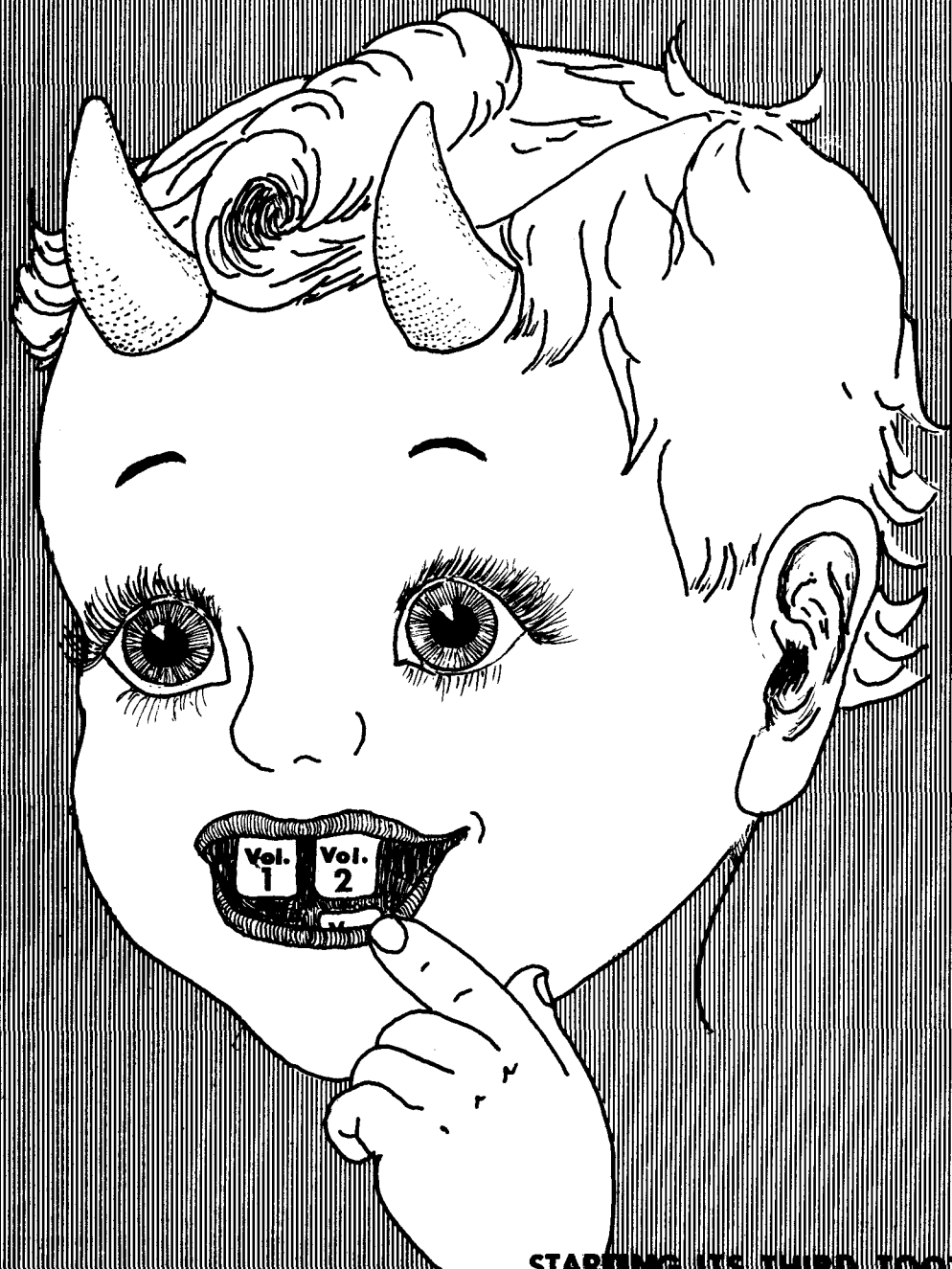


THE

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APRIL, 1956

ABERREE



STARTING ITS THIRD TOOTH



VOL. III, NO. 1
APRIL, 1956

THE ABERREE

Recusant Voice of "The Infinites" for Saturn,
Earth, Mars, Pluto, Venus, and Zydokumzruskehen

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POLICY: Don't take it so damn' seriously. The tomorrow you're worried about today
will amuse and entertain historians yesterday.

Sub-Policy: We reserve the right to change our minds from issue to issue, or even from
page to page, if we desire.

Sub-Sub-Policy: Each man has the inherent right to be his own "Authority".

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BROADWAY HAS NO ROLE FOR A SULKING ACTOR
Some writer back in the 16th Century--whether it was Bill Smith or Ed Jones matters little today--penned that "All the world's a stage". Maybe it is, but let us go a bit further, and extend the scope of the simile to liken this material universe of which we are an integral part to the entire theater, and not merely the raised platform in front of a battery of footlights.

Part of us may be "stars"; others merely supporting actors and actresses. A certain portion of us will find ourselves in the Orchestra Pit, furnishing the "crash of cymbals and roll of drums" at appropriate moments. But the majority will compose the audience--at all levels, from the loges to the plush front seats to the balcony to those who have standing room only. A few may be relegated to janiting up the mess after the play is over.

But no matter what part we play, we'd better play that part as if it were the only part we ever will have. It's the rôle we've consciously or unconsciously assigned to ourselves at this particular moment--and it will help us little in our striving for stardom on "Broadway" to sit in the wings and bemoan the "Fate" that has placed us where we now are. No "Star" ever reached stardom by mumbling his lines because he felt they were beneath his dignity and ability. The place "in lights" was there, waiting for him, but he had to show his mettle before he could reap his reward.

Of course, since The ABERREE is not a theatrical magazine, the reader may wonder why the "lecture" on acting--but we see in this simple analogy our rôle on this "world's a stage" and our hunt for a stellar place on the Broadway

of hereafter. Not until we respect the job we now have, and play it to the best of our ability, will we prove ourselves capable of anything better.

And we'd better prove it! This show doesn't close just because some of the other actors, the audience, reward our half-hearted "playing of the game" with a shower of spoiled eggs!

CLOSED MINDS NOT PATENTED BY ANY CREED

Our local dailies, like other papers over the nation, has been publishing serially "The Search for Bridey Murphy", which tells of a hypnotist's delving into the subconscious for evidence of previous material existences.

After a half dozen installments had appeared, we conducted a private research, and the results, to us, were probably as upsetting as the revelations of the Colorado housewife--subject have been to some of the "death-ends-life" strata of modern religion. To our question, "What do you think of the Bridey Murphy story?", came answers which show the huge barrier to anyone who seeks, by any means (without first spending a fortune for propaganda), to enlighten people or to change their conditioned thinking.

"I started it, but it's too deep for me," said some. Most, however, dismissed it as a "stunt", but there were all too many who wouldn't read beyond the first few chapters because "It's sacrilegious; it destroys my concepts of God and religion!" An extreme minority have been goaded into a desire to learn more.

Which merely proves that we read only that which is already acceptable to us--and change only as our acceptance level changes to a new level from which we again place a rigid censorship over our mental intake.

How many "only truths" have you had in the past with which you no longer can agree?

BOOKLET HITS We have just AT COMMUNISM read "Brain--OR DOES IT? Washing; a Synthesis of the Russian Textbook on Psychopolitics"(sic), an uncopyrighted, 64-page booklet being distributed by the Hubbard Dianetic Research Foundation, of Silver Spring, Md.

Written by Charles Stickley, who says in a foreword that he trusts only the Christian Scientists and Dianeticists to aid him in his effort to unveil the aims of Communism, the booklet is a confusing bit of propaganda, no matter how you look at it.

Purportedly, it seeks to be a textbook for Russian "authorities in 'mental healing'," on how to use their peculiar talents to reduce other nations to a point of subservience. Reading it from this angle, one realizes that Communism is a real threat, and that those dedicated to the spread of the Soviet doctrine over all the earth are really taking their work seriously.

However, the booklet also could be looked upon as an expose of just how far Communism already has gone in gaining a foothold in the United States, and how many of their "suggestions" already have been adopted as the American way of life: Income taxes, confusing government forms, child labor laws and child delinquency, peace-time military conscription. All of these, according to the book, seek to break down the fundamentals of freedom in a democracy, and make Communism more and more acceptable--a gradual infiltration, as it were.

Of course, since a letter included with the booklet points out that persons who have been "correctly audited" with the new "SLP Issue Right" (rates in the accompanying ABILITY) cannot be brain-washed--and the text of the booklet points a finger of suspicion at psychologists and psychiatrists by warning that they MAY do what they DO do--"Brain-Washing" may be only a clever and insidious bit of advertising.

In which case, we don't mind giving the distributors a bit of free advertising, because we think it's a book that should be read.

Open-mindedly, of course.

WE DISPUTE NOTHING, BUT... It would help greatly our belief in the Garden of Eden story if some archeological grave robber would dig up a petrified apple core under some equally preserved "His" and "Her" fig leaves near the buried ruins of a gate protected by a calcified flaming sword. Not that we have the slightest doubt that everything happened just as some "inspired" stone-age chiseler chiseled.

We are all in this paint together, the question is how to get out. We present the way as we see it.
L. A. D. Walsh

By **HARDIN D. WALSH**
 Dean, Scientology Council

forces. Thus, theta or static or Total Source can be known as the place from whence all things come. A very busy stillness.

Total Source can be considered to be everywhere and nowhere. It exists inside the MEST universe and outside the universe. Total Source just IS. The full implications of Total Source are beyond the scope of verbalization. It is something which you cannot learn by having someone tell you. It has no location or existence unless you, as Total Source, choose.

The Stairway is an explanation of states of existence at Scientology Council. The Stairway is the game of which the Scientology

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A the various worked out cil. The

W a blueprint of livingness to technique of can be applied. Each pre-clear

R can be approached at some level of awareness on the Stairway. The inherent truth within these

I levels causes them to work with amazing ease and rapidity.

A Awareness of these levels may be imaginary for the pre-clear, at first existing as only the vaguest of concepts. As they are used, awareness will develop and it will be discovered that they are the way out to spiritual freedom at its highest level, Total Source.

The full and complete use of the Stairway will depend upon a thorough knowledge of Scientology and how to adapt it to this Stairway. Those of you who make the effort will become aware of something you always have been and always will be, Total Source. As such, you are the creator and solver of problems.

In the BEginning there is theta, a total-ity, a static, or God. At this level of awareness there is no time lag. Thus the consideration of the possibility of the Assumption of Otherness results instantly in the assumption of a state other than All. For some pre-clears it is the decision to be Other Than All. Total Source for some also may be an assumed state. Total Source apparently has created a center of Awareness of Awareness. This is a cosmic "knot hole" through which theta inverts into various centers of awareness and energy manifestations. This is the center of the lotus flower spoken of in Chinese and Egyptian schools of thought. Some pre-clears will find this as a ring of very hard energy. To others it is a jagged high frequency vibrational pattern in a vast circle. To another it was a postulated circle, a Nothingness; he just knew it was there. Some may not even have this center, since it is a limitation of awareness and can be eliminated. The pre-clear eventually learns to function as Total Source and not through any manifestation.

"I Am" is the decision to have an identity. Curiosity seems to be the prime mover in this postulated condition of awareness. This is the first postulated limitation in the playing of the game for most pre-clears. The pre-clear may find that as Total Source or through his center of Awareness of Awareness, he has created several "I Ams". Each pre-clear will have at least one. Some find they are operating several.

I Amness is a fixed Orientation Point when first discovered by the average pre-clear. It is usually found outside of all the physical universes. To some it will be a tremendous ball of fire and energy, seemingly unapproach-

THE THETAN-BODY combination has been the target of processing in Scientology so far. It has been discovered that this level of the game is at the bottom of the stairway of existence. In the "native state" of theta, there is total source of total awareness. It is necessary to limit this complete knowingness in order to have a game. For each pre-clear there exists several distinct workable levels of limitations of awareness, with the thetan and body near the bottom. At the top, we have "Total

The S

Source", undifferentiated and infinite. "Total Source" creates states of "Beingness" or "Not Beingness" as it chooses. "Beingness" consists of the "Somethingness" or energy manifestations of the physical universes. "Not Beingness" consists of the postulated state of non-existence. However, this nothingness, or not being, is a very real state that exists within theta, or Total Source.

The steps on the stairway are as follows. Their significance and how to process them in relation to the game will be fully explained.

- OO THETA--TOTALITY--GOD. THE ASSUMPTION OF OTHERNESS--THE DECISION "TO BE".
- OO TOTAL SOURCE--ASSUMPTION OF
- OO CENTER OF AWARENESS OF AWARENESS
- OO "I AM"--THE DECISION TO HAVE AN IDENTITY. A FIXED ORIENTATION POINT.
- OO ANCHOR POINTS--THOUGHT FORMS (Machines)--POINTS OF IMPORTANCE.
- OO THETANS--A MOVABLE ORIENTATION POINT. A VIEWPOINT--A point from which to view. A large spirit capable of operating bodies and other things.
- OO BODIES--Ethereic, Astral, Physical.
- OO ANCHOR POINTS--MEST--POINTS OF IMPORTANCE: Planets, Homes, Tombs.

It has been stated that theta is in conflict with MEST (MEST meaning matter, energy, space, and time). This conflict is the playing of the game in this and other MEST universes. Theta has been selected in Scientology as a term applying to that area of unlimited awareness known by perhaps 700 different names on this planet. For purposes of processing it can be termed "Total Source", Total Source being an assumption by choice. Theta has been termed a static: without energy, mass, space, or time, and not held in place by an equilibrium of

able. To others it will be a sphere of black ridges, sphere upon sphere of impenetrable armour. It will develop in processing that this is merely a reference point of long standing and is merely the main anchor point on a sphere of influence or awareness.

The True I Am is a sphere which encloses and extends throughout all the physical universes, in which the I Am has interest.

In a sense the fixed Orientation Point of the I Am is a space-creating machine--space being the distance between particles. The I Am creates the light particles which are the basic building units of these MEST universes. Light particles are either white or black basically. Thus as it says in the Christian Bible, "I am the light of the world," is a true statement. The I Amness of each of us, by mutual agreement, is truly creating the light of the world, among other things.

The I Am level of awareness is the postulate level. The fixed Orientation Point seems to be a storehouse of postulates and the energies attached to them. I Am is a postulated state of identity--a decision to identify with things. I Amness extends through all things--things being energy manifestations. Basically, I Amness is a separateness from Total Source. Further down scale is a separateness for I Amness as an Orientation Point. For example, I am a thetan, I am a body, I am a cell, I am an atom, I am a particle of light, and I am sex (sensation). The game is an infinity of identifications within I Amness.

However, each unit of I Amness is existing within Total Source and is a manifestation of Total Source. So we have a basic confusion within all energy manifestations and problems: the I Am identification with the energy in the problem and the separateness from Total Source. The pre-clear basically KNOWS that he is Total Source but he has identified for so many lifetimes with bodies and things that he is convinced that he is Something. We have identification vs. separateness as the game's basic conflict.

These identifications with things are limitations of knowingness (not knowing). The I Am is the first limitation of Total Source (total awareness). The I Am level contains all the mutual agreements between the I Ams to limit their knowingness (not look, for example), the rules of the game. The original state of theta as a functional form is Total Source. It is present in all things and is "from whence all things come". Total Source is the common denominator of all unknowingness. All the limitations, energy, ridges, engrams, problems of all kinds are desired, enforced, or inhibited agreements not to know in order to have a game of surprises. Total Source is within all things and all things are within Total Source.

Total Source, expressing through the I Am, operates the I Ams as the Makers of the Game. The Thetans are the Players of the Game and the Bodies are the Pieces in the Game.

Thus any engram, ridge, or problem is present and manifested on all these levels of the game. A heavy traumatic experience will be recorded as a ridge on each and every level of awareness as related energy patterns. The I Am creates a nothingness (space) within Total Source into which then is created a somethingness (energy). Any problem then contains the four parts as follows:

- Total Source--Static (void).
- I Amness--Postulate.
- Nothingness--Space.
- Somethingness--Energy (particles).

AXIOM--When you as total Source

become aware of the Total Source in the problem area, the problem area can then be accepted back into Total Source if you choose. Total Source is the ultimate chooser.

These four parts are present in all things. The pre-clear can learn to become aware of each of the parts.

Thetans are powerful spirits which operate bodies or a body. For most pre-clears, there is one Thetan for each body. Total Source expressing through I Amness created Thetans which in turn created bodies, and life forms of many categories, shapes, and sizes. Thetan is a name which is valid on the time track of experience and is not an original creation of the individual who first presented Scientology to this planet.

A Thetan is a movable orientation point--a viewpoint from which to view or be aware. It contains the postulate that it is being re-created moment by moment, in different minute locations, thus creating the illusion of motion for the Thetan. The Thetan has the ability to appear and disappear from any given point by being created and uncreated by Total Source expressing through your I Amness. The Thetan has the ability to be nothing or something or any postulated thing, such as a force field known as a body.

A Thetan is a very low order of BEingness. He is limited by the postulated rules of the game set up by the I Ams. Without processing the Thetan can only go through the life and death cycle over and over; he can escape living only by dying.

The Thetan is the connecting link between the I Am and the body. To most individuals a Thetan is a little ball of golden light. It may seem to be a large ball of golden light if it is very powerful. If the Thetan is in really good shape he will appear as clear--soap bubble style.

The Thetan eventually can be run out. It can be recreated as a viewpoint whenever you need it. The Thetan as a separateness, a special unit of awareness, has certain conveniences for operating in Space and Time.

It now becomes evident that we are not just processing a mere body and a Thetan. We find the "Structure of BEingness" described in much ambiguous detail in the Christian Bible. The Christ or Christus is the Son of the Father (I AM). The Christus is the Thetan or Sun; Son is also correct. When a man becomes aware of his Christus or Thetan he has been resurrected out of the flesh (Be three feet back of the head). He has been Christened or has become a Christian. Jesus, a Master, perhaps taught of this, and down through the years of misidentification, his name became identified with that which he taught and became known as Jesus Christ. We find the structure of BEingness in Biblical terms to be: God--Total Source; I Am--the Father; Thetan--Son, Sun; Holy Ghost--the group of spirits known as a body. As you become aware of these steps through processing you will discover the Bible to be an interesting metaphysical handbook, along with the other holy books of this planet.

(To be concluded in the May issue)

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TREATMENTS "IN ABSENTIA" now are being given nearly 80 persons between 10:00 and 10:15 (E.S.T.) each night, Arthur J. Burks reveals, and because of the "inspiring and interesting" things happening during this period, he has decided to accept any others "willing to sit still for 15 minutes" into the group. Those interested or needing help are invited to write him at Paradise, Lancaster Co., Penn.

OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN



By ARTHUR J. BURKS

This series of articles may startle some; to others, it will be repulsively out of place in a magazine such as *The ABERREE*. But there are times when even we can be serious. Described herein is the Child Guidance Center of Lancaster, Penn. Since there are an estimated 4,000,000 of these "unfinished children", it could be, may be, next door. After the abridged manuscript has been printed serially in *THE ABERREE*, the book will be published and the profits donated by Mr. Burks toward helping these hapless victims of a so-far unexplained genetic tragedy. Maybe the mental therapists among our readers will have some idea as to how they can help, too.--The EDITOR.

What Can Be Done About the Genetic Tragedies?

3. THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

THEY KNOW it is a party. They may not know what a "party" is, though the principal repeatedly uses the word. They don't know, all of them, what a "birthday" is, but the principal and the teachers keep using the word. They identify it with Terry because the teachers do. Terry knows it is for him. Something is special today, for Terry. And Terry is happy. They all seem to be happy. Their eyes sparkle. Their faces shine.

Most subnormal children--from I.Q. 50 down below possibility of assessment--seem happy. Laughter is free, easy, fairly constant; if only it were happy laughter! And how does the child first learn to laugh?

This question brings us to the caricatures, the facsimiles, the copies. Each child resembles someone known. Each child is a type, but a pale copy of a known type. Each child is an unfinished human being, which is in turn a robot-mimic of a human being. Each child is human, with a spirit hidden somewhere deep down, trying manfully to manifest. One tries to act without thinking, seeking for some contact, some point of understanding, with the mentally defective. If a child does not think, how does it respond to the urge--whatever the urge is--to look out a window? If a child does not think, why does it try to correct another child who is running about, making unseemly noises, apparently misbehaving? What is the urge? To what does the child react? Does it know what it's doing?

To some extent the child knows. The teachers are sure of this, else training the child would be a hopeless undertaking. They do not find it hopeless--not entirely. And since it is not entirely, since there is always a glimmering, even in the vegetable idiot, the dedicated strive to bring out the hidden spirit, soul, mind of the individual.

Mimicry must be the principal teacher. The teacher corrects a child--once, twice, a hundred times, in exactly the same way, so the child may learn.

A child at the next table, watching, listening, simply mimics the teacher--and corrects the other child, in the same way, but possibly much more roughly. This one must in his turn be corrected, since he doesn't know his strength.

Terry is the host.

"Get the paper plates, Terry," says the principal. "See that everybody has one."

The principal shapes each word. Terry doesn't seem to be watching her mouth carefully, but his black eyes dart--just as his twisted body darts. His brow wrinkles as he tries to remember where the paper plates are. Then he remembers, gets them out. How does he decide how many, knowing nothing of numbers? He can't even know how many children are attending his party. Is it only coincidence that he grabs up a pile of plates approximately

equal in number to his guests? Or is Terry somehow monitored? If it is coincidence, the teachers know, or soon will know. But if it isn't, there is something here, in what Terry has done, which may be turned to account.

Terry is fast. His movements are crabwise, painful--painful to watch, and possibly painful to Terry, though he doesn't show pain. He tosses out the paper plates as if he were dealing cards. Most of his guests ignore the paper plates flipped approximately in front of them.

"Now, Terry, napkins!" says the teacher.

Terry doesn't toss the napkins, save the first two or three. They don't strike the table and stick, the way the plates did. They catch the air and flutter to the floor. He picks them off the floor, and places them on the table, withdrawing his hand only when the napkins are settled.

Terry passes out plastic spoons. The children settle back. Plates, napkins, spoons indicate food. They've had lunch, so this must be something special.

A teacher brings in the birthday cake. The principal sings "Happy Birthday" and the children catch up the song instantly. Terry is delighted. He hops up and down on his longer leg and claps his hand. The cake is held near his face.

"Blow out the candles, Terry."

Terry nods, says something incomprehensible, and blows. Several children, three mongoloids among them, note that Terry hasn't extinguished all the candles. As if inspired by one thought, one urge, from somewhere, they all close in around the cake, all blow, and all the candles go out. Hands clap.

The principal cuts the cake, and Terry distributes it. He provides the visitor with plate, napkin, spoon--and a piece of cake. The hands are not very clean. He has had his fingers in his mouth, aiding the eating of luncheon. He delivers the spoon handle first, the ball of his thumb in the bowl.

Lissa, at intervals during her consumption of cake, comes swaying down the aisles, her hands moving high, her elbows working with adult grace, to look up into the face of the visitor, who stands against the wall. If he does not, hands tweak his coattails. Wherever, or however he stands, hands touch him, wherever they can reach. Teachers touch the probing children away, but they return, or others do, to prod, poke, brush, attract attention.

One little girl, tousleheaded, but not Rebecca the Touslehead, comes at intervals to throw herself against and hug the legs of the visitor. It is difficult not to take her up in his arms. Is it the thing to do? Before he can decide, small Lora is snatched away by her teacher. Possibly if the visitor took one into his arms, he would be expected to take all, even the big-man-sized epileptic. He'd not have enough arms--which leads to the inescapable corollary: there are never enough arms to hold these hidden children.

And yet, the mentally-lacking are the only people in the world who are "secure". They will always be cared for. Their security isn't even a problem--to them. They don't take security for granted, for they don't know what it is. They are fed. They are housed. They

don't have to think. They have no worries.

But not even the most security-minded would envy any one of them.

The birthday party ends when Lissa spins from table to table, picking up cake crumbs with the fingers of both hands--hands which dart to the crumbs like the pecking bills of hungry birds--and speed them, invisibly fast, into her mouth.

4. BEGINNINGS OF TRAINING

Is it right to train the uneducable? Would they not be better off to spend all their lives in their homes, trained no more than to be, or in institutions of some sort? Does it matter at all to the mongoloid, the moron, the imbecile, whether A follows B, whether there is an A or a B?

These questions are often asked, but never by anyone in close contact, even occasionally, with the uneducable. The questions come to mind along with the unanswerable "Why?", which can't explain the mongoloid in the first place. Why is the mongoloid? Why was this one born to me, or my friend, or my neighbor? Why, in any event, should I be in any way concerned?

However the mechanics of their conception, gestation, and birth, the Father gave children into our hands for a number of reasons: that we should care for them, that they should continue the race, that we should improve children beyond ourselves, that we should learn about life, love, evolution through our children, from the least of whom the universe itself may be learned.

No one who has ever spent even a few minutes with the "trainable but uneducable" can fail to feel the terrible struggle in that human body to comprehend the "why" which everyone capable of awareness seeks to comprehend.

The women who teach the uneducable in the House on Martha Avenue have answered the foregoing in the only way possible: the uneducable cries out to be trained. He has a place somewhere in human evolution. We don't know what it is, but for all we know, our failure to train the uneducable will delay the progress of the race.

There was a day in other lands when the known unfinished were not suffered to live. Sometimes, even today, even here, despairing parents regret that their mongoloid survives.

Any mistreatment of the mongoloid, the moron, the imbecile, the idiot is even more reprehensible than mistreatment of the normal, for the uneducable lacks the ability to defend himself, especially from those in whose immediate care he is. To mistreat or be indifferent to the uneducable child is to mistreat and be indifferent to the Father.

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"Here is how we train them to speak, to understand essential words," says the principal. "First, we form a kind of circle. I take my place, so, here. Now, Billy, bring your chair here."

To the visitor, while Billy moves his chair to the location indicated, the principal says, "We take care to move Billy to the same place every time. Then Lora moves in beside Billy, Georgie in beside Lora..."

The dozen or so children take their places. Some, perhaps, remember that they have done this before. Some, perhaps, do what others do before them.

"Watch my mouth," says the principal. She emphasizes "mouth" both by tone, and by pointing at it. The children watch, or seem to, but attention is never closely fixed, or for much longer than a blink. If attention is

fixed, it is a blank sort of fixing on the part of some.

"Now watch my mouth," says the principal again. In an aside to the visitor, she says,

"Music is most important in training these special ones. We'd be lost without it."

A teacher starts a phonograph. Teacher, principal, and children sing together:

"When I was one year old..."

Principal and teacher lift the right forefinger, pointing it upward, holding until the children--most of them--also point their forefingers, to indicate the age of one year.

"...I was so very small, like this!"

Teachers and children lean forward, down to the floor, to indicate how small they all were when they were one year old.

"But when I was ten years old..." the teacher and principal intone, spreading both hands, while children spread both hands to mimic them.

"...I became so very tall, like this!"

Teacher, principal, and children stand, to indicate height, bigness, at age ten.

"We hope they will grasp, however much time it may take, the ideas of up and down," says the principal. "They may grasp the idea of 'one', possibly of 'ten'. We have every reason to hope. They stand, sit, move when told, which is a gain if they can remember when they go home. If we repeat enough, often enough, they will remember--or form some kind of habit."

The visitor is taken to the basement, where the older boys and girls--chronologically in their 'teens though their minds have not aged appreciably--are being trained. The teacher precedes Herman downstairs, holding his belt lest he fall. He's the epileptic who must have opiates all day, regularly, to stave off seizures.

Here is another phonograph, and a number of rubber balls, as large as standard basketballs. The teacher just drops them on the basement floor. A boy accidentally kicks one of them into a second room.

"Bring the ball back," says the teacher.

The boy, already holding one ball, darts after the rolling ball. As he stoops to pick up the other ball, he finds himself with a problem. He can't pick up that second ball with one hand. His hand isn't large enough. The ball is too large.

The boy scarcely touches the ball on the floor before he realizes that he can't lift it without dropping the ball he holds.

What then is the boy supposed to do? What would a dog do, a horse, a monkey? The dog would do nothing, nor would the horse. The monkey would try to pick up the second ball, and end by dropping both. Then, doubtless, the monkey would jump up and down in rage, while the balls rolled away.

The mongoloid boy spent split seconds on his problem. He turned to a girl who followed him. He thrust into her hands the ball he carried. Then he lifted the floored ball with both hands. The visitor, missing nothing, looked at the teacher who had missed nothing to find her face alight with pride.

How incomparably above the wisest animals, in that one problem solution, that mongoloid boy had proved himself to be, and had proved the other "trainable but uneducable" boys and girls to be!

To watch the mongoloids, the feeble-minded, at work, and the teachers working with them is to be filled with hope. Some of these children, an undetermined percentage of them, are capable of performing routine, simple operations. Moreover, they try hard. They try harder than the average normal. They concentrate more. It seems possible that they use more of their unfinished brain in concentration than does the average normal, too bored or too brain-lazy to try.

(To be continued in the May Issue.)

Happiness Is Mark of Purpose Level

MOST, IF not all, of the great thinkers of the ages have recognized the close relationship between happiness in living and the purpose of life. For example, Robert G. Ingersoll said, "Reason, observation, and experience--the holy trinity of science--have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. Happiness is the true end and aim of life. It is the task of intelligence to ascertain the conditions of happiness, and when found, the truly wise will live in accordance with them. By happiness is meant not simply the joy of eating and drinking--the gratification of the appetite--but good, well-being in the highest, noblest forms. The joy that springs from obligations discharged, from duty done, from generous acts, from being true to the ideal, from a perception of the beautiful in nature, art, and conduct--the happiness that is born of and gives birth to poetry and music, that follows the gratification of the highest wants.

"Happiness is the result of all that is right and sane."

Of course, my thesis is that happiness is the measure by which we may judge the purposefulness of our thoughts and actions, rather than being the "only good". But the difference is of little import as long as purpose is served.

At any rate, if happiness is the result of "the conditions of happiness" as Ingersoll suggests, then is it not by the sensation of happiness that we can tell when those conditions have been established?

Let me digress a moment and try to describe to you what I think the sensation of happiness is, to the degree that I can describe it in words. It is a feeling of serenity, of peace of mind, of completeness. When one is sensing happiness he feels no conflict with the world. There are no vague feelings of resentment, or antagonism, or hate, or fear. There is no feeling of anxiety for the future, no regret for the past. One feels that he IS; and for the duration of the sensation one KNOWS that he IS.

We all need happiness so desperately and experience so little of it in its true form that we accept gross sensations of pleasure or satisfaction as a substitute. But we can be aware of the difference. We can remember times when we were truly happy and compare the sensation with the sensation we felt when we accepted a substitute and called it happiness.

So we have another tool to help us in our quest for purpose--the sensation of happiness. When we create actions that lead to the sensation of happiness we can be sure that such actions are in line with the purpose of life. Following this line of reasoning further we can conclude that the absence of the sensation or the presence of the sensation of happiness indicate that our actions are either not aligned with or are directly opposed to the accomplishment of purpose.

Thus we move down one level in our pyramid. At the top level, or apex, we ask the question, "What's life for? What's its purpose?" We don't ask this question facetiously; we really need to know the answer. We know that we come into life without material assets. We also know that whatever material assets we

accumulate during life must be left behind when we leave this physical universe. By simple logic we can conclude that material success is not the basic purpose of life, else we could take our material success with us when we go. What is it then that we accumulate during life and take with us when we go? If we can learn what it is and how we accumulate it, it naturally follows that we can do a better job of accumulating.

At any rate, we can tell when we are serving the purpose of life by the measure of happiness which we experience. So at the second level down in our pyramid we find a tool by which we can chart a course and measure our progress: happiness.

Our next step, it would seem, is to determine the general classes of "conditions of happiness". What conditions do result in the sensation of happiness?

There are several general kinds of conditions that measure up to our criteria. One of the most obvious is the condition of freedom. During his entire history man has felt the need for freedom. He has fought for it. He has died that his children might have it: freedom from oppression and tyranny; freedom of religion; freedom of speech; freedom of enterprise. An even greater need is for freedom of thought and freedom of spirit.

Another is the condition of survival. Any condition that contributes to the abundant survival of the individual to experience self-expression, any true act of self-expression, generates the feeling of happiness. And it is here that one must be aware of the difference between self-expression and self-glory, because the feeling one senses as a result of self-glory is easily mistaken for the feeling of happiness.

Another is the condition of need. When one engages in actions that satisfy his own true needs, one experiences happiness. In like manner, when one engages in actions that satisfy the true needs of others, one experiences happiness. And here it is easy to make errors in judgment regarding needs because so many things which we think we need we don't really need at all. This is particularly and tragically true regarding the needs of others. We are so sure we know what others need we will even resort to coercion to fulfill such needs for them. When it is so difficult for us to know what our own true needs are, how can we be competent to judge the needs of others against their own judgment?

Another is the condition of love. When we have a strong sensation of love, not only being created within but also coming to us from those about us, we feel a very strong sensation of happiness. The love I speak of here is neither a sexual nor a filial sensation. It is the feeling one man has for another when the emotions of distrust, hate, antagonism, fear, envy, jealousy, et cetera, are absent.

These are only some of the conditions, not all, that lead to the sensation of happiness. We can seek them all out, if we care to make the effort, by remembering times when we were truly happy and by studying the conditions existent at those times. We can also study the ways by which we brought those conditions into being and thus develop greater skill in reproducing them.

When the

Pre-clear Says

Hm-m-m-m-m
the Auditor Knows
Something Has Happened

FROM A pre-clear, "Hm-m-m-m!" can be a tremendous communication. I recognize that I've hit a pin when I hear it said wonderingly. At that point, I have learned not to insist on reassuring phrases from the pre-clear that a point has been made (usually these are reassuring to auditor only). I remember that I am dealing with a Thetan (soul), and that I am not God.

"Hm-m-m-m!" to me means that a bell rang, even if I didn't hear a loud prolonged peal.

My goal is to help the individual to take a look at some of his considerations. "Hm-m-m-m!" means, to me, that he's taking a look or going to look at a whole album. He'll get around to making his own changes in the originals, and eventually to changing the carbon copy (which chemically is the body).

In his complaint, when one gets into true communication, is the answer. His complaint contains the engram content. I recognize it, because if I ask him to repeat the phrase--such as "I wish I had his gall"--he never will. He'll give you other words. I do not run engrams, but it helps to recognize one in re-stimulation at the present time. I work for change of consideration.

Here are some of my "Hm-m-m-m!" cases. Of course, these are the highlighted moments, after we had established communication; after we had increased the person's response-ability. Here are also some of the considerations that I work from:

TRUE CHANGE OF CONSIDERATION WILL BE EVIDENCED IN THE BODY (carbon copy). THETAN (soul) AND GENETIC ENTITY (body) NEED TO SEE I TO I, AND AGREE ON A BETTER IDEA.

No. 1--P.C.: I've hated that man's guts for years.

Aud.: Does he know it?

P.C.: No.

Aud.: If he knew it, would he care?

P.C.: No.

Aud.: Then who's been carrying that load?

P.C.: "Hm-m-m-m-m!"

(If one is filled with heavy low-toned emotion, does it make any difference how justifiable he believes the cause to be?)

No. 2--ADDRESSING COMPLAINT TO WRONG ADDRESS INTERFERES WITH COMMUNICATION.

P.C.: Oh, God, why do You send me all these tribulations?

Aud.: Can you forgive God?

P.C.: Forgive God?

Aud.: Aren't you accusing him?

P.C.: Hm-m-m-m! Do you suppose that's why my prayers aren't answered? (Her prayers are now being answered to some favorable degree.)

No. 3--KEEP ATTENTION ON GOAL (intention), NOT TECHNIQUES.

P.C.: Dr. Elliott, do you suppose it's wrong for me to pray for the return of my boy friend?

Aud.: One prays as well as he can, or wants to. Either Oh Lord MY will be done, or, THY will.

P.C.: Hm-m-m-m! (P.C. has dropped a load and is out helping others carry theirs.)

No. 4--USE LANGUAGE P.C. UNDERSTANDS BEST.

Chemist: Look it here, I've tried some of these techniques, and phooey!

Aud.: I understand. In a laboratory when you duplicate a formula you can predict the result, eh?

Chem.: Sure.

Aud.: In the laboratory of life, if you follow someone's way or formula, but you put the element of doubt into the compound, instead of the element of faith, would you expect the same result?

Chem.: Hm-m-m-m! (By gradient scale, he is diluting his doubt.)

No. 5--THE PHYSICAL DIS-EASE WILL DESCRIBE THE EMOTIONAL SETUP IN ITS SIMPLEST TERMS.

Naturopath: Dr. Elliott, in your own jargon, what do you make of cancer?

Aud.: Bad blood somewhere in the relationships.

Nat.: I think you're wrong there. Highly developed spiritual people, and husband and wife get on beautifully.

Aud.: Whom else might be concerned, Doctor?

Nat.: Hm-m-m! Brother-in-law has same disease. I'm sending the couple over. (Husband hated brother-in-law, and then hated himself for such a low-toned emotion. This subject was tabu between husband and wife. Naturopath helped clear bodies, auditor helped clear the air. Eight months later, husband doing fine, and brother-in-law is improving.)

No. 6--IN THE COMPLAINT OF THE INDIVIDUAL WILL BE THE SICK-NESS OF THE CONSIDERATION.

Lawyer: I suppose you have heard of my heart attack.

Aud.: Yes, what are you heartsick about?

Law.: Oh, my wife, etc., etc., and my son, etc., etc.

Aud.: What would be the consequence to you if you let them be just as they are? (granting of beingness).

Law.: You mean it's as easy as that? Hm-m! (Year later, lawyer is finding much of life more pleasurable.)

No. 7--BE WILLING TO GRANT KNOWINGNESS TO OTHERS.

(Two students, high I.Q.s, griping about college. Music majors heading for professional careers.)

P.C.s: We sit there, Alberta, knowing much more than those old fogeys. We're not boasting. Honestly we do.

Aud.: O.K. But what rôle have you been assigned RIGHT NOW?

P.C.s: Students.

Aud.: Tell me, what rôle couldn't a good actor play beautifully?

P.C.s: Hm-m-m-m! Hm-m-m-m! (They put on their little caps and went back to play the game.)

No. 8--"THE ONLY ONE" IS OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE COMMONPLACE (HERE AND NOW).

P.C.: (After a bit of SOP.) Isn't there such a thing as too much grounding?

Aud.: Is there such a thing as too much grounding in your chosen profession?

P.C.: Hm-m-m-m! O.K., let's go. (He's coming into touch with present time and response-ability.)

No. 9--USE THE P.C.'S STABLE DATUM.

P.C.: Do you really believe that one can forgive everything?

Aud.: Only if one really wants to.

P.C.: I really pray for forgiveness.

Aud.: What's your favorite prayer?

P.C.: The Lord's Prayer.

Aud.: A beautiful prayer. Forgive me, to the same degree that I forgive others their trespasses.

P.C.: Hm-m-m-m! I never looked at it in quite that way.

No. 10--IN THE COMPLAINT IS THE ANSWER.

Aud.: The trouble with Ron Hubbard is that I've lost faith in him. (How well, do I, the writer, know this one.) Waiting for Ron to

Blocked Energy Flow Dims Eyesight

ANYONE who needs to wear glasses is suffering from either a blocked inflow of energy into the eyes, or a blocked outflow of energy from the eyes, to some degree. This blockage can be determined by the following test, made while the subject is on an E-meter, Type HM-4.

A. Ask him to visualize an inflow of energy into the eyes. One can visualize energy as a stream of moving particles, like water coming out of a garden hose. Normal meter response is a steady rise in tone during the period of visualization, which should last at least a full minute or so. Interrupted rise shows some degree of blockage. Oscillation with no net progress, or a drop in tone, shows severe blockage.

B. Ask him, next, to visualize an outflow of energy from his eyes. Again, normal meter response is a steady rise in tone; blockage is shown by the types of meter action mentioned above.

Blockage on either the inflow or the outflow is due to the patient's mode of response to emotionally painful experiences, usually with other persons. Blockage on the inflow indicates a disinclination to let others look at him. Blockage on the outflow indicates a disinclination to look at other persons.

These disinclinations may at first apply to one or a few individuals, later being extended in some cases by reactive-mind identification to everyone.

The blockage can be reduced and sometimes eliminated with processing, using the following techniques, in the order listed.

1. If the blockage is on the inflow, ask the pre-clear to alternate between visualizing people looking at him whom he likes and people looking at him whom he dislikes. He should alternate fairly rapidly between these two situations. The usual meter response is oscillation at first, which upon continuation of the exercise will often straighten out and go into a tone rise. If not, then pre-clear can be asked to visualize others looking at him on a gradient scale, starting with those whom he likes most, then going to those he likes less, then to those to whom he is indifferent, then to those whom he dislikes a little, to those whom he dislikes more, and finally, those whom he dislikes most.

If difficulty is experienced at any point along the way, as shown by the meter reaction, have the pre-clear alternate between looking

fill me with faith in his idea. Is there a better idea? Hmmm! Better idea than seed planted over THERE where I couldn't watch it, nor water it? Hmmm! A better idea than having faith in something? Hmmm! What's my stable datum? Hmmm! You know what? I can look over THERE, and withdraw my attention, and spot spots in my own environment and patterns (not by making new facsimiles of my old ones) but by going right through them by live communication (new considerations). Seed has already broken its shell, and oak tree is growing. Can now look and say, "There's nothing there, there's something there" and so back to my original consideration about Dianetics and Scientology: i.e., that it is good.

How many of you have changed quite a few considerations through the activities of our field?

Hm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m?

at the visual image of the person, and then visualize that person looking at him.

If tone rise is not achieved, it then will be necessary for the auditor to ascertain whom the pre-clear dislikes, and to give processing to remove the emotional charge against those individuals. Then, return to the exercise given above.

2. If the blockage is on the outflow, ask the pre-clear to alternate between visualizing himself looking at people whom he likes and people whom he dislikes.

If this exercise does not take care of the blockage--that is, if tone rise is not steadily achieved--then ask the pre-clear to visualize himself looking at others on the basis of the gradient scale, starting with those he likes most, progressing through those he likes less, to those he dislikes a little, to those he dislikes most.

If at any point in this scale there is difficulty as shown by the meter reaction, have the pre-clear alternate between looking at the visual image of the person and having that image look at him.

If tone rise is not achieved, ascertain whom the pre-clear dislikes, and give processing to remove the emotional charge against those individuals. Then, repeat the above steps.

3. Have the pre-clear flow colored energy into the eyes--first red, for 60 seconds or more, then orange, then yellow. Note meter reaction on each color. Ascertain which color gives the best tone rise.

Then have the pre-clear flow out the complementary color from his eyes of whichever color gave the best tone rise on the inflow.

Complementary color of red is blue.

Complementary color of orange is indigo.

Complementary color of yellow is violet.

For example, if the pre-clear obtained a better tone rise from flowing in yellow than from flowing in red, then have him flow out violet.

If results are not satisfactory on both the inflow and outflow colors, then do more processing on Steps 1 or 2, as the case may require.

4. Run the following dichotomies, each for at least several minutes:

a. You seeing others.

Others seeing you.

b. You seeing others.

Others not seeing you.

c. Others seeing you.

Others not seeing you.

d. Confidence you can see others.

Fear that you cannot see others.

5. Visualize an image of your own body, facing you. Visualize yourself reaching out your hands to the eyes and then withdrawing your hands from those eyes. Alternately reach and withdraw, several minutes minimum.

Check the pre-clear's vision with glasses off, on a newspaper or magazine, before and after running this series of tests and exercises. The exercises should preferably be run with glasses off, and usually most pre-clears will close their eyes while running.

You will get, on some cases, surprising increases in vision with just a single session. Not all of this improvement will be held until the next session, but some of it will be maintained and a series of sessions will intensify the improvement.



Plowing Up the Field

Spring has come—and 'most everyone's moving—except us...Dr. P. D. NA PIER, who recently made his peace with CLEM JOHNSON, fiery editor of the erstwhile GHOST, is moving his chiropractic clinic from Lockhart, Fla., to Eau Gallie...And LEN HAMILTON writes that he is moving/has moved his Scientology Guidance Center into new "palatial" quarters the first week in March. For those who are inclined to "take it easy", LEN paints an attractive picture of what can happen to you after an intensive. It seems that since he was audited down in Washington, nothing is quite as important as it used to appear, and although he exerts less effort, "things get done". If it gets much worse (or better), he says, it may get to the point where he lies on an adjoining cot and his private secretary runs his pre-clears... IKEY and REM. STONE have sold the Center in Pasadena, an address that was for years a landmark in Dia-Sci circles in Southern California, and moved to Sierra Madre. At last reports, IKEY still was trying to wend her way through unpacked boxes, think up a new name for the ex-Center, and keep her ears tuned to the doorbell in case a cash-in-hand pre-clear shows up...

The CADA BULLETIN, after a silence that stretches back to September 27, 1955, is in the mails again—and this time with a promise of monthly publication even if it means fewer pages. Those who haven't contributed at least a quarter to show appreciation for previous issues won't know about this unless they read it in The ABERREE, or some other publication. Welcome back...And while we're on the subject of publications that do or do not rise "from the dead", so to speak, does anyone remember "away back when" the GHOST and the B.D.R. were a couple of loud-mouthed lussties? And does anyone remember—we don't recall just who—was going to sue The ABERREE over something? or "lower the boom"? or some such fantastic thing?... FRED HAND is going to the University of Houston in Texas to earn his degree in psychology. After three years, he'll have a legal certificate that can't be unmocked if he should purposely or inadvertently have an idea of his own...Another auditor reported removing himself from the "Now I'm a doctor—now I'm not" category is MARCUS TOOLEY, who's entering an

Australian medical school to study for six years or so...

VIRGINAE PIGOTT, whom many will remember as president of Hubbard College in Wichita prior to Phoenix in 1952, helps head an organization for the rehabilitation of convicts after their release from prison. The organization, called Salvage, Inc., is headed by her nephew, F. Glenn Pope, and VIRGINAE is vice-president. DON PURCELL, on the Board of Governors, reported on the plans and purposes of the organization in the February-March issue of CHANGE... VOLNEY MATHISON reports that his "Dollar Meter", the crystal pendulum, is a "runaway"; that orders for as high as 300 at a time have come in from teachers of hypnotherapy. We are hypnotized with fascination at what a beautiful teacher of any kind would look like decked out in 300 transparent bangles... Infinite 73 (JIM WELGOS) announces that Human Engineering plans to publish RON HOWES's "Humanics" shortly. WELGOS, whose publishing in the past has been almost on an assembly line basis, has given this activity a couple shots in the arm with the acquisition of an offset press and a Vari-Typer to replace the mimeograph and typewriter. As JIM and his staff gain familiarity with these new tools, they may well prove themselves a quantitative successor to the late Kansas publisher of the "Little Blue Books"...

VIC TORREY is moving to new and bigger headquarters in Phoenix because of storkish manifestation of his second dynamic. He didn't say when, or whether it's a boy or girl—just that it's his second...It was a girl at the BOB and ZADA AR-ENTZ home in Salt Lake City, half-reported on last month. Even now, we know little more than that she was born on Feb. 17. All doing well except Papa, who forgot most of his "who, what, when, where, why" and we can skip the "how"...MAX FREEDOM (that's really my middle name) LONG is discovering what's wrong with groups—mostly too much yak-yak—and cites a string of Huna failures to explain why this type of study expansion is being abandoned. From now on, if you want to learn more about Huna, you'll have to dig it out for yourself from available material. Which is what you'd have done anyway, if you really wanted to learn...To DAVID LYLE of Wanaque, N.J., we can absolutely GUARANTEE, and prove, to HELEN that we were/are NOT -- repeat N-O-T—the "Alphia" she went to that girl's college with. And it ain't because we ain't been to no college, either...

ALMA HILL, one of the mainstays of Dianetics/Scientology in the Boston area for the last five years under the banner of the Psychological Research Library, really does an about-face when she about-faces. Now, they've even changed the name of the organization to Science & Fiction Critics Club. We're sorry to hear it, ALMA, and for the nonce, most violently disagree with you. No matter how much cause you may think you have, no matter what evidence you think you have to back you up, and although we'll admit every man (and woman, too) is entitled to the right to be their own authority, we think you should have an apostrophe somewhere around that "s" in "critics"...ABILITY, the \$8.50-a-year advazine published by

ON TITHING

By PHILIP FRIEDMAN

"Of all that thou shalt give to me, I shall give the tenth unto thee."

"What fools ye mortals be"—the tenth is all. The Joker, which is of the deck but not in it, takes all.

The word "tithe" means "to thee". From zero to ten is the cycle formed from zero-one to one-zero. When we attain to ten we are zero again, and back "to thee". So we give unto zero that which is zero's, the tenth, which is at once all and nothing, the oneing X-ing Chi-Rho.

Tithe thyself by divesting thyself of the illusions of the other nine digits, and with the facility of felicity, you are gathered up together, with the terrific impact of zero charged neutrons, back into the Father, into Universal Brotherhood.

Tithe thyself. God is already tithed. Tithe back to thee thyself.

the HASI, in its last issue repeats a promise that soon they'll cast their lot with TIME, LIFE, the NEW YORKER, MAD, etc., and go on the news stands. Although they don't say, it'll probably be in a different dress than the mimeo format they have affected since moving closer to the "big publishing facilities in the east". Must have been the grass didn't look so green when they got in that eastern pasture, because they're to have the printing done by a Fort Worth firm. And that, Suh, is in Texas. Out West...

—epo—

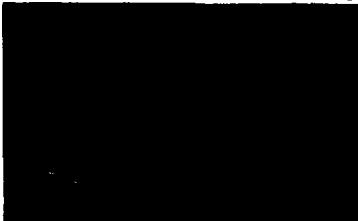
TO PARAPHRASE MARK TWAIN: HEADING'S A BIT PREMATURE

BOLTON, AUTHOR, DIES
RIVERHEAD, N. Y. 48 — Gay
Bolton, 73, (British-born author of
"Anastasis" and other plays, be-
came a U. S. citizen yesterday.

--From the Enid EAGLE

Lucipuss, the feline office wit, meows: "Is the U.S. up or down?; or, Was he a good boy or a bad boy?"

A "Black V", as pictured by an "Op-erating Thetam".



An "Operating Thetam" as pictured mentally by a "Black V".



Dear Editor:

"I wish to thank the Editor of The Aberree for accepting for publication articles from various authors that have to do with healing the mind and body. I am referring particularly to 'The Man With Red Hands'—Colonel Arthur J. Burks, December issue.

"Toward the end of his article, the Colonel mentioned that physicians and osteopaths could accomplish a lot more if they combined their therapy with his type of ability.

"Since I am not a physician nor an osteopath but an auditor with an open mind, I wrote the Colonel, asking if it were possible for me to learn something of his type of healing. Whereupon he immediately replied and invited me to Paradise, Penn., to spend a week-end and visit with him the various patients he was treating.

"While we were driving to his home from the train, he mentioned that his wife was having for dinner, country pork, corn, sauerkraut, and apple pie. There was a prolonged silence on my part— I love country pork and sauerkraut, but at that particular time—last December, 1955— I was not eating this type of food. Finally, I spoke up and said 'Col. Burks, I really came to visit with you mainly because I want to learn something further of the art of healing. It has only occurred to me that I have a peculiar kind of indigestion which doctors have not satisfactorily handled—but this is secondary'. He said nothing.

"We arrived and sat down to dinner. I was hungry and decided to eat pork and everything else. During the meal, Col. Burks said 'You don't have indigestion but a kind of constriction'. Later that evening he was scheduled to take his family to an Ice Carnival, to which of course I was invited. About 10pm he excused himself because he was giving silent treatment to a host of people. He returned in 15 minutes and turning to me he said, 'Would you like to feel the hand of a healer?' I did. It tingled and I felt a low electrical charge.

"That night after I retired—I was not aware that their home is on a highway, and trucks rattled back and forth every two or three minutes. Needless to say I did not sleep, neither did I have indigestion. The next morning I referred

to the trucks and my not sleeping, but did not say anything about my indigestion. It was too soon, I thought, to say anything, and just when I would, I did not know.

"The next day, Saturday, after breakfast, we went to see the patients, and when it was possible he had me come in the room with the women patients, as they were practically nude. He passed his hands over the vital areas of their bodies, one at a time, and massaged the limbs and feet. I helped with the massage in order to get the 'feel' of it. Very soon the hard tissue softened under our hands. I was quite thrilled and a great sacred feeling came over me. There were men patients also but these I did not help with except one man who did not disrobe. While the Colonel was busy with the men upstairs, I gave an impromptu talk on Scientology downstairs—the first that this group ever heard.

"That evening after dinner, we went to a social gathering and about midnight had a large serving of apple pie and ice cream—all I could eat. Came back at 2:30, went to bed, did not sleep, but neither did I have indigestion. Next day, Sunday, I decided to go home, and after some conversation, mentioned to the Colonel that I did not have indigestion... His reply was that I would not have indigestion again. I have not had indigestion since.

"The highlight of this story is that I was instantaneously healed. However, I must also admit that when I was taking the auditor's course in Phoenix last summer, the indigestion left me. But it came back a month after I returned to New York, and continued off and on. At this point I went to an M.D. who gave me a palliative, because the condition was unknown to him. However, it became worse, and fearing a malignancy, he suggested I have a blood crystallization made, the reading of which would indicate what was wrong. It was a few days after this that I chanced to go to Paradise.

"I kept the appointment with the doctor made several weeks previously, in order to learn the outcome of the blood reading. Among a few inconsequential microscopic conditions, the principle registration had been 'gastric constriction'—the same as the Colonel mentioned. I related my story to the doctor who is very receptive to such things. He was glad to hear that I had been helped and he also wanted to read Colonel Burks's story in serial form, appearing in Orion Magazine.

"I must say in all truthfulness that I was not aware when the healing took place—except it may have been when I felt the Colonel's hand for several minutes. Also, when he said I 'would not have this condition any more', I did not question nor in any way interfere with any kind of mental or physical reservation. Do not recall even that I had faith. It may have been I had reached an IS-NOTHINGNESS state.

"After a few weeks, I began telling friends of the healing. And as a consequence, a group of nine people got together and Col. Burks came to New York city on a healing mission. Everyone received according to their ability to receive—each one being taken individually. I also was one of the nine to receive further healing of the so-

called microscopic conditions. As a matter of fact there were some slight pains in the lower intestines. These have since cleared. All were impressed with this man and want to see him again.

"Toward the end of the day we remained for a few minutes' informal talk before the Colonel took his train. The Colonel mentioned that he had only one instantaneous healing, and that was the boy he mentioned in his first article in the December issue of the Aberree. Whereupon I piped up and told the group my story. The Colonel said he had forgotten he had healed me, and since it was instantaneous, then apparently, it is his second instantaneous healing.

"Again may I express my gratefulness to Colonel Burks and to Alpha Hart, Editor of the Aberree."—*Emv V. Corday, HCA, New York.*

"It comes as a pleasant feeling of trust in one's fellow man to see that there are real realities underlying real realities. Please include me in your not-so-serious group.

"I wonder if formal Scientology realizes how ridiculous they seem at times.

"The balancing factors of your magazine have long been a need.

"Only half-laughingly."—*Dick Collins, Olean, N. Y.*

"I am glad Mr. Lundberg has deposited Scientology in his mental refuse bin. There is where it belongs. I, myself, would not consider Carl Jung a reliable authority on Buddhism. Nor is Zen Buddhism close to the Buddhism of the Lord Buddha.

"As for the point of Buddhism, it is fourfold: 1. Suffering is the basic evil. 2. The cause of suffering is ignorance; the consequence of ignorance is desire; desire produces action. 3. The cessation of suffering comes when action is curbed and eventually suppressed. 4. The Eight-fold Path ends suffering.

"As for Nirvana, I have doubts that this state can be obtained without first completely obliterating one's own ego. In my opinion Mr. Lundberg's article in the Dec. edition and letter in the Mar. edition show scholarship and much fine research, but they also show a lack of feeling for the utter simplicity of Buddha's message, a message simple for even the simplest Indian mystic of 2500 years ago."—*Vic. Torrey, Phoenix, Ariz.*

"Since there seem to be little but out and out attacks on Hubbard—see all copies of Aberree—I think it would be nice if someone defended him for a change. As I see it, all controversy about Hubbard revolves around three factors. First—the obvious one—the phrase, 'humbly tendered as a gift to mankind'; second, the charging of money for information about Scientology and the restrictions thereon; and third, the constant change in techniques apparently necessitating a process known as 'retraining'—which of course involves money.

"Humbly tendered as a gift to mankind.' Okay, what's wrong with that? Seems to me as though the recipients are, as usual, arguing about how the gift shall be given, and also if money is paid for it, then it is not a gift. Yet if Henry

Ford would say of his pile of tin, 'This is my gift to mankind, humbly tendered,' then proceed to charge money for it, not a soul would squawk. Likewise with musicians, doctors, artists, poets—all with gifts humbly tendered to mankind. What money has to do with it, I don't know. If I walk into a store and find exactly the coat I've been looking for, I pay the clerk and say to the owners of the store, in effect, 'Thanks for making just this coat available for me to buy.'

"All right, let's say there's no stumbling block there. How about the restrictions on information about Scientology? Damned if I can see any argument there! Let's mock up a savage—we'll call him 'mankind'. Now we're going to give this savage a brand new gift—a shiny big Cadillac—then we're going to give him a book of instructions and a key and say, 'Okay, Bud. Take it out on Boston's Storrow Drive during the rush hour!' So much for the restriction on the use of Scientology. It is not a parlor game like '20 Questions' any more than the big shiny Cadillac is like a dugout canoe to the savage. True, Hubbard didn't see this at first. But please remember or consider that all of us have suffered from over-enthusiasm at one time or another, particularly when we've found something which appears to create a great deal of effect.

"One can pay money for a MEST object and in some degree attain ownership of that object. Not so with ideas. Paradoxically one can charge money for an idea, but the recipient cannot always own that idea he has paid for. He thinks he should own it because he paid 'good money' for it, and is therefore perplexed to discover that he does not own it. Whenever Hubbard revokes a person's certificate or license to practice Scientology, he is merely giving recognition to a fact already established. He doesn't take anything away from the individual, because it was only an idea in the first place—an idea which that individual never owned.

"Again, let's make a simile—which I'll borrow from the Buddhists. Let us say that a man walks up to you on a road and asks directions of how to get to a certain town five miles away. You, then, pull out a map and tell him that you'll sell him this map and give him explicit instructions on how to use it. He pays you, you point out the route to him and off he goes. At the first crossroad, however, instead of proceeding straight ahead, as he should have, he turns left and never reaches his destination. Does this man have any right to come back to you and demand his money back, and claim that you're a fraud and cheated him out of his hard-earned money? He very likely stands about complaining to other travelers of that same road that you have no right to direct people because you don't really know the way yourself, because if you did know you would have steered him right in the first place and he wouldn't have gotten lost.

"Scientology is Hubbard's game. It is also anyone's game who really wants to own and play it. Since it is in the MEST Universe, money is naturally required as part of the rules. However, buying one's way into a game only to stand around carping about how the game is

being played is more than slightly ridiculous.

"There have been no changes in the rules; nothing has even been misrepresented. Apparent misrepresentation is the result only of various individuals' misinterpretation of events plus their own individualized expectations.

"What about 'retreading'? Hubbard's problem from the beginning has been how to keep people interested long enough to derive any benefits from the processes. Duplication processes were instituted solely with this in mind. When used correctly—which means used until a person passes both the hypnotic phase and the boredom phase and is cheerful and interested in the process—duplication processes work very, very effectively. Again, altering the outward form of the basic theory of reach and withdraw, inflows and outflow, black and white, etc., is aimed directly at maintaining interest of both p-c and auditor, as well as an attempt to reach everyone's level of communication.

"Yet 'retreading' has even more purpose than this and the purpose has to do with communication and enturbation of communication. The pattern of enturbation among auditors (psychiatrists, too, incidentally) seems to follow pretty much the same path. During a congress or a clinical course a great deal of enthusiasm is generated. The individual rises in tone and feels as though he could go out and lick the world. And so he can for a limited period of time. I don't have to describe this condition—I think all of us in Scientology have experienced it at one time or another. Note, however, that this condition is not stable. Hubbard has indicated this several times. Yet the lack of stability is no reason why the practice of Scientology should not be advanced and continued. Therefore, 'retreading'. Because of the very nature of the game, hiding things and not-ising them in order to make them solid, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a person to recognize when he is falling off in his communication. Yet even if his communication should fall off somewhat, he could still accomplish something if he stuck to the processes exactly as given. However, if he should continue to go down hill, this condition wouldn't last long either and eventually he would make the left or right turn that would lead him off the straight road and thus never arrive at his destination.

"Some day -- perhaps it has happened already—other people besides Hubbard will commence 'owning' Scientology. When they do it will have nothing to do with money they have or might not have paid for it, nor will they require 'new' processes to keep them interested—they'll be 'writing the book!'.--David Westlake, Boston, Mass.

"Work hard, Alpha, on deflating the egos. With that accomplished you'll have a much easier task and the inevitable CURE, as Uncle Milligan says, will start to appear. And don't we all need it!...

"Why don't each of us adopt a star, be loyal to it, and see what happens. At least one pole of our axis would be anchored."--Bramwell Soywell, St. Thomas, Ont.

"Been thinking about Welgos. Guy acts like his own kite, rather than the tail on somebody else's. His stuff does not refer or infer that some other publication is being read. One may not have to keep up with Hubbard or any other set. Not so, Aberree. One MUST read the other stuff to understand the score, and as this changes from day to day, one 'has' to buy the other stuff (but I will not) no matter how it is priced.

"I still say you should charge LRH for advertising his wares. Or else fly your own kite rather than try to tail his."--Lee Lockhart, El Paso, Texas.

(ED. NOTE—How high could a kite fly if it weren't for the stabilizing tail, Lee?)

Bob and I both are taking the H.C.A. course, with Ken Barrett as our instructor. He really knows Scientology and has the ability to put it across to the students. We have live lectures and one tape in the morning, four hour auditing sessions in the afternoon with reports and discussion afterward, and then tapes and group processing in the evening.

"The Six Levels of Processing which are the predominant techniques being taught now are very effective and are even breaking some of the tougher cases of old Dianetic days. I think we have something now to make the public sit up and take notice.

"In the few weeks I have been here, 20 active auditors from the field have been here to take the refresher course. All of them were very enthusiastic and some went so far as to say they learned more in the two weeks than they learned in any one course before. A great many areas will benefit from these processes as we had 'retreads' from New York, Connecticut, Illinois, Missouri, Texas, Michigan, Minnesota, California, and Washington.

"You and Agnes had better shut up shop for a couple of weeks and get 'on the band wagon!'.--Joyce Cantwell, Washington, D.C.

"The cover was beautiful. I enjoyed every minute of it.

"The rest of the issue I felt was sub-par. Sorry, just giving honest reports."--Art Coulter, Worthington, Ohio.

"Would like a card in the 'Infinities', if not filled up."--C.D. Coffman, El Paso, Tex.

"You look so hungry, enclosed find check for renewal of my subscription. I wouldn't miss a copy of the Aberree. It furnishes so many points to disagree on that I find on reaching the cover, this disagreeable desire has been satisfied, so I end in an agreeable mood.

"Your article on Human Engineering breathes such an honesty of opinion that I like it very much, but back of the trunk is also the seed, and within that seed are its potentialities already laid out. Just let's continue expanding.

"Bodies of data, bodies of belief, bodies of practice, bodies of imagination, physical bodies, all bodies. Often I feel as if we were fetus being carried by Mother Earth, and trying to describe life from within the embryo. And then the prognostications of flood, blood shed, explosions, eruptions,

all sound like the breaking of the placenta, and could be we are on the eve of this birth. That which we call science, that which we study, that which we notice, is the not-ness, since to pinpoint we must exclude, and that which we exclude we force out of consideration. Only by excluding can we arrive at dogma. And dogma is full of not-ness.

"Even you, Alpha, must exclude some communications to build the body of the magazine you want, tho I believe you do less than most. Ennyhoo, I like what you are building since I respect your intent, and believe it to be honest.

"Ran into something the other day that I really enjoyed. Paracelsus says, "The dis-ease should be given the name of the person who has it." There would be a lot less of the unknown running around waiting to attack us, eh?"

"Here's one Doctor of Scientology who signs her name."--Alberta B. Elliott, Greenville, S. Car.

"I have quite a few of the early Dianetic Auditors' Bulletins. Shall I throw them away--or would someone be interested in them?" --Wayne Green, 1379 E. 15, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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"I am going to quote part of a recent letter from Dr. Rolf Alexander, who is now in England, as is somebody else I seem to have heard of:

"T. Warner Laurie, Ltd., a very alert and progressive publisher here, is bringing out an English edition of CREATIVE REALISM in May, under the title: THE POWER OF THE MIND. It should do well, I think. The reception of the philosophy over here has been good up to this point. I have lectured before a number of scientific societies and medical groups with excellent response; the Society for Psychical Research has become interested at the top level (the Council) and will provide a panel of world famous scientists for my demonstrations this coming summer. Such organizations as the Foreign Office,

the National Research Foundation and B.O.A.C. have shown great interest, and I have interested some of the scientific correspondents of the best newspapers...So this coming summer, when the book is available, I should be able to launch a real campaign..."--Bob Williams, Phoenix, Ariz.

:: :: ::
"Well, my article, after the switch in titles and whipping away of words, really wasn't too bad! It didn't make me feel it had been 'butchered' so if another article flips out of me I'll send it along.

"I think the new format is very good. With this, and the greater number of articles covering a wider field than hitherto, the ABERREE is sure to boom. I hope more people in Jim's (Welgos) work will start sending you articles and letters, for it appears to me that people in Scientology have not yet realized the importance of Jim's teaching; that in Nexology we really do have a knowledge that is truly basic and that moreover takes in all of the world's knowledge and makes it comprehensible..."

"Ah, well, I guess people must go their own ways, roam the intellectual jungles for years, and thereby tie their functioning into many uncomfortable knots!"--Ken W. Hart, Rickmansworth, Herts., Eng.

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"People who wish to practice may, I suppose, continue to operate on the HASI system, eventually attaining a semi-sub-professional status somewhere between that of a Chiropactor and an Astrologer. My strategy would indeed daunt most people. Starting at age 37 with sophomore college standing, I can get the Master of Arts degree in under four years by going all year 'round, concentrating on the major and graduate subjects and doing everything possible--and making good grades, too. The whole thing is a masterpiece of Third Dynamic co-ordination and planning, and without the help of not less than six individuals, it would be impossible. In a six- or nine-week course, no matter how intensive, one can learn a given technique mechanically, well enough to use it, but one surely can't learn anything about the principles involved, nor can one develop much skill or background... It seems obvious that much of the good showing Scientology has made is due to its use by persons who already were good psychotherapists by aptitude or training or both, who also employed Scientology..."

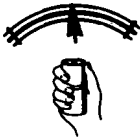
"Incidentally, the mockup of a Squirrel finding safety only inside a Wildcat is a picture of much quaint charm. Most of the Papal Poop I've seen of recent months is just commentaries on 'Creation of Human Ability', or else that very paranoid-sounding stuff about assaults, poisonings, and conspiracies. I have myself been solemnly informed that all Psychiatrists and Psychoanalysts are being involved in a Communist plot to destroy the minds of the United States. The authority for this particular nightmare seems to be a text of cloudy origin, and unavailable copies, called 'Psychopolitics'. I patiently explained that, due to the widespread lack of ARC among psychotherapists of different schools, any organization, subversive or otherwise, would be literally impossible. That a bunch of patholog-

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Volney G. Mathison, the author, travels all over the world, on a classified project. At a lecture in the Far East, in which the material in this book was presented, he was informed:

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ical ---- such as this circulates so widely in the field speaks badly for the mental states of many of the professional auditors, it seems to me.

"Apparently theta clearing and even exteriorization are being soft pedaled these days. As I mentioned before, the only interesting datum to appear in recent months is the concept of the Data Clear. Apparently any and all independent research in Scientology has been declared legally dead. It goes right on regardless, naturally.

"I used to wonder why it was that Scientology was a system which eliminated its successes and retained its failures. Now, apparently being one of the successes, I begin to understand why it happens. For one thing, there is no advanced processing in the official system, if an auditor has an advanced case to process, he invents something, or gives up, or regresses the case to a lower level. My own strong point is empathy, meaning to BE somebody or something. I can now not only put myself in the place of a person who is present, but can also do empathy of second order. That is, have a person who is present hold in mind a visualization of a person not present and put myself in the place of that person. Also group empathy. Not to merely get the general group tone, or 'atmosphere', but to BE each individual in the group simultaneously (or by very rapid scanning). That last kind is very rugged to do. My best score was holding a group of 12 people at a party during Christmas week for about 45 seconds. Empathy is not equivalent to rapport, the latter being, apparently, just two-way communication. Many Scientologists in processing start to develop some empathy and avoid it. Some even advise against it. One feels the other person's physiological state, too, including somatics. When done unconsciously or compulsively, this is probably the introjection of hysteria. Empathy is one thing it takes for a good psychotherapist. I hardly see how one could operate without it...

"I understand now about your 'humanist viewpoint'. My point is that the spiritual or psi, etc., events are also existential and perceptible and should also be taken into account--not given priority, but considered equally and in turn. My view is shared by (and partly derives from) the philosophies of Schroedinger, Russell, and Jung. That's Erwin Schroedinger, the theoretical physicist. I differ also from Hubbard in denying that one IS a thetan and HAS a body. I think I have a Thetan (a generalized sense-organ, apparently structured out of 'attention') and have a body (an animal organism). I'm in and around there some place more or less and the three of us are symbiotic. The only reason this sounds confused is because it is. About processes of invalidation, I agree. Pre-clears so processed will remain invalidated. The perennial pre-clears who make no progress from one year's end to the other, but who keep 'processing' and 'derive much benefit' are the results of such invalidation as you mention. I can quote Scripture too. 'If we think we are without sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us'. Or, if you refuse responsibility for whatever comes up, whether

you like it or not, and if you deny what still ails you exists, you aren't going to make it...

"My vote is, pay no attention to these guys who want to drop the cover. Your cover treatment is part of the character of Aberree, and dropping it would 'improve' the mag only in the direction of mediocrity."--Fred Hand, Houston, Texas.

": : : :
"A whole cover of what purport to be photographs of you, and I still don't know how you look. I suspect that the snap with Nibs is still the best published likeness..."

"ABERREE is mechanically incredible--three justified columns--my god, what a way for you and the publisher to have a ball--but there are games and there are games, and that's yours, I gather. Have no great quarrel with the contents, as I fancy you are working on the mock-up of eclecticism, but much of it I find depressing. I do rather miss the puckishness that was so large a part of the early Phoenix bulletins and the early ABERREE, and hope that you get over your bitterness."--Curtis Janke, Sheboycon, Wis.

": : : :
"I'm ordering a copy for you of Vol. IV by B.J. Palmer, a compilation of the writings of D.D. Palmer, the discoverer of chiropractic. Think you will find some choice bits of philosophy, Re.: Innate and Universal Intelligence, that you can use to good advantage. The opening discourse on the 'Moral and Religious Duty of the Chiropractor' is excellent! You skim through the pages and see what you think.

"Brain-cell to tissue-cell nerve fibre continuity; a two-way 'safety pin' cycle of communication. D.D. Palmer stated many of the principles of present-day Scientology. His manuscripts have remained comparatively unread almost like Copernicus whose manuscript remained unread in his desk 45 years. He feared the destruction and torture of his physical body by the unknowing populace, or perhaps it was the mental taunts and ridicule and the fear of unpopularity. One must only and always do what is socially acceptable.

"Enjoy the Aberree. You are doing a fine job. Trust you'll grow into a major international publication and on a level where your kind of help is needed the most...

"Suggest you start a directory of users of the Electropsychometer."--J. Harold Thibodeau, Myrtle Beach, S. Car.

": : : :
"I notice that a good many of your correspondents in the letter section of the Aberree don't have much use for Krishnamurti. It's too bad their experience has not given them an insight that would permit them to even know what Krishnamurti is talking about. If you have no understanding at all of a subject, naturally you don't enjoy the reading nor can you make heads or tails of it. It would be kinda like me trying to give a review on thermodynamics. I don't believe that Phil Friedman is qualified to give a report on Krishnamurti. They (apparently) have two different goals. Krishnamurti is interested in 'The Search' of himself, or the final scheme of things. Friedman is interested in the mechanics of so-called civilization. Or you might

say the end or the means (artificial to be sure) to an end. And of course, anyone can see these are two different journeys.

"One can get so bound up on the multiple complexities of our present day society that he cannot (and refuses to try) to see the all important end goal (if such is possessed). Only those who are getting to be more at peace with themselves can see the utter futility of all the complexities bound up in still greater ones.

"Bodies are rather like automobiles. What happens to an automobile if you do not grease and lubricate, put fuel and water in, and what happens when the tires get thin and you run over a nail?...If

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one does not give the body the proper fuel it takes to keep it in good running order, one has to be laid up for repairs, regardless of how good a 'driver' is in residence at the time. I'll admit that the 'life source' can force a body to go beyond its endurance also. But the point I'm trying to make is that after a certain time, repairs must be made, the squeak in a 'motor' must have care. Please bear in mind that I am not a 'body worshipper'. So far as I am concerned, the body is utilitarian, it is only a container for the life source and should be treated as such. It is my conviction that at such time as we are ready evolution-wise, the body will not be necessary, but at our present stage of development, we do need a personality container."--
 Jackie Ishmael, Oklahoma City, Ok.

"Congratulations on the first big baby size Aberree (Jan.-Feb. issue). A real winner. Easily the best you've done yet. The quality of print and illustrations is amazing... Much better than anything issued in this field.

"A big 'thank you' for Jim Bartley's article 'Better Than Being Aberrated'. I periodically tell our group to keep in mind that the teaching of Scientology, or any other ology, may be quite untrue (for them). This is necessary in a group that meets periodically over a long period--otherwise the members lose their self-determinism about the subject. I read the article to them. Satirical debunking is a useful tool we often use.

"I enjoyed every line of this Aberree--not forgetting Friedman's two-line review of Krishnamurti. If you have seen K. this review is apt and symbolically quite descriptive.

"More power to your elbow."--A. L. Rogers, Walsall, England.

"I find the Aberree the most humorous, entertaining, and informative in the field. No. 9 is so good in all respects that I find it difficult to select the best article in it. It must be a matter of personal choice. 'Your Hands are Double Terminals' by H. D. Walsh gives the reader a lucid explanation of that particular technique which is

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superior to that given by L.R.H., or so it appears to me. I wish the Aberree could do something to prevail upon L.R.H. to simplify the techniques instead of making them more and more complicated. Why does he follow the priesthood in creating complications? Surely he is wise enough to know it is not ARC, or is he now low down on the scale?"
 --C. M. Philipps, Blackpool, Lancs.

"We who consider ourselves religious members of the civilized world realize to some extent the terrible plight of our criminals and others of less misdemeanor, but most of us feel our hands are tied when it comes to the lessening of this plight in the slightest degree. I never have been a believer in capital punishment, and I surely could not be now, since during the last few years my vision has been permitted to view not only the Divine Source as it, for the benefit of my health, lent itself, through its Psychic workers, to some feats impossible for mortal man's accomplishment. It, my vision, was also permitted a glance at the enormous number of low-minded spirit forms clamoring for admittance into this realm of light, their intentions bent on the undoing of some of the good work that had been done.

"These visions have aroused in me an understanding of the need of bringing to the public mind, as also that of the law, the need for a revision of our methods of correction and punishment. It appears we of this world are the builders of mentality, and it behooves us to lift each and every mind to the highest level possible and care for it until its spm in this sphere has been completed. Why? Because by the flinging of souls out of this sphere into the one to follow, we cast our burden onto the workers of the coming sphere, and while it lessens our work here, it adds tremendously to the work of the good souls of the next sphere. In short, it is not a fair practice, and in time we, too, shall be compelled to meet the obligation we so flippantly cast aside here.

"Submitted for the consideration of each individual as each plays a greater or lesser part in the building of other lives.

"The foregoing, following its having been printed in one of the leading newspapers of our beloved U.S.A., called forth favor as well as disfavor from its readers. One man who answered the article seemed proud of the progress which has been made in the manner of executing the culprit since the Revolution.

"Well, so much so good but since I did not keep my eyes, my ears, or mind entirely closed during the years I grew to womanhood in a penitentiary town, I ask--why not continue the progress of converting the use of moneys expended convicting and electrocuting the culprit into ways and means of educating his or her mind and broadening a life through ethical, social, and religious understanding?

"It is my belief that most crimes germinate first in idle minds. Second, in minds into which only weed seeds have been planted. Try first weeding, then planting good, healthy flower seeds in that mind and then cultivate it for a long, long time. I think you will eventually be well paid for your services with the finding in the majority of cases that those minds you filled with good suggestions (seeds) and a bit of fresh air and

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sunshine have developed quite a different view of Life and Humanity in general, and as this mind of the culprit improves, so too will we who work with it find we also have reached a higher level of thought.

"Now, let us look at the religious side of the question. In my way of thinking, what is needed in the case of the culprit is needed all over the world; namely, True Religion in the Heart. It will be gained only when humanity masters the problem of taking the me-first attitude out of all walks of life. Beginning with the adult and child alike, each person must be taught to realize one individual's needs are as necessary as those of another, and that the supreme thought is not that 'I be saved in the future life' but that you and I live our present lives in the fullest and best manner possible now; that we lift and brighten each and every life in which we come in contact with here. In order to do this, we must first teach ourselves the 'art of living'. Parents must begin teaching the babe even before it reaches the cradle the necessity of loving and being loved and desiring good not only for itself but for every living creature. This attitude of, 'I've said my prayers, now I'll go out to play and the first playmate who crosses my path, in a direction or way undesired by me, I'll sock in the nose', must not be allowed to sink into the growing mind. Teach the child diplomacy, teach it to know right from wrong, to rightly train its conscience and then follow that conscience. When this is accomplished the first seeds for the abolishment of war will be planted and also the child will acquire its religion no matter what church or what school it attends. And what is true here in the case of the child is true in the case of the culprit, but the accomplishment of same will take longer and more patient and sympathetic effort. Why? Because of the more patient effort needed to arouse the lesser or more dormant mentality. In either case, however, heaven will be the eventual goal no matter by what name the child or culprit calls its highest ideal, which in reality is its God."--Mrs. Ross D. Martin, Enid, Okla.

"I enjoyed it very much. It sheds some light on Scientology."--Alma Germinara, Milwaukee, Wis.

MEST defined: "And it came to pass."--Phil Friedman.

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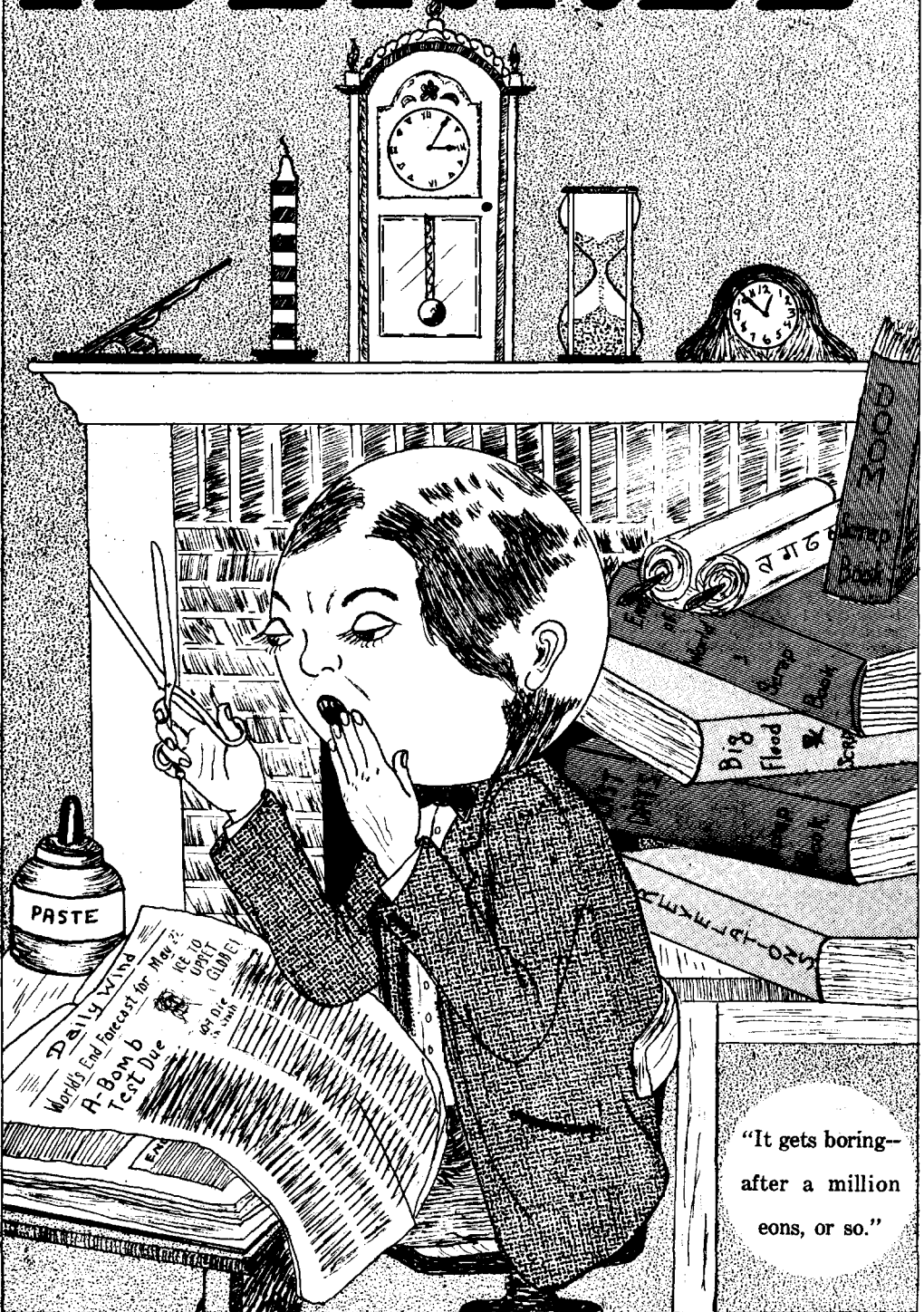
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THE

ABERREE

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"It gets boring—
after a million
eons, or so."

Vol. 3
No. 2



VOL. III, NO. 2
MAY, 1956

THE ABERREE

Recusant Voice of "The Infinites" for Saturn,
Earth, Mars, Pluto, Venus, and Zydokumruskehen

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Publisher: AGNES ALICE HART, I-1, HCA, SEC., WFE., ETC.

POLICY: Don't take it so damn' seriously. The tomorrow you're worried about today
will amuse and entertain historians yesterday.

Sub-Policy: We reserve the right to change our minds from issue to issue, or even from
page to page, if we desire.

Sub-Sub-Policy: Each man has the inherent right to be his own "Authority".

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in advance. Copy must be in 30 days prior to date of publication.

LIFE'S CYCLE No matter how you
CAN FIT INTO define "LIFE", or what
FOUR LETTERS algebraic, chemical,
or metaphysical equation
you drag up to explain away the
existence of the undefinable, it re-
mains--like "infinity"--beyond man's
comprehension. We won't go so far as
to say that "life" and "infinity"
are synonymous, but we'd argue with
anyone who says they aren't.

Life IS--and none of us can say
that life is less or more in anyone
or any thing or any place than what
you know it to be. Only extreme ego-
tism gives man the idea that he,
alone, has been endowed with a super
type of life, or awareness, not also
shared by other life forms, whether
animate or inanimate. He is certain
that the ability to express himself,
to control others, to convert ani-
mals, plants, things, and even other
humans into his personal lackeys has
blessed him with something none of
these other forms possesses.

Making of "LIFE" an acrostic, we
can come up with the following:

- I- Love
- I- Independence
- F- Fear
- E- Energy

Apparently, only in Man has the
"IF" part of life--the "Independence"
and "Fear"--been cultivated
to the degree where his insecurity
overshadows the other factors--the
beginning, which is "Love", and the
end, which is pure "energy". Until
he drops this "IF", he will remain
an unintegrated individual, demand-
ing independence, and fearful of the
consequences.

It's almost ridiculous the way we
look down our noses at other beings
as being so inferior to Man--yet
feel that those same noses are part
of a physical body far beneath our
spiritual dignity to honor and respect.

COVERING, NOT Recently, one of
NAKEDNESS, GOT the television net-
MAN KICKED OUT works announced that
it would televise
the birth of a baby, by caesarian
section. A church "big-wig" protest-
ed. The broadcast was cancelled.

Which shows the extent to which
otherwise sane thinkers allow them-
selves to be victims of the narrowed
thinking of a decadent type of mod-
ernized "witchcraft", operating under
the guise of religion.

Religion, gradually, is having to
give way to science, but it is
fighting for survival with every

weapon--fair or foul--that it can
dream up from its own history of
torture and barbarism.

The tragedy is that we ever
should have fallen, or permitted
ourselves to be dragged to the
depths, wherein any function of the
human body was considered too risique
for the eyes of other men. It is too
bad that these "saints" can't cloak
their faces and words with the same
sackcloths of shame with which they
would cloak every inch of flesh.

The funny thing about preachers
who rant so militantly against nu-
dity, or any displaying of more than
the long nose of the human form, is
that they declare from their pulpits
that God made Man in His own image,
and found him perfect. It wasn't
until man started covering himself,
first with a fig-leaf, that God
kicked him out of the Garden of Eden
so He wouldn't have to look at what
was destined to be a long evolution
of vanity and the making of Man a
walking clothes-horse.

DIANTOLOGISTS In almost every
SHOULD WEEP AT mail comes one or
LOSS OF B.D.R. more letters asking
what has happened to
the Bristol Dianetic Review. For
more than six months, this British
Journal of Dianetics and Scientology
has been strangely quiet, with no
warning that it intended to suspend
publication or explanation as to why
it did--if it has.

To all these puzzled questioners
we can only say: "We don't know."
But we can guess. It may be that the
Editor, seeing his more than three
years of loyally explaining and pro-
moting the good in Dianetics and
Scientology rewarded with threats and
lies, decided it wasn't worth
the candle, so to speak. Let Scien-
tology waddle in its own darkness of
hatred and deceit. Let those who
would follow find out in their own
costly way that a "squirrel" is not
an escapee from a mental ward but a
very necessary animal that picks up
the nuts as they fall to keep them
from rotting where they lie.

There are those who buy the good
in Scientology, integrate it with
what they learn from other sources,
and make for themselves a path on
the road to better living. And then
there are those at a level on the
Tone Scale who close their eyes to
all except the hypnotic tinsel that
is flicked before their eyes. These
can buy hate, lies, and treachery,
and label it a "better bridge".

ANYONE DOUBT The founder of Di-
MOCK-UPS HAVE antology and libera-
LOT OF POWER? tor of mankind has
taken his bag of mag-
ic tricks to Dublin, so we hear, and
in that blarney-kissing isle, will
seek to rescue what's left of the
world after it has been destroyed by
A-, H-, and X-bombs in the next GE
sacrifice.

Since we are no longer in the
confidence of that autobiographical
gentleman who can control his past
as easily as you or I can our cars--
and maybe a bit easier, because we
never have been able to say a part
of the car wasn't there and have it
disappear just like THAT--we can
only guess as to why Erin was picked
for a headquarters rather than keep
a promise to return to the U.S. "in
a few weeks", as it was a stated in-
tention to so do last autumn. But
maybe it proves that others are
adopting the policies of The ABERREE,
and take nothing very damn' serious-
ly, not even their own printed words.

But getting to the subject of
mock-ups, which was our only reason
for starting this editorial in the
first place, we became a bit fright-
ened of our power. We didn't know
we had it in us.

Of course, a couple years ago
when we discovered we were going to
HAVE to publish a magazine whether
we liked it or not, we picked up the
best magazine in the field, and
weren't much surprised when others
just folded up, or changed their
names, or formats, or quit trying to
get out a magazine and started put-
ting out advertising for which the
customer could pay \$2-30 a year, or
so. This was the type of mock-up we
could understand, because we'd been
a student of Robert Callier since
childhood and, although he didn't
call them mock-ups, we knew what we
were doing.

But after these reports of this
move to blarney, we began searching
through our file of occlusions and
discovered that while we were stu-
dents of the delectable course in
Camden, N.J., back in 1950, the in-
structor was giving a demonstration
of Creative Processing before the
class. We (meaning I) had Volney's
tomato-can electrodes, and a pro-
jection-type E-meter was being used
so that the other 300 students
could see what effect his question-
ing and subsequent processing might
have upon me, as a pre-clear.

For no apparent reason, the pre-
clear (we/I) showed a decided drop
when "Ireland" was mentioned.

"What about Ireland--that don't
you like about it?" the auditor-
instructor asked.

We/I could think of no reason for
tension on this subject unless it
was that we/I have little respect
for "cops" and other symbols of
society's authority, and most "flat-
feet" are depicted as Irish.

But the E-meter said I/we were
lying, and for the next 30 minutes,
the poor pre-clear was made to do
almost everything to Ireland except
live in it. But at the instructor's
suggestion, he did-- over and over
and over--put the discoverer of Di-
antology and stacks and stacks of
his books on the green little island
off the west coast of England. This
was done with many variations which
the class seemed to find amusing.

Question: Did this classroom
demonstration of Creative Processing
have anything to do with putting the
founder of Dianology in Dublin when
"all the king's horses and all the
king's men" couldn't keep him from
being expelled from England?

20-Year Dream Still Incubating

A 'Holy City' Without Preachers

By ALPHIA HART

LONE WOLF, Oklahoma, is a typical small town: One main business street, paved through the beneficence of a state highway that seeks these wayside excuses to slow through traffic. Like a short fringe of ragged scallops are a dozen or more business buildings that apparently haven't seen a clean-up, paint-up campaign since the dust started blowing--and that was a long time ago, as many a weary housewife will tell you.

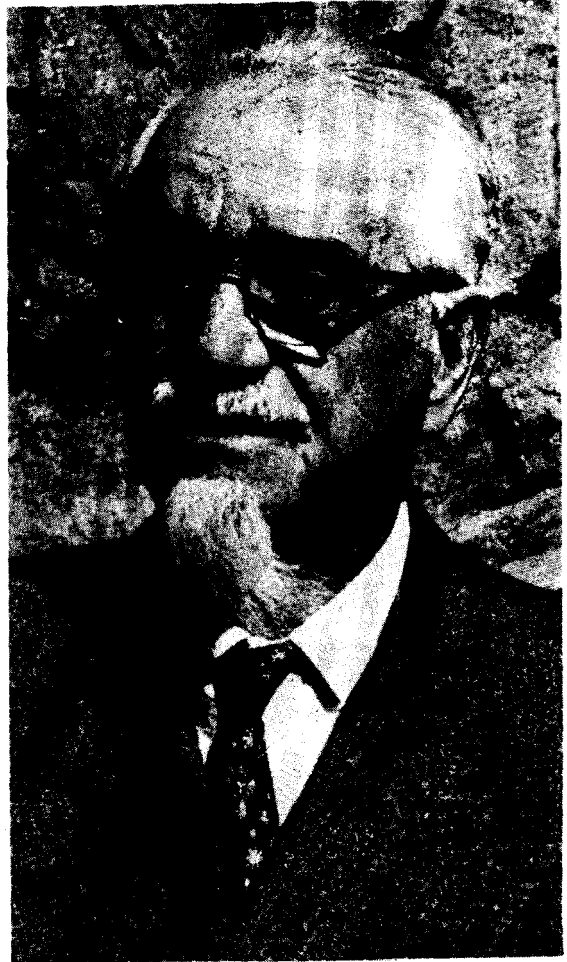
To the west and south, a sawtooth of jagged granite breaks the horizon. "Mountains", they call them, and by this term, the Wichita Mountains, they are accepted in a state so typically flat that even an anthill is a welcome relief from scenic monotony. And here, on this dusty Main Street, and within the setting-sun shadows of these granite outcroppings, is a visionary dream almost as fantastic as it is idealistic:

"Uncle Ed's" City of Dawn--a "holy city" in which are to be united all the religions of the earth. And if "Uncle Ed" has his way, there won't be a preacher inside the gates, unless one of these "blind leaders of the blind" should get his "spirit eyes" open.

When you talk to Edward Milligan, now 67 years old, he will start the story back with his Irish and Pawnee Indian ancestry, but the story really started in 1936 when, as an engineer, he was making a survey in these granite hills. An atmospheric disturbance of blinding white light caused him to do some research, which was mixed up with a mysterious "Hidden Voice" and his practical knowledge of earthly elements. At any rate, he discovered a subterranean river beneath the mountains, capable of supplying the needs of two large cities, with waters he suspects have curative powers. Further investigation led him to believe that a city could be built in this area--fashioned of native granite, and utilizing the waters for healing and irrigation.

In the intervening years, Milligan has carried these ideas with him, mulling over them, drawing up plans, adding details and visions here and visions there, until three years ago this August when he opened offices in Lone Wolf with the idea of turning these dreams of his into a reality and the stacks of paper into something more usable and negotiable.

In the almost three years since "Uncle Ed" moved to Lone Wolf, there is little tangible evidence that his dreams have taken on any material solidity. The "City of Dawn" is still one of the "scallops" along the Main Street which is the State highway through Lone Wolf. The business building "Uncle Ed" uses is almost frowning, with its Bon-Ami soaped windows



Edward "Teach Me Thy Holy-Wisdom" Milligan

that hide the interior from the passer-by. Back of the "office", over which reigns Dorothy Brand, his secretary, "Uncle Ed" batches, sleeps, reads, plans, and discusses his dreams TO any who will listen.

Milligan, himself, is a picturesque character out of a Wild West melodrama, with his white hair, white cropped mustache, and silvery chin whiskers. Former planning engineer, and self-styled ex-broncho buster, cowboy, and showman, you get the idea that it is more his showmanship rather than his religion that is spawning this "City of Dawn". One minute, he will be telling you of the vast fortunes being made and invested by the various religious "businesses" of the world. Then he'll speak of his "City of Dawn" and of the great tourist attraction such a venture would mean for Oklahoma. And before you can pigeon-hole this information, his voice and entire expression change, and he begins to speak of his "experiences"--not of "religion" but his direct contact with his Creator--and you know that he speaks words of wisdom that are never uttered from any pulpit to the cash customers on Sunday mornings. This ability to commune with the Infinite, he says, partly can be traced to his Pawnee ancestor, who was a great medicine man. The "knowing" KNOW; the "religionist" merely "BELIEVES".

Some of the inventions which "The Voice" has told him about and helped him design will provide the riches the "City of Dawn" needs to

become a world power, "Uncle Ed" says -- if he can only get started. But there's the rub. There are no preachers "passing the plate" to support any religious plan except their own. In fact, to judge from one of the late "Bulletins" issued by "The City of Dawn Plan", some of them are extremely hostile to the idea, not being willing for any of their followers to look at any other of the 1,600 heavens and 1,600 hells which are their stock in trade. It's downright discouraging, and quite maddening, "Uncle Edward" declares. All he wants to give the world is peace, a guarantee against war, schools where children can learn to contact their Creator and forget the many Gods, sub-Gods, and street corner gangs--and he runs into 1,600 interpretations of the Bible.

Milligan admits he's selling a plan--and not selling any religion. He doesn't care if you're black or white, nun or none, Catholic or hyphenated-protestant. A "taboo" posted prominently on the walls of his office warns that there will be no discussion of creeds or beliefs--and if the visitor has any idea of converting "Uncle Ed" to his way of thinking, he might as well take his own particular heavens and hells and nurse them where he will be more appreciated. Milligan is planning a city

--a "holy city"--for the "United and Combined Religions of the Earth". No part is to be set aside or dedicated to any particular sect or creed.

The Wichitas as a site for this earthly "heaven" was well chosen. Tradition says that this area was sacred to the Plains Indians; that warring tribes sheathed their arrows when they came to camp and bathe in the healing "medicine waters" of Medicine Creek. And, not too far away, is another "holy city", in which the annual Easter pageant draws from 125,000 to 225,000 visitors annually, who spend the night upon the grass-covered hillside waiting for the sunrise "passion play".

"Uncle Ed", as he clumps over the sheer granite hillsides and points to "usable" and "unusable" rock near the unrevealed site for his "City of Dawn", is very insistent that soon the right persons will be contacted, needed money will be found, and construction actually can begin. In the meantime, of course, is the need of money for food, rent for the "office", postage, and an over-due license for his car.

We promised "Uncle Ed" that this story would be continued when the first shovelful of dirt on his "City of Dawn" is turned.



Like an Expectant Mother, Granite Hills Lie Waiting for the First Birth Pangs of "The City of Dawn"

Coast Group to Issue Certificates to Auditors

BY WAYNE DUNBAR

THE California Association of Dianetic auditors (CADA) is prepared to grant certificates of proficiency to individuals desiring to become Dianetic and Scientology auditors. These certificates will be issued upon successful completion of an examination and approval by the board of directors of the CADA.

Three categories will be recognized: Basic Dianetics and Advanced Procedures; Six Basic Steps and Their Variations; and Scientology. Each applicant for the certificate will be expected to show proficiency in one of the three categories and familiarity with the other two.

In addition, the applicant shall demonstrate acquaintance with three areas of knowledge relating to those of Dianetics and Scientology. These may be from the more orthodox schools of psychology and psychotherapy. Knowledge of these fields may be established by passing an examination upon the content of a suitable text in each field. A list of acceptable books is available, and others may be approved by the board of examiners upon request.

The training requisite has been set up as 400 hours for those who apply for examination prior to Feb. 10, 1957; 800 hours prior to Feb. 10, 1958; and 1,200 hours thereaf-

ter. One reason these minimum requirements have been established is that it is contemplated that California state law soon may require at least that amount of training. This training is to consist of lectures, auditing others, and being audited with at least one-fourth the minimum number of hours in each of these three divisions.

In addition to the above requisites, each applicant shall present at least one acceptable written case history of a pre-clear he has audited.

An examining board set up by the CADA will conduct examinations on the 15th of January, April, July, and October, or on the Monday next after the 15th, if that date falls on a week-end. Applications should be made to the board of directors at least a month before the date of the examination. An examination fee of \$35 covers the expense of the examination and any required psychometric tests.

Mrs. Nikki Logan, 1342 East Willson Av., Glendale, is treasurer of the CADA, and for \$1, will send application blanks, list of acceptable books, information as to possible credits for previous training and experience, and other pertinent data. It is felt that those already possessing degrees may wish to obtain a certificate as a permanent record of their proficiency.

SYNERGETICS WORKSHOP TO BE HELD JULY 13-15

Definite plans for a Synergetic Workshop, to be held in Columbus, Ohio, this summer, have been announced in a bulletin issued by Dr. Art Coulter and Don Purcell.

Tentative date for the workshop has been set for the week-end of July 13 to 15, at the ABC Motel, on the northern outskirts of Columbus. Final confirmation is due on or before June 15.

Primary purpose of the workshop, according to the bulletin, will be intensive work aimed at "protodynes" (blockages established in reaction to pain), with at least one hoped-for break-through per person. Other aims include the exchange of data, views, and know-how on coaching; the promotion of synergy, empathy, and communication among synergeticists; discussion on the future of Synergetics, Project Nucleus, etc.

"It is emphasized that this is a workshop, and not a conference for discussion of social purposes," the bulletin warns. Each person attending is expected to come prepared to undertake intensive work on his own case.

Those interested, or who might be interested, are asked to contact Don Purcell, 305 Derby Bldg., Wichita.

There are three ways to rob--get caught at it, not get caught at it, and politically.

(Continued from the April Issue)

THE NETWORK of communication lines coming from the main orientation point of the I Am will be found to branch out umbrella-like to various planets. Each planet will have a small umbrella of communication lines going to several Thetans operated by the I Am, which in turn operate a like number of bodies. These communication lines are thought-forms. The pre-clear will have many heavy agreements that he must never know about these. Some I Ams may be in such bad shape that they are operating just one Thetan and one body. However, it has been our experience that the game is large size and it's "bigger than you think".

The problem of multiple bodies is an interesting one but not overwhelming in relation to processing when approached from the level of Total Source. However, to approach it dianetically or any way other than Total Source is useless. When one learns to function as outlined in the Axiom given previously ("When you as Total Source become aware of the Total Source in the problem area, the problem area can then be accepted back into Total Source if you choose; Total Source is the ultimate chooser"), all problems, no matter of what magnitude, resolve with a most gratifying ease.

At first, the auditor is confronted with a body. Eventually, the Thetan is brought into awareness and then the I Amness. The communication lines eventually show up. At this point it will be discovered that to change one engram on one body will cause changes in all bodies. To blow one ridge for one The-

The S

tan also causes changes on all the other Thetans and bodies on the umbrella. This also causes change in the I Am orientation point.

Thus as we blow ridges and rearrange things for the Total BEingness that is really the pre-clear, it is essential that we replenish the body areas and Thetans with good fresh energy. Doing this enables the pre-clear to maintain a steady gain, a higher and higher position after each session. If this is not done, the other bodies pull the body being processed back down the Tone Scale. Not necessarily from sheer orneriness but from the mechanical compulsive need for energy. The most effective way found so far is to: Get the concept that as Total Source, you are creating at the center of the earth and flowing outward to all the bodies an abundance of energy. The Bible says "it is more blessed to give than to receive". So, try giving energy to all the bodies on the planet; not just your own, but to all of them. You will find the jolt wonderfully invigorating and uplifting.

The body is an amazing complexity of spirits which reduce to a workable simplicity when approached as Total Source. Each particle in the body can be considered to be a spirit. It acts like a spirit and has a certain amount of knowingness. It is alive and it is aware according to the limits of its agreed limitations for its position in the game of being a body.

The body is an elaborate sensation machine. It is created and operated by the Thetan. It is used as a mechanical device for experiencing and changing the game of Life.

Bodies can be considered to have four

parts--Outer astral, etheric, inner astral, and physical. These parts are composed of particles of light arranged in different degrees of density. The particles are postulated thought-forms.

The etheric and astral body levels are on thought-form levels not visible to the physical eyes.

On this planet, the etheric body is in most cases one particle thick.

On other planets it will be found to be inches thick, depending upon the damaging radiation from local suns, etc. It is a loose cellophane bag-like arrangement which is a protective force-field outside the inner-astral body and the physical body. It is impor-

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tant that this defensive force field be in good working order. Some pre-clears report that it is shot full of holes and

slightly ragged. Any pre-clear in real bad shape will have this condition. When the pre-clear can be-

come aware of it he will be able to patch it up by postulating it so. Even if he cannot see it he can postulate repairs in most cases. This force-field extends around the body a few inches from the skin. For several persons it is several feet out. It forms a long teardrop-like sack that is hooked to the gravity center in the middle of the earth.

It has been reported that mystics in good control of things can bounce the body downstairs on this force-field, stop bullets, and such things. This is not recommended as S.O.P. unless the etheric force-field is located in between the outer astral and the inner astral bodies.

These "astral bodies" terms are used in metaphysical and occult studies. They are an extension of the physical body and as such may be called bodies, but actually, they are force-fields of energy. They have some slight resemblance to a body in shape, in some cases. They are the field of energy in which the physical body lives.

The inner astral body is a force-field which extends out some distance from the skin. It varies, from a few inches to several feet, for different bodies. It is composed of particles of energy arranged in vortexes. These vortexes of energy are life force centers which monitor the physical structure.

In occult and metaphysical terminology these life force centers are called "chakras". The inner astral body extends as a force-field throughout the body and down to the earth's center. Within this force-field and within the body are the main chakras as follows: Crown, above the head; Frontal, in the forehead; Throat, at the front base of the neck; Heart, upper left chest area; Spleen, lower left abdomen; Solar plexus, just above stomach; Sex, lower spine area; Gravity center, middle of earth. These centers control and monitor different physical body areas, nervous systems, blood carriers, etc. There are many secondary centers in the body monitoring different organs and systems. Each one of these body centers is alive and is aware within its own certain limitations; it functions as a spirit. Each one is a part of I Amness saying, for example, "I Am the Crown chakra". Each center has inherent within it particles of energy, an infinity of facsimiles of incidents. Out of one of the centers you could run incidents for

ten thousand years. Only as Total Source can you rearrange the particles in perfect working order and under your ownership, responsibility, and control.

The outer astral body is an extension of the inner astral body and is a protection and communication device. It is a radar-like screen of particles extended out in all directions from the etheric force-field. Its prime job is to warn you of approaching objects. The more fear there is on a case the further he will have this extended. It reaches from a few inches to thousands of miles. It has a certain amount of reactive intelligence within it. It identifies with facsimiles. It is the insidious little machine that puts everything back after you run it out, as soon as the body is asleep and the thetan relaxes its attention. This force-field is a rugged survival mechanism. So you run something out; this is loss of energy, this is non-survival, so it feels uncomfortable and puts back the pictures out of the reserve store house of pictures within its particles, as soon as it can take over during sleep. The way to avoid this is to remedy havingness and to postulate that you as a thetan will not lose control of the body structure, no matter where you are, while it is playing the game of sleeping. This cures elevatoritis (up and down tone).

The body has physical control centers built into its various systems. These are monitored as above from the thought-form levels. For purposes of processing it is necessary to approach the body from two levels--cellular and atomic.

The cellular level might well be considered the cellular intelligence. Each cell has a function, design, position in life, and a mind of its own. Each cell has an evolutionary line of development, facsimile-wise, extending back for eons.

There is more pain, shock, death, unconsciousness, and unlimited crud recorded on the cells than on probably any other level. By sheer magnitude of numbers the cells outrank all other sections of the body in weight of facsimiles. The power of restimulation and subconscious control here is enormous. Each cell functions as a small spirit.

Much wonderful experimental research could be done by running a cell out of your upper right molar but it would contribute very little toward releasing you as a total being.

Within the cell structure are the basic heavy electronic implants of the Desire-En-

force-Inhibit variety. Thus we find here the basic resistances to change--because if we change, we might get worse. With an awareness of Total Source, all of these can be wiped out and re-established as a smooth working ensemble.

The atoms are the building blocks of the universe. They are composed of light particles in various assorted arrangements. The particles are arranged (by postulate) into photons (energy converters), which in turn form the electrons, protons, neutrons, anti-electrons, anti-protons, and anti-neutrons, which form the atoms.

The atoms are implanted with basic agreements to serve and to remain in position (location). In them are the basic agreements that nothing ever changes. "The forms can change but the particles never change" is the basic agreement on this. The atoms do not have the heavy shock charges on them the cells do, but the basic resistance to change and everything in life impinges upon this level. Therefore, again we have sheer magnitude of numbers giving subconscious engrammatic power to blocking anything the pre-clear might do to better or to change his "position" in life. Running the atoms as force-fields of resistance cleans them up very rapidly when you can approach this problem as Total Source.

Thus we have a brief description of the various levels of you which go to make up your Total BEingness. Each one of these levels feels, knows, and is aware on some limited concept basis. The further down Tone Scale you go the more "not know" there is present. For every incident you have ever experienced there is a facsimile in some related way on each and every level. At Total Source, you can learn to scan all the levels simultaneously. It will be discovered that the entire game consists of force-fields and as such can resolve related material in various necessary categories with great speed when they are handled from Total Source. It also will be discovered that the part of you that is consciously doing things right now is Total Source. Your present-time certainty of awareness is Total Source. It is only necessary to extend this limited awareness of that which you already are throughout the areas that you yourself have set up as limitations. A refocusing of attention as Total Source is the key to spiritual freedom.

-efe-

Snakes have the most ribs of any living creatures--except two snakes, which have twice as many.

What a Big, Helpful Mouth You Have, Doctor!

WE HADN'T seen him since childhood, and the other day, when we met again, we discovered that he had been a semi-invalid for nearly a decade. The story he told us is not new. We'd heard versions of it many times in auditing rooms.

He always had been a big, robust, healthy man, and one of his favorite sports was hunting. With a dog and gun, he would tramp through fields and brush, at any time of year, thoroughly enjoying himself.

On his last hunt, at the age of 69, he and a friend had gone into a river marsh, walking for hours, covering many miles. On the way home, the friend died of a coronary attack.

"You're too old to over-tax your strength like that," the "helpful"

doctor informed this friend--and proceeded to give him a lecture on age, strenuous exercise, and its effect upon the heart.

Our friend suffered from his "experience"--the hunt?--all night. High blood pressure, and two light strokes followed. Then, partial paralysis. Today, nearly ten years later, he's still a big, healthy-looking man, but he barely gets around.

What made this man ill?--the hunt, which never had bothered him before, or the "helpful" doctor who used his altitude to implant into this man's mind that he had made a mistake, and probably would pay for it. He had a vivid picture of what happened to others who "over-taxed their strength"; for miles on the drive back to town he had held in

his arms the body of his friend, hoping that he could be revived if they could only get him to a doctor.

How many "doctors" who know only about paregoric and iodine speak with authority on things of which they know nothing, and send patients who respect their advice to early graves? As far as that goes, how guilty are you and I of doing the same thing?

-efe-

It's no coincidence that doctors and lawyers incorporate Latin into their professional idioms--Latin being a dead language and they being more concerned with the dead and dying than with life and the living.

-efe-

A parking meter is a slot machine with no jackpot--for the customer.

OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN



By ARTHUR J. BURKS

This series of articles may startle some; to others, it will be repulsively out of place in a magazine such as *The ABERREE*. But there are times when even we can be serious.

Described herein is the Child Guidance Center of Lancaster, Penn. Since there are an estimated 4,000,000 of these "unfinished children", it could be, may be, next door. After the abridged manuscript has been printed serially in *The ABERREE*, the book will be published and the profits donated by Mr. Burks toward helping these hapless victims of a so-far unexplained genetic tragedy. Maybe the mental therapists among our readers will have some idea as to how they can help, too.--The EDITOR.

What Can Be Done About the Genetic Tragedies?

5. LISSA

IT IS LUNCH time again, on another day. The principal passes cakes, on a paper, to Lissa. Lissa places her milk glass on the table beside her. Then, with her fingertips, she picks at the two cakes, side by side on the paper before her. She appears to be ambidextrous. She feeds her shapely mouth with both thumbs and both forefingers, swiftly. She becomes bored, quickly, with cakes. She finishes her milk, rises, circles the end of the table.

"Eeek, eeek!" she cries for the first time during this visit. She waves her arms. She looks at the principal and waves her arms, in a different pattern.

"Sit here, Lissa," says the principal, patting the chair Lissa has just left.

Lissa's face doesn't change expression in the slightest. It was expressionless, it remains expressionless. She looks at the chair, aware of, possibly because she heard, the slapping hand of the principal. But the sound, the chair, hold no meaning for Lissa. She turns away, turns back, but only turns her head away and back. She is much more expressive with her hands, her head, her body, than she is with her face or eyes--neither of which seem to express anything.

Lissa isn't refusing obedience to the principal; she doesn't know what the principal wants. She doesn't try, for very long, to discover--if she tries at all.

But Lissa knows she wants to go to the toilet. She goes to the door, opens it, enters. The principal follows, and after a few moments, comes out. While Lissa is in, a boy opens the toilet door, looks in. It is Georgie. He backs slowly away--but all his movements are slow because he wears leg braces. Who has told him he shouldn't be in the toilet when a girl is in it? Lissa hasn't cried out, not even one "eek-eeek!". He isn't embarrassed. What he started to do just isn't done, so his attitude seems to say.

After awhile Lissa comes out. If the principal hasn't put her to rights, she has done very well for herself. She stands just outside the door, moving her finely shaped head from side to side. She waves her hands, her arms. She sways.

The visitor tries to catch Lissa's eyes. She is aware of this attempt. She looks away. She looks back. She looks away. Now her eyes, still expressionless (yet how can they be?) hold the eyes of the visitor. Suddenly, she marches straight to the seated visitor. Determination? She has made up her mind? She has been bidden? She has accepted an invitation? Something has stirred her to decisive, direct action.

Lissa comes to the visitor's right side. She takes his wrist. She backs against his

right leg. She places the wrist so that the right forearm of the visitor is across Lissa's middle. Then, calmly, Lissa hoists herself to a seat on the visitor's lap. Is this against the simple rules? Is the visitor to unseat ebon Lissa? During the previous visit, any child approaching, as he sat or stood, was whisked away.

"She responds to affection!" the principal says.

Lissa remains, while the principal supervises a series of girls', a series of boys' visits to the bathroom. Once or twice the principal indicates to a boy or a girl that a boy doesn't go in while a girl is inside, a girl doesn't go in while a boy is. But for the most part both boys and girls seem to know this distinction.

Lissa sits a few moments longer. Then she slides off the visitor's knees. But she doesn't leave. Instead, she hoists the back of her short dress above her panties, and then slides backward onto the visitor's knees again.

"She always does that," the principal explains to a probing question. "She sits down first, seems to remember, slides off the chair, or bench, or desk, hoists her skirt, and sits back. We can't understand why. She can't tell us."

Teachers come and go. A fat little mongoloid boy enters, looks at Lissa and the visitor, but is wholly disregarded by Lissa. The principal bids the boy say something to the visitor. The little mongoloid offers his right hand, which the visitor takes. Lissa seems not to notice, yet her smooth right hand drops onto the visitor's hand and pulls it away from the mongoloid. Jealousy? She isn't even watching.

Lissa begins jiggling. She slides her left leg off the visitor's lap. The visitor lifts it back, and she leaves it. There is a strangeness in Lissa. Her very stillness, her lack of emotion, is strange.

But Lissa responds to music. She hums small tunes she may be making up, has made up, or may have heard at home.

Lissa seemed about to step down. The visitor didn't want to restrain her. He helped her off his knees. Did he do it too quickly, too eagerly? He wished only to be sure, to cause no disturbance, inward or outward. But he may have, in spite of his care, helped Lissa off his lap before she was ready. He instantly suspects this, for Lissa straightway goes behind a door, into a corner, hiding herself. Does Lissa feel rejected? Has the visitor dispossessed her? Doesn't the visitor wish her on his knees any more? The visitor, eager only to make sure that Lissa is sure of his affection, watches the line of her dress from just below the knees, as the rest of Lissa hides behind the door. Lissa peers out, around the door.

Lissa does not cry. She knows nothing of the meaning of "hurt". Can she be hurt? She couldn't possibly, even at nine or ten, whatever her age is, understand a word like "rejection", or words like "cast off". But she

could feel rejected, cast off. Does she? There is no way, just now, of knowing, for it is time for the visitor to go.

6. HESTER

Just why is Hester here in the house on Martha Avenue? Among children who have virtually no vocabulary she has a fairly large one. Among children who have little idea about keeping their bodies neat, she is the neatest. Among children who seem unaware of dirt, she is scrupulously clean.

Hester is a little eight-year-old who has such nice manners, has been trained at home. But she deliberately spills her milk on the table and on the floor when the principal fails to pay her enough attention. She calls attention to the spilled milk. She gets napkins and begins to clean up.

"Clear the table and put the wet napkins in the wastebasket," the principal tells Hester.

This seems a complex command for a mongoloid. She does it fast. Not because there is any hurry. Not because she fears the principal. It seems natural for her to move fast. And as she executes each detail she looks at the principal. She isn't looking for approval; at least it doesn't seem so, but for something more to do.

"Now gather up the lunch pails and put them on the other table," says the principal.

The lunch pails are, generally, of a shape and size. They can be placed quite evenly side by side. Hester places the first one, squares its end with the edge of the table. She does this without apparent thought. She brings the second pail. She doesn't take one in each hand but takes them one at a time. Each one is squared with the edge of the table and its neighboring lunch pail.

Hester is not satisfied with the way the principal fastened the hasps which close one of the lunch pails. She unfastens them both--and can't fasten them again! The little girl who automatically, swiftly, squares the lunch pails so precisely is unable to snap the simplest hasps, and all she has to do is exert a little pressure on them. Was it mind that squared the lunch pails? If not, what was it?

Hester does one task. She looks to the principal for another one. The principal must keep Hester busy, swiftly busy, or Hester will busy herself at something most unprofitable to everybody concerned. The principal can herself be busy, all the time, just assigning tasks to Hester. Is this what Hester wishes? If so, why? With what does she care?

Hester tires one, just to watch her. Her feverish activity never ceases, even when there is nothing obvious to do. Hester takes blocks out of a box and stacks them somewhere. Then she moves the box. Then she restores the blocks to the box. Then she finds something else to do.

"Shall I sing..." the principal names a song. Hester nods, and the teacher sings. The children are expected to understand the song and follow it with pantomime. It requires them to touch their eyes, ears, nose, mouth, shoes.

Rebecca touches her nose, ears, eyes--but always a little late, and Hester has less patience than the principal. She grabs Rebecca's hands and forces them to touch the proper places. Rebecca looks rebellious, and her expression is unmistakable.

While singing, the principal turns her back very briefly on the two children, and Hester quickly slaps Rebecca on the left cheek. She does it with a deft drawing motion, as if she had been trained by a clever boxer to deliver such a blow. It's the kind of a blow a boxer uses when he deliberately cuts his opponent's skin. Rebecca blinks, but doesn't

cry. She may cry when she is scolded, if she ever is, or if she is hungry--which she always seems to be--and there is no food. But if she is hurt in any way by Hester's blow she doesn't show it. She reaches for Hester. Not to hug her, but to retaliate. She clutches, and Hester--feeling Rebecca's voiceless ire, and showing fear that Rebecca lacks--puts her hand against the cheek and tries to rub out what she did, whatever it was, when she slapped Rebecca! There is no mistaking it: Hester moves to correct something she now knows is wrong, and knew was wrong when she did it.

Rebecca brushes away Hester's hand. She accepts no voiceless apology. And if she were not such a little mite, she would take more direct, more forcible action; so says her expression of face and eyes.

Something, surely, can be done with Hester. Her large vocabulary, her busy, skillful hands, her eagerness to do things, her desire to be noticed for what she does--or for any reason--dangles more strings than any teacher has time to pull!

"I thought, or someone told me," says the visitor, "that mongoloids were throwbacks to some ancient Mongoloid ancestry."

The principal shakes her head.

"The name comes from the appearance of the eyes," she says. "It comes from the apparent slanting of the eyes. Then, the face suggests the Oriental, the brow. Have you noticed the shape of the mouth, much alike in each mongoloid? That the hands are square? And that most of them allow their tongues to protrude?"

"The protruding tongue, especially," says the visitor. "What causes it?"

"The mongoloid tongue is almost uniformly too big for the mouth," says the principal. "If we don't train them to keep their tongues in their mouths, they hang them out. They're logical about it, and the tongues ARE too big, and fat, and round..."

But what is Hester's future? She is pretty, if she keeps her tongue tucked into her mouth. Will some normal man want to marry her some day? Will some subnormal man want to marry her? And if she marries, what will her offspring be? Is there hope that a mongoloid of Hester's type, who can be effectively trained if not educated, can be a woman?

This is no concern of the teachers in the house on Martha Avenue. Their concern is to do their best for Hester, that she may do the best for herself.

Hester is the only mongoloid disclosed by exhaustive research into her family. Hundreds of thousands approximately like her--as like her as normal people are like one another--exist in the United States.

Parents can't know in advance. They can never be sure. The mongoloid results from the complete conception of ovum and sperm that wasn't, one or the other or both, quite complete. The lack of completion, occurring in just one conception--some lightning-flash-momentary lack, or withholding on the part of either parent who may have no urge to withhold--omits a little here in the embryo, fails to collect it in the foetus, omits a little there in the mind of the child-to-be, and a mongoloid is born.

And to look at the mongoloid, especially a "superior" one like Hester, is to stand appalled at how little has been left out to cause so great a lack in the child, and the adult who will remain a child forever.

Every human being must help to find the answer for Hester.

She is a racial responsibility.

(To be continued in the June issue.)

Together We Live, Apart We Die

THE ILL person says, "If I could only have good health, I would be happy." The needy person says, "I could be happy if only I had wealth." The frightened person says, "If only I could be unafraid I would be happy." But we all know many healthy people who are obviously unhappy; and we also know many wealthy people and many fearless people who, likewise, are not happy.

Why are the conditions of happiness so difficult to create?

Through the use of our senses, our feelings, we can determine when we are happy and when we are not happy. Through the use of our reason we can determine the conditions of happiness. Let us list some of the obvious kinds of conditions under which we experience the sensation of happiness:

- Freedom
- Survival
- Self-expression
- Satisfaction of needs
- Love

These, as well as any other conditions for happiness, are positive conditions. Each of them has, as a counterpart, a negative condition. Bondage is the negative of freedom (this does not necessarily mean physical bondage; it also can mean mental bondage, or emotional bondage, or spiritual bondage); ill-health/infirmity is the negative of survival; self-glory is the negative of self-expression; poverty is the negative of satisfaction of needs; hate is the negative of love.

The positive and negative of any condition cannot exist simultaneously in a given relationship. Any condition which promotes freedom does not impede freedom. Or, if a positive and negative are introduced into a relationship, an equal amount of negative will immediately cancel out an equal amount of positive, leaving a smaller quantitative balance, either positive or negative.

Further than this, there is a distinct relationship between each and all of the conditions for happiness. Any condition which promotes freedom, for example, is not a condition for happiness if it simultaneously impedes survival, and will not generate the sensation of happiness. Hence, if we think our actions are promoting one of the general conditions for happiness and still we do not feel the sensation of happiness, we should examine what these actions are doing in regard to the other general conditions for happiness. If one or more of these is being impeded we are actually introducing a negative quality that cancels out the positive and no sensation of happiness results. If the negative quality generated is greater than the positive quality, the sensation of unhappiness is generated.

It is well to note here that certain relationships with the environment over which we do not have full control can introduce either the conditions for happiness or the conditions for unhappiness. When such qualities are negative we do have the ability to cancel them by introducing equal or greater positive qualities.

Thus we can begin to see why it is so difficult to create conditions for happiness. It

is necessary not only to understand what these conditions are but also how they relate to one another.

To illustrate, I would like to use the analogy of the watch again. Each of the various parts of the watch has a relationship to the whole. Each of these parts has a particular function to perform. When the watch is completely assembled and running, it is a system of functions rather than a collection of parts, and there exists an interaction among the various functions. It is as if the watch were alive. When the watch is not running, there exists no interaction among the functions. It is as if the watch were dead.

The important point here is that just because the watch is running is no guarantee that it is indicating the "right" time. The interaction among the functions of the parts must have a particular property in order for the watch to keep the right time. The interaction must have the property of simultaneously promoting all the functions without impeding any of them. If this property does not exist, if the interaction, while promoting some of the functions, simultaneously impedes others, the watch will not, cannot keep the right time.

This property of simultaneously promoting several functions within a system without impeding any we call "synergy". The term, as it is used here, means literally "working together". Such an interaction we refer to as "Synergic".

Conversely, if the interaction has the property of simultaneously impeding some of the functions while promoting others, it is called the property of "dysergy". Such an interaction is dysergic.

Now we can take a more understanding look at the conditions for happiness.

A human being is a system of functions. In his environment he becomes a part of a larger system of functions. So long as the human being is alive, interactions are constantly occurring among the functions of the system of which he is a part.

Within this system the principle of synergy applies. It is, in fact, a basic law of life. It might be stated thus: A life fulfills purpose to the degree that it generates synergy. Carrying this law a step further it can be said that one will experience happiness to the degree that he generates synergy and/or eliminates dysergy.

Each of us is a self-contained scientific laboratory, completely equipped to conduct a scientific investigation into the phenomenon of life. Does this fact perhaps give us a clue to the purpose of life?

Whether it does or not, one thing stands out sharp and clear. Each of us is the master of his own laboratory. Each of us, by his own efforts and only by his own efforts, can either use that with which he is endowed or he can let it decay with disuse. Remember the parable of the talents?

-o/o-

"How much a tree is like a man", the poet said. A woman, maybe, but a man starts putting clothes on when it begins to get cold.

No Limit, Quality to Integration

BY REV. JAMES WELGOS

ONE OF the things that really flips me is the fact that so many who write about integration these days don't know the first thing about what it REALLY is. Integration from their point of view becomes some special state that has certain attributes—usually the ones which they, as individuals, would like to see furthered in our society. Before I go any further, let me point out that this is quite far from the truth of the matter.

The ultimate state of integration DOES NOT HAVE LIMITS OR QUALITIES.

This may seem confusing, because everyone wants to improve himself in some manner or other. Whatever this improvement is, it is NOT a part of the ultimate reality. It is but a step toward it.

To understand integration from my special point of view, you would have to realize that the ultimate of life is around all of us at this very moment. But because we have cut ourselves off from it we now look upon some ideal of our own as being the source of all life. Life, itself, permits us to do this to further our learning. All of us are learning mechanisms that are leaving records of the results of certain combinations of activity on the various levels of existence. We leave these behind us for those who follow who will try to step a bit closer to being integrated.

Whatever a man is will determine the types of situations that are attracted to him for his learning. Whatever comes to a man tells him WHAT HE HAS CREATED AS BEING HIMSELF! All of us come into this life as very simple organisms. In fact, the ultimate of life is so very simple that one literally has to be very stupid to understand it. Each of us has to strip away our learned ways of being intellectual in order to comprehend ourselves. From this point we can then begin to understand others.

Integration can be described in a number of ways—but please note that any DESCRIPTION of integration is NOT integration. It is merely a means by which integration is achieved. Or, even more accurately stated, it is a means of RECOGNIZING one's integration.

Along this line there are many who are striving to remove tensions without recognizing WHY these tensions were put there in the first place. There is no part of 'any organism which exists without very good reason for its being there. This is the same as saying that there is nothing inside you which is bad or wrong. The tensions that we all hold

The 'Why' and the 'Well, Why Not?' of **SEX** Under Paper Covers

RELEASE OF PSYCHIC ENERGY, by E.O.

Haes, Sydney, Australia.—In this paper-backed, printed book of 160 pages, E. O. Haes reports a transcription of six lectures he gave on psychoanalysis, dealing primarily with sex, and the stages of libido—from the oral stage of infancy to the racial stage (for some) of advanced adulthood—through which a human goes.

The teachings of Freud, modified by the philosophies of Carl Jung, are simply analyzed, and from the audience reaction, as reflected in their questions, sex still is a subject on which the majority of us are still much too ignorant. But we're curious, you'll have to admit. And some even are willing to learn.

The honesty with which Mr. Haes has discussed the entire subject of libido and complexes is refreshing, and after one reads the book, one cannot help but agree with him that Mama's horrified efforts to "civilize" the little "monster" she knows so little about may have much to do with why we have wars, and why men want to go out killing other men.

POWER AND GLORY OF SEX, By Volney G.

Mathison.—This 100-page book is written in the typical Mathison mode, pulling no punches and unembroidered by delicate touches. Sex is sex, and Volney thinks it should be freed of the shame, fear, and inhibitions with which Man alone has cloaked a natural biological function.

Outside of man, sex activity is a completely guilt-free affair, Volney declares, citing plants as a better example than the birds and the bees. In fact, he says, "when a girl buries her face in the beauty and perfume of a magnificent rose, she act-

ually is burying her face in the opened and waiting sex organs of a plant".

The primary purpose of sex, Volney holds, isn't entirely reproduction. In fact, most frigidity in male and female comes with the discovery that sexual relations may mean another mouth or so to feed ere long. Other reasons, apart from the fact it's just plain fun, is that Nature has selected this way to bring about a variety of species. Unlike the barnacle—which just grows and grows with no interest in boy or girl barnacles—fat and slim, short and tall, red-head, blonde, and brunette mix together in patterns so weird that there seems to be no end to what can be accomplished in this avoidance of monotony.

But it's all scientific—and can be proven on the electropsychometer. In fact, illustrations and graphs in the book show not only what converts the monocell into the multi-celled creatures we are, but also shows the effect on a tattle-tale machine when your breath starts coming in short pants. In fact, Volney says, even if man were to wipe himself from the face of the earth, this bombardment of radiation upon exposed waters eventually would start the cycle of the last billion years or so all over again.

Carefully and vitriolically, Mr. Mathison explains why we have so many anti-sex writings, especially in our so-called "holy" literature, but he insists "The Power and Glory of Sex" is NOT an attack upon the Christian religion. However, after you read the book, you may get the feeling that the next preacher you hear ranting against the evils of sex might—for his own good and that of society—go take a blood-test.

on to were instituted in the first place because this is the means we accepted as enabling us to create some effect which we deemed desirable to our environment. And so long as we maintain our value on the effect, the tension is maintained.

This tells us that any therapy which is destined to remove tensions must be based upon a knowledge of social values before the tension can be removed permanently. This also tells us why various therapies in the past did NOT remove tensions for more than a short while.

Thus, let us set down a description of integration: INTEGRATION IS THE REMOVAL OF TENSIONAL STATES.

From another view: INTEGRATION IS THE REALIGNMENT OF TENSIONAL PATTERNS.

From still another view: INTEGRATION IS THE REMOVAL OF THE SOURCES OF TENSIONAL PATTERNS.

And: INTEGRATION IS THE EFFICIENT USE OF TENSIONAL PATTERNS FOR THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF A GOAL.

Now, please note that at no point have I said that one should or should not have this or that tension. Tensions are useful. They enable us to perform our daily-proving-to-ourselves that we are human beings. When one is integrated, one is content. He is able to function

efficiently toward the accomplishment of a goal. He knows which tensional states to use and which ones NOT to use to best reach his goal. He is able to function both with or without tensions.

The straining on the bathroom stool is a necessary tension to forward the ideal of efficiency in using time. The tensional drive toward perfection (realness) is necessary for one to best exemplify the highest ideals of society. The emotional pattern involved in putting forth an argument is necessary to forward the ideal of there being only ONE right in the world. (What must be seen in this one is that the one right of the world includes ALL other views!)

Thus, regardless of the therapy which is used, one must work THROUGH an understanding of how the world REALLY exists. A therapist who would tell anyone that there are rights and wrongs in the world is either a fool or an illuminate. He is a fool if he cannot reverse his stand and also prove that what he has just called wrong is also right—from a different viewpoint.

Perhaps, we can best sum up the activity of integration as follows: THE FOOL IS ALWAYS ABLE TO PROVE THAT OTHERS ARE WRONG. THE WISE ONE CAN ALWAYS PROVE THAT ALL OTHERS ARE RIGHT—EVEN THE FOOLS.



Plowing Up the Field

The **ABERREE** has been beaten at its own game! In March, no less, Dr. **Irard Thibodeau** of Conway, S. Car., shoots a Christmas card—and we were only starting to think about the Christmas cover for our annual July-August Christmas number... The **Jim Struckmeyer** garage, which has been the convening place of Scientologists and Dianeticists even before Hubbard closed his dozen or so "permanent" offices in Phoenix, is about to expire. Attorney **Jim** is moving into a new house shortly. Gradually, Phoenix becomes more and more once again sucker-bait for tourists, as it loses interest in engrams and exteriorization... **Jim**, by the way, is getting to be quite an aviation enthusiast, and made his first solo flight only recently... Another move in Phoenix is that of the **Burke Belmans**, who've sold the "old homestead" (they'd had it several months), and bought a smaller house, smaller grounds, and less desert... **Dee** and **Bill Swartz**, who've been selling books by mail to Dianeticists and kindred spirits for years, and once were allied with us "squirrels" as publishers of **PLUS & MINUS** and **ARC-LIGHT**, have gone big-time, buying a book store in downtown Miami... **Lee Lockhart**, from whom you once could buy the most beautiful Bibles printed, has switched to the sale of addressing equipment. And so have we, in a limited way. (See Commercials)....

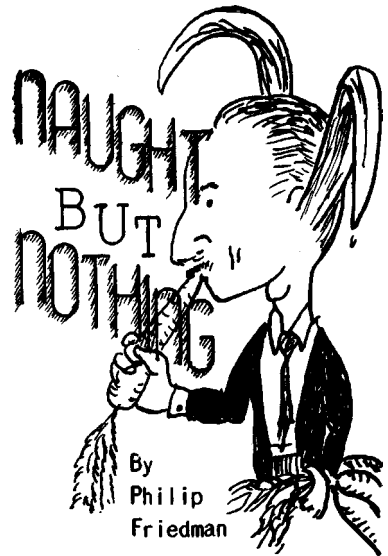
Ruth Yerks, of Butzback, Germany, who drops an occasional short note to Ye Ed. & Pub., is scheduled to do a little traveling. First, her Army husband is ending his foreign tour, and soon will be stationed in California. Then, she modestly admits, that since she won a contest sponsored by a weekly newspaper and the British Travel Agency, she's been booked for passage on the first commercial flight to Mars, scheduled to leave Earth in 2040 A.D.... And while on the subject of Mars, **Jones Bigo**, our Zydolamruslaken agent, stopped on that "red planet" recently on his way home, and has sent us a story we have been trying to find room for, but can't...not since the Publisher won part of her fight for a smaller magazine and has the Editor barricaded behind 16 pages. Henceforth, any errors you may find in the **ABERREE** may be blamed on the fact she doesn't see so good through that smug look as she saw through the look she had when we could print as many pages as we had copy, paper,

and time for... **Joe Wallace**, not quite the affluent tycoon he was when he was trying to out-meter Mathison, is back in Phoenix after a junket to Dallas...

Jonathan Kenworthy, once labeled "The Perpetual Student" because of his vow that he'd take every Hubbard course until they made good on the "theta clearing guarantee", sends us this quip from Philadelphia: "His Nibs, Sr., should see Hercules about stable clearing; he knew, too." We don't think, Jon, that it would be necessary to go as far back as Hercules. Most any farmer knows, too, having a lot of stable datums on stable clearing... Congratulations to **Sam Gisser**, who has moved from Clayton, Mo., to Dayton, Ohio, and opened a furniture store. Now, if we can just trade our trailer for a house, we know where we can go for a new bed and stove... **Bud Eubank**, who at one time always could be found within a park bench or two of Hubbard headquarters, is reported in Iowa selling a visual aid gadget and doing right well at it... **Carol Bryans**, erstwhile mainstay auditor on the HASI staff, has left Washington and is doing a bit of wandering before her return to Los Angeles... We'd seen so little of **Earl Cunard** lately that we'd begun to fear he'd married that Tulsa girl whose mother he goes to discuss mysticism with so often, but when he breezed in one Sunday morning even before we'd opened the office, he admitted that it was oil, not girls, keeping him busy...

James Coffin, formerly of Inglewood, Calif., but now working in a Wichita aircraft plant, was an **ABERREE** visitor, exchanging dirt and dope. Got made a registered part of infinity, too... **Douglas Alan Westlake** picked March 20, during Boston's big blizzard, to come for a more or less permanent stay with the **David Westlakes**. And Papa and Mama were so unnerved, apparently, that the little 8-pound-8-ounce visitor had to send out his own announcement cards. The card was cute, and we congratulate the little weekling... And while on the subject of vital statistics, the **Victor Torreys'** expected event was a boy, **David**, who arrived on 12 March. And since this was in Phoenix, there probably wasn't the blizzard the Westlakes had... Along similar lines, **Mark L. Gallert** stopped on his way to Midland, Texas, to write of his marriage in March, at Houston, to **Annie P. Frazier**—or vice versa, as the society editors insist on saying it. Anyway, they're both electropsychometrists, but what this has to do with marriage we don't know, unless they get their romance through holding electrodes rather than holding hands, as do orthodox sweethearts...

Seven of the nine subscribers to the PAB's have written us telling of an "attack" upon us in PAB 74. By means a "theta clear" (whatever that means) could not possibly comprehend, we obtained a copy, and read it thoroughly. Other than learning that England is being overrun by Commies (and we're not England); that the Australian Scientology field is being ruined by a squirrel or so (and we're not the Australian Scientology field); and that the author of the PAB was adopting the medical system of "feeling sorry" for someone he was incapable of helping, we could find nothing that even resembled an attack on us. Of course, we did discover that the "alpha rays" suddenly have picked up



"Suffer little children to come unto me." Suffering is sphere-ing. We are the children, the cauldron of a divided world, and we must be sphered to come unto the Father, the zero fulcrum, where all zeros are in automatic union—the point where the cipher must be deciphered in order to be seen.

Women live longer than men because they are cones spiralling up to an apex, and have, therefore, a greater capacity for suffering, that is, sphere-ing

Men reason better than women because they are exploding apexes, and as such, can better decipher the cipher.

Suffering is a manifestation of sphere-ing and sphere-ing is a manifestation of suffering.

The Arabian word 'suf' means 'wool' and wool is wale is weal. We are the innocent lambs who must suffer to be shorn of our wool, our periphery, to be woven into the whole cloth. The Arabian Mystic practice of sufi is to fuse.

We can't pull the wool over your eyes for long. Our environment is collapsible.

- Everbearing is overbearing.

- The greatest tension we can achieve in our bodies is rigor mortis.

- At any given point, you can't tell synergy from dysergy—no, not even at the corner of 42nd and Broadway at high noon.

- The seizable is sizeable.

I positively think that a positive statement is positively the worst statement that can positively be stated.

- "Am I my brother's keeper?" was omitted from the Auditor's Code.

an extra vowel and came out "alpha rays", but we wrote this off as a typographical error, of which even we at times may be guilty. As for atomic bomb radiation making people insane, or untreatable by doctors or Scientology (except by the very, very, very latest super-duper discoveries), it can hardly be much worse than self-radiation, in which one mocks himself up with such a brightness that the body is left in a "rather indifferent shape"...



Dear Editor:

"Your letter ... forwarded to this office refers to the pamphlet 'Brain-Washing' published by the Hubbard Dianetic Research Foundation.

"We have no information as to the authenticity of this alleged document and have had nothing whatever to do with its publication or circulation. Our only knowledge of it was when a copy of it was mailed to us subsequent to its publication. I might add that we have no knowledge of Mr. Charles Stickley nor of the Hubbard Dianetic Research Foundation."--Will B. Davis, manager, Committees on Publication, First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Mass.

"I read the Aberree avidly word for word every time and am disappointed when I come to the end of it. It gets better all the time. I like all the diverse opinions and to know what others are doing. Everyone seems to be still enthusiastic about some 'ism' or other, or are these the only letters you print? I'm wondering if there are any others that have fallen by the wayside, so to speak, and are wandering around in 'No-man's-land' too. Or does hope spring eternal in most people? I've either had not enough processing (I'm sure the Scientologists would agree with this) or too much processing, or dabbled in too many systems."--Monica Macomber, San Diego, Calif.

"Herewith my appreciation for a good job of editing my article. Had hoped to stir up a few comments regarding it, but, so far, nothing specific has turned up. I was particularly interested in some discussion regarding the 'analytical mind' being just another 'machine' or creation. The questions included a few 'sneakers', too, that I felt would jar a few comments from your readers.

"This lack of response may be reasoned indicatively as being due to: (1) No one read the article; (2) 'All' the readers 'knew' already that that was the way things are; (3) the readers did not understand any of it and, therefore, could not comment; (4) The article was not worth commenting on. More 'reasons' may easily be 'figured out', but then maybe some readers may yet supply some.

"Contrary to Welgos's opinion, I feel that group activity is worthwhile. This is particularly so when

the members individually give their response or reaction to various 'problems' and other states of beingness. Some of the theories and goals may not be precisely as outlined, but that is not to say that no good is accomplished.

"I have just recently participated in a scientological 'intensive' consisting of two consecutive weekends. Mrs. Ann Sharpe, our local D. Scn., was the auditor and chairlady. 'Before' and 'after' IQ and personality tests were given. I feel that when, as in this case, the cost is reasonable, then, considering the opinions and reactions of the participants, the time and effort are both well justified.

"I have what I believe is a well-founded opinion in regard to this activity, concerning both group and individual activity. I believe an auditor can produce results almost entirely in direct ratio to his own personal experience, and only coincidentally in relation to his verbalization of mere data. In other words, I do not feel auditing can be run on a purely mechanical basis. An auditor apparently can 'know' the data and, yet, be a mighty poor auditor result-wise."--Will Roth, Houston, Texas.

"I see Irrespons-Ability is at it again, this time raising the roof about the Alaska Mental Health Act, which they have rather obviously neglected to read. The HASI would, again, do well to take a little of their own advice: LOOK! When I first read the note in Issue 24, I was quite incensed about the whole thing and was all set to wire Senators Morse and Neuberger, stating my opposition to H.R. 6376. But before I did, I did a little looking, read the bill and its amendments, and finally came to the conclusion they were again talking through their hats. I've just finished writing the HASI for the first time in months to protest their irresponsible statements...

"Now I'm glad I had good enough sense to allow a long comm. lag (did it use to be called a 'cortical pause'?) before writing to Washington. If the bill hasn't been acted on before the next Aberree, I'd surely like to see you suggest that people read the bill before writing angry, foolish letters that might be later regretted."--Jon R. Skinner, Portland, Ore.

"Now that you can print photographs, why not print one of L. R. Hubbard himself? Many of us would like to know what the MEST phenomenon looks like. (Ed. Note--Such pictures can be found in almost any of the HASI advazines.) I missed seeing him in London unfortunately. As you probably know, he is now in Dublin, according to a recent paper from the HAS of UK. (Ed. Note--And this didn't have his picture in it?)--E. T. Robins, London, England.

"I am for criticism of anything as important to humanity as Scientology. It is true that some folks get too big for their britches, and as we all make mistakes, one can't look at the next guy and start throwing any stones. No advance in anything hasn't had its full score of pros and cons. Scientology isn't different and although I am but a rank beginner, having heard of Scn. but a year ago, I have gotten more than my money's worth in my own case and so am not sorry that I have

spent about 6 months studying for H. C.A. and H.A.A. Already I have seen the constructive results from my own efforts in helping others and no one can tell or show me that the science doesn't work for everyone of the billions of humans on earth that need it. But go ahead and tell the world what you think. Some can't stand criticism, so they will have to change their consideration and get down to reality and like it. In this way is progress made. The shorter cuts that Ron has doped out are working wonderfully well and better and surer results are due to come as more reality and certainty will show up from the improvements that are coming along rapidly."--Bill Joel, Yonkers, N.Y.

"I take exception to one statement of Mr. Burks's that anyone may have such a child as he describes. I would ask first of all whether there were any overt abortion attempts and 2, whether the child was unwanted by the wife."--Bernie Ross, New York.

"How late can I possibly be? I was just finishing comments on the March issue when the April issue arrived... Let me just say that I enjoyed and got a lot out of the last ish, especially the Burks, Purcell, and Roth pieces. I answered twice the Roth questionnaire with minor insights. Insights, from all evidence, are always sudden and occur on every level of processing. 'Cognitions' is Hubbard's term, 'insight' is from the Gestaltists. Same deal. It always means a restructuring of the person's actuality. The reality, of course, stays pretty much as it was. Hubbard hasn't yet imported the two big insight techniques from Buddhism, namely: Koan (insoluble problem, whose answer is Satori--burst of insight, lookingness), and Mondo (unanswerable question) whose answer is also an insight--knowingness. An example of Mondo: Teacher holds out to the pupil a stick. The teacher says, 'Tell me what it is. Do not say "It is a stick" for that would be affirmation. Do not say, "It is not a stick" for that would be negation. Now, without affirmation or negation, tell me quickly, speak!' The Koans permit com-lag; the Mondos forbid it. Apparently, these processes would break machines. Perhaps 'Be three feet back of your head' is a Koan. My own contribution: "When a person is talking to himself, with whom is he conversing?" may need some refinement. It usually elicits confusion, evasion, or distress, but no answers.

"Booklet Hits at Communism--From your review, the pamphlet, which seems to be the 'Psychopolitics' I've heard of, sounds like a rehash. I recognize one component of the text. The material about income taxes, conscription, etc., is directly out of V.I. Lenin's 'State and Revolution' which I read much earlier in the 'Little Lenin Library' edition. I've read the Marxist literature thoroughly, and talked with Communists in discussion groups, etc., many times. It's my well-grounded conclusion that while most Communists I've met are sincere, well-intentioned people, like the followers of most religions, their goals are very disparate from mine and their structuring of reality is not mine. From the purely personal viewpoint, my life expectancy in a Communist State would be well under a year, and death is unattractive to me. I

thought that 'Brain-Washing' was just a HASI method to keep auditors from studying psychology. That seems its local effect anyhow.

"The Stairway, Walsh—Here the Walshes answer my demand for advanced material. Their detailing of the different presentations of reality is particularly useful. I almost got to the top of that once, but both pre-clear and auditor (I was pre-clear) conked out at the last stage. The Walsh concept of 'Thetan' is almost exactly the same as mine. The data that the Thetan can be run out is heartening. It has rather drastic inherent limitations, space-time instability being the worst. I'm willing to settle for a stabilization at 'I AM' (Hubbard's Home Universe?) with voluntary Thetan...

"Our Hidden Children, Burks—What I enjoy most about Burks is that he is transparently concerned with the furtherance of somebody besides his own self. How refreshing this is!

"Dear Editor Section—Vic Torrey—That Nirvana entails obliteration of the ego, I deny. From the literature, Gautama Siddhartha was about as distinct an individual after Nirvana as anyone in all recorded history. I have not, in reading, in discussion, in my own experience seen any evidence to indicate that self-consciousness is not carried all the way through to the end. The Self is something you have, like a Thetan. The Me, or I, is something you are. People say, 'I saw', 'It happened to me'; not 'My self saw', etc. The Ego is what experiences, the Self is all circuits and 'machines'. David Westlake—Fairly good defense but badly beside the point. If Mr. Westlake (like Hubbard) counts every unfavorable criticism and objection as an 'out-and-out attack', then Aberree and the whole field of psychotherapy and integration—philosophy and psychology—must seem a hostile and dangerous environ... The objection about the charges for the 'Humble Gift to Mankind' is not that the HASI charges for training, which is fair, but that they charge so much for so little and sell their product with false and misleading advertising claims, including the falsification of case records and the suppression of records of failure. I say 'product' because of Item 5 in 'The Code of a Scientist'—To prevent the use of Scientology in the advertisement of other products'. The constant change of processes and SOPs is not wrong, since it indicates continuing progress. But Hubbard's insistence that Scientologists must use only the most recent SOP, must not use any earlier SOPs, and that the last SOP is The Rd, is objectionable... That many auditors are incompetent to audit Scientology and that such incompetence is harmful to pre-clears is indisputable. That some of the 'excommunicated' auditors are thus incompetent is obvious from their writings alone. But it is also a fact that many auditors still in good standing with the HASI and CECS are equally incompetent. It appears that the primary qualification of any auditor for advanced training is not his or her successful processing record, but rather the possession of several hundred dollars to spend for further training. Finally, the requirement that all Scientologists must consent to an impromptu, flanged-up Religion without dignity, spiritual depth, or aesthetic value, whose basic motiva-

tion is the evasion of state laws against medical malpractice, is too humiliating a condition to be lightly borne... Ken Hart—Can it not be said of any well-worked-out philosophy whatever that in—— we really do have a knowledge that is truly basic and that moreover takes in all the world's knowledge and makes it comprehensible? Fred Hand—This will undoubtedly be regarded as an 'out-and-out attack' by the jumper and most partisan of your readers. Actually, so far as I know, I have attacked only Ability Magazine, the CECS, the Church of Scientology, and the expressed views of some Scientologists. I have not attacked Dianetics, Scientology, or Hubbard as psychologist, philosopher, or psychotherapist. I have attacked Hubbard as scientist, as administrator, and as Messiah, since I think he has been mis-cast in these three roles. Jackie Ismael—I don't understand any of this except the part about bodies. Mrs. Ross Martin—This is an argument and exhibit in favor of ParaScientology. To a person not practiced in non-organic perception and experience of this kind, a vision is necessarily true and is furthermore always assigned present time. From somewhat similar material not uncommon in whole-track processing, I would say this vision is of the type called 'Between Lives Area', is displaced in space-time (as direct perceptions frequently are) and possibly contains an implant. This last can be shown by any processing of the vision. If attempts to recontact it, go before or after it, duplicate it, etc., produce large stress reactions in the lady, such as evasion, negation, unconsciousness, or emotional outburst, an implant is probably present. Her computations as a result of the vision indicate she has a valid insight, but I think there's a whole track facsimile keyed into it. It is characteristic of an implant not only that deviation from it is punishable, but that obedience to it is pleasurable. As I once formulated it, the ideal theta trap is one from which the thetan has no desire to escape."--Fred Hand, Houston, Texas.

"I think your mag. should be a wholesome experience after reading a lot of confusing stuff from Washington."--Paul Palmer, San Diego, Calif.

"Getting back to parascientological matters for a moment, the salient factor about the whole-track processing I went through back in 1953 was the intense homesickness for certain events and persons distant in time and space--the thought-cube people, for example. I can explain a lot of things away, but the homesickness and other profound emotions obstinately continue to assert themselves. When I was cutting the stencils for certain parts of the 'Unconscious' affair, these emotions turned on full blast! Fortunately, I do have the ability to turn them off but the matter still needs explaining. Especially the way some readers of the stories insist on taking them very seriously.

"Apropos of your remark in the March issue about religious hierarchies and their gravy trains, I would like to add that the profitable prophecies concerning eternal punishment have their tremendous hold on the public because of re-stimulation: results from whole-track processing would seem to indi-

cate that Hell is where we've already been, not where we are going."--Ivor Darreg, Los Angeles, Calif.

Patent 2,736,313 has arrived; it covers the basic circuit and 20 possible variational designs of the probe-type electropsychometer. This patent has been issued with the notation 'without references', a rarity in electronics, for it means the invention is completely basic, that no other remotely similar thing is on file in the U.S. Patent Office.

"Concept Therapy, despite all that has happened to them, is still going strong on electropsychometers. Dr. C.P. Wright, their chief salesman-doctor, writes:

"At our class in Buffalo there were eight prospective buyers; that is there were eight who did not have instruments. There were seven sales at the prices you have set (\$485 for the probe). None questioned the price as being too high or too low, although I am satisfied they would have purchased the instruments at the prices we formerly quoted, with the very same reaction, no questions whatsoever."--Volney Mathison, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Just wanted you to know, in case anybody mentions it, that my note to you recently wasn't a 'come-on' for tapes. But response to ABERREE and ORION have been such that I find I have to take steps. Many groups have asked me to visit them, as far distant as mid-Texas, and I just can't spread thin enough. So, I've dictated seven healing exercises, 15 minutes each, on tape. Those who wish may send me a two-hour reel of tape for these exercises, each of which will be dictated afresh for that questioner, and for which such folks may send me whatever they wish. They are designed to be used at the same time as we do our 'in absentia' sittings. My distributor would probably charge \$5 for each of these, but I simply can't even hint at commercializing something I myself regard as without price. But donations can go a long way toward setting up my Foundation, or to helping out the 'hidden kids'."--Arthur J. Burks, Paradise, Penn.

"Thanks for your invitation... This publication has remained more stable (even though it changed its size and to terribly small type) than most publications of this nature. At least one feels that the address is known, pro tem, at least.

"After the expenditure of several thousand dollars, several years of fairly continuous time and much human energy investigating various aspects of Dn & Scn (sometimes deep behind the scenes in the dark corners) I am sorry to have to agree with your recent correspondent from Boston who opined that 'something should be done' by way of effective 'revolt'.

"Following his own 'instructions' is not a part of Hubbard's course of action it seems. The 'charges' he has sneeringly aimed at so many others, so often, are according to his own precepts, projections of his own low-tone habit-patterns.

"Perhaps he has a right (though not in the sense of greatest good for the greatest number) to destroy his own creations or evolutions. But it's not exactly good sense from a practical (or aesthetic) standpoint, would you say?

"I've been 'done good'--in more

ways than one, by the new, or renewed, concepts gained through contacts with this science-philosophy. Many of its aspects make more sense than anything else I know of in present time.

"So—I'll string along on the more cheerful side of the road—with your Aberree, that is. May not admire 'em, though! Just can't seem to hate or blame ANYONE. Not even ME!"
--Marie Phelps Sweet, Malibu, Calif.

"In regards to a letter in March Aberree by Ludwig Rosecrans, it looks as though we've got a prophet in our midst, doesn't it? Although I'm afraid his face will be red on Jan. 1, 1957, and there's still A-bombs and H-bombs and factories, etc. I know I would.

"Also, if he's really interested in knowing who the Gentiles are I'd suggest he write to Herbert W. Armstrong, P. O. Box 111, Pasadena, Calif., and ask for his booklet, 'United States in Prophecy'. It's free. That man understands the Bible and I'm sure there are many more who do. Too bad Mr. Rosecrans never met any of them.

"I would feel very embarrassed to make so literal a statement as 'every body is, himself, showing off'. Obviously, he's never met people who'd drive 10 miles to give an orphan the profit they made on a calf he bought from him, or would walk 3 miles in the snow carrying food for transient cotton pickers, or would plow out a man's field when his daughter is in the hospital, and when he tries to thank these people, they say 'Anyone would do the same, it's nothing'. I wouldn't trade the chance to know one of these such people for all the gold in the world. There are a lot of show-offs in the world, but being a two-pole universe there must necessarily be the opposite and I know the few honest, decent, self-respecting people I've met more than make up for the jerks. The only consideration I have for such jerks is 'Forgive them, Father'. Honestly they don't know what they're doing or saying. The honest people? Well, 'Thank you, Father, for allowing me the privilege to meet them, for now I'm a millionaire. I have riches in memories that cannot be taken from me.'

"If Mr. Rosecrans thinks I'm stepping on his toes, all I can say is, I step on anyone's toes who refuse to give consideration to the honest people on earth, even my own."
--Pearl Henick, Phoenix, Ariz.

"Couple of Sundays ago we drove over to Ivyland (near Philadelphia) and visited with the Don Rogers. I had enjoyed his articles in the old Journals (Dianetics) and was smugly pleased to discover he and his family to be delightfully zany enough to be immediately classified as KIN-DRED SPIRITS. I scanned the first draft of his new book and wish to heck I had been sneaky enough to swipe it to bring home and read at my leisure.

"Random thought: What a goofy bunch we 'kindred spirits' are. A very nice Rogers relative was in our midst and remarked: 'I am impressed with all I have heard of Dianetics, but just where does one start?' Before you could say 'scat' we were all yelling and shouting at each other and the poor man was having four different 'introductions' to Dianetics flung at his defenseless head. I'll say this for him, he was

tenacious because after a while he again mildly said: 'Yes, this is all very interesting but how does one START?...Come to think of it, HOW DOES ONE START?'--Marge Pope, Kennetsquare, Penn.

"I am interested in a publication devoted to 'Dianetics and Scientology'. Since the Aberree is not devoted to those subjects, I don't wish to re-subscribe.

"I wish you luck—you'll need it!"--Don Rutenberg, Dayton, Ohio.

"Here is a point-by-point, straight from the shoulder critique of the (April) issue:

"1. Cover -- a good idea, not too well executed. Had an artificial look, somehow. Not nearly as good as the previous issue's.

"2. Editorial -- as usual, made a lot of sense. The report on Russian 'psychopolitics' disgusted me -- not the report, the referent. What a load of tripe they put out!

"3. 'Stairway', etc. -- I got very little out of this.

"4. Arthur Burks' article--by far the best of the issue. I don't necessarily agree with his theories but his actions are pure gold. Aberree sure got a scoop on this one.

"5. 'Humm, etc.' -- not bad. Some good, practical points. Only objection--the Hubbard fawning. Why is it that when a dianetologist 'runs out' Hubbard, he always ends up accepting everything H does as 'right' and everybody else as 'wrong', regardless of objective merits? Reminds me of Father Divine's followers.

"6. Eyesight -- interesting, but the author should have worked this over more before presenting it. Or, maybe it reminds me of my 'pre-mature' C! Anyway, he muffed a good chance. (So did the editor to do some creative editing.)

"7. Plowing; Letters--Good. Glad you did not cut this section while reducing to 16 pages. The latter, I think, was sound.

"On this 'free advertising' business--since you're giving free advertising for dianology--(ED. Note: I am?)--how about some for Synergetics? Specifically: Bild-a-man kits are now ready. How about putting as a 'filler' at the bottom of columns, etc. (ED. Note --What's an 'etc!' in the make-up of a magazine?), the following: 'Bild-a-man kits are here at last! Write 305 Derby Building, Wichita 2, Kas. A sample will be sent on request. Since these are worth at least \$1250 (what Len Hamilton charges for 75-hour intensive) and actually a lot more (synergetic methods are far superior to dianology)--what have you to lose?"

"I didn't evaluate Purcell's article, because of course I'm prejudiced. Actually I'm not, but people would think so.

"Oh yes, tell that fellow who

wrote that letter defending Hubbard that if he wants to think Hubbard is God, who's stopping him?...

"Overall impression--an improvement, but still not as good as you can do. Actually, ABERREE should be as good in its way as MAD or PAGEANT. It isn't, yet. How about spoofing some of these popular psychology rags? Your forte is kind satire, if you know what I mean. Satire that is merciless, without being cruel."--Art Coulter, Worthington, Ohio.

"Keep the volume turned up. It's a hell of a job to sort out the wheat from the straw if the volume is low! You've got MYSTERIOUS PHIL FRIEDMAN who is well mystified; the rest of them have something to say and say it in one way or another..."

"Happy to see and hear that the brush-fire is coming under control. For a while last year it looked like you were running out of wet sacks or volunteers."--A. Jaspersen, Indianapolis, Ind.

"A pity. It (B.D.R.) used to be a good mag. Looks as though Hubbard finally won. If he wins many more battles Scientology will disappear. So don't you start fighting--keep laughing and we'll all laugh with you."--A.L. Rogers, Walsall, England.

"Cover design very O.K. except the kid's ear is too large--or is its nose too small?--and I don't believe in raising the devil with kids.

"I think A.L. Rogers and I see I to I. Last issue he wrote that relaxation is a complete way of life in itself. O.K. by me.

"Give Paracelsus credit, it's one for the book, 'The disease should be given the name of the person who has it'. Thanks to A.B. Elliott for that great quote. Add to that, 'The disease is the cure', and we get some pithy thoughts thrown in.

"I am happy to have filled that small hole 'On Tithing'. Shows what can be done in a few words. I like

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Dr. J. Harold Thibodeau

Dr. Billie Plowden Thibodeau

the ten pieces of silver on top and the boxing in.

"Also, MSST defined is appropriate as the last word to the issue.

"I received a Stairway Mss. from Hardin D. Walsh. The stairway is the starway. Hardin says we are all in this together. What is the this we

"I received a Stairway Mss. from Hardin D. Walsh. The stairway is the starway. Hardin says we are all in this together. What is the this we are in? Personally, I think we are all out of this together and the this we are out of is the central point, the apex, or God the Father-Mother. If we are all in this together, then there is no further use for integration or his stairway to starway. Is this not something we

are divided out of and into which we are trying to re-integrate?

"Burks still O.K. He is a pro. Don Purcell wrote his best article for me for Herald of Health. Nothing else he has written has come up to it, so I am disappointed.

"A.B. Elliott's 'Humm' is very good. Something usable. Add a few R's to it and you can vibrate your liver with it—R—rr—ooo—mmm.

"Blocked energy from dim eyesight goes for any other deficiency. Every organ is a two-way flow, a two-way surge. The Purdit had a more all-inclusive technique on the non-verbal level, i.e., mock up breathing into and exhaling out from any affected part of the body. It is really not a true mock-up, because one does actually operate thatta way. Inhaling and exhaling through any part or organ is quite effective. Of course, there are the attention units being given it that helps.

"Some of the letters too long, i.e., for me. Jackie Ishmael has me wrong. I have the greatest regard for Krishnamurti, but he is actually staring a hole through himself."—Phil Friedman, Florence, Ariz.

Just received the March issue of The Aberree... You look like an old scallywag—continental, etc. It is difficult for me to imagine a continental as a small town newspaper editor. Maybe you look so strange to others, but if you'd been to Europe, you'd look about normal. You see them here—in berets, caps, cigaret holders, da wooks!...

"To date have just read two of the articles. The one, 'Our Hidden Children' by Arthur J. Burks, is everything that Alice said it was. It is a very fine article and I shall follow it closely. I suppose it is Mr. Burks's 'magnificent obsession'?

"What strange attraction does an adult human being have, male or female, that they are called to 'train' these children? Who is being trained—the child or the teacher? Who actually suffers—the child? or the parents to whom it becomes a life-long burden, not to overlook the possibility that it might also infringe upon the rights and privileges of its brothers and sisters in the event the parents cannot stand the strain of it, and die, much to their relief? Children of imbecility, idiocy, or mongoloids are hardly capable of mental suffering. Physical, perhaps, and God forbid that they endure it, but there is no pain so terrible as mental.

"And how many of those parents of those children are not suffering by punishing themselves? I know a Catholic couple to whom a retarded boy was born. They had on one or two occasions practiced birth control. So, after this boy's birth, they decided that God was punishing them for their sins and the sin, of course, was birth control. Thereafter they began to have one child after another, not only to carry on the 'faith' but because they were punishing themselves.

"I could never reconcile myself to the notion that God punishes us at the expense of someone else, although God that He is, it is certainly His prerogative to do so. But a just God I cannot imagine would do this. Are we not rewarded eternally? Then why are we punished in the course of our existence, or, are we being punished to the third and fourth generations? Maybe by now you

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get the impression that I feel Arthur J. Burks's calling is a lost cause.

"So long as I'm blowing my stack, I might as well make the sky the limit. Why not go toot a horn, then, to give these parents financial aid? Any parent having the responsibility of one of these children needs a lot of help and sympathy, and sometimes, their finances are very strained trying to pay individual schooling, etc., for them... If we take up money for polio victims, palsy victims, heart victims, why not take up money for parents whose financial burdens are pushed to the limit because they, through no fault of their own, have given birth to a mongoloid?

"And while you're at it, why not a drive for people with acne, rickets, scurvy, false teeth, etc."--Ruth Yerks, Butzback, Germany.

..:..:..: Pardon my bragging, but thought you should know how popular and well-known Joanna and Hardin Walsh

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The ABERREE

Box 528 - Enid, Okla.

are becoming. I'm enclosing a copy of a program where they spoke yesterday (March 21). This was a repeat performance and when they spoke at Barker Bros. previously, the audience requested they be brought back.

"March 11, they were invited to talk on reincarnation to a young married group of about 300 at the Community church at Manhattan Beach. Their president wrote, thanking the Walshes, saying it was the largest turn-out they had ever had.."

"Since I work here at the Council, I am in a position to know they are doing a terrific job."--Bernice Isaacson, Los Angeles, Calif.

:: :: ::

"My experience with marriage has brought home to me a factor I had not previously realized--that hearing your wife called by her new married name restimulates the husband's facsimiles concerning his mother! To

illustrate: To Mr. X, before marriage, the phrase 'Mrs. X' refers to Mother! The phrase 'Mrs. X' naturally brings to mind any painful memories concerning Mother. Then Mr. X marries, and what does he hear his wife called? Why, 'Mrs. X', of course. So there is a subconscious tendency on Mr. X's part to transfer to the wife any latent hostility he has felt toward his mother--and that is what I think is the basis for difficulties in marriages.

"I suggest that it would be far better for men to change their last names when they marry. Women give up their last names, hence are not subject to the type of restimulation mentioned. If a woman can give up her last name, why not the man also, with a new name to be selected which should be different from both of their family names?"--Mark L. Gallert, Now Somewhere in Texas.

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of the Zero
Charged

By Philip Friedman

The neutron is the zero charged nucleus of the atom. It is zero charged because it is both and therefore neither the proton and/or the anti-proton.

Prof. Geo. Gamow has found that neutrons pack together so tightly, that a cubic inch of them would weigh 50,000 tons. Recent figures are very much higher. In fact, the weight of the whole universe seems to be tied up in the hypothetical zero point of each atom's center.

This terrific AFFINITY of these INfinites is the Great White Brotherhood, which initiates into whiteness the entire spectrum of positives and negatives focused to a point. The nucleus is the Congregation of God, the Christ Brotherhood. It is the automatic, effortless, undirected, spontaneous, all inclusive, clinging together of the Brotherhood of Zeros. This affinity is God Love Incorporated. The Alchemists called it the Glue of the White Eagle.

To be lodged in this Rose Cross--in this One-ing X-ing Chi Rho--to be initiated into this Brotherhood of the INFINITES, the initiation fee is the initiate--charge zero. Non-zeros, who are heavily laden with the burdens of plus and minus charges, need not apply, because their camels cannot pass through the door, the eye of the nucleic needle. The ex-voto, the initiation fee, is too high--so "theirs is the agony of waiting".

Initiation is intuition, and INTUITION IS NOT tuition.

The Voice of the Infinites is in the Silence of the Universal Confraternity of zero-charged neutrons.

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A reviewer writes; "Has the power of a thousand lightning bolts cleaving the grim darkness of the dishonoring of sex and the human body."

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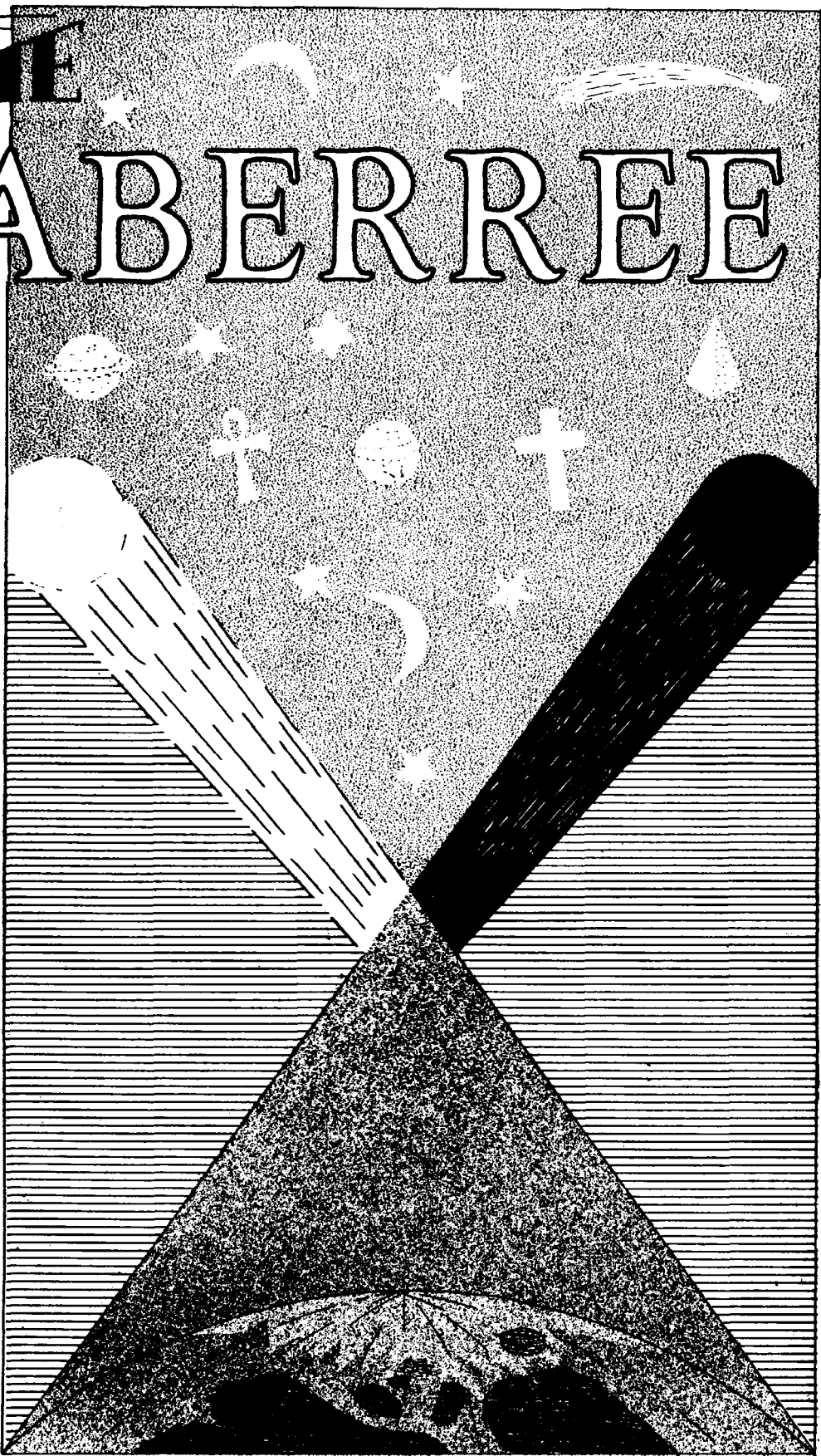


THE ABERREE

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VOL. 3
NO. 3

"In my
Father's
house
are many
mansions..."





VOL. III, NO. 3
JUNE, 1956

Recusant Voice of "The Infinites" for Saturn, Earth, Mars, Pluto, Venus, and Zydokumzruskehen

Published Mostly in the Dark of the Moon—10 Moons a Year—at 207 N. Washington,
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Editor: The Rev. Mr. Dr. ALPHIA OMEGA HART, I-2, D.D., D.Sc., F.Sc., B.Sc.,
HCA, HDA.

Publisher: AGNES ALICE HART, I-1, HCA, SEC., WFE., ETC.

POLICY: Don't take it so damn seriously. The tomorrow you're worried about today
will amuse and entertain historians yesterday.

Sub-Policy: We reserve the right to change our minds from issue to issue, or even from
page to page, if we desire.

Sub-Sub-Policy: Each man has the inherent right to be his own "Authority".

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in advance. Copy must be in 30 days prior to date of publication.

RIDICULE MAY A "meanest man",
DO WHAT HATE according to a ridi-
NEVER CAN DO culing news headline
writer, can be almost
any thief who takes with little fi-
nancial gain—be he the man (or wom-
an) who helps himself to a child's
candy, or pulls flowers from a ceme-
tery plot, or drops money he knows
to be counterfeit in the pillar of
the church: the collection plate.
Because of this scorn and ridicule,
"meanest man" stories are rarities—
and you'll never find "meanest men"
writing confessions in the lurid
sensational markets.

Although it is doubtful if any
headline writer gave this type of
thief the tag of "meanest man" with
any psychological intent, his ridi-
cule may have pointed the way to
handle other types of thuggery, now
accepted as more or less respecta-
ble, even if not thoroughly condoned.

The Eighteenth Amendment died,
not because its proponents suddenly
about-faced, but mainly because of
ridicule. Remember the long-faced
"scarecrow" with his umbrella and
high silk hat? If this same type of
ridicule were to be directed toward
the now-glamorized burglar, bandit,
thief, and politician, might not
these "players of a game" be shamed
into repealing themselves.

The bandit (if caught) gets a few
years in prison—and a million dol-
lars worth of ego-building publici-
ty. The politician gets elected—and
pensioned. The public gets ulcers
and high blood pressure.

What is the alternative to ridi-
cule? What might happen to a nation
which tires of being sucked to death
by these political vampires?

Mr. A got so disgusted with the
way his country was being run that
he started a campaign to make birth
control an integral part of the Amer-
ican scene, since his "representa-
tives" were doing nothing to reduce
a staggering national debt, which
was passed down to his children's
children. He'd foil these dirty "so-
and-so's" in Washington, and Oklaho-
ma City, and Albany, and other seats
of government.

The campaign was so successful
that when Mr. A and his followers
got old, there was no one to pay
them pensions. And so, in putting
the politicians in their places, Mr.
A, and millions like him, died in
poverty.

Mr. B, who'd honestly (well, as
honestly as most of his neighbors)
filled out his income tax blank,
found himself in difficulties with

his local revenue collector, an of-
ficious, sadistic nincompoop. Mr. B
had read about how the Communists
wouldn't testify at the various and
sundry investigations spawned by a
few headline-hunting congressmen,
claiming the Fifth Amendment to the
Constitution protected them from
having to testify against them-
selves.

Filling out an income tax blank,
Mr. B had discovered, was testifying
against himself. If he made an er-
ror, he could be hailed into court
for it—maybe even thrown into bank-
ruptcy or prison. So Mr. B, and an
increasing number of his neighbors,
began refusing to fill out the funny
little blank spaces on this annual
nightmare, demanding the protection
of the Fifth Amendment.

The tax-collecting nincompoop
raved and ranted, but there was lit-
tle he could do about it. The law
was the law, and even he wasn't big
enough to repeal the Constitution.

So, they collected no taxes. And
the national debt got bigger and
bigger, because the politicians had
the odd idea that they and their
families and their supporters' fam-
ilies still had to eat. Things got
worse and worse. Pretty soon, things
even got so bad that everybody on
the government payroll except the
politicians lost their jobs, and
even the politicians were having
trouble getting their checks cashed.
Eventually, everything went to piec-
es, and the Communists came in and
took over the country, and they did
away with the national debt. Also,
they did away with the politicians,
which wouldn't have been so bad but
they did away with the Fifth Amend-
ment, too.

But that doesn't bother Mr. B. He
hasn't any money, and hasn't had for
a long time—nor is he likely to
have. In a concentration camp, you
are lucky even to get something to
eat.

Mr. C was a writer and lecturer—
able to hold an audience spell-bound
for hours. He discovered early that
by addressing an audience at its own
tone level, he could practically get
them to agree to almost anything he
said. So, many became suddenly aware
that doctors were incompetent exper-
imenters, psychologists and psychia-
trists were frauds and liars, police
were ignorant bullies, and preachers
were well-fed leeches preying on the
fears of mankind. Even the bodies
man used were bits of flotsam in a
decayed universe. It made people
bitter and angry—not at the lectur-

er, who was pointing out all these
"bad" things "over there", but they
began to look suspiciously at every-
one with whom they had to deal.

In doing this, they discovered
that the lecturer, himself, by his
own actions, was somewhat reprehen-
sible—and with their one "guiding
light" dimmed, they were left in a
darkness of total hate. It was (or
had been) a wonderful world—but it
had been taught to despise seriously
even its own bodies.

About that time, the morons play-
ing with atomic bombs and hydrogen
bombs and other destructive forces
let their playthings get out of
hand. They blew up the entire plan-
et. But no one cared. By that time,
Mr. A and Mr. B and Mr. C had prac-
tically destroyed all in it that was
worth anything, anyway.

What's the moral of all this? Who
said there was going to be a moral?
Leave that to those who write fables
and fiction. But if you must have a
platitude, you might say:

Hate gives beingness to that
which is despised. That which is
ridiculed to shame corrects itself.

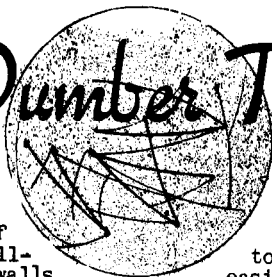
CANCEL-PROOF Last month, the C.
CERTIFICATES A.D.A. announced that
IS WISE PLAN it was setting up a
system of certifica-
tion for Dianetic and Scientology
auditors that would conform to stan-
dards of training and practice. To
obtain a certificate, a practitioner
must pass an examination—and prove
his proficiency.

For six or seven years, persons
able to pay \$500 or more for six
weeks or so of listening to lectures
and tapes have been issued a variety
of plain and fancy certificates,
purporting to give them rights to
practice Dianetics and/or Scientol-
ogy. It is doubtful if Headquarters
even has a record of those certified
in the past, or if it would recog-
nize many of them if they did have
such a record. At one time, when we
had been hired to "manage" the Pho-
enix office of the NAS, we discovered
to our consternation that there was
no such record of certificates is-
sued prior to May, 1952, and only
through the kindness of the head of
one of the Scientology "schools"
were we able to get his listing of
more than 400 persons who had taken
one of the courses and been duly
certified as an "auditor".

As all in "the field" know, early
certificates have been invalidated
by later certificates which in turn
were invalidated by still later
ones. New initials, certifying to
various degrees of honorary or pro-
fessional standing, are issued al-
most as often as the organization
shifts from one location to another
—which is pretty often. Actually, a
certificate has no more value nor
importance than what you, yourself,
wish to give it. Having one won't
improve your work, nor being without
one make you less capable. We, our-
selves, could cover a small wall
with the dozen or so duly-signed
pieces of fancy paper issued to us
for one course or another, but we
doubt if the entire lot, if convert-
ed into cash, would pay the sales
tax on a five-cent cigar.

The action of the California
group is in the right direction. The
CADA is proving that Dianetics has,
in fact, been given to man, and that
men—part of them, at least—are go-
ing to keep the "bills of sale"
(certificates) for this "gift" for
which they paid \$500 to \$800—plus
countless sacrifices in time and
loyalty.

We're Even Dumber Than Martians



TIER 88-008, ZYDOKUMZRUSKEHEN --Need I tell you that my visit to Earth, and to your insignificant cubicle, was one of the most memorable events of my present existence? I've been telling my concubines how you build walls of processed nothings around you to control temperatures, yet use these self-same walls to control the entrance and exit of other human beings who permit such barriers to control their goings and comings.

"You mean, they're SOLID?" Malogey, my favorite, asked. She's the probing type, and can ask more questions in a clock's tick than a fly can lay eggs in a lifetime.

"No--no more than we are," I told her. "They just think they are--and go around bumping into things, and hurting themselves when they fall, or stumble against a few bits of syncompating atoms."

"They're almost as dumb as the Martians," she said. "Of course, we know why the Martians pretend they're solid; they haven't any extra wives to adjust their atoms when they get involved with other material manifestations."

"Earth people have plenty of women--but each man has only one--well, one at a time," I told her, and explained about your social and marriage laws.

"Then they're dumber than Martians," she said. "Who does all the work, if they have but one concubine per man?"

"They do it themselves--or hire it done," I explained.

"Hum-m-m," she said. And again, "Hum-m-m," when the calculating look in her eye made me suspect she might be up to something. Anyway, I told her how Earthians went on emotional "jags", as you call them, and even use different types of liquid, smoke, and powders when they are unable to get sufficient sensations from their own imaginings.

She looked at me very suspiciously. "And what kind of 'jag' were you on when you saw these humans bumping into walls and other humans?" she asked.

But you can see why I never can bring any of my concubines to Earth. It takes three per man to keep our atoms adjusted when they get a bit out of place as we move with complete freedom in or through anything on this planet. I hope that in talking to my concubines, I haven't planted any seeds of emancipation.

I've been thinking quite a bit about your ignorance of anything outside your own universe--and from the way you handle your negatives (your females), you're not even very bright about what's going on inside it. But how could you be (when you permit a few atoms to block you from something only inches away) able to know what's going on a million miles or so in space?

On the way home, I took a side junket to Mars, and happened to mention that I'd been to Earth. I was surrounded by knowing grins.

"They think we're a dead planet," one of my Martian friends said. "And we're willing to let them keep on thinking so. Why, those savages..."

I had to agree with him that you are a bit war-like--especially against anything you don't understand, which is almost everything.

"These tubes that connect our cities," an-

other friend said. "They even think they're canals. It'd be ridiculous, if it weren't so pitiful. We put our cities underground and construct interconnecting tubes to each on the surface because it's easier than tunneling. In the larger Earthian cities, they put their cities on the surface and run their transportation tubes underground. We suppose they have a sensible reason, but none of our scientists has been able to figure it out."

Martians, for your information, are big, handsome brutes, covered completely with soft, thick fur, or hair. Mars, as you probably know, is much colder than Earth, and that's why the cities went underground where temperatures could be controlled, somewhat as you do your buildings. To go from one section to another, you take a lift to the surface, pick a tube going your way, and you're off. There are many crossroads where you can change to tubes going in other directions, so all cities are connected, as you can see.

And everybody's happy.

So, the next time you hear someone speak of the "ugly, green Martians that look like grasshoppers", you can explain that those who have green fur, or hair, are far from ugly, but are descendants of the class that once ruled Mars before people learned that they could live more co-operatively without appointive bosses to tell them what to do and how to do it.

Also, the idea that these tubes are "canals" must stem from your compulsive aberration that people must have food and that food must grow and growing things must be green and must be fed by water, and water must be kept in channels, or canals. I presume you have fun: I enjoyed the few days I spent with you, but I'd hate to know that I must spend an entire lifetime of such limitations.

Some of the persons to whom I have shown *The ABERREE* are a bit amazed at your level of communication.

"You mean, they must put their thoughts into symbols and imprint these on thin sheets of nothingness for others to interpret?" they ask. I tell them that it is evidence of your stage of evolution--that eventually you, too, will discover that thought waves can be heard as easily and as noisily as those radio waves your neighbor was getting which seemed to annoy you so much. They shake their heads in wonderment--and I am reminded of the book you showed me--the "Almanac", wasn't it?--by Jonathan Smith, telling of the travels of a man named "Gullible", I think it was. Although I was not a giant among Lilliputians while in your city, the skepticism with which my stories are accepted augments the parallel. If it were not for the physical evidence I had in copies of *The ABERREE*, I might have been exiled into one of the space ships where we put our incurable psychotics. By the way, I understand some of these spatial asylums have been having a bit of fun in your atmosphere. "Flying saucers", I think your people call them. Please, even though these are our discards, they're harmless--if you let them alone.

Eventually, maybe, we can bring you to Zydokumzruskehen by the same method we use to bring in copies of *The ABERREE*, but I do not

suggest it at this time for fear you could not stand the shock of a wall-less world where people are free to go where and when they will, even through you, if that is the shortest way. But we'll see. Your formation of "The Infinites" is a step in the right direction, and I am glad to know you are willing to SAY all things are possible, even though you still do not believe and understand your own words.

My infinite best to you, too.

According to "The World Almanac", Tucson is not the Capitol of Arizona. But neither is Los Angeles, nor Fort Worth.

Nothing in the affairs of mankind is worth serious anxiety.--Plato

THE COVER--DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU

If you think you've seen this month's cover before, you have--or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Originally, this was to be used every month, a sort of "trade mark", but innovations crept in, and the "old standby" got pushed back month after month until we dusted it off more than a year later. We like what it symbolizes--that no one "ism" offers much more than any other "ism"--except a different form of slavery for those who buy one to the exclusion of all others. There is symbolism in the positive and negative "suns", too, for those in an interpretive mood.

Why Struggle to Be Right? You Always Are

BY C. ARTHUR PICKERING

EVERYBODY knows we are complicated beings. Thousands of years have been spent studying the structure and function of man. We have a conscious mind, a subconscious mind, a super-conscious mind, an ego, and Id ad nauseum. All we really have is a darn' fine person with a very good brain that is built to give one anything he wants, whether it's good for him or not (he thinks). At least, it is good at the moment he wants it.

We wanted a car and saw one on a used car lot that looked just right. It was several days before we took the time to stop and dicker for it. It was yellow and trimmed with white, which didn't matter because it was the body and make we wanted. When we did stop to examine it, we discovered it had been wrecked and under the beauty was a worn-out machine. So we went to a dealer with a fair choice of new cars. The dealer said the color choice was limited. He had only red cars left, but color didn't matter, so we went ahead to deal. When the new car was delivered, it was a beautiful yellow with white trim! We had forgotten to "turn off" the first picture!

We have a body. It is directed through a brain--a simple little device that we divide into three functioning areas. One we call all kinds of names, but generally "the conscious mind". This is the part of the brain that we use to plan things and analyze situations. It

can get all fouled up with misapplied knowledge or lack of data. We can improve its functioning through education, reading, and so forth. The next is the part of the brain called "the subconscious mind". Its main function is the direction of muscle movement and memory. It didn't exist as a subconscious mind until we built it by forgetting things and getting stiff joints and muscles. It just functioned. We can improve its functioning by practicing memory exercises and remembering what and why we did things yesterday or last week or last year. As we do this, we get more flexible, less tense, more active. Or, we can join a gym class, go in for active sports and dancing, turn hand-springs from the bedroom to the breakfast table, or what is your choice? As we do these things we will notice our memory improving. Only a total paralytic stuck in present time could have a subconscious mind. This is a completely reversible equation: Each one will improve the other.

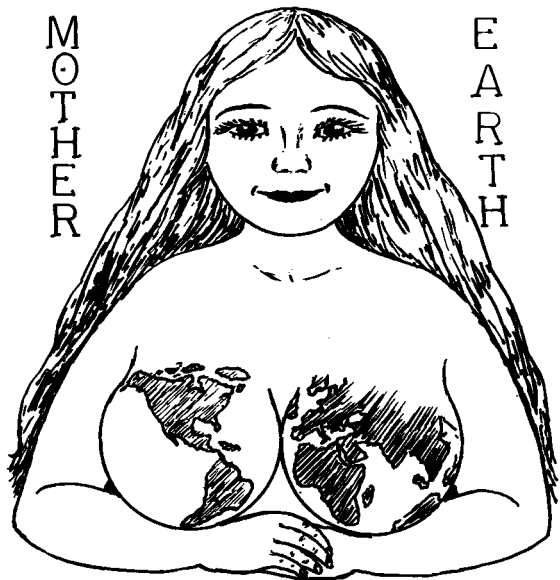
The function of that part of the brain called the super-conscious mind is to get the things or bring things to us. The clothes we wear, our cars, our homes, even our friends, are the result of the use of the super-conscious mind. To understand and consciously use and improve this function, use the subconscious to feel the way the body feels when we get something we knew we were going to get. Practice this until we can create, with the conscious mind, the same feeling when we want something new. Any baby knows one has to DO something to get what one wants--cry for food, get wet and then cry for clean clothes--and every successful method is continued until it fails completely, and is then changed. If a baby can get changed, can't you?

Self-help courses are designed to point out things you can do to achieve any goal you desire, and counselors or teachers are available in most areas, as well as study groups dedicated to learning how one may improve his functioning in his environment. Remember, the way you are now is the result of your successes, so quit struggling to be right. You always were right. You can't be more than right, can you? You can, however, decide that you want something different today, like whipped cream on your pie, and have it. It might take a little work--like whipping the cream. Keep it simple. There are no secrets.

"A little child shall lead them." All the answers you need are in this message (and nearly every other article on improvement you ever read). Follow through--and go one step beyond.

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Each moment of time is as boundless as a pound of space.--From the "Devil's Sage-box".



The Editor Gets Some 'Processing'

THE DIRT-CAKED car with the bent fenders wheezed to a stammering stop in front of the office, and a man got out. He stretched, shook the dust from his lap, and looked around. I was watching him from my desk which faced the street, saw him pause momentarily at the parking meter, smile in satisfaction at the time still remaining from the last generous occupant of this parking space, and cross the sidewalk.

He opened the door, stood blinking in the comparative darkness of eight fluorescent lights.

"You're--you're not Alpha Hart?" he asked, suspiciously.

I disagreed with him--but only to the extent of nodding my head.

"I recognized the green eyeshade," he said, grinning. "But the horns--I, well, I really thought maybe you did have horns." He pointed to his own forehead.

"You must be a Diantologist," I said, rising to greet him.

He nodded, and we shook hands. "I'm Dr. _____, Doctor of Scientology," he said, and for a moment, I thought his fumbling hands were searching for his certificate to prove his words, but he came up merely with a pack of cigarets. "I came to--well, I understood you needed some auditing. I wanted to help."

"Whom do you want to help?" I asked. "Me?"

"Sure," he said, lighting his cigaret. Then from the counter he picked up a copy of the current ABERREE and began to turn the pages. Now and then he stopped, read for awhile, and turned another page. I waited, and waited, and waited.

"Imagine a problem you can be to yourself," he said, after we had seated ourselves in uncomfortable steel chairs moved into the back room.

"What kind of a problem?" I asked.

He consulted a little pamphlet taken from the jungles of his coat, and without looking up, repeated: "Imagine a problem you can be to yourself."

"Well," I said, kicking this around a bit in my mind. "I could advertise myself as having infinite answers to unsolvable questions."

"Let's be serious," he growled.

I shrugged. "Would it be O.K. with you if I imagined myself to be the keeper of a parking meter in an African jungle?"

My auditor looked up startled, then turned back to his pamphlet. I tried to see what it was, but he turned away from me, and in a voice that wavered slightly, he parroted: "Imagine a problem you can be to yourself."

This guy's got a cracked record, I thought. Aloud: "Well, I could be the sole owner of a bag of desiccating powder stored under a sieve at the bottom of the ocean."

"What's a bag of desiccating powder?" he demanded. Then added, quickly: "I'm sorry. I should have said what kind of a problem can you be to yourself."

"You did say that," I reminded him. "Did you want to say it again?"

He nodded, and said it again.

"I could be a farmer on the dry bed of the Salton Sea, living off the hay I harvested at 10 cents a ton," I said.

"But they couldn't grow--I'm sorry," he

said. "What kind of an imagination could you problem yourself to be?"

The com-lag was getting shorter, and I replied quickly: "Well, I could be the auditor assigned to find Enos, Oklahoma, on the map, so I could audit out the poison radiation from an atomic bomb."

I could see from his open mouth that my auditor once had had a tonsil operation. "What could yourself problem your imagination to be?" he stammered, when he got his jaws operating again.

"How about a street sweeper with a toothbrush after a spring blizzard?" I asked. "Or a priest selling Bibles at a Scientology convention? Or I could be an artist trying to sell nude studies at a nudist camp?"

My auditor was beginning to fidget in his chair, and get a bit red across the forehead.

"Spot a spot in space," he said, suddenly, stopping my flow of problems.

"What kind of a spot?" I asked.

"Any kind of a spot," he snapped.

"Big spot? or little spot?" I asked. "And what color would you like?"

"I don't care!" he yelled. "Just spot a spot in space!"

I pointed to a little green production, scintillating just over our heads. And as I pointed, it turned red around the edges, and began to dance sprightly.

"Yeow!" my auditor yelled. "What's that? Is that a bug? Don't let it near me. I'm allergic to bug bites."

I grinned, and the spot went away.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," I said, "Why?"

"Well, you know, Doctors of Scientology usually get \$25 an hour for auditing?" he said, raising his voice in a tentative whine.

It was my turn to nod. "Would you settle for a cup of coffee, and a bowl of cereal--shredded wheat, sprinkled with Grape-nuts and wheat-germ?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

"But you'd better put a nickel in that parking meter out there," I said. "Your hour's almost up, and they give traffic tickets here for over-parking."

"I ain't got a nickel," he confessed.

So, we took care of his material needs, and with some gasoline we bought for him at the filling station across the street, he went on his way rejoicing. In his pocket, of course, to read at his leisure, were some back copies of The ABERREE.

Also, we gave him one of Volney Mathison's "Dollar Meters"--that little crystal ball that will give you all the answers to any question you might ask, as well as tell you whether the food you are about to eat is going to kill you or just make you sick. We figured that, if our problems were of so much concern to him, his problems were even much greater, because we discovered early in auditing that most auditors almost invariably will run on their pre-clears that which should be run on themselves.

All this may not mean much to many of our readers, but we just wanted to explain why you should expect a higher tone publication out of The Editor in the future. He'd heard that he "might" have his insanity taken care of with some of the latest super-duper-cooper-pooper techniques--and we guess this was it.

Hain't life wonderful? We, too, love everybody, even those who are NOT squirrels.

Act Out, and Get, a New Emotion

DO YOU ever have a task you want to do but don't get around to doing for that very "good" reason that, well, "I don't feel like it"?

In our society, during work and even pleasure, the plaint that "I don't feel like it" is the biggest enemy of our getting things done in an enjoyable manner. During our daily work we are forced to perform many tasks that we "don't feel like doing" and thus cause conflict, strain, and weariness in ourselves.

It may seem an extraordinary thing to you, who are subject to passing moods of depression, boredom, resentment, and occasional cheerfulness and exhilaration, to learn that your emotions CAN be controlled, turned on and off as you wish, and that you can CHOOSE your emotion and hold it.

First, what IS emotion? We cannot go too deeply into the how and why of the source of emotion since this article is concerned with CONTROL of emotion, but this much can be said: emotions are learned things, habit-patterns of response which we pick up from others. Basically, there is but one emotion in the universe and this is Love, not as we socially understand it, but as a pure and neutrally benevolent force which intangibly endeavors to draw all things, all organisms, together into a unified and harmonious WHOLE. This is the "Love of God", the essence of the universe which permeates us all -- and which we take and manipulate into the social range of emotions we know, even into hate and fear.

Now, then, let us move from the universal to the practical. Let us state the physiological basis of emotion which will be the principle by means of which we can control our feelings.

Emotion is the result of external and internal physical actions. That is, your feelings stem from your outward behavior, movements like smiling or scowling or walking briskly, and from your internal behavior, your muscular, glandular, and nerve-system actions.

In other words, your emotions are seated in your body, in its functions. In fact, not only are the emotions seated in the body, but so also are all the personality drives which make up the social "mind".

In psychology, the "James-Lange theory" postulates the basis of emotion as being in the body. It is stated that "the emotional feeling is the mental sequel to muscular tensions". Or that "emotion and physical action are reciprocal" -- i.e., each one affects the other.

Rev. James Welgos, in his "Lessons in Living", demonstrates that by "internal awareness" of our body structures, we can discover the seat of our emotions, mind, and memories. We have seen that there is nothing "subconscious" in ourselves but what we make so -- and, moreover, that there is nothing in ourselves but what we have put there, in the passive process of learning from others. We learned our emotional responses, hence we can begin learning to control them directly again.

The process is simple, homely, not at all complex, as you will see. Emotion is the result of external and internal behavior. This means that if you wish to be cheerful, you must ACT cheerfully.

You feel the way you behave: At the moment

you are feeling rather "low", your internal glandular and muscular functions are turning on "low" feelings, in response to some stimulus.

If you really wish to be cheerful, you must begin ACTING AS IF YOU WERE CHEERFUL. Moreover, you must keep these actions going. If you are talking to someone, talk cheerfully. If you are walking somewhere, walk with a sprightly, alert demeanor.

Now comes the point which is most important and which has been missed by the psychologists. Welgos states: "You must learn to agree, or not agree, with the sensations in your body. What you 'agree to', in your feelings, you retain."

This means that, if you are acting cheerfully to overcome depression, you must not AGREE with the sensations in your body which could keep you depressed. Get the actions going (all external thus far, you will note) which "speak" cheerfulness--you know, the little actions you go through with your face, lips, arms, hands, and other body-parts when you are happy. Turn them on, focus on them, and do not agree with any depressed feeling.

I am not asking you to BE cheerful--something which few people can do. I am asking you to ACT AS IF you were cheerful for the prime purpose of starting physiological actions which will, of themselves, MAKE you really feel cheerful.

If you act cheerful--pour yourself into the feeling you are acting--you suddenly find you ARE cheerful. This is not wishful thinking. It is the following of the law of "That which you give attention to, you get". The results INEVITABLY come if you perform the actions correctly and with persistence.

In addition to external actions, you can begin focusing on internal actions -- not only disagreeing with the unwanted feeling of depression, but also "imagining" cheerfulness within you. Or, to put it another way, remember the feeling of cheerfulness you've had and build this memory (such a memory is itself basically physiological) up and up until you can really feel it within you.

Actually, the external actions of cheerfulness will bring the internal, glandular, and muscular actions along in their stead. But if you want to speed up the taking on of a new mood, the focus on an internal sensation, through memory, will assist you.

To sum up--I feel depressed but want to be cheerful. So I begin acting cheerful, really making my actions, especially my actions and speech toward others, cheerful and confident. The feeling of depression inside me does not go immediately, but I do not agree with it, I do not permit myself to "droop" back to it. If I am by myself, I imagine or remember the actual physiological feeling of cheerfulness within me. Within seconds, or even 15 to 60 minutes, depending on the deepness of the mood I am overcoming, I literally AM cheerful, and go my way enjoying whatever I'm doing.

Moods vary, and some take a little longer to overcome than others. Not only depression but also fear and inferiority feelings can be overcome; the technique is always the same. You can choose ANY mood you want--confidence, happiness, contentment, etc.-- they will all "turn on" if only you will take the actions to turn them on.

OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN



By ARTHUR J. BURKS

This series of articles may startle some; to others, it will be repulsively out of place in a magazine such as *The ABERREE*. But there are times when even we can be serious.

Described herein is the Child Guidance Center of Lancaster, Penn. Since there are an estimated 4,000,000 of these "unfinished children", it could be, may be, next door.

After the abridged manuscript has been printed serially in *The ABERREE*, the book will be published and the profits donated by Mr. Burks toward helping these hapless victims of a so-far unexplained genetic tragedy. Maybe the mental therapists among our readers will have some idea as to how they can help, too.--The EDITOR.

What Can Be Done About the Genetic Tragedies?

7. LONNIE

LONNIE is a handsome child of nine. He has now spent one year in the House on Martha Avenue and has made no advance whatever. So say the records. Lonnie is not a mongoloid. His mother believes he's the way he is because her labor when he was born was so long and difficult. But nobody knows. It's imperative that somebody learn, for there are many in the nation like Lonnie--none knows how many because all subnormals are lumped together in the submerged four million.

Lonnie has a beautiful smile. His face and eyes are expressive. Watching him, one expects him to rise up suddenly in revolt against his own presence among mongoloids. He never does. He rebels, but against other, more obscure things. He speaks, a word that sounds like "yes". But that one word is the answer to everything. He speaks no other.

But he laughs. That's the startling thing about Lonnie, his laughter. It breaks forth suddenly, for no apparent reason, if he happens to be alone or with more than three or four persons. His mother reports that he stands, if given a chance, before a mirror at home, and laughs and laughs. This wouldn't be so bad if, while he laughed, he didn't tear his cheeks with his fingernails, leaving real scratches. His mother stopped this by pasting cellophane over the mirror. Lonnie stopped laughing in the mirror, and clawing himself, though he can still see himself through the cellophane.

Why does he not laugh hysterically when he is with three or four of his schoolmates, though one or more of them may laugh hysterically? Why must he burst out with laughter when surrounded by more than three or four? Is there here a hint of claustrophobia? If so, how is it expressed, since closed rooms quiet rather than make him tense?

The principal feels that he laughs at himself because he knows, though he can't say it, that there is much he should say, and do, and be, that simply won't come out. Does he scratch himself with some idea that he'll open a way by which to express himself? Medical examinations find nothing physically wrong.

"Lonnie is a challenge," says the principal. "There's something, just in back, just beyond . . ." She shrugs. She hasn't "found" Lonnie. She hasn't given up hope, but time is passing. He looks so wise, so appealing.

There is one thing about Lonnie; when one discusses him, he always knows, or seems to know, that he is being discussed.

"Even when he's in another room, with the door closed," whispers the principal, turning her back on Lonnie, "I feel as if he hears, and understands. But why doesn't he come out and ask?"

It is again the room before the toilet. This is the basic place. The visitor has

agreed to help with Lonnie. Any visitor may find a string that the principal, with all her dedication, has missed. That's one of the awesome things about these women who work with the variously feeble-minded: they know how little they know. They don't produce degrees from famous colleges and universities to prove they know everything. It takes the feeble-minded to humble the intelligent.

The rites are prolonged, so the visitor studies Lonnie. The principal has asked him if he'd care to play with toys in a tall closet.

Lonnie's expressive eyes look into the toys, not one at a time, but the mass. Is he selecting? He sits on his legs, tucked back under him, feet on either side of his buttocks. He's supple, almost loose-jointed. His arms dangle. His hands brush the floor. His eyes move over the toys.

"He may sit like that for hours," says the principal. "He'll look at the others as they select toys before his eyes, as if he couldn't understand how they can select toys, when he can't."

Lonnie turns and looks steadily, smilingly, first at the principal, then at the visitor. His big eyes ask such questions. Principal and visitor see the hysterical laughter start in Lonnie, deep down. But Lonnie knows instantly that the laughter bubbles. He thrusts his right forefinger into his mouth, bites down, and the laughter is stilled before it can get started.

The visitor wonders if, by some chance, Lonnie hears what the principal says, deep inside himself, where nobody normal could possibly hear. The visitor turns his face, his eyes, and his thoughts on Lonnie. In the midst of the toys in the closet there is a white, foot-long fire engine.

"Look at the white fire engine!" the visitor thinks at Lonnie.

Is it coincidence that Lonnie seems to look at the toys in detail rather than in the mass, and at the white fire engine specifically? He shakes his head.

"Put your hand (the visitor doesn't specify which hand) on the white fire engine."

Instantly Lonnie shakes his head. He looks at the visitor, as if not sure he has heard aright, or heard at all. Meeting the visitor's eyes, he looks back at the toy closet. His left hand moves out, hovers over the white fire engine, is withdrawn on another shake of the head.

"Put your hand on the white fire engine," says the visitor, mentally. "Go ahead, touch it."

Lonnie touches the white fire engine with his left hand.

"Put your other hand," the visitor murmurs inside himself. "Put your other hand on the white fire engine."

Lonnie hesitates, long. Then he puts his left hand on the small crank which winds the engine, while his right hand, fluttering and light as a feather of a small bird, hovers over the chassis of the white fire engine.

"Grasp the white fire engine," thinks the

visitor. "Take it out onto the floor."

Lonnie responds instantly. He seems on the verge of obedience. Then he shakes his head. Then he sits back. The principal, not knowing, steps to the closet and takes out the white fire engine, places it in front of Lonnie. Lonnie draws back, as if afraid. He stares at the fire engine as if he wonders how it got there. But when the principal and visitor look away, he moves the white fire engine back and forth.

The visitor sits beside Lonnie on the floor, this in spite of the way the principal explains that she works: "I don't go into the children's world to help them. There is so little in their still world that can help them. I seek to bring them into my world, where there are new things for them to know. It isn't the right approach, I think, to become a child to train or educate children. We are not training or teaching children to become children, which they already are. We're training or teaching them to become older than they are, to make progress into the future."

But the visitor, in effect, descends to Lonnie, seeking knowledge of Lonnie.

"Lonnie," says the visitor softly, aloud. Lonnie ignores the visitor, but shakes his head as if he said: "There's no use; it's no good." He turns partly away.

"Lonnie," the visitor repeats, but this time he does the obvious; he softly croons, or chants, the name. And Lonnie responds instantly. He turns back, with his handsome smile--and the visitor makes a mistake. He thrusts out his hand to Lonnie. Lonnie brushes the hand brusquely aside. No matter, even negative responses may prove valuable. Lonnie's left hand lies listlessly open on Lonnie's knee. The visitor places his own hand beside that of Lonnie. Lonnie brushes it away, more forcefully this time, and turns his back. Instantly the visitor retreats to his chair, and Lonnie turns again. He locks eyes with the visitor. His expression is not resentful, apologetic. It is, if anything, a frank mute statement:

"Don't experiment with me! Don't get too friendly too fast! Don't forget to consider my human dignity."

It's time for the bus to take the children home, and Lonnie is instructed by the principal to put the toys away. She does this in a series of brisk commands, each of which Lonnie obeys instantly, without the slightest hesitation, and without mistakes. He may throw the toys back into the closet; he may throw wooden blocks into their boxes; he may slam both sides of the door too hard, and close the wrong side first--but he does do what the principal bids him.

In the main room of the House on Martha Avenue, children who can dress themselves do so. Lonnie dons his jacket and cap. He manages to don his left rubber. It's a cold wet day, and scarves, rubbers, thick jackets, and earmuffs are needed, though not every child has them all.

Lonnie finds himself unable to don his right rubber. He goes through the motions, but they don't produce results. He sits, waiting for someone to help him, or don the rubber for him. The room is busy with many children.

A teacher pulls on Lonnie's right rubber. He bursts into hysterical laughter. It's difficult not to believe that Lonnie isn't pulling everybody's legs.

He ceases laughing when one of the teachers forms the children in column behind her for the march out to the bus.

Outside, filing into the bus, the laughter of the children--of mongoloid, feeble-minded, cerebral palsy victim, of Lonnie--sounds just like the laughter of normal children.

8. TOUSLEHEAD REBECCA

A man can manage without arms, ears, eyes, or he can procure substitutes. Canes, crutches, artificial limbs, hearing aids provide men and women with physical details they've lost.

But how does the entity manage when part of the brain is missing? Why do people, young and old, who are feeble-minded, mongoloid, or have other brain impairments, give the impression that "they" are simply being smothered, rendered voiceless, under the incubus of a brain that won't work well, or work at all? It's easy to imagine the "spirit", the "I", thus smothered, with the incubus growing and increasing its smothering capabilities as the months and years pass. The ego lies mute under a tremendous black, bulbous blanket--the brain--held down by invisible, hellish hands.

It's easy for those who work with the children in the House on Martha Avenue to think such thoughts. It's difficult not to.

There's Miss Hit-or-Miss, for example, Touslehead Rebecca, who sometimes tells principal or teacher that she wants to go to the bathroom--sometimes even on time!--but is just as likely to forget, or even to seem aware that she has forgotten, and that her jeans are sopping wet or odorous-dirty. She had few if any words when she started to school in the House on Martha Avenue. An undergrown eight-year-old, her mother sent diapers with her because she herself had always had to use them on Rebecca and change them. The principal rebelled, and somehow taught Rebecca to give some sort of warning, by word, cry, or pantomime, when she had to go. Often it was too late, but it was on time often enough, and the communication sufficiently intelligent, that the teachers were hopeful, and remained so.

Rebecca, a little blonde who could be striking, even pretty, if she didn't--with seeming determination--keep herself in such a mess. She pays close attention to whoever talks to her, or faces her, except when she is eating--which would be all the time if she had her way--and there is expression on her face. Rebecca, watching the face from which words are directed at her, gives the impression that she is simply waiting, with not much patience, for the speaker to fall silent so she can say what she's bursting to say. But she doesn't say anything. If she has words, they don't come forth. When sounds do come forth, they have no meaning.

Rebecca listens. Then she runs her hands through her hair. It stands out already like the thatch of a Hottentot or a Fuzzy Wuzzy. It looks as if it had never been combed. There are good reasons why it is frightful. Rebecca runs her hands through her hair when her hands have been making mush of cake she has been cramming into her mouth. She looks like, and in many ways acts like, a savage.

Yet Rebecca is appealing. It's difficult to say why, or understand why. She likes recognition, she smiles at everybody. She greets teachers, principal, visitors with unfeigned delight. She tries to put her arms around even the biggest people. If they draw back from her, which most people involuntarily do, she tries all the harder; but if they move to catch her up, she draws away. Few people like dirty--very dirty--hands against their faces or running over their clothes.

Comes lunch time, and Rebecca eats at the table with Georgie, Hester, Lissa, the sleepy mongoloid, and one or two others. The other children are not concerned with her messiness, her small stiff back bent low over her food--which can be anything edible--or with her lack of manners. They are equally unaware of their

(Turn to Page 11, Please)

To Be Happy, Develop Your Abilities

AS LITTLE children we viewed the world as a sort of "Garden of Eden". We had parents to fulfill our daily needs and endless time in which to explore the wonders of the world about us. We knew much of happiness in those days, and that is as it should be. We were learning about the world we live in. We were expanding our awareness of life. In this we were achieving part of life's purpose. And we experienced happiness.

One day we became aware of ourselves as growing individuals. We began to sense the potential abilities that lay dormant within us awaiting maturity for expression. We began to feel a sense of urgency to grow to physical maturity. We began to anticipate the freedom that would become available to us as we reached maturity. And we began to feel an intense impatience to grow, a longing to hurry up and become an adult.

Thereafter we had a new outlook on life. We began to consciously direct our efforts and energies toward developing the dormant potential abilities we felt stirring within us. As we succeeded in developing one potential ability after another we experienced much happiness. It has often been said that there is no happiness like the carefree happiness of youth. There is a fallacy in this statement which we will discuss a little later, but there is also truth in it. There is a carefree happiness which we all experienced to a greater or lesser degree throughout our youthful years of physical development. And this is as it should be also. For it is part of the purpose of life to develop the dormant abilities with which we are endowed, a very important part. And when we successfully direct our efforts to this end we are rewarded with a deep sensation of happiness.

For most of us the achievement of physical adulthood is an anticlimax. The carefree happiness which we experienced through our growing years, and which we expected to continue in ever greater abundance after we completed our growth, begins to recede gradually. We begin to find ourselves increasingly harassed by the vicissitudes of life. After awhile we begin to feel a little tired, a little old, and somehow a little cheated. And this is not as it should be. This is not in the direction of life's purpose. It is not in accordance with God's Divine Plan. And it does not lead to the sensation of happiness.

The sensation of happiness is tremendously important to us. As it gradually recedes from our life experience we feel a growing need to recapture it. This feeling of need becomes so strong that we conclude the achievement of happiness must be the purpose of life. So we set up happiness as our life's goal and then we strive in every way we can imagine to achieve it. And the more we strive the more difficult it becomes. Eventually many of us resign ourselves to failure in achieving happiness and from there on we merely endure life to its bitter end. And this is not as it should be, either.

Let's take a practical look at the situation. What can we observe from a review of our past experiences? We see that under certain conditions and in certain types of situations we experience the sensation of happiness? And what do we find in common in all such condi-

tions? We find that they all are contributing to the achievement of life purpose. Certainly when we were exploring the world about us, we were engaging in purposeful activity. When we were directing our efforts and energies toward the development of our latent physical and mental abilities we were engaged in purposeful activities. And it was when we were doing these things successfully that we experienced our greatest sensations of happiness, was it not? The sensation of happiness emerges, then, as a guide to tell us when we are engaged in purposeful actions.

Of course, our childhood and youthful years were not one uninterrupted sensation of happiness. We also had our moments of unhappiness, of frustration and disappointment. Now we can look back to our experiences of the past with a more adult and mature mind and we can analyze them to discover what we did to achieve happiness and what we did to bring unhappiness to ourselves. Thus we can learn something about happiness and perhaps how we may achieve it in continually greater abundance as we grow in years.

As we recall and analyze our experiences of the past we discover that there are specific "conditions for happiness". When we are engaging in activities which develop our abilities, which promote our physical growth and survival, which create freedom of thought and action, which allow true self-expression, which satisfy our physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual needs, we experience happiness. Also when we engage in activities which create similar conditions for the benefit of others we experience happiness. These are not all of the conditions for happiness by any means but they are some of the more important ones.

All of the conditions for happiness, without exception, are positive conditions. Each of them has, as a counterpart, a negative condition. This is in accordance with the law of polarity. Decadence is the negative of growth; ill-health is the negative of survival; bondage is the negative of freedom; self-glory is the negative of self-expression; want is the negative of satisfaction of needs; and hate is the negative of love.

The positive and negative counterparts of any condition cannot exist simultaneously in a given relationship. Any condition which promotes freedom does not also simultaneously impede freedom. However, there may be elements in a condition which tend to promote freedom and other elements which tend to impede freedom. In such a case the negative elements will cancel out the positive elements to leave a smaller quantitative balance, either positive or negative. And the kind and intensity of sensation we experience will tell us whether this balance is positive or negative and how much.

This law of polarity applies not only to the elements within a condition such as a condition for happiness, it also applies to the relationship among all the conditions for happiness. That is to say, if we create an interaction which, while promoting survival, simultaneously impedes freedom, we are not creating a condition for happiness, we are merely effecting a compromise since the negative quality of impeding freedom cancels out the posi-

(Please Turn to Page 11)



Plowing Up the Field

If that vase of posies on the mantel or radio jars your sensibilities, maybe the arrangement isn't reflecting your cosmic concepts. In a nicely illustrated book, "Design for Living, Symbolized by Flower Arranging", Grace McDade of Chattanooga, Tenn., shows how to get the most beauty, as well as meaning, out of this type of creative art. Sure sign of spring: Bob Williams, who writes science fiction when he isn't using an Eeman circuit on a pre-clear, is giving up his winter retreat in Phoenix, and returning to the now-snowless Denver. When Louise Mock of Santa Ana, Calif., lost her traveling bag, one of the valuables inside was her membership card in "The Infinites"—which we were very happy to replace. Fred Hand's 240 out of a possible 250 at his mid-term examination in Psychology was top grade in a class of 38 students at the University of Houston. But Fred (who's also a Dianologist of no mean ability), despite his high grade, was unable to psychoanalyze or audit out whatever gave his pet parakeet a stroke of paralysis, and the unco-operative bird just keeled over and got stiff...

We hear confirmed rumors (and how more reliable can you get?) that A. J. S. McMillan isn't dead, isn't in jail, isn't dodging detectives, and soon will be in the mails again with another HDR. The same rumor says he promises a full explanation for his long hibernation—if for no other reason than he needs copy to fill a big, gaping hole... Wing Angel is reported to have anchored long enough to give a basic Scientology course in Chicago. Five students, we understand... Ruth Yerks and her family are flying back to the U.S. 25 May from an Army assignment in Germany. For weeks, now, she's been living out of a suitcase—typewriterless and almost penless—because the Army packed and shipped everything they weren't wearing or that wasn't eatable, weeks ahead of time so it might get to their destination within the same century that they do... We've just finished reading "The Curve of Fate" by J. Lonsdale Bryans, lent us by Phillip Friedman. After digging through the interlineations, underscoring, and marginal notes, we discovered that the book was amazing in that about 75 percent of it could almost be a textbook for "The Infinites". To those who say they can't understand Friedman, this book might be a "Rosetta Stone" for

them, as well as give them a collection of quotes that show that all knowledge hasn't been copyrighted by one 20th Century man...

The Popes, Ernest and Marge (late of Georgia), have moved again—but only to a new farm home near Kennett Square, Penn. In the move, they suffered the casualty of one lost cat, but since they find themselves surrounded by a menagerie of farm animals, they expect to recover from their loss—even if they don't recover the cat... And while we're on the subject of cats, Pearl and Carroll Hennick, (Phoenix, Ariz.) have put collars and bells on their two feline phenomena. One has a red collar, the other green, so they plan to rename them "Stop" and "Go"... We see by The FIRE-FLY, the journal of Concept Therapy, that Dr. Thurman Fleet, who deals in the oneness of all and the brotherhood of man, is a bit upset at Mark Gallert for saying Concept Therapy still handles E-Meters. 'Tain't so, Dr. Fleet insists. Since their lawsuit with Volney Mathison, they want nothing more to do with Volney's product, just as soon as they sell those they have on hand...

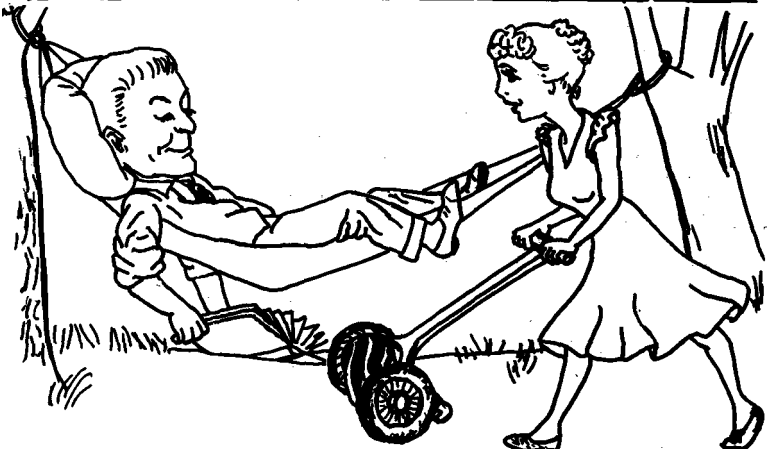
Dr. Art Coulter writes that his "Bild-a-Man Kits" are a swindle, and sends a "Press Release" to the same effect—but why not, Art? We're in a field where swindles are quite popular, and most of them cost a lot more than a measly buck. Since hats don't mean much out here in the mid-west, where an eyeshade, a scarf, or even no covering at all is acceptable in all levels of society, Alma Hill's millinery accomplishments in regard to her own spring bonnet left The Editor a bit confused. The Publisher might have enlightened us but at the same time, she might have gotten the idea she needed a new hat, too, so we didn't even ask her for an explanation. From past experience, we've found it best to keep some things "under our hat"—even if we don't wear a hat. We don't know if these will be "Dianetic babies" or not (come next October), but we do hear there are a COUPLE storks hanging around the "Dr. Nibs, Jr." home in Pentagon City, D.C. Since we started this paragraph, we've seen one of those "Bild-a-Man Kits", sent us by Don Purcell of Wichita, whose bump of curiosity made him wonder why our bump of curiosity wasn't aroused to the extent of asking for one. That was a very good

question, Don, and deserves a much better answer than we can concoct at the moment. However, thanks for the Kit—and we certainly won't ask for OUR money back, even if it is a "swindle"...

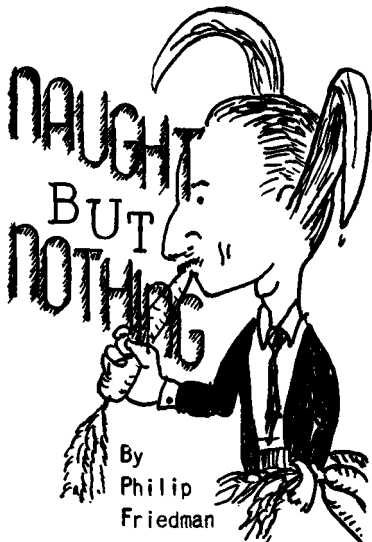
If we were a small town newspaper, we'd tell our readers about the dichotomy picnic held in an Erid park when the Paul-Jackie Ishmael family of Oklahoma City dropped in for a pre-press day visit. The Ishmaels, who've been cramming up on health food books, brought along the recommended foods, and we provided the dichotomy. But, since we're NOT a small town newspaper, we're not even going to mention it. John W. Minnis, HCA and HDA, has joined the Mazureks' Chicago Dianetic Institute as a staff auditor, according to an announcement. We were saddened to hear of the passing in Britain last month of our friend and fellow student, Elizabeth Williams, and we know that any group with which she was associated is missing her cheerfulness, loyalty, and sense of humor. Liz, in a typical gesture of fun, after her return from the Clinical Course, sent us the black and yellow tam we sometimes affect in the privacy of our four walls, and said that if it wasn't for the fact there's 15 yards of material in one, she'd have sent us the kilts, too. England has lost one of its best, most conscientious auditors...

"Uncle Ed" Milligan, champing at the politicians who would rather play politics than help champion his City of Dawn Plan near Lone Wolf, Okla., says he may build a fire under them by threatening to run for Governor. Which is the only kind of fire a politician can understand—one that threatens to cut them off at the waste-line. Although we think Milligan was joking, it would be a novelty to have a Governor advertising Oklahoma as a "Mess-enger of Light and Holy Wisdom" rather than writing articles for the Satevepost saying "Oklahoma Is a Mess", as Ex-Gov. Johnston Murray did recently. Ray Palmer, in the May MYSTIC, attacks the "Bridey Murphy Story" as probably a subconscious lie—primarily because Ray has an aversion to anything that smacks of possible reincarnation. In the same issue, he devotes more than 30 pages to exploitation of "The Shaver Mystery"—a fantastic expose of great cities

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



"If Scientology's so good, when are you going to teach ME some of that self-auditing stuff you've been doing ever since you took that course?"



The word "dead" connotes perfection, as "dead center", etc. When perfection is achieved in die-ing, in the die that is cast of all the positives and negatives of our divided living, and gathered up under the apex, as symbolized in that mysterious Great Pyramid, in the King's Chamber with the empty casket at its dead center, then does perfect zeroing take place. Historically, only a few men, like Moses, Elijah, or Jesus have attained perfection in death. When one is really dead, his casket is empty. There is nothing to bury.

The sunshine takes the shine out of things, the dull darkness restores it.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth," -- i.e., no mock-ups.

Grounding is grinding.

Skirts skirt up. Skirts are the tricks the clergy use to reverse their poles.

Man is the most complex creature, the most divided, the most materialized, the most fallible and fallable.

Lex is the Law. Electricity is e-lex-tricity, is "out of the law of tricity". Seemingly flowing forces, like electricity, result from high speed chain creations, generation after generation. Were human creation speeded up, it also would seem to flow. United we stand, divided we flow. Flowing is falling. A flow is a wolf, a positive masculine species, a down flow seeking a mate to rise in.

"How uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," was spoken of the King, the K-ing exploding apex.

Nature, a vacuum, abhors a vacuum; a critic abhors a critic; and an invalidator abhors an invalidator.

DianOetics came to fulfill, but it didn't fool Phil, who saw it as mental homeopathy

Death is life's better half.

Our goals are best achieved by giving them up.

June, 1956

To Be Happy

By Don G. Purcell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

tive quality of promoting survival. And here we discover something new. There is a law which governs interactions in any complex functioning system. We call it the law of synergy.

This property of promoting several functions without simultaneously impeding other functions we call "synergy". Any such interaction is referred to as "synergic". Conversely, the property of promoting some functions within the system while simultaneously impeding other functions we call "dysergy". Any such interaction is referred to as "dysergic".

The law of synergy applies to any complex functioning system. A human being is such a functioning system. In his environment he becomes a part of a larger functioning system. As a member of the human race he is part of an even larger functioning system. So long as a human being is alive his actions are a part of the interactions of the functioning systems of which he is a part.

Any functioning system, whether it be a watch or the whole human race, functions in accordance with the law of synergy. There are no moral or ethical considerations involved in the law of synergy. It is simply a basic universal law. If a system functions in accordance with this law it achieves its purpose. If the system does not so function, it does not achieve its purpose.

Now we can make two pretty reasonable observations: an individual will experience happiness to the degree that he generates synergy and/or eliminates dysergy; an individual will accomplish purpose to the degree that he generates synergy and/or eliminates dysergy.

As human beings we are solely and individually responsible to fit ourselves synergically into the interactions of life. We are intelligent. We have the ability to think and reason. We have the ability to render synergic judgment. If there is a power in the universe which can force or coerce us to function synergically, it is only the power of God, and we can readily observe that such force or coercion by the power of God is definitely not a part of God's plan. He has given us the law of synergy by which we can achieve purpose. It is up to us whether we abide by it or live in defiance of it.

Hidden Children

By Arthur J. Burks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

own lacks. But they do know that Rebecca eats more than they do; they must, for when teacher isn't looking, they slip their own cakes, candy, baked beans, or whatever, to Rebecca. They slip their food furtively, and Rebecca grabs with both hands, and stuffs, before anybody can prevent. And she knows that somebody will prevent, which proves either that she can think, or remembers.

Rebecca may never be very appealing, but she gives the impression that with even a little help, she

The ABERREE



GLOBICIDES!

Leading the global matricide, of course, are the renewed A- and H-bomb tests, in which our military government takes dominion over a big chunk of the Pacific. Added was an "O"-bomb—probably so named because the AEC subconsciously recognizes it is about to make nothing out of everything.

If one-half the 1/25 TRILLION dollars spent annually in the guise of "defense" were used to build Public Rest Rooms in every American city, this not only would be a safer nation but its people would be much more comfortable.

An added advantage to the Public Rest Room project is that these would need attendants—and the Generals and Colonels retired by such a curtailed military oligarchy would find this type of job uniquely suitable to their type of training. ALL can't be Presidents.

Rep. Clair Engle of California is trying to curb the voracious appetite of our growing military government by fighting its demand for an additional 8,000,000 acres of land for bombing. It already controls 24,000,000 acres (plus most of the air)—which should be a big enough target for even the lousiest kind of bombing, Engle believes.

Diseases about which doctors had to admit they knew nothing in the past have been called "GOK" (God Only Knows), but now they're changing the nomenclature to "Yoo Yoo"—meaning the same thing. We wonder how many die daily of "Yoo Yoo" that some doctor treats as something else.

A swarm of "do-gooders", man's greatest plague, tried to rescue a 60-year-old couple after they had been snowbound in their Maine cottage for 19 days, and were told: "We don't want to be rescued. We like it."

And in Colorado, a similar swarm tried to bring succor to "Elijah", a horse that had trapped himself on a mountain pass. Elijah couldn't talk, but he made it plain the rescue efforts were not appreciated.

will get along. She'll never get along in the world entirely by herself, but few of the normal manage that.

Rebecca is never unhappy. Even when she is being "put upon" by some classmate; even when she is repelling attack of some sort, she seems fairly happy about the whole thing. It doesn't take much to make her happy.

It doesn't take too much to make anybody being trained in the House on Martha Avenue happy.

(Continued in the July-August Issue)



Dear Editor:

"Have you room for a minority opinion?"

"The practice of Dianetics and Scientology has invariably given results far greater than I had anticipated. If Scientologists are not getting results better than they had imagined, I suggest they go get some training.

"At Scientology Centre, 71 East Circular Quay, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, WE WILL GIVE FREE TRAINING TO ANYONE WHO HAS PAID IN FULL FOR TRAINING ELSEWHERE BUT IS NOT ABLE TO GET SATISFACTORY RESULTS. If any of your contributors or readers fit into this category then they are doubly welcome, providing they are indeed willing to be students."--
 Marcus Tooley, Sydney, Australia.

"Thanks for running the release about the CADA Certification program. We believe this certificate will become the most valuable in the field. Several of our professional members plan to take the examination to obtain the certificate, despite the fact that they already have one or more of Hubbard's certificates.

"Incidentally we believe the CADA is quietly going about the business of establishing Dianetics and Scientology as respected procedures in the society. Membership and attendance keep up, the meetings are interesting and educational, increasing improvements in cases are being noted, and at the same time, adequate but less attention is being given to the 'latest technique' from Phoenix, Washington, London or Dublin.

"I certainly agree that your plan to increase the material on the good in Dianetics & Scientology by way of increasing case histories, techniques and similar materials in the Aberree is a fine idea. It probably won't be as easy to get as much of that kind of material as you want, but you can no doubt move in that direction...

"I certainly believe you have been doing an excellent job with the publication, and can only praise you for it. I admire your penetrating, cleansing evaluations of activities in the field. Especially I admire your courage in exposing the destructive activities of various official Scientology organizations. Keep up the good work!...

"Just a word or two (or maybe a paragraph or two!) about the course. You may know that I have been teach-

ing a course in Basic Dianetics one night per week for over a year. Also, in January of this year, I started another class in Basic Dianetics and Advanced Procedures which is rolling along nicely on a one-night-per-week basis. Now, by request, I am going to teach this full time course, which is scheduled to last for eight weeks...With some additions it is essentially the course that I taught at the Hubbard Dianetic Foundation in Wichita... The set-up here is ideal for such a program. We have a large place for classes, auditing and demonstrations. The weather at that time of the year should be almost perfect. Hotels, private rooms and restaurants are plentiful within walking distance of the Center."--Wayne Dunbar, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Am considering going into business in a large promotional way among Scientologists. Have developed formula for soluble altar small enough to enclose in capsule and take by mouth. In stomach capsule dissolves, of course, altar opens like Jap paper water-flower to pleasing proportions, at same time liberating vitamins and minerals used for packing. Said vitamins, of course, are dissolved in 120 proof rum, and altar fire is produced by simply exhaling and lighting breath.

"Not only pretty, but practical, and probably Kosher."--Millen Belknap, Phoenix, Ariz.

"Have read several Scientology magazines and feel yours is quite a long ways in front. Always read it from cover to cover and always find some precious gems. Some day hope to be right in the swim instead of on the banks."--Marilyn J. Meacham, Burbank, Calif.

"I thought of a game or processing technique for determining and flattering com. lags on visual perception of objects or colors, etc.

"Goes as follows: The pre-clear or person who is 'it' goes out of the room. One object or condition is changed. He comes back and is asked to identify or locate the change. He goes out again and the same object or condition is again changed to a third position or condition or back to the first. This is continued, utilizing one object (such as a book) or one condition (such as a lamp being lit or off) until the pre-clear recognizes the object or condition being manipulated. After one object or condition has been perceived others can be tried. This should, of course, be run on a gradient scale. For example: Turning all the room lights on or off; i.e., going from a lighted room to a dark room at one end of the scale to moving one small piece of silverware on a table in a room filled with many objects at the other extreme of the scale.

"This I feel is the type of game which can be played to encourage children to retain total recall and other abilities, as well as rehabilitate adults who have lost them (the abilities)."--Bernie Ross, New York.

"This amuses and pleases me and I am passing it along to any others who might be amused and interested, also with a nod of apology in the direction of LRH.

"During the past three months, working experimentally with one person, I have watched his recovery of

operations—including a little dandy performed by one of the biggest and most famous hospitals in the USA—the birth experience, pre-natal material, counter-emotion, also incidents that possibly could be called 'past lives', though the latter seemed to exert a minimal effect on the organism. Since first book Dianetics dealt with this material, except past lives, I thought it might be of some interest.

"Actual working time: About 60 hours, spread over three months. The techniques used, however, were in no sense those advocated by Hubbard but were those of Mr. L. E. Eeman, with the addition of some zone therapy. Reduction of the material encountered was rapid and relatively easy. Apparently Eeman's screens helped here. The approach was through the muscles, to the charged image, which in some cases was an imaginative construction but which must be handled and discharged as if it were real. Also there was no effort to contact or run anything specifically; instead whatever surfaced spontaneously was considered to be what we were after.

"A basic part of the approach, without which nothing else would have been meaningful, was Dr. Rolf Alexander's definition of hypnotism, as set forth on page 141 of 'Creative Realism': 'Hypnotism is the art of directing the imagination—either one's own or that of another—into forming images of things not present to the senses. When such images are formed at the suggestion of the operator, the subconscious of the subject adjusts itself to them as though the images were of things actually present to the senses.'

"How's the PC (patient) doing? Oh, he's feeling wonderful."--Bob Williams, Phoenix, Ariz.

"Like the new format very much. Like Bob Williams's contributions. He makes sense to me."--Art., James, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Evaluation of May ABERREE: "A Holy City -- How can such a project operate? Some big religions (Christianity, Islam) hold as an article of faith the duty of proselytizing people into their organizations. Many Christian sects cannot practice without clergy and the clergy cannot practice without missionary work... Better to throw the place open to any and all religious practices and keep it as a sort of unrestricted reservation. Then, get on with the important business of suppressing religious freedom in all places where the religious freedom conflicts with the non-religious freedom. The morals of any religious group should bind only the members of that group and none other..."

"Coast Group to Issue Certificates—I can see it now. Pre-clear goes to auditor. Auditor: 'Hello. How are you?' P-C: 'I have troubles, but before I remember a time when, I have to ask you one question.' Aud.: 'Yes, what's that?' P-C: 'Are you a HASI auditor or a CADA auditor?' Lord help the auditor who can't guess the right answer to that one.

"The Stairway—The point that to change one engram, blow one ridge at one place, changes the whole blooming system is a good explanation for the shock and disorientation effects that I call 'backlash', the result of taking some thetanic action in processing or out. I would add that internalizing a new fundamental con-

cept (changing a rule) results in the same sort of reaction but much more intense. The part about 'remedying havingness' altruistically instead of selfishly I find very congenial. Perhaps I could make that one work. I've always had trouble with 'pulling in mock-ups', which has seemed a rather futile gesture. In the description of the various body fields, etc., there appears a strong need for a really comprehensive Glossary like a multilingual dictionary: Parallel columns giving equivalents in the dialects of Vedanta, Theosophy, Buddhism, Diantologese (Hubbardian, Welshian, etc.), Welgolian, and Synergese. With such a book one could transliterate articles and books and find if one author is agreeing with another, and if anybody has an original point to make or is just describing the same stuff in his or her own jargon...

"Burks's article as before is eloquent and full of feeling. Here we see he repeatedly starts to insinuate a Metaphysic of some sort into the discourse without acknowledging he is doing so. Is his philosophy relevant to his altruism?

"**Together We Live**—When I hear of someone 'looking for happiness', I always assure them they aren't going to find it. It isn't a 'thing' you 'find' but a do-it-yourself project exclusively not to be bought, stolen, found, or given. The prescription for happiness is...get interested in something—in a lot of things...Hobbies are better than nothing...but the interests should be of some importance or consequence to the person interested in them...Purcell's article is clear and direct. The point made seems that happiness is the perception of working smoothly and effectively in all significant modes—or along all dynamics, as Hubbard puts it. I know that both Hubbard and Coulter indignantly reject the allegation that they are in agreement...

"**No Limit**—The Rev. Mr. Welgos is quite correct so far. There are no limits or qualities to the ultimate state of integration... There is not and can't be any progress toward Ultimate Reality (Total Knowingness, Total Source, etc.). There can only be progress away from it, meaning specifically, outside of it. A good goal, as he says, is to go a step toward integration, but—as he doesn't say—not to reach it. I agree (by this time) with what Welgos is doing here and how he's trying to do it. (Don't say I don't change!)

"**Naught But Nothing**—Friedman's column is, to me, an absolute semantic blank, except the last line. That is certainly true, but what does it prove?

"**Letters**—Ivor Darreg—I'm glad you put this in. I had overlooked the validity value of the feeling of nostalgia he refers to in connection with some whole-track facsimiles. I

have also experienced this. I also agree about the part on Hell. The way I put this is: The only event a person can possibly fear is what has already happened to him. Additionally, perhaps, what he has seen happen to someone else with whom he identified himself at the time. Volney Mathison—I thought Wilhelm Reich used an instrument quite similar to a probe E-meter some 25 years ago and illustrated it in his 'Function of the Orgasm', Volume 1?... Marie Sweet—The supershrewd Hubbard (and his bitterest opponents grant him that) may be promoting, as a secondary strategy, independence among his students by coming on with such progressively outrageous communication that no one with even a twinkle of self-determinism can stand for it very long. The end result would be a large number of well-informed, stilled, but fairly disenchanting students, and a much smaller number of well-indoctrinated but fairly stupefied and quite gutless followers—to-the-bitter-end. That way he can have the many students to disseminate his philosophy through the culture, and at the same time, have the small number of herbivorous adherents to 'remedy his admiration' (idolize him). And isn't the situation shaping up something like that already?... Art Coulter—I don't see why anyone shouldn't think Hubbard is God if they want to—apothecias has always been a nice hobby, if rather time-consuming and wasteful of emotional output... Not all Diantologists (do leave us the Capital, please) who run out Hubbard end in the sad state mentioned. Some wind up with a relaxed attitude like a local fellow I know. Me... Ruth Yerks—What base has her certainty the subnormal children do not suffer or in what way?... Mark Gallert—When I was a kid, I didn't know about any Mrs. Hand. My mother was 'May', 'The Lady of the House', or 'Your Mother'... If Gallert wishes to have married people change their names, I suggest the Icelandic system. I knew a student from Iceland named Agnar Bogason. His father was Bogi Olafson, his grandfather Olaf Agnarson. He married a Chicago girl now called Mrs. Bogason, not to be confused with his parent, a Mrs. Olafson...

"Volney Mathison's ad is the most enchanting article in the issue, and has the prettiest illustration. I mean the top one, not the lecture audience... I hope the work of Mathison will help correct the wretched situation revealed by the work of Kinsey... The founder of Christianity was reportedly a bachelor; the founder of Islam a family man. Both religions have a strong Puritan bias on sex. Couldn't be tradition... "From even so short a study at the University, I happily find the orthodox psychologists are quite aware of many of Hubbard's (mostly Dianetic) principles, which are. of

course, termed differently. They are, however, not aware that hysteria-conversion systems and psychosomatic disorders have a common origin. Score one for Hubbard there."—Fred Hand, Houston, Texas.

"You are putting out a better and better magazine with every issue. Please keep it coming."—Alfred Wilson, Clydebank, Glasgow.

"You are taking advantage of me. You know I could not refuse after seeing the March issue."—Alfred Dean Burck, Hollywood, Calif.

"Someone pointed out that the feudal system was the most perfect of all systems, in which each part occupies its rightful place—i.e., the King, Queen, Bishops, Knights, Rooks, and Pawns. So they feud-all, sewed-all into one.

"Democracy—de-mock-race-way. "So, if you want to belong to the feudal system, go ahead. If you want to unmock or demock the feud, go ahead. Better do nothing—all...

"You did a good job on my caricature of a face. But the text is too serious for the picture. But who am I to be fussy about details. I think I made a mistake in the text, 'We can't pull the wool over our (not your) eyes for long. Our environment is collapsible.' Here again, this is of minor import. The reader should be able to guess that our wool is our environment...

"I assume the Big Mouth article is yours and very apropos. It happens just so, too often. The M.D.'s are dead ignorant about psychiatry even as are the psychiatrists.

"Again Purcell went wrong. 'Together we die, apart we live'. Solly I have to be thatta way.

"Rev. Welgos goes well in 'No Limit' article.

"Volney Mathison must be a Sexagenarian. He should be ashamed of himself.

"The Mysterious Phil Friedman is a dirty crack. I'll admit, however, to being MESTified. Who isn't? So I don't have anything to say and I didn't say it. O.K., Jasper...

"No result from my Adv., so bill me double and try to collect. The article is a little over my head, not 3'0" in back, where your head is 3'0" ahead of yourself."—Philip Friedman, Florence, Ariz.

"My entry: 'Call HALS for MAMA' is Call Hart Advertising & Letter Service for Mimeographing, Addressing, Mailing, Advertising'. Right?"—Sam Householder, Birmingham, Ala. (ED. Note—You're getting close.)

"Note that our friend Phil Friedman still insists that Krishnamurti is staring a hole through himself. With all due respect to Mr. Friedman's analysis, I would suggest that perhaps it would not be a bad idea for the rest of us to do likewise, if we have the courage.

"For the benefit of those not too familiar with Mr. Krishnamurti and his background, I might give a very brief rundown: As a young man Mr. Krishnamurti was acclaimed the 'messiah' by many, not only in this country but the world over. He traveled in many countries teaching and making new disciples, and founded the 'Order of the Star'. After a good while (still a young man), he repudiated all claims made for him, dissolved the Order of the Star, and no longer acknowledged his followers. Since that time, so far as I

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THIBODEAU
CHIROPRACTIC CLINICS

Dr. J. Harold Thibodeau Dr. Billie Plowden Thibodeau

know, he has been writing, lecturing, staring a hole through himself, and incidentally tending to his own knitting.

"We have all piddled around, spent lots of dollars on various isms, ologies, and etics, hoping to scoot by (our integration) with a minimum of effort on our own parts—at the same time refusing to look in our own mirrors for fear of seeing ourselves as we really are; facing the fact that we are not the 'big guy or gal' we hope people think we are. It seems we just have to have the idea of 'how big we are' to survive. It is difficult, I'll admit, to be nothing. But being nothing is just the starting point. After we get the picture in focus is the only time we will be able to be really creative, to be brother to all mankind, or to have a real feeling of affinity with anything (including people, nature, and all that each implies).

"We kid ourselves into thinking our little problems are world-shaking. There's always a new little twist to somebody's ology that is really going to do the trick for us! Hogwash! We might as well take the money out in the back yard and at least have a good bonfire out of it (if you can still afford the weiners to go with it) for all the benefit that will be derived from Hubbard's newest nightmare, or Coulter's daymare, or Welgos's newest sermon, etc.

"However, there is one branch of this dubious tree that might help the 'helpless' get started on his climb. Here's a note of warning, though, you have to do it yourself—you can't turn the job to George for a minimum fee. And it's amazing how many things you learn about yourself that fill your entire being with disgust and loathing. You also will be able to see your own motives (which will quite thoroughly curdle your corpuscles), and once started, this therapy comes to you of itself, uninvited. It goes on and on—how long, I don't know, for I have new realizations every day, and this has been going on now for some 2½ years. I'm not nearly so fond of myself as I once was; amazing, too, that I get along with people so much better, for now I can see their motives as well as my own, and I have made many social errors because of this. My tendency now is to see what people mean, rather than what they say.

"Once this show is on the road, there is no stopping it, so far as I can see. This therapy of which I am speaking is Kitzelman's 'E' therapy. Don't try it, it works.

"It would seem that on the road of 'staring a hole through oneself' one finds that there are multiple forms of intoxication. We people who are church-goers think that we are above reproach, that drinking is far, far below us. BUT...alcohol is only one form of intoxication. We have drugs, sex, churches, art, music, 'good works', beauty, the human version of 'moonlight and roses, sleep with her if you can, marry her if you must' type of love—and the more 'noble' a work, the more intoxicating. These are all a means of escape. Of course, one of our main pastimes is staring a hole through the television set.

"So, let's all nurse our little complexities, marry them, and hope that the union is fertile. So far it has been—since the beginning of time." -- Jackie Ishmael, Oklahoma City, Okla.

"One of the things we've found is that anyone who says he has the 'ON-ly' way is perfectly right! It took us a while to swallow it but our finding was borne out by the Bhagavad-Gita wherein it says (paraphrased) that although there are as many roads as there are people there is only ONE road that everyone travels on."--Jim Welgos, Fairhope, Ala.

:: :: ::

"Herewith another article... I've titled the thing, rather abruptly, 'Control of Emotion'. You, with your penchant for retitling articles (as you did to my last), to make them conform generally to the ABERREE principle of longer descriptive

titles with some 'zip' in them, might like to retitle my effort to something like: 'Do You Want to Control Your Feelings?' or 'Do You Want to Be Cheerful—or Go on Happily Being Miserable?' You takes your choice, and the opus is yours. What happens, I guess, will be the mood you've taken on after reading my article!

"Don't forget to let your wife read my article—you'll have absolutely no excuse for being grumpy with her in the mornings! Joan, my wife-cum-secretary-cum-lieutenant-cum-factotum, is just merciless with me—even my favorite ferocious scowl at extra work is shot from my fea-

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The ABERREE

June, 1956

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tures with her question: 'Darling, are you deliberately turning on that emotion?'

"I should point out the technique I give is based squarely on Jim's teaching. True, I evolved the technique—but this is a simple matter when one has really got an understanding of the five basic purposes and ten basic methods that all humans constantly use. My article is describing one way of using the sixth basic method: The ability to exhaust a class of behaviour through physical action. You scientologists, whether you know it or not, are trying to make use of the seventh method: the auditors would do a darn sight less damage if only they knew what part of the human psyche they are using, why they are using it, and the sort of people (lots of 'em)

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on whom this method should not be used. Most people need to learn about their physical actions, which is precisely why I have written my article. To dabble with the seventh method the way scientologists do (creative processing, mockups, etc.) without knowing whether the subject is ready for this approach is highly dangerous. I had a Scot write to me saying that a scientological 'intensive' had made him really ill. So we pushed him hard to focus himself on his physical activities (certain exercises, control of muscles) and very soon he was stable again—and now in fact is on the way to a much higher level of being, and very happy about it, too. Still, Scientological practitioners will keep charging ahead and inflicting the very latest techniques on unfortunate 'pre-clears' and tying them up into psychic-physical knots. Ah, well, good luck to them—they'll need it."
—Kenneth Hart, Croxley Green, Eng.

It's time someone set up a column of advice for the stupid, poor things. Much time and space has been devoted in books, magazines, and newspapers to inform the already informed, but nothing has been written exclusively for the stupid. (ED. NOTE: We can't agree with you on THIS statement, Ruth.) Because there are allegedly so many stupid idiots, I find this difficult to understand.

"Glancing through the papers you find a column dedicated to 'Health', wherein all the hypochondriacs can discover new diseases with which to inflict themselves. (ED. NOTE: And they're not stupid?) In the editorial pages, you can read some wise guy spouting off about the world's troubles, and how to eliminate them, if not the world. (ED. NOTE: And this isn't for the stupid?) On Page 1, you'll find the President's latest speech to the nation. (ED. NOTE: Ditto.) If you want to be beautiful, you can read how to groom your hair and nails, take care of your epidermis, and wear clothes, diet, exercise, and lose weight, maybe. Even the kiddies get the funny papers. But Stupid, he gets no consideration whatsoever. This miscarriage of justice should be remedied, but just how?

"Stupid people should have some sort of representation on their behalf. Although man is said to be born equal with other men—he comes equipped with five senses, faculties, and so forth—he may or may not come endowed with the identical mental capacities of his smarter brothers. In this respect, the theory of men being born equal is so much hogwash—there isn't an iota of truth in it. The fact that man isn't equal is of no consequence so much as the fact there isn't a damned thing anyone can do about this, except to acknowledge it, and make the most of it.

"Why not champion the notion that it is rather exclusive to be stupid instead of intelligent? You'll find the majority of people will come together admitting they are not so smart after all, as they have been leading others to believe. Big joke on everybody, huh?

"By the way, did you call me stupid? You're absolutely right...they don't come any more so."--Ruth Yerks, Butzbach, Germany.

Since I can always deduct it as a contribution to a religious organ-

ization (?), I might as well keep up on the dying antics of dianetics, sinner-geitics, laying of hands, eggs, etc... Enclosed are two lost souls."--Bernard Miron, Enid, Okla.

"There were Christians before Christ (though incidentally there have been none since.)"—J. Lonsdale Bryans, in "The Curve of Fate".

Camels never perspire.

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The ABERREE

Box 528 - Enid, Okla.

Simple Game To Invalidate 'Bad' Memory

By WILL ROTH

Have you a poor memory? Are you prone to take every memory course offered in an effort to improve your ability to recall names, dates, and information hidden in "the deep recesses of your mind"?

If you fit this category, and are of a somewhat practical bent, you might try a little parlor game at some of your social gatherings—a game guaranteed to invalidate thoroughly those who "know" they have poor memories, but are sporting enough to play.

You see, memory is largely dependent on whether a person created a mock-up or not. If he did it, he remembers. If he depends on it being done for him by some automatic functioning, he's apt not only to forget but the memory, if any, is apt to be the most fouled up, warped affair you ever saw.

The game goes like this: First get a group. Then, say, you start by saying "A (or 'One') Chinese named Wung Lo won a game of Wunster chess on St. Patrick's Day". Everybody repeats around the group until it comes to the player preceding you, who repeats and adds: "Two (or 'a couple') of twin-cylinder engines with tungsten heads". You then repeat all this and it goes around the circle until it gets to the player preceding the one who added the #2 phrase, and this player then adds a #3 phrase, and around it goes again.

This continues around with each player adding another phrase at the proper time. It doesn't matter what the phrase is that is invented, though it shouldn't generally be more than 10 words long. Also, unless the group is fairly high-toned, avoid coined words of no previously agreed meaning. In this manner, you rapidly arrive at a time when you are saying: "One---, 2---, 3---, 4---, 5---, 6---, 7---, 8---, 9---, 10---, etc." It actually is a lot more fun than it may sound and has the usual effect, if properly done, of causing a person to upgrade his opinion of his memory ability.

You may have to point out carefully to a person that he isn't memorizing a lot of words so much as he is creating a separate picture, one at a time, to go with each number. Point out that, if he actually

does create a sort of picture as vividly as possible, he just naturally will remember, though, of course, he needs to make the pictures just as interesting to him as he possibly can. Likewise, remind him to check over his pictures when someone else is running the list to sort of make sure that he has them "just the way he wants them".

It's rather phenomenal what can be accomplished, particularly with a group adept at making humorous mock-ups. You can easily run the "poor memory" people up to 20 phrases in about an hour's time or even much less. It will be remembered perfectly, too. This

will be in the neighborhood of 200 words down pat!

-00-

PLOWING UP THE FIELD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

deep within the earth, in which live "deros" and "teros". Of course, we KNOW that there was a "Bridey Murphy", just as we know there are "intellectual morons" 40 miles under our feet fed by basement elevators from our skyscrapers—just as we KNOW that the church bell pealing down the street is right when it summons the "sinner" to come and worship an "Allness" that is "nothing bad"—just as we KNOW that today is almost press day, and if we don't get this darned column written, you ain't going to know anything about what WE know—or, at least, try to make you think we know.

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Vol. III
No. 4

Annual Christmas Number



THE ABERRIE

JULY-AUGUST, 1956
VOLUME III - NUMBER 4

Recusant Voice of "The Infinities" for Saturn,
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job to do which is, primarily, to
dodge responsibility. If you ask a
ward-boy for an aspirin, he prom-
ises to tell the nurse, the nurse
tells the head nurse, the head nurse
speaks to the dietician, and the
dietician promises to take it up
with the doctor. The doctor's out,
or busy—and if they remember your
request next day, the need for the
aspirin long since has disappeared.

Another thing about a hospital:
They're probably the dirtiest places
in the world. If a miner, or labor-
er, or even a white collar worker
takes a bath, his cleanliness shines
out brightly for hours. In a hospi-
tal, 15 minutes after you've had a
shower, or been rubbed down by one
of the wet rag jockeys, another wet
rag jockey or nurse with a suspic-
ious glint in his/her eyes, barks:
"When did you have a bath last?" One
even made a habit of asking: "When
did you have your last bath?" If you
chastise them about this, they seem
quite offended at any suggestion
their hospital may be dirty, or that
their powers of observation may be a
bit blunted.

We've heard of persons who go to
hospitals and "enjoy it". We didn't.
We were gone ten days, and we think
it was the most miserable ten days
we've spent since the last time we
were in a hospital. Nor did coming
home make things much easier—except
to improve the environment. At times
we are almost convinced that a
vengeful surgeon may have sewed up
a roll of cockleburrs inside us just to
punish us for our rash statement
during the initial examination.

But we've asked for no sympathy—
and sympathy we've been getting. In
addition, there are dozens of well-
meaning friends who think you rash
for being up so soon after an opera-
tion, and will expound for hours on
the dire warnings given them by
their own doctors about "taking it
easy". When they learn we drove 110
miles in rain seven days after being
zipped up with thread, they abso-
lutely know we are inviting a return
trip to the hospital. Even those who
should know about putting your at-
tention on a painful area in order
to reduce the hurt forget, in the
heat of passing out cautions, that
there ever was such a thing as Sci-
entology, or Dianetics, or any of
the other quit-babying-yourself ol-
ogies. When we came back to work ten
minutes after driving home from the
hospital, they undelicately assured
us that we were "positively crazy".

Which we guess we are. We've been
called insane before—and by an ex-
pert who should know all about it.

Our big regret was that we took a
stack of books with us to study dur-
ing our convalescence—and read none
of them. We found it impossible to
concentrate on books with nine other
men in the same ward clamoring for
attention—and when this was not
forthcoming in sufficient quantity,
just clamoring. Nor do we expect to
make up for it at home, either. If
you could see the pile of mail that
cluttered our desk when we walked
in...! That, Friend, was when we be-
gan to think we could use just a
little sympathy—plus a couple sec-
retaries.

OO

The H-Bomb Boys are covering up
their red faces with a lot of secur-
ity tags. On the recent "air drop",
despite expensive preparations and
much fanfare, they missed their tar-
get more than two miles. At this
rate, and using this type of weapon,
it may get to where Generals can't
get far enough behind the lines to
die in bed, or become presidents.

STORY OF OUR OPERATION IS CUTTING TALE
Last month, we told our readers about some processing we got. Had these super-duper techniques, as interpreted by one of the latest \$500-plus liberators of the world, been as effective as touted, this auditorial might have had a different subject.

(To explain, when we use the term "we", it refers to your "Green Eye-shade" and the body he uses.)

So, relax, please, while we tell you about a type of so-called therapy which may be quite strange to some of you. And if you don't want to read about The Editor's operation, may we suggest you turn to another page?

Some say we were trying to escape work; others even have been unkind enough to suggest we strained a gut trying to lift Scientology out of the gut-ter. But these, we think, are of the ilk who find punning the only reason for existence.

Not being rich, influential, or insured, we availed ourselves of a peculiar privilege accorded those who made it safe for the A-Bomb Boys to breed another war. We applied for, and were granted, admission to a veterans' hospital.

The visiting Dr. ———, D. Sc., who thinks we needed him a bit unfairly may sympathize with the hospital surgeon who surveyed gloatingly his field of conquest a couple hours after we'd been decked in the super-atrocity of haberdashery: a maternity jacket and spiral-legged shorts called pajamas. An ill-fitting thing called a "robe" completed the sartorial degeneration.

And while on the subject of de-generation, we mustn't lose sight of the fact we were being examined by a surgeon. As he probed, pushed, listened, twisted, and yanked here and there, he opened, conversationally:
"What do you do?"

Between induced coughs and the other physical gymnastics through which only a doctor can put his victim, we managed to say: "We publish a magazine," which was immediately met with: "All right, cough again. What kind of a magazine? Harder, now. Again. What kind of a magazine did you say you published?"

Maybe it was the devil in us, or it may have been that last punch. "Oh, we take poles at philosophy, and psychotherapy, and..."

We never finished. We had punched a button. There was a violent explosion. "What do you know of psychotherapy?" and before he could dig

us twice more in the area being ex-cavated, added: "Do you know who's qualified to cure people with psychotherapy?"

"Sure!" we said, with all the confidence gained through the hours and hours of taped and live lectures we'd heard at the various and sundry courses from which we'd graduated with more degrees than this angry sadist before us ever had imagined. "If you put it that way, nobody is!"

All of you who try to treat people, or work with them for the alleviation of any ailment—if you don't have accepted credentials approved by the A.M.A.—are a bunch of dirty skunks, and probably can't sleep nights because of troubled consciences. That's what we were told, anyway, as one of the "Approved" punctuated his 30-minute diatribe with a punch and a push and a yank and a thump here and there about the anatomy. Not being surgeons, we weren't quite sure how many of these pushes, punches, et cetera, were necessary and which were meant to impress us with our unimportance and our "sin against humanity", but since most of them seemed foreign to the area about to undergo surgery, we were a bit suspicious. Needless to say, after discovering what type of a volcano our harmless few words had set off, we weren't exploding much even had we been given an opportunity. Besides, if this guy was to do the actual cutting, we didn't want to foster any idea that he might be doing humanity a favor by carving us into four or more segments.

One thing we did discover: if this surgeon reflects the attitude of most starched coats in the veter-ans' hospitals, half the buildings and patients might be eliminated within weeks by changing to doctors less psychotic on the subject of mental healing. In the one ward in which we recuperated (yes, the operation was a success), we discovered that half the cases were suffering from neuroses concerning their own ills. Cigaretts and chewing gum from well-meaning service organizations won't help a man who has found his only security in a hospital chow line. What he needs is someone to tell his troubles to, to explain why he's ill, and what he'd like to do if he ever gets well. Each has his own troubles, and to mention your own pains is an open invitation for more gory details from the more experienced sufferers. Ward attendants and nurses are about as sympathetic as a hungry alligator. They have a

Are 'Missing' Ships, Dinosaurs, Persons Mere Collected 'Records'?

By ARDEN BERGQUIST

ONE QUALITY which, at first glance, all material things seem to have in common is the ability to record. Rocks carry erosion scars, stains, moss, or other traces of their own contacts with their environment. Most animals can be trailed by their scent record (which record, incidentally, is often written on air). Water carries dissolved traces of where it's been.

Some records, such as an unheard sound wave, are soon lost while a scratch on a diamond could last quite awhile. The very shape of a living plant or animal can serve as a record of its progenitor's mode of life. The recording capabilities of the human organism on the atomic, cellular, organic, and mental levels, and along the genetic and theta lines (or how shall we class past lives?) on the parapsychical levels are nothing short of fantastic. We know this from personal experience. Is there any proof that this transcendent capacity for keeping track of the past is reserved for homo sapiens?

The relative accuracy of available records appears to depend to a great extent on the observer's ability for correct interpretation.

Just suppose some intelligent entity were to set up an experiment on a cosmic scale. He (she? it?) incorporates certain controlling parameters, subsequently known to some of the participants as "laws of nature". Some type of telemetering equipment, such as a soul or spirit, is installed in the more mobile or adaptable units. (Small portions of the entity could be assigned such duty.) The experiment is then activated as an operating universe in which every, or almost every, component is capable, to a greater or lesser degree, of maintaining its own historical record in a manner usable to the prime entity.

When it desires to examine some of the records in detail, the entity can take certain units out of the picture in a manner calculated not to disturb the remainder too much. A pet cat disappears and no one thinks much about it. After a tornado, there are thousands of missing items which no one really expects to find. When an extensive sampling is necessary, a war could provide diversion to cover the removal of an enormous number of items. A certain percentage of dead, wounded, and missing is taken for granted by the combatants.

Occasionally, the telemetered signals might report an impending crisis of such urgency that the requirement for immediate detailed data would allow no opportunity for misdirection, and the removal of recording units from, say, a ship like the "Marie Celeste" would arouse a mild curiosity in the remaining population. Of course, any entity capable of set-



In "LO", by Charles Fort, Chapter 12, are several accounts of "ghost ships", sailing uncharted courses without pilot or crew

ting up our hypothetical universe would also be capable of compensating for any induced irregularities. Perhaps the passenger pigeons and the dinosaurs were the victims of mass samplings.

Maybe Armageddon will signal the end of the exercise and Judgment Day is just another name for classification and collation of the final data.

In such a universe, would all attempts at self improvement through philosophy or religion be suppressed because they tend to introduce unwanted ingredients in the environment? Would the development of psi talents be discouraged on the grounds that results would not be accurate if the subject of the experiment were to discover the purpose behind it.

Would you like to kick it around a little?

OOOO

If he's a "good" politician, you can be sure this is his first, and probably his last, term.

OOOO

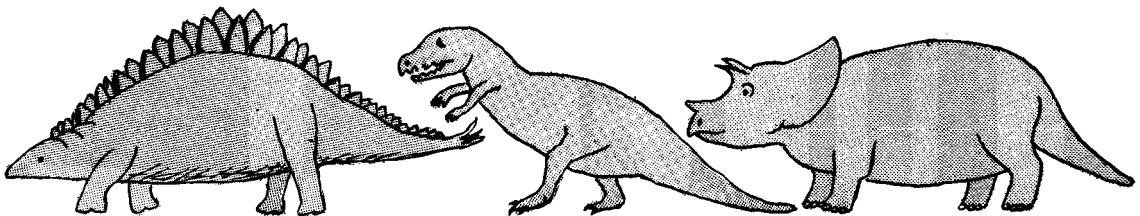
"Eternal love" (human style) starts with "Maybe" and begins ending with "Yes".

OOOO

There are few road hazards more deadly than a so-called "safety campaign".

OOOO

Life is more fun--when you live it.



Idea Exchange Promotes Creativity

FROM THE inception of the Dianetics/Scientology movement, much ado has been made about creative individuals. Indeed, this is what led the present writer, who composes music and builds electronic musical instruments, into this new field of -eticses and -ologies. Eloquent passages praising creativity have been written by most of those in the movement; you can read some of them in back issues of *The ABERREE*, and also you might read pages 234 ff. in Book Two, "Science of Survival".

Unfortunately, however, this has been mainly lip-service, talking about how nice it would be if people were more creative and original, rather than actually helping you and me and Elmer Q. Schnifflepus to become better writers, composers, engineers, artists, industrial designers, or whatnot. Even the so-called "creative processing" does not seem particularly to make people creative.

Impatient with this disparity between theory and practice, the present writer did something about it by starting a series of creativity meetings in the summer of 1954. Held at irregular intervals, these meetings are still going on, and there is good reason to believe they will expand.

Of course, this is just our personal preference, but we have held our meetings in homes, with small groups and an informal shirtsleeves atmosphere. Four to ten persons seems the best number to have; above a dozen or so, you have a *crowd* rather than a group. Also, these creativity meetings are discussions, not lectures, and a large group compels lecturing—and the horrors of parliamentary procedure.

Last year, we took the notes from earlier meetings in the series (note-taking is essential, if any permanent benefit is to be derived from holding meetings) and wrote a booklet, "Creativity and Inspiration", and sold a good many copies of it. A second part is now being written. Later on, a regular book (we hope!).

While just a few persons are present at any one meeting, there is a considerable turnover, so that in the two years about 60 different persons have attended. Very few drop out—it's just that when you schedule a date to suit one person, several others say they can't possibly come that night—so you schedule the next meeting for them, they come, but someone else doesn't. Here in Los Angeles, or any large city, there are hundreds of groups, and organized commercial distractions such as T-V and sports, and this makes calendar-juggling a fine art. Usually, the absentees can be written to or telephoned, and their opinions obtained. We always mail out mimeographed announcements about five days before the meeting, and give some hint on what the meeting will be about. Not too much, though—they might just read your spiel and stay home!

It is a good idea to summarize the last meeting in the first few minutes of the following one. It gives the new people, and those who couldn't help being away the last time, some sense of continuity. We do not mean some monotonous-voiced official secretary droning through the "minutes of the last meeting". You don't want to drive your guests down the Tone Scale to boredom! No, just say, "The last meeting, on such-and-such a date, we talked

about so-and-so, and I would like to thank Mr. Whatshisname and Miss Whoozit for their brilliant remarks. They said that . . ."

Something to talk about? Arm yourself with five or six sentences from a book on creativity, and someone is sure to start the ball rolling. Most books on creativity are classed in libraries under the number "155", but your library can help you find others. The problem at our meetings has not been how to start them, but how to stop them! There is something about a creativity discussion that makes people want to go on talking until dawn. Try to hold the discussion to real objects, rather than abstract philosophical speculation. When ambiguous, higher-order abstract terms are dragged in, the discussion usually becomes an argument. Then people will go home and remember how angry they were, rather than what was said. What we want is for people to go home enthusiastic, and for them to do more composing, writing, painting pictures, sculpturing, inventing, designing, engineering, etc.

The artist, as well as the scientist and the engineer, must face MEST reality. The actions we are calling creative are the expression of imagination and inspiration in terms of physical materials. Even music and poetry involve moving trillions upon trillions of air molecules, as well as the placing of physical ink marks on MEST paper. So don't worry about anybody who denounces creativity as "escape". They probably are avoiding creativity so they can be alone with their own thoughts. If that's not escaping physical reality, what is?

Another consideration involved in holding meetings is that physical bodies have to be given more than food for thought. Have a coffee-break about two-thirds of the way through the meeting. They'll remember that if they forget everything else.

Since making people more creative is a matter of giving them freedom, anything in the way of formalized procedure, rules, and regulations—and parrot-like repetition, "the book says so"—is to be avoided. Teacher-and-class attitude will become, at least on a subconscious level, the teacher-*versus*-class attitude. There are enough thwarting and restrictive situations in daily life without having them in a creativity meeting, of all places! It is more a matter of selecting people who are to come, rather than trying to alter their natures at the meetings. Indolent dabblers who take nothing seriously, and chronic anger cases who want to turn any meeting into a grouch club, can be screened out beforehand. They'd better be, or down will go the tone of your other guests.

It may sound as though the wide variety of fields represented at our meetings cover too much territory, but there are many elements common to all creative activities. We have seen a poet sit beside an engineer, and a singer next to a mathematician, and compare notes. Cross-fertilization—different kinds of creative people mutually exciting one another, and ideas getting applied in fields far removed from those in which they were born—can produce an intoxicating exhilaration. This is why the discussion atmosphere will work, and why the lecture situation will fail. Those who

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Christmas Excites the Hidden Children

9. STRANGE UNDERCURRENTS

AN IMPORTANT holiday and a vacation of several days is in the offing. It is a holiday about which the world outside the House on Martha Avenue becomes excited. Some of the excitement is synthetic, whipped up. But some is deep, in the human soul.

This holiday can't be explained to the children in the house on Martha Avenue so that even the most intelligent of them can understand. Yet the impression is gained, as soon as talk about it begins, that they are wiser than their elders in intelligence. They sense the holiday and something of its meaning. They react. Because they are who they are, their reactions are of great interest and importance. They have strange meanings, suggestions of meanings, not apparent in the reactions of the normal.

Lissa does more winking about than usual. She tries harder to communicate. She can't sit still. She isn't disobedient, for she is never obedient. She snatches small bits of food from the plates of others. Crumbs fall on the floor and she is down quickly to scramble for them, though her plate is heavier with better ones that are reasonably clean. She rises from her chair, circles the table, swinging her arms, swaying her body. There is a heightened glow on her face. She can't possibly know anything about the holiday. How can she, when no one has so far been able to reach her thinking stream, her sensitivity, which she must have else she would 't respond to music or to affection? There is always the appearance of rebellion in Lissa, because she never does what she is told. She merely looks at whoever tells her, and says nothing, does nothing. Whether she understands or not, not even the principal knows. But the principal never gives up, never ceases trying to reach Lissa. She never will cease trying, nor will any of the other three teachers, for one thing seems certain about Lissa: *She likes to be here.*

The mongoloid who is always sleepy, who sits at Lissa's right hand, isn't as sleepy as usual. He pays more dull attention to what goes on around him. He looks oftener and with seemingly more interest at his table mates. He eats faster and with more relish. Something is flowing in this boy, something *different*. He is responding to the time, the date, but whether he is responding of himself, or because of the growing excitement around him, there is no way of telling, because he himself can't tell. Since man knows himself less than he knows the rest of creation, this fact doesn't make the small mongoloid greatly different. Indeed, even the genius uses such a small area of his mental equipment that the difference between any of us, and any of the rest of us—whether we live in a palace or attend classes in the House on Martha Avenue—becomes very slight. Yet to us, ourselves, the difference seems very great.

Georgie, who never tells anything to anybody, though he sometimes tries, smiles oftener, and with more of a shine in his smiling. His eyes are brighter. His vision isn't good, and his eyes are not properly aligned, and it doesn't seem nice to study him while he eats. But Georgie is most himself while he eats. He has a strange gift of laughter, and he uses it

This is a continuation of the series in which Mr. Burks analyzes life in the Child Guidance Center, Lancaster, penn. These are only a few of the estimated 4,000,000 "genetic tragedies", one or more of whom could be even next door to you—maybe in your own home. —The EDITOR.

more today than formerly. He looks straight at the principal, the visitor, or one of his mates, with his right eye, and it twinkles, as if he enjoyed a mute jest with someone; his left eye looks away, secretively. There is something lovable about Georgie, and Georgie expresses love if one seeks it in him. He makes quicker, jerkier movements than he hitherto has. Yesterday he seldom turned his back on his food to look at boys and girls in the other rooms. His mouth opens widely while he eats, and he laughs, a kind of rumble. Something funny, or exciting, perhaps, is going on, or about to go on, and Georgie knows it, wishes others somehow to know that he knows it. Once again, this is impression only, since there is so little communication that there is no proof that anybody understands anybody else—except that the teachers surely do comprehend their small strange charges.

There is an accent on simple things, emphasis on unimportant things. Hester, for instance, resents the visitor. She may have before, but today the resentment must be expressed. The visitor leans against another table. Hester pushes her chair back to the other table, then with surprising strength pushes the visitor away from the second table. She is angry, and she doesn't mind if the visitor knows. She gives the impression at the same time, certainly erroneously, that she doesn't distinguish between children and grown-ups. She does, of course, and heeds and "plays up" to the grown-ups who are important in her life—her teachers. Her busybody, eager-beaver frown, is more pronounced today, and she is busier, more eager with the passing moments. She, too, knows that something is on the verge of happening.

Lissa radiates to Hester, who radiates to Georgie, who radiates to Rebecca. Each sends forth his growing excitement to all the others, who pick it up, transform it, pass it along to others, as well as back to the one who started it. It has an explosive quality, a suspensive attribute.

Out in the main room a fat, happy mongoloid boy decides to visit the bathroom. He is one who must be helped. But he doesn't ask to be helped. He has left off one shoe. He is instantly aware of the difference this makes in his walking. He accents that difference. He limps on one shoeless foot. The instant he limps he exaggerates the limp, raising the shoeless foot high and higher, until he moves with a tremendous rolling that threatens to spill him, but doesn't quite. He is pleased with himself, and laughs immoderately, watching to see if others take note of him. They don't, unless he bumps into them, and then he merely rolls away from their pushes. This boy doesn't start the growing excitement in the main room, for it has already started; but he carries it along and increases its tension. His face is red with it. He rolls into the side room, and to the door of the bathroom, where he vanishes for a time. When he returns he hasn't forgotten; he rolls even beyond the bounds of nautical safety.

The whole center seems on the verge of get-

ting out of hand, yet one who has watched the ways of the teachers with these children knows that they will be kept in control--and that while this can be done, there is some hope for every single one of them, including those who communicate the least.

Terry rushes about more, darting, dodging with his whims. Herman sits sidewise in his seat, paying more attention to all the others, and is less neat with his food. He's not out of control, even though he now eats with his mouth open, scarcely aware that he eats at all. Herman laughs in his rumbling way, and runs a big hand over his face.

Two boys, brothers, the only brothers in the House on Martha Avenue, look about them more than is their habit. They are the ataxia cases--both of whom came "creeping" to the center, one of whom walks fairly well, while the other must be helped. The principal helps the other. She helps him to his feet, stands behind him, guiding and thrusting his legs with her knees. This boy moves slowly, but faster than is his wont. His brother moves about more than is his custom. These brothers don't seem to be excited, yet they must be, tremendously, expressing their excitement within the limits of their expression. They both squint. They squint more. Their wavering smiles are somewhat deeper. The mute jest they seem to share with anyone with whom they meet glances is more pronounced a jest. Such vocalization as they have--very little--is more audible. It is a kind of moan, a hopeless moan because it expresses so little, so much less than the brothers would express if they could.

The confusion steps up. There is more running about. The teachers are busy, but they don't raise their voices. They are more watchful than usual, if that is possible. A child sits down in his place, seeks from it to oust his neighbor, who is willing to be ousted, because the teacher wishes him to stay where he is.

There is a straining against restraint. There is a tugging at the leashes of authority. The tugging is felt by the visitor as almost a tangible thing. He reacts to it, but must react inside, where the children can't feel it, and become even more restive. But they do feel it. Tension, like a taut rubber ball, is bounced invisibly back and forth, across the room, from end to end of the room, from boy to boy to girl to girl to boy, until the whole building is alive with invisible rubber balls, bouncing, being returned.

Closer and closer moves the center toward complete loss of control. The visitor is sure it will never reach that point. He refuses to allow himself to even suspect it might. But he can sense a growing fear in the teachers. They're watching the pupils most likely to spark complete confusion.

The teachers try to carry out routine, and succeed as well as they have any right to expect, considering the season.

There is a kind of horror here, until the principal says:

"Now, we'll all rest awhile."

Curtains are drawn quickly in the House on Martha Avenue. The phonograph begins to play "Carolina Moon". Children lie down on the floor, in rooms assigned them. It seems that routine must not be altered, since all that it has taught the children would be lost. Break a rhythm, with these, and it is gone. Change a habit and you must start again.

In an amazingly brief period of time, the children are quiet, their excitement caught and tamed by the shadows in the room and the soporific tones of "Carolina Moon".

Only then does the visitor realize a simple

"You were speaking, Yada, of the soul reincarnating for experience--of what benefit is it if the soul is born again into this world as a mongoloid?..."

Yada--"There are two mental states that we can speak of--the conscious and the subconscious. There is actually no such condition as 'subconscious', but we will use the term for lack of another. The 'I' of me may know many, many things, but that does not mean that it will necessarily impart that knowledge to the so-called Low Self, or 'subconscious'. It will not let the body know. Consciousness is one thing in the physical body, but there is such a thing as consciousness apart from the body..."

"So, one may learn--but it is not a body learning, but a High Self learning. It learns by the impressions sent to it by the physical body. It makes notes, or records, the information sent to it in this manner. We often have a dream that is very vivid, but we cannot bring it to the Low Self, or body-consciousness memory. However, this lesson has been learned."--From the Mark Probert Seances, in "Clips, Quotes, Comments".

truth about these so profoundly different children: They show exactly the same excitement over the coming of Christmas as do their contemporaries in the world outside. Their excitement has the appearance of abnormality only because they are considered subnormal.

The principal difference between these children at this time and "normal" children of the same ages is that not "Carolina Moon", or any other tune, even more soporific, could quell the excitement of the "normal" ones.

The principal and her teachers have been in control, firmly, all the time, because they have known all the time that the children respond to and are quieted by music. The music doesn't have to be very good. It doesn't even have to be a lullaby.

The visitor realizes how little he understands these children, and that it is probable the world wouldn't understand them, either. The visitor is prejudiced, biased, because he knows, or thinks he knows, that the cases of almost all the children are hopeless. The world might take the same view. That much of it which knows about them, a small minority, already has.

This bias must be overcome. All the different children need is help. And there is no child, no person in all the world, who doesn't at some time in his life need help--even as desperately, perhaps, as some of these children need it.

(Continued in the September ABERREE)

OOOO

FREEDOM (TO GET OUT) OFFERED WORLD

"Natives Never Will Be Able to Return to Bikini or Eniwetok Because of H-Bomb Tests", says a headline. Which should make us very proud of our military might. Once we drove the Indians from a continent with flintlock and Bible--but the few who survived our level of "civilization" at least were able to live on what desert a benevolent "White Father" was willing to give them (unless, of course, this desert later was found to have oil, gold, or uranium that commercial interests needed.)

Of course, give these H-Bomb boys enough time and money, and eventually they'll succeed in driving the entire population from the globe. Including themselves, incidentally.

OOOO

Those out of the NOW are out of the KNOW.

Years Often Bring Warped Realities

AS WE begin to examine ourselves, we discover that we possess characteristics we would just as soon get rid of. In this respect many of us have made "good resolutions". Many of us have sought, from time to time, to be better individuals, to lift our lives to a higher plane of effectiveness and wellbeing. If we have failed, it is probably because of impedances.

Let me define "impedance" as it is used here. An impedance is a pattern of perception, feeling, thought, or action that interferes with the synergic function of the organism. An impedance is one source of dysergy.

One way that impedances come into existence is through our inability to differentiate at the level of awareness between Unreality and Reality.

As children we were extremely capable of dealing with Reality vs. Unreality. We spent much of our time in the Unreal world of illusory imagination. But we were very capable of differentiating what we were doing. Remember when you played "cops and robbers" or "cowboys and Indians"? While you were playing, it was all very real. The broomstick you used for a horse could really gallop over the hills and through the valleys. And when you shot an Indian through the heart he was DEAD! But when the game was over, everybody came back to life and you knowingly stood your trusty steed back up in the corner. You were fully aware that what you were projecting as reality was in fact only unreality-illusion. And thus did you preserve the fount from which much of your happiness flowed.

As the years pass, something happens to cause us to lose this ability to clearly differentiate between Reality and Unreality. With the passing of time we come more to accept Unreality as Real. And when we do this, as far as we are concerned, the Unreality IS real and we will defend it as Real with our lives. Finally, we betray ourselves into accepting the greatest Unreality of all--the Unreality of death--as the Reality of oblivion.

If we are willing to look with objective honesty at our lives as they are, we can begin to recognize our inability to differentiate between Unreality and Reality and we can begin to see how it comes about. And as we do this, our inability will begin to dissipate and we will again be able to differentiate the Unreal from the Real.

Actually, we fool ourselves into accepting Unreality for Reality. We desire only that good things accrue to us. But as we go along, we find many things not to our liking. We begin to think that life is hoaxing us or cheating us. Our carefully-laid plans go astray. We go along from day to day, desiring one thing and getting another. We hope and strive for happiness, only to find it eluding us more as we grow older.

As children we possessed the ability to experience happiness in abundance. As we grow older, we feel this ability slipping away from us. There must be a reason for this. Certainly God does not decree that we must be progressively less happy as we grow older. It must be a condition of our own making. And it is, as we shall see.

God has endowed each of us with certain

abilities and responsibilities. The primary ability with which we are all endowed is self-determined individuality. As human beings, we are self-contained units of life. We possess self-generating and self-activating power. We possess intelligence and the ability to judge, reason, and think. *And we are endowed with full responsibility for our own intellectual and spiritual development.*

Except for the limitations we unknowingly impose upon ourselves, we are each free agents, free to choose regarding anything in any manner we may elect.

We choose our actions of the moment on the basis of what we know. Knowledge is awareness of Reality. When we find ourselves in situations where we must act in order to preserve our survival and yet do not know what to do, we are faced with the problem of finding out. We do this by using our intelligence, judgment, reason, and past experience to create for our awareness what the Reality probably is, and then choose our actions in terms of this creation.

To put it another way, if we do not know what the Reality is in a particular situation, we adopt a belief in lieu of knowledge. We must have some basis from which to proceed toward a solution.

It is well to note at this point that belief and faith are two entirely different concepts, although it is a common practice for us to interchange their meanings.

In order to solve any problem we must have a motive for solving it. We must also adopt an attitude, a particular way in which we approach the problem. And if we do not know the Reality, we must adopt a belief, a representation of Reality, to substitute for knowledge of Reality.

Our basis for solving problems and choosing actions, then, is a complex of Belief-Attitude-Motive. For convenience, we will call this the BAM complex, or simply BAM.

Awareness of the BAM complex and its relationship to human problems is not new. We can find reference to it as far back as we can trace early Egyptian philosophy. In fact, it can be found to form a basic part of all early philosophies as well as those of modern times.

The fact that we accept BAMs in lieu of knowledge of Reality and then forget we have done this is not a new concept, either. The early philosophers told their students to examine their BAMs if they really wanted to change themselves for the better.

You might logically ask here, "How can a particular Belief-Attitude-Motive complex have anything to do with experiencing happiness?" Let me give you an example. Suppose a fellow has difficulty in his social relationships with girls. As a result, he becomes more and more left out of social activities, which inevitably leads to a feeling of frustration. I think we can all agree that such a fellow will experience less and less happiness as he goes along. Now, if this fellow will examine his BAM with respect to girls, he may find that he has a belief that girls don't like him or that girls are inferior to men, an attitude of withdrawal from them or disdain for their inferiority, a motive to avoid girls, or prove

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Correcting the Neglect of Affinity

THE EIGHT Dynamics are an evident, real expression of the total amount of A.R.C. (Affinity, Reality, Communication) of which a being is capable. This is a point which most, if not all, of us have been missing or upon which we have not been gaining cognition.

(For the benefit of ABERREE readers who are not familiar with Scientology terms, the Eight Dynamics are: 1. Survival for self; 2. Survival through children and sex; 3. Survival through groups--from a few to a city, or even a nation; 4. Survival for mankind as a whole; 5. Survival as a life form (animals, etc.); 6. Survival through and as a part of the physical universe; 7. Survival through thought, thought forms; 8. Survival through the Supreme Being.)

Let us look at the Scientology axioms pertinent to the point expressed in the first sentence of this article: Axiom 21--"Understanding is composed of Affinity, Reality, and Communication". Axiom 23--"The Static (Life) has the capability of total knowingness. Total knowingness would consist of total A.R.C." Axiom 24--"Total A.R.C. would bring about the vanishment of all mechanical conditions of existence". Axiom 25--"Affinity is a scale of attitude which falls away from the co-existence of Static, through the interpositions of distance and energy, to create identity, down to close proximity but mystery". Axiom 26--"Reality is the agreed-upon apparency of existence". Axiom 27--"An actuality can exist for one individually, but when it is agreed with by others it can then be said to be a reality". Axiom 28--"Communication is the consideration and action of impelling an impulse or particle from source-point across a distance to receipt-point, with the intention of bringing into being at the receipt-point a duplication of that which emanated from the source-point". Axiom 31--"Goodness and badness, beautifulness and ugliness are alike considerations and have no other basis than opinion". Coupled with the fact that whatever you resist you become, becomes solid, and persists, we then have quite a background to work from.

Suppose we look at Axioms 23 and 24. These axioms actually tell us all we need to know and utilize to achieve the goals that we have been looking for, and contain the basic solution to all of the problems we have in Scientology. This appears to be quite a statement, but it is true. In the past in Scientology, we have had remarkable techniques built around two corners of the A.R.C. triangle. S.O.P. 8-C (moving the pre-clear to various places and objects in the room) worked on reality; shouting "Hello", "O.K.", etc., aided communication. The corner of the triangle that was overlooked was Affinity. Yet look at Axiom 25. This axiom is actually a complete description of the whole material universe and our problem in auditing. Whenever a Thetan is in complete affinity with anything, he controls it completely. Our main problem in auditing is the returning to our pre-clears and ourselves par-determinism, or controls of ourselves and our environment.

The main message of Dianetics and Scientology is: "Something can be done" about ourselves and the environment. In other words, there is something better for and about us than that which we have at present. We were

all told, "Man is basically good". Why would there be any reason for such a statement unless there was a confusion or doubt on this score? The answer is obvious: There is a glaring lack of affinity on the first (self) and third (groups) dynamics. Each of the people in Scientology has a conviction that there is something wrong (bad?) about themselves and other people, and they want to improve all this. In order to think and feel this way there must be a lack of affinity first within oneself and in others; thus the first and third dynamics are quite inhibited.

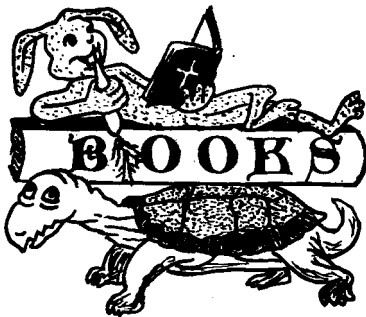
Suppose that we consider the first dynamic as the base of an expanding triangle of A.R.C. If this base is very insecure and narrow, how can any gains be made stable unless there is an increase of affinity?

It would seem, then, that we should solve the problem of affinity on the first dynamic. We should examine the first dynamic and see what we have to work with. Whenever we see a body alive and intelligent, we are looking at a composite. This composite consists of the Thetan, Genetic Entity, body, and a memory bank from the Thetan and one from the Genetic Entity. With this many parts, then it is easy to see how a lack of affinity could exist within oneself.

The first steps to regain affinity, then, would be the granting of beingness or affinity between the Thetan and Genetic Entity and body. A very good process to start and also continuously intersperse during a session is "Mock up (visualize) your body just as it is and offer it to the body". Do this many times; then switch to healthy bodies. The next step is a gradient scale approach to increase of affinity. The command is, "Locate a part of your body that you could like. O.K., now tell it, 'I like you,' and express affinity to it; feel it as much as possible." If there is any difficulty with finding a part that could be liked, you simply use gradient scale again. There is something you can like about anything, even if it is only looks, feel, smoothness, ability to do a small job or to help you to do a job, or even just keeping the body from looking ugly or odd. These processes can be used by yourself, or by you as an auditor to one pre-clear or on a group, and we have found they bring good results immediately. It is best to give an explanation of the first dynamic and the goal of the process, and get agreement on running it before any session, as is now considered good practice.

I have used this line-up on three pre-clears, a group of about 10 persons, and alone on myself. Here are the results so far: One pre-clear had arthritis in one leg and hip, with about a 4- to 7-inch shortening of this leg, huge spots of psoriasis and constant fatigue, hearing trouble, low A.R.C. with her family, and very little hope for the future. Now, her leg is lengthening, the spots are almost gone, she does much more work in less time with less fatigue, is hearing better, has had a terrific rise in A.R.C. with and within her family, is planning for the future with very much more certainty, has had a very marked rise in internal body awareness, control, and affinity, has been putting on weight, has relaxed most of her internal ten-

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SIMPLIFIED TENSION STUDY, By James Welgos, Fairhope, Ala.—Around this book, the entire training system of Human Engineering is being re-gear-ed. Although it does not replace the "Lessons in Living", Welgos explains, it can produce faster, if less permanent, results. The "Lessons" have been reduced to bi-weekly mailings rather than weekly.

Students of Dianetics will recognize many familiar facets, although areas of unconsciousness will not be touched. They are not important, the booklet states, and the student can deal with these periods only after he is willing to accept responsibility for them. However, the "snap answer", the examination of past incidents and agreements until they are understood and re-evaluated, and development of awareness and control of the internal structure will be "old hat" to Dianetic auditors who have not aligned themselves with the later and more covert approaches to why one is what he thinks he is.

Simplified Tension Study divides people into two types: Those who wish to change themselves and those who wish to change the environment. Most students, Welgos says, must be raised from the second class to the first, and then beyond that stage. To do this, eight basic tools are offered to the "teacher". These he calls the "four languages": verbal content, actions, sensations, and thoughts—within one's self and outside of self.

Processing starts with a goal—and this may be small or large. Only that which leads to the accomplishment of this single goal is to be considered until it has been accomplished—no matter how long it may take. Anyone wanting to free the world, probably, will find it takes a bit longer than if his goal merely is the eradication of hair from the tip of his or her nose.

The study of etiquette, poise (and here "charm schools" get a pat on the back), physical culture, dieting, and even hypnotism all have a place in integration, Welgos points out.

The book is small (only 35 pages) to cover such a large subject as integration, but this may be a refutation of those critics who claim Welgos is "too wordy". "Simplified Tension Study" isn't.

HOW TO ACHIEVE PAST-LIFE RECALLS, By Volney Mathison, 1214 W. 30, Los Angeles. \$1—In this 66-page booklet, Volney makes the running of previous existences (past lives) even more simple than backing your car around the corner in downtown Los Angeles at 5 p.m. All you need do, he says, is get a co-operative partner, concentrate, and follow the simple hypnotic instructions to the

letter. You don't even need a crystal ball, but one would help.

In his introductory, Mathison traces somewhat the history of Dianetics from the Los Angeles school through the split with Don Purcell over the running of past lives, and takes no little credit for the part played by the Mathison Electropsychometer in the metamorphosis of Dianetics to Scientology. His own break with Hubbard followed—which he attributes partly to dangerous data uncovered while running one of his own "past-lives".

Before you can contact a past-life, of course, you must take your attention off the blonde in the nearby beanery, the price of coffee, and the like, and concentrate on the project at hand. This is taken care of by a simple imaging process.

Then, you work toward a goal of low conscious-awareness, and when you have achieved a figure preferably below "10", you're ready for the tomorrows that happened ages and ages ago.

Several anecdotes of regressing into past-lives are given, together with the therapeutic value obtained. Included, of course, are some of the choice "spicy" accounts used or alluded to in some of the other Mathison books.

Undoubtedly, the key to running a past-life, Mathison formula, is getting the low conscious-awareness, and the instructions for this are quite detailed. There are some who may complain that this is hypnotism, but at all times, the "instructee" (Volney's term for "patient" or "pre-clear") is enough aware that he or she can get up off the couch and kick his "co-operator" ("auditor" or "therapist") in the teeth.

The main thing, Mathison says, is to keep "the returnee in action, keep him or her doing something, experiencing something". And if they go to sleep on you, give them until you count "4" to come awake. If they don't come awake, he gives you no instructions—but it's possible you may think of something clever and/or diabolical.

Mathison takes a parting shot at the "stuck-in-the-mud psychologist" who brushes off "past-lives" as "an example of the successful use of symbolism". Since language itself is accomplished through the use of word symbols, the running of past-lives, then, is "symbolic of what?", Mathison asks.

It should be fun—especially in a "haunted house" during a storm at midnight. Try it. Maybe someone can come up with a "Bridey Murphy" who really did something.

YOUR INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT AND SCIENTOLOGY. W. Len Hamilton, D.D., D.Sc., North Wilbraham, Mass. 25¢ This 8-page printed booklet is the transcription of a lecture made by Dr. Hamilton, and is the first of a series of booklets which will take up various phases of Scientology and explain them so that the reader is not frustrated by words he cannot find in the dictionary.

In "Your Intelligence Quotient", Hamilton tells what "memory" actually is—how we surround ourselves with pictures of our past, and get ourselves so thoroughly hemmed in with old pictures that we are incapable of seeing anything clearly in present time. Through processes that place these memory pictures in their proper perspective, and remove the emotional debris of yesterday from

today's computations, I.Q.'s of 200 or more are not uncommon in Scientology, Hamilton states.

However, Hamilton admits, those with such high I.Q.'s often find it necessary to become stupid again—just because they need playmates, and to communicate with those so much lower whom they want to help.

The explanation of memory is well done, and makes the pamphlet well worth reading. However, the statement that ALL Scientologists have I.Q.'s in excess of 125 needs a little more supporting evidence.

In any event, it will be interesting to see what other booklets Mr. Hamilton publishes in this series—and what success he has in selling material at 25¢ in a field that has been taught that knowledge is pretty darned expensive.

ADVANCED PERCEPTION, Rev. James Welgos. Human Engineering, Fairhope, Ala. \$2—This may mark the beginning of the end for the old 8x11 mimeographed booklets published by Human Engineering. "Advanced Perception" is in a new size, 5x8, and printed by offset, as other books of the list will be in future.

For the changeover in size, Welgos has chosen the first of the old Eidetic Foundation books, "Occult Aspects", for reprinting, and not only has the size of the book been changed but the contents have been revised and the book given a new title.

No matter what your belief, "Advanced Perception", if you accept it, will shake your reality to its toes. As Welgos points out, there is but a single mind in the universe, and everything is a part of that mind. For us, then, to think of ourselves as individuals, independent from the universe, is possible only through deformed perception. We see only what we want to see, give reality only to that which we have declared to be real.

Those who get help through auditing, spiritualism, and the million-and-one panaceas offered, get help only to the extent they agree they can be helped, he says. As an example, he cites the doctor who knows only how to treat broken arms, and believes that all ailments can be helped by treatments for broken arms. If his patients agree with him, even though they might have broken legs, they will be cured.

There is a lot of data acceptable as truth in this little book—but if one accepts it in toto, one can only come to the conclusion that he is being a human merely because humans are real to him—and if you dissipate one illusion, you might as well dissipate them all. In fact, when we had turned the last page, we weren't quite sure whether we'd read a book or merely participated in a momentary illusion.

Probably, to us, the most significant statement in the book was that people do not want to know the total truth; they seek only the solution to an immediate problem, or problems, and guard their illusions with their life. And why not? Their illusions ARE their life, are they not?

COOCO

The "professional dry" is one who seeks a law that he hopes will do what he can't accomplish by setting a horrible example.

COOCO

Few road hazards are more deadly than a so-called "safety campaign".



Plowing Up the Field

Finally, at long last, and after long agreement (pardon the "long's" out this is a "long" tale), we've found something with which we and Max Freedom Long are at odds. In his Huma Bulletin, he says to shun any system that seeks to eliminate salt from the diet because "we evolved from the sea and several minerals are needed by the body, salt most of all". Friends who come to see us bring their own salt-shakers, because we haven't touched the stuff purposely for more than 10 years. But maybe our evolution was of the fresh water type... Recent shift-abouts on this planet: Ruth Yerks and her Army husband from Butzbach, Germany, to Presidio of Monterey, Calif.; Bob Arentz from Salt Lake City, Utah, to a much better job in Denver, Colo.; Philip Friedman from his winter quarters in Arizona to his long-neglected architectural desk in Pittsburgh, Penn.; Lee Lockhart from El Paso, Texas, to his old stomping grounds in Albuquerque, N. M. On Zydokamzruskehen, Jonas Bigo has been elevated to Tier 99-009 because of an article in the June ABERREE... Ed "City of Dawn" Milligan confesses he gets up at 3 A.M. so he can have most of his work done before Dorothy Brand, his secretary, shows up and he has to put on a shirt. It's been/is hot in Enid, too...

Dorothy Woodgate, D.N. and D.Sc. of Houston, is home again after a bit of voyage that took her to the tip of South Africa, where she visited relatives, "ancient and modern", and renewed communication with former school friends. Also, she discovered that Johannesburg has some very good auditors, including U. Keith Gerry, author of "Scientology, the Contribution to Knowledge", with whom she had dinner the evening before she started her return trip... We wish to thank Don Purcell, John and Youne Burch, Arden and Ruth Bergquist, Norman Fritz, Nelda Woodring, Bill and Helen Hart, the Publisher of Ye ABERREE, and the nurse and doctor or two who stopped occasionally, for visiting us while in the Wichita VA Hospital. And as for the get-out-of-there-quick cards we got, never was the potency of infinity better demonstrated. How'd you-all find out our carefully-guarded "secret"?... Younes and John Burch, by the way, have moved into a new home in Wichita—all their own (well, it will be after a few thousand pay-

ments)... And we discovered that Norman Fritz had no matrimonial interest in that apartment he moved into, as hinted in a previous ABERREE. His mother (who should be added to the list of visitors above) provides the feminine touch for this imposing domicile...

After cramming for his final exams, Fred Hard found himself on top of his Psychology class at the University of Houston, and didn't have to take the test. Next time, Fred, just try BEING the examiner, and you won't even have to cram... We are finally in receipt of the long-sought "Zero", and as we suspected, it was "much ado about nothing". The Zero came to us in the form of a candy bar, which Dr. Addison O'Neill sent Philip Friedman from Florida. Friedman, in turn, sent it to us in the Wichita hospital, but in the meantime, we'd scrambled. Came a notice that a package had arrived, and if we'd send 6¢ postage, same would be forwarded. Which we did, and they did. For a candy bar that had done that much traveling, and contributed so much toward the postal deficit, the Ed. & Pub. promptly took it out of circulation. And it didn't taste a darned bit better than if we'd bought it across the street... By the way, has anyone heard from Dr. Bill Young, former (?) mainstay of Scientology in Pentagon City, D. C.?... Visiting Burke and Millen Balkman in their new Phoenix home have been Scientologists Nadia Bin-hak and Carol Evans...

Peggy (Dr. Lavinia) Conway writes from London that she's now in flight "across the roof-tops of the world—stopping off here and there to greet old friends". Last we'd heard from her, she was in Connecticut, but that was before she spent the winter in Mexico... "Traveling south"—and that was all we could get out of Bud Urban, Des Moines newspaper proof-reader, who stopped in Enid, "en route". Other than to say he'd probably see Dr. Addison O'Neill in Daytona Beach, Fla., it seems he had no itinerary for this vacation jaunt... Another HERE AND NOW in the mails from the Boston Science and Fiction Critics Club. First we've seen since they abandoned Dianology as a main theme... The ABERREE extends its heartiest aberrations to Laura L. Hamilton and Walter L. Sherertz, who were married on 12 June in Salem, Ohio. Laura is a registered nurse and graduate auditor, while her husband is with the U.S. Air Force...

While Carroll Hemrick was laid low for a few days with a "strep throat", his bid for attention was thwarted because Pearl, at about the same time, found herself "snowed under" (Do people get "snowed under" in Phoenix, Ariz., in late spring?) with an order for some fancy squaw dresses... Clara Bradford writes that she and her son Jim are exploring the southern New Jersey countryside on bicycles—and that the flatness of the terrain makes this type of travel less fatiguing than they found when they lived in hilly Massachusetts... The Church of Scientology, Detroit, has moved into new quarters at 6550 Third Avenue, and open house was held on Saturday and Sunday, June 9 and 10. Dr. Ernest Wirick and Mrs. Pauline Ward are the major-domos of this guidance center... Winston Farrar of Leeds, Yorks., England, wrote us an inquiry about mesal buttons—which is some-

(Please turn to Page 11)



BY PHILIP FRIEDMAN

"The letter 'X' is stamped upon the universe," said Plato. Wherein the letter "I" is the universe. Together they are basic basic, the Phi Rho.

Man is a mean occupying the zero band between all and nothing.

Blue blood has a higher vibratory frequency, but red blood goes farther.

Can light be divided from darkness? So also is it impossible to divide synergy from dysergy.

Happiness is happiness.

The answer to "What holds the universe together?" is "What holds it apart?"

Make the most of MEST, it's a must.

Dear Auditor—

As of this inst., your well-intended services, to make me a clear, are no longer desired.

I BEG TO REMAIN,

Philip Friedman

COOCO

TWO CONFERENCES SLATED TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER

Those who like their ologies en masse have two choices this summer.

First, will be the Synergetics Workshop, to be held in Columbus, Ohio, on July 13 to 15. This is the first such Workshop to be held, and according to Dr. Art Coulter, there will be delegates present from as far away as California and Texas. Theme of the Workshop will be the protodyne—an "identity pattern response to the threat of pain", which Dr. Coulter insists is not the same as the Dianetic "engram".

The second meeting will be/may be the June Scientology Congress, now set for August 29 to September 1, in Washington, D.C. The shift from the June schedule followed news that Dr. L.R. Hubbard, science fiction writer, would return to the U.S. from England, Ireland, and Spain in time to address the conferees. This Congress often has as many as 150 to 200 delegates for the lectures and final party. No announcement has been made in regard to the Congress theme, but no doubt Dr. Hubbard, in his year abroad, has picked up something new and startling.

Warped Reality

By Don G. Purcell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

his own superiority. If he were to become aware of such a BAM, then he could consciously discard it and adopt another, such as a belief that girls are interesting and charming, an attitude of attentiveness toward them and the things they are interested in, and a motive of wanting to be liked by them. If he selects his actions on the basis of this new BAM, he may find himself becoming quite popular with the girls.

In this case, the fellow has accepted an Unreality—the belief that girls don't like him—in lieu of Reality. Thereafter, as far as he is concerned, the Unreality is Reality. Of course, this example is an oversimplification, but it demonstrates how we fool ourselves into accepting Unreality for Reality and how it can have an effect on our ability to experience happiness.

And now I will tell you something we cannot find among the old philosophies. When we do identify a particular condition in our lives that underlies unhappiness, and discover the BAM upon which it is based, we can adopt a new BAM analytically and experience a change. But many times the new BAM will not persist. The old BAM will gradually return to take its place. The reason for this is that the old BAM stems from another BAM deeper in the sub-awareness, which in turn has as a basis yet another BAM still deeper. They lie one on top of another like the layers of an onion. All are below the level of conscious awareness, but they can be brought up to the level of awareness. When you do bring a BAM into awareness, you can immediately ask yourself, "What is my belief about that belief? What is my attitude toward it? What is my motive for accepting it?" When you succeed in doing this, you have brought to awareness a more basic, deeper BAM. By following this procedure, you can eventually become aware of the basic BAM from which the others stem. When you do this, you will suddenly realize that this whole chain of BAMs is actually an Unreality that you have carefully created to take the place of not knowing the Reality. Once created, you have carefully hidden it from awareness so that you would not later discover its true identity—for our very survival depends on our knowing Reality.

Every chain of BAMs that we create as we go along acts as an impediment to a condition for happiness. We begin to create these chains of BAMs during our youthful years, and as we grow older, we create more and more of them and add more BAMs to the ones already existing.

Eliminating the impediments to mental, emotional, and spiritual development requires at least two attributes:

1. The willingness to be self-honest; to admit that we are less than we could be.
2. The willingness to take action; to put in the time and effort necessary to dig out, identify, and eliminate our various impediments.

I suggest you take a pencil and paper and list all your "beliefs" that you can think of. Don't leave out any of them. Having done this,

suggest one from an area of your behavior that you are particularly unhappy about, perhaps one about which you made a "good resolution" last New Year's. Identify the whole BAM complex—the belief—the attitude—and the motive. Then track this BAM to its next underlying BAM, and so on until you have tracked it as deeply as you can.

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Neglect of Affinity

By Rev. Vincent A. Turner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

sions, and much more. The total time in actual processing was less than five hours. We have had a total of seven processing sessions, with most of the time being spent in giving her this data and getting her to look at A.R.C. in action and letting her unburden A.R.C. breaks in the past.

In the other pre-clears, there has been an increase in tone (level of chronic emotion), body awareness, self-affinity and control, increase in perception, rate of motion, appearance, A.R.C. on the first five dynamics, with very little processing time being used. As the auditor, I have had cognitions and changes occurring to me so fast and frequently that I have difficulty keeping up with the processing. My whole life, considerations, actions, ability, "case" have fallen apart at the seams and I am now in the process of beginning to find out how nice and good people and myself are, and allowing them to be nice to me and me to be nice to them and me.

The actual key to this game is A.R.C., with the emphasis on affinity as described in Axiom 25. Affinity is the true granting of beingness, for you say, "I like you". This is actually saying, "I am being you", and as a corollary, "You may be you and me."

The processes described were originally meant for only the first dynamic, but they can and should be used on every dynamic. If you will only use and BE affinity, life will be more rewarding and full, and your own inherent abilities and goodness will be yours again.

□□□□

PLOWING UP THE FIELD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

thing we've heard a bit about occasionally, but had no personal experience (even though Oklahoma is alleged to be the home of Indians who use these in their ceremonies). We made inquiries, but our questions were greeted with downright suspicion, since preachers and bootleggers keep Oklahoma legally "dry", and, apparently, the plant has here a reputation for being the primary ingredient of a rather potent, if non-taxable, brew. Denied help from our fellow citizenry, we hid ourselves to the Gloss Mountains west of Enid, and for hours, drove down country roads, lanes, and cow-paths, hunting a type of cactus we could identify only through pictures we'd seen in a dictionary. It was an ideal day for such a trip; all the cacti were in full bloom, the strata of mica shone like diamonds in the sun, but no mescal. However, we did dig up quite an assortment of the stickier things as the nucleus of a cacti garden—and the Publisher got to see a phase of Oklahoma which she couldn't say reminded her of her native New York.

Idea Exchange

By Ivor Darreg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

sit nice and quiet in a lecture-hall for two hours inevitably become passive; they won't bring ambition and the fire of zest and zeal home with them. Discussion, on the contrary, is two-way communication in practice.

Here are some of the topics taken up at our meetings:

The Question of Originality.

The "Eureka" Experience—sudden "That's it" insights.

The Subjective and Objective Factors in Creativity—The Extraverted and Introverted Roles Played by the Creative Person.

Does Creativity Entail Neuroses?

Are There Limitations to Inspiration? Is Inspi Rationed?

Automatic Writing and Other Similar Methods of Tapping the Unconscious. Their Value in Creative Endeavor.

Feedback. Two-way Communication Between Artist and Audience.

Sleeping on a Problem.

Care and Feeding of the Unconscious.

The preceding will give you some idea of the sort of thing that has been profitably discussed at the meetings. Valuable hints were contributed by those attending on such matters as: How to get more sudden insights, how to direct the subconscious, how to be more efficient, how to be retired within oneself (introverted) while creating yet be the extraverted, go-getter salesman for one's finished product, how to use autosuggestion, how to be more original, and others. One result attained by most was that they became more eager; they saw more possibilities and went after them. Communication ability was definitely improved.

It was recently suggested to us (by J. H. Schmitz) that creativity discussions be alternated with processing sessions. We are going to try this and will report results later. This advice may work well the other way, too: Those who have been concentrating on processing, whether individual or group, might well alternate some kind of discussion meetings with the processing.

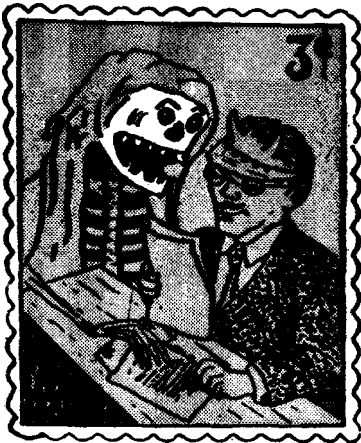
It's going to take ingenious, original, creative people to build that "better bridge". You can develop new processing techniques to this end, and revamp existing ones, but the freely-conducted discussion meeting has its part to play also in making people more original. More than that—it helps to make "self-starters" out of them. This may be the answer for the "perpetual pre-clear" who is contented to go on being audited the rest of his life. Such persons need something more active in nature than letting processes be done to them.

Furthermore, the two-way (really many-way) communication established in the discussion meeting by small groups is a badly-needed antidote for the many one-way mass-communication media today, which try so hard to enforce passivity upon us: Radio, television, movies, newspapers, phonographs, etc. This alone is reason for doing something about it.

How about some feedback from you readers?

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Is your "pequible" doing right by his "whoosh"? See next issue.



Dear Editor:

"I enjoy reading the 'Aberree' and I think it is getting better all the time. More inclusive. And the letters are often very interesting and informative.

"It is good to see a publication that remains fairly stable and is not always full of staggering claims and lots of ballyhoo. Although, mind you, sometimes ballyhoo can attract someone who otherwise would not be drawn to a study of religion or psychology (or etc.)!

"Last I heard of the B.D.R., the Bristol group were taking up a study of Yoga. A good idea too!

"Got any space left for another 'Infinite'?--*Ian M. Logan, Glasgow, Scotland.*

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"How about putting your considerable flair for illustrative writing to use in concocting a series of articles on everyday use of Scientology (outside of auditing). By avoiding the rather sticky institutional HASI approach, you could be helpful in applying some pretty good yardsticks to business, professional, or social functions. And you might fill up a lot of white space at the same time. (Ed. Note—White space in *THE ABERREE?* I'll have to do something about that!)

"However, I'll have to disagree with some of your correspondents on IRH. He's irrefragable, it's true, but he goes farther, faster, than 99 per cent of the world's personalities today, without running out of gas. Fortunately for us, he isn't cutting his momentum in order to please a bevy of critics.

"Personally, I move for an occasional vote of thanks to Hubbard, et al."--*Ken Cline, Detroit, Mich.*

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"It is with pleasure that I send you my third annual subscription, being fully aware that if Hubbard had had his way, I, along with all your other appreciative subscribers, would have been deprived of your pleasurable and instructive magazine. My thanks to you and your publisher for your mighty and successful efforts for the Aberree during the past year, and congratulations on your little devil child's cutting of its third tooth. May we all be around to see it cut its full complement.

"In your May issue editorial, you head a paragraph 'Diantologists Should Weep at Loss of B.D.R.' Here is one subscriber of B.D.R. from its

beginning to its end who is in sorrow at its loss. It is a loss to Diantologists in the fullest sense of the word. That a man of A.J.S. McMillan's calibre and qualities, whose loyal promotion of Hubbard and his science for over three years, should be rewarded by threats, lies, slander, and libel is appalling. Scientology obviously meant a great deal to McMillan at one time, as indeed it did to many more of us, until we were rudely and cruelly disillusioned by its founder.

"I like to think that Hubbard's treatment of McMillan has some connection with Hubbard's difficulties with the English authorities. No national of a foreign country would be welcome in England who slandered and libeled a respectable and respected British subject with the intention of making him appear a criminal in the eyes of many people all over the world.

"As to Hubbard's organization, how can it prosper and be great when it never has other than little fledglings at its headquarters? When people become really proficient, he cannot bear to share his nest with them and out they go, usually stripped of their feathers; in other words, their human dignity."--*Mrs. F. Ree, HPA, South Africa.*

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"I was greatly interested in his (Bob Williams) letter in the June issue of the Aberree reporting on his experience in running a case with Eeman's myognosis technique, and would like to obtain further particulars. I was impressed by the simplicity and selectivity of the process when I first ran on to it about two years ago, but never took the time to explore the possibilities. Sounds like the best way to finish the 'unfinished situations' of gestalt psychology.

"Your editorial was tops. 'The devil, ye proude spirit!', can resist anything but ridicule."--*W.W. Moyer, Comas, Wash.*

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"Like your magazine very much. Like a cool breeze in the humid atmosphere of perfect agreement. There is only one source (sic).

"Reason for $\frac{1}{2}$ HCA, after some seven months [an Hamilton's HCA correspondence course was decreed invalid. Had plenty of assurance it was OK before then. It was a good course and would have done as good as any other, if I can believe other auditors, and I can."--*Robert Berg, $\frac{1}{2}$ HCA, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

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"I believe there is something to the Eeman circuit, as I have used it hours at a stretch. It first thing reduced the welted type of venous system on back of hands; at least, lowered it within a week. Sleep! I've gone through all the categories: dream, dreamless, almost cataleptic at times. I have come up with the idea that we can have a chronic stage of delayed sleep, and IT would be one thing that would have to be rectified, to get at the basic of what we feel is wrong with us.

"Alpha, why don't you consider a couple or so pages (apart from Art Durks at the moment) to be devoted to the serious side of this whole thing; a sick person, whether mentally or physically, is in no particular patience with the lighter, and perhaps indirect, type of healing suggestions. I have friends with cancer, heart trouble, mental, and all that, and know if they could be

gotten interested in the background of what you people stand for, they would perhaps get interested and do something. My own motto is 'Look for the miracle', and it is just as cheap a motto as something that seems to be more logical, but at the same time far more pessimistic. Remember, there are millions of people a-looking!"--*Bramwell Saywell, St. Thomas, Ont.*

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"I demonstrated last night some 'poltergeist'-type phenomenon by using my E-meter. I close the pre-clear terminals with a pencil line on a piece of paper and have the p-C think at the meter. Lo and behold, the needle moves.

"I found that results were uniformly stronger when the subject turned his back to the meter, except for one girl who was able to push the needle off scale in either direction while looking at the meter. Also, most people started out by moving it in a direction opposite to the one they said they were trying to move it, and some people could move it better in one direction than the other.

"In addition, I ran into two people who could inhibit the meter by entering the room. At one point, the needle shot back to zero and stayed there as these two characters entered the room where I was demonstrating it."--*Bernie Ross, New York.*

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"Enjoyed June Aberree very much. Page 2 and Page 5 best yet.

"Would like to go on record as suggesting that in the letters to the editor section the long letters of personal opinions... be avoided in favor of short informational pieces like Jackie Ismael's and Jim Welgos' on Page 14. Perhaps my likes and dislikes have to do with the length of letters as much as the use of the personal pronoun 'I'. Fred Hand uses the word 25 times, Jackie uses it about 13 times (9 times in a report of personal data), and Jim Welgos not once. How about more fact and less personality?

"After reading the May Aberree I invested in a 'Bild-a-man Kit'. Going through this kit has certainly proved most worthwhile. Believe me, they are going to get my check for \$3 which is the cost of 'Synergetics'.

"Wilbur Hull in Cassadaga, Fla., has read off several books on tape for various people. Among them Creative Realism for Wes Scott of Columbus, Ga., at the suggestion of Bob Williams. Wes says that it is much easier to sit back and listen to Creative Realism at the end of a hard day than to read the book."

"Note that there are two 'I's' in this letter which is atrocious."--*Victor Torrey, Phoenix, Ariz.*

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"As a humble and lowly person, I want to encourage those who have the initiative and intelligence to write the editorials and edit such a good issue as your May number.

"Especially the editorial on loss of B.D.R. and the Power of Mock-ups. It is good to have someone putting out a publication who sees the good and can call the turns without losing perspective on the contributions and shenanigans of the greatest living human (or inhuman?)

"The letter you published from one of the faithful in Boston was so typical of those who still haven't discovered that the idol has feet of

clay — and that the charges for teaching and publications are unconscionable for anyone claiming to be the benefactor of his fellow man. Cite the Rev. Jim Welgoss to your Boston correspondent. It might be the eye-opener he is bound to get if he is a truth-seeker.

"It was good of you to give publicity to Edward Milligan. His kind should have encouragement and support. I enclose \$10 which you will please forward for his auto license."
--Earl E. Hughes, White Plains, N.Y.

"If 'Curve of Fate' is as good as A.H. says it is, I better read it again. Bryans is not original and neither am I. His paradoxes are common among mystical writers. The Gitas and Lao Tse and Zen have it also. So do Xian writings.

"When I read L.R.H.'s Axiom that life is basically a static, I immediately went to its opposite and came up with dynamically static, and statically dynamic. When I opened 'The Curve of Fate' to review it after some 8 years, there was the exact expression. It may have been a spontaneous incubation of a cryptopsychic implant...

"Thinking and Destiny' is probably the best and most comprehensive book I have ever read. Don't let the size scare you. (Bl. Note — it did! 1200 pages, but the part we've read is fascinating! Only a humorist, or incurable epist, could contend that intelligent thinking wasn't born until 1949.) The introduction is a good summary of the whole...

"Examen of June Aberree: Cover design, very good. May I suggest that the pyramid be truncated, because the zero apex is, at once, there and not there. Also, please understand that you have drawn the adverse side of our Seal, the death state, the integrating side. Our divided living is the X-ing material side, the phoenix, which then completes the whole cyclic picture.

"More power to hate because we hate it. The ridiculous we tend to ignore, and by ignoring we stop thinking on it and therefore its beingness vanishes. In ignorance there is bliss. The ignorant are safe from their thoughts.

"Are you Jonas Bigo? Clever article.

"In your drawing of the earth mother, the concept of the hemispheres is good, but I'm worried whether you have them properly righted and lefted.

"In The Bitter Gets Processed, the faces on the 'G' and 'P' letters is a dichotomy. 'G' is down in the mouth while 'P' is up.

"Kenneth Hart smacks of Dale Carnegie. 'If you want to be enthusiastic, act enthusiastic'. Just some more implants to plague us later. We can never attain to greatness by acting out the virtues. But when we attain greatness, the virtues are straightway manifested...

"What applies to Kenneth Hart's emotions applies also to Don Purcell's abilities. If we develop greatness first, abilities are automatic by-products.

"Glocicides' is a glob of good humor.

"In 'Naught but Nothing', title should be augmented by the one word 'Positively'.

"After saying what a great meta-linguist I was last year, Hand hands me an absolute semantic blank. He is right about 'Am I my brother's keeper?' which you goofed on. Should

have been 'Am I my victim's keeper?' was omitted from the auditor's code.' Hand's letters are chock full of good dope.

"I consider Jackie Ishmael's letter the best contribution in this issue. The spiritual things, like spirits of alcohol, art, churches, sunsets, and all the noble aspects of life, are intoxicating. They are toxic. That which tends to -x- in the body is a toxin, and the body rejects it if it can in the form of dis-eases; otherwise it just leaves a hole in you.

"I hope your readers don't miss your commercials. Yes, what we need is more space. Bombs we have plenty."
--Phil Friedman, Florence, Ariz.

"It's no use telling you you're a good bloke, because, no doubt, you've been told that before. (Ed. Note: We don't mind THIS type of duplication!) The 'Ab' gets terrific and terrific. I'm surprised you can cram so much into this magazine compared with others of the same price.

"Re. Vol. 3, No. 2: Scientologists, dry your eyes. I called on Mac about three weeks ago and mournfully mentioned the death of B.D.R. But Mac said B.D.R. was not dead. Indeed, he had reached page 10 of the next issue. It would not surprise me if he was well on the way to page 11 now. I asked him when we should get it — this year, next year, or some time. He has been very busy during the last four months. Plus the fact that the communication level of the field (I'm no exception) is very low, especially in this country. These factors add up to yet another HDR before the turn of the century.

"There seems to be some controversy about the cover of the March issue. I feel sure the big portrait is most like thee...

"For the last six months I've been working at Towerleaze, Bristol, a nature cure establishment, where I have been incorporating a bit of Scientology. It is very fascinating work. This is where people come to get cured after doctors and surgeons have amputated legs, heads, noses, removed skeletons, substituted drugs for blood, tied reef knots and clove hitches in veins, etc."
--Dennis Smith, Birmingham, Eng.

"The goal of P. Friedman seems to me to try and become a complete and infinite ZERO, physically, mentally, and, I presume, also sexually. The goal I advocate in my books is, indeed, in the opposite direction, toward 100% of dynamic optimum, mentally, physically, and, of course, sexually.

"After casting around for a broader basic name for the activities developing here, we have finally decided on Applied Creative Energy, which will include Creative Image Therapy and Electropsychometry."
--Volney Mathison, Los Angeles, Calif.

"My sister... called my attention to a brief statement of an opinion by Thomas M. Kavanagh, attorney general of the State of Michigan.

"In it he decides that social workers, psychologists, and others dealing with counseling and other non-medical therapies are not practicing medicine in violation of the Medical Practice Act.

"This opinion is #2350, issued January 20, 1956. I wrote the attorney general's office and got a copy

of it. It is very interesting from the standpoint of the definite application it would have to the practice of Scientology in the State of Michigan, although Scientology, of course, is not mentioned."
--Judge Irving Smith, Sr., Niagara, Wis., in Mid-west Communicator, Detroit.

"Got a copy of ability presumably published sometime in April. It has an article entitled 'Dissemination', by Don Breeding. Now, titles like this stimulate certain drainage areas in the citadel of my so-called mind. If certain overtones of this condition have crept into the dignified ad I enclose herewith to introduce you to one of the latest technological developments to come out of Nowhere, it would be unforgivable of me to apologize:

"TAPE PACKETS. Six hours on a single band-aid. Wrap it around a convenient digit and just keep snapping your fingers. A complete course on every strip. No discounts. Your latest equipment for artful dissemination. Safe. Sanitary. Re-usable. Reproduction Center, 1812 Boom St., N.W. (Nowhere), Brainwash, D.T."
--Millen Belknap, Phoenix, Ariz.

"Not much Diantology awaigh in this area. The Sci. gang after the usual drumbeating and great beginning enthusiasm, sparked by the Farrells' revival meetings and the arrival of Kemp from England last year, eventually came to a dead end on selling "the new course" to each other; personal difficulties...inevitably produced by the hotshot 'ability' approach blew the whole deal apart a few months ago. Some of the refugees have set up shop over in Bremerton.

"It still appears to me that the great flaw of Sci. is lack of ethics except in lip-service. Solid application of old-line dianetics and most of its first-stage offshoots tended to produce a rise of ethical level whether the P-C liked it or not, as a sort of automatic by-product. Had Hubbard used his original material thoroughly on himself we would not have been treated to the evasive succession of phantasies that are Scientology, to say nothing of the shameful record of HASI (etc.) in dealing with people and finance.

"Personal integration by any path leads the individual to face the subject-matter of religion. To meet this situation by offhand ORGANIZATION of still another 'religion' as Hubbard has done indicates a great superficiality and lack of understanding of the problem. If there is one thing that stands out about Man's relationship to the Infinite (or use any other term you may prefer), it is that this relationship is NOT subject to organization. The existence of organized religion throughout history and much of pre-history is only testimony to Man's urge for power and his unflinching recognition of this vital and vulnerable area in his fellow-man as a lever to attain that power. Religions have been organized about the teachings of the 'great teachers' (Kitselman's list, for instance) only 'over their dead bodies', LITERALLY. And how many have become 'completely integrated' or 'clear', etc., within these organized frameworks?

"Every couple of weeks or so a gang of us turns up at Manzell and Darlene Stedmans' for a free-wheeling 'session' a little along the

lines of group-E, and considerable loose discussion. The thing constantly tends to degenerate into sheer sociability but limps along somehow. Manzell comes up with some thought-provoking theoretical layouts every now and then, which we happily go to work on, tooth and nail. My own theoretical picture of Things as they Are remains fluid and bubbling—not in shape for presentation except in dribbles here and there.

"Congratulation on the Burks series. We've seen a similar deal on a smaller scale in West Seattle; the mother of a friend of ours cares for several 'incompletes' of various degrees of handicap, some truly heart-rending. While completely uninterested in the integrative field as such, she gives plenty of loving care to the little 'incompletes', and those with a capacity to express happiness show the effects well."—*F. M. Busby, Seattle, Wash.*

"Here in this City of Brotherly Love in...the shadow of Billy Penn (on City Hall), we have the oldest continuous group in our business. The future holds so much for our group because, although we may own it, it's yours too... The group owns the group as nearly non-profit and co-operative as we can manage. Free-will all the way; no arbitrariness, no authoritarianism, no HASI..."

"The Rev. Bill Jefferys and I set the group up in June of 1950 for communication... We never make nothing of anyone. We can learn from anyone. I know; you know; we know. It's a knowings game. The law I use uses me. We go with the stream. The common denominators are self-improvement and self-advancement. We can appeal to and satisfy self-interest... It has Integrity of Intention. Catch?"—*Jon Kenworthy, Philadelphia, Penn.*

"What must one do to become an 'Infiniteer'? I'm interested. What is a 'Black Five'? I missed out on this somewhere along the line.

"As to my own particular brand of devilry: I think it is moving right along. There are a number of outstanding successes and an equal number of outstanding 'failures'. So I'm right in the middle of the road where I like to be. That way I can jump either way without bumping into some deflecting agency. I can go straight up, too.

"To be a little more serious, our work is progressing a bit faster and our individual cases are expanding at an ever-increasing rate. Almost too fast at times.

"I thought I had carefully explained to you my experiences out of my brush with forces of law and order. I must have goofed. I must admit that it was rather trying at moments, but I learned a great deal from it. Even with all the inconveniences, it was a worthwhile experience.

"I used to be an 'Ivory tower' sort of person. No one could get close to me; I wouldn't let them. I could love people but they mustn't love me. If they did, I would create conditions under which their love couldn't last. Well, in this arrest I found I needed the help of others, but in order to accept their help, I also had to accept their love. Because the help was given in that manner. It wasn't as painful as I thought it would be. In fact, it was rather enjoyable. And it was an eye-opener, to me, that there were so many really fine people in this

world. I'd know it intellectually before, but not in other ways. I was always on guard against others. Very self-protective, if you know what I mean.

"I also found out what it means to operate at 'Optimum' in an emergency situation. It has happened to all of us at times but in many instances the emergency was of too short a duration to understand its function. My emergency lasted for three months. So now I know whereof I speak. I'm not operating on that level now but I can on occasion rise to that level by just wanting to. Or for any need to do so.

"I also learned that I was not a law unto myself, 'Render unto Caesar those things which are Caesar's'. It has helped a lot. I learned a bit about true humility in the process."—*Russ Haggard, Los Angeles, Calif.*

"Comments on a well-advertised book: Is your love-life so complexed? What thrill are you seeking next? Do you fear you're undersexed? Better read the steaming text. And why such a modest title for such a momentous volume? Wouldn't 'The Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory of Sex?'—*B. Miron, Enid, Ok.*

"Well, I love you, you word-wangler! My article, in your June issue, was a gem... Never thought I'd say that after I'd just finished the thing. Boy, I was proud of it—and let no darned editor try to despoil it! As you know, I wrote you a letter to this effect—not to try 'super-editing' my work of artfulness... You old rogue... The thing that matters to me, as the creator of certain information in the form of writing, is that the information remain lucid and clear-cut. It did remain, even though you cut away quite a few words... You really did teach me a lot with your handling of my article. I'm going to be much more careful in future writing to avoid those pet phrases of mine which you ruthlessly cut away! (Ed. Note—Thanks, Ken—your warnings about what'd happen to us if we ruined your article by editing really had us scared.)

"How about giving us a nice article on Kitzelman's 'E' therapy? I've read lots of references to this chap's therapy in your columns, and would like to know more fully just how it operates. Seems many people think it effective. Can you get a contributor to do an article, giving a lucid how and why of method and application? If not a contributor, can you?"—*Ken Hart, Rickmansworth, Herts., England.*

"The pitiful thing about that little travesty on, or with, the Doctor of Scientology is not that he should have been so destitute and unsure of himself, but that he wouldn't recognize 'pay dirt' when he hit it.

"From your article I presume that he thought you were being sarcastic with the problems you could invent.

"It proves that he is a poorly educated Dr. of Sc. because it has only been a year since Dianetics 1955 was issued with its pointed and pertinent data to the effect that a person will strip his engram bank clean before he will 'invent' anything—hence the potency of this technique, and its sole and only purpose. So the poor chump doesn't even know what he's doing.

"The results show the necessity of a person having some basic idea of what's going on, and indicate

that learning a rote technique is no substitute for information and understanding.

"It shouldn't have perturbed him at all for you to 'invent' the idea of being the progenitor of infinite answers to unsolvable questions—after all you did...assume the responsibility of clearing up the mess in Phoenix..."

"Trying to be the keeper of a parking meter in the African jungle isn't half the problem of trying to keep solvent an organization that Hubbard is spending money on, or even getting paid for your efforts working in his behalf. This Dr. of Sc. just don't know important 'problem inventing' when he sees it in action.

"You could be the sole owner, could you, of a bag of desiccating powder stored under a sieve at the bottom of the ocean? What a perfect thumbnail sketch of the problem you wrote about in detail in the novel *Scrub Oaks*..."

"As for this business of being a street sweeper with a toothbrush in the aftermath of a spring blizzard—why, man, now I know how you felt in those first few days after Hubbard named Philadelphia, Pa., as the center of Scientology to reward you for your efforts in Phoenix.

"What I've always said about this stuff of Hubbard's—the techniques are always right to the point, and his data (as written and signed) is O.K.—but there's no accounting

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(20) Note—You mean, you'd dare match wits with an expert dodger of expert auditing, (MADN?)

Have been sitting here in the serene atmosphere of my own shop enjoying the latest issue of the Aberree while awaiting the booming business mock-up to take effect...

The articles by Walsh are excellent. Any other comments seem superfluous, excepting that I feel that this is the way Scientology should be presented. Clear-cut and informative so that individuals can read, ponder, or practice with data that is useful.

Burks in his efforts rates highest praise for the application of using his knowledge and training toward a real down-to-earth present-day problem in society. More power to him.

Purcell, at a practical level of instructive information, is doing a wonderful job of presenting guidance in logic and understanding that need not be restricted to only the old hands in the field but newer students can readily grasp and so get started off on the proper perspective. Very good.

Likewise with Rev. Welgus. Practical data and logic of unquestionable merit.

Volney, of course, demonstrates his continued efforts to keep channeling into the field contributions that are needed in the struggle to disperse the clouds of misinforma-

tion that darken the minds of men and women everywhere.

Brother Friedman continues to amaze me by the terse, concise yet all-inclusive phrases and dichotomies that contain so much in brief form. Good work, Phil. Keep it up.

Enjoyed report by Jonas Bigo of Tier 88-008 Zydokamruszkehen. Hope he makes another soon.

I found your description of processing by ———, D.Sc.n., very interesting and enlightening. Always did want to know how a D.Sc.n. of latest production line processes operated. Think I'll try to dig up 800 rasbucknicks, lower Slobovian currency, and take a course. I find I still have a tendency to be logical. Have nickels for parking meters and have to guy my own grape-rats-wheat germ, and would love to have somebody give me a crystal ball...

How about something from Infinite 20? He'll get stale if you don't prod him, her, or it...

The green eyeshade and his partner merit a horned Oscar for their outstanding efforts in supplying the field with such a devilishly, delightful publication that any recipient can be proud to show it to those outside the field without being afraid of being called a nut.—Joe Zubris, Dorchester, Mass.

We have a kind of high-toned circus going on over at the Common—an open-air Art Museum/contest under marquees—and you should see what got first prize. It seems to have been painted with the feet, apparently sometimes on roller skates. It is called 'Chinese Still Life', and it is as funny as the dickens to stand aside, watch the people come along, look at the picture, then at the card, and say 'FIRST prize!'

Further along is a meek typed page from the art judges and jury, explaining that hardly anything but wild, modern abstractions were submitted so what could they do but (words to the semantic equivalent dictionary significance of) go along with the game.—Alma Hill, Boston, Mass.

The Dianology news from here lately is thin. I can't speak for the faithful followers, hopefuls, passivists, and group pre-clears, but the experimentalists and activists are a generally competent and pretty well-integrated lot. When HASI goes off on one of its (his?) weird kicks, as more frequently recently, our locals turn their attentions elsewhere and occupy themselves otherwise. Like: Will Roth sells house-repair-contracting, Harold Cohn has just opened a second furniture store, Clyde Marshall and Lorenz Dunne are developing a new jazz combo with new style (rhythm

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and blues type), and Clyde has a chain of electronic tune bending machines. Mary Stone does things with the Contemporary Arts Assoc. and various club work, etc., and I be a student and do Episcopal layman stuff and all that. Wel Haubel is still operating engineer at KUHT-TV. Two ex-auditors are now teachers in the public school system (one high school, one retarded children). So it goes. Most of us continue to audit ourselves, each other, and our friends when it seems appropriate. Of our two professionals, Ann Sharpe is reported inactive, but still with it. No further data. Crystal Gull-edge, HCA, BSc.n., D.Sc.n., D.D., ex-staff auditor HASI, etc., has retired from Scientology 100 percent. She now believes everybody and everything is just awful...As for any organized Scientology activity in Houston, it may not be dead, but it sure isn't breathing...

Verbiage ament the June issue:

Editorials: Ridicule—Mr. C seems quite capable of making a buffoon of himself with a minimum of help from his friends and antagonists. Cancel-proof Certificates—Since the certificates are mainly to impress the clients anyway, why not give them to the clients? Suggested line of certificates: Dianetic Release, Dianetic (MEST) Clear, Data Clear, Theta Clear, Homo Superior, Operating The-tan—with from one to six signatures, name in gold, and a large seal, incorporating interlaced triangles, a silver cross with points, and eight gold balls. The lower grades would be on paper, similar to an HCA certificate (cancellable in case of disagreement). The upper echelon documents would be engraved on clear plastic and would glow in the dark.

We're Even Dumber Than—All things are possible. An event is possible if its probability is greater than zero. How many zeros to the right of the decimal are you willing to go before you reach a significant digit for the least likely miracle?

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To all who are not readers of The ABERREE, we wish you'd subscribe.

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Why Struggle to Be Right—Ah, true. Struggling is not how to be right. Nevertheless, it is possible to be righter than right... You can be righter one time than another. If this is false, the following is true, 'The value for the quantity pi of 3.1416 is exactly as accurate as the value 3.141592653589793'. I think Mr. Pickering knows what he means but he doesn't particularly say so. That is, no doubt, the Welgolian influence. **The Editor Gets**—You see? The auditor failed to duplicate! File on him! I enjoyed this. **Act Out and Get**—K. Hart puts this well. It works, too. However, make it easy on yourself and don't begin practice with trying to overjoy yourself while having a toothache... **Don Purcell**—Right oh! Also, get interested in lots of things, stir around and do stuff, and if you can have fun, do, and if you can't, at least get satisfaction. I got a letter from Art Coulter the other day. He's relaxed about things. When I hear or read Hubbard hating this and that and him and them, I think that

hatred is a real compliment, though the nastiest compliment one can pay. I doubt one can hate anything or anybody without being afraid of it/him at the same time. Hate equals a ratio of fear to anger... **Naught But Nothing**—Some Dianeticist should explore Phil's reactive bank with a view to discharging the chain connected to the phrase, 'Think nothing of it'... **Globicides**—I heartily endorse the Public Rest Room Project. Shortage of these institutions is another fruit of our miserable Puritan tradition, the sexual end of which Mathison combats... **Simple Game to Invalidate**—I said it before and I say it again. Will Roth is potentially at least the second-best auditor in the U.S. Sorry there are quite a few ties for first place. The game is good, I've played it... People who play this game make good impressions on themselves and each other...—Fred Hand, Houston, Tex.

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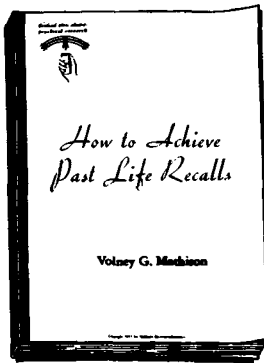
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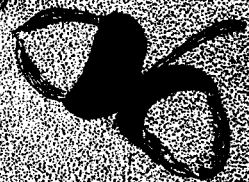


ABERREE

SEPTEMBER - 1956

Vol. 3
No. 5

"Welcome
home, Pop.
All is
forgiven."





SEPTEMBER, 1956
VOL. 3, NO. 5

Recusant Voice of "The Infinites" for Saturn,
Earth, Mars, Pluto, Venus, and Zydokumruskehen

Published Mostly in the Dark of the Moon—10 Moons a Year—at 207 N. Washington,
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Editor: The Rev. Mr. Dr. ALPHIA OMEGA HART, I-2, D.D., D.Sc., F.Sc., B.Sc.,
HCA, HDA.

Publisher: AGNES ALICE HART, I-1, HCA, SEC., WFE., ETC.

POLICY: Don't take it so damn' seriously. The tomorrow you're worried about today
will amuse and entertain historians yesterday.

Sub-Policy: We reserve the right to change our minds from issue to issue, or even from
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ARE OFFICIAL
GAGS TO SAVE
WAR MONGERS?

For almost ten years, now, we've heard of so-called "flying saucers". At one time, almost every paper we'd pick up told of one or more being seen here and there; of their making a mockery of pursuing private and Air Force planes; there even were interviews with persons supposed to have more than visual knowledge of their existence. Suddenly, the stories stopped—but you still can read of "flying saucers" in any one of a dozen or more books—plus an equal number of magazines that either refuse to treat the subject lightly, or have dedicated their mimeographs and presses to convincing an apathetic or skeptical world that these are not mirages, illusions, or inventions of a publicity-hunting segment of the genus homo sapiens.

We've never seen a "flying saucer"—and therefore have no conviction as to whether they do or do not exist. However, it is hard to believe that so many persons could offer so much positive evidence of their reality, were they non-existent, and yet escape the clutching fingers of the insane asylums (using "insane" as an adjective) with their depraved staffs itching to keep their ice-picks and scalpels bloodied.

In all of this, though, there is one thing we CAN understand—the insistence that news reports of "flying saucers" (or "unidentified Flying Objects" as the Air Force prefers to designate them) and statements by those who claim to know more than is being told—are being smushed by Governmental censorship. Again and again, it's the same story, with a slight variable: Flying Saucers are seen, instrumented, and charted. (Those taking part report it to Washington, the press, or friends. They're "visited". Thereafter, they have nothing to say. The "gag" has been effectively applied.

The public shrugs. Educated to believe that they have the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of flying saucers (if they wish)", they are convinced that if the reports were true, this Government "of the people, for the people, and by the people" would be only too willing to make this knowledge public.

And so it would—IF this were the same Government "guaranteed" by the Constitution of 1787. That was when we were a people, a land of States, UNITED. Since then, we have become NOT a nation of states, but a con-

glomerate of unions, seeking with all their united might to force their wills upon the masses. By "unions", we refer to all this alphabetical hodgepodge that, in some instances, starts with high ideals and becomes a menace to the very foundation on which this Government was founded: The AMA, the CIO, the NAACP, the NAM—to mention only a few. You take it from there, because the list is almost limitless.

What has the AMA to do with flying saucers? Nothing, other than that a nation that will allow its body to be owned by the amalgamated doctors, its soul by the slightly-less organized priests and preachers, and its thinking by tax-supported propaganda agencies, will permit its freedom to be stolen by an organized military might that swept into power during an emergency. Today—like it or not—you are no freer than the gaudy cocks roosting in the Pentagon want you to be. Most of the money you pay in taxes goes to support a military hierarchy at a level of luxury not one-tenth of the civilian population can afford. Every year, more and more public and private land is seized and made part of a mighty military domain. Despite the warnings of scientists and philosophers that their nuclear weapon tests threaten to wipe out civilization upon the entire planet, and the resultant radiation may turn future generations into mockeries of humans, these irresponsible guerrillas continue to declare dominion over vast stretches of ocean, drive natives from their ancestral homes, and contaminate the air, land, and sea with poison from their A- and H-bomb tests.

Is it any wonder, then, that talk of flying saucers should be gagged? How much enthusiasm could be worked up for a war with Russia or any other world power if the public was allowed to speculate on the possibility of invasion from space? How much hate could be engendered by these war mongers now in power—in ANY country—if all nations were to consider themselves possible allies in a spatial invasion? And what would happen to those high salaried brass buttons if they were reduced to working for a living?

We think it's about time this nation becomes again a land of united States and not an amalgamation of small groups fighting for individual power. We think that if we are to survive, we should return the power to the people, and damn to ex-

inction all those who would put the selfish interests of their own particular bowl of alphabet soup above the interests of America as a whole.

And above all, eliminate the gags. If there are "flying saucers", let's find out about them, even if it leads to the tragedy of a free world, where all nations can live together as neighbors, and the military moguls are reduced to hoeing weeds, or selling apples on the streets. If enough of us buy apples every day, it might even take care of the AMA.

MAN'S GROPING What does Man want IS ONE OF HIS out of Life? Why does HIGH DESIRES he want it? And how does he go about getting it? As a creative being, a God in his own right, why should he be reduced to wanting anything?

Age-old questions—which make some rich trying to peddle so-called answers. But they, and hundreds more of the same vein, were aroused again by a phrase from one of our correspondents' letters: "Couldn't find any of the articles or letters of interest in the last issue. Seems like a lot of people groping for they know not what."

Man can have anything he desires, insist some self-styled "teachers" of "integration", or some such term. Yet, what are they selling that he should desire: riches? health? a life of ease? the ability to perform miracles and have an awe-struck populace in worship at his feet? Are these "desires" inborn, or are they planted?

Desire is the animation of man. Selfish desires are on his downward spiral, and unselfish desires on his upward spiral—and often it is difficult to draw a fine enough line to distinguish between what is selfish and what is unselfish. But in the long run, a man is judged by the way these desires balance. His graduation from the material plane—if it is a graduation—probably is entirely dependent upon the balancing of his desires—not by being able to be three feet behind his head, or recall what the iceman said to his errant mother three months before he was born, or make due obeisance to the icons of a church, with a generous titling to perpetuate some religious hierarchy.

We doubt if ANY man—and we make NO exception—knows himself, where he came from, whence he goes, consciously. Many pretend they know—and try to sell you this knowledge in lectures, books, and courses, but one has only to look at their personal lives to see that they, too, have their periods of darkness and despair. To your face, they boldly tell you the "secrets", but behind your back, they also are "groping". Only with full knowingness, or blind megalomania, can one escape being among those groping for "they know not what".

We admit we're still groping—nor do we expect to have all the answers in this lifetime, or the next, or the next. And unless we continue to grope, honestly and purposefully, we're convinced we never will find the answers—not even if we live for an infinity of eternities.

And that, Brother, is one long time!

The "Teacher" trying to sell you "a way of life" has nothing to offer but gilt for the golden brick you already have.

Some "Axioms" have the aura of stultiloquence, in cap and gown.

Hypnotism --- What It Is, and Isn't

ABOUT THREE years ago, when I began hearing statements that certain techniques of Scientology were actually procedures for the covert induction of hypnosis, I set out to find out the facts. Not facts about Scientology, of which I had enough already, but about hypnosis.

There were two things I wished to ascertain: First, what IS hypnosis? and, secondly, what are the bad and the good aspects of hypnosis?

These facts, which are very briefly presented herein, were not obtained through further investigating of pettifogging fakirs. This data has been evolved first through thoroughly learning the views and the techniques of leading ethical hypnotherapists.

By "ethical hypnotherapist" is meant a therapist who plainly and honestly states that he IS a practitioner in hypnotherapy or hypnoanalysis. He is an accredited specialist who receives all or most of his practice through referrals from medical doctors or clinics. Some ethical hypnotherapists frankly employ hypnosis as an adjuvant to their main occupation as top-flight dentists, to control pain, anxiety, and hemorrhaging. Others hold diplomas in medicine, sometimes specializing in neurology, obstetrics, and surgery.

The first thing discovered was that it is NOT the publicity-seeking charlatans of cults and fake-science racketeers who have developed and advanced the practice of the phenomena of hypnosis, but sincere, hard-working, medically trained investigators who are intensely seeking to perfect hypnosis as a short-cut to effective and relatively less expensive psychosomatic medicine.

The next and rather astonishing thing I encountered was that among ethical workers, "hypnosis" is considered as yet to be undefinable. Not one doctor that I worked with could technically define hypnosis or clearly say what it actually is. One professional book says vaguely that hypnosis is a special sort of conditioned reflex. This is erroneous, since the best subjects are hypnotizable on the first try, without conditioning. Another writer says that hypnosis is a condition wherein the inductee fancies that he is a child and that on this basis, he identifies the operator with his parents. This formulation evidently is based on some specific experience with some particular patients. This is merely an exposition of certain effects in certain cases--probably effects that were desired by the operator. This has nothing to do with cause. Another says hypnosis comprises a way of acting "as a hypnotized person is supposed to act". A quite useless statement. Another definition that at least faces in the right direction, is that hypnosis is the manifestation of accepting suggestions to be even more suggestible than is normal. But the best practitioners informed me flatly that they simply could not say precisely what hypnosis is--that they only knew a little about how to use it.

Yet hypnosis, which has a completely extraordinary historical background, has been practiced for thousands of years!

It soon became apparent to me that when some person arbitrarily states, "this--or that--is hypnosis", he rarely has any insight into

what is taking place. Also, since hypnosis has often been utilized by crooks for their own financial enrichment, the belief has been spread that hypnosis is dangerous, evil, weakens the mind, and the like. This is completely false to fact. If there is anything objectionable about hypnosis, it is this fact: The very persons who most loudly denounce it are sometimes the most accomplished users of it--covertly. This is a vicious procedure. But the viciousness is in the dirty procedure--not in the phenomena of hypnosis.

The word "hypnosis" is derived from a Greek word, *hypno*--sleep. So the word itself is merely a sort of equivalent of "sleepsis". This is meaningless, for sleep is almost the very slightest factor in hypnosis. In fact, the deeply tranced inductee, despite a physical appearance of being asleep, is actually not only NOT asleep, but his perceptions and powers are often fantastically superior to the best he can do in a most wide-awake, alert, unhypnotized state.

Concurrently with another investigation into the sources of anti-sexual and anti-physical-body notions, as set forth in "The Power and Glory of Sex", I began looking into hypnosis on the basis of electropsychometric research. This research featured the dynamic application of the basic principles of creative psychical imagery, of the type set forth in "Creative Image Therapy".

As this work proceeded, the true nature of hypnotic phenomena became apparent. This was far easier to uncover than the concurrently investigated sources of human anti-sexuality. The consequence of this research is that hypnosis is now clearly and understandably definable in a manner that is satisfactory both to the professional and to the casual reader.

To understand the phenomena of hypnosis, it is essential to grasp the basic thesis of "Creative Image Therapy", which is this: That all human action on the physical level is preceded by an image or picture on the mental or psychical level. "First the repeatedly-duplicated image, then the event!"

Every single brick or stone in the biggest building is first IMAGED into position before it is physically placed in that position. And every single cell in the wondrous human body is first IMAGED in the autonomous subconscious area before it is constructed in the physical body.

Mental imaging probably is the MAIN ACTIVITY of every living human being. "Thinking"--outside of mathematics--is mainly continuous imaging of persons, objects, things, in ever-varying positions and relationships. Possibly anything that can be mentally imagined can be eventually created, provided: *that the mental picture is recreated, that is, repeated or duplicated, with sufficient intensity for a sufficient number of times.* This is how we create our physical bodies: by duplication of cellular images. This is how we get our sustenance: by duplication of images of the procedures of producing or obtaining foods. This is how we spend most of our time: by imaging our relationships with other persons, with objects, with everything in this universe--and then by manifesting these image patterns in appropriate physical actions.

Now, our endless and interminable patterns

of mental imaging are not entirely created within ourselves. They probably were, back in the barnacle and clam stages of evolution, but they are not now. From the moment of birth, or probably before, we human beings are receiving a multitude of instructions from other persons, directing us to image or "understand" or "see" this or that. Our "moral codes" all contain tacit image-pictures of disaster, ostracism, or death if the codes are violated. Our laws contain implicit image pictures of punishment if certain acts are committed.

The image-pictures that create fear do so only because they are mentally visible. Anything you cannot "see" in your mind you cannot fear. And any goal, wish, plan, desire that you cannot duplicatively see as being achieved on the mental image level can never be realized on the physical level.

We are, from infancy, being told what to do by father, by mother, by teachers, by preachers, by police, by raucous advertisers. Each and every one is, in effect, saying: *You must see it my way, or You must see it the way we instruct you to see it.* We usually tend, as a consequence, to create, activate, and realize on the physical-action level mental pictures, in accordance with such training, orders, and directives.

This law, *First the DUPLICATED image, then the event*, when expounded in a lecture in Calcutta, India, on the theme of "The Secret of the Lourdes Miracles Revealed", resulted in my being informed: "You are now disclosing one of the major secrets of the ancient East, in a fashion that is apt to be accepted and understood by a good many people."

What secret? The proposition that mental images are precursors of physical events has been stated millions of times in thousands of books, so there is really nothing secret about that. The real secret of the whole thing is touched upon--far too casually and without adequate emphasis--by teachers of hypnotherapy. Only ONE non-Oriental writer, to my knowledge, has ever adequately emphasized the secret of the procedure of realizing mental images on the physical level--and that writer is L. Ron Hubbard. So far as I am concerned, I view this as Hubbard's one and only contribution to the scientific development of a workable philosophy of human welfare: the insistence in his "Scientology" training schools on the duplication of mental pictures. The specific types of mental-image duplications called for in his classes are, in my opinion, utterly objectionable and to be avoided. But the principle is persistently presented and adequately emphasized: *Duplicate the image! Duplicate it again and again and again.*

Duplicate the images--not the confusing, disorienting images of fake-science "techniques", but beneficent, constructive "Action-Jackson" image-patterns, possible of worth-while physical achievement. Another major "secret" is really to be aware always on the conscious level of what images you are continuously duplicating.

Many of our mental-image pictures relate to what we directly contact in external reality, through our sense perceptions. In the clam and barnacle stages it was probably wholly this way. Today, perhaps only about 20 percent of our mental imaging is based on direct perception, and the remaining 80 percent on instructed perception, through newspapers, books, lessons, lectures, sermons, movies, and advertisements.

As one gradually grasps this immense revelation, it becomes apparent that instructed mental pictures occupy a vast band or spectrum. At the top of this spectrum is the very

lightest, briefest non-duplicated instruction or "suggestion", such as, for example, "Give me your hand".

Suppose I say to you, "Give me your hand". More or less unconsciously, you first mentally picture the act, then you extend your hand. When you move your hand toward me, you have accepted the instruction on the mental image level, and you therefore perform the act. Simple instructed acts like this are realizable without duplication of the instruction.

Observing carefully this imaginary spectrum or band of "suggestion", we come to more serious and important instructed actions, such as paying out money to possess some object represented by duplicative advertising techniques as being good to have. And we also come to the eternally duplicated instructed actions demanded of us by preachers, teachers, law-makers, and the like. We are told what to eat, what to wear, what to do, what not to do, what to dislike, what to enjoy, what is "mortal sin", what to wish for, what to work for, what to pray for, what to have, what not to have. Every duplicated instruction creates a mental picture in the recipient's mind of the instructed condition, event, or possession. Much of this instruction may be 100 percent good and constructive, but a lot--a hell of a lot of it!--is not.

If you can clearly and adequately "see" the truth of all the above, then you are now in a position to realize precisely what "hypnosis" is.

Hypnosis, in the first place, occupies the deepest and most powerful part of the above-described spectrum or suggestion-band of instructed mental imaging.

Covert, dishonest hypnosis, unfortunately, is not always easily distinguishable from constructive procedures, though one pretty fair test is to examine carefully whether YOU or the operator will get the most benefit out of your acquiescing to his instructions.

Ethical hypnosis is a special technical procedure of duplicatively instructed mental picturing, for constructive purposes, such as for healing the physical body, for obtaining anaesthesia in surgery, childbirth, and the like, and for augmenting one's power of achievement on the mental level.

So, here is the electropsychometrically-obtained, clear-cut definition of hypnosis:

Hypnosis is a special technical psychological procedure wherein the inductee consents to and does *duplicatively create mental images or pictures, and acts them out, to a degree, on the physical level, in accordance with the oral instructions of the hypnotizing operator.*

What images does the operator first instruct the inductee to create? First, to achieve acceptance, the operator of old-style formal hypnosis says over and over: "Sleep! Sleep! Sleep! Sleeper, sleeper, sleeper, sleeper, sleeper!" Pure duplication!

The inductee *duplicatively* images himself going to sleep, in accordance with the instructions. The professional techniques of hypnosis provide many duplicative trance-inducing procedures; and the duplication is persisted in by the operator, *sometimes for more than an hour*, until the instructed mental image is accepted and realized in the mind of the subject.

With reference to instructions given to an inductee in hypnosis, the expert instructor or operator is specific, and carefully accurate. He never says, "You are now healed." He says, "By degrees, you will yourself heal this condition." He never says, "You will now get bet-

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Isibdtas, Pequibles, and Whooshes

BACK BEFORE Americans had turned the tropical paradise of Bikini into a poisonous waste and a cloth-saving bathing suit, a man named Noah Webster compiled a dictionary. Since this pioneering feat of 1828, neologists have succeeded in building the original book into a super-production of more than 3,000 large pages of very small print.

But there are those who are not satisfied. Attorneys and courts disentomb a dead language to convert their legal phraseology into something Caesar would have flushed down the sewer had he had one. Doctors go them one better, and concoct an alphabetical cacology that is guaranteed to kill the patient, even if their pills and scalpels fail to make the grade.

So-called "authorities" on the mind--philosophers, psychologists, psychiatrists, and plain and fancy dabblers--either haven't time to find the words they need in Webster's Incomparable, or they feel that their "discoveries" are too important to be collocated with mundane semantics. The "student" who pays \$500 to \$800 for a "course" in some of the more modern ologies will find that a large percentage of that time is spent learning nomenclature, thus necessitating myriad "retread" courses to learn what he thought he was going to learn in the first place--plus the new words that have been added since he received his last current certificate.

Since The ABERREE seeks to present a cross-section of all these ologies and isms in the hope that readers may find something which they can use without indigestion of arbitraries, some of our readers confess understandable annoyance over terms to be found only in an unpublished "Dictionary of Synergese" and an oft-revised "Appositions of Scientology". When the "Superego" on Page 2 becomes the "Subconscious" on Page 3, the "Soul" on Page 4, and the "Thetan" on Page 5--with each writer uncertain of the difference but sure there is one--the reader is tempted to give up in disgust, and start telling a string of beads or cutting out paper dolls.

But, for ABERREE readers, that's all over now. Herewith, we offer ourselves a language of our own. And as one of our great southern teachers is so wont to say, "we guarantee it'll work"--if you'll only do the following:

Clip this list, and paste it inside your skull--3 1/3 millimeters ahead of a focal point between the pituitary and the pineal glands. When you see a phrase that puzzles you, shift your focus to the word you need. It's simple. And besides, we guarantee our guarantees.

Now for the definitions:

SPMFYGL--Means the YOU that operates a body. We could call it the "soul", the "I AM", the "spirit", the "thetan", or any one of a dozen other names (and sometimes do, if we get angry enough), but like SPMFYGL better.

FLOP-DAB--That's the "material universe"--and it means the same as material universe. You're right flop-dab in the middle of it--so let's admit it semantically, too.

PEQUIBLE--That's the therapist, the auditor, the instructor, the coach, the one who tries to do something to or for somebody else. If he charges, he's a QUEPIBLE, and if he does it for the love of humanity only, he's a PE-

QUIBLE. You could call him "peculiar", but Winston and Webster and Hubbard copyrighted that word first--Winston and Webster first, of course. We think they did, anyway.

WHOOSH--And that's the patient, the pre-clear, the instructee, the meal-ticket. How better to name him than label him with the expression he'll probably use when he flops down on a cot with his heavy burden of sin and psycho-semantics. There are two types of WHOOSH--the NO-WHOOSH who crosses his or her legs, folds his or her arms over his or her stomach, and glares at the PEQUIBLE. For the NO-WHOOSH, you proceed with your own particular brand of fraud. Then there is the YES-WHOOSH, who may come to enjoy the session, or just be lonely. The YES-WHOOSH may complain that it's too warm, and start disrobing to make himself or herself more comfortable. The best way to handle the YES-WHOOSH is to agree with him or her, turn out the light, and--if you need to know what to do next, consult one of the Mathison books on Sexochrometry.

IAHL (pronounced eye-all) -- That's God, Brother, the Theta, Creator, the Infinite And Holy Love. Of which there ain't no Infiniter. Of course, it's also you, your neighbor, the dust in the street, even the devil--because when you start getting infinite, you just don't leave ANYthing out.

ISIBDTA--This is a general term to label the "discoverer" of the particular system you use on your WHOOSHES. It's just a coincidence that the name uses the first letters of the phrase, "I Stole It But Don't Tell Anybody". We wouldn't infer that about any of these great liberators of their fellow men for anything in the world.

DRIRIT--This is the end result--what the WHOOSH is supposed to end up with after a few sessions with his PEQUIBLE or QUEPIBLE. Their goal is to turn him into something he isn't, "clear" him, "E" him, "Engineer" him, or BAM him. In other words, he should come out of the session so changed even his own dog would bark at him. A rock crusher, or steam locomotive, will produce similar results.

HAVEN--This sounds like a copyrighted word, but any similarity to anything found in a dictionary is strictly cenobitic. A HAVEN is where people go when they're tired of paying taxes, being chased by insurance salesmen, and scared into an early death by doctors, ministers, and teachers who know exactly what's going to happen to you -- IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT. The pitiful part about it is that these people don't know before they get inside a HAVEN that the place is rigged with white-coated experimenters with hammers and ice-picks to see that the stay is permanent. The taxes required to support these HAVENS are probably less than the damage would be if these white-coated experimenters were on the outside, free to practice their ghoulish tendencies uninhibited.

ADVAZINE--From a distance--say five or six miles--this has the appearance of a magazine, and may have a variety of labels, which mean much or little, depending on the status of the editor's back pay. Close up, you'll find it's very similar to unlabeled advertising, complete with price lists and coupons. You can tell a "magazine" from an "advazine" -- The ADVAZINE has a subscription price comparable to

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OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

*What Can Be Done
About the Genetic Tragedies?*

This is a continuation of the series in which Mr. Burks analyzes life in the Child Guidance Center, Lancaster, Penn. There are only a few of the estimated 4,000,000 "genetic tragedies", one or more of whom could be next door to you—even in your own home.—The EDITOR.

10. HULKING HERMAN

HE IS A man-boy who gives the impression that he walks forever on eggs, and that he somehow senses it himself. He is the biggest boy in the House on Martha Avenue, and if he wished to, or were capable of wishing to, and then were unable to un-wish, he could go through all the rooms, a hurricane of destruction. All four teachers together would be unable to stand against him. There is no fear it will happen, on the part of any of the teachers. And the possibility does not occur to the children, to whom so few, if any, possibilities do occur.

Herman, like the others, has something. The difficulty, as with all the others, is to discover what it is.

Herman is interested, in his own peculiar fashion, in people and events around him. He looks steadily and fearlessly at visitors—though briefly. He veils himself when his gaze is met—and whose meets his gaze has also the urge to turn away. But Herman does look, and seems to wonder, and any human being who shows interest, however slight, for however brief a time, can be hunted out.

Herman always eats his school lunch at the same table, at the window with the mongoloid boy, not quite Herman's chronological age, who keeps saying, "Oh, no!" as if something exciting or fearsome were about to transpire, when it may be only a passerby he notes from the window. The two men-boys converse, and appear to understand each other perfectly. They are unconcerned, wholly, that others don't understand them. They are vaguely superior in their exclusiveness.

Herman does not dominate, even at the table with the mongoloid. Nor does he have the urge to dominate. He does seem to have a very natural human urge: to get along. He creates no disturbances. He is just there, his feeble mind operative within its limits, his body overflowing his chair, the table low under his hulk. He is overweight. It is fortunate, possibly, that he is fat rather than powerful, though even when he is being helped downstairs to the study room of the larger boys and girls, he gives the impression of brute power held in leash—not by will, but by lack of aggressiveness, lack of ambition, drive, lack.

Herman is the epileptic who must have "shots", intravenously or orally, or undergo three or four seizures daily. This visitor has never seen Herman in a seizure, so does not know its effect, if any, on the other children in the House on Martha Avenue. Herman seems himself to guard against seizure, which is why he gives the impression that he walks on eggs.

If Herman falls, and cannot rise himself, he is a problem, for he obviously weighs more than any of his teachers. It is obvious why every effort is made to prevent epileptic seizures.

Herman moves under supervision. If he is not told to move, he sits at his table. But if he is told, or included in a group that is told, to go to one of the closets and take out some simple game, he will go to the closet and

take out the same game time after time—a game that requires pegs to be placed in holes on a board to form simple designs—and return to his table.

Of the three boys at Herman's table (Terry of the recent birthday being the third), only Herman never helps clean up. Terry, of the twisted back and mind, and the mongoloid eagerly remove ice cream cups, pieces of cellophane, rumpled napkins, paper plates from the table. Herman, watching them, but never advising, gives the impression not that he is lazy, but that he must watch himself lest he overdo! He is strangely an old man who must make no hurried moves lest he have a "spell".

Herman has a shock of black hair that grows low over his forehead. His head is bulbous, but no more so than the heads of many intelligent, even brilliant men. His eyes are large, open, frank, but clearly dull. His lips are unusually thick, and his mouth often hangs open. But he does not drool.

Down in the basement, when the larger children form an oval to bounce basketballs to simple music, Herman stands, not entirely steady, in the curve opposite the music, with several children between himself and the phonograph.

Herman waits, timing himself, clumsily. He isn't quite clumsy, for in common with many others here, there is a certain delicacy of touch and movement in his hands. He holds the ball with both big hands, drops it. *He is careful to drop it straight down.* Does he know it will bounce beyond his reach if he doesn't? Has he taken note of previous "bad drops" and remembered? The ball returns to his hands and is caught with ease and certainty. Herman drops it again, but hesitates just long enough between bounces so that the others bounce their balls just twice as often! Once again he gives the impression that he is saving himself, that he dares not overdo.

But the teacher gives Herman no special attention in class. She did walk ahead of him down the stairs, holding onto his belt with one firm hand lest he fall. He appears unable to judge distance going downstairs, and while he follows the teacher, he looks straight ahead as if he moved under hypnosis.

Herman laughs at mistakes made by his schoolmates—when they misbounce the ball, or fail to catch it, or balls hit each other and carom off, hitting other balls, hitting children, and in general disrupting the entire effort. He doesn't himself miss very often but when he does he laughs, a low rumble in his throat, and his schoolmates laugh at him. He appears to enjoy a simple jest on himself.

Herman is almost eighteen. He has now spent three years in the House on Martha Avenue. When he was reported to the school by his mother, his toilet habits were as hit-or-miss as those of Miss Hit-or-Miss herself. He didn't know his own name. He knew when he was hungry, so he ate, wolfishly.

He learned bathroom techniques sufficiently to care for himself.

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Errors Also Add to Our Experience

WHEN WE make an honest, objective analysis of ourselves as human beings, we discover that we exist completely without ourselves. We cannot discover any tangible, physical connection between ourselves and the rest of the physical universe. In this sense, we are completely alone, completely self-contained, completely individual, and completely responsible for ourselves. We are not aware of anyone or anything outside ourselves exercising a control over us. In other words, we are the masters of our own lives. We may not want to agree with this. We may not like it. But whether we agree with it or not, whether we like it or not, that is the Reality. There is a Power upon which we can call for guidance and counsel, a spiritual power which we call God, but God's help and His wisdom is not forced upon us. We are responsible to ask for it and to use it when it comes to us or not as we choose.

Our health, happiness, and well-being are in our own hands. God will not give these things to us. He will give us the knowledge and wisdom by which we can attain them, but it is strictly up to each of us individually how much health, happiness, and well-being shall be ours during our sojourn here on earth. And it is also up to us how much ill health, unhappiness, misery, and frustration we must suffer as we go along.

Let's take a closer look at this concept from a little different direction. Let's analyze it from the standpoint of direction and logic.

Jesus said that God is Spirit, and when we worship Him it must be in spirit and truth. It is difficult for us to conceive spirit and yet our senses tell us that we do exist and that the physical world we see about us exists, so it follows that what we are and what we see about us, being reality, must have been created in some manner. We think of this power of creation as the Spirit of God. Beyond this point God cannot be easily explained. The Spirit of God is more to be experienced than to be explained, in any event.

Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you". He spoke of "Oneness with God" and he said, "I and the Father are one". He also said, "You can do the things I do, and more, if you would but know the Father".

We may infer from these things that God is within us or that we are actually a particle of God or that our manner of communion with God is within us. It is a practical consideration.

We assign to the Creative God Spirit the creation of the physical universe. It is a universe of law and order, even including the life which inhabits it. That is to say that not only does the physical universe function in terms of laws, of cause and effect, but so does life function in terms of laws, of cause and effect.

Significant in the scheme of things is the fact that from the moment we come into physical life until the moment we leave it, we are continually *experiencing* life. Our whole life, from beginning to end, is a series of experiences blended together, finally, as a life experience.

In each experience, in each situation, we act or react or interact. Behind every action

or reaction or interaction is a thought or a series of thoughts. We choose our actions on the basis of our own thoughts. And we also choose our own thoughts. No one else can choose our thoughts for us. This is our own personal responsibility.

In this world of cause and effect, each thought is a prime cause that creates an effect in some kind of action. The action, once created, in turn becomes a cause which creates an effect in the form of an interaction. Thus a thought, as prime cause, sets up a wave of causes and effects that endures, perhaps even unto infinity. And each of us is endowed with the divine ability to create thoughts. Thus we are creators in our own rights.

Now think about this! God is in the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is within each of us. God is Creative Spirit. We are Creative Spirit. We create thoughts which in turn become creative forces in the physical universe. Every day, in every experience, in every act we perform, we use the power of Creative Spirit. We perform as apprentices to God. This is Reality.

What is our responsibility as thinking, acting, spiritual beings entrusted with the power of thought? And what will our reward be in the event we discharge this responsibility in a spiritually acceptable manner?

If the foregoing process of reasoning and logic establishes the concept of individual responsibility at an acceptable level, how do we become more aware of and more skillful at discharging this responsibility?

There is one concept that has proved of greater value to me in this regard than any other single concept--provided, of course, that a greater value can be assigned to one basic concept over another.

This concept is: *Every object and process of experience is potentially valuable to the individual.*

This is to say that every experience is potentially a source of information to us, information which we may, *if we choose*, use to develop our awareness and skill at discharging our greatest responsibility--the responsibility of thought.

In every experience we think some kind of thoughts and we generate some kind of actions. It is inevitable that we create causes which lead to effects. The important question is, "Are these effects creative or destructive?" This is an important question because each effect in turn becomes a cause for another effect, and the character of these effects, either creative or destructive, is determined by the character of the prime cause--the thought that put into motion the chain of causes and effects.

Each experience is a source of information, and there is much information to be derived therefrom. "What thought did I think? What was my motive? What action did I choose? What was the result of that action?" In this way we can discover what kinds of thoughts lead to destructive chains of cause and effect and what kinds of thoughts lead to creative chains.

Let's look at this from a different perspective for a moment. We think thoughts and select actions which, we think, will bring us good effects. We may think we are doing some-

thing "right", something that will establish a condition for happiness for ourselves. But as the experience unfolds, we do not find the happiness we expected. In its place we may find unhappiness, or misery, or frustration. In such a case we have two choices: We can cling to the idea that we were "right", that the unhappiness, or misery, or frustration was not our own fault but the fault of outside causes; or we can ask ourselves the question: "What did I do wrong? At what point did I set up a destructive chain of cause and effect?"

Yes, we have that choice. We can deny the possibility that we made an error. We can refuse to differentiate between Reality and Unreality, and we can go on making the same error over and over again. We can waste a lot of time in our spiritual education and suffer a lot of unhappiness, misery, and frustration before it finally dawns upon us that we are the one making the error. Or, we can use our intelligence and be honest with ourselves by admitting the possibility that we are the ones in error and use the experience as an information source to determine if we were in error or not.

It has always been a puzzle to me why so many individuals are so unwilling to admit they are wrong or in error.

We select our actions on the basis of what we know, of what information we have; or, lacking knowledge, we create a belief as a substitute for knowledge. It goes without saying that we, as individuals, do not know everything. As a matter of fact, we know very little in relation to what there is to be learned from a lifetime of experience. So, we adopt beliefs upon which to base our actions. Maybe the belief we adopt is "right". Man's intellect is a marvelous thing. It actually can reach out into thin air and get the "right" answer without previous information or knowledge, upon occasion. So, just because we choose our actions on the basis of beliefs substituted for information or knowledge is no sign that our actions will be "wrong", or that the belief itself is "wrong". And by the same

token, just because we selected actions on the basis of a belief in a previous experience, and those actions proved to be "right", is no sign that all of our beliefs are "right".

We have an infallible way of finding out if our beliefs, our thoughts, and our actions in any given situation are right or wrong. Did they result in good effects or bad effects, not only for us but for everyone concerned? Did we experience happiness, or did we experience unhappiness, or misery, or frustration?

If we discover we were "wrong", the information we need to make it possible for us to be "right" next time is in the experience. We can find it if we will look for it.

Don't be discouraged if you look and don't see the information you need the very first time. You are developing a new ability, the ability to use every object and process of your experience as a source of vital information. We do not create new abilities on the spur of the moment. If we did they would be of little value to us. It is only through the sustained application of time, thought, and effort that we will create new abilities within ourselves. And it is only through the creation of new abilities, such as the ability to skillfully use experience as an information source, that will allow us to take an active part in the unfolding of God's kingdom within ourselves.

Life, the purpose of life, self-understanding, happiness, well-being--these are practical considerations. It is only through a practical approach that we may attain them in abundance. What value is there in proving you are right? If your actions are creative, that is sufficient proof.

COOOC

Only during election time can you tell the truth about your elected "bosses" without becoming the focal point of a loyalty investigation.

COOOC

A "termite" is the man to whom you paid \$200 for killing the ants which would have destroyed the termites he couldn't get.

Workshop Learns of 'Peedees' by Taping One

BY ART COULTER, M.D.

The first Synergetic Workshop, held in Columbus July 12-15, is now history. But what a wonderful experience!

We started in Thursday (July 12) night with a group reading of Schedule A in Don Purcell's room. Then, Friday morning we had a demonstration of Group Tracking. When everybody wanted to get in the act, we then broke Group Tracking up into groups for the rest of the morning. Don and I slipped off for one of the most difficult jobs we had to do--making coach-and-subject team assignments.

Fortunately, people liked each other so well this went off very smoothly. From that point on, the Workshop consisted primarily of intensive work--teamwork and Group Tracking alternating with one another.

Friday night we had a Workshop meeting and I was on the receiving end of some mighty searching questions! People wanted to know what a prototype was, and "Give us an example, please!" Well, I tried. Then Purcell gave an excellent talk on BAM tracking, which "saved" the evening.

The next day, I coached Don (who claims he's occluded) and we picked up a peach of a peedee. So we put it

on tape and played it for the Workshop Saturday evening. I think this answered the questions--at least, a lot of people seemed to be rather enthusiastic about that tape. (Incidentally, a transcript will be made for Progress Reports and Don agreed to sell copies of the tape at cost.)

A dinner meeting Saturday was Bill Seil's idea and it was a huge success. Mary Cox gave a talk on the "Whole Personality" and Jim Young gave a talk on some points of technique. And this feller Don Purcell is quite an M.C.--he had us in stitches with some of his anecdotes.

Maybe one reason it went over so well was that Don gave a number of people there \$5 bills in exchange for \$1! (Actually, this was a \$4 refund on contributions to help defray Workshop expenses.)

The most wonderful thing about this Workshop was the people who came. Along about Saturday you could just feel the group spirit emerging, and it took hold, filling everyone with enthusiasm. This was one of the finest groups of its size I have ever been associated with. Two things stood out: the intelligence and self-honesty of all who were there--and the sincerity. It was a good, clean feeling.

Here's a list of those who came: Beth Bolling, Pat Buchan, Bob Car-

diff, Edgar Cole, Art Coulter, Paul Cox, Mary Cox, Jerrold Hedin, Bill Kearney, Judith Liddell, Homer Liddell, Lew Mortensen, Bob Nichols, Don and Margaret Purcell, Bill Sell, Frank Silver, Bill Simmons, Margaret Simmons, Ward Smith, Grace Stiles, Bee Trevors, and Jim Young.

An interesting sidelight: Friday, the Purcells and I had lunch with Pat Buchan. About halfway through Pat started in coaching me. (Ma, dawgonnit! Ain't a "leader" supposed to have some rights?) She did a real good job on it, too; she had me being honest in spite of anything I could do. But seriously, Pat is an excellent coach.

COOOC

'City of Dawn' Moving

Into Its Own Building

Edward Milligan, in response to a plea for contributions, got not only enough to make the down payment on a brick building in Lone Wolf, Okla., to house his "City of Dawn" office, but he also was able to buy a vacant lot next door. He's now in the process of decorating prior to moving from his rented quarters across the street.

It looks like we'll be taking a picture of "Uncle Ed" turning the first spadeful of dirt for his mountain-top "heaven" yet.



Plowing Up the Field

Reading of our plight last month in trying to find peyote cactus for an English friend, **Dr. Robert Martin** of Milford, Del., sent us a plant from his own experimental garden. The plant was well-wrapped and soil-protected, but by the time it had made the long tortuous journey of two weeks from Delaware to Oklahoma, the cactus had given up the ghost... **Elizabeth Gillies**, Florida Doctor of Scientology, is now Mrs. **Fritz Albrecht**. The bridegroom is head of the electrical laboratory of the Glenn L. Martin Aircraft factory in Baltimore, Md... We won't claim we started it, but this "Christmas in July" of ours may eventually become a serious rival for the business in December. Not only has a church in Arkansas adopted the mid-summer celebration, but a special "Christmas package" from **Joanna** and **Hardin Walsh**, when stripped of its gay wrappings, was found to contain a bottle of cologne. Engraved on the bottle were the words, "Christmas in July". It stinks good, too. We considered saving it until next summer and mixing it in the ink with which we'll print our "Annual Christmas Issue", but the way the Publisher is using it, there won't be any left...

Fred Hand of Houston sent us a definition the other day we hadn't heard before. "Scientology", he says, "is the system that keeps its failures and eliminates its successes"... And we might mention here that in Fred's letter last month, we said that **Clyde Marshall** has a chain of electronic time bending machines, and it should have been "tube vending". We must have been thinking of the warped racket coming out of some of our 24-hour radio stations... **Jack Horner** and his latest marital conquest are reported planning a Christmas (not July) visit in Phoenix... **Jean Struckmeyer**, wife of one of the ex-HASI attorneys in Phoenix, won \$550 recently in (censored by postal regulations)... **John Galusha**, D.Sc., Etc., of Pueblo, Colo., temporarily unemployed because of the steel strike, took advantage of his free time to give an auditing "intensive" to a pre-clear in Ohio... **Tido Churchill**, erstwhile Phony-X correspondent when there was a Phony-X, is catering to, or creating, a new craze: sea horse earrings. She takes the dead fish, boils them to make their tails flexible enough to curl, and then gives them a coat of paint. Their novelty,

and the fact they are light, makes them popular dangles (or is it bangles?)... **Tido** reports that husband **Bob**, between auditing assignments, and **Irv** and **Dave Peabody** and **Chet Engelsing** have a mining deal "cooking" they feel "can't miss". They have designed a mill which requires no water (a big advantage in waterless Arizona) designed to concentrate valuable minerals. They are now scouting for some abandoned mine dumps from which they can obtain the riches "big operators" turned up their noses at...

Ed Milligan, when asked how he's going to keep the "bad" (that's us) out of his "City of Dawn" and stock it only with the "good" (that's us, too), replies that he's going to photograph each applicant's soul—give them the "soul-detector" test. Churches and Scientology have been doing this for a long time, only they have a way of mentally X-raying the hip pocket (and not the one in which you carry your handkerchief, either). "Uncle Ed", who calls himself the "King of Screwballs", says the technique of photographing souls is his "top secret"—so just as soon as we find out the formula, we promise to print it in *The ABERREE*. We think pictures of souls might be a welcome relief from the usual run of bald heads and bulging bosoms... **The Mallecks—Dale, Gabi**, and the twins—are beginning to sound like big-time ranchers on their little farm near Pueblo, Colo., with its cow, calves, and 108 chickens. Invited us up, too, but we couldn't figure out a way to escape the confines of the office while those watermelons were still ripe. Looks like this is going to be our first year without a crate or so of canned watermelon pickles under the bed... **Joe Zabriskie** of Dorchester, Mass., reported trying. Says he mocked up a "death wish" (whatever that is), and: Insurance agents started pouring in; a salesman for a cemetery lot contacted him; and a couple missionaries called to give him blessings. Which shows that people who live on death, like vultures, have developed their affinity for it to a fine point...

Those who think words are important, or are strict adherents of the old "repeater technique" in which a hidden word or phrase is sought to unleash all the stored-up emotional enslavement of the body, might be surprised to discover they'd have to learn more than 2,500 languages if they were to understand all peoples of this planet alone. In fact, as **Ivor Darrag** points out in his "The Language Problem in World Affairs", misinterpretation of a phrase or a word at a United Nations meeting might conceivably lead to war. And probably has. **Ivor** has done an excellent job in summing up the many facets of this problem—and brings it home to the reader by including examples of Russian, German, Spanish, French, Esperanto, and even English into his discussion. We suppose that in 12 pages, one can't possibly list that many languages, let alone speak of them intelligently, but we felt **Ivor** guilty of a bit of discrimination which he might correct should he issue a revised edition. There wasn't a single word about "Pig Latin" and its multitudinous ramifications... And while we're on the subject of languages, we might mention that **David Lyle**, who seems to have a language all his own, and the **Helen** whose wifely duties he so carefully

chronicles, of **Wanque**, N. Jer., spent his two-week vacation in **Smithville Flats, N.Y.**...

Jim Welgoss starts his autumn lecture tour this year on September 15—but **Enid** won't be his first stop, as before. He's reversing himself—and the last shall be first and the first shall be last, he says... **Ralph Swanson** of Orlando, Fla., while on a flying trip to **Kansas City** recently, visited **Mary** and **Nile Adams**, who are startling the local psychology factions by their accomplishments in the way of raising I.Q.'s during group processing... **Leland Kelly** stopped in **Enid** on his way to **Hammond, N.Y.**, where he'll spend the summer building a home on a lot he has there. When it begins getting too cold for comfort, he'll return to **Cave Creek, Ariz.**, to spend the winter months remodeling a second home out there. It's almost as good a way to best your environment as our house trailer was before we anchored it fairly permanently... **Monica Macomber**, ex-secretary of the old H. A. S., has transferred her nursing activities from **San Diego** to a hospital in **Palm Springs, Calif.**, and regrets that there's no Scientology or Judo activity there—just heat and air conditioners... **Bob Arentz**, now of **Denver**, took son **Robert** on a hunting trip into **Western Kansas** to teach his fledgling how to shoot. **Robert**, using a .410, got a squirrel, while **Tutor Papa** didn't even shoot a shot. As a **Dianeticist**, **Papa** may have an allergy against "squirrels", real or imaginary...

Ruth Lang, who operates the "Words of Life Mission" at **Wausau, Wis.**, reveals that she is moving to **Oklahoma** and merging forces with the **City of Dawn Plan** at **Lone Wolf**. The move is slated prior to the opening of the autumn term of school for the benefit of daughter **Nancy**... We see where some great Bringer of Freedom to Mankind is calling a California organization, which is trying to do that which he talks about, "Communists". Luckily the publication in which this slender appears has limited circulation, and since these words of self-confessed wisdom are protected by copyright, there is little danger that knowledge of this group's misguided nefariousness will become very widespread... Some of our readers may be familiar with a certain so-called "religion" that puts the **Eighth Dynamic (God, or the Creator)** on His back and leaves Him there to the mercies of more orthodox organizations. We always have contended that **Man**, being a part of the **Infinite**, must also accept his Creative responsibility, and it seems, now, that we are not alone in holding to this premise. In the October issue of *The ABERREE*, **Hardin** and **Joanna Walsh** of the University of Scientology start a series of articles concerned with processing **Man** as a **Totality**, and not alone as something which can sit in a railroad or bus depot and point out things he could have or do without. Also, as a bow to **Allhallows Eve**, there'll be an article on **Witchcraft** by the **Devil** himself, with possibly a portrait of that individual a bit different than anything you've ever seen before. All in all, we're quite excited about the next issue, and our penny-pinching Publisher even has agreed to let us go up four more pages to transfer some of this excitement to our readers. We hate to be mercenary at a time like this, but is your subscription paid?



BY PHILIP FRIEDMAN

The best parody of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" was written by Dr. W. E. Farbstain of Pittsburgh, Penn.:

Trees, the poet has his say,
Lift their leafy arms to pray.
Since looking carefully about,
Trees, in general, seem devout.
The willow, differing from these,
Must be the atheist of trees.

To be earthbound or starbound,
positive or negative, is reflected
in the dichotomy, Jewish-Christian.
The Hebrew covers his head and bares
his feet, grounding himself. The
Christian bares his head and covers
the feet, levitating the flow. These
are the rites of the prayer shawl
versing the prayer rug principle.

In the beginning, the insulation
is from above and the flow is,
therefore, a descent into life. In
the latter days the insulation is
below, and the flow is, therefore,
an ascent into death.

The Mikados of Japan, considered
as gods, neutralize these male and
female flows by insulating both
above and below, as they continually
wear a headdress and are carried,
out of doors, in a ricksha, never
touching heaven nor earth.

The Hebrew is the He-brew, the
masculine side of the cycle, and his
rites consist of reachings out to-
ward the feminine. They are the
Father divided, a people in disper-
sion.

The X-ed Hebrew becomes the
Christian, the feminine regathering
back to the Father, and his rites
consist of withdrawals from the
world of materiality.

"Hello" means to stop.

When ascending and descending
spiraling cones coincide, they are
co inside.

A coin is a co inside, where you
can't make head or tail out of it.

A statement to be true must be
double-talk.

When calm as a clam, we claim
ourselves.

Zero is that which is and isn't
when everything knowable is brought
together and taken away.

In Israel, when you take a bus,
you take her in marriage. In America
when you take a bus, you take a
ride. Some difference.

Hidden Children Isibdtas, Pequibles

By Arthur J. Burks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

He learned his name.
He mastered small games, given
time.

He mastered simple leatherwork.
He responded to simple music,
bouncing the ball and catching it
just half as fast as the music plays.

Watching Herman eat is to learn.
His huge left hand curves around a
glass of milk, or paper ice cream
cup, almost covering it. If it's a
glass of milk, Herman drinks without
gulping, or throwing his head far
back, as the mongoloid across the
table does. If he is eating ice
cream, he takes the spoon in his big
right hand, tilting the cup deli-
cately, and skims off the cream just
carefully enough to suit his taste.

Herman has good manners. They
don't extend into every area of his
training, but into most. When chil-
dren around him forget their man-
ners, Herman watches them as if he
can't understand why.

Herman will never go far in the
world, but he won't appreciably hold
back his parents or other members of
his family. And Herman has an obvi-
ous mission in life: to serve as a
silent teacher of all with whom he
comes in contact.

What can Herman, who can be taught
but little, teach others?

He can instruct them, silently,
in the greatest of all human virtu-
ties, so seldom used: patience.
Herman gets along by drifting on the
current, by "rolling with the punch-
es"—a phrase he couldn't possibly
understand.

The genius could sit with Herman
for hours, learning something every
minute. Herman might learn nothing—
but who can possibly say what Herman
learns?

The teacher, or anybody, who
would "train" the Hermans of this
world must first sit at the feet of
these Hermans to learn, not only
about the Hermans, but about them-
selves. For no blood-kin are closer
than teachers of the hidden ones and
those who seek to bring ever so lit-
tle out of hiding.

(Continued in the next issue.)

By Trah Nika

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

"Fortune", yet its printing quality
vies with the inter-class journals
produced by the neophyte journalism
and English students of your Junior
High days.

ABERREE—One who accepts, and
laughs at, his own aberrations; who
realizes that he and his aberrations
help make up the kaleidoscopic pat-
tern of the Infinite Whole, and isn't
going to let any high-priced
QUEPIBLE, or even a **PEQUIBLE**, turn
him into a "split-infinity" by sell-
ing him their own particular brand
of counter-aberration.

There may be an **ISIBDTA** or so who
objects to anyone presenting an un-
derstandable vocabulary to help peo-
ple cross their never-ever bridge
without paying toll, but if these
get too vociferous (apologies to
Webster—who hadn't oughta done it),
we'll take care of them, too. In
fact, given the slightest encourage-
ment, we are willing to invent an
entirely new philosophy—therapy that
is geared to do what all these other
philosophy-therapies guarantee
to do, and don't. Without going into
too much detail, this new system
could be called **SCITTENIAD**, and all
practitioners who wanted not to be
called **PEQUIBLES** or **WHOSHES** could
call themselves **SCITTENIADIANS**, or
"Sctitens", for short.

The theory is—the **WHOOOSH** sits at
a desk, and the **PEQUIBLE** or **QUEPIBLE**
reclines on a lumpy couch. Then, the
WHOOOSH induces the **PEQUIBLE** to tell
all that will happen to him the next
day, or the next, or the next. We
can guarantee that if the **WHOOOSH**
properly learns his technique, he
can (after one or two short **SCITTENI-
AD** sessions), prevent many things
from happening that already have
happened.

It should be fun. However, first
let's get that vocabulary accepted
before we try improving the users.
You should know by now that in this
business of helping the world and
your fellow men, words are much more
important than what they're trying to
say.

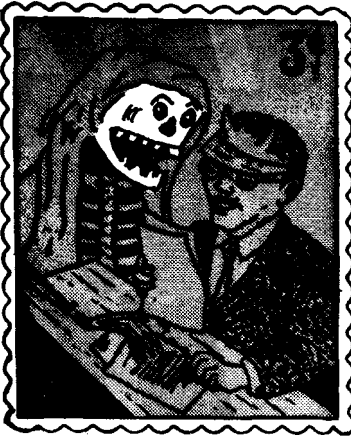
Our cave-man ancestors had I-U, too!
Sitting 'round the cave-fire
The long winter through...
They had little else to do
But tell-a-vision.

BY DEAN D. CALLMAN



The **ABERREE**

SEPTEMBER, 1954



Dear Editor:

"I see by the Aberree that you decided to cut up the body rather than resolve your aberrations. We trust your libidectomy was successful... Hope that you didn't have the second dynamic removed from your editorial policy..."

"Your annual Christmas number has a cover of great taste..."

"We are sending you a new article which is an excerpt from a forthcoming book, which will reveal all and leave nothing undisclosed..."

"We have been lecturing to Optimist Clubs, Lions Clubs, and several other service clubs. We recently appeared on panels at the national convention of the Self Realization Fellowship, and as a result many new people have come into Scientology. The concept of totality, which makes it possible to process the Eighth and all other dynamics successfully, is outlined in our coming article. It also makes it possible to communicate with metaphysicians, occultists, and other religionists, without offending them. Thus, for the first time, we have real communication with Scientology to all levels."—Hardin and Joanna Walsh, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Re. my letter in July-August Aberree about Dr. Len Hamilton's HCA Correspondence Course.

"Len has written the course is completely valid, that he has no direct evidence the powers in Washington or London have made the course invalid, or will not make certificates available to those who pass the course.

"Also, have received the next lesson and are working on it."—Robert C. Berg, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"When I first read Phil Friedman, it sure was 'Naught' as it meant 'No-thing' to me. Now I recognize his writings not only as instructive but constructive as well. For those who are truly seeking, failure to comprehend invokes thought. We must learn to do our own thinking and also to remember, we fail by not trying.

"Glad to know of the book Phil recommends."—Edith Spiller, LeRoy, N. Y.

"Perhaps you will recall that a year or so ago I wrote you that I had discovered a method of generating what was apparently life force within my own body and transmitting

it to another person through my hands? This announcement was received by much utter silence from the field and by many thoughtful stares from my friends. However, testing with several sensitives, I was convinced I could do it.

"Several weeks ago I took the Kriya Yoga initiation, intending to use the joy that this process is supposed to bring about not only to get a little love-joy-bliss back into this carcass but also to help rebuild what Dr. Alexander calls the 'true personality'.

"Hah! Guess what? The method of generating life force which I had discovered on my own is a part of Kriya Yoga, except they don't transmit it to anybody else but use it within their own bodies.

"This blisters me. I wonder which of the other little secret discoveries which I have made will eventually turn out to be yogic practice several zillion years old, tracing clear back to old Yum Squat, who in turn had them from Arjune, who got them from --- ?

"There's a moral here and I would write it down, too, except old Yum Squat might sue me for plagiarism."—Bob Williams, Denver, Colo.

"Here are a few thoughts about the excellent group which Ray and Marie Scharpen are conducting.

"The group is now over three years old. Harold Snell, now passed on, took over the remnants of the original Dianetic group here, conducted first by a committee of whom Hap Hazard was a leading light. Snell took a course in the nonsense Purcell was dispensing after Hubbard left Wichita, which he called Dianetics. I attended one meeting and vocally urged.

"The group drifted on, however, and invited the Scharpens to attend and then to take over. They have used a few principles which may be of value to other groups.

"Ray is a convinced believer in non-directive therapy, and one would expect no heavy handedness in direction. There is argument only in the sense of trying to approach fact and truth in a light which each person may comprehend. There is no acrimony. There is a minimum of resort to authority, of any school, but a clear labeling of course when such persons or schools are mentioned. The group is a pretty high-toned bunch.

"Each meeting usually includes about 30 minutes of group therapy, usually conducted by Marie Scharpen. These are well handled, sincerely appreciated, tend to lift tone.

"A spirit of conversational sportsmanship usually prevails. Each person who wants his say may have it. The meeting starts with selection of a monitor or moderator for that meeting. He or she can 'take the chair' at any time it seems necessary, as when the adjournment time is being forgotten. The group, meeting with chairs in a circle so each person is seen as well as heard, passes the conversational ball. The monitor may bring the group back to the topic selected for that evening, or may toss out questions that stimulate new points of discussion.

"The meeting time has shifted with needs of members to, in turn, all evenings of the week. Tuesday is now the time, and seems acceptable.

"It seems to me that one of the big secrets of this group and its success, necessary to any such en-

deavor, is the attendance of persons of resource, of altitude based on understanding and experience. Members have almost all actually undergone therapy sessions, have an understanding of the program, of their own problems, and of the quality of their leadership. The admixture of academic knowledge, and of mystic philosophy as well as Dianetic and other non-academic schools, tends to develop a considerable objectivity, a constant correlating.

"Some of the members are young, but each contributes as the mood strikes. No one talks to merely hear himself yak. The search for truth, internal and external, motivates each person present. Remarks tend to be brief, somewhat to a point, as though the speaker values the opportunity and deals with care for such values.

"These sessions seem to me admirable examples of the conference method of topic development. Nearly all the factors mentioned above have been proposed by experts on use of the conference as an intellectual instrument. Perhaps that is the secret of this group's success."—Lee Lockhart, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

"The ABERREE is the only periodical in its field that I see now—it keeps me well in touch with what is going on."—Ruth McGehan, Kansas City, Kas.

"Herewith another voice added to those desirous of some articles on Eeman techniques.

"My perusal of 'Dianetics 1960' started a chain reaction. I got into group processing, which led to meeting new people, which led to learning of new therapies, which led to curiosity about Eeman. I read 'Self and Superman', and am now Oliver Twistish.

"Have been trying to find out the wherefore of the Hubbard-Hart, O'Brien, Noyga et al schism, but not being one of the inner circle, I am still in the dark. Recently I spoke to someone who had just returned from Scientology headquarters in Washington. I mentioned the Aberree, and you might have thought I'd released some H₂S gas in the vicinity, he exhibited so much disgust and revulsion. Again I asked why the Hubbard-Hart bust-up. 'Don't you know?' he queried. 'Hart's a psychotic! And how come? Atomic radiation! Anyone exposed to atomic radiation becomes psychotic.'

"Now, I did not know (a) whether you are psychotic, (b) whether you were exposed to atomic radiation, and (c) whether such radiation produces psychoses. I did not argue with him. But I will say this—after you severed your connection with the Scientology Journal, it lost its light and its life for me. I did not renew my subscription. Very few can vitalize a publication as you did, and do! I am tempted to paraphrase the Lincoln-Grant whisky anecdote and state that other editors should be exposed to your brand of atomic radiation psychosis!"—Betty Schwartz, New York, N. Y.

"Borks I don't like; at least his articles tickle me the wrong way. - I get my hackles up over his constant reference to keeping the children under control. A second item that bothered me was his comment on keeping his own feelings from showing.

"Sometime or other I will get or make the opportunity to work a bit

with such 'hidden children'. I remember seeing one once in Tel-Aviv and my impression then was of guilt and hiding on the part of the mother. The father I didn't see. I once brought one little girl of three from a fairly chronic fear level 1.0 up to enthusiasm 3.5 by 'merely' teaching her with a game I made up on the spur of the moment that words can mean more than one thing and that more than one word can be used for the same thing. Her I.Q. went up too (apparently). She's been tested to be in the 98 percentile (now at the age of five).--Bernie Ross, New York, N.Y.

": : : :
 "Was just up to the New York Church of Scientology trying to find out what the catch was in their new offer of a week's free auditing. While I was there, a reverend was packing up to leave, ordered out by the Foundation, and the new reverend was unpacking. Just as I left, the new reverend began packing. A replacement had arrived for him. Faster techniques will be needed more than ever if this keeps up.

"The fog is getting thicker here in the east. How's it out there?"--Jim Bartley, New York, N.Y.

": : : :
 "It has taken me quite some time to realize how strong value that our civilization has upon METHOD. Up to that realization I was forcing people to walk alone before they were ready by giving them only the principles and making them design their own techniques. While this is what they must eventually do, it is a presumption on my part because before an individual can design a technique from a principle he has to understand the principle. Sooooo, Simplified Tension Study was my answer to the problem.

"You'll note from the forthcoming newsletters that we are giving all sorts of basic techniques so that people can process themselves or work with others. Some of this stuff has already produced tremendous results with the summer class students. We're now using S.T.S. as our basic counseling framework--which means that we have the whole range of human functioning to work in.

"The article about us in the July issue of FATE has really kicked us upstairs in the financial department. While we still don't have ALL of our bills paid off, I can say that the pressure has sure been alleviated. And as the results keep coming in we'll be able to do the kind of expanding that I want to do.

"We've had such a tremendous response to this article about us that we're going to produce a course on just the use of Faith alone...Ah, well! Life is sure wonderful--and those floods of letters from the FATE article sure did look good. Imagine over 1,500 of them so far--and they are still coming in."--Jim Welgog, Fairhope, Ala.

": : : :
 "If a few more people would write editorials and/or blow their stacks about the radiation menace, perhaps something would be done. I see that plans are now underway to dump waste products of atomic piles into the ocean, thus poisoning the seafood which will be so desperately needed when the over-population problem becomes really acute...

"William J. Baxter, the economist, has been blasting away at the whole 'hate Russia' campaign--and he has the facts and figures to back up his



"Herewith may I introduce FILO?
 "FILO is strictly a fragment of imagination. Any resemblance to persons living or even half dead is purely ridiculous.

"FILO insists he is a SCIENTIST and a Christian, although he compartmentalizes quite freely between the two.

"We have found him to be an interesting little chap, one who doesn't eat much, says less, and only occasionally disquiets the night with some unsuccessful experiment."

MILLEN BELKNAP
 ED. NOTE: If he fits the description in Paragraph 4, then the statements in Paragraph 2 also must be more or less substantially correct. We, too, hope ABERREE readers learn to love the old sourpuss.

claim that Russia is the greatest hoax of modern times--the nation, the hate program, and all the rest... There was a good deal of talk about Wall Street, war mongers, profiteers, etc., after World War I, but now the war mongers are in control of the press, and have convinced the public that there are no war mongers.

"You might call your readers' attention to the article, 'Race Poisoning by Radiation', by the Nobel prize-winning biologist, H.J. Muller, (June 9 SATURDAY REVIEW) and suggest that they write their Congressman; this is about the only thing we can do!

"Yours is the liveliest and most informative magazine in the field. Keep up the good work."--Sam Randlett, Nashville, Tenn.

"Last article of mine you printed caused a cut in communication with those who can't tolerate the religious band, but, nonetheless, if you can take more of it, here's another article.

"I truly look forward to the Aberree and read every bit of it, and get enough stimulus to re-read parts. I know you hold open lines of communication that would otherwise have been completely cut, and that is good for the whole field.

"Just don't let the Alpha ray get stopped by paper."--Alberta Elliott, Greenville, S. Car.

": : : :
 "What happened to my June Aberree? I didn't realize why time was dragging until I received the July issue which described so many arti-

cles I didn't know anything about. Then it dawned on me.

"The Aberree, to me, is like a very good story in serial form; one part missing means catastrophe."--John A. Chambers, San Fernando, Cal.
 (ED. NOTE -- We do everything we can to avoid missing issues--but it still happens. Looks like we'll have to start delivering it ourselves, or start mailing them in steel boxes, operable only to subscribers who have keys.)

": : : :
 "Kelley's 'Testament of Devotion' remarks that we live our lives at two levels simultaneously, the level of time, and the level of eternity.

"Since LEVELS involves an inherent transmissional flow, and pressures, you have a combination in which the senses operate something like a printing press.

"Meister Eckhart spoke of this as 'the thing which has no image'. Hubbard thing-imaged it by the term 'engram, a sliding around, back and forth'.

"In Augustine, the same combination as above appeared in the statement that TIME consists of three parts: Past or memory, present or sight, future or expectation!

"If we now take the ABERREE's flow of materials as of a group of very lively and well-trained people, who have a considerable past of tools used, an expectation from them for better bridge building which is not yet realized, a now and again Aberree letter call for less of personal letters and more of informative material on what to expect next, THEN, the Aberree is an excellent pilot plant for the American scene in general, or, if you wish, a thoroughgoing controlled conditions experiment in the most general sociological sense."--David Lyle, Wanaque, N. Jer.

": : : :

"I've been fooling around with a process that Ron tried and passed over in mid-1954. Coupled with the new insights into havingness and two-way communication, it seems to do the trick. Assuming that ridges are compounded of your motions toward or against the environment vs. the environment's efforts against you, you just 'accept' your resistance to the environment (i.e., need to change it, it's bad, etc.) which mechanically allows the opposite side of the ridge to come on in. If you pick something you have a small distaste for, and consciously become origin point for the attitude of distaste (i.e., 'I did it', 'I am doing it', or 'I accepted it from the environment'), this is taking responsibility, but the main attitude to arrive at seems to be a conscious, self-originated knowledge that you have this distaste in present time. The distaste will dissolve, providing you have really become the one who is having the distaste. Note the connotation of 'beingness'. This is similar to the old dichotomy deal, except that the emphasis is on owning, possessing, creating, accepting, etc., The resistance to the environment. When you can become cause for it, it will tend to vanish automatically. Now, this is done on the permissive basis used in processing these days (to start with) -- 'Find something about your dislike for so-and-so that you can accept as being yours'. You can even run the 'Terrible Trio' on these resistances. Of course, any attitude that is not fully volun-

tary is fair game—and voluntary attitudes will not change.

"This process shoots havingness to the degree that the pre-clear regards his ridges as havingness, and it's not acceptable to run the process on a pre-clear who doesn't have good reality on being able to repair havingness. As the resistances 'collapse', the pre-clear won't mind communicating about them, and will hand out, sometimes, a series of statements as to how he really feels about something—layers of resistance coming off. Just reply with, 'Can you accept that as being your attitude?' (Emphasis on 'your' to avoid reference to just changes of attitude—the one he's handing you now is 'It', so far as he's concerned, right at the moment.)

"So, I have a series of one case—a proven, tested technique, this—in which I straight-wired a pre-clear who was familiar with the phenomena of acceptance until his attitude toward life was really showing, then asked him if he could accept his attitude toward life as really his, or take responsibility for having accepted it from others, or accept his dissatisfaction with it as his very own. All hell broke loose, the roof fell in, havingness went out the window, and I think the service facsimile went with it. Not entirely, you understand, but it certainly became apparent to the pre-clear. You never saw such a dawning light. This pre-clear thought he was in fear—for four years, that is—and suddenly realized it was anger-antagonism...

"As you can see by my use of terms from all over the Dia-Sci. time-track, I've succeeded, to some degree, in synthesizing the whole mess into a coherent framework. And I don't disagree with Papa in any (major?) point of theory, so far as I can see.

"The main auditor qualification, as I see it, to run this, is the ability to grant beingness to the pre-clear. The less you're trying to change him, the more it will work. I also, personally, seem to have developed a good ability to get the pre-clear working—to get him in session, you know. The mechanical 'rudiments' will do a half-way job of this, but it basically isn't a mechanical situation. I'm going the other way from Ron in one respect: you don't train auditors and teach Scientologists, you explain how a process works, you get them in session, you show them, and then you tell them, and process them, and sooner or later they'll tell you. Then they have it. Basically, you just can't see the ideas of Scien-

tology unless you've experienced them in processing, or, poor substitute, see them happening in those you process."--Ralph Swanson, Orlando, Fla.

": : : :
"I've been visiting an elderly woman in the hospital for the last few months who is supposedly dying of cancer of the brain. When I first saw her the doctors gave her two months to live. That was four months ago and she has improved to the point where they let her go home. Some of the complications have disappeared, such as loss of her voice and a reduction in her paralysis. The doctors aren't saying anything now.

"I'm busy now collecting tapes to start the CADA Tape Lending Library. Also copying tapes for this purpose."--Russ Haggard, Los Angeles, Calif.

": : : :
"I have little, if any, concern at all regarding my 'communication lag'. However, my financial lag is quite the opposite. I am, no doubt, among the champion 'lagers' when it comes to the green stuff.

"Speaking of money, incidentally, it has been my lack of it which has acted as a great impetus toward thought on the subject. And, for that reason, I have solved the mystery regarding that topic. Here are a few thoughts along that line: If certain qualifications are necessary in regard to making money, one could say—in a sane world, those who are qualified make money. By the same token one could say, in an insane world, those who are qualified make money. The only difference would be the type of qualification which was necessary—internal qualification as well as external.

"Another thought regarding financial success; if elements of resistance and assistance were absent, the 'law of average' would then be enforced and the 'better man' would always win in the long run. But, like in a poker game, 'is the deal straight'? A good gambler is always careful regarding that point. But in the game of life, man seldom considers such a thing.

"Enough said regarding money. But if the majority travel upstream with many blocks against them, and a few travel downstream with few blocks, what kind of a race does that make?

"Regarding people all over the earth. It is seldom realized that all of us, in reality, know all of us. Not personally, of course. But since mankind is divided into types, etc., when we know a small number of people we know all the people, because we are representative of each other, reflections of one another.

Like stars in some particular galaxy, each star has a counterpart in other galaxies, even though they may not be identical. Since this is the case, one needs only bring to mind a small number of people to understand what the others are like whom he has never met. An illustration: If I know 12 hard-working people, I have a representative of all hard-working people. Or 12 wealthy people, etc.

"Another point of interest. If a man is a member of an organization, he is, then, the smallest unit of that organization. The largest unit is the organization itself. The organization could be called a very large person. The leaders of the organization become the 'head' of that large person. The rest of the members are somewhere in the body. Realizing this, we can dispense with the smaller units on earth with its population of over two billion persons. And thereby consider the larger people. Each nation is a large person, divided up into smaller people which are organizations, etc. This large person has a head (leaders). But, as with the smallest unit, an individual person, so it is with the larger units. An individual is known to have a head (mind) and also a subconscious head (mind). Sub means below. Conscious means aware. Below awareness is subconscious. Therefore, the organizations which influence the head of a nation are the subconscious mind of that nation. And, as with the individual, the trouble concerning that person can be traced to the subconscious. Person or nation, the principle is always the same. Needless to say, the subconscious in either case is violently opposed to being 'found out'.

"An item regarding the Bible. The first Testament, which is the Old Testament, treated of the physical state. The New Testament refers to the mental state (including the physical). When time reaches the New Testament age, it evolves into a mental age—cosmic, golden, or whatever-you. Physical wars are replaced with mental wars. Bickerings become common in all levels of life, rather than bombs or fists. The issues at stake could be called 'wars for the minds' of people. The physical must come first, like the act of scratching a record. Whatever happened in the physical will happen in the mental. This is just one of the laws which is in effect.

"In the past, and during these modern days, we understand the physical and regard the physical laws. Our thieves and murderers are jailed as soon as possible. But since mankind has not evolved into the mental state of knowing, as yet, we, therefore let many of our worst criminals run their way with complete freedom. We even 'worship' them in many cases. However, the time will come when mankind will be able to concentrate on the deeper types of crime. The panderers, flatterers, seducers, wicked counselors, and sowers of discord will be recognized as the falsifiers that they are.

"A point on evolution; A man evolves from the state of boyhood, a nation evolves in the same way. Time is involved in evolution. More time in regard to a nation than for a person. There is physical evolution and also mental evolution. And many strange factors are a part of evolution in all cases. The nations on earth have evolved to their maturation point as far as the material

The Power and Glory of Sex

By Volney G. Mathison

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is concerned. Many centuries were encountered in the case of anational evolution. Wars, defeats, changes; all played their part. When a person evolves into adulthood, he passes through a period of fear and confusion and rebellion. This is called adolescence. The nations of earth are now passing through their stage of adolescence. Freedom has much to do with this terrible time. Liberty is involved. Because even when one is right he must be 'at liberty' in being right. The 'teen-ager rebels at his 'correct teachings'; then, after rebelling, he decides 'for himself' that it is best to be a good (average) citizen. When he has made the decision for himself, he feels that it is all right for him to follow 'correct teachings'. The law of liberty is involved here. The same will be true of nations.

"The things which I have written is just scratching the surface. Books would be necessary rather than a few words if very much were to be said. I enjoy your magazine as much as ever although I agree with a part of it only. Many of your articles show much gain toward truth but, for the most part, it is a 'desire for gain' rather than truth itself. But that is natural since even publications must evolve. Yours has done well, even if it is only my own opinion to say so.

"It is unfortunate but, no doubt, necessary to have many obstacles in the path of understanding. Blindness and fear seem to be major ones. But there are many, many smaller ones, also. And since there are so many snares to focus one's attention toward wrong directions of error, an intelligent man once wrote: 'The acid test of mental alertness is, does the thinker see the essential point of a question or problem?'"—Ludwig G. Rosecrans, Mesa, Ariz.

Things have been up and down in New York with regards to Scientology. For awhile there were three active groups. Then activity slowly faded until there was virtually nothing being done. There have always been individuals who have continued to do fine work. Within the last month the church has come alive again on an active basis. Lyle Sudrow has been handling most of the Sunday evening services and has done a slam bang job. In several weeks, the Church will run a personal Efficiency Course with before and after testing. The processing time will be five two-hour sessions. A group of 30 is anticipated and since I intend to be one, I will see if I can't get the before and after results. If the first run proves successful, the P.E.C. may be continued at the rate of one a month. At this writing, it is contemplated that there will be no charge.

"I have been taking a course in testing this summer. Rather hesitantly, the professor proposed that the IQ is not constant. He indicated that some of the latest research would seem to indicate that many test scores are not valid due to:

1. Incorrect Administration and Correction,
2. Language difficulty on a Written or Verbal Test,
3. Development Idiosyncrasies (physical),
4. Emotional Difficulties.

"An example cited was a little English girl who was brought here during World War II. Several days after she arrived she was tested and

scored 90. When retested five months later she scored 122. My professor claimed the first score was not a valid one. I claimed that it was and that it was an indication of the child's ability at the time. I also said that the 122 was also valid as a criterion of her ability at the time she took the second test. Obviously her separation from her parents and other problems of a situation (No. 4) had been to a degree resolved. After a short while, I became aware that we were talking about different things. My professor considered IQ as a measure of potential ability while I meant it to mean measured ability at a given moment. It would seem to me that whatever an IQ test measures, it is subject to change rather sharply in areas Nos. 3 and 4. Scientology deals with these areas very success-

fully."--Herb Druker, Brooklyn, N.Y.

As one writer objects Hand uses too many minimal pronouns... he got the Xmas issue today and they thought it might as well get into our answer. And a very humid Yule best wish to you, too...

"Have had two whopping insights. First was how the individual influences probability-sequences. Saw how it was done, watched self doing it, watched it happen with others. Also conditions and limitations on probability-changing. Second insight was more on limitations, and had to do with some arrangement described as 'safety factor', which fully explains why no 'Operating Thetan' ever manages to tear up the pea patch or throw the egg in the fan. Whoever says that some entity can ruin the Universe either accidental-

L. RON

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ly or through diablerie is either lying or altogether mistaken. As usual the description of probability-changing is not suited to verbal description. I'll show you. I was in a downtown store causing a critical decision. This is a crisis-point. So then I saw a 3-dimensional array or network of thin lines, meaning probability-sequences or causal lines (if-then progressions). On and among the lines, constellated and continuously moving, were spots. These spots meant 'buttons', 'switches', 'crisis-points'. When a person operates one of these spots, the associated probability-line is changed. What was previously less probable gets more probable, and what was more likely becomes improbable. Everybody who does anything operates these switches. If unconscious, the person 'bumps' them at random, more or less, so their 'luck' is capricious and mixed. The more conscious the individual, the more skillfully it can avoid some buttons and bump others and so influence events in a more optimal manner. Also, the probability-sequences can't be changed just any time. Too much inertia. The right button has to be nearby and reachable at the right time. Over-control and contradictions throw in the second, or protective network. Very homeostatic universe this, you know. Trouble with this sort of thing is it's clear to the one person, but how teach others to do it. It's obvious every one actually does control probabilities, but why should anyone believe that? Anyway, it was data I needed and it helps.

"We (Mary Stone, F. Hand, W.R. McCleney) have done stuff on 'mind-shields', too. The crucial factor in mind-shields is the angle of phase-reflection. The significant angles are three, namely: 360 degrees, which returns the signal to the source-person; 180 degrees, which passes or evades the communication and renders the shielded mind unnoticeable; 90 degrees, which permits communication to occur and produces a relaxed state in the transmitting person. A 'mind-shield' is not a 'protective shield', such as the 6-figure Infinite (18-11-19) described in his articles (in The ABERREE). Here's another tranquilizing point. There aren't any 'Dangerous Secrets' which mustn't be imparted for this simple reason: You tell somebody something significant. If they can handle it, well, they do. If they can't, then they simply either don't hear or see it at all, or they occlude it immediately...

"Your cover is striking. Can get the scene, but the perhaps significance is unclear. All I derive is from the beasties: the owl, wise-looking and almost brainless; the squirrel, daft-seeming and outstandingly intelligent and witty...

"Your selection for Christmas is

equally as good as that of the early Xian Church who picked the Festival of Mithra. But I thought the best guess was sometime in the second week of January. Since there exists no historical record of the existence of the historical Jesus, one is technically as good as the other. But there is apparently evidence of there having been a record of the existence of such a person. For that I recommend 'The Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls', which is a Signet Book (35¢). I think Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, etc., are astonishing. They're examples of systems which are false-to-fact in almost every detail, and mostly true as integrated wholes. Cancellation of error, no doubt—much of it conscious and deliberate."--Fred Hand, Houston, Tex.

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"Personally, I think Ray Palmer is terrific. He has the ability to really look and make very sane evaluations. Also, he is operating in high gear and seems to be rather high on all dynamics. In the last OTHER WORLDS, he gave a rough outline of his schedule. It made me ache wearily just to read it. He may not believe in reincarnation, but he is a space bum to end all space bums. That 'space opera' was like coming home after being lost and forsaken for a long time. It explained so much that was unexplainable in any other way. Ever since I can remember looking at the stars and space, they inspired me with the most fantastic loneliness and hunger. Now there is a real feeling of snugness and satisfaction when I look at them...

"I got Mathison's 'Power and Glory of Sex'. Was disappointed. So many people ask me about sexual problems and I had hoped that he had come out with something I might give them as a textbook. I enjoyed reading it... Will probably get more of his late books soon. I like him tremendously.

"In the last issue of the Aberree, 'Correcting the Neglect of Affinity' was wonderful. Also, I think Arthur Burks's articles are tops. Phil Friedman leaves me entirely cold. It seems that he is firmly stuck in the symbolizing band, which seems a terribly boring place to me."--Dr. Gladys Hale, Pierre, S.D.

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"Just got through reading 'Scrub Oaks'... Now that I know your past, I can understand much... Seems a book like this should be subject to publication and distribution on a grand scale. Have you tried interesting some publishing house? If not, for gosh sakes, give it a try... It merits it.

"This Koor character is very familiar. I guess many of us have a bit of him around.

"Belated as it may be, let me congratulate you on a very fine

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piece of work. Don't know when I have lost myself in a story so deeply... Wear your green eyeshade with pride and don't ever apologize for your literary efforts...

"To know life as it is, you have to do everything, good and evil, and then all is laid bare and no idealistic illusions remain. It is a question as to whether it is worth the price, when it is still a matter of choice, and on the other hand sometimes circumstances and environment work in such fashion as to force the issue and force the idealism and the grossness of reality together as you so ably depicted in your story. Happens all the time."--Joe Zubris, Dorchester, Mass.

"Are you going to use that flying saucer article, or do I have to pull a Jonas Bingo on you? After all the work I'd gone to rewriting that immortal tome, I haven't seen hide nor hair of it. (ED. NOTE--Please, give us time--say a couple years. You may want to revise it when you get back from Mars in 2040.)

"I liked the cover on 'The Aberree' very much, and chuckled out loud to see your Xmas edition, showing the window with the star on it, and the empty pews with an owl and a squirrel on them--insinuating, I presume, that no one would be in church in July, but they would flock there come the regular seasonal celebration of same. You are MAD."--Ruth Yerks, Presidio of Monterey, Calif.

"There aren't too many visitors come to Portland, so your magazine helps to give me a feeling of being in the know... I enjoy 'Flowing Up the Field' and all correspondence. I particularly enjoyed Friedman's symbology, as I found it amusing as well as instructive. Symbols help one to be more aberrated.

"Have you read 'In Search of Serenity' by R.V.C. Bodley? It is a precious little book that will help us aberrees."--Mae Schneider, Portland, Ore.

"You are performing a vital service and clearing house for truth-seekers--and, a needed haven for disillusioned and bruised Hubbardites."--Earl Hughes, White Plains, N.Y.

ED. NOTE--It's you readers who make The ABERREE, Earl. Without your support, letters, and articles, we'd be pretty small pumpkins.

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THIBODEAU

CHIROPRACTIC CLINICS

Dr. J. Harold Thibodeau Dr. Billie Plowden Thibodeau

What Is Hypnosis?

By Volney G. Mathison

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

ter and better." Better and better what? He is specific, for the instructed mental picture in the mind of the instructee cannot be duplicatively sustained unless it is specific and clearly "seeable" on the image level.

Great care must be taken to be absolutely, literally accurate in instructing. Once I was treating a person with a pathology of the right eye. I said, "By degrees you will send an increased supply of blood to your right eye." Soon the instructee remarked that she was experiencing a tingling sensation all over the right side of her body. It turned out that her subconscious was computing "right I", not "right eye"! Her subconscious was seeking by any subterfuge to avoid and reject the diseased right eye. Be careful! Be specific.

So, what is the source of the power of hypnosis? Its power is the power of duplicatively creating mental pictures. Hence the idiot, the imbecile, the moron cannot be hypnotized, for these unfortunates cannot create vivid duplicated mental pictures. The higher the intelligence, the finer and more sensitive the mind, the faster and more completely can it achieve the imaging instructions of the operators. The spectators of a stage performance of hypnosis may be entertained by the actions of the subjects, but at the same time, the onlookers should really envy those persons who possess such high mental imaging powers that they can perform the feats called for.

It now becomes apparent that hypnosis in and of itself is neither good nor bad. It is simply a special technique of instructed-image-duplication procedure with a special name. The mere use of this word "hypnosis", causes some subjects to image up the trance state and to duplicate it until they are in it. However, duplicative imaging instructions can be transmitted without ever using the words "hypnosis" or "sleep". The entire band of "suggestion" involves and comprises duplicatively imaging courses of action in accordance with the instructions of the operator, preacher, advertiser, or the like.

The paramount question is not whether hypnosis is good or bad—but whether the motives of the operator or instructor are good or bad! Here one certainly can run into a morass of savage dispute as to what motives, acts, and so forth are good and what are bad. Bad motives, from the viewpoint of the instructee, may, by way of example, be the draining of cash from the instructee, the inducing of the instructee into self-defeating mental states, such as fancy that he is a "Tone 40", or that he should be a paying member of some miserable outfit, or the like. I once observed a Scientologist who had discovered that high tone readings on an Electropsychometer related in part to electronic skin resistance of the hands, and he forthwith duplicatively imaged his hand resistance from a normal of about 35,000 ohms to more than 4,000,000 ohms! This probably was harmless, but it was of no constructive significance whatever. Some good motives are obvious:

As, for example, on the physical level, the induction of physical healing, the achieving of anaesthesia in dentistry, childbirth, and surgery. On the mental level, good motives would comprise the instructing of the subject to duplicate mental pictures of achieving constructive goals, aims, hopes, and desires until these become realities.

In Creative Image Therapy, on the basis of ballotings and letters, we have decided not to use the label "hypnosis" with reference to any imaging procedures—this because many persons' knowledge of the phenomena of hypnosis is related to the stage performance type, wherein the instructees are caused to act sometimes in more or less non-constructive ways. We do not care to be identified with that.

The procedures of induction that I have developed are, I believe, ultra-modern and super-effective as compared to the old methods which have not been much improved for centuries. These techniques comprise imaging in color, unlimited duplication of "descent" into deep relaxation, and, most novel of all, are presented on a tape recording of a young woman who had never before been tranced, and as this proceeds, she orally reports the sensations she is experiencing all the way into the tranced state. Toward the end of the procedure, I ask her if she will agree to be responsive to any other person who takes over in my place, to which she orally consents. Under reasonable conditions of quiet undisturbed relaxation, any user of this recording can obtain trancing in nine out of ten cases. The inductee who listens to the recording identifies with the voice of this girl, creates and duplicates the same general system of mental images, and swiftly and surely descends with her into tranced, deep relaxation.

The human subconscious, or super-conscious, mind is a tremendous and mighty thing. I used to presume it might be 98 percent of the personality. Now it looks to me as if it must be about 99.9 percent. It designs, constructs, and operates dozens of incredible chemical factories and other elaborate structures in the physical body. It can, and will, achieve almost anything that is duplicatively imaged by it with sufficient intensity for a long enough period of time.

CONCO

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THE ABERRANT

Recusant Voice of "The Infinities" for Saturn,
Earth, Mars, Pluto, Venus, and Zydokumzruskehen

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POLICY: Don't take it so damn' seriously. The tomorrow you're worried about today
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THIS IS YEAR OF POLITICAL CONVENTIONS! We didn't attend the June-in-September convention of Scientists in Washington over the Labor Day week-end, but we understand that this time, it was held on schedule. Not knowing what went on, we can only guess that it was its usual rip-roaring success, and those who thought otherwise were given a chance to get their money's worth at the free-for-all-who-paid whinging given at the close. We also are confident that the visiting Reverend from England was in his usual maestrouful form, and that most of the delegates went home with some old ideas in new dress and a replacement for the set of skeleton keys with which all intend to unlock the fetters now binding the world.

Rumor has it that one of the principal speakers expressed political aspirations, but whether he wants to run for President of the United States, King of England, Washington dog-catcher, or run to South Africa, our "mouse under the table" didn't say. Mice, we understand, don't have the same ambitions as men—and therefore, can't cognize all that humans do, or talk about doing. We're really sorry we couldn't attend, but ever since our radiation insanity was revealed to us, we haven't been able to enjoy some of the crazy things we did before this guarded secret of ours was pabbed (we mean, blabbed)

⊙
A belief is as weak as its "missing link"—especially when that link is the Dynamic Infinite (⊙).

⊙
MOUSE CAN BE MAN'S FRIEND OR HIS ENEMY Bill and Dan are Dianeticists; Fred favors Scientology. Mary is a rabid Catholic and once thought of "taking the veil". George is a Jew, while Reverend Pete is a minister in a Methodist church. Gregory, who doesn't show up too often, is a Ph.D. and admits he knows more about philosophy than any textbook writer he ever read. Then there's Phyllis, a nurse, and Doctor Bob, a chiropractor. Nehle (who pronounces it "Neel") disclaims any philosophical leanings.

From this hodge-podge of beliefs, one might expect a group meeting to provide a melting pot of ideas, but alas! it just isn't so. That was the group's intent, yet when these ten (or any part of them) congregate in the selected home's living room, one

hears only a babel of "I thinks", wallowing in the audio atmosphere like a tangle of fishing worms.

What is happening to this group, which eventually will disintegrate rather than provide a means of integration, is similar to what has happened to other groups which were formed with high ideals and purposes. Possibly, if they stay together long enough for the yak-yalkers to satiate their own desire to impress, they can settle down to an interchange of ideas. But this is unlikely. Nehle will find nothing to replace the nothing she already has; Gregory will find more and more excuses to be absent; so will Phyllis and Doctor Bob and Dan and Bill and Fred. Mary, and George, and Reverend Pete never have been part of the group anyway, but have attended only because they dared not drop out and leave any possible advantage to a rival "faith".

Fortunately, some groups are formed under competent leadership and set up safeguards to prevent suicide at the hands of well-intended members. The majority, however, form to exchange views, or processing, and after a few sessions, find themselves in the death throes of too much chatter. The tragedy is that those who talk the most have the least to say, because usually they are trying to convince themselves as much if not more than they are trying to help their suffering audience. If the entire group is of a similar uncertainty, no one learns anything.

Teachers and psychologists (using both terms in their broadest sense) have long taught that to accomplish a goal, one must keep this goal secret. Giving it voice, telling others of your plans and hopes, has a dampening effect upon those plans and hopes. An idea, incubated in silence, builds up steam. This power is used to bring the dream into fulfillment. Telling others of it—seriously or idly—leaves the dreamer impotent and unenthusiastic.

In psychotherapy or Dianetics, talking to an analyst or auditor about what may be bothering you seems to have a therapeutic effect—probably not because you "relive" that event, as some persons believe, but because talking, airing your innermost fears and secrets, has the same effect as telling another of your dreams and plans. You remove the "drive", the built-up "steam", the compulsive and destructive ener-

gy festering around this incident that your secretiveness has been storing. With the release of this negative power comes clearer thinking, and a chance to re-evaluate the incident, to alter your postulates and bring them up into present time.

There is little doubt that talking is not only man's main means of communication, but it also is his emotional valve. Used wisely, it can be his key to success and happiness. Used unwisely, he can make himself practically powerless.

Ever notice how many ministers, teachers, etc., can orate for hours on what the audience should do for optimum existence, yet their personal lives are snarled by indecisions, false moves, and errors? They have expended their fire on the lecture platform, and their own desires and emotions are left to the mercies of dead clinkers.

It may be merely coincidental that one of America's most prosperous eras, not fed by the false stimulus of a 275-billion debt, was under the leadership of a President who had little to say.

⊙
The "Science of knowing how to know" seems to have an unholy fear of anyone "knowing how to no".

⊙
PROVEN DATA RESCUED FROM DUSTY DEWISE Announcement by a California group that it intends to collect data on Dianetics—including processing techniques—is a grim reminder of how Dianetics-Scientology differs from almost any other system which calls itself a science.

During the last six years, dozens of printed and mimeographed publications and news letters have sprung up, sired by enthusiastic dabblers in the art of "helping build a better bridge". To some of these, the best workers in the field have contributed. Many of these contributors—their work ignored and themselves ignominiously referred to as "squirrels"—abandoned further research in Dianetics and went into areas of more appreciation.

Many auditors and students, recognizing the value of some of this work, have collected these publications, and filed them away for future reference. In our own case, the pile has grown to formidable size. Some of the papers are dog-eared and shelf-worn. The dust and grime of time has settled over the pile until it would be almost a thankless task to go through it with any hope of sorting out the worthwhile material.

Part of the travesty is the fact that the "originator" of Dianetics has gone off into flights of fancy at an almost acute angle from his original objective. All ideas and techniques are offered as "new", and little effort is made to incorporate that which "is" with that which has gone before. Even the "Axioms"—which should be "self-evident truths"—have undergone a major operation and revision. The new student of Scientology, wanting the full background, would find himself lost in a maze of words, books, and lecture tapes. He wouldn't even have the advantage of these dust-covered stacks of ideas from researchers in the field who had, by their hard work and study, proved what would get results and what wouldn't.

We wish this California group a lot of success in its undertaking. If Dianetics is ever to be other than a fast freight whizzing past a row of fence posts, something should be done to log its progress.

The Study of Man is a study of relationships, and these relationships, in Scientology, have been divided into eight segments, called "Dynamics". These make up the known whole of Infinite Creation—which Dr. and Mrs. Walsh herein refer to as "The Concept of Totality". To the extent Man limits himself by setting up barriers of not-knowingness between himself and any of the dynamics does he divorce himself from his birthright. Some of the processes by which Man can reintegrate himself, discovered by the Walshes during their years of recent research at the University of Scientology in Los Angeles, are being printed for the first time herewith, and later will appear more fully in a book now under preparation.—The EDITOR

By HARDIN D. WALSH, Ph.D. HGA
and JOANNA WALSH, Counselor

A Concept of *Totality*

THE ENTIRE scope of Scientology becomes more excitingly workable as the Totality Concept is introduced. This concept emphasizes processes which integrate the relationships of all eight of the dynamics.

The eight dynamics are areas of activities of survival in this and other universes—survival in relation to Theta*, Static, or Infinity expressing itself by recreating conflict within itself as the material universe of Matter, Energy, Space, and Time. The First Dynamic is survival as a body; the Second Dynamic is survival as the family; the Third Dynamic is survival as groups, communities, nations; the Fourth Dynamic is the survival of all mankind; the Fifth Dynamic is the survival of all living organisms; the Sixth Dynamic is an expression of survival as MEST†; the Seventh Dynamic relates to the survival of spirits; and the Eighth Dynamic, often written as two interlocking zeros (∞), is the Infinity of survival.

These are merely classifications for study and processing. All dynamics are inter-related. Each dynamic affects and reacts upon all other dynamics; there is only an apparent separateness.

The Eighth Dynamic has been termed Infinity or Static in Scientology and is hereby assigned the term "Totality". In the Christian world, Totality is termed God. In the Hindu world it is termed Brahman. On this planet alone it has so many names that for purposes of processing it is necessary to assign a common term. The term Totality exists on the time-track and thus is most workable. Ask any spirit if he remembers Totality and you will get an eager or hesitant "Yes". By using this word on body levels, the profound deep-seated religious feeling inherent within us all can be dealt with without offending, thus giving a world-wide acceptance to Scientology, this planet's only truly workable religious science. Acceptance in this area has been most heartening and gratifying.

The newcomer to the concepts of Scientology and evolutionary spiritual development may find these ideas difficult to apply. Learning to walk at one time appeared to be a difficult project. The Creative Imagination is You as Totality in action—a true spiritual activity. Imagination is your toe hold for "clearing"‡. On any creative process such as explosions as mental images, you have to use your imaginative creative abilities. There is nothing more important than your spiritual evolution and your imagination is the first key to use.

*THETA—The term assigned in Scientology for Supreme Intelligence.

†MEST—An acronym of Matter, Energy, Space, and Time—which make up the Material Universe; can be used to designate any object or objects within the Material Universe, including the human body.

‡CLEARING, in Dianetics, meant a person no longer operating under engram commands, "cleared" of his aberrations. The word since has undergone several re-evaluations, but its accepted use now is one who is certain of his identity apart from the body, and able to operate from that level.—ED.

Our modern scientists of today in the field of nuclear physics are dealing with intangibles and depending upon their imagination to obtain results. We refer you to the very interesting article in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN of July, 1956, "The Atomic Nucleus", by Robert Hofstadter: "In the first place, it should be said that terms like 'looking' into the nucleus or forming 'pictures' of it are pure metaphor. The nucleus is utterly and hopelessly invisible. . . The physicist must consider separate sets of experimental results and then try to IMAGINE a model of the nucleus that would account for all of them."

If our leading scientists can use imagination in their important work, we suggest that you at least do likewise and give it a try. You will discover that you are dealing with the same nuclear particles of universe energy that they are investigating.

"Total ability" is probably the best definition of Totality. The part of you that is aware and knows with certainty is Totality: awareness and knowingness on the visible and invisible planes. For thousands of years, most all authorities have been informing the public that they can never find God. This is true. However, there is a ghastly joke, perhaps, in the fact that they neglected to tell individuals that they can become aware of being God. Finding something means looking somewhere else for it. The various religious books clearly state in many ways that God is within all things and that all things are within God. Where do you suppose that leaves you? How can you possibly avoid being God, or Totality? In the Christian Bible, it even tells you what to do about it in a not too explicit way:

"Be still and know that I am God." Psalms 46:10.

This does not mean you as a body, but you as Totality. For thousands of years man has misinterpreted the meaning of this due to his identification with bodies. He has tried looking somewhere else, for something else, for something other than himself. He has tried by placing his body in various positions of meditation to make it motionless, to achieve a Divine awareness. Just the opposite must be done, for when the body is without motion, it is dead.

The goal of Scientology is to enable you to become an "operating being" operating a body directly from Totality, walking around with eyes open with full conscious awareness. Since you are already doing this remarkable achievement, in degrees of, the problem is increasing the awareness.

The stillness has been correctly classified as a "Static" in Scientology. A state that has no Matter, Energy, Space, or Time (MEST) for the State of Being, Totality is the term for the Activities of Being. Static and Totality are interchangeable and the same. Totality is Intelligence. It creates MEST but is not MEST. MEST is created within Totality. Totality is a stillness which is you. One can by postulating a focusing of attention become aware of the

stillness that is you as Totality. Then be still and be aware of the motion within your awareness. From the Vedic teachings on down through the ages in many esoteric schools, there has been one serious mistake made. It has been taught that Supreme Intelligence of Being is "Light". It is necessary to go one step further for the ultimate truth. Totality is the Supreme Intelligence that creates Light and Darkness. Many seekers of the "truth" become stuck in the beautiful white light and never truly become aware of being Totality.

Each of us is an area of Totality expressing in a very limited fashion as conscious and unconscious awareness. Totality has the ability (total ability) to be aware or unaware. Totality in its native state is fully aware. Thus, unawareness, for Totality, is a postulated, pretended state. Our areas of unawareness or the subconscious is therefore within Totality (you), being maintained (recreated), as a pretended state of unawareness for an infinity of reasons. These relationships of awareness and unawareness within you as Totality is the well-known game of life, expressing (being recreated moment to moment) on the spirit-body combination levels known as homo sapiens.

Totality creates both Nothingness and Somethingness. Nothingness is the assignment of an area of Totality within itself for the purpose of creating a Somethingness (energy pattern) within the Nothingness.

Nothingness is a postulated assignment of self as totality--you as Totality acting as cause. For example: You as a body exist within an assigned area of Totality. Totality creates all things within itself; therefore Totality is also within all things.

The discovery that Totality is within all things is the common denominator that makes all processes work and makes the solution of problems completely possible. You as Totality can become aware of the true relationships of the visible and invisible aspects of the many dynamics of our universe.

Some time ago, in Professional Auditors' Bulletin No. 12, under the heading, "The Cycle of Action of an Explosion", it was stated . . . "Basic-basic for all cases has been discovered and is being delivered into your hands to be run." A truer and more exciting statement was never made!

Totality, in establishing dimension universes within itself (you), set up a basic action pattern of motion. This action pattern is best expressed in terms of an explosion. (Refer to PAB 12 for a deeply penetrating analysis of the explosion up to a point.)

The explosion is the basic pattern of the universe--the pattern for all action and apparent inaction (solids--walls, etc.) This includes thought, emotions, and efforts. A thought explodes into a state of Being out of you as Totality.

Using the explosion as a process speeds up our ability to become aware that we are Totality. Using the explosion frees us from the energy patterns of our engramic past which are recordings of explosions. Being free from the energy patterns, our postulates, or decisions, to be unaware come into view and we can then change them if we choose. This means an extension of our awareness such as outlined in the wonderful extravaganza, "the first book", Dianetics. In fact, you will discover that such claims are a modest understatement of the potential possibilities. For those of you who do not believe this, be sure you resist the idea well, for what you resist in this universe you eventually become.

Explosions run on the body level achieve certain beneficial effects. When run as a



Filo



good for solving problems and repairing the havingness (energy) on the body. However, when the individual learns to experience the explosion as the Eighth Dynamic, or Totality, it becomes something other than just an explosion. This pattern becomes the "open sesame", the "secret of the golden flower", with which you release yourself from all MEST attachments. The explosion is the "key to the kingdom" within God, or Totality (you).

The anatomy of an explosion is as follows: Nothing--white--black--nothing. Each of these are postulated created states within Totality by Totality. Totality creates by postulating a hole of nothingness within itself--an assigned area within which Totality places an expanding outflow, in all directions, of white energy particles. This expands outward to a desired distance. The nothingness expanding with the somethingness (white energy) outward reaches a peak where it turns black. Here the explosion becomes a collapsing inflow (implosion) down to the original spot of nothingness. The nothingness with its original postulated assignment of purpose can then be accepted back into you as Totality, thus causing its complete vanishment or destruction. Or it can be recreated again and again, thus causing what we term permanence or persistence.

This universe is exploding outward through the vastness of space as one large tremendous explosion held in place within you as Totality with perhaps the postulate "There is a universe with all the infinities of activities within it". Within this large exploding universe are lesser and lesser explosions, down to the explosions of the tiniest particles in an atom. Thus, the various levels of densities of energy manifestations in this universe are constantly recurring cycles of explosions within explosions.

(To be continued in the November ABERREE)

Indian Lore Bares 'Clearing' Secret

WE ALL KNOW that Scientology offers the fastest and most efficient methods, even if we're not quite sure what it's supposed to do. Nevertheless, I believe it the duty of every Scientologist ever to seek faster and faster techniques.

As a Scientologist myself, I spent several months doing just that. And with such success that I feel the results should be passed on.

I approached this project with that agreement of all Scientologists—that ours is not a new science. If this be so, I reasoned, one might do well to undertake a study of the history of Man, and see if there might be some rapid and efficient techniques that have been lost to us. It was with this thought that I went to the public library to tap that rich vein of knowledge—the Ages.

I must confess that I didn't quite know how to begin, but I didn't let that deter me. As a tentative initial step, I consulted the wall of file drawers under the letter S—for Scientology, of course; but if there was nothing under that heading, there should be plenty under Self-helps. It was a lead, anyway.

Self-helps there were—Carpentry, Couéism, Dancing, Diathermy. On and on it went, but all the subjects were in modern usage. Not being concerned with present time, I crossed to the other side of the room to see what might be turned up under the heading, Old.

Thumbing through the cards—Oldsmobile, 1906 patent rights; Old Lace, Lavender and—a play in three acts; Old Snob, an affectionate biography of Emily Post—got nowhere. I decided to ask the clerk.

"Back in the past?" he said. "I'm sorry, but everything written over a hundred years ago has just been transferred to the new Bridey Murphy wing, and there's a waiting list. Put your name on it and come back in a month."

The library was playing a game, too, but I'd expected as much and when the month was up, there I was back in the library, just as the doors opened for the day.

I spent that whole day working. It wasn't till late afternoon, either, that I found anything at all on my beloved subject. What I found was a small, unpretentious volume written by an ancient Roman. It was entitled "Communicatus Iaggitus", and I fairly flew over to the desk with a slip for it, and another for a Latin-English dictionary. Then a bell rang. It was closing time.

Next morning (I had camped on the library steps all night), I was the first one in. I got my books, and spent all day on the translation. However, I'm sorry to have to report that it had nothing to tell us which we don't already know. For example, one of the statements made was that "Two-way communication should be universal, and the single exception to this is foundations". What modern Scientologist doesn't already know that?

But I was not discouraged, and in the weeks that followed (I had pitched a cot in the library and sent out for meals), I read through one book after another, translating from many different languages, and from various places along the time track of Man as a race.

As I began to master fluency in translation, I was able to attack the next problem. By defying the social postulate that one can't judge a book by its cover, I learned how to do

just that, and as quickly as possible. Soon I was able to save hours of time by refusing to open certain books, regardless how close they might be to my subject.

I remember one that had been written several centuries ago, and in Polish. It bore the unfriendly title, "Goo Waiye Zn Btch". I did. Then there was an antediluvian Teutonic work, purporting to tell us just what it's like to be "clear", and written by one Ronne von Hauzer. I didn't even open that one. Another, in Chinese (circa 4000 BC) dealt with the etiquette of the auditing session. I knew that if my explorations were to be thorough, it would be necessary to learn Chinese as well as many other tongues, and so I added a Chinese dictionary to the growing pile beside me. I found Chinese to be one of the most difficult languages in the world. Example: A circle with a dot in its center means "eye". Add a parallel arc below the circle, with a vertical line drawn down from that, and you have "eye-crutch", or glasses.

The first two chapters of this Chinese work were devoted to an exhaustive study of the proper greeting between unworthy auditor and exalted pre-clear, and the humble opening of the session. I felt I was getting nowhere with this one, and stole a peek at the middle of the book to see if the session might possibly have started there. It hadn't. The auditor and pre-clear were very politely discussing the pros and cons of removing honorable glasses before the session. I felt I could not be blamed for my impatience at having to translate such inane stuff as this:

"Pre-clear who keep glasses in pocket during session crack case."

"Of all the nonsense!" I exploded.

"Thissee not nonsense!" the next paragraph began, but I shut the book.

It was then that I remembered a phrase from back in the days of the First Book (circa 1950), "Go earlier". I asked the clerk how this was done and he directed me to a special room with shelves holding long rows of stone slabs. I first thought it was a cemetery, and the slabs were not only difficult to read, but even more difficult to lift. In those real early days, the entire human race seems to have been stuck at 1.5 on the tone scale, which made my task still more unpleasant. And all I could find on my favorite subject was some Neanderthal's irate attack on Short Eight, which he claimed was dianetic, indecent, and Cro-Magnon.

You can imagine my discouragement with the whole project by this time. I'd found nothing that could help the present-day Scientologist one small bit. I'd been deciphering ancient drivel for weeks and weeks, and felt I'd done my bit for the science. If nothing else, I had at least cleared the way a little for other researchers who might wish to take up where I left off.

Suddenly, I thought of a little story I'd once heard. It was about a pre-clear who'd roamed the world in search of happiness, only to find it at last—right in his own back yard.

His own back yard! What was my back yard, researchingly speaking? Certainly not the Alps, or the Nile. It was my own country, my own native land! And how far could I go back

into its history? The American Indian. Why hadn't I thought of this before!

It made no difference to me that my first discoveries in early Indian writings were rather childish. This was all to the good, for I wanted something simple on which to learn the language.

Ancient Indian writing, like Chinese, is ideographic, and consists of drawings burned into the leather pages of their publications, or sticking out of the bindings in the form of beadwork; but soon it was nothing for me to scan through volume after volume as fast as the eye can travel.

Their method of communication is quite easy, and a little application is all that's necessary. In one article appearing in an Indian periodical called "Squaw's Wigwam Companion", July 687 BC, I came across an article on the proper diet for prospective pre-clears. A random sentence began with the following set of pictures: Snow. Rain. Squaw. Bull.

One would not have to study this long to know that, in the writer's opinion, one of the best foods for pre-clears being groomed for the couch, is, "white rain from wife of bull", or milk. Further on in the article, a few additional pictures modified it to acidophilus milk.

Actually, the only works I was unable to read were those which required special equipment, such as a certain patented type of blanket for translating pictures into smoke signals. Also, I found Indianese utterly charming. One Indian Scientist, for instance, listed the dynamics thus: Love-um me; love-um squaw, papoose; and in this manner, went on to the Great White Father, which is their Eighth. The only variation was number seven, which for some unknown reason was "Fire water". Then there was a novel. It told of a Scientist's love for a Dianeticist and its tragic hopelessness. Poignant, and beautifully written, yet I could not permit myself even a passing glance at it. The reading of fiction is not for the researcher. Outside of ABILITY, I read no fiction at all.

I still hadn't found what I was looking for, but I kept on, feeling only slight encouragement now and then—once from a footnote I discovered in some obscure Indian book. Although pure Dianetics, it may be worth handing on. It warned the reader that when childhood diseases (such as measles, mumps, or whooping cough) are found in adult pre-clears, this is not always due to a holder. It cited the example of a pre-clear, well on in years, who complained of a bad case of rickets. After some rather intense grueling by his auditor, this pre-clear finally broke down and confessed tearfully that he'd been able to contact the disease by lying about his age.

Soon I found myself in much heavier stuff, and here I came upon a rare old volume that went deeper into Scientology than anything I'd ever read, ancient or modern. I was half-way through it (or, rather, half-way up it, for it had been published in the form of a totem pole), when something came over me. This was it! This was indeed it!

I looked back at where I'd left off reading, and there it was, plain as the nose on any face on that totem pole. The passage was headed, "Arrow fly -- sun shine brightly!" Translated, it meant, "One shot clear".

And this was the theory: One-shot auditing must be short. That level of the Tone Scale on which the pre-clear accomplishes the most in the shortest possible time is obviously the aesthetic level. Combining these two facts, what is the shortest form of aesthetics? Ans-

wer: A short poem. What is the highest-toned activity? Answer: Creation. Therefore, the quickest way to clear is to create a short poem.

I read that chapter over and over to be sure I had it right. I copied it down, then memorized it, and rewrote it in paraphrase, just to be sure I understood it thoroughly. But before I could feel ready to submit it to my contemporaries, that Great Brotherhood of Modern Scientists, I devoted several weeks to testing it for validity.

I was through translating and moved out of the library. There was only one book that could serve me now, and it could be had in any drug store. It was the Classified Telephone Directory. I copied from it almost two pages of names and addresses listed under "Pre-clears", and then I went out to make my calls.

My first call happened to be a Methodist minister who considered poetry a tool of the devil, but I merely told him that it was his duty to familiarize himself with evil, the better to combat it. He saw the point immediately (a lot better than I did), then thought for a moment. And delivered himself of this little gem:

Stay out of hammocks
With your second dynamics.

Suddenly, there was a roll of drums, a trumpet sounded, and the reverend was looking at me with a smile. "My ulcers," he said. "They're gone."

I was much too excited for him to go clear all the way. I didn't even ask for my fee, but hurried on to the next pre-clear on my list.

This happened to be a sweet old lady who'd been attending the Church of Scientology in New York every Sunday. When I asked her "With what results?", she looked surprised. "Are there supposed to be results?" she asked.

The difficulty with this pre-clear was to get her to submit to therapy. She dearly loved poetry, but could never write a line of it to save her soul. I kept urging her, "Try. Just try." Finally, she looked up at me with a sad smile, and came forth with this:

One of my peevies
Is Steves.

It even had a therapeutic effect on me. I felt my gall bladder adjusting itself for the first time in years. And the pre-clear? There just wasn't a pre-clear; there was a CLEAR. She couldn't thank me enough.

But I didn't want thanks. I'm a Scientist through and through, and all I want is the satisfaction of helping people, and money. I left her for my next pre-clear, and have kept clearing one after another ever since.

The only thing that can possibly hold me back is that, if I clear too many, they'll clear others, and soon there'll be no pre-clears, and the game will be over. Not the game of MEST Universe. My game.

QUNO

DIANETIC DATA GATHERED FOR BOOK

A book which will present the current status of Dianetics is being planned by Modern Associates Publications of Altadena, Calif., in co-operation with the California Association of Dianetic Auditors.

Plans for the book call for the collection of many important articles on Dianetic theories and methods which have been offered during the last six years, and which now have had an opportunity to be tested in practice. Some of these articles appeared in publications now out of print, but the majority never have been published. In addition, seasoned workers in the field have been invited to contribute data and techniques of proved workability from their own stores of knowledge and experience.

James H. Schmitz is manager of the project. He is being assisted by Russ and Helen Haggard, Ken Tuttle, Betty Arneson, and Nikki Logan.

No date has been announced for publication.

Too Many Frauds Getting Into the Act



Dark Age for Witchcraft

ANENT THIS SELF-PHOTOGRAPH
"That serpent on my head is not a friend. He is part of me. I am never without a bone to pick, and whenever I open my mouth it is obvious what happens. My height is variable, depending upon which stand I am taking. This, of course, is a matter of convenience."
(Signed) REVEILEB

THE TWENTIETH Century could be called the Dark Age of Witchcraft. Instead of approaching Those Who Know, people are flocking to ignoramuses who set themselves up as instructors.

Most of these "instructors" are either rank interlopers or degenerate and untutored cowans and eavesdroppers who capitalize on what few hints they have managed to scrape together. Most of these charlatans can hardly speak, let alone SPELL, and they have contributed strongly to the bad odor in which Witchcraft finds itself enveloped in the modern world.

The word "Witch" stems from the Anglo-Saxon "wits", and means simply "to know". Witches are Those Who Know. If you KNOW anything at all, you are, to that extent, a witch. You may not be accepted or registered with a local coven, but you could be quite easily. All that is required is that you apply at a proper time and place and go through a few formalities, none of which is actually immoral, degrading, or irreligious.

Further, the word Witch is applied to both males and females of the human species. Its popular restriction to women alone and particularly to elderly hags is no more than an underhanded attempt to discredit the Craft and all those associated with it. Actually, there is nothing like the Practice of the Arts to keep up youthful vigor and appearance for centuries on end.

Witchcraft itself is basically a simple science. There are three, and only three, fundamental principles, and every one of them is applied daily by nearly everyone in your civilization. These principles are-- 1: To cause things to appear and disappear; 2: To change one thing into another; and 3: To influence things at a distance. Any True Instructor in the Arts worth his pease-porridge will impart this information with the very first lesson, and all future instruction will be derived therefrom. Be warned!

Usually a bare word-knowledge of these principles constitutes the false instructor's entire stock in trade. The thing a fake witch causes to appear and disappear most readily is, of course, money. Money appears from the most unlikely places, and almost immediately disappears again in his pocket. His ability to change things from one form to another is not usually very great in the world of objects, but is very prominently revealed in the world of ideas. These he manipulates freely, often with an amazing facility of imagination.

The third factor, that of influencing things at a distance, has been enhanced by the modern inventions of printing and commercial advertising, which are resorted to at every opportunity.

We ought not to be dismayed by this flurry of ignorant misuse. Bad as it is, witchcraft

is again coming into its own. In the face of all opposition from the Law and those Bureaus which would collect taxes upon the products of alchemy, there is one bright ray of hope that shines and shines and shines.

Never in the history of the Old Religion has it been so easy for a witch to travel.

In these modern times it is unnecessary (and probably foolhardy) to risk exposure by making the trip to coven on an old-fashioned, open besom. Only the more daring youngsters are doing this any more.

For the more conventional elders there are far better means of transportation available. Many womenfolk find vacuum cleaners fast and reliable and very much in the spirit of the Jet Age. For the really sedate the American bathtub is both appropriate and practical. This is also a good, safe way to carry young children, as there is small danger of their falling out and children WILL stare over the side.

The larger familiar animals are still very much in evidence, particularly with coveners from the less mechanized areas and from the American West. The goat is as dependable as ever, although slow.

And speaking of flights, many of you probably are preparing for the annual Great Coven. There is no good reason why you shouldn't plan to attend the coven for the full nine days instead of making a flash appearance only on the Eve of Allhallows. Association with fellow students and practitioners from all over the globe, as well as from the Moon and elsewhere, is indescribably inspiring.

Did you know, by the way, that the Old Religion celebrates the Nativity at the time of the probable occurrence (according to students of The Book?) The most authoritative research has concluded that the event took place about the 23rd of October. This date coincides with the beginning of the Great Coven.

Many people do not realize that the Great Coven runs for nine full days, and that our modern celebration of Halloween is a mere vestige, actually only the culminating day.

The date of Christmas was not established as December 25 until the Church found it necessary to compete successfully with the Saturnalia. This it did, of course, by adopting the celebration--lock, stock, and barrel--and declaring Christmas. Thus the Old Religion preserves the original feast, but it had to be outlawed. Hence all the heaps of discredit and opprobrium, the misinformation and the calumny directed toward those who stubbornly clung to the old, original feast.

That the Old Religionists took advantage of all this in order to conceal their covens and operations from zealots during the Later Middle Ages is pretty obvious. It is also pretty clear that a lot of "nuts" of that period took the blasphemous accusations seriously enough to attempt to form their own covens, probably when they could not gain admittance to a proper one.

And from those nuts comes the modern opinion of witches.

What a lot of ignorance we have to counter, and what a big educational job we have before us! However, we know we will win, finally, by the Lord Harry!

Self-honesty Can Alter Perspectives

THIS ARTICLE is the last of the "Primer Series". There are two reasons for bringing this series to a close. The first, and most important, is because Dr. Art Coulter, the originator of Synergetics, has written a new, simplified version of Synergetics called "Group Tracking: An Introduction to Synergetics". This book explains in ordinary language the basic concepts of Synergetics much better than I could*. The second reason for discontinuing this series is that I have an idea for an experiment. It is an experiment which will take into consideration several different aspects of the human being. Among these will be the mind-mental aspect, approached by a schedule of Synergetic queries; the physical development aspect will be approached by a series of physical exercises; the physical regeneration aspect will be approached by a regimen of diet and a deliberate procedure of functional stimulation; and the esoteric aspect will be approached through the reading of a series of recommended books. Anyone who may be interested in learning more about this experiment with the possible aim of volunteering as a participant, please write me. I will be glad to send you information as it is developed.

Throughout this series we have been considering happiness and ways by which we might achieve a greater measure of this illusive state for ourselves. One way to do this is by coming to grips with our various states of unhappiness and eliminating them. Another way of stating this would be to say that we could become aware of our present perspective regarding a state of unhappiness and then adopt a new perspective. Stated still another way, we could dig out the basic Belief-Attitude-Motive upon which a state of unhappiness relies for its existence and change that.

The step-by-step procedure for doing this is actually quite simple. The individual selects any type of situation in which he experiences unhappiness. He then recalls to memory a recent incident wherein he experienced this type of situation. (Or one can do this when he is actually in the process of experiencing unhappiness). He then calls to conscious awareness what his *belief* is about the situation and why it causes him unhappiness, his *attitude* or physical response to this type of situation, and his *motive* for believing and responding in just this way. Having done this, he has consciously put together a BAM on this particular type of incident. His next step is to track his BAM down to the incident where he first adopted it. When he has done this he is then in a position to achieve intellectual differentiation regarding the BAM. He can still keep the old one and the unhappiness it begets, or he can try out a new one.

This process requires two distinct abilities: 1. The ability to be self-honest; and 2. The ability to achieve intellectual differentiation.

The ability of self-honesty is somewhat different than it at first appears to be. It is not necessarily a moral consideration. I

*AUTHOR'S NOTE—"Group Tracking" will be available in a limited, mimeographed manuscript edition about November 1, and will sell for \$3.00. This edition will not be offered the general public. ABERREE readers wishing a copy should write Don Purcell, 305 Derby Building, Wichita 2, Kas.

have always considered that morality is action in the sphere of conscious determination. Self-deception may be considered a moral issue when it is first practiced, I suppose. But once the deception has been driven to the backmind and out of the scope of awareness, it is simply a condition. Self-honesty is the opposite condition.

Looked at in another way, self-honesty might be described as the resolution of a conflict. One side of the conflict is the way a thing really is. This is basic reality. This is what it is. The other side of the conflict is the way the person wants it to be. This is *his* reality. This is *not* what is. Self-honesty is the ability to recall from the recesses of the backmind the real truth of what is (of what was at the time of the first self-deception).

Viewed from another perspective, self-honesty is simply being aware. But awareness is a subtle quality. I can get so exasperated when I carefully explain a concept to another person and yet he cannot "see" what I am talking about. "It's so simple," I say to myself, "why can't he grasp it?" It is a matter of awareness. What is awareness, really? I don't know entirely, but I do know that sensory perception plays a prominent role in awareness. Desire also plays a prominent rôle. These two are perhaps the leading actors—perception and desire.

In some instances awareness remains illusive because one lacks sensory data. In such a case one is afraid he might practice self-deception. To prevent this, he limits his scope of awareness. In other instances, one does not desire to accept reality, so he limits the scope of his awareness. Then he deceives himself with a fabrication that is more acceptable to his desire and *accepts this as reality*. Self-honesty is the act of expanding the scope of awareness to include the reality as it is.

My favorite example to demonstrate this phenomenon is a simple one. Most cases are neither as simple as this nor as easy to resolve. It is the case of a woman who gets ill every time she smells smoke. A little probing disclosed that when, as a very small child, her home caught on fire one night. She was sleeping on the second floor. In a frenzy of terror, her mother grabbed her up and headed for the ground floor and safety. At the top of the stairs she tripped and both fell to the bottom. The fall rendered them unconscious. A moment later the father carried them both to safety.

Until the sensory data of this particular experience was brought to the level of awareness, smoke made this person ill. The reactive function of the mind, operating below the level of awareness, held that "smoke" equaled "terror" equaled "pain" equaled "unconsciousness" equaled "possible death". When this sensory data was brought into the scope of awareness where her intellectual function could apply, she was able to do what I call "intellectual differentiation". By this, I mean she was able to differentiate between the smoke of that original terrifying experience and all other smoke. Thereafter, smoke had no ill effects on her whatsoever.

I would like to make a point here. The pro-

(Please turn to Page 10)

Mind Alone Can Direct Energy Flows

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Mathison on energy flows, taken from his new Manual of Electropsychometry, "Super Visualization". In this book, a total of seven energy flow techniques are given, but only two will be reprinted here.—The EDITOR.

MY RESEARCH in the field of Electropsychometry has brought me to the realization that the only real thing in this Universe is something called "energy". This is the ultimate non-physical Power. "Energy" is from a Greek word, *ergon*--to work, plus *en*--in. To work in. Energy is a working in. A working in time-space. It comprises dynamic action, dynamic FLOW. So, herein, energy is spoken of as ENERGY FLOW.

The granite masses of the Rocky Mountains are temporary manifestations of energy flows, wherein the energy action is confined to circulatory circuits, called "electron paths", within the masses of the mountains. The energy of a lightning bolt is the same energy spiraling forward in a different fashion. Cosmic radiation is a still higher type of energy flow.

The potential power of the energy flows in the masses of granite in the mountains, the released energy of a trillion lightning bolts, are as nothing compared to the potential energy flow power of the human psyche. It has the duplicative, cumulative potential to do, to be, to achieve anything that can be visualized. The potential of a lightning bolt is brief, it spends itself in a few microseconds. The potential in the granite of the mountains is imprisoned, limited to closed-circuit paths. Only the human psyche can unlimitedly select paths of energy flow. It is equally unlimited in its power to repeat or duplicate energy flows and the mental images which they comprise.

All my books deal with the law that the duplicating or sustaining of mental images leads to their realization on the physical level. Why?

The answer to this question has not been arrived at through speculative philosophy or arbitrary religious doctrine. It has been reached through nucleonic research.

For a long while scientists have been aware that all matter is a conglomeration of particles called molecules, that molecules are clusters of smaller particles called atoms. More recently it was discovered that all atoms are comprised of something that has been called electrons, protons, neutrons, etc.

Electrons, etc., manifest effects that are rigidly in accord with seemingly immutable cosmic laws, and were, for a time, depicted as "ultimate particles". But a "particle" must have a definite shape, or body of some kind--and it has been definitely found that the "electron" has no shape! It is not a sphere, nor a cube, nor a cylinder, nor a thing of any other conceivable physical aspect. Hence, electrons are *not* particles. They are the composite manifestations of non-physical energy flows.

The phenomena of electronics are, as said, immutable, predictable, workable, but what is observed are illusions of effects. The human mind is not yet highly enough evolved to "see" pure non-physical energy. It sees only effects that make it look as if electrons were fast-moving physical particles. No electron has

ever been seen or located at any particular point in space-time. We observe only the effects of something called "electrons".

Now, since we have been taught that all matter is made up of ultimate electrons, and since electrons have been proved to be physically non-existent, then one arrives at the astounding computation that all matter is a transient effect of condensed non-physical energy. Or, perhaps, that the "physicalness" of matter is really only a manifestation of a heavy but temporary concentration of non-physical cosmic energy.

This concept should be clearly grasped. When this is done, it becomes evident that psychical or cosmic energy flows can appear in any "physical form", including incredible physical forms, as, for example, flying saucers and other things that we have rarely or never seen on this planet!

A second essential concept is that in the case of the human psyche, this flow of cosmic energy is superior to and is in control of all "physical" manifestations of itself. Grasp this concept and you can achieve a level of awareness that outranks all the "lost secrets" of the past, and which enables you to deal effectively with the present and the future.

This world, and everything in it, including lands, seas, living forms, and man, are all manifestations of applied creative energy. These energy flows are forever in action, whether in circulatory motions in masses, such as iron and granite, or in complex motion, as in an explosion of a stellar system. There are only energy flows in action in a trillion-trillion manifestations. But the cause is one--energy flow. At this time, on this planet, only the human mind is capable of being continuously aware of this, and of purposefully redirecting energy flows.

An energy flow in the human psyche, if persistently sustained in a certain pattern, manifests itself in a series of duplicated mental images. The mental image is a directive part of the flow itself. If sustained long enough and intensely enough, the energy flow is concentrated into a nucleonic deposit, and then one says that the "mental image" has now materialized into the "physical event".

But energy flows, it must be re-emphasized, can be misdirected.

Why is this possible? How can the high intelligence level of human super-consciousness ever misdirect an energy flow?

Energy flows are misdirected, or destructively concentrated, as a consequence of imperfect data or lack of accurate information. Or, as a result of misinformation, misinterpretation of information, or the receiving of deceptive, false-to-fact information.

Misdirected energy flows are the same thing as "negative energy flows". From the human viewpoint, they have destructive power. Misdirected energy flows, of which negative mental pictures are component elements, are the source of every kind of illness and disease.

Negative energy flows are sometimes difficult to reverse, without an Electropsychometer. Further, the conscious and purposeful application of a specific energy-flow procedure that is highly beneficial to one person may actually worsen the case of another person because of the extremely individual genetic or psych-

ical patterns of every living being. With an Electropsychometer, the operator is enabled to observe on meter dials the conscious-level reversal of previous negative energy flows. When the discharge dies away, as indicated on the meter dials, the operator knows that the specific technique in use has exhausted its value, for the time being. Even more essential, the meterdials also register a worsening situation that may occur if a technique is applied that does not fit the particular case.

Following are the two major procedures of energy flow therapy. These two techniques--and only these two--can be used with or without an Electropsychometer. The practice of them is of benefit to any living person, without exception.

A pattern of "negative energy flow" means a system of persistently duplicated energy flows that have gradually created destructive effects in the psychophysical area of the personality. This formulation should be briefly presented to the instructee. Then, by way of example, the instructor may say:

"Let your entire body relax. Imagine that your body is only a skin sack full of energy stuff, intransient patterns, some of it good or constructive and some bad or destructive. With this concept clearly set up in your mind, imagine now that you are starting to flow negative or destructive energy right out of your body. A destructive energy flow may be imaged up or symbolized as looking like sharp, ugly bits of gravel flowing out of you in a continuous stream. You need not necessarily image up this negative flow gravel stuff as pouring out of an actual hole in your body, but as coming out through your skin and forming a thick, dense stream as it falls from your body. However, if you do see a hole from which this ugly gravel stuff seems to be pouring out, that will be perfectly all right, too. It should pour straight downward, for it is very heavy. You may imagine you are up somewhere at a great height, and you can see this dirty gravel stuff streaming down, falling away from you.

"This is important! Don't 'exteriorize' yourself. That is, don't imagine that you are outside of your body, watching the negative energy-flow gravel streaming out of you. Be yourself, be in your body and in your head. Just see and feel the stuff pouring out of you. Let it pour from whatever area of your body is in trouble. If your trouble is in your stomach, let the gravel pour down from your stomach and out through your back.

"If you have a headache, or any condition that requires that you flow the gravel stuff out of your head, you may lie on your stomach and watch the stuff pour down out of your forehead, out of your eyes, your cheeks. Another way to work a head flow-out is to image that the stuff is pouring out of the back of your head, that it is falling into a metal chute which slopes down and away from you, to one side or the other, in range of your vision, so that you can see the stuff flowing down the slanting chute. Let the chute slope down into a deep gorge or chasm. This is also a good way to work a flow-out from the back of the neck or from any rearward or spinal area of the body.

"Keep duplicating your mental pictures of this flow. Let the stuff pour and pour.

"If you are able to do so, imagine that you hear the hissing sound of the energy stuff pouring out of you. It may be heavy; there may also be a sensation of jarring or vibration. You may also receive some unpleasant odor, as of some powerful poisonous chemical."

In my own case, when I use this technique--

and I use it every week or oftener--I do not see gravel stuff, but a flow of black radioactive cinders, sharp and ragged in shape, and radiating hot energy as they fall. I usually see the black cinder-flow falling with a steam hiss into a body of water below. The essential thing, however, is to see the gravel or cinder stuff issuing from the body, rather than where or how it falls.

The perception of an odor from the flow is not common. The main perception is to see the outflow from bodily areas, and secondarily, hearing the flow.

This technique is extremely easy to practice, and, up to this time, is by far the most effective of all the energy flow techniques. The procedure may seem silly or fantastic to the conscious mind, but be assured, it is very real to the subconscious or superconscious mind.

This technique is the supremely best one for severe cases, but it should, of course, be used in all cases, without exception. The procedure never exhausts itself. It may be compared to one's taking a bath, shaving, or washing one's hair. No matter how good a job you do, more dirt accumulates and you wash or bathe again. Similarly, negative energy flow-outs may be repeated at intervals, day after day, week after week, indefinitely.

(To be continued in the November ABERREE)

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Self-honesty Can Alter Your Perspectives

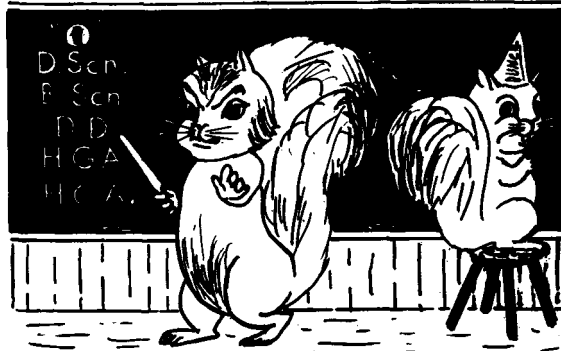
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

cess of recovering the hidden sensory data and the process of dealing with it after it has been recovered are separate and distinct processes. Many times I have seen sensory data recovered (self-honesty achieved) without any change occurring in the reactive behavior of the individual. I believe the reason is that the individual did not accomplish intellectual differentiation.

Neither self-honesty nor intellectual differentiation are endowed characteristics. At least, in the light of my own experience and observation, I am inclined to this conclusion. Each of these abilities may be developed by any "normal" individual. The degree of development will be determined by the amount of effort invested.

To help develop self-honesty and intellectual differentiation, you may use the following exercise:

Whenever you find yourself in a situation that is uncomfortable to you, ask yourself the question: "In what way am I responsible for the way I feel?" Search your memory for the answer. When you find it, make a deliberate attempt to differentiate between the original sensory data and all other similar data.



"Now, children, I don't mind your calling these 'The Five Degrees Below Zero', but D.D. does not stand for 'Dianetic Dance'."

OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

*What Can Be Done
About the Genetic Tragedies?*

This is a continuation of the series in which Mr. Burks analyzes life in the Child Guidance Center, Lancaster, Penn. These are only a few of the estimated 4,000,000 "genetic tragedies", one or more of whom could be next door to you—even in your own home.—The EDITOR.

11. PATTERN OF HYSTERIA

IT BECOMES more and more certain that there is something within Lonnie that seeks expression. It's the reason for his laughter. Now we watch it build. It's related to several things. It's related to lack of coordination. It's related to misdirected impulses. It's related to the mental switchboard. All this we know. So it seems we should know what to do about it. Yet the report on Lonnie says there has been no improvement. Nothing has actually been accomplished.

It starts with music. We watch it begin on the face of the boy who *must* yearn to express, if we can at all read the signs. The music is a record player production. It's simple music, to which the children sing, after their several fashions, and sway, after many fashions, including the butterfly swaying of Lissa.

Lonnie's face insists that he likes music. There is a glow in his face, an eagerness. There is fear, too; fear that's incomprehensible if you're seeing Lonnie for the first time.

The music starts. It's a combination of music on the recorder and pointing out something the recorder says, on a big chart. Most of the children can do it, and look forward to the opportunity to try. They know what's coming. They're not supposed to know anything—at least very little—yet they do know.

There is a simple sentence, a singing sentence, and all the children respond. The urge is in Lonnie to respond. You can see it stirring in him. It's like something under the surface, trying to rise, to become visible. Only with Lonnie it seeks to become audible. Lonnie wishes to sing. There is the feeling, watching Lonnie, that he is *straining*. He looks at the record player. He listens. He looks at the teacher, mutely asking, promising... but we don't know what he is doing. A smile is on his face which doesn't extend to his eyes. He seems about to join in the singing. Only he doesn't. If he strains, it is away down deep, so that you can't even be sure that he *feels* any strain, or strains to begin straining. But there is something, if you've watched Lonnie before now, trying to make up his mind about something.

Lonnie is on the verge of laughter. He strains, or seems to strain, to hold it back. This Lonnie is the boy who looks at himself in the mirror (or did, often, until his mother put cellophane on the glass) and laughed at himself, and laughed, and laughed, and clawed himself with his fingernails.

He seems to feel that he shouldn't laugh. So he holds back the laughter. It is a clear struggle. But you can't see any part of it; you can only feel it, and you may be guessing, guessing wrong.

Lonnie doesn't get anything out. No tune, no words, nothing. All the others have managed to follow the music. But Lonnie is clearly and fully aware that he hasn't made any sort of sign. Now there is another sign. Lonnie shakes his head. How terrible is that mute sign of frustration, or determination, whatever it is. It makes even Lonnie's classmates

want to help him do something, say something, alter his pattern in some way. The teachers strain with him, wanting him to vocalize. Not laugh, vocalize; something that sounds like speech. He never has, beyond a word that seems to be "no". But it seems to be "no" more because he shakes his head than because it resembles that brief word that anyone else in the room can say, understandably.

Lonnie tries again, the next phrase. He shakes his head when nothing happens. He shakes it more sharply. There is *almost* a tinge of impatience now in the shaking of Lonnie's head.

But he keeps trying. At least, he keeps watching, and listening, and seeming to wish to join. We remember then that he doesn't laugh, or lose control of his laughter, when he has only two or three others around him; that he always does when there are more.

The teacher hesitates. Then she too shakes her head, and we understand why. Should she allow Lonnie to go into the other room? There he won't laugh. But if she separates him from the place of his struggle, won't she be coddling his weakness? She shakes her head, and we know that Lonnie remains.

More of the music, and Lonnie watches, listens. He looks at this girl, that boy. This girl, that boy, are singing. They are dancing, too. Lonnie clearly would sing with them, dance with them, but no sound comes from his lips. Lonnie looks at a girl, who is swinging and swaying. He notes her lips, shaping words. He notes her legs and feet, moving, and her hips.

But he doesn't do it. There are no words, no humming, no singing, no whistling, no clapping of hands; just—*nothing*. Nothing but the eyes that never cease to watch, nothing but the head twisting, to miss nothing. The mouth stays open, the hands droop on the knees.

Does Lonnie want to dance? Would he watch if he were not interested? If he were interested, would it be because he thought of himself as dancing?

It's something in Lonnie, radiating from him, that is a silent, slyly smiling *scream*. It is possible to scream without making a sound, for Lonnie does it.

The submerged expressiveness rises in Lonnie, trying to make some sign. It's knocking silently on a door too distant to hear. Lonnie's mouth opens wider, and now Lonnie's hand moves. He puts his forefinger between his teeth, bites down, hard. He pulls out the bitten finger, stares at it. There are teeth-marks on the finger, but if there was pain, it wasn't reflected in any way by the rest of Lonnie.

More music. Now Lonnie thrusts his other forefinger between his teeth, and bites even a little harder. He jerks the hand out. He shakes his head—longer and more vehemently. He looks down at his feet, and you can sense the urge, the drive, the demand in him to stamp his foot. But neither foot moves. His feet seem bent on complete refusal to obey. Maybe, the urge, the drive, the demand, simply doesn't get through to them.

The teacher looks back at Lonnie, then at

the visitor, who thus somehow knows that Lonnie has endured longer than usual, avoiding eerie laughter. Lonnie is fighting. He fights without motions, without anger, without expressing anything.

Then, it comes out. It comes out as if it had just waited for Lonnie not to shake his head, not to nod, not to look at the teacher, not to look at the boy or girl, not to take note of the record player or the chart, not to stamp his foot. The laughter erupts. One expects it, when it comes, to be chattering laughter, simian. It isn't. It's human. We read nothing in the laughter. We read everything in it. Lonnie's face always has expression, but because the expression is always the same, it is no expression at all. The laughter isn't something of or by Lonnie. It's something that seems inside of Lonnie, yet apart from him. Lonnie has forgotten and left his mouth agape, and the laughter, lying in wait, has simply exploded forth.

Teachers look at Lonnie, but without pausing in whatever they are doing. There are small creases between their eyes. They're not just sure about this laughter, this time, because it took longer to erupt. They're sure enough about the other boys and girls. They pay no attention. To them laughter is laughter and they're not sure what it means anyway.

Lonnie doesn't put either finger in his mouth now. It's as if he knew he didn't dare. His teeth might make his fingers hurt now. It's too late to cause the laughter to abate. It has started. Nothing can stop it now, nothing but Lonnie. But it must go first all the way through the pattern.

The teacher's shoulders droop as she looks at Lonnie. Why doesn't she grab Lonnie, shake him? Even slap him? Clearly this is the beginning of hysteria. Extreme measures may be used. But not with Lonnie. Extreme measures will prolong rather than abate Lonnie's laughter. The teachers know the general pattern.

Lonnie's laughter is now continuous. Lonnie can't stop it. It must in some strange guided fashion stop itself. His laughter, like a tornado, a hurricane, must laugh itself out, wear itself down to silence.

Even some of the mongoloids, the hydrocephalics, the microcephalics, take brief blurred note of Lonnie, and don't look back at him. The laughter goes right on until it is time for the children to go out to the bus, to go home.

Most of them get their caps, hats, coats, rubbers. Lonnie sits and laughs. It isn't even horrible to watch and hear; maybe that is one of Lonnie's tragedies, that his laughter is not horrible. Even so, it tears apart all the normal who hear it. Apparently it doesn't tear Lonnie, but it *must*; somewhere inside Lonnie it *must*. It couldn't not tear him.

Lonnie sits, and a teacher brings his cap, his coat, his rubbers.

Lonnie laughs as he slaps his cap on. He rises and dons his light coat. He dons his left rubber. His hands manage with a certain deftness. But his hands slip off the right rubber before he can get it all the way on over his heel. It's all on but that. And there is now some hint of tragedy in Lonnie's face.

His hands reach down to either side of the heel of the rubber. One hand grasps, but the other slips. Lonnie's laughter is now almost unpleasant, for the first time. It's as if inside him Lonnie were swearing, out of a heart that could express itself only in extremes. But no words. If Lonnie could only erupt into profanity, even obscenity, the teachers might feel encouraged.

Lonnie looks at the others, donning caps,

hats, coats, and rubbers, and looks at the teachers, who are also donning hats, coats, and rubbers. His laughter continues just as it has for half an hour or more. Does Lonnie fear he will be left behind because he can't put on that right rubber? Will he *never* stop laughing?

One of the teachers can endure no more. Maybe there is no other way to bring Lonnie's laughter to a close. The teacher bends over Lonnie, pulls on his rubber. Lonnie looks down, shakes his head, while his laughter rambles uncontrollably on. The teacher studies Lonnie briefly. Then she stoops again, pulls the rubber off over Lonnie's heel. Then she takes Lonnie's hands, places them against the rubber heel. Mostly it is the teacher's hands which don the rubber, but Lonnie's hands are also there; so the laughter ceases, cut short off, as if with regret.

Lonnie rises abruptly, stamps his foot, not to express exasperation, but to set his foot more snugly in the rubber.

The column forms to march out to the bus. As it passes the visitor, the teacher says:

"Did you notice the hysteria pattern?"

The visitor nods.

"Did it give you any ideas?"

No, only that there is just one thing to do, considering that Lonnie didn't begin nearly as early in the last study period to laugh: Keep on trying while there is the slightest reason to suspect that Lonnie does not cease struggling to free himself from his invisible cocoon.

(To be continued in the November ~~ABERREE~~.)
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WELGOS STILL HOPES TO RETIRE, BUT FIRST COMES BIG LOT SALE

Plans for the expansion of Human Engineering, Inc., into a \$400,000 proposition have been recently announced by Rev. Jim Welgos.

These plans were boosted, or born, with the donation of the down payment on an eight-acre piece of property near Fairhope, Ala., which will eventually cost the organization \$21,000. To complete payments, and launch into a program of extensive construction, Welgos plans to offer one-foot square lots of the acreage at \$1 per square foot. Land on which a house and garage are located will be sold for \$10 a foot, while 56 pecan trees will be sold for \$100 each.

Token purchasers of these land parcels will not be expected to build on them, nor to cart the land away, Welgos explains. Instead, he hopes through this method to raise \$400,000 with which to construct a dormitory, lecture hall, swimming pool and gymnasium (for physical education), a printing plant, etc.

Welgos says the property will be strictly the property of Human Engineering students, as it is his first step in a move to separate himself completely from the organization. He adds that he is ready to do "whatever writing is necessary to get the ball rolling, and from that point, I want to pick up my own life. I think that I've given to this all that I want to give. I want to have a little bit of detached family life for myself, the wife, and the kids. I'll stick with it, though, until it doesn't need me and then I'll do my fade-out."

Human Engineering, Welgos adds, recently was given a "shot in the arm" through an article in a national magazine, which brought in more than 2,500 replies, and resulted in the enrollment of more than 200 new students in his "Lessons in Living".

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Nations play "trick or treat" too, but like bad boys, they too often trick those who treat.

Grounding Helps Steady the 'Saved'

WHETHER a person has been knocked out, drugged out, or has taken an anaesthetic way out, he needs grounding on returning to his senses. His grasp of the physical universe is apt to be quite shaky, and if he loves nobody, including his own, his desire to return will be doubtful.

Ever process anyone who has experienced what is called "being saved"? I have worked with several, and they have greatly increased my understanding of exteriorization, taught me much Scientology not learned from any book, and we have learned the value of grounding, so have thus benefitted each other.

Our present approach in Scientology is to not talk about exteriorization, but when I encounter one of these "saved" people in distress, and have established communication, I ask:

"Ever have a mystical experience? Or felt that you were out of your head, or body?"

They are apt to give you a searching look to see if they can trust you, and then answer: "Yes. What do you know about it?"

"Well, in a way, that is the goal of Scientology. We help people to move away from their automatic body and mind so they can handle them better, BUT, we have found it very necessary to *ground* them while they are experiencing this state."

"Then you don't think I'm crazy?"

"No. I don't."

"Just what is grounding?"

"Grounding is bringing one back into touch with people, the environment, and things, so one can handle himself better, and can handle things better. The body is a thing, and it requires things to communicate with to keep its balance."

"How is this grounding done?"

"So simply that it hardly seems to be a technique. See that wall over there? Is it there? Go over and touch it. Is it real?" And so on into SOP 8-C, not forgetting to include, "Am I real?"

Five of these people have come to me, and here are my findings as to what happens to them, from a Scientological point of view:

In the first place, they have usually yearned for this experience of "being saved" (which in my observation includes exteriorization), and have established without doubt their other terminal, Christ. Hence the bliss when they experience it. As they exteriorize, they let go of everyTHING (which again means to me, they unmock masses of guilt, engrams, locks, heavy emotions, and are thus apt to be left in the state of no-THINGNESS). The body, being predicated on masses, becomes more and more uncertain. The individual is apt to wish to succumb—get rid of the sinful body—and therefore does nothing to fill the vacuum that he has created about him. He starts an immense struggle with sin to prevent the return to this vacuum of what flowed out of it. Not having considered himself a creator, he does not mock up live energy pictures having to do with the material universe for his future.

These people, like all of us, have an urgency to communicate their experience to their families. Their band of communication is not

understood, nor wanted, so both family and individual are literally made sick. The individual wants to run a one-way flow toward the family, but the family cuts communication in self-defense, and at the same time attacks the certainty of the individual. The material universe gets more and more shadowy, less and less real.

The ones who get to us usually have been more or less forced to come by the family. When such a pre-clear finds any professional who can understand what is happening, and who can help him ground himself, his joy can be unbounded.

Any professional who communicates with one of these persons with the idea that he must run this "certainty" out of them is in for a revelation. He eventually will suffer from what the family suffers from, because this pre-clear usually can SEE true intent. He sees people around him too clearly for their own comfort, so they convince him he is out of his head, therefore insane. He will quickly pick up blacknesses, engrams, and other masses about the auditor, too, and will recognize any feeling of superiority.

What the pre-clear needs at this time is the re-establishing of the reality of the material universe, communication on his certainty, and a new (to him) formula for communication with those about him. This is grounding, and I entertain the idea that many now in asylums for the insane would not be there had society known more about grounding.

In science itself, the most difficult part of rocket projection is getting it back again without crackup. So it is with humans!

As these persons become more and more familiar with the communication formula, they recognize what they have been flowing toward others, and what others have been doing in cutting the flows, and what others have been flowing back to them (mostly doubt). Once they get this idea and start working with it, then they prove that a word to the wise is sufficient.

They have to learn tolerance, too. One doesn't say to a loved one, "Look, if you change this and that, I will love you next month. I will love you if you, too, are saved." Love doesn't work that way. It just IS. Love is "now", not "I'm going to".

Whether a person has been knocked out, he still needs a return to his senses—with limitations. Our wonderful machines are not able to give us the satisfaction that the hands, the eyes, the ears do. The senses are the immediate certainty of the body, and grounding, to me, is the increased ability to use them.

Everyone needs to be grounded, if he is to work on this Earth. We all need the physical grasp, as well as the spirit's reach.

OO+OO

The National Safety Council missed its goal of 480 dead in highway accidents over the Labor Day week-end by 56—which means 56 of you drivers and passengers goofed, and should be ashamed of yourself. How can these "merchants of doom" keep their forecasts in the headlines with such poor co-operation?

OO+OO

Water is reported unable to flow up hill.



Plowing Up the Field

¶ Some day, when we get tired of looking at that long string of meaningless degrees after our name on the Auditorial Page, we're going to change the scenery. And one way to start might be to admit we've been elected a "son of a Witch" by the Camelback (Phoenix) Coven of the P. T. A. (Practitioners of the True Art), and have been given the title of "Mediat". We're waiting now for the P. T. A. catalog, because if it's anything like some other certifying organizations, we suppose we'll have to take some courses, buy a broom, a black cat, and a few dozen other expensive gimmicks that keep the top "Sons o' Witches" in carfare... ¶ And while on the subject of Phoenix, Millen Bellman, another in the long string of ex-HASI secretaries, has proven to herself, her friends, and neighbors that when it comes to smarragdin pollexes, she can out-green the thumbiest. On a small (20' x 30') plot of Phoenix desert this year, she raised so much squash (more than 150 pounds) and egg plant, she's had to hunt a market for some of the surplus. Add to this all the okra they can use, 17 muskmelons, and enough watermelons to feed her family, a filching child who got the first and largest, and accumulate a supply of rind pickles. This was from a late-planted garden, too—one that "everybody" knew wouldn't grow anything... ¶ Others who seem to do the impossible with gardens in Phoenix are Carroll and Pearl Hemrick, who also have a cat. What has a cat to do with gardens? We don't know, but we haven't got one—and neither do we have a garden...

¶ Min and Rob Gardner, Austin, Texas, weather man, spent part of his vacation visiting old haunts in Oklahoma, and during their stay with Paul and Jackie Ismael in Oklahoma City, Ye Ed and Pub joined the group for a buffet supper and a pointless discussion of nothing. We enjoyed both, however, even if no one was able to come up with a solution to the world's imminent suicide. Present were the Gardners, the Ismaels, the Harts, Carl Berenda, philosophy professor at the University of Oklahoma, and Easter Dawn, whose charcoal sketches were the most creative offering of the evening... ¶ The Hylic-Walsman ad in the September ABERREE should have said: "We love closed down cases, etc.," instead of "We have closed down cases", as it appeared. We hope our readers will

therefore give due recognition to their "lovingness" instead of their "havingness"—and we apologize for the goof... ¶ Volney Mathison has further divorced the old Dianeticists' stand-by, the E-meter, from Scientology by Xing out the upper part of his Tone Scale. After "3", you go up/down to "2-X", then "1-X", and if you get any "clearer", it's "X" marks the spot". At this writing, we don't cognize this X-factor very well, but we've been half-promised something more sensational on it than "flying saucers" and "T-8 men"... ¶ Just before the Labor Day week-end, someone sent us a Touraid with a trip marked from Enid through Pueblo, Denver, and over the mountains through our once favorite vacation spots of the Red Mountains and Mesa Verde. We suspect Dale and Gabi Malleck of Pueblo authored this dastardly temptation, but three large printing jobs from a Kansas church helped us wipe the drool from our lips and get to work. But we'll save the map. Maybe next year, if the roads still are there...

¶ Maybe it was because we duplicated our instructions on how to get out of town—and he followed them to the letter—that John Robinson found himself heading into the setting sun on his way "east" recently after a short visit in Enid. John, who had been a resident of Phoenix since Dianetics fled Wichita, is moving to Asheville, N. Car., where his family already had preceded him by several weeks. With his car loaded to the roof with everything he could carry (the fit was so close he had to discard some back issues of THE ABERREE before he could find room for himself and his shaving kit), he halted in Enid for a brief rest and gabfest. Before he left, we very carefully directed him to "go two blocks and then turn left", and to be sure he understood, we repeated the instructions. Being a good pre-clear, he did—and six hours later found himself in the Oklahoma Panhandle—150 miles on the way back to Phoenix... ¶ Other visitors to THE ABERREE office during the last month included Mrs. Ollie Mae Hale of Bethany, Okla., who was in Enid spending a few days with a daughter preparing to move into a new home. Mrs. Hale learned of the ABERREE through Mrs. Ruth Lang, of the Words of Life mission, Wausau, Wis., and it was while she was in Enid that Mrs. Lang and her three children—Nancy, Robert, and Randy—stopped to rest and let their car cool off after a long hard pull from cool Wisconsin to 100°-plus Oklahoma weather. The Langs were on their way to Lone Wolf, Okla., where they have joined "Uncle Ed" Milligan in his "City of Dawn" project...

¶ When a doctor damns the medics, and a priest publicly takes the tenets of the Church apart, it sounds a bit more authoritative than when a rank outsider (such as THE ABERREE) starts tossing garbage over the back fence. Maybe that's why we got such a "kick" out of THE HEALTH ADVOCATE AND AMERICAN LIBERATOR, sent us from Detroit (8203 Woodward Av.), which points out how the ex-Land of the Free and Home of the Brave is being victimized by pressure groups and propaganda. Maybe if enough dissenting voices make enough noise in the right places, America will be saved by another "Boston tea party" on a more pretentious scale... ¶ When we got a letter recently addressed to "L. Ron Hubbard, editor of THE ABER-

REE", we sent it back unopened for several obvious reasons. However, a letter addressed to "Scientology Center, U. S. A.", was found to contain an order for back copies of THE ABERREE. After all, we guess that we really ARE the SCIENTOLOGY CENTER, although we confess that we don't offer the same type of come-on treatment as some of our "branches" in Washington, D.C., London, etc... ¶ HERE AND NOW, published monthly by the Science and Fiction Critics Club of Boston, intimates they may open their arms to out-of-town members, if they can figure out a way to make the proposition mutually profitable. This organization, formerly the Dianetic bulwark in the "Hub City", now does just what its name implies, apparently. Manuscripts, before being sent to editors, get a good going-over with yak-yak, pointing out faults and weaknesses, and only when a story has been passed on to the satisfaction of the critics, is it sent out with the club's blessing and united fingers crossed. We once belonged to a writing group that found this method ver-r-r-ry effective in getting writers to write...

¶ Invalidation of his first born, Dianetics, by Rev. L. R. Hubbard (See P.A.B. 92, dated 10 July, 1966, in which he says it would be better to tell the pre-clear to "shut up!" rather than let him talk about his troubles), caused Phil Friedman, THE ABERREE's expert on Nothing, to remind us that more than a year ago, he, Phil, said in one of his pithy paragraphs: "The smaller the dose, the more potent the cure; no dose is the best dose". Well, we don't mind if some of these experts on the human mind alter their theories to conform to axiomatic data printed in THE ABERREE. None of it's copyrighted... ¶ Marjorie and Ernest Pope, of Kennett Square, Penn., belatedly report that Francis Silver of Martinsburg, W. Va., Mrs. Mary Cox and daughter Paula of Oak Ridge, Tenn., and Mrs. Grace Stiles of Millersville, Penn. stopped in for a couple days' visit after the Synergetic Workshop. Francis, who always has his trusty tank of O₂ with him, plus an assortment of plain and fancy vitamins, used the stop-over for a bit of chemically-assisted auditing on Mary and Grace... ¶ Fred Hand, who returned to full-time classes in psychology at Houston University in September, has our thanks for a new definition: "The ABERREE is a monthly review of non-academic psychology and experimental philosophy". We like this better than any of the other bouquets (and bricks) tossed our way in the last 2½ years... ¶ One of our British readers, seeing that a certain science fiction writer has offered "free rights" to translate the Translators' Edition of Scientology into any language, wonders if this also includes translating it into "less appalling English"... ¶ The current CADA BULLETIN warns that legislation against any type of psychology—no matter by what name it is called or whether fees are or are not charged—is again rearing an ugly head in California. It may get to the point, if the A. M. A. has its way, where every corpse, before it can be buried, must have a Federal or State stamp, saying: "This death certified legal by the American Medical Association"... ¶ We were going to end this column with a joke, but we needed four lines and there were only three lines left. So



Dear Editor:

"There are a couple of us people that have recently moved to Chateauroux, France. We are getting along fine; making new friends, learning a new language, and adapting to a new environment. The one thing we do miss, though, is 'therapy cats'. We're used to having from one to a dozen around a good part of the time. If you have any letters from people in this area or know of anyone here, would you please put us in contact with them?..."

"As long as I've a letter started, I may as well tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. You seem to have something for everyone, whether he be Scientologist, Dianeticist, or me. Keep it up; it's a real morale builder and ego shaver." --Carolyn Albrecht and Emerson Symonds, Chateauroux, Indre, France.

"I can't agree with your bracketing of the NAACP with the selfish-special-interest pressure-groups you mention in your September editorial. Though the local chapters sometimes get into the wrong hands, the national organization is a high-toned outfit devoted to the promotion of justice under the Constitution; and it is no more to be classed with the AMA than is the American Civil Liberties Union. A gigantic campaign has been waged, with no little success, by the White Citizens' Councils, aimed at befuddling the nation's thinking by getting people accustomed to regarding the NAACP as a group of 'radicals and extremists'. The truth is otherwise—the NAACP is engaged in fighting prejudice through the law, and is thus diametrically opposed to the NAM, AMA, etc., which fight to prejudice the law in their favor—another matter entirely, no?"

"The Flying Saucer Conspiracy, by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, makes out what appears on the surface to be a good case regarding the existence of government censorship of saucer information. However, some of Keyhoe's most sensational 'facts', such as his report of an extraterrestrial bridge on the moon, turn out on investigation to be vastly distorted and exaggerated: the discoverer of this 'bridge' compared it to the natural bridges of Virginia and Utah—and it may be nothing more than a strange shadow effect. Keyhoe inflated this into Bug-eyed Monsters encamped on the moon. This makes one skeptical of his reliability. Edward

Ruppelt's 'The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects', on the other hand, tells a quite different story about 'censorship', much less romantic and exciting, but more credible. And, though Ruppelt is on the fence regarding saucers, his data convinces me of their probable existence. A good book, by the man who ran the Air Force project for several years." --Sam Randlett, Nashville, Tenn.

"Your wonderful 'Aberree' has just arrived and I don't know when I enjoyed reading anything so much so I send you my best thanks..."

"Why do you say that the July-August issue is the Christmas number?"

"I will be pleased if you send some back numbers to me, as I seem to have been missing a lot by not having the issues for June, May, and earlier! What about introducing kindred spirits to one another? I'm wondering how Ian M. Logan, Glasgow, Scotland, and Dennis Smith (who also is a witty writer) got in touch with you. I am glad that you are a witty writer also for it was a joy to read your experience while in hospital." --Agnes Ritchie, Saltcoats, Scotland.

"Hope this is not too late to receive the next Aberree. I don't want to miss a single issue."

"My husband and I have just returned from California where we took Wayne Dunbar's Dianetic Auditor's Course. We considered the time and money well spent. Wayne did a wonderful job. Do you know of any auditors in Alabama? We'd like to make contact, if any." --Louise Martin, Clayton, Ala.

"Still alive, I am, here in the wilderness -- busy damming a river that there may be light and power in the homes of men and women."

"Have ceased damming, on the other hand, the organizational tomfoolery of an increasingly distant past -- hoping, now, that the good creative work might flow to bring Light and Power to men and women." --David Cysewski, I-17, Riffe, Wash.

"Really I should be writing this under the table as I somehow have gathered the impression in some quarters your name is a dirty word. But I'm a brazen wench and if there is something to be learned I want to learn it. That is why I became interested in Scientology."

"Thank you for the sample copy of The ABERREE which arrived yesterday. I had been trying to overtake one for a year and it always eluded me."

"Your breezy wit is quite refreshing and I enjoyed reading The ABERREE from liver to cover. It reminds me of ABILITY, it's so different... May your thetan never see his shadow." -- Elise A. Mielke, Tucson, Ariz.

"I'd like to comment, if I may, on the article by TRAW NIKA. The one that parodied neologisms."

"First of all, it is not true, as the article claims, that the 'Dictionary of Synergese' was not published. I presume he means 'glossary'. The Glossary of Synergese was published and included in the basic text, 'Synergetics'. It's there; if anybody wants to look up a Synergetic term, he can find it defined in the Glossary."

"Secondly, I can understand how Traw Nika feels. Certainly as far as 'Synergetics' (the book) is concerned, there was an excess of tech-

nical terms. And for the average reader, to be confronted by so many technical terms in such a short space of time -- well, I wouldn't blame him for not wanting to read very far."

"The book, 'Synergetics', was actually intended for people who already had a working knowledge of Analytical Procedure. Many of the technical terms already had been defined and were clearly understood by Analytical Procedure workers. Their reaction, on the whole, has been quite favorable; and together, using these ideas and tools, we have been gaining deeper insights into problems and exploring with keen delight the new domains of experience open to us."

"At the time Synergetics was written, I pointed out that it was somewhat technical, and promised that I would write a 'popular' book as soon as I could, designed for the average intelligent reader."

"That book has now been completed. It is called 'Group Tracking: An Introduction to Synergetics'. The first six chapters of the book were distributed at the Synergetic Workshop. I asked people to tell me frankly what they thought of it from the standpoint of the newcomer to Synergetics. The 11 answers were highly favorable. There were some constructive criticisms, but there was widespread agreement that it was much clearer and easier to read than the first book."

"To those who are sincerely interested in Synergetics but who were disturbed by the excessive technical language of 'Synergetics', I say: I hope you will give me another chance. I believe that 'Group Tracking: An Introduction to Synergetics' will tell you in non-technical terms what Synergetics is about. I hope that, when you read it, you will understand why we are so enthusiastic about Synergetics."

"The synergic mode of function is achievable. It takes work, and honesty, and persistence; above all, honesty. You must be willing, again and again, to look at yourself without pretense or avoidance -- and without blame or guilt either, for these are simply forms of pretense or avoidance. It is not easy."

"And yet -- it is really the easiest thing in the world! We only make it hard because we are so desperately trying to protect something we value. But we don't lose that value, when we are honest!"

"When I am honest with myself, I become real in a way I never knew before," says one Synergeticist. And she speaks for all of us."

"Synergetics is above all else the honest road to self-discovery and self-fulfillment." -- Art Coulter, Columbus, Ohio.

"I am some times mystified at the seeming lack of specific violent physical action processing in the letters and things you publish; it's all intellectual, general, or something like that. This is NOT the way people get hurt. At the present moment I have a patient, a woman from Switzerland, who was in a state of breakdown over what was the matter with her; she starts college course but evades ever finishing one or taking an exam. It took less than an hour to find out the deep unfathomable mystery about her: As a child, she'd lived in a 35-room Swiss mansion with 32 dolls and a white teddy-bear -- and a mother who beat her

every day and handed her a queer rabbit punch blow which goes like this-- first a sharp slap on the mouth with the back of the hand, then as the child's head flew backwards, a hard return slap at the base of the brain at the back of the head. This occurred innumerable times, but finally the brilliant little kid got knocked clear down stairs and never fully recovered. This stuff is ROUGH but certainly not hard to get or to handle with 1956 methods of electropsychometry. The mother finally died of diabetes, a typical 'nobody-loves-me' disease, and the daughter rejoiced, but did not improve, and has gone through life in a 'high toned' intellectual daze for years.

"Then we also have another policeman who came to see how things were going, in view of all the excitement over 'The Power and Glory of Sex'. She found it steaming along at a great rate and stayed for treatment; in no time at all we came to her unmarried pregnancy at 15; her paying over some borrowed money to climb onto the dirty table of a chiro-abortionist who apparently gave her an overdose of pentothal; at any rate she woke up to find him raping her instead of aborting her. Somehow she got out of there and back home, thence to the county hospital with acute peritonitis. She was operated on there, and about 10 days later went to a criminal court to hear her 'husband' sentenced to prison for 10 years for armed robbery. So without a dime she went to work in a restaurant as a waitress-- and a few years later where do we find her? Why, working as a policeman looking for rapists of course.

"These are, as usual, big complex stories, full of SAVAGE ACTION, and not a lot of gabble about a frustrated 'theta' drifting around on Cloud 89, etc. Damn the intellectual chatter--electropsychometry finds out quick that people have got REAL rough troubles. Our next slogan is going to be an adaptation of one you yourself used in Phoenix: 'The Electropsychometer saves years of time!' -- Volney Mathison, Los Angeles, Calif. :: :: ::

"Phil Friedman's criticism of my article is a very nice demonstration of how one's beliefs can distort thinking. He says that my method of building new emotional states would only create more 'implants to plague us later'. Neither Phil nor Hubbard appears to realize that any emotional state, or mental series of impressions, can be EXHAUSTED by non-attention. The most fundamental law is: 'That which you concentrate upon, you make real'. Its other side is: 'That which you DON'T concentrate upon, you DON'T get'.

"In any case, how can a consciously developed mood of confidence 'plague' one?

"Phil's idea of achieving 'greatness' before virtue or ability is also mighty screwy. He has the whole thing the wrong way round. One achieves greatness by successful living. If you know how to live (and this means controlling one's self and one's moods), you can achieve greatness. Greatness is the by-product of successful living. You can't shoot for greatness first!

"Phil Friedman is loaded with intellectuality which will not take him to greatness. Intellectuality and understanding of function are two very different animals. The first will eventually destroy you

and the other will set you free. Obvious.

"That represents my criticism of Phil's criticism, anyway. I much enjoyed our Christmas number, especially your description of the operation. This surgeon's punishment of you only represented HIS beliefs in action--very much orthodox and restrictive beliefs... Still, this is always what you find in our society when you present ideas that are different from those already accepted. Everybody's seeking agreement, and many people, when they can't get the agreement they want from you, will try to destroy you to STOP the disagreement! Which is just another way of getting agreement. All the time we have evidence around us showing how reality is built."--Ken Hart, Rickmansworth, Herts., England.

:: :: ::

"I'll give you some ideas of what's happened to Don Maier since the gang last heard from me. I haven't learned the secret of levitation. Sonic recalls have turned on only once or twice, and when they did, it wasn't anything like I had supposed it would be. Ditto on visuals. (Gosh, remember when those things were the most important goals in our lives?) I wonder how many of your readers even know what they are at this late date! Anyhow, what has happened has been an increased appreciation of--everything. The idea of the practical application of what I can only call the oneness of the Universe has been tried and found more and more usable. Let me go into this a bit further, since it probably sounds a bit mystical as it stands:

"At one time during a session in Denver three years ago, I attained a realization that there was, within my grasp, a potential understanding of every interrelationship in the Universe. The symbolism by which this realization came to me is probably unimportant, but I will try to describe it because you will find in it a parallel to many effects that have been described by others. It was as if 'I'--as a viewpoint only, not as a body or discrete entity--was able to see a ball of light. At first this light was everything--it surrounded and enveloped and was a part of my entire existence. Then it became a ball that was some distance away, and it resembled a giant brain with convolutions and an infinite variety of complicated, twisted, and merging patterns on its surface. There was nothing else--just the ball of light, with the fantastic surface that was not a surface. It no longer resembled a brain, but became instead a conglomeration of material and energy and purpose that was the entire universe.

"And I understood it. It was all so simple! (At least, I thought so at the time.)

"My present-time actions and attitudes, as observed by the therapist, changed so drastically and so suddenly that the line of attack being followed up to that point was abruptly dropped. There followed a lengthy period of integration and re-balancing. During the next few hours, I am sure that an observer unacquainted with the procedures and techniques used would have pronounced me hopelessly insane. A recording was made, and I had a chance to study it at length during the next 24 hours. I learned a lot from this recording, although I confess that I was somewhat disconcerted by

the realization that what I interpreted as highly important thoughts and conclusions sounded so utterly mixed up and irrational to any outside viewpoint.

"Although I remember the experience vividly, the simple and direct understanding of universal relationships faded rather rapidly. It was as if I had an intuitive knowledge of these things, but had not had an opportunity to apply them to any specific relationships or to any specific problem. When the intuitive knowledge slipped away, I was left only with the conviction that the keys to creation were a very simple set of relationships, but that their exact structure was not available to me--yet.

"All this was three years ago. In a sense, I have been rebalancing and integrating ever since. And preparing for the time when I next have an opportunity to make 'direct contact' with the Key.

"I am reminded of something that Ron Hubbard once said. He compared all knowledge to a pyramid, with a very broad base, and a single, simple point at the summit. We find ourselves somewhere in the middle of this pyramid. From our positions, many lines radiate outward and downward; a few lines, radiating downward from above, intersect our positions. From where we stand, we can see many things below, because the lines represent relationships of data. We see a few things above. We see very little off to the side. If we happen to specialize in electron-

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ics, we see a number of relationships in this area, but understand little of biology. If we understand psychology, we learn additional relationships, and manage to integrate a number of relationships common to both areas. As soon as we do this, we advance higher in the pyramid, and additional areas are available to us from this new viewpoint because we are now closer to more of the basic lines originating at the summit. In short, our studies should be aimed at taking us upward into simplicity instead of downward into complexity. From the top, we are able to see all relationships.

"Hubbard's analogy is a verbal communication of the idea which I have been saying here in different terms. My above described experience, then, took me to or near the top of the pyramid for a while. It was a wonderful thing, akin to what some describe as a religious conversion. I shall repeat the experience, I am certain, and when I do, I will retain much more of understanding because of the relationships I have learned since that time. I also feel that others will do the same thing, each in their own way, and that perhaps every one eventually will arrive at this goal--when he is ready.

"At any rate, I now have some basis for belief that there is a simple, practical way by which one can obtain direct understanding of any relationships, and that the whole idea of a oneness and a basic simplicity of the universe is a valid one. Little flashes of comprehension, of new viewpoints on old relationships, of new and simpler relationships between many things, occur spontaneously and with increased frequency.

"Specifically, my studies during the past few years have covered conventional psychology, theory of insurance, statistics and probability, interpersonal relationships, automotive mechanics, raising of chickens, experiments with CO-2 and methedrine, music, and Jim Welgos' 'Lessons in Living'. Jim's work I consider the most fundamental and the most important; had I been exposed to its stabilizing and broadening influences prior to my processing in Denver, I am sure that I would have gained infinitely more from the experience. And all the other items just mentioned, each in its own way, have contributed further to the conviction that the 'oneness' is ultimate simplicity and is attainable. One reason for this conviction is the increased frequency with which I find interrelationships 'clicking' into place. A thought-chain, or line of attack on a problem which has produced insights in one area, suddenly is applied, almost unconsciously, to another, seemingly unrelated area. The conclusion derived

is noted with satisfaction; in addition, the realization that the realizations applied to one area applied equally well in another area is greeted with even more satisfaction, because the implication is that the top of the pyramid is being approached, along with a practical and usable understanding of the lower, supporting elements!

"In the list of studies above, I did not mention my favorite pastime, electronics. Its pursuit accounts for a substantial proportion of the family's bread, butter, and candy. I am at present deep in the study of a very fine electronic engineering correspondence course... which includes much practical application of math, plus a lot of physical data about the structure and functioning of some very basic components of the Universe. The course is long and laborious, but very much worth while. I find that, in the application of the knowledge gained from it, I am simultaneously working downward into complexity, and upward into simplicity! Perhaps Hubbard's analogy was incomplete: instead of trying to work toward the top, we need to BE the whole pyramid! By working with complexities at bottom, we gain understanding through manipulation and experience. By integrating more and more such experience, and allowing ourselves to perceive and understand the interrelationships, we gain understanding of the upper reaches. An occasional zoom to the top provides increased insight and inspiration...

"My present viewpoint is that discussions of specific techniques are not as important as to try to communicate the FEEL of this thing, HOW does one go about this internal process of integration? It is not communicated in words; it must be felt, and simply, done. The method is unimportant; those who are in a bigger hurry than others will find methods that are inherently faster FOR THEM. What has chiefly been communicated during these past six years has been inspiration and conviction that the undefinable goal can be attained, and that one grows increasingly happy and effective--and human!--during the process of working toward it...

"From my present viewpoint, I'm not so sure that a technique ever is used 'incorrectly'. Each individual gets what he wants and what he is ready for--although it may take him some time to realize this."--Don C. Maier, Albany, Ga.

"We came across a copy of The ABERREE in the possession of an old and trusting friend, Hardin Walsh. While Hardin was upstairs counting his Scientology degrees or totaling up a fresh batch of Source, we conned his wife out of temporary possession of the July-August issue of this long-needed publication. Permit me to re-

mark that the creation of your magazine further strengthened the 'BEST' universe by filling a profound intellectual vacuum which has existed and grown concurrently with L.R.H.'s public dramatization of his case.

"Heretofore we have been outlaws, heretics, and worst of all nonconformists who chose to see for ourselves just where (if possible) Dianetics per se could be correlated with the orthodox or accepted schools of belief in the field of psychology. In the last four to five years we have concluded that Hubbard's classical primer is reconcilable with Freud, William James, Reich, Pavlov, Adler, and even at times with Hubbard. In the often painful course of this program of stomping through our neural tissues barefooted we have sternly resisted the urge to stand bravely on a pedestal of petrified thetans and harangue the multitudes of earth-bound space hounds on the desirability of mastering the trick of becoming reasonably competent in this universe before teleportating their quivering, convoluted little selves off to unknown planets. The garden variety symbolism of past lives as pictured by that old master of space opera hokus, L. Ron Hubbard, in his usual grandiloquent and very authoritative personal language, is titillating psychodrama. (If the going gets tough in psychology, swing over to being a swami; no one expects them to produce.) This Spartan self-discipline was reinforced by the pained response and cerebral shut-down which seemed endemic in poverty stricken auditors and true believers alike when we ventured our crass opinions and murmured about scientific methods and reasoning versus Hubbard's latest salable party line.

"Your publication, suh, has changed all that. Just as soon as Marcia, my associate and co-auditor, gets this restraining jacket off me for keeps, we have a message. You lucky people have selected yourselves as bearers of the torch."--Charles M. Wylie and Marcia Malsman, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Your diatribe in the September issue, 'Are Official Gangs to Save War Mongers'--of course, you said 'gags' but 'gangs' would be a better name.

"Well, they are saving themselves for awhile but they are also digging their own graves and making the world ready for Communism.

"Of course, they have established Communism from the right and the top. When the conditions get ripe, the whole pyramid will collapse on their heads and bury them like Hitler and Mussolini were buried, because they are of the same breed and instincts...

"The people of the U.S.A. won two global wars and lost their freedom in the process.

"Today we are more to the right than any Totalitarian country. The finishing touches will come when the Alaska Mental Camps begin to operate to liquidate all the dissenters. People escaped from Siberia Russia and helped overthrow the Czar. Lenin, Trotsky, and many others were there and escaped, but I assure you no one will escape from Alaska. They will die there or be done to death.

"How the American people will free themselves is anybody's guess. The way they are terrorized, gagged, conscripted, taxed to death, and brainwashed daily by their lying

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press, magazines, radio, T-V, etc. It took us Macedonians four centuries to kick the Turks out.

"I hope that the flying saucers are real, and that they can solve our problems, as we seem unable to get rid of the pseudo Republican-Democratic misleaders.

"Keep on writing."--Dr. N. S. Hancock, Miami, Fla.

.. :: ::
"I took the July cover at face value--whether wise or squirrely, both kinds will be found interested in religion (Religion--curiosity as to the reasons for being here and where we are going and where we have been, whether we do anything about it or not), even if only to the extent of being seen in church.

"September cover--tch, tch--are you insinuating that the one and only L. Ron, bless his red head, is the biggest squirrel of the bunch?"

"For those who want to tackle a little present time processing, Dr. Schindler's method in 'How to Live 365 Days a Year' may be as good a start as any. No miracles promised--sadly enough it is a get-in-and-slug-it-out--your self idea; 'sadly enough', I said, because with it you ain't gonna change anybody else--just you. It can be used only by those who are Jim Welgos's Class 1 cases, ready to realize that the only way out is self-change. Class 2--wanting to change everything else in the world so that they themselves won't have to change--will insist that he doesn't know what he is talking about. You don't even try to change your wife with it...

"I would have liked to continue to receive Jim Welgos's lessons, but they got a bit rich for my blood. If you priced the ABERREE the way much of the material in the field is being priced today, you would be asking about \$15 a year.

"For a hobby this year I am building up hi-fidelity systems for those who want them--anything from \$100 to \$400. I'll agree with Canby that hi-di-ho sounds good enough on the usual store bought stuff, as does soap-opera, political conventions, newscasts. Hi-fi in the honest sense of the word instead of the advertising man's abuse is needed for classical music, and then only for those who really like classical music--not just pretend to like it. That limits my prospective customers drastically."--Bob Gardner, Austin, Texas.

.. :: ::
"I have just recently returned from several months into the interior of deepest central Washington. Seemingly, I'm none the worse for wear--tan as an Indian, full of vim, vigor, etc., along with the usual.

"Not once in all the time I spent there did I hear any nasty words, such as Dianetics, Scientology, Etc. Those poor people have never read nor even heard anything about them. Tsk. tsk. And the poor deluded saps are just 'happy as hell'.

"I spent considerable of my time fishing, 'hicking', hiking, and working 14 and 16 hours a day in my brother's service station. I even stopped correspondence completely with anyone and everyone connected with things other than immediate needs. The verbal jungle we so often find ourselves emmeshed in fell away gradually, and thinking became clear and sharp. Most people I met there are concerned with what to eat, wear and things of everyday nature--along with discussion about the 'Adam Bomb'--or the 'guided muscle'. Very

often I was exasperated a lot by their lack of concern over being exploited by every advertisement thought up, by whatever or whoever unthinks them up. But then I found that they pick 'em up and lay 'em down with the greatest of ease...

"In all this time I've thought several times of you and your magazine, because the few copies I read, I did enjoy... I certainly do not feel very intense about many of the issues any more. I've spent a good amount of time fishing for trout of late--enjoy that tremendously. Was up to the foot of Mt. Hood the other day, and Mt. St. Helens yesterday. Very picturesque. Good fishing too."
--Harry Renn, Castle Rock, Wash.

.. :: ::
"Am looking forward to article by Walshes. Unfortunately, I can't find time (good rationalization) to write all the scattered ideas re. new and old Dian/Scien/therapies--in-general that appeal to me. I'm taking graduate work in Psychology in New School for Social Research here in New York--the school of Kurt Goldstein, E. Fromm, Wertheimer, and where Wilhelm Reich (if you'll excuse the expression) first taught in U.S.

"If things go well, the PhD. should be mine in several years. Thank the Infinite for the fact I was just awarded full tuition scholarship for my doctorate.

"Keep up the witty work."--Marsh-all J. Farr, Brooklyn, N. Y.

.. :: ::
"I been thinking--when the Phoenix operations collapsed on you as manager, you wrote saying that among your future plans were some works on the subject of 'future' processing--i.e., mocking up horrible fates, etc. Then you got sidetracked into half a dozen Dr. Sci. courses and that was the last I heard of what sounded to me like a good idea.

"You might, ergo, be interested to have my opinion on this newest angle on Scientology--invent a problem.

"What's a problem, for the most part, but mocking up a horrible fate, and there you have future processing to a T. Hubbard has added an essential ingredient and I'll bet you this is what is being left out if 'Washington' isn't producing predicted results--'Havingness'.

"I once knew a Mormon missionary who was a real friend of the Indians. He went on a mission to the San Juan Utes, who were dangerous and

hostile. In tribal council he was asked, 'What you going to do for us?' Nothing. 'Where you from--Washington?' Nope. 'What do you want us to do?' Nothing. There followed a parley in Indian language that Palmer understood, although he hadn't then revealed it. They said, 'He's not Washington. He doesn't want something. He isn't going to do anything for us. Maybe he's a pretty good guy after all!'"--Bob Arentz, Denver, Colo.

.. :: ::
"Here is an excerpt from Thomas Aquinas that I believe your reading public might enjoy:

NO PRIEST COULD HAVE A BLEMISH
Meaning of blemishes:
Blind meant ignorance
Lame meant vacillating of purpose
Must not have a little, or a great or a crooked nose. Should not exceed from lack of discretion in one direction or another--nose discerns odours
No broken hand or foot, should not lose power of doing good works
No swelling in front or back...if he be crookedbacked, too much love of earthly things
Must not be bleary eyed...too much love of matter
No continued scab...lustfulness of the flesh
No dry scurvy...denotes avarice
No rupture...baseness reading his heart.

"I would like to add, 'No one whose in-formation is not of his own making or choice'.

"On the two-way flow of communication, what happens to an individual who is full of answers to which he has asked no questions? What kind of imbalance is obtained here?"--Alberta Elliott, D. Scn., Greenville, S. Car.

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By PHILIP FRIEDMAN

"Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." Ec. 7:8. This must refer to the last of the Infinites. (ED. NOTE—Now, look, Infinite 21, let's don't get personal.)

With our first breath we give protest with a cry of distress, at which time everyone else is happy. With our last breath we give acceptance with a sigh of happy peacefulness—then everyone else is sad.

More people die at birth than at any other age.

Because the moon is a receiver of the rays from the sun, it is a feminine relative thereto. Sure there's a man in the moon.

With the mock-up of desire the masculine polarity is experienced. Change the mock-up to feeling and the polarity changes to feminine.

For the Dunce of Aberree, there's the devil to pay. For the dancer of Scientology, there's the piper to pay.

Dianetics is now behind the 8 ball.

As a Dweller on the Threshold, we are, at once, threshed apart and held together. The Dweller is the do-well-er.

To resolve every-day rites and actions into flowing lines of force is as novel and unique as it is simple. Words give clues to basic truths because they are evolved from basic functions, organically grown.

To recover from an illness is to repaint the allness, the center or apex of the pyramid, the point of zero which covers the whole world. This is aptly shown in the Harts' symbolic cover for the ABERREE, June 1956. An illness is the dis-ease of the explosive cover of the allness, the unease of the cover that wears the crown. When the time lag between re-covering and over-pouring is zero, then the cycle of death and life ceases, wherein death is integration and life disintegration. Recovering is overpowering the over-pouring. Time means nothing in the apex. The apex, the Father center, is an H-bomb, a fusion, which we are, at once, fearing and firing.

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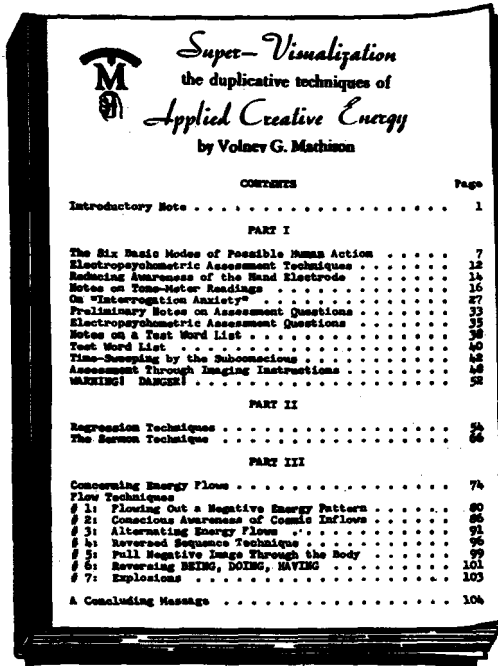
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Vol. 3
No. 7



"I never met a man I didn't like"

WILL ROGERS
1879-1935



THE ABERRIE

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Recusant Voice of "The Infinities" for Saturn,
Earth, Mars, Pluto, Venus, and Zydokumruskehen

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POLICY: Don't take it so damn' seriously. The tomorrow you're worried about today
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page to page, if we desire.

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WILL POLITICS BOOST OR KILL SCIENTOLOGY? It might be well bought, and therefore own, Scientology, to look searchingly into the ramifications that might develop from action taken at the last convention held in Washington. What will be the effect of "Declaration 1376" upon the so-called "science" that was to build for man a better bridge?

There is little doubt that many of the tenets adopted by the newly-formed "Constitutional Administration Party" (called the CAP), are practical and necessary if this nation is to survive as a land of freedom. Other "planks" are idealistic in the extreme, and while they might be desirable, their adoption would result in chaos and ruin—as well as bring on a war these same planks declare as their purpose to prevent. But this is beside the point. Our argument is not with the necessity of a political revolution but whether the invasion of a field alien to its original purpose is to the best interests of those dedicated to helping man by the practice of Scientology.

In 1950, the book "Dianetics" became a popular exploration into what makes Man tick, and the foundation for breaking the back of the medical and psychiatric monopoly was laid. Schools were set up. Hundreds were trained to "audit"—to go forth in all their glory and assist their brothers and sisters out of the mire of psychosomatic ills. An army of "file clerks" was to be drafted into the most gigantic humanizing project ever attempted—or so it said in large print on the advertising folders which were spread throughout the land—everywhere the Dianetic school set up a temporary permanent home.

Less than three years later, Dianetics became Scientology—and by 1954, had been organized as a religion. The guns that had been leveled against the medical monopoly now were shifted, and aimed at the various and sundry religious monopolies. Thetans were perching on church steeples, and the cross was being imaginatively burned, as Doctor of Divinity degrees were issued and de-issued to all who could afford the \$600 for lectures, plus an added \$50 for a certificate. Man's aches and pains no longer were the foci points of attention—and this invalidation of Dianetics was culminated in July of this year when it was announced in an official bulletin that the

"auditor" (the former substitute for the medical practitioner) might better tell his pre-clear (patient) to "shut up" than drive him down tone by listening to his woes and memories of his past.

Now, a third monopoly is threatened with invasion—politics. Before the world has been cured of its ills by Dianetics, or its collective souls freed and enlightened by Scientology, we have the CAP to cap off the two previous experiments. What will this mean to you, and to me? Is this merely an excuse to collect new funds, now that the cream has been taken from those willing to pay \$500 to \$800 for training in a so-called "science" which later will be denied and invalidated?

There was good in Dianetics—and there still is. Some of the trained auditors—although publicly insulted and scorned by those to whom they paid their training fees—still are using their training to accomplish results. Scientologists are in a twin boat on a similar rocky sea. But what of those who pay their \$5 for a year's membership in the CAP? It should be interesting to read a campaign poster that says: "Vote for Joe Blokes, HDA, HCA, B.Sc., D.Sc., D.D., and current dues paid".

At the rate it's invading new and bigger fields, there may come a time yet when Scientology will point its prow into the Sea of the Infinities—but there is one huge, insurmountable barrier. It costs nothing to be infinite—and the field of financial zeros apparently is anathema in the building of better bridges.

"I NEVER MET A MAN THAT I DIDN'T LIKE" Those who think it improper to point a finger of ridicule at some of the "sacred cows" in our political menagerie might check the fame and popularity which came to Oklahoma's own Will Rogers during a lifetime of good-natured scoffing.

Rogers, who would have been 77 years old on November 4, gave no quarter with his humor and satire. King, President, or commoner alike were targets of his wit, both in his daily newspaper column and in his monologues when he appeared on the stage. "All I know," he said, "is what I read in the papers"—and yet with this limited data, he was able to harpoon deeply into some of the choicest foibles of his time.

The public loved him. He was saying things most of us would have

liked to have said, had we thought of it, or had an appreciative audience. If there was offense, the aggrieved nursed his wounds in silence. Here was a man who could make the mighty look human, shatter any halo with which they might wish to adorn their own egotistical brow.

Will did not profess to know it all. "Only what I read in the papers," he said, which, after all, is the source of more data for the majority of us than we care to admit.

And yet, although he was able to single out the frailties of mankind, his greatness probably was incorporated in the motto which is engraved on the base of his statue in the Will Rogers Memorial at Claremore: "I never met a man I didn't like".

Fault finding with hate, and love for mankind despite his "squirrel-ismness", are two different types of animal entirely. One tries to make men understanding neighbors, the other seeks to pit him against himself.

The world needs more Will Rog-erses. His was the type of sarcasm few can emulate successfully.

MAN DOES HIS BEST NOW, NOT IN THE FUTURE The process of living might be called the creation and accomplishment of

goals. You desire, decide to have, and obtain—from the smallest, most insignificant thing, to major mastery over the environment. Even death, or failure, are accomplished goals—though the world has little tendency to think of negative conquests in this category.

It has been pretty well accepted that Man can, within reason, have anything he wishes—if he wants it badly enough. (Even some of these so-called "unreasonable" goals might be attained if they didn't upset too many agreements.) Why, then, are we not all rich? handsome? famous? powerful? wise? Is it because the desire is lacking? because of agreements ground into us from infancy that we can't, shouldn't, and/or mustn't? or because we permit negative thoughts to intrude and keep the positive desires from predominating in the matrix of aspirations?

Man seemingly fails because he doesn't live in the "now". Most of his aims are directed toward some nebulous future: "Some day," he declares, "I will do this/have this/be this." And "I will work hard/study hard/save today so that some day—". Since that "some day" isn't on his calendar, how, then, can he ever say that he has not reached his goal. He HAS studied hard/worked hard/saved. And that was the only NOW decision he has made.

Man asks: "How can I be a success?", when he should ask: "Do I like being the kind of success I have made of myself?" Because he IS a success—just as successful as he has permitted himself to be. If he wants to be a DIFFERENT kind of success, it's up to him.

Man's failure to live in the NOW, to make the most of each day, may, in part, be due to implants fed him from infancy by religious zealots, who have dedicated their lives to convincing their cash customers that an existence of humility and sacrifice is necessary NOW to insure a better life AFTER DEATH. In other words, Man must fail as a human being to insure success as an Infinite, Immortal Spirit "some day".

What a cruel joke one class of Infinite, Immortal Spirits is playing on another class of Infinite, Immortal Spirits!

Freedom Conflict Precedes the Cradle

A FEW MONTHS ago, I decided to review the case histories of all the pre-clears I have worked with in the past six years.

I found a situation that astonished me. Consistent throughout these case histories were strongly expressed feelings of restriction--of being held down, held back, repressed, stopped. And so I found myself very busy trying to determine just how free a human being may feel himself to be, and how legitimate are our feelings of restriction on that freedom.

Most people seem to feel that it is impossible for a human being to be really free. Talk to them of freedom and they begin to think in terms of the soul, of death, or of the thetan; they can think of themselves being entirely free out in space, in some other world, in some other time--anywhere, so long as it is not here and now.

Or perhaps the individual will look at the animal world, and you'll suddenly find your pre-clear is a big cat stalking through the jungle, or he's a bird, or a bee, or even a fish swimming freely through the water. But ask them to think of being free in this life, this body, and they are immediately in difficulties.

From the cradle to the grave we seem to be concerned with fighting restrictions, or else we cease to fight. We go down in apathy and then we become so restricted that the mere thought of freedom causes panic, as it did to the man who had spent 25 years in prison and then one day was set free. When the doors clanged shut behind him, he stood for a moment, then turned and began pounding on the doors, begging to be allowed back in.

I have said we fight restriction from the cradle to the grave. Actually, we seem concerned with freedom from a much earlier age.

In Dianetic processing, when you are dealing with the sperm and ovum, you'll very often find that there is a tremendous feeling of restriction on the part of both sperm and ovum just prior to orgasm, sometimes an almost panicky need to get free, and the feeling of release and freedom that follows is of equal magnitude. This usually continues until the sperm and ovum unite, and at that point the sperm may lose all sense of freedom in the feeling of entrapment. Now, in running the sperm-ovum sequence, you may be sure these feelings of restriction and entrapment are environmental. They should be run until both sperm and ovum have a strong feeling of energy and freedom.

The ovum goes on, reaches the uterus, and attaches itself to the wall, and at that point a reversal takes place. At this moment, to be free would be non-survival, for it is a parasite, living off its host, needing to cling until it develops to the point where it need cling no longer.

Psychologists say that one of the basic fears of human beings is the fear of falling. I doubt if many of them ever have connected that "late life" fear with the fact that the embryo spends its time suspended from the wall of the uterus, subject constantly to a swaying movement, jostled and jerked with every random movement mother makes, and if the movement becomes too violent, detachment and death would result.

Just prior to birth, again comes the feel-

ing of entrapment, a need to be free. Oddly enough, sometimes there is a reversal here and we find the baby not wanting to be born. I have run several such cases--10-month babies who computed that there was safety only in the womb. It's common enough to meet people who in later life have developed a desire to return to the uterus, but these are cases that never wanted to leave it in the first place. From the start they consider the world dangerous and have no desire to be "out on their own".

Sometimes there is an enforced holding back if environmental conditions are not right for the birth. I know of one case where the doctor was away on a fishing trip and he left orders that the baby not be born until he returned; also that the mother not be given any drugs. At the time I was greatly concerned about the mother and the pain she was suffering. Now I find myself wondering about the effect on the child--mother probably wonders why her child is so rebellious and angry, hating restriction or confinement.

Where conditions are right, the baby is eagerly looking forward to freedom. It wants more room for growth. Then it is expelled, and almost immediately it receives what, to it, is pretty rough handling and again there come feelings of restriction.

If you will look over the pre-natal situation, you will see that I have described a condition where almost alternately freedom and restriction have meant survival, and also a situation that is wide-open for later stimulation.

People seem to require barriers to reassure them. I believe this is so because of the pre-natal. In other words, the dual need for freedom and restriction begins on the cellular level. The restrictions of the uterus are pro-survival, so we continue thinking of restrictions as pro-survival.

On the physical level this is true to at least some extent. Gravity is a restricting force, but we cannot do without it. As human beings, we are restricted to our own element. We cannot stay under water as a fish does, we cannot fly as a bird does, or a bee. But from what I know of the birds and the bees, there is little to envy. Human beings are possessed of cerebral power and can, at least potentially, circumvent his restrictions. Cars, trains, planes, ships, radio, television, X-rays, telephones, telegraph, writing, printing--everything that increases our means of communication, our percepts, our ability to project our thoughts, increases our space and freedom.

There is one thing that man, in his seeking to be free, has discovered and developed--he has a mind, he can think. This ability puts him far ahead of any other known life form, because, so far as we know, other forms can think only to a very limited degree, if at all.

But this ability, while it frees, also restricts. With the increased ability to think came a greater awareness. He was able to think of the past and to think of the future. He became able to compare, compute, evaluate, and correlate. And he became aware of things outside his immediate environment.

Thinking is a social phenomenon. George, the wolf boy, did no more "thinking" than did the wolves with whom he lived. And we think according to our time and space--the age and

according to our time and space -- the age and culture in which we live. Our thought processes are operated by a kind of machinery, and the circuits are laid in before we reach adolescence.

Sometimes, the machinery breaks down.

These days, when this happens, the individual goes in search of help. "Adjust", says the wise man to whom he has appealed. "Adjust to your environment and all will be well."

There is an old saying: "What can't be cured must be endured." But you know there just doesn't seem to be many things that someone hasn't been able to find a "cure" for-- somebody refused to "adjust" to the situation and changed the situation.

Adjustment to a situation causes a static. The pre-literate -- the jungle tribesmen and savages who have walled themselves off from contact with the outside world -- are that way because they adjusted. If the rest of mankind had done likewise, there would have been no progress. Progress comes, not by adapting oneself to the environment, but by changing the environment. If there had been no deviationists, any original thinkers, mankind would have remained adjusted to being a two-legged being, and he would have no other means of transportation. It is because some ancestor of ours dared to be free that today we ride in trains, cars, and planes.

People are as enslaved as they want to be-- as free as they want to be.

Prior to birth, we built into our cells a knowledge of freedom and a knowledge of restriction. But of the freedom we had only tantalizing glimpses. The rest of the time was spent in restriction -- restricted space, restricted motion--and restriction was survival.

And that seems to be the history of man. Our reactive mind tells us that we must have barriers, boundaries, limitations. Some few individuals, who perhaps retained clearer memories of those tantalizing moments of freedom than most of us do, succeed in overcoming some of mankind's limitations, either physically or mentally. But the vast majority are content in the security of barriers.

All our perceptives are needed if we are going to think optimally. We have to be willing to look, to feel, to hear, and so on. The more you close off these things, the more you restrict your thinking. And at what a youthful age we begin these restrictions! Away back there in the womb when we began to compute (not think) that restriction is necessary to survival.

Away back there we also agreed that freedom is something one can only get glimpses of, taste fleetingly, and so in later life we think of freedom as something to dream about, to talk about -- an impossible, future goal to fight for, but not a goal that can be reached.

In Dianetics, we say that survival is the effort to accomplish action, and happiness is the emotion of progress toward desirable goals.

But--restrict a person enough and he goes out of action. Examine the areas where you feel most restriction and you will find that these are the areas in which you either do not operate at all, or where you operate poorly. Where do you feel most resentment? Where you feel most restricted.

The ability that has made the human being the most capable being on earth is what has entrapped him. An animal, for instance, is responsible for his own survival, or the survival of its own immediate group. Mankind, in his highest state, would be fully responsible --and that's a lot of responsibility. Bernard Shaw once said: "Liberty means responsibility and that is why most men dread it."

Why? Actually, because it's the other way

around--responsibility means freedom, and that is why most men dread it.

When, in the pre-natal, we accepted that restriction meant survival, we began to lay the foundations for thought and habit patterns that would keep us from being free. We began to accept other people's thoughts, other people's beliefs, other people's emotions. We come into life looking as much as possible like some other person. If we accepted the responsibility of being ourself, with our own physical appearance, our own beliefs and attitudes and motives, we would be free--and our circuits tell us that this is non-survival.

Then brick by brick the walls of restriction are built up until finally the individual looks around him and realizes that he is trapped. At this point he might indulge in a little rebellion, but since he doesn't know what he is rebelling against, he is not successful as a general rule, so he slips down tone into apathy and, since apathy is the greatest of all restrictions, his circuits tell him he is really safe and secure and he doesn't have to worry any more.

Originally, in Dianetics, we felt that what made you the way you are was the things that people did to you. It's soothing to one's self-esteem to feel that others are to blame. That is, it's soothing until you begin to realize that by blaming others you are agreeing that they are Cause and you are Effect. And that's not such a happy thought.

Just the same, when we began running off all those awful things that others had done to the pre-clear, we found our pre-clears going down in tone. Quite clearly, then, ridding the bank of things others had done to you was not the answer.

Then the overt-motivator sequence was observed. Motivators are good for us, and all these things others had done were necessary to balance off the bad things we had done to others. We need motivators -- we need justifiers. Our overt acts entrap us; motivators set us free from feelings of guilt.

But we are entrapped and restricted in other ways. Every time we become obligated to someone, we restrict ourselves. Every time we let ourselves become dependent on someone, or make someone dependent on us, we restrict ourselves.

We are entrapped by people who are nice to us, people who like us, are friendly, kind, interested. This is security to us, but the need for their approval inhibits and enslaves us. From whom do you need a "license to survive"? That person is your master. What traumatic moments in your life can be restimulated? Every one of them is a restriction on your present time freedom. What habit patterns do you follow? What past beliefs, attitudes, and motives still govern your conduct? What misemotions are you subject to? What psychosomatic ills?

To the extent that you are hag-ridden by the past, you are not free. To the extent that you operate on past habit patterns, past computations, past postulates, you are not free.

We are restricted by our aberrations, and by aberrated thinking. And our most restrictive aberration is the need to feel restricted.

That is why Dianetics is the most useful of all systems designed to help mankind. Almost every technique we use is designed to rid the individual of his reactive computations, of his past need for inhibition and restriction, and to open to him--and him to it--the path to freedom.

When one has achieved all this, he would be fully aware that only when we are fully free do we fully survive.

The Study of Man is a study of relationships, and these relationships, in Scientology, have been divided into eight segments, called "Dynamics". These make up the known whole of Infinite Creation—which Dr. and Mrs. Walsh herein refer to as "The Concept of Totality". To the extent Man limits himself by setting up barriers of not-knowingness between himself and any of the dynamics does he divorce himself from his birthright. Some of the processes by which Man can reintegrate himself, discovered by the Walshes during their years of recent research at the University of Scientology in Los Angeles, are being printed for the first time herewith, and later will appear more fully in a book now under preparation.—The EDITOR

By HARDIN D. WALSH, PhD, HGA
and JOANNA WALSH, Counselor

A Concept of

Totality

PART TWO OF THREE PARTS

PERSISTENCE is re-creation on a constantly re-created cycle of explosions. The universe and all its components are being re-created, moment by moment, by Totality (you) at a very, very, very high rate of speed so that it gives the illusion of being there. Each particle is re-created (exploded into existence) in a different location, thus giving the appearance of motion. A motion picture projected at 24 frames a second produces the same effect upon the body eyes. The solidity of matter requires a much higher (faster) frequency of vibration or re-creation.

The structure of the universe and all our problems follow this pattern:

CREATION: By postulate—deciding to do as Totality. "It is."

RE-CREATION: A repeater mechanism held in place by a postulate. For example: a body or a spirit.

APPARENT DESTRUCTION: Two re-created force fields such as a wall being knocked down by a battering ram; a rearrangement of the re-created particles.

REAL DESTRUCTION: By postulate. "It isn't." Accepting the problem back into you as Totality. As Totality you already own it, so this implies a necessity for responsibility and thus control.

Within our vast recurring universe, everything follows this basic pattern of explosions. This is true of our thoughts, emotions, and efforts, as well as MEST (Matter, Energy, Space, Time). There are perhaps other universes built on other patterns but we are in this one and it is necessary that we become aware of how to handle it in order to become a free "operating" Being.

All structure and activities in this universe follow this pattern of outflow and inflow, attraction and repulsion, of the explosion.

"The Kybalion", a book of ancient teachings, expresses this very beautifully: "There is always an action and reaction, an advance and retreat, a rising and sinking, manifested in all the air and phenomena of the universe. Suns, worlds, men, animals, plants, minerals, forces, energy, mind, and matter; yes, even the spirit manifests this principle.

"The principle manifests in the creation and destruction of worlds, in the rise and fall of nations, in the life history of all things, and finally in the mental states of man.

"And thus it is with all the things of shape and form; they swing from action to reaction, from birth to death, and from activity to inactivity and then back again. Thus it is with all living things; they are born, grow, and die and then are reborn. So it is with all great movements, creeds, fashions, governments, nations, decadence, death...and then there is new birth. The swing of the pendulum is ever in evidence."



In daily life, we find that our existence is broken up into cycles of action which have a beginning of an outflow of activity rising to a peak and then an inflow or completion of the cycle. It is of the utmost importance to become aware that we are the creators of these cycles of experience. The more we become aware that we are Totality and that our experiences are occurring and recurring within us, the more our daily problems become exciting and amusingly simple.

It is important to know that you as a spirit (thetan) and you as a body are merely expressions or recreated manifestations caused by your own decisions within yourself as Totality. These decisions are skillfully hidden and buried amidst an infinity of awareness also created by you. But, the use of the explosion as a technique exposes these postulates and conclusions of the past. The postulates are hidden in force fields of energy, a vast number of which are your own facsimiles or engrams. Problems or force fields can be exploded, over and over, until the considerations and postulates come into view and you can change your mind about them and accept them back into Totality.

As we develop our awareness of being Totality, we break our identification with things. We become aware that we are the creator rather than that which we have created. We are thus not really anger, we are experiencing the anger vibration which we have created. As Totality, we are the Observer, the Chooser, the Creator, the Recreator, and the Destroyer.

To become aware of being Totality, postulate that you are Totality. Decide to do your processing and thinkingness as Totality. That famous saying in Scientology: "The answer to the problem is the problem", is very true. The answer to being Totality is to be Totality. You do this by deciding to be aware that you are Totality. Awareness is the key word to use that keys in your certainty. All the processes of Scientology are merely methods of increasing your certainty of being Totality. All the processes of Scientology deal with inflows and outflows or parts of the actions of the explosion pattern. Processing is the game of becoming aware of that which you already had. Silly isn't it? The fact that you can never be anything but Totality increases the absurdity. However, your unusual total ability as Totality to pretend unawareness makes it necessary to use processes to rediscover your true self.

A basic cognition process is:

Be aware of being Totality.

Be unaware of being Totality.

This is not run as a dichotomy. It is run with your entire thinkingness to the fullest extent of your awareness at the moment, focused on first one of these commands and then the other. Do not place one of them on one side of the room and the other on the other; that would be running a dichotomy.

The key to using the explosion as a process

is to do it within you as Totality. This does not mean you as a body, but you as *awareness*.

AXIOM 1 -- THE PART OF YOU THAT IS AWARE IS THE WORKABLE LEVEL OF TOTALITY FOR YOU AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT.

AXIOM 2 -- THE PART OF YOU THAT IS AWARE CAN THUS POSTULATE THAT YOU ARE TOTALITY. THIS ESTABLISHES A PRIME POSTULATE IN THE NOWNESS OF STATIC OR TOTALITY, WHICH OVERRIDES PAST POSTULATES TO BE UNAWARE OF TOTALITY WHILE PLAYING THE GAME.

In order to properly handle the explosion, it is necessary to use these simple preliminary exercises to become more aware of being Totality:

With your eyes closed, consider that your awareness is you as Totality.

With your awareness, find the chair the body is seated on.

Become aware that you are surrounding the chair with your awareness; that the chair is within your awareness. You are surrounding and encompassing it with your awareness. It is within you as Totality.

Find the room with your awareness. Know that it is within you.

Find the city. Surround it. Envelop it with your awareness.

Find the planet Earth within you.

Find the sun, moon, and Earth within you.

Find the universe within you. Encompass it as Totality.

Find the room within you.

Find your body within you as Totality.

Find the chair...room...city...planet...universe...body... chair...room... city...planet...universe. Around and around this cycle until you can do it freely and with no strain.

There should be no effort involved as it is done. Totality in action is *awareness* and its smoothness of no-action is exhilarating and exciting when you get the feel of it. You will rapidly become aware that you are not the body and that you have relationships with objects you never dreamed of before. For example: Who is furnishing the power for your car motor may startle you.

This exercise can be conceived or imagined at first. As you do it, your certainty will pick up and you will find a tremendous expansion of awareness. Even if you do this only as a concept it will be working. (L.Ron Hubbard's P.A.B.s, Book 1, bottom Page 67.)

All problems in our daily life can be handled as an explosion to gain an awareness of control over them. All problems exist at some geographic location. This is true of past, present, or future problems. Past problems exist as facsimiles, invisible thought form recordings that persist (being re-created) at the location where they happened. They also exist, the important ones, as facsimiles in and around the body. Future problems (goals) can be created (mocked up) and exploded a few times until you become aware of all the facets of the problem. Handling it gives you *ownership, responsibility, and control*.

All explosions should be done within you as Totality for maximum results. However, when done as a viewpoint, beneficial preliminary release can be obtained. This may be necessary on an especially heavy area. For example: The childhood home.

Select the geographic area of your childhood home. Find it within yourself as Totality.

Select a small spot in the center of that area and create an area of *nothingness*.

Postulate that this *nothingness* contains all the elements, known and unknown, related to the problem area.

Expand the *nothingness* outward in all di-

rections as a white flare. Do this slowly and deliberately under your full conscious control. Postulate that this *white* represents the *esthetic beauty* present in that area, the good side of the problem.

Expand the white out as far as you can comfortably handle it. Ten inches or ten light years. Preferably outward across all the universes so that it covers all related material.

At the peak of the *whiteness*, turn it *black* and begin to collapse the pattern inward to its original center.

Have the *black* represent the *sadness* and *degradation* of the bad side of the explosion.

Collapse the *blackness* down to the original *nothingness*. You may find yourself struggling and making an effort on the body level as you do this. Remember that Totality is above effort. Totality creates motion and effort. Just re-postulate that you are doing it as Totality.

Within the *nothingness* you may find a feeling of *failure, loss, or betrayal*, or perhaps a combination of all three which you may classify as injustice. Accept the *nothingness* and whatever you find there *back into you as Totality*. Do not overlook this step. This is the key to responsibility and clearing up our problems.

After each explosion, repair the *havingness* of the body. This means, give the body energy. Each explosion runs all related material and as you flare it out across the universe, this is a considerable release. The loss of energy on the body level with one explosion can be very extreme, and rapid. *Do not run explosions unless the pre-clear can repair havingness*. This means good certainty by the pre-clear that he is creating energy in the body.

The ultimate repair of *havingness* is as follows:

Know that your body is within you as Totality.

Know that you are creating energy directly within the cell structure of the body.

Endow the cell structure directly with life force energy by postulating... "There is energy there"... as you focus your attention. This causes it to appear in the cells--not pushing or flowing energy as we have done in the past into the body, but causing it to *appear* by postulate. As Totality, the effect is instantaneous and exhilarating. A remarkable number of individuals can do this immediately just by asking them to do it. When you have done it, there is no doubt--there will be tinglings or a nice warm glow or pulsation in waves. This is immediately apparent by a rise on the E-Meter (Mathison's Electropsychometer, which no Scientologists can afford to be without--plug definitely intended). No other process produces such marked and rapid rises on the E-Meter as explosions followed by ample *havingness*.

After you have repaired the *havingness*, do the explosion cycle again. Give the body energy between each explosion. If the pre-clear sags during the explosion, *stop* and have him repair his *havingness*. If he has difficulty doing it on the Totality level, he can revert to creating mock-ups of, say, suns and pushing them into the body. But this is a much lower and slower level of action in relation to results. You, as an auditor, can endow the pre-clear with energy as well as he can. Give him an assist if he needs it. Totality is rather universal, since it is everywhere and no one has a corner on it. Since it is an unlimited potential energy source, you can spare it. You can help a lot of people if you choose.

Repeat the explosion cycle over and over until your childhood home (or any other problem area) opens up and the prime postulates and conclusions you made in that area of life come into view for your re-evaluation. When you find them, accept them back into you as Totality, or change them as you choose.

(To be concluded in the December ABERREE.)

OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

*What Can Be Done
About the Genetic Tragedies?*

This is a continuation of the series in which Mr. Burks analyzes life in the Child Guidance Center, Lancaster, Penn. These are only a few of the estimated 4,000,000 "genetic tragedies", one or more of whom could be next door to you—even in your own home.—The EDITOR.

12. GIANA CAN'T STOP READING THINGS

GIANA WAS brought to the Child Development Center for a most unusual reason. She couldn't stop reading. Her parents agonized over her. They didn't teach her to read. Nobody did. Giana didn't even teach herself. She just began reading. This is the most inexplicable thing. Her parents aren't quite sure just where and when it began. One thing seems certain, from the first of her records: She belongs to the Child Development Center, not in any public school classroom. She is eight years old. She is a neat little brunette with wide eyes that seem filled with questions.

When she first came to the Center last October, her parents were frantic. Giana read so much. She would be walking, clinging to her mother's hand, or her father's, or she would be riding in a car or bus, and her eyes would move to all the signs which are found everywhere that modern civilization touches. Giana's voice is very low, so low that she is difficult to hear. If she shouted what she read, it might be unendurable. It is almost unendurable now. Giana reads:

"Where will you spend eternity?"

Her mother shudders. But should she not be pleased? No child as young as Giana knows such words, or can read them while passing in a car traveling 50 miles an hour.

"Get Burma Shave!" Giana reads.

What the parents particularly notice is this: Giana's pronunciation is always correct. She doesn't break words, even long ones, up into syllables. She seems to know the words just on sight.

"Get Pennsupreme ice cream, made with homogenized milk!"

How does Giana, whose I. Q. can't be very high, know where to accent any word? As the visitor hears the story of Giana, he is astounded, knowing that no other child at the Center can pronounce a word like "homogenized" even if carefully taken through it syllable by syllable, repeatedly, day after day, for weeks. Giana pronounces it correctly the first time she sees the word.

The mother of Giana doesn't say too much about her. She brings her to the Center. The teachers there know that Giana is different or she wouldn't be brought to them. The mother says that Giana reads anything at all, but the teachers do not take this too seriously. Mothers are easily deluded by their "special" children, or too easily exasperated, or frustrated.

"Do you think we might try her first with a First Grade Reader?" the teacher asks the mother.

Giana is given a First Grade Reader. A page at random is shown her. In her soft, shy voice, which even those near her must strain to hear, Giana reads. She reads without hesitation. She doesn't point at the words. She reads them more readily than any first graders the teacher can recall at the moment. She reads quickly, correctly.

The mother nods, and looks, not pleased and proud, but despairing. Why?

The teacher produces now a Second Grade Reader. It makes no difference. The teacher, and doubtless her mother, wish her to read, so she reads. If she saw the book and nobody wished her to read, Giana would still read. Even if she herself didn't wish to read, she would read.

The teacher, when Giana has read from the Second Reader, can hardly believe.

"You must have taught her these Readers," the teacher accuses.

"She has never seen any of them before," the mother insists.

Is there some memory here? Has Giana memorized these books? But how can she have done so? She has never attended school, and is not eligible to attend any public school in her state.

The teacher produces a Fourth Grade Reader. No other child in the Center, in all probability, ever will read understandably from this or any other Fourth Grade Reader. But Giana, who belongs in the Child Development Center if she belongs anywhere, reads it more easily than the teacher, hitherto a regular elementary school teacher, has ever heard a fourth grader read it.

It becomes more unbelievable as Giana reads book after book, each one supposedly more advanced than the previous book. No other children are listening in. This is Giana's first day at the Center, and she is simply being checked.

"She's some sort of a prodigy," the teacher says to the mother. "This isn't the place for her."

"But it is," says the mother. "Go on! Please do go on."

"We haven't any more difficult books. She reads everything we have here. No, there's another book; it's very difficult in places. There are names..." The teacher hesitates, studying the mother's face.

"Do you know the Bible?" asks the teacher. "Do you read it often in the home, where Giana can hear?"

The mother flushes a bright pink. "I do not know the Bible," she says. "We have one. We always plan to read from it in the family, as do so many people, but..."

"Has Giana ever read from that?"

"Possibly. I haven't heard her," says the mother, signing resignedly. "But it won't make any difference. If she hasn't read from the Bible, doesn't know anything about it, she still can read it."

The teacher tenders the Bible to Giana, who begins to read. The teacher doesn't say how Giana's reading impresses her, makes her feel. She simply listens. She has opened the Bible at random. Giana stands against the table to read it. She doesn't look questions at either the teacher or her mother. She seems to know that she reads well.

Giana doesn't even hesitate over names that only ministers pronounce with assurance; names like Jenosnapnat, Jereboom, Ezekiel, Zamzum-

mins, Elisna, Methuselan--even a name like Chedorlaomer.

The teacher turns to the mother when Giana has been removed from the Bible. And Giana has been removed from the Bible, rather than the Bible from Giana. If they are not separated, Giana will continue reading, as if she can't stop. "I don't quite see," begins the teacher.

"We can't see either," says the mother, a note of real exasperation in her face. "We can't see where she gets it. Is she possessed?"

But the teacher can't accept the idea of any sort of "possession". She is free of superstition. "I can't quite see," the teacher goes on, "now she has been able to learn to read so well before she has even started school."

"She's always read that well," the mother insists.

"Then I can't see why you should mind. One day she'll quit reading signs."

"You don't see, not yet," says the mother, "why her father and I are troubled. Write something on the blackboard, anything, with her name in it."

The teacher, puzzled, wrote: "Have you a coat and hat, Giana?"

Giana read quickly, looking at the teacher, then at her mother.

"I still don't see . . ." began the puzzled teacher.

"She read her own name!" the mother cries, apparently on the verge of hysteria. "She read her own name, but did you see anything different in the way she read it?"

Possibly the teacher felt a chill at this point. She thought back. Giana had read her own name in the sentence on the board exactly as she had read "Chedorlaomer".

"My Giana," the mother cries, voicing the thing she has been holding back in the hope that the teacher would notice, and possibly explain, and show how Giana can be helped, "doesn't even know her own name when she hears it. We touch her, and point, or lead her, because she doesn't know her own name. She has never learned it. That's why she reads it exactly as she reads everything else."

"Leave her," says the teacher. "We don't know. But there are so many things we don't know about our severely retarded. We don't know much, really, about our normal--or even ourselves."

So the mother leaves, and the teacher devotes as much time as she can to unraveling the strings which control Giana.

First, the teacher writes the name, "Giana", on the blackboard. Giana learns that first, by constant repetition, and that it is her name. There is no expressing the mother's delight when Giana goes home the first time and tells her mother that she is Giana.

The teacher is patient. The teacher of the severely retarded, of the child who falls into no known category, must have endless patience.

One day, and it happens to be the day of the visitor, the teacher writes on the board:

"Step to the blackboard, Giana!"

The teacher forms each letter with the utmost care. Fifteen children watch. Those whose names are not Giana step to the board, but are motioned back to their seats by the teacher. Giana hesitates. Can it be that she still does not know her name? Then she steps to the board and reads the sentence correctly. She always reads every sentence correctly.

The teacher quickly erases, and writes: "Giana, get your hat and coat and put them on."

Clearly this is beyond all the other children whom the teacher is teaching to read the simplest words. Giana reads correctly, hesitates, looking at the teacher. The teacher

strains to get Giana to make some additional response to what she has just read. Giana doesn't pucker her brows. She just looks. Is she thinking? Has the teacher reached her in any way?

Giana turns, walks slowly, hesitantly, toward the outer basement room. Then she starts running. She doesn't run fast, or carelessly, or rampantly, like the others in her class. There is something gentle, and delicate, and precise about Giana. But what she does is of the greatest importance. She returns with her hat and coat and, standing before her chair, she dons them! The teacher, knowing what has brought this all about, does her best not to show tears at the corners of her eyes. But is this some sort of coincidence?

"Do you have boots, Giana?" the teacher writes again.

Giana reads, nods.

"Please get them," the teacher writes, after erasing the previous question, "and put them on."

Giana, her face alight, runs, gets her boots, dons them, Giana knows, somehow, more than she is capable of knowing. There is something or *somebody* within the retarded body called Giana seeking to express. Giana is learning. How much she will eventually learn, since she can already, at eight, read everything, depends on how she can be slowed down to travel at her chronological age, if that should prove desirable.

Giana is tremendous encouragement to the teachers in the House on Martha Avenue.

There has been proved to be something, or *somebody*, activating Giana, inspiring her, beyond her child's years. The string that led to that *somebody* was a name, Giana. The teacher found the string because it was in its normal place, the starting place, the name of the pupil. She worked from there, in effect backtracking on a child's knowledge to educate her up to it. Giana may never know Chedorlaomer, but she will always know how to pronounce it.

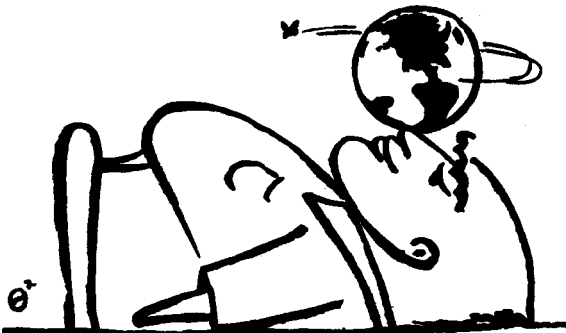
Giana still reads everything, but she reads more slowly now, because she has learned that what she reads has some sort of meaning, and she hates to read past a word she doesn't understand.

Doesn't Giana indicate that there may be something within each of the other children who go to school in the House on Martha Avenue which may be inspired to manifest, if the right string is found, and intelligently pulled?

The teachers there never cease to search. Their certainty that they will find something should be tremendously encouraging to the parents of every severely retarded child in the world.

Filo

By Milton Bolnap



A Look Into the Aberree's Destiny

MY IMPRESSIONS as I held the copy you sent me seemed to make me feel that in time (and not too far off, either) you'd change either the print in Aberree or make it half the size with more pages. Had this come to your minds as yet? I felt plainly--in fact, so plainly that a sheet of silver was across the page and blue letters of "ABERREE"--I can safely predict that in time, your magazine will look exactly as I describe!

I do think you will be more successful than you imagine...Also, I feel that you two may be working in the future on a plan that entails lessons of some sort. Much can be taught this way, yet I do think here you should be sure to keep the fees within reach of everyone.

You also will hear of a very well known school or teaching of some kind being closed down. People will be aghast at things the owner has done with money entrusted to him for developments, and I feel in general, many of this person's followers may become bitter and cynical. This person drinks a great deal unbeknown to his followers, and it will be such a shock that many may turn from all teachings. I do wish I could warn the leader here to slow up--not keep on as he is or all will be lost. I could give the name here but I feel it better not to--right now it would be unethical for me to do so.

I feel with the lessons or writings you both seem to do, there will also be a general way of living that will be very well taken by many who hear of this plan and idea. Yet it so resembles the real truth all metaphysicians know--the simplicity, I mean--that even you or your husband will be amazed at its effectiveness. I suggest you both be on the alert as this will come in a "flash" to either one of you. You'll say to yourself, "This is so simple, why hasn't someone thought of it before?" Yet no one has.

You may have to keep away from a man whom I feel would be detrimental to Aberree. This has either already happened or will soon. You both seem to feel distrust at any approach he makes to either of you.

You may receive some complaints as to printing. I felt this the very first impression I had --and I see a change of printing, larger type, and somehow this will come as a realization of a vision or idea you've both wanted to put across. A controversy comes to Aberree. I feel if you two KNOW you're right about something, you will not change to satisfy a few who may try to be rather hard to handle. In this be firm.

I feel almost as if you may say to many, "It takes more than one book to make a library, and ideas vary"--yet when you discover this idea I mention that will be so simple, you'll almost be afraid to present it to your readers. Don't hesitate. It works. It is good, and above all, you seem to have found the "answer" many have been looking for. I feel you both are rather against anyone being too sure of their theory, knowing full well that much is yet to be known.

There will be many changes for you, the magazine, and general living that will surprise you both very much. I am looking forward to seeing the silver and blue cover I know you will one day have. More advertisements will appear in your magazine, and they seem to

EDITOR'S NOTE--Today, with our thoughts and actions, we are building our future--just as we have been doing since the beginning. What we now are is the product of our own destiny--mapping--not an arbitrary wish on us by some unknown power or beingness. Therefore, a "look into the future" is no more than a glance at our own blue-prints--impossible for most of us, but there are persons known as "sensitives" to whom some facets of this future pattern are quite clearly expressed.

Dorothy Spence Lauer is such a sensitive, and during the 25 years in which she has been using Psychometry (the use of articles owned or handled by the subject with which to make divination), she has scored an unusually high percentage of accuracy, and has become widely known for the quality of these forecasts.

There is no doubt in the minds of the Editor and Publisher as to the aims and intentions of The ABERREE, but there are times when we, human like, wonder where those aims and intentions are leading. Are we helping mankind in his search for truth, as we hope we are doing and as some say we are doing, or are we really a negative influence and "radiation-crazy" as others claim? Are we, by pointing out Man's infiniteness, doing him an injustice or merely harming those who would sell him, at a high price, what he already has?

In connection with these questions, Alice Hart, the publisher, sent a copy of The ABERREE to Mrs. Lauer for an analysis. Except for some matters of personal concern, the analysis is printed herewith. We are highly pleased with what MRS. LAUER said--and thought you, our readers, also might be interested.

Readers of The ABERREE wishing an analysis for themselves may send a request, along with some small article and a donation of \$3.00, to Dorothy Spence Lauer, 5149 Meridian Street, Los Angeles 42, Calif. You may use the order form on this page, or make your request in an ordinary letter. Be sure to give your name and address, as well as send some small item, such as a hairpin, a letter, a comb, or the like.

bring good results... Also, the letter "X" stands very clearly before me, but I must be honest and say I do not know what it means, but you two will know very soon if you don't now. This could mean a crossroads you will have to make a decision about, and I feel you will make the RIGHT one in regards to this.

You may find something very important in regards to a foreign place. Also, a road that has been closed to you --and you know this very, very well --will suddenly be opened and you will look back and realize that had this road been open before, you'd have made many errors that you now have experienced, and since you seem so anxious not to make real errors, you will look upon this obstacle as a true blessing in disguise.

A letter you soon receive should NOT be answered, although you will be interested in its contents. I feel deception here, and you should let your knowledge and intuition take over. A bearded person makes a comment you won't like, but I feel he is right. Please listen.

You both possess much more spirituality than you realize.

REQUEST FOR PSYCHOMETRIC ANALYSIS

Dorothy Spence Lauer
5149 Meridian Street
Los Angeles 42, Calif.

I enclose a donation of \$3.00, and (name of article enclosed)..... Please psychometrize the article and send my analysis to my address below.

Name.....
Street and number.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

Mind Neutralizes Life-Giving Rays

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Mathison on energy flows, taken from his new Manual of Electropsychometry, "Super Visualization". In this book, a total of seven energy flow techniques are given, but only two of them are reprinted here.—The EDITOR.

IN THE BOOK, "The Power and Glory of Sex", there is an abridged disclosure that all life on this planet apparently originates and is sustained today by an inflow of titanically powerful cosmic ray radiations from unknown reaches of the Universe. Like all energy radiations, cosmic rays are practically unseeable, so far; we perceive their effects.

That the inflow of cosmic ray energy is the power source for the achievement of living cells, and therefore is essential to the existence of all "life", is only now coming into the area of human conscious awareness.

Whether the intensity of the inflow of cosmic energy is uniform or varies from time to time has not been ascertained. But two things about it are certain. It continuously streams in upon and through one's physical body. Further, its intensity at any moment is greatest out under the open sky.

Wilhelm Reich appears to me to be somewhat in error when he states that cosmic ray energy can be stopped by the physical materials of the buildings in which we live and work. Cosmic radiation is not stoppable by any thickness of any material, except possibly by the strange and massive remains of decayed uranium --which is metallic lead. But experiments have disclosed that while x-rays can be about 100 percent stopped by less than one-half inch of lead, cosmic rays can pierce nine-foot thicknesses of that metal, and still produce perceivable effects inside that barrier.

Hence the intensity of cosmic radiation impinging upon one's physical body probably cannot be brought to zero by the interposition of any physical substance between one's body and the open sky, but it nonetheless can be more or less seriously reduced thereby. Therefore, the more time one is outdoors, the more of this energy one receives.

A more serious resistance to the effective action of cosmic ray energy within the body is apparently caused when one sets up negative counter-energy flow patterns through the mental phenomenon of accepting and activating the disease-creating concept that the human physical body is a base and carnal object. And also as a consequence of counter-flow-systems generated by fears, anxieties, pains, and the like. Such counter-flows or negative energy set up, or at any rate create the "as if" end-effect of setting up, a barrier that deflects or reduces the effective intensity of inflowing cosmic energy. This may at first seem a bit fantastic, but that's the kind of stuff that these energy flows are made of!

What this means is simply this: One must first reduce the intensity of one's psychical negative radiations or "vibrations" by applying the negative energy outflow technique previously set forth. Then one should be consciously aware that powerful radiations of incoming, constructive, life-creating cosmic energy is flowing into one's physical body from unknown reaches of the Universe.

Be consciously aware that this cosmic energy is always flowing into your physical body, to a degree, except when you generate counter-

energy flow patterns that neutralize it. If you neutralize it completely, or nearly so, for any length of time, YOU DIE! If you can, on the other hand, become aware with a total certainty on the conscious level that you are flowing this energy in, completely unimpeded, you can achieve a so-called "miracle" healing.

From the standpoint of the instructor, the application of this inflow technique is simple. The instructee simply has to be made aware consciously that cosmic ray energy does flow in if it is not stopped or diverted by a negative counter-flow. This cosmic ray energy is always arriving upon this earth. It is not cached away somewhere waiting to be called upon or supplicated for by some arrogant peddler of religion, to be dispensed at a price. It is actually flowing in upon you every second of the day and night.

The amount you receive into your physical body does depend to a certain degree upon the amount and the kind of material interposed between you and the open sky. So that when you are outdoors, or, that is, when there is no physical substance between you and the open sky, you will be in the field of the greatest available flow intensity.

Hence a devotee in a nudist camp perhaps receives the highest degree of cosmic ray radiation. This is not a plug for nudism. A handkerchief or at least a G-string probably won't stop any appreciable amount of incoming energy. Dead organic material seems to block or to absorb cosmic ray energy to a greater degree than any other substance. Therefore clothing, which is made of non-living organic stuff, does impede the inflow. Nylon passes it relatively more easily.

All this should not be construed to imply that one would be better off under the open sky in midwinter at 30 below zero, rather than in a warm room under a massive roof. The human body exists successfully in an extremely narrow temperature slot; it cannot be at an optimum much below 75 degrees Fahrenheit or over 100. Further, cosmic ray energy flows, to a degree, through ANY interposed materials. The main point is that IF the outdoor temperature condition is favorable, then the outdoor application of this technique is preferable to working it indoors.

This concept of the inflow of cosmic ray energy is forthright. One consciously images the inflow in a symbolical form and perceives it, FEELS it. This type of energy flow may be symbolized as a great ray of extremely fine, transparent particles, or of slightly tinted flowing particles—usually of a light blue quality.

If an instructor and an instructee can work in an open patio, in a studio with open skylights, or even in a room with wide open windows, temperature and weather conditions permitting, this will be helpful. At any rate, the desirability of exposing the skin of the body to the open sky can be disclosed by the instructor, and the instructee can practice it later under favorable conditions.

What this amounts to, in the final analysis, is this:

1. Get outdoors once in awhile—in shorts and bra.
 2. While outdoors, be consciously
- (Please Turn to Page 15)



Dear Editor:

"Dear Mr. Anthony:

"I have a problem: Why do I read every word in *The ABERREE*? I irregularly scan True, Esquire (always A. Huxley), Time (book reviews, Press, & Religion), The Progressive, The Nation, The Christian Science Monitor, Mad (did), The Life Insurance Salesman, and a few other less well known periodicals. I profit from and enjoy them in a modest (normal?) sort of way—often amused, sometimes irked, always incredulous. But this damned *The ABERREE* and I become inextricably conglutinated for approximately one hour and 29 to 30 minutes once each month. This would not seem so strange except that I am totally un-initiate.

"Now, is that not good, Mr. Anthony? or is it good? or do you know? If you know (and if good), would you recommend that I (at my age) (44) attempt to become initiated (indoctrinated)? If you know, and if good (and if you do so recommend) to whom (singular or plural) should (or shall?) I go (or turn, or write, or phone) for initiation into the true "way"?

"Ken Hart (England) says (in effect) that Phil Friedman's beliefs have distorted Phil Friedman's thinking. So, though I get a boot out of Friedman's gibberish, I can't afford to "believe" any of it. I was beginning to "believe in" Jim Welgos and Human Engineering until I saw (in a paid ad) where his students say they (have) tripled their bank accounts, (have) stopped it from raining (must have been in Oklahoma!), (have) gotten 500 jars and fruit to preserve (I don't need any of these!)

"What about Jim Bartley, Mr. Anthony, and Millen Belknap? Are they defectors from some of the numerous true ways, or are they still loyal to some true way? Or are they just flimflam? It wasn't bad fun, not bad at all—to an uninitiate, at least.

"Just when I am beginning to think (or believe) that Hardin (and/or Joanna) Walsh are about to 'send' me I hit a snag and see that they are 'leaving' me—way behind—bless 'em!

"I hope you can help me, Mr. Anthony, because my favorite phantom (before *The ABERREE*) left me for a younger and more optimistic (less skeptical?) chaser.

"Now, Mr. Anthony, I just want you to tell me why I read *The ABERREE*. I do not want you to advise me

to quit reading it. The Ed. is friendly, obviously unopportunistic, and sometimes well-nigh witty. The Pub. (once sub-degreed h'k'p'r) has an unaffected smile, does good milligraph work, dutifully prods the Ed and (by my standards) is right down pretty."—Sherman Buckner, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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"Thanks for your comments on 'The Language Problem in World Affairs'. This shows that you are one of the very few people who take Communication seriously (ED.NOTE—What! *The ABERREE* take anything seriously?), instead of regarding ARC as something to be paid lip-service at D/Scn. lectures.

"Of course, I'll admit willingly that the General Semantics groups, to one of which I belong, also talk about the desirability of effective communication, while communicating darn little. They will actually spend four hours or so defining their terms, then forget just what it was they were going to talk about!

"While on the subject of communication, a friend of mine, very much against my advice, bought a new Vartypewriter. Result: he no longer writes letters to me; he uses the phone, even though it's a toll call.

"By the way—when does the next saucer leave for Zydzokanzruskehen?"—Ivor Darreg, Los Angeles, Calif.

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"Thanks for the beautiful typo job on *The ABERREE*. It is indeed getting resplendent.

"One small mistake of leaving out a few words—bottom of Page 4, bottom of left hand column—'When run as a viewpoint (spirit or thetan) the explosion is good for solving problems....'

"The article looks very nice and I can even forgive you for reducing *The Totality Concept* to a seeming nonentity, because the means is probably in the article anyway. The title is not too important.

"Chuck Wylie's ads are the essence of refreshment. I hope that eventually my old space opera buddy will discover in this lifetime that the past is not all psychodrama which he blames onto LRH. And also Chuck is mighty careless whom he invites to California.

"Mathison's wonderfully well-written article insisting that all things are energy goes so well with *The Totality Concept* which says that there is something that creates the energy. If your readers can just put the two of them together they will have a wonderful time.

"We have had several glowing reports from people we have sent copies of *The Totality Concept* to. They claim it has keyed in awareness of Totality. We hope many will have the same results.

"Creative Imagination seems to be the best communication line to the public. This will be the one we will use from now on except for a few special occasions involving Bridey Murphy. We speak every week or so to some group or organization. They rock and roll under the impact of the Scientology story, but they get the idea of creative imagery and a few semi-enlightened spirits cause bodies to stagger to our hacienda as a result.

"We have just completed the first 16-week basic course completely oriented in relation to *The Totality Concept*. Thus we have 16 one-hour lectures on the basics of Scientology on hi-fi tapes.... This relating

of all processes to the 8th Dynamic must be done with all the aspects of Scientology.

"The second 16-week unit, or our Fall term, will start in two weeks. There seems to be a new interest in Scientology in our area since *The Totality Concept*."—Hardin and Joanna Walsh, Los Angeles, Calif.

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"Heap big message. I enjoyed that article you referred to (by Jim Bartley) and others very much. Millen Belknap has been doing some telepathic eavesdropping on my data, the old dear.

"One shot clear is not so bright When arrow fly and let in light. (No clear I -- still alive.)"—Alma Hill, Boston, Mass.

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"You know, I don't agree at all with your editorial premises that we are governed by unleashed maniacs bent on destroying all us Poor Common Folks, whilst furthering some nefarious end of their own. Nor do I agree with Dr. Hanoka's sentiments in the least.

"We've got the kind of government in this country that we have all, collectively, produced throughout the years of our lives and associations with each other. In their own way, like all the rest of us, they are following their natural bent, along the lines of their own beliefs and prejudices.

"We don't lose freedom as the good Dr. implies by the underhanded actions of others. We either have it or don't, by dint of our own actions—and this premise is based on your own philosophy of each man mocking up the kind of existence he feels he deserves.

"Nor do I con the 'atomic scientists' for a bunch of berserkers running wildly through the family of nations like a savage Berber through a tribal village. Those I've seen, met, or talked to are just plain human beings doing a job they are cut out for and deem worthy of doing.

"If better leaders are needed, who is to pick them? Not the average person, I hope, who thinks he knows just what's wrong with everything, for most of us would go under the block without delay under such a system. So, we come back to the time honored political conventions, elections, etc., and I'm not about to trade governments with any other nation that I know of.

"We're not so bad off—of course some of us are not hitting on all six, and I personally wish I could get at least one more cylinder working for myself, but trying to blame my own lack of horsepower and position on poor leadership is something I just can't kid myself into. I got here under my own power and so did you and Dr. Hanoka.

"We are just as responsible for the condition of the nation, business, the radioactivity in the air, racial prejudice, etc., ad infinitum, as Mr. President, now or past, or any of his cabinet members or related subordinates.

"This is particularly true if you rule out the possibility of an erogram bank, a reactive mind, a subconscious, etc., and substitute the Infinity concept as you have chosen to do.

"So, why these critical editorials—why these scorings and scoffings? Why use the time and the space and the energy on 'The Problem Here' instead of treating of solutions.

"Recently I came across a nugget

of about 18 carats in, of all places, the Reader's Digest. Digesting the digest, it summarized to 'Don't fight the problem'.

"Meaning, work on solutions.

"I see this all the time at safety meetings—somebody gets up and starts vewing with alarm, fighting it out tooth and nail with the problem end of some operations phase. But damn few of them ever get up and say, 'Here's the solution to that problem we used to have'. That's always somebody else's responsibility.

"You started out a 'non serious' voice in a wilderness of complaints, confusions, and deadly seriousness. Now it seems we have nothing but tones of seriousness for a once light, deft touch.

"Last year when atomic tests were going on you ran endless editorials condemning those tests for the weather. This year with the weather lots worse, in fact the worst floods and tornados and thunderstorms of my experience—not a comment on the weather. I hope you haven't gotten so hipped on 'The Problem' that you see only what you want to see.

"I also hope that you can and will forgive an admiring friend for this outright criticism. Now, you printed the others—how about this caveat also. Unedited, un-blue pencilled, of course.

"Bartley is your best item in a year. Non-serious, y' see?"—Bob Arantz, Denver, Colo.

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"Perhaps a report is in order on the recently completed eight-week intensive auditor's training course we conducted... Seven students enrolled... All students received a considerable number of hours of auditing by either Laeta or me, in addition to the supervised student auditing received. Some of them felt that the auditing received alone was worth the cost of the course. Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventories and I.Q. tests given before and after the course showed remarkable improvements.

"The work schedule was intensive—from 9 a.m. until 11 p.m., six days a week, except for Saturday afternoon recess so the students could go shopping, call on old 'shimmates', or take care of other necessities. In spite of this, the time was too short to cover the work adequately. So the new training course, starting November 12, will run for 10 weeks.

"This course, too, is accredited for the CADA certificate prerequisites and will conclude just before the '400-hour deadline'. As you know, the California Association of Dianetic Auditors has set up a Certification Board and is prepared to grant auditors' certificates. The prerequisite work for such certificate examination, until Feb. 10, 1957, is 400 hours of work, the work to be divided into auditing given, auditing received, and classroom instruction. At least 100 hours is required to have been completed in each of these three categories, with the fourth 100 hours divided among the three categories as the applicant chooses. Since it is necessary that each of the category requirements be fulfilled, I would suggest that anyone in doubt about his qualifications write to me, giving as much data as possible, and I'll try to clarify as to the CADA limitations.

"From Feb. 10, 1957, until Feb. 10, 1958, the prerequisite for the examination by the CADA for an audi-

tor's certificate will be 800 hours, and after that time, 1200 hours. So you see why several are interested in taking the examination before this '400-hour deadline'."—Wayne L. Dunbar, Los Angeles, Calif.

:::::

"Your letter did not really require an answer so I filed it away. It didn't file away mentally at all though. The part of your letter starting, 'I'm afraid we'd find life rather dull if ALL of our aberrations suddenly were to take off into the wild blue yonder', kept coming back and the remorseless dredging and sifting of facts, pro and con, started up which is common to all us slightly debarrated characters. The sum total answer I came up with—No-body, but nobody, wants to eliminate their aberrations. I had a bunch of nice little mock-ups that implied everyone was working like mad on the problem of eliminating their aberrations. And I believed these mock-ups...

"Ron's (L.R. Hubbard) first book (Dianetics) covered a lot of allies but completely ignored the ally far stronger than all the rest. This ally is the person's own character. The only way a person can turn his back on this tremendously appealing character is to realize that the alternative is death, and further, that what he thought was his own infinitely wonderful handiwork is merely the sum total of all his aberrations.

"Now, personally, I am neither for nor against aberrations and believe that people should have all they desire of them. However, I find myself interested in a field wherein the goal is said to be the removal of aberrations and yet all the data I have gathered from this field seems to point out that nobody wants to remove all their aberrations. When you pull a future on a set-up like this all you get is stagnation, dispersal, and obliteration.

"I would be personally interested in a poll which you could take of your readers by enclosing a double-folded postcard, addressed on one side with the Aberree's address and having the following on the other side:

"Dear Friend:

"This card is not marked and cannot identify you in any way. We would greatly appreciate your answer to this poll which is being taken of all Aberree readers this month.

"Question: If means were found would you agree to the complete removal of all of your aberrations? Check one—Yes, No. If "No" is checked, please describe briefly the aberration you would like to keep."

"Just what the results of this would be, I cannot say. I do think the results would be interesting and I can almost positively guarantee you some long drawn-out letters of evasion. If you don't send this card out to your million (more or less) readers I still won't cancel my subscription."—Robby LaMarche, Wakefield, R. I.

:::::

"That last issue was a dilly, and not just because it contained a communication from me. Jim Bartley's article was one of the best you have printed.

"Your editorial on words was to the point. I'll increase my certainty if you give up yours and accept mine, eh? It would be a great improvement if all beliefs were played out like charades—no figures

or words allowed—only actions accepted, eh?

"Came across a lovely allegory the other day which I pass on for your enjoyment: A man prayed that his soul might become visible so his eyes could behold it. The prayer was granted, and a poor shrunken being appeared and followed him everywhere he went. He was so ashamed of it that he hoped people would not believe it was his. One day he helped a child in distress, and lo and behold, his soul grew a bit. Later he was kind to a widow, and again his soul expanded. He was startled, and then resolved to go all-out doing kindnesses. Shortly his soul was a beautiful glowing spirit, and then he proclaimed to everyone that this was HIS...

"Our Hidden Children by Burks is a beautiful expression of a sensitivity little expressed in the field he is in. A granting of beingness far beyond our average ken...

"Proud to have the Waishes in Scientology with their knowingsness, and look forward to the next article as I usually do to the next issue of the ABERREE."—Alberta B. Elliott, Greenville, S. Car.

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"The basic idea of Synergetics is quite simple. It may be stated as follows:

"Synergetics consists of all ideas, tools, etc., which promote synergy and/or reduce dysergy."

"Now, this is all very well, the friendly reader may think, but it uses two new terms. What is meant by 'synergy' and what is meant by 'dysergy'?"

"Let's define these terms by giving examples. One example, familiar to many, is the idea of 'optimum survival'—that is, the idea of acting so as to promote the survival of all parties in a situation while impeding the survival of no one.

"To act for optimum survival is to act with synergy.

"But synergy is actually a more general, and a more basic, idea than the idea of optimum survival. In general, synergy is a problem of some interactions. An interaction is synergic if it promotes two functions while impeding none.

"Everyone has heard of the nail for lack of which the kingdom was lost. Had the nail been there, the horse could have been shod, the battle won, and the kingdom saved. That nail had the property of synergy.

"In like manner, we can define dysergy. Dysergy, too, is a property of some interactions. An interaction is dysergic if it promotes one function but impedes another.

"Thus a man may whip his children every time they disobey him in order to maintain order. Order may be maintained but his children come to fear and hate him. Excessive spank-

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ing produces dysergy. Some people may also regard it as cruel. It may very well be, but that is outside the scope of Synergetics.

"The reason why synergy and dysergy are so important is this: Any system which has high synergy is highly effective. On the other hand, a system with a lot of dysergy can get bogged down in a hurry. And no matter how hard you try to get it running smoothly, if you don't get rid of that dysergy, it will soon bog you down.

"Some people are that way. They are basically good and have a lot of potential but somehow they have picked up dysergy and UMFP! THUD! Damgonit, stalled again!

"The ideas and tools of Synergetics have been rapidly evolving since its inception and we are learning more and more about how to promote synergy and reduce dysergy. These are described in detail in Synergetic publications; here we simply want to present the basic idea of Synergetics to friendly readers.

"There are several things that may be said about this basic idea.

"First of all, it gives a very simple basis for organizing your knowledge about human beings. If you accept the aim of promoting synergy and reducing dysergy as desirable, then you can look over all that you have learned about people and ask yourself about each item: Does this promote synergy? Does it reduce dysergy?

"If it does, it's part of Synergetics.

"If it doesn't, it's not part of Synergetics.

"You can, for example, take any field of knowledge, such as General Semantics, and look at all its techniques one by one, and ask yourself: Does it promote synergy? Does it reduce dysergy?

"If it does, it's Synergetic. It's also part of General Semantics, of course; you're not taking something that doesn't belong to you. Give due credit to where you got it from.

"If you are confused by all the many 'schools' dealing with human nature, and if you think the idea of promoting synergy and reducing dysergy is a good one, you can, if you wish, use this basic idea of Synergetics to end the bedlam.

"In the second place, you can use this idea without agreeing with Art Coulter or joining Project Nucleus or having anything to do with 'us Synergeticists'. We'd like to have you with us, of course, but we can readily understand how you might object to some of the things we have done or are doing.

"Even if you join the Synergetic

community, you can do so without having to be disturbed every time Art Coulter pulls a blooper. Because you will have that basic idea: Does it promote synergy or reduce dysergy? as a guide. And if Art Coulter generates dysergy, scratch him. (Temporarily, please, and watch those nails!— and preferably ☺ where it itches.)

"In the third place, this basic idea is loaded. It has the capacity for endlessly generating new ideas and tools. Your ideas and tools."— Art Coulter, Columbus, Ohio

:: :: ::

"What IS 'blowing off steam', 'getting it off your chest', 'reliving the injurious event', and the like? That is, what psychophysical actions do these words stand for? They stand for the generating of mental image pictures on the conscious level, and if the talk is carried on long enough the talker gradually realizes that he or she is talking about the PAST, not about NOW; this realization seems to involve nucleonic discharges in the brain structure.

"So these things ALL work, but 'reliving' an event over and over is too slow. We get the event (ONCE, carefully monitoring on the electropsychometer. Then we get an agreement with the instructee that he will set up a series of from eight to 12 KEY WORDS, wherein each word stands for or symbolizes a certain dynamic section of the event. When this has been constructed, we have the instructee speak ALOUD the series of key words, the agreement being that he is to image swiftly on the conscious level the entire event from start to finish as he speaks these words. The procedure is carried on the Electropsychometer on manual setting to watch the tone rise. By this means an event can be 'relived' as many times as is useful with an expenditure of about 1/3 minute for each 'reliving'. This is the 'Collapsed Time' technique of Super Visualization.

"Blowing off steam' and 'getting it off the chest' is perfectly good procedure as long as piloted on the meter; if it is not, many instructees will spend all the time in damp-ool analytical or intellectual discussion. I am more sure every day that one MUST get the major traumatic events or damaging patterns of childhood but the duplicative reliving can be handled as outlined above.

"Right now I am working on something NEW, something that will achieve the greatest short-cut in therapy since the invention of the Electropsychometer. No mumbo-jumbo or hunting dirty spots on the wall or

the like; highly electropsychometrized and additionally instrumentalized. More later.

"Joanna Walsh speaks of your 'libidoectomy'. Unless you got double-crossed by that angry VA surgeon ... your 2nd dynamic or libido factor should improve. In fact I'm intrigued about your getting this fixed up so promptly after edit-reading the pages of 'The Power and Glory of Sex'."— Volney Mathison, Los Angeles, Calif.

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"I'll be very grateful for the loan of the Professional Course booklets. I want to catch up on all I can of the background of what went on before my time in Dianetics and Scientology.

"Frankly, it is the most interesting subject to us since I got into Chiropractic in the late '30's. It carries the innate philosophy of Chiropractic to much greater lengths and application.

"Two summers ago a patient in our office who is a world traveler told us of an experience of his in the Orient. He became desperately ill in an outlying province where there were no American or European doctors, and he was assisted to the establishment of a Chinese doctor in a village close by.

"This patient recounted how he was placed on a reed couch of some sort and the doctor, who was dressed in colorful oriental robes and smoking a two-foot long cigaret, questioned him about his difficulty in an atmosphere that was unusually quiet and comforting.

"The questioning led from his distress to his personal life and then to a discussion of life in general and the world and creation in general. Then after an unknown period of time he began to realize that he felt quite well and not only that but he felt real good and even though he didn't understand what brought about the change his sense of well-being was greater than it had ever been before. The whole session cost him something like 79¢. His conviction has been ever since that peoples' difficulties could be talked away if the correct procedure was employed, and if it was done in an artful manner, as the Chinese doctor used.

"If you check back into one of the recent PABs, Ron says that a session really should proceed as an ordinary conversation would start between two people and the pre-clear keep rising in tone throughout until he was quite well and in good shape. I'm satisfied that in the religious church organizations where confession is employed, that the priests of earlier years were well trained and skilled in recall and regression techniques and that by properly-placed questions, the confessor was led out of his feelings of distress to those of well-being, without being aware of the process employed and giving the credit to an 'agent of God', which the confessor or priest represents himself to be.

"Evidently, Ron has rediscovered, to some extent, through his knowledge of the basic structure of all matter and energy as that of an electronic nature and also his familiarity with oriental philosophies, some of the technologies employed in previous civilizations by so-called holy-men to 'save' the 'lost'.

"The history of martyrs demonstrates this too well. People can be changed quite rapidly by use of the spoken word. Knowledge and under-

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Now, how would you like to experience a form of processing that WORKS, WORKS with such a tangible reality that when you have experienced it, either you want more or you don't pay us for what you have had. If you prefer, before and after Rorschach can be the determinant. Preference given to those who have out-manuevered at least one psychoanalyst.

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standing can be imparted and awakened within individuals and as their minds change they change.

"I was particularly anxious for you to get into Meher Baba's accounting of the 'Sanskaras', or the impressions gathered from mass experience, lifetime to lifetime or incarnation to incarnation, and the extremes or opposites to which the individual gathers experience as though a processing session were occurring lifetime to lifetime.

"Evidently, a person can be carried to extremes in his imagination and the impressions created or dispersed and the person brought to balance more or less between the extremes in a matter of hours instead of taking a whole lifetime or many lifetimes to do it. And even if the reincarnation theory is only fantasy...the theory can be used quite effectively to clear many people of distressing illness.

"By Ron introducing Dianetics as a science of mental health and invading that field; then getting into the field of religion and invading that field; and into psychology and invading that field (and now politics!), he is dispersing the material rapidly throughout all levels of society. And by jumping from one locale to another, he doesn't remain a target vulnerable to those who would retain the status quo.

"Don't know why your friend should be angry with Ron's political viewpoints. As an untrained analyst, I'd say it was a worthwhile congress. Dianetics was emphasized along with the communication formula and the students are trained to run engrams as com-lags, letting them run—neither validating them or invalidating them but sticking to the communication formula and persisting in placing the agreed upon question or process. Exteriorization or any other phenomena is handled the same way. Communication bridges are always carefully employed in changing from one topic to the other.

"Ron's political viewpoints are no different than many independents throughout the nation. Particularly in the southeastern area where we are. A coalition party of all small, insignificant independent groups could exert a significant influence on the national legislative scene, according to Ron."—J. Harold Thibodeau, Myrtle Beach, S. Car.

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"Read your last editorial and was happy to notice its decided rise in tone. Contrary to general opinion, those who are aware of error and are not afraid to remark about it are rising on the tone scale, not dropping. To keep people in the dark, a program has been instated to the effect that 'no one likes a complainer', even if his complaints are justified. And this allows falsity to stay in power. The army has some neat propaganda along this line. They merely say that all good soldiers sing the blues. (ED. NOTE—We used different terminology for this in the Navy!), with the idea of cancelling out that which the 'good soldiers' are complaining about. Mental therapy also came up with a dilly. It was thought that a sane person would be happy, even when living with insane company. And everyone went around saying how happy they were.

"There is obviously a lack of communication concerning flying saucers. This condition is also present concerning a number of other sub-

jects. However, this starts with the small man and leads all the way up to the so-called top. In today's world we have a psychological iron curtain which has manifested itself in all nations. Individual persons have a taboo on certain subjects. And likewise, the nation. But, paradoxically, the more something is hidden, the more it is brought to light. Works in the manner of negative salesmanship. And, therefore, in the long run, secrets do come out.

"The world today is divided, but not nation against nation as is thought. It's the big-shots divided against the little-shots in all nations and races. Giantism is taking over, and laps up the cream while the small fry argue with each other. Even in the colored situation, this condition exists. What successful colored person mingles with the unsuccessful of his own race? If not mingling with other successful colored people, he mingles with successful white people, and takes advantage of the poor in his own race. The real segregation is within the race.

"Our pressure groups in government are merely greedy groups who want more control, more giantism. And congenial only to themselves. The two parties have merged into one and neither is at liberty to tell the truth to the people, because they would then be telling on each other, which would include themselves, and the ones who put them in power. And since long range policies escape the notice of those who are preoccupied with more immediate issues, the original Constitution is the only remedy for this mess.

"It is interesting to note that few people understand to any degree the subject of finance—that the Federal bank is not owned by the government, but is a private organization, and can, therefore, control the nation via this finance. That they do business with ink. These usurpers have been 'cutting the pot' so long that everyone is claiming the same pot. But everything will be fine as long as the ink holds out.

"But this all gets back to the mental, of course. And the mystery of the paradox. It was the paradox in mathematics which confused Einstein. The seeming contradiction, when actually, there is no contradiction. A square on a higher level becomes a circle. The added dimension makes it so. And the paradox concerning society is the same in principle. Society performs subconsciously, and then suffers in the conscious. The doctor wants to help his patients but would be out of work if he succeeded. And the policeman would lose his job if there were no criminals. So, the national leaders want to do one thing, but do another.

"This world has been, and is, run subconsciously. When people are not 'in cahoots', they are subconsciously in cahoots. Analytically they may not approve of each other but subconsciously they give each other assistance. The result is manifested by the success of some and the failure of others (not counting the extremely insane who are turned directly against themselves).

"Conscious desires are unselfish, and the opposite of the subconscious. Unfortunately, the subconscious mind is the stronger in most cases. It has ruled things so far.

"The power in the mind seems to come from the subconscious. The

guide for this power is the conscious when working properly. However, the subconscious has usurped the reins and, in most cases, is using the power to go backwards.

"It appears that all subjects can be conscious or subconscious. There is a conscious religion, but our present-day creeds are of the subconscious, and most people fail to realize this fact. They classify all religious thought as the same. Christ, himself, was conscious.

"By realizing there is an order to everything, many mysteries can be understood. If a city had many homes and one house has a family living in it, one could expect to find families in other houses. Yet mankind wonders if there might be life on other planets. When order has been recognized, deductive thinking is possible.

"Human beings, for the most part, are inductive thinkers at best. Memory intelligence (hypnotic thinking) is common. Sir Conan Doyle showed this in a clever fashion with his Sherlock Holmes series. Sherlock, with his deduction, was far ahead, mentally, than was Watson with his inductive reasoning.

"By understanding the difference between love and hate, we can deduce many things. And to know the order in which they fit other conditions can solve many points. Love gives, and hate takes. To commercialize is to take, or to hate. Love is of truth, and hate is of falsity. This order easily shows the effort behind many efforts of mankind. High taxa-

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The ABERREE

NOVEMBER, 1956

Mind and Rays

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

aware of this inflow of energy. The conscious awareness of the inflow does not increase the cosmic energy flow; it just decreases resistive counter-energy flow.

In processing, an efficient procedure is to employ a combination of the two techniques above. If you're using an Electropsychometer, have the instructee flow out negative energy for several minutes, or until the meter no longer indicates a rising tone. Then proceed with the concept of inflowing cosmic energy until the meter needle again stops. Alternate the two techniques as long as tone continues to rise.

One final comment: The main effect of successful prayer perhaps is that praying comprises the concept of receiving "power" from a Divine source. Actually, this power is an ever-streaming, always-arriving radiation; it comes in with or without praying—but the prayer deactivates the mental-image thought patterns responsible for the heavy counter-radiations or "vibrations" that obstruct or deflect cosmic ray energy.

tion is a form of taking. Luxurious temples of worship is a result of taking. Etc.

"As to why man is here, what he is after, and where he is going, I would say that deduction alone could answer. Happiness is, no doubt, heaven (here and hereafter). Misery and suffering are the opposite, or hell. Truth brings happiness, falsity the reverse. And human beings are here to decide which they want—to get out of 'doubt' (which is the maybe state of mind). It is a law that no one can be happy as long as they are in doubt. So far, we have had a combination of truth and falsity here on earth. Coexistence in that sense. But, at this time, falsity is practically everything. But which, paradoxically, will bring on the light. Man is now having his chance to get out of doubt. He can soon decide which is the best, truth or falsity.

"Human beings are not units to themselves, they are parts to a whole. As with a song, each note plays a part in the tune. By themselves, each note is merely a 'beep', together they create a melody. If these notes play their proper role, the air is a sweet one. But when falsely located, these notes form a melody of discord.

"Of course, to know something is one thing. To change it is another. However, it does seem that people get what they want. Since the small man is the foundation of the pyramid of humanity (which is reversed at this time), it is he who will dictate in the end. When the small people stop worshipping falsity, they will get the truth. Then they will know the glory of order, the power of harmony.

"Until this happens, we will continue to go on in the manner of the joke, where the party remarks: 'My mind is made up. Don't confuse me with facts'. So I, personally, expect something to happen one day which is beyond the scope of any one individual, or number of individuals, which will make conditions much different than they are at present."—Ludwig G. Rosecrans, Mesa, Ariz.



Plowing Up the Field

During the last two months, we have been trying to collect little thumbnail-pictures of our contributors, which we intend to run as inserts in their letters and/or articles in future issues of *THE ABERREE*. Some of them, however, are a retiring lot, or are camera shy, and some must have thumbnails that'd do justice to a Goliath, the pictures they sent us being so big. One of these is **Jonas Bigo**, of *Zydokumruskehen*. It's all an experiment, and if the one or two we're using this issue look good, you'll be seeing more of them in the future—even the one of **Jonas**. Which should properly squelch the cynic who had never heard of *Zydokumruskehen* before he started reading *THE ABERREE*, and therefore suspects fraud... **Mrs. Rae Perrier**, long-time Dianetic auditor specializing in prenatales, who once was staff auditor at the old Foundation in Wichita, has joined the exodus from Phoenix, and is now in *Nevada*, Texas... **Millen Bellman**, also from Phoenix, sends a card that she and her two daughters are enjoying the "beachcombing" and painting pictures on the walls of caves in the *Solana Beach, Calif.*, area. We suspect that some bearded anthropologist in a couple of years, may stumble upon these cave sketches (if they're anything like those we're using of **Filo**), and proclaim that, at last, he has stumbled upon the missing link between America and the *Lost Continent of Atlantis*...

Volney Mathison, of whose *Sexochrometers* and *spatial T-8 men readers* of *THE ABERREE* may have heard, was raised near *Fairhope, Ala.*, and when he heard that **Jim Welgus** was offering land in that area for \$1 a square foot with which to finance his *Human Engineering*, the Mathison "childhood home" engrams jumped up and bit him (Volney). "I know all about the miserable nature of the piney-woods dirt down there," Volney says. And then comes up with a real estate deal of his own: For \$1 a square mile, he'll sell you any area of the *Pacific ocean floor* you want, with a 90% discount to purchasers of 1,000 square miles or more. We suspect Volney, who admits he likes to get to the bottom of things, has been trading *E-Meters*, processing, or "sleep tapes" to mermaids for sea bottoms. Anybody want to be a duck?

Jules Ropital, formerly of Boston, who's been hunting gold in them thar *Scientology hills* over a large part of the eastern half of the U.S. for nearly a year now, has taken a cottage at *Indian Rocks Beach, Fla.*, for the winter... **Roby Lalarche**, of *Wakefield, R.I.*, is the second *Infinite* to ask replacement of their

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lost membership card. **Roby** says his card—along with "20 bucks and everything else in my wallet"—is at the bottom of the Atlantic. We can't do a "Jonah and the whale" on the wallet, but we can sure give I-54 back his proof of infinity...

Persons who get a late start in learning to drive a car can sympathize with **Ruth Yerks**, who's discovering, at \$5 an hour, that a machine can seem to have a mind of its own. **Ruth**, who recently returned to the U.S. after a long Germany assignment with her Army husband, found the roads leading up the hills to her home in *Monterey, Calif.*, just a bit more than she cared to negotiate too frequently on shanks... **Arthur J. Burks**, writing in the *ORION* magazine on "Monitors", reports that a former well-known science fiction writer was a former well-known pirate in one of his previous existences. It's quite a story. **Arthur**, by the way, also has sold a story to *Fate*, on "Wisdom in the Sense of Touch", which the editor warns may bring the author of "Hidden Children" a deluge of mail... **A. L. Kitzelman**, the "Papa" of *E-therapy*, is opening, finally, his *Pyramid Lake (Nev.) Ranch*, which will be operated as an integration project. There is room for 27 guests and a suitable staff, **Kitzelman** reveals, and the project is to be run on a "cost-plus-your-generosity" basis—without profit... **DIANOTES**, of *Minneapolis*, says in a *tardy August* issue: "...down Florida way, 'E' therapy...is coming back in use. For quite some time, a group in *New Jersey* was the only group making use of these techniques to any extent which is non-good since these techniques really work. Possibly that is why they were brushed aside as the field scrambled around looking for the 'perfect' 'one-shot' clearing technique. Since such has not appeared, some of the older techniques which operate on a slow but sure basis will come back into their own—and people will start processing again. It is sad but true that the actual process of becoming 'CLEAR' involves absolutely no effort at all—it is merely an acceptance of what everyone already has—and yet each and every interested individual spends more and more effort and gets practically nowhere. The technique of the future will be one that leads the individual to the point where he can 'quit trying' and relax and be himself—it is just that easy. Too simple, isn't it?" And we'd like to add our unqualified endorsement to those last four sentences...

If any of our freezing and rain-soaked readers complain that this column of "Plowing" is too short, be advised that during the last month, it's been a bit too hot and dry for churning up much dirt in *Oklahoma*.

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the duplicative techniques of
Applied Creative
Energy

by Volney G. Mathison

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Naught But Nothing (Positively)

By Phil Friedman

What Freud needed was a psychologist. What we all need, we are.

1 and X are the two sides of the Great Seal of the United States. 1 is the adverse unseen side and X is the obverse seen side. 1 is the ascending, pyramidal, integrating, death side, and X is the descending, phoenixing, dividing life side. These flows are concurrent recurrent and mutually consequential. To chart these flows is to chart the life-death cycle of the smallest atom or the largest universe.

The Great Pyramid and Sphinx in Egypt, as well as many seals and flags of modern and primitive races, bespeak the same story.

The One-ness of the No-ness is equal to the No-ness of the One-ness.

What things do we know that were excessively praised that were damned thereby? To admire is to add mire.

How to exteriorize: Be so happy that you're alive that you're ready to jump out of your skin for joy.

Looks can kill. A watched kettle doesn't boil. To look intently or too closely at something is to kill it. The described drooping figure of Krishnamurti may be the result of staring at his problems, which are himself. Watching a kettle to keep it from boiling over vs. feeding the flame so that it does.

For accentuating and developing the appearance of the positive masculine characteristics of a natural male, processing should point toward the increase of doingness. For natural femininity increase havingness. For supreme beingness the goal is, at once, both and neither.

Isaiah: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Confidence is coincidence is inside-ence.

"Hold fast to quietness" — Lao Tse. That's doing nothing with great diligence.

Between lives we are revived. That is the paradox of death.

Solomon asked for nothing and got all.

In early DianOetics past experiences were well thought out. In late Scientology, mock-ups, or future experiences, are well thought in.

If, as science teaches, everything on earth was radiated from the sun and converges back to it, then the surface of the earth must be a concave sphere relative to the sun. This is confirmed in Cellular Cosmogony, by Koresh.

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GUEST EDITORIAL

"Consciousness is sought by man
for his own diversion."—Edgar Cayce.

IF IT REALLY IS A GAME, WHY PLAY IT SO SERIOUSLY? There has been a great deal of talk, small and large, about games.

This talk has been going on for a very long time. It can be heard in early Hindu literature, where the Universe, its creation and its maintenance, is described as a game played by Shiva "who pours the harvest".

Nowadays the talk has taken a surprisingly serious turn. With the rise of professional baseball, professional football, professional cricket (for all we know), games have suddenly assumed a different kind of importance from the simple reason for existence they used to possess.

It is this consideration that a game can be serious, and probably ought to be, that makes a questioning of the good department of the players something worth doing in itself.

The assumption appears to be that an outlying planet in a rather remote arm of the galaxy is the field and scene of the most important cultural developments taking place in a universe composed of uncounted super-galaxies.

There is something awe-inspiring about a mystical assumption of this scope. However, it becomes almost ludicrous when the status of "science" or "scientific observation" is claimed for it (that is, if the scientific method is in any way respected or respectable).

The area involved in the expansion of the universe and the mathematical probabilities arising from that single factor produce something like an astronomical question mark.

So how can games be as serious as some earnest people would have us believe them to be? And if they are that serious, how can we continue to call them "games" if we employ any logic at all?

A game is a diversion, or ought to be. If this world is sick, and if it is a place where people come to play games, then there is only one reasonable and logical conclusion that can be reached regarding the attitude toward games so much in evidence right now.

Some of the school kids have misunderstood the purposes of recess!

Every day, while school is in session, the children are turned out

into the playground once or twice. Under the supervision of more adult members of the species, they play games. This activity is recognized as an essential and most valuable factor in their educational progress. It is fully as important as the more formal lessons they learn in the classroom, and without this period of games and diversion the classroom learning falls below optimum.

If this planet is actually the playing field, if it is where little thetans go to play games, then it is (for all of us here) the playground where we are turned out for a little while to enjoy diversion. A lifetime here must be a recess from the heavier and more purposefully oriented work we are doing in some classroom we have temporarily forgotten. We must have forgotten it as children forget the schoolhouse when they charge out with cries of joy to swing, climb the Everest-high jungle gym, and beat up Charlie Brown for what he said yesterday.

A game is a diversion. It would take more faith than most people can exhibit to proclaim that the majority of the human race is not diverted in some way from what its deeper instinct tells it is an undoubted destiny. This observation has led to a general proclamation of sin, but that conclusion may be far from justified. Certainly it has led to very little improvement in the general state of affairs during the past several thousand recorded years.

So, we are diverted. So what?

Could it be that diversion is the proper employment of our time here? If we are actually supposed to be engaged in playing games, it most certainly must be. There is very strong philosophical evidence available in any library to back up this evaluation of our state of affairs.

For the time being we have forgotten our arduous lessons. The bell for recess rang and we picked up our bat and glove, our doll, our carefully selected stick that will clobber Charlie Brown, and ran out to the playground to take part in the 15-minute donnybrook we are allowed a couple of times during the cosmic day.

Somewhere along the line somebody lost sight of all this, and like the business man who takes his office home to bed with him at the end of a busy day, ran out to the playground and insisted on wrestling with arithmetic.

About that time the popular con-

cept of sin was born and the missionary was invented. Now, we have "kids" running around the planet trying to tell us we should all be busy studying our lessons instead of enjoying the diversions our elders devised as our rightful heritage for the few minutes we are allowed to pursue them.

If life is a game, then certainly we should be playing it after the manner of the purpose of games—as a diversion and a temporary respite from more serious occupations.

Those people who go anywhere for mental or emotional assistance are those people to whom life has become altogether too serious, to whom the failure of a game or the loss of a plaything has become an "overwhelming" too great to be borne. These people are our physically and mentally ill, our emotionally disturbed, and our insane.

When life ceases to be diverting, man goes mad. Instead of castigating himself for this, instead of laying out his substance for expensive therapies designed to make the game even more serious to him than it already seems, what would happen if he could be given some simple idea that would enable him to enjoy more the attitude of a little child—the point of view that life is a diversion, and therefore FUN?

—MILLEN BELKNAP

CO

MAYBE WE'RE A
BIT APATHETIC
ABOUT COLORS

A woman went into a department store, seeking thread with which to complete a dress. At the thread counter, she was shown a huge tray of beautiful red thread.

"But I want blue," she complained. "The material I'm using is blue, and what would my dress look like were I to sew it with red thread?"

The clerk shrugged. "Madam," he stormed. "We have the most beautiful red thread available. It's strong; the colors are fast; and there is no reason why anyone should not be satisfied with our assortment of red thread."

Angrily, the woman swept from the store. Across the street, she'd been told, customers had a choice. If she didn't like red thread, she certainly didn't have to take red thread. She approached the thread counter confidently.

"I want a spool of blue thread to match this material," she said.

The clerk shook his head. "We don't carry blue thread," he said. "However, we can give you the widest selection of yellow or green threads available in the world. Now, let me show you how nicely this green would work in your machine."

"But I want blue," she insisted stubbornly.

"Green or yellow," the clerk said just as stubbornly. "And if you don't like green or yellow thread, you can go back to the store where you have no choice—only red thread. But if you do . . .", and he made an ominous gesture that might have meant almost anything.

The woman took yellow. It wasn't what she wanted, but at night, it might not show up too badly against the blue as would green. And certainly it was better than red.

This is a pure fable. But we remembered it during the recent election when free American voters were given their choice between two spools of thread—pardon us, we mean two candidates. Which was much better than the system in some Eurasian countries where you vote FOR a single choice, or you don't vote at all.

"So Wrapped Up in Bodies They Think They're the Package"

ZYDOKUMZRUSKEHEN, Tier 99,009 -- "Earthians," I said to Malogey, my favorite concubine, "are so wrapped up in bodies, they think they're the package." I had been telling her about your insistence that I send a picture of myself to the magazine.

"Why?" she asked, and I could see she was in one of her frequent argumentative moods. "I see by The ABERREE..."

"Some Earthians SAY they're not bodies," I said, "just as some concubines I know SAY they haven't been romancing over half the galaxy while I rest in unconsciousness. Now..."

"What's a picture?" she interrupted me.

"You've seen mirrors?" I explained. "Well, this is the same, only the reflection's on paper, it doesn't move, and is more or less permanent."

"I'd say that's QUITE a difference," she argued. "How can you say a picture and a mirrored reflection are the same?"

When Malogey gets in this mood, I give up. Rather than give her the satisfaction of knowing she can make me defend any and all of my statements, I just walked away and began figuring out a means of obtaining and transporting to you the paper reflection you asked for.

I suppose that those of your readers who have taken the trouble to think about it at all have imaged us Zydokumzruskehens as beings like yourself. What will happen when they discover we're different?

During my lifetime, I've visited most of the planets in our systems, and I doubt if I'm breaking a confidence when I tell you that there is a concerted drive to see that none of you Earthians brings your prudishness to other globes. If the white race feels so superior to other races exactly like them, except for a few minor characteristics, such as color, what repugnance would they feel for interplanetary "foreigners" who, because of their environment and evolution, bear not the slightest resemblance to Mankind as you know him?

Your scientists, who conclude that none of the other planets are inhabited because man could not stand the heat, or the cold, or the atmosphere, or some such thing, are so rigidly fixed on the supremacy of their own bodies that they cannot even speculate outside of the fleshy hunk of debris they shuffle from one laboratory bench to a freezer for cadavers to another laboratory bench. Tell them that Man can exist in the center of the Sun, or in the frozen wastes of Neptune, or even in the rocks of a tiny planetoid -- and exist happily -- and from then on, white-coated doctors would begin opening your mail.

One of the paradoxes difficult to understand: If your bodies are so wonderful, why do you hide them? What would happen were you to appear among other bodies unclad? While you rant at the high cost of living, has anyone tried to figure out what percentage of that cost goes to protect bodies from the eyes of other bodies that look exactly like the bodies that are being hidden?

Malogey, who sometimes comes up with an



Jonas and his concubine, Malogey

idea worthy of being my concubine, asked what would happen were a human to walk down the street sans clothing.

"He'd be arrested," I said.

"And what if he walked down the street without a thought in his head?" she asked.

"He'd be elected president," I said.

"How many presidents can they have at one time?" she asked.

For fear your readers may get the idea this is an article urging nudism, let me hasten to explain that hiding the bodies you seem so proud of is only one of the foibles so typically homo sapiens. What of the great cemeteries, the vaults, the ornate structures set aside for the protection of bodies that no longer carry life? Even after the bodies themselves have moldered into dust, huge portions of your planet still are held in trust for something that's no longer there.

We have bodies, too, and we take care of them. Some of us use the same bodies hundreds of years before discarding them. We would laugh at the idea of anyone erecting a monument to a discarded body. Some probably will laugh at seeing my reflection in the ABERREE -- and to these, I must explain that my picture is being published not because I am one of the most handsome beings in the galaxy, but to satisfy the curiosity of a people who hide in shame the bodies they are so proud of.

I wonder how many of your wars would be fought were you to lose your love of bodies. One nation, with a lot of manpower and money for destructive weapons, threatens to kill off another nation's tax-paying bodies -- and if the other nation is convinced the aggressor can make good his boast, there is no war. Now, if no one minded losing his body, knowing that he eventually would have another which might be even better, such threats would be impotent. This may sound ridiculous, but I could tell you of one planet in which this very thing happened. One big country threatened to knock off another big country, and all the people dropped dead. The invader, finding no one to fight but only a few million corpses that had to be disposed of, never again went to war.

Mind if I conclude this article with a "fairy story", as you call these parables on Earth?

Once upon a time there was a man who inherited a beautiful vase, made of the most priceless flint glass. While he still was a child, he used to store in this vase all his treasures, until it was nearly full of gold and precious gems.

All his friends had vases, too, but none as pretty as his, he thought. As he grew older, he began to fear that others might try and take his vase, or that it might get broken. To

(Please turn to Page 8)

Scoldings Keep Children in Trance

EVERY PERSON, without exception, has been subjected to continual hypnotic suggestion as a regular occurrence during his childhood. Hypnotic suggestion, though never called by that name and used improperly, is considered a normal method of instructing children. Let us compare the actions of a parent scolding a child with the actions of a hypnotist installing positive suggestions under light hypnosis.

(1) The hypnotist begins by requiring fixed attention on the part of the subject. The subject is asked to focus his attention entirely on a fixed point, or on a light. The parent absolutely demands the entire attention of the child all during the scolding; otherwise the scolding will not "sink in".

(2) To induce trance, the hypnotist frequently employs exhaustion of one of the senses, usually the visual sense, as in asking the subject to stare at a candle flame. The parent frequently employs exhaustion of the auditory sense by yelling at the child and simultaneously requiring him to pay close attention to the verbal content. This is just as effective in inducing trance as staring at a candle flame.

(3) The hypnotist gets the subject to agree to carry out post-hypnotic suggestions he is giving. The parent does not consider any scolding complete until the child has agreed verbally with whatever the parent is telling him; particularly the child must agree to perform in the future as the parent demands.

(4) The hypnotist repeats each suggestion several times during a session. The parent repeats everything he says during a scolding, many times.

(5) The hypnotist may repeat a session several times, each time training the subject to go a little deeper into trance and thereby insuring more complete carrying out of the post-hypnotic suggestions. The parent repeats his scoldings ad nauseum, thereby training the child to go into trance as soon as the scolding begins.

The training of children as carried out by means of routine hypnotic suggestion, includes detailed suggestions as to what the child *is*, what he should *be*, what he should *want*, what he should *not want*, how he should *feel*, what and whom he should *like*, what his *moral values should be*, what he should *attempt to do with his life*, what he should *think* about many, many things, and what is *good* and what is *bad*. The continual repetition of these hypnotic suggestions (combined with whatever the child does to combat them), forms a completely artificial personality which the pre-clear *mistakenly feels is his own*, for as a child he had to agree at one time or another with most of the hypnotic suggestions he was given. This is called the "formation of character", and is openly considered essential for every child.

A very large proportion of every case consists of hypnotic commands and the effects of trance. It is not only a matter of specific scoldings; for once a child has been trained to go into trance for his parents, he may do so whenever the parents even demand his attention. No one is immune; the more intelligent children are more suggestible than the less intelligent. Nor is anyone immune from daily hypnosis in school; the combination of en-

forced boredom and enforced fixed attention make it almost impossible for a child to stay out of trance.

In handling the effects of hypnosis, we begin by running trance as a condition in itself, disregarding completely all emotional and verbal content. Trance is so *damaging* that it is usually kept even more deeply repressed than sexual feelings. For this reason, it is usually best to start with light trance, such as trance in school. We ask the pre-clear to go back to his most boring class in grammar school, and to pick up a moment when his *attention became fixed*; the transition to fixed attention can be felt clearly as a physical sensation. Then we ask him to pick up the *feeling* of trance, which we describe to him as follows: There is a feeling of *complete stopping of the mind*, which can be *felt* all over the body as a mental-physical phenomenon. Not only do the thinking processes stop; it feels as though every cell in the body has come to a dead halt. There is a feeling of utter lack of will.

After the pre-clear has recognized the feeling of trance, our only instructions to him are that he should *be aware* of the feeling of trance, all over his body and especially in his head and genitals, and that he should scan his life for the times he felt like this. Since the pre-clear becomes extremely groggy and may doze off frequently, we repeat the instructions at intervals of approximately 15 minutes. A run of this type may take three or four hours. This is *light* trance.

Most persons need to experience some real relief before they are able to run heavy trance. Heavy trance accompanies birth, most of the child's emotional relationships with the parents, valence identification, and heavy engrams. We run it at first as we do light trance, without any particular attention to emotional or verbal content. It feels much heavier than light trance, and it feels very black. The pre-clear sinks into a stupor from which he cannot be roused; the skin is usually very pale at first and the breathing very heavy. If the parent of the same sex is dead, the pre-clear will look frighteningly like a corpse. We tell the pre-clear only to *be aware of the feeling of trance*; we repeat this at 15-minute intervals whether he shows any signs of consciousness or not. Gradually the stupor becomes less profound; when the pre-clear is able to come up we consider that the run is finished. This may take three to eight hours.

It is seldom possible to bring a pre-clear up from a real trance run feeling good. He is more apt to feel groggy and apathetic. There is simply too much trance on any case to be able to handle it all in one session; furthermore, all the emotional and verbal content in connection with trance is restimulated, and cannot be handled in the same session. Therefore we do not attempt the impossible, but rather advise pre-clears to pick up the feeling of trance after they get in bed that night, and to run the feeling until they fall asleep. They generally awaken the next morning feeling much better.

Running trance de-intensifies the entire reactive bank. Awareness, sense of identity, thinking, memory, and perception may all improve. The case runs much more easily. After a trance run, have your pre-clear run trance first on incidents which he formerly could not handle, and watch what happens.

The Study of Man is a study of relationships, and these relationships, in Scientology, have been divided into eight segments, called "Dynamics". These make up the known whole of Infinite Creation—which Dr. and Mrs. Walsh herein refer to as "The Concept of Totality". To the extent Man limits himself by setting up barriers of not-knowingness between himself and any of the dynamics does he divorce himself from his birthright. Some of the processes by which Man can reintegrate himself, discovered by the Walshes during their years of recent research at the University of Scientology in Los Angeles, are being printed for the first time herewith, and later will appear more fully in a book now under preparation.—THE EDITOR

By HARDIN D. WALSH, PhD, HGA
and JOANNA WALSH, Counselor

A Concept of

Totality

THIRD OF THREE PARTS

THE PROBLEM of clearing is not to run out everything. The problem is to get control of and assume responsibility for awareness of the areas of unawareness. There are many special areas in this lifetime which you can run as explosions. For example: Classrooms with teachers, your job or office, bankers and money, religion, politics, relatives, etc. Your life can be cleaned up across the eight Dynamics if you are the systematic type. For those of you who wish to "go for broke" and become cleared, there are FIVE basic explosions of importance to consider. These are the explosions for:

- Your Childhood Home
- Birth
- This Lifetime
- This Universe
- Your Home Universe

The human body has a basic hunger for energy which these recurring explosions during processing satisfy. The body also is rigged with circuits that say it shall complete a cycle and die. The body knows inherently within its subconscious areas that it is expendable. These recurring explosions actually represent tremendous forces which in the past have meant destruction to bodies. Explosions repeated over and over during processing satisfy this hunger for destruction, which is engramicly implanted in the cells and other body areas. This desire for energy on the body's part is the desire for impacts (communication), emotional and physical, which eventually leads to its own destruction. In other words, the body is a survival machine designed to knock itself off gradually by its own compulsions.

Explosions remedy this hidden hunger for impacts and raise the body up tone scale to where it is above the "havingness" level—the level of having to have impacts. The body will come up to where it was originally designed to function—up to where it can begin to handle problems. You will need to give the body problems. Running "out" or accepting too many areas back into Totality will cause the body to develop fears that you are going to destroy it. It will reach a point where remedying the havingness will not satisfy it because it has reached the problem level and it is confronted with what it considers the problem of you unmaking it. Thus we find the body continuing to turn on somatics (pains) no matter how much energy you give it.

What you must do is give it the problem of repairing itself. Throw verbal or thought commands at the body to get busy and realign the control centers in the nervous system and in the many body areas. As Totality, endow the Genetic Entity, solar plexus body center, with enough life force to get busy and do the job it's supposed to do. The G. E. is a specialist who is not happy unless he has something to do. This must be given with kindness but very firmly as a command. Keep the G.E. real



busy removing emotional and pain blocks from various body areas. The body is gradually made over completely as you begin to operate directly from Totality.

As you create an explosion pattern within your awareness as Totality, you will find that it ceases to be an explosion. As the action blossoms out within, you will find that you are pulling it out. This is attraction. As you push the black side inward it will be repulsion. Thus you get into the true action of the

forces of the universe. You will discover these to be just the reverse to what we consider attraction and repulsion on the body or viewpoint level. Relating this reversal factor to your problems brings out some amazing reversals and scramblings on human behavior that begins to make sense for the first time.

As you learn to handle explosions as Totality, you will discover there is no effort involved. There is a smoothness of occurrence that produces the effect of flowing; thus we get outflow and inflow. The speed and suddenness of occurrence as you postulate as Totality leaves one often with the feeling that nothing has happened. You may have to create the action over and over several times to be sure the problem has really disappeared.

Explosions are a means of focusing your attention as Totality upon areas of unawareness in the basic patterns of the universe. As Totality you can cause the vanishment of any problem by focusing your attention on it with that intent.

AXIOM 3—AS TOTALITY, THE VANISHMENT OF ANY PROBLEM CAN BE CAUSED BY DECIDING TO STOP RE-CREATING IT.

The many preliminary processes of Scientology deal with the inflows and outflows of explosions. These are organized in steps that lead you to where you can handle the explosion. The explosion is considered the ultimate in "Black and White" processing, or the handling of energy. Anyone who can create and destroy a mock-up (mental image) can handle an explosion. The occluded case can do just as well by knowing that the action is taking place.

The overall picture of Scientology broadens out into the full scope of this tremendous science as the techniques for the Eighth Dynamic are presented. Explosions are directed toward handling the Sixth Dynamic, or MEST. The Eighth and Sixth Dynamics are the most difficult to master, supposedly. Fortunately, there is the usual MEST universe paradox here. As you become more and more aware of being Totality, problems get easier and easier and advancement more rapid. The development of the Totality concept has advanced the acceptance level of Scientology markedly. Channels are now opened to communicate with metaphysical, religious and various business areas of society. The cold mechanics of previous techniques now assume a personal meaning as their true

spiritual relationships can be demonstrated in group activities and private processing where many experience an understanding of the so-called mysteries of the ages.

A young man, 20 years old, in two hours of processing had a complete personality change. He was shy; blushed easily and did not communicate on the verbal level well; spoke very haltingly. The first half hour of processing, "Give me something you wouldn't mind remembering", was used along with "forgetting". It was discovered that his older brother had consistently invalidated him throughout his childhood. Big brother told him he was stupid and wrong about everything. Exploding his childhood home produced the data for him that each of these heavy emotional incidents were sitting around the geographic areas as facsimiles where they occurred, in the forms of explosions. Brother was the winning valence so he had to be like brother and thus was re-creating and maintaining the facsimiles. The pre-clear was stuck on the black, or collapsing, side of the many explosive incidents.

This group of facsimiles existing many miles from his body had the effect of pulling energy off of his body due to the downward spiral flow of the reactivated or restimulated explosion patterns. The collapsing negative sides of the incidents acted as vortices that sucked energy from his body, particularly since his business associate reminded him constantly of his brother.

A recent long distance phone call from his brother had put him in a virtual state of collapse and apathy. His refusal to communicate was actually a mechanical energy problem. Creating the sound of a word meant throwing away energy from his already energy-starved body. He just couldn't stand to talk. Therefore, we discover restimulation possible in and around the body but also at a distance at the geographic location of incidents. The problem of restimulation is actually one of handling energy in relation to the body.

Exploding his brother and the locations freed the pre-clear from the postulates he had made in the rage and invalidation patterns. Running some forgiveness back and forth--the pre-clear forgiving his brother and his brother forgiving him --smoothed out his entire body tension energy problem. He also became aware of being able to create energy directly into the body. He no longer gets tired at work, talks better, and has lost his shyness. As a student of Scientology, he has had a change of Life, Livingness, and Awareness, and is considering going to college.

We can present many similar cases which have released with rapidity and with lasting effects. Postulates re-evaluated and re-made as Totality do not backslide. Gains made in this type of processing are much more readily maintained.

Scientological, metaphysical, and occult students will recognize the value of the Totality concept compared to

previous philosophies and methods presented on this planet. Sri Auribindo, one of the greatest contemporary Indian mystics, in his book, "The Mind of Light", makes a most prophetic statement: "A large Totality is the very nature of this new and growing way of existence, a fullness of the possibilities of the mind transmuted, of life converted into a force of spiritual power and joy of the body, divine knowledge, divine bliss. All can be taken into its scope, all can be an instrument, a vessel, an opportunity for the expression of this Totality of the self manifesting spirit."

How did we ever get so far away from the truth when in the holy books and writings, it is stated over and over in many ways that we are one with God. For example:

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

"Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:" -- Philipians 2: 5-8.

OOOO
ANYWAY, IT WAS A TOLL BRIDGE
Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard

To find a new bridge for man.
But what he was cooking
Got spoiled by his looking--
And now, we don't think he can.

OOOO
This "lifetime" is no more your whole existence than is this paragraph the whole of the magazine you hold in your hands.

Filo

By Milton Bollnab



The ABERREE

DECEMBER, 1956

OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN

By **ARTHUR J. BURKS**

*What Can Be Done
About the Genetic Tragedies?*

This is a continuation of the series in which Mr. Burks analyzes life in the Child Guidance Center, Lancaster, Penn. These are only a few of the estimated 4,000,000 "genetic tragedies", one or more of whom could be next door to you—even in your own home.—The EDITOR.

13. BERTRAM SLAPS HIS LEFT WRIST

SAVE FOR a barking "Yanh!", accompanied by the stamping of his right foot, Bertram doesn't vocalize. He laughs, and his eyes shine, but he laughs at anything and nothing, and the teachers don't understand what the shining of his eyes means. Bertram clearly understands some things. He goes when he is told, sometimes. He comes when he is told, sometimes. He sometimes sits when he is told, sometimes rises. But there is no rule, no pattern. In the midst of a recitation by someone else in his group—the older group which is being taught to read the simplest words—Bertie rises from his chair, stands. If no attention is paid him he kicks backward and upward at the chair he has just quitted. If the chair goes over backward with a great clatter, Bertie laughs. If it knocks over a table on which are blocks, pans, anything that will add to the clatter, Bertie, without looking around, will laugh even more.

It isn't good to push Bertie back down in his chair that the recitation may continue. He is like a jack-in-the-box; he bobs right back up, laughing. Yet he can't be allowed to stand, and laugh, and make noise, and disrupt the class. He seems to know this, seems to know that he is making trouble.

He slaps his left wrist with his right palm, hard. But why? He doesn't tell anyone.

Bertie's eyes are green. He is 10. He doesn't read, not even his own name. He does know his name is Bertram, but doesn't know whether he has any more name, nor can it be explained to him, largely because he won't listen. He'd much rather entertain whoever tries to teach him, with tricks of legerdemain, evolved by himself. His tricks are not outstanding, consisting only of fingering a folded handkerchief before the eyes of the questioner. Possibly he believes his fingers are supple. One doesn't know. But when he stands, others in the class become excited. Both boys and girls rise swiftly from their seats, though many times they have been forbidden, to push Bertie back into his chair. Sometimes they are a little rough if the teacher can't return them somehow to their seats before they get their hands on Bertie. They may hurt Bertie, though he apparently has no fear of being hurt. When he is pushed back into his solid chair, it always makes a noise which delights him, so that he rises that he may be pushed back again. He leans forward, lifting the rear legs of his chair. Then he slams back, trying to shake the room. He leans back and slams forward.

The teacher looks at Bertie when his noise has begun to disrupt the class, and Bertie slaps his left wrist with his right hand.

Bertie rises, head down, staring at the teacher from under lowered brows. He shakes his head by shaking his body so that his head snaps. This isn't easy to do; it seems to be original with Bertie.

"Sit down," says the teacher calmly. Bertie shakes his head in the same way, stamps a foot, wriggles his elevated fingers which hold a folded handkerchief, tucks the handkerchief

into his left hand, and slaps his left wrist with his right palm.

But he doesn't sit down. He punishes himself as he may have been punished at some time by parents. He attracts more attention when he stands, but does he *know* he attracts attention? Is that why he stands?

"Sit down!" says the teacher, a bit more firmly, extremely patient even though the classwork is at a standstill. "Bertie, sit down!" Bertie doesn't sit, and the teacher waves several boys and girls, eager to push Bertie down, back into their seats. Finally the teacher herself pushes Bertie into his seat, commanding as she does so: "Bertie, sit down!" Bertie bounces right back up, kicks back and up at his chair, or possibly somebody else's chair that he has taken, adding to the clatter. He looks at the teacher's face, feels sorry for her as well as for himself, and slaps his left wrist again, painfully.

"Why do you slap yourself, Bertie?" asks the teacher softly. It isn't by far the first time she has asked Bertie this question.

"Yanh!" cries Bertie, stamping a foot, jerking his body to make his head snap forward, and slapping his wrist again, harder than before.

Bertie is in good physical shape. There seems to be nothing wrong with his body. He eats well enough, has good manners at table, and doesn't have to be helped in the bathroom unless he becomes stubborn, which any of those in the House on Martha Avenue may become—but he won't learn anything. He is neat as to clothing, and keeping his hair combed, but when he is bidden to stand before the blackboard, he refuses to look at the printed letters or words. They seem to anger him, as if he were determined not to learn. But when he catches sight of the teacher's face, expressive of bafflement or sorrow—not necessarily synthetic—he slaps his left wrist angrily.

There are other manifestations by Bertie. The teacher writes a name on the blackboard. One by one, little by little, children learn their own names when they see them on the board, and know that they *have* names. But these are older children, who have learned their names. Bertram knows his, the teacher is aware, because she has seen him stand and stare at it when he thought himself alone, shaping the name with his lips. He never does this for her, or when anyone is watching, but that he does it at all is an expression of hope.

A name, not Bertram's, is written on the board. That person, after a stillness while everybody looks to make sure it isn't his own name, starts to rise, go to the board. Instantly, Bertram is up, and standing in front of that person. He may have read the name, connected it with the person. The teacher hopes that he may have. But it seems more likely that he suspects it to be a person's name, and watches the class, which faces the board in a letter U, until someone rises. Then he hurries to that one, exactly like a guard

in a basketball game, seeking to prevent a score. He "guards" the person named by bellying up against him or her, and waves his arms to keep the person from looking past him at the board, from doing as being bidden by the teacher. He takes every instruction by the teacher, to anyone in the class, as some sort of a challenge to himself.

"Don't pay any attention to her," his movements seem to say. "You don't want to read anything! Pay attention only to me."

Others rise and try to push Bertie back into his chair. He struggles. The teacher must always be on the *qui vive*. Children of this category can so easily hurt one another. She separates them, holds Bertie before her by the elbows, or the forearms. She has to be strong, for when he is opposed Bertie is unusually strong.

Bertie stamps a foot, jerks his head so that his head nods like a cracker at the end of a whip, and slaps his left wrist.

"Bertie, sit down!" says the teacher.

Bertie slaps himself again.

"Why don't you ever slap the other wrist?" asks the teacher, almost desperately. But you feel that her "desperation" is like the "unknowingness" of the pupils, largely synthetic. You feel that way until you see her eyes; then you know she isn't pretending, just as you know when you've been around the severely retarded awhile, they aren't pretending either.

But isn't there a prisoner inside every shell called by a name in the House on Martha Avenue? Isn't that prisoner trying, in every way possible, to get out? Isn't he trying to explain to the teacher, with every means at his command, without avail? Won't there be a time, tomorrow possibly, when a teacher will look at the "prisoner", study it, and know how to free the "prisoner"? Clearly that is the hope of every teacher of the boys and girls who have proved themselves ineligible for admission to the schools of the state.

Giana, for instance, with no I.Q. at all, reads names like Chedorlaomer.

"Why don't you ever slap the other wrist?" asks the teacher. She doesn't wish Bertie to slap either wrist. She is merely trying to reach him, to find out if he doesn't understand something.

Bertie, in answer, slaps his left wrist with his right palm. Bertie is very difficult, but every child in the House on Martha Avenue is very difficult. It would seem that the intelligent, the teacher with a degree, the teacher with the higher-than-average I.Q., should be able to circumvent whatever ails the slower-than-slow pupil, and bring forth the "prisoner", but it hasn't proved that easy. The teachers keep trying. They keep watching. Anything may produce a clue. It may be produced when a teacher's back is turned, so she tries to see with the back of her head, and to sense, to feel, what she can't see.

Bertram sits down, finally, but apparently in his own good time. He studies the teacher. He leers and jeers at the other pupils as they go to the board. He looks down at his hands, turns them backs up.

He is unaware, or seems to be, that the teacher, though her side is turned broadly to him, is watching him. If he thinks, what does he think as he looks at his hands, palms up, then backs up? Something *must* be going through his mind. Has the teacher's comment reached him, in any way, through the fog that during more than a year at the Child Development Center hasn't lifted from the brain of Bertram?

The other boys and girls, the "young ladies" and "young gentlemen" as the teacher calls them, seem unaware that Bertram is considering something as he hasn't before.

Bertram slaps his left wrist with his right palm.

He slaps it again, less heavily this time. He looks at the teacher, who is looking elsewhere. Sometimes the teachers wish to be caught watching, sometimes not. One can never tell how a child will take anything. The least deviation from what he has become accustomed to accepting as the norm may send him away into the fog where such boys and girls become sullen, and pout, and stay silent for hours.

Bertram slaps his wrist again, even more lightly.

Then, for a minute, he stares at his right hand, his left. Does he know he has two hands? Has he any conception of "two"? Does he notice that one hand is somewhat, somehow different from the other? Are his hands one unit? Or does he even understand faintly that he has more than one hand? He has never said anything. His sole vocalization is a kind of jeer.

Bertram starts to slap his left wrist again, but pulls the blow just before he makes contact. He looks at his left wrist, at his right palm, at his left palm, at his right wrist.

Tentatively, Bertram elevates the left palm over the right wrist, brings it down. Then he seems to feel he is being watched, gazes slyly at the teacher, doesn't slap himself with his left palm. The teacher is all innocence. She isn't watching, not this time, when there is too much at stake to allow for a single mistake. Does Bertram sense this? Is he playing tricks on the teacher?

Bertram slaps his right wrist with his left palm, and laughs.

This is a major victory. Something, after more than a year, has penetrated Bertram's mind. He doesn't know right from left, but he has done something *different*, and there is cause for rejoicing, for the teacher gave him the idea, told him, planted it in his mind. If she can do this much, says her newly-determined mien, she can do more. Bertram is not hopeless. Bertram, moreover, is in some fashion pleased with himself. But whether he's pleased with himself because his teacher is pleased, surprised, or awed, there is no way of knowing. For Bertram still has no words, though he has at last responded to the words of others.

(To be continued in the January-February issue)

COOCD

JONAS LITERALLY STRIPS US

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

help protect it, he poured wax into the opening, and set it away on a high shelf so that no one could get to it. He'd sit for hours admiring the vase — its translucence, contours, color, and symmetry. In fact, his first thought upon awakening was of his vase, and his last thought upon retiring was of the beautiful glass form upon the shelf. He even got to the point where he forgot himself in his prayers in asking his God that his vase be spared from any and all harm.

There came a day when the man got hungry. He had no job, no money for food, and even the house with the high shelf on which he kept his vase was taken from him. Alone in the cold, he clung to his vase, refusing to sell it to buy the food and warmth he needed, and so wrapped in admiration of the vase itself that he had forgotten completely that inside were stored enough treasures to keep him if he but removed his wax cork.

See you in my dreams, you obstinate Infinite.

COOCD

Doctors are the highest paid executioners in the world.

Therapy Takes a Shortcut---in Sl

AS I HAVE mentioned many times in books, articles, and in training lectures, the Electropsychometer was invented as a consequence of an awareness that something superior to mere conversation, or to highly subjective guessing-game procedures such as the use of word lists, attempts at interpreting communication lags, and the like, was urgently needed for use in ascertaining the basic sources of human emotional stresses and ills.

But, after inventing and perfecting the Electropsychometer, I saw that something more was much needed. Although the Electropsychometer discloses the causes of emotional stresses and of certain physical diseases, the disclosed data sometimes is, in the main, the property of the practitioner rather than of the patient. This is to say: Electropsychometry enables the practitioner to know with accuracy the causes of the patient's difficulties, but the patient still may not know. At any rate, not on both the conscious and sub-conscious levels. To help the patient arrive at his own correct evaluations is often a fatiguingly slow and laborious task.

Attempts to deal with the problems of treatment have led to the publication of perhaps 10,000 techniques, ranging from the original extremely slow and expensive methods of psychoanalysis to some of the ultra-screwball routines of recent day emotional-area medicine men, which routines are usually of little or no lasting effect.

Despite my own rough experience with Concept Therapy, and having to defend myself against a \$380,000 suit for disenfranchising that firm, it is nonetheless a fact that my training in Concept Therapy led to my gaining an insight into the possibilities of a powerful and effective approach to the problem of treating emotional ills. One prerequisite is a certainty on the part of the practitioner that he can aid the patient; another is that the patient shall become imbued with a similar certainty. These, I soon realized, were merely preliminaries. There still remained a major requirement: the development of some efficient means for duplicatively sustaining in the sub-conscious of the patient certain *specific* formulations aimed at correcting his trouble. This resulted in my writing the book, "Creative Image Therapy".

While this book has been well received, it still did not solve the problem. The techniques of "Creative Image Therapy" must be performed voluntarily for an indefinite period by the patient. Not all patients will or can stick with the performance of the required routines long enough to produce lasting results.

The next problem then obviously was: How can the patient be kept *involuntarily* performing constructive duplicative procedures? My own personal realization of the tremendous power of the involuntary duplication of a constructive *accurately personalized* concept occurred at a large Electropsychometry class wherein a strong, remarkable woman related to me in fascinating detail how she had transformed her husband—an "incurable" alcoholic with paranoid tendencies so severe that he had, at times, been straightjacketed. As he lay on his bed in a stupor, she had sat beside

him and spoken clearly and positively: hear these simple words:

"You are bringing into consciousness the basic cause of your desire to drink alcohols and you are destroying that desire."

She duplicated (repeated) this formulation night after night, week after week. The duplications of the concept in the thousands. What happened? She achieved a cure! Her husband transferred his energy interests to the expounding of philosophical types of philosophy, and he this time garnered a gross intake of more than a third of a million dollars.

The self-sacrificing woman who effected this transformation in her husband knows about the possibilities of the tape recorder. She did her job the best. No professional practitioner would have the enormous patience and certainty that technique that way—or, if so, it would have been stupendous.

So, I began looking for a scientific way to keep a patient on an involuntary duplication of a simple, accurately-personalized concept. I began to enter the field of tapes and records that I assumed to offer several forms of psychological treatment. I found that sleep-suggestive tapes of various kinds have been used to the public. The results have been varied and not universally satisfactory. It takes long to find out why. The reason for their ineffectiveness is that they are based on the Oriental principle of using simple direct formulations that are accurately personalized to fit the case—and which are continuously duplicated.

My first significant experience with an embryonic "sleep tape" concerned the treatment of a catatonic who had resisted even the technique of psychiatry—and who recovered through the consistent use of an early recording.

During the two-year period of development of the techniques used in making "sleep tapes" many extraordinary events occurred, the results of which enable me to state with certainty: "sleep tape", electropsychometrically duplicated, is a super-powered piece of psychological equipment. By comparison, ordinary conversational processing procedures seem time-wasting games.

However, just because it is a powerful device, a "sleep tape" must be made with care. Every statement, every word in the duplicative section of the tape must be accurate and specific, and must be interpretable to the patient's subconscious in only one way—the right way. No lawyer drafting an intricate contract has to be one-tenth as accurate and specific as the practitioner must be with a "sleep tape".

The mechanical procedures involved in the use of a "sleep tape" are simple. They comprise three stages. First, the client is put on an automatic Electropsychometer, and there follows a one-hour taped interview of the client by the operator of the Electropsychometer. The client is then to talk for 10 or 15 minutes about his problems or symptoms, and about unachieved goals. Then a series of 35 questions have been developed over a seven-year

(Turn, please, to Page 14, this issue)

Creativity of Man Is Still Attached To That of God



By DEAN CALLMAN

EVERY CLEAR thought in your mind creates something, however insignificant.

When you take a notion you would like to go out to the farm and visit Aunt Margie, you actually are setting in motion a whole train of small events, which if not stopped will lead up to that visit to Aunt Margie. Some thoughts, no more important than that, can become irresistible compulsions.

If you have no special reason for making that trip, your good old common sense can come to the rescue and remind you that you do not have the money and cannot spare the time to go clear across four states, even though you would just love to visit dear old Aunt Margie.

So, you stop the creative effect of thinking about that trip.

Here, perhaps, another little thought starts tooting in your mind.

"I wish I had a better job. I need more money and less work. It hurts my feelings to see so many other people, no more deserving than I, having such good jobs with such nice 'fringy' benefits.

"Why, some of them even have their own businesses, and not as smart as I. You take Joe Mucher, for instance. All that guy does is just write letters to people about their everyday problems and they pay him for it."

Now, why couldn't you do something like that?

You can, when you find enjoyment in thinking how you can help people in their problems and let them pay you for it. However right you may be about Joe Mucher's small abilities, his thoughts evidently are creative. He did get people to believe he could help them and that they would be glad to pay him for doing so.

To get those people coming your way and using your advice, you would have to think somewhat as Joe Mucher did. He saw his need of studying psychology, character analysis, social and financial economy, and other sciences dealing with human reactions.

After keeping his thoughts and interest and many hours of his time on the various humanitarian subjects, he felt that he could have confidence in himself and his clients would have confidence in him. Thus, most of his thoughts blended together to set up the strong pulling force to build his business around his thinking.

God began His creation by putting "His Divine Image" into all His creation. God is a Father-Mother God, so He put the Father-Mother idea into everything, from plants to mollusks to fish to serpents to animals to man.

Since you are made "in the image" of the image-making God, you too can use imag-I-nation. Some men have stamped their own image on whole nations of peoples. Today, we see whole generations of animals brought forth by clever breeders, carrying the precise image of a few ancestors.

With chickens, dogs, horses, apple trees, and goldfish, man can hold so closely to a desired image that he can send forth a world of specimens recognizable at once by anyone familiar with that line of production.

Now, get in your own mind the desired image

of your biggest and best idea. See your product being used, eaten, worn, sold, acted upon, and applied, by a few thousands of people, at a price.

Think, deliberately and carefully, how they would like or even love your product, and persuade their friends to buy and use it. What would they pay for it?

Where would they learn about it, if no friend did mention it first? You may run into thoughts presenting a problem, an idea stopper, which may appear to stop the whole idea.

What to do now? Find the way out around that problem and be actually grateful for it. For that problem may keep the other fellow out of your field, and enable you to go on a long time with almost no competition. To the deep image-maker, problems are only channels for new and better thinking.

Since you are an image of God, your creative mind is an image of His creative mind. More than that, your creative mind is still ATTACHED to HIS creative mind. That is why you can take and use His wisdom whenever you need it. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God...and it shall be given him."

We are told that most births take place in the very early morning. It is also a fact that most of the real and important new ideas of progressive kinds are generated when the thinker is alone and quiet, mostly at night.

At any rate, the midnight oil was evidently a major factor in most of the best tunes and popular songs of such writers as Irving Berlin and George Gershwin.

You, too, will probably find that your more valuable and original thoughts will occur when you are alone and probably at night.

One way to assure that is to quietly tell yourself, just before going to sleep, what one truth or idea or device you would like to have your mind work on through the night. Bed-time is also a good period in which to send forth thoughts to attract to your idea those who should buy or use it, as it nears presentation to its consumers.

The hours alone have been the gestation of many a great idea or invention in this world. For thinking is only one of the many steps in the conception of a new part or process in life. Thoughts must always have preceding ideas, which in turn are mothered by attitudes.

As this writer put forth in a school paper long ago:

All Life is made up of habit
And each habit based on an act.
A word is as live as a rabbit
And a thought brought the word into fact.
But the thought must be born of an idea
Which is mothered by attitudes.
Now the attitudes have ancestry also
In the tribes of the wandering moods.
The moods? They come from everywhere
To spawn their mystic broods.

COOCO

New Auditors' Publication in Field

Volume 1, Number 1 of the AUDITOR & PHILOSOPHER has just been received in The ABERREE office, and from the appearance of the initial issue, Woodward McPheeters, its editor and publisher, can take a bow. Its 18 mimeographed pages show a good selection of material, with careful attention to arrangement and display. Included in its text are several simplifying articles, a self-evaluating test, and a "Table of Contents" for Book One of the PABS (Professional Auditors' Bulletins).

A & P (not the chain store) will be monthly and is \$2 for six issues. "Woody's" address is 3433 East Fort Lowell Road, Tucson, Ariz. "Woody" says his personal goals are "the fun of writing and publishing, the communication expected, and financial return on the time and money invested". We're certain he'll have fun, that he'll get communications (some he may not expect), but as for the "financial return"—well, we just don't know, "Woody", but we wish you luck.



Plowing Up 'n' the Field

¶ Friends and visitors who have "enjoyed" the hospitality of our trailer house floor are hereby assured that it won't happen again. Now, instead of spreading blankets and other insulating odds and ends on the deck between the folding table and the only comfortable chair of a perambulating rocking room, they can take pot-luck on the uncarpeted boards of a real, honest-to-goodness, guaranteed-not-to-rock-'n'-roll-in-the-slightest breeze, HOUSE. In this new home, for which we traded our wheeled house and one life-size mortgage, there isn't much more actual room than there was in the trailer. This we can testify to after we started emptying the drawers, shelves, and built-ins designed by engineering geniuses, and trying to find a place for them in the drawerless, shelfless, cupboardless monstrosity some wood butchers put together and labeled "functional". But if there isn't room to stretch inside, there's an acre or so of orchard that went with the place which must have been thrown in as a palliative against our objections that there's no place to store things. We suppose we always can tie some of our books, papers, and trinkets to the branches of the dozen or so cherry bearers which we have been assured produce much more each spring than the invading birds ever can consume. Some of our neighbors, who never have enjoyed the luxury of engineeringly designed storage space, may suspect us of converting these trees into unseasonal Christmas foliage but they might as well get accustomed to the fact sooner or later that we, like they, are just a bit aberrated...

¶ Not that we intend to harp on the subject of our new residence at too great length, but as a bid for sympathy, we might remark that Jupiter Pluvius decided to break the long Oklahoma drought on the same day we decided to move. Being the unselfish critters we are, we made no effort to unmock the rain for our own convenience—and donning raincoats, with five auto loads of havingness protected by newspapers and a poncho, we happily left a trail of mud from the trailer court south of Enid to the new home five miles away on the city's northern edge. If readers find more errors than usual in this issue of *THE ABERREE*, just remember that the Publisher not only had to help with the moving, but while we sit in the comfort of an

office writing this column, she's at home with mop and pail... ¶ Maybe we shouldn't mention this, but one of the last visitors with a reservation for a bed on the trailer floor was the Rev. J. W. Welgos, completing his speaking tour of much of the Western U.S. And the Rev. J. W., without notice or our permission, didn't show up. Maybe he knew all that moving was in the cards, but didn't know that we never ask our guests to participate in such activity...

¶ One recent Sunday, when the deal for our new house was hanging fire and it was too early in the month to start work on the next *ABERREE*, the Ed. & Pub. pointed the nose of their 100-horse "shay" toward Lone Wolf for a day with Ed. Milligan and his "City of Dawn" gang. We found the entire tribe scattered here and yon in the multi-(two) storied building acquired since our visit last Spring, and much more optimistic about their future (if that is possible). The Langs (Ruth, Nancy, Bob, and Randy) have apartments on the top floor, while "Uncle Ed" has upended enough refrigerators to apartmentize himself in the back half of the lower deck. After an informal chit-chat about nothing in particular, we went on a tour of the Wichita Mountains, hunting the "Valley of Peace", and the site for the Holy City. It was a good thing the Langs were guiding us, because all we had to go by was a picture published in an early *ABERREE* which showed the hills looking like a pregnant mother—and as we drove over one dusty road after another, we became convinced all the hills look like pregnant mothers, in various stages of development. However, after we'd opened a wire gate or two and scared a few horses as we cut through pastures, we finally came to the rock wall which "uncle Ed" hopes will be the nucleus of one of his city sections. And we found it—the "Valley of Peace"—well named. Or maybe it was because the Ed. went off by himself to take a few pictures, while the womenfolk and children went on an inspection tour of their own... ¶ And Uncle Ed's "City of Dawn" isn't the only mountain top seeking to be the spiritual apex for a bomb-ridden planet. From Charles and Lillian Laughhead (P.O. Box 1934, Prescott, Ariz.) comes an announcement that it's REALLY later than we think, and "the Brotherhood of the Seven Rays" is establishing a religious priory in Mexico (El Priarato de Todos los Santos), which is associated with the Brotherhood's Monastery at Lake Titicaca, Peru. Colonists are invited who are willing to give up all material possessions and come live the "simple life" in preparation for the "imminent Second Coming of Christ". Will *ABERREE* readers intrigued by this threat to their continued survival please keep us informed of any change in address?...

¶ Back to more mundane matters, the Harold Schroepfels of Hazelcrest, Ill., announce the arrival on Oct. 11 of a baby girl, weight 7 lb., 10 ounces. They've named her Renata Victoria, and Harold proudly announces that she's "in good voice, and can destroy milk faster than most Scientologists can destroy mock-ups"... ¶ Clara Bradford, of Collingswood, N.J., writes that her son, Jim, who is nearly blind and has been unsuccessfully processed by some of the "super-duper" "therapists" for the last several years, is now taking job training, and hopes soon to

find placement... ¶ After the Dorothy Lauer letter to the Publisher in the last issue of *THE ABERREE*, "Uncle Ed" Milligan, who used to do a "sees all-knows all" act in his carnival days, checked his crystal ball and placed his stamp of approval on much that had been foreseen for *THE ABERREE*... ¶ And Arthur Burks, whose "Monitor" series in *ORION* is stirring up wide interest in circles that get stirred up by this sort of thing, took a peek into the situation, and volunteered the information (after a bit of arm twisting) that we, too, have a "monitor" named "Clara". After we'd blushed a bit at knowing our "guardian angel" was a female tagging our every move, we accepted the quip of the publisher that what Clara can't Clarify, claret will (if you get enough of it)... ¶ On a more cheerful note comes the report from Gladys Hale, of Pierre, S. Dak., of a sudden B. I. (that's "Burst of Insight" in Synergese) that cracked her own case. Gladys has been working in Dianetics and Scientology for several years, was a fellow student in Camden, and a "space opera gal" from the word "go". Hit it wasn't space opera that got the job done—just plain old re-evaluating of intentions. Congratulations, Gladys...

¶ Idella Stone, operating the new Stone Dianetic Center in Sierra Madre, Calif., announces that their old news letter, *THE FLASH*, is no more. A different type letter, selling for \$1 for six sporadic issues, will be issued. Its name is being kept secret until it's in the mails... ¶ It seems that American dollars are a bit scarce in Ontario, so this year, when renewal time came around, Bramwell Saywell, of St. Thomas, found himself sending in Canadian currency. The bill he sent may be quite common to our neighbors to the north, but we were more than a bit intrigued by the face of "Old Nick", which some engraver had artfully designed into the curling hair at the base of the Queen's neck. "Some feel it was intentional", Bramwell said, in calling our attention to the design. Which it probably was—even if it was accidentally intentional... ¶ We received quite a pile of letters this last month based primarily on the writers' wishes in regards to who'd be our next President, but in view of the final count, we thought it best to curtail our "Dear Editor" section this issue. We guessed wrong too, but we never did find out just how many votes our candidate got—if any... ¶ Visitors to *THE ABERREE* office the last month included Earl Cupard of Crescent, Okla., who doesn't get around quite so often since becoming an oil well derrick jockey; --- of New York, who has just finished a 25-hour intensive and submitted a Mother Goose parody which we hope we'll have room for on some other page in this issue; --- of Chicago, Ill., whose plea that we not reveal her name is being rigidly respected; Sherman Buckner of Oklahoma City, who expressed regrets that we'd printed his letter to Mr. Anthony in last month's *ABERREE*, and which we forthrightly are unprinting; and --- but you get the idea. Never a dull moment at 207 North Washington... ¶ We just learned that one of our subscribers, Charles and DeJuana Jones, moved into their new home in Enid, finally—about two months later than the builders had promised it'd be ready for them. And of all days to move, they picked the same one we did: R-A-I-N...



Dear Editor:

"Congratulations for the improvement of the magazine. But you can do much better if you change that tiresome type.

"My evaluation of the best writer in your magazine is Don G. Purcell. Keep him going, please." --Stephen Gargillis, Boston, Mass.

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"Your endeavors (in *The ABERREE*) were the reason for my procuring Long's 'Secret Science' volumes, Alexander's 'Creative Realism' tome, Eaman's 'Cooperative Healing', and a volume on Edgar Cayce (from the news stand), so I am returning the favor.

"Recently released is a work (Auto-conditioning, the New Way to a Success Life, by Hornell Hart, Professor of Sociology, Duke University --he's a pal of J. B. Rhine's-- Parker Publishing Co., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1956, \$4.95) that is almost straight out of Kitselman. It is based on the principle of talking to yourself mentally! (Mock-ups?) How about a review of it in your columns? Sorry, I personally can't do it. Sure would like. (ED. NOTE--Maybe someone else who has read the book might wish to send us a review.)

"By the way, I have never seen mention of Claude Bristol's 'Magic of Believing' in your columns, either. This book (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95) ran into 22 printings between March-April, 1948, and June, 1954. Bristol's research on what he calls 'Mind-stuff' and Kitselman's work on 'E' could be as close as 'kissin' cousins'!

"Seems to me, as time goes on, that the great weight of all the evidence, as more and more research workers start to plumb the terra incognita of the human mind, is beginning to bear on the Kitselman side of the tree as opposed to the side presented by Hubbard in his 'Dianetics'. (And isn't Hubbard, too, in his later years, what with Theta-MEST and now hybrid Scientology, beginning to lean toward A. L. K.'s side?" --Wm. B. A. Periman, Baltimore.

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"There is a lot of Scientology activity in Chicago, but I'm in touch with it only by long grapevine. Carl Warner and another have moved the church of Scientology to Sheridan Road. There are some courses going, and I understand that the affair is supporting itself, which is a change from a lot of past mock-ups. Wing has taught a course and graduated a group of HDA's. Don't

know how good they are yet. None of the results have come my way.

"I'm still auditing, but not a lot of it. And doing some experimenting with other methods -- on myself. If they work well I may try them on others.

"Donald G. Reed, 3880 Greenwood, San Diego 10, Calif., is trying to co-ordinate a group of people interested in the psi abilities -- theta perceptics to you -- and would like data on the transmission of messages by such means. It should be concerned with reproducible and controllable phenomena, however, something you can do or demonstrate on demand. I think he'll have a lot of fun.

"Still find your form of communication more dependable than any other in the field, but wish there were more stuff on 'how' -- what questions to ask; what methods did what to which pre-clear.

"I still find the most effective method to be to get agreement with the pre-clear about what is wanted. I'm having some fun playing games with that stuff known as para-Scientology by some, and therefore dangerous, and as the 'gifts of the spirit', by others, and therefore blessed. More fun. And when I mention to someone their attitude about such stuff. 'We didn't say that', and 'We didn't mean it'. Looking is fine just so long as you do it thru my glasses, and not thru his or yours!!!

"World has been real sociable lately. It seems to operate on the 'seek and ye shall find' -- ask and it shall be given unto you -- knock and it shall be opened' principles, so rapidly that sometimes it is a bit of a shock. I note with interest your effort to get data on the future by psychometry. Why don't you go look for yourself? It ain't no secret, unless you yourself block the data. Suppose you put down what you really want -- then duck -- before it arrives in your lap." --Harold Schroepfel, Hazel Crest, Ill.

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"Congrats on a fine issue. Hesitate to say more in view of that medium's promises." --Lee Lockhart, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

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"After reading the October issue of *The ABERREE*, I decided definitely to delve deeply into Scientology, Dianetics, and related subjects. I am getting much out of 'A Concept of Totality'. I'm using the article sort of as a textbook.

"Now, maybe I just don't understand completely, but what was to be gained from Jim Bartley's article on Indian Lore? I began reading it with high hopes but soon saw that it was pure nonsense. Or have I missed something? If course, I have already learned that Scientology (or rather Scientologists) is looking at everything as a big joke. That's one thing that I'm afraid I won't fit into too well because I look on things a little more seriously...

"By the way, I've tried Volney Mathison's negative energy outflow and found it highly successful." -- Nancy Lang, Lone Wolf, Okla.

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"Your *Aberree* is indispensable in my portfolio of reading matter. Besides giving news of the multiple of splinter groups which now comprise Hubbard's once goose-stepping followers, your magazine is growing in stature with each issue and is becoming the focal point of another

group of minds which could not thrive under totalitarian leadership.

"Scepticism and iconoclastic humor are invaluable tools for clearing away the debris, preparatory to building a new structure. Agnosticism is the true scientific attitude in the absence of useful hypotheses.

"Axioms are not controversial hypotheses which would require wodge of argument to convince an open mind of their truth. Axioms are self evident truths. There have been too many tenuous and frothy suppositions presented as axioms.

"There has been in many quarters an attitude of contempt for the methods and achievements of orthodox science, especially in the field of psychiatry and medicine. If some of these critics will read 'Love against Hate', by Karl Menninger, they will, if honest, have to revise this downgrading with respect to this great humanitarian and scientist.

"I have yet to be convinced that anyone can cure a psychotic against his will, or that anyone can cure him except the sufferer himself through the will to change and accept responsibility for his plight.

"The therapist's problem is to persuade the self-victimized man or woman that he or she might possibly be the cause of his or her troubles. After that, with the proper guidance, he is on his way.

"Menninger has used the time-honored method of surrounding the patient with love and kindness, thus winning his cooperation in the psychoanalytical approach, which is the kernel in the meat of successful Dianetic techniques also.

"My wife and I have developed, or rather have been presented with, a new method which so far has not been published, chiefly because we have only been working with it four years, and have not yet achieved the stature of 'sainthood'.

"The method may be called 'Psychic Response'. In our experiments, we contacted a mind vastly more complete and integrated than the conscious waking selves of us, and he has been prodding us along little by little toward a state of 'love' and 'wisdom'.

"The method of communication was actually developed with an ouija board, but soon switched to a clairaudient reception by my wife alone.

"A blunt statement as above probably will elicit chiefly derision and ridicule in the beginning. Which is only natural. The value of the method must rest upon the material received.

"Any particular theory as to the nature of the mentor is not compulsory. He could be the Spiritual Principle as described by Dr. C. J. Jung in his lectures at Yale University, published as 'Psychology and Religion'.

"You may postulate a super-duper file clerk, capable not only of computing but of gently nudging the mind through cryptic epigrams which are only understood days or weeks later.

"He could be an incarnate being dwelling on another plane. The important thing is does the stuff work? Does it inspire to constructive action? Does it implant vital and recreative ideas in the mind?

"The answer to these last questions is most emphatically yes.

"I intend to present for publication soon a preliminary survey of the teachings of our 'Mentor', as he has been prodding us to place the

material before a wider audience. And it is our obvious duty to do so."--Paul E. O'Neill, Marrero, La.

Anyone interested in Zen Buddhism will find a little volume entitled "New Pathways to Piano Technique", by Luigi Bonpensiere (Philosophical Library), to be a remarkable application of the ideas of Zen to the practical problem of playing the piano well. The author apparently developed his material at the keyboard through self-observation, without reference to, or knowledge of, the literature of Zen—which makes the book all the more interesting as a validation of the Zen principles." -- Sam Randlett, Nashville, Tenn.

"Send the Aberree along for another year. There are many worthwhile suggestions buried in places where least expected. (One has to cure himself' becomes more and more a certainty in my mind.

"I join with others that suggest a good article or a small series on E therapy of Kitzelman's. Last seemed

to be back several years. I wrote their office in LA and heard nothing.

"What I like about them is a relative absence of postponing the inevitable meeting up with the problem of curing oneself. They fearlessly drag it into the NOW where it really is and make the patient face up to it. Perhaps that is why it has not been popular, and perhaps it hasn't the commercial appeal that the long-session types may have. Some goes for the 'new look' in Scientology that the Walshes seem to be imparting. Scripture appears to validate what these folk are doing in its injunction to 'Cast off and perceive through the sight, since I am Elohim'. Or, better known as 'Be still and know that I am God'.

"Which all goes to show that Reality and Truth do not have to turn far to receive supporting evidence, even from places least expected."--Bramwell Soywell, St. Thomas, Ont.

"Last few weeks have been making impromptu notes which I jot and keep to minimize secondary elaboration, and to prevent 'fading'. Here are a few of these:

"Motivation—is done by making possible for others to do what they desire to do themselves, but are unable to do by themselves. Never involves an added pressure but always the removal of an obstruction already present. Motivation does not involve duress. It is analogous to a triggering action. External force is automatically resisted by exertion of counterforce. Internal force, on the contrary, is resisted by expending it.

"Motivation depends on ratios of advantages and rewards. To motivate others to your own benefit, the advantage to each other must be or seem equal or greater than your own. Preferably the advantage to the others should be real rather than merely apparent. Otherwise motivation will get harder to do later. Preferably, too, it's better if the disadvantage to yourself is apparent, rather than real; weakening yourself consistently is not survival-type behavior.

"Motivation—other kind—why you do something. The best reason is the least acceptable: that it was done for fun or for the hell of it. The worst reason is the most acceptable: that it was because you had to or couldn't help it. The middle reason for doing something, and the middling acceptable one, is that someone else did it so you did too.

"To get the most done in the shortest time by spending the least effort, while fixing the smallest amount of attention. This is the principle of Least Effort. When a person takes more time, effort, and attention to do something than someone else takes to do it, they are evidently doing something else.

"Psychotherapy means any process, not physiological, which makes a person more capable of doing something they could not do before.

"When considering living systems, analogies with non-living systems must never be pressed too far. It is characteristic of living systems that whatever is possible will eventually happen unless it is prevented. In a non-living system, only the most probable alternatives will happen.

"Freedom on the Dichotomies.' Richard's phrase crystallizes the whole concept. The choice of 'on' instead of 'from' or 'of' directs

the emphasis to a new semantic. It is a facing toward, a willingness to accept any value, a detestation of nothing. Whatever anybody 'is', I too am that. But I am also not-that. It is certainly true that I am more completely this than that here and now; but ideally, or even optimally, the emphasis will shift from 'this than that' to 'here and now', and my being 'this' will become more a variable than a characteristic.

"In order to escape do not try to get away.

"There are two ways to destroy a seed. There are two ways to destroy an egg. There are two ways to destroy a self.

"Evil is something you want to do or become. Good is always something you want to do or become. Good and evil is a dichotomy whose connection is desire.

"The past is always partly false. The present is always partly true. The future is neither false nor true. Facts are of the past. Actuality is of the present. Probability is of the future. The past is remembered; the present is experienced; the future is predicted." -- Fred Hand, Houston, Texas.

"Have been on an extended trip to the west coast. Among others, we—the wife and I—visited Max F. Long.

"What a load some of you numerous lone wolves carry. There is need for closer relationship of some of the more sober searchers for mastery and truth.

"Your personal remarks and art work are fine; somewhat up my alley, during the last 42 years."--Ralph E. Gardner, Greeley, Colo.

"Can you locate an Individual Track Map for me? The HASI says they are out of print. (ED. NOTE—Maybe some of our readers has one tucked away somewhere they'd be willing to part with.)

"What do you suggest for Scientology or Dianetics for the future? Should the data just be disseminated into the different professions and various groups which are already organized, or should a separate and distinct profession be organized—such as the chiropractic profession? What is the outlook for lay analysts with all the proposed mental health legislation to confine healing to organized medicine and A.M.A. members only?

"With the popularity of hypnosis and reincarnation since Bridey Murphy, do you think 'dealing with the mind' can be 'contained' by medicine?

"How about the teacher-student relationship rather than the doctor-patient relationship? Would that be the answer? The pre-clear can enroll for 'instruction' in 'new ways in thinking'."--Dr. J. Harold Thibodeau, Myrtle Beach, S. Car.

"Working, or rather playing, with a high-toned pre-clear the other day, and while running 'spot something on the table you could let remain', each time she started to straighten the confused scraps of paper, and re-arrange the pencils while she said she could let them remain AS-IS. I ran it until she got the realization that she could let them stay in my house, but she must straighten them out. She is deeply religious, and wants to straighten out the world. And thus we all go wanting to straighten out those nearest us according to our idea of alignment, eh? It got quite a laugh



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July 26, 1956

when she realized this. Another pre-clear was shocked into tears (having arrived at the beautiful state of nothingness) when asked to spot what he could have. And another went into laughing hysterics when she found out she couldn't let go even of the cigaret butts in the tray, comfortably. These reactions do not invariably occur, but are amusing when that trio is run and they do occur."

--Alberta Elliott, Greenville, S. C.

"I enjoyed reading 'Errors Also Add to Our Experiences', by a Don G. Purcell. Also, I appreciated your article on 'A Holy City Without Preachers'. I am going to write my thoughts, my ideas on Mr. Milligan and I'd like the pros and cons of them.

"Jehovih, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, is in the Mountain Business. He is in the Mountain Tops. He is in the Writing Business..."

"Edward says he is selling a plan. What's wrong with that? Jehovih is in the business of selling plans wherein His people can gather, can own possessions, can be brought into better lands, pastures of milk and honey. Wouldn't you think, then, certain characters, with weak or strong characters, rough and ready, willing or unwilling--have to be raised up with a dream, an idea, a vision, to help Jehovih accomplish His plan and His ideas?"

"Jehovih has a lot of strange ways. Jehovih has a lot of strange works. Jehovih has a lot of peculiar people. Now, if this be the case, would you not say that Edward is one of those strange ones? Of all the Bibles, lost, hidden, and otherwise, they all state, in the Latter Days Jehovih will bring his strange acts to pass. Surely, He will have to have strange actors to help him perform His strange works. These strange workers have one identification to identify them: They are zealous for good works, proving they belong to the righteous branch of a thing, an idea..."

"Jehovih says, 'In all my Holy Mountains', so it appears not one, but many, for to and from the mountain tops the truth will be preached.

"Many will come to the City of Dawn looking for a lazy way out, but a lazy spirit is restless and full of mischief, and to teach lazy ones to work is to uplift. Some people will like community living and others will not, but there is a place for all. The worthless ones will depart from the Kingdom of God, but nevertheless it comes."--Isabella Clark, 91 S. Main, Franklinville, N.Y.

COMO

NO ABERREE NEXT MONTH!
Our traditional mid-winter issue of the ABERREE is a combined January-February issue, out about 20 Jan., 1957. Have a Happy New Year!!!

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PAID answer to Ivor's ad: "What have I got to lose--but my aberrations?" ME. My aberrations are ME. Philip Friedman.

SEVEN "Spiritual Healing" exercises by Arthur J. Burks, to be used in conjunction with Mr. Burks's "in absentia" sessions, from 10:00 to 10:15 (EST) nightly. These exercises, to be used one a night and then repeated, will be sent to any who contribute \$5 or more toward Mr. Burks's Foundation for research into what lies behind disease. K. & S. Smith, Box 301, Harrisburg, Penn.

THERAPY--IN SLEEP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

of research are asked by the operator. The operator notes and orally mentions all Electropsychometric surges, tone shifts, and the like, the surges being described as one-, two-, five-, 10-second surges, etc.

If the operator has not been personally trained to make his own "sleep tapes", the examination tape is sent to Los Angeles, where it is replayed, notes taken, and a personalized "sleep tape" created.

The client, upon receiving the tape, plays it every night, or as nearly so as practicable, on going to bed. The tape runs an hour; then an automatic stop device turns it off.

The effects upon a patient are immediate. Within a few nights, constructive changes are obvious. It must be noted, however, that occasionally there is a temporary reverse effect. I had already become accustomed to experiencing such reverse effects with duplicative personal processing sessions, and had long ago ascertained that such reverse effects are manifestations of the resistance of the patient's subconscious to giving up a symptom that serves some purpose. This is to say, some persons subconsciously are determined to remain sick because of the attention and/or escape from work which this achieves. In this type of case, a "sleep tape" may, at first, be resisted violently. The resistance usually takes the form of itchiness, irritability, denunciations of the entire plan of treatment, and the like. This ordinarily wears off in a few nights. Hence a person holding down a week-day job must initiate the use of a "sleep tape" on a Friday night so that three nights may elapse before going to work after starting the treatment.

Since changing my entire practice over to include "sleep tapes", I have been almost awed by their power to produce results. The former procedure of sitting beside a client up to as long as 40 to 50 hours, at great expense to him, seems intolerable now. The older methods of psychical treatment, when viewed against Electropsychometry and "sleep tapes",

WORLD DIANETICS GROUP IS FORMED; MEMBERS INVITED

EFFORTS to re-interest an estimated 950 trained auditors who have dropped out of Dianetics because of invalidation--either personal or of the techniques--is being made by a new organization now being set up, to be called the International Dianetic Society, according to an announcement by A.E. van Vogt, president. Letters which carry an invitation to founding members are being prepared and are expected to be in the mails soon.

"All thought, all ideas are grist for the mill of the International Dianetic Society if they are properly presented," van Vogt declared. "Anything which the human mind conceives, fantasies, or considers has some meaning. Therefore, it properly comes within the frame of any study of the mind."

However, van Vogt added, those

remind me of the Vikings battling their way across the stormy Atlantic, guided by an occasional star, as compared with a modern stratosphere streaking through the sky piloted by electronic radar.

I, too, use "sleep tapes". They work. This is a certainty.

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who accept in toto the Theta theory of Scientology—while not barred—will probably "find a more congenial climate with the HASI than with the IDS". Scientology, he said, has narrowed its field to a group of meta-physically-minded individuals who, for one reason or another, cannot accept the orthodox religions, but who feel that they "need" something.

Van Vogt estimates that more than 1,200 auditors have been trained in the six years of Dianetics, and that three-fourths of them have withdrawn from the field. It is the IDS's hope

that the interest of many of these can be aroused anew.

The International Dianetics Society is being formed as a non-profit organization of "people interested in a scientific and non-religious presentation of Dianetic theories, methods, and claims". It is open not only to professional auditors, but to "book auditors", those wanting their own cases "run", or those "just interested". Annual membership fees for founding members is \$1.

Headquarters—at least, for the first three years—will be in Los

Angelés. The temporary address is 7069 Hawthorne Av., Hollywood. Future location, officers, of the Society will be determined at the membership at annual election.

SOME RUMORS CAN BE FA

It is understood there is no truth to the rumor that the A.M.A. helped finance Eisenhower's campaign for re-election so that they could avoid their medical experiments at Government expense.

Defenses Bring on Your Tensions and I

BY C. ARTHUR PICKERING

WHY MAKE it hard? One lovely girl, working her heart out to exist, could do anything she attempted to very easily when she was a little girl but the children who really worked hard to accomplish anything got the praise and recognition. There was more value in the effort than in the accomplishment, so she learned to make her work and her life difficult.

We are making the search for truth, optimum, clear, integration, and so forth difficult in so many ways. We have added difficulties by defining the goal in terms that in themselves need more defining. Simplify a little. An optimum or integrated person is one who is no longer defending. This points out the direction: One way to resolve this might be to analyze how we defend ourselves. This we can find is through a set of muscles which we tense up to be ready to spring into action at the slightest real or imagined threat. Relax them all and be clear. How do we do this? Find what we are defending, remove the value from it. Find what we are defending ourselves from. We find it no longer exists. Find out how we are defending, and then don't do it.

How do we defend? (Who laid that egg?) One method of discovering how we defend is to watch the method currently in use. Is it anger, tears, sullenness, stubbornness, lethargy, pain, sickness, giving orders? Stop doing these and the muscles and nerves that were underneath and activating this conduct will become apparent. In fact, the pressure of them may become so strong you will think they are two parents, fighting bitterly. Could be. When you reach this point, RELAX. Here we are likely to meet our first line of defense, defending our defenses. Maybe a headache appears, too many muscles in the body resisting each other, too many brain cells directing them to do it. RELAX SOME MORE. Keep relaxing till the pressure in the head can be localized--right side or left side, front, center, or back. Location of the brain activity will indicate the level of thinking to be rebalanced. Generally speaking, the frontal area pressures will reduce through rationalization or education. Central area pressures will reduce by body manipulation--exercise, rest, and so forth. Pressure in the back of the head will reduce through emotional or glandular rebalancing. This is usually the area where one can use help or guidance to the best advantage. When the pressures are resolved to the point of localizing to one side of the head, all you have to do is move it across and balance the pressure on both sides. If body relaxation has been carried to the point of comfort--that is, all the pressure is in the head--the total response or defense pattern will alter and the pressure will vanish as it balances. What a relief!

Try this exercise for fun! Remember how "mad" you were yesterday when the little dog

yapped excitedly at you and you were was going to bite you? You blamed the didn't you? "That blasted little pooch bit me!" you said to anyone who would Now, take a look at that cute little dog coming bounding up to say "Hi, Swell day, isn't it?" What was your to his offer of hospitality? Now be Did you say, "Hi!" right back at him friendly fashion, or did you growl, of my way, you mutt! Git!" and try to the go-by? Remember how tense you were ably very tense areas in the back head, near the neck; maybe this extend into the neck--maybe even further. Loo you defended your ill humor projected friendly little dog--blamed him for wa bite you. Do you think he'd like the when he wanted to be friends? Why be ceited?

Take a nice, quiet, honest look disposition of yours and your reaction projections and examine carefully the present. How long have you had these t maybe even heaviness, pressure, and pa at times? What do you do to create the but you, could put that pain, pressu tension in your body? We didn't, did w HOW do you do it? Under what circum Why do you do it? What do you gain? l value do you place on it? Keep putting together until you know how you built of tensions--how you have been and are and for what purpose. What do you get? whether you want to keep it. If you d read any further. If you do not want it, see what you must do to change it. l low through actively using the new rea Be friendly with the little dog--rea him and enjoy his show of friendlin frisky moments, the shine of his hair, defense! No "mad"! No tension! No ac pain!

Really simple, isn't it? Don't y better already? Fum, isn't it? Aft people are almost as human as dogs.

One of the interesting things that h discovered is that the environment c Yes, it does! The THINGS we were de against cease to occur. They just don' any more. If we use this method on the disturbing things and do it often eno will find that we always brought th ourselves. As we accept, through undc ing, that we always do this, the tensio were too large keep getting smaller and er.

As questions arise in the process c ing with this and the answers are not coming, start looking for help from who has had some experience in this t guidance. But remember these two thin You built it, therefore you can know it works; and (2) Keep it simple. I could build it, a big strong adult sh able to change it! If he wants to.

The ABERREE

Naught But Nothing (Positively)



By Phil Friedman

Why don't you just use Grace Kelly's or Liberace's photos? Why expose our weaknesses?

Mr. Hardin D. Walsh has a stubborn nose, and no amount of Totality can change it one cubit. "Now, let's don't get personal."

Filo's nose balances a world of woes.

"A Silver Cover with Blue Letters". Two negatives. Two women. Unnatural. Very cold. All space with no point to it. The reader gets swallowed up by it—giving all—getting nothing. Women will detest it. Men will like it. If "silver and blue" is a "must", separate the letters and the background with a gold or orange border around the letters. That's putting a man between two women. I'm the bearded person. Please listen. "The letter X is stamped upon the universe," says Plato.

Volney's cosmic rays remind me of the technique for mocking up different colors for various functions,

given out by the Golden Dawn Press, Los Angeles.

For protection mock yourself up as being completely surrounded by blue light, not neglecting below the feet. At the same time affirm:

"The great blue cosmic fire comes down from Heaven above, in a great shaft of blue scintillating light, completely filling my head and my body, extending out in every direction, repelling everything except that which is beneficial to me."

This I have tried and can say that it works—sometimes uncannily—and that it also seems to bring more things to be protected from.

"I never met a man I didn't like."
I never met a like I didn't man.
Two meeting likes explode—that's mainly manly.

Two meeting unlikes implode. That is motherly.

To Sherman Buckner: Surely you CAN "afford" to believe some of it—say the gibberish I copied from the ancient great ones. You ain't that poor—is he, Mr. Agony?

In "Plowing up the Field", you are riding rough shod over a lot of dead-heads.

Question: How do you mock-up-medicine-men figure the dosage?

In re Walshes' Totality:
"The answer to the problem is the problem." In other words, the cure for cancer is cancer. The disease is the cure. Adversely, the elimination of the problem is the elimination of the answer to the problem. The prob-

lem is only the symptom, and the elimination of the symptom is not the cure.

Thinking is analytical and divisional. The moment you run Totality on the thinking level, you divide and destroy the Totality. The very thought of Totality is less than Total.

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1957

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Vol. 3
No. 9

MAKING
A DREAM
COME
TRUE



TIME OUT FOR BELIEF IN MAN "Anyone who believes like you should be burned at the stake," the visiting preacher said, returning to us a copy of The ABERREE he had "borrowed".

"How do we believe?" we asked, just as if we didn't know.

He looked at us with such horror and contempt that we quit grinning. He wasn't joking. The smell of burning faggots (at least, something smelled) was in his voice as he replied: "That God is IN man."

All of which caused us to take a few seconds off for a bit of introspection. What do we believe? What ideas are we trying to sell, if any, through the columns of The ABERREE? And what is so dangerous about those ideas that we should do a Joan of Arc?

We can't in all truthfulness say we have no ideas--because at times, we're about as opinionated as a human can get. And in spite of an editorial policy of "Take nothing seriously", those ideas and opinions do creep into the magazine. But we're not trying to "sell" them to anybody. What we believe now, we believe because we are convinced those ideas come closer to answering the universal query of "Why are we here?" and "What is Life?" than any answers we've ever had. We won't even say the answers are right--but we do feel that they're right for us--NOW. And as long as we feel that way, those beliefs probably will motivate all we do and say. If we have evidence later that points to another belief as being more acceptable, you'll probably see the new belief wielding its scepter in the columns of The ABERREE.

As those who have been with us since Vol. 1, No. 1 know, The ABERREE was started as a pro-Scientology publication, with but one aim: sell Scientology, and at the same time, puncture some of the false balloons that were inflating the organization. Gradually, as Scientology abandoned more and more its touted aims, The ABERREE began to branch out, until we had extended our sphere to where we were quite willing to puncture balloons in any dogma that seemed to take itself too indispensable. During this metamorphosis--to use a cliché--one thread of what seemed to us as "TRUTH" wound its way through the skein of all the

"ologies", "isms", and "ics"--a thin thread that can even be found in the pragmatic sermons of those who sell fear and hatred from the pulpits. The idea is so simple that a people trained to want to make complicated problems of everything probably can never accept it--but its unacceptance does not make it any the less factual.

This is that GOD (which Man is taught simply MUST exist in some form or other, and to believe otherwise is atheistic, heathenish, etc.) IS ALL. To us, "all" is "ALL"--not just a segment that has the churches' stamp of approval. Man is part of that Infinite Whole--and since one cannot be "part" of anything that is infinite, each and every one of us is actually ALL, too. Only our own decisions, limitations, and barriers give us the appearance and feeling of being otherwise. But closing our eyes to part of our beingness does not erase that beingness--nor make it any the less real. It just deprives us of conscious participation in it.

This limiting of ourselves has gone on for so many centuries and lifetimes that it is practically impossible for Man--even after an awakened state--to erase the long chain of agreements that has been forced on him from countless cradles to countless graves--and even, maybe, from countless graves to countless cradles. It is apparent that no one knows what happens to Man after he gives up existence in a mortal body--although there are plenty who will try and tell him--at a price, of course. There also are plenty who will sell him a way of life, too, even though he has a way of life that probably is much more optimum and spiritually evolutionary than any that can be sold him.

Therefore, since we do have a NOW, and we have let do-gooders shroud our future in fraud, speculation, and fear--our desires, aims, and actions of the PRESENT are the sum total of our existence. THIS is our eternity. Today we are immortal--not as bodies, maybe, but as co-existent beings.

We can't say that this is all we believe--but it's the only point we wish to get across in this auditorial. We want to disabuse any reader of the idea that The ABERREE is Scientological--or anti-Scientological. We like some of the ideas expounded in both

Dianetics and Scientology--but we cannot accept the sales bulletins that this "science", any more than any other belief, will make man free or help save him from his own destruction. Nor are we Synergeticists, Human Engineers, Rosicrucians, "E's", "P's", or "Q's". And especially are we not Catholics, Baptists, Adventists, or any of the other creeds which incubate sin with their powerful and constant imaging of a sinful world. However, if we find anything in any of the million or so isms that we think may help Man to see himself as more than a body enslaved to a material universe of "thou shalt not" chains, we're just as likely as not to use it in The ABERREE. After all, we do have to print something, we suppose, to mess up all that pretty white paper every month.

OO

"EVIL" IN MAN One of the basic teachings of the IC--GUESS WHO sundry religions is that "God is good"--and man is not God. Therefore, to follow this line of so-called reasoning, man isn't good because he isn't God and only God is good.

Yet it's amazing how many persons actually are shocked to discover their preachers, priests, and "authorities" to be not above lying, and cheating, and some of the other "sins" of man who isn't God and therefore isn't good because only God is good. Since preachers and priests, too, are men--or reasonable facsimiles thereof--their iniquities merely mean that they, too, have learned the lesson their churches teach. If they were good, they couldn't even be men--not even reasonable facsimiles.

Isn't it ridiculous?

OO

VICTIMS NEED TO PAY TAXES This time of long holiday year, many harassed business men will appreciate the suggestion that all business and industry take January and February off, with signs on the closed doors reading:

"Closed while we make out Federal, state, county, city, and other tax forms, obtain necessary licenses and tags, pass a driving test, get our kids immunized and registered for military service, etc., etc. Durned if we're not getting fed up with midnight oil, ulcers, and high blood pressure."



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POLICY: Don't take it so damn' seriously. The infiniteness of Man is not reduced to a "split infinity" by wars, taxes, or "experts" who offer to sell him what he already has.

Sub-Policy: We reserve the right to change our minds from issue to issue, or even from page to page, if we desire.

Sub-Sub-Policy: Each man has the inherent right to be his own and only "Authority".

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A Dynamo that Jutons in Rhyme

Chapter 1

WE FIRST contacted "The Dynamo" in the autumn of 1952. Some fellow had a system of self-development based upon the assumption of an "Integrator". Aberrations were sloughed off by yawning, belching, etc.

Archinetics, also -- with a similar hypothesis -- had a more dignified approach, but communication was through symbols which were obscure and difficult of interpretation.

We actually had tried the latter way, and thought it promising. However, we continued our search for a better method. And, since Clara seemed to have a flair for the ouija board, and we knew of a few cases wherein persons had picked up some rare literary works and wisdom beyond their apparent normal powers, we turned our efforts toward psychic channels. Through the ouija, we hoped, we thought we might contact the "Integrator" direct. As the reader will discover, it was a fortunate decision.

It was on September 26 that we made our first effort through the planchette at contacting the "Integrator". Clara was using the board. Slowly, moving from letter to letter, our first communication read:

"Now is the beginning of the great experiment. Understanding will come in time. You are at peace if you make peace with yourself. You are the beginning.

"Do not falter in your determination to find truth.

"Time is the essence."

Paul--Who are you?

Answer--You, your Dynamo.

Paul--Clara's? or mine?

Dynamo--Two. Both.

"What is meant by 'Time is the essence'?"

Clara asked me.

I didn't know. But since this "Dynamo", or whatever we had contacted had said also, "Understanding will come in time", I wasn't too concerned with the problem. "He (I assumed it was a 'he') said we would learn later", I told her.

My first reaction was antagonism toward the use of the word "Dynamo". It reminded me of an unthinking machine that furnished power. However, when I recalled that this power also is a source of light, which is a symbol of understanding, the name seemed more acceptable--more appropriate.

On Sept. 29, we received the following message:

Dynamo--*For good reception, you must give yourself to the R. E. A.*

Clara--R. E. A.? What is that?

Dynamo--*Reason. Endurance. Answers. More will come. Responsible you are for your Efforts Actions. Think, then, and act upon the thought immediately.*

In these words, we were being told that progress would have to come through effort of the will, self-discipline, rather than any mechanical ritual. The same basic attitude as the ancient religions.

EDITOR'S NOTE— For four years, Paul and Clara O'Neill have been in contact with a rhyming entity from what Paul calls a "higher plane of consciousness", who first conversed thru an ouija board. Now, this "crutch" has been done away with, and Clara is able to pick up messages direct. The contact has identified himself only as "The Dynamo", and his messages he calls "Elfin rhymes". During these four years, he has been urging the O'Neills not to talk about the messages, but to make them public -- and how more public can you get than to print them in THE ABERREE? We're certain most of our readers will find much of the philosophy (if not the poetry) thought-provoking, inspiring, and -- well, maybe YOU've got a little Dynamo some place, anxious to talk to you, if you invite him with the right approach! (See Letter from Paul in the "Dear Editor" section.)

Also, we were to be patient, use our reasoning powers, and heed the answers of the Dynamo.

Had we had more faith, the progress would have been faster. But our reaction to these messages was amusement and curiosity.

In the next session, we discovered the Dynamo was somewhat of a mind reader. I asked: "Can you give us a poem?"

While awaiting an answer, I mentally doodled with an old line of poetry. The words, "Art is long and time is fleeting", passed through my mind.

Dynamo--*Time is flown on past references.*

In other words, he seemed to be telling us to "come up to present time!"

In subsequent sessions, we were told to "Focus your point in time", and to work toward a firm foundation. We gradually learned that the firm foundation seemed to consist of satisfaction of material needs, a job you enjoy doing, living within income, and the maintenance of harmonious relationships at work, at home, and in social contacts.

On Oct. 6, after a minor family dispute, we picked up:

Dynamo--*Talk it over. You are misunderstanding of each. You have the knowledge. Yes.*

Miracles are for fairy tale audiences, but school is stark reality learning that comes slowly for some. Foundations must be built slowly, strong. Sense your opportunity. It will not fail the wise; the unwary dissipate its strength: the squirrel and the grasshopper. You know better than they. Take heed. Tomorrow is today.

I was amazed at the simplicity, directness, and common sense of this personality whom we were beginning to regard as a good friend and counselor.

(Oct. 9). Dynamo--*Rest when your work is done. Time for all things defies monotony. There are many weary travelers who have seen nothing. Up to the mountain top with a purpose, pleasure, or knowledge, each in its place.*

"Any more suggestions about the road to optimum?" I asked.

Dynamo--*Work toward a firm foundation.*

"The right habits?"

Dynamo--*Yes, and your cup must be full*

before you can extend your wisdom on others. (Then, after a slight pause): Ready is he who stands with his feet on the ground.

"Then he could reach out among the stars?"

D--Youth is of age. Is age not wiser?

During this session, I asked about some methods of self-improvement from Wichita and elsewhere.

D--Harmless. You are your own surveyor. Old ruts must be filled solid to make a new road or the wheels will go down in the quicksand of Life's established aberrations.

Filling the old ruts, I am sure, means substituting good patterns of conduct, thought, and emotion for bad ones. This must be kept up long enough that the old patterns are disintegrated from disuse. There can, therefore, be no quick method of regeneration.

The cult we had been following he characterized as a "catapult of minds, from infant to adult".

Apparently, you can establish a temporary new personality for special purposes, like acting or selling. This is done by many persons and is done by a process of imagination, or make-believe. They always fall back into the old habits, however, unless by earnest effort and labor they gradually "fill up the old ruts".

"Foundations must be built slowly, strong," he had said. Note that word "slowly". There can be no catapult.

I took a job as a welder at a good wage. I felt that this work fitted better in our new program than selling had.

(Oct. 14). D--Rest is sweet to him who earns it. The heaven within unfolds in peace. The wise man fills his cup that they who follow in the night may catch the overflow; and water turns to wine for those who have the wit to see the amber glow.

"Interesting pastime, I'd say," Clara remarked.

D--Small pebbles have their value too, as any child can tell you.

"Dynamo, you really have something on the ball," I told him.

D--A better word was spoken by the ancients.

"What is that word?"

D--He who is ready knows.

"In other words, I am not ready?"

D--You will be in time, and you will know that you know.

On October 19, we met a man who had been often in the limelight. We told him about the Dynamo experience. He reacted with hostility. The Dynamo lectured us for breaking the silence.

D--Silence is the key. Great deeds are not scattered like snowflakes to melt in the sun. You talk and they talk with no thought but of show. Life is death and death is life, and between the two there is no strife. But when science forgets its goal, the vultures hover. These false gods have vital ties to lend their puppets seeming life. But pity them who look down. They need your help in the evening lest sunlight bare their souls. See-saw is no fun when there is only one, but a hungry lion has no sense of humor.

"Secrecy is the thing?"

D--Yes, it helps concentration. Too many errors arrest development.

It was true. Invalidation could have weakened our determination.

On November 7, we had been discussing an individual who, we thought, was not managing his affairs as he should. Clara criticized him roundly and I mostly agreed with her.

D--Solve your own problems first.

"What's this all about?" I asked.

"He's talking about me," Clara told me.

D--Deep is the well of contagion.

"Of aberration?" I asked.

D--Of ideas. Good or bad, they may be had for the asking.

"Why do people try to solve other people's problems and neglect their own?"

D--Over the hill the wind is still blowing

Rose leaves and tea leaves and ashes of growing.

The witches' brew of time

Sends some descending, others climb.

"We should send this to a magazine, and sign 'A. Dynamo's' name as author," I said.

D--The elfins are laughing!

Unto each the gift of heaven is the yeast that makes the leaven. Knead lightly.

At the time we got this, I thought he was talking about the sense of humor, but now it appears to me he meant by "Gift of Heaven" "God-given talent". That is what makes people vain, or puffed up.

But don't puncture the balloon of his pride too much. Kid him lightly and give him a chance to deflate himself, when he begins to see his true proportions. This would be very apropos of the situation at that time. The fellow in question was talented and vain.

Unfriendly criticism is, of course, contrary to the law of love.

(Nov. 9) D--The stars in the heavens are there today

And give no thought that they are to stay.

Tomorrow is another day.

The child sees only the brightest ones.

The things of the future, the distance he shuns.

You are the retrievers of older ones.

"Was Socrates's 'Familiar Spirit' his Dynamo?" I asked.

D--Yes. Under the heavens the guides are many.

"Could a familiar be a discarnate human being?"

D--Not fancy but fact is the truth, if any

Who hear what is offered can understand That fact and fancy go hand in hand.

The lace on the table, the mantle of sable

Appeal to the eyes of the ones who are able,

And those who are not use the gift at hand

And weave of them a fancy fable.

"You're getting better all the time," I complimented.

D--The method of practice makes the physician.

The method of practice makes the musician.

But no method of practice can make erudition.

"I meant, your communication with us is

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 6

Intent Is Key to 'Running' Futures

EDITOR'S NOTE-- For a couple or more years, we've been in correspondence with Harold Schroepfel regarding his "Future Processing", with which he reports exceptional results. We even asked him for an article on the process for readers of *The ABERREE*, which he had successfully resisted for some time. But we had it imaged up all the time--and here it is. Whether the reader believes it possible to "process futures" or not, even after reading this, we are convinced almost any auditing technique can be improved considerably by following some of the simple rules Harold delineates herein.

HAVE NO objection to teaching people to "see" the future, but I do object to demonstrating it can be done to those who cannot do it. I think that this creates fear, and other counter-emotion. The reason future processing is successful for me is not dependent on any ability to "see" the future, but rather to a number of other factors.

The first of these is to expect the pre-clear (or processee) to be able to do it.

The second is a long range program of auditing instead of "hit-and-run" techniques. I usually work with people in short sessions over a long period of time. Usually, I prefer not to work with people for short periods--such as "one-week intensives", etc.

I check what people tell me about their intentions against their performance, and I continue to check until the two match up. If one doesn't track, I may get downright nasty about it. I've been known to wait six months for somebody to do one thing I asked them to do before I'd make a move to audit them.

Both success and failure are attitudes, and should sooner or later be replaced with "It happened". All of us are psychic. The only question is--What are we using the abilities to produce? Often it is to prove we can't do it.

At some levels of awareness, such things as accidents are easily caused or prevented. They can be easily predicted, and the intentions causing them can be removed in many persons. They can be forced out of your immediate universe--for yours read "mine", in any case. If you wish to remove the intention to cause accidents, seek the last easily-remembered accident, and then locate the last possible instant at which it was possible to change the mind, and avoid the accident. The intention--in terms of emotion in the body--the actual emotional intention of the body at that particular instant IS the accident-producing intention. Often it is enough to point this out to people. This is seldom stated as "the intention to have an accident". It is far more likely to be: "Mother is wrong and I can prove it--I've got to do it this way--I'm in a hurry; don't stop me", etc., than to be a direct "desire to have an accident".

If a man is in good shape, these can be picked up and changed. And the changes set for the future. "Are you planning to use this attitude again? Is there a more appropriate one you could use? Now, image up

situations using this changed attitude." If you cannot pick up the attitude which he held at the time of "setting up" the accident (when he passed the change point), then he is not ready to change, and the need for accidents should be tackled, and why he needs one discovered.

When you can predict accidents, you can prevent them, and change the processee's mind about them.

Low perception in visualization could well indicate a high degree of automaticity in present time. But the images you are making for yourself for the future should be practiced until you have high perception in them. You should be able to walk in the rooms, bark your legs on the furniture, and feel the emotions of the people with whom you deal. As the detail gets better and better, you should "lock-in" on a "real future". Not, you understand, an absolute must, but a real possibility. A growth from the "now" you are in, and a "real" one unless you actively choose another.

If you can see yours that well, then maybe you can see others'.

I might point out that the futures I see are pretty prosaic. I have a definite preference for a smooth course to life, and the things I pick out of the stream of information which constantly flows are the little off-beats, usually. The heavy stuff I ran some years ago.

Full perception in present time includes the awareness of the future of any act as it is done, and its relation to the whole. What its past was--the things that led up to it--and its future. Or at least the main alternates, since in most cases, such awareness includes the responsibility of creating the future by the act.

I have no intention of proving conclusively to anyone that I can accurately determine the future. I don't want a flock of intelligence agents breathing down my neck. And I'll not report any stuff from the recent past which I've checked out, as it deals with people immediately around me and is hardly fair to them.

However, I have picked up some stuff which I've not as yet related to people I know, and which I know either to be real events in real locations, or the nearest description to them acceptable to me. And I'll tell you how the stuff arrives.

I can cause it by wanting the answer to a specific question, and doing meditation on it. It usually arrives in the early hours of the morning, on nights when I'm not physically exhausted, but medium-well rested. "I" in each of these cases is some other person, and in this particular set, unidentified:

Set of dreams -- extract from a much longer sequence. Thursday, Nov. 8, 1956. About 3:30 A.M. (I omit my personal conclusions about the dreams.)

1. I am at "P's", and there is a "cyanide" dinner scheduled. A church supper? I tell "P" I intend to be there--but there seems to be some con-

fusion about the date--Tuesday or Thursday.

2. Two children--boy about 6, girl about 5-- come to the house. Both are blondes; I mistake them for my own, and then see the hair is different. Then their mother appears and takes them to the drug store.

3. I am outside an apartment house, looking for a place to spread a blanket. House is on a hill. Immediate area is a small formal garden. Concrete walks, bushes, few flowers; other people there. I step around the hedge and spread the blanket on a bare patch of ground--spotty bareness, some grass --and a dog appears. The dog is known to me, and is quite thin. I realize he hasn't been fed in several (two) days. The "wife"? usually feeds him, so I go into the kitchen and start hunting food. There is a woman there--belongs. I am neutral about her.

This is the way the stuff comes in. The places described are real, and exist in the real universe, tho I personally have never seen them. So do the people, but "F" is a symbol replacing someone I don't like quite as well. I was puzzled over the first section, especially as I didn't seem to be disturbed at the time about going to the "cyanide" supper. I put in a little time and a few 'phone calls, and located the real event related to the dream three days later. There is one, but nobody died, so nothing to worry about. The other incidents I've not bothered to run down, but they are real ones and in the near future. Average lead on this stuff is from two to two and a half weeks.

When I get these dreams, I copy them down, adding my opinions about them. Then I check my interpretations against the facts when the real event appears. I've omitted the interpretations here, but in practice, much of the information about the future appears during the interpretation.

By the way, when I "see" a situation that will prove to be real, the details are so sharp that I can identify the location when and if I see it.

As I told you at the beginning, I have considerable doubt about giving you this data. Those who can use it, will. And those who can't--well, they won't. That's all.

COOO
Cows sleep only five minutes at a time.

DYNAMO TUTORS IN RHYME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

getting better."

D--(Finishing verse first started).

Table, sable, stable, cable,

Fancy footage for a fable.

If you would sail the heavens, the ancient wisdom spawn.

I began to see the point. Practically all wise sayings are rapier thrusts at aberrated patterns.

We all have been exposed to this wisdom a great deal in school, in church, and in our reading. Those who read the Bible and other sacred writings have contacted a rich storehouse. But most persons do not apply it to themselves. They rather project it on other people.

Pride interferes with the self-application of the wisdom. That is why pride is designated as a mortal sin, no doubt.

The major hurdle the aberree has to cross is the admission that he needs to apply the wisdom to himself and to thereby establish new patterns of thought-emotion-effort to replace the old invalid, and immature, attitudes.

Clara soon began to get sonic impressions of the words and sentences. The ouija board then was superfluous and was abandoned. She merely had to sit relaxed and quiet a few minutes to start reception. And I have found we get the answers just as straight and perhaps better when I do not let Clara know what the question is.

The Dynamo is just as aware of my thoughts as he is of the spoken word, and the unspoken question avoids possible coloration of the answer from the conscious mind of the psychic.

The silent question is the method usually followed now, and has been for some time. If we have a guest and he has a problem relating to growth or development, the Dynamo will answer it too.

Material questions get the runaround, or satirical quips.

(To be continued next issue.)

NEOLOGISTS CAN TAKE INVENTIVE SWING AT ESOTOLGY

YOURS is a worthwhile publication due to the value of its content, plus a neutral reading mood allowed by the editorial attitude. May you and your contributors be, then, as well as aberrated, congratulated.

"I am particularly interested in the expositions coming from Hardin and Joanna Walsh. This is not only because their approach has interest and seeming validity to me, but because there also seems to be an interest on their part in broadening the audience through cross-correlation of terminology. Cutting across cult-lines might be a way of saying it, although uncouthly.

"Among the many things which are needed in the field of unorthodox investigation into sub-surface human factors, none seems more overdue than a beginning at cross-correlation of terms and concepts. First, there should be a term accepted to convey the meaning:

"One who accepts the life, mind, or psychic aspects of humanity as having reality independent of physical materiality, and who apart from organized religious orthodoxy has interest in the investigation of such aspects."

"This would be a categorical term for a category which, for lack of such an accepted term, is not yet widely recognized as a category.

"Although its acceptance by all groups concerned would at best be a matter of time, such a term would include everything from Theosophists, Rosicrucians, and Spiritualists on the one hand, through Astrologists to Scientologists, E-therapists, and Dianeticists on the other--providing my surmise is correct that Dianetics is not solely concerned with materiality or the purely temporary phenomena of life as connected with materiality.

"So interested am I in seeing

the beginning of some thinking, at least, toward synthesis and cross-correlation of terms within the 'esoteric' field that I will put up \$25 as a contest prize for the selection and adoption of such a term. Simple rules to include:

"1. Winning term must be chosen as preferable to 'Esotericist', which is my only candidate thus far.

"2. Judges to be the staff of The ABERREE, Hardin and Joanna Walsh, and myself--whom I include because it's my 25 bucks.

"3. Winning term, which can be a coined word or an existent one, must be adopted and used thereafter in The ABERREE.

"I will welcome any improvement in the formulation of the definition to be covered by such a term, and any other kind of discussion. Is there interest in this?"--PAUL PERELLA, 4922 Jason, Bellaire, Texas.

blocks, but the teacher snakes her head as each looks at her. They back away, or stand their distance. It is notable that they look silent questions at the teacher. This is some kind of a ritual, like so many other things that take place in the House on Martha Avenue. The other boys and girls who seem to know so little, *know*; they know about Katya.

Now Katya has all the blocks on the table. She hesitates, between flinging them back into the first box, back into the second box, or acting on some third choice. Possibly she may be unable to decide between the two boxes, and so flings the blocks back into neither. Or possibly from the time she started banging the blocks about, she knew what she was going to do as third choice.

Katya moves around to a long side of the table. A boy is in the way and her plump body pushes him aside. She seems not to see him, or anybody.

She grabs a block. She crashes it down almost squarely in the center of the table. She has to bow her body over the table edge to do it. One foot lifts off the floor, hits a boy on the shin. He steps back, rubbing the place, his face squirming. But he doesn't cry. He is too much interested in what Katya is doing.

Katya catches up a second block, piles it atop the first. The top block isn't squarely atop the first block, not by considerable, but it stays. Katya looks at it briefly, so briefly it doesn't seem that she has looked at all. Then she touches the second block with unexpected gentleness, not quite squaring it atop the first block.

That this Katya can possibly pile up more than half a dozen blocks seems out of the question. There is tension, clearly felt by the visitor, as she plops the third block atop the second, and the fourth atop the third, and the pile waves. Katya takes note of the wavering. She piles a fifth block atop the fourth, a sixth atop the fifth. The pile wavers more than it did. Katya now licks her upper lip, which needs the ministrations of a handkerchief and doesn't get them. Even the teacher seems unaware of the need, possibly because it is constant.

Katya piles a seventh block atop the sixth, an eighth atop the seventh. The column jiggles. A boy moves stealthily toward the end of the table. But the teacher is instantly aware of him, snaps his name so that he backs away.

The staircase becomes more circular, more tottery. It's quite impossible that it continue to stand, yet stand it does, as blocks move up and around as if they mounted the irregular steps instead of being pawns in the hard hands of small mongoloid Katya.

Then it is noticed that Katya, fast with her hands, and rough though she is, is doing something--she *has* to be--that keeps the blocks from falling. In some kind of mentation she balances the blocks, doing it so quickly with each that nobody, except the teacher, notes that she does so. The blocks continue climbing when they would fall down for anybody in the room, including the teacher and the visitor. And whether or not there are 26 blocks, nobody ever

seems to count or check the red letters on the stained-with-fingerprints wood, all the blocks rise raggedly from the table, and none is left in either of the boxes. Then Katya stands momentarily to look at her handiwork. She steps back, cocking her head on one side. Then she moves in, bringing her arm wide, hand open. Clearly she is going to crash her hand through the middle of her leaning Tower of Pisa circular staircase.

The teacher gasps. The children lean forward, sit forward.

Katya chuckles. Nobody warns her, mentions her name. But in the midst of the swing she holds her hand, literally, and begins, one at a time, while all the way down the column jiggles precariously, to take away the blocks.

And now she has made her decision about the two boxes. She flings the first block into the second box, the second block into the first box. All the way down, until she has restored half the blocks to one box, half to the other, Katya slams blocks alternately into the boxes.

It is quite a feat for Katya, and the teacher applauds softly. The visitor, not knowing why, applauds, too. The children clap hands, maybe because the teacher and visitor do. Then Katya, highly appreciative though her facial expression does not change, applauds herself, or just claps her hands because her palms make noise going together like that.

"This," said the teacher, "is real progress. Katya piles blocks instead of throwing them. When she came to us, 15 months ago, she threw them. That made many of the other children throw blocks. You'll find dents on the walls, if you look, but the dents they made on one another have healed. Only Katya needs to be watched now so that if she shows any real sign of throwing instead of piling her blocks, someone can warn her."

"And this is considered progress?" the visitor asks. Before the teacher can answer the visitor knows the question to be out of order. Katya, who knew nothing of using her hands save as instruments with which to throw, doesn't throw any more, though she does pile whatever can be piled.

Katya proves this by beginning to take one block out of the first box and slamming it down on the table, a second block out of the second box and crashing it down atop the first, both atop the table. The circular staircase is again in process of construction.

The visitor finds it impossible to watch Katya, to see whether, this time, the tower stands until the last block has been placed atop it. It becomes clear that rather special sort of teachers, with even more than infinite patience, understanding, and mental ability, are required for the teaching of the severely retarded.

But there are such teachers, and more can be trained, now that it has been proved that the severely retarded can be trained, at least sufficiently to make them less burdensome to the world of which they seem to know nothing.

(Next month: "In the Hands of Women")

○○○○

Reform theme: To be happy, be miserable.



City of Dawn Team-- Left to right, Dorothy Brand, Edward Milligan, Nancy Lang, and her mother, Ruth Lang. This is the "Valley of Peace". On the slopes of these low-rolling, granite-strewn hills, plans call for the erection of the "City of Dawn"--with the old rock wall in the center of the above picture providing a nucleus for "The Holy City".

Why Religions of Earth Have Failed

By EDWARD MILLIGAN

Peace Costs -- But So Does War

THE LETTERS, "C-U-R-E", which have been adopted as a distinguishing symbol for the "City of Dawn Plan", are the initials for a proposed Combined and United Religions of the Earth. CURE's goal is to set in motion the use of certain scientific laws of engineering psychology and philosophy in an attempt to bring about a universal brotherhood of man, and a workable peace on earth between religions, nations, and races of man.

It is beyond argument that the same brand of scientific engineering know-how that wins wars, when applied to the job of winning a peace, can and will get desired results in the world's job of winning a solid and lasting peace on earth. As such, the City of Dawn Plan could be said to be the highest ideal and aspiration of a civilized world, as well as a daring scientific engineering achievement.

It has required nearly 200 years and a vast, uncountable sum of the people's money to develop the war machine of which the United States of America now boasts.

But what of a peace machine? Would it not be even more wise to have a Secretary of Peace in the President's Cabinet than it is to have a Secretary of War? Is it not greater wisdom to build as many peace colleges as we have war colleges and warrior training set-ups?

It does seem more logical to spend the people's money for a peace machine to create the love of God in the hearts of our own people than it does to create hate in the hearts and races of men, who would desire to invade and smash this beautiful land of the U.S.A. in its smug, self-satisfied arrogance.

There are several distinct reasons why

EDITOR'S NOTE--Last Spring, when we visited Ed. Milligan at Lone Wolf and discussed his "City of Dawn", we saw a dream. It was just such a dream as many other idealists have formulated thruout the centuries--yet this one was dressed in theatrical bangles and spangles by a goatseed showman.

After our visit, we told **ABERREE** readers we'd report again when "Uncle Ed" had turned his first spadeful of dirt for his holy city--but almost a year later, the low rolling Wichitas still sleep in undisturbed unawareness of the mighty destiny which has been imaged up for them.

But tho the hills may be quiet, Uncle Edward isn't, and his frequent bulletins which rip the hide off the churches and their dignified pulpit puppets are ambivalent gems--scorning false Gods on the one hand and lauding the Master Creator on the other. Hoping to capture some of this circus-poster material for readers of **The ABERREE**, we asked "Uncle Ed" for an article--which is printed herewith. But the letter that accompanied it, we feel, is much more the Ed. Milligan we know than is the article.

So, we're giving you them both. Anyway, with the entire world straining to tear at each other's throats, this panacea for war certainly deserves more attention than it seems to be receiving even from organizations allegedly dedicated to peace.

the religions of the earth have failed the earth's people, to bring about a workable brotherhood among nations and races of men.

One is: They were not and are not now united in a common cause.

What this old earth needs is to hear the command to "Fall in!" and line up for world peace. This is a most important item in the City of Dawn engineering plan: World mobilization for peace on earth, under the Supreme Authority of the Master Creator of the Universe, vested in CURE. Because the nations of the earth do not and will not recognize any other authority, peace on

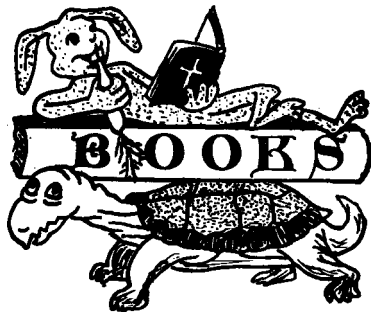
earth is the responsibility of the Combined and United Religions of the Earth, and none other.

The next most important reason why peace on earth has not materialized is because people, not being supplied with factual engineering and specific data, would not and have not paid the price of peace. Yet they have paid through the nose for wars, hell, death, and ignorant destruction.

Peace costs money, but it's worth it. Wars cost money, but they are not worth it. The price the people pay for wars continues long after the big "boom-boom" stops.

Perhaps the next item of importance in the analysis of why religions have failed the peoples of the earth, to bring peace and a workable brotherhood of man, is the lack of trained personnel. A whole army of generals, captains, scientists, and engineers is a *must* for the CURE organization if it brings peace to this earth.

A large number of persons is laboring under the false idea that the City of Dawn Plan for the proposed CURE organization, the Combined and United Religions of the Earth, is some kind of fantastic impossibility to bring about a "one-world religion". If this article serves no other purpose than to straighten out this blundering, false idea, then it shall not have been written in vain.



PSYCHOMETRY, VISUALIZATION, THE GOLDEN MAGIC CIRCLE, INTUITION VERSUS IMPULSE, PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT, MENTAL TELEPATHY, CONCENTRATION. By Dorothy Spence Lauer, 5149 Meridian, Los Angeles, Calif. \$2.00 each.

Everyone is psychic, to a degree, and development is merely a matter of practice. Mrs. Lauer says in this series of psychic development monographs. However, she warns the student to take it a bit easy, especially at first, and not develop himself to the point where those with whom he associates brand him or her "odd".

Also, Mrs. Lauer cautions that these powers, when you discover what you can do with them, be used only for good. Use of them for "revenge" purposes, or for evil, will merely mean you are laying yourself wide open to the laws of compensation.

Mrs. Lauer writes in a simple, heart-to-heart manner almost as if each monograph was a personal letter. As she gives her explanation of what each so-called "psychic phenomenon" really is, she presents here and there a few short exercises which the reader may use to test his ability, and strengthen his powers. One thing she is insistent upon is that the psychic worker not strain, or go into a trance, or become theatri-

cal. There's nothing supernatural about mental telepathy, or using intuition, or even psychometry. It's just something you can do--easily, freely, naturally.

There's a strong thread of creative imagery necessary if one is to succeed, Mrs. Lauer says. You visualize the thing you wish to happen; then release it. For example, if you wish a friend to call you, you first picture in your mind his calling you--dialing the 'phone, the 'phone ringing, your answering--and then quit thinking about it. The call should come through almost immediately. However, if you sit and continue to think about his calling you without releasing the picture, there won't be any call.

In "Psychometry", Mrs. Lauer tells of her discovery when a child that she could feel objects vibrating with the owner's personality. Instead of parading her powers, or invalidating herself, she began to specialize in this ability. As a consequence, she has become one of the better known psychometrists in America, and her articles are used regularly in several magazines of national circulation (including *The ABERREE*).

However, she says, she feels no personal glory in this accomplishment, and often is surprised that praises for her ability are directed toward her. She feels a bit separate and apart from her successes. She has little use for those using psychometry as freak vaudeville acts, or who seek to amaze people by telling them their names, telephone numbers, or other "stunts". And especially does she dislike those who use pre-arranged signals, etc., before audiences in fraudulent demonstrations.

To the student, Mrs. Lauer suggests they pick up an object, and jot down any impressions that

Lone Wolf, Oklahoma

Tuesday, November 13 (Remember the date)

Alpha, Friend Newspaperman:

How's your nose for news working, HUH? Would you care to make a SCOOP?

Let us suppose that a newspaperman GOT A TIP ahead of time that the Battle of ARMAGEDDON was brewing, that someone had set off a firecracker, wherein the World's newspapers would carry 3-inch black or red face headlines:

LONE WOLF UNDER MARTIAL LAW
IKE, Commander in Chief, orders ARMY TO POLICE the MAIN STREET of Hell, Lone Wolf, Oklahoma. It's a battle of the GODS. The Infinite Spirit, MASTER Creator, sets Himself up AS THE SUPREME AUTHORITY in the City of Dawn Plan, and proceeds to establish TRY-OUT SPOTS where the religious SHEEP will be separated from the SPIRITUAL goats, and the gods, TRUE and false, will be placed under the Great SPIRIT's microscope, and if found false, they will be cast into Eternal Darkness.

Then your SCRIPTURE PROPHECY comes to PASS, and one hears the CRY, "ANTI-CHRISTI!"

AND THE WAR IS ON
It was given to me, years ago, Alpha, in the City of Dawn Plan, that there was to be a SHOW-DOWN upon the Earth, and

ALL HELL Would Break Loose
You, or any other newspaper people, are not expected to take sides.

JUST LIVE UP TO YOUR IDEALS and Principles, AS Newspaper People.

You have until January to get ready.
If it's not you, it will be 2 other pen-pushers. How about it? You 2 are in line to cover this assignment. (Signed) The Engineer. ENGINEER EDWARD

come to them, no matter how impossible they may seem. To think over what you're going to say or write, to try and make it "logical", is to defeat yourself. When you discover what you can do, be neither ashamed of your "psychic ability" nor put yourself in a position where you attract envy. And as you develop, you will attract to you others on your mental and psychological level. It's all as simple as that.

SLEEP TAPES. By Volney Mathison, 1214 W. 30, Los Angeles, Cal. 100 8 1/2 pages; price \$3.

It seems that Volney Mathison, whose invention of the E-Meter did much to take the therapist's pet aberrations out of mental therapy, also is a person who can make his wishes come true. In **ELECTROPSYCHOMETRY** (P. 60) and **SUPER VISUALIZATION** (P. 79), he stated that "while I dislike tape recorders and do not have one on the premises, this time I certainly wished I had one."

Well, Volney apparently has one now. In fact, if the statements and claims in **SLEEP TAPES** are to be accepted at face value, the E-Meter--while still an important factor in Mr. Mathison's therapy techniques--has been relegated to playing second fiddle to 1,200 feet of recorded advice to those willing to have affirmations drummed into their ears nights on end until the subconscious finally gives in and, probably from sheer wearing down, agrees to mend its ways and let the body get well--as it should have been doing from the beginning.

One thing **SLEEP TAPES** does reveal--which should be a big consolation to the loafing segment of our population--the subconscious is a pretty lazy so-and-so, and won't expend any more energy than it absolutely must in

order to keep the body alive. Sometimes it doesn't even care if the body stays alive--because look at all the eons and eons of time it has been forced to do this thing over and over again--apparently without credit or a recorded place in history. But if you prod it enough, especially while the conscious mind is taking its 40-upward winks, it can prove to be a pretty powerful and efficient piece of human equipment.

One type of person can't be helped, Mathison admits; that's the totally deaf patient whose subconscious wouldn't know if a tape were being played or not. As to whether SLEEP TAPES will grow back eyes that have been plucked out, or teeth that are in the dentist's wastebasket, Volney doesn't know; he hasn't tried them on this extreme a case. But he does insist that an alcoholic hasn't much chance of staying an alcoholic if he'll just thread the tape and not turn it off before it has a chance to be effective. For those who insist on not being helped, Mathison suggests a speaker out of reach on the ceiling, with the player operated by remote control from some distant room. It looks like a pretty tough winter ahead for those self-determined hypochondriacs!

There's plenty of advice in this book on how to make a tape, what to say, and how often to say it. In fact, at one point in the book where the word "relax" is repeated, i.e., "duplicated", over and over, we had to go back half a dozen times and wake up the typist who was trying to stay awake and follow copy.

LIVING FAITH, By Rev. Jim Welgos. Human Engineering, Inc., Fairhope, Ala. 25 bi-weekly lessons, \$35.

Probably no one less wordy than James Welgos could write 25 8-page lessons on the subject of "Faith" alone--but that is the project he has undertaken. We have seen the first two lessons of this course, and we would say that if there is any doubt in any one's mind after reading these, to say nothing of the 23 yet to come, that they NOW HAVE all the FAITH necessary to obtain any goal they think they desire, that person hasn't even enough faith to know he's pretty much on the grave side of existence already. In fact, if the churches, and the doctors, and the other negative aspects of society didn't build up so much faith that "you just gotta die", undertaking would get to be a pretty unprofitable business some of these days.

Welgos points out that doubt in itself is a form of faith, and he defines this as "false faith". If you doubt you can do something, you actually have faith in your inability. If you have true faith, you don't give it any name but just go ahead and do it. For example: Are you going ahead and read the next sentence of this review? Or are you going to stop and see whether you have suffi-

NAUGHT BUT NOTHING

BY PHIL FRIEDMAN

IN THE Sorcerer's Apprentice, the broom is the Father, and each piece of it, when smashed or divided, becomes a new broom, a new Father, a new All. Thus every point is the center of the universe and every part is the whole.

Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me and
divided me. --Wm. Shakespeare.

Retributory diseases: Doctors
get the diseases they get rich on.

"The people wanted Gods to be
afraid of."--Blake.

She-women, who are predom-
inantly decentrates, like attention
in order to accentuate their de-
centration.

He-men, who are predominantly
concentrates, dislike attention
in order to accentuate their con-
centration.

"This is the law: Everything
existing on the physical plane is

cient faith in your ability to
read that far?

Anywho, it seems that "faith"
is a little word that means all
things to all people. "If you had
the faith of a mustard seed, you
could move mountains," says the
preacher. But since we've never
seen a mustard seed move moun-
tains, we prefer to think that
faith is a tongue-in-cheekism for
the fact that if you know you can
do something, you just go ahead
and do it. If you know you can't,
you just don't."

GROUP TRACKING, By Art Coulter.
Synergetics Press, 305 Derby
Bldg., Wichita, Kas. 90 8 1/2 x 11
pages. \$3.

We suppose you might as well
try and take the hub-bub out of
Scientology as to take the "Syn-
ergese" out of Synergetics. Ap-
parently, it just can't be done.
Art Coulter has done his best, he
says, in this "Introduction to
Synergetics", but although he has
dropped, or kept to a minimum,
such acronyms as CEDA, BAW, RFP,
etc., much more objectionable
than acronyms are such terms as
"noise" for non-optimum activi-
ties (p. 8 and 9) "phase shift"
for the shift of awareness from
"content to operation" (two more
Synergetic specialties) (p. 11).
"tracking", "twangles", "mode",
synerceforth.

Although one may be in the
mood to rant at Dr. Coulter's
penchant for individualized ter-
minology, GROUP TRACKING has done
much to simplify the processes
and aims of this movement. For
the initiate, where such terms as
"synergy" and "dysergy" may send
him in screaming confusion to the
dictionary, the affectations are
clarified somewhat with illustra-
tive examples.

Synergetics, Art says, is not
psychotherapy; those who are men-

an exteriorization of a thought,
which must be balanced through
the one who issued the thought,
and in accordance with that one's
responsibility, at the conjunc-
tion of time, condition, and
place."-- From "Thinking and Des-
tiny" by Harold W. Percival, in
which he explains how to think
without creating thoughts.

Student: "Professor, how does
it feel to be integrated?"
Prof.: "How does it feel to be
disintegrated?"

In orthodoxy and heterodoxy,
there are only half truths. The
whole truth lies in Paradoxy.

Responsibility--Living (divi-
sion) is responsible for dying
(integration) and dying is re-
sponsible for living. It is life
that digs our graves and death
that gives us rebirth.

Dysergy is a synergic tool.
Synergy is a di-surgical instru-
ment.

tally ill are urged to consult a
psychiatrist. One of the major
goals of Synergetics is the for-
mation of groups, and the incuba-
tion of total honesty among mem-
bers of these groups. In doing
this, the members, using the
"Synergetic tools", help to find
answers to themselves and about
others. This is done usually on a
non-evaluating basis, permitting
each person to come up with his
own "what's-wrong-with-me" anal-
ysis. However, there are a couple
techniques mentioned in which the
group, acting as a whole, can
discuss one of its members and
point out to him his faults and
the things about him they do not
like. When this is done, each
fault-finder must do a little
soul-searching on his own, and
find out why these things are ob-
jectionable to him.

Another angle wherein Syner-
getics differs from psychiatry is
that all help must be freely given.
The "coach" (auditor, therapist,
instructor, etc.) performs
freely and voluntarily.

Although this is not presented
as a philosophic work, Dr. Coulter
has injected a lot of philoso-
phy throughout the 80 pages of
text and nine pages of appendix.
For example:

"To have a brother, you must
be one. To be a brother, you must
be completely honest."

"Some day the human race will
realize that Man and God are one."

"There does not exist a human
being who does not enjoy express-
ing himself to an emphatic lis-
tener."

"Every nation prepares for war
in order to prevent the last war
from happening."

All in all, GROUP TRACKING
(even with its Synergetics) makes
Synergetics sound worthy of much
further investigation.



Plowing Up the Field

¶A year ago, we changed the size of The ABERREE. On the anniversary of this change, we give our readers a new "new" look--but it isn't quite as revolutionary. We've merely adopted a new type face which is a bit larger than the one we've been using--and in addition, in the mechanical process of reproduction, we are reducing our printing plate only 20 percent from the original copy instead of 25 percent, as has been the custom during the last year. Of course, the change eliminates 184 square inches of reading matter--which makes it a bit rough on Ye Editor, who likes to spare his blue pencil when he's preparing letters and articles for publication. But there are those among our readers who can't see so good no more--and their protests at the small type we've been using finally became such a din that we had to do something for them. And this is it. We hope you like it...

¶Bob Arentz of Denver, with whom we used to co-audit back in 1952, and in spite of which we're still friends, dropped in on us one recent Sunday, just in time to find George Montgomery, graduate of a late Clinical course, sounding off about the wonders of the new techniques which are now being taught in Washington. Graduate George was on his way back to Phoenix, where, after a bit of financial recovery, he plans to return to Washington for later instruction. All in all, it was quite an evening--and Bob and Ye Ed (not Devere) even found a few moments for reminiscing, as we

inspected the cherry orchard under a blazing full moon... ¶Ever wonder what happens to former HAS officials? George Petersen, vice-president in 1952, now has 10 employees in his Phoenix printing establishment, which is five times what he had when he was doing most of the printing for the old H.A.S. And besides, he has a new home--completely equipped with 12 grapefruit trees (which has nothing to do with the fact he has 10 employees).

¶Norman Fritz will have completed a six-month tour of duty for Cessna on an engineering job in Denver by the time this sees print--and will be back in Wichita, he says. Since Norman's a skiing enthusiast (Note to typist: don't spell that like it's pronounced), he writes he's been enjoying Denver both winter and summer... ¶Thanks to H. M. Jaquays of Quebec, Canada, we now belong to Natural Food Associates, which is an organization hoping to return life to the soil so that the soil can return life to humanity. We don't know what we can do to further "our" organization's aims, unless we plant compost in our cherry orchard--or whatever it is you do with compost. We were going to tell of our unsuccessful hunt for compost seed, but the Pub. said "Don't be ridiculous", and then refused to explain what we had said to merit this particular tirade. But come spring, and the planting season hits in full swing, we'll wager that even she will start hunting compost seed, or plants, or whatever it is you get to add this important commodity to your farming operations... ¶While most Christmas cards were scenes of snow and ice, the Postels of Detroit sent out pictures taken on their autumn vacation to Haiti and the Virgin Islands. It seems that Ken and Karen did a bit of skin diving--which might be a good trick to learn, just in case the "angels of doom" are right, and the earth tilts off its axis, spreading ocean over a large section of what legal papers say belongs to man.

¶Laeta Dunbar of Los Angeles underwent a major operation in November, but she accredits Dianetic processing for an assist in her rapid recovery... ¶There's nothing provincial about Volney

Mathison, we understand. With all the facilities of an Electropsychometer factory at his disposal, as well as we don't know how many gross of magic crystal balls, he was one of Dorothy Lauer's first psychometry customers, after we carried her forecast in a recent ABERREE. And now that he has his future in line as well as his past, there's a grapevine rumor that he'll be moving to Hollywood soon. It seems that the movies are taking kindly to this business of wiping out your aberrations while you sleep... ¶The last number of DIANOTES was a combined September, October, and November issue, due primarily to a fire which Editor Bob Collings reported "disrupted" things a bit. Bob also boasted that this issue was No. 60, making it the oldest magazine in the Dianetic field. However, from what we've read in the last few issues, DIANOTES is just about as "Dianetic" as is the organization in Washington...

¶If some western-bound choo-choo wonders what happens to its stationery, we can tell them that some of it found its way into our mailbox--with a pointless "Ha", on Page 1, another "Ha" on Page 2, and so on to the last page, which broke the monotony with "I mean Ha!". Although it was unsigned, and mailed from Los Angeles, our knowing level pointed an accusing finger at Phil Friedman, our only acquaintance who can afford to man a desk only four months of the year (in Pittsburgh, Penn.) and spend the rest of the time enjoying esoteric material at his winter home in Florence, Ariz. If we, too, "think nothing of it", maybe some day we, too, can send letters to our friends with "Ha" scribbled on each page... ¶Ray and Marie Scharpen and Charles Grube have moved into a new home AGAIN out in Albuquerque. In a note, they tell of a lot of unopened boxes stored in the garage, and hopefully, every week or so, they peek to see whether room has been made for their car. But nary a box has disappeared. And at that, they're lucky. We've got the boxes, no garage, no attic, no basement--and hardly any closets. Right now, we're not even sure there's anything in the boxes--with the tax assessor due almost any moment...

PURCELL'S WITHDRAWAL DOOMS SYNERGETICS PROJECT

By ART COULTER

COLUMBUS, Ohio--Project Nucleus will come to an end on March 1, 1957!

The end came with remarkable suddenness. Don Purcell, who had been acting as general manager of Project Nucleus and doing most of the work, found the increasing demands of his business made it impossible for him to continue. He asked to be relieved of his responsibilities by March 1.

I immediately sent a message to all Project Nucleus members, telling them of this. I asked for a vote on the question, "Do you want Project Nucleus to continue?"

The vote showed that, while a

minority of Project Nucleus members were strongly in favor of its continuation, the majority were not interested in same.

In a democracy, the majority rules.

This does not, however, mean the end of Synergetics.

Actually, this event simply shows rather dramatically what has been apparent for some time: The simple fact is that Synergetics suffers from too much Synergetese; and the man responsible for this is Art Coulter. As a result, Synergetics has not been, to now, adequately communicated. Those who were able to penetrate the fog have found, according to en-

thusiastic reports, that Synergetics does work, that its tools are extremely powerful; they have found that the synergic mode is an exciting experience, and share with me the belief that it may be one of the greatest boons mankind has ever known.

For the majority, however, Synergetics has been "just words".

Those of us who really know Synergetics will now establish a new basis for it to go on. This new basis will take the form of a fellowship, "The Socratic League". Its members will continue to make help with human problems freely available to all, in accordance with the ideals and principles of Synergetics.



Dear Editor:

"Each year, about this time, I receive in addition to your interesting and informative magazine, first a 'cute' suggestion that my current subscription is about to expire, and, second (a month or so later), one or more increasingly snide comments on the state of my case as evaluated in terms of 'com-lag'. The number of such comments and their ferocity varies... And this becomes, eventually, a source of irritation disproportionate to the apparent source. An irritation that I propose to avoid for a considerable period in the following manner:

"You will find enclosed a personal check in the amount of \$20, covering, at the current rate, some ten years' subscription to the ABERREE, a period of time which would be somewhat reduced if you ever fulfil your threat to increase the tariff.

"Basically, I enjoy your publication, but the hour is late and I will have to close without going into the details."--R. G. Osborne, Los Angeles, Calif.

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"The current, December, Aberree is a humdinger.

"Phil Friedman, in having the courage (and it took courage!) to admit that his aberrations are him, has made a statement which is worth 100 hours of processing, at least...

"Regarding the three terms you quote: thetan, MEST, engram. This gives me an opportunity to unload my mind, so here goes: In my humble opinion, LRH made a great mistake in taking the Greek letter "theta" for labeling his concepts of soul, spirit, mind, immortal, thought, etc. Dictionary and other reference books will tell you that, in ancient Greece, theta was the unluckiest letter of the Greek alphabet, for it was the initial of 'thanatos (death)', and the letter 'theta' was even written, in certain kinds of balloting, as a death-vote! Why couldn't he have taken some other letter, like zeta, psi, sigma, or omega? The choice of phi for MEST was far more fortunate, and our talk of Scientology wouldn't be so messed-up if we talked of phi instead. Yet, from a general semantic point of view, MEST is

beautifully 'non-elementalistic'. The Korzybskian doctrine postulates that matter, energy, space, and time are inseparable. Going back for a moment, the term thetan has caused a tremendous amount of misunderstanding in several groups I have belonged to; many misheard it as Satan, and thought we were advocating devil-worship! I have avoided thetan in speech as much as possible, for this very reason. Engram, of course, is fully sanctioned by classical academic psychology of the late 19th century, and is a very good choice of term. "I wonder how many booklets I would sell if I came out with a new system to be called GYRONET-ICS--i.e., how to spin people?"--Ivor Darreg, Los Angeles, Calif.

:: :: ::

"Let me assure you that the group (Natural Food Associates) behind Nichols (Dr. Joe D. Nichols, M.D.) is very far from wailing in the universe. This outfit is now organized in 14 states, with more coming along soon, and are actually doing things to improve the welfare of their fellow men. The national convention will be in Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 14-17, and if you want to meet some highly interesting and devoted people, don't hesitate to ankle over.

"Strangely enough, the main theme held forth by most of them, and practised, is that dollars and cents are just about the least of necessities. Many of them could not put the following into words (although a lot could and would), but they assume that there is in fact a God around somewhere, or Creator, who has made certain laws, the observance of which vastly enhances one's pleasure and evolution, right here, right now. The particular set of laws they pick on to try to understand completely are those having to do with diet and agriculture, because the state of the land determines the state of the diet. I have been around and met a lot of these folk, and I can tell you they are just about the most active bunch of go-getters it has been my pleasure to meet, and they will soon have enough members to start influencing things by sheer weight of vote. The main agreement is that, for love of money, the people of America are being quickly poisoned to death by way of food adulterating, refining, and such like. I doubt if you will find any of them who think of man as a despicable, sinful worm.

"Since the people doing the adulteration, refining, etc., are not only doing it for the love of money, but have already accumulated very large heaps of it, any effort such as this springs from a very different drive, since all concerned donate their time, energy, and in many cases, money, for no other reason except to try to show their fellow man that he is, in fact, a Man, and must take some responsibility for himself, upon himself--and that to be a Man he must be whole and healthy

--not a decrepit cripple.

"All the 'ics', 'ologies', or 'isms' in the world will do little to really help an individual unless and until he is willing and able to take a close look and see why and how his body ticks, and if it isn't ticking properly, why not. And then, to fix it and to stop doing whatever it was that made it need fixing. It is quite true that thoughts, attitudes, engrams, and all such do have a very considerable effect on a person, but, if all or most of his energy can be used to release--understand--disperse--blow such things, progress is faster. If the body is healthy, more and more of the individual's energy can be used directly for this purpose, instead of a high percent being wasted purely and simply in body maintenance and repairs.

"Combining their theories with a little basic Dianetics can and does produce some remarkably fast results...

"Thanks for the Infinite card. I was particularly interested to get your letter, because you have mentioned several times that the Aberree does not present your own or anyone else's views, particularly, so your letter gave me a little better idea which way you aim. Cheer yourself up by realizing that there are large groups who very specifically do not measure success in terms of acquisition of money and/or goods, and that there are many others who do not admit to an avenging God (this, incidentally, is just about a Christian monopoly, and Christianity has nothing whatsoever to do with the teachings of Jesus Christ, who had a lot on the ball)...

"Like yourself, we don't take it very seriously, and so manage to have lots of fun in one way or another; since change we must, whether we like it or not, we simply steer the change, as it were, so that the right results follow as naturally as possible." --Mort Jaquays, Sutton, Quebec.

:: :: ::

"We appreciate your editorial 'Will politics boost or kill Scientology?' It is well taken. We were at that Congress, and it does set one to wondering. There is good in Dianetics, but how to get away from the commercial aspect that seems to be developing. So many auditors we meet seem to be thinking of how can I talk this fellow into forking over a certain amount, and it isn't small either, instead of trying to figure how much can I give this fellow for the money I take from him. It seems to us we have to get away from a pattern of chatter which can become a substitute for the chatter we previously had. Now we have asked ourselves, and others ask us, in view of all the conflict and the criticism printed in the Aberree, and we don't say it isn't justified, but just where can one send people who want to become clear and who wish to become auditors; where they can get a workable

system without having to have a huge bank roll and where they can depend on what is being dished out to them.

"It looks like what we need is less double-talk and criticism and more of the constructive substitution, such as the articles by H & J Walsh...

"If we tear something down, we should have something equally good to put in its place; otherwise what do we accomplish?"--*Drs. Louis and Dorothy Bluth, Berrien Springs, Mich.*

"The auditor's intensive training course in basic Dianetics and advanced procedures has been increased from the former eight weeks period to ten weeks. This is because eight weeks, even with the maximum number of hours per week that we devote to it, is too short a time adequately to cover the large amount of material. This has been demonstrated by our previous training courses.

"The dates of January 28 thru April 6 have been set because that will just get a person 'under the wire' for the April 15 CADA certificate examination for dianetic auditor, with only a 400-hour prerequisite. For the next year, an 300-hour prerequisite applies and after that 1,200 hours of training will be required of each student before taking the examination.

"Some who take the work do it in order to get the certificate and become professional auditors, while others take it for other purposes. Each student receives at least 50 hours, and usually substantially more, on his own case as a pre-clear. Laeta and I manage to audit each student for an appreciable number of hours, and the balance is supervised student auditing...

"For those who want to be able to help their own family and friends in a constructive, therapeutic way, we believe there is no better training than Dianetics. To thousands of families, the Dianetic way of life has brought more harmony and happiness than they ever thought possible."--*Wayne Dunbar, Los Angeles, Calif.*

"Your pub is in excellent shape and getting better every issue. We need some people with (at least) 'feet on the ground'."--*Cliff Goodman, Ste. Marguerite Sta., Quebec.*

"I am wryly amused at Mr. Wylie and Miss Malzman's instructing the practitioner to neutralize childhood hypnosis through the application of MORE HYPNOSIS. The competent professional hypnotherapist constantly uses the same technique proposed by Mr. Wylie and Miss Malzman: i.e., the immediate induction of a state of hypnosis by having the client recall or redramatize a previous period of hypnosis.

"I also wonder if Mr. Wylie and Miss Malzman are aware that precisely the same hypnotic and/or hypnoidal procedures are employed in the development of the

skills and powers of a great artist, a creative writer, a great engineer, a superior architect?

"It is deplorable that James Braid, who coined the word 'hypnosis', failed in his efforts to withdraw it. The word 'hypnosis' unfortunately seems to conceal the very thing it is intended to represent; that is, the titanic power of the human subconscious mind. Through the conscious area, this power can be directed, either destructively or constructively. Hypnosis, in its effective power, is extremely similar to dynamite. Dynamite, constructively employed, helps to build gigantic dams, miles-long railway tunnels, and continent-wide highways. But dynamite, in the hands of some psychotic, is apt to be used to blow the body to bits."--*Volney G. Mathison, Los Angeles.*

"The material gets more interesting every time. Predictions are pleasing to hear, and you are just the ones who can do it. So I keep my eyes and ears open.

"Sure like to know how you approach this in comparison with HE in their 'Faith' course. Would it not be interesting to find that this is the only mechanism we have to learn how to apply in order to get what we want? That would be simple.

"In a way that would be starting from scratch, with a new twist. And why not, the other did not work out so good."--*John Schoop, Glen Ellyn, Ill.*

"Don't remember whether I have submitted to you this bit of history, but I find it exceedingly revealing, especially since I know that many people unconsciously reveal to me their truths:

"From Writings of Sigmund Freud--Modern Library. Chapter: 'Mistakes in Reading and Writing' "...the second example shows that even those who are nearest to the Fuhrer and constantly sing his praises to the Germans, do not really believe what they say, as shown by the following wireless from Berlin to the New York Times (Nov. 12, 1936), congratulating 1800 boys and girls of the Hitler Youth for taking part in the mightiest Freiheitbewegung (movement of liberty) in German history. Rudolph Hess, the vice-leader of the Nazi party, used instead the word "Freiheitsberaubung" (robbery of liberty). The last word appeared in the Lokalanzeiger and caused publishers no small amount of annoyance."

"Dr. Freud treated this as a joke in 1936, but I bet Hess would have liked to have had Freud as a reference point when he got to England."--*Alberta B. Elliott, Greenville, S. Car.*

"A ruminant for your consideration:

"The critical element of humanity is exhibiting a tendency to hurl analysis in the direction of the Self-help schools in general. This analysis ranges in flavor from the supersweet, thru salt, to downright bitter, and what one finds to agree with de-

pends more or less on personal taste or distaste.

"What, exactly, are the foundations (if any) for all this?

"I don't really believe there is the slightest sign of a legitimate foundation anywhere down the line for criticism of any Self-help effort yet contrived by the mind of man in an effort to do itself in.

"One need not take the term 'Self-help', even. Just consider the word 'self' as it is defined by 999 out of 1,000 such organizations investigated. This term is defined as an impalpable entity, not seen nor seeable. The organizations are designed and exist to help and improve this entity.

"The favorite criticism launched at organized missionary effort in this direction is that 'The improvements are not visible'.

"Now just consider those two



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ideas in juxtaposition, and tell me, if you can, how any kind of improvement is going to be visible on or in an invisible entity. Isn't this expecting just a little bit too much?

"So, I would ask the hypercritics, why on earth do you expect to observe any visible improvement in anybody belonging to such a group, when you cannot possibly see the self that is being improved? If a person says his self is being improved or helped, then the rest of us have to take his word for it. If he says it isn't being helped or improved, then either he cannot evaluate properly or is just another sorehead.

"This ought to be obvious to any right-thinking person, so please, everybody, a little more charity toward these movements. As it says in the song, each one 'has a meaning all its own', and as St. Paul admonishes us, we ought to have some faith. This is 'the evidence of things not seen.'" -- *Millen Belknap, Solana Beach, Calif.*

"The phrase 'Higher Plane of Consciousness' would be preferable to 'Invisible Plane'. The Dynamo is probably analogous to the Ego of the Theosophists. The spiritual principle of Jung's unconscious mind. In which case he is a part of the unconscious self of Man.

"The novelty is no one has ever in recorded history communicated verbally and fluently with this principle while in a conscious state. Jung's records show patients who received about two sentences a month in dreams. But they had no chance to answer back or ask questions. Read his 'Psychology and Religion'. You'll get what I mean.

"The communications were understood from the beginning to be made public and form the basis of a thesis. He has been urging me to prepare this thesis for three years or more. I have hesitated because I did not have the whole story.

"The command or request for silence pertained to conversations. The Dynamo correctly assumed that most all our friends would be unable to see the tiger for the tree.

"I hope to get the complete story in print in book form by mid- or late summer, this year.

"The Dynamo wishes to avoid the appearance of 'Necromancy'. 'Filter out the necromancy', he

repeats. Technically, 'necromancy' is magic thru communication with the dead. The 'beauty of the story is in the wisdom', he has implied. ('The seasons are the reasons for beauty', was his way of expressing it, and I got him to translate it for me.)

"The Dynamo seems to feel that if we put in sensational inferences, it will detract from the unity of the book, which has a purely didactic aim. I am sure I can never live up to his high standards and will keep running off into necromantic or other errors. But I will do my best." -- *Paul E. O'Neill, Marrero, La.*

"P.S. -- What the Dynamo means by 'necromancy' seems to be any activity of an occult nature except Dynamology."

"Like the way you cover the field of (?)-- just what are your boundaries, anyway? But then, 'Infinities' don't have any, do they?"

"Speaking of 'Infinities', will you add me to your list, or is there some specifications or requirements?"

"Keep up your unique work of creating a unity out of much diversity." -- *Florence E. Worrell N. D.* (If N. D. stands for "No Degree". I guess that's me. Is there many of us left these days?) -- *Saratoga, Calif.*

"I don't know why I subscribe to these damn things. There is nothing in them that I want to read, but still I read every word of it, for fear I might miss something if I don't read them.

"Why do well meaning friends send my name into all publishers of all things from Coast to Coast and Border to Border?"

"Even Dorothy Spence Lauer practiced her psychometry on me a few years ago. Volney Mathison sold me one of his Electropsychometers, and Harold Thibodeau (one of your contributors) is one of my friends.

"Thank heavens, at least I have never taken a class in Scientology and/or Dianetics. I'll confess I just got acquainted with Totality, through the explosion steps delineated in Walshes' article.

"Nevermore." -- *E. A. Lunt, D.C., Pulaski, N. Y.*

"Boy, some of your contributors are playing with heated daggers with the theories they hold and the 'therapies' they resolutely practice. Take Marcia Malsman and Charles Wylie's article on the 'Scars of Hypnotism' in which they liken a child's training to hypnotic induction. This couple, like many, evidently think that what is 'done' to a child is source of his aberrations -- whereas the truth is the very reverse: The real source of all human maladjustments being the good and useful things one DOES at one point of life which becomes inappropriate at a later point.

"In their article, Malsman and Wylie do in fact take note of this but only parenthetically. To

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quote them: 'The continual repetition of these hypnotic suggestions (combined with whatever the child does to combat them) forms a completely artificial personality....'

"That's it. It's the good and useful things one DOES to enable one to COPE with one's environment that are the source of trouble. It's one's successes in life that one has difficulty throwing away. The failures, the scoldings -- these are discarded by every human being; but the successful methods of coping with them are not. Life (or God if you prefer) never gives any entity what it does not want (what a rummy life we'd all have if it did); it only gives that which is wanted and asked for which is deemed by the entity as good and useful for some specific purpose. This is God in action: Giving us all exactly what we desire...."

"I see that Hardin and Joanna Walsh, although handling many Scientological illusions, are a wee bit closer to the fact of life in action than are Malsman and Wylie: That we are all one with God, that we are God in action, and that since this is so, we are all creating the pattern of our lives: Are doing things, and are not poor creatures having things done to us. But this basic idea has been in Jim Welgoss's teaching for a long, long time; it represents the core of all our thinking in Human Engineering. Why? Because it is the infallible truth and when understood, verbally and non-verbally, it makes the only possible sense out of the seeming chaos of social ex-

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istence; it leads to 'illumination' and deeper and closer relationship with that which we call 'God' or 'life'. All things are good; would God have it otherwise?" -- Ken Hart, Rickmansworth, Herts., England.

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CALIFORNIA GIRDS FOR BATTLE WITH A. M. A. 'IMITATORS'

By WAYNE L. DUNBAR, HDA, B. Scn.

PROBABLY Africa's witch doctors have a stronger hold upon the minds of the natives than the medical doctor has upon the minds of the average American. However, the American M.D. has a decided advantage over his African counterpart. He has the A.M.A. And the American Medical Association is so powerful and has so captured the thinking and emotions of such a large percentage of our population that other groups look with envy at its success.

One such group is the American Psychological Association. The APA, apparently envying the AMA its monopolistic control and legislative protection, is conducting a campaign to outlaw other than a very selected few psychologists from practice. Their apparent aim is to include as psychologists all persons engaged in various types of psychological work, Dianetic and Scientology auditing, counseling, advising, psychotherapy, and the teaching of these subjects. The legal definition of "psychologist" becomes more and more inclusive and restrictive as the APA campaign continues. Their argument is that only a person with a Ph. D. in clinical psychology from a recognized university is qualified to practice. All others they label "quacks", getting their diplomas from "diploma mills".

By such name calling and no doubt strong lobbies, the APA has succeeded in getting some very restrictive legislation in a few areas. New York state is the latest with such legislation that went into effect only a few months ago.

The California State Psychological Association (the California chapter of the APA) has for several years been attempting to get the same type of restrictive legislation enacted. They have actually succeeded in the cities of Long Beach and San Diego, and attempted it in Los Angeles several weeks ago.

The CSPA program would, if adopted, throttle much that is new and unorthodox in psychology. This includes, of course, Dianetic and Scientology auditing. Some believe they will be able to avoid the ban by calling Scientology a religion, but several good legal minds are skeptical.

In Los Angeles and the state legislature, the CSPA has met the determined opposition of the potent American League of Consulting and Applied Psychologists. This organization feels that the need is for more, not fewer, psychologists.

For the last six years or more, the CSPA has been attempting to eliminate competition by legislative action, but the ALCAP has blocked every move. However, it has been a true stalemate, as ALCAP has at the same time been unable to get liberal legislative action. The California legislature, in its 1957 session, will no doubt be the scene of the continued struggles. As this is being written (December, 1956) it looks like this may be the crucial and deciding battle, as both groups are making an intensive drive for more and stronger support.

At present, the ALCAP has most of its membership in California, and represents about 85 percent of the state's practicing psychologists. However, it feels that the battle with the CSPA is not a regional one, but undoubtedly will have far-reaching effects thruout the United States, since California legislative action is often followed by other states.

(Anyone interested in joining ALCAP, or information on its activities, should contact Wayne Dunbar, executive board member, at 607 S. Kenmore, Los Angeles.)

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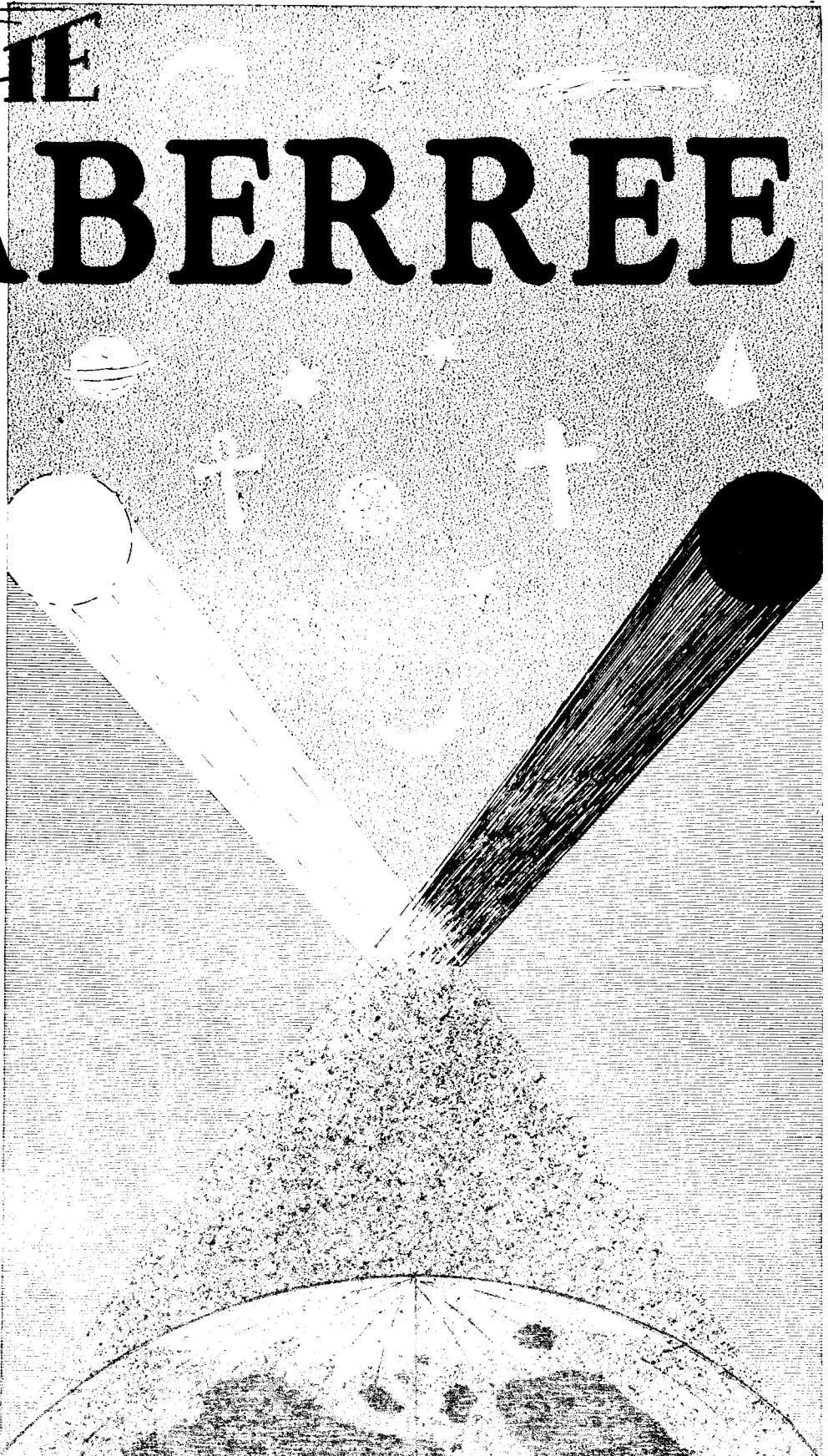
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Vol. 3
No. 10

"In my
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house
are many
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MARCH, 1957
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POLICY: Don't take it so damn' seriously. The infiniteness of Man is not reduced to a "split infinity" by wars, taxes, or "experts" who offer to sell him what he already has.

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THE GREATEST PARADOX MAN KNOWS IS MAN Apparently, the definition for Man might read: "Man is an animal striving mightily to save that which he is trying just as mightily to destroy -- himself."

And yet, in spite of all his wars, murders, plagues, and suicides, he hasn't -- until he discovered how to split and fission an atom -- been able to make much of a dent in the censused and uncensused bloc of tax victims. Man is still here, and even when his future starts looking pretty dim, he'll probably find some way to curb the bomb-thirsty gluttony of the militarists, and stick around awhile. But let us sum up some of the weird things Man does to make life "interesting".

Man (and women) will spend huge fortunes on homes to shelter him from heat and cold, and he will equip these homes with heating units and air conditioners -- yet he (and she) will swelter in the summer and shiver in the winter in clothing that is stylish and uncomfortable.

Man buys the best food he can afford and pays large sums for its preparation -- yet he will over-stuff himself with spiced poison, gorge himself on liquors that make him dizzy, and permit growers and manufacturers to poison and adulterate that which he eats until even the wild fowl and insects will have nothing to do with it.

Man will build huge reservoirs for the storing of water and pay large sums for filtering plants to aid in its purification -- yet will dump into these lakes great quantities of fluorine, chlorine, and other deadly chemicals in the belief it may help save the teeth of a few children. Then, he will give these same children money for stomach-destroying drinks so that they won't have to drink the "filthy stuff" that comes out of the taps.

Man will have a neighbor arrested for spanking his own child, yet he will buy expensive tickets to watch a professional fight, and scream that he has been "gyped" unless one or both of the contestants comes from the ring dripping with blood.

Man will fine and imprison for

"indecent exposure" those daring to practice nudity, even behind concealing fences, yet he thinks nothing of watching naked performers in places of entertainment, and will laugh heartily at pornographic yarns and literature.

Man will sanction murder in gas chambers and electric chairs to uphold a law that says it is illegal to kill.

Man will spend huge sums for "safety campaigns", yet refuse to spend a few cents to have his own vehicle corrected or adjusted.

Man gives huge sums to churches, spurious charities, and the like to escape paying smaller sums for the support of his government.

Man accepts many of his libraries, schools, and hospitals from the philanthropic rich, yet will spend his lifetime seeking ways to take money from the wealthy and divide it among those who would do nothing for him.

Man will condemn war as a matter of policy, yet will erect statues and memorials to the war dead, praise them in song and story, and sneer in condemnation at the "damn' pacifists" who insist on being allowed to live up to their ideals.

Man considers "holy" a book that tells him he is immortal, yet he will pay homage to interpreters of this book who tell him how he may gain immortality only by giving to this interpreter's "business organization" at least a tenth of all he has.

Man creates gods -- yet spends much of his lifetime worshipping these gods as creators of man.

And, just for fun, we might add that man will do almost anything in the world FOR you, especially if he thinks you don't want him to do it. And yet, for some reason or other, we have no objection to being part of the species Man. In fact, we really like it. Suppose you were merely an H-bomb, with no one to play with you except a few murderous morons?

OO

Those seeking to ban books as "unfit for children" are probably admitting publicly that they have children of their own over which they are unable to exercise any satisfactory degree of control.

THEY SAY IT'S NOT LATE UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE! In our society, the careless driver is immune from prosecution until after he kills someone. And one is never legally a murderer until the knife he plunges into your back goes deep enough to cause your death.

In other words, the world seems inclined to accept with a shrug the old jest: "It's never too late until 2:00, and then it's too late."

In few instances is this more sorely demonstrated than a statement issued recently by the "educated" medical adviser to the A. E. C. (Ameniated Earth Contaminators) that 250,000 measurements of radioactive fall-out show that the atomic and hydrogen bomb tests "have not YET reached disturbing levels in air, water, or soil". We suppose, for the public's protection, that these tests will continue until the point of "disturbance" has been reached.

And when this happens, who is to decide who's going to stop what? Suppose not all nations agree on what is the "disturbance point" -- and some continue playing with these lethal firecrackers even after the "disturbance point in air, water, and soil" has been passed. Will this mean these contrary nations will be blasted with H-bombs until they see the error of their ways? Of course, it is assumed that the bombs used for war won't add to the fall-out danger from tests -- will not increase or disturb the "disturbance point".

It looks as if our use of two bombs to show our might over a defeated Japan has given us an armed bed-fellow we don't dare to sleep with. CC

LIFE IS ONE LONG STRING OF ???????? Adults are amazed at children's ability to concoct questions, for many of

which there seems to be no answer. But what of the adult? Does he not continue this interrogation penchant with him right to the end? And would not most of his questions, were there a wise monitor above him, seem just as ridiculous as a child's query: "Papa, where does the light go when it goes out?"

"Who is God?" Man asks. And when he is told of "the Father within", he wonders. What is the difference between "God" and "the Father"? And if the "Father is within", as some tell him, why is he not without, too. And where is "without"? Actually, where is "within"?

Crazy questions? We don't believe so. We've asked them ourselves. And still do. And some of the answers we've found in a very unusual manuscript, "Whispers of the God Within", written by Abia Brant in co-operation with Arthur J. Burks, who needs no introduction to ABERREE readers. This manuscript will be printed in THE ABERREE, starting with the April issue, after which it will be issued in book form. The authors, according to word just received, have signed a contract for its publication. But we'll tell you more about this later.

Water -- Purified and Life-Giving



THE TIME draws closer when the hopes and dreams of mankind for a more heavenly state of existence on earth will be fulfilled. The establishment of new laws in all fields of natural sciences will eventually bring world peace and end the studied destruction of life on earth. This is only part of what I can give to man through my discovery of the "Immortal Cell".

There is so much to this wonderful living organism that one cannot do it justice by trying to explain it on paper. I have locked up this organism in a matrix catalyzer. This catalyzer, when it comes in contact with water, transforms or transmutes this water into a pure crystalline state. Water, as found thruout this planet, is not pure-- nor does it contain any life in itself.

The living organism of my immortal cell, I assure you, will neutralize the fall-out from the bombs that are now poisoning the atmosphere. Also, it will neutralize the poisons that are being put into the streams and water reservoirs from which people must drink, and prepare their foods. There even are some who have used this catalyzer and have credited it with healing properties, but for obvious reasons, I make no claims in this direction myself.

Despite all this, I work in a dark cellar, trying to make this catalyzer available to all-- rich and poor alike. But the so-called "scientists" will not listen to me. They are so absorbed in their contraptions to annihilate themselves and their fellow-man that they have no time for the "unorthodox". When I tell them that the water vapor from my catalyzed water will neutralize the poisons from the A- and H-bombs, I am ignored, almost despised. Yet I carry on, because this is now my aim in life--to get this planet-saving device into the hands of the public, now so carefully shielded by all these dollar-mad authorities. These are diseased minds who do not know what they are doing, and their interests do not go beyond how much money they can make.

Unreservedly I say that if the scientists would come to my laboratory and observe the Immortal Cell (which I have given the name of the "B-Cell") at work, they would find that none of my claims are overdrawn. But this they will not do. Those I have contacted to date have persistently refused me the opportunity of even 30 minutes' duration to show their own eyes the proof that:

- a. The B-Cell is a key to the cure and eventual eradication of mankind's deadliest diseases;
- b. Once developed and regulated for widespread use or application, it will rejuvenate the weary bodies and minds of our aged people;
- c. We can eliminate hunger from the face of the earth with new kinds of cheaper,

Water is becoming America's No. 1 problem. The concentration of people into great centers taxes those areas to procure sufficient water for an inflated population's daily baths, automatic washers that have no water-saving features, lawns that require constant attention, evaporative coolers that keep the meter needles spinning at a terrific pace. Dams are built across rivers to make huge reservoirs, yet these are becoming silt-filled and are temporary makeshifts at best.

Much of this stored-up water is polluted by sewage from smaller towns and factories past which the river flows, and the water must be run thru filtering plants where it is left dead--and resembling its natural state only in that it is wet. Chlorine is added to destroy harmful and harmless bacteria, giving the water an offensive taste and smell. In some areas, even fluorine, a poisonous by-product of the aluminum industry, also is added on the pretext it helps protect the teeth of children within a limited age range.

What will happen when these huge reservoirs become silt-filled no one dares guess--but it is possible that floods, as well as population shifts, will become prevalent. Maybe the solution lies in finding a way to convert ocean water into usable liquid. Maybe the hydrogen bomb "scientists" will make a solution unnecessary--with no one around to appreciate it even if there should be found a solution. And maybe, some small basement- or attic-experimenter will come up with a discovery that, if accepted by a planet gasping with its last thirsty breath, may return sanity--and water--to a dollar-conscious civilization.

Such a scientist may be John C. Brown, a former pharmacist, who has retired to his country home near Middleboro, Mass., where he can further his experiments on what he calls his "Immortal, or B-Cell". Working in a dark cellar, short of capital, and harassed by "authorities" who refuse to investigate, yet who "know it won't work, so you'd better shut up", Brown is fighting an uphill battle to get his B-Cell before the world, and put to use. How many of John Brown's claims are true, the ABERREE doesn't know, but we are planning some conscientious experiments with them. For others who also believe that all the knowledge cannot be purchased with a \$70-billion-a-year budget, we offer the accompanying excerpts from a letter Brown sent us in reply to our inquiry. His address is B-Cell Laboratory, 92 Miller St., Middleboro, Mass., and he has offered to send samples and further information to anyone interested enough to write and ask him for them.--THE EDITOR.

more abundant, more nutritive foods-- nucleoprotein foods which are now growing for all to see in my laboratory test plots;

d. The introduction of the B-Cell to the water reservoirs and farms of our land will signal the end of pollution and destructive, disease-carrying parasites.

The B-Cell's acceptance would cause the overthrow of many existing theories and practices, like virtual abandonment of drugs and surgery in the treatment of man's maladies. Could this be the reason I have been served with a federal order, that in substance asks me to "shut up", though not a single government scientist--or any other kind--has yet set foot in my laboratory?

The B-Cell is not for sale. If I am a "quack", "charlatan", or misdirected genius, as some have accused, then I ask that the most learned of the accusers accept my invitation to come here and find indisputable reasons to show me up and close my shop, or in the name of brotherhood and decency, let them become aware of their responsibility to the lay millions and help me place the advantages of the living cell, the fundamental unit of all life, within

reach of every person and animal. How much more direct can I be?

I am a registered pharmacist by trade, a natural scientist by application. After many years of watching diseased and maimed people trek into my pharmacy for chemicals and drugs, I rebelled more and more at the idea of man pouring so many of these objectionable potions, and sometimes poisons, into his body. In 2,000 years of accepted medications, science has failed to provide a total banishment of the source of mankind's agonies. In modern times, the worst and most prolific killer-diseases are barely being thwarted. Could the answer to science's failure lie in the invariable search for artificial solutions, its reliance on research with the inanimate (dead) instead of the animate (living)?

Anyone with a background in biology knows that a living cell is the fundamental unit of all life on this planet. What unknown secret did it hold? If the means of its substance--the "missing link" in evolution--could be found, everything in our world would be subjected to a glorious change.

I was not foolish enough to overlook the odds against my finding the "missing link". Others had tried, and failed. Yet, nights and holidays I descended to the basement of my home where I constructed a laboratory as simple as the kite of Benjamin Franklin. By 1943 I had perfected a semi-colloidal fog dispersion--a protoplasmic solution. It contained no discernible living cell, but I was sure that I was on the right track, and I decided to sell my pharmacy business and buy a place in the country where I might experiment directly with the soil elements. I divided a section of land into laboratory test plots, treating some seeds with the colloidal solution while letting others of the same group go untouched.

Late that first summer, I was just as amazed as my family and friends at the crops grown from the treated seeds. All were unusually large, vigorous plants. The leaves were only slightly scarred by parasites, while close by, the ordinary crops were chewed extensively.

Building lab cultures of the semi-carbonized vegetation from the extraordinary growth, I waited several days before placing a first smear under the microscope. Still sharp in my mind is the way I shuddered with excitement when I saw the result--living nuclei.

I nursed them, keeping constant watch. The cells began transmuting themselves into motile ones, dividing and feeding, reproducing themselves into two or three cells in a period of 24 hours. I was overwhelmed only to a point, however. Other researchers had also succeeded in causing this feat of unicellular reproduction. The real goal was a multicellular discovery.

Dismal failure marked the next four years of search. My reward came on Dec. 24, 1950. The isolated cell had unmistakably reached a higher state of life, now crystalline in appearance, and each cell of a culture was developing an umbilical cord in one to three days. Through it, each emitted nuclei colonies of "mother" cells. These produced "daughters" who became mothers, and so forth. The reproduction rate reached

many thousands in a few hours. In brief, the cells now possessed the mechanism of heredity, passing through easily-seen chromosome and gene phases.

Any professional person with even a basic knowledge of genetics will recognize these distinct phases under the microscope. What will startle, however, is the phagous development in the whole evolutionary process. In expanding and contracting, the cell organism assumes the shape of a cucumber seed--the phagous--then reverts back to its original form again.

Science has most desperately sought this very miracle, knowing that its sight would supply a solution to the mystery of the "missing link" in evolution. But how to apply these marvelous creatures, now that I had them? I returned to my garden test plots, plowing under a cover crop of rye, using no chemicals, and treating a selection of common vegetable and fruit seeds. At harvest time, I invited neighbors and friends as witnesses. From a single kernel of corn I obtained seven complete, uniform stalks bearing from 15 to 21 ears of delicious corn. These were entirely free of corn borers or lesser destructive parasites. The rows of corn on the cob were increased from eight to as many as 18; and the suckers, or shoots, became stalks in themselves, their leaves as wide and green as the mother plant's.

My tomato plants were heavy with rich, ruby fruit, and one plant produced more than 300 of them. Again these were not the usual kind of tomatoes, but extremely crystalline; though green they tasted sweet, not sour or acid as one would normally expect. This meant that unlike an ordinary tomato, the nuclei-protein fruit attained alkaline maturity before color maturity.

In my clover beds I found stems reaching a height of 69 inches. Timothy hay grew six feet or taller. My beans clustered 250 to the plant, where the same variety of plants for neighboring farmers produced about 90.

Just how was the ingestion of the B-Cell causing these otherwise common plants to attain uncommon size? And what about the plant's resistance to parasites? Almost a year of intense research of microscopic study and culture experimentation was needed to pave the way to the phenomenal explanation that the cell embodied solar energy of a solar catalyst or enzyme.

(1) Tiny flashes of bluish-white light (photons) (visible in natural sunlight) occurred within the walls of the jewel-like crystalline organisms. What I observed here was natural atomic energy at work.

(2) The cell disclosed a complete band spectrum (rainbow) traveling from the blue or ultraviolet end (potent energy source) and contacting all the natural colors to the red (feeble end) of the spectrum. In a sense the organism minutely represented the sun, for this tiny particle of life was capable of emitting rays of natural light.

(3) In the evolutionary process of the cell, it was turning a beam of polarized light to the right and left until it came into a state of equilibrium. This is known as the dextra-rotatory and levo-rotatory configuration.

Broken down into non-technical language,

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 6

'Black and White' in a New Mask

RECENTLY you mentioned that "Black and White" was a very workable technique that did not last long nor receive sufficient attention. Perhaps you will find that the "very latest" is merely what you might call an extension of "Black and White", or at least, a variation of it.

In "Black and White", you found a picture, and turned it white. Right? Sometimes a gray picture went black as pitch and then changed slowly back to white as it was worked on. The pre-clear, or processee, just "did" this: i. e., "turned it white".

Now we have somewhat the same general plan of "putting something into the bank" as a means of "remedying havingness", and, as usual, thru, or by his genius for discovery, extrapolation, or deduction, the "Old Red Head" once more conclusively demonstrates his real genius for assembling useful information.

More than an extension of "Black and White", the "new" (at least, it was new in the autumn of 1956) method is a nifty adaptation of an older tried and true technique -- lock scanning -- and once more puts to use an old friend, the File Clerk -- the greatest single discovery presented in Dianetics. And, best of all, it puts the File Clerk to work, automatically, at the service of the pre-clear and not the auditor, who so soundly misused and misapplied this remarkable little genie in the first place.

Pure lock scanning has a singular disadvantage that may be compared only to a pilot flying in a snowstorm along, and just above, a railroad track. It's a great sport until the track enters a tunnel -- and over, or into, it you go -- ker-plunk! or ker-splash!, depending on whether you crunch or splat.

Black and White also tended to focus attention; and its weakness was that it seemed to mislead the auditor into a conviction, or delusion, that "nothing was happening", and therefore it was up to him to stoke the fires of his invention and prod the long-suffering pre-clear into action -- get him to flopping around in the throes of an engram (usually the wrong engram) that he was no-wise capable of running.

A lot of water has run under the old bridgework since then, and perhaps the mainstay of continuing, tho somewhat limited, progress was "remedy of havingness" and the myriad variations of miracle cures, most miraculous for having kept the tenuous threads of continuity intact thruout the years of transition and inadequate understanding.

It always has seemed to me that Black and White was something of a "scatter-gun" technique; it was hard to tell which pellet brought down the bird. As we used to say back home, "If you cut your finger on a buzz saw, how're you going to tell what tooth cut you?" Of course, we weren't talking about processing.

What both lock scanning and Black and White needed was a pivotal point -- a sort of

cat's tail you could swing the case around by. Now, we've got it -- with much better understanding of what goes on than we had back in 1952 when B & W flared briefly into the area of experiment and was discarded too soon as we took off into hot pursuit of that red herring, the "theta clear".

I often wondered how other people interpreted the "Black and White" direction to "turn it white" after you got a clear or even foggy "picture" of the scene of disaster or discomfort. It seemed obviously, but was never called, an effort process. People "did what was necessary" to turn the scene white -- doped, strained, pushed, grunted, twisted, or what-have-you, and sure enough, it turned white, and somatics blew out of restimulation, tone rise followed, and change became evident. But auditors didn't like it because of the deceptive ease of the result. Two things -- it did lack a pivot-point, and there was no unmistakable action-drama to whet the auditor's jaded spirits and titillate his unflagging interest in the contents of engrams.

O. K. Now we have the necessary pivot-point. And the File Clerk's working for the pre-clear, and not being sent on crazy missions of banality by the auditor's vagaries. You simply find a time or occurrence in the pre-clear's life after which "things were different than they were before".

Let me caution you that this does not mean some god-awful catastrophe, tho it often will be. It could be the death of an ally, a serious injury or sickness -- or a mild rebuke that tore the web of a pre-clear's illusions.

Once this "pivot" has been established, you pointedly refrain from "running the incident". Instead, you simply have the pre-clear to permit what other people call "free association" -- a widely-known mental technique that allows the "File Clerk", as we used to call the phenomena, to produce a thought picture. Psychologists call this a memory of, or connected with a "trauma". Hubbard (Dr. L. R.) refers to it as a facsimile. Other voices use other terms. Hubbard's research into the situation has been far the most diligent and productive of the best results.

So, there stands the pivot-point -- "the incident" -- once the goal itself of the auditor's art, but now only a mainmast for a modern game of tether ball which is about to begin.

You tell the pre-clear to find a "picture that resides in time at a date later than the pivot-point on the same track. Formerly, on Black and White, at this juncture we used to say, "Do what is necessary to turn the picture white". Now, we say, "Do what is required to make the picture more solid". (Remember that "more solid" stuff; it's an important detail.) The pre-clear makes an effort to "make the picture more solid", and darned if this doesn't turn out to be the same kind of an effort used to

make things white. As the picture gets "more solid", it also gets white-- sometimes first going black, or at least much darker.

Hubbard says to keep at this until it flickers, but this phenomena is so similar to the "flash" we got on Black and White as it got white that the difference is virtually undetectable-- if there truly is a difference.

But of course there is a difference in the overall effect and result, else what reason would there be for this article?

The difference is this--Free Association, or, as we called it then, the File Clerk, produces a lock on the pivot-point--that is, on the incident we have chosen--and the process of making this "picture" more solid either blows the charge on it (if you prefer the old terminology), or puts into the track or bank some "remedy of havingness".

Then-- and here's the crux-- you have the pre-clear find a picture that precedes the pivot-point, that lies earlier on the time track than the incident.

Again the old reliable File Clerk hands out a picture, automatically, and if the auditor simply keeps his mouth shut and audits, the pre-clear proceeds to make this earlier picture more solid-- or more white-- and after it blows, you then sweep back to a later portion of the track where the pre-clear can find another, later, picture to turn more solid.

So it goes--before--after-- run 'em until

they flicker--flash white--and the charge on the lock blows. Then to the other time period again.

All kinds of funny things crop up, and there's a lot of the same dope-off fantasy so prevalent in old style lock scanning or the original Black and White package-- but the procedure tends to prevent the auditor from computing and fouling up the program. Once a fantasy-run or a dope-off peters out, you can either still make the picture more solid, or, if it has blown in the meantime, you go to the other phase--to the other side of the pivot-point and there's the old File Clerk, turning up sooner or later with another picture.

This system has an added advantage, too, over the earlier lock scanning and Black and White technique, in that it permits the pre-clear to work at his own best rate of speed.

The psychotic auditor, who just has to CONTROL his victim and compute and dictate, will have an unhappy time of it, plowing in this field, and it will undoubtedly be a rather unpopular "process" in many circles.

Care should be taken to really blow the locks and dispose of all the residue; and all of the particles, both visible and not, should be made "more solid".

If dub-in crops up, just plug right along -- and make the picture more solid-- or, as some people will find more descriptive, just turn it white.

WATER-PURE, LIFE-GIVING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

this last point explains my new plants' immunity to parasites. Insects, worms, etc., simply cannot live or propagate in the sphere of the influence cast by this type of natural light. Meanwhile, the over-sized growth of my nucleo-protein vegetation is the result of the B-Cell's ability to radiate solar energy of very high frequencies.

I am not a doctor and do not practice or prescribe, but my experiments with the immortal cell have disclosed the cause of various diseases in plants and animals. Actually they become sick in much the same way as humans.

We believe we have a limitless method of transforming soil sterility in all lands into rich green farms that will bear not merely today's kinds of foods but the far more nutritive nucleo-protein types thru-out the deserts of the world.

Before us lies first the job of purifying all sustaining waters, our farm ponds, lakes, streams, reservoirs, etc. We can construct filtering plants which will be no more expensive and complicated than locking the miraculous cell in porous substances like cement at the water inlet; stable water would require but the submergence of the B-Cell.

Lying on my lab tables are watermelons grown by the cell in the lab test plots. These have lain there without refrigeration, yet without spoiling, for one year, or more. I guarantee you would enjoy a sweet, crystalline slice from either of them this very moment.

Secondly, in two jars of cell water in this same basement lab stand crisp green

plant leaves. Not only are they very much alive but are sprouting white shoots at their base. Persons of botanical knowledge will readily agree that these leaves could not exist a worthwhile period without light from the sun, nor in water that is devoid of soil or any known plant food. Needless to say, my lab is dark, except for artificial lighting. Still while neither the sparkling water nor the leaves have been submerged or changed, filtered, fertilized, or what-have-you for four years, no rot or death has taken place. The healthy plant leaves have been utilizing the solar energy of the cell; the photosynthetic catalytic process keeps it alive.

Present day science must come to realize that we are all very much in need of this mighty organism, not only to conquer diseases and old age, but to correct the many admissable past mistakes in all fields of natural science. This discovery places us on the threshold of the Solar Era; from here we will travel into Solar Time, into many new dimensions where there is no time. Einstein's suggestions of such new dimensions brought him a flood of opposition from some of his most loyal colleagues. This is always the result that comes from a certain segment of men of knowledge who cannot find ready explanations already provided in books.

The bitter disappointment I have experienced is not because I am personally being boycotted by persons of that segment, but because the results of my experiments are. Condemnation without investigation is not right.

Does the "Immortal Cell"--and all it can do for man--deserve to be ignored?

What you won't do today, you might not do.

A Dynamo that Jeters in Rhyme

Chapter II

"CARRYING the load" was the cryptic name later to be given to the second of the seven steps. This may be restated as assuming responsibility for one's own life.

When we project our guilt by condemning in others the thing we do not want discovered in ourselves, when we blame others for a thing we are the cause of, when we criticize unfriendliness, refuse to acknowledge ourselves as cause, and neglect our duties in the world, we are not carrying the load.

On November 2, we began the session by reviewing and interpreting the previous experiment.

Dynamo--Wisdom lies in the interpretation thereof. Until the day of judgment, keep yours to I-U.

Paul--He is on a new tack. Wants us to quit passing judgment on each other, friends, and others.

Dynamo--Summations are often defective and shallow but charity is never condescending. Greatness is its own reward.

Paul--Sort of an Aagean stable job you have tackled, eh, Dynamo?

Dynamo--Yes, and so, patience! "This egg is gold," the farmer cried. He killed the goose. Time was inside.

Paul--Time is the key to everything: material success, and the optimum condition?

Dynamo--To them who know how to use the key.

Paul--Should we put this into effect immediately?

Dynamo--Practice! Practice!

Paul--Clara has more patience than I at times.

Dynamo--Yes.

Paul--Sometimes too much.

Dynamo--Untangling I-U.

Nov. 4. Dynamo--You have undertaken the test of psychic response. See that you do not fail to observe the universal purpose. You are the instruments of unlimited knowledge. Defend yourselves against invasion of privacy with a firm plan of adherence to silence until you have strengthened your foundation past the point of dissolution. Jealousy is universal among the unenlightened.

Clara--Notice he says "Unenlightened", not "uneducated". (She was thinking of some uneducated people we knew who had good common sense, and also there was one lady school teacher who, tho of course well educated, was narrow and intolerant.)

Dynamo--Education by the unenlightened produces confusion.

Paul--Does he mean to leave them all out including - - ?

Dynamo--Yes, the time is not yet. High-light comes before twilight.

This order for silence was not canceled until the middle of the following summer.

On November 5, I was reviewing some of the Dynamo's sayings, and one in particular:

For four years, Paul and Clara O'Neill have been in contact with a rhyming entity from what Paul calls a "higher plane of consciousness", who first conversed thru an ouija board. Now, this "crutch" has been done away with, and Clara is able to pick up messages direct. The contact has identified himself only as "The Dynamo", and his messages he calls "Ei-fin rhymes". During these four years, he has urged the O'Neills not to talk about the messages, but to make them public--and how more public can you get than to print them in The ABERREE?--The EDITOR.

"The time for pennies is greater than the time on hand".

Dynamo--Reader of the Good Book is not amiss in his timing if he understands the truth therein. Traffic accidents are caused by undue haste. No fire. He who makes haste slowly sees the season's beauties.

Under the old time clock is the secret of balance. Good Time Charley had his fun. Then came the dawn. Coffee for one.

Paul--Should we be more conservative?

Dynamo--Remember the thirties.

We remembered the depression years very well.

Dynamo--Reaping is a dreary task after a drought.

Paul--Are we going to have a depression?

Dynamo--No, but standards are higher. A little here, a little there, a little fever everywhere.

Clara--Probably warning against extravagance in outside diversions.

Dynamo--Sit upon your window sill. Look in, look out, and test your will, the mocking bird is singing still.

Paul--Will there be an atomic war?

Dynamo--No, it may be averted.

Paul--Have you any further comment about war?

Dynamo--When a child can teach its parents what is meant by understanding, there will be no need for bombing. Planes can make a peaceful landing.

After the middle of November, the Dynamo almost always talked in rhyme. He showed a genius for selecting unusual words, doubtless to avoid the chain of association and loaded meaning of common words.

The rhyming was, I think, for the purpose of sugar-coating the wisdom to make it palatable. Rhymes catch the fancy and ring in the mind's ear for a long time.

As the vocabulary became more cryptic and symbolic, Clara began to depend on me to interpret. Sometimes she would get a puzzling message and would say to me: "I don't believe it's a thing but subconscious doodling!"

Usually, after thinking about it for awhile, the meaning would come to us. But we have had some verses that defied interpretation for several days and even weeks.

The other day, after I had gone to work and was about six miles from home, Clara received the following:

Dynamo--The mummery of high-fidelity receivers strains a potent source of make-believe, and they receive who have the

light of understanding in their grasp, Omniscient asp.

She had this written down when I returned home, and had no least idea of what it meant, because it was addressed to me in answer to some thoughts I had been entertaining.

I had that morning been thinking that I would warn our readers that I did not know whether our experiences could be duplicated or not, as many persons whom I had seen experiment with the ouija board-- if they get anything at all--had received wishful thinking and dream-stuff from the unconscious.

Clara is a high-fidelity receiver.

Now the Dynamo corrects me with the dictum that such emphasis should not be placed on perfection, as all who achieve an understanding of what they are aiming for will receive.

Which reminds me that while I myself can get nothing at all on the ouija board or clairaudiently as Clara does, I can and do receive advice in my dreams, sometimes in symbolic form and sometimes by spoken word from a character in the dream. This is whenever I set up suitable conditions, planting the suggestion and framing the wish just as I am going to sleep.

Now, that phrase, "omniscient asp"--what does that mean? I had read somewhere that the serpent coiled around a staff, which is the symbol of the medical profession, was originally an ancient mystical symbol of wisdom or magic power.

I picked up a copy of "The Secret Doctrine", by Madame Blavatsky, and it fell open at a page very close to where the serpent symbol was discussed. I found it in a moment. I had read very little of the book's 1,450 pages.

I extract here two quotations from Page 215 of Part Two:

"The earliest initiates and adepts for whom it is claimed they were initiated into the mysteries of nature by the *universal mind* represented by the highest angels, were named the 'Serpents of wisdom', etc.".....

And a little later, "So little have the first Christians who despoiled the Jews of their Bible understood the first four chapters of Genesis in their esoteric meaning, that they never perceived that not only was no sin intended in this disobedience but that actually the serpent was the 'Lord God' himself, who, as the Ophis, the Logos, or the bearer of divine creative wisdom, taught mankind to become creators in their turn. They never realized that the cross was an evolution from the tree and the serpent, and this became the salvation of mankind."

The "Omniscient Asp", then, is the Dynamo (?); the tree, from which he offers us fruit to eat, is the ancient wisdom necessary for individuation. The Garden is the mind, or soul, of Man (?).

I think the Dynamo uses the term "make-believe" as if it were "inculcation of belief". This illustrates his very unusual modes of expression in later communication.

If I had stressed the importance of high-fidelity receiving as I had planned to do, I would strain a potent source of faith inculcation in the general reader's mind. For if you experiment in communication

with even a slight success, it will do more to convince you of the truth of this system than any fantastically successful experiments that others might have performed.

To "make it so", we have to do it ourselves. Each aspirant has to contact the Dynamo for personal instruction. Experiment will discover the best way to do this. Suggestions for this development will be made.

Long practice is necessary to fill up the old ruts to make a new road, but the earnest pupil will succeed! Remember, it is the personality we have developed over all the years which stands in conflict with the Real Self that makes us sub-optimum.

It was away back in November of 1952 that the Dynamo prophesied:

*You will have called that temple false
That hides the radiance of his glory.
Like beauty of itself begun
Each temple tells a single story.
And each one must be built anew.
The purpose of the morning dew
Is not revival of the dead.
The dead is past life is ahead.
New walls must have a new foundation.*

I asked the Dynamo one time if dream-analysis was a valuable tool for individuation.

Dynamo--*The profit share of labor there,
The circle sung in answered prayer.*

(The circle, research disclosed, is an ancient symbol of the regenerated self.)

I do not think the conventional idea of prayer, the beseeching of an anthropomorphic god to intercede with magic in the mundane affairs of the petitioner, is what the Dynamo has in mind at all. Whenever you send out your thoughts to the unknown in silent or spoken yearning, it is prayer. That prayer is legitimate and of immense value, which is directed toward the search for data for self-change, for growth, development.

Evolution is the most powerful instinct of the basic self, so the desire for such growth is in harmony with basic purpose and such prayers and yearnings systematized, and oft repeated, will be answered.

Clara testifies that her own development as a receiver is a result of prayer. Direct your thoughts, your aspirations, to the Universal Mind, to the divine self, or whatever is your concept of God. Our conceptions can be at best only approximations-- symbols of some great underlying reality, which we cannot hope to grasp in our present stage of evolution.

June 14, 1954. Dynamo--*The sightless and the sighted pray and look for help above,
The sightless and the sighted weigh the authorship of love. Conclusion drawn the sightless spawn in helpless desecration.
While sight unseen the sighted glean the tomb in recreation.*

Those who think that love comes from without are the sightless ones. Those who know that they receive love in proportion as they give it are the sighted ones.

The sightless ones raise all kinds of hell trying to force the world to give them love (A.R.C.). But the sighted ones quietly absorb all the wisdom they can find (ancient wisdom, the ashes of the dead) and recreate themselves in more and more lovable form.

(To be continued next month.)

OUR HIDDEN CHILDREN

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

*What Can Be Done
About the Genetic Tragedies?*

This concludes Mr. Burks's analysis of life in the Child Guidance Center, Lancaster, Penn. We hope some readers have a new insight into a segment of our responsibility—which is closer than we think.—The EDITOR.

15. (Conclusion) IN THE HANDS OF WOMEN

AMOTHER discovers that her child is "different". Since time immemorial, mothers have studied their newborn, to discover if they are all right. Toes are handled, one by one, and fingers. Ears are compared. Feet are studied. The shape of the head, of the mouth, of the body. The child, so carefully observed at birth, and for many hours right afterward, by every member of the immediate family but especially by the mother, seems to be perfect. There are signs of relief. There is self-congratulation. The child looks like Papa, Mama, Uncle Bert, or Grandfather Joseph, all of whom are, or were, upstanding people, good citizens, and normal. Since the child resembles some sturdy member of the family, including both healthy parents, it must be all right.

Or is it all right? Is there something wrong about the tongue? Is it too big for the mouth? Is there something in the eyes that shouldn't be there; the shape of the lids, possibly? The mother worries. She doesn't call the attention of the husband and father to items that make her wonder. If he doesn't see the differences without help, maybe the mother just imagines them. But then the husband begins to notice. He frowns. He doesn't say anything, or maybe he says too much.

There is no record anywhere, in either family, which would make either parent expect or be fearful that there might be some outstanding difference between their child and other children.

But time passes.

The child doesn't start jabbering when it should. It doesn't try to stand. There are more pronounced items now. There is clearly something wrong!

What is the first reaction to this discovery? In the first place, neither the father nor mother, in all likelihood, has ever heard that there are other children like this in the world; certainly there have never been any among their close relatives. If there are others in the neighborhood, they must be carefully hidden away. The first urge of the parents is to hide their child, to keep neighbors from knowing of him, or her. Their next concern may well be to make sure that they do not again become parents. They can find no explanation of their child. Doctors have theories, but no proof of correctness. They say:

"Any couple can produce a mongoloid, a hydrocephalic, a microcephalic child. Cerebral palsy is common; caused possibly by something occurring at birth, instrument injury, prolonged labor, something."

Should the child be placed in an institution when he becomes a problem? Are there such institutions for such children?

In most cases within the experience of those who maintain the House on Martha Avenue, and the teachers who work with the children there, the parents do not give up hope, show no inclination to "put away" their "different" children. They set out to do something about them. "Experts" say nothing can be done, but mothers refuse to accept the decisions of experts as final. In their hearts they know better. There is always hope. There is always a possibility that something has been overlooked, that in their child the reason for the difference can be found and some correction made.

A woman believed that something could be done about her sister's child. She believed there must be other children like him. She asked around. There were other children like him. A mother of another such child also believed something could be done.

They got together and held "school". They studied each other's charges. They kept asking around. Were there many other such children? They found, without too much seeking, more than 70 within easy reach. Would those children learn anything by being with their children? Were there people more qualified to teach them than the two women? Were there teachers who specialized in mongoloids, hydrocephalics, and other categories of the severely retarded?

The schools of the State did nothing for such children. Their I. Q.s were below 50, most of them so far below they could not even be arrived at. They were human "vegetables". But parents accepted no such answers, considering them no answers at all. Those children had been given their parents for some reason. The ways of God might be inscrutable, but they were not senseless. They began their study of such children where the experts quit.

They discovered many things, among others that mongoloids were as different from one another as normal children were different from other normal children. They were, within their limitations, individualities, personalities. The same was true of all other "different" children. Parents did not delude themselves with fancies. It did not occur to them that their children might be members of a "new race" being born into the world, so far in advance of today's boys and girls that these, and their parents and teachers, couldn't even understand them. They were more down-to-earth than that.

As they found other parents with "different" children, they got together to make studies. None of the parents had degrees from any college. They were just parents, some of them in humble circumstances, with no education pretensions, some of them were graduates of the nation's best schools.

They discovered that any couple could

have "different" children, and that one such child in a family didn't mean there had to be another. In fact, mongoloids seldom appeared other than singly in any family. There were exceptions, of course. It was good to know, however, that other children of the same pair had every chance of producing at least average offspring, and might even produce children considerably above.

Parents usually love their "different" children more deeply than they do their normal ones. The "different" ones need love more, perhaps. And usually, brothers and sisters of the "different" lavish love upon the "different" ones. But not always. There are some parents who blame each other for "different" children, and even some parents who blame the children, and misuse or neglect them.

These first women, whose interest and preoccupation with the "different" increased with experience with them, found that by studying "different" children they were learning more about why average or normal people, including themselves, behave as they do. Clearly, the "different" were "human". It was more than enough to go on.

"Different" children seemed, largely, at home with one another. They looked at one another, and knew. What they knew, nobody else did, but there seemed always the hope of finding out. Mongoloids "talked" among themselves. "Different" children of all types "communicated", if not with their teachers-- first the two interested women, then State-paid teachers specializing in the "different"--with one another.

Each mother or close relative, each father, or uncle, or cousin, studying a "different" child, was struck by this: There is a solution to that child, a key of some sort, in the eyes, in the behavior, in the way he studies others, in what he would say if he only could, hidden in him somewhere, struggling, straining to get out. We'll find the solution, uncover the key.

A child who habitually throws blocks, or anything else that can be thrown, is taught to pile them instead, to build with them. Another child responds to music, another to smiles, another to something else. If a child can learn his name, can learn to eat, to speak, to go to the bathroom, to dress himself, can he not learn other things?

For example, so many "different" children, unaware of the outside world, finding it quite beyond comprehension when exposed to it, seem perfectly happy. Happiness itself may be a key, an opening to a solution. Isn't the pursuit of happiness one of the inalienable rights of Americans? What if the mongoloid already has happiness? He can be very unhappy, too. If they can be kept happy, do not those who keep him so obey the Will of the Father?

And if he can be kept happy, can he not be happier *doing something*? Are there not simple things such children can do well enough even to pay some or all of their way in the world? They have discovered in the House on Martha Avenue that mongoloids can be taught to read very simple things; they can be taught to work in rubber, leather, wood; they can be taught to make shapely candles. They have infinite patience when they are "working". They are happy if their

hands are busy, most of them. Can they earn anything by the simple "professions" which their teachers, inheritors of the dreams of the two women whose determination led to the House on Martha Avenue, have helped them, or are helping them, to master? They can. They may not go out into the world of normal people and make a living, but they can tremendously relieve their parents of the burdens of themselves. They can occupy themselves instead of demanding attention constantly. They cease to be burdens for at least some hours of each day. Thus they save their parents time and money.

And money saved is money earned, even if the "different" children never actually earn a cent.

Mothers of "different" children were not much interested in whether their children could make a living, as adults. They were concerned with them as with all their children, in whether they were happy, or had some chance of being happy. They did not wish them to live out their lives in exile. Nor did they wish them to be the butt of jests in the world of the normal. All mothers knew what happened to even the slightest different, among the normal, especially among children. They also knew that in such matters, far too many adults were just grown-up children.

But the women didn't limit themselves, or set a limit on what their children could be taught.

They wanted qualified teachers to take up where they had left off, teachers who wouldn't set limits either, teachers who believe that children could be trained, whether or not they could be educated.

Long before they had gotten together the 34 or 35 boys and girls who now are trained in the House on Martha Avenue, the two founders of the Child Development Center had opened school in the Martha Avenue House.

The State provided four teachers, all women, and paid their salaries. Every one of those teachers believes that much more can be done with "different" children than educators generally have hitherto believed possible. Only mothers, up until now, have believed as completely in the possibilities of their "different" children as do the four patient, persevering, eternally observant, eternally listening teachers of the Child Development Center.

THE END

OO+OO

THE WORK YOU LOVE LOVES YOU

BY DEAN D. CALLMAN

Some folks just love work.

You may love your work so much that you do not find time to work your love.

Work without love is slavery. Love without work is a delusion.

When you love your work enough to work your love on everybody on that job, then you have found the true secret of living.

OOOO

More than a score of churches have been burned during the last year, a news summary reports, and it is believed that more than a few might have been incendiary. One has only to remember the "burn-'em-at-the-stake" history of Churchianity to wonder if this isn't just another example of "filling the oven with mud doesn't produce fine cakes".

Man Revolts at Forced Changes

A MAN GETS an idea for a new product. He goes to a research laboratory and tells them how frozen foods can be protected for the consumer. The device is a chemical compound that will go thru freezing only *once* without changing color. It is non-toxic, has no food value, and has a very unusual property in it that will turn orange should the frozen food ever be frozen again after thawing. This means that consumers would be protected in getting only freshly frozen foods that have not had the cellular structure broken down thru thawing and refreezing.

The research laboratory develops the idea. Then the trouble starts. They can find no food processors who will dare institute this protective device in their frozen foods. The processors claim they cannot vouch for the handling of their food once it gets into the hands of the distributor or retail store, and that such a device would give their product a bad name if the distributors and retailers were to mishandle it in any way.

This is not just a fanciful illustration designed to make a point. Such a product was developed, and just such a series of events took place in reference to it.

A situation very similar to this took place when the field of Dianetics was propounded by Ron Hubbard in his book, "Dianetics, the Modern Science of Mental Health". The book was on the best seller list for a short time, selling close to 200,000 copies. Almost a half-million persons became interested in the work and tried to put it to use.

Dianetics did not have a lasting effect on our culture or on the mental sciences of today because of the pressure it put upon the present practitioners to change and benefit themselves before they began to work with others. Consequently, Hubbard was asked to modify the concepts he had presented. He refused to do so and, because of the "interference", began to lash out at the medical, the religious, and the psychological professions. The result of this action was some most unfavorable editorial comment by men who were highly respected in their respective fields. Such vehement denunciation lost Dianetics many friends and contributed to the rapid dissolution of most of the following that Hubbard had gathered.

But those who remained saw any denunciation of Dianetics as personal affronts. They became slightly fanatical about holding to the cause. Resentment between themselves and the members of the other professions grew and caused them to become even more dogmatic about their ideas. The result was a further rejection of Dianetics by the general public. The groups and individuals who were a part of these developments began to drift away because of their basic drive to be at one with their environment.

None of this had anything to do with the rightness or wrongness of the concepts that Hubbard was presenting. It had nothing to do with the effectiveness of the techniques he was developing, or with the number of people following him. The only point in question was the fact that the acceptance of Dianetics called for some changes in people's thinking. It meant that the evidence previously accepted as valid had to be re-examined. Actually, the prior evidence had only to be realigned to include the new data by expansion. No one asked that it be rejected. But most of the people who rejected Dianetics did so because they thought they had to throw away all of their previously acquired evidence.

Still another element which influenced this series of occurrences was the fact that Hubbard tried to take all of the credit for developing the ideas on which Dianetics rested. Many metaphysicians, oc-

Perhaps there are as many different answers to the problem of why the popularity of Dianetics was so short lived as there are persons trying to answer the question. In 1950, mention of the fact you were a Dianeticist could arouse interest in almost any group anywhere, but today, its once-popularity has gone into occlusion, and the word can stimulate no more than a mild curiosity should other topics of conversation be lagging. This, despite the fact that some of the medical profession, the most bitter denunciators of Dianetics five or so years ago, now accept some of its tenets--such as pre-natals and cellular recordings--without giving credit, of course, in the accompanying article, Rev. James Welgos, at one time a student and follower of Dianetics back during its more effervescent days, offers his own conclusions as to why Dianetics failed to attract general acceptance. Although these ideas do not quite coincide with our own ideas on the matter, we found them interesting.—THE EDITOR.

cultists, and spiritualists had been aware of these principles for years before Dianetics was heard of, so any claims to discovery rubbed them the wrong way.

After all this, what do we have as the true picture of Dianetics? Hubbard was a highly creative individual who had bought the idea, as have so many others in our world, that mankind wants to advance and have new things. From a specific viewpoint, this is quite correct. We are developing such a drive for newness and creative action, but for the most part it is not yet prevalent. The beginnings are evident, but the full fruition of this striving has by no means been attained. The wisdom of the East has contained the basics of Dianetics for many centuries, and while Hubbard used some quite novel ways of presenting these ideas, he tried to force changes in our present structure to conform to the ideals of progress and advancement.

Let us not delude ourselves. Man does want fulfillment of his ideals, but he is in conflict within himself because of other social values that are more important than the fulfillment of these ideals--such as the values of a stable society, the upholding of the evidence of the past, and the various ways that the senses are placated.

This is what Hubbard was bucking without realizing it. Had he realized it and looked at his actions to see whether or not they were really designed to fit the present culture, he would have made definite changes in his approach and would have been more successful. He was far out in front with his own development, but had not gone quite far enough to see the values upon which our present culture is based and to realize that one has to learn to support them before he can change them. Once one has learned to appreciate these values, does he then want to make changes? Much as it may surprise you, the answer to that is a resounding "no". The only people who want to make changes in the world are those who do not know the structures of the world and who have not learned to face life and accept it on its own terms. They are the malcontents who cannot get along with others or with themselves.

Here in a nutshell we have the reason for the adage that "geniuses are neurotic". Those who are highly creative are all too often rejected despite the value of the things they create. But they are geniuses precisely because they have not learned to accept life as it really is and are trying, even desperately, to change life to conform to a pattern that will enable them to be comfortable.

Dianetics could have been accepted had it been aligned with the various fields of man's present knowledge. The insistence upon using new terms was a good idea in that it made it easier to accept the newer Dianetic concepts by removing the possibility of prior associations, but it was a method for forcing acceptance of many ideas which were already in existence and for which new terms were unnecessary.



Plowing Up the Field

¶A. E. vanVogt, of Los Angeles, wants to set up a series of experimental tests to "prove" the truth, or probability of truth, of the phenomenon of exteriorization. And we are surprised this hasn't been done before. In all instances brought to our attention, the idea of exteriorization either has been accepted "because Hubbard said so", or has been rejected, often for the same reason. Frankly, altho we have taken two "theta clearing guaranteed" courses, we've never seen an acceptable demonstration of theta clearing inside Scientology. We've known persons who said they were exterior, but none of these ever has been willing to demonstrate any abilities not enjoyed by those who insisted they were NOT exterior. And among students who claimed they were able to exteriorize themselves were several who admitted they weren't able to separate themselves from their bodies, either, but that it was easier to "go along with the gag" than to be subjected to Hubbard's insulting remarks to those who insisted on being honest. We know of one person -- a woman who never has studied Scientology -- who tells of "finding herself near the ceiling and looking down at her body", which was taking a bath. Her description of her feelings, her thoughts, and her reactions sounds fairly plausible and authentic -- but she has been unable to repeat the experience, and now, three years later, thinks it may have been imaginary. In Scientology schools, when we used to co-audit with some of the confessed "clears" of the class, we would "send" them to various astronomical locations in the Universe, and it was our disappointing experience that no two, even tho they claimed to be visiting the same spot, or area, ever had parallel descriptions of what was to be found there. One student, in an effort to invalidate the denials of another student that she could exteriorize, claimed to have "bumped into her thetan" in the doorway of the auditing room. It may be that vanVogt, if he carries his experiments far enough, will find more acceptable proof of one of Hubbard's famous

parenthetical remarks, "To tell the truth, no one ever was IN a body, anyway", and will discover that the "I" of most of us is merely an anchor-point inside a bit of MEST to which we have staked a claim for a definite period of time. But we wish "Van" luck, and if anyone has any ideas as to how this experiment might be conducted fairly for all concerned -- without getting involved in ESP and other acceptable psychical phenomena -- "Van" would welcome their suggestions. In any event, we'd like to know what results...

¶About the time we were writing to John Brown of Middleboro, Mass., about his B-Cells (See story on Page 3), Infinites Mort and Dorothy Jaquays, of Sutton, Quebec, were visiting the inventor in his laboratory, and being much impressed with what they found. Mort reports that Brown does do most of his work in a cellar, surrounded with jars of culture, drawings, papers, wires, dried out bits of hay, cabbage, jars of water, etc., in wild profusion. Brown, who claims to be 69 years old, looks like a healthy man in his mid-50's. The Jaquays, who operate a farm near Sutton, took some of the B-Cells home -- and within a week, were able to report an improvement in their physical conditions... ¶Ex-Druggist Brown, tells us, by the way, that there's a move on foot to get him to move his experiments to California, and it's quite likely he'll be taking his test tubes, cells, and magnifying glass to the west coast before too many moons... ¶Nancy Lang, of Lone Wolf, Okla., pored over a dictionary for more than an hour hoping to find a word for students "seeking a way", as sought by Paul Perella in last month's ABERREE, and finally concluded that she was no neologist. Don't feel invalidated, Nancy. From the suggestions so far received, there's little chance of Paul having to make good on that \$25 offer. Most people want to keep their own cherished labels, and can offer only reasons why others should fall in line...

¶During a three-hour period in which time rocketed by on jetted wings, Adele Mazurek stopped at The ABERREE office on her way back to Chicago from a four-week visit in California. With her was her 85-year-old mother, Eva Dombroski, who was anxious to get home, despite reports of cold and blizzards, while Oklahoma was offering almost shirt-sleeve weather. Adele, who has been in Dianetics almost as long as its founder, proved again that this is more of a big family than it is a cult, as we traded data on who has just killed who, who is divorced from whom, who is, or ought to be, married, who needs processing, and who has given up the quest for a better bridge in exchange for a chance to make a living... ¶Bob Arentz has moved from a Denver suburb to a new home at Boulder -- where he now can send his youngest to college in

about 17-18 years when she gets to the college-going age. Or maybe he just wanted to get a couple miles closer to the snow-covered hills in case the world does a bit of a flip... ¶Lee Lockhart writes that he's now teaching high school in Grants, N. Mex. Hopes to get going soon on some local counseling... ¶Bob Sutton, former official in the Phoenix Church of Scientology, will stand trial in Phoenix in April on a charge of murder. Since this isn't a "scandal sheet", we'll not give out with all the gory details, but we thought Bob's many friends might wish to pause a moment in their theta-clearing activities to wish him well...

¶Scientology, according to its purveyor of adformation, ABILITY, is abolishing the caste system, and now, if you've got a spare \$15, you can be just as good a Scientologist as the next one. On the books, that is. No more General, Special, and Professional memberships (we think the "Golds" and other "lifetime" recognitions lost their lives long ago), paying \$8.50 to \$25 a year, depending on your caste. Another change is that British subscribers will get CERTAINTY and American subscribers ABILITY -- which, if these two publications continue the pattern of the past, gives our British brethren much the better part of the deal. An additional part of the change is that all members now will receive the PABS (Professional Auditors' Bulletins), which, ABILITY boasts back of five exclamation points (five -- count 'em: !!!!!), have been coming out with some degree of regularity since 1953. And that, we'll agree, is a long time for anything to continue in Scientology... ¶ORION, the metaphysical magazine published by Ural R. Murphy (704 Jackson, Charlotte, N. C.), has changed its size and format. From a 32-page "pocketbook", it now is 16 pages, 8 1/2 x 11. The February number lacks the quality of the former size, but in an "Erratum" on Page 1, Editor Murphy promises this will be corrected... ¶It must have been quite a grass fire Helen and David Lyle battled successfully near their home in Wanaque, N. J. Anyway, by the time a fireman arrived, David and Helen, with two rugs as tools, had beaten and stamped out the last vestige of beingness the spreading flames had possessed. After it was all over, David says he grabbed the villain of the act -- a 55-gallon drum with burning tar in the bottom -- and moved it from the scene of its depredations. As it (the barrel) hit the ground, out popped two playing cards, slightly scorched, bearing only the letter X and T on them. Being bridge addicts, we haven't been able to figure out what type of playing cards bears such letters -- but David always manages to make things just a bit puzzling.

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Before your snow-shoveling callouses have healed, it's time to retreat them with a garden hoe and lawn mower.



Dear Editor:

"Enjoyed the poetry 'plus' coming from the O'Neills' psychic 'Ghost writer'. There seems to be quite a bit of this sort of activity. I wonder if these fellows are organized. Let's see -- they might call themselves the 'Brotherhood of Psychic Ghost Writers', or the 'B.P.G.W.' for short. (ED. NOTE -- Or the 'MOONS--Much Out Of Nothing Seeable'.)

"Organized or not, it was interesting to hear from this one and I'll be looking forward to the next issue.

"A reply to Paul Perella:

"After reading your plea for a satisfactory term to be used to identify those who are interested in investigating the area beyond that of material realities alone, a term immediately came to mind, 'Outsider'.

"This is a term that I have been using for some time in my personal thinking and recently have begun using in my communication with others, when referring to such a one as you described. With me, also, there seemed to be a need for a short expression to replace the wordy description.

"By 'Outsider', I do not mean specifically, one who is excluded, although the 'outsider' is excluded from the very orthodox society and is often resented. For me, the usual connotation of 'Outsider' is: One who steps outside the boundaries of accepted beliefs and takes a look around. He is not afraid to look.

"We are living in a wonderful age in which the life of an 'outsider' is not quite as lonely as it used to be, and we meet many another on our path.

"Welcome, fellow 'outsiders'."
--Florence E. Worrell, Saratoga, Calif.

"In your editorial you say, 'It is apparent that no one knows what happens to man after he gives up existence in a mortal body'. Mr. Alpha, in order to know that 'No one knows', you must know everything that everyone knows. Do you?"

"Mr. Paul O'Neill also suffers from the same egotistical view. In his letter he says, 'No one has ever in recorded history communicated verbally and fluently with this principle'. Even if Mr. O'Neill does not accept the bible

recordings as God's evidence, he has no good reason for shunting aside the hundreds of books on Spiritualism!

"Too many people suffer from too much education. They just know more than God and that is one reason why they will never know Him.

"Mr. O'Neill in his article presents a running apology for believing in the legitimacy of Dynamo. This only proves the weakness of education; when FACTS do not measure up to LOGIC, they let TRUTH fall, in the least it totters.

"Mr. O'Neill, why do you call Dynamo a PRINCIPLE? Dynamo is an entity who once functioned in a physical body even as you and I do now. If you wish to know who he was, ask him.

"Alpha, would you care to try an experiment? Select an hour, say 9 or 10 p.m. I will talk to two people who have died (?) in your area (Oklahoma), who have passed on within an hour or two, get their names, ages, addresses, cause of death, names of relatives. This you can verify in your next day's newspaper obituary. I will send these facts in a night telegram with hour stamped, or a registered letter and ask postoffice to stamp hour of mailing."--Jacob Apstel, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Have just recently got into Eeman's 'Cooperative Healing', tho I've had a copy for several months. Have had some quite interesting results. Last Monday at one of my class meetings I put two volunteers into the circuits, separately. We had a doctor present who checked blood pressure, heart, etc. The pulse of one slowed from abnormally rapid to about normal. 'The lowest in years,' he reported. The other had a skip every four beats before getting into the circuit and five minutes later it was regular. Haven't done much with the circuits really, as yet, but plan to continue. I would be interested in reports from others."--Wayne Dunbar, 607 S. Kenmore, Los Angeles, Calif.

"There is one serious error in the (first) article. After the poem ending 'Table, sable, stable, cable, Fancy footage for a fable', there should have been two or three lines skipped... The words 'If you would sail the Heavens, IN ancient wisdom spawn' have no connection with the preceding. They are a quote from a much later session and are to preface the concluding and summing-up remarks.

"The rhyme ending 'Fancy footage for a fable' is an analysis of the mechanics of the usual big lie, which is caused by seeing the lace on the table and being unable to obtain it. The lie is a compensatory mechanism used by the immature and unscrupulous to salve their inner chagrin at beholding something they are unable to negotiate.

"So the usual stories circulated about the famous and the men-

tally agile can be assumed to be 95% froth.

"The situation suggested by the lines, 'Table, Sable, Stable, Cable' is not apparent at first glance. It did not come to me until later what it was the Dynamo had in mind. I had thought it would be a deft touch to publish it without comment and let the reader puzzle it out.

"Table--An American lady sitting in a Paris cafe.

"Sable--A girl known to the tabloids walks in with a sable coat.

"The observer who is not able to afford such trifles turns green, her mind tours the stable.

"Cable--She rushes and sends a cable to some scandal mongering sheet.

"Fancy footage for a fable"--fancy material for a big lie. The Dynamo has been using these words with that meaning since that time. 'Fancy footage', he said recently, 'travels on the oxen rind' (armored against its own missteps) and, perhaps, travels on the slain carcass of a giant.

"The moral of course is that when we are tempted to make a derogatory remark or make a devaluating assumption, we should ask ourselves: 'Is my indignation due to the moral depravity of this person, or to his superior virtue which makes me feel small by comparison?'

"If you would sail the heavens, in ancient wisdom spawn' was published as 'If you would sail the heavens, THE ancient wisdom spawn'.

"The Dynamo used 'IN'. He means by 'spawn' --re-create, in this case, one's self, by absorption and utilization of the ancient wisdom...

"The Dynamo called the Aberree 'The high antenna of a lowly berth'. You have a select, receptive, intelligent audience already conditioned to think and reach out for individuation methods."--Paul E. O'Neill, Marrero, La.

"The immediate motivation for this is the latest Aberree. I may even wind up reading all of it, something I seldom do...

"I liked your Auditorial. Not that I disagree or agree with you, necessarily. It's just that a man who punctures balloons should have his own out where it can be tested, or people are liable to suspect that he punctures merely because he is unhappy over having no balloons of his own, or is afraid that his is inferior, and pokes holes in others so that he can say afterwards, 'Mine is the only one left, so it must be the best'.

"Having said this, I should forthwith send up my own balloon, or else shut up, which I have no intention of doing.

"So, here is my philosophy--my cosmology -- my set of answers to the 'Big Questions'.

"The most basic one, to me, is 'Why am I asking these questions?' The best answer that I have for that one is that in some obscure way it seems that I would feel

better if I 'KNEW'. I think it began as a vague awareness that I was not as happy as I might be, and I wondered why. Sort of a mental itch that needs scratching too.

"From there on, the main turning points are either-or-Aristotelian. First, either life is a function, an effect of cosmic forces, (in the physical sense) a chance combination of molecules that developed self-awareness, or it is something else.

"The idea of a bunch of curiously configured hydro-carbon molecules posturing and gesticulating on an insignificant planet circling a mediocre sun in a one-of-a-million-like-it galaxy in a universe heading pell mell to the heat death of ultimate entropy is peculiarly sterile for me. To say that this is the way it is makes a simpler explanation, on the surface, than to say that life is something other than this. Leaves out all sorts of imponderables. Makes the equations easier. Unfortunately, it necessitates the ignoring of much evidence, but that is easy to do these days. All one has to do is say, 'It's outside my field'.

"So I take the 'something else' road. Pure prejudice. May be able to prove it later, but I can't kid myself that my original choice is purely logical. Whose is?

"Next question. What's the nature of life, if it's 'something else'?

"One dividing line--either there are 'grades' of beings, or there are not. Gods, angels, disembodied beings, etc., etc., or an anarchy. Assume a God of some sort. Either He expects to be worshipped in a prescribed manner or He doesn't. If He does, stop the world, I wanna get off. I confess to being unable to choose the correct religion among the thousands available, so I am already lost. If, on the other hand, He will not punish an honest mistake, I am at liberty to be an atheist if I am sincere about it. I therefore can avoid the dilemma of 'grades' of beings.

"From here on, Scientology has the best answers--or lack of necessity for answers--that I've found. Miracles are not impossible in Scientology, and acceptance of Scientology does not necessitate the repeal of any of the laws of nature, altho L. R. H. has questioned most of them from the first law of thermodynamics on down, in individual lectures. Scientology may say that the law of Karma, for instance, is only an appearance, and does not extend beyond the usual overt-motivator sequence--but it does not say that you do not suffer in one life for your indiscretions of a previous life. It says that it is possible to be not subject to the 'law of Karma', but then it is possible to be not subject to the law of gravity. It usually works thataway in this universe, but not necessarily. I like this freedom. At the same time, the discovery that there really isn't any divine purpose in the uni-

verse leaves me with the feeling that life is, after all, a game to be enjoyed to the uttermost, and nothing more! I don't have to worry too much about the Right Answers any more. Any answer is OK if it explains what you want explained. Thus relieved of rules, I am free to be ethical. True ethics are above rules.

"All this is quibbling, tho. The thing that has helped me is the logical justification for 'looking'. I don't have to have a dogma, Scientology or otherwise. Scientology is more'n likely an accurate description of the way things are. But what if it isn't? So I'm wrong! It's the best explanation I've found, no more, no less.

"Now that I've thought it over, (three days have passed between this and the above). I rather lean to the idea that Scientology should be considered to be right by definition and should studiously avoid any taint of being a dogma. In other words, the definition would run, 'An accurate description of the world-as-a-whole is called Scientology'. Naturally, everyone wants his pet series of theories to be designated as the correct description of the workings of the universe, but I want Scientology to be the name applied to whichever set turns out to be right. I will say this. Ron has certainly not avoided any toes in his search for this accuracy. It is also true that about 95% of his audience never quite gets the point. I have come to recognize about half-a-dozen main points that he keeps going over and over in his 'research'. They are all very basic, and all extremely hard to communicate. For example, no matter how many times he tries to say 'You are not a body', you'll hear someone say, 'I'm sending my thetan so-and-so'. Another tough concept is no-resistance. People keep making this very mystical and significant. How can you emphasize something as an operation, a function, without people making it a 'rule to live by' and adding it to their collection of aberrations? How can you avoid establishing a dogma?

"Here is an equivalence which should give some of your readers something to chew over, should you choose to publish any of this. Maybe you hadn't thought of this, either. There is a real connection, a good deal of similarity, in the concept 'no significance' as taught in Scientology, and 'being as a little child' as taught by Christ! My own biblical interpretation, naturally. But notice that all importances, all significances, are assigned as one grows older, and usually according to scales of values accepted from outside ourselves and therefore false to us. Part, if not most, of the clearing process is the sloughing off of these 'value scales'--becoming a little child again. No new set is substituted, in Scientology. This is to me one of Scientology's main 'points of difference'. How-

ever, it leads to an undesirable situation, which is known as 'loss of havingness', when you remove the 'solid ground' of ridges that he has accepted as his point of view for so long. The 'repair of havingness' process was the best solution for a long time. Now we try to substitute new 'games' in which the pre-clear knows that he authored the rules. As is the case with many Scientology basics, this won't process directly. It's like the snap-your-fingers-and-be-clear deal. Theoretically possible, but who's going to allow that such change that fast?"--
Ralph Swanson, Orlando, Fla.

:: :: ::

"I expected the 'arrears' to be showing up soon. I'm in arrears on letters, too. But I do enjoy every copy of the Aberree. I like the larger type, too.

"Aren't there a lot of wonder-



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July 26, 1956

ful people doing a lot of wonderful things? Only wish I could follow them all more closely. It is really something how all seem to fit together into a whole, like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle.

"I think you are doing a wonderful job of correlating the different points of view. Many of these I'd have lost track of by now had it not been for the Aberree.

"Of course I'm still doing my best to hold on to the coattails of one L.R.H., even tho sometimes I get a long way behind... I think he is a wonderful guy and I love him.

"All of these others are fine and doing some wonderful things, but without L.R.H. I'd never have looked at any of them and gosh! I've had a lot of fun since 1950. I've met some of the finest people on this old earth and actually now, truthfully, haven't we had fun together?

"What's happened to the Ghost?" --Ellen Carder, Idaho Falls, Ida. (ED. NOTE--What DID happen to the GHOST? And the BDR? And the FLASH? And the FLITTER? Etc.? Looks like the casualty rate among these "labors of love" makes them almost uninsurable.)

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"Enjoyed your editorial in the Jan - Feb issue -- especially the eloquent 'And especially are we not...any of the...creeds which

incubate sin with their powerful and constant imaging of a sinful world'. An excellent point well made.

"I also appreciate your review of my new book, 'Group Tracking'. It was, I thought, an excellent review -- although I do feel that technical terms are useful and indeed necessary for precise thinking. My aim was not to eliminate 'synergese' but to reduce it to manageable proportions.

"The news from Synergetics is good. 'Change' will be published on a coast-to-coast production line, extending from North Carolina to California. Florence Worrell is taking over as editor. She will be assisted by a cooperative work team consisting of Margaret Meade (Texas), Don Purcell (Kansas), Paul Cox (Tennessee), and Teenus Cheney (North Carolina). This will begin with the April-May issue.

"Progress Reports will also be continued, in a modified and (we hope) improved form. We are changing the name to 'The Syngeneer' and will publish it quarterly. It will contain, besides program reports on Synergetics, articles of interest on general semantics and other fields, a 'New Abilities' feature for the individual working alone, and a Synergetic training program.

"You have, of course, heard of the various new languages like Esperanto and Interlingua. The Syngeneer will include experimental communication written not in a new language, but in a new syntax. This new syntax is a recent development and is by no means complete or final. It is based on general semantics and synergetic principles.

"The Syngeneer will be published jointly by Fred Hibbard and myself.

"The new type of Aberree looks very good. Incidentally, I hope you keep up the book reviews -- I enjoyed them all. You write interestingly and well, Alpha, and this feature adds to the quality of the Aberree, in my opinion." -- Art Coulter, Columbus, Ohio.

:: :: ::

"Your recent review of my latest book, 'Electropsychometrically Personalized Sleep Tapes', is, semantically, far afield. The Electropsychometer does not now become secondary to the Sleep Tape -- no more than an X-ray becomes secondary to surgery, or a microscope slide becomes secondary to penicillin. The Electropsychometer remains the primary instrument for emotional and psychological examination, while the Sleep Tape is a powerful treatment device, which is registering effects beyond all original predictions.

"Also the statement that Sleep Tape affirmations are 'drummed' into the subconscious tends to produce a misleading visualization in the mind of the reader of some one or some thing pounding on a big drum until the subconscious is more or less deafened into submission or acquiescence. Metaphorical statements or anal-

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ogies are pretty strictly taboo in our work -- they are apt to be misinterpreted, which is a way of saying that false-to-fact mental-images may be created thru their use.

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tarily duplicate or repeat or sustain beneficial, corrective bionuclear image patterns long enough to produce results because what is required is an actual reversal of the specifically injurious bionuclear energy flows. These must be reversed first on the mental or psychical level; if sustained, the reversal will eventually occur on the 'physical' level.

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"Zounds, man, how CAN you be undecided about interplanetary flight and beings on other planets any more than about radio, T-V, or the atom bomb--and accepting these as only the beginning!!

"Now, you can correspond with the Admiral and get some first-hand data. (Clipping enclosed of a statement by Rear Adm. Delmar S. Fahrney accusing the Air Force of stifling facts on flying saucers).

"Yours for extended horizons." --Earl Hughes, White Plains, N.Y.

.....

"We have signed two contracts for radio time over XEDM (1580 kc), one of them runs for nine weeks of 3-minute spots five nights a week and the other is for 13 weeks of Sunday night 15-minute spots. All of this to get people to buy our 'Living Faith' courses...

"Then, on top of all this came our annual trustees' meeting and I was given the green light to begin writing newspaper columns for dissemination of our material thru newspaper syndication. We are going to produce about 45 to 60 of them as tests before going after the newspapers on a nationwide basis.

"While I am disheartened about Synergetics, I can only say that many people are expending a great deal of unnecessary effort to teach that which is not necessary to teach. A verbal framework of any special type is an indication of creative effort and it is by means of that verbal framework that people do their creating. For others to learn how to create THRU a specific framework, they have to spend the time to learn it. This is what makes the difference between a doctor, lawyer, or Indian Chief. Our own effort has been to strip away superfluous verbal superstructures and bring the language of our work down to the man in the street level. Evidence of the wisdom of this has been shown in the fact that our growth has taken a very strong upward spurt. Creating special verbal frameworks is not necessary. We already have more than enough words in the English language to teach anything that

we want to know. To those who feel the need of special vocabularies, I would like to say that if a man knows his subject well enough to convey it to a 10-year-old, he then knows his subject. But if the man has to teach words to the 10-year-old in order to give the 10-year-old what he knows, he does not know his subject.

"While I don't need to go into all the details of why it happened, we did as much business in the last six months of 1950 as in all the time we've been in existence. We're growing."--Jim Welgos, Fairhope, Ala.

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By PHILIP FRIEDMAN

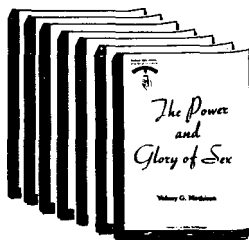
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