EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN

ACME May No. 40 50c

THE NUN OF BORLEY

The Most Famous 20th Century Haunt

A HEALER'S AFTERNOON

What Goes On At A Healing Session

RECOGNITION OF MEDIUMSHIP

Hints On Mediumistic Development

FRESH-WATER "SEA SERPENTS"?

A Tale Of Two Lakes and One Mystery

THROUGH PSYCHIC EYES

An Open Letter From Dr. Keane

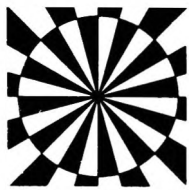
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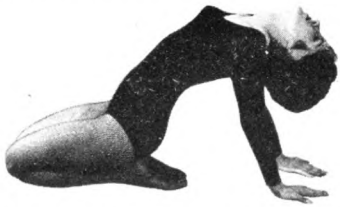
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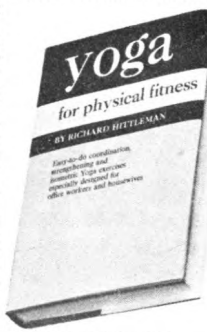
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EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN

"Consciousness is the One and Only Reality"

Volume 7 *Number 4*

Robert A. W. Lowndes, *Editor* *Cover Design:* Kenneth Newton

Editorial Consultants:

Geraldine Cummins Jerryl L. Keane, Ph.D.

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Order from Page 130

The Ignorant Explorer

I'VE BEEN reading and re-reading a fascinating volume recently, which you have seen mentioned in our book reviews and perhaps elsewhere in *EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN:* it's called *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus The Christ.* The subtitle sophical and Practical Basis of the Religion of the Aquarian Age of the World and of the Church Universal", and that it is *"TRANSCRIBED FROM THE BOOK OF GOD'S REMEMBRANCES, KNOWN AS THE AKASHIC RECORDS".* by Levi. "Levi" was Levi H. Dowling from May 18, 1844 to August 18, 1911, and the earliest copyright on the book is 1907; it reached its 32nd printing in 1965 and this comes from DeVorss & Co., 516 West 9th Street, California 90015.

There are some things about it that any fool can pick at, and you do not even have to be at a level of highly-educated ignorance. The English is the English of the King James Bible, and there are some words in it that are very clearly anachronistic— such as the use of the word "harpsichord". (I'm

told that a Greek by the name of Ktesibios invented the musical keyboard during the Hellenistic Age, which was B.C., but the word "harpsichord" is still anachronistic.) For the most part, the style is pretty much of an imitation of the King James version of The Bible, and is often a very good imitation. In places, there are very clumsy expressions and phrases, such as you don't find in the King James — but that isn't the point. The point is that we are asked to believe that Levi faithfully transcribed *The Aquarian Gospel* from the Akashic Records, and that what we have here is what appears there. Obviously, at the very best, some important information about the source has not been given! Not only that, but *The Aquarian Gospel* is broken up into verses in the same sense-sabotaging way that the King James Bible is. Irritating as the practice is, it does have some sort of utilitarian value for reference and prescribing passages to be read as lessons, etc., in church services and instructions. But certainly *The Aquarian Gospel* is not designed for such a purpose! . . .

Now we know that there were quite a number of "gospels" written before the Church fixed the canon of the Bible in the 4th Century, and decided that four of them (under the names

(Turn to page 115)

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A Tale Of Two Lakes

by EDWARD D. HOCH

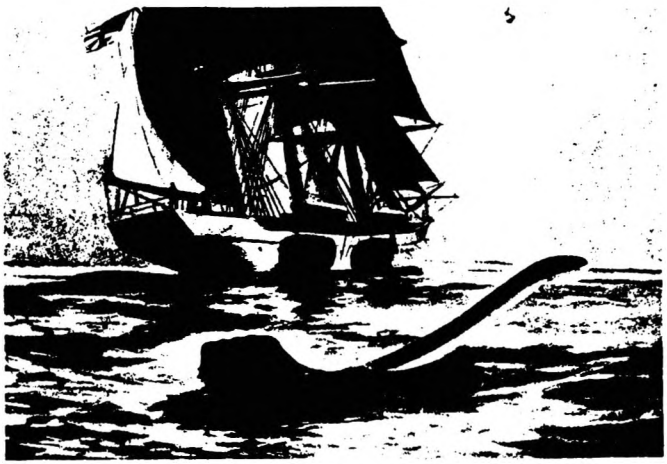
(author of *The Riddle of the Circumcellions, The Secret of Stonehenge,* etc.)

One lake in the United States, another in Scotland. We know the solution to the mystery in one instance, but the other does not admit to so easy an answer.

ON A WARM June night in the year 1855, six sober fishermen set out in a boat from the shore of Silver Lake, a relatively small body of water in Perry, New York. The night was perhaps not too much different from any other that summer, except that it was darker—with an overcast sky that all but obscured the moon.

The fishermen (perhaps hoping to be in position for some early-morning angling when the sun came up) had not been out too long when they heard something not far off in the water. It was a creature of some sort, moving close to them, sending out ripples that lapped gently against the side of their boat.

The bravest of the group held



In 1906, the yacht VALHALLA, on a scientific cruise and with a complement of competent observers, sighted a sea monster. This drawing is based upon a sketch by an observer and apparently the Loch Ness monster bears some sort of resemblance to the VAHALLA-sighted creature.

his lantern high, and the others joined him. What they saw was to prove the most important happening in the history of the little lake. It was a great serpent-like monster, fully eighty feet long, with a snarling head, red eyes and a mouth the color of blood—or fire. Its writhing body was bright green with yellow spots, and its tail lashed at the water like a wild whip.

This was the first sighting of the Serpent of Silver Lake, but it was not the last. All that summer, as tourists flocked to the little resort area, the serpent put in periodic appearances, always at a distance. But it was enough to convince a great many people that something alive and very terrible lurked in the peaceful waters of the lake.

IN ANOTHER lake, thousands of miles from New York

State, among the peaceful mountains of northern Scotland, yet another monster was to rear its ugly head during the summer of 1933. This was Loch Ness, a long and slender body of water that forms part of the Caledonian Canal, linked to the sea by the Ness River.

The monster here was said to be forty to sixty feet long, and it left a clear wake behind its active, diving body. As in the case of the Silver Lake monster, most witnesses spoke of "humps" or "bunches" on the back of the serpent, much like the pictures of legendary dragons.

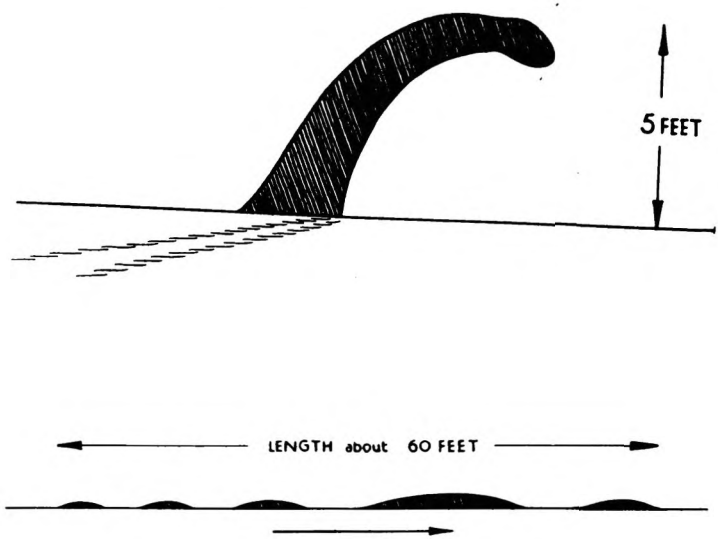
Perhaps the most graphic experience was that of a Mr. Arthur Grant of Drumnadrochit, a town halfway along the west shore of Loch Ness. One night, some time after the first sightings of the monster in the Loch, Mr. Grant was riding a motorcycle along a road bordering the water. There was a hint of fog in the dark air, and Grant was very tired, since the hour was nearly two a.m.

Suddenly, the single headlamp of his motorcycle picked out a great, rearing head in the road before him. It was the monster, half out of the water, about to cross the road. Grant turned and fled on his cycle, seeking shelter in a nearby garage where he told his story and drew a pencil sketch of the monster as he had seen it. The sketch showed a creature with a large body, four stubby legs, long slender neck and small head. It might have been an ancient dinosaur. Or perhaps a dragon.

People laughed at Grant, and at the others who claimed to see the Loch Ness Monster. But the sightings continued, and still continue to this day.

THE SIGHTING of so-called sea serpents in inland lakes is fairly rare, though these two cases cited are not the only ones on record. Two clergymen, the Reverends Mr. Twopenny and Macrae, reported a sighting in another Scottish lake, Loch Hourn. And in both 1888 and 1902 there were reports of strange sightings in Lake Onondaga, near Syracuse, N. Y. These last seem to have been types of large salt-water fish—possibly squid—but what were they doing in a fresh water lake in central New York State?

True enough, Loch Ness is connected with the sea, unlike land-locked Silver Lake in New York State. But the narrow and shallow Ness River would hardly seem a fitting passage



The Loch Ness Monster

for a serpent of the size sighted.

If there must be something in the sea, if the serpents of the oceans and the harbors really exist, do they occasionally find their way into lakes as well? Let us look a bit more closely at the serpents of Silver Lake and Loch Ness, because for at least one of these there *is* a a solution!

THERE WERE no sightings of the Silver Lake sea serpent during the summer of 1856, but the following year the mystery was resolved in a most unexpected manner. Called to battle a fire in the attic of a lake front hotel, firemen broke through the smoking roof to find a fantastic contraption of wire and canvas.

It was the Serpent of Silver Lake, built by a group of local businessmen and pulled into the water on dark nights to create a headline-making legend — and attract tourists to the little resort area.

Although the hoax had been exposed quite quickly, the fascin-

ation with its sea serpent has remained with the residents of Silver Lake. As recently as 1962, the local Junior Chamber of Commerce constructed a new serpent for an annual Serpent Festival held each July. True to the history of the original serpent, this new one too perished in flames — when its storage barn burnt to the ground the following year.

COULD THE Loch Ness monster also be a hoax of some sort, arranged by astute local businessmen? Certainly a good many visitors have made the journey to the narrow body of water since the first sightings in 1933, all with hopes of catching a glimpse or taking a picture. Could this be the object of the whole thing?

It seems doubtful that one can discount *all* the reports of visitors to Loch Ness who claim to have seen the monster. There now exists a great body of still photographs, movie film, and even radar sightings, to prove that *something* lurks beneath those placid waters. Admittedly, the photos are mainly blurred and grainy; the movie film inconclusive; and even the radar perhaps no more than the soundings of a sunken log. And yet, the evidence grows, uncertain though it may be

If not a hoax, is there some other explanation for the Loch Ness Monster? One of the most fascinating to be offered is that the serpent is really the wreckage of a World War I German zeppelin used in the bombing of London. The theory is that the zeppelin, crippled by anti aircraft fire, managed to reach northern Scotland before crashing into the Loch. Certainly the drifting remains of the buoyant craft might make a very effective monster as it broke through the surface at regular intervals, but it is doubtful that it could seem to move and swim and dive in the water as so many of the witnesses have reported over the years.

The question of the Loch Ness monster does not seem to lend itself to a tidy solution as did the Silver Lake Serpent. It throws into sharp focus the world-wide problem of sea serpents and their existence. If sightings on the high seas have declined in the twentieth century, there are those who would attribute it simply to the coming of the age of steam. The noise of propellers and engines carries far through the silent waters, warning even sea serpents in a

way that sailing ships never could. Perhaps, just perhaps, the serpents of the seas might find a peaceful resting place in the little lakes of Scotland and elsewhere.

But how would they get there?

THE EXAMPLES we have given in this brief article are hardly designed to advance the case for sea serpents in the lakes of the world. The Silver Lake serpent proved to be a hoax, and the Loch Ness monster, even if it exists, could have traveled upstream via the Ness River. And yet . . .

We think back to the vision of a disabled zeppelin falling from the skies. We study nature around us and watch the young mosquito rising from the surface of the stagnant pond. Air and water, water and air.

If such a thing as a sea serpent really exists . . .

If these sea serpents could journey from the sea to inland lakes . . .

We direct your attention to the writings of Charles Fort. In chapter 12 of *LO!*, his third book, Fort presents an interesting collection of sightings. A man in Bonham, Texas, looked into the sky early in July, 1873, and saw something that looked like an enormous serpent, floating or flying over his farm. Other men working in his fields saw the same thing. A similar serpent in the sky was seen a few days later near Fort Scott, Kansas.

On May 30, 1888, the *New York Times* reported that several people in Darlington County, South Carolina, had seen a huge serpent in the sky, and actually heard it hissing as it passed overhead. And again, on September 9, 1922, an object—bird or serpent or plane or what?—plunged into the sea off Barmouth, Wales.

Serpents in the sky? Near the ocean, or not far inland?

And always described as "enormous" or "huge".

Almost like a flying sea serpent.

Coming home, to the peace and quiet of a little lake somewhere? Or to the great ocean beyond? Do they perhaps breed in one place and live their lives in another?

But then, the serpent of Silver Lake was just a hoax. And perhaps someday soon we will have an answer for the Loch Ness Monster as well.

As for those sightings in the sky—well, that's another matter.

(Sources on Page 61)

Hints On Mediumistic Development

by URSULA ROBERTS

(author of *The Spiritual Healing Teach-In)*

(Part Three)

The first part of this article appeared in our January 1967 issue, the second in the March 1967 issue. Here are the concluding chapters.

Chapter V

RECOGNITION OF MEDIUMSHIP

IT IS NOT possible to discuss the whole of the subleties of mediumship in a booklet of this kind. One can only endeavor to give a few broad hints which may help some of the people who are endeavoring to unfold their latent powers. I think that many people fail to complete their development because they do not know how to recognize the initial signs of the mediumship. If there is not



You have seen a number of Miss Roberts' booklets recommended to you in our book review section (three were reviewed in our February 1966 issue). They are now obtainable from Miss Roberts, 7 Sunny Gardens Road, Hendon, N. W. 4, London, England. Miss Roberts tells us that Beagley Bros. were not the printers of the booklet we have reprinted here, nor are they active at Northolt any longer.

a trained medium in charge of the circle, they become discouraged after a few months of sitting, and even if there is a medium present they may still think that nothing is happening, because they are unable to interpret the small signs of developing mediumship.

Clairvoyance. Several mediums whom I have been privileged to help in their development have said that it was some while before they knew that they were "seeing" with the clairvoyant eye. They expected to see solid figures as tangible as the figures of their fellow-sitters, and thought that the clairvoyant scenes were some form of heightened imagination. Some mediums do see spirit forms as solid objects, but it is necessary for the mediums to know that the center of psychic vision is not in the physical eye, but within the forehead, and therefore what is "seen" may appear to be super-imposed upon a solid object or "seen" when the physical eyes are closed.

A clairvoyant vision is generally discerned when the ordinary consciousness is at rest. Sometimes it will consist of a a complete figure or a face of a person; or it may be a nebulous form which appears to be hidden in a cloudy substance. Often it is in the form of beautiful scenery or brilliantly-colored symbols. The onset of the opening of clairvoyant vision is frequently heralded by clouds of delicate colors which seem to be swirling within the head of the sitter. These experiences of the inward consciousness are often thought to be purely imaginative. There is one test by which the medium can prove whether they are psychic or imaginary: In imaginary pictures the thinker visualizes the picture before it is seen; if the image is of psychic origin it is "seen" first and then thought about—indeed, the medium is often surprised by the fact that he (or she) has seen something which is so unexpected.

Every developing "seer" should make a habit of keeping a notebook in which to write a record of the things discerned, with the date on which they appeared. Even the fantastic, seemingly meaningless, symbols should be recorded, for these are often symbols whose meaning will only become clear as time passes. Prophetic indications are frequently shown in symbolic fashion. By keeping a record, the medium will be able to discover how far ahead

the clairvoyant vision is extending as the symbols become interpreted by fulfilment in the affairs of ordinary life.

I find that mediums have varying lengths of time over which their vision can extend. Some "see" a fortnight ahead; others as far as six months, though a highly-developed medium may be able to "see" as far as thirty years ahead as well as over a period of a few weeks. A careful record of all that is "seen" will also reveal the symbolism which is being used by the spirit operators. For instance, if the spirit operators find that "dog" suggests friend to the medium, then "dogs" of various kinds will be shown to indicate friendships: a bulldog to suggest a tenacious friend, a snarling dog to suggest an unsociable association, and so forth. On the other hand, if "dog" suggests danger to the medium, then a dog will be shown as a warning of accidents or unpleasant happenings.

Clairaudience. Many mediums do not know how to recognize the beginning of the awakening of the faculty of hearing, because they are expecting to hear somebody shout at them in a loud voice. Sometimes mediums hear voices which are as clear as earthly voices, and often they hear music as clearly as if it came from the radio; but they also have to attune the inward consciousness so that they can interpret the more ethereal impressions which are given by the spirit operators. If a name or a word keeps coming into the mind of the medium, then the medium should tell it to the circle and also send a thought to the spirit operators, asking for further information about the name. Sometimes the medium may become so conscious of a melody or a hymn that it is as clear as if it were being played in the room. This should not be ignored, for is it not a form of hearing? It is a consciousness of music and may be the favorite melody of a spirit communicator, or the symbol of a name; or it may contain a message, such as "The Wedding March," indicating a wedding, or the "Funeral March" as an indication of a death.

Now for the question as to how the developing medium can prove whether these signs are from the spirit operators, or something arising from the medium's own mind. As the medium becomes increasingly sensitive, there will develop a distinct feeling of something coming into the

consciousness. If a careful analysis is made, the medium will be able to tell the difference between the impressions which float up from the well of memory and the impressions which "arrive" suddenly under spirit influence.

The state of registering impressions of names and sounds can develop into a form of very acute psychic hearing, in which the medium will feel as if somebody speaks a whole sentence so suddenly that the meaning is unintelligible; or the medium will know that some sound passed through the consciousness, but too rapidly for the brain to register its meaning. When this happens, the medium should endeavor to send a thought to the spirit operator: "Please repeat it" or "Please repeat it more slowly," and then wait quietly for the reply. It is the tendency of every medium, when waiting for an answer, to strain the hearing and to wait anxiously for the reply. Tension must be avoided in mediumship, as it creates a barrier to psychic communication, so the medium should ask and then relax, both mentally and physically. Often the medium will wait so long for the answer that the attention may wander on to something else; usually, that is when the request will be granted — when the vigilance is relaxed!

I think it is advisable for the developing medium to keep a written record of things which are heard, whether by acute psychic sensing or by actual hearing. It will help the medium to discover the pattern underlying the communications. For instance, if the name Tom Smith is given, and the medium later meets a Tom Smith who is in trouble, then it can be assumed that the spirit operators knew about Tom Smith and wish to help him. If the medium frequently gets the names of unknown people and later hears that they are names of people who are ill, then it can be assumed that the spirit operators are healers who are interested in helping suffering souls. The confidence of a medium is strengthened when it becomes apparent that the psychic communications have a tangible meaning, and the keeping of a record will often reveal that the names of unknown deceased relatives have "come through," or that hints concerning events have been given in this way.

When the medium is sure that hearing is developing, then there should begin a process of care-

ful development in which the spirit operators are trained to transmit precise information. The medium should not be satisfied to receive one name such as "Mary," but should ask which "Mary". "What is her other name?" When the double name is given, then the medium should ask for the name of the town in which she lived, and so forth, until the complete identity of Mary has been established. One such complete communication coming through at a sitting is of more value than twenty odd names.

It is a pity that public demonstrations of mediumship which consist of the rapid calling of strings of names have been so highly praised by the psychic press. It has allowed developing mediums to feel that this is "good", and so they have not tried to train their spirit operators to bring more detailed and precise information.

Is there any way in which the medium can assist the development of this faculty? The only hint I can give is for the medium to study the posture when psychic hearing is active and try to attain the same posture when hearing is difficult. Perhaps the head should bend forward. The medium can only discover this from experience. In my own case, I find it helpful to rub the right side of my face, near to my right, ear, but I have seen other mediums cup the ear in their hand as an aid to clearer hearing. I think the most important thing is to maintain a state of alert relaxation, so that the attention is alert but the body relaxed.

In the early stages of development, the medium should remember that every communication is experimental and that the medium's task is to receive, as perfectly as possible, the impressions transmitted by the spirit operators. Please, therefore, do *not* bombard your helpers with a myriad questions as soon as you become conscious of their presence. Do *not* send forth a wave of thought compounded of a mixed demand as to: Who are you? How old? Where did you live? What is your name? Shall I be a wonderful medium? Such a mixed demand only creates confusion. Ask one question only and form it clearly and concisely; then wait quietly and patiently for a reply. Above all, send out a wave of gentle, loving affection to the spirits as soon as you are sure that they are in touch with you.

Transfiguration. The developing medium should realize that a transfiguration does *not* mean the distortion of the medium's face into unfamiliar shapes and expressions. You may feel the strong impression that your face is taking on the expression of Chinese features or the thick lips of a Negro, but this is most likely to be your sensing of the close presence of such a personality, rather than the transformation of your own features into a mask.

If you feel as if there are cobweb threads on your face, or as if something soft and fluid-like is flowing from your eyes, nose or mouth, then it is very probable that you are developing this form of mediumship. The thing for you to do is to sit as still as possible and avoid rubbing your face with your hand, which you will want to do, in order to discover whether something is there or not. You must remember that, in this form of mediumship, the success of the operation depends upon what the other sitters can see, not upon what *you* feel, for in a good transfiguration a mask of ectoplasm covers the medium's face and the features of the spirit appear impressed in it. There are times in which the medium's face appears to dissolve and another face will appear in its place, but this happens without the medium's volition and has nothing to do with the screwing of the features into unfamiliar poses.

To develop this form of mediumship, it is wise for a light to be so placed that it throws as little shadow as possible upon the medium's face. The other members of the circle should co-operate with the spirit operators by quietly watching the transformations and quietly commenting upon what they see. If a face is fully recognizable as that of a spirit who has been seen before, then it should be greeted as that of a friend. This builds a firm co-operation with the spirit helpers and lets them know how tangible their efforts have been as they seek to mold the flowing ectoplasm into recognizable forms.

If the medium receives a strong impression about one of the transfiguring entities, it should be described when the manifestation is complete, lest the effect of speaking break the delicate web of which the spirit face is composed. Excellent evidence will be produced if the

medium becomes aware of the age of the transfiguring entity, as well as hearing the name; sometimes, also, seeing details which relate to the earth life of the spirit. Every medium should aim at this fuller development, even if it means a longer period of time spent with the development circle.

Writing. I am often asked how the developing medium can develop automatic writing from the stage of meaningless scribble into the state of coherent messages. The only reply, as far as I know, is for the medium to exercise patience. When it is certain that a force other than the medium's own will is causing the hand to move, the best thing is to let the hand go on moving until the "power" is exhausted. It is often helpful if the medium will provide a very large sheet of paper so that the hand can travel extensively without the necessity of breaking the psychic link by changing the paper. The medium should endeavor to fix the mind upon some thing apart from the writing. It is good practice to read a book while the hand is moving; this will help the spirit operator to become accustomed to moving the medium's hand without the necessity of engaging the medium's mind in the communication.

I believe it is customary for the spirit operator to experiment with the drawing of loops and circles before entering upon the more difficult task of writing. Often the loops evolve into intricate designs and symbolic pictures. The medium should accept these without impatience. It need not mean that a spirit artist is at work, but just that the communicator is loosening the nervous and muscular tension of the medium's hand and arm.

It should not be necessary for me to advise regular times of sitting for the development of this mediumship. I am sure that every developing medium must realize the necessity of making an appointment with the spirit operators, as they are *not* forever at the mediums' side, waiting to communicate. A regular time of sitting is most important, as there is a danger of the hand being used by inexperienced spirits, who may transmit incorrect information. If the medium feels urged to write at odd times, it should be ascertained whether one of the regular spirit operators is present. The medium will soon begin to see the differences between the style of various regular communicators and will re-

ject any message which does not bear the customary introduction of a known spirit helper.

How does the medium know when this form of mediumship is developing? By the feeling that the hand or arm is moved by an outside power. It is quite different from inspirational writing, where the center of activity is in the medium's mind, and each word, or sentence, is known in the mind before it is transmitted through the hand. The link between hand, brain and spirit operator often becomes so perfect that the medium finds it difficult to decide whence the communication originated. The test as to the origin of the matter comes in the medium's own state of consciousness, for it is usual for a feeling of overwhelming power to precede the writing. Often the medium will feel as if a brilliant light is shining in the room, or as if the eyes are fixed into one position, denoting a state of partial control; or that the rush of ideas and words come to an abrupt end, together with a feeling of "waking up".

Inspirational writing can easily develop into inspirational speaking. When the medium's mind is accustomed to receiving the flow of ideas, the brain can easily translate them into words, either spoken or written. Automatic writing can easily develop into automatic drawing and painting. When the control of the hand is established, the use to which it is put will depend upon the wishes of the spirit operators.

Psychometry. It seems that many developing mediums are unaware of the fact that the psychometric sense is an integral part of mediumship. There is a prevalent idea that it is related to fortune telling; that it is "unspiritual", and therefore not worthy of development. Undoubtedly, this idea has developed from the meetings which are held for psychometry in many places, and which consist, not of true psychometry, but of a mixture of clairvoyance, psychometry and psychic platitudes, which the general public encourage because they continue to pay money for it. Such meetings tend to debase what is the most essential part of mediumship. A medium who understands the psychometric sense can use it to reveal the hidden soul of a person, and can startle skeptical minds by the accuracy of its revelations.

As mediumship develops, the

medium becomes more sensitive and the psychometric sense becomes more acute. It is not always necessary to hold an object in the hand. When you enter a house and you feel the depression in the atmosphere, the psychometirc sense is at work. When you *know* that a friend is writing to you, the same sense is registering the fact that you will receive a letter. When you develop a bad headache and find that somebody else has a headache in the same room, it is your psychometric sense which has registered the fact, though the headache may not have been mentioned in words. When you shake hands with somebody and instantly become aware of their trouble, confusion, peace or happiness, this is psychometry in the true sense of the word.

When you find that you are beginning to register impressions in this sensitive way, you must begin to train yourself to analyze the impressions, for the success of the psychometrist is in the correct interpretation of the impression psychically received. Psychometry does not necessarily relate to the world of spirits, though it *is* possible to trace the link from an article to the spirit who owned it. Psychometry relates very much to the impression left upon the things of this world and consists of a telepathic link being established between the medium and the object.

This telepathic link can be extended through time, either into the past or the future. The developing medium should practice upon objects whose history is known to the owner and endeavor to trace the past history of the object. In this way, the medium's impressions can be checked against known facts and the accuracy of the mediumship established. Mediums should not be discouraged if their first efforts appear to produce a series of meaningless impressions. As the medium endeavors to interpret the psychometric impressions, a spirit operator will most likely come forward to assist in the interpretation.

Now for a few hints upon the use of this faculty. Please do not strain and try hard to "get" some impression. You must be relaxed but quietly alert to take note of the feelings which will "just come" to you, probably in the form of an acute mental impression, though you may also "see and hear" if your clairboyant faculty is sufficiently de-

veloped. You must beware lest your own mind give you the picture which seems most probable as attached to the object. Psychometric impression comes "to you", not "from you". In other words, your mind interprets what it receives, but your mind does *not* imagine the story.

You must, also, beware of your mind giving back a previous impression. This is a very subtle pitfall, and I will try to explain it more fully, though until you have experienced it you cannot fully understand my meaning. Let us suppose that a friend handed you an old-fashioned gold watch and you were able to psychometrize it successfully by describing the father who had owned it, together with his appearance, business and manner of death; also the fact that the father had appeared frequently at the court of a foreign royalty. Undoubtedly, your friend would be very impressed by this display of your powers, and you could not fail but feel extremely gratified at this sign of the development of your mediumship. In fact, being a very human person, you would mentally review the whole happening and hear yourself again telling your friend about his father. Indeed, you might even recount the incident to your nearest friend. All this thought upon the subject would impress it so firmly into your mind, that every time you saw a gold watch you would remember this successful psychometric demonstration.

Now let us suppose that your mediumship has developed further over a period of months, or even years, and another friend hands you an old-fashinoed gold watch. The mental association of ideas may be so strong that, before you know what has happened, you may be telling the same story as that associated with the first gold watch — but this time the details will be totally incorrect, because you have not psychometrized it. Mediums should have a motto: "Tell it and forget it."

The gold watch incident may apply in many ways. Types of people may be associated in the mind with types of places. Objects may be associated in the mind with types of people. The developing medium has to learn the idea-associations of their own mind and try to avoid allowing their tendencies from influencing the mediumship. To disentangle psychic impressions from the memory impressions is a most important part of development; indeed, once the med-

ium has learned to receive psychometric impressions, I would think it was the whole part of development. Good mediumship consists of clear psychic impressions, unmuddled by the subconscious trends of the medium's mind.

Physical Mediumship. There is not very much advice I can give to developing mediums upon this subject, for the production of this type of phenomena is under the direction of the spirit operators. I would think it very necessary to have a clairvoyant medium attached to the circle, so as to see the spirit operators and interpret their instructions. The actual medium should be freed of all worry and responsibility whilst the sitting is in progress. He (or she) should be allowed to fall into a trance, go to sleep, or simply rest. If the developing medium feels uncomfortable in one chair, let him have another, for, above all things, the circle members must endeavor to make the medium relaxed and happy. Tension, either of body, mind or emotion, will tend to inhibit the release of the ectoplasmic force upon which the success of the sitting will depend.

The circle should *not* sit in a state of tense expectation waiting for raps or materialized forms to appear, and the medium should not be allowed to feel a wave of disappointment if nothing transpires during the sitting. The attitude of everybody should be: "Well, it may take a long time. We'll meet again, and we've traveled one more step along the road." The sitters in this kind of circle should remember that the medium is sensitive and, if he feels this disappointment, it may eventually cause him to develop a kind of anxiety complex, so that he will be tense when he attends the next sittings.

Patience and kindly cheerfulness should be the keynote of the circle, and suspicion should never be allowed to become manifest. If the sitters and medium cannot trust each other's honesty, then they should not sit together in the same circle. The first signs of phenomena often come in the forms of draughts of air blowing in the room, or rappings, or touches upon the hands, face or body of the sitters. These first signs should be accepted gratefully and should be acknowledged by a spoken word of thanks to the spirit operators. A suspicious attitude of thought can inhibit

these early attempts on the part of the spirit helpers. Very often a sitter will think "The medium is blowing to make us think something is happening," or someone else may think "The person next to me is touching me for a joke," or "I wonder if the medium has knocked the trumpet over with his foot." Such thoughts would not occur if the circle was meeting with that loving spirit of mutual understanding and trustfulness which is the most essential part of any successful development.

Healing. How can a developing medium know if healing is developing? I think that the most common signs are in the form of tingling in the fingers, and heat in the hands. If the medium feels such sensations, it is a good thing to try to direct the power flowing through the hands towards another member of the circle and to test the effect of the "power" upon the minor ailments of circle members and family associates. If they benefit from the treatment, then the medium can endeavor to minister to other sufferers, for this is a form of mediumship which is developed by use, and the best use is where there are sick people. It is my opinion that a developing circle can offer little to the healer apart from the increased psychic sensitivity which leads to a more perfect response to the will of the spirit operators. The best place for the developing healer is in a healing circle to which sick people come for treatment.

How can a healer develop a greater capacity for healing? By daily meditation and prayer, the aim of which is to lift the consciousness of the healer to the highest center of Healing Power. In other forms of mediumship, the aim is to establish a perfect link with the spirit operators. In this mediumship the aim is to lift the consciousness above that of the spirit operators and try to reach the Christ, or Cosmic Heart of Love. When the power flows from the Highest Center to the healer, the spirit operators will do their work and guide the healer's mediumship, but the Power will do the healing.

The aim of the healer should be purity—pure thoughts; feelings unstained by lust; a body which is clean inwardly and outwardly! A tongue which speaks no ill—if it finds no good to say of other people, then let it be silent! Such a purified personality should be able to transmit

the rays of Divine Healing Love, in such Power that swift and perfect healing of disease would transpire.

To the developing healer I would say, "Aim as high as you can" and just go about and serve suffering people, remembering "He who would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

(I have written more fully on the subject of healing in the pamphlet, *Hints for Healers.)*

Chapter VI

THINGS TO REMEMBER

THERE ARE spirits who are not enlightened, but filled with mischief, and sometimes with evil intentions. These spirits can come near you if you foolishly disregard the law which is contained in the words: "Like attracts like." If you lose your temper, consort with licentious people, drink heavily, or tell lies, you may attract to yourself spirits with similar tastes. Decide what kind of spirits you want near you, and then design your life to a pattern which will draw the kind of company you desire. A life of prayerful self-discipline is not an easy one, but it is infinitely worth while.

FEAR IS an attractive force. If you are afraid of spirit contact, then leave mediumship alone. Remember that you will have to become fearless if you are to fulfill your work as a medium. I would advise you to trace every fear to its source. Fear of thunder, of the dark, of being alone, of insects, of contagion—all these fears have a root somewhere in your past experience. Young children are generally fearless. Fear is instilled in them by the experiences through which they pass. If the medium can remember the original cause of these fears, often the unreasoning terror will vanish, for the adult mind can laugh at childish terrors.

WATER IS a psychic, as well as physical, cleanser. Bath frequently and drink plenty of clean cold water as your mediumship develops, and you will not retain psychic "conditions".

DO NOT allow spirits to control you when you are alone. There should always be a *reason* for a spirit taking the trouble to entrance a medium.

USE YOUR reason and *test* the spirits. If they flatter

you, or tell you that you will be, for instance, "a bride of Christ", or that you are a reincarnation of Jesus, or that you will be the greatest medium ever born, then beware—for these spirits invariably belong to the realm of the deceiving spirits, and it is your vanity which has made it possible for them to draw near you.

LORD TENNYSON epitomizes a medium's best attitude in the words:

How pure in heart, how sound in head,
With what divine affection bold,
Should be the heart of him who'd hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

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OPEN LETTER

by JERRYL L. KEANE, Ph.D.

(author of *How Valid is Psychic Phenomena?, Psychic Phenomena and Extra-Sensory Perception, etc.)*

It is often very helpful toward the understanding of a person's convictions to know how and why the person came to hold them, to learn about the experiences which turned "belief" into knowledge or skepticism into belief. When you have read this letter, you will know why Dr. Keane takes the stand she does upon psychic matters, and on what basis she assesses psychics and psychic writings.

Dear RAWL:

Actually, this is an open letter to EXTU readers, but it is much easier for me to write it addressed to you, enabling me to give it a far more direct touch, and, perhaps, to clarify some of the readers' minds as to just where I stand and just what I am talking about, and just what my own experience with this has been. I am not

sure I like being quite so autobiographical, but until the reasons for my writing approach are known (which must be largely autobiographical) and considering the state that psychic matters are in, in this country, I suppose it is very nearly impossible to understand what I am talking about and why. So here goes.

I remember telling you some time ago that both my father and his mother were mediums. I never knew my Grandmother, as she died about 1908; but I do know that both she and my father had, in the 1890s and early 1900s, submitted to tests at Harvard University; and my Godfather, who is still with us, tells me that he believes that William James was one of those involved in the experiments with them. This I will have to check out when I can; but at any rate, I do know that my grandmother was quite famous, and that people came to her from all over the country for readings of one sort or another. My father gave up mediumship after he married, as it frightened my mother. Hence I do have a "psychic" background.

As a small child, I can remember the raging of the various theological arguments around me (Catholic, Baptist, Methodist and Mormon), and I can also remember seeing a figure whom no one else saw, who whispered to me, *"What do you make out of all this?"* and when I had pointed to what I now know to be the basic premise (although at the time it was merely what they all seemed to be talking about and none of them following), this figure would smile, and nod, and fade out of the picture.

When I grew older, I remember my father taking me to the Fine Arts Museum in Boston, and—lo and behold—if there I didn't find a portrait of my "invisible friend" (invisible to others, that is) hanging in the galleries. Many years later, just before I went to Europe, I made a special trip to the museum to buy a postcard copy of that picture, and I have it still. I did not know, at the time, why I bought it and carried it around with me; but I do know today.

While I was still very young, my father taught me to use telepathy, and we worked it together, often and often. Time after time, I had the same sort of experiences that others have—hearing someone call who was not present, following hunches that proved to be correct—but

while I accepted the idea that life is continuous and communication a real thing, *it meant and implied exactly nothing.* I merely accepted the idea as one accepts the weather; it just existed and required little or no comment.

Quite early in life I began brushing away the sectarian theological cobwebs, and finally, after a long and earnest talk with the minister of the church I attended, at his suggestion began to study other "religions"—the Buddhists, the Jews, the Hindus—and the more I studied, the more I began to gain the conviction of the essential "Oneness" of existence itself, without the apparent separations and without the barriers erected by men between those separations. I remember saying to a Quaker friend one time that it seemed to me that Friends' expression "There is that of God in every man" should be "Nothing aside from God exists"; and I can remember his careful consideration and agreement that it was the only thing that made sense.

I might put in here that as a child, I wanted to be an archaeologist; hence, the study of ancient religions was also incorporated into my "nosing around" generally.

My father and I had the familiar pact: that he would return, if possible. I thought about as much about it as the average person does—which is not at all—and after he died, put the whole idea from my mind. Some four years later, one evening, I heard him speak to me from the other side of the room. I was rather upset at the time about other things, and my snap answer was, "What the hell do you want?"

I can still remember the utter astonishment that swept over the atmosphere, and finally he said rather hesitantly, "I promised I'd come back if I could".

"Yeah, so what?" from me.

"Well," he answered, "I'm here."

My reply was to the effect that he could leave again anytime, and he asked, was I sure, as he was going on and might not be able to get back. I insisted; so, with a sigh (probably at having such a thoroughly rude daughter) he said, "All right—but remember, I got back."

Now this still meant absolutely nothing to me. Why, I don't know; I only know that

I was not the least bit impressed at the manifestation, and gave it absolutely no importance at the time. I was not asleep; and as I neither drink nor take narcotics (not even aspirin) there was no question of hallucination. My mind was on other matters which were much more immediate to me, and I merely brushed the whole thing aside.

About a year later my mother also passed on, and I saw her clearly within hours of her death—again I was completely awake—although she died in Florida and I was in Boston. She also proceeded to make her presence felt in many ways. I was annoyed by it in about the same way one is annoyed by a buzzing mosquito on a hot summer night—and gave it about as much vital importance.

Hence, I can never say I was a skeptic, or that I did not have the information, because I did; but I must emphasize that having this information at that point meant about as much as knowing the population figures of some remote Chinese village—precisely nothing; existence, yes—importance, no. I might add here that during my mother's short widowhood we went to a medium (who was by the way very good, I *now* realize) and although the evidence she gave was excellent, I laughed it off with the usual "so what?" attitude.

THEN CAME England. I had made a disasterous and mistaken marriage, which by that time had broken up, leaving me stranded there with only myself to rely upon. By a weird set of circumstances, I (as I am now convinced) was led into a new job taking over the establishment of a service manual department for a large electrical appliance company there. The chief engineer who hired me was a Spiritual Healer—and a terrific person. It was he who encouraged his secretary and me to investigate the business.

She and I went to a few meetings together. It was amusing, but nothing more than that. We went to various places, but to the Bromley Church (with which I later became so closely associated), only once, as another place was more convenient for her.

I used to ride on the train with an RN who worked in the next plant. As we came out of the station, our apartments were both the the right, while this particular church was to the left.

On a particular evening, I was walking to her right and as we came out of the station, I automatically began to turn left—and nearly knocked her down. She wanted to know where I thought I was going; I replied that I had to go up to the meeting at the church that night. She laughed and asked what I wanted to get mixed up with that nonsense for. I said I didn't know—but I wanted to go to that meeting.

By this time I had found out that most of these meetings were based on "psychometry"—the art of contacting through and/or reading from an object—and when I got home, I wondered vaguely what to take. This postcard (remember . . . the one that I bought at the Boston Museum) flashed into my mind and stuck there. Well, after five years, it was a bit hard to locate; but I finally found it between the covers of a favorite book which I had bought, and carted it up to the church in a small paperback book that I was reading.

I got there early. The president of the church (I had seen him only once before, but didn't even know his name) had opened the building and was standing outside. The hall itself was empty.

I placed the card, face down, in one of the squares painted on the tablecloth. There is no marking of any sort on the back of the card, I might add, by which the picture could be identified as to either painter or portrait. I was determined to watch, and, if possible, catch the medium out on it.

I SUPPOSE that there were about 20 people that night present for readings, and the medium had done half of them before she reached for the card. Meanwhile I had kept my attention focused on it, to make sure that it was not even touched. She reached out, touched it, and snatched her hand back with an exclamation as if she had been burned, then she said hastily, "I'm sorry, I can't read that. It is too personal. May I have something else, please?" So I got up and handed her an earring, still watching the card, and sat down again.

She pushed the card over to one side, off the marked cloth, (she did *not* pick it up), and proceeded with the reading. At the middle of the reading, the church president reached over,

picked the corner of the card in his fingers and lifted it slightly, looked thoughtfully up at the ceiling while he was doing it, and then dropped it again. *He did not turn it over or raise it high enough to see what was on the other side.*

When the meeting closed, I grabbed the card, still keeping it face down, and put it back between the leaves of the book I was carrying, so that I am sure that no one had the opportunity to know that it was more than a postcard and that the face side of it was never seen by anyone in the room at any time. The medium then apologized to me for asking for something else with the remark that she didn't like to "read paper" anyhow. I assured her it was all right and prepared to leave.

The president of the church was waiting for me on the steps. "Pardon me," he said, "but I'll read that card for you." I stopped, raised my eyebrows and prepared to listen.

My eyebrows continued to go higher as he talked; and by the time he got through I was so completely astounded at the evidence which he presented that I was not quite sure whether I was "hearing things" or not. Knowing that he had not seen the portrait on the other side, I asked if he knew whose portrait it was and if he wanted to see it.

He said, "I don't need to see it. It is ———. He is your guide."

While I am not going to give that identification here, the information was correct. The portrait is of exactly whom he said it was; furthermore, assuming that, somehow, in spite of my precautions, he might have had a glimpse of the pose and color, and seen reproductions (it is not a famous painting; the card is printed in black on a beige background, and the pose is a simple standing one), any possible brief glimpse could have identified nothing. Further, when he had touched the card, he lifted only one corner barely off the table, the thickness of his thumb, and was looking at the ceiling, not the card.

This was the first time that I was impressed with the thought that there was "something to" this business. My conversation with the man previously had been "Good Evening, nice night, isn't it?" and "Good night"—on one previous occasion. I did not know his name, and I was certain that he did not know mine. The town was large

enough so that the advent of a stranger would go unnoticed. I was over three thousand miles away from any evidence that he possibly could have "snooped out"; and furthermore, much of what he said I had never discussed with anybody else, simply because there had never been a reason for such a discussion. I had gone to the place on impulse that night, and he had no way of knowing that I was going to be there that night or any other time. In short, there is no explanation within reasonable means (even by stretching those means considerably) for his having the information he had given me—particularly with regard to the identity of the portrait. It wasn't on display in the apartment I was living in, and I had had quite a hunt to locate it to take at all. So far as I knew, no one in England even suspected I had the card; and in fact I had forgotten its existence until I felt the impulse to take it with me.

While I was still standing there—and I must have been positively gawping at him by this time—he said quietly, "They've taken an awful lot of time and trouble to get you here and to pay attention. They want you to know more. We have an excellent library here, and the books for non-members are a penny a week. The library is open on Tuesday nights, and Sunday night from five to six. You are welcome to use it, and I'll be glad to answer any questions that I can." And with that, he bid me goodnight and went back inside the hall.

I DON'T THINK I need to harp on the nature and direction of my thouhgts at this point; but all the way home, and for the rest of the week, I kept remembering all sorts of things that hooked in exactly to the things that he had had to say—fantastic things, such as being pushed into situations and conditions where this sort of thing was brought sharply to my attention; and where I had brushed it off—such as my mother and father, and the medium to whom my mother and I went.

When I finally got my mind collected, and back to the usual operation, my first reaction was quite typical of one who has been trained in scientific fields (and I had spent many years by then as an electronics design draftsman in addition to my normal studies). Okay; so there

is something here; *then it should be provable in physics!*

Needless to say I presented myself to the librairian the following Sunday evening and asked for recommendations, and after wading about through ten of the books which he recommended—which bored me to tears—struck off on my own through the several hundred books they had there. I also began to attend meetings, watching carefully, trying to see how this was done. I might add here that this was in addition to two regular courses I was taking in evening classes, plus my regular studies; the pace was frantic.

I want to share the first thing I hit that really began to make sense, and add up to something, with both you and the EXTU readers, RAWL; because although I have discussed it several times, it bears repeating again. When I first struck off on my own, one of the first things my hands came to was a book called *The Wisdom of Silver Birch;* and I felt then, and still feel; that what they have to say about it—*they* being the really "top" guides who come through—is more important than the confusion generally rampant on this end of the stick. Let me quote some bits from it.

"Why do you think we have returned—to impart our knowledge to the few or to the many? Is ours a truth to be reserved for those who will keep it to themselves in small councils, in secret societies, reserved for just a handful? . . . we strive to reveal all the noble qualities of the Great Spirit that are enshrined within every being in the world. We have to teach them the laws of life—life physical, life mental, life spiritual. We have to make them realize the purpose of their being, the reason for their existence on earth, their latent powers, their divine potentialities, the service they can render, the world they can fashion, the knowledge they can accumulate, the heights they can attain.

"Our truth is destined to reach, in the end, *every living soul* (italics mine, JLK.) and to reach them whilst they are still on earth so that they may learn the lessons and begin to apply the truths of spirit to the world in which they live."

And again, elsewhere, "We are not concerned with systems of belief fashioned by the minds of man, we are concerned with the truths of the spirit as they have been revealed in the world of the spirit where we are not confronted with the illusions of

your earthly life. It is because we have seen so many human wreckages, so many human derelicts coming into our world, it is because we have seen the transition of so many thousands completely unfitted in every way for the life that confronts them, ignorant, full of misconceptions, filled with prejudice, that we decided that it would be far simpler if man, whilst he was on earth, could have in his midst the simple truth that would prepare him for that life which one day will be his abiding reality."

And again, elsewhere, "What you call Spiritualism is but the name give to certain natural laws, their operation and their implications. To me, religion is the living of a life, not the acceptance of certain sectarian beliefs. The laws that control life are universal. When there is universal understanding, then the universal religion will be one of mutual service. Whether it is called Spiritualism or not is unimportant."

AND AGAIN, elsewhere, "There is a reasonable, rational explanation of the universe, so far as it can be explained to people in your world . . . It is only because there are so many who are wilfully blind, so many who have vested interests to defend that you are in the darkness. All wars (and this came through during WWII-JLK) are caused by living contrary to the law, either through wrong thinking, through greed, through lust, through love of tyranny, through seeking domination. Whatever the cause—it comes back to an ignorance of the laws of the universe. There can be no dictatorships in a world where all possess spiritual knowledge, for they would order their systems of life to make it impossible for one man to rule millions. There could be no bloodshed in a world where all possessed spiritual knowledge, for they would build a system of life which would make wars impossible.

"Our task is to spread knowledge. We are propagandists in the true meaning of the word. It has become perverted in the world today, but in its literal sense it means to spread truth or knowledge. We have lived in your world; we now live in another aspect of the universe, one, two, or perhaps three steps removed from you. We have seen the operation of certain natural laws. We know nothing about miracles, we know nothing about favoritism, we know

nothing about chosen races, we know nothing about one unique son of God, we only know that the law exists everywhere.

"Because we see that the whole universe, mighty, majestic though it be, is controlled by law, we strive to teach you about the law. The law is that you reap what you have sown. The law is that no one can cheat in the end, for you yourself register indelibly all the hallmarks of your own character and growth . . . These are the simple truths, that law controls life, that service to one another is the one thing that matters because it increases the growth of your spirit, molds your character, and makes you equipped spiritually for the world in which you live beyond the grave."

And in another place, ". . . once people fully realize that there is a world beyond the one of matter, that they are personally responsible for the lives that they lead, that there is an eternal law which operates with perfect justice, then you will have the foundation for a new life."

And another, "Mind is not always restricted to bodies like yours. It operates through law. You must disassociate mind from brain matter. Consciousness is not focussed in the grey matter and cells of the brain. Consciousness exists apart from the brain altogether. You must not think of mind in terms of your little brain box. *Mind exists in itself.*" (Italics mine. JLK)

And another: "Wherever you have life, you have movement, you have rhythm, you have pulsation, you have vibration. Life cannot be motionless, static or inert. Life is associated always with movement. To understand movement, to measure movement, you have to define it. We speak of vibration, referring to life as being revealed in waves of energy, that being one of the modes of manifestations of life. Everything which exists vibrates, radiates, is active. Our impingement on your world is due to vibration. We normally vibrate in a world beyond the boundaries of your physical senses. It is a higher octave if you like, a higher vibration. All the forces, all the power, all the manifestations of the spirit are accomplished by the more delicate. subtle vibrations.

"To make your world, engrossed and encased in matter as it is, respond, one of two things must happen. Either you must raise your slower vibrations or we must lower our quicker vibrations."

AND AT THIS point of my reading, I looked up aghast and realized that for about 12 years I had been working on electronic equipment, knew that there were in the neighborhood of 100 octaves of frequencies, with overlapping effects to a degree—but understood how it operated—and here was Silver Birch not only confirming the teachings of all of the great teachers without the sectarian involvements, but stating flatly the means by which, and the reason why, life is, unquestionably continuous and communication between various stages of existence operative. In short, I was being made to see and understand the importance of these facts in terms of my own scientific training.

Well . . . to make a long story short, I asked for it in physics, and I got it in physics. First, when I began my own direct communications, I was required to get all of my vast "education"—education on our terms that is—lined up so that it was in one piece and de-compartmentalized; to see the universe as a single operation (rather than thing) and gain some sense of my own relative unimportance in it.

When I had gotten something that looked like a grasp on that idea and process, I got pushed back into physics with a vengeance! Text books dropped off library shelves at my feet. Lights appeared beside books in bookstores. Information poured in from assorted unlikely sources. Material, in straight physics, got shoved under my nose to go over again and again; research projects that I had read about casually became of major importance; and all the way through it ran the theme of vibrations—which I prefer to call frequencies—and the knowledge that I already had of the working of electronics equipment became a vital basis for these studies.

I got acquainted with several mediums personally. I asked questions and tested the answers. I watched them operate, and gradually learned to work not only with them but with others, whom I did not know, who were demonstrating. I tested and tried their methods, and found that I got results. I found that meetings produced quite good results for *me*—completely aside from what was happening at the meeting or the work that the medium was doing—but all through it was study, organize the material, go over it, under-

stand it, assimilate it, put it into an operational and functional framework and continuity.

Needless to say I became much better acquainted with the church president and his wife, and developed a profound respect for his mind and knowledge. When I asked questions—with him or with what I call "upstairs"—I never got a direct answer, but rather the key was pointed to, and I had to sort it out myself; but the key was always given clearly. It was work . . . and fun.

ABOUT A YEAR after this, on Saturday night when I had a very bad attack of sinus, the church president and his wife dropped by unexpectedly to see me. I must state here that I was born with some sort of ear trouble, which as the doctors predicted, I "outgrew", but which developed into severe nosebleeds during my school years; which, as the doctors predicted, I "outgrew"; which in turn developed into extremely severe sinus trouble, which doctors in the USA, France, Italy, and England—some of the top specialists—had declared medically "incurable". My eyes would swell to a point where I was peering through mere slits; the pain was atrocious. I cannot take pain-killers, from aspirin on; and sometimes these attacks would last two weeks. I had about three or four of them per year.

"Pop" Bolton took one look at me that night and asked what was the matter; when I told him, he asked his wife to go make some coffee while he gave me a treatment. He hauled around a chair and told me to sit in it; so I crawled painfully out of bed, and sat, and he proceeded to treat me. First he stood in front of me and held my hands. Then he placed his hands near my head, and then near my back, taking them away and flicking them occassionally and then putting them back near my head, but not touching me. Then he held my hands again; and then "Mom" Bolton came in with the coffee and some cookies and he stopped; and as I picked up my cup, I realized that my head was not hurting anywhere near as much. After I finished the coffee, I went through half a box of tissues clearing the junk out of my head, and when I got through doing that the swelling was down and the head completely clear—although normally, even when the major load cleared out it was a day or two

before all the swelling went down and it cleared completely.

That was ten years ago and I have not had another sinus attack since. Granted, at "Pop's" suggestion I followed up by attending the healing meetings on Fridays for treatment on Sunday after church, for a period of five or six months—but to this day, although I may get slightly sniffley, and get an occassional minor, and ignorable twinge, I have *never* had another attack of sinus! As ten years have passed, I feel that this can safely be considered a cure.

So much for that side of the picture.

NOW, WHAT did I see in England, what sort of people and situations did I meet? Do we have an American counterpart?

I met and saw men and women who, frequently, after a long and hard day's work give their time and energy to help others who needed help. Out of many hundreds that I saw working in this field, I saw only three or four who felt that they were the "key" to anything extraordinary. Each of them felt that he or she had learned a little and while what they had learned was to be used to help others and to train others in the same procedures, there always was much to learn ahead—so that lives were given over completely in devotion to what they knew to be truth. They don't put on a performance; they avoid adulation and applause; they do not feel that they, personally, are any "great shakes" or "in the know" about anything. They are simply trying to demonstrate what they can prove to be profound truth and help others to see, learn, know and understand. They do not collect into schools and lodges and churches *as mutual admiration societies,* for the schools and lodges and churches are for the purpose of giving out to others, and their home circles are used for the purpose of learning more and developing and helping others to develop—*not for personal amusement.*

I have seen a three-month-old baby, fretting with the pain of a ruptured navel, quieten and then begin to laugh as a healer held it in his arms. The mother later said the doctor had pronounced the baby cured—without medical treatment. I have seen a boy with a withered arm gain greater use of that arm and seen it return to a normal

condition over a period of a few weeks, through the treatments of healers. I have seen people come into healing sanctuaries drawn and ill, and go out with a spring in their step, on the road to recovery. I have seen people, where surgery was necessary, recover with a bounce that amazed the doctors treating them. I have seen old people with the fear of death in their eyes, through the communications with "dead" husband and relatives, speaking through mediums, laugh and begin to look forward to joining those whom they knew were waiting for them, because the medium was able to pull through evidence of the communicator in such a personal manner that doubt had to be dropped from the mind.

I have seen people, saddened by the "death" of a child, whose faces lighted up in amazement as the evidence of the child's continued existence poured through the lips and gestures and words of a medium. I have seen members of the "orthodox" clergy on "Spiritualist" platforms telling how—in spite of their theological training—they had finally come, through the evidence given by the mediums, to realize that what they had been preaching was basically true. I have had heavy pieces of furniture moved by physically impossible means;* have felt steadying hands on my own shoulders when I was seriously upset by happenings. I have had things work out in utterly fantastic ways on every level of help from housework to financial—and every evidence given to me of the continued existence of those whom I knew before they "died".

I have had scientific material come through to me, frequently with the communicator presenting his bonafides, and proving what he said in no uncertain terms; *through information which is already present* in perfectly "ordinary" scientific papers being published everywhere in the world. I have seen animals healed of serious conditions and go on to live normal healthy lives for many years after.

I HAVE TRIED and tested the methods used by mediums and healers in England and know from first-hand experience that they work. I have had evidence galore in my own healing list work that I am making

*See *Gravity Didn't Exist for a Moment*, EXTU, December 1961.

contact with a person on whom I am working; and today brought another confirmation of that evidence. I heard that the wife of someone, whom I know only through correspondence and reputation, had an ulcer on her foot. I tried to send absent healing. Clairvoyantly I saw a left foot, from the outside, with a nasty-looking sore just under the ankle and slightly forward of it. I did not know before this which foot it was, nor the location of the ulcer. Today I received a letter, written by the husband to a mutual acquaintance, who forwarded it to me for other reasons, and it said, "O . . . (naming his wife) is confined with an ulcer on the left foot below the ankle." Repeatedly I hear of those on my list who become aware of my presence with them. How much good this does, or how much healing I am able to get to them is another matter, of course; but the point is that frequencies can be set up and sent out which will help and which people can not only become aware of, but learn to use.

One correspondent from Texas was having insomnia quite badly and wrote to me saying that one night, as she was laying awake worrying, she became aware of me and said aloud, "Oh, it's you, Dr. Keane," and promptly rolled over and went to sleep. For the reader's information, I live in Connecticut and have never been nearer to Texas than Florida, and was in Connecticut at the time of the incident.

NOW, TO wind this up. In this country I have found, *with rare exceptions,* a bunch of psychic show-offs ranging from the fortune-telling sideshow, and the mutual admiration societies, to the psychic wrangling of material gain and control over others for selfish pruposes, complete with a literature range that can only be classified as garbage. Hypnosis is *not* a legitimate, or rational, way of developing psychic powers, much less controlling others with it, with or without their knowledge. Card games to determine the existence of the already more than adequately proven forces is not a matter of serious research. Drugs — psychedelic drugs — are not a good *or even safe* way to open the psychic centers and make contact or gain experience. The same goes for ouija boards and "automatic writing" on the whole.

The key and crux to this

whole matter is the development of one's own character towards the finest that is known to the individual at any given time, not only in preparation for life "beyond the grave", but for life here and now, in the physical existence.

We don't need "churches" and "lodges" and "circles" to bolster our own egos and suit our material purposes at the expense of others, because we are "protecting" them from knowledge for which they are not "ready". The person who considers, through the teaching of some of the so-called "occult" schools here, that association with those who have died (whom we knew when they were alive) is "dangerous" and undesirable, and that those who are "in the know" only communicate with the "Masters", are under a considerable number of delusions, including that of their own spiritual development.

While the true "Masters" will and do make contact with those who have made the effort to develop, *on the occassions when the person here can reach high enough in consciousness to come within range for contact,* such "Masters" do not consist of a series of Cosmic bellhops to be commanded at the whim of some materialistic egoist who merely wants to promote his own interests on the material level.

There are plenty of what I call "playmates" floating around in the Earth's atmosphere in other stages of existence who are only too willing to lead the unintelligent fathead around by the nose; but communication with those whom you know, love, and trust is no more dangerous when they are in other stages than it was when they were here; and furthermore it is such communication which proves beyond all doubt, the existence in continuum of every person and thing even though that existence is proceeding on a frequency rate which is beyond that picked up by our physical senses; it is the living, abiding *proof* that truly there is no such thing as death.

"In my Father's house, there are many mansions . . ." "In life there is death, and in death, life" . . . "We do not come back for the amusement of the few".

SINCE I HAVE taken to speaking and writing about this, trying to get the material of the research that I have done across to others, I have learned how many people feel that this, the

material life, is all there is. I have learned of the bleak hopelessness inside while the individual fights for a place in the material world against the forces of the society. I have learned how the faint gleam of one bit of knowledge—the *certainty* that life is continuous, the *knowledge* that the moral character is the creator of the world in which we live, at any stage of the game—can carry a person on in the face of any physical adversity, can keep a person going in spite of attack on any level; and I've also had to learn a few of the tricks to keep myself protected from psychic attack (black magic) on the part of those who think that, by keeping this knowledge under their control, they can put on a successful front and control others with impunity.

Let Silver Birch again speak to close this, and what he says is applicable to all. "The consciousness continues to evolve and grow, unfold, expand, becoming more divine and less earthly as it continues its path of evolution. That is the whole purpose of creation, a continual expression in many and varied manifestations of consciousness which is the Great Spirit. To that I would add always the thought that man must not separate himself or think in terms of separation from the work of creation, because he is part of creation and the creative forces operate through him. His life, his effort, his struggle, contribute to infinite creation."

"We come to reveal that there is a large and wonderous life of the spirit which beats restlessly and surges, so that the barriers can be broken down, so that the vast power of the spirit, that energizing, dynamic vital, life-giving force, can be placed at the disposal of *all.*"

And what I saw and experienced and learned about in England, is the effort of the English people who are aware, who have worked to train themselves to co-operate with these forces for the benefit of all.

That is a far cry from the hocus-pocus, and the super-intellectualization which passes for truth in this matter in this, the U.S.A.

Perhaps those who have written to EXTU puzzled about just what I am driving at, will understand why, when I say that my studies and researchs have unearthed the PROOF in physics—both theoretically and demonstratably, that life is con-

tinuous for all—that no society, organization, or individual has a right to use this knowledge for purposes of self aggrandizement; that we live in a basically moral universe, of which we are an inseparable part, and that we *all* must recognize and learn to live in harmony with the laws.

In short, the closer we stick to the rules and regulations of moral, ethical conduct, the more apparent the true nature of existence becomes. We have the information, but most of us still need the realization that will transform information to knowledge.

THE RECKONING

We were disappointed with the colors on our January cover, as we had wanted a somewhat richer red and a lighter gray; however, your letters indicate that we got a fair piece of what we were after—a dignified-looking frontispiece. So much for that, since we started a brand new cover design with our March issue, and are much more interested in how you feel about that.

Five items in the January issue made first place at one time or another, but Miss Roberts' article is the one which stayed there. Here is how the contest finally came out. (1) **Hints on Mediumistic Development,** by Ursula Roberts; (2) **The Great Exile,** by Jack Willis; (3) **Flying Saucers and the Contact Enigma,** by Jerome Clark; (4) **Healing Spirits,** by Horace Leaf; (5) **Healing Today;** (6) **Odd Facts of Science,** by Jerryl L. Keane, Ph.D.; (7) **LOVE vs. Love,** the editorial; (8) a tie between **The Eyrie,** and **Did The Pharaohs Build Stonehenge?,** by Don MacClure; (9) **The Ignorant Explorer;** (10) Books; (11) **The Cogitator's Corner.**

The Nun Of BORLEY

by F. TERRY NEWMAN

One of the most famous of all haunts.

ONE EARLY morning in the autumn of 1927, when it was just getting light, a carpenter named Cartwright was passing by the old rectory of Borley on the Essex-Suffolk border, when he saw a young nun standing by the drive gate.

The next day he saw her again. She looked like an ordinary Sister of Mercy, and did not speak. On the following Friday morning, at the same time and place, he saw her once more. He noted that she looked tired. The next time he saw her was on the following Wednesday; her eyes were closed and he thought she looked drawn and ill.

Cartwright decided he would ask her if she was unwell—if she wanted any assistance. He turned back to do so, but she had vanished. He heard no sound, but assumed she must have slipped silently into the rectory. At this time, though Cartwright did not know it, the building was empty and unoccupied.

The last time he saw the nun was again a Friday morning and she was standing as usual by the drive gate. He approached to bid her good-morning, but before he reached the gate she had gone. He stood for a moment, puzzled and amazed. He did not *see* her vanish, but

one moment she was there, the next she was gone.

Thoroughly puzzled, and now just a shade apprehensive, he opened the gate and walked up the drive. He looked into the shrubbery and around the surrounding grounds, noting with surprise that the rectory was unoccupied. There was no sign of her.

Only when he had recounted his experience to friends, in the nearby town of Sudbury, did he learn that the nun had no real existence, that he had in fact . . . seen a ghost!

Thirty-one years before, in the grounds of Borley Rectory, four sisters of the Reverend Harry Bull, a former incumbent, had seen the same apparition in daylight passing many times along a narrow path skirting the lawn—a path which even then was known as the "Nun's Walk!"

It is only when one attempts to give a coherent account of the Borley haunting that the amazing variety of phenomena can be viewed in their true perspective. It is the story of a haunting which has persisted for more than a hundred years; which embraces the rectory's "ordeal by fire" and total demolition, and has continued up to recent times.

Popular tradition has it that a young novice from a nunnery at Bures, some seven miles from Borley, met and fell in love with a lay brother from the monastery at Borley. They ran away together in a coach drawn by four bay horses and driven by another of the lay brothers. Their escape discovered, they were pursued and brought back; the novice was immured in her cellar, and her lover hanged.

And yet what must be the reaction of those who remain skeptical of all ghostly phenomena to learn that the principal window of the rectory dining room was bricked up in order to restrain the phantom nun from staring in at the occupants while they ate? That a large, soundly-constructed summer-house was erected solely for the purpose of watching and recording the perambulations of the nun!

DURING THE last half century, witnesses from various walks of life have testified to the persistent phenomena at Borley. Andrew Robertson of St. John's College, Cambridge University, inaugurated a Commission to

investigate the haunting, from February 1939 until 1944.

In addition to incessant paranormal bell-ringing, showers of empty bottles, stones, and keys were frequent. Footsteps passing up and down the stairs, and phantom shapes manifested with uncanny regularity.

It seemed that there were two opposing sets of poltergeists—benign and belligerent. Objects were mysteriously apported and just as mysteriously returned. An undergraduate staying at the rectory missed a French dictionary he had been using. Though all the occupants searched diligently it could not be found. Awakened one night by a violent thump on the floor of his bedroom, the young student found his dictionary returned, though his door was loocked and the window fastened.

But the strangest aspect of the haunting began to emerge when it became obvious that there was a specific object behind all these manifestations, a conscious intelligence trying to draw attention to its need for help.

During the incumbency of the Rev. L. Foyster, writing, seemingly addressed to Mrs. Foyster (Mariane) appeared mysteriously upon the walls. They were fervent entreaties scrawled in a childish hand, exhorting "Light, Mass, Prayers and Incense." It was one of these messages: "Well-Tank-Bottom-Me," which let eventually to the discovery, during excavations, of the remains of a young woman.

It was a Mr. S. Glanville and his family, who decided one day to try and contact this "intelligence" by means of the planchette. The information received was so remarkable and voluminous that it now occupies many volumes.

The name of the nun was given as Marie Lairre, and her nunnery, it was claimed, situated at Havre. The messages went on to divulge the startling information that she had been strangled—by a Waldegrave—and that she was nineteen years old when she died. Borley church contains an impressive tomb erected to the Waldegrave family who held the manor of Borley over some three hundred years!

All the clues supported the theory that a French nun named Marie Lairre needed spiritual help. That she had been brutally murdered by a Henry Waldegrave, and that she had been buried in a cellar beneath the rectory. Further—they inti-

mated that the investigators should dig for her remains.

Excavations — at which the late Harry Price, the well-known psychical investigator presided, and under whose auspices the Borley drama was so expertly unfolded — commenced on August 17th, 1943. Human remains were quickly discovered. Subjected to professional analysis they were ascribed to have been those of a young woman. Further digging produced a pendant and plaque of a type attached to the rosaries worn by nuns.

Strange haunting! Is there a parallel in the annals of psychical research in which a ghost has directed the living in its endeavors to help them discover its remains in order to give them Christian burial?

ON THE NIGHT of February 27th, 1939, Borley rectory was completely gutted by fire. During the planchette communications this fate had been predicted, a communicating entity intimating the fire would commence in a room "over the hall". This was actually the spot at which the fire did break out.

On a tranquil and sunny evening, May 29th, 1945, the remains of the nun, reverently contained in a plain cedar casket, were laid to rest in the village churchyard of Liston, Essex. Requiem masses were said for her repose at the Catholic church of S. Philip Neri, at Arundel, and in other churches throughout the country.

In 1944, the ruined rectory was totally demolished, and it seemed, with the wishes of the nun at last respected, that the century-long haunting would now be terminated.

It was not to be! Poltergeist activity of a similar nature to that which had occurred at the rectory, now transferred to the church at Borley. A lamp was found lying shattered before the altar. Another lamp, in a nearby cottage — whilst a person was typing by its light — was swept from the table to the floor.

A "wall of perfume" was encountered by a party of four people visiting Borley. The perfume, sickly sweet, was so powerful as to be absolutely revolting.

The Rev. A. C. Henning, who officiated at the burial of the nun, together with a friend, heard the organ in the church being played loudly when the church was empty, the organ locked.

A small sanctuary lamp was kept burning day and night in the church to indicate that the Sacrament is reserved for cases

of emergency. During April 1942, for almost a fortnight, the small wick of the lamp was removed during the night. To stop this happening, a large psalter and other covers were put over the lamp at night and the church locked as usual. On three occasions the covers were found scattered on the floor.

In August 1953, whilst waiting to officiate at the funeral of a friend, a clergyman was surprised to see the black-veiled face of a girl appear apparently from behind some shrubbery. She passed slowly among some bushes and then suddenly vanished. Though the clergyman examined the immediate area with great care there was no trace of the figure to be discovered.

Most of the evidence supporting this long period of haunting was collected and presented by Harry Price in his two famous monographs: *The Most Haunted House in England,* and *The End of Borley Rectory.** His investigations, terminated by his death in March 1948, covered a period lasting almost nineteen years.

Since that time there have appeared at least one book and a great number of articles purporting to prove that the authenticity of the haunting was biased, even distorted. Some of them accused Price of contriving "phenomena" in order to gain publicity.

Far from diminishing interest in this classic haunting, these attacks served only to provoke a vehement defense of Price's findings; moreover, they drew attention to further, more recently recorded evidences of paranormal phenomena on the site of the haunted building.

The Rev. A. C. Henning recorded a further series of paranormal occurences in a book called *Haunted Borley.* In it he included some of his own strange experiences in the rectory and the phenomena which moved to his church.

It may be that the best authenticated ghost in the annals of psychical research, the spectral nun, still walks. That her fugitive wraith still wanders the scene of a grim tragedy of the past, mutely proclaiming to whoever deigns to seek, how thin is the veil between her world and our own.

*George Harrap & Co. Ltd.

THE REMARKABLE
ANNALEE SKARIN

by MARTHA BAKER

IT WAS THE mystic hour of midnight, July 7, 1900, that Annalee Skarin was ushered into this world of mortality. The scene of her entrance was the crab, sage-covered hills of Utah. She was born into a large, poor family of Mormons, the seventh child, on the seventh day of the seventh month. The moan of the wailing winds played a forlorn chant that seemed to expand until her whole life was filled with pain and hurt of despairing sadness — a sickly child, but endowed with high spiritual understanding.

Her father was sort of a prophet, a patriarch such as the biblical characters. of the Old Testament. On his deathbed he brought his children before him (12 in all) and prophesied over them. When he came to Annalee, he saw great things in store for her, and realized what an exceptional child this was that had been born unto him.

Annalee at first embraced the Mormon teaching and accepted it as the Mormon Church interpreted it; but later on in life, she began to expand her mind and realized that there were deeper meanings involved in the scriptures, both the Bible and the Mormon books.

She was married three times. The first marriage was annulled. She was persuaded into this marriage by her family, but knew instinctively that it was not for her. Her second marriage lasted many years. From this marriage she was blessed with two daughters. This marriage took place in the Mormon temple, and, according to the Mormon doctrine, one is bound to his mate for all eternity. However, this marriage was not a success. Later, while lecturing, Annalee saw the man in the audience that was her true soul mate. This man was Reason Skarin, a New York policeman. Their love was a proverb of the great Celestial realms. It had endured across time and space from the very beginning of existence—and in mortality it spanned the years and a continent—and a lifetime, for they waited for twenty-three years after meeting on Earth for the privilege of being together.

It is reported that an angel visited Annalee and her husband (the father of her children) and told them she was to be taken from him. He thought it meant that she would die, but she informed him that it was not death that would part them. When the Spirit gave her the unction to make the break for her life with Reason, her husband was very perturbed and told Reason that he (Reason) might have her now, but that she was married to him (the husband) for all eternity because of the ceremony in the Mormon Church.

One of Annalee's daughters never forgave her; but the younger one, who was raised from the dead by Annalee's prayers, understood her mother and the nature of her work and still remains friendly toward her.

IT WAS THE challenge to heal her own child that inspired Annalee to seek the meaning of faith, and this later led her on into the greatest of all work to find liberation through the spirit. She was preaching to a neighbor one day, explaining that Joseph Smith said if the elders had lost their power to heal, they should cease to pray for the sick until they had examined themselves to see what was wrong, and regained this lost art. The neighbor said to her, "If you have so much faith, why don't you heal your own daughter?"

The child had been sickly for some time, with attacks that

took her to the brink of death. When her neighbor said this to her about her child, Annalee said, "All right, I will". From that moment on she began to send out a prayer that her daughter would be healed.

Some time after this, the daughter had an unusually hard attack of whatever this malady was that ailed her—the doctors did not seem to know—and the child lay limp in her arms while she was praying for her recovery. As she looked at the lifeless body, her heart was rent from her as she cried out to God, refusing to give up her baby. At that moment she had a vision of Jesus Christ, presenting to her a picture of a small child reaching for red glass beads while it was trampling a diamond right under its feet. This made her realize the glorious nature of Christ, and how the whole world was running after the worthless glass beads, while the pearl of great price (the symbol of the hidden powers of the soul) was neglected for the cheap things of this mortal life. When she looked again at the child it was breathing normally and sleeping.

The child also had a spiritual experience, at this same time, she later learned. A few days later the little girl said, "Mommy do you remember when the ladies in white nightgowns came after me?" At first she did not know what the child was referring to; but on questioning her she said, "When I was so sick, they started to take me away to heaven, but when you prayed they brought me back"

Her child was never sick again with these attacks. She was completely healed. Both she and the child had had a glorious spiritual experience; each had been shown a different scene but nevertheless what was needed for them.

FROM THIS MOMENT on, Annalee began to investigate every angle of truth and prayed that she may have the meaning of faith and all its wonderous works. At first she had real difficulty in getting her book, *Ye Are Gods,* published. No publisher seemed to be interested in it, until she sent it to a house where the author pays for the printing. Even after this, there were many delays. Some pastors examined the book and kept the manuscript for some time. One from one of the larger universities was especially interested in it. They were amazed

at the teaching, and yet skeptical, had to admit that Annalee had scriptural authority for her claim that man could enter into the Kingdom of God without dying. Entrance upon death has been the accepted teaching for so long that the fact that one could enter heaven without dying is considered impossible by most clergymen.

Nevertheless the book, *Ye Are Gods;* was finally published. Before this was accomplished however, Annalee wrote to George Morris, her lawyer friend in Salt Lake City, whom she had known since he was a child, that she felt that the reason for the delay was that she and Reason would be translated before the book came out. This apparently came to pass—thus the note in the front of the book testifying of her translation. Mr. Morris made the affidavits to support this note.

The Mormon Church was quite perturbed about this book. One of the high Bishops of the Church was Annalee's main accuser, her prosecutor, judge and jury. He twisted the things she had written in the book, called it wicked, and condemned her for daring to write a book in the first place—mostly on the grounds that she was an obscure person and also a woman. To the Mormons, women are not considered too important.

An assembly of men was called, consisting of people who never read the book, never met Annalee, and in fact knew nothing of the case—but were to make the decision to excommunicate her. Mrs. Skarin was only visiting in Salt Lake City, as she had lived the last few years in New York. However, these men were so flattered to be a part of this controversy that they could not think straight.

The excommunication was so painful to Annalee that this very sorrow, when transmuted by thanksgiving and praise, raised her to the height of her glory and she was translated right there in Salt Lake City only two weeks after it happened. Her husband, Reason, was still in New York; but he, too, is reported to have been translated about a week or two later.

For years Annalee had given her time to the church. She had taught classes, headed missions, and various organizations of the church. She contributed her tithe of 10% and later one half of all she earned. The church had been her very life. With this blow of excommunication

to confront her, she was crushed; her life seemed to be ashes and dust. It was because of this self-sacrificing service, however that the heavens were opened to her and she had been able to write this book. She claimed that most of the time while writing the book she wept for the very glory and light of it. How could she possibly recant and recall it as the Mormon Church wanted her to do? She could not, for she was sure it was written by the very finger of God. As she wrote light seemed to pour down upon her and out upon the pages of the typed sheets. The book was written in one month, and no one ever felt more awed or humble about it than Annalee. It was because she stepped beyond those in charge, who only seemed to be blocking the way, that she was cast out.

One of her main points was to be thankful in all things. There is a Mormon scripture which reads, "He that is thankful in *ALL* things shall be made glorious and the things of this world shall be added to him a hundredfold, yea more." Mrs. Skarin pointed out that to be thankful in *ALL* things, was to be grateful for the bad things as well as the good things. That if one could be thankful for even the bad things, they could be transmuted to good. Giving up her church had seemed like such an impossible sacrifice that giving her life would have been easier. However, new strength and understanding came when her grief had spent itself. She then prayed for those who had so wrongly judged her work, and thanked God that she had something so precious to give as her church membership.

SHE WAS TOLD that it was not her trial but their own which had been held; just as those who had condemned Joan of Arc, they themselves were condemned. The record of their injustice would stain Earth, as all unjust trials on Earth have since time began. The shame of such mockeries will be completely revealed before the end and before the complete cleansing of Earth comes.

Before Annalee had written *Ye Are Gods,* she and Reason had themselves published part of her revelations in a little book which they had given away free. She still had a considerable number of these books when she received the call to sit down and write *Ye Are Gods.*

This happened at a time when they were planning to visit Linda, Annalee's daughter, who was healed as a child. Linda was now married and living some hundred or more miles away. But Annalee obeyed the call, postponed the trip and sat down to write.

This book has been followed by four other books, all written since Annalee was translated. These books were published by Devorss & Co. of Los Angeles. The first book after the translation experience was entitled *To God the Glory*. Mr. Orville Andres of DeVorss & Co. believes that the manuscript, was delivered to him by Annalee herself. He reports that it was brought in by a small woman that had a strange power about her. Since that time, I believe, Mr. George Morris has handled the business affairs regarding the publishing of Mrs. Skarin's books.

It is reported that Annalee's translation occurred July 23, 1952, at the home of Sally Franchow in Salt Lake City. Sally and Annalee had been friends for years. During her visit with this life-long friend, the Spirit told Annalee that she would be translated at midnight within three days. She and Sally were both looking forward to this great event; Sally was one of the few who had stood by her in this trial. She too, was excommunicated from the church.

When the eventful night came, Sally says, she saw an angel come right through the door. She was on her bed but she could not move. It was as if she were chained to the bed. She saw the angel enter into Annalee's room and the next morning Annalee was nowhere to be found. Her belongings, all her clothes, were left in the room, but Annalee was not there.

When the church heard of this they were so perplexed that they had the F.B.I. looking for her. Sally was questioned, accused of murder, but no body could be found. When they saw Annalee's clothes, they said, "No one would just go off and leave all these nice clothes."

It was several days later, when Sally and her family were meditating on all these things, that Annalee appeared to them. She was disheveled and looked as if she had been a victim of foul play. She said these words to them, "Now do you believe I have been translated?" When they nodded their assent, she

changed her appearance right before their eyes, Sally said. The day she was translated she had eaten two hamburgers, George Morris told me. This may provoke questions in the minds of the vegetarians; however, I understand Reason was interested in foods and taught Annalee many things about them. In fact, he was reported to have traveled with the columnist who wrote the department for the *READER'S DIGEST, You Are What You Eat.*

I corresponded quite extensively with Mr. Morris, and later met him in person in Los Angeles, when neither of us knew the other would be there. My husband and I also visited him twice at his home in Salt Lake City. He told me that in 1955, Reason and Annalee were in an automobile accident and that Reason's leg was broken. Also he reported that, before her translation, Annalee had false teeth, but afterwards regained her own teeth. Later she said she was speaking to a group of skeptics and her consciousness was so pulled down by their unbelief that she again needed her false teeth. With this evidence, as well as her own poem, entitled *The Ancient Path Reclaimed,* given in her book *Secrets of Eternity,* it is reasonable to believe that they were many times thrown back into the mortal consciousness as they struggled to maintain their place in the kingdom. However, that they did eventually achieve it, there is no question in my mind.

DURING THE summer of 1955 Annalee visited very often with Betty Noble. I knew Betty in 1958, and in 1959 we held classes in San Bernardino where Betty lived. She told us many things regarding Annalee and Reason. They came to dinner at their home to celebrate Betty's and her husband's wedding anniversary. They ate heartily, she said, with second helpings. Later Annalee told her that they did not accomplish what they had intended to do that day because they ate. Betty did not know what to cook for them, as she knew Reason specialized in certain foods, but Annalee told her to cook whatever she deisred—that it would be all right with them. She served fried chicken and vegetables, and for dessert angel-food cake. Once Reason told Betty that he and Annalee could live on one prune a day.

There was one time when

Annalee and Reason appeared very suddenly to Betty. She had been longing for them to come visit her. She had gone out the door and started around her parked car when she almost bumped into them. There was no vehicle in sight that they might have arrived in, and she believes they levitated themselves to her in answer to her desire. During the time she knew them, however, they owned several olf cars at different times. Their last car was sold to make the last payment to the publisher of *Ye Are Gods,* so Mr. Morris told me.

At the time Betty first contacted Annalee and Reason, she was led to the house where they lived in El Monte, California. Her desire was so strong to meet them, after reading about them in Christine Mercie's book, *Sons Of God.* Someone had told her about a strange couple who lived across the street from them. One day she took her car and started out to find them. The strange couple turned out to be Annalee and Reason.

On arriving, Annalee told Betty she was expecting her; she told Betty that she knew her before they came to Earth. Annalee and Betty had the same birthday, I believe—or at least

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they were the same age. Betty could not remember Annalee, but Annalee had the prenatal memory as described in her book, *Secrets Of Eternity,* and she kept asking Betty, "Don't you remember me? We were together before we came to Earth." Betty confessed that she could not remember. Annalee told her that she and Reason just used this house for a meeting place. She told Betty that the Spirit had informed her that five preachers would come to see her about her teaching.

AT THE TIME of this visit, Reason's leg was broken and in a cast. It has been broken in an automobile accident that Mr. Morris had told me about. This however, did not discourage Betty; she believed in them, and her faith was rewarded.

Right after the Anniversary party in 1956, Annalee informed Betty they would be leaving and would not see her any more for some time. At the time Betty was very close to Annalee and Reason, visiting with them and they with her for several months or more. The Skarins seemed to live very poorly; however, they would never accept any contribution from anyone. When they returned, after about a year, Annalee was dressed beautifully and expensively. She wore a lovely hat, which she said she had purchased in Italy. She also wore a large diamond on her finger. Her hands were almost transparent. They arrived unannounced and with no car.

Levitation was part of Annalee's teaching. She claimed that when a person could bring forth the Christ light, one could step out upon it and travel at the speed of light to any place he might have in mind to go. Though the word "levitation" is not mentioned in our Bible, several instances of this mode of travel are recorded therein.

Annalee advocated living the higher laws of life as preached by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. She declared that thought control would save people and enable them to enter the Kingdom of God without dying; that death was the back door for the servants, but *LIFE* was the front door for all the sons and daughters of God. Thought control is just as important as controlling one's hands and feet. By proper selection of only the most noble and beautiful thoughts, one can develop one's faith and divine love to the point that one finds oneself completely evolved from

the man kingdom into the God Kingdom, while yet possessing the body. The body itself is transmuted into spirit and one disappears from mortal view and can be taken, as was Enoch of the Old Testament record. However, one with this great power can raise and lower his vibrations at will to make himself visible or invisible as the occasion so demands.

The Mormon scriptures declare that all is matter, that spirit is matter at a higher frequency of vibration—more purified than matter that can be seen.

Once when Annalee was lecturing in Los Angeles, the police came to see her, stating that she was reported as a missing person and she should come with them to the station and make a report. She explained to them that she could not come with them, but they insisted that she must. In a moment she had disappeared, and they were puzzled as to how she had escaped them.

The last report I heard from Mr. Morris, was that Annalee's book, *Ye Are Gods,* is now printed in Spanish and that Annalee is teaching the natives of Old Mexico.

This remarkable woman has opened new horizons in Christianity. If the schackles of orthodox beliefs can be removed, many will embrace her teaching and enter the Kingdom of God the new and living way which Christ came to reveal.

SOURCES For
A Tale of Two Lakes

Rochester (N.Y.) *Times-Union,* August 20, 1966
Perry, N.Y., newspapers, various dates
WILLY LEY'S EXOTIC ZOOLOGY (Viking)
THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT (Holt)
Something in the Sea, EXTU, June 1962

Healing Today

MANY PEOPLE are in a very ambivalent position when it comes to their thoughts and feelings about Spiritual Healing. Now the person who just "knows" that it is all nonsense — either there aren't any cures, or if there are, these would have come about naturally — isn't at all ambivalent; he's certain. And the person who has witnessed or experienced Spiritual Healing isn't ambivalent, either; he's certain. But those who are somewhere in between — more or less drawn to the idea, more or less willing to be shown — often feel somewhat uneasy about it: after all, they say, it . . . well, you know . . . it just isn't *scientific.* (The person who says this in an arrogant, assured manner, and then adds, "Where is the proof?", isn't being at all ambivalent; he's certain, too. And he is rarely willing to be convinced otherwise; he demands to be shown something so that he can pick it to pieces and prove that *he's* right.)

As for the in-betweens . . .

Well do you go to a doctor when you're sick? You do — why? Medicine isn't a science. And what is more, no Doctor of Medicine, who has received his degree and his license to practice, and is (in the USA) in good standing with the AMA, claims that medicine is a science. Unless he's totally inexperienced, or a highly-educated fool,

any doctor wonders at times just how far removed he really is from the oldtime medicine man who chanted spells and applied amulets and magic potions (some of which, by the way, contained chemical elements which we have since learned can be very effective). He uses the findings of science as well as he can. Some do their earnest best to keep up with what has been discovered since they finished their formal courses, some do not—yet they try to be as scientific as they can be.

But medicine is still an art, not a science.

If it were a science, then there would be 100% cures—*providing* (a) the doctor was infallible in his diagnosis (b) the doctor was able to obtain *all* the necessary data in order to make a correct prognosis and prescription (c) the patient, and everyone else involved, followed the doctor's instructions *exactly.* What actually happens is (a) diagnosis is far from infallible; surveys by doctors indicate 40 to 50% failures here (b) sometimes the doctor fails in his diagnosis because he either has not taken care to get a full case history—the patient's past medical history—or the patient has been unable or unwilling to provide him with what proves to be vitally needed data (c) the patient, or someone else along the line, blunders or—perhaps more often—the patient doesn't follow instructions. A 100% guaranteed-cure medicine isn't going to "work" if it isn't taken as prescribed.

Spiritual Healing, of course, is not "scientific" as most people who talk about "being scientific" mean, even when they know what they mean; it does not conform to the *generally accepted, "respectable" interpretations of the axioms of what we call the "scientific method".*

Logic is a means through which *it is possible* to reason correctly from premises to a conclusion. If your premises are correct, and if you apply the rules of logic correctly, then you will come to a *true* conclusion. Logic is a process, nothing more.

Through logic you can come quite validly from a start in the axioms on which the scientific method is based to the conclusion that there is no such thing as the supernatural. Everything that actually is, is natural.

But what do "natural" and a "supernatural" mean?

The term "supernatural" literally means "above nature" and this is generally taken to refer to a sort of dualistic notion about the Universe. According to this dualism we have, on the one hand "natural" laws and forces which operate in an orderly manner, *whether we know about them or not, but*

in addition to these there are "higher" forces which operate in an arbitrary manner and which suspend or actually set aside the operation of the "natural" laws.

Throughout history, human beings have tended to slap the label "supernatural" onto any phenomena which they could not understand at the moment, or for which there did not seem to be any explanation within what was presently known of natural laws and forces.

Let me add that I am in complete agreement with the conclusion that there is no such thing as "supernatural" laws and forces.

And so are the higher level discarnates through whom we have learned about the reality of continued life for every living person after the death of the Earthly body, and the reality of spiritual forces which bring about what we call Spiritual Healing.

Most people, trying to be scientific, slap the label "supernatural" on almost anything which does not conform to what they consider to be the latest word in the various science textbooks. And somewhere along the line, the respectable definition of "natural" included labelling everything which did not conform to a strictly materialistic view of the Universe as "supernatural". Thus, *by official definition,* anyone who is convinced that Spiritual Healing is not only a reality, but that it operates along the lines that the discarnate who guide the Healers says it does, is a "supernaturalist". And, of course, since there isn't any such thing as the supernatural, people who claim to be Spiritual Healers are either deluded, or are deliberately preying upon universal human gullibility.

You cannot impeach the *logic* of this conclusion. But you can indeed impeach the premises with which the logician started.

Logis is a tool, a process, and a very fine tool and process, but it is no better than the person who uses it. It is like a sausage grinder in the respect that if you feed in garbage, then the machine is going to turn out garbage sausage, which may look good enough. That is why, important as it is to check someone's logical processes, flawless logic does not guarantee a *true* conclusion, so far as being of any use in the Universe outside one's individual nervous system is concerned.

One trap is that everyone does not always state his fundamental premises in full. Very often there is an *unstated, hidden "axiom",* lying behind what you actually see written down or hear spoken. The Materialist is

not being consciously dishonest when he declares that you cannot logically accept *both* the scientific method *and* the reality of Spiritual Healing—but he has, nonetheless, generally neglected to state his primary, *ad hoc* assumption. He defines his operating terms in such a manner as to exclude the possibility of Spiritual Healing.

Are some persons who *claim* to be Spiritual Healers either deliberate frauds, or well-meaning but deceived people? Yes, undoubtedly some are. However, the important thing to remember in dealing with the British Healers we speak of here is that they have all gone through courses of training and adhere to strict ethical standards. These include:

1. No dissuasion from consulting ordinary doctors.
2. No exaggerated claims of their powers or flamboyant promises of cures.
3. No fees.

The Healers co-operate as closely with doctors as possible. They do not demean the conventional practice of medicine or try to steal the doctors' business. In perhaps a majority of instances, patients come to them only after conventional medicine has failed, or they have been pronounced incurable.

The Healers claim a large percentage of cures, or signifi-

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cant improvements which have not relapsed; and a Healer will state his belief that he can help you. But this is not the type of claim that the quack or "medicine man" makes.

The Healers ask no fees for their services. They want no "love offerings" unless the patient is satisfied that he has been substantially helped or cured, and they urge all patients to check out improvements or cures with their doctors.

The Healers recognize that all healing, whether through their work or the work of doctors, comes from God. They stress the fact that the patient's spiritual condition plays a very large part in the success or failure of healing. Doctors are aware of this phenomena as well, whether they use the same words or not—after all, that is what psychotherapy is very much about.

What is a Healer's private sessions like? Below is a description which appeared in the January 1, 1966 issue of PSYCHIC NEWS, reprinted by permission.

A HEALER'S AFTERNOON

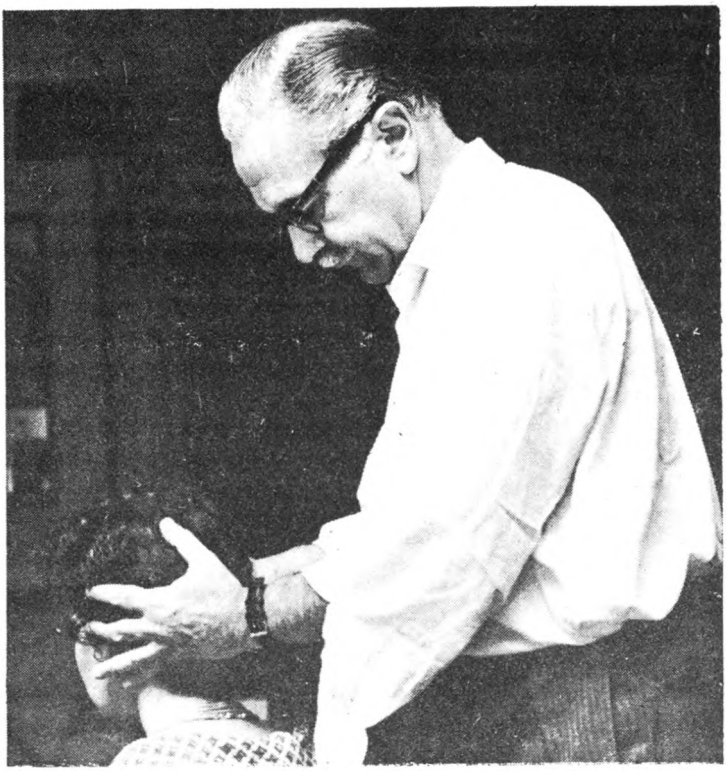
by M. H. Tester

I AM A healer. I help people whenever they need me. I am engaged in a profession other than medicine. I have my offices in London's West End. If patients want to see me in London they do so by appointment.

However I have a healing clinic at my Sussex home on Monday afternoons. I make no appointments there but keep "open house" from two until six p.m. Jean, my wife, helps me with the simple preparations.

We put an old piano stool in the center of a Persian rug in the drawing room. Jean wheels in a trolley bearing a bowl of water, soap and a towel. The only other piece of equipment is a tape recorder on which I play music through a large Hi-Fi speaker.

I do not play "churchy" music but anything I fancy. Some times it is Beethoven, sometimes



Tester gives treatment to a sufferer.

Photo From *PSYCHIC NEWS*

light ballet music, like the *Nutcracker Suite;* and now and again sophisticated jazz.

We have a large hall which acts as a waiting room when there is a rush on. On the table are PSYCHIC NEWS, TWO WORLDS and the daily papers. There is a collecting box for anybody who feels the need to give something. It all goes to my favorite charities. I make no charge.

I have a light lunch (I am

almost a vegetarian) about 1.15 p.m., sit and read a paper and sip a coffee until two. There are generally one or two patients waiting by then, but unless somebody is in pain I do not start until two.

I WALK THROUGH the hall. Who is first? A woman gets up and follows me into the drawing room. She is a new patient who has written to me for healing and I have asked her to call.

I sit her on the stool facing the window and the garden, which is Jean's particular joy. She is told to take off her outer clothes only. I wash my hands and then ask her to tell me her troubles.

Although she has written me in some detail I have not kept the letter. I find patients like to tell their own story. Their telling it is, I feel, a necessary preliminary to the healing, a form of mental catharsis, perhaps.

She is sitting in a quiet but large room. There are flowers around her. I am silent and sympathetic. I am waiting for the floodgates to open.

I can see all the symptoms: unhappiness, self-pity, a deep sadness approaching melancholia and I sense a feeling of guilt. She takes a handkerchief from her sleeve and starts to talk.

Invariably it is a disjointed story. I help her, ask a few questions and take her over a difficult part again.

She is suffering from severe pains of the shoulders and neck extending to the head and sometimes around the cheekbone. Her doctor has diagnosed neuritis. Sometimes it feels like toothache, but her dentist says her teeth are all right. The pain comes and goes.

Her husband died last year. She thinks the pain started about six months ago. Their marriage was not happy and she was untrue to him. She has no children, feels alone, abandoned and has a guilt complex.

When she has finished I switch on the tape recorder. I have on it a tape by George Shearing, *Night Mist.* Do you have to be blind to make music like this? I stand behind her and put my right hand on her forehead, the left at the back of her neck.

I look across to the recorder. On top of it is a small photograph of my guide. I close my eyes and let the music help me to drift. Almost immediately I am in a light trance. I feel a sort of questing power in my fingers.

There is quite a lot of vibration in my fingers and I know the woman is run down. My hands move almost of their own

accord over her shoulders and neck. There is plenty of tension.

I gently stroke her shoulders, particularly the trigger points. My hands rest on the places where she complained of pain. Gradually I find her relaxing and the tensions go out of her.

All this time my eyes have been closed. Suddenly they are open. The music has come to the end of a passage. I stop the tape. The healing is finished. The woman seems relaxed and happy. She tells me she is free of pain for the first time in months.

Her real problem, I know is the need of spiritual understanding. I give her a copy of my booklet, *A Bewildered Man's Guide to Death.* I ask her to read it and to come and see me again next week.

THE NEXT IS a man. He, too, is a new patient. He is about 40, thin, 5 ft. 10 in. or so, walks very stiffly and is self-conscious.

He tells me he has had treatment for over a year for a slipped disc. He has been in plaster, but this has now been removed. He has had traction. The pain and discomfort persist. He has all the classic symptoms—pains in the back and in the leg along the line of the sciatic nerve.

I switch on the tape again, nod to my guide and place my right hand on the small of his back, the left on his stomach. The reaction is immediate. He has a slipped disc, all right, in No. 4 position. There is a lot of vibration in my fingers. It builds up to a crescendo.

Then suddenly it is all over. I switch off the music and ask him to walk to the window and back. He walks swingingly and without stiffness. I tell him to bend down. He does this grudgingly, but suddenly he is all smiles. The pain has gone. He is healed.

I warn him that he will get sciatic twinges for some weeks, and ask him to come again in a fortnight, so that I may check up. He strides out with wonder in his eyes.

I AM WASHING my hands when in comes the milkman. Rheumatoid arthritis of the hands and wrists brought him to me five weeks ago. He kept dropping the bottles. His wrists were badly swollen and he had no grip in his fingers.

Now the wrists are down to normal size and he has his grip back, not as strong as originally but good enough to hold a bottle of milk. I finished off the Shearing tape on him. His hands are much stronger. Though there is some weakness, there seems no sign of the arthritis. I put him on the fort-

nightly list and he goes out a happy man.

I LOOK INTO the hall. It is empty. I change the tape for some Sibelius and push down the pause button. I go into the dining room, get out my portable typewriter and start my regularly monthly article for TWO WORLDS.

Two paragraphs later the front door chimes sound. It must be a new patient. The front door is never locked. Everybody who knows us just charges in. I open the door to a short, portly, fair-haired man of about 35 who is blushing like a schoolgirl.

On the stool he confesses that that is just his problem. He cannot stop blushing. He is a keen amateur singer, operatic, too. But whenever he gets in front of an audience he blushes. Blushing has become a thing with him and it is starting to get him down.

I nod to my guide and turn on the Sibelius. They both seem to like it. I put my hands on his head. He is run down, emotionally disturbed, but has nothing organically wrong. I give him healing and tell him I think I can help. He has hope now and promises to return next week.

I WASH my hands. The next man comes in. He is over six feet and has the width to go with it. I remember him well—eroded disc between the fourth and fifth position. He came two weeks ago and seemed to respon well.

No Sibelius for him. I change the tape for Cy Grant, just to show I'm not too square. He tells me diffidently that he is now quite well, that he has had no pain since his last visit, and that he only came back because that's what I told him.

I wink at my guide and turn on the mood music. I run my hands down his back. He seems perfectly fit. I tell him he is healed, but caution against possible twinges. I suggest he sees me again for a check up in a month. But I have a private bet I'll never see him again.

THE HALL IS empty and I go back to my typewriter. Jean fortifies me with tea. The article is going well. I see the front door from my typing position. In comes a young woman.

I stop typing, greet her warmly and take her into the drawing room. She is 28 but not very bright. Her husband has left her; so has her mother. The neighbors don't like her. She has been a patient in a mental hospital, and she thinks she is going to commit suicide.

When she came to me originally, six months ago, she said

she was on the verge of suicide and was a bundle of misery. She is quite cheerful now and enjoys her weekly visit to me.

She only throws the suicide threat at me now and again when she gets frightened that I might tell her she is well and need not come any more.

I give her general healing and Cy Grant's music. She goes away happy. I don't know whether I'm a charlatan, a substitute father figure, or a top-flight psychologist.

MY NEXT patient is a problem. She is suffering from an unusual eye disease and her vision is badly affected. She has been to see me four times. There is no apparent change in either her physical or spiritual condition. She wants to know if she should try another healer.

I give her a list of healers near her home and tell her the decision is hers, but that whenever she comes to me I will always do what I can to help. I give her healing for her eyes. There is no improvement. She leaves me depressed and unhappy. I want to give her hope, but I must not.

Then comes a patient with chronic sinusitis. She tells me that for three years she has been unable to obtain complete relief. She seems emotionally upset and very run down. I change tapes and go back to Shearing. She needs soothing.

I put my hands on her head. I let the right hand move over the antrum, congestion and infection. There is plenty of vibration from my hand over this area.

My hand gets hot. I get hot. The patient starts to perspire. Suddenly it is over. I give her a box of tissues and tell her to have a good blow.

As I switch off the tape she has quite a lot of mucus come away. She tells me she is free of pain and breathing easily for the first time for months. I tell her to try a steam inhalant when she gets home and come back and see me in a week.

A wave of perfume heralds a buxom blonde of about 38 with a figure like Venus de Milo in a sweater. She smiles happily at me and says she thinks she has cancer of the breast. I say, "Wait a minute" and get Jean in as a chaperon.

I play some music and ask my guide to help out please on this one. There is no reaction from her forehead. She is fit and well. I take a deep breath and lay my hands on the spot she indicates. Jean watches like a hawk. No sign of cancer. I give her healing. Then I tell her to come back in a fortnight, and in the interim to see her doctor and get the diagnosis confirmed. It seemed like mus-

cular strain to me, but I didn't like to suggest it.

Fifteen minutes on my own and the article is finished.

THREE PATIENTS arrive in a bunch. They have shared the same taxi from the station. The first is a nasty case of osteo-arthritis, spinal, too. He's had it for years — no hope medically. The doctor said he would have to learn to live with it and does not think he can.

I play some Tchaikovsky and run my hands down his spine. I'm getting a reaction down the full length. He *is* in a state. I drift off and give him intensive healing down the entire spine.

When we have finished he says his back is warm. It still hurts, but the pain has been reduced to a dull ache. He lives in London, so I give him my office address and suggest he telephones for an appointment there in a week's time. I can help this man, but I feel it will be slow.

He is followed by a pitiful sight, a young man with a wasted body on crutches. I sit him down gently. He has lymphoma, a terrible wasting disease and medically classed as invariably fatal. I play Gounod's *Ava Maria,* ask my guide for a lot of help, and go to work on his wasted and distorted frame. It takes a long time. I get reactions from almost every part of him.

I tell him I will do what I can, but I will make no promises. I give him my telephone number and say he can call whenever he feels he needs strength. He will pass over soon, this one, and as he shakes my hand I can see that he knows. I hope I can make his passing an easy one.

This next patient is radiant. Three weeks ago she was depressed, had severe back pains, one leg shorter than the other, and an urgent desire to take to her bed and not get up again.

Now she is fit and well, has thrown away the built-up shoe she had worn for years, and is sompletely free of pain. She comes to thank me. I tend to reject thanks.

You don't thank a radio set for giving you a symphony. Thank the man who wrote it, or the orchestra who played it, or God who inspired it.

Now it is 4:45 p.m. The children are home and Jean wheels a trolley laden with sandwiches and cakes into the play room. I join them for tea and spend a pleasant few minutes with the family I love. I am interrupted by one of my problems.

HE IS A charming well read and highly educated man of about 55. He suffers from

chronic insomnia, with all the trimmings. These include colonic spasms, violent headaches, muscular pains and cramp. I know this man is spiritually sick, yet my healing seems to have given him no relief.

He comes to talk, to receive healing, and to share my music. He has been many times. Neither of us can trace a vestage of improvement in his condition. I welcome him, play some Bach, give him healing and discuss philosophy.

He goes away happy but firmly convinced he will not sleep tonight. And he is probably right. I tell my guide, "Sometimes I feel so helpless!"

IT IS NEARLY six when my last patient arrives. His wife is seriously ill in hospital with cerebral hemorrhage. I am to visit her with the physician's consent. But first I must give the husband healing.

He is suffering from a rare bladder complaint, migraine, and self-pity. I treat all three, the first two with contact healing and the last with some forthright philosophy. Then we leave together for the hospital.

His wife is in a side ward. She lies naked under the sheets. Her body is connected by tubes to some hospital equipment. She is being fed and drained through tubes. Otherwise she gets no treatment. She lies there with her eyes open, but she cannot communicate.

I get the feeling of a soul trapped in a rotten cage. Her body has ceased to function properly. There are two possible results. Either the body is repaired and she is well again, or it is discarded and her spirit is released.

All I can do is to give her strength and serenity. I lay my hands on her. Then I sit quietly on a chair next to the bed and go into a light trance. I try to communicate, but I feel nothing. After a while I say goodbye and leave her.

My last patient is in a village about five miles away. She is a happy old lady who sits in a sun-lit, ground-floor room in an ornate bed to receive me. She is suffering from a rare muscular disease and has been bedridden for 16 years.

She has some pain and a lot of discomfort. I greet her warmly. We chat for a while. Then I give her healing and she responds well. She tells me the pain is much easier. She is now sleeping better.

It is 7:30 p.m. when I get home. Jean has removed all traces of the clinic and dinner is ready. I wash, change and sit down to our evening meal. Another healing afternoon is over.

SOME OF YOU will read this above, and say to yourself — or even write to me — asking, Really do you expect me to believe this stuff? (And the word follow "this" is likely to be somewhat stronger than "stuff".)

When the question is asked like that, the only answer I could give is, "No". And perhaps many people in such a frame of mind would still manage not to believe it, even if they experienced it themselves. After all, there are powerful superstitions abroad here in the 20th century, and we hear powerful magic phrases like "spontaneous remission" and "false diagnosis" which can soothe the fears behind such vital need to disbelieve.

Because, in many instances, it is a very real and very understandable fear that is at the core here. Such a person is in the toils of a false dilemma: such a person is convinced that he must choose *between* the materialist view of an orderly Universe and the supernaturalist view of a Universe where some super-Force, god, or whatnot can reshuffle or suspend the process at any time. No third possibility.

I myself am not so far beyond (in time at least) these fears so that I cannot sympathize with them.

How can such a person be shown that the dilemma is a false one, that it is based upon propaganda and semantics and popular notions, and bears no relation whatsoever to the Universe that is actually there outside his nervous system? That there is indeed a third choice.

So far as anything that I can do, perhaps he can't be shown.

There are the individual needs, and these will vary from person to person. Suppose I was not convinced that there was such a place as the City of London. How could you convince me? Well, you might show me documentary and pictoral evidence — but I know that writers and newspapers and magazines fabricate at times, and that all manner of deceit can be perpetrated with the camera. You might take me around to see people who *say* they have been to London — but I know that people can be deceived . . . and how do I know that, if these people are not deceived, that they are not trying to play some sort of trick on me? You might actually take me to London — but I've read about how people

have been deceived by carefully rigged "trips", too.

It so happens that I, RAWL, have never been to London; so I do not *know* from my own experiences that it is really there. However, the evidence of what I've read, what I've seen (photos, drawings, films, etc.), what people who say they have been there have told me, etc., is satisfactory enough. I believe there *is* a place in England (never been there, either!) called London and that it is reasonably close to the descriptions I've read about it and have been told about it. I'd like to *know* some day; but thus far, I've never had the opportunity to make the trip, and do not presently see any opportunity looming in the future.

I have not, to my conscious knowledge, received any definite physical benefit from Spiritual Healers that I could not just as well attribute to some other source.

There *are* such things as mistaken diagnosis and spontaneous remission; but there's a limit to what these two explanations can cover. It's the conditions which are pronounced "incurable" or "irreversible" that make for the most decided demonstrations. My only definite experience was with a case of absent healing which could not be explained away by the above terms; I do not *know* I actually played a part in it, but evidence is, for me, sufficient—I believe I did.

But there is no obligation upon me to present you with evidence which will be sufficient for *you*. My job is only to tell you that evidence exists. Whether or not you find it sufficient is your problem. RAWL

The Cogitator's Corner

THIS IS being written in mid-December, when the disaster in Florence, Italy is still in the minds of people; and for those who know, and love, Florence, even the onset of the Christmas season cannot obliterate the appalling flood from the mind.

Of those who have been, or lived, in Florence, the opinion is widely divided. Ones loves it, or hates it; there is no in-between. Florence is probably a state of mind, as much as it is a city. In spite of the flood, the atmosphere of intellectuality, beauty, and spirituality will continue; even the flood waters cannot destroy the love and serenity and calm of the ages that impresses those who love Florence, and frightens those who hate it.

This atmosphere is a psychic and spiritual one; and the Florentines even today, in their love for all that Florence has given to the world, persist in their efforts to continue to give the same wonderful freedom to all who come within her boundaries.

The flood, disheartening though it may be to them, disastrous as it was to some of the buildings and works of art, and the great library and its books, still cannot obliterate the atmosphere of sheer greatness and wonder that has built up over the centuries. There have been wars, and destruction in this town before, and the people rebuild—rebuild proudly in true Florentine style—reproducing those old things which are of historical interest, lovingly recreating each detail; and, for those things which bore no historical interest, replacing them with that of today—but always in keeping with Florence, and

with the Florentine tradition, always respecting the greatness of the past, but not bound into rigidity by it.

During the last war, the bridges were blown up (in midsummer when the Arno is as dry as a bone), except for the Ponte Vecchio, and the buildings on either end there were exploded to block the crossing. Florence rebuilt the historically important buildings and the lovely bridge of Santa Trinita; but the business district — or the part of it which had to be replaced — was strictly contemporary, and yet, so fitted into the Character of Florence that one had to "look twice" to realize what had been done. They will build again.

Florence, possibly more than any other city in the Western world, is based on the spiritual development of those who have lived there, and their efforts to express and explore those talents and abilities which are beyond the commercial and mundane. Rome is older, and is the seat of one of the most powerful spiritual groups in the world; and yet, while Rome has much to offer in the way of cultural interest, one feels that it is merely, in the last analysis, a big, international city — and that the valuable things from the past there have just become objects of interest to tourists.

This never happens in Florence, for Florence is always Florence; its visitors welcomed when they arrive with love and freedom, treated as honored guests while they are there — for the Florentines honor all — and and sped on their way with wonderful memories as they leave.

Yet, he who has greatest honor in Florence is not the commercially successful, the rich by inheritance, or the titled, but the artist — whether he be painter, sculptor, writer, musician, singer, ceramicist or any of the arts; the recognition of the attempt to bring the beauty of the spiritual and "unworldly" into being on this level engenders the love and respect of all.

Because of this, Florence has been physically beautiful, and will be again; but it is the spirit and the spiritual expression of the people who give this "City of Flowers" its greatest and true beauty, a beauty of atmosphere in freedom and appreciation of loveliness, which neither the armies of the world, nor the raging of the Arno can destroy. Florence does not have to "rise again", for Florence merely is; and if every building were destroyed and the land left desolate to the eye, those who passed over the area whould know that here, in this small space on our globe, the factors of love and truth and beauty had poured through, translating themselves from one realm of existence to another. For Florence, above

all the cities of the Western world, has been the center of the spiritual forces of the universe. Would we could build more like her; but it can only be done by those whose sensitivity of and sensibility to the spiritual values of life is sharpened sufficiently so that their own drives are spent in creating beauty, rather than chasing a "fast buck".

Years ago, the following words flowed through this cogitator's pen, and they bear repeating here, for although they came from other realms of existence, they typify those who know this city and its atmosphere.

Il mio Lamento

"I weary of grey Paris skies
and London's drizzling rain,
"And long with all my soul
to be in Italy again.
"I want to drink *Lambrusco*
and walk the market streets
"To the little *trattoria* where
La Pippolese meets.
"I want to see the torchlight
reflect in Arno's stream,
"And stroll through all the
winding streets of which
I now but dream.
"I want to share the music
and mingle with the throngs
"At Sant' Maria Novella,
who gather to sing chants
"Remembered from Gregorian
times, beneath the clustered
lamps.
"Ah, mi' bella, bell' Firenze,
how I long to hear you say,
"Ciaou, signor', Buona sera . . .
and forget I've been away.

Florence is more than the mere stones of its buildings, the spirit pervading there is for all time.

Danger

DO YOU become annoyed when some solid Materialist starts spouting about the dangers of "dabbling" in psychic phenomena, etc.? I do. Yet I do not think I'd object to such persons' writing an article on the dangers of "dabbling" in chemistry, etc. Is it because the danger in one instance is not actual, while in the other it is? At one time I thought so.

What annoys me now is the realization that this is a part-truth. The Materialists are right, so far as they go, in thinking that psychic phenomena, spiritual development, etc., are dangerous things to play around with; where they fall down is in their not knowing, or even believing, *why* the danger is there.

The danger lies in one's attitude. The person who goes into psychic or spiritual development with the notion of how much he's going to improve his already self-centered self ("my will be done", rather than "Thy will be done") is putting himself in very great danger.

This person will attract to himself others who are not only farther gone in evil than he is—but also much more "spiritual". *Becoming spiritual and becoming good are not by any means the same thing.* All the great religious teachers warn us that spiritual "sin", spiritual evil, is far worse than any or all of our misdemeanors centered in our material bodies.

The person who earnestly seeks something-for-nothing, some sort of magic which will bring quick results (money, power over others, etc.) may indeed get what he wants. Only then will he find out *just what he was asking for.* And the price.

The person who goes into these things with the intention of learning "Thy will", in order to serve, will find his true self; and will also find protection against the worst dangers—which are not what anyone else in this world can do to him—and many material dangers as well. RAWL

The "Prehistoric Pavements" Of Oklahoma

by CURTIS L. GIBSON

(author of *Qumran, Valley of Destiny, Is St. John the Apostle Still Alive?*, etc.)

To accept or reject without investigation, when investigation is feasible, amounts to a deliberate dependence upon one's own biases and prejudices. Our author had the opportunity to "go and see" and he took it.

IN A RECENT issue of SEARCH magazine (September, 1966), the featured article dealt with a so-called "giant's highway" that some claim can be traced across Eastern Oklahoma, coming up from Texas, and perhaps continuing northeast into Pennsylvania.

The best-known examples of its apparent remains seem to be where it is exposed by the Arkansas River at Webber's Falls, south of Tulsa, and by the Salt Creek at its Checkerboard Crossing *circa* four miles northwest (not southwest, as stated in SEARCH) of Beggs, some

30 miles south of Tulsa. The latter stretch of "pavement" was shown in two photos in the SEARCH article, with a retired stone mason, James Adams, present—Adams being the leading promoter of the claim that these are man-made relics of a very ancient civilization.

Returning from a recent western trip, I took a detour and stopped three nights at Tulsa in order to examine one of these pavements and to be able to decide for myself whether Adams and his supporters are right, or whether these are "freaks of nature" as the geologists assert.

At the TULSA WORLD office, and the Public Library, no one had heard of these relics, but I was told to try Chief McIntosh of the Creeks. He also had never heard of them as pavements, but guessed that the one called a ford "on the Arkansas near Tulsa" must be the level rock formation that causes Webber's Falls, south of the city. He offered to take me out to Beggs the next morning, and this expedited my search, though he had to leave me there, and we were unable to find the right "James Adams" (we did find a Negro farmer by that name), as he had gone into a rest home in Muskogee.

Finally, I located the Checkerboard Crossing, and spent an hour examining it thoroughly. I had come slightly biased in favor of the pavement theory, knowing how reluctant our scientists are to recognize evidences of the ancient civilizations that preceded our present Shaver Cycle, the Adamic era. Right there in Oklahoma, years ago, I examined and photographed the great Heavener runestone, a massive, 30-ton monument erected and inscribed by Goths in the second century A.D.; and it is still unrecognized due to the ethnologists' obsession with the notion that our Indians all came over the Alaskan route. Charles Fort cites many artifacts of high civilization preceding the Ice Age, discarded by archaeologists because they could not explain them.

Well, at first I could see Adams' viewpoint confirmed in the perfect paralleling of all the limestone blocks' edges. But then, as I looked farther up and down the creek bed, I found quite a few places where irregularities of cleavage made the "paving block" theory quite implausible, perhaps impossible. I measured many of the blocks, and right at the crossing there seemed to be a remarkable pre-

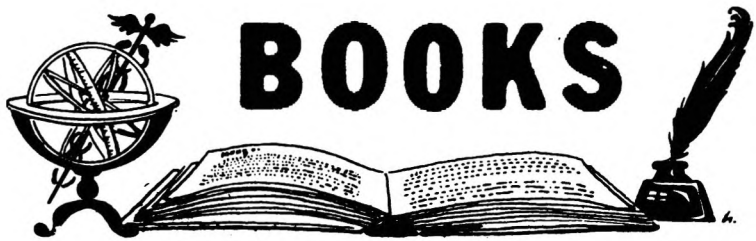
valence of about exact four and five span widths. This regularity broke down completely, farther upstream. So I left pretty well disillusioned, and began to ponder over the problem of what natural explanation could be maintained. Evidently, some natural force far below had exerted a remarkable uniform pressure to break the limestone stratum so regularly.

Back in Beggs, I had several hours to wait for the rural bus to Tulsa. There I met a retired oil well driller. Back in the oil and gas boom of the 20s, when Beggs was a town of 10,000 population (its *circa* 1,000 now), he had drilled many wells in the region. He says that they were usually beneath a dome of this same limestone "checkerboard formation", as he calls it. So it was the great gas pockets which had pushed up and broken the limestone into "paving blocks".

Now . . . if someone could only find a natural explanation for the Heavener runestone, and the Cadmaean and Carian inscription on the Henryetta stone, the people of Oklahoma could settle down in easy trust of their all-wise scientists.

A Web of Light and Healing

We invite all readers of EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN who would like to help weave a pattern of Light and Healing over our land, and the world, to join us in sending healing and light to others through prayer. We ask those who are interested to send to us for the names and locations (not the street addresses) of three persons (each of whom will be given the name and location, but not the street address of the sender) and to promise that a few minutes some time each day will be set aside to hold each of the three in love and light and healing. The only requirement, other than this, is that you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write, so that we may send the three names to you, and place you upon the list. That is all that will be asked of you—but that is a very great deal if you do it.



We receive far more books dealing with psychic phenomena, spiritual healing, development, and other subjects referring to the world of the unknown than it is possible for us to cover in this department. The listing of a book under the "Books Received" section does not impy that we consider these books poor, bad, or unworthy of consideration, but rather it seemed to us that the books you see reviewed were the **most** relevant to out readers. Wherever possible, the address of the publisher is given; in any event, books listed here should be ordered from the publishers, not from EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN. If you make such orders, we should, of course, greatly appreciate your mentioning that you saw the review here. The Editor takes full responsibility for reviews signed RAWL; all other reviewers are given as wide latitude as possible, but the views expressed by them do not necessarily coincide with those of the Editor (Why should they?)

EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN is not a conventional magazine, and the book review department is not the conventional book review department—although you will find some comments here very much like the sort of review to be found in conventional magazines. But the purpose of this department is to tell you why the reviewer considers a book worth your reading, primarily— and to let you know if we feel that a recommendation must be qualified. Our "feelings" are based upon application of thought and reasoning to the book before us; we cannot seal off "head" from "heart" into watertight compartments, and we refuse to pretend that we are doing anything of the sort. We hope to maintain a sense of proportion and a proper balance between these two elements, but are not under any illusion of 100% success at all times.

Thus, the author who commented to us that RAWL's review of his

book was more of RAWL than of the author was probably quite right. This is never our intention in advance, but sometimes it comes out that way; and in the instance noted, the book received a very hearty recommendation. . . . Well, you can't please everyone—and while we view writers sympathetically, this department isn't here primarily for the purpose of pleasing authors.

SPIRITS, STARS AND SPELLS

The Profits and Perils of Magic

by L. Sprague de Camp and Catherine C. de Camp

Carnaveral Press, Inc., 63 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10003; 1966; 384pp, including notes, bibliography, index, and 36 illustrations; $5.95.

If you note the acknowledgements, which indicate where a fair amount of this material originally appeared—in somewhat different form but without difference in substance and approach—you'll find the titles of five magazines which your reviewer edited in years past. And, of course, standing readers will remember that we have run a couple of Sprague's articles (one of them reprinted from one of my old magazines) here in EXTU. In those days I was entirely in agreement with Sprague; my changes of viewpoint since then have not blinded me to the values in his writing, however; and while numerous reservations must be made, I find that the present book gave me many opportunities to think. You will have to separate a good deal of chaff from the wheat, then; but what remains I find nourishing and worth the effort.

Magic differs from religion, state the authors, even though a magician may be religious and most religions harbor magic elements. In religion, though ". . . a man does not attempt to compel his deity. He may implore him, praise him, bribe him, or thank him; but he does not try to manipulate him or give him orders, as Alladin commanded the Jinn of the Lamp." Nor they add, is magic a philosophy in itself, nor again is it science. "In recent centuries, thoughtful men evolved the scientific method, which leaves no room for supernaturalism." This comes from the opening chapter. In the concluding chapter, they note, "As time goes on, magic and science alike assume that nature is uniform and that it can be controlled by taking advantage of fixed natural laws. Here magic goes astray in its eagerness for immediate, practical results. To gain their ends, magicians rely excessively upon hunches, untested theories, and vague apprehensions of unknown forces. They shirk the tedious, painstaking study of these forces that is necessary for their scientific control. Therefore, magic develops much more rapidly than science and soon incorporates a lot of distinctively supernatural assumptions. It accepts as verities an invisible zoo of spirits, the influence of stars upon the lives of men, the material power of spells, the wisdom of the ancients, a hidden hierarchy of Masters, and man's ability to learn all truth by the sheer power of introspection."

Putting these together—which was necessary, since the authors do not present their over-all definition of magic in any one place in the book—we can see that (a) they reject magic (b) they reject the supernatural (c) they attach either or both of these labels to anything which does not conform with Materialist *ad hoc* assumptions about the Universe.

Magic, as they say correctly, has been ubiquitous in human affairs from the earliest times, and in many

instances (I say this) has been so built in to the structure of language, vocabulary, and usage that there is no weeding it out completely.

There are two possible approaches to magic: (1) the something-for-nothing approach, whereby one just chants noises and goes through various rituals and ceremonies—some very intricate, some requiring tedious years of study and preparation—and wonderful things are supposed to happen. Or terrible things sometimes. But for the most part it's an attempt to get something which the practitioner hasn't earned. (2) The orderly manipulation of not-completely known or understood forces or whatever that nonetheless exist in an orderly Universe—*not* supernatural, though decidedly super-technical, possibly outside the limitations of the scientific method. (1) is a short-cut in the same foolish sense as passing an examination by stealing the answers; so if you aren't caught, you get your diploma: but what happens when you have to produce on the basis of what you're supposed to know, but do not know? (2) is a short-cut of the nature of the difference between crossing the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* and crossing the Atlantic in the latest jet plane. It has its dangers, quite true.

The chief flaw of the de Camp's book is that their *ad hoc* assumptions just won't allow them to consider (2) seriously at all. By *definition* magic is "unscientific" or "supernatural" or both; therefore, the only possible way in which one can investigate such matters "scientifically" is to hold firmly in mind at all times that this (whatever phenomenon, etc.) cannot possibly be real. If a gimmick cannot be discovered, then it must be explained away as some manner of delusion or misidentification. (Like the Misidentified Flying Objects, which actually *did* turn out to be weather balloons, mirages, etc.)

The honest and sincere medium, then, is deluded. Some of the phenomena he or she produces is real enough, but psychology of the unconscious, suggestion, etc., can account for everything that really happened. The others are frauds, preying upon the gullible.

My own *ad hoc* assumptions about magic and the phenomena which the devout (I can't think of a better word for him) Materialist sweeps under the rug labelled "supernatural" are (1) I do not *know* whether any particular instance is true—I'm convinced that many are indeed misidentification or fraud or both (2) I do not *object* to any of these things being true, since, if they are, they will not bring an orderly Universe into chaos but merely indicate levels of order which we understand presently no better than the Greeks understood electricity—which was there, nonetheless.

(3) This doesn't mean that I necessarily *like all* these things: if I could settle the matter by vote, I might indeed vote against some of them (4) To me, being "scientific" includes not only respect for the scientific method, and using it wherever it belongs, but also respecting it by not looking at it the way a religionist looks on the Word of God.

Failure to follow the *ad hoc* assumption (4) leads to honest and otherwise well-balanced people, who have no need to tell lies deliberately in this (that is, *knowing* that something is false but saying it nonetheless, "deceiving for a good cause") perpetrating more than a little falsehood.

Thus we are told about the British Society for Psychical Research in the 19th Century: "... They also found that persons interested in psychic research tended, after a while, to lose

their scientific, detached attitude. Either they lost interest in the work, since it is not much fun to expose one medium after another indefinitely; or they decided that men *can* communicate with the dead and joined the Spiritualist movement."

As with just about every other dogma, Materialist dogma contains its own build-in refutations to criticism. To be scientific is to *know in advance, before one investigates* that the claims of a medium (for example) cannot possible be valid: Therefore the only correct way to investigate mediums scientifically is to do so strictly for the purpose of discovering *what manner* of fraud the medium is perpetrating, or *what manner* of delusions he or she is under. (One acknowledges that there are people who sincerely believe they are in communication with the dead—but, of course, since the very notion that life is continuous is magical and supernatural, well, you can see . . .) This is known as "detachment". Unfortunately, some investigators lose this quality and start making strange noises about being convinced by the evidence—like the unfortunate case of Sir William Crookes who declared, "I didn't say it was possible; I said it was true."

Now let us not become confused. Let us not by any means draw comparisons, say, with those devout and sincere men who *knew before they looked* that Messer Galileo's telescope could not show them what he claimed to have seen. Messer Galileo was either deluded or a heretic; after all, his premises had been proven false. No, please—no such comparisons; we all know that Galileo's antagonists were not scientific. (Some of them, however, did lose their detachment and became infected with the same heresy.)

Why, then, do I find this book worth not only reading but re-reading? Because it is an eminently readable, and at all times fascinating, account of things which still go on today—often in outwardly different forms. The type of magic which the authors lean on most heavily—the something-for-nothing magician who is either a conscious fraud or has just picked up a few easy "elements" and hasn't taken the trouble to study his arts (since he deals with the sort of people who are so eager to get something for nothing that they will swallow anything!) is very much with us today.

But you are going to find just about everything we talk about here in EXTU labelled "magic" "supernaturalism" or both, and given the same treatment: astrology, alchemy, witchcraft, prophecy, scrying, precognition, ESP, Spiritualism, the various personalities who founded such movements as the Rosicrucians, the Theosophists, Christian Science, New Thought, Unity, etc., as well as the Ancient Wisdom itself. There is no invective; the authors present what they are convinced (however mistakenly in any particular instance) are the facts in a good-natured, warm-hearted manner and there is a fair leaven of humor as well. (But not malice.)

All depending upon your convictions, and what you consider to have been proved and established, you will find errors. For example, the authors state that Mrs. Houdini never received any message from her husband, the famous Harry Houdini after his death. So far as the de Camps are concerned, this is true; however, Mrs. Houdini *did* claim to have received an evidential message through the medium Arthur Ford. (See *Houdini and the Spirits,* EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN, February 1963.) It's too bad this wasn't mentioned.

HOW TO PREVENT PSYCHIC BLACKMAIL

The Philosophy of Psychoselfism

by Dr. Leo Louis Martello

Hero Press, Suite 1B, 153 West 10th Street, New York, N.Y., 10024; 1966; 192pp; $4.95.

"Blackmail is the most contemptible of crimes," states the author on page 54, and quotes *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary's* definition as: "blackmail (black + *mail*, tribute) 1. A tribute anciently exacted on the Scottish border by freebooting chiefs for protection from pillage 2. Extortion by intimidation, especially by threats of public accusation or exposure."

"Psychic blackmail is much more subtle. It exacts tribute from you by capitalizing on your unchallenged beliefs, guilts, and most of all your goodness. Like all blackmail it demands the unearned. It operates in the realm of the psychological and the emotional. Its greatest ally is the Judeo-Christian morality. . . ."

The word "psychic" in the title is misleading, so far as EXTU's interests are concerned, since this book is not about psychic phenomena such as you encounter in our pages, but about the psyche—personality; the word is being used as a psychologist or psychotherapist would use it. "Psychic blackmail" turns out to be what I have previously heard of as "moral blackmail", but no matter. Once you know that, you won't be misled by this use of the word, which is widespread enough to have good currency.

The 15 principles, which the author calls "Psychoselfist Principles to Prevent Psychic Blackmail" are: (1) Never seek the unearned (2) Never accept an unearned guilt (3) Feelings aren't facts (4) Develop a positive self-image (5) You have a right to your own life (6) Never compromise your self-respect (7) Never give, in hopes of gain (8) Depression is a moral evasion (9) Anytime you desire something: Ask yourself "By what right? Am I entitled to it? Have I earned it? Is what I want dependent on my own efforts or those of others? (10) You have no *right* to happiness (my ital. —the author explains the difference between the right to *pursue* happiness and assuming that the Universe *owes* you happiness) (11) Never compare yourself to another person (in the superior-inferior sense, RAWL) (12) Verbalize your feelings factually (13) Does it have value? (whatever it is, RAWL) (14) True love is based on reason (15) Acknowledge no man as a spokesman for God.

Some of these make excellent sense by themselves; all of them make sense in the way the author expounds them throughout the book and a book is really needed to show the many ways in which people let themselves be intimidated by other people —in the name of Love, God, Duty, Charity, Patriotism, Peace, *et cetera, ad nauseam* into throwing away their own self respect, integrity, and sense of worth as a person. I wish this were the book that the subject needs.

To a degree it is, because some sections of the book define psychic blackmail so well, and give such simple "uncommon sense" suggestions as to how you can protect yourself against it. It isn't easy to do, however simple to read, particularly if you've been paying moral (psychic) blackmail to innumerable people for a long time; but it can be done. The chapters "How to Lose 'Friends' and Influence Yourself", "Your Sexual Choices are Explain-

able", "How the Homosexual Can Help Himself", "Racism: A Projection of Self-Contempt", "The Burden of Belonging", and the book-title chapter, which contains the 15 principles, are lucid and well thought out.

There is a good deal of wheat among the tares that fill the rest of the book and I, for one, found it worth the effort to glean the wheat out; but it is only proper to warn the reader that he is going to have to plough through what I find a mess of guff, wherein intelligent self-interest is re-labelled "selfishness", and the author's crotchets in regard to other words are tied in to his prescriptions for making this irrational world a rational one. (Repeat: not a few of the prescriptions are good ones.)

The "Psychoselfism" section offers us a list of Good Things which this new whatever-it-is approves (sanctions) and a list of Bad Things which it rejects: so we have goodies to cheer and baddies to hiss, as it were.

(Altruism is one of the chief demons, while the Judeo-Christian morality seems to be The Devil. However, you'll find that the author lists Thomas Paine as one of the men in history whom he most admires—page 174; on page 100, he had noted that Paine "was basically an altruist".)

The actual list appears on the inner back flyleaf, nowhere in the text; however, my impression is that you will find it correct if you check the text item by item, something I did not have the time to do. (My time is reasonably limited.)

The Compleat Psychoselfist sanctions: Sensible Selfishness, Egoism, Limited Government, Free Thought, Capitalism, Self-Interest, Materialism, Americanism, Conservatism, Rationalism, Science, Separations of Church and State, Value for Value, Civil Rights, Negro Opportunities, Individualism, This Life, Benevolence, Reason, Individual Rights, Production, Merit, Facts, Courage, and Self-Esteem.

He rejects: Parasiticism, Altruism, Welfare Statism, Censorship, Communism-Socialism, Self-Sacrifice, Spiritualism (broad sense)—author's paren. Internationalism, Liberalism, Mysticism, Supernaturalism, Tax-free Church, Something-for-Nothing, Civil Advantages, Negro Opportunism, Collectivism, Other Lives, "Brother Keeping", Religion, Racism, "Pull", Mediocrity, Faith and Feelings, Compromisé and Subservience.

Putting this list where it was likely to be read before the book is read is as neat a bit of sabotage as I've seen in many a year—not just because there's something here to antagonize almost everybody, not merely those who make their way through psychic blackmail, but almost everybody else—but a number of these words are used in a completely different meaning from the usual ones, as the author explains in his pages.

I do not know whether the author is out to see how many different kinds of people he can antagonize (again, thinking of those who might find the book valuable), or how widely he can be misunderstood; but if such *were* his aim, he couldn't have gone about realizing antagonism and misunderstanding more expertly.

He also has trouble with words which he hasn't thought out clearly. On pages 46/47 there is a very fine hypothetical example of unintelligent self-sacrifice and masochistic self-martyrdom. A psychic blackmailer has gotten himself into a hole and is putting pressure on his victim to "loan" him his savings. (Incidentally, what we generally think of as selfishness, Martello calls "parasitism"—which is quite valid.) Parasites leech off people who they in effect blackmail by playing on their feelings of

guilt and moral obligations. The author comments:

" . . . To lend such a person money is to give your moral sanction to his wrongdoing. It is also leaving yourself open to another possible wrong. . . . How can you react to symptoms and ignore causes? Those who do have never challenged the altruistic assumption that one's need gives him a claim on you. It is this emotionally-motivated, goodness-guilt, self-sacrificing 'morality', that panders to parasites."

Elsewhere in the book, Martello has indicated clearly enough that while most people *want* something for nothing he also makes it clear that this is entirely retrograde to their *needs.* What the parasite in this example *wanted* was to be rewarded for his behavior by being permitted to avoid any unpleasant consequences. What he *needed* was to be permitted to reap those consequences, painful as they might be; this might give him a chance to learn that psychic blackmail and parasitism isn't rewarding. He couldn't learn it so long as he got what he *wanted.*

When you distill away the excursions into the crank area — and there's an awesome variety of them — and translate the Humpty-Dumpty operations (Words mean what *I* want them to mean, said Humpty-Dumpty in *Through the Looking-Glass)* back into everyday English (generally you can, by the way) you'll find that Psychoselfism isn't entirely the blasphemous, wicked, "daring" thing it appears to be. What's valuable about it isn't particularly new and what is new is of little value except perhaps to individuals, who are psychically still in the stage of scrawling dirty words on lavatory walls.

Nevertheless, this book is worth reading. The self-help sections are definitely valuable. As for philosophical "shockers" — well, the Marquis de Sade doesn't have to worry about competition from Dr. Martello. (De Sade had some things to say about "selfishness" as a positive philosophy, too.) RAWL

The Eyrie



All letters and other written communication from readers are welcome, and are considered for inclusion in this department, if we can read them at all, unless the writer specifically states that his communication (or a specified part of it) is not for publication. Letters must be signed and bear the writer's full address, if publication is desired; we will withhold the writer's name, or address, or both if this is requested. The editor reserves the right to abridge letters, but most of them are published complete.

SOMETIMES JUST ONE complaint on a specific matter is sufficient to give the Editor pause. A new subscriber writes in to say that she likes EXTU very much, but "the print in *The Eyrie* is very fine and hard on the eyes". Now we have been using two styles of print in *The Eyrie* in order to make a clear distinction between letters from you, our Readers, and the Editor's comments. This type is considerably thinner and was distinguishable at a glance from the century schoolbook type in which the editorial comment was run. Both types were exactly the same size: 8 point. The Book Review section was also set in 8 pt. century schoolbook, but our new subscriber does not say she has any difficulty here.

On careful investigation, we find there is definitely something in this complaint; the thinner type is somewhat more difficult to read; so we are going to set this entire department in the thicker, easier-to-read century schoolbook type, and will head our own comments after the letters as a note from the Editor to the reader whose comments you have just seen.

IT IS VERY natural that when one feels about something

strongly enough to write in to the Editor and say so, one will also feel that surely other readers received the same impressions. I think this is valid—but misleading. No matter what you think about something, there's a fair chance that someone else somewhere is going to agree with you; but you cannot be sure whether your viewpoint will represent a majority. (Let us remember, that when we speak of "majorities" here we are speaking only of a majority of those readers *whom we actually hear from;* **the percentage of readers whom we actually hear from in relation to any one issue of EXTU is very, very small. And the over-all percentage through the course of a year or so is not much larger.)**

Let me act as a guinea pig for example. I have before me a brief note, and two letters, wherein the editorial *LOVE vs Love* is commented upon, among other items in the January 1967 issue of EXTU. The brief note praises the article highly; one of the two letters considers it "below par"; the third condemns it outright and accuses me of perpetrating the "lie" that Hitler is dead. Which of these three represents the largest number of readers?

I cannot tell, really. Over-all, the comments received on this issue up to the week before Christmas (Monday, December 19, 1966) show approval, but the reader who thought the article was "below par" does not stand entirely alone. The third viewpoint remains unique so far as your response is concerned.

The question itself may be of interest, but is not what the editorial was about. I admit quite freely I do not *know* for sure whether Adolf Hitler did or did not commit suicide in 1945. I wasn't there, nor have I had the opportunity to examine the evidence; I'm entirely dependent upon other people's reports, as I am for just about everything else in history. I don't doubt for a minute that there were plans for an escape to South America on the part of many of the Nazi hierarchy, and perhaps the Feuhrer himself; however, suicide certainly seems to be in character for Hitler—and thus far, I find the evidence that this is indeed what happened more convincing than the evidence that he escaped. But I'll willingly admit the possibility of being mistaken.

What I do not accept is any **charge of lying here: stating something** as true which I *know* to be false; however, the precise wording of what this reader said is such that it could be no more than a charge of thoughtlessly repeating someone else's lies. The reader who is so certain that Hitler did, indeed, escape—and that the suicide was a hoax—bases it upon his, or someone else's, astrological readings. Upon this, let me say only that if I have ever given the impression of being **learned in astrology, I apologize** most heartily, for such has never been my intention. I am interested in astrology, and regard it as a valuable resource, but learned in it I am not—no, not at all.

One other thing, somewhat on the lighter side. The reader who loved the editorial also expressed pleasure that I have not discarded my pipe in the new picture that heads the editorial department. The reader who thought the editorial was below par urges me to throw the silly thing away, expatiating upon not only the physical but spiritual dangers of tobacco addiction. . . . Well, perhaps some day I'll be convinced that the "comforts" of pipe smoking are not worth the less desirable affects . . . but I haven't arrived at that point yet. So, until I do, why pretend, via photographs, that I'm other than I really am? RAWL

OBEDIENCE *vs.* FAITH

Dear Mr. Lowndes:

I have just been re-reading your editorial, or whatever you call it, in the last April issue of the magazine. I have read it several times and I wish you would write another, stressing the *obedience* to God's commands as well as the *Faith* you so eloquently portray. That "peculiar person" was sent to proclaim the kingdom of God and he lived in complete obedience to God's commands.

I like that article very much and feel that you could have gone much deeper into the subject—I judge a magazine largely on the editorials; in fact that is about the first thing I read in magazines. You might call me a student of scripture and I also do some writing, mostly short stories for young people in Christian papers.

Anyway I just wanted you to know how much I enjoyed that article of yours in Exploring The Unknown.

—*Mrs. Mabel W. Stevens,* Fort Myers, Florida.

OUR REPLY

Dear Mrs. Stevens:

Do you really think it is possible to "obey God" (follow the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, the Law of Love, etc.) if one does not believe that God is; or does not believe that these really are the most ultimately meaningful and rewarding rules of living; or that it's going to make any difference once you're "dead"? Even with a certain *knowledge* of God do we not have to take some things which have not yet come into the range of actual experience (knowledge) or understanding, on "faith"?

If you do not believe (have faith) that you are likely to run into any danger of an accident, or are likely to be arrested, because of going through red lights whenever you do not feel like stopping at them, are you very likely to obey the law that says you must?

If you do not believe (have faith) that certain actions or attitudes are going to bring forth consequences which will be unpleasant to you, *whether anyone else finds out or not,* are you very likely to obey and commandment which says "do this" or "don't do that" when it looks as if you can get away with ignoring it?

Now in what we call "practical", everyday matters it may not be awfully important whether a person stops at a red light because he truly feels that he ought to obey the law, or because he's afraid he cannot get away with ignoring it. But are we not told that in *spiritual* matters, one's *motive* is more important than what one actually does or does not do?

Are we not told that the person who "does the right deed for the wrong reason" may indeed help someone else, but is nonetheless injuring himself because his heart is crooked? Are we not told that the person who realizes that he is doing wrong—but due to his imperfections and frailties cannot presently seem to keep himself from doing it—is better off, "closer to the kingdom of heaven", than the person who is sure of his own righteousness—has deceived himself?

Is repentance possible for someone who has convinced himself that he is "obedient" and therefore has no need for repentance?

Which was better off—the Prodigal Son who followed his desires foolishly, and then came to himself, realized his true position, and repented, or the Righteous Elder Brother who had never sinned outwardly, but whose heart was full of

envy of his brother's "good time" and quite unforgiving? Which had faith? Which, in the end showed real obedience?

It seems to me that, important as obedience is, faith must come first. RAWL

STAHLMAN'S DISCOVERY

Dear Sirs:

The astrologers and students of astrology among your readership will be delighted to learn of a recent discovery made by Prof. William D. Stahlman of the University of Wisconsin. I am referring to an article in the September-October 1966 issue of *The Review of Popular Astronomy* entitled "Astronomical Detective Story" (Sky Map Publications, Inc., 118 S. Meramec, St. Louis, Missouri). I will give a synopsis of this article.

In 1937 an archaeological expedition discovered the remains of a Nabataen temple, bringing home with them a zodiacal stone found at the site. The stone puzzled everyone connected with the find, but they could only guess at its significance. The Nabateans believed in many gods, still they were closely related to the Hebrews. Their original temple had been destroyed by an earthquake, and the new one was built on the old site, which was on a hilltop in the barren desert southeast of the Dead Sea at Khirbet Tanner in Jordan. Like the Hebrews, they were finally conquered by the Romans.

Dr. Stahlman suspected the zodiacal stone was intended to commemorate the completion of the new temple, lo 30 years after its discovery by the expedition; and through an ingenious method, described in the article, he verified that the stone's arrangement of the zodiacal signs corresponded exactly to the position of the planets in the month of March, on the 23rd day, of the year 5.

This discovery is not only a tribute to Dr. Stahlman's great skill as a scientist, not to mention his nearly poetic sense of curiosity, but it is also a tribute to those astrologers, and artisans who made the stone in question. The magazine displayed a picture of the stone, and with no trouble at all you can pick up the details. Dr. Stahlman is preparing a technical paper on this zodiacal stone, should anyone have reason to be interested in that fact.

— *Evelyn McKeever,* San Francisco, California

P.S. You may publish this letter. Thank you for publishing my letter regarding the application for membership in the -bleep- society. In it I had the opportunity of acquainting your readers with that remarkable book, *Morning of the Magicians,* ($6.00) which was written by two very outstanding men. That book resulted in a demand for a 14-Volume encyclopedia on the various matters contained in it, which were largely occult. It is a very needed book for these times.

ALBERTAN MYSTERY

Dear Editor:

It was in the summer of 1947, when my parents were living on a farm in the Canadian Provice of Alberta. Half a mile from their house was a high hill, called the Stevens Hill, in honor of an early Swedish settler from the State of Minnesota, who had homesteaded there.

This afternoon two neighbors had called in to visit my parents; my father was away, but mother was home, and was busy making afternoon tea for the visitors. She glanced out of the window, and was surprised to see what looked to her

to be a truck coming down the hill on fire, as it was burning brightly and flames appeared to be coming off it which changed color.

She called to the visitors, who were husband and wife, and they rushed to the window; and they saw it. They at once decided to jump in the car which was parked at the door and drive immediately to the hill, as they were all three convinced some one might be lying hurt or burned badly from what they felt sure was a burning truck coming down the hill.

When they arrived at the foot of the hill within minutes they were flabbergasted, as they could see no one —no signs of a burned truck or car, just a few skirmishes at the bottom in the dirt road. They searched the area around, but found no signs of anything. There were no planes in the vicinity, as the neighbor checked on that, no plane reported lost or anything. But why these round circled marks on the dirt road at bottom of hill? Why this strange object giving off flames which changed colors? It was a mystery, and was seen by three people.

You are at liberty to print this letter in *The Eyrie,* but please withhold name and address; just use initials. *I. B.*

SPIRITUALISM IN MEXICO

Dear RAWL:

It has been my intention to write to you about EXTU for some time now and as the road to hell is paved with "good intentions" I think I'd better realize a different course. In all seriousness, I have come to look forward to the little magazine with a somewhat childish expectation, simply because each issue is like a gift from an unknown admirer. In it can be found articles of such a wide gamut of interest that I can see where many people would use it to "find" themselves. I might say that I, too, have used it in a way, but more to justify what I have already experienced for myself.

Not too many years back I was becoming more and more dissatisfied with the uninspiring and tradition-bound Protestantism in which I had been carefully reared by my doting parent. Perhaps the discarnate world decided that I had had enough "orthodoxy" because the chain of small events that led me to "discover" the Spiritualist movement here in Mexico could not possibly all be accounted for as a coincidence. For several years I had enjoyed the friendship of a woman whose warmth and sincerity always impressed me. When my time was ripe I discovered to my amazement that she was a practising medium and Spiritualist as of many years back. She later explained that she had never before felt "moved" to talk to me about the wonderful help

Sorry—No Room This Time!

We had some fascinating Psychic Experiences, as well as Dr. Martell's column, all set up, but they just wouldn't fit into this issue. You'll see them next time, as well as The Swap Department and the Editor's photo, pipe and all.

from the discarnate world and we now feel that I would not have been ready any sooner.

Now however, I am not only initiated into a lovely home circle as a light trance medium but have been introduced into several other larger groups that hold regular meetings. I have been "given" several protectors or guides as they are called in English. My work as a medium is so very satisfying that I hope some day to have my own circle where I can train others.

The movement in Mexico is still under wraps due mainly to the predominance of Catholicism and its outright antagonism to any group that investigates *truth* whether it be worldly or spiritual. The dogmas, creeds, and rites of most churches are so hidebound that only the most dogged persistance could ever persuade the "faithful" to even consider the teachings of a guide. The main basis of our teachings are those received from the irradiations of the Cosmic Christ in which as many times he refutes the supposed "words" of Jesus as he substantiates others from the same source: the Bible. Always however is the same essence of loving care of his wayward flock. Anyone with any sensibilites could not leave his teachings without some feeling of peace and joy. These, and the teachings of other Masters, are usually tape-recorded to be published for free distribution. Some are compiled in book form and sold at cost but even so all are eagerly snatched up.

Several times we have had spiritual exercises, led by one or another Master, out in some secluded country place. These are all aimed at teaching us to use our minds in a more useful and elevated manner. In our own circle our guide has begun a series of philosophical studies entitled "The Seven Planes (levels) of the

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Order From Page 130

Creative Mind". I have the first two on tape, the first of which we now have mimeographed for those who care to study and analyze it more deeply. The second has been more difficult to transcribe but will be finished and printed soon. I am only sorry that all of this exciting wealth of material is in Spanish and would require laborious effort in order to translate it in its true meaning and sense.

My use of your delightful magazine has been rather two-fold. Aside from searching its pages for articles and editorials to reinforce my own feelings, I have lately used some of Dr. Keane's articles to explain to my own doubting and fearful mother the worth of what I am doing and the rightness, too. I'm afraid she feels, as so many people still do, that I am either cracking up or tempting the devil. One way or the other, I feel I must at least present her with a more qualified opeinion than my own. I am certain that both Dr. Keane and RAWL have a far greater command of the language and undoubtedly a wider scope of the field. Too, I realize that my own explanations would be liable to a great amount of bias which would not help my cause in the least.

Thus far I have reasoned with her that many sects and groups have had a definite beginning in some form of psychic vision or experience and that now when she accepts doctrine or theology of one of these groups she must necessarily take on the whole cloth. This being the case, and her faith being bound to Methodism, I was particularily interested in Dr. Keane's reference to John Wesley being a psychic in her article in the EXTU no. 37. I looked this up in the Americana Encyclopedia and dis-

FOLLOW YOUR STARS TO SUCCESS

by June Marsden

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covered that Wesley was also influenced early in his seeking by the English mystic William Law. I haven't any of Wesley's writings at hand, however, and would like to know which of these show a definite psychic trend. I really want my mother to become "enlightened", but for her own sake and not on my account. As Laurie Worger so well states it "I believe—I Know"!

Perhaps my mother represents what to me is the stumbling block in the path of Spiritualism in many parts of the world; the fear and reluctance of people to allow a new idea or approach to the Creator to indwell on their lifelong concepts. People are unwilling to accept the inevitableness of change and the fact that old rules and dogmas could possibly be improved upon or, heaven forbid, entirely replaced.

Perhaps I've been redundant about this but I find myself so completely involved that I forget that many folks do not share my ideas. To say the least, I am very pleased with EXTU just as it is; and as for RAWL, I would someday like to see him make a trip to Mexico so that I could meet him in person.

—*Mrs. Nancy M. de Levy,* Villasenor #21, Geogratos Cd. Satelite, Edo de Mex., Mexico.

P.S. Several years ago there appeared in our local daily a series of articles about the discovery of a "thing" that was washed up on the shores of Tasmania. "It" was quite large, round, several feet thick, covered with a coarse "hair" but presenting no visible orifices or indications of species. Had you ever heard of this report?

OUR REPLY

Dear Mrs. de Levy:

I wonder if what applied to you

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might not also apply to your mother. Remember that your friend, who was a Spiritualist, did not approach you on the subject until you were "ready".

Of course, when a parent, child, or other person very close is involved, the problem is much more difficult. Your friend was able to conceal her actual status from you, while you, perhaps, could not keep quiet about your status, so far as your mother was concerned, without a very great emotional strain at least.

You are convinced that the light that has been given to you, and which you have received, is better than the light which she has received. You wish to share the gifts you have received. But you cannot share them with someone who is not willing to accept them; you cannot receive *for* someone else, whoever it is, however you may want to.

When the time was right, you began to see that the "faith" you held as a child, however adequate for you as a child, was no longer so. You put away what had become, to you, a childish thing. In its place, you accepted what, to you, is appropriate for your needs and your particular adulthood.

But this has nothing to do with chronological age. Are not many people very "childish" in many ways right up to old age? Are not others much more grown up at a younger age?

There have been instances where a person's "childish" and "in-



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adequate" faith was thoroughly shaken by someone who, with the best intentions, wanted to show them something better—but the subject simply was unable to receive something better and so the subject's latter state (as the state of the man in the parable, who had one demon expelled and was then completely empty) was worse than the first. If you are receiving guidance from advanced spirits, it might be well to go into this thoroughly with them. . . . Zeal can run away with one before one so much as suspects it, and more than that, can utterly throw out genuine concern, and stifle love . . . The most horrible people in the Inquisition were not the sadists, not the looters, but those leading spirits among the clergy who sincerely believed that they were torturing people *for their own good.*

I seem to recall reading something about a thing you mention in your postscript, but it didn't stick with me; perhaps some reader can tell you more about it.

Not being a traveler by temperament (rather convenient because my work does not call for it, and it isn't economically feasible in spare or vacation time) I don't foresee a trip to Mexico. Various psychics have predicted "long journeys" for me in the past, at certain times; but these have turned out to be spiritual or psychological journeys. (They were, however, unanticipated for what they were, and did start about the time predicted—what happened was that something which did not seem of any

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great moment at the time, proved to be the starting point of a major change.) RAWL

DISSENT—FRIENDLY

Dear RAWL:

Believe it or not, I didn't know until a few minutes ago that you were from the old country! The night before I left New York City, I found a couple of back numbers of EXTU . . . I'd missed the past year. Now I've been reading them, and came across your grapho-analysis. First I thought, "How can he say 'beastly job' and not be an Englishman?" Then I noticed confirmations, each of themselves only slightly evidential—maybe one-third as much as "beastly": "latched on to", "on the point of death", and four names instead of three. Perhaps pipe smoking should be added as a sign. At least, I *hope* poor England isn't afflicted with many cigar smokers. In a crowded country, it would be terrible.

What puzzled me was that I hadn't noticed a British accent. I guess you've been here many years. Some foreigners adopt an American accent readily and others never change, however. And I don't have a keen ear for accents, unless I'm looking for one.

I can't say I regard Martello's analysis as a truly expert one. I have several books on graphology, and they give quite a variety of interpretations to most graphological features, and it looks as though Martello tries to demonstrate erudition by giving the opinions of several authorities simultaneously. *E.g.*, he starts out deriving a number of rather distinct traits from the single fact of a slightly backward slant.

Your broken-up script plus print style (identical to my mother's) is given by some of the best author-

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Jan. 1960: *FDR Speaks From The Next World* by David Harpe; *The Prophecy of the Popes* by Sean O' Casey; *Premonitions Can Save Your Life*, by Stewart Robb.

March 1960: *The Prophecies of Nostradamus* by Stewart Robb; *Fantastic Creatures* by C. L. Gibson; *The Cosmic Mission of the United States* by Jeanne de Mare.

June 1960: *Mary Baker Eddy, The Woman Clothed With The Sun* by Stewart Robb; *The Brain Is Not The Mind* by Herman Stowell King. *The Return of Mark Twain*, by James H. Hyslop.

Aug. 1960: *Flying Saucers Are No Hoax* by Stewart Robb; *How Psychics Solve Crimes* by Denis Brian; *Why Not Life After Death?* by Geraldine Pease.

Oct. 1960: *Memory and Survival* by Geraldine Cummins; *Inventions Prophesied by Nostradamus* by Steward Robb; *The Strange and Wonderful Gift of Florence* by C. L. Gibson.

Jan. 1961: *The Devil You Say!* by The Rev. Stephan A. Hoeller, D. D.; *The Enemy Debt Case* by Geraldine Cummins; *Past Present* by Gertrude Tubby.

April 1961: *Witchcraft and The Cat* by Wilfrid D. Hambly, D.Sc.; *The Next World* by Geraldine Cummins; *The Rain Dance* by Lt. Harry E. Riesberg.

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June 1961: *Edward the Unconscious Astist* by James W. McLean; *Other Bridey Murphys* by Dean Lipton; *Can We Walk Out of Our Bodies?* by C. V. Tench.

Aug. 1961: *The Amazing Dorothy Spence Lauer* by Vance L. Milligan; *Occultism Through the Eyes of Religion* (first appearance of this department) by The Rev. Stephan A. Hoeller, D.D.; *Was It George Bernard Shaw?* by Geraldine Cummins.

Oct. 1961: *The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* by Dean Lipton; *Occult Self-Defense* by Vance L. Milligan; *Cat's S.O.S. Across the Atlantic* by Dr. Nandor Fodor.

Dec. 1961: *Creatures and People Out of This World* by Harold T. Wilkins: *How Valid is Psychic Phenomena?* by Jerryl L. Keane; *The Haunter Is A Tree* by Dr. Nandor Fodor.

Feb. 1962: *Beware! Witches At Work!* by The Rev. Stephan A. Hoeller, D.D.; *Herne the Hunter* by C. F. Sanders; *Psychic Development* by Dorothy Spence Lauer.

April 1962: *The Man They Could Not Hang* by C. V. Tench; *The Spirit Dog That Brought My Spirit Guide* by Vance L. Milligan; *The Power of Thought* by Jerryl L. Keane.

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Aug. 1962: *What is Radiesthesia?* by Mary Elsnau; *The Sampford Apparition* by H. R. Dreyer; *Spiritual Speaking* by Robert A. W. Lowndes.

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ities as a sign of impulsiveness. Perhaps "hunch following" impulsiveness would be more accurate. Astrology and graphology and chiromancy all suffer great confusion due to vagueness of semantics, due partly to the multiplicity of meanings attached to most English words, but due more to careless verbal imprecision by the occult writers. I have to constantly fight this sort of laxity in my own writing, though my reading, vocabulary, and *knowledge* of semantics surpasses that of most writers. (I note that in the third column of his analysis, LLM gives still a different interpretation of the vertical slant.)

Doubtless you are introspective, but the indication of introspection may have nothing to do with writing slant. Now I see that LLM finally comes up with still another meaning from what backslanted letters there are in column 6: "strongly influenced by his early childhood". I guess I never heard that one before. (I thought we are *all* strongly influenced by our *early* childhood.)

Actually, I believe that LLM did a good job of analysing you, but a poor job of finding graphological indications for his diagnosis.

Much of Dr. Keane's writing is of a high quality. It is all lucid and informative, but not all based on profound understanding. *E.g.*, the pride she takes in the prosperity and uniform quality standards of British Spiritualism would seem to indicate an ignorance of the Biblical and Christian condemnation of necromancy, or at least of the sound spiritual reason for the condemnation. Even a student of Hindu yoga is supposed to know better than to deal with discarnate guides in the Spiritualist mode. The whole business of "proving the reality" of life after death is beneath a Christian. A Christian *declares the fact*, and because his conviction is absolute (and his mode of

life *should* make this evident) those so spiritually advanced as to be able and ready to share this conviction *will* catch it by contagion.

That is the positive anti-spiritualist argument. The negative arguments are numerous, dividing mainly into two headings: Death is meant to be a release from this material world, prison, or cocoon into a soaring climb through one vibrational plane after another, and souls that remain more than a short time in the two lowest of these invisible planes are in a state of retarded, unnatural, stagnated development. Contacts with them cannot be profitable, and are often detrimental. (2) Those who have advanced beyond the first two astral planes (and the etheric subplane) would *rather not* be contacted by us, as they are engaged in a great higher dimensional adventure and training program, too importantly busy to be answering the cries of fussing, selfish, spiritually retarded, morally diseased midgets. Sometimes they do condescend to answer, but most answers received through mediums are fictional, counterfeit messages which the "guide" (or familiar spirit) constructs —voice, handwriting, private secrets and all, from the contact seekers', conscious and/or subconscious memory record. Some souls which are sought and contacted by many, or by a few frequently and persistently are prevented for a long time from progressing to the higher planes.

Your editorial answer to J. Vergilia (on pp. 114/115, September 1966) was mostly OK, except for two things: (1) You implied that two martinis would impair function only for "the immediate hours ahead", when you must know the *atrophic* effect of alcohol is permanent impairment of the brain (and other) cell efficiency. (2) Christ's "Forgive them, for they know not what they

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Sept. 1965: *The Stately Ghosts of England,* by Pauline Saltzman; *The Evidence for Immortality,* by Jerryl L. Keane Ph.D.; *It Happens Every Day,* by James C. Rogers.

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do," was his prayer for the Roman soldiers who were at that moment nailing him to the cross. No such prayer could be made for the Jewish leaders, who were his *actual murderers,* because *they* knew what they were doing, and cried out, "His blood be upon us and our children", and it would only be removed when they repent in agony and utter shame in their incarnating contemporary with the Judgment of Armageddon. Over and over again, Christ made it clear to his *foes,* the Jewish leaders (clergy, etc.) were a "generation of vipers", "children of your father the Devil", and only "tares", impossible of redemption or forgiveness. In fact the idea that there is forgiveness without repentance is not in the Bible except for this one special exception, where Christ knew that the soldiers were acting without malice and, though guilty as all soldiers are who obey blindly, deserved special consideration because of the terrible forces of evil present which hypnotised them.

Yours for truth,
— Curt Gibson

OUR REPLY

Dear Curt:

Gentle dissent such as yours, which states clearly why you think someone is mistaken, rather than blistering them for "being wrong", is always welcome.

I entirely agree that the semantic problem in regard to psychic and occult matters is a serious one. It seems to me that there are many erroneous ideas virtually built into the language we speak, and that anyone's own personal vocabulary is likely to have more built-in errors. Just one reason why it can be so hard to see that someone may be saying what amounts to the same thing in very different words.

Well, I've been in this country, a long time, somewhat over fifty years, having been born in Bridgeport September 4, 1916, and have never crossed any seas in physical fact. Yet your deductions are not entirely erroneous, for I do have a very strong feeling of sympathy with Britain and British ways; in the past I affected many Briticisms consciously—now they are more likely to come out without any effort on my part. When I'm trying to conceal feelings of nervousness, unease, etc., I'm very likely to sound especially British, since I'm watching every word, as it were and trying to be extra careful with enunciation, etc. (Ordinarily I do not speak well without a prepared script.) As to the four names, I added the name "Augustine" upon becoming a member of the Anglican communion.

Of course, we're all strongly influenced by our early childhood, but the way I read that phrase in Dr. Martello's analysis was to the effect that I am still considerably under that influence—which puts it in a slightly different light. I assumed that was what he meant—very probably because it is true.

Five years ago, I would have agreed with you *in re* Dr. Keane and Spiritualism. During the course of an extensive correspondence, I found out that she is not by any means ignorant of the things you speak of but that, after careful investigation (seen her *Open Letter)* she finds them unacceptable.

A lot depends upon just what you mean by "proving the reality of life after death". I see nothing wrong with using resources available for the purpose of gaining knowledge, which is better than belief—there will still be many, many things for the Christian to take upon faith; but on the other hand, do not consider the motive of just "proving" something is necessarily a good one. In the end, neither I, nor anyone else, could

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"prove" such matters to you or anyone else — the person who is determined not to believe can always find some justification, if not a fancy-sounding intellectual explanation, that satisfies *him.*

No — I do not *know* that two martinis would have the effect you say they would; I do not know it, nor do I believe it. That was where I was at the time I wrote that reply to Mrs. Vergilia, and it is where I am as of December 1966. But considering my experiences of the past five years, it would be very foolish to say that nothing can change my mind about this, so I'm not going to argue the question — which would just serve to build up intellectual fortifications against seeing something which I might be willing to see otherwise.

It seems to me that every single thing Christ said was an invitation to his hearers to use their minds and put this thing together with the *whole gospel* (which includes the Old Testament, too). In that light, I'm by no means convinced that the Jewish leaders *really* knew what they were doing. Christ also called them "blind guides" — a blind man may think he knows where he is going, but . . .

It also seems to me that there is no such thing as *effective* forgiveness without repentance, even in this passage. I rather see this as a reminder to those who claimed (not without foundation) to be learned in the scriptures that there is forgiveness for whoever repents, no matter what he has done — and a proclamation to the others that, if and when the time came that they repented, forgiveness was there for them.

Which does not, of course, mean that the natural consequences of one's actions are not going to follow. Still, repentance can set up a new chain of consequences which will have its effect, too. RAWL

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The Ignorant Explorer

(Continued from page 7)

of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John) could be considered authentic and "conformable" to what the majority of the clergymen and laymen present considered was the true meaning of Jesus' teachings. Some of the other gospels still extent at the time seemed to give too much leeway to viewpoints and interpretations which had been pronounced "heretical". The interesting thing is that, in selecting the four "orthodox" gospels, these were not carefully edited to eliminate *everything* which might support one or another "heresy"! (If you don't think so, then you have to assume that the bishops and fathers and scholars of the time were awfully stupid and could not see plain implications of reincarnation, Spiritualism, etc. that were right under their noses in the accepted texts. They may have been mistaken, these men who believed they were doing right, but I don't think they were that stupid!)

In this book, do we have one of the gospels that were current before the canon of the New Testament was fixed, and all other gospels proscribed? We have fragments of the Gospel According to Thomas (which I have seen—there's supposed to be a complete text in English but I haven't encountered that), and a Gospel According to Philip, which I haven't seen.

Now if you read the four canonical gospels, in any English translation, it becomes pretty apparent that whoever wrote "Matthew" either had read the gospel by whoever wrote "Mark", or had some sources at hand that "Mark" also had. Some Biblical scholars sometime back decided that the latter was the most likely explanation, and the reasoning went along the lines of Ko-Ko's explanation of the affidavit affirming the execution of Nanki-Poo to the Mikado: When your Majesty says, do something, why it is as good as done; in fact it is done; well, if it *is* done, why not say so?

Biblical scholars: Now, if there were a source document that came before "Mark", which "Mark" and the others consulted, why this would clear up a lot of difficulties. (These were German scholars; the word they used for "source" is *"quelle";*

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thus the "Q"—*quelle*—document, which no one of them, or their successors, has ever seen.) *Ja!* There may have been just such a document.

Himmel! There *must* have been such a document!

If there must have been, naturlich, there *was!*

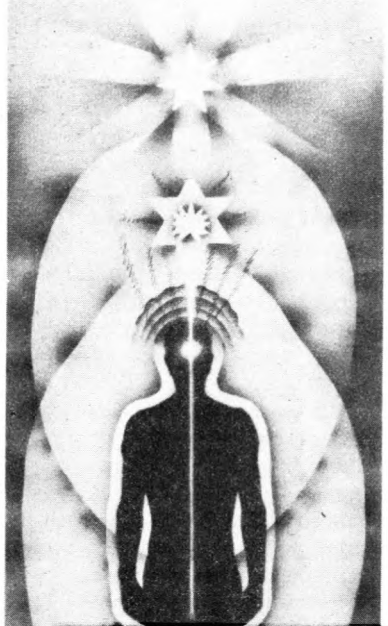
Und so, if there was, why not say so?

They said so. And it's been said ever since. I might add that various discarnates, whose other sayings are on a high level, have assured us that it isn't so; but I'm that ignorant, that I really do not see that it matters very much—except perhaps to a scholar whose faith is absolutely dependent upon what he or someone else has reasoned out in the above manner.

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when Joseph and Mary were in Egypt; we are not told where and how Jesus received His education, not only in the Scriptures of Israel (which He knew by heart by the time He began His mission), but in "other scriptures" and disciplines as well. According to *The Aquarian Gospel*, He studied the scriptures of the East and was learned in the Ancient Wisdom; and He became a "Master" in the sacred school of Egypt. (If Levi's book is reliable, this would account for what appear to be teachings in the canonical gospels which go considerably beyond that of the Old Testament—The Law, The Prophets, and The Writings.)

In the canonical gospels, it is clear that Jesus affirmed "the Law and the Prophets" as indeed He says He had come to do; but what is equally clear, when one's eyes are open, is that what He affirmed is the *spirit* of Israel's Holy Scriptures; and this often required brushing aside the letter of codes and regulations, rituals and ceremonies. I find nothing in *The Aquarian Gospel* that denies or contradicts this spirit.

A good solid example of the sort of difference you will often find between the canonical gospels and *The Aquarian Gospel* is in the Parable of the Great Judgment. At the close of the parable in Chapter 25 of Matthew, we read the following (King James version): " . . . Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and

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in prison, and ye visited me not.' Then shall they also answer him, saying, 'Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?' Then shall he answer them, saying, 'Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.' And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

The Aquarian Gospel, Chapter 158, gives the conclusion of the same parable thus: "The judge will say to those upon the left, Depart from me; you have not served the sons of men. I was hungry and you gave me naught to eat; was thirsty and you gave me naught to drink; I was a stranger and you drove me from your door; I was imprisoned and was sick, you did not minister to me. Then these will say, When did we thus neglect to care for you? When did we see you hungry, thirsty, sick, a stranger or in prison and did not minister to you? And the judge will say, Your life was full of self; you served the self and not your fellow man, and when you slighted one of these, you slighted and neglected me. Then will the righteous have the kingdom and the power, and they who are unrighteous shall go forth to

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pay their debts, to suffer all that men have suffered at their hands. They who have ears to hear and hearts to understand will comprehend these parables."

Well, if you take every word and phrase in Matthew literally—and especially if you lift out a particular section like this and take it literally—then you can be very much misled; but if you do this, the fault doesn't lie in Matthew. You will find the essential clue to the same meaning that *The Aquarian Gospel* gives to this parable in other sayings of Jesus to be found in the canonical gospels; this calls for careful reading and the application of intelligence. And even though the surface meaning of *The Aquarian Gospel* is clearer in many places, careful reading of the whole, and the application of intelligence will still be required. I mean, you may not go wrong *in exactly the same way* from the sort of thoughtless reading of *The Aquarian Gospel* that you can go wrong in reading the canonical gospels in the way many people do—but the failure to use all your heart and mind in searching any scriptures will bear just as unhappy fruit.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of marked differences to be found at times is in the account of the preliminaries to the betrayal of

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Christ. The canonical gospels have Judas seeking out the priests and offering to put the finger on Jesus for a consideration, giving greed for money as the motive. When Judas sees the consequences, he is overcome with remorse and hangs himself. (Suggesting that he never thought the Master would actually be condemned.)

In *The Aquarian Gospel,* the high priest consults with the wisest men in the Sanhedrin as to how to get rid of Jesus. Ananias says that he knows one of the twelve " . . . a man who worships wealth . . . " and is sure he can be bribed, if the price is right. The plan is approved, Ananias is alloted a hundred pieces of silver for the project; he seeks Judas out, tells him, "The high priest and the other rulers in Jerusalem would like to talk to Jesus alone, that they may know about his claims; and if he proves himself to be the Christ, lo, they will stand in his defense." Thirty pieces of silver is offered if Judas will lead the way to where Jesus can be found, away from any crowds who might start a riot if He were taken openly. The Aquarian account continues (chapter 159): "And Judas reasoned with himself; he said, It surely may be well to give the Lord a chance to tell the priests about his claims when he is all alone.

And if the priests would do him harm he has the power to disappear and go his way as he has done before; and thirty pieces is a goodly sum." So he agrees to lead the way, and identify Jesus with a kiss.

In Geraldine Cummins' *The Manhood of Jesus* (based also on psychic sources), we get a third version: Judas is a zealot, a leader of the Underground against Rome; a recent attempt at revolt has resulted in a virtual massacre of patriots. Judas, as a revolutionary leader, is on the spot. It is put to him that he can not only get off it, but insure a successful revolt by turning Jesus over—for the people will make such an issue of it that the Romans will not dare to harm Him. And it is implied that Judas believes that this will force the Master's hand to proclaim Himself openly the King of the Jews and use the divine power that Judas and innumerable others have witnessed to protect Himself and His royal position.

There is just enough hinted at in the canonical gospels to give substance to either of these alternates—Judas's dubious handling of the financial matters of the Twelve and his attitude toward money; the ability of Jesus to "disappear" when violence is about to be attempted upon his person; the desire of

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the people to acclaim Him their king, in the temporal sense. Perhaps all three should be combined. What is common to them is that Judas behaved in a dishonest and treacherous manner, whatever his motives; he did not believe (he convinced himself, justifying his betrayal) that Jesus would come to any harm as a result of what he, Judas, was about to do; he was horrified and stricken with remorse when the Sanhedrin condemned Jesus. I find all three accounts valuable illustrations of self-deceit leading to disloyalty.

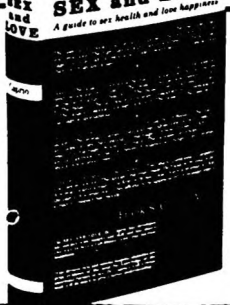
THERE HAVE been, in the past, and there still are in the present, branches of the Christian Church which affirm reincarnation and maintain that Jesus clearly refers to it in the canonical gospels. In *The Aquarian Gospel,* the doctrine is stated explicitly; in places where Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John give hints, the AG shows Him saying it clearly and outrightly. The explanation for nothing more than hints or references that I have seen (from Father Hoeller, for example, who is a priest in a communion where reincarnation is taught as an integral part of the Christian faith) aver that this doctrine was familiar to well-educated men of the times, and that Jesus did not have to spell it out for the Apostles, who were His "advanced" pupils. (The discussion of the good Jews who were slaughtered by Pilate's soldiers while at sacrifice, and the victims of an accident — when a tower collapsed — is one example; the references to John the Baptist as "Elijah comes again indeed" is another.) One reason why I resisted this explanation at the time I first heard it was that it simply did not make sense to me that so important an element of Jesus's teaching would be confined to such veiled references, particularly when, in other instances, He tells the Twelve in the course of an explanation that here He is telling them "secrets" for which the multitudes are not yet ready.

And the reality of intercourse with high-level discarnates (for that is what the episode of the Transfiguration is), which you will find in the canonical gospels, is also elaborated here.

I have found *The Aquarian Gospel* of great value; it has made the canonical gospels more, not less, "real" to me. So I cannot say that I greatly care whether Levi actually received his material exactly as he says (and doubtlessly believed) he did, or in some other manner.

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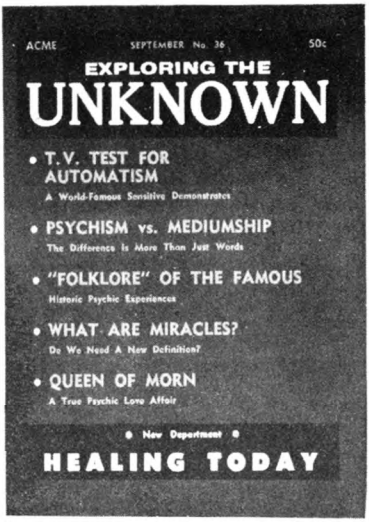
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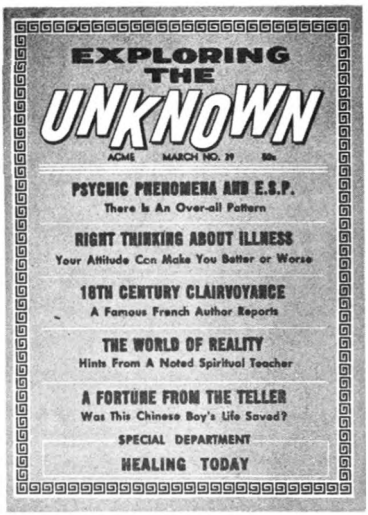
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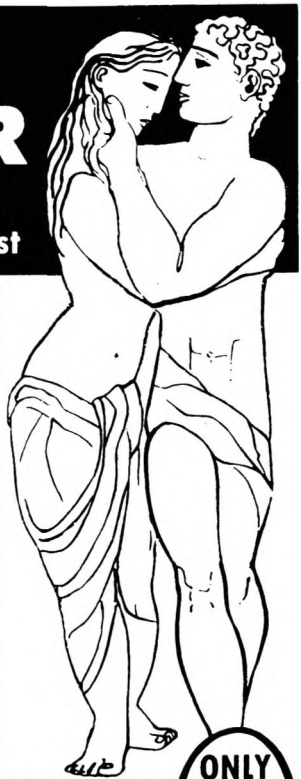
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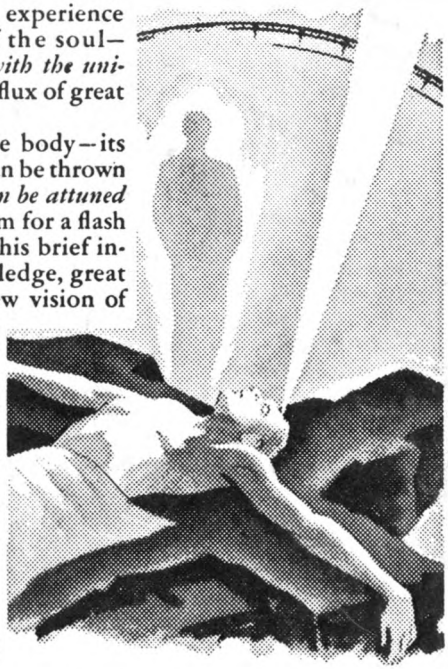
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