



# The Hands (and Minds) of FATE

*Curtis and Mary Margaret Fuller co-founded FATE with Ray Palmer in 1948. Together, the Fullers guided the magazine through four strange decades. A longtime reader and contributor fondly remembers them.*

My acquaintance with Curtis and Mary Margaret Fuller began in the early 1960s when a copy of FATE somehow came to my attention. By then, my long-standing interest in psychic and paranormal phenomena had risen to the level of active research. When I read the magazine, I was hooked. I subscribed to it, and eagerly devoured each month's edition with excitement about the new horizons it introduced.

I also felt a growing admiration for Curtis (FATE's publisher) and Mary (its editor).



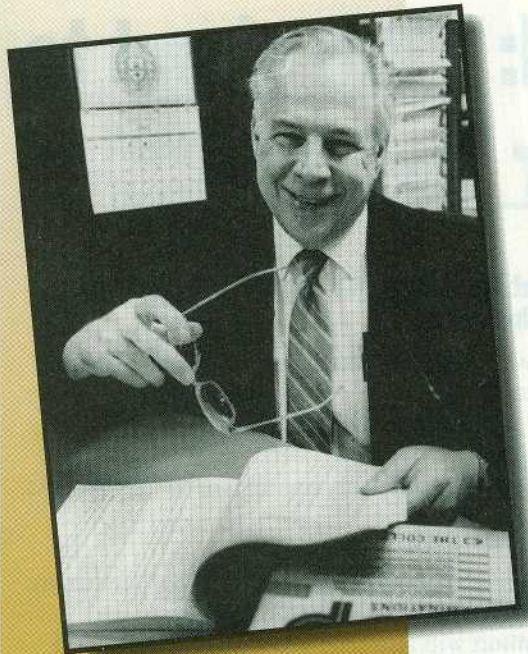
Their daring educational publishing venture won my respect. As my involvement with the paranormal grew to include freelance writing, I naturally started to submit material to FATE and thus came into

deeper contact with Curt and Mary. In June and July of 1971, they published my first article for the magazine — a two-parter titled “The Yogi in the Lab,” which looked at the emerging scientific discipline called biofeedback. At the same time, the Fullers and I began developing a friendly and personal relationship via correspondence.

They liked my writing and invited me to submit more articles and to review books. I was glad to. How could I refuse to be paid for doing something I love?

In 1973, I went to Chicago to speak at Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship's annual conference.

by John White



by Ron Halbritter

# A G FATEful 50 Years

*A reader recalls his years with*  
**FATE.**

**I become addicted.**

**O**n a good day I could earn as much as 50 cents. Of course, a good day meant no school and no rain. As a schoolboy I picked crops, berries, and beans in my off hours. I made about two dollars a week crawling through the Washington State Puget Sound mud.

We might have been on our knees in the mud that summer of 1947, but our eyes were on the sky. We could almost feel the excitement in the air, like what you feel on a wet morning when you pick too close to an electric fence.

In the middle of the sound was Maury Island, where the log scavengers Crisman and Dahl had seen flying saucers with mechanical troubles. If we raised our eyes, we would be staring at Mt. Rainier, where on June 24 Kenneth Arnold had reported a whole string of saucers. A few miles south in Portland, stunt pilot Dick Rankin had also seen flying saucers, and we knew that a guy like Rankin, who'd do wing-walking, would never lie about something like that.

Across the state line, in Kenneth Arnold's hometown of Boise, United Airlines pilot Captain Emil Smith had also reported a pack of flying saucers on the Fourth of July. (Some now speculate they were en route to Roswell, New Mexico.)

1947 passed, but the excitement didn't. We still watched for the elusive flying saucers. Orson Welles' radio drama was fresh in everyone's memory, and the Ground Observer Corps was looking to the skies — anything could happen.

Mom and Dad were pretty self-sufficient. We grew our own veggies and made our own soap. About the only things we bought were sugar and coffee. When we needed these I'd stop at Girard's 4-Corners Market on my way home from school.

## What Is FATE? It's Magic!

Psychological and motivational studies applied to publications have a lot of hokum about them, but I think you should both ask yourselves: What is FATE all about?

I'm going to tell you what I think FATE is about.

I think FATE is a book of magic. When we were kids we believed in fairies and brownies and ghosts and hobgoblins and miracles. I think FATE shows, or should show, that fairies and brownies and hobgoblins and miracles exist today.

When we write a story about the mind, all the direction of that story and the efforts of that story should be in writing about the miracle of the mind—the magical accomplishments

of that mind.

And that should be true of everything that appears in FATE.

In a world of materialism people have lost faith in magic. Yet from that same materialistic world, the members of the SPR [Society for Psychical Research] and the researchers at Duke, have recreated the basis for a new belief in magic. The science which destroyed magic has advanced to the point where belief in magic again becomes scientifically possible....

An ancient civilization has magic because it shows what the mind of man has accomplished. The mind, ESP, TMEs [True Mystic Experiences], everything we run are subjects for FATE only if the editor-

ial slant is toward that of magic....

Millions of people want to believe in magic....And all of this points toward those most fundamental wishful thoughts that:

"My mind is all powerful; it can do anything."

"Man survives; I survive!"

"The mind heals; it accomplishes miracles."

"Many strange things are going on in the world which no one yet understands."

"All these things enhance my faith, my powers, my chances of success and wealth and happiness." ■

— Curtis Fuller, in a memo to his staff, October 13, 1954.

Curt had a role in producing the conference, as I recall, so the invitation was also a chance to meet Curt and Mary face to face. I did just that, not only at the conference but also at a restaurant where we went for dinner. I was in my early 30s; they were several decades older. But they seemed to take no notice of our age difference and drew me into their family circle as a respected intellectual equal. I thoroughly enjoyed their company.

Over the years, our time in actual face-to-face meetings was quite limited when measured by the clock, but with some people a few minutes can be sufficient to convey light-years of hard-won information and thoughtful contemplation.

For me, Curt and Mary were like that. They liked to share the fruits of their labors, in personal conversation as well as through the magazine. They were warm, caring human beings deeply alive to the wonder and mystery of life, and they responded vibrantly to those who approached them on that basis. They laughed easily because they were relaxed about life rather than uptight. They were serious but not somber. In short, they treated me like a son in terms of hospitality and like a brother in terms of shared interests.

They had enormous curiosity about "The Strange and the Unknown," as FATE's masthead put it when I first wrote for them. Later it became "The World's Mysteries Explored." Whatever the words, the meaning behind them was the same:



their deep desire to know the Truth. Curt and Mary were willing to look at the entire range of claims about the paranormal and the unverified, but they brought a healthy dose of skepticism to bear on those claims. They were able to keep an open mind without having a hole in the head. As far as I know, neither was a trained scientist, but both seemed to be able, self-taught students of science, with good "crap detectors."

Those detectors were built through years of investigating phenomena, considering evidence, and challenging not just their writers (they certainly put strong demands on me to back up assertions in my writing with more facts and references than I'd given) but also themselves. They did not rest on laurels or take a superior attitude about their large understanding of the world. They were unpretentious — I could even say humble — people who cared more about living and learning and educating their readership than about strutting their stuff. My life has been deeply enriched by knowing Curt and Mary Fuller. ■

**John White** is a literary agent in Cheshire, Connecticut. The Fullers retired and sold FATE to Llewellyn Worldwide in 1988. Curt died on April 29, 1991; Mary followed him 14 months later on June 30, 1992. Their benign and powerful influence on us will always be felt.