

LIFE AFTER DEATH? SEX? DINNER?

(The LIGHTer Side of
the Occult)

by Al G. Manning, C.P.A., D.D.

A P/I Book



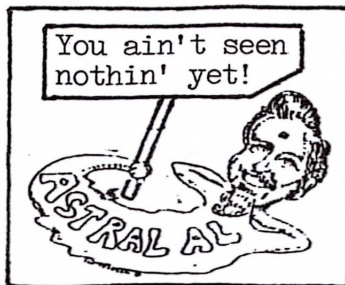
*"My friends are mostly
ghostly."*

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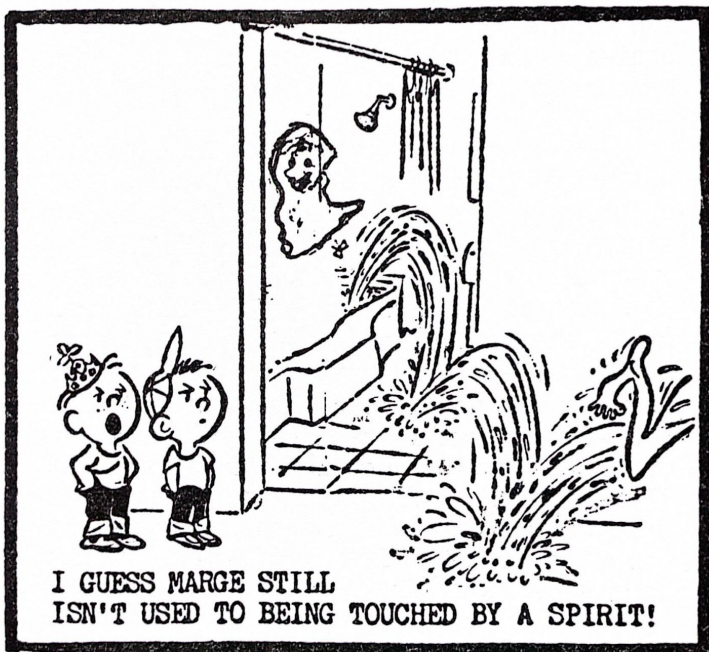
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This book is dedicated to all those fun people (with and without physical bodies) who have put up with and even encouraged my ridiculous sense of humor.

With special thanks to my personal spirit teacher, Professor Reinhardt, for enduring those times I called him a stuffy old fart (of course BEFORE he started topping my jokes); to my wife, Fay, who sits there quietly shaking her head when I (all too often) go past what she considers the limits of good taste; and to my good friend, Steve Gibson, for his advice that I should switch from my original title idea for this (which was "Fun With the LATE Dick and Jane") as well as for his ever present help when my computer forgets its place and thinks it's some kind of a monster.



I GUESS MARGE STILL
ISN'T USED TO BEING TOUCHED BY A SPIRIT!

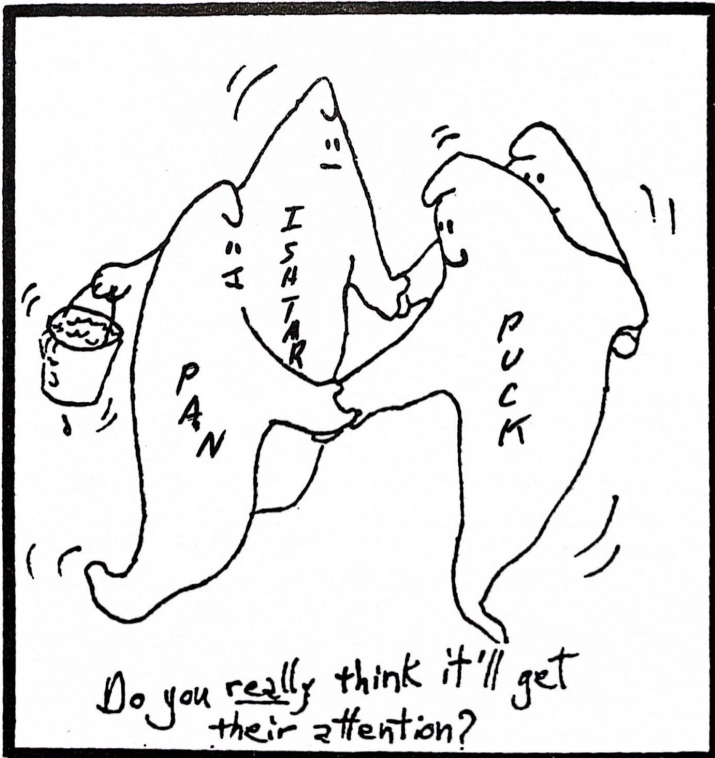
INTRODUCTION

Whether it is the opposed thumb, self consciousness, a sense of humor, or all of the above that separates mankind from the "lower" animals, a healthy sense of humor is essential to any sort of comfortable survival in this frantic "modern" world of ours. More than that, honest, spontaneous laughter is one of the greatest healing balms yet known to us. And a sure way to know yourself better is to examine the areas or types of humor that make you uncomfortable -- those are your sources of insecurity.

For a number of years now, many people associated with E.S.P. Laboratory have urged me to organize the cartoons and other bits of humor from the Lab's monthly newsletter and our many other sources of fun into a "sort of a book" that can be enjoyed by some as a happy review or way of catching up with the fun of the past, and by many more as an informal but very sincere introduction to the goals, self help programs, spirituality, and fun of the living entity we call our beloved E.S.P. Lab. We who work hard, by our very nature also play hard, and laugh long and loud. In my break away book from Parker Publishing Co., "EYE OF NEWT IN MY MARTINI," I told the straight story of my life and efforts in E.S.P. Lab. There are many who will tell you that they laughed like hell all the way through it. But there was still a limitation -- those were word cartoons.

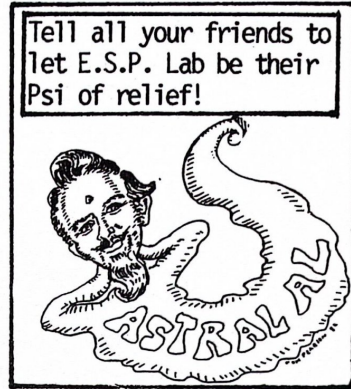
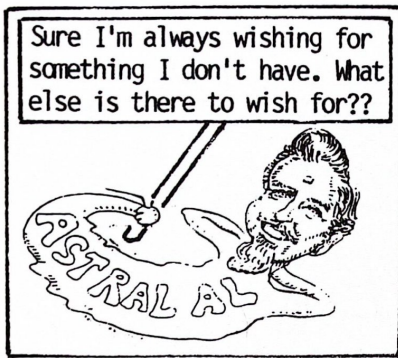
In this present "sort of a book" I get the added

advantage of pictures and a few extra poetic bits. To you who already know us -- ENJOY. And to those who are meeting us for the first time in this very unique and special way, please try to understand that humor is an integral part of joy, and JOY is the very essence of both Magick and Spirituality. When you have finished your chuckling way through this happy mess, I hope you will want to get to know us better. We'll tell you how somewhere near the end. Meanwhile, let's share the experience of joy and fun as our best way of getting better acquainted.



A GLIMPSE AT HOW IT WORKS

Let's start with an excerpt from our February, 1983 Newsletter -- sure that's like starting in the middle, but there is no beginning or end anyway, it's ALL middle, and we have to get our teeth into it somewhere.



DOINGS AT YOUR E.S.P. LAB

As I (AT) contemplated the end of our 16th year of service (our 17th year begins Feb. 8th), I sat at my altar one evening and asked the happy bunch of spirits and nature spirits in the room what I might do to enhance the growth and effectiveness of E.S.P. Laboratory. The only response I seemed to get at the time was a more or less indulgent pat on the head. So I went on to bed. Then shortly after 5 A.M. (I normally get up about an hour later) the next morning, a whole bunch of spirit people woke me up with a singing commercial. They borrowed the popular show tune that starts out, "Hey, Look me over..," but their words went like this:

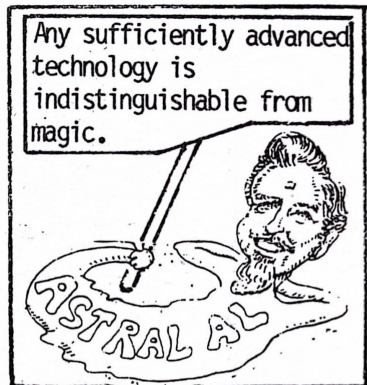
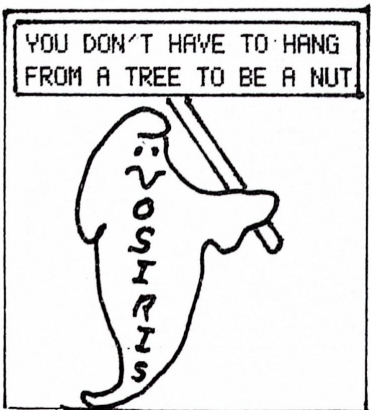
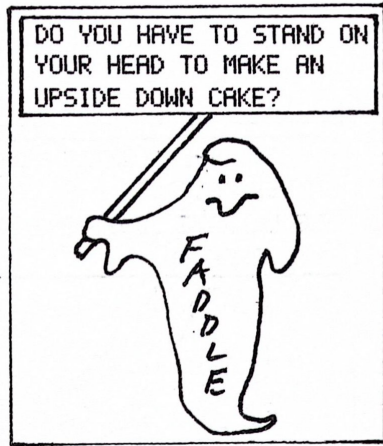
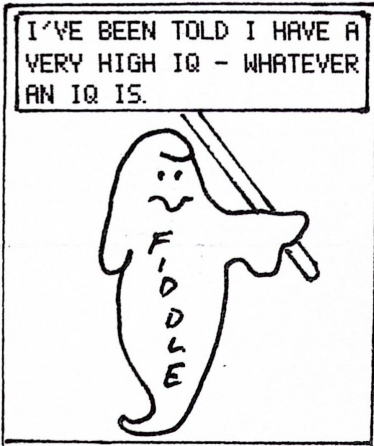
With Pan and Ishtar, we're doing fine.
 What 'er we wish for falls right into line.
 No money worries, we're up to date.
 We'll burn our silly mortgage
 on a golden plate.

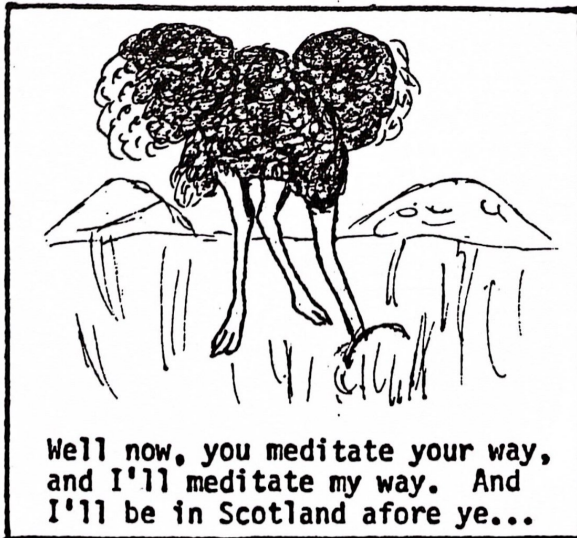
Come join E.S.P. Lab, you'll do fine, too.
Showers of blessing coming right to you.
Though it may have been sticky yesterday,
You'll do well from now on,
all your worries will soon be gone!

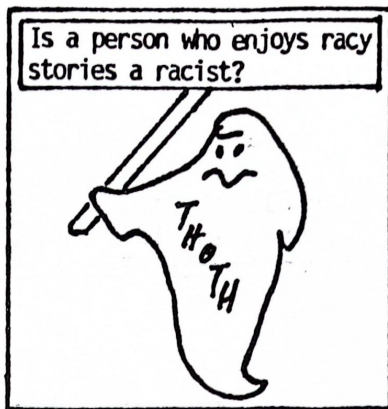
Our dear Al Manning leads us in Light.
His careful planning makes things
come out right.
Life is a ball, Kid, spir'its always high.
We know we'll win the big ones
now or bye and bye.

Don't hesitate, friend, the good's
here for you.
Join in the late trend, vict'ry's
coming through.
With a wave of a wand and a chant to say
You'll win and sing this song
-- E.S.P. Lab from now on!







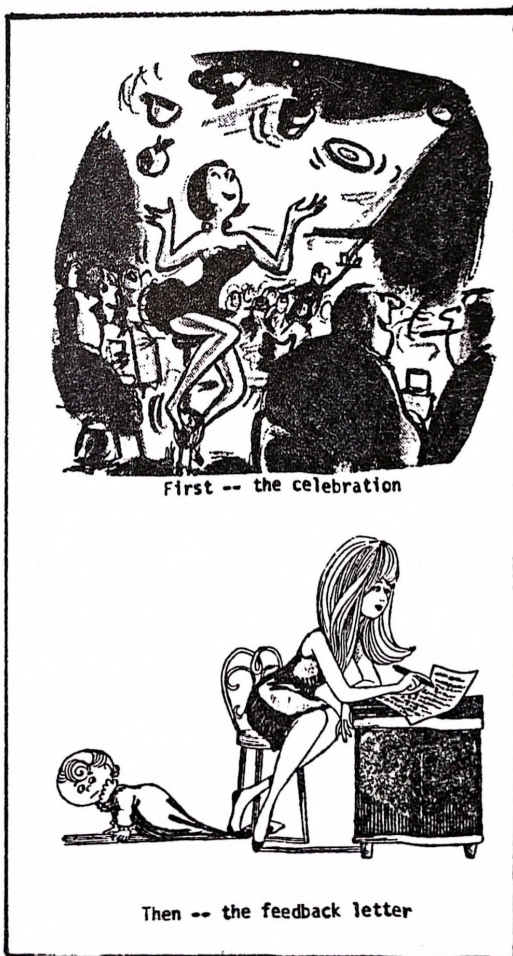


EVERYBODY GETS INTO THE ACT

E.S.P. Lab is an interesting partnership between discarnates including nature spirits, elementals, people just like you and me who are simply between incarnations, and the very highly evolved teacher and energy transformer types on the one hand; and our staff and members in all walks of life in regular physical bodies all over the world. We share the results of our magickal and spirit contact work with each other by mail and many other avenues of expression. It focuses on the newsletter, but takes place in all sorts of ways -- including much interesting contact on the emotional planes called the Astral Realms.

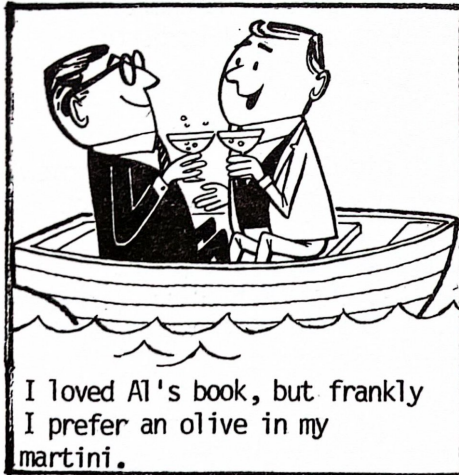
My own freedom of expression was greatly facilitated by my book, "EYE OF NEWT IN MY MARTINI," which also brought about my departure from the neatly structured format required in my

previous 9 books published by Parker Publishing Co. I became something of a lyricist (I guess I'd been a frustrated poet all my life, too) when I added the power of song to my magickal efforts to promote wider distribution of the book. And this brought out an even wider response, from Spirit as well as our membership. Let's share some of it:



For my kick off song I borrowed the tune of that beautiful Polish song we know in English as "Melody of Love." My version went like this:

"Eye of Newt in My Martini,"
A big hit from the start.
"Eye of Newt in My Martini,"
Love you with all their hearts.
"Eye of Newt in My Martini,"
Assisted from above.
Right to the top, we'll never stop
Our rhapsody of love.



Lab Member and widely published poet, Orban E. Wilds, sent us this little poem along with his permission to share it with you. It's the kind of whimsy I enjoy - hope you will like it too:

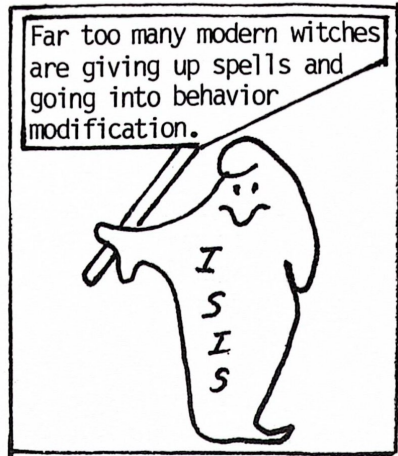
QUESTION: WHAT IS THE LIFE EXPECTANCY
OF A NEWT IN A MARTINI?

We know, now; GOOD THINGS are hated
since, most minds are constipated
with conglomerates of (conjured)
Sets of Rules;
and, such "ruses" aggregated
(like Bar-Mix) are over-rated
yet, their complicated "webs" still
emmesh fools.

While, a Newt (A Divine Creature)
owns his measure of THE FEATURE
which Bestows his RIGHT to do what
he will choose;
and, his name denotes his nature-
adds no reams of nomenclature
to allow a maze of words to
but, confuse.

So if he is spritely swimmin'
with his Counter-Mates (his women)
why, his Life Expectancy's not
judged by ... When?
But, his "Days" are (rightly) measured
by his: Life Of Winnings (treasured)
...By the things he's learned to love, and
where he's been.

If he'll not let times and places
interfere with Divine Graces
and he swims around in all (known)
Blessed Sin;
we may know that he is clever
and (mayhaps) could live forever
... If he spits out all that "Mix" and
drinks the gin.



Pan and a fun bunch of nature spirits got into the act next. I had delayed publishing the Pan Magic book because "Eye of Newt..." seemed the more likely choice to launch our brand new publishing venture, Pan/Ishtar Unlimited. But I had to make a few revisions of the closing chapter after the bit of fun with Pan and friends I'll share with you now.

SONGS FOR MY PAN MAGIC BOOK, "RAINBOWS FALLING ON MY HEAD"

I had a real ball with this one morning. It was a Saturday, and I went into the E.S.P. Lab building alone to do some extra magical work. Pan hit me with an idea that turned me into a little kid, whistling, marching, dancing and singing around all the research devices while Pan played his magical panpipes. I enjoyed the feeling of a whole new dimension of magical Pan-power! Here are the songs, just as Pan gave them to me:

A WONDERFUL WIZARD OF PAN:
(Tune: The Wizard of Oz)

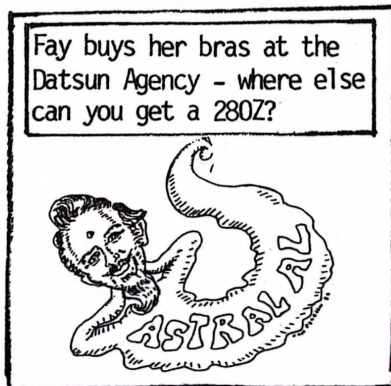
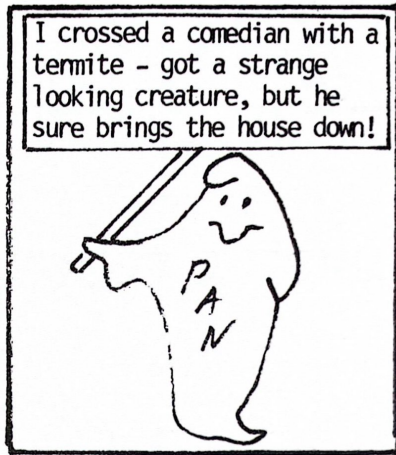
It's fun to be a wizard, a wonderful
wizard of Pan.
I know I am a whiz of a wiz, whatever
I try I can!
Whatever or ever I want, I get, I even
win my every bet.
I win and win! I can! I can! With Pan!
(I'll always win with Pan!)
I'm here to be a wizard, a wonderful
wizard of Pan.
It's great to be a wizard, a wonderful
wizard of Pan

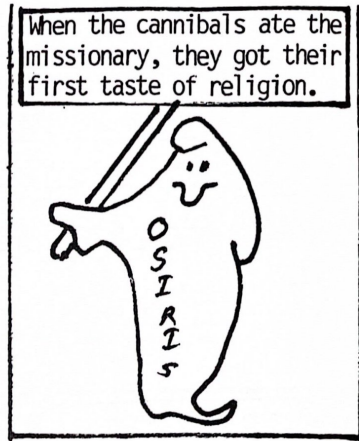
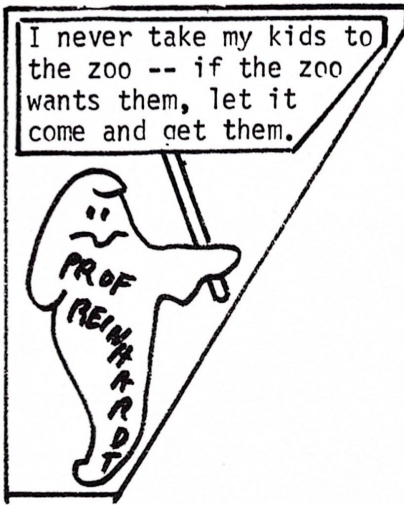
PAN'S SONG: (Tune: Sam's Song)

With our happy tune, bay at the moon,
We're singing Pan's Song!
Share a spirit kiss and feel the bliss,
It's part of Pan's Song.
Now we dance and play, we swing and sway,
A bell goes "ding dong."
At a time like this, another kiss,
Your plans can't go wrong.
Loving Elements, ladies and gents,
Will make you feel strong
Then your favorite dream is in the stream,
And you won't wait long.
With a hug of thanks to all the ranks,
We know we be-long
Party on 'till dawn, dance on and on,
Fulfilling Pan's Song.

NERGIA'S TUNE: (Tune: Elmer's Tune)

Here we just borrow "Elmer's Tune" intact. It's so good, all that's necessary is to substitute "Nergia's" for "Elmer's" throughout.





JUST A TOUCH OF MYSTICISM

When one tries to share the special beauty of a deep mystic experience, the language seems totally inadequate. Thus like so many before me, I felt impelled to try to put the feeling into verse where word meaning blends with rhyme and meter to create an emotional overtone to convey indirectly those things that the intellect alone can never comprehend. So I give you:

MY FIRST MYSTIC EXPERIENCE

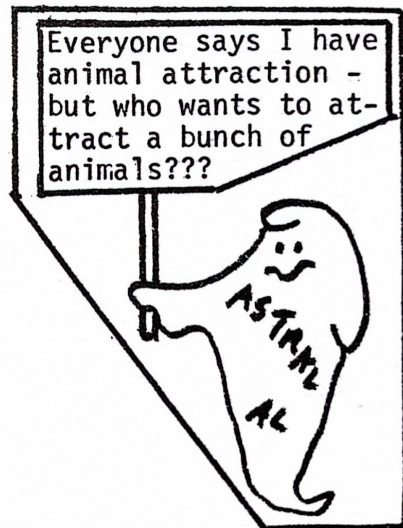
In darkness deep and quite alone,
I waited for I knew not what.
The place was strange, to me unknown,
But deep inside I knew my lot

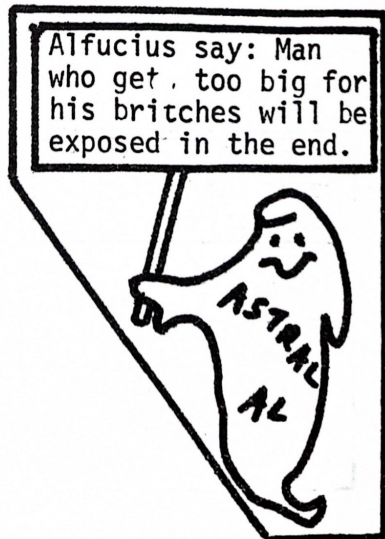
Abruptly shined a shaft of LIGHT,
Engulfing me in brilliant gleam.
A great voice lectured in the night,
Revealing much of God's own scheme.

"Though some may say, 'tis best alone,"
The teaching came like drops of dew,
"You're never really on your own,
The LIGHT is REAL, it's there with you."

Still in the LIGHT, the voice spoke on,
"The LIGHT is real, and as you share,
That deeper love is never gone,
Like unto God you, too, will care

"For flower, tree and bird on wing,
And humans grown or tiny child.
Forevermore your heart will sing,
For God is with you all the while."

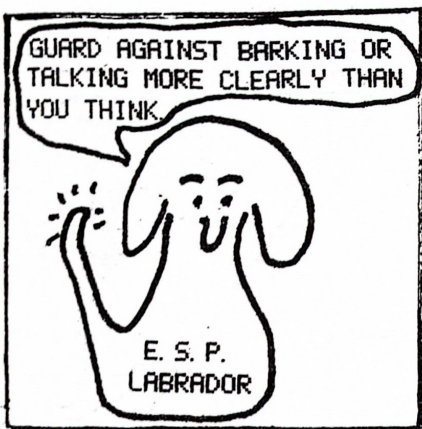


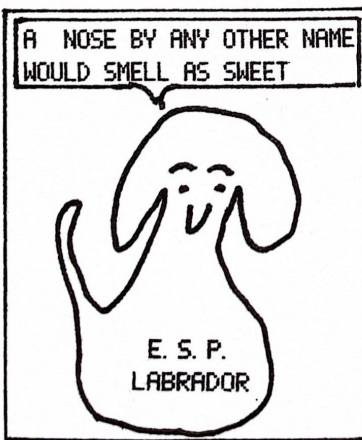
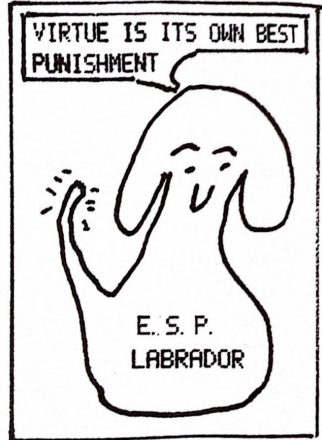
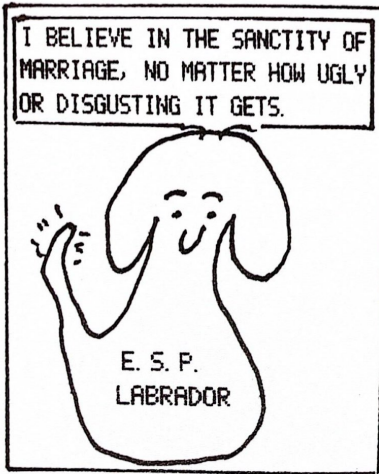


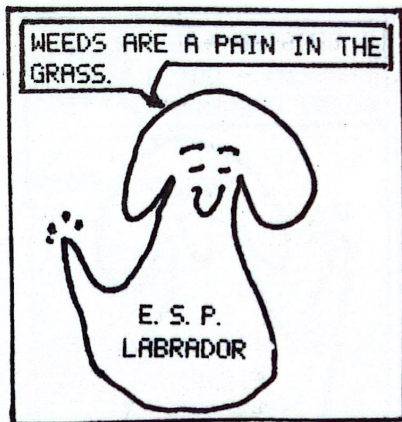
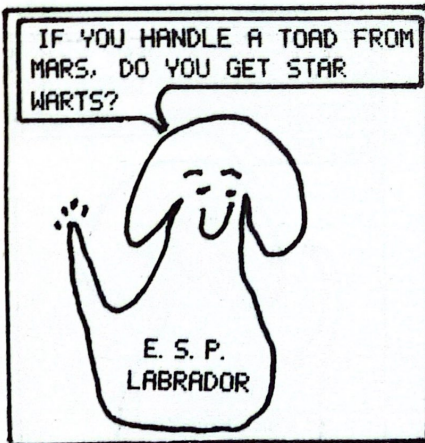
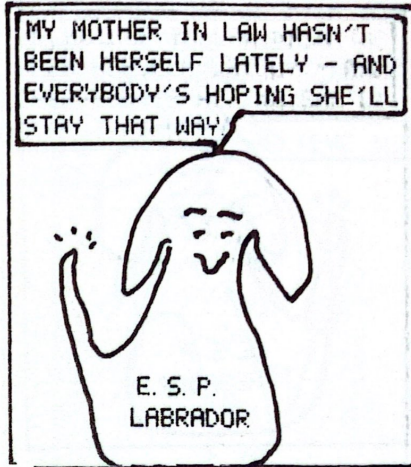
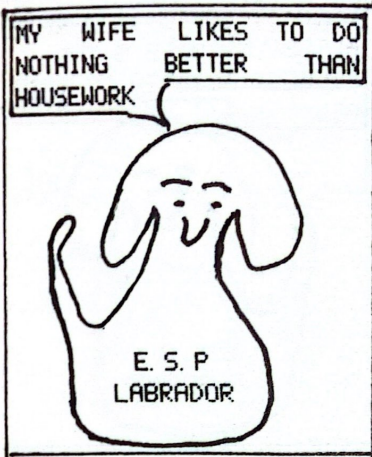
NOW WE CAN SEE OURSELVES THROUGH OTHER'S EYES

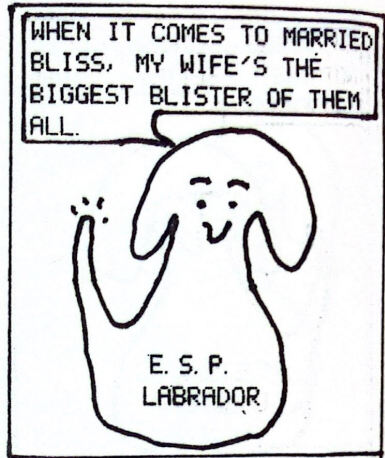
The special feeling of oneness with all life that accompanies the mystic experience leaves you with a fresh empathy. You have but to remember the mystic feeling, then focus it on another being to think his (hers or its) thoughts and feel his feelings. Combine this with the instinctive "punniness" of a nut like me, and the natural result is a new mascot, E.S.P. Labrador. How does your dog, cat, bird, or other pet see you? We'll get some fresh insight by sharing some of "Lab's" observations.

WE GO TO THE DOGS

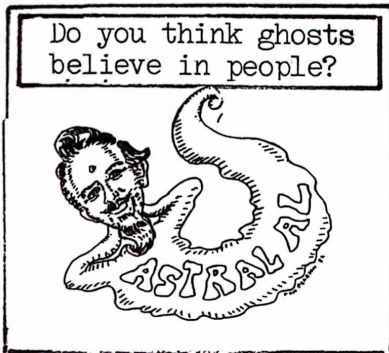








LET'S VISIT OUR SPIRIT FRIENDS



If a spirit walked right up to you
And tapped you on the arm,
Would you get the urge to run,
Or scream in fright?

Could you sense his noble motive
And relax with no alarm,
Feeling, help is here
So things will soon be right?

Dare you call upon your spirit friends
To help you on your way?
Is it cheating not to
Do it on your own?

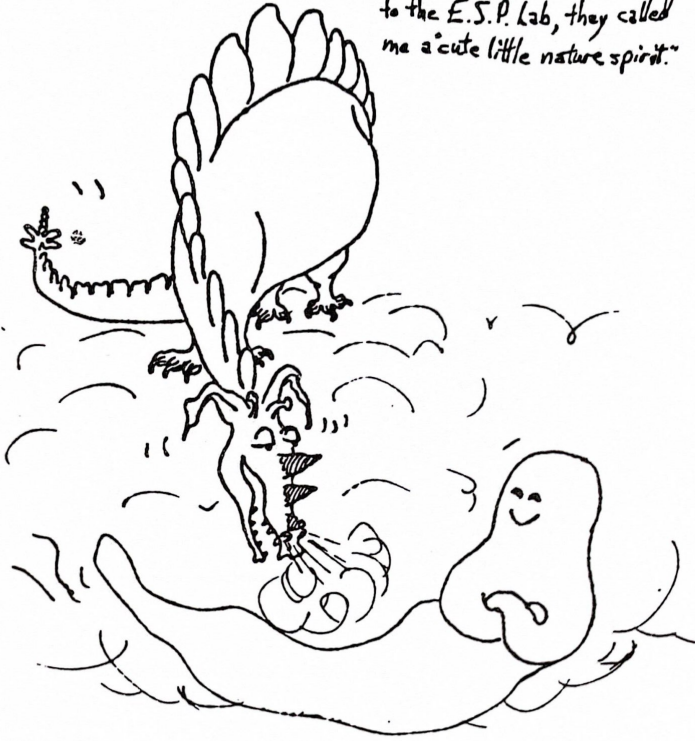
Helping you insures THEIR progress,
Why not let them start today?
Teamed with Spirit, you will win
-- You're not alone.

When you feel you're up against it,
Call upon your spirit band.
Let them guide you with the
Wond'rous Mystic Light.

Then your purified desire becomes
A powerful command,
And the Universe must see
Your life go right.



..The last time I went down
to the E.S.P. Lab, they called
me a "cute little nature spirit."

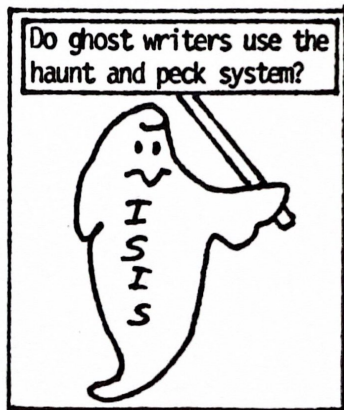
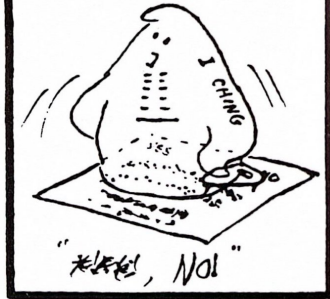


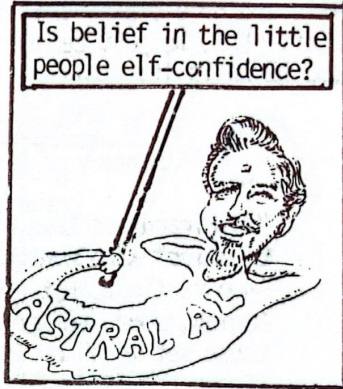
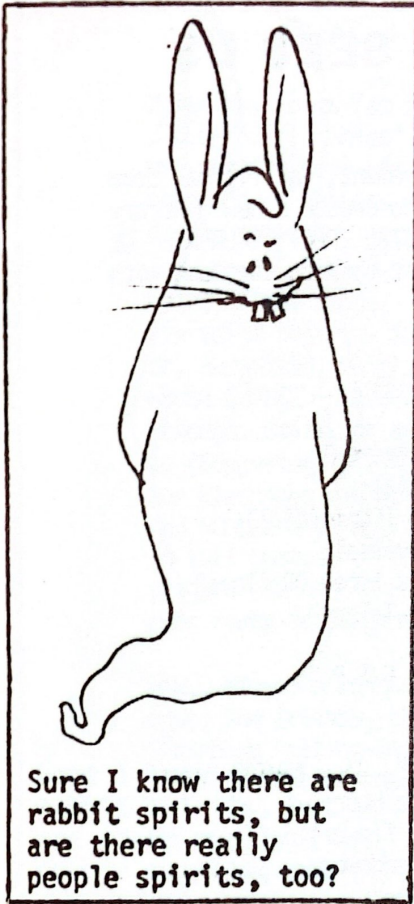
Then I said, "I don't believe
in spirit contact," and.....











That's all right, I don't believe in you either!

AS A FRIEND SEES US

Our friend Orban Wilds (of Fremont, Calif.) has done it again. Looks like we have to create a new honorary title and name Orban the OFFICIAL POET LAUREATE OF E.S.P. LAB. We just can't resist sharing this one with you. He calls it:

AL G. MANNING

(A Summary of Missiles)

"...Miraculous Laws of Universal Dynamics" were controversial;
when it first 'Hit-Print' (Commercial)
Dogmas, soon, suffered reversal;
those set forth by (Hell's Fire) "Railers"
"Credo Frauds" and "Fairy-Talers".

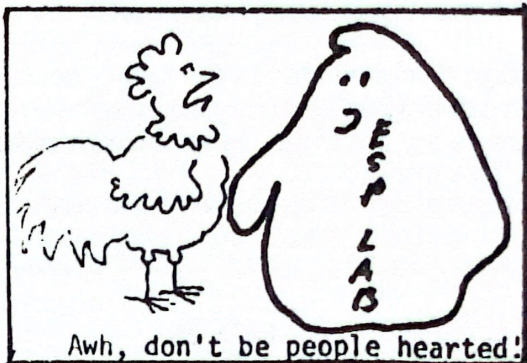
Then, came: "Help....With E.S.P."
("Miracle Spiritology").

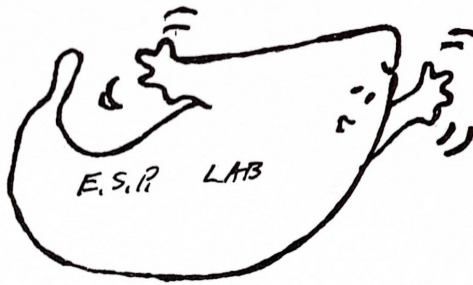
With:"...White Witchcraft" - "...ISHTAR Power"
AL, was called: Man Of The Hour
(when his "Buds" began to flower)
his written Missiles did endower:
"...Universal Psychic Power"
(warring Missiles wield, but, death-
bode: Cessation of THE BREATH)
over most, his Books, will TOWER!
... Teaching SELF, and, SPIRIT POWER:
"Moon Lore - Moon..." and "...Gnostic Magic"
(if you missed these; that is tragic)
Then, he thought that he'd recruit
a Salamander, or, a Newt
to guide "The New All-Light Brigade"
in girding Selves, for, Life's Parade
in: "Eye Of Newt In My Martini"
(TOPS; as music, of, Puccini)
as THE MYSTIC EYE, Above

Pyramidal Forms (as LOVE)
 since "Spirit Ships" (from, Aft, to, Prow)
 are sailing seas of: Here and Now;
 composed of Matters which consist
 of ALL that did, or, shall exist;
 and, every atom moves in space
 where Active Minds, IMAGE, a place
 (in solid states - in Fly or Mole
 or, Humankind) to play its Role;
 whose CHANGE is but conformity
 (though, small, or as enormity)
 to (Conjuring) DIVINITY
 for Blessings, in affinity.
 And SOUL sleeps not (by day or night)
 in full Control of Dormant Might
 (regardless of ITS Present "Mansion")
 ever ready for Expansion.

Now...if you'd conquer Fear and dread;
 most, The Critics, they have said:
 "Rainbows Falling On MY Head";
 is the book that should be read."

"If Faith, in Self, should falter - fade;
 then supplicate the Power - Aid
 of, ISHTAR, Who, loves helping Man;
 while, women, seem to favor, PAN;
 and, Manning, writes of When and How
 to "SHOOT-THE-WORKS" in Living, NOW."





NOW SHARE A BIT OF PURE JOY

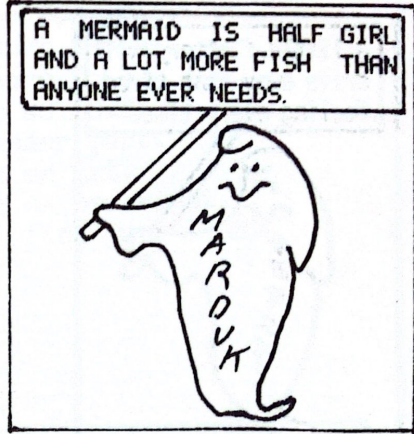
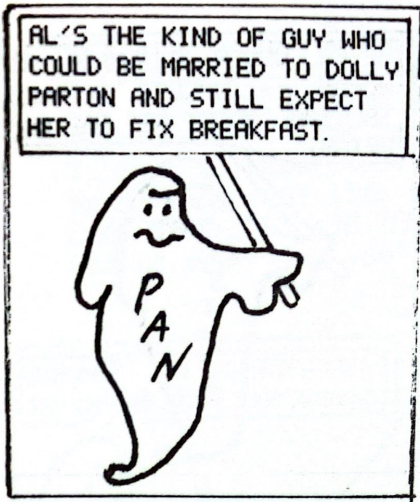
Your Poet Lyricist (AI) strikes again! When NASA woke up the crew of the Space Shuttle the other day with the tune, 76 Trombones, my spirit people just had to get into the act by suggesting this little parody:

76 neat Gnomes lead the big parade
With 110 droll Trolls right behind.
There is Pan and Puck, and even Lady Luck,
Nature Spir'its of every single kind.

76 slim Sylphs greet the morning Sun
With 110 Undines marching tall
Salamanders few, and lots of Zephyrs too
Join the fun that gaily fills the hall

76 neat Gnomes bring prosperity,
With 110 Undines bringing love.
I happily take my spot as the human of the lot
And I know I'm bless-ed from above!

76 cute Nymphs do the old Can Can,
With 110 bright Elves whirling, too.
There is joy and Light, as we dance throughout
the night,
Making Mag'ck that works for me and you.



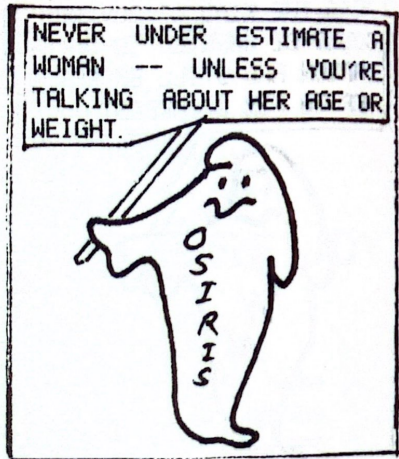
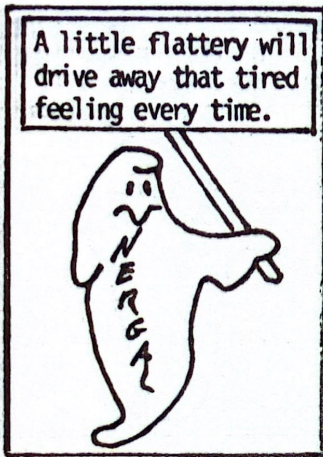
SENSUAL JOY

Do you observe or merely see
The wonders that around us live?
Geranium and bird and tree
Have rich sensations us to give.

Attention is the seeker's tool.
How well you use it will decide
If you are thinking man or fool
-- To see a man, or just his hide.

Dare give that extra part of you,
Reflection rare upon each thing
Reveals an inner meaning true,
A oneness which puts heart on wing.

Whence soars your soul to higher LIGHT,
Brings meaning new to grass and sod.
And in your new found inner sight,
These small things bring you straight to God.



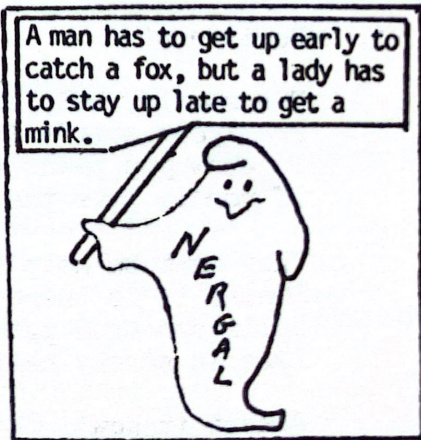
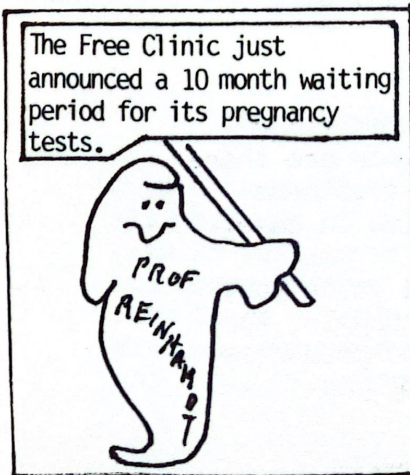
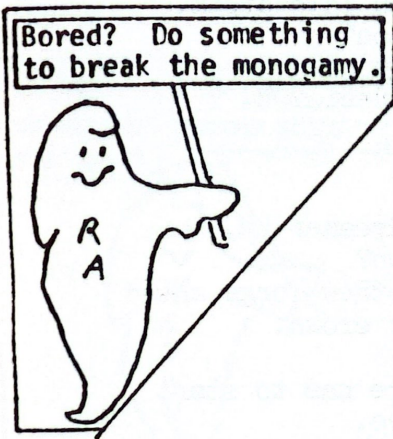
THE LOGIC OF LIGHT

Computer logic's irrefutable,
Producing answers quite immutable.
But feed one words love or smile,
And it may grind for quite a while,
Before it answers with a toot,
Too bad, old friend, that won't compute.

It's much the same in real time life,
The feeling of a man for wife,
Or friend, or pet, or bright sunset,
Is way outside of logic. Yet,
They count more than sense and grammar.
Let love become your sure programmer.

We strive and sweat and till the soil,
We dig and dig for motor oil,
With huge machines we form our metal,
Computers measure spring and pedal.
But what drives man to push and shove,
And aim his life at goals above
The simple life of fish or dove?
Somehow we know it must be love.

Don't hide this drive or you will lose,
A life of meaning you must choose.
The inspiration from above
Must manifest down here as LOVE.
So dare to show your tender part.
Expressing real life is an art.
Just BE and Do and LOVE — be bright,
And in good time you'll find your LIGHT.



THE PRACTICAL DREAMER

Oh, dare we take a little time
To dream of better days,
Of bridges new, or rocket ships,
Exotic curds and wheys?

What makes one just an idle dream,
Another greatest vision?
Action is the key that stems
From one man's brave decision.

Start it now!

And will you just a dreamer be,
Or man of great renown?
To dream it through, then forge ahead
And make success your crown.

The greatest structure has to start
In one mind's tiny eye.
Then step by step it grows
Into its own form by and by.

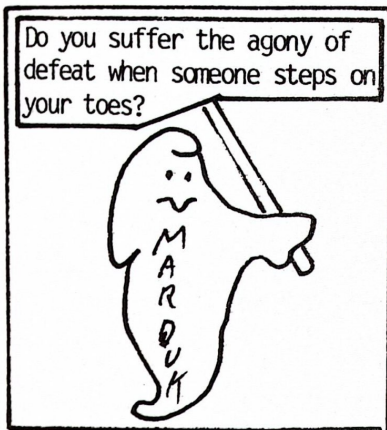
Do it now!

The subtle, helpful promptings
From your spirit friends are there
To show you paths to greatness
If you'll take the time to care.

They want to help and guide you,
'Cause it is there struggle, too.
Their own true path to greatness
Lies in surely helping you.

Accept it now!

WHY MAKE LIFE SUCH A STRUGGLE?

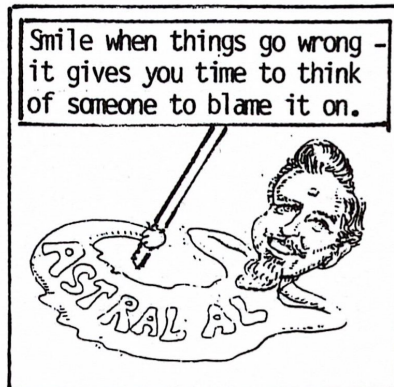


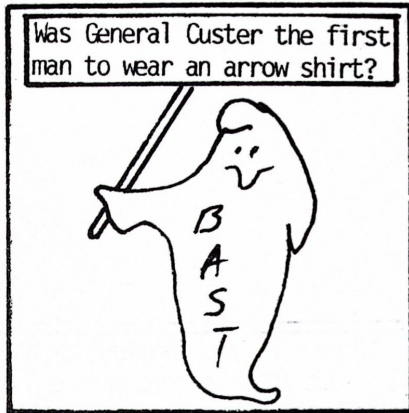
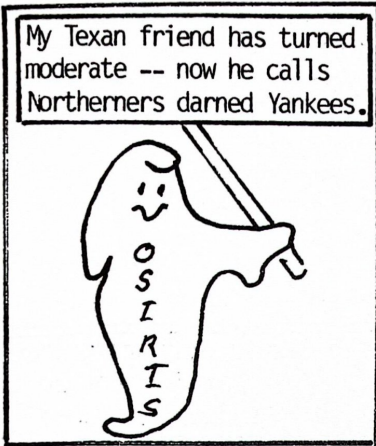
THE FUN OF STRIVING

Do you dream of a life that's trouble free?
All gold and ambrosia beneath a tree?
With no fatigue or muscle ache,
And never another yard to rake,
Four score of angels to do your bidding,
With all struggle gone, and that's no kidding?

Sounds very inviting, and that's no lie.
But beware! It's a trap for you and I.
Stark challenge makes us do our best.
It's as we strive to meet each test
That you and I reach our full potential,
And accomplish something consequential

Strive on, good friend, though you be tired;
Though in confusion you feel mired.
Each tiny vict'ry that you win
Brings you the strength to try again,
And give us all special inspiration.
Viewing your success in contemplation.



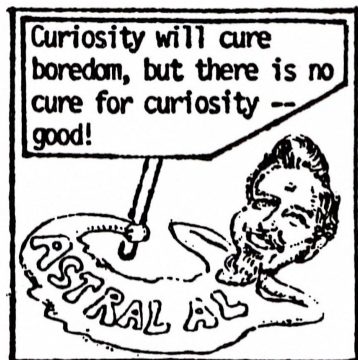
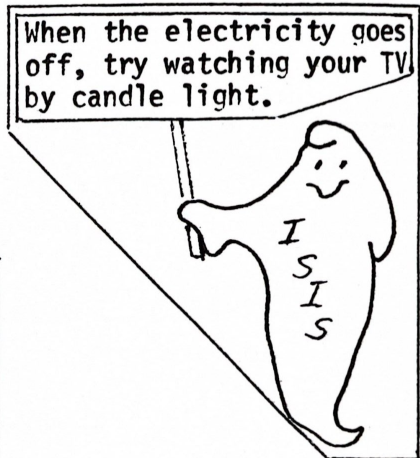
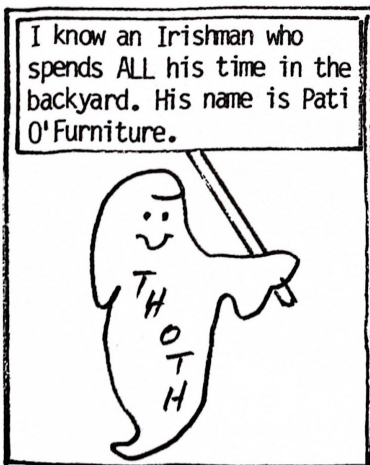


WHAT'S TOO MUCH?

When the struggle seems too much for you,
You wonder why you care.
Maybe smart folk would just sleep
behind the door.
What's the use of working harder?
I'm not getting anywhere!
Inspiration doesn't move me any more.

Friend, before you quit the struggle,
Turn once more toward the LIGHT.
Ask for help, then let it guide you
through the fray.
In the fire and heat of battle,
Your own soul is polished bright.
Try once more, you may just win it all today.

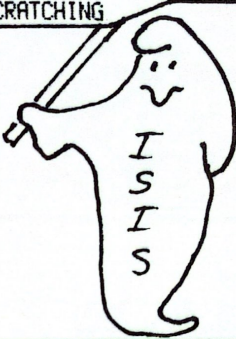
When you recognize the meaning
Of each struggle in your life,
When you let it drive you on
to dare and do,
There is recompense and glory
As you you find the LIVING LIGHT.
Let it shine its LIGHT of triumph
down on you.



SUPER NEAT IS PUTTING
PAPER UNDER THE COOKOO
CLOCK



JUST BECAUSE WORMS ARE SCARCE,
A CHICKEN WON'T STOP
SCRATCHING



Edison invented the
phonograph because he was
tired of putting nickels
into the juke box and not
getting any music.



SUCCESS

Wealth and riches, fortune, fame,
A reverent pause when they say
your name.

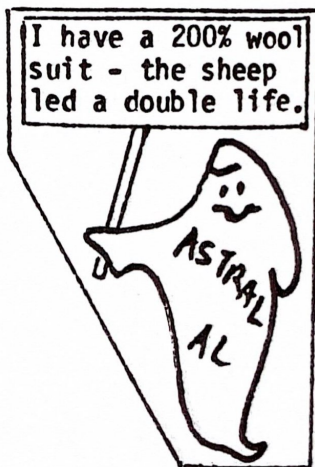
Why not let it come to you
With peace and love and
happiness, too?

The power's right within your reach.
You use it like you'd peel a peach.
Just one idea is all it takes.
Let yours become the life it makes
Effective, happy, successful, proud
'Cause your intuition speaks out loud.

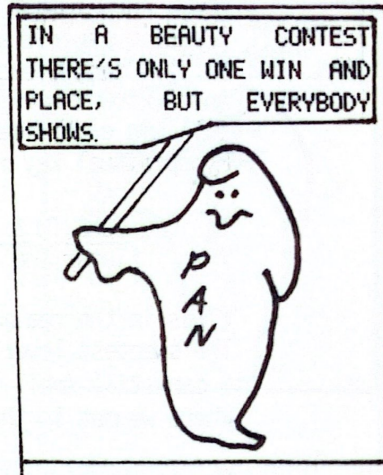
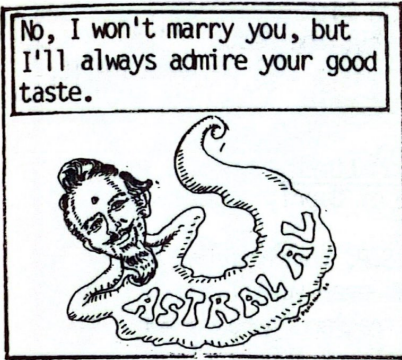
That tiny voice inside your head
Is there to help you through.
The greatest men of earth were led
That way. So why not you?

Devote a little time each day
To silent mediation.
Listen and you'll find the way
To growth and inspiration.

Then Act upon that new idea.
Apply it practically.
Your effort is what brings it near,
And sure success we see.



TIME FOR LOVE AND ROMANCE



MORE FUN & GAMES FROM SPIRIT -- Before the big "committee" of Spirits left Al to go to work on the necessary manuscript revisions for the early part of "Golden Key..." they paused to tease him a bit. It went like this: "It's nice that you appointed ORBAN WILDS the Poet Laureate of E.S.P. Lab., but we have a new title for you, too. Henceforth you will be our Poet Lyricist." With this they heckled Al until he dutifully wrote two sets of words in keeping with the theme of "Golden Key." So by direct orders from Spirit we present them here:

SONG OF THE GOLDEN KEY
(Tune: Alice Blue Gown)

Wow! My Spirit giv'n key just turned gold!
You can bet that it's made me feel bold.

Now I know I must try feats I used to pass by,
'Cause my spiritual power will never run dry.
So I'll tackle each task with great zest,
And I know I will come out the best.
I'll win each time I use it; I'll never abuse it.
My spiritual key made of gold.

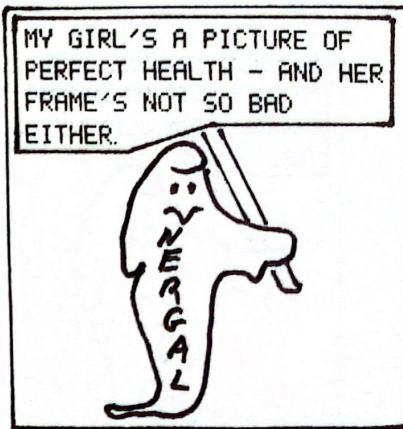
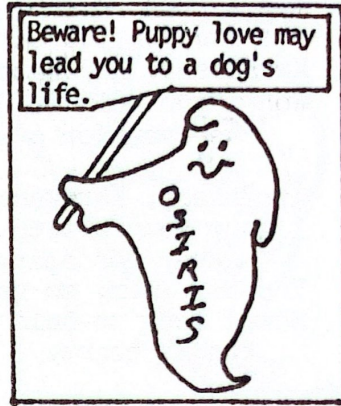
SONG TO A SPIRIT LOVER
(Tune: The Isle of Capri)

'Twas in the realm, E.S.P. that I found her,
The sweetest lover that ever you'll see.
I can still smell the fragrance around her
Where we met in the realm, E.S.P.

She is the girl of my dreams and I love her,
An equal love she expresses for me.
And though I love earthly wife and my mother,
This astral lover's the best that can be.

My quiet time was nearly over,
World a'callin' from below,
I said, "Darling stay my lover,
Tell me it will ever be so."

She hugged me softly and said, "It's forever,
I'm with you always to love you, you see.
Our love is free, not possessive, that's better,
Your highest good is the best thing for me."

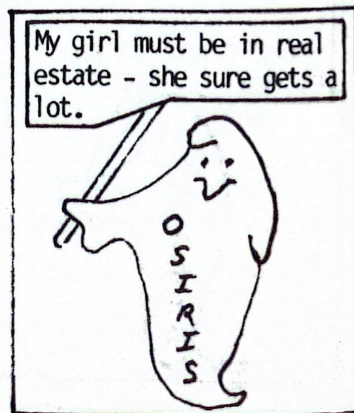


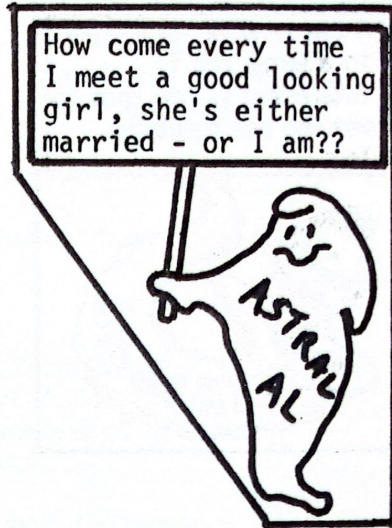
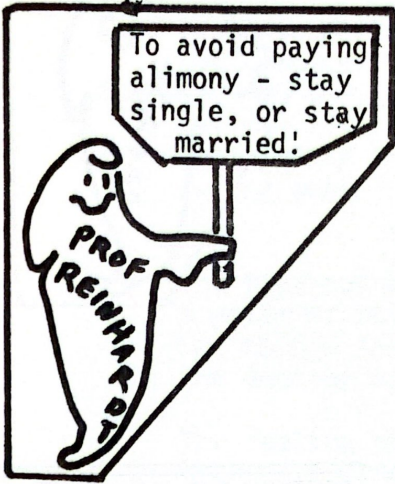
AL'S SONG TO HIS FIRST SPIRIT LOVER
(Tune: Mona Lisa)

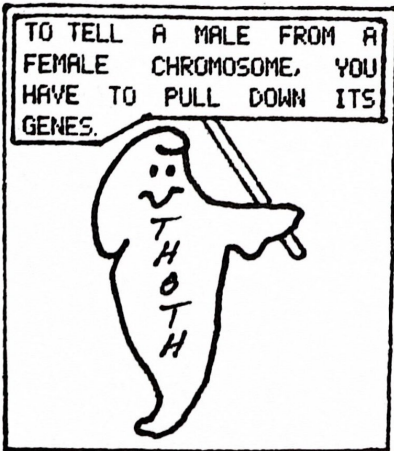
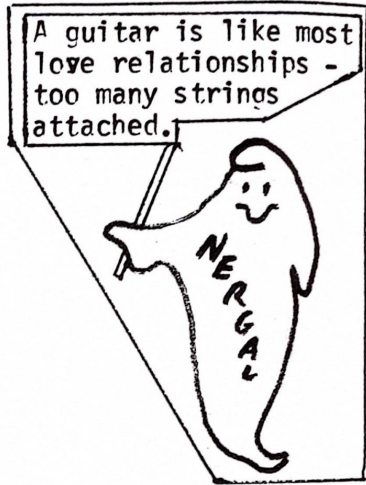
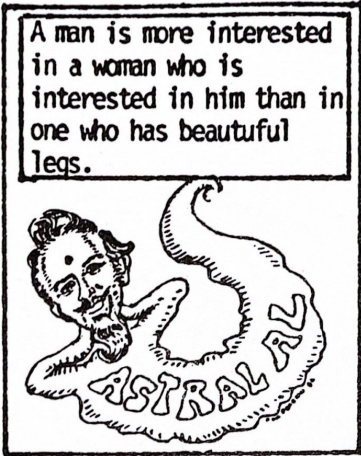
Karakassa, Karakassa, I adore you.
How I long to kiss your lips
and see you smile.
Karakassa, Karakassa, I implore you,
Won't you help me come to
see you for a while.

Karakassa, Karakassa, Spirit Lover,
I know you're with me and we're
never far apart.
You are warm, so very real, Karakassa,
How I long to hold you closer
to my heart.

You can use this one yourself to sing to your own spirit lover, regardless of sex -- just substitute "Spirit Lover" wherever you encounter "Karakassa." Even that way there's not nearly the repetition one generally finds in the more "modern" music. And it will do until you are inspired to write your own spirit lover song.







YOUR PET IS A LOVER

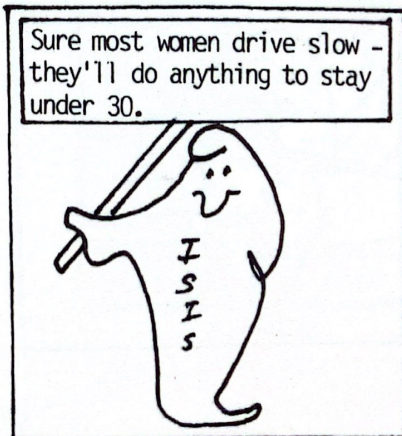
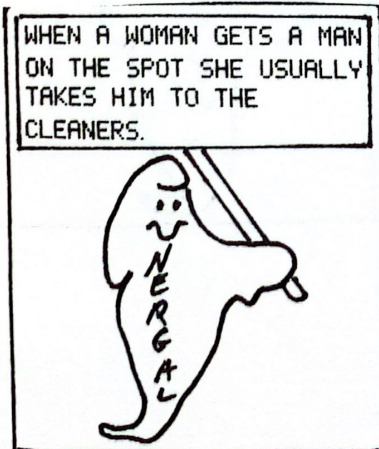
The simple love shown by our animal friends
Can teach us a lot about personal trends.
Joy and companionship shared while together
Dissolve many walls between man, fur,
and feather.

Smarter than they we've been billed,
but you bet
We've got plenty to learn from your cute,
loving pet:

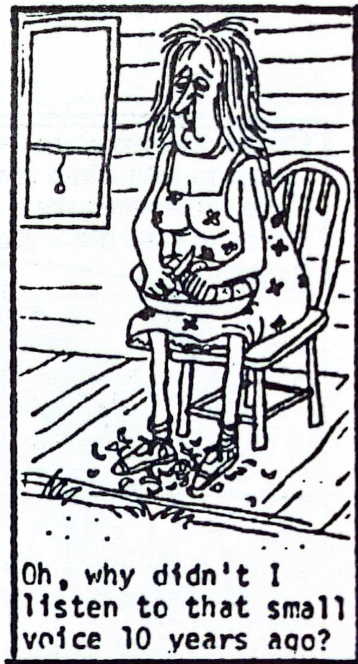
One tiny act of friendship,
A smile or pat of hand,
Can change the course of history,
The destiny of man.

The feeling of good fellowship
Transmits itself afar,
Impelling some great leader
To say "peace" instead of "war."

Or lifting up a scientist
Once more to strive and do.
A brand new cure created,
And the life it saves is you.



MARRIAGE CAN BE SERIOUS?



Newlyweds have American Express Sex -- they don't leave home without it.



THE MODERN SOLAR CLOTHES DRYER IS A PIECE OF ROPE AND A HANDFULL OF CLOTHESPIN.



On the honeymoon she tries to make him a good wife, afterwards she tries to make him a good husband.



You can tell a young couple is engaged if she has a ring and he's broke.



LAUGH & THE WORLD LAUGHS
WITH YOU, SNORE & YOU'LL
SLEEP ALONE.



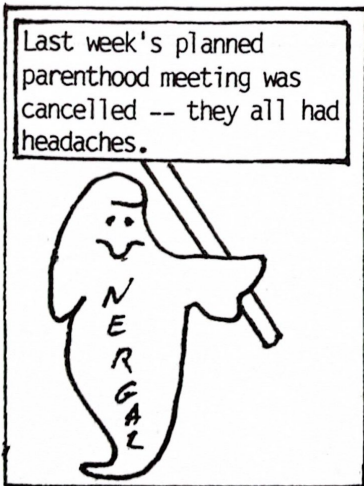
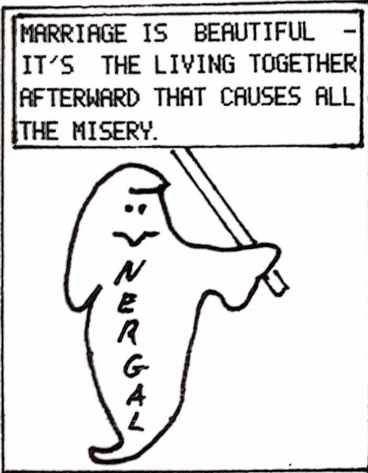
Sure married men can look at
pretty girls - just 'cause
you're on a diet doesn't
mean you can't look at the
menu.



Don't pop off in public -
wait 'till you get home
where what you say
doesn't matter.



I don't mind that my husband
picks up strange women --
he's a Taxi driver..



MORE JOY

To me a great source of JOY comes from the spontaneous manifestations that my spirit friends regularly slip into what would otherwise be the routine parts of my life. The tail end of my work on "YOUR GOLDEN KEY TO SUCCESS" is a typical example. Let me tell it just as I did in the newsletter:

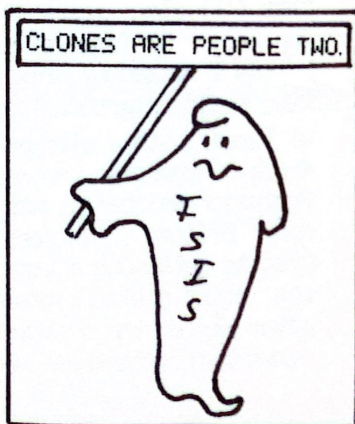
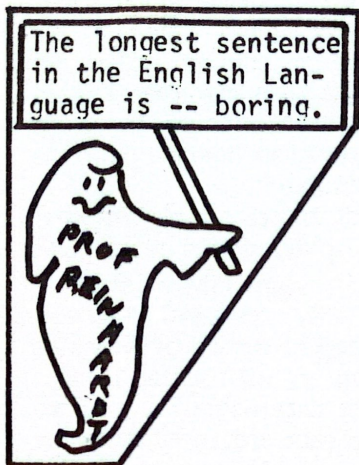
"I had just finished the writing, right up to the sub title that says MY PARTING MESSAGE TO YOU. It seemed proper to "sleep on it" and so give my spirit people one last chance to get into the act of this writing. And boy! Did they!

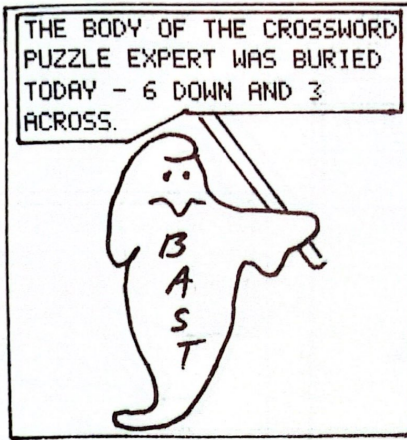
"I had gone to my altar to tell them all good night and suggest that they join me for a good time on the astral as soon as I could leave the physical body in my bed. But the party started right then and there! It's the kick off that I want to share with you here, and that I'll also share with our Lab Members in the September '82 issue of the newsletter.

"As I raised my brandy glass to toast my friends, the music started. They were playing 'The Yellow Rose of Texas' with a wild beat and a sound like a slightly drunk symphony orchestra. My personal teacher, Professor Reinhardt, was all decked out in the Prussian Army Officer's uniform (complete with spiked helmet) that he gets such a kick out of cutting up in, and he was doing his mock goose step back and forth across my altar while the "choir" turned it into a singing commercial with these words:

There's a swell book by Al Manning
About the Golden Key.
It tells a bunch of stories
To help both you and me.
From the Newt in his martini
To a Spirit by the sea,
It shares a lot of "how to's"
To bring you victory.

With the Gold Key in your pocket
And a rainbow up your sleeve,
You'll build a brighter life style
You'll never have to leave.
Grab your Golden Key and use it,
Yes, use it every day,
And "I'm a Gold Key Winner,"
Is what you'll have to say!





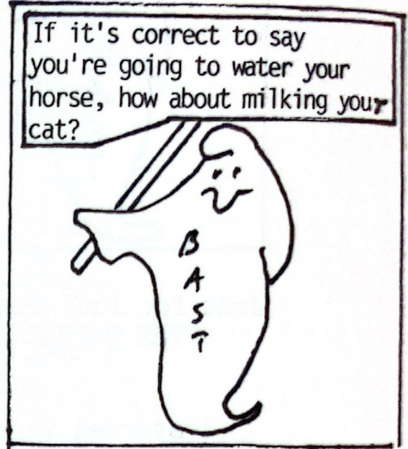
Just for fun, sing this one to the tune of:
"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

I started in the doldrums with a very
sloppy past,
I wondered if my misery would only
last and last.
But then I found the path of Light
and started on it fast.
In Light I'm growing on!

Chorus:

Eye of Newt in My Martini,
Rainbows falling on my beanie.
With my Gold Key I'm no meany,
In Light I'm growing on!

Now I live a life of beauty that is
full of health and Light,
I play with nature spirits and they
always guide me right,
I have a lot of money and my love
life is just right!
In Light I'm growing on!



Come one, come all to my party
Come join in the joy and the fun.
We'll eat, drink, and play very hearty
Our battle is already won.

We'll turn on a super good pow'r.
It works in reverse, don't you see.
We play with our friends by the hour
Then let 'em bring our victory.

Pure joy is the power of magick.
The work does itself while we play.
We win 'em with many a hat trick
And Zephyr assisted new way.

Nat're Spirits don't work for their living.
They frolick with joy every day.
To friends their joy comes from giving.
Accept it as part of their play.

I crossed a kangaroo
with a lawn mower
and got a grasshopper!



I crossed a racoon
with a skunk - and
got a dirty look
from the racoon



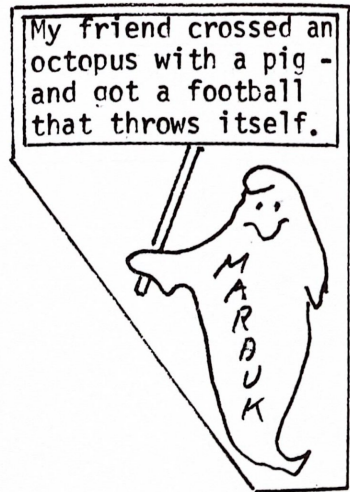
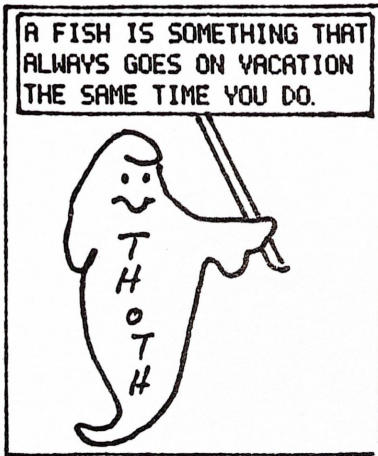
SPOOKING SPORTS

My friend was fined for
streaking through a nudist
camp with all his clothes on.



She gave her love to a
football player, and got it
halfback.





Impatience is a virtue
If you channel it rightly.
It will spur you on to do
The things that make you better be.
You will sweat and strive and
Spin your wheels so energetically.

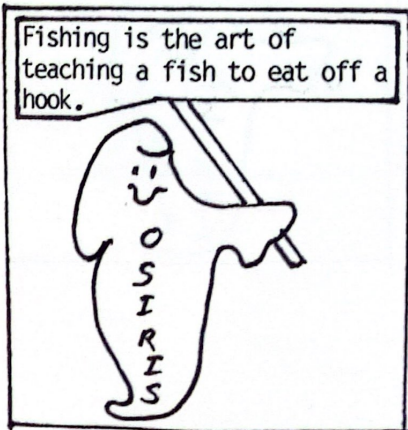
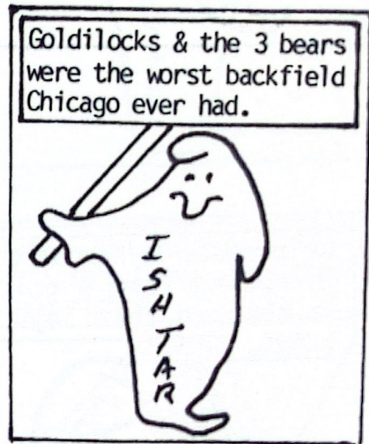
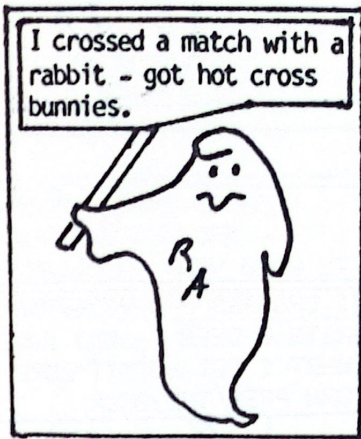
Success is started that way!

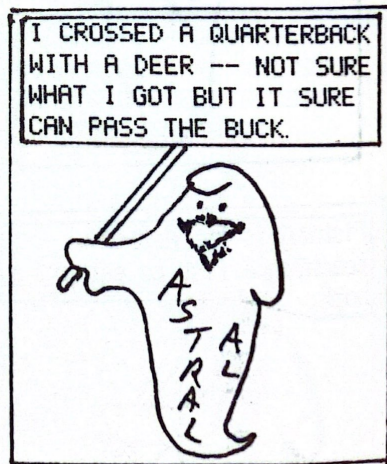
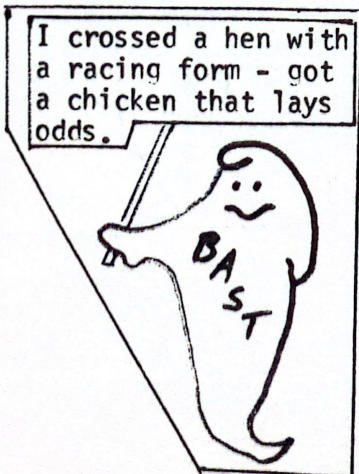
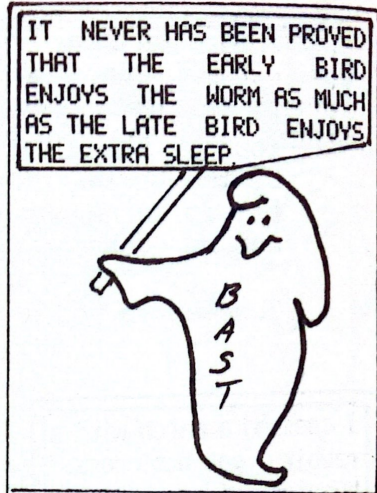
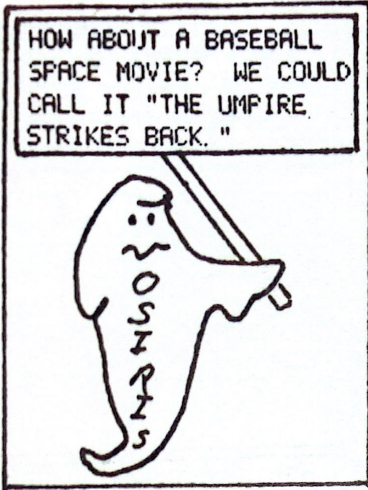
When you learn to use the energy
Of thought and sound and LIGHT,
And you focus them upon the
Acts that build a better life,
Then impatience mellows into
Calm effectiveness that's right.

Success is built that way!

Triumphant living is produced
By neatly channeled energy.
You can demonstrate the power
Of the Living LIGHT to me.
Let it shine out through your every
Act so everyone can see.

Success is yours to stay!





ON DIET & AGING

WITHIN THIS VALE OF TOIL & SIN, YOUR HEAD GROWS BALD BUT NOT YOUR CHIN.



You're over the hill when you get less excited over a full sweater than a filled prescription.

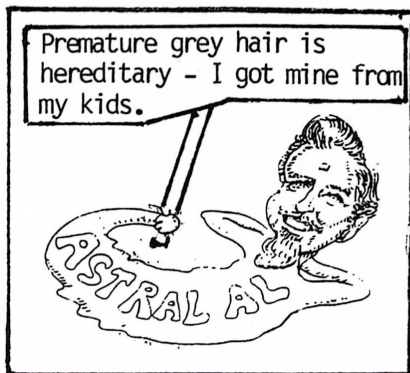
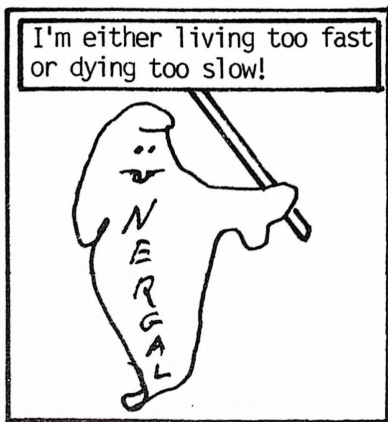


NOBODY STAYS AN UGLY DUCKLING FOREVER -- EVENTUALLY THEY GROW UP TO BE AN UGLY DUCK.



Haven't had any sleep for 4 days! It's lucky I can still sleep nights.





STAYING ALIVE

"What is a limitation?"
The Spirit asked of me,
"A wall, a chain to fence you in?
Or a challenge to be free?"

"What will lift that burden,
And let your soul soar high?
Could it be your firm decision
To reach up to the sky?"

Just one idea is all you need
To win it big today.
Why not tune in and get one now
So we can hear you say:

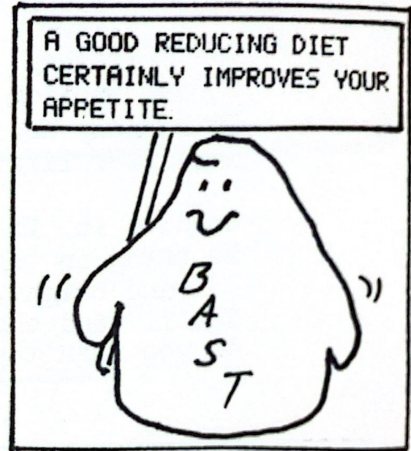
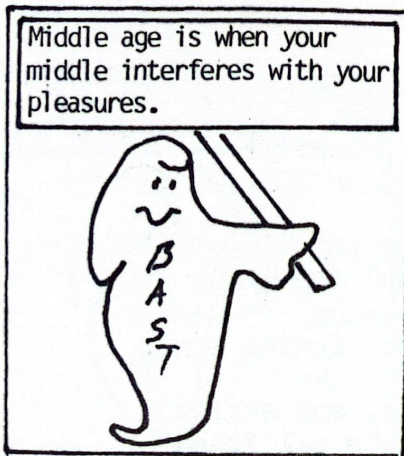
What looked like limitation
Was a blessing in disguise.
I'll act upon this guidance,
Then folks will think I'm wise.

The key is application,
In everything you do.
Of ALL the great potential
Of the wonder that is YOU.

The spiritual, the psychic,
Strong emotion, and the mind,
In harmony and balance
Make your life the winning kind.

So dive in, Friend, and strive
To bring in thoughts all fresh
and bright.
You'll find success is natural
As you turn toward the LIGHT.





DYNAMIC PEACE

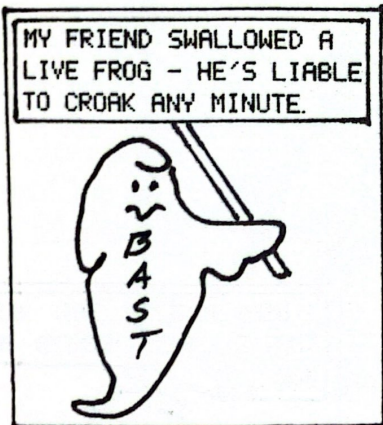
What makes the ocean's edge such
a peaceful place?
Is it waves gently tipping their
caps of lace?
Or graceful gulls gliding near
the shore?
Yes, it's all of these and so
much more.

We sense a power touching us there.
Permeating water, sand, and air.
Then as along the beach we plod,
We find we're very close to God.

There is a peace, a quiet peace,
Deep in the heart of man.
That powerful and vibrant peace
Dares you to say, "I can."

Then any thing you dream of
Is something you can do.
The Universal Stream is
A fount of strength for you.

So seek that peace, that quiet peace,
Deep in the heart you own.
True peace reveals the touch of God,
You'll never be alone.



You're getting old if you can remember when a home computer was an egg timer.



Nothing is so precious as a day in June - except a doctor who makes house calls.



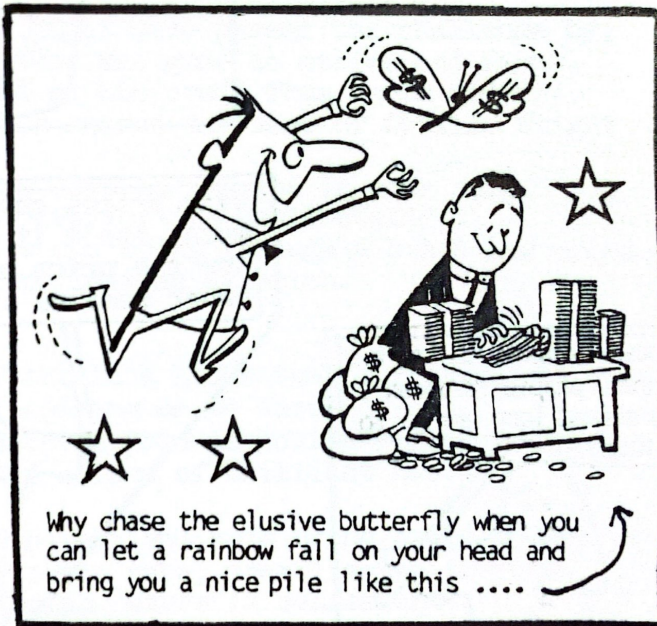
Were magazine racks instruments of torture for ancient writers??



I USED TO OVER EAT, BUT THAT'S ALL BEHIND ME NOW.



WE GET INTO MONEY



A friend in need is a friend to feed.

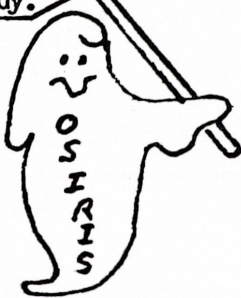


Let's start a hunger strike with backing from the Salvation Army.



With prices going up so much, isn't it amazing how the price of writing paper remains stationary?

Supposedly money talks, but for most people it doesn't stay around long enough to say Howdy.



THE CHALLENGE

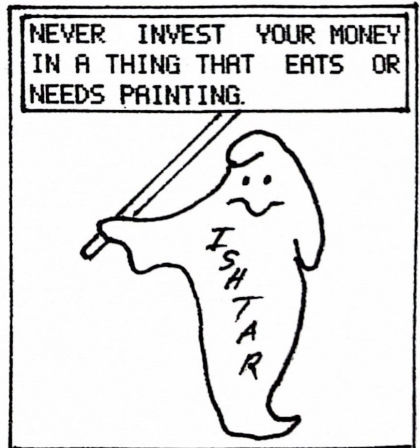
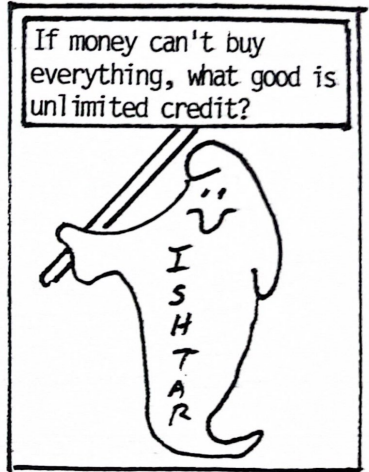
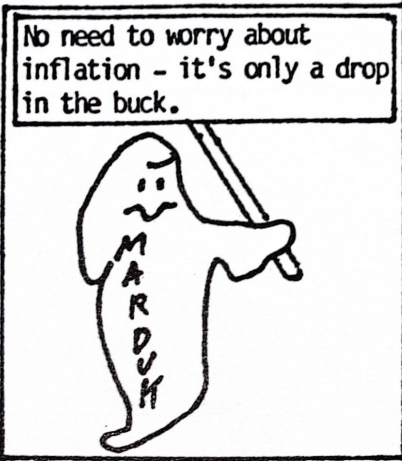
Once upon a happy dream,
A man conceived of powered flight.
'Twas such an all consuming scheme,
He fiddled with it day and night.

He might have passed the challenge by,
But he was game to strive and fight,
And so his craft from earth did fly,
Thus soared the fame of Orville Wright.

Now some idea waits in your aura,
Strive for its manifestation.
You can bring through a brand new order,
Important as aviation.

There is a LIGHT that guides and blesses,
Inspiring us to dare and do,
Shining down in loving shafts of white,
And colors of brilliant hue.

Sunlight and rain bring crops to harvest,
Flowers rare, sparkling in the dew.
Loving nature is evanescent,
The LIGHT is real - it's there for YOU.



SUCCESS IS RELATIVE - THE MORE SUCCESS YOU HAVE, THE MORE RELATIVES YOU'LL FIND YOU HAVE.



Once upon a time the people of our country made an easy living with no welfare or government handouts - then the white man came.



I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE - YOU REALLY HAVE TO HAND IT TO THOSE GUYS.



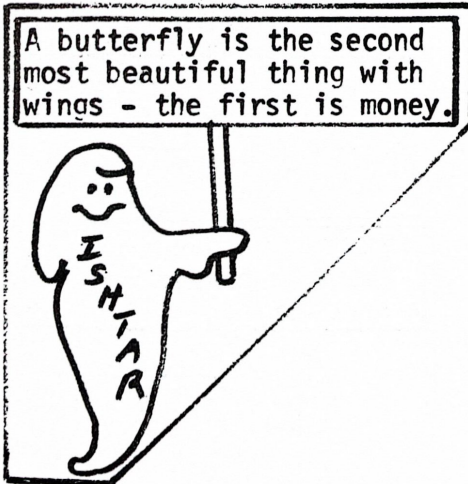
We must live within our means - even if we have to borrow money to do it.

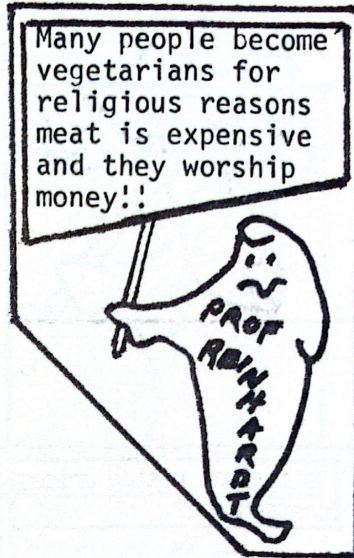
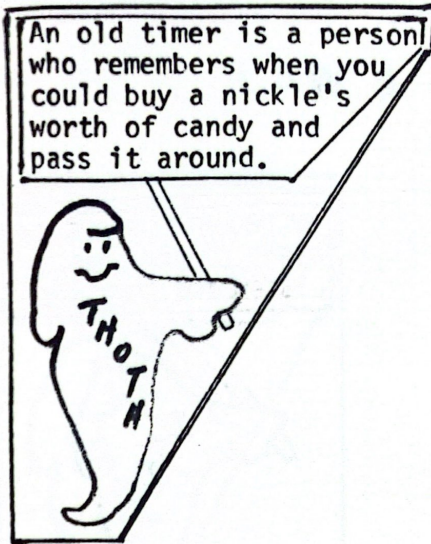


I sense a time triumphant,
A time to strive and do.
Achievement isn't something
That's handed right to you.

Robert Louis Stevenson,
Or Ernest Hemmingway
Could never write a novel
In just one little day.

So contemplate your private dream,
Then strive to see it through,
The laurel wreath of triumph
Is just waiting there for you.

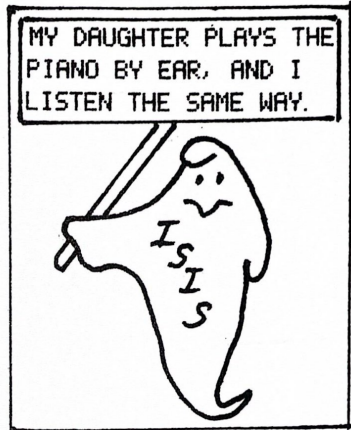




I sat in the silence to contact my soul,
Deep in the heart of me.
Though I kept my eyes closed,
In front of my nose, a rainbow did I see.

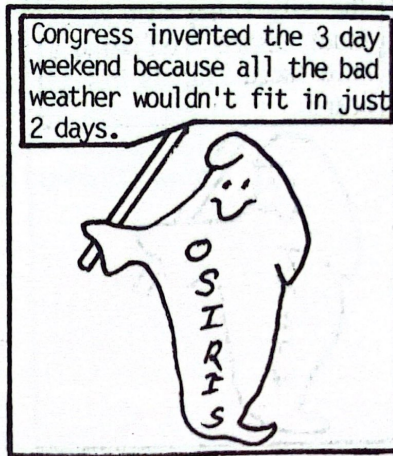
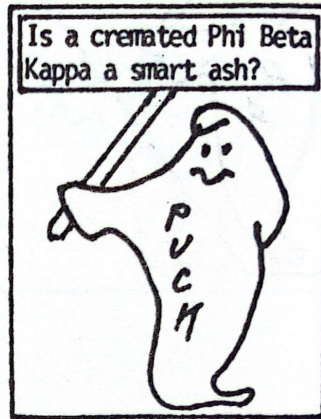
Magnificent colors, the yellow and green,
The violet, blue and red;
More beautiful colors than any I've seen
Were right there in my own head.

Now this was my lesson, come share it with me,
So you can see it, too.
A beauty more brilliant than flower or tree,
Is deep in the heart of you.



SPOOKING

LAW & GOVERNMENT



A jury is 12 people who get together to decide which litigant has the best lawyer.



THE LAST POSTAGE INCREASE MADE STAMPS SO EXPENSIVE I'VE TAKEN TO LICKING THEM TWICE.

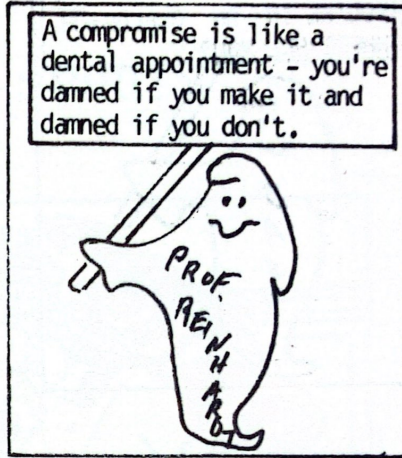


The only thing that keeps Fidel Castro from being a bald faced liar is his beard.



Get a super deal at Honest Al's used karma Tot!



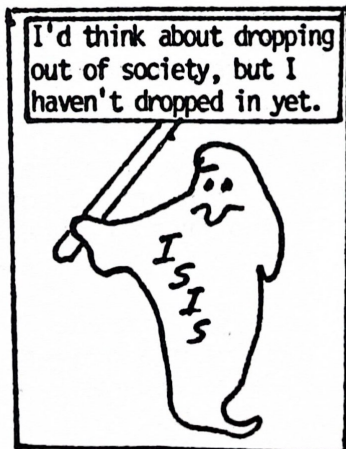
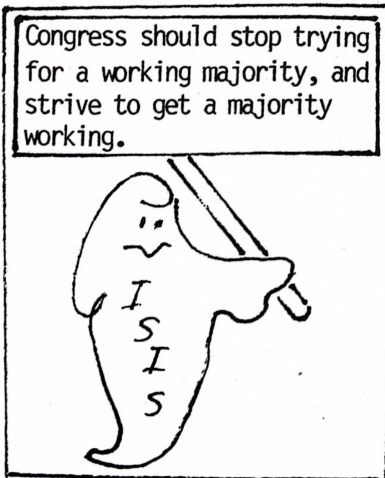
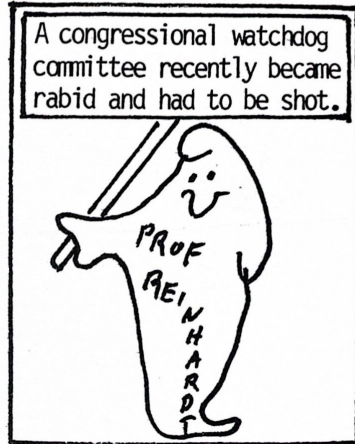


The challenge of the Master
Is to live effectively,
To take hold of every problem
And to solve it joyfully.

The rewards are worth the effort
As each new strength that you grow
Fits you much much more completely
To take part in God's great show.

So dive into that struggle
With a bright song in your heart,
Add fresh richness to life's drama
By a very well played part.

As you win each daily battle,
You are adding to your store
Of talents well developed,
That will help you win some more.



FRIENDLY SPIRITS



Yes, we do meet interesting
spirits here at the Lab.

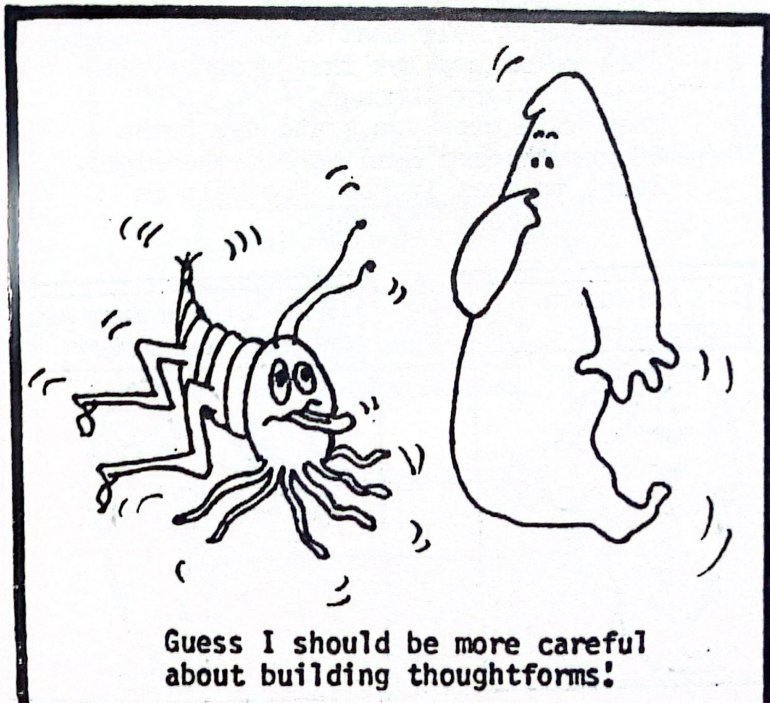
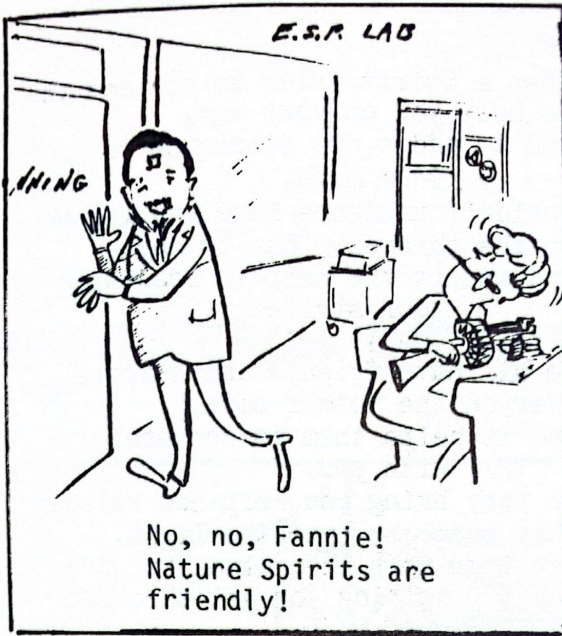


That poets and writers court the muse
Once seemed strange to me.
But this is something you can use.
Apply it practically.

The inspiration or the hunch is there
For those who seek it.
Ideas in a great big bunch
Just long to be your ticket.

Call it muse or spirit touch,
Or call it mystic feeling.
Words alone can not mean much,
But doing brings believing.

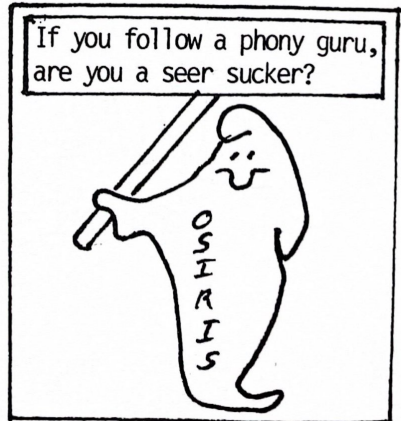
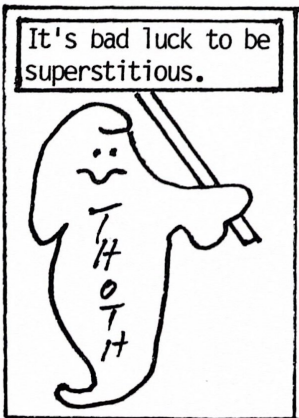
Seek the LIGHT, INFINITE LIGHT,
Sure guide to all who use it.
It brings a life that knows no night,
Real bliss to all who choose it.



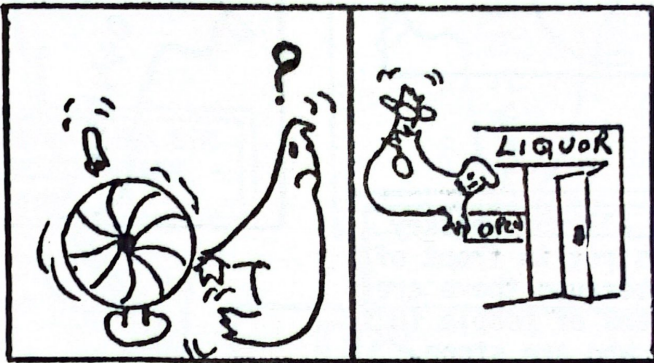
When a Spirit tries to contact you
To help you on your way,
And to add a new dimension to
your life,
Wouldn't prudence have you listen
To the things he has to say
And accept the help in lessening
your strife.

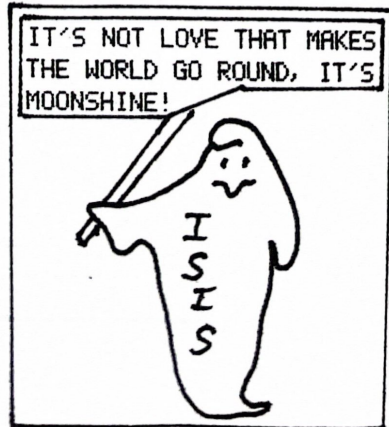
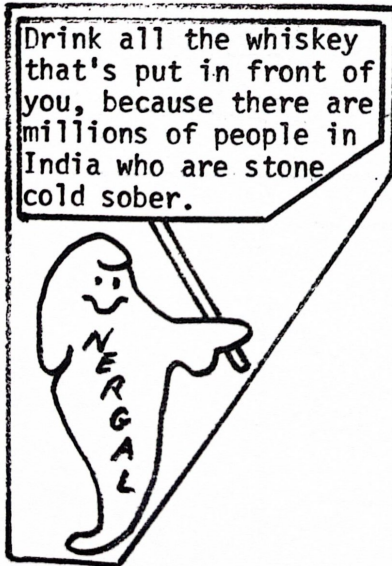
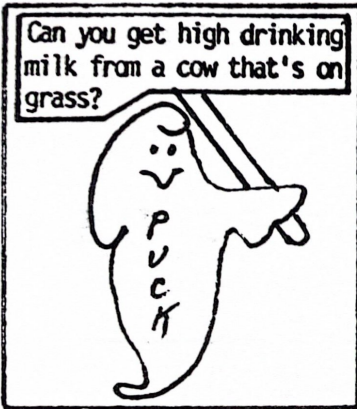
We all have friends and helpers
Over on the "other side,"
And it helps them to cooperate
with you.
As they bring you help and solace,
They progress into the Light.
Let them help themselves by
helping you get through.

As you study and you seek
The Spirit help that's yours by right,
Just relax and let the guidance come
right through.
They will show you brand new paths
Of growth, and lead you to the Light.
Start to seek it now. The help is
there for you.



SPIRITS FROM THE BOTTLE





ELI WHITNEY INVENTED THE COTTON GIN BECAUSE HE FELT THE WORLD NEEDED A SOFT, FUZZY DRINK.



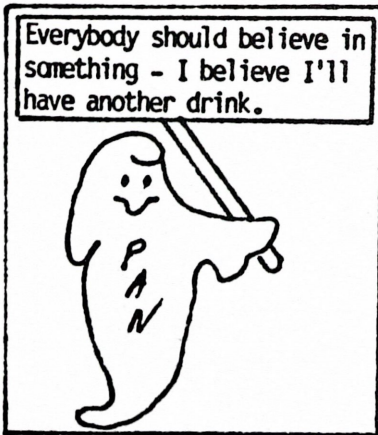
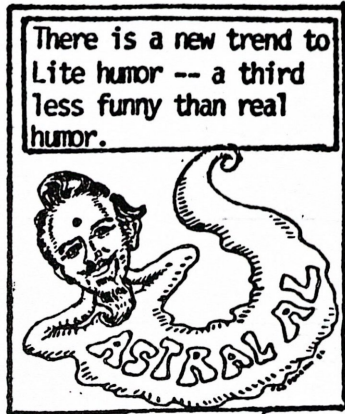
TO CURE A STIFF NECK, RUB IT WITH ALCOHOL - FROM THE INSIDE.



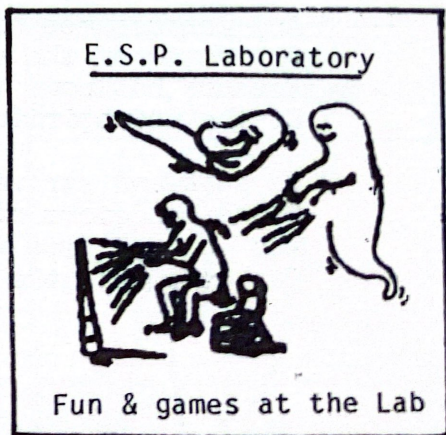
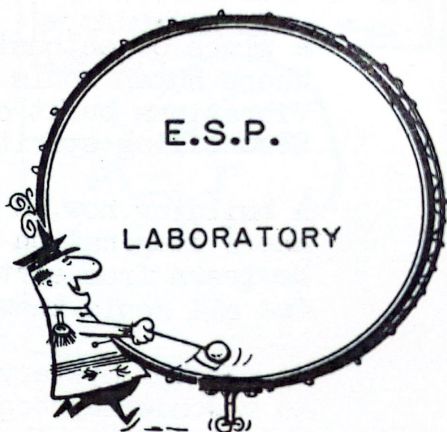
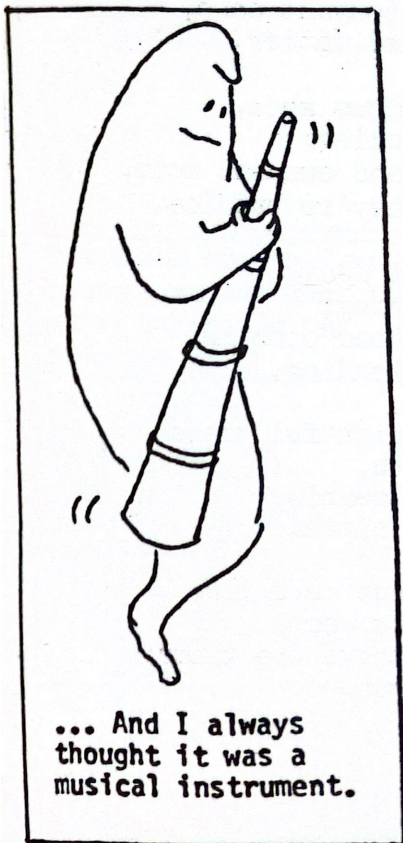
WE CROSSED A BLACK BIRD WITH A COCKTAIL LOUNGE - GOT A CROWBAR.



Do you serve spirits here??



SPOOKING OURSELVES



MY VISION OF E.S.P. LABORATORY

A place of enthusiastic peace
Where human souls happily gather;
Vibrations built of bouyant ease,
Reconciling spirit and matter.

A building now, a campus soon,
Where imagination studies;
We learn from earth and sun and moon,
And all souls know they're buddies.

We see the mystery of death
As a wonderful beginning;
The living and the "dead" commune,
And find a perfect blending.

And man assumes his rightful place
As master of the earth,
Because he knows the meaning
Of the new spiritual birth.

We seek and strive, but as a team
Quite conscious of its worth.
And in good time we prove the theme:
Our campus is the earth.

My raincoat doesn't work -
when I put it on, it never
rains.



My daughter thinks she's a
chicken. We'd take her to a
psychiatrist, but we need
the eggs.

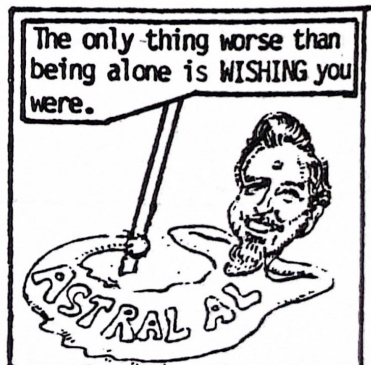
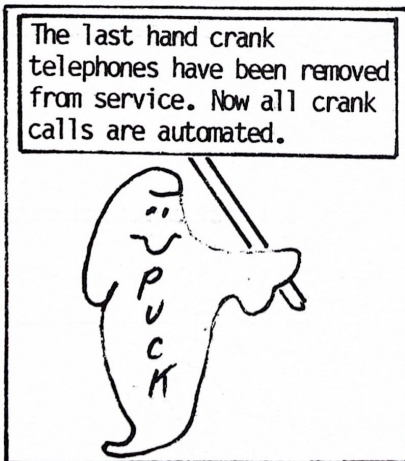


Zippers will never replace
buttons - who ever heard of
putting a zipper in the
collection plate?



To cure a splitting
headache, take half aspirin
and half glue.





I'm a carpenter in
McNamara's Band - I play the
tubyfour.



I used to use cliches
a lot, but now I avoid
them like the plague.



THE MIGHTY OAK IS JUST A
NUT WHO GREW UP!



My laundry practices
magic - every week
they make something
disappear.



Say, is driving a car a skill or a game?
It's a little of both, and I'm sure
 life's the same.

To live a good life or to play the guitar
Is quite a bit like simply driving a car.

A car can seem wild or exceedingly tame,
It depends on the skill you can
 rightfully claim.

Can you travel the freeway to
 go near and go far,
Through all those tight places, and
 no fender mar?

Can you do the same thing in this game
 we call life?

Can you travel life's byways without
 any strife?

If you can, it's a good thing, so be
 of good cheer.

If you can't, better listen to what
 we say here:

Your degree of awareness is really
 what counts.

You're much more effective when
 E.S.P. mounts

To greater rapport with all creatures
 on earth.

Then that feeling of oneness receives
 a new birth.

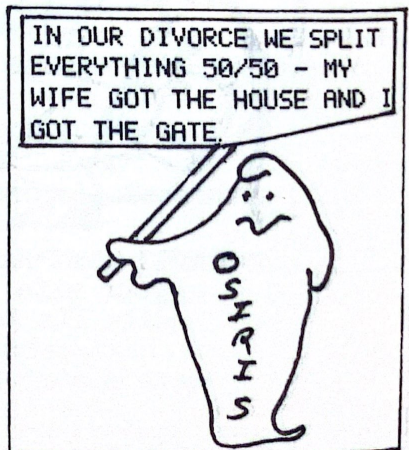
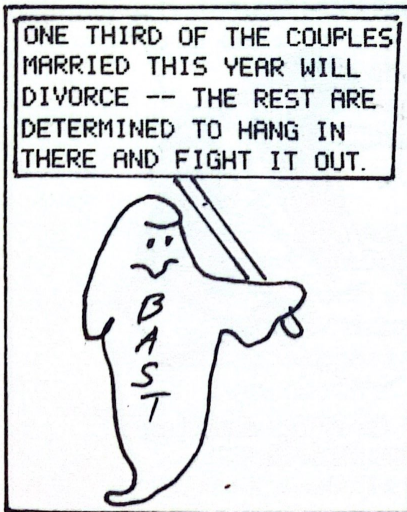
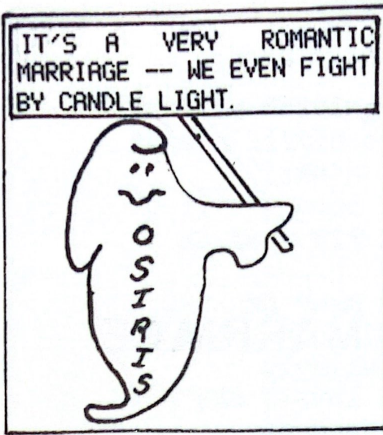
There's no conflict at all with
 employer or wife,

You agree that indeed it's a very
 good life.

MORE ABOUT MARRIAGE



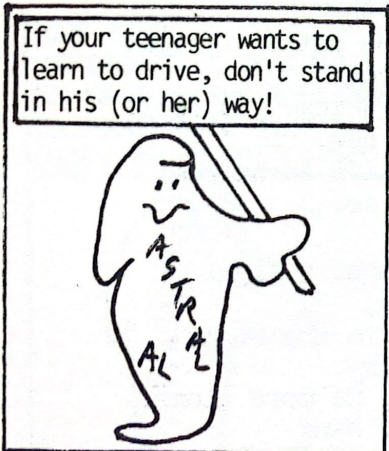
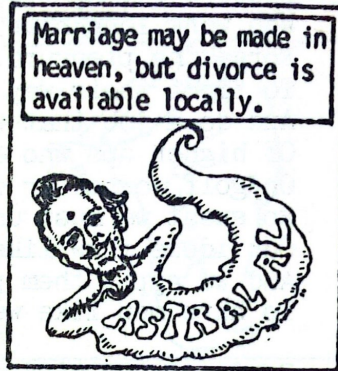
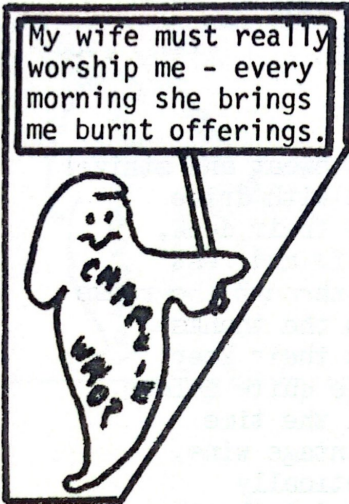
You'll just have to stop calling
your wife "The Old Bat."



Oh! Struggle, toil and sweat and strive!
Success belongs to men with drive
Who work long hours at their desk,
Forsaking pleasure, wife and rest
To fight their way up through the ranks
And do a job that wins the thanks
Of higher ups who earn their keep
On golf course or while quite asleep.
So sweat we must until the time
Our ideas flow like vintage wine,
And we apply them practically
To hire men like we used to be.

So turn your mind toward the Light
And let it guide you through
Those steps to take on paths of right
That bring ideas to you.
As you express these things you feel,
Apply concepts brand new,
The "other side" of life turns real
And helps in all you do.

Success is yours without a fight
In everything you try,
Because your partner is the Light
You know the reason why.
You strive with ease, no more alone,
With friends at every hand
Though they have neither flesh nor bone
-- Your special spirit band.

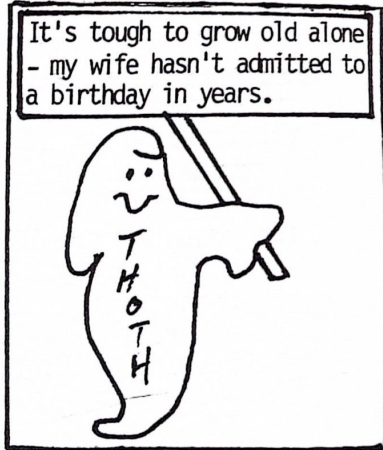
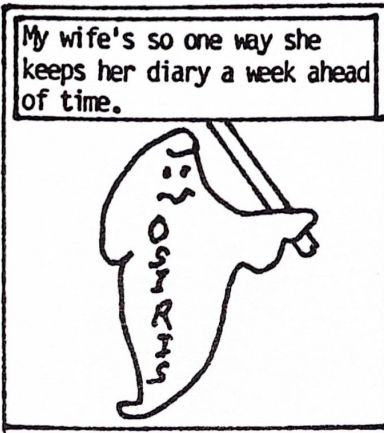


The dove of peace is on the wing,
Bringing Light and Love and Beauty.
Will it come to you? Do you want it to?
To attract it is your duty.

Your thoughts are LIGHT. Do you keep
 them bright
As a beacon for that dove?
It's etheric, yes, but it's real no less.
Let it bring you LIGHT and LOVE.

Opportunity knocks but once then goes
 it's fleeting way,
Or so we're told.
But psychic and spiritual growth stand
 waiting now
As they did of old.

Don't hang back with the multitude!
 dare venture
Out of the fold.
Success and LIGHT and LOVE flow freely,
But only to the bold.



FUN ON THE ASTRAL



This lane ahead is crowded,
The Spirit cautioned me,
Move over one in safety,
Then sail along in glee.

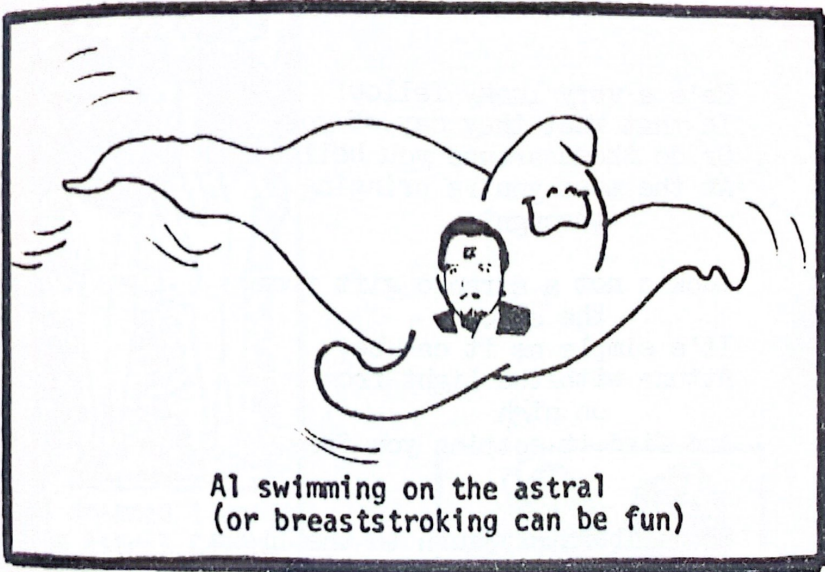
A warning while in traffic,
Real help to close a sale,
The answer to your problem
That keeps you out of jail.

This is the gift of Spirit,
Our Spirit friends are real.
They love to ease your struggle
Or help you make a deal.

Need help or inspiration?
Do you feel your road is hard?
Don't scream in consternation,
Court your muse just like the Bard.

Your Spirit friends are longing
To lighten your yoke of pain
And lead you to the dawning
Of a happy life again.

LET THEM HELP NOW!



He's a very lucky fellow!
Is that what they say of you?
Or do those around you bellow
At the mess you're bringing
through?

Luck's not a strange gift from
the sky,
It's simple as it can be.
Attune with the Light from
on high
And find it setting you free.

So deliberately turn to the Light
And ask for good luck from now on.
In each glimmer of guidance delight,
And watch your new happiness dawn.

Then you'll know luck's not
something elusive
That leaves like a thief in
the night.
Just give LIVING LIGHT the
exclusive
And watch as things turn out
just right.



I dreamed I went
to Astral Coven
in my Maidenform
bra!



I dreamed I went to
Astral Coven without
my maidenform bra!!

A vibrant, healthy body
Is nature's plan for you.
Why accept disease or illness?
That's a silly thing to do!

Grow a hand or mend a kidney
Or return to perfect sight!
These are simple fruits of vict'ry
As you walk into the Light.

Let your nerves return to normal,
Let your reflexes rapid be;
Let the Light adjust your body
Back to perfect harmony.

You'll awaken every morning
With a bright song in your heart
Knowing it's a new beginning --
Growing in the Light's an Art.

Just a little meditation
And some basking in the Light
Brings you fresh, new inspiration
While you're led to do what's right.

Seek that flicker in the darkness,
Find the gleam of guidance true.
Let it heal your mind and body
While it brings more Light to you.

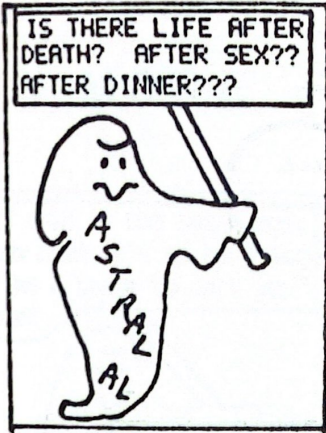


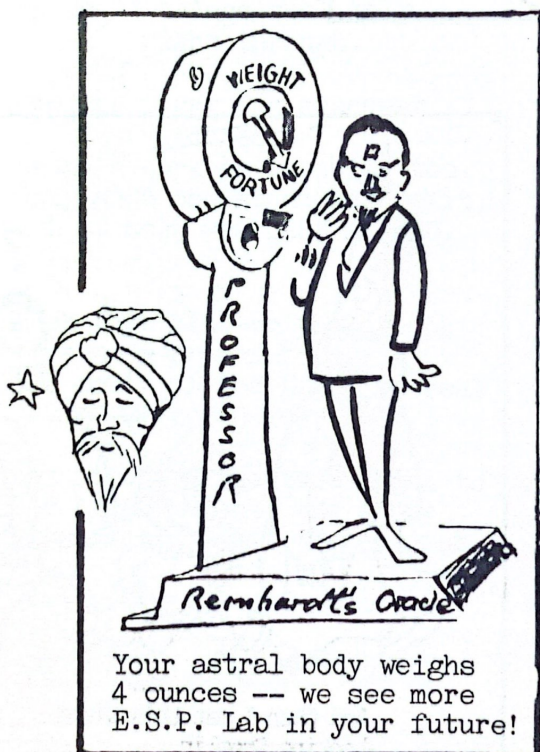
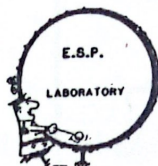
The Light is real to those who
use it.
Why not make it work for you?
Its mystic power soothes and
comforts
While it brings real help
right through.

Use the Light for soundest
guidance,
Help in work or trouble, too.
Only good can stand before it,
Let it help you DARE and DO.

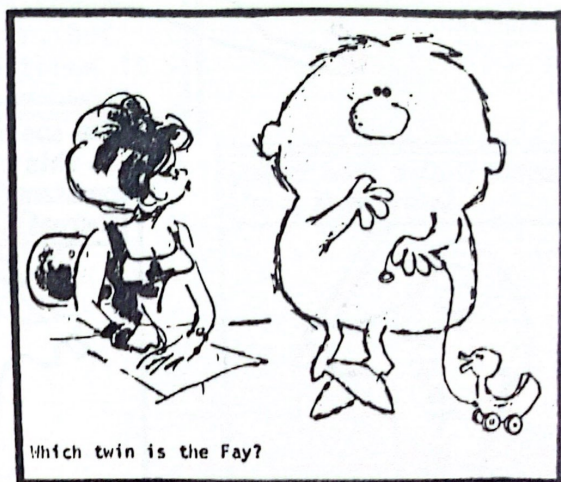
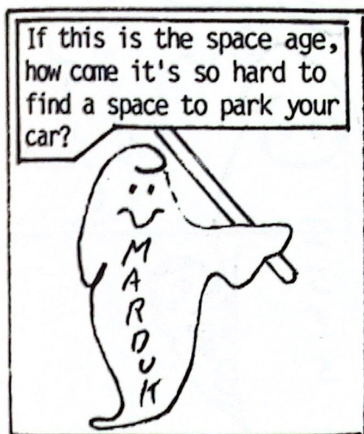
Heal your mind or pocketbook
Or mend a broken bone.
The pow'r of the Light is real
You're never on your own.

Let it bring the good right to you,
The bread and not the stone,
True help's right there, just
ask and
See, you never are alone.

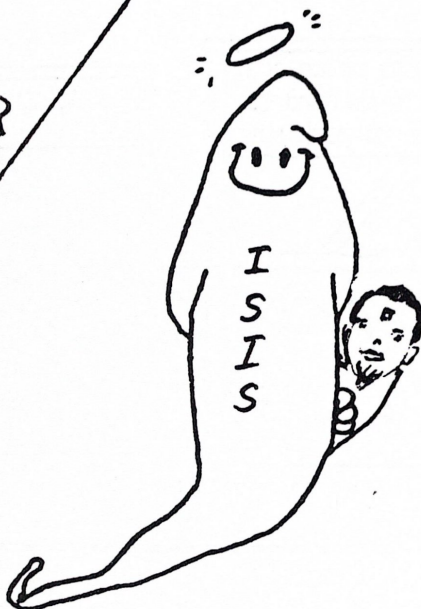




MORE FUN ON US



Beware of the submarine doll - it will sink your rubber duck.



The sum of the intelligence on this planet is a constant; the population is increasing.



Our driveway is awfully long, but if it was any shorter it wouldn't reach.



My shoes fit perfectly - they just hurt a lot when I walk.



We were invited to my in-laws house for a chicken dinner, but we had to postpone it - the chicken got well.



Never hook a fast tongue to a slow brain!



The substance of a thought
Is most profound indeed.
The essence of a thought
Is like unto a seed.

Be careful of the stray idea
Implanted in your mind,
It has a way of growing
And attracting its own kind.

The old cliché tells us to think
Only good and true.
It's not just stuff and nonsense,
It's a sound defense for you.

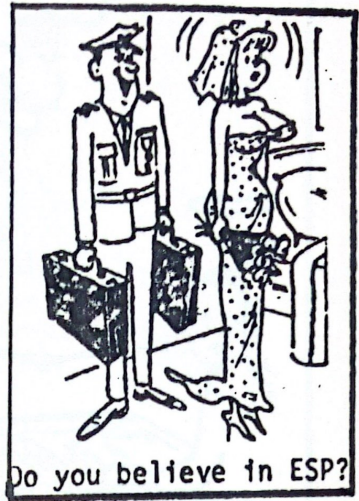
The teacher, Paul, once told us
To think thoughts of truth and beauty,
Of loveliness and justice
And adherence to our duty.

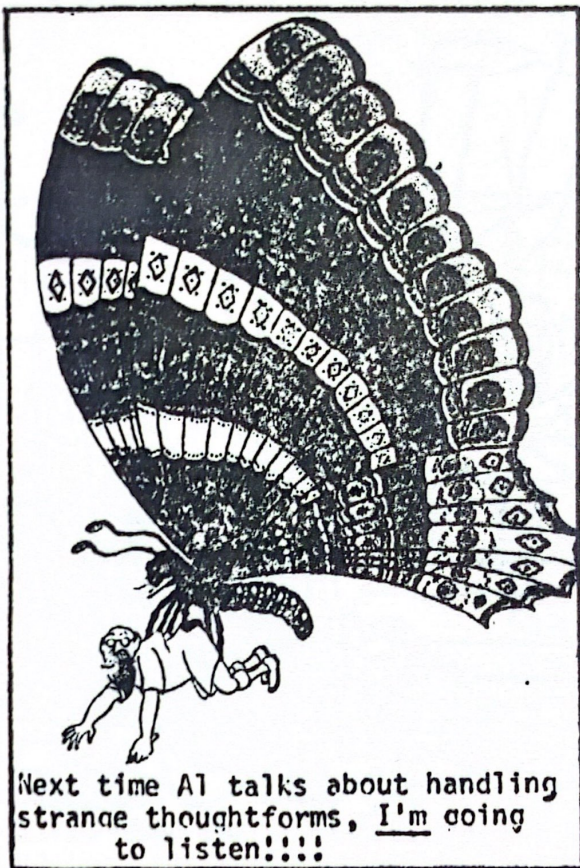
And those of us who in the past
Inclined to think him dumb,
A reappraisal better start
And to our senses come.

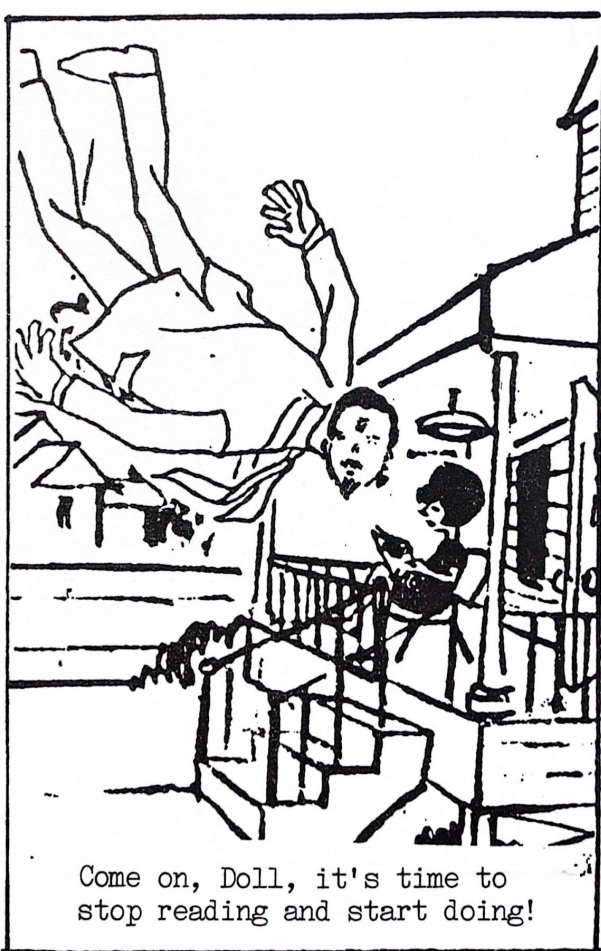
For when those errant thoughts of ours
Grow up and come back toward us,
It's far too late to seek a hiding place
Out in the forest.

So plant good seeds of thought in that
Great soil you call your head,
Then when you reap your harvest,
You'll applaud the life you led.









Come on, Doll, it's time to
stop reading and start doing!

SPIRIT MADE
ME DO IT!



Yes, it's fun to have a spirit lover, but you'd better dematerialize now, my husband's due home in 15 minutes.



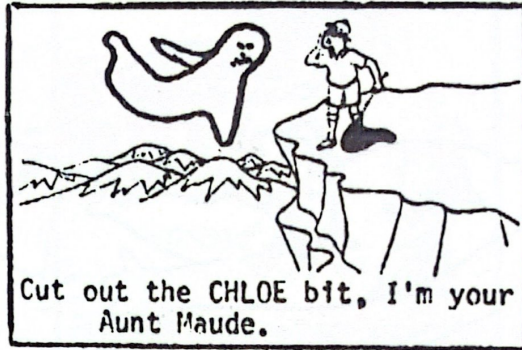
Didn't I meet you in
Astral Coven??



Then this little girl
spirit gave me a big,
sloppy kiss!!



You say you were goosed by a ghost???????



Cut out the CHLOE bit, I'm your Aunt Maude.



I've heard of personal contact, but this Al Manning's ridiculous!!!

Say, is driving a car a skill or a game?
It's a little of both, and I'm sure
 life's the same.

To live a good life or to play the guitar
Is quite a bit like simply driving a car.

A car can seem wild or exceedingly tame,
It depends on the skill you can
 rightfully claim.

Can you travel the freeway to
 go near and go far,
Through all those tight places, and
 no fender mar?

Can you do the same thing in this game
 we call life?

Can you travel life's byways without
 any strife?

If you can, it's a good thing, so be
 of good cheer.

If you can't, better listen to what
 we say here:

Your degree of awareness is really
 what counts.

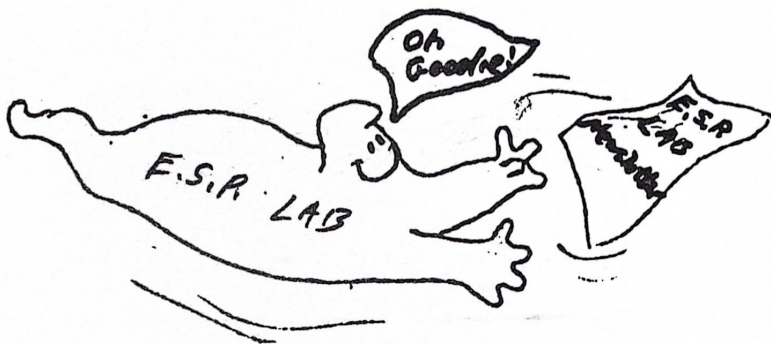
You're much more effective when
 E.S.P. mounts

To greater rapport with all creatures
 on earth.

Then that feeling of oneness receives
 a new birth.

There's no conflict at all with
 employer or wife,

You agree that indeed it's a very
 good life.





Grandma, do nature spirits
have babies?



It must have been a spirit!
I had both hands on the wheel
all the time!!



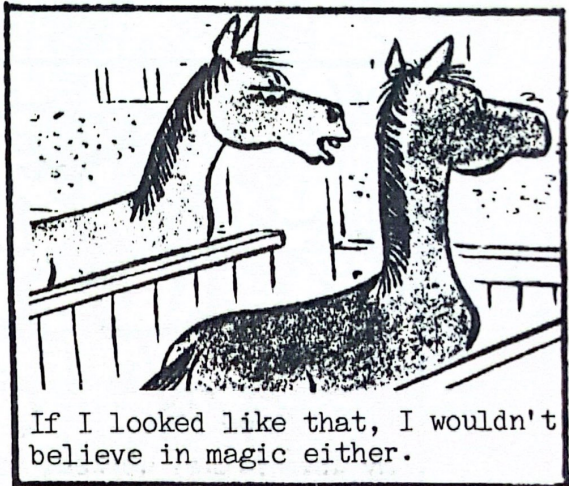
WITCHY

GOOD

TIMES



Certainly not! There is no real magic.



If I looked like that, I wouldn't believe in magic either.



My banishing spell
must have backfired
again!



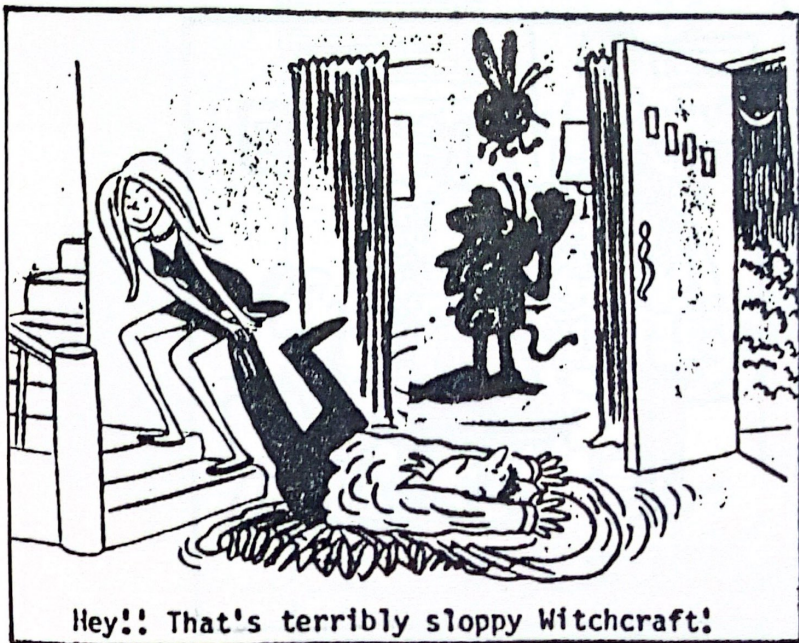
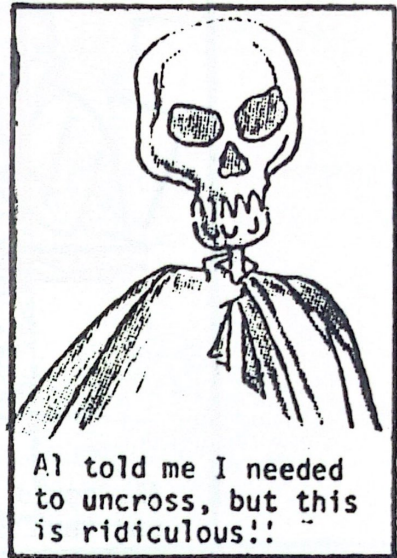
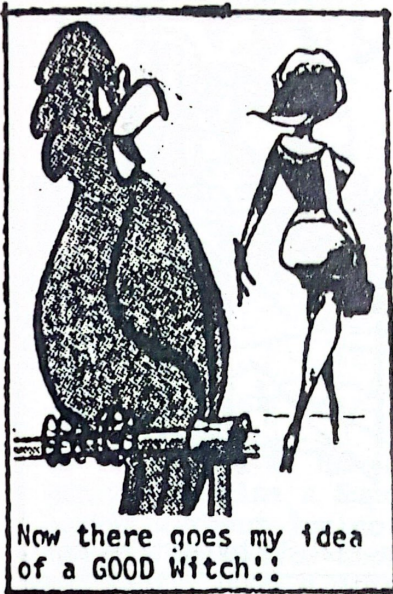
My love ritual worked!
I'm engaged to the boss!

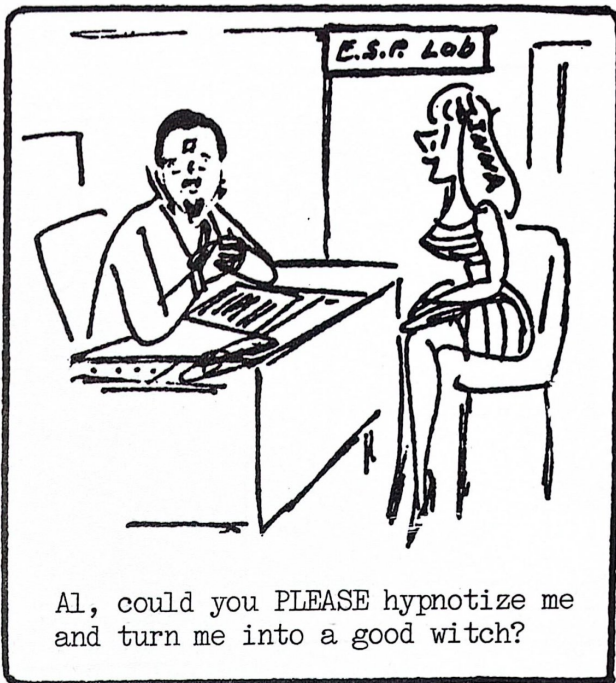


My love ritual worked, too!
I have nine wives!









Al, could you PLEASE hypnotize me and turn me into a good witch?



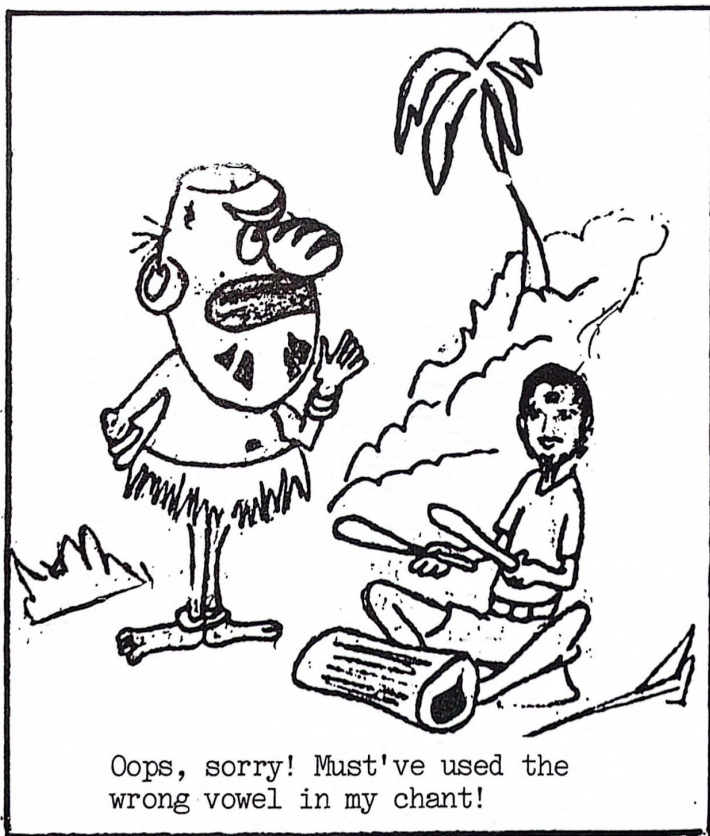
He's cute, Al, but he thinks he should be my familiar!



Can you imagine a Supermarket without juniper berries or yellow dock?

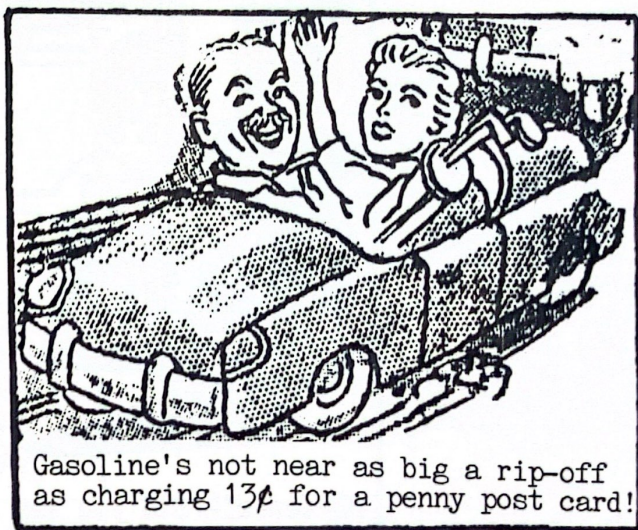


Mmm...! This is what I've been looking for!



Oops, sorry! Must've used the wrong vowel in my chant!

MISFITS

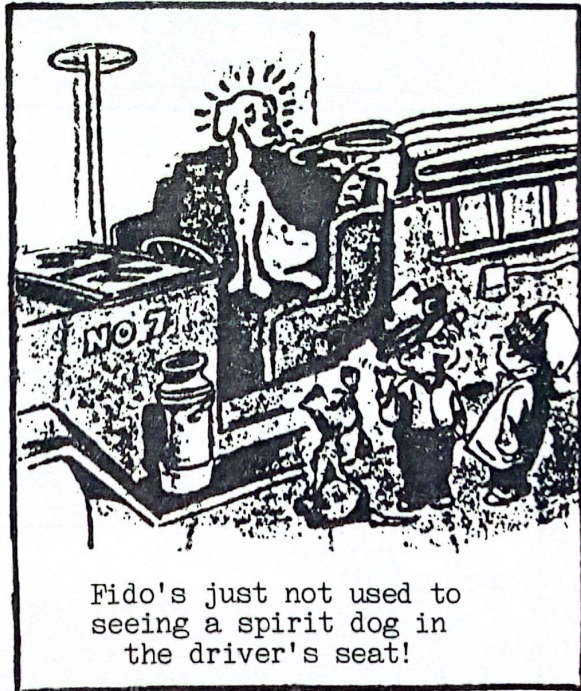
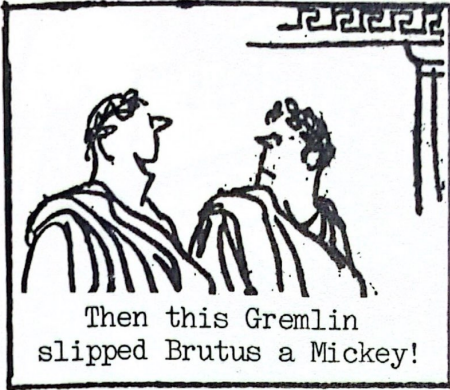


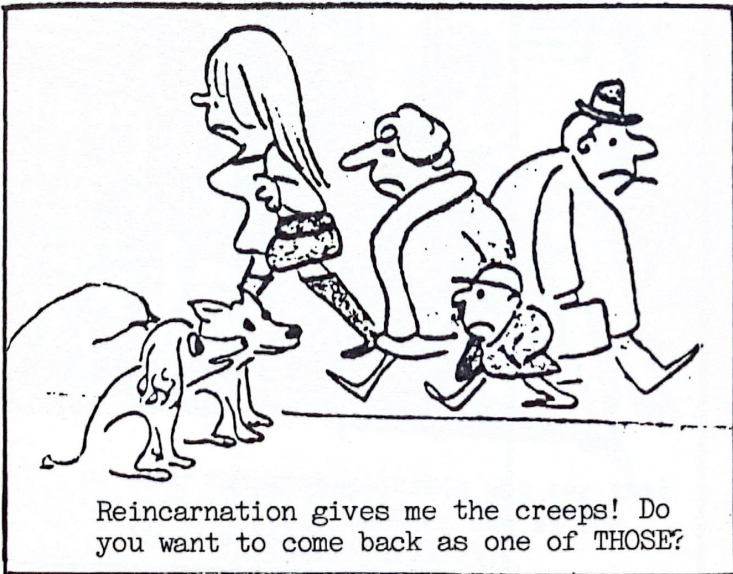


World news may be for the birds,
but we're not going to the dogs!
Help us keep your Lab growing!!



Hortense! Did you see that
crazy looking dog at the
typewriter?????









CAN WE TALK?

In our introduction I told you that we play hard, but also work hard. If you want to see the work, you'll have to get one or more of my other books -- this one was mostly for fun. But slipped between the nonsense and puns, you'll find a magickal esence even here.

DOES THIS BOOK REALLY HAVE A PURPOSE?

Let me tell you what caused this mess. I had been working on a new book which I expected to be

my 13th (instead, this one is # 13) — its working title is "MIGHTY MAVERICK MAGICK." I was sitting at my altar at home on a normal Friday morning, doing my usual magickal work for the Lab and its members. About half way through, my spirit people hit me with a push that if anything was even stronger than the one they hit me with in Mazatlan to cause "EYE OF NEWT IN MY MARTINI."

"Now is the time to put a cartoon book together to show the world the FUN side of E.S.P. Lab. We'll help you do it fast so it won't delay "MIGHTY MAVERICK MAGICK" more than a couple of weeks. But this approach will appeal to many people who have previously been put off by the apparent danger and seriousness of the Occult. Your new publishing company, Pan/Ishtar Unlimited, needs another paperback as a good reason to hit the bookstores one more time, and your present Lab Members will get a big lift from it, too. Do it NOW!"

Hopefully, I've learned by now that when my Spirit people are that enthusiastic about a project, there's only one thing to do -- cooperate! So I did, and this funny book was the result. Indeed, produced with just about 2 weeks of my time. I trust that my Spirit people were right, and you not only enjoyed it, but want more. So --

MY PERSONAL INVITATION TO YOU

I sincerely want to get to know YOU better, and to tell you more about the living entity we call our E.S.P. Lab. Please do drop me a note and tell me what you feel about my ridiculous sense of humor -- and say you'd like to know more about this

E.S.P. Lab thing, so I can send you our FREE introductory literature. My address is: Al G. Manning, c/o E.S.P. Laboratory, 7559 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

Do it NOW! The life you uplift will be your own!

In Light & Love,

al

Al G. Manning



"My friends are mostly ghostly."

1987 UPDATE - AL MANNING'S
CURRENT MAILING ADDRESS
% E.S.P. LAB OF TEXAS
P.O.BOX 216
EDGEWOOD, TX 75117

LIFE AFTER DEATH? SEX? DINNER? is something of a sabbatical from Al's previous 12 "serious" books. Sure it is mostly for fun, but this book has its own ways of subtly opening the mind to new concepts and experiences in "Inner Space." The cartoons are mostly collected from 16 years of E.S.P. Laboratory Newsletters, while the rest of the contents are gifts from the world of Spirit, brought to uplift us in one happy way or another. Let the Spirit of happiness and success rub off on YOU right here!

If you don't buy this book, a poltergeist will blow red pepper into your Grandmother's wedding bouquet!



Share my only rule in life: IF I CAN'T HAVE A GOOD TIME, I'M NOT GOING (and that damn well includes my own funeral)!



BOOKS BY AL G. MANNING

- LIFE AFTER DEATH? SEX? DINNER? (The LIGHTer Side of the Occult) (1983)
YOUR GOLDEN KEY TO SUCCESS (A Self Help Odyssey) (1982)
RAINBOWS FALLING ON MY HEAD (The Magic of the Great God Pan) (1982)
EYE OF NEWT IN MY MARTINI (A C.P.A. Turned Occultist Tells Why and How) (1981)
MOON LORE AND MOON MAGIC (1980)
HELPING YOURSELF WITH GNOSTIC MAGIC (1979)
THE MAGIC OF NEW ISHTAR POWER (1977)
MIRACLE SPIRITOLGY (1975)
THE MIRACLE OF UNIVERSAL PSYCHIC POWER (1974)
HELPING YOURSELF WITH WHITE WITCHCRAFT (1972)
HELPING YOURSELF WITH PSYCHO-COSMIC POWER (1968)
HELPING YOURSELF WITH E.S.P. (1966)
THE MIRACULOUS LAWS OF UNIVERSAL DYNAMICS (1964)