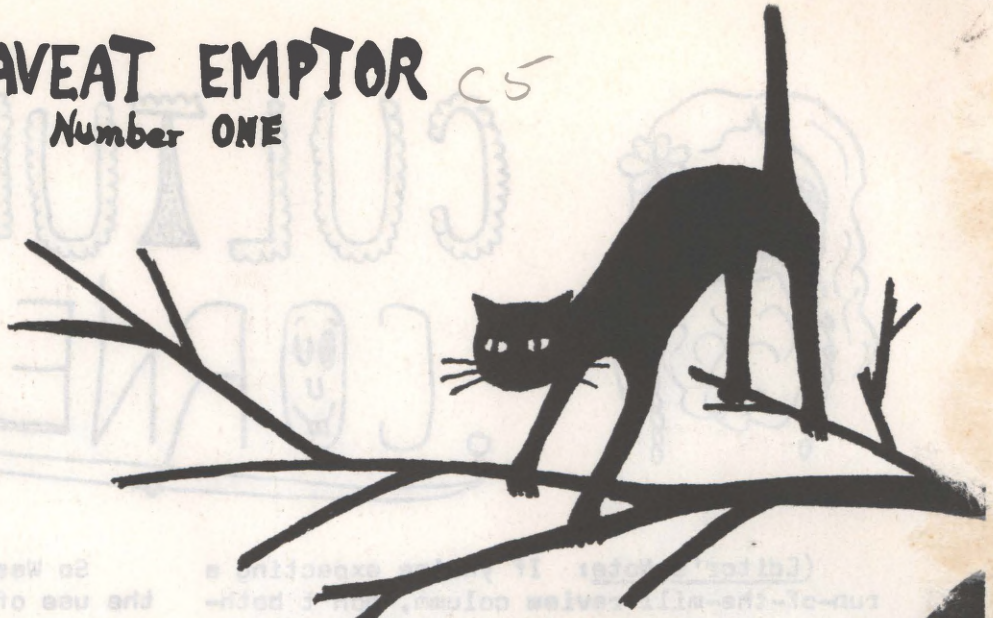
CAVEAT EMPTOR

Number ONE







C5



CULTURE CORNER



(Editor's Note: If you're expecting a run-of-the-mill review column, don't bother to read any further. CULTURE CORNER is a potpourri of anything we find of unusual interest, be it a record, book, magazine, movie or (strange as it may seem) television show. We emphasize that the material reviewed must be of unusual interest! And we invite you to send us material - or even a completed review.

We'll make it clear that the reviews published here express the opinions of the author (s). They do not necessarily reflect the views of the Staff of CAVEAT EMPTOR. We welcome your comments, pro or con!)

* * *

THE POISONS IN YOUR FOOD

By William Longgood - Pyramid Books, New York - 1969 - 95¢.

This book is recommended for weight-watchers. It will take away your appitite!

But there surely are no poisons in my food, thinks the complacent consumer. After all, there are laws.

Yes, there are laws! But the laws are not strict enough, and the laws are not properly enforced.

You are probably aware that vast amounts of insecticides are used on crops. It has become accepted practice. Few people any longer see anything peculiar in saturating our food with poison.

This is done to increase production.

Farmers are paid not to grow crops. One of the government's many headaches is how to dispose of surplus foods.

So Washington permits, even encourages the use of pesticides, to increase production.

Sometimes I wonder about people.

But surely only safe pesticides....

Yeah. Here is an example, taken from page 77: "One manufacturer of these compounds warns that after application workers should keep out of the treated fields for thirty days unless wearing protective clothes and masks."

The man is talking about the food you eat!

Now let's suppose you can avoid the pesticides. (You can't. But just suppose.) Surely now you can eat in safety.

Uh - uh. There are still the additives to contend with. The average American consumes three pounds of additives per year.

Don't laugh at the dangers because they haven't killed you yet. How many times have you been sick in the past year? Maybe you haven't been really sick. But could you claim to be really healthy? Or do you accept your quota of headaches, colds and assorted discomforts as an inevitable part of life?

You know, it doesn't have to be that way. The natural condition of the body is health not sickness. Getting rid of the pesticides and additives may not cure what ails you; but it's sure to be a step in the right direction.

Why not join the growing movement back to organically grown, unprocessed food? If enough people make enough noise, maybe our supermarkets will get the message and start supplying more of it. Meanwhile, we can always raise our own.

- Geneva Steinberg

(continued on page 22)

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C A V E A T
E M P T O R

Fall, 1971

Co-Editors:
Gene & Geneva Steinberg

First Aide:
Wallace Steinberg*

Mental Health Editor:
Kenneth Alpert

Correspondent:
Frank Bertrand

Staff Ogre:
Fred Broman

Spiritual Advisor:
Allen Greenfield

UFOlogist Undaunted:
Rick Hilberg

Court Jester:
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Kibbitzer-At-Large:
Chris Riesbeck

Silence Artist:
Barbara Yarosevich

Mascot:
Ellie

*Mr. Steinberg appears in this magazine courtesy of Johnson & Johnson.

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"We are kept ignorant not by the things we don't know, but by the things we know that ain't so."
- Author Unknown

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EDITORIALS
By Eugene Steinberg

If the time it takes to produce a magazine had any connection with the quality of the finished product, then this first issue of CAVEAT EMPTOR must surely be the finest example of reading material to grace the printed page. We do not, however, make any such pretense, nor do we expect you to believe that all of the time since the idea for this magazine was conceived three years ago has been spent in producing the finished product.

The purpose of CAVEAT EMPTOR is to explore all avenues of the "unknown." By that we do not necessarily limit our coverage to flying saucers, extra sensory perception and similar borderline fields. We are concerned with any aspect of life that demands further understanding. Politics and religion are within the scope of this magazine, and we also hope to present intelligent satire in forthcoming issues.

Many of the charter subscribers to CAVEAT EMPTOR come to us from borderline fields, and no doubt expect that a large portion of the magazine will deal with these subjects. This is true. In fact, the tale of the obstacles we have encountered since planning this magazine would make a fine story. Without going into detail at this time, let me say that the Editors have had to move to a new location every time we were on the verge of bringing out CAVEAT EMPTOR.

* * *

As many of you know, we are not newcomers to the offbeat. We have been connected with magazines publishing this type of material for over 10 years. But despite this past experience, we are the first to admit that there is a tremendous amount we do not know about these subjects. One of the purposes of this magazine is information, not only for the reader, but the Editors as well.

This admission notwithstanding, we will proceed to present a few ideas for you to consider.

The Air Force has given up its UFO investigating project, and relegated its saucer data to the Air Force archives in Alabama - yet flying saucers are still scooting about the skies. In fact, looking back to that year, we managed to turn up more sightings in the months following the announcement from the Air Force than in the months preceding.

One of the sightings was made by the Editors last year on a chilly February evening. The details would bore you; the usual pinpoint of light in the sky, that travels at a tremendous rate of speed, and soon vanishes in the distance. No evidence save for the eyewitness testimony of two persons who cannot be considered unprejudiced in such matters.

We do have some strong ideas on the subject, and these same ideas cause us to distrust many of the folks who purport to be experts on UFOs. Little that the so-called experts have done has contributed one iota to the solution of the UFO enigma. And as the mystery deepens, we find that some of them have abandoned UFO investigation, because of disillusionment or frustration. Many who embarked upon research in the early 1950's have given up; their early hopes for a quick solution dashed by the increasing complexity of the problem they confronted.

If anything, the UFO problem is complex, from the persons who study the phenomenon to the discs themselves. The conventional explanation that we are dealing with spacecraft that will eventually land and reveal their origin no longer holds water. Flying saucers have been observed since the dawn of man's recorded history in one way or another.

The presence of a persistent phenomenon for centuries suggests at least the possibility that they are closely related to our own world. The lead article in this issue even contends that they have caused vast changes in the course of human history.

Of course, this is a ripe area for speculation, but we're not going to detail all of our thoughts just yet. We have been working on several different theories, researching books, magazines and in-

dividual reports, and we hope to have something concrete to present in future issues.

But we caution the reader that we have not fallen for the "I've got the answer" syndrome, prevalent among many occult researchers these days. As we said when we began this discussion, there is much that we do not know about UFOs, ESP, and related topics. Any ideas that we might suggest should not be accepted as gospel, but merely as "food for thought," speculation to be carefully dissected and (if necessary) discarded in favor of more plausible theories.

Interest in UFOs appears to be waning these days, but the opposite is true about "Astrology." We place the term in quotes not because we are denying the possibility of any scientific connotation to the term - that would be defeating the whole purpose of this magazine - but simply that we have no firm conclusions. Most "horoscopes" we have read make predictions that are hardly more than generalizations; suggestions that can be made, we think, without recourse to charts and figures about the motion of the stars and planets.

But skepticism does not mean disbelief. We will let the weight of evidence convince us one way or the other. Does anyone wish to present such evidence in these pages?

* * *

Time was when so-called flying saucer researchers delighted in writing exposes of other flying saucer researchers. This practice was in vogue during the field's "golden era," extending from the mid-1950's to the mid-1960's. The usual gambit was to brand a particular person as one of a group of villans created to give the saucer buff something to release his hostilities upon.

The most heinous villan was of course the Air Force, which agency has since gracefully vacated the spotlight. Towards the end of 1965, and especially during 1966, one of the largest saucer clubs in existence at that time was catapulted to the number two position among saucer villans. The club, recently reorganized, was NICAP, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena. Third, if by no means the least adept at deviltry, the ever-present "Three Men In Black."

Unfortunately, it would probably take a large book to explain why this all came about. Suffice it to say that with the demise of the "golden era" went most of its public figures, heroes and villans alike. All that is left of this legacy, a few rumblings about the "Men In Black."

If you think there is a reason for recalling these half-faded memories at this time, you are quite right! Like the aged movie actor who preys for the return of the glory of the 1930's, like a ghost from the past came one day earlier this year a letter from a small UFO club in a major northeastern city.

For a moment we thought the letter (written to James W. Moseley, ex-publisher of SAUCER NEWS) might have been left catching dust for six years in a safe deposit vault before being mailed. Yet the date on the letter proved otherwise. As the ancient tribes before him who worshipped the dead, this young man expressed his eagerness to print 1971's first (and most assuredly last) flying saucer expose!

The object of the expose: The aforementioned erstwhile magazine publisher and this writer. The conclusion: That one Richard E. Wallace, former book reviewer for SAUCER NEWS, and Eugene Steinberg were one and the same.

For those of you who might have tuned in late, Richard E. Wallace was a "house" name used by both SAUCER NEWS and The UFO REPORTER. Owing to my position of leadership with these magazines, I was often accused of being the power behind the throne. But like some of the early pulp fiction "authors," Richard E. Wallace was a catch-all banner, which covered the writings of no less than five different persons. Two of those persons are, naturally, the Co-Editors of CAVEAT EMPTOR. The third, Kenneth Alpert....but why go on?

Yes, for a moment, we felt the enthusiasm and innocence of bygone days, when the world was younger, and there were thousands of starry-eyed men and women who found a sense of wonder, a feeling of imminent discovery, in those silvery discs that descended from the skies.

It is to grieve.

(continued)

* * *

For years, there was a small band of people - largely regarded as fanatics - who told anyone who would listen about the dangers of pollution, pesticides, food additives and so forth. Their cries, for the most part, fell on deaf ears. It was regarded as something akin to treason to dare question the wisdom of state governments who would let any industry build a plant without a moment's thought of the possible destructive effects to our environment. The Food and Drug Administration was nearly sacrosanct!

Maybe it's a case of "too little, too late," but in recent years the public appears to have awakened to the dangers of air and water pollution. If you are a resident of a large city, no doubt you have experienced frequent colds, cough spasms, watery eyes, and general aches and pains. Many of these illnesses can be blamed on harmful pollutants in our atmosphere.

A consequence of the new awareness of the importance of ecology is a growing concern about malnutrition, even among middle and high income groups. It is becoming more and more evident that the highly-touted American diet is not all it's cracked up to be.

Health food stores are sprouting up all over the country. Hundreds of thousands of people fed up with artificial foods and chemical additives are flocking to these new establishments. Increasing numbers of the nation's farmers have given up chemical fertilizers and pesticides, and are growing natural and organic foods.

In our limited experience with organic foods we have learned two things: They taste better. It is amazing how washed out and anemic ordinary food seems after trying the natural-grown variety. Also, we have had less colds, and have managed to escape most of the outbreaks of influenza and respiratory disease.

Thus, the old fashioned methods of Agriculture do appear to have much in their favor. Some food companies have already jumped on the bandwagon and proclaimed their wares as free of preservatives and artificial flavorings. The Food and Drug Administration has announced their intention to retest some of the thousands of chemical additives that are available to see if there are any harmful effects.

Of course, all this might be another fad - here today, gone tomorrow! Forgive us, though, if we hope for something more.

* * *

Sometimes we think the type of speculation we are about to indulge in is best left to the realm of nightmares. We can accept the fact that thoughts about the U.S. becoming a police state can impinge on the consciousness while asleep. The experience will be none too pleasant, but one takes comfort in the knowledge that it was only a dream.

But dreams occasionally have a nasty habit of coming true.

Recently, like an Orwellian nightmare, it was revealed in Washington that the Army, engaged for years in domestic intelligence activities, had gathered files on at least 25 million American citizens. These dossiers had been indexed, microfilmed, and even programmed on computers.

Army operatives would start gathering data on an individual on the flimsiest of excuses. If you happened to visit the grave of Martin Luther King, Jr., it was a good idea not to say anything, because Army agents were listening, and once they learned of your existence, your privacy would, like that dream, become an illusion. Even the college student who did not participate in campus demonstrations wasn't safe. An article in Life magazine recently disclosed how an employee at Columbia University was handing over confidential academic records to military intelligence.

We can well understand the need to keep tabs on possible subversives. But it stretches one's imagination well past the breaking point to believe that we have 25 million of them running around loose in this country!

Evidently Congress got the message, because all this spying on us has supposedly come to a halt. Unfortunately, no one can say for certain that all the files have been destroyed. Many folders were reportedly sent to the FBI, or some other civilian intelligence agency. Pun intended.

So it seems that "Big Brother," older and wiser, is still out there watching us.

* * * * * *

A NEW PERSPECTIVE:
THE "ALTERNATE REALITY" THEORY EXPLAINED

By Allen H. Greenfield

I. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

This essay is an introduction to a special line of theoretical thought about the nature of reality. It seems appropriate that I briefly introduce myself to any readers who do not know me of know of me. I am a UFOlogist. A UFOlogist is one who studies unidentified flying objects. My research in this and related areas has caused me to speculate on the nature of reality. I am Founder and Executive Director of the Foundation for Philosophic Advancement, which does work in this general area.

II. STATING THE PROBLEM

If one surveys the whole of human history with a sharp and somewhat jaded eye, one might notice some disturbing historic events which do not seem to fit in with the orthodox explanations that we are accustomed to hearing.

For example, we are perhaps all somewhat familiar with the stories of fairies, leprechauns, and so forth. One thing that is bothersome is the ubiquity of such stories, which span the whole of recorded history. If we were to zero in on this particular mythology, we might find an amazing link-up with other strange phenomena. This in itself is interesting.

Yet, the puzzle only begins here. For "elves," or whatever you care to call them, are only one of many historical anomalies. Other examples are the records of strange animals, mysterious disappearances, and objects in the sky. Most or all of these can be fit into a single web of phenomena.

The problem, then, is this: What do these variables indicate? Are they manifestations of a psychological phenomenon, as per Carl Jung? Or are they real in some objective sense? In either case, what are the implications?

III. A CASE IN POINT

In January of 1967, a considerable number of unidentified flying objects were reported near Cartersville, Georgia. Such reports come from many areas, but one thing of special interest here was the centering of the reports around the Etowah Mounds. Although once inhabited by Indians, this ancient site is of unknown origin.

There has been much conjecture about the relationship between such sites all over the world, and sightings of unidentified objects. There has, in fact, been some thought that the UFOs fly along lines between such monuments. Research in this area has recently been undertaken in Great Britain.

IV. A PATTERN?

All these things can leave one a bit cold. Individual cases may prove little or nothing. But when we look at many different cases, involving various types of phenomena, we might see a pattern emerging.

For the moment, let us not consider the non-physical or the natural phenomena solutions - keeping in mind that this is only a working step, and these possibilities must also be dealt with.

So, then, what do we have? We have, throughout recorded history, stories of things that seem to come from the <u>outside</u>; that is, not part of what we would consider normal affairs. We are dealing with mythic phenomena, but in a very real way. We read of strange beings and ordinary people, appearing and disappearing. If these tales are based on fact, what pattern can we apply to explain it?

V. THE INTERPLANETARY SOLUTION

When we think of flying saucers, one thing that comes readily to mind is the possibility that we might be dealing with some extraterrestrial force.

The idea has merit, although there are certain objections that must be dealt

with. For one thing, our ever-increasing knowledge of science is placing a damper on this idea. Present scientific evidence shows a minimum possibility of advanced life elsewhere within our solar system. And for reasons including light-speed factors and the vastness of inter-stellar space, it is less likely that inhabitants of other systems could travel here in great numbers. These difficulties are perhaps not insurmountable, but they should be taken into consideration.

There is also the nature of the phenomena being dealt with: These things seem to be intimately tied in with human history, although admittedly they are usually excluded from the textbooks.

Add to these factors another: The almost (?) supernatural nature of these manifestations.

We cannot completely disprove the interplanetary thesis, but there is certainly good reason to seek out another hypothesis which might be more easily applied to the data available.

VI. ENTER AR

The "Alternate Reality" thoery might offer the necessary qualifications.

"Alternate Reality," or AR, is a theory based on the idea that one or more worlds exist outside the perspective to which we are accustomed. Such worlds would not necessarily be of the "4th dimension," but could be caused by some condition completely outside of our experience.

The theory goes on to speculate that one or more of these hypothetical alternate worlds are in some way connected with our own world-universe. These worlds might exist in the same place, yet seperately; for a rough analogy, think of the different channels on your television set.

It is further speculated that the inhabitants of one or more of these worlds may be in communication with our own world, and may in fact have been so for as long as our own universe has existed. The reasons for this theory would be fairly obvious. It explains much or all of the historical anomalies, without a great amount of point-stretching. In light of this theory, one could explain such things as:

VISIONS: Visions may be a glimpse of one or more of these hypothetical alternate realities. Ordinarily, perhaps through a form of "psychic block," we are unable to see these worlds. Some persons may be more gifted at seeing such worlds and are "visionaries" or "psychics." Others may see such visions only under the influence of drugs, etc. Some may become able to see these alternate worlds, but are unable to relate to them. Such persons would become mentally ill.

FLYING SAUCERS: If there is interpenetration between these worlds, flying saucers could be vehicles from one or more of them.

DISAPPEARANCES: It is quite possible that an intentional or unintentional merger of realities could happen at any location at any time. On such occasions, a person might, in full view of others, seem to disappear when in fact the person has dropped into - or been pulled into - an alternate world.

The possibilities are tremendous. The theory may, of course, be quite erroneous. I am myself by no means committed to it. But I would suggest that a strong argument in its favor is the very fact that it provides a key to so many unanswered questions.

VII. THE OTHER POSSIBILITIES

As mentioned previously, there are other ideas that have merit. However, to explain all of these variables by Jungian psychology would be extremely interesting: Here we seem to run afoul of cases of multiple sightings of strange phenomena at the same time, and the cases of physical evidence of one sort or another; photographs, radar, or whatever.

The possibility of "combination" sources also exists. This does not necessarily conflict with the AR theory. For example, one could easily develop a theory linking AR and the interplanetary concept.

VIII. SUMMARY AND COMMENT

We see, therefore, a discrepancy between the generally accepted version of history and some of the oddities that have appeared in substantial numbers, perhaps

(continued on page 25)

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THE CAVEAT EMPTOR INTERVIEW: RAY PALMER

(Editor's Note: Aside from Charles Fort, Ray Palmer was perhaps the first person in modern times to collect and publish information on flying saucers. Palmer is best known for his connection with the so-called "Shaver mystery." The mystery concerns Richard Shaver, who first told readers of "Amazing Stories" magazine nearly thirty years ago about an inhabited world beneath the Earth. This world, Shaver said, was peopled by the malevolent deros and the benevolent teros.

Shaver's stories were heavily edited by Palmer, and were first presented as science-fiction. Then Palmer shocked (and even alienated) the science-fiction fans of that era when he claimed that Shaver's accounts of life in that subterranean world were true.

Palmer entered the flying saucer field on the ground floor, as one of the co-founders of "Fate" magazine, noted as the first regular source of UFO information. Today, Palmer lives quietly with his family in Amherst, Wisconsin, a small farming community in the northern part of the state. His publishing operations, which include four magazines and numerous books, are headquartered at his home. He seldom ventures forth into the outside world.

In October of 1965, accompanied by several friends in the UFO field, I visited Palmer at his home. The interview you are about to read has never been published in any magazine; the original tape was broadcast in December, 1965 over a popular college radio station in the northeast. A small part of the interview is not included, because the comments and information are largely outdated. The rest of the interview is still quite timely, however. In fact, Palmer gives some surprising insights into the Shaver mystery, even revealing a facet of Shaver's life that has never been discussed publicly before. A response from Shaver appears next issue.)

* * * *

CAVEAT EMPTOR: Ray, you first heard about Richard Shaver, when he wrote to you while you were the Editor of "Amazing Stories." What did that first letter contain?

RAY PALMER: Well, his first letter contained what he called an alphabet to an ancient language which he thought ought not to be lost. The language consisted of a definition for each letter: "A" being for animal and "B" being for exist and so on down the line.

And I thought it was interesting enough to publish it to see whether our readers would agree with it or find that there was actually nothing to it. And we got something like - oh - 3 or 400 letters, and many of these readers went to the trouble of analyzing the definitions that Shaver gave me in relation to the languages which they knew, including Japanese and Spanish and French and even down so far as Sanscrit. And they gave me percentages of accuracy and they said that it was remarkable because, on the laws of chance, we were into something which probably had basis to it.

CE: Did Shaver tell you where he got the alphabet from?

PALMER: Shaver said he got them from an underground people called the deros and the teros - dero being for the - sort of the bad guys, so to speak, and teros being the good guys, but he claimed that the Earth is honeycombed with caverns and that these caverns extend incredible distances into the Earth, and that they're still inhabited with descendents of a race of people who left the Earth about 12,000 years ago, because it was becoming radioactive, and that now, because of the radioactivity, these people in the caves are degenerated so that they don't have much intelligence. But they do have the ancient machines left by the ancient race which increases intelligence, but the machines themselves being contaminated, evil

things resulted, and where we get all the legends of Satan and the devil and demons and imps - actually come from these real people he says live down there.

CE: This is all quite interesting, but as you know Ray, the science-fiction readers of that time regarded these claims as nothing more than highly improbable fiction. Did Shaver present any evidence that these stories were true?

PALMER: No, Shaver never presented any evidence, except that we did get 50,000 or more letters from readers who said that the same things had happened to them. In other words, they did hear these voices, and the voices said identical things.

I went to the trouble of asking readers to report to me regularly what the voices said. And I found many of them would be identical even as to wording. And I got the impression that somehow or other maybe these people were tuned into something which had a common origin, such as a, shall I call it a secret radio station?

If somebody in Australia hears the program and somebody in England hears it, they both report they heard voices - the voices say the same thing - I would say that the radio station in Australia was real or wherever it was.

I say something was broadcasting, and in this respect I felt that what Shaver was reporting had a basis in fact, so I asked him: What's it all about? And he wrote his series of stories, which detailed the history of the Earth for many thousands of years, which, of course, all these people took as science-fiction - and we presented it as science-fiction. But I kept getting letters from people saying "You can say it's fiction, but we know it's true, because we've been there too."

Now the question comes then, was Shaver actually in the caves? He said: "I was in the caves eight years." Now this is a thing that you've got to accept on faith. How can you prove it? Unless you can prove otherwise.

Fortunately, I was able to prove otherwise, and I haven't told yet what it is that I've proved. But I know he wasn't in the caves. And I say this in a physical sense: He was not in the caves, such as you and I could go into a cave and say, "Here I am!"

But he was somewhere, and this somewhere, of course, is - you can take two viewpoints. One that it's in his own mind, which is true enough. But physically, I wanted to know where he was, and I was able to find that out. And he spent eight years in an insane asylum!

Now he has an ailment which is not unfamiliar to psychiatrists. But being incarcerated like this, he retreated into himself and lived in an imaginary world. That's what the psychiatrists say. And I disagree here. He didn't retreat into an imaginary world. Mentally, he entered a very real world. And I don't believe that it's in actual caves in the Earth. I believe - now we get into the - what the psychics say is the astral. So if he went anywhere, it was into the astral.

Now I don't say that's where he went, because I don't have any proof that there is an astral. I know there is some place where voices come from. And on that basis I think you're getting a bit of information here that nobody else has gotten as yet, and I don't know what Shaver will think about it. But he will not be able to disagree with you, because he admits this to me.

CE: Is the Shaver mystery in any way related to the so-called flying saucer-mystery?

PALMER: Well, in the first place, Shaver described the flying saucers, and predicted their appearance. And all this he said from the information he got from the caves. So whether it comes from the astral or whether it comes from his own mental process of some kind, the information was correct and the information he's given us has been correct so many times that it's impossible to discard it as fiction. It's impossible to discard it on the basis - oh well he was crazy, he's in an insane asylum, don't pay any more attention to him.

CE: Have you ever had any experiences similar to the ones Shaver says he's had?

(continued)

PALMER: Yes, I've experienced enough to know that it's nothing to fool with. Now when attempts are made on your life, you get rather cautious about it.

I can remember one instance we were putting out a special issue of "Amazing Stories" devoted entirely to Shaver. Now you may remember the special Shaver mystery issue. Well, this issue when we wanted to send it to press, we ran into all sorts of incredible complications. For instance, we had a page involving some mathematics, which meant it had to be set up with all the proper mathematical symbols.

Well, Hall Printing Company, who set it up, has all these symbols, but the proof-reading was going to be a matter of personal attention, because I wanted it to be correct. You want to prove something, you can't have an error. And when this one page of mathematics came back, there were more than 200 errors on this one page! And we went to the man who typeset it. They had given it to their best man. He looked at it. He says: "I didn't set this." But they were able to show him his own slug at the top, which he couldn't explain. He says: "I didn't set it." Now who did? There wasn't a man in the plant that set that....

Now Shaver says they can take over a man's mind, and make him do things he doesn't realize he's doing. I think this was a pretty good example of it. But the main point I want to get at here is that when we finally got the book ready to go to the printer, I had it all okayed, and I was ready to run.

I had - my wife was in the hospital having another baby, and I had my first daughter with me, so I had to take her to the Hall Printing plant with me. And I approached the intersection, and I had the green light. And there was a car waiting there for the red light, and I got the sudden impression that - that he was just waiting for me, so I got my foot on the brake and I got ready. And just as I crossed the intersection, this fellow came out at me. He still had the red light, and I tried to evade him, and he followed me all over, but I finally got around him.

Well, when I stopped, he had also stopped past the intersection and he was laughing. He was actually laughing at me. and I felt that somehow or other, this man had gotten the same influence that the typesetter had gotten. He was out to kill me! There was no question about it!

CE: And you say this was caused by something other than coincidence?

PALMER: Coincidence yes, but how many times must you have a coincidence?....

This history of bad luck in relation to the Shaver mystery is common to almost everybody. And I don't know whether it has any basis in a mechanical thing, but let's assume that the human mind is a functioning organ, and maybe we all have the same psychosis on this, and when we get together and start to talk about it, subconsciously we create these obstructions ourselves, or the conditions that might bring them about.

I'm trying to explain it in the way a psychiatrist would. But you see, there is no explanation for these things! There just isn't! Unless you say Shaver is correct, and this nobody seems willing to do.

CE: Didn't Life magazine publish a story about the Shaver mystery?

PALMER: They ran eight pages in one issue, which I think is a lot to devote to the Shaver mystery, and apparently - well, they didn't - they certainly didn't play it up as true. They more or less ridiculed it, but they did play it straight from the fact that Shaver felt that these things were true.

They said Shaver is true, is what they said, but they didn't say what Shaver says is true, which is the smart way to handle it, but they did give us eight pages....

CE: Ray, do you think we'll ever solve the flying saucer mystery? Do you think we will ever get some concrete evidence as to the reality of flying saucers?

PALMER: No!....We've been in this thing now since - well, I've been in it since '43. Actually, the flying saucer saga as it's understood today began in '47 with Kenneth Arnold's sighting.

Now we've been in it this long, and what have we arrived at? We don't know

anything more today than we did when we started. Nothing we can prove. And I would think it would be a scientific assumption to assume that now, after all these years of effort, we're going to come up in the future with exactly the same thing. Why should it change? Why should the pattern suddenly change? Are we going to have a terrific revelation that's going to solve this all for us? I don't think so.

My frank opinion of the flying saucers is one that they exist, that they are in various phases of existence, one physical, which we could actually ride in, if we could find one willing to take us for a ride - what the mystics call the astral, or what a religious person might call heaven or what a theoretical scientist might call a fifth dimension, or anything you want to call it. But somewhere there is a reality to it of a multi-sided nature.

And I think that we're not alone on this planet, and you get into the occult and the metaphysical and the religious. We're all going to die someday, and we say we're going to heaven, but we don't tell ourselves where this is, and my personal conviction is that it's a real place, and I, Ray Palmer, am going to go on, maybe publishing books or magazines, or running a press, but I don't expect to do anything beyond my present abilities or capabilities or interests.

I don't - I'm not going to be suddenly translated to a harp player, or singing at a throne or someplace. I don't think I would like it.

So, I think that the condition of the spiritual and mental and metaphysical, or whatever you want to call it - development of mankind is so far behind his mechanical development that we've got to have a balance.

Now if there is a power somewhere which is interested in a balance on this planet, the flying saucers would be an excellent way to - just to make us think. So to prove to us exactly what they were would make us stop thinking again. We've got the problem solved, why go ahead further? So, I think the mystery is only going to deepen.

CE: Ray, you have often claimed to have what you call a "fact," some information that allows you to judge whether a UFO sighting or other event is true or false. Can you tell us something about the "fact" or when you might be able to reveal something about it?

PALMER: Well, this "fact" I'm talking about is like the thing I mentioned theoretically before we began this little recording.

What if somebody asked me if - or told me that he'd seen a flying saucer landed in his back yard, and he'd been invited aboard, and it took him to the North Pole, where he descended into the water and saw Russian atomic submarine installations and so on. I'm not naming any names here, but this is a specific analysis.

I would say I don't believe a word of it, and I would say this because of the "fact" that I know.

Now I wouldn't go to the person involved and say you're a liar, because he isn't! He's telling the absolute truth as he sees it, and this is where my "fact" comes in. I understand why he would say this....

To get back to this particular thing: I say what he is saying is not realistically true, that he didn't take this trip and that I couldn't duplicate it! And I couldn't have gone along with him. But I want to call your attention to what Scully originally said in his book,* in which he talked about this "Mr. Gee" and the fact that there was a flying saucer at some Air Force base, and that "Mr. Gee" had seen the bodies of three little men about three feet tall and that they had a time system based on the Venus' calendar and so on - watches, chronometers which registered on a Venus system of time rather than Earth.

And the one peculiar thing he put in his book which made me believe him - I disbelieve the rest of it entirely - he said that these little people were dressed in clothing peculiar to the Spaniards of 400 years ago. And when he said that, I believed him. Now this will give you an indication of how far-out my "fact" must

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*"Behind the Flying Saucers," by Frank Scully, Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1950 - Editor.

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THE DEATH THROES OF UFOLOGY

By Lt. Philip Cestling, USAR

As we enter the decade of the '70's, the science of UFOlogy, if there ever was such a thing, seems about to breathe its last. Whatever the saucers and their alleged occupants are, they appear to have abandoned us. It wasn't too long ago that UFOs moved legislators, generals, scientists, and even Congressional committees. Of late, most of these notables - whose attention was attracted only briefly to the phenomenon - have returned to more meaningful persuits. The Field has been left in the not too competent hands of crackpots, money-grubbers, and teen-age study groups.

The tragic state of UFOlogy is amply illustrated by two recent flying saucer conventions, the first on the West Coast, the more recent on the East Coast. At both events, I was able to mingle freely with some of the so-called "leaders" of the Field, and to observe them in unguarded moments. The overall impression was, to say the least, sickening.

The Giant Rock Spacecraft Convention, on the California desert, is an annual conclave of the Faithful which has been held regularly since 1953. Back in the 1950's, newspaper publicity and high public interest in the UFOs combined to attract several thousand people to such weekend conventions. True believers, mostly of the "little old lady in tennis shoes" variety, filled the coffers of the various lecturers, each of whom had a convenient outdoor stand of some sort to hawk his wares. No one seemed to care that, for the most part, the same lecturers gave the same speeches year after year. The lecturers made a good living, the Faithful got their annual dose of Truth, and everyone was happy.

Not so, however, in the year 1970. By then, the ranks of the "leaders" were thinned considerably by deaths, dispair, alleged disappearances, and depleted finances. The surging crowds of yesteryear were largely missing - replaced by bands of hippies and motorcycle toughs who smoked marajuana openly in the hills overlooking the Rock, and yelled obscenities down at the "hard core." Drunkenness, drugs and violence were the order of the day.

Even George Van Tassel, the genial host of the Rock, could not dispute or ignore the fact that both the quantity and quality of the crowd had changed radically over the years. While professing to be in tune with the changing times, he nevertheless admitted that the 1971 convention, if it takes place at all, will probably be held indoors, where the audience can be properly screened.

Among the scenes witnessed: Stan Friedman, a physicist from the University of Pennsylvania, hawking his material at one of the outdoor booths, just like one of the huckster contactees might do. Friedman has apparently lectured with some success at colleges and other institutions around the country - yet he seemed to find no difficulty in sinking to the level of the environment, rather than making a meaningful attempt to raise the environment to a more scientific level. His speech at the Rock could hardly be called crackpot. Instead, it was insipid and dull, and seemed to stir up a vast wave of apathy among the small crowd who were half-pretending to listen.

Another memorable scene: Saucer author Gray Barker, arriving apparently hungover and bleary-eyed at 4:00 p.m. to set up his booth, after all but one of the day's speakers had already finished. Barker, who has been a consistent exploiter of saucer fans for almost two decades, was accompanied by James W. Moseley (former Editor of SAUCER NEWS) and other followers. Moseley, to be sure, has not bilked the public as methodically as Barker over the years. However, he is to be remembered for having sponsored, in New York City in 1967, the most blatantly commercial UFO convention ever undertaken. This time the pair was sorely disappointed, as their books failed to move, except sadly back into the cartons in which they arrived.

Still another nauseating moment was the annual showing of "Dr." Frank E. Stranges' documentary film, cryptically

called "Phenomena 7.7." The eerie title supposedly honors the fact that the U.S. Air Force (now out of the saucer business) is unable to explain 7.7 percent of the reported UFO sightings. This crudely-made film has been "updated" in recent years by the addition of stock footage showing rockets blasting off from Cape Kennedy. The distorted accounts of "classic" UFO cases, accompanied by ludicrous re-enactments of same, remain unchanged. The only new factor this year was the howl of obscenities from the hopped-up kids in the nearby hills, which all but drowned out the sound track. Strangely enough, the disturbance brought few complaints from the audience.

A few other tired voices from the past were present at the Rock: Dan Fry, Founder, Director, and possibly sole remaining active member of "Understanding," once again entertained with his imaginative account of having flown across the continent in a UFO in 30 minutes. Vern Cameron, inventor of the "Aura-Meter" and various other psychic devices, was on hand for demonstrations of his outlandish machinery. Gabriel Green, President of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, and former candidate for President of the U.S.A. ("Abe in 1860, Gabe in 1960") declined to commit himself to any further political aspirations. Mel Noel, that controversial refugee from a Brazilian saucer base, almost unwittingly convinced some members of the audience to chip in for a one-way ticket to send him back to Brazil! Trevor James, who is shunned by most of the other contactees, because the entities he meets are "too negative," was around to spread appropriate vibrations.

Host George Van Tassel was ever-present to fill in between the other speakers (since it was his mike and his podium). He told us again about the philosophy and general habits of the Space People. However, he was unable to predict when, if ever, he will complete his legendary "Integreton" - the alleged rejuvenation machine for which the Saucerians supplied the plans. The "machine," lying dormant as usual, was constructed with the hard-earned money of the Faithful...

And so, let us pass from this mockery of science and reason to a somewhat less sordid scene. This particular event took place in Baltimore, Md., in January of this year. Here (though the audience was only slightly more stable than at the Rock), there was a genuine and successful effort to limit the list of speakers to reasonably qualified, educated people. In other words, not a single lecturer from the Rock, with the possible exception of Mr. Friedman, would have been allowed to speak here, had he been present.

The Baltimore convention was sponsored by the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO). One of the organization's top officials, Coral Lorenzen, came all the way from her home in Tucson, Arizona for the occasion. Actually, Mrs. Lorenzen was one of the very few speakers who lacked a science degree of some sort.

Among those heard was Ted Spickler, assistant professor of physics at West Liberty State College (Wheeling, W. Va.). Spickler gave a rather convincing rebuttal to Philip Klass' well-publicized contention that UFOs are nothing more mysterious than rare forms of ball lightning. Also heard was Dr. Berthold Schwartz, a psychiatrist who has studied several UFO cases objectively and in great depth. Dr. Schwartz is to be commended for introducing this particular scientific discipline to UFOlogy, as the Field, or at least many of its leading members, seem to be in desperate need of some sort of therapy. Another featured speaker was Thomas Olsen, a nuclear engineer. Olsen gave a well-documented but quite tedious account of his computer project which reduces the common features of about 160 typical UFO sighting reports to a data processing system.

The main speaker at the evening session was Dr. J. Allen Hynek of Northwestern University, former chief scientific consultant to the Air Force's very negative and very defunct UFO investigating project. These days, Dr. Hynek has turned part-time pro-saucer lecturer and devotee. Although perhaps the country's best-qualified UFO spokesman, Dr. Hynek ironically achieved his greatest public notoriety in 1966, when, quoted out of context, he used the term "marsh gas" to label a series of nationally-publicized sightings that occurred in Michigan. Although he soon retracted the statement, the term "marsh gas" has become a part of saucer folklore.

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HOW TO TELL A SPOOKLIGHT FROM AN AIRPORT BEACON

By Eugene Steinberg

Curse the Interstate Highway system! The Federal watchdogs of our welfare conceived this momentous plan years ago. The entire country was to be systematically tied together in a series of multilaned superhighways.

Alas, the best laid plans of bureaucrats tend to go astray at uncomfortable moments. The lovers of natural beauty do not appreciate having the scenery marred by miles of asphalt wonders. The advent of concern about ecology has resulted in court battle after court battle for rights of way. In many places across the nation, the Interstates come to an abrupt end, and motorists must resort to the overcrowded city streets, in an interminable struggle to find out where - if anywhere - the Interstate will resume.

So it was that we would our weary way over dirt roads and around construction crews. Interstate 40 in the western section of North Carolina soon ends for a time, leaving the slow-moving traffic on Route 70 in its wake. I began to wonder if the route might have been laid out by a battery of drunks, recruited from skid-row in New York City for the purpose.

At long last, we reached our destination - Morganton, North Carolina. Here we were to meet Allen Greenfield. It was early afternoon. Geneva and I were several hours late, and there was Al, fast becoming impatient over our tardiness.

"Where'd you run off to?" he yelled through his car window.

I pulled into the parking lot next to Greenfield's car, and quickly rolled down the window. "What do you mean run off to?" I replied. "I just got here!"

I was all set to apologize for my lateness, and go into a long-winded discourse about the inadequacies of government highway planning in general. Instead I was stopped cold!

It turned out that Greenfield had checked with the front office, and learned that a "Richard Wallace" had registered at the motel. By a gargantuan effort of logic-twisting, he concluded that I had used a pseudonym for some unfathomable reason.

At first, I thought he was just ribbing me, but it soon became obvious he was dead serious.

Sometimes it seems that the name "Richard Wallace" is destined to haunt me for the rest of my days. But that's another story.

At lunch, the conversation turned to spooklights.

The Brown Mountain lights are nothing new. It may seem so, what with the pulp magazines reaping a rich harvest by displaying new and incredible revelations from the backwoods of North Carolina. But if one believes the local residents, spooklights have been confounding folks in that area ever since the Indians owned the real estate.

I am a latecomer to spooklight lore, so Al briefed me on the particulars of his investigation of this long-standing mystery. He said that one of the key figures in his study was one Ralph Lael. Mr. Lael is the proprieter of the "Outer Space Rock Shop" on Route 181, just outside of the nearby Jonas Ridge community. The community is unincorporated and is located smack in the middle of the Blue Ridge National Forest, the area tourist attraction. Sightseers are offered not only a breath-taking view, but the ever-present possibility that some dancing lights will brighten up the scenery.

Lael claims to be an expert on the lights. He was not content to waste his time gazing at bright lights in the sky from fixed vantage points. Instead, Lael has traveled the perilous path to the foot of Brown Mountain. It is reported to be so treacherous that the Green Berets used it for a training ground, to learn how to cope with Southeast Asian jungles.

Geneva was all for tackling the journey right then and there. Greenfield would have none of this, however. He was quick to inform us that rattlesnakes and copperheads are swarming in the area, not to mention wild animals.

Well, Geneva reluctantly gave up hopes for such a trip. Not, as you might suppose, because of the prospect of meeting

any hostile creatures - but simply because we didn't have the equipment, and it was not possible to travel there in just one day!

On one excursion into the valley, Lael was lucky enough to see the lights appear, spirit-like, from out of the ground. By means of telepathy, the lights managed to communicate with him. On a later trip, Lael was taken inside the mountain, where the lights revealed who and what they are.

One accustomed to years of unending contact stories is not surprised by what happened next. Lael was told that the lights are intelligent creatures from the planet Venus. It was not unexpected to find the whole story contained in a small booklet, for sale at a number of shops in town.

I will forgive the reader if he can hardly stifle his laughter at this point. Years ago, when I was still a member of NICAP, and regarded the contactees as evil incarnate, I probably wouldn't know whether to laugh or cry. It can't be a symptom of old age - I am still in my twenties - but today there is no laughter or tears. Only curiousity. Maybe Ralph Lael is just a country-bumpkin trying to chisel a few extra dollars from "sophisticated" city-folk. It would be easy, perhaps comforting, to dismiss Lael out of hand, and forget about his story. But in practice, it proved difficult.

We were greatly impressed by Lael's obvious sincerity. He is not a well-educated man, and always there is the feeling that he is trying to honestly report a series of experiences that he probably does not totally understand. Nevertheless we questioned him carefully, to elicit as much information as possible.

One question brought a response that will draw knowing glances from persuers of the "Men In Black." Lael didn't encounter the traditional three men - just one. A mysterious guest in dark clothing, he spent three days at Lael's home, and then left, never to return. There was only one thing unusual about the visitor. During the course of his visit, he did not eat any food. This might not be as strange as it sounds, since the visitor might have fed himself at a nearby restaurant, but it is worth noting just the same.

The man did not volunteer any dire warnings, as might be expected; however, the impression has somehow been conveyed that it would be dangerous for someone to offer any proof that such contacts occur. Whether this feeling was fostered as a result of the presence of the strange visitor - or was due to something the so-called energy beings said to Lael - is not entirely clear.

It was quickly established that there are several self-proclaimed experts on the ghost lights in the area. Large numbers of people have apparently seen the lights on their nocturnal roamings between mountain ranges. One man, also from the Jonas Ridge community, was reportedly injured when he came close to the lights. He was not available for an interview, so details of the incident are sketchy at best. Followers of UFO lore are reminded of numerous cases in which people have suffered burns and other injuries when in close proximity to flying saucers.

The other accounts we gathered were not too exciting. Frankly, a few words about dancing lights in the sky just won't hold a candle to a full blown contact with the vaporous entities of Venus.

The reaction to the contact story is mixed. Some people regard Lael as reasonably trustworthy. Others made some uncomplimentary references about his character that I will not quote here. A semiretired real estate appraiser gave us a more mundane analysis of the phenomenon. The cause, he says, is marsh gas, shades of Dr. Hynek!

Well, maybe he's right. One feels more secure in the belief that he is chasing marsh gas. It's a bit unsettling, to say the least, to believe that one is near the liar of mysterious beings from another planet.

It is said that the Department of Agriculture and other organizations have sent scientific expeditions to Brown Mountain to find the cause behind the apparitions. There have been no firm conclusions, though, and one guess is apparently as good as the other.

With this background, some cameras, and a pair of binoculars, we slowly meandered our way up a paved mountain road, in search of Wiseman's view, which is reputed to be the best location to see the lights

on their nightly outings. Finally, the paving ran out. There before us was a rough dirt road. I was at the wheel of a new car, with dire visions of the effects of bumpy dirt roads on the suspension and the wheel alignment. As the next five miles slowly passed by, I cautiously remained in first gear. Maybe we should have rented a Jeep.

I was grateful it wasn't dark yet. My two companions lent something less than moral support, and it seemed the journey would never end. I wondered how long we would wander through the North Carolina woods before we ran out of gas.

But the "Gods" were with us - as Steve Reeves was wont to say in the Hercules movies of old - and we reached Wiseman's view none the worse for wear.

I am not afraid of heights, but I was a bit wary as we grabbed up all of our equipment, and mounted a ledge - for a bird's eye view of Brown Mountain and the accompanying peaks in the range. An exserviceman and his wife introduced themselves to us. They had seen the lights on several occasions, and eagerly supplied the particulars. They also were quick to shatter our hopes for that night!

With the arrival of fog in the valley - a common condition in August - the view of the mountain would be so obscured that the lights would not be visible.

Now it happens that there are two versions of when the lights are visible and invisible. Ralph Lael disputes the contention that fog would deter a would-be light-watcher. He says the lights are visible every night. One merely has to know where to look.

As the sky darkened, we nervously anticipated the appearance of the lights. Off to one mountain range, we did see a faint glimmer, a mere flicker of light, and then it was gone. Then another, and another. But the eye plays amazing tricks as it adjusts to darkness. In our eagerness to find the spooklights, we probably imagined a few, just to get the show underway. The procession of specs of light continued, unending it seemed, as we squinted in the dark. Then our eyes became accustomed to the onset of night, and there was silence.

Geneva remarked that it was colder than she expected. We both began to shiver a bit. Our dog "Ellie" was with us, but did not seem to be unduly affected by the chilly conditions.

Suddenly, from another ledge, came an excited scream. Someone had seen a light. As quickly as we could move in the almost total darkness, we followed a crowd of several dozen tourists to the other side of Wiseman's view.

And there, straight ahead, loomed a small light. It seemed to flash with regularity. A white light, alternating with a smaller green light. We calculated that the cycle took eleven seconds to complete. Greenfield excitedly set up his tripod and installed his camera on it. The shutter clicked rapidly. With regularity, there must be intelligence. We speculated as to the possibility that some conventional explanation might be safely invoked. We were not totally familiar with the terrain, and we could find no logical answer.

Then the balloon burst!

Someone who probably knew the area as well as he knew the palm of his hand gently reminded us that there was an airport in the general direction of the flashing lights. You guessed it, we were measuring the period of rotation of an airport beacon!

Crushed, we slowly packed away our gear, convinced that the powers that be would not permit us the opportunity to gaze upon any spooklights this night. We were ready to leave, as two men approached and introduced themselves to Greenfield. Ralph Lael had led them there to see us. They brought with them a photograph of a light, supposedly taken at the very spot we were standing on. We tentatively agreed to meet the two men at Lael's house the next night, and discuss the picture further.

The return trip down the dirt road didn't seem quite as precarious now that we had some assurance of where we were going. We were soon safe and warm in our motel rooms, prepared to assess our position.

August apparently wasn't the best time to observe spooklights. Maybe Ralph Lael can do it, but to us, the presence of fog considerably dimmed any possibility of seeing the lights, if they existed. We debated the prospects that we had a genuine photograph of the phenomenon. Surely

if the lights are real, they can be photographed, given a bit of luck, and the right equipment. But a clever technician in the darkroom could do just as well, if not better. One must depend on the reliability of the photographers. Unfortunately, we never saw them again for they did not show up at Lael's home.

Whether a reflection on their reliability, or their inability to get home from work early enough, we don't know.

Geneva and I had other appointments to keep, as did Greenfield. We conducted a few more interviews the next day, and left, disappointed that we would not see any strange lights on this occasion.

But legends of mysterious aerial lights abound in the Carolinas. One apparently is as likely to find a floating light along Sheep Island Road, in Summerville, South Carolina. After we moved to the Charleston area, a 20 minute drive from Summerville, we decided to investigate further.

In this area, Bill Murton, ace photographer for the Charleston News and Courier, helped greatly. After rummaging through the paper's morgue, Murton came up with an article that they printed back in 1962, after the Summerville light had become a popular tourist attraction. The account described two legends which supposedly explain how the eerie phenomenon came to be.

Around the turn of the century, a railroad passed through the area. An "engineer's wife used to meet him at the end of the line, to show him the way home with a lantern."

The man died in a tragic accident, but the woman "never quite reconciled herself to the truth that her husband was actually dead, and for a time continued to keep her nightly vigil at the track.

"Finally her persistence or strength waned and she left the lantern with a note saying: 'John, when you come home, bring the lantern.'

"And a ghostly John, or so the story goes, comes home each night bringing the lantern and that explains the light now observed in this swampy region."

Fans of macabre literature might appreciate the second version. It begins in the same fashion, but adds some horrifying details: "In the fatal accident, the engineer's head was cut off and the corpse was buried without it. Now nightly the wife's spirit goes flitting about the old roadbed with a lantern, looking for the head."

Other residents in the area regard such tales as fantasy, and are quick to latch on to more conventional answers. Among the most popular, that the lights are merely reflections from car headlights on the nearby freeway, which become diffused by ground fog and haze. And, unlikely as it may seem, one can always summon a bit of "swamp gas" to solve the mystery.

Armed with such tenuous information, we have tried on several occasions to see the light. Unfortunately, the view is hampered by the fact that the very isolation of the spot attracts romantic-minded teen-agers, especially on a summer night. On one occasion, the place was a veritable Grand Central Station! An atmosphere hardly conducive to serious occult research.

We had no trouble lining up suitable witnesses, and gathering testimony. It was another matter to demonstrate the existence of the lights. A former co-worker told of the time he took several people with him for an on-the-spot investigation. He was not only rewarded with the sighting of a ghost light, but had an even more frightening experience, when the light chased one of his party, who was riding a motorcycle.

The co-worker claimed a one thousand batting average. Every time he went there he saw it, except the time we accompanied him! He met us, sloppily dressed as usual. We drove near the alleged source of the apparition. In the distance, we spotted a bright light. As quickly as it appeared, it vanished, without pausing to give us an opportunity to determine if it was a reflection, or a supernatural visitor. It didn't glide back and forth as the genuine article is supposed to do, so we deduced that it was just a car's headlight.

We're not casting aspersions on the honesty of the witnesses. Very likely they have seen something which seemed unusual. But as the newspaper says "explanations of the phenomenon are a dime a dozen."

- Eugene Steinberg

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RANDOM SPECULATIONS ON UFOs AND SUCH

By Geneva Steinberg

(Author's Note: The first draft of this article was written in the summer of 1968. After reading John Keel's book "UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse" (reviewed on page 22 of this issue), I found a slight similarity to my time travel ideas. But I had never read anything by Keel at the time I wrote that section, so it's all 100% coincidental. Honest!)

* * *

In writing about UFOlogy, it would be a mistake to overlook the nature of UFOlogists. Taken as a whole, I find them immensely entertaining and somewhat scatterbrained. Attitudes range from religious dedication to practical jokers. But if the UFOlogists have gained a reputation for irresponsibility, they are not entirely to blame. Some people begin to look at you askance if you express any interest in flying saucers. Also, since so few reputable scientists consider UFOlogy to be worth their while, it has been inevitably turned over to amateurs. Some of these amateurs are well-meaning but incompetent. Some are more competent, but not so well-meaning. But some are doing the best they can, and should be respected even if they turn out to be on the wrong track.

However, there is one stumbling-block whenever a group of UFOlogists try to cooperate. That stumbling-block is the EGO! UFOlogy remains an unrecognized science - but UFOlogists, like everyone else, crave recognition and prestige. The problem arises when they try to decide who is to confer this prestige! Obviously, because of the apathy of the general public, prestige must be sought first among other UFOlogists. And the fight is on! Everyone is a potential rival.

No wonder they don't get anywhere! And the common attempt to advance one's own interests at the expense of real accomplishment leads to what I will call the "Silence Game."

No, I'm not talking about those "Three Men in Black" or any other legitimate reason for silence. I am refering to the "Silence Game" as a gambit to make oneself feel important. I think some veteran players of the "Silence Game" don't realize what they're doing; very rarely would a person sit down and muse: "Tomorrow I shall do thus and so to inflate my ego." He would probably be indignant at the suggestion that his acts have this purpose. But the effect is the same.

There are two common, easily recognizable forms of the "Silence Game." One is the "I know something you don't!" Here the player intends to tell his victim all along, but he tries to derive as much emotional satisfaction as possible before doing so. He hints darkly at why this thing must never be told, why it cannot be told, and how profound it all is. After it finally is told, there's always the danger of disappointment unless the recipient of the information can be drawn into playing the next stage of this "Silence Game": "We know something they don't!"

A similar version is the "I know something but I can't tell anybody, ever, because (a) I gave my word, or (b) something terrible might happen!" It is interesting to note that even when UFOlogists are sworn to secrecy, they somehow manage to spread the word that they know something but aren't telling!

Then there's the other form of the "Silence Game": "The Secret Club"! A number of researchers get together and decide that they are an Elite and can work better without the interference of lesser mortals. There might be a pretense that this is to protect the group from Infiltration by Them! I doubt it. There might be a pretense to holding some Forbidden Knowledge. Again, I doubt it! Sometimes an individual plays the "Forbidden Knowledge" game alone, thus: "This is my information; it isn't your information!"

Now we at CAVEAT EMPTOR will not reveal anything that we have promised to keep secret. So far, we haven't heard much worth repeating, anyhow.

But sometimes it's hard to keep from yelling: "Let's grow up a little, huh?"

Now, let's be a little far-out and

consider one very good excuse for some of the contradictions among UFOlogists. There is some evidence that They tamper with minds. Assuming that They do have this ability, UFOlogists would be the very first victims. I'm not saying I believe this is true - I'm sure people are quite capable of irrational actions without outside help. But it does make you wonder.

"There is a growing body of serious UFO researchers who feel that the flying saucer occupants will reveal themselves to our species only after certain stratigically issued bits and pieces of information have been correctly assembled and properly interpreted." Brad Steiger, "New UFO Breakthrough."*

How does a routine sighting support this opinion? Well, in the August, 1968 issue of "Science and Mechanics," there is an article by Lloyd Mallan entitled, "Ithica's Terrifying Flying Saucer Epidemic." One sighting reportedly was made by a 13-year-old boy named Donald Chiszar. Having no evidence to the contrary, let's speculate upon the implications if his story is true.

Donald and his friend saw a flying saucer which stopped about 50 yards from where they stood, and hovered about 25 or 30 feet over the rooftops "between the White House Tavern and the green house across the street."

Can anyone think of a good reason why a flying saucer intent on minding its own business would stop to hover near a tavern?

Here's a clue: Donald says, "When it stopped to hover, it tilted towards us." Maybe to give the boys a better view of the interior?

Through a window, Donald saw two creatures described as having lumpy brown skin and very large arms. He says, "They stood there motionless, like robots." Or dummies?

Shadows were seen moving behind them, however.

And note: "To the left of the funny creature on the left side of the window, I could also see what looked like a control panel. It was a box about 18 inches square with knobs and dials and also red and green lights."

Yeah. Like a Hollywood stage set? (The saucer itself was also described as having a great number of flashing lights. To attract attention, perhaps?)

But this box that Donald saw was probably not a control panel. Otherwise, he should have seen one of the creatures move before the saucer left, unless its operation was completely automatic.

The next night at about the same time, Donald saw two more flying saucers. He turned on his walkie talkie and pointed it at one of them. The craft began to wobble as though it had lost control. Could this be a clue as to how to deal with these craft? Or did They just seize a lucky opportunity to lead us off the track?

Now let's attack the problem from the other side. Let's say that They are deliberately trying to mislead us; then, what sounds least likely may have the best chance of being true! What is the impression that the saucers have unfailingly created? In all contact cases, They expound upon their superior morals, intelligence, science....about the only thing in which They do not excell is modesty!

So, what if they're not so bright? I don't mean really stupid, but maybe just a little less intelligent. What then?

According to Sir Julian Huxley, a group with an average I.Q. of 90 - as compared with our 100 - would probably produce only one-tenth as many geniuses. And remember that many of our most important developments resulted from the work of single individuals.

Ray Palmer has written that the purpose of the saucers is to make us THINK!!! Think what? Who knows? But there are a few ideas.

What does Man excell in? War!

Some contactee sources, especially Shaverish, say that They are engaged in a war. Perhaps we are being used as an idea-fund for weapons? Or perhaps They are naturally sadistic and like to amuse themselves by playing soldiers?

Hitler heard "voices."

Someone is sure to raise the question: "If They are less intelligent, why are They more advanced?" There could be several reasons. Their civilization may be much older than ours. Or, They might not

*Co-Authored with Joan Whritenour, Award Books, New York, 1968 - Editor.

be as advanced as They would have us think. Those saucers that are so impressive - they might be based on a principle that, once known, is very SIMPLE, and has far-reaching consequences. For all we can know, the building of saucers might be one of their few dramatic achievements!

And They could be desperately trying to keep us from developing anything similar.

There is one other area in which They seem definitely to excell us, and that is psychology. True, we have made great advances in psychology, but in no way comparable to the advances in technology. Perhaps our development in psychology is being retarded....

Or perhaps it is only not being accellerated. The myth of the absent-minded professor does have its basis in fact. Some of our great inventors were completely inept outside their field. Some of them got their ideas in Dreams.

Anyhow, if They are indeed responsible for the air of befuddlement that pervades the UFO scene, then their psychological knowledge is worth respect.

But let's not get carried away. Judging by the "Men in Black" and other cases, They have comported themselves like bullies. And most bullies are cowards. Why would They take such steps to keep us ignorant, unless They were afraid of us? It might be a good idea to ignore their warnings. People have reportedly been forced to secrecy - but it seems to me that the more people who can tell about any such experiences, the less likely is anything to happen to you. To run is an invitation to be chased!

Now we've talked about the Bad Guys; let's consider the Good Guys. Is there really a difference? That would depend. The Good Guys from an objective point of view might be very Bad Guys from our point of view. Maybe they <u>are</u> superior beings, infinitely more important to the universe that we are. Maybe there is every reason that they should live at our expense. But somehow, I don't feel very enthusiastic about it!

Even if They are truly unselfishly concerned only with doing things for Our Own Good, I would still be suspicious. Good intentions are not enough. The most appalling things have been done in the name of altruism.

Here, now is an unpopular UFO origin theory. I don't claim to believe it myself, but I think it deserves consideration. They could be time travellers. This would explain their interest in our civilization.

If They are from the past, there could be two motives: One, simple study. Or, They could be planning to transport people into our time in order to avoid some catastrophe in their own time! Perhaps They could even bring with them most of their buildings and machinery. There is a novel explanation of why no more of their ruins have been discovered!

If They are from the future, there is again the possibility that their motive is simply study. In that case, we should be fairly safe. But there is also the possibility that They are trying to alter the present, their history. By doing so, They might hope to change their world for the better. That would explain their presence throughout history. In that case, their efforts might be completely unsuccessful, for the reason that their interference was part of history in the first place (and around and around it goes!). Or, They might succeed in changing the flow of history; in which case, neither They nor we would probably ever know! If They inadvertently wiped themselves out of existence, this could not serve as a warning to their fellows, who would never remember them as having existed in the first place!

You will ask: How would this time travel be accomplished? Is there any indication that such is possible? Not that I know of. But there is the cliche about time reversal at speeds faster than light. There is also good evidence that such speeds are highly unlikely.

But on a sub-atomic level? Suppose a way was found to vibrate every particle in your body at a speed faster than light. Each particle would travel only a very tiny distance, of course. Is it possible? What would be the effects? Does anybody know? Does anybody care?

There are those who support the interplanetary theory, and those who dismiss it in favor of the Alternate Reality theory. I do not discount the AR theory. But let us realize that other planets are known to exist, and other realities are not! True,

the distances involved make intersteller travel unlikely in any reasonable time, unless: Some way could be found to travel faster than light and avoid the upsetting consequences of this; or, there do exist such things as the convenient science-fiction "space warp," or "over-drive," or that ways could be found to teleport between the stars.

Carry on! - Geneva Steinberg

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(CULTURE CORNER - continued from page 2)

UFOs: OPERATION TROJAN HORSE

By John Keel - G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York - 1970 - $7.95.

This book is must reading for anyone seriously interested in the UFO mystery. Keel takes not only flying saucers, but other unexplained phenomena down through the ages, and tries to trace it all to one source. The controlling force of the Universe. Some might call it God.

Keel's book isn't too well organized, but it is valuable because of the information and theories it contains. The first half is slow reading, because of all the documentation. Keel presents his case very gradually and carefully. The book is more useful because of this, but like I said, it isn't particularly easy reading. There are too many accounts of who saw what, when, where, and under what circumstances, until they finally all start to flow together in the reader's mind. This part would probably be more exciting to a beginner who hadn't yet accepted that people do see strange things. But where do we go from there?

Keel makes the point that UFOs haven't remained stable through the ages; they adapt themselves to the people to whom they appear. Thus, a few decades ago folks were seeing derigibles and "air ships," some trailing anchors. Now they're seeing spaceships.

Keel speculates that all this may be an attempt to communicate some message to us that our minds couldn't understand if it were stated directly. The information is sent in fragments, each fragment arranged so that it assumes great importance to the people of a whole generation. Eventually these fragments will build up in our culture to form the whole. A revelation.

Certain types of people seem more prone to see the phenomena than others. Children seem particularly susceptible, and possibly also people under psychedelic drugs like LSD.

Keel mentioned that the phrase "the balance of the universe" keeps turning up in contactee messages. We are warned to stop atomic testing and live in peace. Now think: What kind of people seem most vehement on the subjects of ecology and peace? The hippies. Most of whom use drugs. Keel also says the "space people" often hint that they have no individual identities; they are only part of a greater whole. They say, "We are one." And what kind of people are most often found in communes? Rriigghhtt!

Now several times Keel refers to the UFO forces as "elementals." Earth spirits! Says there is evidence, and some contactees have even been told, that flying saucers can't operate outside the Earth's magnetic field. So this supports the elemental idea, and also would explain why they'd be so concerned what happened to this planet. But it seems to me there is a conflict between this theory and the theory that there is a universal force in back of it all. The elementals would be the force only of one planet.

A few months ago Allen Greenfield and my husband and I were tossing around the idea that maybe flying saucers originate from the porpoises! They would also have an alien intelligence. I don't think it's really likely, but let's not dismiss the possibility. It's something to keep in mind.

Okay. Now unfortunately I'm not too familiar with descriptions of elementals. But I do seem to remember that they are supposed to be a powerful form of energy, but not necessarily gifted with intelligence as we know it. The response created in our own minds by contact with them might leave us with the impression they

were intelligent, but this wouldn't necessarily be true. They might function almost automatically, according to laws of their own. Take a look at a beehive or ant hill, for instance. If human beings arranged a society along these lines, we would think it was an intelligently planned set-up, and yet the hive insects aren't intelligent by our definitions.

Keel had one interesting sentence in his book, where he writes about certain people who have contact with the Force: "They fall prey to the negative aspects and their mental confusion attracts induced hallucinations." Note: ATTRACTS. This may just be an accident in Keel's writing style, but the sentence gives the impression that, although the hallucinations originate outside the person who has them, his own mind must first set up the conditions where such things can happen. Like a lightning rod attracts lightning. We all know better than to stand under a tree during an electrical storm. Maybe we should resolve not to freak out if we see anything weird. Remember all those books that have been written on the Power of Positive Thinking? It may not all be whistling in the dark. You know how some people seem born lucky, and some live under a Black Cloud? Maybe changing your mental attitude could influence the forces that control your life.

Keel believes many contactees have been deliberately misled by the phenomena. According to a SAUCER NEWS story (Dec., 1962), a contactee named Gloria Lee Byrd starved herself to death after the Space People instructed her to fast. She might or might not have been crazy, but obviously she wasn't a hoaxter. Next thing to keep in mind: We tend to dismiss contactee claims from people who are obviously crazy or drunk. But lunatics and drunks would be just as likely to see saucers as anybody else, and possibly more so.

Keel thinks the UFO entities deliberately mislead the contactees, giving them reliable information up to a point, and then letting them down hard. Also, that the names they give are often puns, sometimes of legendary gods, sometimes not. Now, according to another SAUCER NEWS article (spring, 1968),* a certain "First Minister of the Church of the Golden Cross" claims to be receiving messages from a creature called "Diophantes of Serius II." How obvious can you get? "Dio" means God. I've been unable to find the exact meaning of "Phantes," but we find the root used in words like "Phantom" and "Fantasy," so we might put the two together and get "Unreal God." False God? And let's not forget his home planet. Too serious? Trouble with things like this, of course, you never know whether the name is just the First Minister's way of sneering at anybody gullible enough to believe his story!

But how about a certain Saucer Researcher (who claims he has Found the Answer, but those who know can't tell!) who chose a pseudonym that translates into "Stone Heart"? Tsk!

Now in this next account I may get far away from Keel's book. But how would a force put ideas into your head? It would be pitifully simple. Plant one idea in a person's mind under hypnosis, and he will not only think it originated within himself, but without any further suggestion he will himself fabricate a complete and detailed history to support this notion!

Bear with me. About two or three years ago, I remember standing in the kitchen of my grandmother's house. I was on one side of the table, and my aunt stood on the other. My husband also has a vague memory of this scene. And my aunt told a story about how she was riding on a bus when she heard two women behind her. One said she had a lot of trouble getting her children to calm down. The other one replied that there was an easy solution: Just open the oven door, turn on the gas, and hold the children's heads in for a few minutes!

Naturally, I remembered a tale like this. So about a year later, I repeated it to an acquaintance. He looked very surprised. He said that his aunt had overheard a very similar conversation. So we were shaking our heads with horror over the realization that there must be a lot of people in the country who do things like that and take it all for granted.

*The reader is also referred to Timothy Green Beckley's "Book of Space Brothers," Saucerian Publications, Clarksburg, West Virginia, January 1969 - Editor.

Then, in the November, 1970 issue of "Esquire," page 48, I came across this item: "Another bit of Americana that has been given immortality by being published at least two times, to my knowledge, is the Harried Baby-Sitter. In this one, the basic plot is that a lady on a bus hears two young girls chatting in the seat behind her. They are talking about their problems handling kids when baby-sitting. One of the girls tells the other a method she uses of quieting any little kid who cries too much: She lays him down with head in oven, and opens the gas vent for a while. When he is drowsy, she puts him in the crib and never has a bit of trouble. If he gets too lively again, back into the oven he goes.

"The lady on the bus is outraged. For one reason or another, she can't find out who the girls are. This leaves the matter up in the air for full shock value. My first contact with this story came from a practical nurse in New Rochelle, who told it to me and my wife, placing herself in the role of the lady on the bus. A few months later, I was interested to read an A.P. dispatch about a lady on a bus in Denver who heard two girls behind her, etc. Being on the lookout, I later had someone tell me he had read it in a newspaper and that it had taken place in a small town down South. As the nurse was a friend of ours, I never felt like accusing her of fibbing. She was actually only doing what millions of others do: making a story more authentic by including themselves in it."

I was intrigued by this and started to send the clipping to my aunt to get her reaction. But we saw her before I got around to it. I mentioned reading an article listing the gassed children story as one of the persistent rumors circulating around America. She acted surprised and didn't seem to know what I was talking about, so I repeated her story back to her to remind her of it. And not only did she not remember telling me the story, but she said she had never heard of such a thing before in her life!

Now what the heck? Did I hear the story somewhere else and make up all that background? Or did Someone plant it in my mind? I haven't the vaguest idea why any Thing would want to go around planting such silly stories, but let's remember that a higher developed force wouldn't necessarily have to be <u>sane</u>! I would be interested in hearing whether any of our readers are familiar with the gassed children story, and if so, whether the person who first told it to them still remembers doing so.

Now back to Keel's book: We <u>will</u> finish this review eventually! Keel concludes that UFOs originate outside time, and have total foreknowledge of our future. He speculates that they are on a sort of higher vibration plane. To descend to our lower plane of vibrations, they need to steal energy from the things around them. Like automobile engines, or power plants, or trees, or animals, or people. Keel cites cases where people have become partially paralyzed while witnessing a materialization. He thinks the apparition may have drained them of their energy. He says the force can convert energy to matter, and only part of the visions they produce are really solid objects in an everyday sense.

Hold your breath, we're off on another tangent. Outside time - total foreknowledge of the future - trying to influence human events - Anybody ever read a story by Robert Heinlein, entitled "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag?"* Well, leaving out the details, in this story the Universe is an entry in an art contest. Naturally, say, a writer or a movie producer can predict how his work is going to turn out, even though he tries to set things up so that the outcome will have a proper build-up! The artist in Heinlein's story was rather careless, and when he wanted to change some of his creations, instead of erasing them completely, he merely painted over them to make them look like something else. But they were still the same underneath, and they were most unfriendly to anybody who was on the verge of finding out what they really were. Like the "Men in Black"!

Enough fiction. Keel gives physical descriptions of the usual MIB; like, they seem to have oriental features (which they sometimes conceal with dark glasses) and

*Available in paperback as "6 x H," Pyramid Books, New York, 1961 - Editor.

everything about them is brand-new, including their wallets. There is also a blond, fairskinned type of saucerite.

Keel mentioned one woman who was put into a trance by a saucer. She claimed to have splitting headaches everytime she tried to relate her story to anybody - except Keel. Then they didn't trouble her. So, either that was coincidence, or Keel too is being led on by Them, or somebody wants us to THINK Keel is being led on by Them!

Keel thinks that Saucer Research is no hobby for amateurs; it should be turned over to professionals. My question is, professional WHATs? Since we know so little about the phenomenon, we really can't guess what training would be helpful in investigating it. Sure, saucers put out radiation sometimes, and affect auto engines, and what-not, but these could just be other attempts to mislead us. They may be no more intrinsic than the Giant Anchors Out of the Sky. Also, unfortunately, the more training a person has, the more inclined he is to conduct his thinking primarily along the lines of that training. And I doubt we're going to get far by applying orthodox science; the saucers may be completely alien to our technology.

Anyhow, Keel's book is very thought-provoking. It is unfortunate that so far the book hasn't been a commercial success. If you haven't read it already, why not buy it from your local book store; or send a check for $7.95 to the publisher: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

And why not include a letter to the publisher urging them to put it in paperback? If you don't want to shell out $7.95 for the book, write the letter anyhow. We have. - Geneva Steinberg

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(A NEW PERSPECTIVE - continued from page 8)

throughout time. All of these may ultimately be reconciled with conventional history, but there is enough unexplained to merit considerable attention.

One possibility is that our whole concept of reality is too narrow. If this is true, then the exploration of these phenomena may open up great and perhaps wonderful new vistas for mankind. If we choose to ignore all this, we leave hanging a great mystery of the ages; a mystery that we must try to solve, if we are to be true to our nature as explorers and challengers of the unknown.

IX. REFERENCES

The reader wishing to persue this topic further may find the following works of help:

(1) "The Incomplete Enchanter" by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt.

(2) "Three Hearts and Three Lions" by Poul Anderson.

(3) "The Druid Stone" by Simon Majors.

(4) "The Hobbit" by J.R.R. Tolkien.

The above are works of imaginative fiction. They contain, each in their own way, some portion of the AR concept.

The works listed below are non-fiction and are suggested as references:

(5) "Bulfinch's Mythology" by Thomas Bulfinch.

(6) "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" by Sabine Baring-Gould.

(7) "The Greek Myths" by Robert Graves.

(8) "Apparitions and Precognition" by Aniela Jaffe.

(9) "Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrances" by Walter Franklin Prince.

(10) "The Werewolf" by Montague Summers.

(11) "Spooks Deluxe" by Danton Walker.

(12) "Astral Projection" by Oliver Fox.

(13) "The Drug Experience" Edited by David Eban.

(14) "The Candle of Vision" by AE.

(15) "The States of Human Consciousness" by C. Daly King.

The following works are specifically related to the UFO phenomenon:

(16) "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers" by Gray Barker.

(17) "Flying Saucers: Serious Business" by Frank Edwards.

(18) "The Flying Saucer Story" by

Brinsley Le Poer Trench.

(20) "Document 96" by Frank Martin Chase.

There are many books in these fields and those presented are samples of a far broader selection that is in fact available.

Readers may contact me at: 2875 Sequoyah Drive, N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30327.

- Allen H. Greenfield

(Editor's Note: Readers may also be interested in "UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse" by John Keel (reviewed on page 22) and "Passport to Magonia," by Jacques Vallee published by Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, in 1969.)

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(THE CAVEAT EMPTOR INTERVIEW - continued from page 12)

be because - and it involved more than I can explain here. But when somebody comes to me with a story like this which has this one little thing in it which makes everybody else disbelieve him, that's the thing that makes me believe it, because if a man's telling a lie, he's not going to put in such a glaring and obvious weakness....

CE: Ray, I wish we had about 30 hours to talk instead of just 30 minutes. Perhaps we can get together sometime in the future for a longer interview.

PALMER: Be all right with me. I hope I haven't startled you too much by some of the things I've said, but this is only the beginning. I've been in this thing longer than anybody else, and it's about time that somebody told the truth!

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(THE DEATH THROES OF UFOLOGY - continued from page 14)

In spite of persistent troubles with the slide machine, Dr. Hynek managed to give an interesting talk concerning the various categories of UFO sightings in recent years. He also recounted several well-documented sightings that were new to the audience.

As this was the final speech of the evening, it would be nice to be able to say that the convention ended on this high note. Sadly, such was not the case. Mrs. Lorenzen had been approached earlier in the day by a lady from Massachusetts named Stella Lansing, who had brought with her a group of ludicrous UFO movies, taken near her home over a period of time. Some of these same films had already been shown to a New York area UFO group, drawing impolite chuckles even from the easily-satisfied audience who frequented the group's meetings. Oblivious to the film's past history, Mrs. Lorenzen made the gross error of having a late evening "private showing" for APRO members only.

Since the film was to be shown in the same hall where Hynek and earlier speakers had held forth, the room had to be cleared of all non-APRO members before the showing could begin. As if this were not awkward enough, the film made such a poor impression on the remaining audience that many of them obviously wished they had left voluntarily when the outsiders were ejected. Dr. Hynek, for instance, was seen leaving the hall at a dead run rather than a walk, sometime during the unfortunate viewing.

Word of the "secret" APRO meeting had reached Gray Barker and some of his nefarious associates, who were deeply resentful at having been excluded. Barker - having spent quite a bit of the evening at the hotel bar - made a loud scene in the hall outside the meeting room when he tried to physically force himself inside. Coral Lorenzen voluntarily sank to the depths of the occasion by engaging in a loud tug-of-war with Barker at the door. Order was restored eventually by a hotel security guard, who encouraged Barker to stagger back toward his room, leaving the "secret" meeting to the invited members thereof.

Equally sour notes during the course of the convention were struck by the other