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February, 1957

THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING MAN

A Prophet Who Can Prove It!

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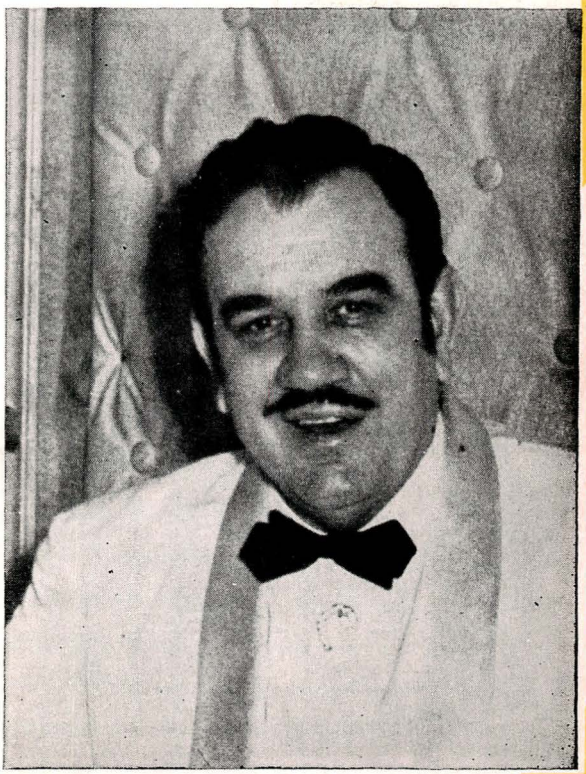
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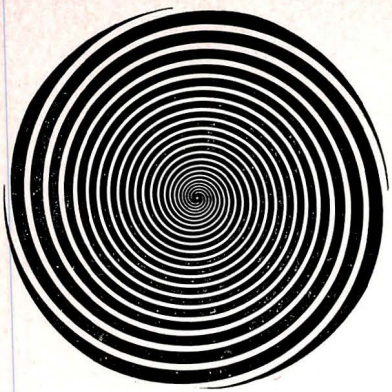
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"DOC" ANDERSON

RIGHT IN PAST --- NOW PREDICTS ATOM WAR!

LIFE AND ITS MYSTERIES ISSUE NO. 10



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

THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

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

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

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

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

Chapters from **THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK**

CHAPTER 1: A dialogue example of a new skeptical patient on whom mild hypnosis is applied to gain the patient's confidence and at the same time tell a good deal about hypnosis.
CHAPTER 2: This is the Basic Word for Word Technique for Inducing Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 3: What You Should Know for Your 1st Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 4: The Mechanics of Hypnotizing.
CHAPTER 6: Variation of Speed of Response.
CHAPTER 7: Disguised Hypnosis—Its Use in Therapy.
CHAPTER 8: Relaxing the Patient.
CHAPTER 10: Conditioning in Auto-Hypnosis—Monologue Method Word for Word.
CHAPTER 12: Hypnotic Re-education.
CHAPTER 13: Insomnia.
CHAPTER 14: Headache.
CHAPTER 15: Constipation.
CHAPTER 16: Overweight: Reducing; Dr. and Patient.
CHAPTER 17: Breaking the Habit of Smoking.
CHAPTER 20: Hypnotic Anaesthesia.
CHAPTER 21: Painless Childbirth.
CHAPTER 22: Hypnosis in Dentistry.
CHAPTER 23: Working with children.
CHAPTER 25: Confidence—for Doctor and Patient.
CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

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

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FEBRUARY 1957

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...Editorial...

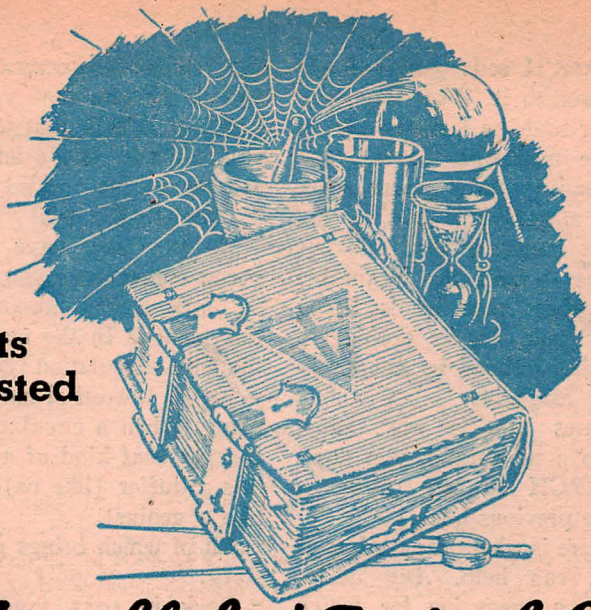
This is the February, 1957 issue of SEARCH. The next issue will be dated April. After that, SEARCH will reach you EVERY MONTH! We know that this will be delightful news to many of you, and especially to those who are directly responsible, the subscribers who lent us such a wonderful hand (by lending us their subscriptions in advance!) upon our recent suggestion that they do so, to enable us to increase the frequency of appearance of SEARCH on the newsstands.

Have you ever wondered how a magazine is distributed? How it actually gets on the newsstand where you first found it. Well, many years ago a circulation director told us magazine circulation was a strange thing -- and entirely unpredictable. It certainly is no business for an amateur to be in! For it IS a strange thing! Theoretically, you deliver your magazine to the outlets of a distributor (they number many hundreds) and in turn these outlets, or local distributors, send them out to various newsstands in their jurisdiction. Then, at this final point, the dealer places them on display.

Let's say that a local distributor has 200 newsstands in his area: You've sent him (at the instruction of the major distributor) 50 copies of SEARCH. What happens to them? Do they go to 50 newsstands? 25? Well, hardly. Perhaps they go to ten, or even to only two or three. These few stands sell 15 copies. The rest are returned, have their covers torn off, and the covers are returned to the main distributor for credit. Theoretically, the alert newsdealer will pick up unsold copies, redistribute them to other stands, and try to sell them all. He will give 15 copies to the original three newsstands. And each month he will adjust his distribution until he achieves a high degree of sale. If he feels he can sell copies at all his outlets, he will order more. Eventually he might sell three or four hundred.

To be fair, many try. But there are many hundreds of magazines -- many of them giants in the field. These other magazines provide a measure of competition for the available space that is tremendous. An established magazine may sell *all* of the 500 copies where your

(*Continued on page* 6)



Secrets entrusted to a few

The Unpublished Facts of Life

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

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The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe V.Q.A.

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Address.....
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The Rosicrucians (AMORC) SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

little SEARCH sells 3 out of the ten delivered to it. What happens? The dealer finds he loses money on your little magazine, because the task of making out a return sheet for your magazine is just as big as for the magazine that sold out 500 copies -- and the inexorable statistics show that he is losing money on you. So, he decides to save on his overhead by not handling your magazine.

Sometimes this is why, when you go to a newsstand, you don't find SEARCH on sale (although it was, the previous issue.)

Now, here is where the readers of SEARCH can help. *Any* dealer will stock a magazine for which he has a demand, and which he sells regularly. If you buy SEARCH on a newsstand, try to buy it at the same stand each issue, and let your dealer know you are a SEARCH customer, and that you expect him to have your issue reserved for you. This way, SEARCH will be consistently displayed at the newsstands it can reach (naturally it cannot reach them all, due to the few copies it prints). Its sale will be consistent, and higher in percentage.

There is NO OTHER WAY to compete against LIFE, or TIME or TV-GUIDE, whose volume is tremendous, than to have a consistent demand, even if it is for only one copy! Your dealer will see that you get your copy of SEARCH, just as he sees that you get your LIFE or POST. Just let him know you're there. Don't let your copy get lost in the "crowd"! After all, it's not ten feet tall!

By the way, have you told a friend (or someone you know would be interested?) about SEARCH this month? In the magazine field, the best circulation getter in the world is "word-of-mouth" advertising. When a circulation manager can get that kind of a lift, even if he's a duffer (like us) he can look like a genius!

All of which brings us to a little story:

Back in 1945, your editor was at the head of *Amazing Stories*, a science fiction magazine. The circulation director was a man named Harry Strong. We had just scheduled Richard Shaver's "I Remember Lemuria", and had written Mr. Shaver stating it was certainly a shame that (due to the war) paper shortages didn't allow us to print many more copies, as we felt this story would be a sensation. Mr. Shaver startled us by asking for our circulation director's name, and said he'd "try to do something about it". Well, some days later Mr. Strong called us into his office and said: "I've just gotten a wonderful idea! I'm going to 'steal' enough paper from *Mammoth De-*

(*Continued on page* 29)

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The WORLD'S MOST

"Doc" R. C. Anderson

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Also the oldest, heaviest, largest and strongest Matador in the world!

Feats of strength unequalled in recorded time!

Here is PROOF that the future can be foretold! Predictions made to the day, the hour, the minute! Witnessed, sealed in a vault, as positive evidence, before the events! SEARCH Magazine has tracked down many prophets, many of them amazing in their accuracy, but here is a dumfounding performance that is beyond understanding, and also, beyond doubt! Never before has SEARCH presented so conclusive proof of the mysterious power of prophecy!

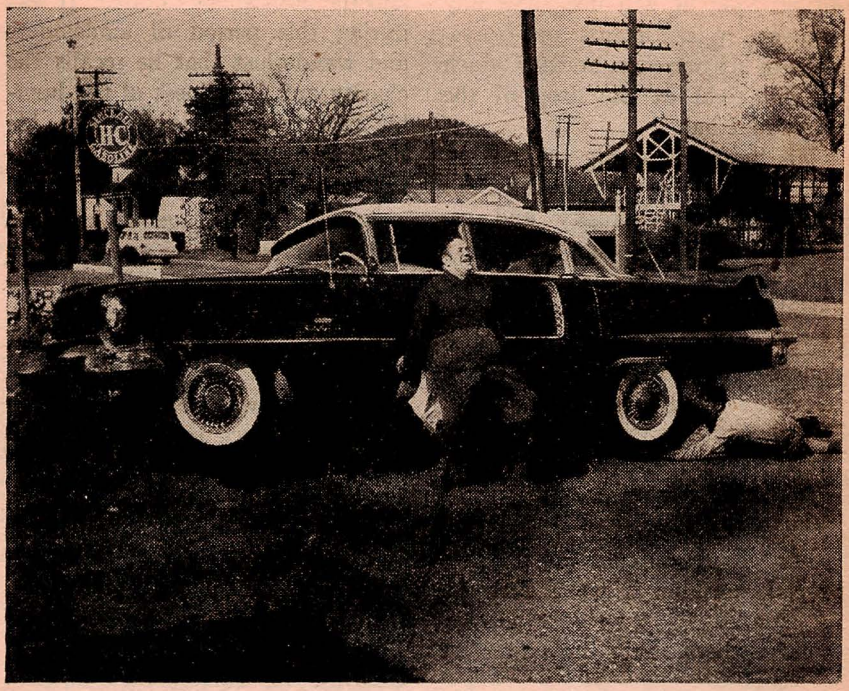
Presented by famous researcher and reporter

ERNEST SHINBAUM

IT IS REMARKABLY strange how a chance incident or chance meeting, when least expected, may have a powerful effect upon one's life. It is safe to say that many of us have met our life's mates in this manner. Some people call it Destiny or Fate. It was in such an unexpected manner that I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Doc Anderson, whom I now call my very best friend.

Doc Anderson, popularly known

AMAZING MAN!



The feat of strength performed here, in lifting a 4800 pound automobile off the ground on one side is proof of the incredibly muscular power of Doc Anderson.

as Bob Anderson, Captain Bob and El Capitan, is today an imposing, distinguished figure of a man, a dominating, magnetic personality, forty-eight years old, six feet two inches tall in his stockinged feet, weighing 265 pounds, and powerfully muscled. He was born of impoverished parents in Enterprise, Iowa, the fourth child of a Swedish-Jewish father and Mexican mother.

He takes pride in his ancestry, and although he is not religious

from the point of view of the 'traditions', yet he will not allow any anti-semitic sentiments or expressions in his presence, and for which he will fight at the drop of the proverbial hat.

His 'heart' is as big as Lookout Mt., and this is expressed in his overwhelming generosity and assistance to those who are needy and sick. Besides numerous financial gifts and countless number of grocery baskets, he has also donated crutches, wheel-chairs and television sets to the bedridden. His charity knows no bounds. He firmly believes, as Nick Kenny, the New York columnist once wrote: "You've got to give to receive

For giving enriches the soul.
Spread sunshine if you'd feel the sun.
Help others, that's life's sweetest goal."

Although Doc Anderson is considered to be a man of affluence today, it was not always thus. It is a typical story of rags to riches in this country where everyone has the opportunity to make the most of his opportunities. As a young man his total possessions consisted of the clothes on his back and a bedroll. He had set out to face the nebulous future in anticipation of adventures that would prove both profitable and exciting. The world was his oyster, the sky his roof, the hard, cold ground his bed, and the box-car his Cadillac. It was during this period of aimlessness and wanderlust that he recalls the charity and kindliness of the humble folks who befriended him. He has never forgotten it, and he mentions the incidents frequently.

At the tender age of nine he joined his father and two brothers in the coal mines, since there were no regulations at that time covering the employment of minors in the mines; and at the youthful age of fifteen he was strong and rugged enough to become a professional pugilist, eventually contending against such topnotchers as George Godfrey, James Manning, Long Tom Hawkins, Jack Delaney, Chuck Wiggins, Johnny Risko, Harry Greb, Young Stribling and John Swawkey. Of these George Godfrey, the colored fighter, gave him the toughest fight of his career.

After a hitch in the Marine Corps as an Athletic Instructor, he began to cash in on his superb physique and fantastic strength by touring the country, billed as "Little Samson", performing prodigious, sensational and unbelievable feats of strength in theatres, auditoriums, CCC Camps and U. S. Army Camps. One of the most spectacular of these feats, that brought the audience to its feet,

was the one where Doc rode a horse on stage, dismounted and then carried the horse off stage on his shoulders. Only recently, during the bullfighting combat sessions, Doc delighted his visitors, among whom were special press representatives, Mr. Grimes, Sheriff of Fulton Co., Atlanta, Ga., and his Deputies Lamneck and McWilliams with a few feats of strength.

Doc drove a 60 penny spike — with his bare hand, except for a protecting handkerchief—through a 3" board with one mighty stroke. He also tore in two, with his bare hands, a 1504 page copy of the Railroad Guide, as easily as if it were a wet cigarette. He then pulled against a team of work horses and held them to a standstill, and wound up by allowing eight persons, four on each side, to bend a 3" iron pipe around his neck to a 45 degree angle.

During the week-ends, in his strong man act days, Doc would pit his strength against a maddened bull in Roman Style bullfighting—where a man alone stands in mortal combat, without weapons except his two mighty arms and unlimited courage, facing a raging, onrushing beast with blood in its eyes and death in its heart.

Doc Anderson became so proficient in this dangerous style of bullfighting, that during the period 1930-1935 he was undisputed Roman Style Bullfighting Champion. Only once, through over-confidence and carelessness, did a goring put him into the St. Mary's Hospital in Tucson, Arizona.

Doc is married to a very attractive and capable wife. Like her Biblical counterpart, Ruth told her husband "Wither thou goest, I will go." She toured the country with him, assisting him very ably in his strong man act performances. Doc is now a grandfather, father of two step-daughters, June and Betsy, and two daughters of his own, Carol and Angela—all beautiful and talented.

The Andersons live in a rambling Spanish type fourteen room house, complete with ballroom. On the grounds there is a Hollywood type swimming pool, surrounded by serving tables, lounging chairs and multi-colored umbrellas. Doc draws rentals from twelve stuccoed duplexes, which he had built on the spacious acreage. He also has a large mail order business. His fame as an Astrologer and Counsellor in Marriage and Public Relations, brings a steady stream of clients of every race, creed and color, from all walks of life, from all over the United States to consult with him in his office. He is proud to number among his clients some of

the most famous names in America, and their repeated visits give proof of their faith, confidence and satisfaction.

I had started out to say how I met this wonderful personality, the kind you meet once in a lifetime, but I got carried away in my enthusiasm, so I will turn back to say that it was on a Summer evening in 1943, when I dropped into Perri's Restaurant on Branford Place in Newark, New Jersey. At the adjoining table sat a man who was eating his food with gusto, presumably enjoying the very large portions of food set before him. He was accompanied by his very attractive wife, who repeatedly punctuated her conversation with remarks which were peculiarly Southern in flavor. Not only was I attracted by the Southern accent and the large portions of food consumed, but also by the physical size and magnetic personality of the man in question.

As my closest relatives were located in the South, I leaned over, introduced myself, and inquired where they hailed from. We soon joined tables and that evening developed into one of the most memorable in my life. The man proved to be "Doc" R. C. Anderson, ex-puglist, ex-Roman Style Bullfighting Champion, ex-Professional Strong Man, Astrologer and Counsellor in Marriage and Public Relations. He had been to New York with his wife on business.

We talked far into the night, and I promised to visit with them the very next time I made a trip to Chattanooga to visit my brothers; since the Andersons at that time maintained their resident headquarters in Dalton, Ga., which is not too far from Chattanooga. During my Christmas vacation the following year, I made it my business to visit the Andersons, and it was during this visit that Doc Anderson predicted that my son would not return from the War, and that my wife would die of a broken heart about two years later, because of this great loss.

Naturally I was very skeptical. Like most parents I hoped and believed that my son would come back. The many tragedies that I have so very often read about in the past always seemed so distant and detached.

I had the feeling that these unfortunate things could not or would not happen to me. Sad to relate, this prediction came to pass as stated. My son was reported "Missing in Action" on Mothers' Day 1945, and three weeks later on Fathers' Day, two weeks before the end of the War, he was reported "Killed in Action". My wife took it very badly. It made a wreck of



In this photo, Doc Anderson again demonstrates his strength by allowing a group of men to bend a 3" pipe around his neck.

her, and from then on she was a sick woman, without the will to live, entering one hospital after another. Two years later, as predicted by Doc Anderson, she passed away, heart trouble being the major cause.

Doc and I renewed our friendship during the Christmas of 1944, spending many enlightening and interesting hours together. It was during that visit that he challenged my skepticism with breathtaking, daring and sensational predictions for the twelve years to follow, all of which proved so amazingly accurate during the course of time.

Noting my puzzled and incredulous expression, Doc proceeded to make the following statement; and I am herewith quoting his exact words, as he told them to me.

"All my life I have had extremely strong intuitions," he said. After a moment's pause, he continued. "Vivid mental pictures appear before me constantly. Sometimes these mental pictures are so strong they compel me to immediate action. Call it being psychic or what you will, this strange power of God-given gift dates back to my boyhood.

"As I got older this psychic faculty became stronger and stronger, and I was able to read the minds of men and state what was to be. This power became widely known, and as a result people come to me from all over the United States for consultation and advice. I have been told time and time again that many of my predictions have become positive fact. I am inclined to think the course of history might have been changed had Julius Caesar heeded the warnings of the soothsayer to "Beware the Ides of March".

Doc Anderson then asked me to sit down at his typewriter, and he proceeded to dictate the following astounding predictions and opinions. Closing his eyes, he recited: "I predict that the War with Japan will come to an end on or about August 18th, 1945.

"I predict that this country will create a devastating device, that will tear the elements apart in its intensity.

"I predict that with the development and use of the principle of the adiabatic expansion of air, aeroplanes will travel faster than sound and propulsion will reach unbelievable results.

"I predict that we will be betrayed by a former ally, because our objectives in the world scheme of things are so opposite and apart.

"I feel that this former ally will become our greatest potential enemy—that this Power will try to undermine us in every way through terrorism and infiltration, not only in this country, but also through the medium of other countries throughout the world.

"I definitely look for further trouble in the Far East within five years after the end of the war in Japan. This unrest will be instrumented by either Russia or China. Many of our boys will die in the resultant conflict.

"I believe that Palestine will definitely revert to an Israelite State within five years.

"I look for great unrest in the Middle East, Africa, India and China.

"I definitely predict that Eisenhower will be a future Republican President of the United States.

"I predict that the son of my friend Ernest Shinbaum will not return from the War, and as a re-

sult the mother will die of a broken heart about two years later.

"Before the end of 1957 I predict that there will be another great War, in which the elements of the earth will burn like oil, and which will cause such devastation that the world will have to be regenerated. The first spark of this holocaust will be set off in China. I sincerely hope and pray that this prediction will not be fulfilled.

"Should the latter prediction be fulfilled, I believe we will then see the futility of war, and the birth of a greater love for our fellow men, and a yearning for a lasting peace all over the world.

"Should these predictions prove correct, their fulfillment will be a living proof of my God-given foresight of the future."

These predictions were witnessed, and then we all proceeded to the home of Mr. Fred Teschner in Chattanooga to get this witnessed statement notarized, as it was a holiday and we were unable to get it notarized locally. The predictions were then placed in an envelope, sealed, and turned over to me in the presence of witnesses, with the understanding that this sealed envelope would be opened in the presence of witnesses on or about Feb. 6th, 1956.

This statement of predictions was in my deposit box in the Fidelity Union Trust Co. in Newark, New Jersey, until I left in August 1951 to go to Chattanooga to live. Doc Anderson had meanwhile established himself in Rossville, Ga. Chattanooga being close by, it was natural that we should renew our friendly relationship.

When Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left for Mexico early in February of this year, I remembered the envelope that was turned over to me in 1944, because I had come across it while checking some insurance policies. I reminded him of it, and as it was highly probable that they would be in Mexico on the date the sealed envelope was scheduled to be opened, I gave it to Doc Anderson for opening in the presence of witnesses there.

This envelope containing the predictions was opened by Mr. John Abney of the United Press, in Mexico City, and it is in his possession now.

Doc Anderson is a man endowed with a super-abundance of nervous energy, which seeks an outlet in extra-curricular activities. The acquisition of his Bar-A Ranch in Rock Springs, Ga., twelve miles from his home, provided him with such an outlet.

During his various trips to Mexico, Doc had become interested in Spanish style bullfighting, with the

result that he built a Spanish style bullring on his ranch; and in order to perfect himself in the finer points of Spanish style bullfighting, he hired a Mexican Matador —Manele Aceves, victor of a hundred bulls—to train and work out with him. His $800.00 gold braid and black silk matador outfit, weighing no less than 36 pounds, is a picture of ornate splendor.

Here we find a grandfather, ex-Roman Style Bullfighting Champion, endeavoring after a twenty year lay-off to make a comeback as a Spanish bullfighter. Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? I asked him why he has to expose himself to such great danger by daring to face the fightingest animal, the Spanish fighting bull, in this stage of his life? He thought for a moment and smiled: "I guess I like to live dangerously."

Doc Anderson intends to acquire some buffalo and crossbreed them with his Brahmas on his ranch, in order to produce the fightingest animal of all time. In preparation for this he has doubled the height of his line border fence.

These bullfighting sessions at the Ranch have intrigued and interested Paramount Newsreels, The United Press Newspictures, The Atlanta Journal, International News Service and local WRGP-TV Channel 3. Doc claims to be the oldest, heaviest and strongest Matador in the world.

After two warm-up bullfights in Teluca and Pachuca in Mexico, Doc appeared as honor guest star at the La Macarena bullring in Ciudad Acuna, Mexico, where he vanquished the bull to a standing ovation.

While he was absent risking his life fighting bulls, his phones at home and in the office were ringing off the hook with calls from clients all over the United States, asking for appointments on his return.

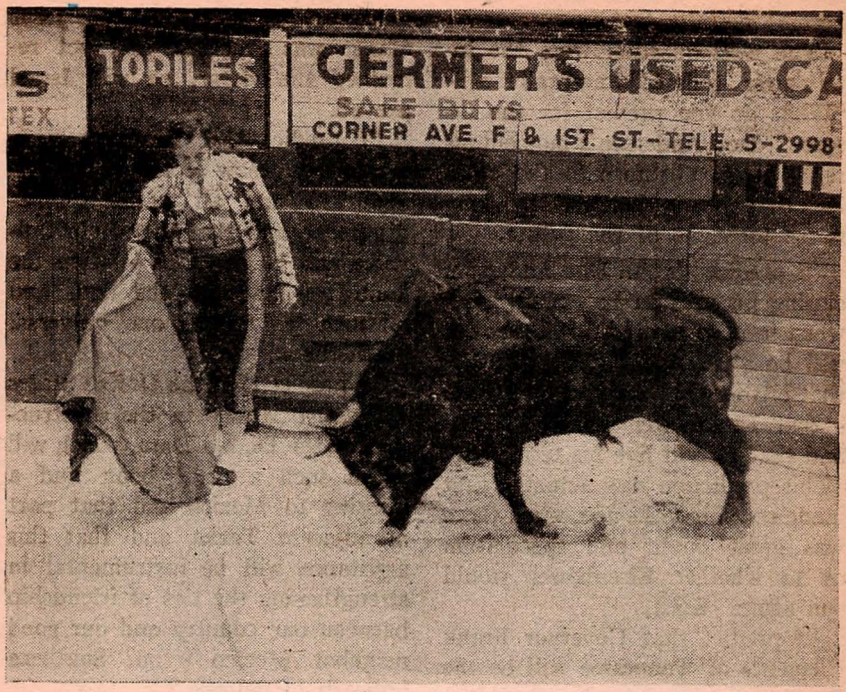
His safe return was welcomed by a thankful family and a host of friends, who anxiously awaited his homecoming.

Since his return he has received many requests from Mexico and Latin American countries to appear as Honor Guest Star, but in view of the pressure of professional business at home, Doc Anderson has decided to participate in one bullfight a year. He expects to make his debut next year in Madrid, Spain, mecca of the worlds' bullfighters and home of the largest bullfighting arenas in the world.

He is now trying to catch up on a crowded schedule. What a man is "Doc" R. C. Anderson!

FURTHER PREDICTIONS OF DOC ANDERSON

One afternoon, soon after his re-



Nowhere in the bull-fighting ring today can be found a matador as old, as heavy, as strong, or as courageous as this man of strange talents — nor as successful.

turn from his recent bullfighting performance in Mexico, Doc Anderson, the grandfather bullfighter astrologer, was busily engaged in his office with a stream of clients, when a famous news Press service came on the phone and requested a telephone interview in connection with his bullfighting activities.

After a battery of questions and answers, the question was put, "what do you do for a living besides bullfighting?" "I am an Astrologer and Counsellor in Marriage and Public Relations," Doc replied.

The conversation subsequently led back to the documented, notarized and authenticated sensational and world-shaking predictions made by Doc Anderson on Christmas 1944, many of which already have

become definite fact.

The next question from the interviewer followed naturally - - "What do you predict for the future?" Doc Anderson's momentous reply gives substance to the opinion that he is inspired by long range foresight of the future.

"I predict" began Doc Anderson, closing his eyes as he usually does when in deep thought, "Eisenhower will be a Presidential Candidate - that Nixon will be his running mate - that Eisenhower will be elected and that he will live his term out." (This prediction was actually first made seven months ago, when there was great doubt and speculation as to whether Eisenhower would run again. -E.S.)

"I predict that Governor Frank Clements of Tennessee will be the Democratic nominee for President in 1964.

"I predict the unification of Germany within five years.

"I predict that the population of the South will be doubled in the next twenty five years, through migration and immigration, and that the South will undergo an unprecedented industrial growth and development.

"I predict that within eight years all atomic and hydrogen weapons will be outlawed, and that these devices will be used for peace purposes only.

"I predict that just as Jesus Christ was crucified and yet remained the victor, so will Israel prevail.

"I predict that in fifty years, war as we know it today, will be abolished and all national lines disappear, and that the whole Universe will be as ONE - when the lamb will lie with the lion, and all men will be as one universal brotherhood.

"I predict that the United States will assist Mexico in the construction of the Diablo Dam, which will prove such a great boon and a blessing to Mexico and that part of adjacent Texas, and that this assistance will be instrumental in strengthening the ties of friendship between our country and our good neighbor Mexico - our Southern bulwark of defense."

When the conversation ended these predictions were recorded as above and herein documented for future publication.

The following statements were made to E. P. Hall, publisher of the Lafayette, Georgia *Walker County Messenger* on July 19, 1956:

On May 10th, 1945 "Doc" Anderson, Astrologer and Seer of 302 West Gordon Ave, Rossville, Ga., published in my newspaper, the *Walker County Messenger,* Official County paper, that the War with

Japan would be over on or about Aug. 18th 1945.

At this time, as we all know, many well known commentators and newspapers throughout the country were saying that the war would continue for years.

Doc R. C. Anderson also told me in my office in LaFayette, Ga., that President Roosevelt would not live his term out, and that Eisenhower, then Commanding General of our Forces would be a future President. He also stated that one of our closest allies at that time, which we realize now is Russia, would become our deadliest enemy, and that the next great war would start through China.

List of feats of strength performed by "DOC" R. C. ANDERSON

1. Shouldered as high as eighteen men on a bar on his neck, nine each side. Allowing them to bend the 3" pipe around his neck to a forty five degree angle.
2. Riding an 1800 lb horse on stage, then shouldering the horse and carrying it offstage.
3. Twisting a No. 6 horseshoe with his bare hands.
4. Held a 150 lb. anvil by his teeth, while a man pounded on the anvil with a sledge hammer.
5. Holding a 250 lb. man sitting in a chair, in his teeth and balancing them.
6. Tore a 4" R.R. Guide in two with his bare hands, and then quartered it.
7. Putting three decks of cards together and tearing the whole in two with his bare hands.
8. Lifting the side of a 4800 pound Cadillac.
9. Lifting a 1325 pound Rock Crusher cogwheel above his head.
10. Pulling against a team of work horses and holding them to a standstill.
11. Driving a 60 penny spike through a 2½ to 3" board with his bare hands with one stroke.
12. Tore a ¾" Manila rope in two with his legs.
13. 12 men playing tug of war, six on each side, with a rope around Doc's neck trying to strangle him.
14. Pulling a fire-engine with his teeth.

Sworn affidavits to all the foregoing are in possession of the editors of SEARCH Magazine.

THE END

The INNER CIRCLE

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

These seances, recorded on tape while Mark Probert is in trance, are transcribed just as spoken. Unfortunately the printed word cannot carry the dramatic impact of the recorded tape, which is awesome and thrilling.
Send your questions in today, addressing them to "The Inner Circle", c/o Search Magazine. If your question qualifies and space is available, it will be answered.

Conducted By

MARK PROBERT

Famous San Diego Trance Medium

THE FOLLOWING questions were submitted by: Carl Savage of Akron, Ohio, and are answered by Professor Alfred Luntz.

1. How can I personally contact a "control?"

Answer: A living-in-the-body person cannot contact one out of the body. Such contacts as are made must be done by the discarnate one. However, if you wish you can by consistently arranging the time and conditions make it considerably easier for such contacts as the discarnate may desire to make with you.

I would like to sound a word of warning here concerning what is commonly termed "spirit communication" and I wish to direct my thoughts to those who are carrying on personal experimental work in this direction as well as those who attend seances: In personal experimental efforts it is best not to have more than four individuals carrying on the work and all four must have explicit faith in one another's integrity and each one should have some knowledge of psychology as well as para-psychology. I also

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

—Mark Probert



Professor Alfred Luntz

suggest you set aside a particular room, preferably a small and well ventilated one, and keep it for that purpose. Make written notes both during and after the meeting terminates and above all try to avoid jumping to any conclusions concerning the phenomena that may or may not have taken place during the session, and do not run the sessions more than an hour unless you feel that some action of value is taking place. One more thing - do not ever enter into any psychical experiment when emotionally disturbed.

Now for the benefit of those who may consider themselves Christians and are delving into the worlds beyond the material, you had better rid yourselves of the idea that you can prove the so-called goodness or evilness of a discarnate being by having them confess their belief or disbelief in the one you call Jesus the Christ. There are tens of thousands of millions of humans in the astral who have never heard of the one called Jesus the Christ, but are very anxious for some kind of contact with the physical world, none of whom may wish ill to the seeker. Indeed, their desires as a rule consist of very little more than to use the seeker's material body to FEEL the matter

world again and most of them would be only too happy to confess to any pet belief one cares to conjure up for them just to get "in". Every seance room is crowded with such discarnate beings, and unfortunately few mediums possess the knowledge of how to protect either themselves or those who attend their circles. This latter statement may anger the pseudo-medium, but I am sure the sincere ones will agree with me, and if some of the latter do not know how to go about giving such protection to themselves and those who sit in their circles, I can do no better than to suggest that they read "Psychic Self-Defense" by the highly educated lady, Dion Fortune, who is herself now enjoying the Greater Life.

Addressing my thoughts to Mr. Savage: Let me advise you sir, that having a "spirit" teacher to help you does not mean that you will be any better off in helping others. If you cannot bring such help to another as you may think he may need through your own efforts and by your own understanding of life, then no other external force, no matter how lofty its philosophy or sincere its wishes, will add a thing to you, and remember also that even if it could be absolutely proven that that much maligned One called Jesus the Christ or the equally misunderstood Gautama Buddha was speaking through your mind and lips you would interest only those who are sincerely interested in the thoughts and actions of those personalities, and your claims would scare hell out of others who fear for their little souls and they would seek to destroy you. As this is the true but unhappy state of affairs, I suggest that if you are seeking a "spirit teacher" you ask for one whose true interest will be in your own personal development first, and believe me sir, if the light of wisdom that he helps to develop in *you* shines out brightly enough it will attract all others who are capable of seeing and comprehending it.

Question 2: How can one learn to receive the thoughts of others and transmit his own?

Answer: There is no cut and dried method of learning what is called thought transference, nor in that of receiving. All I can say is: continued practice in concentration of your thoughts on another and asking others to do the same to you, may in time bring about some desired results. I can, however, offer you no guarantee that it will, because all of us are constituted differently, both physically and mentally, and no one can say with certainty what our efforts will do FOR us or AGAINST us.

As an example of what I mean in the latter statement, let us suppose you start the practice of communicating mentally with others here in your world, to do this properly means you must leave your mind "open" so you can receive their thoughts too, and because thoughts are not things that are locked up by a material machine called the brain, your "open" mind will become a trap for every stray thought that may care to fly into it from either side of the "vale". Of course if one feels they are prepared to handle all situations that arise from their acts, then we suggest they go ahead with whatever it is they desire to do — fear buys us nothing. Life tells us to act, not how to act. Our own moral principles or lack of them informs us of the latter.

Now as for your theory that man would be less deceptive to his fellow man if we knew one another's thoughts in advance: it is true, sir, but only to a limited degree. In the first place, as much as we human beings love to glorify ourselves with attributes that do not belong to us, the art of thinking is not something one is born with, but it is a latent factor that takes a great deal of conscious effort to develop and bring out. It may amaze one to know how many of our actions are wrought out of nothing more than nervous reaction to the things that go to make up our environment, with no preconceived thought concerning the nature of the stimulus either before or after. We must realize too that the mind of one is equally adept at deceiving itself as it is as deceiving others. I think you can see now that mind-reading alone will not make the world a very much safer place to live in, and indeed on considering the rather low state of mental evolution that man is at present in, would only create greater chaos for him.

The following questions were submitted by Robert H. Scott, of Placentia, California, and are answered by Ramon Natalli.

1. What is the force of which electricity, magnetism, and gravity are three manifestations?

Answer: The expanding and contraction of what is called matter as it works against and away from itself. The various forms of action that this "in-breathing and out-breathing" of matter creates is called by many names. You have named three. Man must get over the idea that space and matter are two different entities. When certain properties of space combine they create sensory substances such as H_2O (water), here we have, as every schoolboy knows, two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen or

NH_3 (ammonia) composed of three atoms of hydrogen and one of nitrogen and numerous other combinations that go to make up a vast variety of chemicals and chemical compounds. But it is not the selected number of atoms alone that create substance, but the fact that each of the atoms in question must be moving at very precise rates of frequency in order for them to adjust themselves to one another. To add one more atom to the three that go to make up water would change the very exact weight that exists between these three and the weight would be changed by a change in frequency. That which is called matter is largely the result of motion, and were it possible to produce a complete state of inertia in an atom, that atom would instantly vanish or become non-existent. Your scientists in the field of physics declare that the atom is ninety per cent NOTHING. Now don't you think that that is a brilliant statement?

However, it seems to imply that the other ten per cent is a something — called "SOMETHING". This something of nothing seems to lie in what is called the core or nucleus, and the nothingness is the relatively vast field of space that exists between the electronic bodies and the core. By all the Saints, if this is not a sorry mess!

If this is what thinking does for the human mind, then I suggest that the scientists turn all of the so-called material problems over to religionists, for the religionist will then demonstrate his greater intelligence by the simple process of placing all problems where they belong, and that is in the hands of a something called God, who, it is said, created all these problems in the first place. That the Absolute is just as great an enigma to the religionist as the atom is to the scientist, does not faze them in the least, for they place that problem on His (male gender) hands also. Thinking is a form of questioning God, and this is an unpardonable sin!

But let us away from religion and religious opinions, and get back to what is called "thinking" on the nature of THINGS. While I have been bluntly critical of the rather messy results of some forms of thought, it is better by far than no results at all from the lack of thinking. This latter statement brings to mind one of your modern stories about the Chinese who was told he had bad breath, and who replied, "Bad breath is better than no breath at all!"

Now, if we stop and think for a minute we will discover that everything in nature is elliptical and this includes "space". In fact, it



Born in Rome, Italy, and lived at the time of the great astronomer, Galilleo, in whose footsteps he followed.

Ramond Natalli

is because the structural nature of space is elliptical that all *things* are so. If you concur with me that such is the case, then you will have to also agree that no bit of matter, regardless of its size, travels in a straight line but rather in a series of arcs of relative sizes, depending on the force that set it into motion.

Now to speak again of the so-called empty spaces between the electronic bodies of an atom and its nucleus. A somewhat similar condition exists in a solar system wherein the sun acts as the nucleus, and the planetary bodies as the electronic "shells". In neither case can the existing spaces be considered a void. Where an atom is concerned, the so-called spaces consist of sub-atomic energy thrown off from the nucleus in very precisely timed quantum spurts, and they travel in extremely tight little arcs back upon the nucleus. As these unbelievably dense little lines of force erupt from the nucleus, they drive the outer electronic satellites away, and as they arc back to the core they pull them back again, thereby creating a kind of alternating positive and negative field that swings the satellite bodies around and keeps them in a definite orbit. We may call this the gravity field of the atom. If large bodies of matter have a gravity

field, I can see no reason why the same is not true in the smaller bits of matter ad infinitum.

Whatever you may think you can do with what I've written here about the nature of matter, just remember it's the stuff upon which dreams are built and YOU are the Dreamer. Happy dreams, my friend.

Question 3. Could you please tell me something regarding the nature of levitation?

Answer: This question presents difficulties that are almost insurmountable because there are no meaningful words of a common variety that can be used for the lay individual to make mental pictures with. My talk on the nature of the atom was possible only because there is more wide-spread and accepted terminology on the subject, but the only place I've found the word "levitation" used in your world of today is in reference to your ever-rising taxes.

It is said that only holy men of the East and Saints of the Catholic Church are given this odd talent. However that may be, from my studies of this phenomena I find no connections with it and the state of what is commonly thought of as "holiness", for I've known both Asiatic and European occultists of both the "White" and "Black" mystical orders who practiced levitation in their secret rituals. The true Catholic mystic has often experienced levitation during his practice of deep-seated concentration and prayer. But regardless of the moral nature of the individual, if he can sink his consciousness deeply enough in his particular desire of the moment and hold it there to the complete exclusion of all other thoughts the mind-self having no way of arguing against such a dynamic desire strives to bring the wish to pass and in its efforts to do so the "willed" power of that mind-self starts exerting a lifting action on the physical self.

This mind force is often so powerful it stretches or elongates the physical body several inches. This is not in itself very strange when we realize the body consists largely of chemical substances in fluidic states and is therefore very elastic. In the majority of cases of levitation the individual is simply hoisted a few inches or a few feet off the ground, but a rare few know how consciously to direct the force so that they can sail through space at both considerable speed and distance. This mode of transportation may be all very well in such remote places as Tibet where traveling at its best is both slow and irksome, but I am afraid it would never do in such places as Rome, New York or London for

groups of people to be taking off from the ground like a flock of wild geese!

Now, let us touch for the minute on the subject of what is called "psychic projection" and we will find that it is a close kin to not only the levitation of one's own body but also much of what is called "poltergeistic" phenomena and telekinesis in general. While to be sure some poltergeistic activity is created by discarnate beings, more often it is the vital energies of the body of a living person let loose with no conscious volition on that one's part.

Now when I say no conscious volition I simply mean they are not aware of having created the action but if we recall that very trite but none the less truism that "thoughts are things" we will know that the reverse is also true that "things are thoughts" and that the basis of one's individual reality lies *not* in the thought that has been externalized in form but rather the "soul" or idea of it that still remains in the mental womb of its creator. It is quite erroneous to believe all so-called thinking is done with the conscious mind. Most of the work done by this conscious mind is sifting and classifying impressions it receives from its environment through the channels called the senses. The higher mind, which may be called the "unconscious self" then takes this classified sense data and THINKS upon it and then passes back its thoughts to the body mind through what is known as the memory cells of the brain. Sometimes the thinker creates new ideas from old sense data and tries to pass them through memory cells that have been accustomed to sorting the thinker's thoughts in a given way. This may cause either momentary or prolonged confusion in one's effort to recall what he did under similar circumstances in the past. Sometimes one new idea will lend one the feeling they have never faced that particular condition before so they have to recall some of the old concepts they had to get a clue as to what is going on but all of this is but the mechanical action that takes place between the thinker and its machine called the brain. However, the thinker has numerous thoughts that never pass through what is called the conscious self via the brain, and these unmanifested thoughts are actually units of energy and as such they sometimes build up in the body to a bursting point, then they explode away from the body into various forms of paranormal action.

It is believed by those who feel they are versed on the subject that most paranormal phenomena of the

poltergeistic type is likely to take place where there are children in their early puberty state. In this they are right, but there are many adults also who are "haunted" by their own self-created thought forms and I must say again that only a rare few realize that they are creating the condition. The occultist knows the substance that produces poltergeistic activity as "kundalini". The material scientist, if he believed it at all would consider it cellular energy and that it was being discharged in a highly abnormal manner. In both instances he would be right, but I doubt very much if he would accept the fact that this cellular energy is brought into play by the unconscious desires of its creator and while much of the action seems not only haphazard and childish but often insane and malignant, the force controlling it is mental and therefore intelligent. That it gives the appearance of being otherwise is due to the fact that it lacks self-conscious awareness and reasoning.

Sometimes a discarnate being may take this body energy and by controlling it with his own consciousness he can use it for all manner of things, such as levitating material objects or making a visible form of himself. This does not mean however that discarnate beings are responsible for all levitations or that all "ghosts" are excarnates. A fairly well known gentleman in the field of spiritualism proclaims that the famous "Bridey Murphy" character is really a "spirit control" and not memory patterns of a present living personality known as Ruth Simmons. How he can be so certain of this is difficult to say, but it is like believing that one brown cow makes all cows brown and everything that is brown is also a cow. It is doubtful if this aforementioned gentleman ever gave himself the time to consider the fact that there is but ONE mind, ONE consciousness, and that that ONE mind functions through an infinite number and variety of forms and it depends on the structural nature of such forms and the conditioning it gets in its environment as to how it will act or react to various forms of stimuli. One can therefore say that all forms act and react by and through the power of suggestion and that continuous suggestions are hypnotic.

Where human forms are concerned they are much more open to the power of suggestion for they contain not only consciousness but a state known as self-awareness, a fact which makes every sound, motion, or color something very personal. All occult and metaphysical

teachers realizing this situation instruct their students to avoid as much as is possible getting too emotionally caught up in the activity known as the physical-chemical world.

All this seems to lead us to the question of whether a something called "reincarnation" is an objective reality or simply a belief concocted by the priestcraft of some ancient religion to sooth the agonizing fears most of us have concerning the continuation of our personal existence. Our good friend the editor of *Search* apparently rejects the theory of rebirth and many of his subscribers who are believers give Mr. Palmer a very bad time for what they consider his shortsightedness, if not just plain ignorance!

Personally I feel we waste valuable time and energy in being fretful about what someone else accepts or rejects as truth or not truth. Mr. Palmer like the rest of us has to live with his own thoughts and the beliefs he creates out of such thinking. I fear, my friends, that the real reason back of our stormy objections to another's beliefs is that we ourselves do not feel quite secure in our own. If we were we would be only too happy to debate any subject with another and we would be equally pleased when that one arrived at a conclusion that was satisfactory to himself however contrary it may be to our own. Death is a personal act; Mr. Palmer cannot die for you. Birth is also a personal thing, Mr. Palmer cannot be born for you and if rebirth is factual you and YOU alone will know about it; but neither you nor Mr. Palmer will be able to prove it or disprove it - - because life and death are but SHIFTING states of CONSCIOUS AWARENESS of ONE - "ONE" meaning YOU!

Editorial ----★

(*Continued from page* 6)

tective to print 50,000 extra copies of *Amazing Stories* this month." Knowing Mr. Strong as we did, we were stunned. Why would he do such a thing? Both magazines sold out anyway, as paper shortages were acute those days. And why harm *Mammoth Detective* by suddenly making it unavailable to 50,000 of its regular readers? Surely the man was risking his job! What if *Amazing Stories* failed to absorb the extra copies, and they were returned? Harry Strong was not that kind of a fool. But he had a "hunch".

Your editor wrote to Shaver, told him the news. Shaver was not surprised. Said he: "I asked *them*

to fix it with Mr. Strong." (*Them* were his "cave people").

Imagine your editor's spot? Somehow, those 50,000 extra copies had to sell. So we decided against caution, and we called a spade a spade on the cover of that issue. We called Shaver's story TRUE. In a *fiction* magazine. Personally, we felt it *was* true, in some undefinable way, but we also weren't foolish, and inclined to gamble with our job. But somehow, this issue had to attract that special attention that would bring "word-of-mouth" publicity. It had to be a "sensation". And sensation it was!

Those 50,000 copies sold overnight. More, we received 50,000 letters saying "of course it's true!" We had started the Shaver Mystery, destined to rock the science fiction world, and reach into the very pages of LIFE magazine as a piece of national news worth eight of LIFE'S pages! And along with this, Mr. Harry Strong became the "little brass genius" of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company! Somehow we've always had both a laugh, and a very peculiar feeling about it - -for although it was success, it was also madness, for Mr. Strong had *also heard the same voices Shaver was hearing!*

Your editor has never heard a more ironic story!

Coincidence you say?

No!

For even your editor was "hoist by his own petard", because in those first weeks hundreds, even thousands, of letters came in, written by people who had never read *Amazing Stories* before, and in fact were not at all interested in science fiction, who felt "somehow impelled, and powerfully so", to buy this magazine. One woman even reported that she had had no money, not a cent - - and a quarter had mysteriously appeared in her palm!

Perhaps we should join Mr. Strong in his "brass" reputation!

We still have those letters! Whenever we are at a loss about what to do or say about SEARCH, we haul them out and read them. Then we go ahead. *There's an awful lot in this little old world to find out about and we intend to keep on looking!*

Basically, you have in that little story we told, the reason why we wanted SEARCH to appear monthly. We've got so much to say, so many incredible things to print, so many challenging manuscripts and letters and items on hand, that we'd never get around to half of them if we had to wait for sixty whole days to roll around before each tiny installment.

Sometimes we wonder if it's really important, and then we think of Mr. Strong and his

"hunch". But it was a *predicted* hunch! What lies back of *that!* An incredible thing to contemplate.

A man in Pennsylvania, a writer who wishes his story to be more widely circulated, throws his shoes on the bedroom floor, makes a commotion (to attract *who's* attention?), says in a loud voice "Tell Mr. Strong in Chicago we need more copies," and Mr. Strong gets a "hunch"! A hunch against all reason, against all logic, a FOOL hunch.

It makes us wonder. . .

Do you think. . .perhaps. . .if we sort of threw our shoes . . . that is . . . Well, doggone it! Why couldn't a "wee small voice" convince just a few thousand more that they should search for SEARCH, and plunk down 35c for it?

It would be *too much* to ask that the money appear in these potential buyers' hands, of course.

Or would it?

Or COULD it. . .

Have you read "The Most Amazing Man In The World" in this issue? It's TRUE! Why not tell your friends about it! There may be "voices", but why depend on them? Raise your *own,* and we'll all look like geniuses!

A toast to Mr. Harry Strong, who "hunched" his way to a million-dollars for his employers.

It shouldn't have worked, Harry, but it did! --Rap.

WANT TO MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME?

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

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

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

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

YOUR FUTURE

By Dorothy Spence Lauer



SOME MONTHS AGO, Mrs. Lauer was challenged in these pages to prove her ability at psychometry was an actual unusual power. In the opinion of Mr. Paul J. Peckonis, there was nothing but sheer generality and luck in her "predictions" and other comments, and that anybody could do the same thing.

Mrs. Lauer countered by offering to read Mr. Peckonis' own chart for nothing, and to put the results up as proof or disproof. In short, if she failed to read correctly for Mr. Peckonis, it would mean that she possessed no unusual power, and as he had claimed, it

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

was due to sheer guesswork and luck and coincidence—a generality.

Now, at the request of Mr. Peckonis, we publish the results. The following is a letter from Mr. Peckonis regarding the particular reading Mrs. Lauer made for him, and its degree of accuracy:

Mr. Raymond Palmer
Amherst, Wisconsin.

Dear Rap:

I acknowledge receipt of your invitation to report on the accuracy or inaccuracy of the analysis Dorothy Spence Lauer made for me following my comments concerning her "Your Future" feature in MYSTIC or rather presently SEARCH magazine.

As our editor, the writer is a "sticker" for verbatim quotes and not formulated opinions or drawn conclusions. I must therefore begin by taking issue with the editor and pointing out that I NEVER questioned Mrs. Lauer's faculties for predicting the future. All my comments consisted of my opinion which was that "Your Future" was in generalities which the average person could duplicate. Up until this time I could not honestly comment or formulate any opinion of Mrs. Lauer's individual analysis as I never had one made. Now however, having experienced an an-

alysis I am pleased to report the following:

To Yourself: 100% accurate to date! Ours is to my knowledge the only business of its kind anywhere in the world. A completely new approach in economy for a multi-billion dollar a year business. Being so radically different an approach we have had a devil of a time "selling" ourselves to the larger operators. We have been accepted since the analysis by one of, if not the largest local operator in our field. Mrs. Lauer feels with me, "a certain amount of skepticism in anything I undertake until it is proven to be otherwise." Lady, I don't even believe all of what my eyes see! Likewise, her closing comments are also correct. Before taking anyone into my confidence I must be sure! Too many angles are being "played" today even by those who appear to be "friends".

To Your Home: This residential move has been predicted for me by many, many "seers". Having a scientifically curious mind I take every opportunity to observe the "modus operandi" of seers, mystics, astrologers, crystal gazers and all prognosticators in general. Some have been completely accurate and just as completely confusing as to how they achieved their accuracy. Others have been just as completely entertaining in the humor they provoked within me, unconsciously of course. I shall be pleased to submit to the editor some of these experiences if the readers will make their wishes on the subject known to RAP. The "move", predicted by Mrs. Lauer has not taken place, is not contemplated now or for the future. Our home is a new one, we are happy in it, expect to stay where we are indefinitely. If in the near future it develops Mrs. Lauer was correct I shall be more than happy to stand publicly corrected by advising our readers with another letter. Mrs. Lauer is correct with her statement that I will put my point across or know the reason why!

To Your Desire: I must confess here that I do not recall making any wish.

What You Don't Expect: 100% accurate, purely personal, no further comment.

Sure To Be: This has not yet happened, insofar as someone putting their pride in their pocket and asking for my help. "A distinct and understanding heart", Yes dammit, even to the extent of "losing my shirt" in 1950. Someone who disappointed me long ago, etc., as Mrs. Lauer concludes this paragraph, passed away this morning. 66⅔ accuracy here.

Surprise: I agree completely insofar as the caution indicated by

Mrs. Lauer in doing business with the persuasive smooth talker. Her faculty for accuracy here is amazing. She has described this chap to a "tee". The long desired wish, whatever it be has not yet materialized. Spend money for a doctor or a lawyer I did, both were involved in the same matter. Completely accurate on this point. Correct entirely about not avoiding issue with person mentioned earlier, of opposite sex, personal matter, no further comment.

I honestly believe in my instance that Mrs. Lauer was about 87% accurate as RAP indicated. This woman knows something! I don't pretend to understand how she does it, but must admit she has in my opinion the gift of precognition, psychometry or whatever you choose to call it. To be able to do what she does in isolated instances would be fairly simple as most of our readers, the editor and this writer has experienced at one time or another some power of precognition. But to be able to achieve an accuracy of 87% rules out chance guesses.

Mrs. Lauer I stand corrected, eating humble pie. My opinion concerning "Your Future" has accordingly been revised.

Paul J. Peckonis
1624 South Second Street
Philadelphia 48, Pa.

And there you are! Mr. Peckonis, strangely, arrives at the same 87% accuracy noted by the careful records kept by this editor for a period of more than a year! Perhaps it cannot yet be said that psychometry is an exact science, but can we say that what Mrs. Lauer does here is something exceedingly worthwhile?

Your editor has had a number of readings by Mrs. Lauer, and frequently she writes spontaneously to him and makes some comment that she feels is currently important. NEVER, in these comments, has she been wrong! A number of them have concerned things only your editor could know, and impossible for Mrs. Lauer to guess, due to their entirely unrelated (to his business or known activities) nature.

To quote just one of the many letters we receive regarding Mrs. Lauer's strange power, Mrs. W. D. Pass, Box G, Garberville, California has this to say: "Have had three readings from her. 90% correct. Am now waiting for the fourth one sent for last week."

SEARCH Magazine continues to search into the incredible and the mysterious, and here, in Dorothy Spence Lauer, it seems to have uncovered and made as near factual as possible, a new ability of value to everyone. But let the search go

on - - if you have a reading, or have had a reading, please tell us the result, so that we can add it to our file. And if you haven't had a reading from Mrs. Lauer, perhaps you should! It might save you, as it has your editor, a good deal of trouble that can be avoided by "knowing in advance" that "something" is going to happen, more or less specifically stated, but certainly sufficiently so to enable one to "watch one's step"!

And thank you, Mr. Peckonis, for your support. It was especially valuable. And it proves that you, at least, are a true researcher, and willing to back up your opinions.

Editor's Note: Dorothy Spence Lauer is a Psychometrist, specializing in precognition. Ordinarily she needs but an object belonging to, or handled by, the subject, or the presence of the subject, to become aware of the psychic influences from which she draws her information. However, for the sake of expediency in providing her with a sufficiently strong personal psychic impression, the editors of this magazine hit upon the Bible verse method. By writing out a verse, while concentrating, as described in the instructions given on this page, we hope that a sufficiently powerful psychic impression will be made to enable the medium to receive the information she seeks. We have made this service available to our readers purely in an experimentative atmosphere, in an attempt, first, to determine whether or not this ability is of a nature both real and valuable; and second, to provide you with an interesting bit of entertainment.

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

HOW TO GET A PSYCHOMETRIC ANALYSIS

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

IT HAPPENED TO ME...

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

THE UNDEAD CAT

BACK IN 1932 I lived in Northern Minnesota on the Canadian border. Every one knows it gets very cold there, and this incident happened in January when it was about 35 or 40 degrees below freezing.

At that time I was working for a couple who lived in the city but were getting ready to move into the country, and they wanted me to go to their country home and prepare for their move. I owned a white Persian cat that was born deaf and there was nothing to do but take the cat with me. As soon as the cat was let loose in the new surrounding it seemed to go mad. It climbed to the top of an old oak tree and there stayed for three days and nights, howling constantly. I decided it would have to be killed if I could coax it down the tree, and the next day my husband

shot it. The ground was frozen, so he carried the cat to the frozen river, knowing that when spring came it would be washed away.

The next day we went back to the city, but I could not get the cat out of my mind. I thought of it constantly all day, and the next day I heard the cat crying at the door. I thought I must be going mad but that night I dreamed the cat was alive. I could see it walking in a circle with one eye shot out. I woke with a start, but somehow I felt this dream was true. I decided I would return to the farm the next day, but that morning the owners came to pay me. I told them I had just had this dream about the cat we had shot on their place, and they looked at each other. I can't explain the expression on their faces, but suddenly I knew the dream was true. The lady then told me that they had not planned to tell me about it, but they had been to the farm and found the cat walking in a circle just as I had seen in the dream, and with one eye blinded by the bullet.

WHAT DEATH IS LIKE

AS A SMALL CHILD I had feared death, and the fear grew with me. The older I became the bigger the fear grew until I determined to spend the rest of my life trying to find the answer. The logical place to find it was in church, but I could not find it there. I went to first one church then another until I had been to all of them, but the answer to death was nothing but theories as far as I was concerned.

One day after a minister had been trying to convince me that only members of that congregation would be saved, I decided to pray once more for the answer. At this time I was a member of a different organization and considered a sinner by others. I must say I was certainly confused as to the theories and ideas advanced about death.

I went to my room and stretched out on my bed, going over all the different ideas of death, and knew that none of them actually had the answer. I said my usual prayer on that bright October afternoon, then I began to doze off to sleep. "Let me know while I sleep," I had prayed, thinking perhaps a dream might give me a clue; but instead of a dream I was not prepared for what actually happened.

As I began to doze off I suddenly remembered my son would soon be home from school and I would have to get up and unlock the door so he could come in. I tried to get up and found I could not move a muscle.

"If I could just move my little

toe," I thought, "this would break the spell or what ever had come over me while praying." Soon the back of my head started to ache and I could hear my heart pounding violently. Then a noise filled my whole head. It sounded as if the waves of the ocean were all centered within my own head, and I struggled up on one elbow. I finally managed to get out of bed, slip on my robe and made my way along the fifteen-foot hall that led to the kitchen.

All this time I was thinking my head would certainly burst from the pressure, and though I could see, feel and think, I knew something was wrong. My whole body was hurting, yet when I had gone to bed I had been feeling perfectly well. I had been looking down, thinking I must get to the door and unlock it, then I decided to look and see what time it was. I raised my eyes to look at the clock on the kitchen wall when *snap* I knew no more, and then I was back in bed. I looked at the bright sunlight streaming in between the venetian blinds, but I still could not move. Amidst the roar in my head I heard a voice saying, "This is death!"

It was no more than five seconds later that I discovered the roar had gone from my head and I could move but my body was still in bed exactly as I had stretched out for my afternoon nap. My robe still hung on the peg on the door. It had never been touched, yet a body that belonged inside my physical body had gotten up and walked a distance of fifteen feet or more.

I knew the answer to death at last, but it had come from no man. No man had been able to convince me of life after death, but this experience had shown me that day I prayed, "What becomes of all the other poor sinners who do not belong to this organization?"

Mrs. Sarah Skifstrom
1617 W. 168th St.
Gardena, California

* * *

STRANGE FEAT OF STRENGTH

BACK IN 1925, when I was a youngster of ten, I and some other youngsters performed a strong-man stunt, the reason for which has me baffled to this day.

Briefly, the manner in which it was performed is this:

An adult weighing 200 pounds or so, was seated in an ordinary kitchen chair. Then two youngsters would stand on opposite sides of the chair and place their index fingers *only* under the seat of the chair, close to where the legs joined the seat. At a given signal all, the two children and the seated

adult, would breath in unison. At the intake of the third breath the children would exert upward force with their fingers, and chair and adult would rise into the air. As I recall, no particular physical effort was involved, but if the third breath was held by all concerned, the weight would be momentarily suspended in air.

This stunt was a seven-day wonder among us kids, though the adults viewed it with amused tolerance, and without knowledge or curiosity as to the cause. Normally two youngsters ranging in age from six to ten couldn't lift a two-hundred pound weight using all their strength.

Like most childish games, it soon lost its fascination, and the passing of years erased it from memory. Then, recently, I read an article on Yoga breath control, and the long forgotten incident came back to mind.

Perhaps the incident I have described is a common occurrence, and many people are familiar with it, and perhaps there is a logical explanation that doesn't include Yoga or any unusual physical or psychic accomplishment. None of the participants knew anything whatever about Yoga or any other border-line science, so if any occult methods were involved, it was purely accidental.

Whatever the cause, the event described did happen, though I have heard of no similar "strong-man stunt" since!

Lester F. Nieman
P. O. Box 41
Crawfordsville, Oregon

* * *

A PROPHET AMONG US

FROM THE FIRST YEAR of our marriage I prayed that my husband would begin to believe in God as I did. At that time he seemed to believe in nothing but living from day to day and having a good time. He admitted that on the one occasion when he had longed for God's help and needed it desperately, he got it. Still, his faith was very weak. I couldn't understand anyone doubting God for a moment.

During the years of our marriage it seemed that we had more than our share of hardships. My faith in God never wavered, but I sometimes wondered just how much faith a person needed before He offered a helping hand. My husband's faith decreased if anything until suddenly one day, without any visible provocation, he decided to start studying the Bible. He said he wanted to learn what God expects of people. I didn't dare

breathe for fear of breaking the spell. I used what knowledge I had gained through the years to help him. He finally admitted that he had prayed to be shown the right way. I could hardly believe my ears.

One morning in the Fall of 1955 my husband arose white and trembling. I supposed that he was coming down with something until he began telling me of a dream, or vision, he'd had during the night. God had spoken to him and told him to continue studying and believing. He told him also of the coming of Christ and when that day would be. We were both frightened. It didn't seem possible that God would appear to an ordinary, often sinful, man. I didn't realize then that my prayer had been answered.

Studying the Bible and searching for its hidden meanings became a part of our everyday life. I couldn't have been happier until the day my husband announced that he had the power to see into people's past and future. That was too much and yet, after the vision I was ready to believe almost anything. I'm not from Missouri, but I said, "show me" anyway.

First, he showed me a passage he had discovered in the Bible. Numbers 12:6 - "And he said, Hear my words: If there is a prophet among you, I the Lord make myself known to him in a vision, I speak with him in a dream". I couldn't contradict that. Next, he began predicting future events in the lives of our neighbors. I was still pretty doubtful. When a marriage, a break-up and a crooked deal took place that he had predicted I began to change my views. For the first time I thought of what it would mean to us to be able to look into people's lives.

Occasionally a prediction came out wrong. He learned from these failures that he mustn't predict births and unimportant happenings. He soon began trying his power on more important events such as major crimes, the H-bomb test, etc. So far his answers have come out 95% correct. I no longer dare scoff at him.

After testing his gift locally, my husband decided to share his power with others. We are forming a group of persons interested in knowing the fate of the world in the future and the mystery of what happens after death. We have no idea of starting a million-dollar business complete with mansion and Cadillac. We desire only our living and enough for publication purposes.

We have been lucky enough to discover the secret of happiness. We have little in worldly posses-

sions, but our everyday needs are always taken care of. We are now showing others how to find this peace of mind and happiness, plus giving them the answers to life's most perplexing questions. We are not attempting to form a religious organization to turn people away from whatever they now believe in. There will never, at any time, be discrimination against any race, creed or color in our work.

Alice Texter
Pottersville, New York

MY ABORTED SON LIVES

SEVERAL YEARS AGO my daughter, a semi invalid, 16 years old at the time, was in and out of the hospital at intervals. None of the physicians seemed to know what her ailments were, nor what remedy to give her. Her case seemed to be something new to them, also incurable. Yet they called her in for checkups which I later learned were only for experimental purposes. She told me there were a dozen different doctors would examine her every day. I fully appreciated all their efforts. I only mention this to get to the facts of my story.

As time went by, she still lingered on. Babe (as I called her) was a lovely girl; she had a beautiful face, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes and a very sunny disposition. She never complained of her suffering. She was tall, but so thin and frail looking. Her hands and limbs crippled (as with Arthritis) she was badly handicapped; bedfast part of the time; only able to get out occasionally.

In our home my bedroom joined hers. The head of my bed was at the door to her room, her bed only about four feet from mine. The house was an old apartment house, not all rented at this time. A number of times my daughter complained of having a terrible feeling of fear, especially at night. I tried to console her, telling her how impossible it would be for anyone to molest her. As I was constantly at her side to protect her, nothing could harm her. However nothing I could say would allay her fears. There seemed to be something gruesome in her feelings. She had the conviction someone was ready to grab her. Of course, I thought it was just her nerves. But one night while we were both sound asleep shortly after midnight I was awakened. A voice called to me (sounding like a wee child's voice). It was saying "Mamma-mamma, do you hear that?"

I sprang out of bed, turned on the light, and heard a very loud clatter and pounding on a door to

an adjoining apartment which was empty at the time. Babe came rushing into my arms at that moment saying, "See there, Mother; I told you someone was after me."

The noise now had ceased. I cuddled her as close as possible in my arms in bed with me, but no more sleeping that night. Next morning the door was found broken open. So evidently her fears were justified.

As time went on this experience was forgotten, since we had moved to another place. A year or so later a friend of mine asked me to accompany her to a meeting in a town a few miles away. I asked no questions but accepted the invitation. Babe went along also. It turned out to be a seance. Although we were unaccustomed to this ordeal, we made the best of it and closely followed every detail.

The Medium seemed to be a very likeable and reliable person. The Lord's Prayer was repeated by all present and a few sacred songs were sung. Shortly an independent voice was speaking to each of us, then messages given to several different ones. A lady sitting next to me kept saying she hoped her baby would come and talk to her. Soon I sensed a little child standing at my knee. It kept saying "Mamma, mamma," over and over, so I whispered to the lady, saying, "Here is your baby; talk to it." But the baby voice spoke up and said, "No, you're my Mamma."

Now I began to think something was wrong. I said, "Oh no, this is a mistake. I have no baby in the Spirit World." The voice said, "Yes you have, Mamma." Then I recalled an abortion about 16 years prior to this time, but, to my way of thinking or knowledge that was the end of everything. A premature birth of only a few weeks? There just was *absolutely nothing there.*

But the voice went on: "Mamma, it wasn't your fault. Remember when you was so sick? It was your health condition that caused it." I could not doubt then. I thought: "That voice, where did I hear it before?" I began to wonder. As the voice continued to refresh my memory of many things I had forgotten, finally it said: "Mamma, wasn't that an awful racket that night at the old apartment house?" I then recognized the voice. I asked, "Honey, was that you who woke me up?" "Yes, it was, Mamma. I had to wake you up because someone was trying to get Sister. I had to hurry." Babe spoke up then: "See, Mother: I told you someone was trying to get me." The voice went on then to explain that regardless of premature birth, a baby passing into Spirit Life continues to grow to

full maturity as it would have on the Earth plane. I asked him (it was a boy) his name. He said he had never been named, so I told him we would call him Glen, the name I would have given him had he lived.

That night I was convinced death does not end it all. We live on over there on the Spirit Plane.

I went to numerous seances after that night, always with marvelous results. I had a Son 20 years old living with me. He occasionally would go with Babe and I.

One night Glen said to my son (Frank), "Why don't you bring that music box you have at home with you? We will have some music." (No one knew Frank had a guitar.) Next trip he took it with him. When Glen came to us, he said: "Well, Brother, I see you brought it this time. Get it up and play something, and I'll sing." Frank asked Glen what he wanted him to play. Glen said: "Anything you want". Actually it was just as if those boys were at home together talking. It was just as real. Frank played two songs and Glen sang along with him. Glen said to me: "Mother, isn't this wonderful? You have a son in the material to play for you, and one in the Spirit-world to sing for you." I smiled through tears. I cannot tell you the ecstasy of that moment.

My daughter passed on at the age of 21. She was over five feet tall, weighed 73 pounds. She says she is not crippled anymore and is very happy. She sent me a message through a medium before her body was placed to rest. I took some flowers, placed on her grave. She told me all about it in a circle, asked me not ever to put flowers on that grave, for she wasn't there, to keep flowers at home where she would enjoy them with me. I know now both children are near me and still live. They have proven it to me in many ways. To those of you who have never experienced anything like this PLEASE DON'T tear me apart, but investigate well before you jump to conclusions. You could be wrong, you know.

Mrs. Emma R. Bigger
302 East Marion St.
Monticello, Indiana

THE END

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MYSTERY IN THE NEWS . . . .

MYSTERY MISSILES
BAFFLE EXPERTS

Intelligence experts are in a tizzy about radar screen sightings of mysterious "objects" over the Baltic Sea.

The North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) radar station on Denmark's Bornholm Island has been tracking the objects at night. Flying speeds of 2000 to 2500 mph have been reported.

The flying "whatever-they-are" are said to be coming from the Peenemunde area of Russian-occupied East Germany. They fly from east to west, then turn back in a wide arc.

The German wartime V-1 and V-2 rockets were developed in Peenemunde.

EGG-SHAPED SOARING
'SAUCER' SCRAMBLES
FREE OF ITS CAPTOR

MONEYMORE, Northern Ireland, Sept. 8, 1956. A "level-headed, God-fearing" Irish farmer says he was running to the police station with a captured flying saucer in his arms yesterday, but it escaped.

"I had difficulty in holding it down," Thomas Hutchinson explained today.

A royal air force officer said what Hutchison picked up must have been a weather balloon— but police preferred the farmer's version.

"Thomas Hutchinson is a level-headed, God-fearing chap," said the desk sergeant at Moneymore headquarters. "He's not the sort of man who would imagine he seized a flying saucer if, in fact, he didn't have one."

Hutchinson said he and his wife Maud saw a flying saucer drop from the clouds into a bog 200 yards from his front door.

It was egg-shaped, about 3 feet high and 18 inches in diameter, said Hutchinson. "It was bright red with two dark red marks at the end and three dark red stripes. It had a saucer-shaped base. I kicked it over, but it returned to its original position."

When he got down on his knees for a closer examination, he went on, it began to spin. So he put a hammer lock on it and mused:

"The police station was the only place for such a wicked looking

thing as this and I started to carry it there."

Then Mrs. Hutchinson took up the tale:

"Ah, it was a terrible thing. My husband warned me not to go near it, but you know a woman's inquisitiveness . . ."

She said she walked along with her husband and stood there staring at the fearful object when he put it on the ground for a moment to negotiate a hedge.

"Then all of a sudden the monster rose and it nearly pulled my husband off his feet when he tried to hold it."

Asked by police what she did then, she replied:

"I started to panic and then I ran home and prayed."

BOY TELLS HERALD OF FLYING SAUCER

On September 11, 1956, a very excited Grand Forks, North Dakota youngster claimed to have seen a flying saucer from the vantage point of his back yard at 511 2nd Ave. S.

"Man, you should have seen it," he confided. "It was a round thing with two lights in the back."

The boy, Wayne Allard, 12, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Allard, said he, his cousin, James Allard, 13, of 205 Walnut St., and a chum, Don Schwartz, 12, witnessed a strange flying object at about 8:15 p.m.

The boys said the object was traveling west at high speed and at a low altitude. They said at first they thought it was an airplane, but changed their opinion when they saw it was round and had two lights in the rear. Wayne said they watched it until it disappeared in the distance.

SOLDIER GROWS 11 INCHES AFTER INJURY IN KOREA

Launceston, Tasmania—Doctors testified that ex-soldier Ronald C. Heather, 27, has been growing taller ever since he suffered concussion in Korea five years ago.

Heather, now 6 feet 3½ inches, was only 5 feet 4½ inches tall when he served with the Australian Army in Korea.

The story of the medical "freak" was told in court when Heather pleaded guilty to obtaining money by false checks. He was freed on bond conditional on his continuing to take medical treatment to curb his growth.

Doctors said Heather sprouted at the rate of an inch every 12 weeks until medical treatment slowed the growth to an inch every year. Despite checking the rate of growth, the physicians said they still have not been able to diagnose the cause of the trouble.

ICE FALL ON ROOF IS PUZZLE

H. B. Jones is seeking a solution to a mystery which startled him out of his easy chair at his home, 10698 Notabene Dr., Parma Heights, Ohio, on Friday night, August 24, 1956.

An enormous clatter arose from his roof, and he dashed out to see what went on. At first he saw nothing. On closer inspection, he found chunks of ice—some oily looking, one piece eight inches long.

Quickly, he put some of it in the refrigerator. Then he called the Weather Bureau, which gave only negative help—it had not been hail.

"Maybe it was dumped from a plane," Jones said. "I can't seem to find out whether planes do that. But if they don't, then I can't dream up any kind of explanation for it."

MYSTERIOUS PICTURE

After his mother died recently, Louis Acosta, 36, of East Los Angeles, Calif, took home a painting she had owned. It depicted Our Lady of Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico.

But on the way, the glass in the frame shattered. When he got home, Louis took the painting from the frame and put it in a drawer. A few minutes later he returned and suddenly stopped cold: "I saw what I thought was the same picture back in the frame," he said.

He told a few friends, and the news shot through the predominately Mexican community. Awed onlookers said the image on the frame was that of the Virgin Mary.

Hundreds of Godfearing neighbors gathered at Acosta's home, bearing candles and money offerings. Hourly the assemblage grew. Police had to be detailed to keep order. The pastor of the nearby church is among those who saw the mysterious image—he has kept quiet.

SAUCERS AGAIN

Herbert Snell, 1536 E. 81st St., Cleveland, Ohio, who had military service and thus is as familiar with aircraft as anyone, reports that on September 9, 1956 while at work at Cloyes Gear Works Inc., 17214 Roseland Rd., he and his co-workers saw a sight in the sky for which they have no ready explanation.

There were two bright lights, which at first they took for stars since they were stationary. But then they "zoomed up out of the southwest and turned directly east."

Snell and his friends estimated their altitude at about 5000 feet, said they appeared to have traveled 20 miles in six or seven seconds, and disappeared over Lake Erie.

RED CURED OF PARALYSIS AT LOURDES TURNS TO GOD

NICE, France, Sept. 4, 1956—A Communist who scoffed at Lourdes pilgrimages as "comedies" has come back from the shrine apparently cured of a paralyzed right side.

He has also come back believing in God and as a result is receiving a torrent of abuse from his Red friends.

The man, Louis Olivari, told the Paris Presse that he was seriously injured last April after falling off a ladder while working as an electrician at a hospital.

After being unconscious for a day, he awoke to find his entire right side paralyzed and all movement gone from his right arm and leg.

Doctors were unable to do anything for him. They said he was suffering either from a neuro-muscular disorder or a ruptured cerebral artery.

The chaplain of the hospital and his wife urged him to join a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

"You're just as crazy as the rest of them," Louis told his wife. But he finally decided to go.

At Lourdes, he reluctantly allowed himself to be stripped down and plunged into the icy waters of the Grotto. Alongside him was a blind boy.

Seeing the boy's lips moving in slow fervent prayer, Louis cried out: "God, if You exist, cure this child who deserves it more than I."

As he said the words, he says he suddenly felt faint, then was dragged from the water. On the bank he found he could walk normally, instinctively slipped his right arm through his coat sleeve in getting dressed.

DAD'S GHOST WARNS BRIDE, WEDDING OFF

ASTI, Italy, Aug. 25, 1956. The wedding march boomed from the organ and Veglia Bonis, 34 entered the church to wed Giuseppe Tabacchetti, 42.

Suddenly the bride shouted, "My father's ghost!" and fled. She explained her dead father's spirit had warned "Go back, Go back, unlucky girl."

The ceremony was canceled.

NEW MARTIAN CANAL THEORY

FLAGSTAFF, Ariz., Aug. 30, 1956. Patterns formed by spider webs, mud cracks and railroad tracks were injected into the mystery of the "canals" on the planet Mars.

Wells A. Webb, a research chemist from Berkeley, Calif., at the annual convention of the Western

Amateur Astronomers explained it like this:

Study has shown that the mud cracks seem to gather in threes around a given point. Spider web strands gather in fours.

But the arteries of man-made intersections, such as those formed by railroad tracks, seem to gather in fours, fives and higher numbers. And this, Webb said, is just how the "canals" radiate from points on Mars.

Does this indicate the "canals" were made by intelligent beings? Webb believes the possibility is worth further study.

FLYING STUFF REPORTED IN SKY OVER L.A.

The skies were reported full of flying stuff August 21, 1956, as police telephones jangled.

Folks in the vicinity of Sunset Blvd. and La Brea Ave. saw an orange-red object close to the edge of a low-hanging moon about 9:30 p.m. What's more, an associated object of elongated shape, appeared to be bathed in glare of spotlights, and to be going up and down like an elevator, many said.

Valley Division police reported a flurry of calls concerning a "wild" missile seen cruising across San Fernando Valley skies. But no word of any loose missiles could be confirmed.

MAN SAYS HE RAN 6 MILES FLEEING 'SAUCER' 900 FEET UP

Woodstock, Ont., Canada, Aug. 28, 1956 A 57-year-old Hamilton man, William Corbett stumbled exhausted into the OPP detachment office early today and told the officer in charge he was chased by a flying saucer for six miles. Mr. Corbett said he was driving from Hamilton to Tavistock when his truck broke down two miles south of Innerkip, eight miles from here.

"I got out of the truck and noticed a strong white light emerging from a large hub 900 feet in the air. I got scared and started to run, and it followed me."

This is the newest complaint of a "saucer" in the area since four Woodstock residents claimed they saw one last summer.

'GHOST' HAUNTS LUZON JAILBIRDS, POURS WATER OVER BATHERS

MANILA, Aug. 9, 1956. Ghostly goings-on in Legaspi's jail are giving police in that southwestern-Luzon city a bad case of the jitters.

Sgt. Salustiano Esplana, in charge of precinct No. 1, was first to experience the spook. He was walking along a second floor corridor one night when he heard a voice from a cell below pleading

in the native dialect:

"Sarge, let me out, please let me out."

Esplana thought the voice belonged to one of the city's regular drunks and paid no attention. The plea was repeated three times and Esplana asked the guard on duty, Patrolman Lucio Barcelon, who the prisoner was.

The guard said the cell was empty.

A quick check with a flashlight bore him out. Esplana was so unnerved by the experience that he asked for and was granted a leave of absence.

Later an American sailor was booked for public disturbance and locked in the same cell. He made so much noise that Cpl. Mateo Martinez asked Patrolman Barcelon to see what was wrong. Barcelon didn't come back.

Martinez found the patrolman unconscious on the floor, his eyes wide open and his body numb. He revived only after a pail of water was thrown on him.

Barcelon said that as he neared the cell "some unseen force blew an unusually strong air against my face which made me feel dizzy until I fell."

Still later Patrolmen Vincente Santa and Victorio Basco were strolling near the jail when they heard noises "as if someone was taking a bath in the cell." Investigating, they saw a detached hand overhead pouring a can of water. The patrolmen fled.

Even firemen housed in the same building were not spared by the spook.

Marcelo Goyena and Rodolfo Daep, unable to sleep one hot night, decided to take a bath. No sooner had Goyena dried himself, he said, than an unseen hand poured a basin of water over him, knocking him out. Daep found him in the bathroom.

Revived, Goyena told of smelling "an extraordinarily malodorous waft of air" which accompanied the dousing.

WICHITA SAUCERS

Unidentified flying objects racing across southeastern Kansas skies were observed by many persons early Thursday, July 19, 1956, and caused considerable concern when reports indicated the "saucers" may have landed, one near Winfield, and a second near Burden, Kan.

However, the reported landings were later blamed on reflected lights from two burning gas wells near Winfield.

The unexplained sightings were first reported by Highway Patrolman Dick Hadsall stationed at Arkansas City, Kan. Hadsall said he

received calls from citizens who had seen the strange lights flying north of the city.

Accompanied by a photographer and newsman from the Arkansas City paper, Hadsall drove his patrol car to the north edge of the city where he also spotted the two "flying objects." Hadsall said the things looked "like two 200 watt light bulbs flying across the sky." He said the objects were moving slowly south, and looked to be about 5,000 feet high. Hadsall and his companions watched the objects until about dawn, when one of the lights appeared to be nearing the ground near Winfield.

Brian Coyne, the newsman who accompanied Hadsall, said he watched the lights through binoculars, and "both appeared to have lines of fire extending from them both vertically and horizontally at all times."

Following the original sightings by Hadsall and his group, the objects were spotted by citizens in other Kansas towns. Police in Winfield reported seeing the objects, and officers in El Dorado also reported the "flying lights."

In Wichita, Jimmy Walker, dispatcher for the Highway Patrol office at 8420 N. Broadway, reported seeing what he described as a "strange appearing orange object flying southeast of Wichita about 3:30 a.m."

"It looked like a big balloon," Walker said, "and was a faded orange in color." Walker said he watched the object for a few minutes, then went into the office to make a report.

THE END

THE UNPROTECTED PROTECTOR

Exposure to atomic radiation in a government laboratory between 8 and 10 years ago has taken the life of a Philadelphia physician.

Medical Examiner Joseph W. Spelman issued his finding after an inquest into the death last July 24 of Dr. Kenneth A. Koerber, 50, of Philadelphia. Dr. Koerber had worked in the Atomic Energy Commission's Brookhaven National Laboratories, Upton, N.Y., between 1946 and 1948. He inspected laboratories to protect workers from radiation.

"We presume," Dr. Spelman said, "that Dr. Koerber somehow got a dose of atomic radiation which now, 10 years later, caused his death. We have conclusively proved that he was subject to atomic radiation or to the inhalation or to the eating of atomic compounds. At the present time his bones contain 1,000 times the maximum safe concentration of radiation."

Dr. Spelman said the radiation was probably cumulative instead of a single dose.

★ ★ ★

ASTROLOGY

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

"Can you calculate from my birth-chart," asks a correspondent from the Canal Zone, "four numbers that one could buy in the lottery with hopes of success?"

Of course to anybody who knows even a little about astrology, it's obvious that the answer is no, and that the inquirer has got astrology confused with numerology. (Some astrology magazines carry articles on numerology, which I must say looks awfully good - - until I try to make it work for *me!* This may be due to my trying to make the "wrong systems" of numerology give right results, be-

cause so far as I can tell, every numerologist has his own pet method of procedure, and I've seen

It's been my experience that *Them as want luck want something for nothing.*

AN EXCITING NEW DISCOVERY

Article No. 7 By Hannes Bok

more numerical values ascribed to the letters of the alphabet - - many of them widly conflicting - - than there actually *are* letters. Numerology doesn't work for me, but neither do cards, tea-leaves, crystal-gazing, apple-parings thrown over the left shoulder on Hallowe'en midnight, nor other such interesting diversions - - but they *do* seem to work for others. Why? Perhaps it's as a scientist told me, "It's not astrology itself that gives you results. The horoscope in front of you is simply a device which - - unknown to yourself - - permits you to look into the future or the past via extra-sensory perception, and is actually no different than the crystal gazer's ball or the tea-leaf reader's dregs, which serve the same purpose for them." Perhaps not, Perhaps anything!)

"Am I lucky?" another correspondent asks, when sending for his horoscope. Meaning, of course, is he ever going to have any luck, and if so, when - - meaning *gimme* and *now.*

Just what *is* luck?

Well, there's the mythical kind, also known as *chance* and *miracle, Providence* and *Fortune.* And sometimes *windfall.*

But there ain't no sitch animule as chance, miracle or any of the rest. This is not a universe of chance, but one of cause-and-effect. A miracle is an effect without any cause, a cart without the horse (and if you're in a quibbling mood, even "horseless carriages" are driven by horse-power or substitute-horses). You're not going to raise a rose where no seed (purposely or inadvertently) has been sown. You're not going to find any effect without its foregoing cause.

If this were a universe of chance, "chances are" that it wouldn't have held together so well for untold billions and skillions of centuries. Nature's laws are still the same today as they were "way back when" (*What goes up comes back down, What refuses to grow must die,* etc.) and they're going to continue thataway.

Trouble with us humans is

that we crave excitement and change (as if Change weren't a basic law - -if we'd just use our eyes to see, rather than merely to look-with) and instead of changing ourselves, we try to change Nature (over whom we have no jurisdiction) - - thus today, the fundamental truths uttered thousands of years ago are ignored because "the ancients didn't have deep-freezes, TV or H-bombs, therefore they were savages, and anything they said then couldn't possibly be true today". (I forget how many milleniums ago somebody said *There's nothing new under the sun.*)

The magic crystal of old fairy tales was a telescope (crystal lenses have been found in Babylonian ruins); the magic carpet was probably an early glider (remember that da Vinci worked-out plans for a feasible airplane); and there's evidence that ancient cities were destroyed by something very similar to atomic bombs (no, I don't mean "Greek Fire", known today as napalm, thermite or other pseudo-equivalents).

Nope, no miracles, no accidents, no luck. No effects without causes. what *seemed* to be miracles were effects whose causes nobody had the wit to deduce. If the dead have indeed been raised, then the one who revived them knew of a law that would permit it (even as today's doctors can massage the heart to "bring back the dead"). A simple cigarette-lighter of today would seem a miracle or witchcraft to a Stone Age man.

So much for the mythical brand of luck, otherwise known as "popular belief". As for the real, authentic, bona fide, genuine, Grade-A sort of luck, any psychologist - - trained or natural-born - - will affirm that you, personally, are your own luck. And so you are - - and so am I - - and how does it show in our horoscopes? As the planet Jupiter, which some olden astrologers named *The greater Fortune,* benefic, lucky, fortunate, *ad nauseum,* until they've so let the idea run away with itself that every amateur astrologer conceives a favorable Jupiter transit through his horoscope as denoting a shower of gold. Dirty trick, I say! Probably responsible for a lot of budding astrologers being nipped before flowering.

If Jupiter is inharmoniously related to the other planets in your horoscope (which is what's known as "having an afflicted Jupiter") your shower of gold is very likely to be a shower of rocks - - or raspberries.

That's because, as I explained in an earlier article, Jupiter is simply the factor in one's life which means Opportunism, or Judgment-for-gain. Good Jupiter, good

judgment. Afflicted Jupiter, afflicted judgment. Jupiter is good old common sense, or "horse sense", the ability to foresee and plan. (Jupiter's own sign of Sagittarius rules prophets, among other items).

Find whatever planets you have in poor relationship to your Jupiter and you find the factors that forever tend to cloud your judgment -- and in the future, try not to let them influence your judgment any further. House position of Jupiter will reveal the field best suited for your opportunism.

Gamblers generally have Jupiter in adverse aspect to Mars (effort and morale), or to Neptune (idealism and wishful-thinking), or Saturn (ability to adjust to circumstances). They're out for something for nothing, effects without cause, a "lucky break"; they're luck-chasers and miracle-hunters -- in a word, they're born *suckers,* because they're going against natural laws. And don't think that somebody (with a less afflicted Jupiter) isn't just waiting to take 'em to the cleaners. (Repeating what I said in the second article on the mandala, the Law of Opposites -- another implacable law of Nature -- proves to us that there are just too kinds of people, the exploiters and the exploited, the users and the used.)

Oh, sure, gamblers *do* often make piles and piles of money, and if they're smart enough to consult an astrologer (or better still, to be their own astrologers) they'd probably keep it (because astrology is working *with nature*). How come? Because no matter how gosh-awful anybody's horoscope may be, there are times (when the moving planets in the sky "affect" the stationary birth-planets of the horoscope) when the spell is temporarily lifted. But sure as fate (I could also say "sure as Saturn" since it's the same thing) these times don't last forever, and unless the gambler is smart enough to sense when his "winning streak" is over (a few of them are, because of Jupiter being harmoniously related to some planets, while also inharmoniously related to still other planets) he'll try to push his luck too far, and lose not only his shirts but the wardrobes he's borrowed off'n others.

And this, bye-the-bye, is the reason that I'm anti-psychiatry -- I don't believe that there's any such thing as a psychiatric cure. I've previously given you the reasons why I have perhaps the whackiest clientele in the country (and I'm grateful for what its horoscopes have taught me) and observation-from-experience has shown me that if a person *allows himself* to crack up once, he'll

allow it to happen again. Notice that I said *allows himself,* which is where free-will comes in. *Nothing is, but that thinking makes it so.* Attitude is All.

One man's meat is another's poison. Consider the reactions of two persons to a rainstorm. The farmer thanks heaven that it will enable his crops to grow. The city dweller goes into hysterics because the rain took the crease out of his newly-pressed suit. (Odd, isn't it, but most "nature-lovers" love nature only when it's of advantage to themselves!) The old Greeks used to say that if a thing couldn't be remedied, you might as well laugh at it. Or in more modern vein, *What can't be cured must be endured.* The guy who went into a tizzy about his sodden suit allowed himself to be "hurt" -- and all his cussing-out of the rain neither could nor would stop the rain. He was refusing to adjust, or more aptly, refusing to grow. Now if he'd taken a constructive approach and decided to learn to be his own weather-prophet (yes, he can do it; any Boy Scout manual will show him how -- and the stuff in the Boy Scout manual isn't put there just to consume paper) the experience might not be repeated.

What's that? "I haven't got time!" Funny, these days, how folk seldom have time for the inconvenient or the unpleasant, but almost everybody can make the time for something enjoyable. That's because we've allowed ourselves to believe that life is strictly a matter of pleasure ("happiness") -- as if anything progressive ever came from pleasure! We're out to "express ourselves" rather than to *realise* ourselves. You don't develop muscles or muscular co-ordination from lolling at ease -- and so on and so on; surely I don't have to preach on and on about it. More and more I begin to see that the Puritans' attitude toward pleasure had a lot of sense behind them. Pleasure is the full flowering and the subsequent going to seed. Enjoy yourself -- and die. (Ever look into the life of the male bee?) Allow yourself to be hurt, and nobody's going to get hurt except yourself (or the kindred destructive spirits who also enjoy allowing themselves to be hurt).

Psychiatric treatment *seems* to work because, under a particularly rough transit of planets (adverse to one's birth planets) one allows himself to be hurt and starts to go to pieces. But Change is another immutable law, and by the time that the bloke has completely cracked up (and goes for psychiatric help) the tide has begun to change. (After the square, or shattering-aspect, comes the trine, or healing aspect; after the trine comes the opposition, or negative-reaction as-

pect; and after the opposition comes the sextile or helpful aspect -- and so on, always in that order, "good" following "bad" with the regularity of the seasons.) So when our suffering bloke visits the psychiatrist, actually he's already on the road to recovery, and as time passes and conditions (planetarily speaking) improve, he may think that the psychiatrist is "curing" him or at least helping him. By the time that he's reached the peak of the "good" period, he's "cured" -- question is, was it nature that did the healing, or the psychiatrist? (This also applies to one's family doctor -- patients often succeed in getting well in spite of him, rather than because of him.)

But after the "good" comes the "bad" again -- how soon depends on the nature of the planets involved. The patient suffers a relapse. Generally mental crack-ups are related to Uranus transits (Uranus being the will to change, to rebel, to pit one's "individuality" against the whole blasted universe) -- or 21-year periods between crises. (Now if you're a smart cookie, you'll start looking up your old headlines: if a guy committed rape in 1940, served time and was released from the pen, you'd still better be a little leery of him around 1961.) *Once a thief, always a thief.* Sad, but in most cases, true.

Mark: I qualified that by stating *most cases.* We all tend to let our emotions rule us when we're young, but many of us learn to use our intellects as we grow older -- which is saying that we let ourselves fall under the spell of Venus, (emotion,) in our youth, but learn to use Mercury, (our reasoning-power,) as we grow older. And there of course is the root of the conflict between youth and age -- youth *feels* that it is "so right", and feeling or emoting is Venus; age *perceives, ascertains, observes* that it is right; uses its head, not its heart. Look up the roots to those words in the dictionary -- *perceive, observe, ascertain.* Let your emotions rule you, and you'll have loads of fun -- and also loads of grief. Don't allow yourself to have emotions, and you step your voltage up to a higher level -- you come one step nearer to the Sun (to Mercury from Venus, natch) where enjoyment is still possible, but on an intellectual plane. (Most pop-music lovers eventually graduate to the classical-music level.)

Thus a lot of juvenile delinquency can be discounted -- but beware of anybody who's *allowed himself* (by reacting to conditions) to commit some serious peccadillo after he's reached maturity (and for me, astrologically, maturity be-

gins at the age 28) because by that time (if he's a run of the mill person) his character's at last been completely formed, and if he's a louse from age 28 to 30, watch and see what kind of a super-louse he's going to be at age 49 to 51!

Side-thought: tee hee and yuk yuk -- most physicians frown on astrology as being silly superstition, yet make a great to-do about adhering to their Hippocratic Oath. Well, my doctor buddies, it may interest you to know that your patron Hippocrates (Greek, about 460 to 357 B. C.) said, "The man who does not understand astrology is to be called fool rather than physician.

Getting back to our friend who asked about astrology coming up with lucky numbers for lotteries, all that astrology can do for anybody is to promote his "good fortune" by showing him where his weaknesses are, by revealing his true self to him. *Know thyself!* Knowing why you do anything won't necessarily stop you from going ahead and doing it again, but at least it'll teach you who's at fault and prevent a lot of sour gripes.

Sure, astrology can give you the approximate times when you'll be having better than usual "luck" -- which means simply that astrology can show you the approximate times when you'll be less liable to succumb to your innate weaknesses.

Character is Destiny. Astrology is the study of one's character, therefore of his destiny. You may think you know yourself, but ...

The next paragraphs may be too technical for you but if you can't understand them, then you'd better rush out and buy a primer of astrology, quick, so that you can learn pronto to set up and interpret a horoscope -- because this could be one of the most important discoveries in your life -- *self-discovery.*

The inharmonious relationship of any two planets (the square aspect, meaning two planets placed from 85 to 95 degrees apart in the horoscope) indicates a *guilt fixation.* I believe that this is the first time that this statement has ever seen print. The only astrologer I know (and I have quite a library on astrology) who's come near to this discovery is Charles E. O. Carter, the English astrologer, whose THE ASTROLOGICAL ASPECTS and AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PSYCHOLOGICAL ASTROLOGY never can be enough-appreciated. They're all-time classics. The man's a genius.

Why is this so important? Because guilt is at the bottom of anything and everything wrong with human relations. The square

aspect stimulates into action; it "energizes" -- and so does guilt. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler and Stalin (you can list others) were motivated primarily by guilt -- even if they rationalised it (through afflicted Mercury power) into prettier (meaning more ego-saving) terms.

Funny thing about guilt is that it's sadist-masochist (positive or negative, but always destructive) by turns. Take a guy with Moon square Venus -- he's got a guilt-fixation about love and pleasure (Venus) because of what it does to his ego (Moon). He'll never get along well with women for any appreciable length of time. Trace it back to his infancy and you'll find it's because of attitudes toward love and pleasure drummed into him by Mama (Moon -- the mother-principle whether it's one's own mother or a stepmother or foster-mother).

The guilt-ridden person unconsciously tries to overcome his guilt by fighting fate, by going out and doing exactly that thing of which he feels guilty. *That which I have feared I have drawn upon me,* or words to that effect, which astrologer Grant Lewi has quoted, more than once. The Moon-square-Venus guy who's guiltily afraid of love invariably runs out to try to prove to himself that he has nothing to fear by jumping headlong into love and pleasure-seeking. Takes the offensive.

But guilt never really wishes to win. Guilt is self-condemnation, and after one has passed sentence upon himself, the next step is to punish himself, to "atone" so that he can go out and make himself guilty all over again, so that he then can pass judgment on himself, "atone" again, and move along on his particular variety of vicious circle.

Mr. Moon-square-Venus puts himself in a position to suffer through love and pleasure, and sure enough he does. Then he triumphantly tells himself (in an orgy of self-pity) that *Mama was right* (because the Moon, ruling mothers, invariably indicates that Mama had a hand in creating the obsession of guilt). When he's finally used-up all his self-pity material and can no longer glory in disgrace, he goes out and repeats his "mistakes" (except that you and I know now that they're not quite really mistakes). Well, it takes all kinds...

Of course this is all done on an unconscious level -- only a very few of us actually can consciously enjoy pain. Yet, unless we're astrologers or psychologists, we persist in hurting ourselves repeatedly (not to mention those we come in contact with) if some of our birth-planets are in square to each other -- until such time as a trans-

it of a heavy planet (Saturn, Uranus, Neptune or Pluto) wakes us up to what we've been doing: then we learn that, even if we're stuck with this guilt-obsession, at least we can spare others by confining our guilt to inanimate things.

Consider the guy with Mars (effort, virility, morale) in square to Venus (the elements of love and pleasure.) Mars-square-Venus denotes the over-sexed person, and folk having this in their horoscopes generally feel guilty as all get-out about it (if you can get'em to take you into their confidence). I said *generally* because naturally if you catch 'em going all-out for love (seeking to be rid of guilt on a conscious level, but unconsciously aiming to get hurt) they'll deny it *at that time.*

Mars-square-Venus alternates in both male and female charts between shame at being too masculine, too aggressive, and (after miserable periods of righteous abstinence from Venus activities) shame at not being ardent *enough,* Or, periods of excessive love-life alternating with periods of impotence (physical or mental) -- *and these periods can be foreseen by astrological calculations.*

Mars-square-Venus is traditionally associated with "immorality" because when it's in the aggressive phase, desire outweighs common sense and almost "anything goes", which is why it usually denotes a predisposition toward veneral diseases.

If you think that's bad, however, Saturn-square-Venus is even worse. Public opinion and Circumstance (Saturn) incite a sense of guilt because they conflict with one's personal ideas of what constitute love and pleasure (Venus). So, sure as fate, the afflicted individual trots right out to prove that he's right and the world's wrong (unconsciously seeking punishment) and of course he (or she) gets clobbered, and subsequently has a ball feeling sorry for himself.

I know one gal, of Italian extraction, who has rationalised her Saturn-square-Venus woes with, "Centuries ago, in Italy, one of my ancestors stole another woman's man, and a curse was laid down on our family forever -- none of us ever can be happy in love!" And every experience she's had "proves" it.

Saturn-square-Venus folk ask for trouble with a vengeance (there's a pun) because they're out to flout public opinion, something which nobody, but nobody, can get away with for very long.

Now, to flout public opinion you often have to do some pretty weird and exotic things -- so now you know how-come Saturn-square-Venus often is linked with sexual perversion. (I said *often,* not *al-*

ways. There's always the chance that a stronger aspect-between-planets will overbalance this tendency, sometimes by perverting perversion, or a double-psychology swing back into "normal" channels!)

Saturn-square-Venus usually accompanies extreme possessiveness (another definition of jealousy) and is rationalised by the belief (surely you've heard it) that, "Everything I love always is snatched away from me!" which doesn't take into account that possessiveness invariably drives away precisely what it wishes most to hold.

Since Saturn rules dirt (in all senses) I have loads of cases of girls who, having Saturn-square-Venus, alternate in sprees of super-tidiness and utter sloppiness, with corresponding attitudes that they're ugly and must make themselves beautiful, and they're too-too- utterly beautiful and need pay no attention to appearances. I have one hell of a time explaining diplomatically (when they come to me wailing about *The Man Who Got Away*) that one reason they loved-and-lost was because they'd allowed themselves to become so ultimately unattractive that they even smelled bad.

Saturn-square-Venus is a great one for perfumes, by the bye, especially if illusionist Neptune happens to be tied-in somehow. You can spot a Saturn-square-Venus person frequently through his or her interest in stories dealing with "deathless love" (as in *Tristan and Isolde*, where the deathless lovers kick the bucket in the end, and *Romeo and Juliet*.) Also they're among the ones who like to cuddle and kiss in public, possessively showing off their mate -- *See, I'm not unattractive after all!*

Pursuing this dirt-pleasure-love guilt-obsession, I'm reminded of a very famous Hollywood actress (noted for her "cute" fluttery roles) who's foolishly let it be known that she compulsively takes several baths a day. Rumor has it that she's unfaithful to her husband -- she denies it, but one wonders... and Saturn rules dirt in all its implications, so that it also encompasses pornography (which always features perversions). Charming Reader (I've swiped that from a Chinese book), be just as watchful of *too* moral people as you are of the patently immoral ones. (So now you also know why "model children" sometimes commit shocking crimes, although previously they'd taught Sunday School and always obeyed dear Mama and Papa.)

What I'm getting at is that any immoderate attitude always is an indication of guilt. However, while moderation is blessed, it's always

the guilt-obsessed fanatic who accomplishes things -- because of the goad-to-action of the guilt he feels. (There was a book some years back which I never got to read, but I liked its title -- *Be Glad You're Neurotic.*)

Uranus-square-Saturn is pretty horrible -- those who have it never seem to get out of life what they want from it. Uranus is the urge to be oneself at all costs, to make radical changes for self-improvement, to be an individual, to be *different.* And when it conflicts with Saturn (adaptability, conformity, public opinion, circumstances beyond control) it can cause an almost shattering frustration.

"Nobody's ever going to make me change!" these die-hards say, meanwhile making all sorts of maladjustments on their own. "I'll continue to be myself if it kills me!" (Sometimes it does.)

It's a guilt-obsession that's a hold-over from one's early years when he was supposed to be a "good child", seen but not heard, and was jumped-upon whenever he tried to "be himself" (meaning, trying to be different, to assert his own ego as an individual) rather than patiently playing the role of doll, robot or miniature adult. Grandparents usually are tied in with this via Saturn (which, ruling time and form, also rules tradition).

Since Saturn rules material form and duration, it sometimes can take the turn of being ashamed of a deformity (real or imagined) which won't allow the person to *con*-form (some pun!) and like most rationalised guilt, throws the blame on something beside one's own self.

While not every teen-ager has Uranus-square-Venus, teen-age behavior can supply a fairly good example -- all the teen-age girls dreaming in secret of making themselves over in the image of the current-Goddess (whether Rita Hayworth or Marilyn Monroe) yet outwardly conforming with their gang by wearing the teen-age uniform of man's-shirt-and-jeans -- torn between being "glamorous" (meaning individual) and "one of the bunch".

So what do these Uranus-square-Saturn folk do? They zigzag between allowing themselves to be repressed (by the herd-instinct) until tension builds to a point where they *must* assert themselves in a challenge to public opinion, meaning to be slapped down by the world, flat on their kissers. Sometimes these people who set out to force the world to change its views on them can be awfully annoying (force always annoys) and the sad part of it is that they don't seem to realise that, in trying to free themselves from C o n v e n t i o n,

they're simply admitting in italics that they're the *slaves* of convention. Masters have no need to revolt -- only slaves.

Few dictators or other rabble-rousers have Uranus-square-Saturn because they know darned well that one rises to power by supporting public opinion to the utmost, and therefore having the public soldily behind them. They capitalise on their circle's prejudices. As soon as they go against public opinion (we all do, sooner or later, under certain transits) -- swoosh! -- out they go.

One thing that obtains my nanny is when I begin work on a client's horoscope, and he informs me loftily, "Don't tell me about my character or the details of my past -- just tell me the future. I know all about myself!"

An astrologer *has* to investigate a client's past life, same as a doctor has to have a history of his patient's ailments before he can diagnose the current symptoms. An astrologer must know how the planetary transits affected the past to be able to prognosticate how they'll behave in the future.

And as for people knowing themselves -- phooey! They "know" only what they *desire to believe;* they don't reason about themselves, they rationalise. They daren't face facts because it might wound their vanity -- better, then, to throw the blame on others, feel sorry for themselves and preserve their egos intact. Thus nine out of ten who tell me, "I know all about myself" are kidding themselves, not me.

I used to know a delightfully screwloose writer who was an amateur Egyptologist, and who told me that she'd deduced that the ancient Egyptians had declared (in their list of 42 Commandments) *Thou shalt not eat thine own heart.* True or not, it's a darned good aphorism. Find an egomaniac and you find somebody cannibalistically feeding upon himself in self-pity. Consuming himself. Refusing to grow. He's so perfect that the whole universe revolves around him. Well, eat yourself, and it's nobody's funeral but your own.

One thing that throws me is the parents who talk about their "ungrateful children." The parents drum all sorts of guilt-fixations into their little kiddies, and then when the kiddies grow up and behave (predictably) in accordance with their guilt-feelings -- generally extremely to the disadvantage of the parents because of the planetary factors involved (remember, in a male chart the Moon not only is the ego, but the mother and wife principle) -- the parents yelp, "Ungrateful wretch! I've

nursed a viper in my bosom!"

These parents are (ho hum) feeling sorry for themselves, natch. And one of nature's laws is that *Like begets like.* A self-pitying parent produces self-pitying offspring. Egomaniacs all. Naturally the children turn against their parents (as their parents did to *their parents* before them). You don't have to run away from a parent or renounce him; you can stay with him and hate the hell out of him, compensating meanwhile by guiltily "taking real good care" of him, which in turn leads to even greater hatred, more over-compensation, and so on. Thus the parents who force their kids into patterns of guilt, and then berate the kids for behaving in typically guilty fashion are further guilty of adding insult to injury. They ask for grief and they get it, so don't feel sorry for them, they're having fun enough just feeling sorry for themselves.

"Mr. Bok, darling!" (as a dear old-lady friend calls me.) "You're making too much out of this guilt business! Everybody has at least one 'bad' aspect (or 'inharmonious planetary relationship') in his chart. Everybody therefore is guilty of some one thing or other!"

Hold on, there! You're right, but for a wrong reason!

Sure, everybody has to have one or two "bad aspects" in his horoscope, because the so-called bad aspects are stimulating and energising, and a person with nothing but harmonious planetary interaction wouldn't feel any urge toward even the action of drawing the first breath.

I have a couple of cases of "perfect" charts without any discordant aspects between the planets. The only reason that these people decided to draw their first breaths and to continue to do so is because of the sign-position of their so-beautifully-aspected planets.

One such chart (female), has Sun (female ego) in Leo, the outgoing, self-expressive sign. She decided to live, apparently, to express herself, and man, she's done it with a vengeance.

The discordant aspects of one's chart indicate the sacrifices one must make for others; the harmonious ones indicate the sacrifices that others must make for you. This gal has nothing but harmonious aspects, and she's a vampire in any sense you wish to construe the world. She lives off others. Literally and figuratively feeds off others. Depends on them for everything. If this sounds like she just lies quietly in bed and is waited on, hand and foot, no! Leo's too active a principle for that. She's got to go out and *do* things. And wow, how she does them! Whatever she needs, others feel bound to supply. She "cons" them out of things,

but without bad intent -- she doesn't realise that she's a confidence-woman. It she wealthy? No. But God help any millionaire if ever she decides that wealth is what she wants!

Which temporarily sidetracks me to criminal charts -- criminals usually have one or more squares (discordancies) linked with a sextile or trine. (harmonious). The guilt of the square energizes them into the outlet of the trine. Or, the need of the square forces them to accept the (involuntary) sacrifices of others -- via the trine (harmonious aspect which denotes sacrifices *others* make). In other words, the guilt of the square (caused by previous sacrifices to others in early youth and resulting in a guilt-fixation) is un-guilted by the trine- -and the criminal invariably feels that he hasn't stolen anything, but that he's already paid for it -- and he *has*. Now you're beginning to understand criminal psychology. Capturing that criminal and forcing him to "pay his debt to society" is only imposing further guilt upon him, therefore making it all that more necessary for him to do the same darned thing all over again. Punishment is never, never, never going to rid the world of crime. The criminal at the outset (in infancy) in convinced (through the guilt imposed upon him) that he's *already* paid for anything he might get later; the world owes him a living. Punish him and you start the cycle all over again.

Psychiatry may help the criminal (or budding criminal) if the psychiatrist is fortunate enough to discover the source of the guilt and to suggest the proper substitutes for action. Usually it takes long and arduous effort for the analyst to discover the sources of the guilt. Astrology does it in a flash. Find the squares in the chart, understand the principles involved, and in two minutes or less you've got the answer.

A list of principles:

Sun (in male chart): self-expression, father, authority in general. (Remember that due to polarity, the Sun means to a woman what the Moon means to a man.)

Moon: (in male chart): mother, wife, and ego.

Mercury: study, training, anything promoting communication or observation, and the use of reason.

Venus: anything or any person that arouses pleasurable emotion. (Thus in a male chart, linked to women as *objects* of attraction, and in a woman's chart, her femininity.)

Mars (in male chart): courage, effort, and manhood (thus connected with anything or anybody representing the same -- soldiers, athletics, policemen and what hast

thou. In a female chart, what women are attracted to -- if they're feminine women.)

Jupiter: judgment-for-gain (thus ability to foresee, exemplified in prophets and priests, explorers and dowsers, promotion and advertising.)

Saturn: circumstances beyond control -- therefore the weather, environment, public opinion, laws, and such persons as are beyond contradiction -- judges, and again to an extent, policemen; kings or others in absolute authority, the reactionary, conformists, the prejudiced and traditionalists, and such.

(For you spiritualist readers, here's an intriguing note: Saturn also rules duration and form, therefore the death of the material body. The dead are beyond recall, and those who practice necromancy or other means of raising the dead -- as in spiritualistic seances -- have guilt-hangovers involving Neptune and Saturn.)

Uranus: individuality (thus nonconforming), or the intent to make changes for improvement (and with an afflicted Uranus, they're usually changes for the worse) and anything or anybody representing the same (reformers, crusaders, revolutionists, politicos.)

Neptune: ideals and anything or anybody promoting them. (Remember that an afflicted Neptune means afflicted ideals, or illusions and delusions, wishful thinking -- so that's where stage-illusionists, hypnotists, fantasy-writers, sexsational cults and swindlers come in.)

Pluto: growth or decay, and whatever or whoever promotes same.

Hokay! Now for an example or two.

Sun-square-Moon thus means not only ego versus body, but guilt over relations with one's father (instilled by the mother) and vice versa. Those who have it set forth (often knowingly) simply to get hurt. They thrive on adversity. The ego (Moon, self-protrait) hates the material shell that imprisons it (Sun, material body), and is bent (usually unwittingly) on suicide by steering that shell toward where it's bound to get damaged, maybe even destroyed.

Whenever I see a Sun-square-Moon chart, I groan and smack my palm on my brow, because it means I've come into contact with a chronic grouser. Sun-square-Moon folk resent authority (father-principle, Sun) and through their guilt are out to destroy those in authority so that they themselves can gain authority, so that then other folk can take away this authority, after which they themselves can try to destroy these newcomers-in-authority and regain the lost authority, and so on merrily in an everlasting vicious circle.

Of course they're not aware of

this consciously (or they'd probably see the foolishness of it and quit it.) But this isn't all that Sun-square-Moon includes. What our Sun-square-Moon folk really are trying to do, if only they could understand, is not only to destroy all authority (Sun-father-principle and Moon-mother-principle) but to destroy themselves, to punish their fathers and mothers, and also to cause themselves to be punished further by fathers and mothers. Their wires are really crossed! Few of them ever go whole hog and punish their parents by the ultimate of bloody murder, but there are more ways than one of baking a cake -- "some men kill them with a sword, some men with a kiss", to misquote Oscar Wilde.

And most of these unfortunates would be shocked no end if they realized their true motivation. Yet once they accepted it, there's the chance that they'd hug it eagerly to their bosoms as fresh material for still further self-hatred.

Thus while Jupiter-square-Saturn often indicates suicide in a horoscope, it's not the only factor involved -- Sun-square-Moon is fairly suicidal in intent, though Sun-square-Moon folk often live for quite a while. (Jupiter-square-Saturn is guilt over poor management, or bad judgment in trying to adapt to the world-at-large: opportunism fighting conformity; and since Jupiter is connected with religion, this conflict often is church-or-cleric-inspired -- which is one of the reasons I pop my cork when I hear anybody meekly calling himself a "poor blackened sinner", meaning actually gloating over his own guilt. Jupiter-square-Saturn folk see-saw to and from religion.)

I've said before (in an earlier writing) and I say it again -- I hope that this material will inspire prospective blackmailers to investigate astrology and to try to use it. Looky, friend blackmailer -- all you need do is get somebody's birthdata from *Who's Who* or the City Hall, find out his guilt-feelings, and then go to work on him. By doing so, you'll force him to investigate astrology himself, thus to learn about himself -- you'll force astrology to be taught in the public schools, which is just what I'm after. And what's more pertinent, you'll analyse your own character, out of curiosity -- and probably stop being a blackmailer when you realize that, through transference, you no longer *need* to be one.

Horrible thought: 'J ever stop to think, *What if the F B I used astrology? Ee-yipe!* Trotting blithely back to rehabilitating the criminal, remember that each planet has dominion over a batch of allied (therefore interchangable) subjects.

Venus, for instance. "The in-

gredients of pleasure" covers myriad items -- from actual love-making through social activity to beautification and participation in any of the arts. If you have Moon or Saturn or whatever in square to your Venus, you can at least avoid hurting others (and also yourself by thus preventing the retaliations of others you've hurt) by switching from Venus love-life to artistic activity. If you must feel guilty, at least do it about something inanimate that can't hit back!

Incidental thought: many men having Moon-square-Venus have an unconscious guilt-feeling about being feminine or "pretty", and they reverse-Venus and try to *uglify* themselves. (And then later turn right around and go all-out to make themselves beautiful!)

Another quaint footnote: Since the movement of Venus and Mercury prevent them from ever getting more than 48 degrees away from the Sun, they are never found in square to the Sun in anybody's horoscope. And since in a female chart the Sun is the ego, women *never* have guilt-feelings of men who have Moon-square-Venus. The female ego *never* quarrels with beauty, or with pleasure and love. (This checks in nicely with Yang and Yin, but since we're not doing an article on the mandala, we suggest you get out your copies of *Mystic* featuring the mandala articles.)

Women of course can and often do have Venus in square to their Moons, meaning a quarrel between self-expression and beauty and love -- which can be summed up as *modesty,* or guilt about being proper and ladylike. It's peculiarly a feminine trait. (Since Moon rules the breasts, modesty demands covered breasts.)

And since Sun can never square Venus, men never have any quarrel between self-expression and beauty-love-pleasure (since the Sun is male self-expression). Men aren't noted for their modesty, and a gander at any bathing-beach will affirm this.

Suppose our criminal is a twerp with Moon-square-Mars -- Mama or the mother-principle instilled a fear of violence in him at an early age. He feels guilty of a lack of manliness, of courage, therefore of cowardice. The sure sign of a coward is the guy who's a bully, picking on smaller guys than himself (as a compensation against bigger problems he can't face). Apparently this makes him feel like a *man!*

If eventually our criminal beats somebody up badly enough to be remanded to the clink, don't punish him with a jail-term. This will only intensify his guilt, which translates as: the feeling of unmanliness will be so accentuated

that he'll only go out and get into a worse brawl to prove that he is indeed, by God, a real-live-genuine hairy-chested he-man.

Nope, don't punish him. Help him transfer his activity to the legal sadismmasochism of the prize-ring (or sports such as running, or tinkering with machinery, if Mercury happens to be involved) or the army. But please, pretty please (prithee please) don't put him in the police-force!

A good astrologer can find his trouble and show him how to make the switch pronto. An analyst may not be able to do it at all, or else only after long and arduous tests and other guesswork (ever stop to think of the guilt-bias factors that impel people to invent those tests?). And think of what can and does happen if the analyst (due to his lack of information or his own personal equation) guesses wrong! Or haven't you read those newspaper stories of crimes, with the information that so-and-so who committed the crime, recently had -- or was currently under -- analysis!

Astrology beats psychiatry not only in its speed in getting down to the root of the client's trouble, but also in that the astrologer has less opening to guess wrong. Sure, astrologers have their own prejudices (guilt stimuli) but they'd have to be more than 85% loco to interpret Mars as Venus or the Sun.

If you want to have a ball, dig up some of the psychologists' birth-data from *Who's Which*, and peek into their horoscopes. You'll find that they got interested in the subject because of certain guilt-obsessions of their own, and that while they *now* think they're "cured" or "adjusted", what they're really doing is committing all the little naughtinesses (that so worried them) *by proxy* -- by living vicariously in their patients' lives. And -- and this is most important -- when stimulated by certain heavy planets (slow-moving ones, so that it's not an every-day or even an every-year occurrence) they swing from passive participation into active participation (and eventually back again). Keep tabs on your therapeutist, kiddo, and you're going to run like hell from psychoanalysis! And that goes for Dianeticists too. (I'm thinking of a male dianeticist who confesses to a Lesbian fixation.)

That which I have feared (or its brother) *has come upon me...* I'm thinking of the famous doctor-researchers who are impelled through fear (guilt) to study certain diseases, and who die of those diseases or an allied form of them...

Now you may begin to understand why the urge that makes people climb to high places also

(at the proper time, according to planetary transit) also makes them tumble down out of the limelight. The guilt that spurs one to fame is also the guilt that see-saws toward obscurity. *Power corrupts,* somebody's said. Y'got it twisted, Bud. *Corruption is power.* Play around with that idea for a bit & you'll come to further sad conclusions (corruption being the refusal to grow, and as I've been hammering at you, the prime natural law is *Grow or die*).

"And are the other bad aspects -- the oppositions -- also guilt complexes?" somebody asks.

Nup.

The opposition (inharmonious relationship between two or more planets) occurs when the planets are stationed from 175 to 185 degrees apart in the horoscope. The opposition is *acceptance.* One can have the choice of one factor at the expense of the other. (I'll tell you how it works out in practice, because it does have a see-saw effect -- but this'll come later on.)

Say you have Jupiter opposition Sun. This gives you the choice of opportunism (Jupiter: judgment-for-gain) at the expense of honor (Sun: self-expression) and since usually other planets are linked with this factor, they will indicate the matters involved. Say that you have Jupiter opposition Sun, and both planets well-related to Mercury, you can be a whiz of a literary agent -- you'll profit like daffy (for a while) by legally swindling writers out of their rights. And then when the see-saw swings in the other direction (as forever it must) you'll lose your blouse protecting your clients' rights.

Fun, huh?

This is because, in time, gain-at-the-expense-of-honor will do a complete about-face and become honor-at-the-expense-of-gain. How so? Hold your fire, I'll show you how it works -- later. What's most interesting right now is that here's proof that nobody can get away with anything, for too long. Sooner or later he gets his come-uppance according to his misdeeds. (And so revenge is unnecessary when you've been wronged -- just leave the wrong-doer to heaven -- he'll get his, when the time comes. *Love thine enemies.* Sure, with this assurance, why not?)

All rightie -- the opposition of planets is acceptance, is the choice of one thing at the expense of another, is therefore compromise, is therefore sacrifice. And just what does that mean? Get ready to shudder.

It means *perversion* and *prostitution!*

Think on't! We've always been told how especially goody-good it is, for us to make sacrifices. Yeah. But we've also been told

how baddy-bad it is to commit prostitution or perversions!

Prostitutes are real wicked. They ought all to be taken out and shot. They're a blot on the face of this fair earth. We shouldn't need to breathe the same air as they. That's because *they take money for selling their bodies.* Ugh!

Wage-slaves are nice people, however. The backbone of society. They only take money for *prostituting their talents.*

There's a difference?

Which is more reprehensible -- selling your body, or selling your brains and soul?

Funny, no, how anything is "bad" which is to our own special disadvantage? I daresay prostitutes look upon marriage as contemptible.

And speaking of saints, I dare say that the reason they *stayed* saints and didn't become galloping sinners was because they usually made such devastating choices that they were killed off before the pendulum had time to swing-back on them. (For some gruesome fun, look into the horoscopes of religious bigwigs and see how religion is linked with death --- especially suicidal death. Oh, sure, I know it's not nice to commit suicide -- and yet, what does religion tell us to do if not to commit suicide?)

Let's everybody all die, because we can't be wicked once we're dead -- and then we'll all waft up into a nice static heaven where there is no Saturn-time, so that the pendulum never-never-never can swing in the wrong direction, as it always must, and does, here on this evil black earth!

Who's kidding whom?

Perversions are wicked because "they're not natural", they're "crimes against nature". Yet we're also told that sacrifice is the holiest thing ever -- and guess why? Right! *Because sacrifice is unnatural!*

It's assumed that our good old friend "the average person" (what a bore he's become!) doesn't like to make sacrifices. The natural way of living is to be selfish and *not* make sacrifices. Catch any clergyman or theologist off guard and ask him if it's natural for common, ordinary, every-day people to *want* to make sacrifices. He'll probably sigh and say he wishes that it were natural for them to feel that way, but alas, they don't. (Do some expert reading between the lines at this point, and blush.)

Yessirree, something smells awfully fishy somewhere (fish, incidentally, come under Moon and Neptune -- ego and illusion. Do some more reading between the lines). Christianity is called the Piscean religion (Neptune-ruled) and one of its symbols is a fish. (I won't bring up fish-day, he said, thereby bringing it up.)

Catch?

Judge not lest ye be judged! Truer words were never spoke, because in time, "as sure as fate" (or *as sure as Saturn*) *the cycle will reverse itself,* and guess who'll be holding the bag and looking sheepish?

Yup, I'm literally trying to scare the hell out of you, meaning the hellishness -- the intolerance, prejudice, smugness, complacency.

And I'm not done with it.

No, not yet.

Not by a long shot!

Again incidentally:

How many of you smart, clever, alert, wide-awake readers have halted to inquire of yourselves as to what guilty square or perverted opposition is impelling me to write this article?

H'm?

And is it a "born" inharmonious relationship between planets? Or just the temporary effect of a planet transiting in discordant relationship to my birthplanets?

Eh?

"Well, then, how does this pendulum-business operate?" somebody asks. (He's Mr. Shill, and very convenient to have around.)

We need a diagram for this, so find yourself a blank space of paper, here on the margin of the page or elsewhere, and draw yourself a circle -- an inch or so in width will suffice. At the left, just off its edge, put a V, which will represent Venus. Now exactly opposite it (on the right-hand edge, numbskull!) put an S to signify Saturn. This gives us a picture of Venus-opposition-Saturn, and we'll "make a suppose" that it's (part of) somebody's horoscope.

Venus-opposition-Saturn translates as the choice (or prostitution) of one planetary factor at the expense of the other -- Love-pleasure-beauty sacrificed to public-opinion-duty, or vice versa -- *Hooray for pleasure and to heck with duty,* or when reversed, *Duty is All, and love is a dirty word!*

The opposition is unlike the square because the square is always a guilt-obsession (and always instilled by one's early home-and-parent conditions, including the lack of them). There's no guilt in the opposition because its renunciation or perversion is always a *conscious policy* of adapting (by submitting) to the demands of circumstances beyond control. By consciously renouncing (or prostituting) something, the person considers that he's done his part in adjusting to prevalent conditions, and that therefore he's done his best, isn't guilty of anything, and the matter is closed. He may even be moved at times to brag sanctimoniously about how well he's adapted himself, flaunting his choice before others.

Sun-square-Saturn is the guy who feels guilty (and "dirtied") because one of his parents (Sun) made him feel insecure (or, unable to adapt himself to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" -- Saturn).

In his unconscious need to be revenged on that parent (Sun) for pulling such a dirty trick on him (and one hardly can blame him) he sets himself up against the world at large (Saturn), just asking for punishment -- and he gets it. *He* gets it, rather than the parent, because while the Sun denotes the parent, the Sun also denotes his own physical body and his mode of self-expression. He suffers, and while it hurts, it also is pleasurable, because *to him* his suffering is his own parents' suffering. Cockeyed but true. No matter whether the parent may have been dead for thirty years or more -- as long as our hero is suffering, his parent (alive or dead) also is suffering. (Ethnologists, take note -- in re ancestor worship. Nations have their own horoscopes too, you know, and the people of those nations generally have horoscopes that tend toward duplication of the national horoscopes.)

Sun-opposition-Saturn seems, at first glance, to have much the same effect (self versus Circumstance, and our hero's getting clobbered) but there's a vast difference. Because of guilt (ever seeking to be punished) a square never can win out. But because of un-guilt, of conscious acceptance or rejection, the opposition *can* win out, half the time.

Thus with the square we have Self-expression versus Responsibility, and no chance ever of winning. With the opposition or self-expression versus Responsibility, we do have victory 50% of the time.

Harking back to our diagram of Venus opposition Saturn, let's see how it functions.

The horoscope (meaning the diagram of the positions of the planets at one's birth) never changes. If it could, astrology couldn't possibly work, and never could have been discovered in the first place. (And to you who practice "Progressions", there's another proof against their validity.) But the planets themselves (in the sky) still keep on moving. And as they move, they form harmonious or discordant aspects or relationships to the "fixed planets" of one's horoscope.

It takes Saturn 28-odd years to lumber around the zodiac, both up in the heavens (as far as earth-effects are concerned) and through the houses of one's horoscope. Eventually, therefore, Saturn's place in the heavens is going to correspond exactly with the place that Venus occupied in the heavens at the time of your birth -- which is known as "Saturn conjunct Venus"

or "Saturn in conjunction with Venus" at zero degrees of space. And baby, when this happens, you're going to know it -- perhaps not by name, but certainly by its effects!

A conjunction (two planets coinciding) is the fusion of the factors inherent in each of the planets. Saturn (representing circumstances-beyond-control, duty, responsibility, etc.) blends with and becomes temporarily a part of Venus (love-pleasure-beauty) which is saying that one's attitude towards the elements in life that promote one's happiness becomes confused with one's conception of duty.

Knowingly or not, one is setting up an emotional habit-pattern. Love and pleasure *must* serve duty. And habits aren't easily nor quickly broken.

Now if you've been looking at your diagram, and mentally placing a transiting Saturn mark next to the V for Venus (signifying the conjunction of transiting Saturn to birth-Venus) you'll note that *at the same time* this transiting Saturn is also exactly opposite (or in opposition to) the fixed or birth-Saturn. This translates as circumstances and responsibility of today (transiting Saturn) completely at odds with one's fixed ("born") attitudes toward adapting to all circumstances and all responsibility. They're utterly at odds with each other, meaning that due to today's pressure one is forced to renounce completely (or to prostitute) all his previous attitudes toward self-preservation. To go against his own grain.

Now since simultaneously Saturn is conjunct Venus, you blend these two effects of Saturn-conjunct-Venus and Saturn-opposition-Saturn, and you get *the start of an emotional habit pattern which is against one's own grain.* Now do you see where perversion is likely to creep in? All the more so, if basically you're against such naughty things as perversions! -- because going against your own basic beliefs is going to be forced on you, and you'll have to accept. (Read between the lines, re rape.)

All right, now we've seen the effects of transiting Saturn conjunct birth Venus and opposing one's birth-Saturn.

Transiting Saturn plods along, and in seven years or so, makes a square (90 degree) aspect to this fixed birth-Venus opposition birth-Saturn. By transit, and therefore *only temporarily,* (because Saturn still continues moving along) one is going to feel guilty (effect of the square) about the choice he made when transiting Saturn was conjunct birth-Venus and opposition birth-Saturn, seven-odd years previously. Because he feels guilty, he's going to try to break up that

habit-pattern.

But I've explained the effects of guilt -- it hates itself, it wants to be punished. So the effort to break the emotional-habit-pattern won't and can't work. One just gets into an emotional turmoil, gets hurt, and (as Saturn continues to trundle along) subsides back into the habit-pattern established at the conjunction.

While I've called this effect "temporary", it lasts for about 18 months, or as long as transiting Saturn is "within orb" of the two birth-planets Saturn happens to be affecting. ("Within orb" means "within reach" or "still close enough to have an effect", something like one wrestler -- while not actually sitting on his opponent, as in a conjunction -- still is within arm's length and able to bop his opponent a good one.)

(I have to get a bit technical here: sorry. The effect can be longer than 18 months at times, depending upon how wide the birth-Venus-Saturn opposition is. Too many astrologers observe "within orb" too rigidly, basing their forecasts on Saturn's apparent motion, rather than Saturn's mean motion. Use the latter, pals, if you want better results!)

Oke -- transiting Saturn, having made the temporary square, with the resultant guilty attempt to break the spell, moves ponderously along, and in another seven-odd years, he's reached the position of the birth-Saturn. (Are you following your diagram?) Here we have exactly the opposite effect that we saw at the previous conjunction. Now, transiting Saturn (or the current pressure of circumstances that create responsibilities) is sitting right on one's birth-Saturn (one's ability to adapt to circumstances) and now at long last, (since a conjunction fuses the two) the outside pressure of circumstance corresponds exactly to one's own birth-attitudes as to adapting to circumstance. As far as adjusting to the current world-conditions go, one is doing it beautifully. But at the same time, transiting Saturn is in opposition to the birth-Venus -- and to insure adapting to responsibility, one must also renounce his emotional attitudes, must sacrifice or pervert or prostitute his ideas of pleasure, thereby starting a new emotional-habit-pattern that'll last (as the earlier one did) another fourteen-and-more years.

The first example (transiting Saturn conjunct birth-Venus and synchronically opposing birth-Saturn) gave us the adoption of an emotional attitude that went against one's own grain. Possibly perversion. Possibly falling for a married woman, though one abhores the idea of encroaching on another's terri-

tory. Possibly falling in love with another of a different religion, if one's especially pious. Anyhow, pleasure at the cost of one's survival instincts.

But this second example produces exactly the reverse effect. Here (with transiting Saturn conjunct birth-Saturn and also opposing birth-Venus) one adopts an emotional attitude exactly in line with all his survival-instincts.

And he sticks to it, until (in seven-odd years) transiting Saturn has continued plodding along and has reached the square aspect to both birth-planets once more. Then he feels guilty (the effects of the square) and tries to fight this new pattern (until its effects have worn off, or in other words, until Saturn has moved out of orb) and (having lost his fight, as all squares must) continues in this pattern until transiting Saturn at last reaches the position of the birth-Venus again -- and the whole darned set-up once more is repeated.

Thus the effects of birth-Sun in opposition to birth-Saturn (self-expression and honor renounced for the sake of meeting outside pressure, and vice-versa) give us fourteen-odd years of being honorable and s u b m i t t i n g meekly to the woes heaped upon oneself, and then a n about-face featuring fourteen years of being *dishonorable* and capitalising on the conditions surrounding oneself.

Since Sun opposition Saturn occurs in some of the horoscopes of the very rich, now you can see what made them rich. In their dishonorable years they capitalised on world-conditions and grabbed money right and left. In their honorable years they assumed a philanthropic attitude and presented the world at large with magnificent libraries, museums, churches and parks. They feel no guilt whatever. To themselves, they're perfectly sure that they've repaid the world (via sacrifice) for what they've -- er -- ah -- earned. And they're right. They're something like Robin Hood -- they've redistributed wealth and given to the public what once was privately owned.

Extend this to oppositions between any of the planets, and you'll see that anybody stuck-with a birth-opposition will alternately be sinner and saint, angel and friend. (And now, you wide-awake smarties, do you see why so many marriages crack up because "My husband has changed completely -- he isn't a bit like the man I married!")

I'm sorry to go on at such great length about this, but remember, this is the very first time that this material has been presented in print, and that therefore it's im-

portant because of its being an *advance* in astrological knowledge.

Sure, other astrologers have gone so far as naming the opposition "an aspect of sacrifice", but they've never delved so completely into it as to discover that sacrifice ain't all it's cracked up to be.

Mr. Shill pipes up, "How do I know this isn't just another astrologer's crackpot theory?"

Simple, Mr. S. *Check it to anybody's horoscope.* Only be positive that your client is telling you the truth when he confirms or denies your inquiries. (Because darned few people are ever going to admit willingly to unflattering implications.)

And that brings up something I've meant to say long ago: *Don't believe anything I say, just because it's in print or sounds authoritative.* If you do, you're a fool and bad cess to you. *Check my statements to facts.*

Does this sound as if I'm trying to railroad you into becoming an astrologer? If so, rest assured that I am indeed. Everybody should be his own astrologer, the same as everybody should use his own eyes to see where he's going, and should do his own thinking to *know* where he's going.

Supposing we have a chart wherein the person has no birth-squares or birth-oppositions. Will this person ever feel guilty or prostitute himself?

Such examples are rare indeed, but a while back I told you of the gal with Sun (ego, in female chart) in Leo -- who has no squares nor oppositions. Does she ever feel guilty, etc?

Sure she does!

This is because transiting Saturn, as he galumphs around the zodiac (and the horoscope) sooner or later will form a temporary square or opposition to *every single planet in her horoscope.* You're darned tootin' she'll feel guilty and prostitute herself -- but (aha, I knew there was a catch somewhere, sez you!) with a difference.

And here's the difference, and what a difference! *We feel most strongly those of our birth aspects which are repeated from time to time by the actual planets in the heavens.*

Since Miss Sun-in-Leo has no birth-squares and birth-oppositions, there is no innate tendency for her ever to feel really guilty or really to prostitute herself. In other words, she'll be able to resist temptation because she hasn't the inherent weakness that would make her succumb to it.

Thus when transiting Saturn gets around to opposing her birth-Venus, she won't go whole-hog in the prostitution of her emotions (not, that is, as far as others can judge by their own standards -- but to

herself, she'll feel that she'll have gone all the way). She may kiss her husband one day when she's not really in the mood to kiss him, but because she feels that it's her duty to be pleasant to him. He may not even notice this quick little peck, but to her it will be a great, great sacrifice. She "went against her grain" just to please him!

So if you don't have certain squares or oppositions in your chart, you needn't be too worried about "going to the dogs" when Saturn rolls around to form temporary squares and oppositions to your birth-planets. You won't succumb to temptation or to pressure if it's not in your stars (your horoscope) thus to succumb. And this should relieve a lot of you, because my clients frequently (after reading up on the effects of transiting planets) frighten themselves almost half-dead by fearing what's going to happen -- and can't.

And if this sounds rather Calvinist and fatalistic ("God separated the sheep from the goats at birth, and the ones damned at birth are never going to be saved") I'm sorry, but nevertheless it's true.

However, before I trigger off a chain of suicides (of people who, finding squares and oppositions in their horoscopes, decide to end it all rather than face the possibilities of Sin) let me repeat what I've said previously (about the rehabilitation of criminals.)

Each planet presides over a number of allied subjects. Neptune for example governs the sea and anything pertaining to it (salt, sailors, iodine, driftwood, shells, ships, whale-oil, etc); the making of illusions ("stage-magic", photography and other realistic images, propaganda in any form, perfumes or the illusion of sweet excretions; wigs, girdles, falsies, dying, etc), rhythmic movement (as of waves, thus partly included in music and dancing), alcohol and narcotics and other illusion-producers.

S'posing you have Venus afflicted (in adverse relation, or in square or opposition) by Neptune. Remember that Venus rules not only the affections but all forms of beauty and beautification. If you're the emotional type, you'll probably tend toward getting your emotions all mixed up with your illusions, and thus to lead a highly confused and disappointing emotional life.

If, however, you can command your emotions, you can escape this love-life mix-up by removing the emphasis from love and your illusions about it. You can switch to producing illusions through art-forms -- and if you become good enough at it, you can get *paid* (by your public) for doing so. Psychologically, this is known as the process of sublimation. If you know

your horoscope, and what various subjects each planet represents, it's a cinch.

Oh, so previously you tried to substitute less dangerous factors for the harmful ones, and you didn't succeed in breaking your bad habits? Ha! Who hasn't! Do you know *why* you failed? No, *not* because the habit was too difficult to break, but because you went at it at *the wrong time.*

As I've told you before (and I'll tell you again, until I know you've absorbed it) we are stimulated into action by the discordant aspects affecting our birth-planets -- and even a person with no birth-bad-aspects still is subject (due to the transiting planets' motion) to temporary bad-aspect effects.

What makes us wish to change our ways?

If we're not astrologers who know what's going on in our lives, or if we're not natural-born psychologists, able to understand our own motivations perfectly, there's only one thing that'll prompt you to try to change your habits.

GUILT.

And what's guilt?

It's the energy supplied by either a birth-square or by a temporary square from one of the transiting planets to a birth-planet.

And (as said before) guilt is out only to be punished, never to triumph. Thus when guilt goads you to try changing your habits, you'll never succeed in doing so. You'll try, but you'll have to surrender. And if you don't know any better, you'll wail piteously, "Boo hoo, the habit's too strong for me -- after all, I'm only human! The mortal frame can go only so far! To err is human, etc.!"

What you should be saying, of course, is, "I didn't know any better, so naturally I failed!"

But as of now, you'll no longer have any excuse for failure. Now you'll be able to start on a diet and to stick with it. Or to stop smoking or drinking or whatever.

The time to break off a bad habit is when transiting Saturn either conjuncts or opposes either your self-expression planet (Sun in male chart, Moon in female chart) and/or your Venus (pleasure planet). That's because Saturn, while ruling things-beyond-control and your reactions to same, also rules your self-preservation activities. And it corresponds to choices made from necessity. (If you have an afflicted or adversely-aspected Sun or Venus in your horoscope, you can expect some difficulty -- but not insurmountable difficulty -- in sticking to your choice. If your Sun or Venus are unaffected, it'll be a snap.)

The reason for choosing the conjunction or opposition of Saturn is because there's no guilt attached,

therefore no unconscious wish for punishment through defeat.

If you're a weak sister, whose chart is full of guilty squares, you probably are not going to use this new knowledge, because by doing so, you'd lose a lot of chances to feel sorry for yourself. All that I've written down here could and should revolutionise anybody's life who's got the guts to put it into practice. But some folk glory in being gutless. It's fashionable to be delicately frail and to have ulcers and crack-ups, same as in Victorian days it was fashionable for the "Weaker Sex" (ha!) to have the vapors. Guilt and "original sin" always will be fashionable. *Go, and sin no more?* It's to laugh. . .sepulchrally.

Now if I've given you the impression that transiting Saturn alone is behind all guilt-fixations, I'd better enlighten you elsewise. I've used Saturn all along because Saturn is The World, The Environment, Public Opinion, Circumstance, Time, Tradition -- all things beyond control. Saturn transits affecting one's birth-planets therefore are always the *effects of necessity*. You have to play along with Saturn, like it or lump it, because Saturn's bigger than you are. As long as you retain a physical form, you're under Saturn's sway, since Saturn governs all material things.

However, to be ruled utterly by materialism is to assume that you have no soul. (You'll never encounter a materialist who'll admit that he has a soul -- poor idiot!)

Yet there *is* something more powerful than materialism, than Saturn. If there weren't we wouldn't have any explorers, inventors, darers and doers. There'd be no war-heroes (they'd be too anxious to save their skins to be willing to die for others). (Of interest: Saturn rules the skin.) So now you know why it's quite apropos to speak of some hero as having "a great soul". And there are lots of professed materialists who prove by their actions (saving lives in fire and flood, etc.) that they do after all *have* souls.

Sure, something's more powerful than Saturn, or Things as They Are. Because if there weren't, things would never evolve. They'd always be at a standstill. Frozen. Crystallised. (Saturn attributes.) Yet they're not. How so? Because the material world is governed by *trend*. The way things may look to you now, you may not be willing to believe that they're ever going to change -- but nevertheless they can and must. Change is the law of life.

So what's this-here-now trend?

Uranus!

And in your own chart, Uranus is your Individuality, your urge to make changes for self-improve-

ment.

Saturn, in your horoscope, is your urge to keep yourself alive through adapting to circumstances -- through conforming to your environment. Uranus in your horoscope is your determination to rise above the need to conform, to master facts, "and by opposing, end them."

Now let's zip back to our diagram of Venus-opposition-Saturn, meaning the periodical renunciation of Pleasure for Duty's sake, and then the sacrifice of Responsibility for sweet Pleasure's sake.

The transits of Saturn (conjuncting or opposing this birth set-up) cause changes to be made out of necessity -- out of the need for keeping alive.

Uranus transits to this same opposition will indicate changes that you personally will elect to make, not from necessity, but simply because you yourself have come to the conclusion that you yourself want to make them. Thus when Uranus conjuncts this Venus-Saturn set-up, you'll elect all by your ownsome (out of "sheer perversity") to choose Pleasure above Duty. And when Uranus gets around to the opposite end of the Venus-Saturn combination, you'll elect (out of "sheer perversity") to choose Duty above Pleasure.

(Ever notice how a person's labelled "perverse" as soon as he does something inconvenient to somebody else?) (Ah, Tolerance, Tolerance, where art thou?)

As said before, Saturn rambles around the zodiac (and through the horoscope's houses) once per 28-odd years. Uranus, however, is much slower in movement, and takes 84 years to follow Saturn's footsteps. Consequently, the two cycles -- of Necessity and Individuality -- overlap. And you have these two basically dissimilar forces in operation in your life simultaneously. (So now you know why you sometimes "cut off your nose to spite your face".)

Tack on the other planets, and you get some staggering complications. Mars (blind desire) and Jupiter (opportunism) and all the others. Whew! Now you know why it's next to impossible for an astrologer to write out a *completely detailed* horoscope for you. And why you'd better start becoming your own astrologer if you want to live to your best capacity. A completely detailed horoscope, setting forth details of guilt and what have you, would run into hundreds of thousands of words. Unless you've enough money to commission an astrologer to write you a book about yourself as thick as the Bible, (or are you one of those "gimme" folk who tries to chisel something for nothing?) you'd

better go in for studying astrology, yourself.

Another note to those disgruntled parents who fill their kids with guilt (developing the kids' square aspects) and then wail, "What have I done to deserve this ingratitude?"

Dear disgruntled parents: if you'd become astrologers, you could help your potentially delinquent children to avoid future delinquency by steering them into the proper channels of sublimation *at the proper time,* instead of trying to shame them (by making them feel guilty) into "being good".

Before closing, I've another discovery to hand out -- and I wonder how many astrologers are going to thank me for it. Like the foregoing material it's an utterly new conception, and astrologers (like scientists, doctors, etc.) are just as much against having their methods changed (if not invalidated) as anybody else. I'm offering all this material as a "shot in the arm" to Astrology, something on the order of a Wonder Drug. I needn't do it -- I could keep this knowledge strictly to myself and let all my competitors try to figure it out for themselves. But my job is to advance astrology more than to capitalise on it.

This next discovery pertains to the semisextile or 30-degree aspect, which at present is labelled (if anybody bothers to include it in textbooks) as being "weakly helpful" and "slightly harmonious" and sometimes "an aspect of growth".

Helpful, harmonious, my eye! It's one of the most catastrophic aspects ever to be found in anybody's horoscope! As to its being an aspect of growth, *all* the contents of one's horoscope contribute towards one's growth, if one understands and works *with* them.

It's peculiarly dangerous because, you see, in the horoscope of birth it means nothing much (and often passes ignored by astrologers therefore). There's no implication of guilt nor prostitution (whether of oneself or by contact with others) whatever. It's just two planets stationed 30 degrees away from each other, apparently not strongly-enough-related with each other to have any appreciable effect.

Probably it's escaped notice so long because most astrologers are still using the old-fashioned "Progressions" and "Directions" which deal with a theoretical motion of planets, rather than with the *actual* motion of them. Something like "theoretically, any man can discover uranium".

But these two apparently-unrelated planets can be and are, pulled together into a temporary relationship when transiting Saturn (or Uranus or whatever) forms an as-

pect to them both. This, because the birth-planets show the cause, and the transiting planet shows the effect (and where, in one's life, it will occur, by house-position). And when this happens, it can be sheer murder -- because the poor unsuspecting varmint who's born with two planets 30 degrees from each other, and has no guilty nor perverted bias concerning them, never has the slightest indication that they can be temporarily pulled together into action by a transiting planet.

Thus he's taken completely by surprise when they're galvanised into action. He's too off-guard and dazed to know how to hit back. I'm pretty sure that if you'll investigate the horoscopes of criminals, especially where crimes of sudden passion are concerned, you'll find this 30 degree aspect very prominent. I must confess that I haven't studied enough criminal charts (with the 30 degree aspect in mind) to speak authoritatively on this -- it's just a surmise, but I'm sure it's an apt one.

If you're an observant astrologer, the kind who likes to sit back quietly and listen to others talk, you'll have a lot of fun guessing others' horoscopes. because people unconsciously describe their horoscopes whenever they talk freely about themselves. They may not know beans about astrology, nor why they feel the way they do, but everybody has the tendency to judge others by himself, and much of what he'll say will be in the line of unconsciously naming his symptoms, the description of his mental pathology.

No gal with Saturn square Venus is ever going to agree that love can be anything other than sordid heartbreak in the long run. No guy with Sun square Mars is ever going to display any sympathy for "lazy slobs". The two-faced backbiter (with most of his planets situated in "double signs") is never going to believe that others aren't as hypocritical as he. And of course the guy with Sun square Moon is going to sound off about the unfeeling cruelty of his superiors, and exhibit either far too much conscience, or not enough of it, depending on which end of this square is being touched-off by Saturn or Uranus transits.

But the poor jerk who has his Sun parked only 30 degrees away from his Moon in his horoscope will have no conception whatever of what Sun square Moon can and does portend. (In case you've forgotten or can't reason it out for yourself, Sun square Moon means that ego is forever in conflict with the body and its expression, and planetary transits always trigger this discord off in such a way that whatever is pleasing to the ego is

damaging to the body, and whatever is good for the body is damaging to the ego - - the sign of an all-time loser, because when an opportunity comes for improving his physical status, his ego will reject it as being belittling; so that all through life he'll muff one good break after another, wailing about how abused he is, but nonetheless having an orgy of self pity.)

Let's call the fellow with Sun in 30 degree aspect to his Moon Mr. Semisextile. And let's say that his Sun is in 15 degrees of Leo, and that his Moon is 30 degrees away from his Sun or in 15 degrees of Virgo. (Draw a diagram if you like - - it'll help you visualise it.) Basically this gives Mr. Semisextile a Virgo self-awareness, making him a perfectionist (Moon in Virgo) and a self-expression or mode of projection that's outgoing and somewhat theatrical (Sun in Leo). This doesn't look very bad. Could help him (depending on the rest of his planets) to become a marvellous showman, with every detail of his productions exactly right.

But what happens when transiting Saturn or Uranus move around so that they are (let's say) in 15 degrees of Taurus? This puts Saturn-Uranus in exact trine (harmony) to the Moon-ego, yet simultaneously in exact square (discord) to Sun-expression. Saturn trine Moon can be interpreted as "ego happily agreeing with environment." Saturn square Sun can be interpreted as "self-expression completely disrupted by circumstance and environment." Lump 'em together and you've got exactly the effects of Sun square Moon. The body and self-expression are being injured, and the ego loves it. And since Mr. Semisextile has had no previous intimations of any such thing, he muffs an opportunity, can't understand why, and asks himself, "What on God's green earth came over me?"

(Note to professional astrologers: Yes, I know I'm guilty of understatement and over-simplification, but how else am I going to put this across to the beginning student?)

Now let transiting Saturn and/or Uranus move along to 15 degrees of Gemini, from which position they're in sextile (harmony) to the Sun, but in square (discord) to the Moon. This time we have circumstances helpful to the body but annoying to the ego. Mr. Semisextile again muffs an opportunity, probably rejecting something good for him on the grounds that "there's strings attached".

If you know much about astrology, you can see that this temporary Sun-square-Moon effect can't happen as often as it does in the chart of somebody born with Moon square Sun. It can happen

only twice in 28-odd years (where Saturn's concerned) and it strikes like a bolt from the blue, because (as said before) it comes utterly unsuspected -- Mr. Semisextile hasn't the dimmest intimation that it can happen to him. That's why it can be so devastating. And it may have a great deal to do with the sudden nervous breakdowns in people's lives for which, hitherto, astrologers have had no explanation (other than falling back on "parallels of declination", "parts of fortune" and other such non-essentials).

Now instead of Sun 30 degrees away from Moon, substitute Venus and Saturn, and you'll see that poor Mr. Semisextile is apt suddenly to come up with the effects of Venus-square-Saturn, or utterly devastating heartbreak and possible perversion -- because until it happens in his life he's never had the faintest inkling that it could happen to him. Now perhaps you can understand the model citizen who suddenly goes haywire and can't for the life of him begin to guess what happened -- he's just as horrified as the spectators. All you need do is to put any two planets 30 degrees apart and calculate what's going to happen when Saturn (Necessity) or Uranus (Individuality) comes in square to one of them but in sextile or trine to the other.

The 150-degree Quincunx aspect, you'll notice (labelled in textbooks as "slightly adverse" -- haw!) has exactly the same effect.

With which I'll now take my leave, hoping that before you try to laugh-off this information, you'll have the good sense to test it on your own and other horoscopes. Maybe now you'll understand why you pulled such a fool stunt back in such-and-such a year. Maybe now you'll understand why you feel guilty about Mama for no good reason -- you know you've done everything possible to make her happy, and yet...

And maybe now you'll feel less sanctimoniously righteous about "wicked sinners" who "ought to be taken out and shot".

And if you are a "wicked sinner", maybe now you'll realise that there's still hope for you, that if you make your changes at the proper time, you can be received once more "back into the fold".

Maybe you'll think more and hate less.

Anyway, let's hope so.

Mothers-to-be, do you want to have famous sons and daughters?

Here's how! (And a frightening thing it is, because if all mothers to-be *should* follow this formula, what would happen to the world? There'd be nothing but kings -- no subjects to serve them. Probably the world would revert to epic,

Homeric events, where it seems that everybody was a celebrity until another celebrity trampled him down -- mebby the Greek prospective-mothers utilised this system?)

Get your doctor to co-operate with you in slightly hastening or retarding your infant's birth. There are ways...

In the case of sons, try to rush or delay the birth until the Sun is risen and shining -- the closer it is to the high noon, the better. This will place the child's Sun (male self-projection) "above the horizon" in his horoscope, or in the area of public life. Sooner or later (depending on transits) he'll become a public figure (but if his Sun is "afflicted" he may become a Public Enemy!)

As for daughters, you'll have to be something of astrologer -- girls have to be born with the Moon (feminine version of self-projection) as high in the sky as possible.

Since there's no positive guarantee that your child will be one sex or another, better get out your calendar and ephemeris and almanac and arrange your date of conception so that the time of birth will put both moon and sun high in the sky at the moment of birth (as near as possible to a "New Moon") so that no matter what sex your baby will have, he or she still will project himself/herself in the fields of public life.

You're welcome.

Incidentally, I can't recall if I've offered you this idea or not, but some day it may happen: a smart dictator will decree that all births take place in the same area, and (by hastening or delaying moment of births) at the same time, so that all the little kiddies will be born with their Suns and Moons in their Fourth or Sixth houses, making them nice manageable slaves. Any child born at a time when his planets would indicate a potential rebel or trouble-maker would of course be killed through "an unlucky accident" or a "chance infection" immediately after birth.

It would make a good yarn, anyway. One mother on pain of death sneaks off to a deserted spot in the backwoods and gives birth to a child who will become, in time, the Deliverer...

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IMPROVE YOUR MYSTIC WORD POWER

Most dictionaries do not list occult and mystic words; and thus the accurate meaning of many words encountered in mysticism is hard to find. Here is your chance to increase your mystic word vocabulary, so that you may understand and enjoy the articles you read in this magazine, and in many other similar magazines and books.

ASURA (Sanskrit: In the religious systems of the east, the demoniac and evil forces continually seeking to destroy righteousness and truth.

ANIMISM: The primitive religious system which invests every material thing with a soul and consciousness.

ANNU EL RA (to the Greeks, Heliopolis): A sacred city of ancient Egypt, in which the power of the divinities and the exaltation of the soul was said to be especially pronounced. Many curious experiences were described there by people of all faiths and religions. (Now in ruins.)

AGASHA: According to the Agasha Temple of Wisdom (Los Angeles, California) the highest of the masters of truth in the afterlife, who is aiding those still alive to a fuller understanding of the universe and what lies ahead, both on that plane and in this.

BIOSOPHY: The system of spiritual self-education developed by Dr. Frederick Kettner.

BYEGUNI: A fanatical Russian semi-Christian sect which practiced human sacrifice as a continuation of the Atonement of the Blood begun by Christ.

BAHA 'U' LLAH: (1817-1892) ("Splendour of God") The founder of the Baha 'i faith (formerly known as Babiism) who is believed by his followers to be the last of the Manifestations of God, of which the other eight have become known as the leaders of modern religions (Christ, Mohammed, Abraham, Krishna, etc.). He died in exile in Acre, Palestine.

CHENRENZI: One of the patron gods of Tibet, the Dalai Lama being recognized as being one of his incarnations as well as of Buddha. He is believed to have been the first spirit to exist, who first entered the body of a monkey, and, progressively, next of men, coming to rest in the heart of Buddha in the person of the Dalai Lamas.

CAINITES: A Gnostic sect of the 2nd Century which practiced a form of witchcraft and revered Cain, Esau, Judas Iscariot, and other infamous Biblical characters, but rejected Biblical doctrine and authority.

CH'AN: The Chinese name for the famous Zen sect of Buddhism.

CH'ONDOKYO: A new religion founded in the south of Korea in 1859 by Ch'oe (1824-1865), compounded of Catholic, Buddhist, Confucian, and Shamanistic doctrines, first known as Tonghak. In 1865 their leader was martyred, and the faith began to oppose the Japanese regime in Korea. In 1905 they took the name Ch'ondokyo (Society of the Heavenly Way). In 1930 there were more than 2,300,000 adherents.

DHARMA: In Buddhism, one of the Three Jewels, the Law and Manner of Life.

DEISTS: Those who believe in the existence of a remote, impersonal God, rejecting any revelation from or personality in Him.

DEVOLUTION: Specifically, reverse evolution. In occult usage, a return to the primitive manifestations of life, either physically or spiritually, and, according to various claims, something accomplished by several persons, including the supposed spiritual devolution of Edward Hanson (d. 1833) of England.

EBLIS: The Arabian or Islamic Satan, supposedly cast from Paradise by the good spirits.

EKKANA: A religious and mystical record kept by ancient Assyrians devoted to the highest gods, consisting largely of devotions and symbolical prophecies.

FOISM: The compound religion of the majority of the Chinese, consisting of Buddhist, Gaoist, Confucian, and older religious elements, and dealing mainly with the old nature spirits, called *feng shui*.

FRIENDS OF LIGHT: A religious group believing that man's own reason and conscience alone would guide him to spiritual realms, in which he would be aided by other spirits to attain salvation.

GYMNOSOPHIST: Member of a Hindu sect urging complete abstentation from all material things, especially clothing, which they never wear.

GREAT MOTHER OF THE GODS: Common name given to the chief deity of a cult of ancient Rome, mostly in Phrrgia, who was often called Cybele, or the Magna Mater. Her worship was intertwined with that of Atys, and died out in the fourth century.

HARUSPICY: Divination by the inspection of the entrails of mammals.

HORUS: Egyptian god of the day, the occult incarnation of light.

HANNIBAL: A name meaning "grace of Baal," (Baal was one of the chief gods of the Assyrians and Phoenicians), conferred upon revived pagan rites held secretly in Europe in the Dark Ages.

personals

At present I am out of work, but I am most anxious to have a horoscope or astrological reading, but I cannot now afford one. I was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1919 on a Tuesday evening at approximately 9:30 P.M. Can someone with a kind and generous heart send me a chart? C. Markowitz, Gen. Del., Jamaica 31, N. Y. . . .*Please send information on how to get in touch with spiritual or faith healer to Mrs. A. Bagwell, 517 N. 2nd St., Baytown, Texas* . . . .I have three copies of the Equinox - - all Vol.1, Nos. 2, 3, 9. Diary of a Drug Fiend by Aleister Crowley, and Star of the West, a critical essay of the works of Aleister Crowley by Fuller. Also many copies of FATE and some of MYSTIC. . . . *Would like to hear from people in the Cleveland area who are interested in occult, metaphysics, etc, and would like to form a discussions club. Also, would appreciate hearing from some lady, 30 to 40, who has plans in mind. A. M. Fazl, 7636 Star Ave., Cleveland 3, Ohio.* . .I would appreciate contacting persons or groups who have had occult experiences. Mrs. Grace A. Clark, 209 Bryant Road, Navy Point, Warrington, Fla. . .*Would like to hear from teenagers between 15 and 17 who are interested in flying saucers and other Fortean matters. Would also like to purchase Sat. Eve. Post July 8, 1948; See, March 1953. John Zeller, 2691 12th St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.* . . .Interested in contacting other readers in Louisville, object to form a club. Interested in hearing from readers Anywhere. Mrs. R. J. Parker, 2638 Frankfort Ave., Louisville 6, Ky. . . .*Would like to start a SEARCH group here in Hyattsville, and perhaps later the group could buy a telescope to peek at those saucers - - and also investigate the occult, the psychic, etc. Dorothy Belieff, 5102 Sixtieth Ave, Hyattsville, Maryland.* . . .I would like to correspond with people interested in psychic phenomena, hypnotism, religion, reincarnation, and allied topics. Am 18 years old. Nicholas Miller, Box 188, Waelder, Texas. . .I have The

Outsider And Others by H. P. Lovecraft (no dust jacket, but in excellent condition). What am I offered? I have "Mother Shipton's Prophecy" as originally written, typed copies, 50c. Mrs. Laura E. Olson, Rt 1, Box 101, DeLand, Fla. . . .*Wanted: Any copy of Amazing Stories or Fantastic Adventures containing anything by Shaver, which you wish to donate to SEARCH files. Send to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.* . . .Mr. E. Labrow, 63 Curteis St., Horwich on Bolton, Lancs. England is interested in spiritualism and the occult. Write him. . . .*Would like to hear from readers of FATE and MYSTIC in and around Toronto, Ont. Canada, for group meetings and discussions and experimenting. Also would like to obtain copies number 1 and 4 of FATE. Anyone interested in discussing hypnotism? E. Sherwood, P. O. Box 253, Markham, Ont., Canada.* . . .I have been wanting to reopen contact with the former C. L. Club members, which said club had its origin from the Shaver Mystery Club - their where a bouts not known, but I feel that many still follow your mags., and hope that they may read this letter from your column. If the former members of the C. L. C. would like to reopen correspondence with me, and are somewhat interested in the idea of another club, better and greater than it has ever been. They will find new and greater interests. With many new members added since they last heard from me. As for that matter, am wanting to enlist anyone interested in the unusual, the mysteries of any and all subjects, name your poison, I have got it somewhere within my files.

Chas. A. Marcoux
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Come, Let Us Reason . . .

Letters from our Readers

Dear Mr Palmer:

It was very nice to see that your magazine "Search" had the picture of Senator John J. Haluska on the front page and an answer to the Life Magazine smear campaign against Mr. Hoxsey. I hope that many of Dr. Hoxsey's cured patients will see your magazine cover and write to you.

Certainly Dr. Hoxsey, his father and granddad could not have been in the business of curing cancer so many years and not cure people, as it just wouldn't stand up. Anything that is a fraud lasts only so long and then falls to pieces. It has not been so with Dr. Hoxsey.

Mrs. Carl Wilsey
Apt. 208
669 Valencia St.
Los Angeles 17, Calif.

We will, in a future issue, publish some very startling information regarding the Hoxsey Cancer Cure. We asked for documented cases of cures, and we certainly got what we asked for! Now we have to check on them. When we are sure of our ground, we'll present the facts, and let the chips fall where they may.

First, however, we know that doctors are not infallible, they walk perhaps in the wildest jungle of human knowledge that exists, and we know some of them who have walked very bravely, and done wonderful things. So, we aren't attacking the AMA. As for making millions, that's the aim of most everybody, it seems. We know doctors who chose the profession because it "offered more chance for wealth than being a lawyer" or a "publisher"(!). And who will deny that the drug companies sell drugs to make money? Even now there is a scandal concerning the profit made on polio drugs. And even today, there isn't a shred of proof that the polio vaccine has had any positive effect. It would take many years (and the actual virtual disappearance of the disease) to do that. Any shouting now is just premature. In Chicago, the 1956 incidence of polio was eight times what it was without the "shots". The quibbling about geographical areas does not effect the overall picture. The people on the west side frequent the east side just as often as their own side -- our modern transportation setup being what it is -- and until the incidence goes down, we aren't interested in the figures except to express our disappointment in what seems

to be a failure.

As for Life Magazine, Mr. Luce, its editor, is that type of person who would rather be right. He MUST speak of HOXSEY in the negative, in consideration of the fact that he just might BE negative -- and for Luce to have taken a positive stand would be unthinkable in that event. No one could criticize him for taking a stand in keeping with "knowledge not yet known" -- then if Hoxsey is proved right, Luce can say "you didn't expect me to vote yes for something not yet in existence?" However, Luce likes to "damn" things, and he does it in his magazine at every opportunity. And likely subjects for such damning are people who don't conform. When they do, Luce will be for them. Always on the winning side! .... Rap.

Dear Ray:

You have sure done the right thing in printing the arguments for and against the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic. He has been curing cases for years by the thousands and the only reason the A.M.A. is down on him is that there is so much money involved --- at least six or seven thousand for a case to die of cancer when treated by orthodox methods. I was in Dallas three days talking to many patients at the clinic, so I know. You too, could know and be convinced if you would go there for a visit.

But the main thing I, and many others, would like to know is where you get your energy, vim, vigor and vitality? You have your finger in so many different pies and seem always to be able to take on more and more. I have seen and talked to you a couple of times (even if you may not remember me) and know you are not of a husky physique, so please tell me what your diet is, what vitamins you use, etc. as I sure would like to try the same and see if I can get over my always tired feeling.

Incidentally, I saw Meade Layne of B. S. R. A. fame in San Diego, last June and he did not know that Vitamin A was fine for the eyes. He has not studied health half as much as the other deep stuff he is always engaged in.

L. S. Dennis.
2954 Nelson St.,
Ft. Myers, Fla.

There is only one answer to the secret of diet, etc. That is, to live as normally as possible, in the way Nature intended you to live. Whoever planned this planet and its inhabitants, prepared it with a greater knowledge of what was required than we have. And when our scientists (who are actually very good) tell us the soil is depleted of minerals and food is vitamin-starved through our means of processing, it is only smart to try to

make our diet as natural as it originally was. The Palmer family, whose diet is attended to by the smartest wife and mother in the world, is kept as natural is possible, and such things as white bread, white sugar, and foods with chemicals and preservatives in them are strictly avoided; and where vitamins and minerals are lacking they are restored, and wherever possible, by natural sources rather than chemical ones. You might call us food-faddists, if you wish to apply the term the Luces of the world would use! It is true that your editor is physically knocked about quite a bit, but he has a tendency to sneer at people who have colds, allergies, etc. (Our wife has an allergy to aluminum -- pans or baking powder -- and the preservative in white flour, so whenever she goes visiting, she finds herself being polite, whereas I will bluntly say "don't give me any of the poison!") However, I do not sneer at my wife, because it is a fact that once acquired, an allergy is a horrible thing. We've got to "live right" from the beginning, and sometimes it is impossible to repair the damage. Are you a heavy eater? If so, we swear you aren't getting your proper vitamins and minerals. Take a good look at your food! A load of worthless fodder can make anybody tired! ..... Rap.

Dear Sir:

There is magic in words, for words create the unique excitement of saying exactly what the writer means, forcefully and most effectively, the reading of which is able to transport people to the domain of the writer's imagination. Words and words alone are the prime tool of the writer. You seem to be able to use this tool in the most extraordinary manner, for example, the inspiring editorial in the October, 1956 issue of "Search". It was a straightforward, crystal-clear presentation of an appeal for an analytical type of reasoning and it was so provocative, that besides being instructive it also made the reading of it a pleasure.

I've been a news-stand subscriber to your magazine for quite some time, in fact, when it was formerly known as "MYSTIC". Then, as of now, its pages are enriched with the most esteemed writings of the greatest masters of spiritual thought as well as those who are endowed with scientific knowledge. It's a great little periodical and if one is out looking for some worthwhile reading matter, not one single item should be either skipped or read in a cursory manner.

I first became acquainted with your magazine when it was almost in its infancy. The first copy

that was to come to my attention was one that was handed to me by the High Priestess who presided over the spiritual affairs of the cult of Zerian-El-Ray, a person, or I should say, a great spiritual entity, of tremendous accomplishments. She and her colleagues at Zerian-El-Ray, had some flattering comments to make about the literary value of "MYSTIC". They all seem to agree that as the result of reading its pages, much enlightenment came their way and broadened their horizons.

C. Zander.
513 Bergen Street,.
Harrison, New Jersey.

Now we'll have to dig through the letter pile and find one to deflate that swelled head you've given us! Let's see, now ... oh brother, here's one! ..... Rap.

Dear Ray:

Well! have *we* started something! Since publishing my letter in SEARCH No. 17 things have been exploding. Letters from everywhere. Most of them behind *me*. Two crank letters, one of which said that their numbers (The Dero) would be after me during the dark of the Sept. moon. As you can see, I'm still here!

Did you see "The Big Story" on NBC-tv the night of September 7? The Denver Post reporter who started as a skeptic writing about the Bridey Murphy story, later flew to Ireland, and at the finish of the TRUE TV story said "More evidence is coming in every Day" and in the light of that evidence "I Believe Ruth Simmons" actually lived 100 years ago as "Bridey Murphy"? Why are you so set against this theory of reincarnation? It was here long before the Christian era. I'd like to quote, in part, a SEARCH reader friend! He thinks you are so set against reincarnation because "Ray Palmer, I believe, has a hunch back. He is so afraid of reincarnation because deep down inside he knows that that hunchback is probably punishment for a previous life. Ray Palmer tried to make you look small, Fred. But I don't think he succeeded. You don't look small to me."

I was disappointed in you as an editor, Ray. An editor reads and publishes beliefs of people. You, unlike an editor tried to pick me apart by ridicule. I don't think it worked. The letters from readers proved that! Life magazine did NOT call Bridey a liar! She did NOT "lie, lie, do you hear"? No Sir! And I bet Life is still carrying on the search! I say that you probably (probably? Heck, DID!) misinterpret the article. I say that there is no *real* proof for *or* against the experiment. But in view of all I've read, reincarnation offers *more* to me than religion does!

Now to my big beef! Just as you "recall" J. Edgar Hoover saying "120,000 people vanish", I "recall" this quote from an earlier "Mystic": "The Communists have *no* reportable case of cancer! They must know how to stop it over there, and *cause* it over here!" How's that, Ray? I think that's from one of *your own* editorials! The letter writers, as well as myself, think you are really childish saying "Didn't you know the caves run right under Russia too! We have Greyhound busses which make trips on the hour every hour for Shaver to go back and forth with his latest instructions." All I can say is that those busses must be awful fast to get from Russia over here in just one hour! And why do you say *you* are going to push the button after "The wire arrives"? Guilty conscience? Yes, the bass season is coming on, but watch out for the large mouth bass. They really fight! Catch?

Just about the best article you *are* working on is the Hoxsey Cancer Cure. Since Cancer *is* a blood disease, you *have* to fight it through the blood. Good luck, Senator John J. Haluska and Doctor Hoxsey! I predict that in the future, American doctors are going to come out with a statement that they have found a cure for cancer and it will be so much like Doctor Hoxsey's cure, I'd say they *stole* the cure from him.

I guess that lets off a bit of steam, Ray. I sure hope you print my letter. A lot of people are expecting to hear from me via SEARCH!

Yours for truth
"Yours for Logic"
Fred Goldrup
Liston Falls, Maine

Perhaps you are making the common mistake of assuming that an editor, BECAUSE he is an editor, should always be right? Have we ever said that we were always right? Sometimes we are deliberately wrong. Now let's point out where we did that, and where we might have been right, and where you might have been either way: You say I said Bridey lied. Well, I was wrong, I don't think she lied; I think she really believes what she says, but it's wrong anyway! Am I clear? I still think it's a lie. And as proof, I point to the article in the November 1956 *issue of FATE, where a trip to Ireland unearthed nothing but UNproof. As for that NBC-TV program, the Big Story, I'm afraid I can't go for these fiction programs. Sensation is what those program directors are after, and they always hitch onto a bandwagon. If they'd wanted to, they could have dug up a reporter who went to Ireland and came back saying: "I don't believe a word of it!" because there*

ARE such reporters (LIFE among them). I've been connected with radio and TV work myself, and brother, the idea there is a "program" with listener appeal (to snag the sponsor's dough), and hang the truth! Besides, in this matter, what IS the truth? Nobody seems to know, yet.

Now about my "punishment". Hooey! Punishment, to BE punishment, and to teach me to "know better", has to be realized as punishment. I'll be doggoned if I know what I'm being punished for, and how am I going to avoid the same punishment again, if I don't know that vital bit of information? If it was for horse-stealing, I'd have to know it was for horse-stealing, or I'd go right on stealing horses in my next life -- because how would I know any better? If I got away with the horse that time, and wasn't punished (I don't know I'm being punished, and that's the same as not getting punished), I can steal more horses, if I'm as smart as I was before! The only way I know I'm wrong in stealing horses is to know I'm not getting away with it. The first time I got away with it! Encouragement to do it again! Hooey, my friend. I don't know what I'm being punished for, if that's what it is! And I don't think it's punishment. It's due to carelessness. Crossing the street without looking, and getting hit with a truck has nothing to do with horse-stealing. Falling off a roof while painting a ridge is not punishment for horse-stealing. Both times it could have been prevented! If it's punishment, it's for being careless! And as for being afraid to admit reincarnation because then I'll have to admit I'm being punished for horse-stealing is kinda silly. Okay, I stole a horse! So now what? I admit it. But that still don't mean reincarnation is true. I will probably be punished now for lying about stealing a horse! Because if I did, I don't remember that either! All this stuff about I'll remember it AFTER I die is hokum too! That's how the reincarnationist explains why I don't remember while I'm conscious and alive. He explains patiently to stupid me that it's all arranged that way, and never fear, I'll remember after I'm dead, and then I'll know what it was all about -- and then, when I'm born again, I'll FORGET again, and start stealing horses all over! Fred, I just won't go on your darned MEMORY MERRY-GO-ROUND! It doesn't get me anywhere! YOU can surmise these memory situations all you want, but they are just SURMISES! Not facts. I want more than to just be TOLD what to believe. I want something but your word for it! Mind? Am I asking too much?

Must I be treated like a baby who can't stare his stolen horses in the teeth?

As for trying to make you look small, why not take MY word for that? I DIDN'T try to make you look small. Honest I didn't? Not half as small as you are trying to make me with your explanation of why I'm afraid of reincarnation! But I realize, Fred, that you don't mean it that way. I never had any doubt that you didn't mean it that way. It's the last thing I think of - - as I don't think you're the small kind!

No, LIFE didn't call Bridey a liar; it just said what she said wasn't true! She was mistaken! Or something.

As for my talk about communists, can't you see when I'm kidding? Of course there aren't any busses running between here and Moscow underground! Or ARE there? What if there WAS? Wouldn't it be an incredible thing? Shaver doesn't call them "busses". He says they are "ancient cavern vehicles" that float about a foot off the floor, and travel at tremendous speed through the ancient tunnels. He also refers to giant "vans" that carry the portable weapon rays. But then, maybe this is just fiction? But what if it were true? Would be incredible, wouldn't it? Shaver says it's true. He says he's been there. Well, maybe he oughta know! Sometimes it's awfully hard to separate the truth from the untruth. I find it hard to decide . . . but it seems necessary to examine all the evidence, and not just up and DECIDE. That's how to make mistakes.

As for my guilty conscience about pushing buttons, there I have you! What will you say if I claim I pushed the button that blew up ancient Lemuria in a previous incarnation? Well, If I was you, I'd call me a liar! Those large-mouth bass don't scare me! I've met a lot of big-mouths in my life. They gotta have 'em big, to get their foot in!

When you say cancer is in the blood, remember YOU said it, not me! Maybe it is, but you gotta do more than SAY it - - you gotta prove it. We're out to give Hoxsey and Haluska a chance to do just that! Come to think of it, Fred, we may not have a corner on logic, but we're in there pitching, both of us! Hope you're still not mad at me? I ain't mad at you, even if you think reincarnation is true. Sounds stupid to me, but then, if I'm stupid, it would! Maybe I AM stupid! Never exactly thought of it that way, but when I think of all the stupid things I've done - - by golly, Fred, you're a 100% right! So, please be patient with me, and if you can push reincarnation into my thick skull,

you'll really be able to say you had some SOLID facts! - - RAP.

Dear Ray:

Like to set Mr. W. S. Arns straight about one or two things he said in his letter in the October *Search.* Dianetic auditors do not work at all like psychiatrists! They use no hypnotism, no drugs, no shock, no brain butchery; they do not lower the subject's confidence by evaluation or invalidation; they aren't satisfied when a subject falls from extreme rage (even violence) down to apathy, because apathy (not boredom!) is but one step this side of death; and they get results: any headshrinker will tell you that intelligence, as measured by "IQ" tests, cannot change; anyone who has used dianetics successfully (after all, there are people who can't find their way from Fifth Avenue to Seventh Avenue without a map, a compass, a policeman on every corner and an Indian guide!) knows that intelligence, memory, perception, and other things, can definitely be improved.

Also, the data on past lives which dianetics seems to produce is quite different from that obtained in the Bridey Murphy case. First, Ruth Simmons was unconscious - - hypnotized - - when she brought forth *her* "past life." An auditor strives to keep his subject conscious and awake at all times. Second, hypnosis was used, which immediately makes the details - - if not the whole incident - - suspect, since the "subconscious" thinks in identities; that is, something said by either Bernstein or Simmons herself, or something experienced by Simmons, or even some facet of the environment, could have restimulated some other event. However, dianetics requires that the subject be as conscious as possible; so that if more than one incident is presented by him at one time, they can be erased - - or at least reduced, depending upon the state of the subject's case - - and thus will be available to the conscious memory. (I meant that the painful and or emotional charge on the incident is erased, not the incident itself.) This, notwithstanding Mr. Arns' statement that "the patient can no longer recall (the incident)." Hardly the "same result as Bernstein" got.

As far as the idea of proving (or disproving) reincarnation, forget it. If dianetics - - or any other method - - can enable a person to remember past lives, that isn't proof for anyone else. And the theory is no more susceptible to disproof than it is to proof; what *facts,* observable to *anyone,* does it contradict? Sure, someone's *specific ideas* on the subject might, but that only disproves *that* idea,

not someone else's. (Incidentally, for more information about dianetics, write Box 242, Silver Spring, Maryland.)

Ray, I hate to tell you this, but scientists have known for some time that light travels more slowly in a dense medium than in a more rarified one. In fact, in an article appearing in *Scientific American* a few months ago, one paragraph described what happened when a particle of some kind was accelerated to a speed not too far under the speed of light *in vacuo* - - and sent this particle thru a medium in which light traveled more slowly than the particle did! (A ray of light was emitted, just as exceeding the speed of sound produces a loud noise.)

So, you're selling Aura Goggles now. Just how does that help spiritual development? Never mind - - I've stumbled across something which indicates the whole field of occultism isn't quite as nutty as I thought - - you know, came to scoff, remained to pray sort of thing - - and I still can't shake myself of all my skepticism. Of course, a lot of people in the field are screwballs.

On the other hand, it's all a matter of viewpoint. This matter of the aura is a good example. Suppose, whether you believe it or don't, that it's merely an illusion. How unreal is an illusion? Do you know it's possible for one person to see what another person is imagining? In any event, it's real to the person who sees it. I understand that Christian Science denies that pain, sickness, even the whole physical universe, are real. You can't argue with them. Until you define "real." Reality is relative, (Shades of Einstein!) The rest of the universe is as real as your body. This is why materialists, who confuse their bodies with themselves (that is, their souls) can deny the reality of immateriality. And why those who realize that they are not bodies, but *operate* bodies, can seriously question the reality of materiality. (To me, the question seems immaterial.) I sincerely hope I have not caused anyone to misconstrue any teachings of Christian Science - - I got what little I know from more or less second-handed sources. Anyway, my point is that it's difficult to say with any truth that an idea is 100% wrong; it depends on semantics and viewpoint - - which, from my viewpoint, are but two aspects of the same thing. Did you ever start arguing with a person and find out five hours later that you were both arguing the same thing - - just stating it differently? I wonder what would happen if everyone could see things from other people's viewpoints. Including the reason they had those view-

points.

I noticed your ad for "Another Ray Palmer Magazine" -- then saw that it was *Other Worlds,* which am already familiar with. Somehow I just can't get enough Ray Palmer. Frankly, I think it's because you say what you want to say, without any shilly-shallying about who will or won't like it. A lot of people like that. You hear a lot of people say, "Well, Truman may not have been our best president -- he may even have been our worst -- BUT he wasn't afraid to say what was on his mind!" You can't help admiring a person like that, no matter what you think of his actions. And somehow, you manage not to offend anyone except those who have done something wrong and won't admit it, or those who refuse to think for themselves. And in those cases, it's their own fault; no one should be immune from criticism on the grounds that he's guilty -- there's enough controversy as to whether a person should be criticized when he's innocent.

Speaking of *Other Worlds,* I notice Ace has just published a story from OW as part of one of their "Double Novels" for 35c. Congratulations. I expect OW to be a source for more and more book material in the future.

So Hoxsey cures all but 22% of the cases he treats. L. Ron Hubbard claims that any treatment will cure 22%. Wonder if there's a connection between the two figures. Seems to me that if any treatment will cure 22%, a truly effective treatment should run into the same percentage that would resist curing. Of course, I realize that medicine is strictly a physical science, etc, etc, and hooey!

Just realized something. What I said above about viewpoints semantics explains why it is sometimes impossible to convince another person of something you know to be a fact. Your words, from his viewpoint, contradict something he knows with equal certainty. If he can't or won't come around to your point of view, you have to go over to his. And you will see that your words meant nothing real to him. Unfortunately, accustomed as we are to thinking in one certain track, it's often as difficult for us to put our thoughts into a form acceptable to a different viewpoint as it is to see the other person's viewpoint. Sometimes more so. Thus come about arguments, brawls, wars. In fact, from my viewpoint, it seems that all things undesirable are attributable to this difficulty in seeing other people's points of view. What is your view on the matter?

Name withheld

How can I disagree with you? There aren't any words that would-

Other Tongues Other Flesh

George Hunt Williamson



In more recent times, there has been a growing realization that on other worlds than ours, even in other universes, there are other living beings. The idea that earthbound man may someday journey into the heavens to discover other men and women, like or unlike himself, grows by leaps and bounds. Within man's soul lies the truth — mortals exist on other spheres!

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n't mean the same!

As for Aura Goggles, they don't help spiritual development. They are just something more to excite curiosity. That's ALL I'm trying to do, is to attract people's attention to things they might not examine otherwise. What the result of the examination is, is their business! I WON'T tell them what to believe about either the aura or the goggles. I've never looked through a pair, myself, and I don't know if I'd see anything. Maybe I would. But I'm not too curious about that, because I'm curiouser about a lot of more curious things! I understand some people see different colored auras around other people, using the glasses - - that starts me wondering. It's not important that I see the aura too -- but it is important that I fit this strange thing into the scheme of things! Whether they see it, or only THINK they see it, isn't the question. The question is why the aura concept at all! Why do people even LOOK for such things? And why does viewing them HELP some people, make them happier, broaden their thinking? So, why not sell aura goggles? Buyers seem satisfied. What they get out of it, I don't really know. But I'm busy being curious about other things right now, or I'd buy a pair myself! Maybe I'd look at myself in a mirror and see a perfectly horrid color, and find out I was a snake in the grass! Wouldn't want to admit that! Better not look -- until I'm alone, and I can hide the glasses if it turns out I'm a no-good- - and make sure nobody else looks at me with aura glasses! Actually, this business of the aura giving you away, like a tattle-tale, is the silly way of looking at it. If it tells the state of your health, now there's some-

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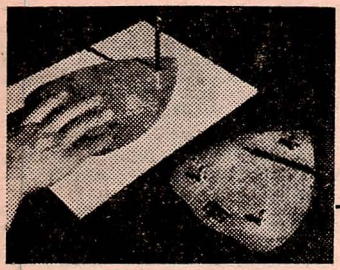
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thing! Some say it does. If it does, mine ought to look pretty fair -- I feel pretty good!

Thanks for mentioning OTHER WORLDS. Gives me an excuse to plug it too. Honest, I think the stories in it are the best in the field. Something to think about in them. Would do a lot of people good to read OW more often. SEARCH readers ought to include OW, if for nothing else but to get the "Palmer" stuff that's in it. As you say, some people like it. ..... RAP.

Dear Ray Palmer:

Here is my part of the advance support for SEARCH, even though it seems hard to do that little bit financially -- now. You will win, however and you have powerful support on the unseen plane, of thought, love, life. Never doubt. And your work will stand. It will not fall.

The Open Way No. 7, which will be printed last of this year -- first of next depending on finances, and other revealings. Price only 20 cents, however. It will deal much with the subject of immortality -- living forever.

All religions teach that we do live forever -- in heaven if good-- in Hell if bad. I like that part of religions that teach we LIVE FOREVER. But I do not believe the limited -- or hell—part of it.

Reincarnationists teach we have been coming back here millions, trillions, billions of years to get good enough to live out of a body. Well-I rather think (and this is advance OPEN WAY thought) that we might possibly be sent back not to learn to live out of a body but to learn to live in a body, in a perfectly expressing body -- even always --- in the physical.

And like you Ray (I like Ray better'n RAP for a name, too.) I never did swallow much of what is poured into us wholesale.

Example. They say we store memories. I doubt if we any more store memories than a radio stores the music it gives out. How? We simply have capacity to respond -- not HOLD or store.

Last night in dreams or in the astral, I seemed to go to headquarters of surgery --- the cause of why us humans are cut and carved up so brutally. It was most gruesome. I suspect back of it is gluttony headquarters, as gluttony may be cause of so much seeming need of cutting and carving on the human anatomy. Keep out so much stuffin' and verily the human body with light, air, happy thought, and a good deal of love, may adjust itself, and presto! We ain't sick or diseased at all.

Ray, I got an idea for the Open Way financing. Let each one or part of them who is bustin' with

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something to tell the world, about life and immortality and reality or truth as we see it-- pay part of the printer's bill and the mailing bill. Why would that not help wonderfully?

Why would that not put Open Way and Search on firmer foundation. For we are ONE. And to prove I mean it, I send small check to start ball rolling.

My request in personals, thank you, Ray, and ones responding to the call to those believing it possible to life FOREVER IN THE PHYSICAL note, I do not ask to contact those *NOT* BELIEVING but for those *THAT DO BELIEVE*, and for those that *KNOW*, to answer THE ROLL CALL OF FAITH, IN LIFE ETERNAL.

Biggest hoax we may be under is -- we have to eat, we have to die, we have to have somebody to lean on—when we have our own inner beings, in the Universal life

---

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SEARCH MAGAZINE published Bi-Monthly at Evanston, Illinois for October 1, 1955.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, PALMER PUBLICATIONS, INC. 806 Dempster St., Evanston, Illinois.
Editor, Raymond A. Palmer, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisc.
Managing editor, Beatrice Mahaffey, P. O. Box 56, Sta. V, Cincinnati 10, Ohio.
Business manager, Raymond A. Palmer, Amherst, Wisc.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given, If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given).
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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails, or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only).

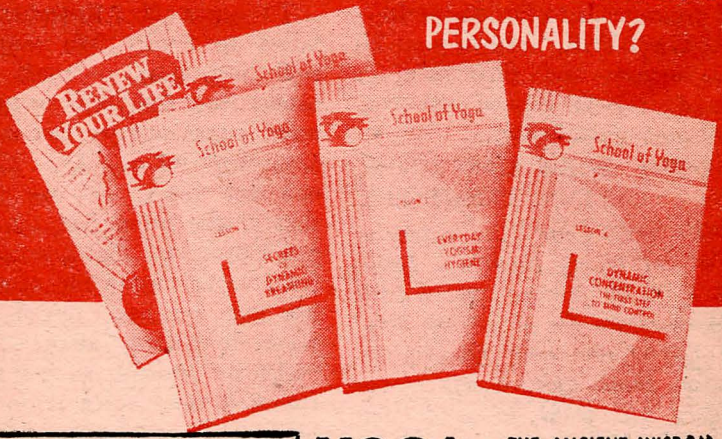
RAYMOND A. PALMER.
Signature of editor, business manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1956

CHESTER V. LEPAK
(My commission expires January 20, 1957)

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LOVIE WEBB GASTEINER,
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Why not? Your little magazine is full of loving thoughts, Lovie, and it's only fair you get a little help, in return for giving out help! We appreciate your subscription, and we think quite a few of our readers will want to read your little booklet too! .....RAP.

Dear Ray:

I have refrained, in the past, from writing any comments on the various articles appearing in your most splendid publication, but after reading Mr. Rosenberger's "No Proof for Reincarnation" I have to bust loose.

To quote Mr. Rosenberger relative to Soul: "We cannot see soul, feel, hear or smell it. We cannot see, feel, hear or smell an atom either but we can make an atom work for us". Does Mr. Rosenberger think for one moment that if the atom had the intelligence of a Soul, that it would allow itself to be put to the adominable use that we have forced on the poor defenseless atom? Because "science?" cannot make a slave of the Soul and force it to do its bidding at will, then "science?" refuses to believe or accept the existence of a *SOUL.*

Another quote, third from the last paragraph: "I will say though that the "human beings" on Jupiter must be quite different from the home grown variety, as the surface temperature of Jupiter is close to absolute zero and is composed of frozen menthane. To say nothing of the terrific gravity!! I have a yard stick standing in the corner of my room, this yardstick is accepted by most civilized people as a part of a standardized system of computing the distance between two or more points. I have a thermometer on the wall that gives a man-invented standard of the temperature in the room. I also have a standard "yardstick" for measuring

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gravity -- a scale in my fish basket -- on one side is calibrated the accepted standard of weights -- on the other side is calibrated an exaggerated "fisherman's weights" on which he bases his "big lie." So -- when Mr. Rosenberger and his scientific friends takes my standard yardstick, thermometer and scales to the planet Jupiter and actually measures the distance to there, takes the actual temperature and gravity of said planet, bringing back samples of frozen menthane - - - - then and only then will I believe in the NON-EXISTENCE of a SOUL.

However I do wish to thank Mr. Rosenberger for his clear explanation of Reincarnation. With all the "hub bub" and multitudinous arguments about the mysterious and veiled theories, I began to wonder "what in tarnation is reincarnation"? Just like the two seamen I saw fighting in the bar the other night. When it was over, I asked what it was all about. The cocky and belligerent victor stated: "The so-and-so said he had lived in Hawaii and I said he hadn't." The looser, with a black eye and split lip muttered: "I never said I lived there; I only said I had been there and then he called me a liar and slugged me."

And so now let's call "a rose - - a rose" and not by any other name, and when you writers speak of reincarnation -- give it the true name of the Eastern Doctrine of Reincarnation, or else "define your terminology" so the rest of us poor unenlightened, unscientific students of higher thought can get some idea of what in the devil



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R. Dutta, 49, Blandford St., W. I., London, England

In our household your book becomes the third in importance: 1) The Holy Bible; 2) Science and Health with key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy; 3) The Secret of the Saucers. Thank you, Mr. Angelucci — you have done a fine job!

Wallace A. Nelson, c/o Kennedy Hardware, Inc., Anchorage, Alaska.

I have just finished your wonderful book, The Secret of the Saucers. It should open new fields of vision to perceptive men — men whose spiritual selves have been awakened. If it finds acceptance within the hearts of men humbly seeking after truth, you will have fulfilled a great mission indeed.

Raymond O. LaCroix, Queen Charlotte Is., B. C., Canada.

A dear friend of mine in Richmond, Virginia wrote after reading your book: "Obviously a beautiful soul — sincerity and humility shine through all he says. The scientific angle is, of course, terrific, but it is the spiritual revelations that are most illuminating and engrossing to me."

Ed. Wheelan, The News (New York's Picture Newspaper).

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Not too long after getting my small order of your chili seasoning, I made up a pot of chili and forgot your seasoning. After eating a small dish of it, I remembered the two envelopes of "Williams" I had, so I dumped in one package and forgot it until dinner. Well, the whole thing in a nut shell is I'll never be without Williams Chili Seasoning again! It's wonderful! I've always prided myself on real good chili, but not any more! Enclosed find $1.00 for five more envelopes of seasoning, so I can have some more REAL chili! Virginia Walters, Rear 1165 Harrison Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

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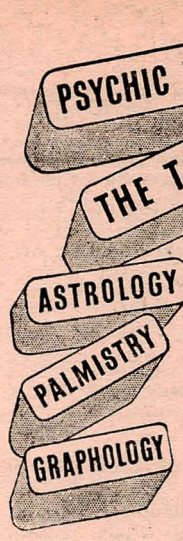
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Jim, I've got one of those fish "scales" too, and do you know, it's the only way I can get an accurate weight on the fish I catch! The ordinary yardstick is always about a foot too short! Which proves to me that you've got to have a "special" yardstick to measure the REAL values in life, the values that actually produce happiness! And that yardstick used by scientists to tell how it is on Jupiter strikes me as being just another fish "scale." And I guess it makes them happy too! Which is as it should be! .....Rap.

Dear Ray:

The first issue of "SEARCH" was very good and I wish to say that your stand for the underdog is worth the price of the mag any day. Give a man a chance to *prove it*. Referring to the article on CANCER. More power to you and "SEARCH".

Ray, I have just one beef, or call it what you will. It's about the Shaver Mystery. I don't claim that it is a dream of a man who can not prove it, but I sure will say this: "If a people of the description he gives live in the earth and have the things he spoke of, tell me, Ray, WHY would they need anything like a washing machine, or just anything that we have that would



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WHY DON'T YOU PULL YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

You might as well, if you're going to let dandruff and scale and skin rash make you bald as an egg. You've bought plenty of preparations, and they don't work, you say? Of course they haven't! You've probably been cheated as many times as I have. I'll bet I've spent hundreds of dollars on jim-dandy goo, and wound up with worse dandruff than I started with. Made me plenty mad, too. I always get mad when I think of the lousy junk designed to chisel your honest dollars out of you. Mad enough so that when I find something good, I'm not bashful about telling my friends about it. And SEARCH readers are my friends. I had dandruff all my life, and despaired of getting rid of it, until one day Ken Arnold (the flying saucer man) left a half bottle of Turn-er's at my house, and flew off to Boise without it. I tried the stuff, because Ken's no sissy, and he doesn't put perfume on his hair. Well, in one week my dandruff was gone! And my hair had begun to darken. My wife tried it, and her rash disappeared. You can bet we wrote Ken in a hurry and asked where he got it! And now, we're telling you. But don't just take our word for it—here are a few testimonials from our readers, to back us up.

As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. Lionel O. Branberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

Enclosed find money order for $10.00 for two more bottles of Turn-er's as soon as possible. You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for another bottle of Turn-er's as soon as possible. I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out too near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors . . . none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention.—S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

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compare to their advanced knowledge? If Mr. Shaver will lead anyone to these caves and prove that these people live there, I will volunteer to take the trip.

Let's say the average Joe like myself is not supposed to be able to take these mind (or celestial) trips, what then? If Shaver can prove it, let's all go and take a look at these people and then do something about it.

As a charter subscriber I have had no dispute on anything you have published so far, because I take just what I can think possible from what knowledge I have which may not be much: but enough to see through the story Shaver is trying to give us as true. Understand that this is not a poke at you, Ray, as Mr. Shaver is the one that says it is true.

The name *"SEARCH"* should be the key to us all. We all are searching for the answers to the *WHY'S WHAT'S WHEN'S & WHERE'S,* just as you have passed this material on to us to help in the quest, we all need to help in the never-ending *"SEARCH"* for a better way to live so that happiness could be for all.

Ollie K. Rogers
116 No. Washington
Fort Collins, Colo.

If I wasn't such a darn fool, I'd skip your letter, and not try to answer it. The questions you

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ask are easier not faced -- because answering is a real job! But I won't shove you aside, because even if the answer is hard, I'll try to get it across.

First, the reason why the cave people need wash machines. Very simple -- they have dirty clothes, and they are too stupid to either use the wash machines of the ancients (if usable) or build wash machines of their own, but still, the clothes need washing. So, they get them from the surface. How? They steal them. Sneak away with them at night in trucks. Rob warehouses. And they sell their stolen goods for a fancy price. As for that knowledge they have, it is really useless, because they are plagued by the detrimental rays that stunt their thinking ability. Now, IF there are dero and tero in caves in the earth, and the conditions are as Shaver describe them, then isn't it logical they would use our wash machines if they could get hold of them? This wash machine business is a stumper to those who claim Shaver's caves are the lower astral, and his dero and tero are spirits. But for all I know, spirits wear spirit clothes and get spirit dirt on them and wash them in spirit wash machines. You know, I've studied this thing since 1945, and it makes me ponder more and more all the time. All I know is, like flying saucers, it's real, but



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people have pondered on this thing for years? Some very good minds, too? Why, if it is so patently false that you can dismiss the whole thing with a little challenge and a simple question about wash machines?

Maybe is IS a "mind trip" as you call it. But isn't that even more incredible! A place in caves with a hidden people is easier to accept than a "place in nowhere" with non-people, but with the same evidence of reality!

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Not so long ago, a young man killed himself to "go and find out

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about this Bridey Murphy thing". Would you advise Morrie Bernstein to tell people who asked for proof, to kill themselves? You know, there are Shaver Mystery students who have it all figured out that you WOULD go to the caves, very literally, by the simple expedient of shooting yourself through the head!

The answers aren't that easy, Ollie, or there'd be no purpose to SEARCH is a key for all. We glad you agree that the word SEARCH as a key for all. We certainly hope you're right, and a better way to live will be found by the never-ending searching, even if the answers sometimes come out stolen wash machines! ..... Rap.

Dear Ray Palmer:

I have felt the urge to write the following in regard to your magazine. I leave it up to you to do what you like with it.

I have been a constant and interested reader of "MYSTIC" and now "SEARCH" since the beginning. We must admit that there is something very original and DARING about it. That is where it appeals to me most. The editor saw the need to bring to Light what some might say lies midway between Truth and Fiction. That is until it is proven to our satisfaction it must remain in the realm of Fiction but what is presented has much of that in it which may become Truth in the future. Its new name is indeed descriptive of its mission.

As we read the heated arguments of its readers one realizes that one point is often overlooked and that is that Truth is a gem of many facets. It would be ideal if we could see Truth from more than one angle of vision. This would breed better understanding and tolerance. That is what "SEARCH" is aiming at also - to enable us to see Truth from different angles. If one would only realize that an

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original writer often brings a fresh approach to Truth. Many condemn Shaver, for instance, for bringing Fear into the minds of people. I think that our editor has made clear that SECRET EVIL is what is dangerous and not the EVIL that is in the open. EVIL thrives in darkness and would not exist for long if brought into the light of day. What causes fear should instead create a challenge in the confidence that man has it in him that can make him a master of his destiny. Evil there is in this Universe but always there is a greater good to overcome it. Opposing evil will eventually evoke in us the strength to overcome it. This strength would never be realized without the oppositions that lie in front of us.

As I see it, SEARCH is doing a great service to all indeed. BOTH SIDES are represented and that is salutary. Let us argue but let us not be too prone to condemn thereby revealing the limitations of our vision. I say more power to SEARCH!

And more power to you, RAY!

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Dear Mr. Palmer:

Congratulations on your new magazine Search, altho I had some trouble finding it. Of course only the eccentric ones like me read that sort of magazine but I am truly grateful there are enough of us to keep some sort of magazine like that going.

First, as I wrote you before, I think Shaver is a little mad and I think he sees Hell. I can see some sense in the latter article tho for I always thot there was some sort of parallel in all religious teachings, The ancient Gods, and our Christian teaching all lead to the same thing.

There has been and always will be sagas of the war of the Gods. The Greek myths, our Christian Bible the Northern religions all teach it. Some tell the story in one way some another but always it is a story of war in heaven.

Cyclops means nothing to me and seems to me Shaver takes a roundabout way of expressing simple things. Also he seems preoccupied with sex. It is not healthy. I fear he does not give it the proper place in a life. Important but not everything. There are a world of things about us and physical things too. I do not think even the Gods could have been entirely obsessed with love making. It was a necessary part of their God being but seems to me they did many other things as well. I know I have read of Chariot races and games.

Of course with a disordered mind as he apparently has I believe that is a phase of it. I wonder just what he really is and where he is. He I assume is not confined. Do you write the material as he gives it to you. Are you being fair to expose so much of his disorder? Cannot you lead his thots to something more beautiful and uplifting to see what results. I think he might be capable of much interesting thot if directed.

I am particularly interested in the flying saucer articles. I did enjoy the one about the Navy Captain's children who are not allowed to see them. Reminds me of the fairy story of the king who was sold such beautiful raiment that was not and when he paraded be-

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fore the people naked with the idea he is dressed fit to kill a child said, "But he has nothing on at all, papa, he has nothing on at all." Everybody else would have been afraid to say that.

Don't just hint around if you have information about caves we have not, tell us about it and also if you ever had further contact with the man who wrote that he had married a something from one of the caves and intimated that there was an opening in Wisconsin near where you are located. What happened about that. Did you find the opening and visit the stinkers down there or rather in that case the goodies and not the baddies. I do love that stuff tho.

I am sure that if and when it happens if it is in my lifetime I shall make a trip to the moon altho I love the earth and the fullness thereof. I often have one Hell of a time making a living in it but I like living.

How about doing some things about what is in the oceans. I am sure that must be much more inter-

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esting than caves. I always found it so. Sure Neptune doesn't wave the three pronged stick somewhere down there?

Keep the magazines coming with the stuff I love to read and I am sure many other people enjoy it too.

Florence Henson.
3138 No. 10th St.
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Let's get it settled for once and for all. Anybody who intimates that Shaver is mad, is just plain uniformed! If you were to visit him, or live near him as I do, and know him as I do, you'd know one thing for sure -- here is one of God's Gentlemen! Let me tell you a little something about him... First, around here, there are what are termed sportsmen, who go out hunting ducks, pheasants, squirrels, deer, etc. Mr. Shaver is not a sportsman, however, because he just can't bring himself to kill "those beautiful animals". Also, he has, on his farm, countless animals, all of which are pets, including some 20 cows. He takes in any stray, feeds it, while he himself goes hungry. He will lend a helping hand anywhere, in the most arduous of jobs, although his own leg (once injured) causes him constant pain. He is a learned man, more widely read than anyone I've ever met. He can beat me at chess so badly that it makes me squirm. If this man is mad, I am a raving maniac! If hearing voices, seeing visions, dreaming strange dreams AND BEATING ALL THE SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD TO GREAT DISCOVERIES BY AS MUCH AS TEN YEARS IN

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HIS STORIES is proof of madness, then let's have more madness. If he is "preoccupied with sex", it is not apparent to me, because I've never discussed the subject with him, nor heard him discuss it with others -- but he IS smart enough to know that the average newsstand reader is drawn to sex, and will buy a magazine in preference to another, merely because it had a naked woman (or nearly naked) on the cover. He IS smart enough to know that the average reader will read all the way through a story in which he suspects there will be something to titillate him. It is the people he wants to reach, whom he thinks need reaching, who are preoccupied with sex, not Shaver! Even more, when he does deal with sex, he thinks of it as a thing of beauty, rather than an animal instinct, or a perverted, gross, crude thing. To him a woman is a thing of beauty, not something to waylay in an alley, rape, and then strangle to death or slash with a razor. If Shaver's mind is disordered, then Einstein's was a Fibber McGee closet! If YOU can best him in a matching of wits, I, for one, would want to be present! I wouldn't miss it for the world! He'll wind you around his little finger, lead you into a trap you'll never get out of. He'll give you logic, until it comes out of your ears!

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