hard to increase the readership of SEARCH, and we do it by mailing circulars to various lists. If you happen to be on such a list (and some of you are on dozens of them), you will naturally get requests to subscribe to SEARCH. Please don't think that we don't know you are already a subscriber, and write us saying "I already sent you \$5.00, what more do you want!" We can't avoid these duplications. Just pass the circular on to a friend, and it will help a lot. Lastly, if you've moved, please notify us.

—Rap.

YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer



I HAVE HAD several hundred postcards and letters telling me that my prediction about cards being sent to people wherein they fill in their name and address had been received by many hundreds. Since I received so many of these cards, I went to the Post

Office and asked them just what this was. It does look very official—one would think that it is from Washington, yet anything from Washington would have no stamp and would be marked "Official Business". The Postmaster said they had many complaints about

Some months ago SEARCH Magazine undertook to conduct a series of tests to determine whether it was possible to see into the future via that strange power known as psychometry. Dorothy Spence Lauer, who claimed to be able to see things unknown to the average person via her psychometric ability, merely from handling some object belonging to the person involved, scored a very surprising percentage of accuracy, as reported to us by our readers. Accordingly, we have decided to allow Mrs. Lauer to conduct a new feature of this magazine devoted to her predictions of the future in store for the world in general, and to include any items that come to her through her ability that may be of more general interest than personal readings of an individual's destiny. However, we will continue to check her analyses, and if you care to, you can send it to Mrs. Lauer for a personal analysis. You will find details given at the end of this article on how to do this. We present this feature to you now purely for entertainment. We make no claims as to its accuracy. We leave the results to your own observation. We predict, however, that you will be constantly amazed by this strange ability to predict, and whatever your own personal opinion, we hope that you will be interested in what she has to say.

this particular card and said that I should tell anyone who asked me to disregard this notice completely. It will come upon a very official looking card and have many punch marks upon it and I believe they will call it "Reverification Card" which has no bearing at all from Washington, has nothing to do with Social Security. Upon further investigation, it was discovered that this was a collection agency, or some particular agency that wanted to know peoples' security numbers. Again I urge people if they get this card to destroy it because there is ab-

solutely nothing to it.

I am very happy that my readers pay attention to these predictions and call my attention especially to this one which I feel will be copied by other companies if it is not stopped now.

Again, I feel there will definitely be an unrest, especially where Russia is concerned. I wish I could assure everyone that they have no need to be afraid because I cannot see a war with Russia. I have never felt it, and I can't feel it now.

Also, I do think that there will be a great deal of chaos and up-

set conditions between Egypt and another country very soon. India will also go through several major changes that could take place almost overnight.

There will definitely be some controversy as to our President Eisenhower's health, yet I feel his health will improve gradually but with increasing vigor and it looks here as if he will be quite well and able to resume his duties in full. However, I am enclosing one prediction in regard to Mr. Eisenhower that I will put in a sealed envelope and send to Mr. Palmer at this date. I know that at one particular time, Mr. Palmer will open this letter and everyone will receive quite a surprise. As soon as this prediction takes place, I will wire Mr. Palmer that he can now open this letter. It will be dated as I am sending this prediction in as of today. (July 30, 1956).

One reader predicted that there would be the coming of Christ on May 2nd or 3rd of this year. When anyone questioned me on this, I said that I did not think this would occur. I do not say this to antagonize anyone who makes a prediction because anyone who is sincere tells exactly what they feel, but I think my readers know by now that I will not tell them something just to encourage or to make them feel

that something they want is coming if I don't feel it will.

There will be more air disasters. We have encountered several here in California that have been very bad, but I feel that there will also be one around the Chicago Municipal Airport. However, that is the hard part in having psychic ability . . . you do know many things beforehand that are not too pleasant. Since everything has a price on it, no doubt this power also has.

There will also be something coming up in connection with the sea; this could either be something that is found in the sea or it could be something that is so enormously big many will be in awe as to the size. This looks as if it could be some sort of prehistoric animal. I hasten to add that this is not the prehistoric animal that has been proclaimed in the paper already . . . this is something entirely new.

There will be several strikes also that will take place without too much warning.

Pennsylvania is also in for something that will bring their State into headlines.

A great inventor will soon invent something that will make a housewife's work even much easier than it now is.

Something will be invented in

regards to flooring—this will be so revolutionary that almost everyone will want it installed in their homes. It will be so simple and save so much work one will wonder why someone hadn't thought of it long ago.

There will be a flood in a state that has never before been known to have had a flood. This will cause much disaster and the Red Cross will come to the aid of the many people who will need them.

There will be a manuscript discovered that has either been buried or hidden for many, many years. When this comes to light, it will bring to the world something so revolutionary and profound that it will be almost as if a curtain has been drawn aside for all of us to glimpse into the future.

A light will also appear in Charlotte, No. Carolina. I feel this light has appeared once before, but not too much attention was paid to it. This time, however, it will cause much attention. It is a symbol of spiritual enfoldment or a center that will be set up in that city that will cause many wonders to take place. This could later turn into a teaching center, a Shrine of some sort, or it could equally be noted for being a healing center. If those who see this light will place a marker at the exact spot where it appears, there will be many things take place

that will be considered miraculous.

There is definitely going to be a change in a bill that is of very old standing. This will cause so much controversy and many people will become very, very upset over this because they will feel it is taking a right from them that they have had for many years. Yet, I do not feel that the people will be forced to give up this particular right, but it will be taken out of some law that now exists.

There will be something coming up in regards to money . . . I believe this will have something to do with gold coins, or gold.

Much uranium will be found and someone who is prospecting in a very, very remote place right now, will discover uranium in large quantities. I feel this is a lone man working this particular spot and when this is discovered it will bring many, many people to that particular place.

Something in regard to flying saucers will cause a great deal of commotion. I feel those who are more spiritually inclined than they think are the ones who are going to see these many flying saucers. It has always been my belief that the people who have seen them have much more highly developed consciousness than they realize. Many of these people do not think that they are developed in any spiritual

manner at all, but they are or they could not see these flying saucers. There will be many seen all over the world. Reports will come in from the four corners of the earth. Someone who has studied these flying saucers extensively will make another important discovery that

will amaze everyone.

I have a letter here from a person in Sheffield, Mass. It has no name on the envelope or chart and I cannot answer this letter until they write and give me this information.

THE END

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 Bible verse method. By writing out a verse, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given on this page, 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.

For the convenience of our readers who wish to contact Mrs. Lauer personally, you can do so by writing your Bible verse according to instructions and mailing it directly to her. Usually Mrs. Lauer charges much more (from \$5 to \$10) for an analysis, however she will analyze any verse sent through SEARCH magazine for \$3.00. Please send your personal orders to Mrs. Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and not to this magazine. We do not assume responsibility for them, nor for the content of her analysis. However, we would appreciate continued cooperation from those of you who have personal analyses regarding her percentage of accuracy, so that, over a long period of time, we may accumulate a substantial mass of evidence of the reality of the power technically called psychometry.

HOW TO GET A PSYCHOMETRIC ANALYSIS

Select a short verse from the Bible, perhaps your favorite, and write it on a separate sheet of paper, meanwhile concentrating on your problems. Then mail the sheet to Mrs. Dorothy Spence Lauer, Amherst, Wisconsin, and enclose \$3.00. Bear in mind the reply may take several weeks.

MYSTERY IN THE NEWS

PRECOGNITION?

Recently in Detroit, Michigan, Maurice Hamilton was tried and convicted of first degree murder in the slaying of Aziz Hermiz. He was convicted on July 18, 1956. All very unprosaic, you might say - - except for one thing: On June 18, 1956, a mysterious scrawled note appeared on the wall of the washroom just outside the courtroom. It read: "Maurice Hamilton will go to Jackson Prison July 18."

Strange what you'll find on a washroom wall!

STRANGE 'BALL OF FIRE' PICKED UP BY RADAR

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., July 19—The Kansas State Highway Patrol reported "a ball of fire traveling east at a high rate of speed has been picked up by radar at the Hutchinson (Kan.) naval air station."

The patrol said it had been asked to try and observe the "phenomena" near El Dorado in south central Kansas.

It also reported a B-29 was being sent from the McConnell Air Force Base at Wichita to investi-

gate "brightly illuminated flying objects" in the skies over Arkansas City, Wellington and El Dorado.

City Editor Brian Boyne of the Arkansas City Daily Traveler said:

"A brilliantly lighted pear-shaped object with prongs or streams of light spraying downward was sighted shortly after midnight."

A second "flying object" was sighted around 1 a.m.

Accompanied by Trooper Dick Hadsall and city police from Arkansas City, Coyne observed the "flying objects" from various locations.

He said they "did not appear to move rapidly but did move vertically and horizontally over a wide area of the sky." Coyne said:

"The prongs or streams of bright light also were observed first as directed toward the earth and then extending from the sides of the object."

He described the head of the object as being green in color or "bluish green."

A McConnell Air Force Base officer, questioned about the objects, could offer no help. It was later learned the air base had asked the

state highway patrol a number of questions about the objects.

Coyne answered the questions:

"The objects appear to be about the size of a 200-watt light bulb. There is no noise that can be attributed to the objects and skies over Arkansas City are very clear except for a few light clouds. There are a lot of stars."

LIGHT PUZZLES STRAITS AREA

CHEBOYGAN, Mich., June 8. State police were unable to account for reports of a brilliant flash of light spotted between the mainland and Bois Blanc Island in the Straits of Mackinac during the night.

A search of the shoreline 20 miles on either side of Cheboygan failed to turn up a clue. The U. S. Coast Guard said there were no reports of trouble from straits traffic.

State police also said a check of area bases disclosed no aircraft unaccounted for.

Reports of a block-wide fireball came about 9:30 p.m. Cheboygan Police Sgt. George Faught said the fireball appeared to blossom about a half mile off shore. He described it as 150 feet high and wide as a city block.

R. E. Hunt, general manager of radio station WCBY, said a brilliant flash was visible for 20 sec-

onds and then a dull glow continued for about five minutes.

Reports of the flash also came from the Great Lakes freighters Mohawk and the Samuel Mitchell.

PLANE STRUCK IN AIR 'SAUCER MYSTERY' HINTED

BAKERSFIELD, Calif., July 23: The mystery of what hit an Air Force plane at 16,000 feet, apparently something that struck from above, is under official investigation.

One of four crewmen was injured in the strange accident.

The plane went into a vertical dive after it was struck, pulled out at 7,000 feet and landed safely on one engine.

Airman 1/C. Charles Everett Stamper, 21, Hamilton Air Force Base, was hospitalized with facial and knee injuries. He was thrown forward in the plane.

The Air Force gave this account of the mishap:

The C131D twin-engine Convair was en route from Hamilton, near San Francisco, to San Antonio, Tex., via Albuquerque, N.M. The accident occurred at 16,000 feet near Pixley, Calif., in clear weather about 11 a.m. on July 22.

Suddenly there was a loud noise, a bang. The aircraft shuddered and went into a vertical dive. It pulled out at an undetermined altitude,

believed to be about 7,000 feet.

Maj. Mervin M. Stenvers shut off power, then feathered one engine and landed at Kern County Airport.

Examination showed that five-eighths of the left elevator control surface, part of the tail assembly, was gone or smashed.

The Air Force said that neither the pilot nor co-pilot saw any other aircraft and as far as could be determined no other aircraft was involved.

QUAKE GIVES NEW SOURCE OF WATER

SAN DIEGO, Feb. 27.—An earthquake brought water to a desert area of Lower California, and Mexico.

The quake which shook southern California Feb. 9 started an artesian flow of 500 gallons a minute.

It left a fault line in the earth for more than 18 miles.

It destroyed several adobe buildings in the sparsely settled region near El Alamo, 120 miles south of here. Three horses were killed when boulders rolling from hills struck them.

Scientists Robert F. Dill, geologist of the U. S. Naval Electronics Laboratory, and Dr. George Shor, seismologist of the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography, reasoned springs

opened up by the quake were flowing from a deep underground channel.

The water temperature was 181 degrees.

Shor said if the flow kept up for another two weeks it would probably continue as a permanent supply for the Indians of the area.

GREMLINS BUSY

It was a bad day for the City County Building in Detroit.

To begin with, the automatic elevators started acting up again and refused to let passengers off at the floors they wanted.

Then a new trouble hit the building in a mystery that left police baffled.

A glass frame in a revolving door at the E. Jefferson entrance of the building started to make funny noises.

Eric Bohn, building superintendent, was summoned. He stood and listened.

The door sounded like someone stepping on broken glass.

And that's what it was, for the window began shattering.

It looked like car windows that two years ago began to break up during Detroit's mysterious "glass-pox" epidemic.

There was a rumor a pigeon had hit it. That was doubted unanimously by observers.

Bohn shook his head and muttered:

"What next? I can't figure out this one."

"What's next" were complaints about the erratic behavior of the elevators, long the victims of criticism.

People pushed buttons for certain floors, but the elevators blithely ignored the signals.

It happened in only a few cases of course, but in enough to raise doubts in the minds of some about the wonders of the modern age.

ATOM TESTS CALLED PERIL TO THE WORLD

The world's population may feel the deadly effects of radiation if nations step up their testing of atomic weapons, a nuclear physicist has warned.

Ralph Lapp, who worked on the wartime A-Bomb project, says that a progressive increase in such tests will release enough dangerous radiation by 1962 to give everyone in the world the "maximum permissible amount."

Lapp said the deadly effects would not be felt until the late 1970's with radioactive particles hanging in the upper air until then. Lapp is no longer associated with the atomic energy program.

He said the Atomic Energy Commission has refused to give the

public full facts and had let a year pass before releasing details of the fallout from the first Bikini atom tests.

The radioactive particles to which he referred are made up of radiostrontium, the most dangerous material released in a fallout. He said it can cause bone cancer if absorbed by the body in sufficient quantities.

Lapp told the society that staying under cover for several days during a period of fallout may not be enough. In many cases, he said, a year may pass before it will be safe to come outside, particularly in the open country.

He called on the government to spend more for Civil Defense than at present. He said civil defense personnel must be fully informed.

The scientist based his warning on "the very conservative assumption" that the atomic powers will steadily accelerate their weapons tests until they are doubled by 1970.

Assuming such a progressive increase, he said that "by 1962 there will be enough radiostrontium committed to the stratosphere to produce a maximum permissible amount in every person on the planet."

"Due to the hold-up of the invisible particles in the upper air," he said, "this radiostrontium would

not show up in full amount in the human body until the late 1970's.

"However, by 1962 the die would have been cast irrevocably."

Lapp said his views "contrast sharply with the optimistic statements" of the AEC and the National Academy of Sciences.

X-RAY VISION

In Philadelphia lives a woman known as Lady Rhoda, who is known as the X-Ray Vision Girl. Nobody knows how she does it; but she has her eyes covered first with a paste made of flour and water, then a large piece of absorbent cotton, several layers of surgical bandage, and three large Irish linen dishtowels, folded double, wrapped completely about her head - - and then she reads newspapers, drives a car through an incredibly strewn obstacle course, and in general, acts as if she had normal vision.

"It's just x-ray vision," she explains.

Or could it be her "third eye", the pineal gland?

ALASKA'S "BRIDEY MURPHY"

Now they've got a "bridey" in Anchorage, Alaska! He's T/Sgt. Malcolm Longbrake, who, under hypnosis, says he lived in England in the early 19th century. Following is a transcript of his "beyond

the grave" hypnotic session.

Hypnotist Rev. Winthrop Ware — "We're going back now into another life. I'm going to count slowly down to the year then we'll go back. Now you're — one — you're being born — now six — five — — four — three — two you're one year old in another life — now you're eight years old. Tell me where you find yourself.

Longbrake — It looks like a big room.

H. What do you have on?

L. Got a velvet suit on. We got it for the trip — we went down into London. This is an inn on the road. It's a cold night but it's warm in here — a big fireplace, bigger than I am.

H. What part of England is your home?

L. We live in the northern part. I don't remember what town.

H. What do they call you?

L. My name is John Richard.

H. We're going to grow up a little now — eight, nine, 10, 11, now you're 12. Where do you find yourself now?

L. At Brighton, walking along the beach. Nice sunshiny day; the breakers are coming in — the air is clear and brisk.

H. Any ships?

L. No ships at all. Some boats out in the water.

H. Are they fishing?

L. No, just out there — just standing there — little white boats without gunwales.

H. What year is it?

L. I don't know. We just got out of school.

H. What school did you go to?

L. I went to Eton. It's 1812.

H. I hear stories about a war going on — something with the colonies. Which colonies are those?

L. The American colonies.

H. What is your last name?

L. I am John Richard Peel.

H. Any relatives in parliament?

L. My father's in parliament. He is an earl.

H. How do you like Eton?

L. It's tough. Had a hard year this last year, but I came through very well.

H. Now you're 13, 14, 15, now 16. Where do you find yourself?

L. It's summer. We have a manor house, a big Georgian building. It's up in York.

H. What are you doing now?

L. I ride every day. A horse named Jack, a big bay stands 17 hands high. He's really a carriage horse but we use him for riding because he single foots.

H. How heavy are you now?

L. I weigh about nine stone. (A stone is 14 pounds in England.)

H. Is your father still in parliament?

L. Yes.

H. What happened to the colonies after the war?

L. We'll get the colonies back. Their republic they started over there won't last — people cannot lead themselves.

H. Now you're 18 years old.

L. I'm home from Oxford. I'm doing very well. I feel like I'm floating again.

H. Is your father still in parliament?

L. I'm in the woods — many hemlocks and oaks, hayfields and valleys. I am alone, enjoying the lovely songs of the birds.

(Here the hypnotist began to talk about "Peel's" schooling and was told of the teachers.)

L. I stayed in town. I have a cousin who lives there — her name was Hepzibah.

H. Her last name?

L. We call her aunt Hepsy. No, her last name is Martin. She married a local business man here. He doesn't have a title like we have, but he's a grand person too. I have no title. My father is still alive. He's still an earl.

H. You're now 21. Do you see anything?

L. Yes. Commencement. We're in the chapel and the rector is reading us an address — it's very inspiring.

H. What year is this?

L. This is 1821. It's in May.

H. Can you remember the names of some of the other students they've given their diplomas to?

L. There's John Ryan. There's Carl Stern, he came up from Austria. Then he calls my name. This is a great day, a day I've worked for for many, many years.

H. Your father will be proud of you.

L. My father told me I'd never get through.

H. Now what do you plan to do with your degree?

L. I think I'm going into government.

H. Into Government. Your father will be proud of you.

L. I think that I'll go into the foreign department.

H. Where would you like to go?

L. I'd like to go to all the great nations of the world.

H. Have they got the colonies back yet?

L. No, but it looks like they're

going to succeed.

H. Now we're a year older — now we're 22. Can you tell us where we are now?

L. In some great, black void.

H. Tell me, let's go back to 21 again. Did you die when you were 21?

L. Yes.

H. How did you die?

L. After I got home.

H. What happened?

L. I'm riding Jack. He's getting old now — We're crossing the bridge down in the wood — Jack and I like to go to the wood — and he stumbled.

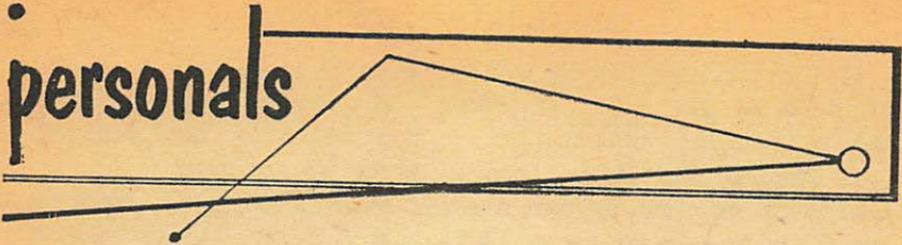
(At this point subject showed extreme agitation, and hypnotist repeated: "Relax, now . . . relax.")

H. Now we're going back to the present time, now we're going back to the life you know now. When I count 10 you'll be back in this present life."

Psychoanalyzing the Psychoanalysts

Theodore Reik is one of America's foremost psychoanalysts. In his latest book he had, among other things, the following to say about his fellow psychoanalysts: "It is much easier to make a new idea enter the head of the Statute of Liberty than into the minds of many psychoanalysts." Also, that when he observed psychoanalysts discussing their cases in their professional jargon he is reminded of "little boys proudly showing each other marbles of different colors. It is a harmless pleasure." But can this be considered a harmless pleasure when mental health is involved?

personals



Has all back MYSTIC except one 1955 issue; FATE and PREDICTIONS for about 8 years. Interested? Mrs. Winifred G. Sanders, 376a Richmond Road, Ottawa 2, Ont., Canada . . . *I was born under the sign of Scorpio and would like to correspond with other Scorpio natives on subjects related to the path of light. Would like individual ideas. James Hamm, 1407 Euclid Ave., Santa Barbara, Calif. . . . Would like to correspond with anyone seriously interested in psychic phenomena, personal improvement, scientology, science and invention (especially strange devices), and kindred subjects. Also, are there individuals in my vicinity who would be genuinely interested in starting a club or study group for mutual discussion and enlightenment along the above lines? James Vick, P. O. Box 768, Petersburg, Va. . . . I have MYSTIC Nos. 1, 2, 3 in like-new condition for trade for any of the following: Famous Fantastic Mysteries, 1939-42, '45. Fantastic Novels (except Jan. '41) Super-Science*

Stories, and Astonishing Stories, prior to 1948. Weird Tales, 1937-41, July '44, May '46, and March '51. Edition of "Midsummer Night's Dream" with Finlay illos. Write first and let me know what you have to offer and what you wish in return. S. Slatoff, 186 Everett Place, Englewood, N. J. . . . I have the first issue of Mystic for sale in brand new condition, price \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. Jeanne Kisch, 4873 Cochran, Santa Susana 1, Calif. . . . I have been granted the wonderful gift of seeing into the past and future. For the readers of SEARCH, I will drop my usual rates and answer their questions on future happenings and life after death for any donation large enough to cover postage and handling. No unimportant and meaningless questions, please. Vern J. Texter, Potteryville, N. Y. . . . Interested in forming a "Search and Research" group in Chicago for purely informal discussions. Write to: Ruth C. Netherton, 4209 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill. . . . Organist of 30 years experience will provide com-

mercial tape recordings for roller-skating and ice rinks. Wants information from readers as to whereabouts of rinks. Can also record tapes for meditation, church, etc. TEMPO-TUNE-TAPES, 226 Grant St., Ravenna, Ohio. . . . Has back numbers of FATE and MYSTIC. Mrs. Arthur Gadberry, 1500 Cedar Ave., Independence, Mo. . . . Helen Whitley, (Phone GE 6-3424) Portsmouth, N. H., would like to contact persons in Portsmouth interested in a get-together club

E. Arellano, 1224 So. Spaulding Ave., Chicago 23, Ill. Notice: To they who made a Sphinx of me, I hereby officially notify ye that all games of life, etc, are now called off, ye may be. That is all that ye may do, is be. To be, be, signed: by the Sphinx. Law decreed and 1. 2. 3, motional and hereby declared a legal law - - commence to occur immediately, exidosis occur also, this instance, instantly. When the cheaters are eradicated, or cured up - - so the minion official games directors will notify all be's to report in for the applications, etc. . . . I am interested in corresponding with all Searchers who are truly searching, regardless of in what manner they are trying to find a truth. I am especially interested in hearing from any who would like to try mental telepathy experiments. If enough write, I would

also like to form a club by correspondence so that all who are interested in the exchange of ideas and experience could do so. If I receive enough cooperation I would plan a mimeographed bulletin which all would receive for a very nominal sum. Sylvia Birchfield, The Patricians, West 1804, 401-411 Fullerton Parkway, Chicago 14, Ill.

. . . Does anybody know of a perfect psychic spiritualist who gives readings and answers questions by mail or for a real good card reader who gives card readings by mail? Please let me know names and addresses. Mrs. Pearl Tallman, Box 21, Johnson, Kans.

. . . I would like to purchase the copies of the Shaver Mystery Magazine containing the 200,000 word serial "Mandark," the Shaverian life of Christ. Roger Zelazny, 821 E. 250th St., Euclid 32, Ohio . . . Have first two volumes of FATE for sale, will sell for good offer or swap. Would like to correspond with anyone interested in astral projection, psychical research and telepathy. I've a few hair-raising experiences to unfold. Also would like to start a group of researchers in Delaware county, and Philadelphia area. John P. Hanes, Apt. B, 40 Hurley Court, Millbourne Gardens, Upper Darby, Penna.

THE END

Come, Let Us Reason . . .

Letters from our Readers

Dear Ray:

SEARCH is only the beginning. Your magazine will change in time until it reaches a zenith where its contributions will be of the most choice kind. You will receive from the readers many startling facts that have been withheld for just such a time as this. Your readers will become those of the best thinkers. I only pray now that all who are mildly interested will come to the fore now and support so great a thing in its youth!

Martha Albrecht,
2919 Magowan Drive
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Here in SEARCH, every man can have his say, no matter what it is he says! No one will ridicule him, nor deny his God-and-Bill-of-Rights-Given right to free speech, and exchange of ideas Rap

Dear Mr. Palmer:

DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT. Received *Mystic* yesterday, and started your Editorial, "this is the last issue of *Mystic*". I had a lot of mixed feelings before I got down to where you said you would continue under another name.

I know what you mean when you say the word "Mystic" is a stumbling block to some people. I am guilty of hiding the magazine myself, from people who wouldn't understand. None of us want to be called crackpots by ignorant people.

We have studied Astrology (The Law of Life) for years, and know that it works. Mr. Bok's articles on astrology are wonderful. But to prove to Science that astrology is an Ancient Science is a big order for anyone.

Like Mr. Bok, our main theme is to get people to study for themselves. Anyone can tell them things, but until they KNOW, it will be just fortune-telling to them, and that is something we don't like to have attributed to our Precious Science, Astrology.

Most people won't study, that is the reason Science is still looking for a Spirit that survives the body. Quote from Dr. Rhine's article in the *American Weekly* of April 8, 1956. Did You Live Before? "Science will first have to prove that there is a spirit personality which can exist apart from its body.

I have said the majority of people believe in spirit survival, but it has never been proved".

To whom hasn't it been proven? Only to those minds that are closed to anything they can't see and hold in their hands. I have had psychic experiences that prove beyond a doubt, to me, that the spirit survives, but nothing that materialistic science would accept. Now we must not accept things on faith, we must KNOW for ourselves, and the only way we can do that is to study what others have written and work things out for ourselves. No one tree can grow for another.

The Shaver Mystery is really interesting, and opens up a new field. Why not underground people? So many things happen that we don't understand. I want to know more about it. We know the ether is filled with people, "spirits", why not real people living underground?

There are so many good articles in your magazine. We have heard Mr. Hereward Carrington lecture in Los Angeles. And we have watched Mark Probert's body being used by the "Inner Circle". There is no fake about that, and should be proof to Science that the Soul survives. But they are still looking with their instinctive reaction, to childish assumptions, suppositions and opinions that have

proven no fact through all the eons of past time.

The last copy of *Mystic* has been read, and now I have to wait two months for another, under the new name "Search". Well we hope you keep publishing the magazine, no matter what name you use, and *DON'T* cancel my subscription.

Peggy H. Browning,
General Delivery
Zolfo Springs, Fla.

Our change in title has been enthusiastically received by the majority of our readers. Now to find out if there are really a lot of "searchers" in the world! As for waiting two months, we have good news coming up. We'll announce it next issue.Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

You must continue your articles by Mr. Hannes Bok! I don't think I have to bombard you with letters to put this point across. I shall expect to see his next one in your next issue, for that is my main interest in your magazine at the present. There are many articles of similar interest in your magazine, but in order to interest those whose pet is the science of astrology, you ought to print regular articles on this science also.

Of all these different sciences of the occult, I think that Astrology is by far the most popular. I

also go along with your idea of putting these in for nothing to the one who writes them. I think the quality is more or less, par excellence.

I do not subscribe as yet, for do not know if your magazine will continue to have articles that pertain to my pet study.

I believe in the idea of REASON, but also believe that every branch ought to have representation every so often.

This Mr. Hannes Bok has some very original ideas, he actually speaks up about things that astrologers have shut up for over too long of a period.

I think you should let him say his piece and see what kind of revival of interest this will cause. Many will be angered, I know, but many, I'm sure will believe as I do, that something has to come out into the open with this science and maybe this young man can do it. I'm hoping your magazine will be the beginning.

Mrs. Eva M. Wallace
623 Douglas Avenue
Calumet City, Ill.

We have many more articles by Mr. Bok, and we feel sure you'll be subscribing before long! ..Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer:

On page 57 of July *Mystic*, Richard Shaver writes: "Saucers

have been seen by whole cities—I want to give you facts . . . unsupported word . . . unless you exclude Charles Fort, Harold Wilkins Aristotlé, *Joseph Smith*." I was a "Mormon" for many years and studied all their precepts. Please ask Mr. Shaver *why* he included J. Smith in this array of names for his support of saucers. I have never read anywhere in the church doctrines one word of this type. And while we are about it in a further search for the truth, just what did J. Smith have, to merit the Book of Mormon from an angel(?) and how true is it? I am in a dilemma about it, since my indoctrination to religion was in *this* church but my further searchings, conflict with the teachings; in other words, just how true are the Mormon teachings when they state that *they* and *only* they have the truth and that you must be married in the Temple to get to heaven etc? I am neither trying to defend nor indict anyone. I am truly searching for the absolute truth on this above-mentioned score.

R. Shaver seemed to imply extra knowledge on this so important to me subject. If he has any milk of human kindness and if he does know the truth, please ask him to clarify this thing for me.

Dorothy Belieff

5102 Sixtieth Avenue,
Hyattsville, Maryland

Mr. Shaver points to Smith's claim that an angel gave him the Book of Mormon as evidence that Smith supports the "saucer" theory as Shaver says the saucers bring these "angels", and are really projections made to deceive. This is Shaver's opinion. Smith, naturally, does not mention flying saucers, but he mentions "phenomena" which are identical to many today being listed as part of the UFO business. As for anyone claiming they have the only truth, isn't it a bit presumptuous? How would they KNOW that the angel hadn't gone to others also, or different angels? And if there are different ones (and the multiplicity of religions demonstrate this), then how decided which is the ONE? More likely, none of them are the WHOLE truth!Rap.

Dear Ray:

Your editorial certainly hits the truth. We are being conditioned with propaganda which could be funny if it wasn't so serious. Drink milk for health - when the milk we get is so diluted that it is mostly chalk and water; followed by Drink ---- beer, the best in the land; then eat Post Toasties or some other cereal or food product; or use blank toothpaste for the

smile of health—each one contradicting the other and followed in rapid succession one after the other. Actually, on the average half-hour program, we see the picture for about 10 minutes or 15 minutes actual viewing time, and on radio it is still worse; 1 minute of music followed by 4 minutes of commercials.

What has my dander up is your high pressure salesmanship to subscribe to SEARCH. Being what I like to think as an independent thinker, and noting the May issue is No. 15, it has cost me \$1.50 to buy from the stands instead of subscribing. Therefore - herewith my check for \$7.00 - 2 years sub and 1 carton of chili seasoning at \$1.00.

To continue on the advertising - yes, I have bought many of the items advertised on a "I'll try it and see" basis but in most cases I have gone back to my favorite brand. In some cases I have already been using the product, but when the advertising begins I notice a deterioration in the product and I am forced to find another brand - this especially notable in the soap powder and cigarette fields. The "new, improved" product is far inferior to the older unimproved product, in most cases.

Being an independent thinker, I will not go along with the idea

that two objects will fall at the same rate regardless of weight as put forth by "authority", nor do I believe a large body of water tempers the climate just because the theory was developed in Europe where the gulf stream warms the coast in winter and keeps it cooler in summer. How about the Great Lakes, especially Lake Superior where the lakes make the winters cold but still the summers are hot at times. Have you ever been in Duluth (or Superior) in the winter? Summer nites are always cold but so they are in many other parts of the country.

Now here is my theory of gravity as I have figured it for at least 20 years - The spinning of the earth causes a drag on the atmosphere and has the same effect as a speeding vehicle on loose papers and dust in the vicinity - add to this the friction caused by the spinning, which creates what is commonly called static electricity and you have gravity. Static electricity, as you know, has the power to attract objects other than metal such as hair and paper. Possibly you know of hundreds of other materials affected by this same phenomenon.

The development of travel into space will only be developed by the selfish war monger groups who profit selfishly by war - scientists will not be allowed to work freely

and independently as we, too, are entering the phase that Germany was in under Hitler - Glorify war and "our brave, heroic conquering heroes". *I REFUSE TO WATCH THIS TYPE OF PROGRAM ANY MORE except briefly now and then to keep track of the trend.* What's the difference between Hitler's conquering goose steppers and our own? For that, I could be accused of being a Communist spy. I think you get the idea.

Independent and free thinkers are persona non grata the world over, today as in the past. The fellow who is ahead of the crowd is not welcome unless he can talk down to their level. People seem to prefer programs depicting how dumb can you get, rather than how smart can you be, witness the popularity of I Love Lucy, Ozzie & Harriet, Professor McNulty, etc. Quiz programs are popular, I admit but the information learned is of no earthly use whatsoever - one might as well ask: how many germs on the point of a pin - that might be of some value.

I enjoy SEARCH from page 1 thru 130 and this time page 1 has something - the picture of my favorite editor - altho I cannot always go along. Could it be true that the Hoxsey Cancer Cure really works? I never heard of it nor of

Senator J. J. Haluska.

You mention cosmic rays (D rays) as possible cause of old age. How about radioactivity as a stepped up cause of cancer? You put forth that it is a disease in the blood stream - beg your pardon, Hoxsey and Haluska claim this. If so, then wouldn't the increased use of X-rays and nuclear fission tests have some bearing? I should have written "couldn't" instead of "wouldn't."

On fortune telling, astrology, palmistry, tea leaves, clairvoyance, spiritualism, etc., I have been conditioned to disbelieve, but I had one experience of prediction that worked out so perfectly, not only to us but our neighbors, from a simple unrevealing question, that I have since wondered. The prediction was made in September and was already being put into effect by Thanksgiving. The prediction was made in public at the State Fair by a party who definitely has not ever had any connection with the project. Furthermore, information given officially from time to time was always contradicted by those same officials and the papers 2 or 3 weeks later.

On the Shaver mystery, all I can say is I do not believe I am psychic nor telepathic so I cannot prove you are wrong. Keep this up; also the seance circle and

keep us informed on flying saucers - did you see the white-wash in your former "Fate"? I have followed you from the old *Amazing* days but do not agree with you that the special issue was any great shakes. Seems to me Browne picked the poorest of the lot all the way through and used names of famous people to boost sales, not in a sincere attempt to "predict" by thinkers.

Have subscribed to O.W. ever since it first began and followed it through all its transitions - and am thinking it is about time to renew but haven't heard a word and am still getting O. W. but the April issue just arrived yesterday and I had already bought my copy from the newsstand which I enjoy visiting every week.

Anyway here is my check and may SEARCH continue and may you live to fulfill your destiny of bringing question marks to we the people. Don't forget the chili seasoning.

Mrs. Ida Hunt
577 Payne Ave.
St. Paul 1, Minn.

Dear "Rap":

And I don't give one if you do or don't print this, but it would be appreciated if you'd take the trouble to read this anyway. BAAAAAAa to Mr. J. R. Ros-

enberger, and his article, "No Proof for Reincarnation."

Actually, I'm not disagreeing with what he has to say, because who am I to disagree with anyone, - - and he did write a very fine article, but wasn't it the eminent Mr. R., about three or four issues of *Mystic*, back, who called your dear, devoted readers a bunch of sniveling so and so's? Saying he didn't want any more responses from your readers, and wouldn't buy *Mystic* unless you gave it to him? Fess up, Rap, did you - - give it to him? and if so WHY? If he didn't want to hear from the readers of *Mystic* (Search) why does he go to the bother of submitting articles for our consumption?

Because we may have gone far enough afield already, do you suppose that he reckons he can, through the media of his written word, coax us back in to the accepted philosophies of society? If so, I'm NOT going!

Prankly, (and it is spelled with a P), seems as if we are getting our faces slapped to note that regardless of what he has to say, and whether or not he may or may not be 100% right or wrong, whatever the case may be, that we are confronted with one of his articles in our *Search* . . . unless maybe he has relented and kissed and made

up with us lunatic fringe guys?

Human frailties being as they are, perhaps he is drawn to the subject of our Bridey, much as the moth is to the light of a candle, irresistibly toward the unknown, as are all the readers of *Search*. It is to be remembered, however, that when one plays with fire, he may get burned, so Rap, don't let that man get his wings scorched . . . it wouldn't be sporting of us to permit it.

There are writers who will do most anything to get their names in print, and there are publicity gags to fan into flames a reader's interest. Perhaps your affiliation with Mr. R. is one of these, and if the latter, Sir, - - if it's the reader's interest you're after, here, take mine. You've succeeded!

There is just one minute possibility we mustn't overlook mentioning, and that would be to the credit of Rap, the man . . . perhaps it is you are above letting personalities sway you, and in all fairness to what Mr. R. has to say you printed the article . . . a star in your crown m'boy, and us readers can go munch on humble pie.

Please note the author's saying, "This writer, as a hypnotist," etc., he *does* dabble, doesn't he? The last time we heard of him, he was denouncing flying saucers to the world by advising complacent little

housewives to go back to their children and the dishes, and get lost in the flying saucer skirmish . . . leaving the matter in the hands of science, where alas, is just where we have left it all the time anyhow.

Devotee

First, we printed Mr. Rosenberger's letter, and received some letters wondering why we print it - - we should have tossed it into the wastebasket. Well, we're with Voltaire when he says: "I disagree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it!" We go even further, and guarantee that it will be printed, even if we have to print it!

As for printing his article, the same thing goes. SEARCH looks at both sides! And it will defend to the death, the right of both sides to be heard. If SEARCH ever neglects to publish an article sent to us in good faith, which is definitely intended as a rebuttal, or a reply to a previous article, because of prejudice, then let the magazine fail - - because it will be a failure in your editor's eye, and in the readers' eyes, we are sure!

No, we didn't give Mr. Rosenberger anything. He still buys it. And we admire him for it. No matter what he says for others to hear, at least he HIMSELF is searching. We back up the search-

er to the limit, no matter if he's looking for proof that we ourselves are wrong! Rap.

Dear Ray:

After reading Max Shaver's article on Flying Saucers I think it extremely unfair for you to print his remark "fanciful ala Angelucci." What right has he got to make this remark? Many people will never be the same after having read Angelucci's wonderful book on the Flying Saucer. I think Max has quite an ego! I notice that through all his writings. He thinks he has so much valuable information. Of what value is it to anyone at all? He doesn't give any truths that are going to help

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people. The People of the Earth are sick, sorrowing, dying and they want information that can lift them, not just a lot of stories like Max Shaver is giving the public. Why tell them things that are going to frighten people further? As for myself, I wouldn't give anything he says a second thought, because he is wrong about 50% he says. Why present things to the people, if they can do nothing about what he is telling? That doesn't make sense to my mind.

He says on page 59 "no more

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fantastic than to make a man out of mud." Man was never made of mud.

You say, Ray, you are searching for truth, but you seem to me and to a lot of other people to accept as fact stories like from Max Shaver yet you are very quick to criticize and laugh at stories that come from people who are telling great truths.

If at this moment you have not found it possible to accept reincarnation I am truly surprised. I think if I am right, you said this might be something someone has made up who didn't want to die, and so made up the story of coming back. I am truly surprised that your mind does not go far enough to find acceptance of this truth, which it has been proven in so many ways.

As for me I don't happen to care who is on the inside of the Earth, who is coming in saucers, etc. because I happen to know God is LOVE and the Masters of Wisdom are now in control of the Earth, and not one thing will happen without the knowledge of those who rule the Earth. Why bother your head with all this nonsense, when you know all the details of the Spiritual Hierarchy. Why don't you print some things that will lift and help mankind instead of Max Shaver's articles. You know

we could say "Max Shaver's fanciful articles" too.

Max Shaver seems to have so much information, but I wonder just how much he knows about the ruling element of the Planet Earth and about the Spiritual Hierarchy which is the important thing to know, and those who know these things are the ones who are really protected.

Evelyn Tuttle

313 Larkfield Rd.,

E. Northport, L. I., N. Y.

We think Richard Shaver would be quite insulted to have you call him Max, because Max is the name of his personal cavern persecuter, the worst dero of them all! However, let's try to answer your questions: What right has Shaver to call Angelucci "fanciful?" The right of free speech. This is his personal opinion, based on his own experiences. What would you have him do - - be false to himself? And should we "protect" Angelucci from criticism? If he can't stand against criticism, should we have published his book? We published his book because there was something that should be published in it. Not because we felt it was unassailable, or, for that matter, because we wanted to "make money." We haven't as yet. The second edition will probably make a few dollars. Angelucci himself

has thrown his small profit into the "pot" to help the "cause." I admire the man. He isn't out for a buck, believe you me. And neither is Shaver. Had he recanted his Mystery he would be selling science fiction everywhere! He was "frozen out" by every other editor in the field because he was criticized by some readers who said he was lying. They were wrong. But mostly wrong because they ac-

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[Matt. 19

Matt. 19

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tively denied him the right of free speech. This is the worst crime of all, to our way of thinking. We DO give the readers information that "lifts" them! But we don't give them all "pap" and no "punch."

The human being is basically able to face reality, without being coddled. As for "making a man out of mud," what happens to dust when you wet it? Hardly a basis for quibbling about terminology.

Your editor doesn't accept Shaver - - he publishes him. He doesn't accept Angelucci, he publishes him. He gives others the OPPORTUNITY to accept or reject. If you want to know the truth, your editor accepts both of these men! They are both right! They both contribute an important bit to our thinking. As for reincarnation, you say it has been proven in many ways. We've investigated many of these ways, and have not been convinced. Proof, to be proof, must leave no doubt. The trouble with people today (always for that matter) is their eagerness to "accept" that which they WANT TO ACCEPT. They covertly shove aside the bits of evidence that tend to disprove what they want to believe, and then claim evidence that never existed. They also refuse to consider an alternative. This is not an "open mind." Mind you, I don't say reincarnation is abso-

lutely not a fact! I even agree that **SOMETIMES** it actually does happen, and I have some definite ideas of where and when. But that it is the **LAW FOR EVERYBODY**, I can't agree. Now, let's ask you a question: **WHO** are you? Are you Evelyn Tuttle? Or are you Napoleon Bonaparte? Or are you Thiogenes, the Greek galley slave? Or are you a thousand other people who lived in the past? When your name is called, which one do you answer to? **ALL** of them? Either you are **YOU**, or you are **NOTHING**. The basis of all **IDENTITY** is the knowledge that you **ARE** you!- If you were reincarnated a thousand times, each time as a different person, **WHO** are you? **WHICH** one? If **ALL** then it would certainly tax a train-caller or a page boy to run through your name! And it would be the **SAME** name as everybody else, so who would answer? How many John Smith's are there? How many times in the past of many people have they been named Smith? What confusion! The end result of all this reincarnation is that we all end up identical! We are all musicians, physicians, lawyers, bakers, poets, writers, editors, steel puddlers, card sharks, watch-makers, rainmakers, money-makers, and hay-makers. No sir! I don't go for that. I believe every one of

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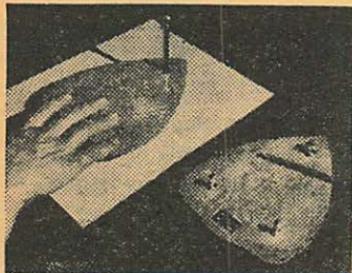
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us is a PERSONAL IDENTITY, and no two alike! Each person is loved for what he does that is distinct to him. We remember Yehudi Menuhin because he is a violinist, a great musician. What are we to remember him for if he goes through many reincarnations and is EVERYTHING ELSE, just like EVERYBODY ELSE? We wind up by being unable to remember him at all! Is this the end for all of us, to be as like as two peas in a pod, and to be absolutely indistinguishable from each other?

One last remark: When you specify just what you want to effect you, such as: "I don't happen to care who is on the inside of the Earth, or who is coming in saucers" aren't you limiting your experience, even in this reincarnation? What if the people inside the Earth, if they are there, come out and make a slave out of you, in spite of your insistence that you don't care to know about them; or if the saucers come and take you to Mars, or land on your lawn? The proper thing to do is to be receptive to EVERYTHING that occurs to you, and to exclude nothing. How do you decide what experience is yours and yours alone, and which you "don't care to have happen to you?" To define the limits of your "open mind" is to close it absolutely. Rap.

Dear Rap:

I was intensely interested in (Mr.?) W. S. Arns' unbiased letter published in your first SEARCH; learnedly, tho not concisely, promulgating the theories of Reincarnation, and was somewhat disappointed in your biased reply. Your nonacceptance of the Doctrine of Reincarnation may excusably be attributed to your at-least-apparent acceptance of Oahspe Doctrine, which was the case with my friend Mr. Fred Rolloson (who visited you several years ago, and who taught me Automatic Writing). I have often wondered to what extent you have endeavored openmindedly to study reincarnation; having applied myself diligently to the study of the Oahspe Bible with the result of inability to comprehend its unique terminology. (Blavatsky could confuse me that way, even on reincarnation!)

Another thing I have often pondered is whether or not Richard S. Shaver is the nom de plume of Ray Palmer; for having heretofore admired your impartiality, I'd like now to understand your declaring the seeming inconsistencies of the Shaver "mysteries" as true and branding reincarnation as untrue. Such ultimatums are not in accord with the spirit of SEARCH, especially as propounded in your last Mystic editorial; I believe

I prefer your former clever facetiousness in avoiding the dictum, for your following statement, particularly, savors of hysteria: "Bridey lied, lied, lied, do you hear! Under hypnosis! And that's the Gospel truth, man . . . Rap."

However, I still have faith in you, retaining my admiration of the undaunted spirit required in publishing SEARCH and FATE, the less popular type of literature.

Martha Simmons

P. O. Box 486

Fort Huachuca, Arizona

By your definition, apparently, taking the "other side" of a question is "bias?" Do you deny me the right to fail to accept reincarnation? You attribute my lack of acceptance of the Oahspe Bible. Sure, I've read it. More, I've studied it more than most. I have repeatedly confounded many of its more enthusiastic followers, and shown them things they never saw in the book. I've also studied the Bible that way. And the Holy books of the East. I've even studied the dictionary! You'd be surprised what's in that book!

No, I'm not Shaver. He now lives only $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away, on his own farm, and we are close friends. We talk much of these things. He disagrees entirely with Oahspe, by the way. But he disagrees with the Bible too! And yet, he agrees

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with both in respects that appeal to his logic, and there are many of these agreements. So, basically, he has a pattern of acceptance, but it is not dogmatic. As for Bridey Murphy, now that the facts (?) are out, she did lie! Yet, in a future issue of SEARCH, we will present more on Bridey, to prove she REALLY exists! How's that for being fair! Bridey is a phenomenon. She exists. But just WHAT she is, is a great question today. There are a number of answers. The reincarnation answer is proving the weakest.

We gave an "ultimatum," you say? Not so! We printed Rosenberger, and we printed articles exactly the other way. We will continue to do so. We have several articles on hand, giving the evidence for reincarnation. We will publish them. We are searching for everything that can be raised on the subject. We want to KNOW all about it! So, to be sure we miss nothing, we must act as the devil's advocate, many times. Do not condemn us because we adhere to the Voltairean principle.

As for hysteria, what is hysteria? "Bridey lied!" is not? And "Bridey lied, lied, lied, do you hear!" is? Sometimes the whisperer is not heard, or rather, is ignored. Some people have to be made aware of your presence by blowing

off a fire-cracker under them. Is this hysteria on one side, or apathy on the other? Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I enjoy your editorials so very much - - particularly those on the radiation. I have written a few lines on the subject and thought perhaps you might like to use them. They will certainly irritate those who insist we are not being hurt by the fall-out I'm sure, and the more irritation the better!

Are we being robbed of our blood and genes?

A 'thief in the air' - - could that be the means?

The testing of A-bombs at a hurry-up pace,

Will it save the world - - but annihilate the race?

Much success with Search in the future, and I certainly hope that it soon becomes a monthly. I sent in my early renewal for that purpose.

Mrs. S. R. Moyer
4013 Golf Drive
San Jose, California

Ray Palmer:

Just yesterday, by sheer chance, I happened to get one of your magazines for the first time. I was

quite impressed by its contents in reference to your personal phenomenal experiences and visions, and also your answers to the letters sent you, and especially John Martin in regards to reincarnation. It agitated my spirit somewhat, as it did yours, so as one more skilled and instructed in Spiritual Mysteries, as the prophets of old, here is a "real" Truth revealed to me, by a Higher Power than man.

The only way anyone can advance in Spiritual attainment is by open deliberation and then search out and see if those things are so.

For thousands of years, mankind has been trying to reach heaven, (man-made style) for instance, by the tower of Babel, even unto this day, by various methods or ways of escape such as reincarnation, on this planet. Why, they have defiled this one so bad that no other planet would have them.

I assure you, before anyone can reach that goal, heaven must first be perfected in Man.

Einstein said: "God does not play dice with the cosmos, that there is a certain set of laws governing the whole universe." Now there being a set of laws in the universe, the ones pertaining to this planet were predestinated, even before this earth came into existence.

Civilization has reached its

pinnacle, in the discovery of the hydrogen, atomic and the ballistic missiles. It took something like this to open the eyes of all peoples of the world and bring them to their senses, even the illiterate, to awaken them to the fact that there is a Higher Source of Intelligence, that they be not carried to and fro by false doctrines when the real "Truth" comes into the world.

The "Real Truth" will not be spoken of by word only, but also demonstrated to the whole world. Even as a babe in its mother's womb goes through different stages, then being born must still reach maturity, so it is with this universe, until it has grown in natural and spiritual perfection and only then will we be able to communicate with other universes and comprehend the deeper Mysteries.

As for reincarnation, NO ONE can prove as yet, the mystery of the regeneration. John Martin has not the visible evidence, neither you nor myself, at the present time. In all my research and study, I have not to this day heard of a ready-made body factory, elsewhere in the universe, after a person has deceased from material existence here.

This can only be attained by the (Power of Transubstantiation) with this body we now have. As proof of this, now consider how



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Mr. Barker is now able to tell this story after acquiring correspondence files from an Australian organization which was working with Bridgeport on

a startling theory that might make public the location of a secret saucer operations base.

Other investigators were closed down after frightening visits, like the man named Smallwood who possesses metal from a saucer, or an Australian investigator who becomes silent after finding the terrifying answer.

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the caterpillar changes into a butterfly.

I have no desire of inhabiting another body, when I am perfectly content with this visible image I have now. Though being imperfect, I know that at a given time this body I now have will be brought to perfection. Just what is wrong with the substance of this body going through a chemical change to reach its maturity in living forever?

If people believe that the spirit travels from body to body, then schizophrenia has reached its highest peak, for I am sure an apple tree has no desire to become an orange tree and vice-versa.

Just how would you feel, if someone came to you today and called you Ray Palmer, then tomorrow called you Abraham Lincoln, then the next day Julius Caesar?

John Martin, just who are you . . . Judas Iscariot? or does the name bother you at all?

Joseph A. Grabowski

Here's another reader who has thought of the name business. Maybe our readers can offer something to solve this factor that has come up concerning reincarnation? Who ARE we, actually? Just as I must decline to answer to Abraham Lincoln, I must decline to answer to ANY OTHER NAME in

history! I am CERTAIN I was none of these. But I am certain that I am Ray Palmer! When I die, and am reincarnated, will I cease being Ray Palmer, and refuse to answer to the name? On the basis of present performance, it seems certain that I would!

. . . Rap.

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading your article 'Does Hoxsey Cure Cancer.' It was a very interesting article, but there are many questions in my mind still unanswered.

1. Who were the Doctors at the Magee Hospital, in Pittsburgh that operated on Senator John J. Haluska's sister?
2. Did they feel free to diagnose her case as 'cancer' without a biopsy? If so why do some doctors feel they must have a biopsy and others do not?

It seems to me the Food and Drug Administration has merely scratched the surface on this case and if this is out of their jurisdiction, then what keeps our Senators from a further search into anything that has even a possibility of a cure for cancer. Or is this also out of *their* jurisdiction? It seems odd to me that the Hoxsey Clinic should be treated as something short of 'quacks', when *they* are asking the government to join



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I found your book profoundly interesting. I am sure that eventually your courageous efforts will be rewarded on a material plane also.

Alice Levine, 2231 Fenwick Rd., Cleveland 18, Ohio.

Your book was exceptionally welcome. I have read and re-read it with the greatest interest. Its central point is absorbing; and entirely in accordance with my own beliefs. Your book about the saucers can guide us along the right path to avert a war catastrophe, if at all possible.

R. Dutta, 49, Blandford St., W. I., London, England

In our household your book becomes the third in importance: 1) The Holy Bible; 2) Science and Health with key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy; 3) The Secret of the Saucers. Thank you, Mr. Angelucci — you have done a fine job!

Wallace A. Nelson, c/o Kennedy Hardware, Inc., Anchorage, Alaska.

I have just finished your wonderful book, The Secret of the Saucers. It should open new fields of vision to perceptive men — men whose spiritual selves have been awakened. If it finds acceptance within the hearts of men humbly seeking after truth, you will have fulfilled a great mission indeed.

Raymond O. LaCroix, Queen Charlotte Is., B. C., Canada.

A dear friend of mine in Richmond, Virginia wrote after reading your book: "Obviously a beautiful soul — sincerity and humility shine through all he says. The scientific angle is, of course, terrific, but it is the spiritual revelations that are most illuminating and engrossing to me."

Ed. Wheelan, The News (New York's Picture Newspaper).

WHAT THE EDITORS OF SEARCH SAY . . .

"Here is an uplifting and inspiring book — the true account of a strange experience with the visitors from outer space who act as our brothers and give us a message of hope."

forces for further research, through the Senator J. J. Haluska. What's keeping *someone* from really getting on the job?

Mrs. K. R. Wilton
410 E. 6th Ave.
Gary, Indiana

Nothing! SEARCH is on the job! And so is Senator Haluska. The response to this article has been terrific, and we will present, in the future, the proof that has been asked for! Also, the case goes on trial soon in Pennsylvania, and the actual medical evidence, on both sides, will be produced. Believe us, if HOXSEY is a quack, we'll prove it in SEARCH. And if he isn't, we'll also prove it! But we certainly won't deny either side the audience that SEARCH represents! Let the chips fall where they may! The question here is really one of FREEDOM! . . . Rap.

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you for your wonderful article in the Sept. issue of SEARCH magazine entitled "Hoxsey Does Cure Cancer", and I am sure many of my friends join me, because it was last Thursday that a group of us, some professionals on the way to Indiana to a convention, stopped at the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic at Portage and had about an hour's talk with the Senator and was shown thru the

clinic, and then two of us stayed several days and talked with patients, restaurant owners and residents. We learned that Doctors were bringing their relatives there as patients and we saw one bring his mother there.

It was the Senator who told us about your magazine and we bought a number of issues and today I tried to get more for distribution when I got back to New York, but my news man did not have any, but will try to get them.

I belong to a Bible Student group (besides being a Nurse) very much interested in the Hoxsey treatment for cancer, since one of our members have been cured. I thought I read in your magazine where you would like testimonies from those who have been cured. I believe she would write you her story—I have it on a tape which is 1 hour long. I am going to write her as soon as I find the mislaid address. She has moved to Oklahoma City recently.

I have also thought of a booklet which I have containing, I guess, hundreds of cured cases in the back which you can write to, however it is not a recent book and some may have moved.

How about Dr. H. K. Hill, M.D., of Laverne, Oklahoma who testified for Hoxsey in court in May and the Texas State Board Doc-

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As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. Lionel O. Branberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

Enclosed find money order for \$10.00 for two more bottles of Turn-er's as soon as possible. You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Enclosed please find check for \$5.00 for another bottle of Turn-er's as soon

as possible. I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out too near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors . . . none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention.—S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

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tors had to admit that Hoxsey cures cancer after charging his method worthless? Dr. Hill is a very influential man, I understand, and willing to testify that Hoxsey saved his life, and ten M.D.s signed an affidavit that Hoxsey cures cancer after they investigated.

I do not know how much you have read about the matter, but I am going to send you some of the reading matter that convinced me along with the book, "You Don't Have to Die", by Harry Hoxsey and published by Milestone Books, 444 Madison Ave., New York City, New York.

I might also add that the visit and many other things have me so convinced, that I have something about it recorded often at one of our church meetings, and this tape is sent from group to group from here to California. This next week, I shall tell about our visit with Senator Haluska and our introduction to your book and the wonderful article it contains and will send to you under separate cover various writings for your information.

As one who has been in the Medical profession for twenty years, I feel it my duty in trying to get the truth made known to the public when I know many doctors also favor the clinic. It is just the AMA

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Mrs. F. S. Kazmer
373 E. 45th St.
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Dear Rap:

This letter is in reply to Robert F. Weirauch (October, 1956 SEARCH) regarding my article ("Probing The Flying Saucer Riddle"—May, 1956 MYSTIC) which so obviously rubbed him the wrong way.

Much of the material that made up the article—facts, theories, opinions, etc.—was taken from many sources. Newspapers, magazines, books, scientific periodicals, and so on. My authorities were Einstein, Arthur C. Clarke, Dr. Donald H. Menzel, Willy Ley, among others.

It was the latter, Willy Ley, who first acquainted me with the binary star system 61 Cygni and its hypothetical planet. Same for the system 70 Ophiuchi.

In a personal letter discussing the "Twin Earths" theory, Willy Ley dismisses the theory for the reason I gave. Namely, that our invisible twin would be known to us by its influence on Venus' orbital movement. So I suggest Mr. Weirauch take up his argument with Mr. Ley.

My article also mentioned that because some planets were (1) too hot (2) too cold (3) possessors

of gases lethal to human lungs, intelligent alien life was ruled out according to "a goodly percentage of astronomers." This is *their* pet belief, not necessarily mine. (Actually I don't subscribe to it). I thought I had made that fact clear, but then I am not a professional writer with an arm-long list of successes to my credit.

Mr. Weirauch wonders why I am so cocksure the saucers don't land. Whatever gave him that impression? On page 84 of my article I began a paragraph with: "Ever present is the possibility



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that flying saucers have landed in secret . . ." Certainly the possibility exists. I would never claim otherwise.

Bear in mind, please, that my article was highly speculative. What else could it be when it deals with such a subject as the flying saucer phenomena? So far no saucer has landed in my back yard, with the occupant presenting irrefutable proof that he is from another world, revealing at the same time all the secrets of the universe.

Mr. Weirauch is fearful that my article will cause the loss of UFO followers. Why? Perhaps, as I hope, it will further intensify curiosity, stimulate imagination, give the reader things to mull over. Far-fetched as some of the ideas may seem, remember that in our universe of brain-numbing vastness, anything—*anything*—is possible!

Anyway, perhaps my writing the article was not a sheer waste, for here Mr. Weirauch was first introduced to the B.S.R.A. and the Etherian or "4-D" hypothesis, which I continue to regard as the most provocative (and logical) of all theories dealing with UFO origin.

Alex Saunders
17 Mackay Ave.
Toronto 10, Ont. Canada

Dear Ray:

I want to urge you, since you have methods of investigation not open to most of us, to investigate the experience of Cecil Michael of Bakersfield, California regarding "saucer", men who appear and disappear at will, and psychic experience of travel through space. It is written in a book **ROUND TRIP TO HELL IN A FLYING SAUCER**, and seems to indicate an experience much like those of Dick Shaver and Orfeo Angelucci.

Incidentally, it is intriguing to learn that the first encounter with the saucer was just before the Bakersfield earthquake, and the other experiences followed that terrific earthquake. Another interesting sidelight, though the author makes very little of either of these sidelights, is that he was using a *torch* of some kind throughout this time. Whether it is the same kind of torch you have been talking about in your answers to letters in the last few issues I do not know, but you might like to inquire.

The book is put out by Van-tage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st St., New York 1. I do not know the man's address just yet, but I do plan to write to him via the publishers.

You know me well enough, Ray, to know that I am not of the ortho-

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dox school of ministers. When I speak of Jesus and Christ it is two different concepts. However, in this day of horror movies about saucers, etc., I am wondering whether it is time all saucer investigators ask their informants whether they believe in and work with the Christ forces. It is interesting to notice that Mr. Michael was given such a choice during his horrifying experience. What would have happened to the two men (or to Shaver's deros) if they had been asked such a question?

I will be watching for your follow-up on Michael. We still carry on with monthly "study" meetings on all these things - - about 50 members in our club, from ten or fifteen towns around here. The pictures published in Van Tassel's *Proceedings* in the last issue were of two saucers that sat for part of an afternoon over the town of one of our members, near Cedar Rapids.

Milton Nothdurft
310 W. Maple Street
Maquoketa, Iowa

We'll get to it one of these issues!
... Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer,

This letter is in regards to the Rosenberger letters. It specifically deals with insanity, abnormality,

mental ill health, devine afflatus, and just plain craziness - - all of which seem to be somewhat related in the mass mind; and most of our minds are influenced by mass conceptions to some degree at some time.

A good argument can be made in favor of abnormality, especially in this Age of Conformity. An abnormal person is one who deviates from the norm, for better or worst, or even better *and* worst, as in the case of Mohammed. Few of the great religious, philosophical, or artistic leaders of the world were normal men. Most were men who were aflame with the desire to Be and to Know. Jesus said, "I am the Way." Lao Tze said that there is no I, there is only the Way (The Tao). These were very strange men indeed.

William Blake spoke with angels (very abnormal); he even taught his wife to see them (no

comment). Walt Whitman spoke with God "each hour of the twenty-four." And D. H. Lawrence became One with Susan the Black Eyed Cow.

There is a cosmogonist I know who has talked with the spirits of Madame Blavatsky and Albert Einstein and she is "taught by the Higher Masters regarding the creation of the universe(s)." Does the phrase "delusion of grandeur" satisfactorily explain such a person? Or would the phrase mean only that such a person differs in perception from most of us on certain issues but that she might have some valuable insights. And how many of her ideas might appeal to the reason if clothed in different language, psychological language for example. Or the language of the New Cosmologist of Cambridge University.

Proof? If one wants proof, he must first say of what criteria he

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accepts as proof. Logic(s), personal experience, the laboratory type of scientific investigation, or the scientific method used in the loose sense of the term: a controlled situation that may produce the same results when performed by another person under the same set of circumstances.

Personally I am as sympathetic to poetic truth as to the various types of scientific proof. In other words, if the poet makes me have an experimental awareness of something which I feel is valuable, that tells me something of soul, life, or the universe, then I have had something proved to me: awe; the deeper sort of pity; that soul-absorbing experience of compassion.

Or if a man or woman with a sincere desire to communicate with me begins to utter nonsense syllables such as, "Om att, ra, gutt" etc., I'll still listen without accusing the man of being crazy. If he is not a self-righteous, self-centered person, then his mental health should not be suspect, as in the case of my friend, the cosmogonist, who is a warm, kind-hearted sort of person, something rarely if ever found in paranoia.

I'd be thoroughly opposed to anyone putting pressure on the editor of this magazine to omit the Shaver Mystery merely because he thinks the stuff is crazy and its

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There are three tabooed areas, the too honest discussion of which will always cause a man to be regarded with suspicion: politics, religion, and sex. There is a fear that he will not conform.

Personally I am for more non-conformity and less glib talk about restraint of ideas. I am strongly opposed to a Brave New World controlled by psychological specialist in adjustment to the status quo.

William Aldridge
(apt 2) 2407 Ellendale Place
Los Angeles 7, California

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Frankly I think you have a very fine magazine, well balanced, well edited, with a wide variety of what appears to be, carefully chosen subject matter. What strikes me is the courage expressed in the publication of some of these articles.

Mayhap your courage borders on foolishness, especially on this Richard Shaver expose. Now Ray, just ponder for a few moments. Does it not occur to you there are probably thousands of people who know just as much as Shaver does about the Teros and the Deros? Is it just the A.M.A. alone that iron curtains every advance in knowledge? Just why is there such a finely organized stone wall

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against any real knowledge entering the church, schools, magazines or papers? Where did the billions of dollars come from that finances this finely meshed screen and why should those in control welcome anything endangering their further leaching of the unconscious masses?

Ray there are people here who know WHY the sun got too hot at the ending of the pre-historic era. There are people here who know how the flying saucer operates. Know how the pyramids were easily built. Know the function of the gravity motor and the induction motor. Know the meridian etheric polarity magnetic field law that makes the mech ray possible.

Well, you say, why don't they come out and tell the people. You or anyone else just try it and see how far you get. Shaver is a stumble bum who does not know he is holding a wildcat. He is not too dangerous yet, but if he keeps on belling about what little he does know it will be decided to remove him, as has been the case with

many before him.

If Shaver wants to do something sensible the first thing is to get out of the limelight. Stop trying to convince people of what he knows by talk. Take steps quietly to prove to a few reliable people the actual truth, then a few more. Build an efficient system of helping the Teros. Do not underestimate the power of the enemy. It knows everything that is happening. It says nothing, no hint is given of its tremendous power. It

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suddenly strikes in the dark and another small craft of investigation sinks beneath the surface and the sea is untroubled again. Shaver had better become mighty conscious that what he doesn't see is terrifically dangerous, and then act accordingly if he decides to act at all.

You, like many, evidently think everything is recorded in print. Just start fishing thru your columns for information regarding inventors of the fuelless motor. You will find many instances from many localities where some fellow came out with a motor that needed no fuel, and what happened. Well it went along for awhile and then nothing more was heard about it. A fellow by the name of Peter Ivanhoff even got so far as building a factory in Seattle during the '30's. Get some dope on him. Another in the soft top car days had a small motor on the running board of an engineless car, had passengers hanging on all sides including policemen, drove around the streets of Everett, Wash. That's all, noth-



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ing more heard of him.

Find out about inventors of electric lights without wires or batteries. Plenty of them shut up also. Charles Fort recorded news items, thereby gathering a lot of feathers and no birds. But the feathers are interesting and indicative, if you realize where they came from.

You can publish this letter if you wish but I am not sticking my neck out. The information here is not important to the public. What is important is to investigate for the data indicated. Warn Shaver before it is too late. Nothing is more fatal than a sense of false security. Don't kid yourself, life is still mighty cheap to those for which there is no law.

Anonymous

There are TWO reasons for any suppression at all in the world. One is the business of "elimination" that you warn about, and the other is the fact that it is considered wise to "chicken out." Everybody who chickens out protects the builders of the screen, and that idea is exactly what the makers of the screen would spread. Your letter is "dero" in context, although it may not be in intent. For instance, why did you write it? Do you particularly care if Shaver is "erased?" Shaver would be inclined to feel you'd been influenced by "ray control" to write the letter. As long as you are anonymous, why couldn't you act like a general, sitting comfortably in his easy chair far back of the lines, urging his men into the thick of

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battle, and doling out medals to the survivors? We prefer to think you are being humanitarian, and thus, we wonder greatly! To adopt that opinion is to say that Shaver's dero and tero DO exist! But let's not dwell on this line of thought - - it paints us as heroic in publishing the Shaver stuff. We're no heroes! We're just a victim of curiosity. We don't want to be killed, but we can't help peeking through the curtain! And what are these things afraid of, that

they have to have a curtain? Maybe they aren't so invincible after all. Anyway, we are kind of foolhardy. We venture onto today's highways in our motor car, and darned if we don't see dero by the dozen. Shouldn't issue driving licenses to them, we say! . . . Rap.

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Dr. Vannevar Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and one of today's giants in the field of science, declared in his final report for the institution that "wars ASIDE, man is STILL headed for TROUBLE. We need to know whether the poles have shifted, and if so, where they have moved, whether the skin of the earth has slipped over core, and whether it is still slipping."

Why do astronomers dodge a discussion on this book, although every observatory has been furnished one. Many letters written by friends and some by us, to astronomers, asking point blank questions as to the correctness of the book, brought only evasive answers or none at all.

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