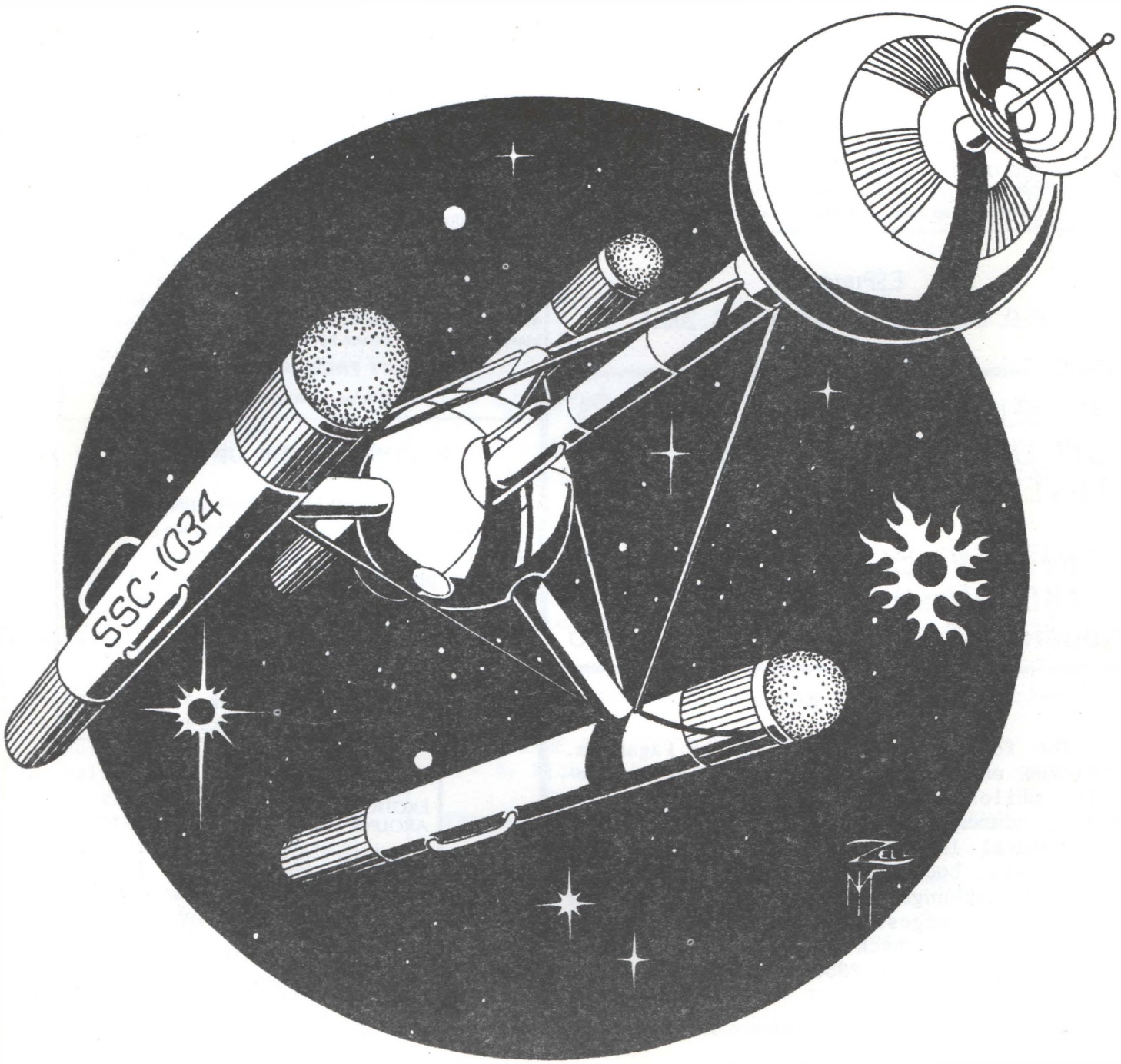
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"We are kept ignorant not by the things we don't know, but by the things we know that ain't so."
- Author Unknown

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Editorial



By Eugene Steinberg

This isn't the Editorial I intended to write for this issue. I was going to address myself to an entirely different matter until I got a letter from CAVEAT EMPTOR staff writer Curt Sutherly.

"Ever have anything burn you deeply?" he wrote. "Well this burns me no end. The government can spend god knows how much on war, self-security and anything else, but the space program gets the shaft."

Curt is talking about the latest cutback in the U.S. space program, and he's hopping mad about it. NASA has scrapped the nuclear rocket program because of a lack of funds. Outgoing Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, in his swan song appearance before Congress, said a bigger defense budget was needed. With a lid being placed on federal spending by the president, someone has to suffer. And once again that someone is NASA.

"I wish I knew who it was that once said, 'the stars are our heritage.' If he's dead, he's probably rolling in his grave. If he's alive, he most likely wishes he were dead!"

Our moon program was launched for one basic reason: To beat the Russians! The first Soviet sputnik in 1957 caught this country with its pants down, and a massive effort was initiated to catch up. Space fever rose to a new high with each new satellite and each advance towards manned exploration.

In 1969, America made it to the moon, but Russia already lost the battle by default. Persistent troubles and the loss of a few cosmonauts forced the Russians to curtail their manned program.

Then typical yankee apathy set in. Radio and t.v. coverage of each succeeding manned lunar voyage played to lower and lower audiences, and less coverage in the newspapers and magazines.

The voices of the defenders of space exploration were soundly drowned out by the advocates of the idea of getting our own house in order before despoiling another world. The space program wasn't conceived originally just for scientific exploration, but to save face - to reestablish the image of American scientific superiority.

Although scientific knowledge about the moon has come thick and fast, no genuine scientist went there until a geologist joined the final Apollo expedition. The previous moon explorers were little more than glorified test pilots, who took a lot of quick cram courses in the basic sciences. They could pilot the largely computer-controlled spacecraft, but were seriously lacking in the ability to conduct pure, scientific research.

The need for prestige gone, space experts had to fall back on true science - the goal they should have strived for in the first place.

Unfortunately, most people can't be sold such an abstract bill of goods. People want practical benefits - something they can touch. People want to be able to point to something and say, "*that* is the result of our trips to the moon."

True, there are some practical, usable by-products to come out of space research, but they are simply not overtly related to space travel, even though that program was needed to develop the technology.

But the straw that broke the camel's back as far as we're concerned is the decision to give up on nuclear rockets. With our present state of knowledge, nuclear rockets are just about the only things that would make it possible to equip a successful manned journey to Mars.

So, we can just forget about getting any men on Mars by the mid-1980's!

And any hope for man to explore the rest of the solar system in this century can just go down the drain. "2001" in real life won't be anything like the movie. We won't be going to Jupiter and car-

ry along a super-computer like "Hal," a device that would be able to take over all life-support and navigational functions, and even play chess, if one is so inclined.

The only interplanetary travel we're going to see is that written about in the science-fiction books and magazines.

Unless...

On January 4th of this year, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* had an article that was probably ignored by many. The wire services didn't pay much attention to it. The principal exceptions to the rule appear to include *Time* magazine (1/22/73) and the *National Observer* (1/27/73).

Inquirer science reporter Joel N. Shurkon tells of the discovery of an atmosphere on Titan, largest moon of Saturn, that resembles that on Earth when life was first formed.

Think about it!

Another planet in our solar system with the basic building blocks of life.

Dr. Carl Sagan of Cornell University's Laboratory for Planetary Studies says Titan isn't the frigid wasteland pictured in the science-fiction stories, but a near-replica of our own world at the dawn of its history.

Titan's atmosphere is composed of methane ("marsh gas" to fans of Dr. Hynek!). Sagan speculates that methane, ammonia and water bubble up to the Titanian surface, where ultraviolet radiation from the sun breaks them down into hydrogen and organic compounds. This process is quite similar to the one believed present on pre-historic Earth.

Aquatic life would evolve in the water. A "greenhouse effect" caused by carbon dioxide which keeps ultraviolet radiation from bouncing back into space would make for temperatures that wouldn't freeze a budding life-form.

The prospects are endless!

A prehistoric world ripe for the planting of the seed of life. Or a more advanced planet where the process of life is well underway.

Yes, even Saturn, perhaps Jupiter and other moons surrounding these planets may have similar atmospheres.

Here at last is the impetus to resume our space program anew - a full-scale effort to explore these far-flung worlds. We may find a veritable paradise for seekers of mineral resources; living textbooks for science to marvel at; unspoiled worlds on which to build bases - and even send some of our excess population, if conditions there aren't too harsh.

We may even find the true personification of the obelisk described in "2001" - intelligent life in outer space!

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ABSM'S & Mystery Cats



By Curtis K. Sutherly

Two years ago, insanity struck the northern Virginia region known as Fairfax County. A costumed character, later to become known as "Bunny Man," ran rampant among local residents, threatening them with an axe.

A man attired in what could only pass for a Superman uniform dropped in on a meeting of the local board of directors. He exchanged a few heroic words with the officials and then departed as quickly as he'd come, leaving startled glances in his wake.

There was also the theft of the local "great pumpkin" several nights before Halloween, later to be returned complete with a litter of "baby" pumpkins. But the aftermath of all this zany nonsense was not quite as laughable.

Although Halloween had come to pass, the Fairfax populace was not through being pursued by the weird and unusual.

On the night of November 3rd, residents of the Fort Belvoir area began noticing odd things. Several dogs of various sizes and breeds disappeared, one of which was a German Shepard. Strange moanings and screams were heard in the dense woods surrounding the military installation. Then, on the following day an Army man, one Lonny Davis, was witness to the near-end of his beagle-sized mongrel.

At his home on the outskirts of the Army post, Lonny was alerted to the sound of his dog yelping in terror. Grabbing a flashlight, he dashed to the back door and yanked it open; outside, the woods brooded solemnly in the night air. Then he again heard the yelp of his dog, One-Eye, and the sound spurred him into motion.

To his right, Lonny noticed a large dark shape running toward the edge of the trees. That dark shape, he later declared, was carrying One-Eye in its mouth. Without thinking, the Army enlistee raced after the creature, waving the flashlight and yelling at the top of his lungs. Whatever manner of animal he pursued, it apparently was startled, for it dropped the dog and fled into the undergrowth.

The injured One-Eye was taken to the base veterinarian, who treated it for tooth punctures of the chest and rib cage. According to the vet, the beast that mauled One-Eye was "no small creature." The fang marks were an inch deep...

For some days afterward, local residents scoured the woods surrounding the area. Some tracks were found of what may have been a large cat; all were about palm-sized, four-toed, and *showed claw marks*. Traps were set, baited with deer meat, but to no avail. In the district, local experts were called upon to identify plaster casts made of the footprints. The general consensus was that the prints were left by a stray mountain lion, or cougar, as it's sometimes called.

Having read of the accounts in the *Washington Daily News*, I decided on a trip to the Belvoir area. A talk with several of the local citizens revealed little, if anything, of importance. One old fellow had never seen the creature, but was certain that the mystery beast was a bear.

A gas station attendant in the vicinity of the Davis residence was somewhat more helpful. He stated that on the evening of November 4th, he'd just set his finger on the switch to turn off the outside floodlights, prior to locking up for the night, when someone started knocking at the door. The time, the attendant stated, was about 10:00 p.m.

When he opened the door, two state troopers pushed their way inside and asked to purchase some cigarettes. They seemed somewhat edgy, the attendant related, and when questioned on the matter stated that they were investigating reports of a "big car" down the road. The troopers didn't, or wouldn't, go into detail and left the station as soon as they'd paid for their cigarettes.

I made several attempts to talk with the Davis family, but never was lucky enough to find anyone at home.

Some weeks later, I talked with a forest ranger working the famous Sky-Line Drive of Shenandoah National Park. Simple curiousity caused me to ask him how frequently cougars are seen in Virginia. He related that nearly 25 years have passed since a lion was seen prowling Virginia mountains...

In the March, 1971 issue of *Fate*, Loren Coleman wrote on the "Mystery Animals in Illinois." The opening page of the article had a 35mm photo, a close-up of an imprint - four toes, claw marks, and about the size of a man's hand.

Coleman remarks in the article, "Since early this century large 'animals,' usually resembling mountain lions and frequently described as being *black*, have been reported throughout the state of Illinois."

The author continues, "Accounts like these create a problem for the state of Illinois Department of Conservation. After all the mountain lion/puma/panther (Felis Concolor) has been officially extinct in Illinois since 1950."

In the darkness, an overactive imagination can turn a large dog, a bobcat, or any simple shadow into a creature of large and powerful dimensions. But when usually skeptical people begin reporting with regularity the presence of big cats, one begins to wonder if such stories are based on something more substantial.

It would be easy to write off all these accounts as attributable to prowling cougars, but certain facts don't always ring true. For example, the mountain lion has retractable claws and normally doesn't move about with them extended. Why then do nearly all reports indicate that the beasts leave behind prints with obvious claw marks?

Loren Coleman points out another item that throws doubt on too readily blaming the cougar when he states, "Other identifying details include *heavy tail marks* which suggest the animal has a long tail."

Do mountain lions drag their tails?

Stories of mystery cats and weird beasts that kill poultry and livestock are more widespread than is generally known. I've found, since the episode in Fairfax County, that such reports are uncannily similar in nature and often just a little eerie.

One evening when I was sitting quietly in the chow hall at Andrews AFB, attempting to enjoy a usual tasteless meal, a fellow approached and asked to share my table. He introduced himself as William Paine from Kentucky, and from there we proceeded with the standard topics of military trivia.

Later, Bill began discussing the times when he and certain friends would stage acts of pranksterism on local Kentuckians. The talk eased into even more unusual topics, such as the unidentified animal that killed a large and potentially dangerous bull near Bill's home in 1968. The name of the town was mentioned during the conversation, but due to a lack of foresight, I failed to commit it to memory.

Bill's father, an avid coon hunter during the summer months, often runs his dogs during the evenings in search of the four-footed bandits. On one particular evening, Mr. Paine didn't find any coon, but he did discover something else.

A ravine about two miles from the Paine home was many times the scene of sport for the elderly Paine and his dogs. Paine carried with him a 30-30 Winchester, his usual weapon. As he approached the lip of the ravine on that evening, a high, long wailing reached his ears.

Thinking at first that someone was hurt, Paine approached rapidly, but then his dogs began acting up. They whined and growled, finally refusing to advance any further. Then the brush crackled and he witnessed a dark shape resembling a *big cat* dart away from him and lope down the ravine. Instinct pulled his rifle up and a shot rang out...and in answer came a scream of pain.

The tale of the screaming cat was related to the local police that same night. On the following day area men searched the ravine for a possible body. No carcass was found, but they did find large cat-like footprints.

Then on the next day, a farmer's bull was found dead. According to Bill, this animal had a reputation that caused one to respect its presence. And whatever tangled with that bull must have been exceedingly powerful; the dead carcass had a broken neck. In addition, one of the horns was snapped off and searchers never locat-

ed it. Perhaps that bull left its mark on the mystery animal as well, in the form of an imbedded horn!

One small item really intrigues me at this point. Why were no traces of blood found either in the ravine or near the site of the dead bull?

* * *

Mystery cats aren't the only strange creatures running around loose in America. During the last several years, accounts of shambling, hairy bipeds have been mentioned in newspapers, radio and t.v. reports, and magazines of varying nature. These reports have caused considerable uproar among members of the scientific community.

One school of thought finds the prospect of such creatures exciting and stimulating; another maintains that no such animal could possibly hide from man and his expanding technology. But despite the commotion aroused, numbers of avid "creature-seekers" are prowling the hills and valleys hoping to glimpse or perhaps capture an ABSM (short for abominable snowman).

The snowman legend began to circulate in this country some years ago when several mountain climbers brought back to the states stories related to them by natives of Tibet - stories of a creature called *metoh kangmi*, the abominable snowman!

The reports told of a large, man-like creature, perhaps eight feet tall and covered with thick matted hair. The arms of the creature were said to be extremely long, extending to the knees in some cases, and the legs said to be very thick and well muscled. Probably the most disturbing thing about the beast was its face, alleged to be almost human.

Explorers in the region of Mt. Everest have, as far back as 1890, sighted tracks of an unusually large animal. These footprints were too large to be of a bear or some other known animal. Then in 1951, British explorer Eric Shipton photographed a number of these same tracks. Later skeptical experts stated that the prints were probably the tracks of some known animal enlarged by the sun melting the snow around them.

Sir Edmund Hillary led one of the last sponsored expeditions to the Himalaya Mountains and returned empty-handed, claiming that the creature couldn't possibly exist. This ended the interest most Americans had in the Asian ABSM.

But then the ABSM came to this country, or so it would seem at first glance.

Actually, reports of upright creatures in the U.S. and Canada go back as far as the earliest Amer-Indian legends. Sasquatch is the name given this beast by Canadian Indians. Modern Californians call it Bigfoot, stemming from the size of tracks found in that and neighboring states. These prints are generally over 14 inches long, man-like, with a possible walking stride several yards long.

Expeditions outfitted with ATV's (All Terrain Vehicles), helicopters, modern radios, camping gear, and tranquilizer-tipped dart guns, are attempting to bring in the first live specimen of an ABSM. The forests of northern California, Oregon and Washington state are the scene of a good many of these expeditions.

Whether or not the success will be achieved is a matter of speculation. If such creatures have managed to hide from man's mechanized onslaught for this long, can we be assured that they won't evade us even longer? The forests of this nation are still expansive, despite attempts to reduce them to pitiful remnants of what they once were. A creature with the cunning displayed by Sasquatch and his cousins may remain forever elusive. But sooner or later...

Meanwhile, back in the midwest, *MoMo* has been making a nervous wreck out of the good citizens of Louisiana, Missouri. (See CAVEAT EMPTOR #6 for details.) As with the West Virginia "Mothman" (circa '67 and '68), this beastie has abruptly thrust itself upon the living. After countless reports, "mystical manhunts," (to quote a reporter friend), and certain "experts" having given their opinion on the matter, *MoMo* has returned to the limbo from whence he came. But not before he gave two people a nasty scare.

Bryce and Charlene Parsons, natives of Newton, Iowa, were returning home after Bryce received his discharge from active duty with the Air Force in Washington, D. C. The date of the incident was around September 1st and the time was 10:30 p.m. I learned of this episode through a letter

(continued on page 19)

The Ringing Rocks Revisited

Or, Exploding A Few Myths

By Eugene Steinberg

On the heels of an expedition by Curtis K. Sutherly and Steve Jaymes to a pair of sites of Ringing Rocks, we advertised for CAVEAT EMPTOR readers to join us on another trip to one of these places. (See Fall, 1972 issue.)

Some readers from as far away as California responded. The gala event was all set for September 16, 1972. By the second week of that month, about a dozen hearty souls agreed to join us. The figure was slowly whittled away to five by the day of the trip. One reader, a reporter for a weekly newspaper, claimed her 16-year-old son had run away from home, after an argument with his father. Another woman said her daughter took sick, and would have to be hospitalized. One reader told us his dog died and he had to attend the funeral.

We started growing a little apprehensive. Maybe these folks had good reasons for getting cold feet at the last minute.

Finally the big day arrived. We loaded up Curt Sutherly's vintage Ford, and sped our way northeast from Coatesville (with wary glances hither and yon for police radar units).

Curt almost didn't negotiate a few turns in the small village of Upper Black Eddy, and we thought we could nearly hear the tortured squeal of the tires. But, little the worse for wear, we pulled up at the parking lot just a few hundred yards from the Ringing Rocks.

The great mysteries about the sonorous stones soon dwindled. The presence of moss quickly put the lie to the pronouncement that no plant life grows there. Spiders and a few annoying flies cropped up, showing no particular reluctance on the part of insect life to venture forth onto the site.



Four intrepid Forteans research the Ringing Rocks. Pictured from left to right are: Reader Frank W. Landis, Co-Editor Geneva Steinberg with our former mascot Ellie, Ex-Air Force Agent Curtis Sutherly and reader Barbara Hudson. (Photo by author.)

Although one bird seemed unusually shy about flying over the rocks - the creature took a double-take and turned away from them - there were some bird-droppings noted. Our little Spitz, Ellie, seemed to love the opportunity for the rare outing.

And the biggest enigmas of all did not manifest themselves. There were no feelings of directional disorientation. While the ragged terrain can do a lot towards upsetting your equilibrium, the feeling that results is perfectly normal and understandable. There were no magnetic anomalies to speak of either, as our compass functioned perfectly.

We departed a few hours later, sadly disappointed that another strange story would turn out to be just that - a story. We couldn't even stay overnight, as we had planned, because the park officials won't allow it without their written permission. This directive is quite successfully enforced by a forest ranger who often drops by.

In all fairness to Curt, he never said there was anything odd about the rocks - only that a lot of other people had thought there was some kind of mystery behind it. As with other interesting phenomena - and let's face it, the rocks do ring - unusual events may not be consistent.

Perhaps we just came on an off-day.

Invisible Hands



By Columba Krebs

I had some very strange experiences while taking care of the six-room house in South Kortright, New York that my friend, Lillian W. Brown, had rented before and after she left for a visit to California. This old-fashioned house had a long flight of steep stairs. One day as I was coming down them, a misstep made me lose my balance.

When I felt myself falling forwards, I tried to prevent it, but I was too far over at too steep an angle beyond the point of any return. So I said a quick prayer in my heart. This long flight ahead of me might have broken a limb or my neck at the bottom. But I felt my wide summer skirt yanked back so hard that I was pulled upright again to regain my balance!

Naturally I turned around to see whether my skirt had caught on a nail or sliver of wood (although even at that could it have pulled me back up again?). But the stairs were smooth and the first split second I turned around I saw my skirt drawn together in back, as though held by an invisible hand grasping it and then letting go!

At another time, I was scheduled to make a telephone call to a local radio station in a nearby town for an interview about my symbolic art lecture. It was early on a Sunday morning. The only public telephone in that tiny mountain hamlet was at the one and only Inn.

I walked over and rang the bell. But when there was no answer I tried the front door. It was locked. I turned away, not wishing to disturb the Innkeeper if he was asleep.

Suddenly "something" made me turn back to try the door again, as the sense of that telephone call's importance overcame such reluctance. To my great surprise it *opened* when I touched the knob!

As I walked in, I saw the Innkeeper coming down the stairway and his face was ashen-pale with staring goggle-eyes, as though he saw a ghost. He asked in a hushed tone of voice, "Now how did you get in?"

"Why the door just opened by itself when I tried it the second time," I replied without hesitation. I didn't care whether he believed it or not, because if we stick to the truth it will stick to us. But he remonstrated with puzzlement dilating his eyes.

"I don't see how it could, as I always lock it the last thing I do before retiring for the night."

"Well I assure you that I had no key and I really did find it unlocked!"

I insisted for I was a bit nettled by his suspicious attitude, yet fully understanding it under the circumstances. He finally understood me after I fully explained the circumstances of my impatience and the importance of making that early morning telephone call.

Did an invisible hand open that door for me?

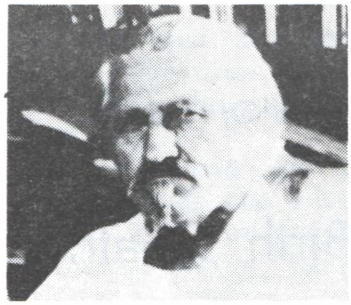
By the way, my radio interview advertised my lecture at the Inn on the "Mysteries of Man and Universe" illustrated with color slides from my symbolic paintings. It was well-attended and well-received, And I hope it did some good somewhere along the line.

At another time, invisible hands probably saved my life and that of my traveling companion. We were on an elevated man-made road with steep sides and a wet slippery surface. I sensed a "presence" behind me just before I lost control of the car. Then my hands went limp on the wheel but yet were able somehow to turn that wheel just at the right angle at the right second to avoid skidding over the edge of the road! But *how* I can't figure out to this day. I was in shock. I felt something gripping my hands and doing all the turning of the wheel.

After sliding from one side of the

(continued on page 20)

On The Matter Of Projection



By Richard S. Shaver

I have received a number of letters about the theory that UFO sightings are mental projections. It seems that other UFO writers are swinging over to this view, with variations to suit their own concepts of something they are not sure about.

I am sure about it, but for very different reasons than theirs.

If you are "hip" to the long lists of "occult" writers, there is a great variety of material by them about "projections," plasma extrusions, weird transparent people, faries-on-the-wing, etc.

In all the Shaver writings, there is constant mention of the use of "dream mech" projection apparatus from pre-deluge creation - used to fool and befuddle people into all sorts of beliefs; beliefs in angels and apparitions and demons. Even Maupassant devoted stories to the half-seen but very much felt apparitions he called by his own pet name.

To really grasp what this stuff is all about at the base - and not in the fantastic erections of interpretations by people who don't really know what causes these things - you have to *know* that projection apparatus exists that was built by the greatest civilization ever to exist on Earth.

Once you *know* that, the uses to which it is secretly put become extremely illuminating. For instance, no one believes that Sir Oliver Lodge actually saw living fairies, *but he photographed them!*

That does not prove anything except that it is possible to photograph projections that have no substance in fact. It is possible to photograph a screen projection of Mary Pickford at 17, but that does not prove she is still 17.

It does prove there *is* projection apparatus at work. Whatever Sir Oliver Lodge does with the proof is beside the point.

The misunderstanding among occultists and UFO groups about the basic nature of projection apparatus and its so-constant use to confuse and to mislead people is what has given rise to the whole structure of occultism as it is today.

Oddly and destructively enough, it has also given rise to "medicine" as it is practiced today and to microscopy as it is practiced today. The easiest thing in the world for a dero to do is to mislead a man peering into a microscope.

This is harmless?

When he is testing a patient for a TB bacillus and has a smear under the microscope?

It is the cause of many patients not getting treatment who need it badly. There's no way of getting an honest test from an honest doctor because in fact no doctor and no scientist can be absolutely sure of anything in this weird world. Deros can place projections into the focusing mechanism of a microscope or into a cloud or into anything of any size.

We have a fabric of science built up around this not-seeing-for-sure which is really *not* science. Even an astronomer peering into his telescope can't be sure of anything he sees, for it is perfectly possible to see stars and comets that aren't really there!

But like Sir Oliver Lodge with his fairies, try and tell them their eyes aren't necessarily always absolutely correct and can be fooled with the simplest sort of mental projection with the simplest sort of telaugmentive devices. All you get are explosions of misunderstanding.

We do not have a reliable fabric of science for this very reason, not so long as science does *not* recognize the existence of pre-flood machinery and pre-flood science. Just so long will we have a false science and a false educational process based on falsehoods about the past!

How to show to a stubborn-headed believer in "things as they are" that the

(continued on page 20)

Third Of A Series

Birth, Death & Resurrection



By Dennis Stamey

Georg Hegel (1770-1831), the greatest philosopher of the 19th century, emphasized the theory that all life was an evolutionary process given direction by a "World Spirit" or "Absolute Mind" - the ultimate stuff and source of reality.

The goal was complete freedom for the individual and the spirit's self-realization of its nature. This was a dialectical process in which clash of opposites (thesis and antithesis) generated a new and higher combination (synthesis), better in quality with neither of the former components being destroyed. And the national state was the only vehicle of progress towards true freedom. Through his ideas, opposing philosophies (materialist and idealist) could be reconciled.

Hegel's study of history convinced him that any subject - whether politics, art or religion - is derived from examining its historical development (the "historical method").

The concept of a divine and logical plan as the moving though unseen force in history can be found in Greek thought during the classical age. The Christian philosopher Augustine had also seen history as unfolding of the divine will, the continual struggle between opposing forces as the dynamic behind events.

In the introduction to his *The Philosophy of History* Hegel wrote: "The nature of Spirit may be understood by a glance at its direct opposite - Matter. The essence of matter is gravity, the essence of Spirit - its substance - is Freedom. It is immediately plausible to everyone that, among other properties, Spirit also possesses Freedom. But philosophy teaches us that all the properties of Spirit exist only through Freedom. All are but means of attaining Freedom; all seek and produce this and this alone. It is an insight of speculative philosophy that Freedom is the sole truth of Spirit...."

Matter is essentially component parts that strive toward unification ("for in unity it exists ideally"), while the Spirit is the unity within itself.

"Matter has its substance outside of itself; Spirit is Being-within-itself (self-contained existence)...."

He further stresses that individual freedom is self-consciousness (self-consciousness being the judgment of its own nature and, at the same time, the operation of coming to itself, "to produce itself, to make itself (actually) into that which it is in itself (potentially). Following this abstract definition it may be said that world history is the exhibition of Spirit striving to attain knowledge of its own nature...."

Here lurks James' "universal mind."

Hegel sees world changes as occurring violently through "revolutions, and destructions of legitimate conditions." While cycles in nature will involve constant repetition, change of mankind is different in that it strives for perfection - directly guided by the spirit. "Development, which in nature is a quiet unfolding, is in Spirit a hard, infinite struggle against itself."

The idea of violent change leads us to another great thinker, Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, whose *Worlds In Collision* was published in 1950. Dr. Velikovsky stated that the course of cosmic development has been a series of cataclysms. Much of his work has become prophetic.

Hans Horbiger, a friend of Hitler, envisioned cosmic evolution as cataclysms and mutations proceeding in cycles, and theorized that Man and the Universe are related. Cosmic creation is a perpetual struggle between fire and ice, or force and matter.

Karl Marx (1818-83) was a student of Hegel but opposed individual freedom. He stressed that man is a part of humanity and that individuals, seen as greedy overlords, are a negative aspect of human his-

tory. World history was seen as a process evolving in a rational pattern according to the "dialectic," the real "laws of motion" of nature, society and thought.

But Marx embodied a theory of history that saw all social change as basically determined by technological-economic forces ("the modes of production") and moving inevitably through conflict to the resolution of all contradictions in the final stages of communism (communal sharing). Capitalism was robbing people of their life essence (money) but in time would be ended by a world revolution of the proletariat over the upper classes, establishing a temporary dictatorship that would soon wither away.

This event, thought Marx, would be a metaphysical change analogous to the Second Coming. The Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 was supposed to have been the first step toward world revolution. But nothing happened and Russia had to adopt a nationalist policy with a repressive state.

The concept of evolution is as old as the Greeks but had little impact until it was revived by the "Renaissance" (rebirth) after the Dark Ages. By the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries this process became one of progress (aided by Darwinism).

By the 20th century there were theories concerning evolution as a goal leading man to perfection and utopia. English author Samuel Butler expounded that evolution would lead to a high degree of individual freedom. Others such as Henri Bergson and George Bernard Shaw believed that a force that preserves and directs life creates evolution.

The works of Bergson (1859-1941) are rather interesting. His ideas generated lively discussion and controversy, and his fame was capped by the award of the Nobel prize for literature in 1927. He thought that intuition - the immediate perceptive experience - was the faculty of comprehending the ultimate reality of organic life. It was a vital impuse ("elan vital") that was the vital core of the evolutionary process.

His works have found expression in Alfred N. Whitehead's "process" philosophy, in existentialism's "moment of decisive choice," in the "stream of consciousness" method of novelists, in the aesthetics of abstract and expressionist art, and in pragmatism's philosophy of action. What was being stressed was that the consciousness, unbounded by space or time, was unique, free and creative - the governing force of organic evolution.

The "romantic" writers (those who exalted emotion and senses over the intellect) believed in a fulfillment of the human potential through imagination, intuition, spiritual fulfillment towards some mysterious, indescribable goal. Many of the "romantic" poets such as Shelley, Lord Byron, Thomas Carlyle and Walt Whitman had "mystic experiences" in which, always as a pattern, there would be two years of deep concentration. At first they experienced a sense of worthlessness and a separation from God, and then a sudden illumination.

Here we come to individual perfection through spiritual death and rebirth.

In the 1950's Timothy Leary had a terrible fever in a hotel at Toremolinosin Malaga in which he felt that he had died and was reborn.

According to David Solomon's anthology of LSD research articles, *LSD - The Consciousness-Expanding Drug*, the ego is dissolved under its effects and the greater the ego the more severe the terror on a trip. There will be a feeling of "oneness," an "understanding" of life and existence, religious and transcendental experience, and a strong inclination to think along philosophical lines. There is also a higher valuation of aesthetic, creative, philosophical and religious interests, and often the user will believe that he has a greater creative talent than he was led to suspect.

In cases of paranoia the patient may construct extremely sophisticated and complex philosophical and metaphysical beliefs to explain his state. He may become extremely sensitive, from tearfulness to euphoria, easily hurt or feeling neglected with traces of paranoia.

John Keel wrote in the Winter, 1971-72 issue of CAVEAT EMPTOR ("Ufology in Retrospect," page 13): "When you review the history of Ufology and the events that have generated the flying saucer/ETH myth, you can recognize its most interesting feature - the self-destruct factor. This is also well-known in demonolatry. Many of the prominent UFO spokesmen, like the demonologists, were literally destroyed by their own beliefs. Some actually recognized the hidden facets of the situation

and moved from Ufology to the broader, more challenging study of ontology."

Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), a philosopher who stressed the importance of the individual over society, said that through struggle, sacrifice and suffering, insights into the mystery of being could be achieved ("Will to Power"). Those determined individuals who would lead mankind from the dark fate imposed by democracy, Christianity, science and the life of reason were "supermen" (which the National Socialists, Fascists, and Social Darwinists annexed and distorted for their own purposes).

Nietzsche's own life was marked by suffering, disease and lonliness, culminating in insanity; but through intellectual energy he strove to overcome the obstacles of his life and derived bold new visions from his plight.

As a result, his work has a supercharged quality (though in an elusive style with brilliant aphorisms or short paragraphs) that allows him to strike off brilliant insights into the nature and condition of man. Good and evil were superficial and obstructing states that kept people from expressing their deepest feelings and harnessing them by an act of will to creative ends ("Will to Truth"). Here he comes into the ideas of Freud (1856-1939) who came to rely on imaginative insights and on literary myths and symbols to clarify the deepest springs of behavior. For Freud, the guilt feelings accompanying the supression of instinctual drives were the motive force of social organization or culture. These ideas were elaborated in his *Civilization and Its Discontents* (1930).

Nietzsche's works, *The Birth of Tragedy* (1872), *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), *Thus Spake Zarathrusa* (1883, 1891), and others show a morbid sensitivity.

Thus Spake Zarathrusa is his most revealing work in which he has allowed his unconscious self to speak freely, without regard to rational organization. The book is a glowing stream of images, symbols, and visions, some of which have not yet been fully fathomed.

Primitive tribes have initial rites for young men in which they pretend to kill the youth and then bring him back to life again. In the Wonghi or Wonghilon tribe of New South Wales, the youth has a tooth knocked out. It is supposed that he is met by a mythical being called Thuremlin who kills him and then restores him back to life.

Similar rites are carried out by tribes in Central Australia, Northern New Guinea, Indian tribes of North America (the Ojebways, Winnebagoes and Sioux), etc. Other societies would have ceremonies depicting Death and Resurrection in nature - of winter into spring and summer.

In the book *Secret Societies*, edited by Norman MacKenzie, it is said that in most primitive societies and secret orders the initiate will undergo a symbolic journey, in the course of which he encounters threats and temptations. And there will be the rebirth - after which there is the full acceptance by the member of his new and changed stage.

MacKenzie notes that this particular practice, stripped of its symbolism, is aimed at conversion by an "inner illumination." He notes that mystery cults, religions (baptism of Christianity), the Masonic Lodge and Chinese criminal gangs in Hong Kong use this ceremony and that it has the "quality of a religious experience."

The Swiss psychologist Carl Jung took note of rebirth, found in myths and religions in many parts of the world, and regarded it as a process of "individuation," connected with man's need to find meaning in life and come to terms with the mysteries of existence. He suggested that this spiritual need found expression in the feeling of being reborn.

* * *

POEM OF THE UNIVERSE

The concept of "universals" could be applied to figures in an abstract or surrealistic painting. Here are objects with a self-contained, individualistic existence; external vehicles containing inner, subjective feelings of the artist.

The medieval poet Dante has given us a practical explanation of the ways in which various symbols convey the author's meaning (from his *Convito*), those being: "literal," going no further than the letter, "allegorical," with meaning or truth hidden under a fabrication, "moral," and

(continued on page 20)

Satire Part 3

Naked Came The Fortean



By Richard E. Wiplash

Peter
Rabbit
Eats
Fish
And
Catches
Eels

If you will take the first letter of each word in this secret coded message, you will see that it spells preface, *which is just what I am writing. See how clever I am?*

PREFACE

By John A. Keeler

(Noted UFO researcher, author, lecturer, philosopher, sage, and World's Foremost Authority!)

On a dark January night the world of Ufology lost one of its most dedicated members in a manner so strange and horrifying that I almost dare not write about it much less tell you the *whole truth* about his strange disappearance. The full facts of this case are not even suspected, let alone known by the mass of paranoid ~~schizo-frantics skitsophrenics skizhafren~~ by the idiots who comprise 99% of the UFO buffery today.[1]

But, seeing as how Lurch revolutionized the world of Ufology by blowing up Clarksburg, West Virginia, I could not find it in my heart to refuse to write the preface to the *true* story of his amazing life; nay, I would not refuse, not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin. For Lurch was a friend of mine, a fellow researcher who came to me determined to get to the bottom of the UFO messtery. "Mr. Keeler" he said to me once, "I'm determined to get to the bottom of the UFO messtery."

That's what kind of a guy he was! Can ya beat that, though!?!

Yes, I knew Ozzie (I used to call him "Ozzie" maybe cause that was his name) and I knew the problems he faced in trying to bring order and sanity to a field dominated by irrational buffs and paranoid cranks. And, above all, I alone (never mind what Palmedoff says) know the *full, inside story* behind his bizarre disappearance. However, I'm afraid that all of you dummies out there would not be able to fully understand and comprehend the complex secrets behind the MIB, IAC, BVD mystery unless you have been following my many books and articles published in various magazines throughout the city. According to my agent, you haven't. I don't even see why I'm bothering.

Ozzie had his ups and downs, as my sister Christine used to say. Opposed on all sides, scorned by the buffery because of his radical appearance and beliefs, he sought solace and just when he thought he had it, it slipped away.

The previous sentence is an attempt to inject a little whimsy and humor and not meant to be taken seriously, just to show my readers that I'm not as disgrunted as I sometimes seem. However, my many detractors will fail to see the humor in my little joke and use it to attack me personally, as I know from bitter experience, and bring down more venom upon my head.[2]

"Jack" he used to say (he used to call me "Jack," maybe it's cause I asked him to, since he used to break out giggling

[1]*Statistical Source: From a poll conducted among readers of the* National Blabbermouth *by John A. Keeler, world-famous Ufologist and 1%.*

[2]*I don't see why they all pick on me. I'm not such a terrible guy. Haven't they seen my picture in* Saucepan News? *I look just like a big ole teddy bear. Why don't they leave me alone? Guy's gotta make a living somehow.*

every time he said "John." That's the kinda guy he was. Can ya beat that, though?!?), "If anything ever happens to me - since you're the only one who knows the *full, inside* story behind the flying saucepan messtery - will you clear it up for those folks out there???"

"Sure I will, kid," I'd laugh, giving him a playful kick in the gut. What a guy!!

The mystery behind the disappearance of Oswald Lurch is a classic example of the phenomenon working through and exploiting a specific, tailor-made frame of reference, utilizing the myriad patterns of demonic possession and time distortion. Although the Secretary of the Air Force, in an exclusive interview I had with him three years ago, repeatedly denied any knowledge of the incident and threatened to have me forcibly restrained if I didn't stop shouting and waving papers in his face, the mechanics behind the disappearance can be easily explained by any eighth grade student with a slide rule, binoculars and a basic knowledge of theoretical physics.

If you find one, ask him to write me and let me know what the hell is going on.

However, there are some things I have figured out for myself. The visitation of a strange gentleman going under the name of "M.I. Black" for instance.* This stranger's appearance clearly suggests that the game was afoot. *In fact,* this "man" was, according to reliable witness testimony, between *five-foot-five* and *six-and-a-half feet* tall, with a dark complexion, high cheekbones and, most damning of all, dressed completely in black!!!!

I will pause here to give my more sensitive readers time to calm down.

He spoke in a *Southern voice* with a *monotone accent* and spent most of the evening *asking what time it was!!!*

Does this mean that he was a sophisticated 3-D projection from a different space-time continuum, composed of electromagnetic energy, operating on an ultra-high frequency of the electromagnetic spectrum, the product of a high frequency energy possessing an intelligence far vaster than yours and the ability to manipulate molecular structure??!

As you have seen, all of the available evidence points to this.

And finally his name: Those of us studying such phenomena can fully appreciate the irony of the obvious pseudonym "M.I. Black." I have before me a copy of the Kansas City telephone directory; there is no "M.I. Black" listed!! This *documentary* evidence is available for examination by responsible scientists!

And note, if you will, how he was so insistent in getting poor Ozzie to go outside. Did he know that *they* were waiting for him out there and wanted to have him silenced as quickly as possible before he told too much about the IAC? Of course he did. You can take my word for it.

I warned Lurch several times about the danger of what he was doing, and told him of the fears of other researchers for his safety. In fact, just two days before he vanished, Joan Whrongnour, former editor of the famous *Saucer Whoop,* which was mysteriously silenced in 1969 when the mimeo machine broke down, said to me, "I dig guys with beards."

However none of these warnings had any effect on him, and he may now be lost to Ufology forever.

Thus, having shown once more than I am a dedicated, crusading scientific researcher, I leave the reader to see for himself that the strange disappearance of Lurch is just one more bit of evidence to justify the alarm I have been spreading about the land: "To arms, to arms, the I'm-not-going-to-tell-you-who are coming!"

To keep up with the current trend of Ufological thought as it seeps into new areas that most of you couldn't appreciate anyway, just send a stamped self-addressed envelope to me in care of this magazine.

If I have any old copies of *Onomoly* around, I'll send one to you. If not, send the stamped envelope anyway, as it will help me save on postage when answering your naive, paranoid letters. Things are kinda tight since *Operation Trojan Mule* was mistaken for a treatise on veterinary surgery and I gotta cut costs.

(to be condemned)

**Too bad he wasn't using the name "M.I. Blue." "Knock knock!" "Who's there?" "M.I." "M.I. who?" "M.I. Blue, M.I. Blue, aren't these tears in my eyes tellin' yooooooooooou???"* Har-Har-Har!!!!! *Pretty good, eh!!?!?!*

the ego corner
by
Geneva
Steinberg

ZOMBIES of the World, AWAKE!

The Ballad of US and THEM



'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

1+1=2+2=4+4=8+8=16+16=32+32=64+64=129 --

Oops! There goes another one...!

At the UFO con last summer, I learned Allen Greenfield's First Law of Physics:

"There Are No Laws Of Physics."

Ramdon chance. Uncertainty principle. "What we know is froth and bubbles."

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

Picture yourself on a boat on a river,
With tangerine trees and marmalade skies..
Any damn fool could see it's a movie,
but *we*'re too incredibly Wise!

Cause and Effect. Alpha and Omega. Which came first, chicken or the egg? You drop a ball and it falls because of the Law of Gravity.

Let's hear it for the Law of Gravity. (*Rah! Rah! Rah!*)

In animated cartoons, balls drop too, usually, but not because of any Law of Cartoonics; only because the script calls for it. In an animated cartoon, a ball could just as easily turn into a balloon and float up to the moon, or shatter into a million iron butterflies...

The difference between the Real World and an animated cartoon is that so far our Reality seems more consistent, and things fall upward only once in a great while; seldom enough so that we usually are able to tell ourselves *it* didn't really happen after all, although we never can quite get over the uneasiness that Someday *it* might happen again!

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought --
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

But just in case *it* might happen, we have made up our minds that we won't see *it* even if *it* does. No more surprises, no more scares. Lay out the Five Year Plans. Map out the Way It All Is. Don't take your eyes off the map and look around you, for God's sake, because you know somewhere out there *it* is still waiting; and so we "live"

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once looked back,
Walks on, and turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Paranoia strikes deep...into your life it will creep...

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

The UFO field readily creates little whirligigs of paranoia. *They* are everywhere; one must be constantly on guard, lest *They* get the upper hand. Of course, since *They* have such vast powers, this is very tricky to pull off, and one has to be very alert to catch *Them* in action, scrambling the Important Papers in one's files, parking across the street in their shiny Black Cadillacs, causing unseemly noises

on the telephone lines....Why just think, if we relaxed our guard just the least bit, we might not detect any evidence of *Them* at all! That's how sly *They* are!

"Now the peculiar thing about *Them* is that *They* are created only be each one of us repudiating his own identity."

What? *We* wouldn't be caught doing such a thing. Admittedly, probably a number of Those People Out There may be guilty of such foolishness, among the many other awful things that *They* have been known to do ...all of which, of course, would be unthinkable to *Us*.

Let's hear it for *Us*. (*Rah! Rah! Rah!*)

Good ol' Charlie Manson, one of *Them* incarnate. How many Decent People avidly followed the story of his little band, aghast with horror, shivering with terror at the thought of *Them* on the loose in our neighborhood...and patting ourselves smugly on the back to find still more evidence that we are, after all, *Us*, thank God, instead of (shudder) *Them*....

But don't you get curious, every now and then, to see what one of *Them* is really like, up close at hand? It's easier than it sounds. Just go through your looking glass!

"Come into gone. I do assure you. The Dreadful has already happened."

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head,
He went galumphing back.

We are all Zombies! Zombies are not found exclusively among the voodoo rites of Hatai. Zombies are everywhere. Why do we have such a horror of Controlled and Mechanized societies of Programmed People? Why do we always project these societies into the future? Take a look around you.. take a look around..take a look -- No, dammit, *don't look!* Because all this looking is what has been getting in the way of your seeing!

It is impossible to explain what a Zombie is to somebody who has never been awake, who accepts the semicomatose state we call "normal" and doesn't even believe people can be any other way, except through drugs or insanity -- And so what if it's true; it can't be all that great: If you're so smart, why ain't you rich?...Oh yeah, Love Peace. Communication. I grok that. I can play that game; it's easy.

Look at me, gang, how Uninhibited I am! See how free of Hang-Ups! How loving! How Sensitive...Dammit, *will you please stop interrupting me when I'm communicating????*

And the beat goes on...Now the Zombies are playing at being alive. Look at me in wonder, I saw *two colors* yesterday, I really did, but you don't know what I'm talking about, poor colorblind fools...Pooh to your color, friend, I heard *music;* but of course I couldn't begin to explain that concept to your poor benighted brain...You're both crazy, because *I saw love* flowing like a river, I really did, but how could you understand such things, you in your Zombiehood...

The game changes now: My Truth's better than your Truth, my Truth's better than yours, my Truth's better *because* [MQWX Bwx?!przfmpbl]; my Truth's better than yours...

But the funny thing is, all these Truths are coming to look very much alike. Is anybody surprised by this? (Oh no, no, no, *We* aren't at all surprised. Of course, some of *Them* might be a little disconcerted...)

At this time, when the 58 Blood-drinking Deities emanating from thine own brain come to shine upon thee, if thou knowest them to be the radiances of thine own intellect, thou wilt merge, in the state of at-one-ment, into the body of the Blood-Drinking Ones, there and then, and obtain Buddhahood. O nobly-born, by not recognizing now, and by fleeing from the deities out of fear, again sufferings will come to overpower thee.

"One is afraid of
the self that is afraid of
the self that is afraid of
the self that is afraid
One may perhaps speak of reflections."

"And has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
Oh frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

Now UFO research, as with all our other games, is nothing more than an excuse for people to get together and have a good time and impress one another with their uniqueness. Most Ufologists are embarrassed and annoyed by this aspect, if they acknowledge it at all. Think hard, boys and girls -- what bit of our Zombie conditioning is reflected by this attitude?

What are UFOs? Do they really exist? Does anybody know? Does anybody care? C'mon now, *really????*

* * *

There is really nothing more to say when we come back to that beginning of all beginnings that is nothing at all. Only when you begin to lose that Alpha or Omega do you want to start to talk and to write, and then there is no end to it, words, words, words. At best and most they are perhaps in memoriam, evocations, conjurations, incantations, emanations, shimmering, iridescent flares in the sky of darkness, a just still feasible tact, indiscretions, perhaps forgivable.

If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you I would let you know. - R.D. Laing

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

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My thanks to all those whose words and thoughts I have plagiarized for the above article. Any interested parties are invited to sue; we could use the publicity!

- Geneva Steinberg

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(ABSM'S AND MYSTERY CATS - continued from page 8)

of October 13th. In Bryce's own words:

"We were driving home after leaving D.C. and I was trying to make time on the highway. Consequently, I was doing a lot of night driving. About nine miles east of Donville, Illinois on interstate 70, I saw something standing in the middle of the road. It appeared to be between seven and eight feet tall and was all black. I couldn't tell if it was hairy or just black, and at first I thought it was a man but it made no attempt to get out of the path of my car. In fact, I had to change lanes to avoid hitting it! I wanted to stop and investigate, but Charlene was freaking out and I was more than a little shaken myself."

The reports of ABSM's in many cases seem to parallel the stories of mystery cats. Both leave trails that go nowhere; entire communities have been unable to capture or even kill a single specimen; and again with both types of creatures, livestock, poultry or pets have been killed or maimed. The recent escapades of *MoMo* is an example of an ABSM involved in the latter.

John Keel has perhaps the best detailed work on such elusive beasts in the form of his *Strange Creatures From Time and Space* (Fawcett Books, 1970). Billed as a "comprehensive encyclopedia of monsters," the tome is just that. It has reports of ABSM's and mystery cats from nearly every state in the country and quite a few other countries as well. Keel's thoroughness in uncovering these items of curious interest has impressed me with one striking fact: *The creatures, monsters, or whatever that prowl the surface of this globe are more numerous than they have a right to be!*

Are the perpetrators of the other-dimensional theory correct in their assertion that Bigfoot and Co. may be "dropping in" from elsewhere?

If so, do they *drop out* again? Their appearance and disappearance may be a controlled phenomenon. It would almost seem that somebody is using teleportation as a mode of travel.

Perhaps the persons who delve into the secrets of ESP are on the right track. The mind may be the key that unlocks the

world of the ABSM's, mystery cats, UFOs and a dozen other oddities that we find ourselves confronting on a day-to-day basis.

The country lanes, woodlands and open fields of the nation - pleasantly enticing by day - melt into shadow and myth by night. What strange wonders will next be reported from those dark realms? And who will be the person to witness such an apparition? Will it be someone in the neighboring town, a friend down the road, or perhaps...?

- Curtis K. Sutherly

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(INVISIBLE HANDS - continued from page 10)

road to the other and even tipping over with the wheels whirring in midair, the car lost momentum and I lifted my feet off the brake and pulled the emergency brake on. Then we just sat until we stopped trembling all over. I was grateful to the "invisible hands" that had pressed down on my hands to guide the car!

I really believe that before our time comes to go, nothing can kill us; whereas when our time does come, nothing can prevent it. Also, that if we live up to our best, nothing but for the best can ever happen to us, regardless of what it may seem at the time.

The most amazing instance of intervention by friendly invisible hands was when "they" saved a previous heirloom from getting broken. My friend Grace had often told me about her treasured heirloom of a brown glass bottle in the shape of an Indian woman. It stood on top of a high-boy cabinet in front of a large cloissinae plate upright in a metal holder.

While sitting in the dining room, I heard a strange noise and saw the plate trying to yank itself out of the holder. As Grace came through the doorway, she also saw it rise and fly over the head of the glass bottle, then fall to the floor and break into a thousand pieces.

When I saw the bottle tipping over from a gentle shove by the plate, I instinctively raised my arm as though to stop its fall.

Of course, I didn't really expect it to stop in mid-air on the way down - but it actually *did!*

It was just as though "something" had caught it in time and was lowering it to the floor so slowly that when Grace picked it up there wasn't even a crack in that delicate spun glass! When she thanked me for my intervention, I humbly acknowledged that it was a higher power than I could muster that achieved such a miracle!

* * * * * *

(ON THE MATTER OF PROJECTION - continued from page 11)

evidence of his own eyes is not necessarily any evidence at all is the problem.

- Richard S. Shaver

(Editor's Note: *The idea of 3-D projections is neither a delusion nor a pipedream. It is a reality today, through the development of Laser-Holographs. Man is on the verge of compressing vast amounts of information, even sound and picture together, on a small piece of crystal - just like Shaver's Rock Books. And who is to say that our very image of reality itself is not just an illusion - an illusion that can be created and destroyed at will....*)

* * * * * *

(BIRTH, DEATH AND RESURRECTION - continued from page 14)

"anagogical" or mystical.

Reality (or a level of "awareness") could be a spectrum (re: Dunne) with appearances in each division, and UFOs and unexplained phenomena could be "things" that have evolved with us (existing on some higher level). This would hold true for hallucinatory experiences.

James in *Varieties of Religious Experiences* cites briefly (from an earlier work

of his) of a presence felt by a blind man. This presence was a figure of a gray-bearded man squeezing himself under the crack of the door and moving across the floor of the room towards a sofa. The blind subject of this "quasi-hallucination" was, according to James, a highly intelligent reporter. James said it could have been some abstract conception with feelings of reality and spatial outwardness attached to it, an objective "idea" from an external and unseen reality.

Could it be that each self-expression beyond that of our objective five senses, is but a part of the expression of the cosmic consciousness? American romantic poet Walt Whitman (1819-92) would often transcend, in his work, his inner experiences to that of a whole cosmic unity.

Another poet of this movement, Henry David Thoreau, author of *Walden*, wrote in his personal journals: "Once I was part and parcel of Nature; now I am observant of her."

He said that the relativity of perception is the first step towards pure objectivity.

- Dennis Stamey

* * * * * *

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Gene:

Just got CAVEAT EMPTOR #6. Aside from the frightening photo on page five, it is a modestly good issue, but I think you have been a bit unfair to Brad Steiger. In his book on *Strange Disappearances* he finally solved the "Oliver Larch" case.

The story of Charles Ashmore (pp. 30-31) from Ambrose Bierce's old book is very probably the original source for the Larch tale. When Frank Edwards revised it he simply relocated it in South Bend, in his home state of Indiana, implying that he had clippings to support it. Edwards, as you know, was prone to such carryings-on. The Edwards account is almost identical to the Bierce story except for the changes in names and locale.

Alas, great numbers of accepted Fortean stories (and particularly UFO stories) are without foundation. Others have proven impossible to research. I found a number of items in Keyhoe's books were ficticious. For example, do you recall the celebrated crash of a plane in "Walesville, N.Y." while chasing a UFO in the 1950's? Keyhoe's account was based on a letter he received. There ain't no such place as Walesville.

Did you know that none other than Dr. Frank Drake investigated the famous KLEE-TV incident and established that it was definitely a hoax? But my all-time favorite has to be the fictional account of Fred Reagan's death after an encounter with a UFO - from a cheap man's magazine in the 1950's.

To get back to Oliver, even if the story *did* take place in South Bend and was actually a repetition of the Charles Ashmore case, it would be difficult - if not impossible - to locate any records at this late date. The newspaper(s) that published the story could have long ago faded away, leaving no files behind. Or, as in the case of Sisterville, W. Va., the newspaper office could have burned. The only record of the Sisterville dirigible sighting of 1897 is in Keyhoe's book in their library.

You will recall that I devoted several pages to the 1909 UFO flap in New England in *Operation Trojan Horse*. The central figure was one Mr. Tillinghast, of Worcestor, Mass. I wanted to try to find out more about this man and enlisted a local newspaperman to go through the files, deeds, etc. in the courthouse. He couldn't find a single trace of Mr. Tillinghast. Does that mean Tillinghast didn't exist?

Even incidents from the 1960's are impossible to trace and check. Witnesses move away or die. Police files are destroyed or poorly kept. Newspapers fold, merge, burn down, etc. An Arizona researcher named Ronald Dobbins has tried to check out Edwards story of the disappearing Eskimo village in the 1930's. Turns out that Vincent Gaddis wrote it up for *Fate* originally and Edwards copped it from there. Gaddis based his piece on an account from an unnamed newspaper. I have a photostat of the newspaper story. It is credited to NEA and looks like it might

have come from the old *American Weekly* which was edited by A. Merritt in the 1930's and was filled with ghost stories and Fortean items. The Royal Mounted Police wrote to Dobbins and said they first heard of it in 1967 and tried to check it out but came up with a complete blank.

In 1967, I went through microfilms of the Atlanta papers for 1896-7, accompanied by Allen Greenfield and others. We stumbled onto a full-page story on the Loch Ness monster but didn't have the time to copy it. I mentioned it briefly in *Strange Creatures*. This year Ted Holiday, author of the *Great Orm of Loch Ness*, wrote to the Atlanta Constitution about it and received a letter from the editor stating that their files don't go back that far!

One very serious problem is the paranoia of the UFO buffs. They all seem to think that someone is out to deceive them; the whole world is putting them on. This leads to some silly extremes. They accept blindly items in raunchy tabloids that support their beliefs but they question more thoroughly documented material which runs contrary to their personal concepts. Or they start inventing weird motivations and solutions.

If your "Eric Grandstaff" would confront his girl friend directly and ask her about the phone call he received he would undoubtedly learn that *she did not make the call*. This sort of thing goes on all the time and is responsible for much of the nonsense in the UFO field. A great many calls were made in 1967-68 by someone who imitated my voice and mannerisms exactly. For example, I received a note from Jaye P. Paro, who then lived on Long Island, stating that she thought I was nuts to ask her to go up to Mt. Misery alone late at night. Since I had not asked her to do any such thing, I phoned her and asked her what it was all about. She said she had received a phone call from someone who sounded exactly like me and this someone had instructed her to meet them at Mt. Misery.

The UFO buffs being short on brains and reason and long on paranoia allow such phone calls to rip their groups apart. There was a wave of such nonsense in Mass. in 1967, and in many other places besides. Jerome Clark received many such calls in 1968. One series of calls came from an elderly woman identifying herself as "Mary Keel." That same week I received a visitor in New York - a priest who said he had received a frantic call from one Mary Keel asking him to check and see if I was all right! There are no Marys in my family.

I could go on and on. The big fracas in Oklahoma early this year [1972] was unquestionably one of these phoney telephone pranks. A TV technician "overheard" a military conversation about UFOs. Poor Hayden Hewes fell for that hook, line and sinker.

John A. Keel
New York, N.Y.

* * *

Dear James [Moseley]:

I read Part 2 of your article. You speak of the will to believe (or not to). I have lived some 73 years here and I wonder, by now, whether one can really believe anything. I say believe. One may have strong convictions about something and presto! someone comes along and blows the whole thing right up in your face. I think perhaps the only things one can accept as being true come through personal experience. I am not willing to doubt the evidence of my senses. But the evidence of my senses are valuable only to me. Everyone wants proof. I cannot provide proof of something that has been mine and mine alone. My word is all I have to give. It is for this reason I have developed a will to believe the testimony of others.

In mentioning UFO phenomena...as you say, there seem to be some strange side-effects reported by people. Being a psychic I have not been extensively active in saucer research....I think it can interfere with research on the occult. It is strange (don't you think?) that we do not have reports from the occult field about UFOs. Spiritualists have not given us messages about them. The spirit world seems silent on the subject....

I lived in Los Angeles in the late '40's and early '50's when there was hardly a day...that there were not one or more UFO sightings in Southern California. I sensed a source of mental power (alien) in the direction of Palomar. This, you re-

member, was where Prof. [George] Adamski was at the time. And Angelucci was taking UFO trips. I dared not inspect by telepathy (the aliens) because I didn't want them to know me. I could only make tentative mental inspections by telepathy. Whatever it is that is my warning signal sounded off each time and I didn't like the sound. I could contact them by telepathy, but I mustn't. They would be too powerful. The darned things also made me physically sick. I can tell when one is within 50 miles. I don't have to see it. As a matter of fact, I never saw but one. It was such a mundane sighting that it wasn't worth reporting. Merely a very glittery disc cruising along over Los Angeles...

Because I didn't care to get involved with UFOs was no reason not to read about them, so I guess I have just about the whole UFO story on my shelf. From that a pattern evolved....And here it is: Reason for their appearance - we were exploding bombs. Having a new toy to play with, man was popping off atomic bombs all over the world, slowly destroying life on Earth with nuclear poison. Every disc anyone ever came close to was radioactive. The most simple and obvious answer man will not believe. But the discs saved us. They dissipated or took away much of the radioactivity from us. I decided that they were from Luna. I still think they may be....

I think that Adamski did not have the experiences he related, but I think the saucer occupants lied to him and some of his experiences were hoaxes. In his book, he gives every evidence of sincerity, but it wasn't him that was insincere. I think that our Gov[ernment] knows what the saucers do. But they wouldn't want the rest of the world to know that their threat of (you better do what we say) is but an empty bluff - and although they have plenty of atom bombs, they do not have the means to explode them. And they don't know how much the U.S.S.R. has, but I think not much.

Now to get back to all those li'l ol' oddities like men in black, etc. [They] are also hoaxes put on by those who want us to look in the other direction from what they are doing. We must not suspect the truth about what's really happening. But most people don't anyway. They don't look or listen to anything except what is told to them. And that's what silvery discs are in my book. UFOs from Luna. But there are others and those others are not benign.

You are interested in the occult. Well, I think maybe the best way to approach that is through metaphysics. I don't know for sure that it establishes proof of an afterlife, but the evidence is very strong that it does. However if you are looking for some meaning to life, as so many are, you will find in metaphysics something that works, proves itself, as truth always must.

ESP comes spasmotically. It is not to be relied upon. You can have it today, and not tomorrow. You may hear voices. You may see visions, any number of things. But no psychic is psychic all of the time, and I guess that is why mediums can't always be correct. But I know for sure that they sometimes lie. If you're psychic, you know when they lie and when they resort to tricks of sleight of hand....

But again: Would uncovering the mysteries be wise? Take levitation for instance. If everybody knew how, what wrongs could be done with it! Somebody that didn't like you could lev[itate] a big rock on you for instance. Eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil is good for he who can handle it. But a little power in the hands of fools is a deadly thing.

Dulcie Brown
Fresno, Calif.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I again would like to clarify some misunderstandings on the pornography topic by Messrs. Glemser and Hutchins in the Winter, 1972-73 issue of CAVEAT EMPTOR.

Since Glemser's letter concerned Ray Dreher and what he said and what was written about him, it naturally would follow that Glemser would confine himself to those statements. Dragging an argument about porno versus violence in one breath is an unfounded innuendo and "guilt by association" attack. It is therefore out of context.

Dreher was referring to the fact that

oral sex is a criminal offense on the books of many communities - and against some church laws. His reference to "criminality" was associated to this. Murder is portrayed - but it is also a crime.

When Dreher speaks of a pornographer in California who is, in Dreher's opinion, defying reality - and Glemser goes off on the topic of oral sex, it is Glemser, indeed, who is going out of context.

Glemser's opinion of law is very shallow. Laws of all cultures of all countries from time immemorial have concerned themselves with taboo and restrictions on sexuality of varying sorts. There is no one country that has not been occupied with these laws or taboos. The idea that all taboos should be removed is a very unrealistic and a very recent idea. Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint. The term "free society" only has meaning in relation to limits and references to principles by which those limits and laws are determined.

The episode of the Swedish police operation is twisted beyond all recognition. The police felt compelled to do so out of humanitarian interests. In countries where rape has increased 60% in four years; syphillis, 500% in seven years; abortion, 40% in two years; infidelity among the marrieds, 30% - and a known 90% of all illegitimate children are the result of casual affairs, it is no wonder that police and federal agencies who are concerned with the welfare of the citizenry should feel compelled to take action. Neil Elliot in his book on Scandinavia surely doesn't portray a country that is a "police state." This again is part of the avant-garde brainwashing that is a cruel hoax. In Scandinavian countries, as an insight, 25% of all deaths during the young and sexually viable years are suicides. In some cases, suicides have tripled over the years....

Your disenchantment with Ray Dreher would be abated if your rather short letter, Mr. Glemser, would have been more explanatory. The 1957 *Roth* decision said definitely that obscenity existed and that it was not constitutionally protected. Since you took Ray Dreher to task to begin with, it would appear that you were attacking his views on *pornography*. Now you say that you were merely talking about "private sex practices." The one is definately against the law. The other is open to debate. Dreher had every right to say that one who advocates obscenity is perverted.

Rev. Hutchins does a commendable job of presenting the modernist "situation ethics." First of all, I find persons relying on Webster as some kind of "standard" are usually trying to sidestep the issue. The Old Testament is much older than Webster - and he only tried to collaborate opinions of popular meanings and phrases. Webster was not alive when Christ spoke the sermon on the mount; neither was he there when Moses presented the Decalogue.

First of all, our critics fail to understand *what* the Citizens for Decent Literature are doing. And one wonders if they even bothered to study the arguments and statements involved. CDL is very much enmeshed into the jury and court systems of our democratic government. Dreher is very much an advocate of trial by jury and other democratic systems. Our critics want to cast CDL in the most offensive light that seems to be at their finger tips. Calling CDL a vigilante group is part of that propaganda.

Second of all, *The Christian Century*, Webster, or the President's Commission on Pornography are not the criteria to judge Holy Scripture by. Unless Hutchins is so opposed to the Christian heritage that he says he is part of, he must realize, theologically, the Bible does *say* something on the topic. Apparently Rev. Hutchins is not a Christian in the best tradition because he feels what Christ had to say on sexology to be so much trash. St. Paul would be deluded, in his opinion. Does it possibly send a shiver down our fine Reverent's spine to realize that Christ commended marriage and said that the Mosaic morality was very much in vogue - at his time as well as any other. "For this is the *law* and the *prophets!*" (Matt. 7:12)

Christ was very concerned with a "moral religion." "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill!" (Matt. 5:17) It was to be a concrete morality (John 10:35) that could be as Christ Himself (John 1:1): The word *personified!* Likewise, Paul carried the torch of Christ's "moral religion." I Corinthians 6:9-10 portrays this same theology. The

Kingdom of God, in the Millenial sense, has not fully arrived - Christ's morality is still here. Make no doubt about it, Paul substantiated Christ's "Moral Code" all the way (Col. 3:5-9). It still pertains to us today, for Paul spoke of his "dispensation" given to him by God as being the gospel according to which humanity will ultimately be judged (Romans 2:16 - "my gospel").

Sexuality is such a basic, such a dynamic force that connects man to woman to God that Christ's moral law apparently does not change. Says Norman Vincent Peale: "The notion that sex is just another appetite is hopelessly naive. It may be a 'natural' activity, but it differs from all other personal functions. Eating and sleeping and so on are all individual actions. Sex is interpersonal. It directly affects another person. And it can have consequences that reach far beyond the two people involved. So it's not simply like 'drinking a glass of water when you are thirsty.'"

Just as improper in Hutchins' listings of "censorship" or "interjections of belief" are the interjection of the immoralist or pornographer *of their belief* onto the public at large. As Ray Dreher has pointed out: "What married people do in the privacy of their own home is their business. But when it comes to *public* morality, I don't give a hang what their personal views are, because here you enter an altogether different arena."

Pocket book and magazine cover displays of lewd or "lusty" and seductive females in the public ways of department stores and street corners and display areas are a *direct interjection* of the nontraditional belief upon those who espouse a traditional Christianity. Compulsory sex education would be the same thing. And contrary to the alleged "minority" viewpoint of avant-garde libertinism, I would say it is a majority view that is very popular today and has been from time to time in the past. When one can't walk down the street without having nudity or an attempt at nudity thrown at him (not to mention ribs at his beliefs on modesty), then I would say it is no longer a minority view at all....

Pornography - to use Hutchins' Webster - meant the "graphic works of prostitution." Traditional Christianity (of which he allegedly is part) has always prescribed against prostitution. It has not been anti-sex. But a great distinction has been made between the two. The Reverend apparently does not know the distinction. It is a distinction that prohibits adultery *by sight* as well as physical action. Christ sternly admonished that even if one looked at another woman with lust in his heart, *he had already committed adultery*.

That's separating the men from the boys. Even those who wear clerical collars and call themselves Christian. And how do photographs of vivid sexual acts fit in with *that* commandment of Christ's? For a more serious study into the matter, read the findings of President Nixon's *The Obscenity Report* (Stein and Day Publishers, New York).

The Reverend quotes Psalm 149. He also brings the porno versus violence argument in. Both tactics are regular propaganda of the libertines. As a point of fact, some of the more heated pornography shows rather violent acts on people during sexual copulation such as whippings, torture and pain infliction. If Hutchins is as interested in the quality of sex as he says he is, he must surely realize that many pornographers are aiming at the weird, the bizarre, the sick and brutal (making lots of money from those "majority" view Christians). Again, he makes no distinction - nor does he dare question the motives of fellow pornographers.

Might he care to compare notes?

Steve Erdmann
St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Falsehood has been perpetuated for many centuries. Falsehood is now tradition. During the past decade, leaders adopted an ostrich attitude towards the truth, and it seems that religious leaders prefer to perpetuate falsehood. The truth is that the man Jesus Christ never existed as a human being, and the evidence supporting that statement is in the Bible.

The biblical Jesus Christ always was within. The man Jesus Christ is a personification symbolizing something within the

human body. "Thy seed, which is Christ." (Galatians 3:16) "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you except ye be reprobates?" (2 Corinthians 13:5) "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever" (Hebrews 13:8).

That means that Jesus Christ was the same in the past as in the present and in the future - always the same.

The biblical Jesus Christ is in the lions. "Therefore being a prophet and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne" (Acts 2:30).

The biblical Christ is the seed located in the loins.

The seed is the Messiah-Christ of the Bible. The savior is within. God is also within. In the Bible the seed is called the son of God. People were taught that Jesus was the only son of God, but the Bible will reveal that Adam was a son of God (Luke 3:38). It also reveals that Adam was a seed personified as a human being, so the man Adam did not walk in the Garden of Eden.

Furthermore, the biblical Garden of Eden is the human body. There is more than one Adam mentioned in the Bible. The Bible is composed of mystical writings about the art of regeneration. The human body is the key to the mystical language of the Bible.

There never was an outer Christ, and there never will be an outer Christ, for the Christ of the past is the same as the Christ of today and the Christ of the future. The Bible tells people not to go if they hear of Christ being here or there, because many false Christs shall arise to deceive the people. The Messiah-Christ-Savior has always been within, so Jesus never walked....

The consensus today is that more is known today than was known by the ancients about the art of healing, but that does not apply to the art of regeneration.

The ancients knew how to renew the blood that heals the flesh, but scientists today do not know how to produce blood synthetically, nor how to regenerate the body by artificial methods involving man-made chemical products....

Morris Katzen
Cooks Falls, N.Y.

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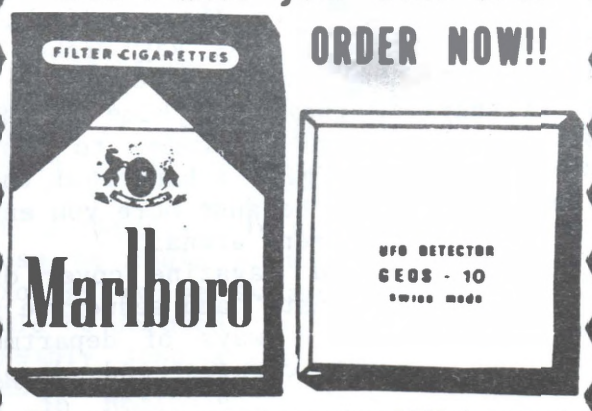
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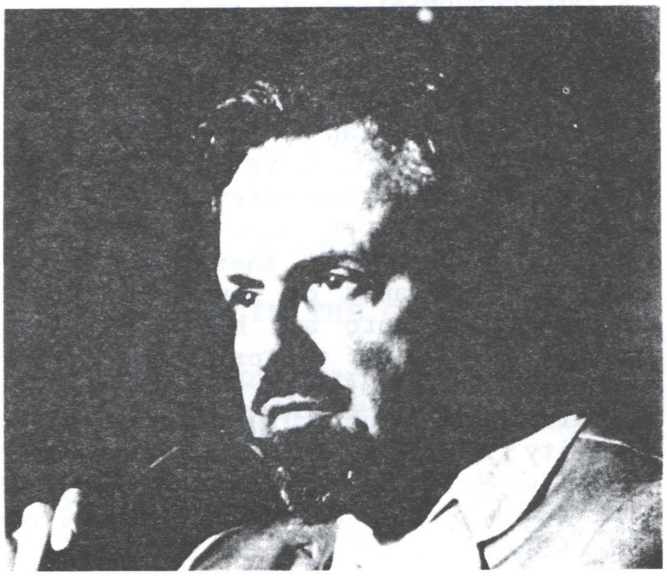
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Culture Corner

THE UFO EXPERIENCE

By Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Chairman, Department of Astronomy, Northwestern University - Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, Illinois - 1972 - $6.95.



Dr. Hynek

I didn't really plan to have the last word on this book. It just turned out that way. First of all, our publishing schedule and the costs of such luxuries as printing and postage limit the amount of material we can present during the year. And secondly, the publisher of Dr. Hynek's book seems awfully shy about promoting it.

The first printing was only of 5,000 copies, half the usual printing of a hardcover book. And there was virtually no promotion to speak of. It took nearly four months before our review copy finally reached us, in late September. Thus the late review.

Yet with all this, we fail to see what the publisher was afraid of. The book went into its second printing still backordered, and the author is an astronomer with a national reputation and impeccable credentials. In fact, Dr. Hynek is one of the few true scientists to dare write a UFO book. The others are the late Professor Charles Maney, Dr. David Saunders (whose book really had more to do with the Condon Committee than with UFOs) and the venerable arch-critic of saucerdom, Dr. Donald Menzel.

Predictably, Dr. Hynek takes a cautious, conservative - and even timid approach to UFO investigation. He steers clear of speculating on the cause behind such sightings, but is quick to discard all "contactee" tales as unproven.

At this early stage, Dr. Hynek and this writer part company.

While I don't necessarily support such claimants, I do not concur with Dr. Hynek's questionable reasons for summarily dispensing with them without proper investigation.

Basically, he describes UFO witnesses as pretty much like anyone else, with all of the shadings of good and bad that entails. In most of the cases he recounts, the witnesses are plainly mystified by what they saw. They seek to find some reasonable explanation for the phenomenon without success. They fear ridicule, and tend to keep their sightings to themselves.

In general, they return to their life's routine, not appreciably changed by the experience. The event is rarely, if ever, repeated.

Having first established this arbitrary pattern, Dr. Hynek readily dismisses the contactees because they don't behave this way. The contactee, though usually normal prior to the encounter, changes drastically afterwards. He (or she) may become a prophet for the "space brothers" and devote the remainder of his life to espousing their gospel of peace and brotherhood. In many of these cases, he attracts a cult of loyal followers. As the years pass, there are bigger and more fan-

tastic yarns told about new meetings with the benevolent saucer people.

It is just as easy to conclude that the reaction of the contactee is a logical (and unfortunate) consequence of such an experience. The sighting of a mere light in the sky, or something skipping across the tree tops, may be strange. But the witness can usually go home with a clear conscience - secure in his belief that his confrontation with the "unknown" was brief and abstract enough not to alter his basic lifestyle.

But you can't react with equanimity to a full-blown contact. No way. Once irrefutable evidence of this kind is thrust upon your consciousness, you can't go home and go to bed as if nothing had happened.

Even the everyday sighting is a traumatic experience for some. Witness the tragic case of Dale Spaur - once a respected policeman, now a hopeless drifter far removed from his family and friends.

We've always hoped that some prominent scientist would give enough time and energy to see if there is a parcel of truth behind contact stories. Unfortunately, Dr. Hynek is not our man.

Dr. Hynek takes other UFO writers to task for failing to properly document their reports. Though profuse with references, *The UFO Experience* has the same failing. A great many of the UFO cases picked to demonstrate certain characteristics of the phenomenon come from anonymous sources. Though there's no reason to question the author's integrity, we must depend on his word alone that these cases are indeed authentic.

We could just as well have combed through the files of APRO, NICAP, and of course CAVEAT EMPTOR. These records contain thoroughly documented cases equally as strange, with the crucial names and addresses and other identifying details lacking in Hynek's accounts.

So, his criticism of other writers for poor documentation may be apt, but he is surely not immune from such criticism himself.

These comments aside, the chapters of UFO sightings are well-presented. Dr. Hynek hopes to establish what he calls "Prototypes," general descriptions of the various categories of sightings - nighttime, daytime, radar/visual, and various degrees of close encounters, including those of the so-called "little men."

It is here that Dr. Hynek does his most valuable service for Ufology. Instead of sprinkling an unrelated cascade of reports throughout the book without form or purpose, as most saucer writers do, Dr. Hynek makes an effort to put them into some kind of order. It makes for easier reading, of course. And the patterns that emerge definitely produce food for thought.

The best part of the book is saved for last - a lengthy crituque of Project Blue Book and the Condon Committee. Both are accused, to the surprise of no one, with being unscientific.

After 20 years with Project Blue Book, Dr. Hynek tells us that there was never an Air Force conspiracy to keep UFO information from the public, as Major Donald Keyhoe and others have charged. Rather, a reluctant Air Force had the UFO problem tossed in their laps. They relegated Project Blue Book to a relatively low position on the military totem pole.

The Air Force, says Hynek, concluded from the first that there was nothing to all the thousands of saucer reports, and would latch onto any handy explanation merely to fend off the press and inquiring saucer buffs. Of course this attitude backfired, as public awareness about UFO reality increased in the 1960's. So the abortive Colorado UFO Project was launched and - when UFO interest faltered - Project Blue Book was shelved permanently.

If there is a high-level belief in interplanetary UFOs, it was never apparent in the sloppy methods used by the low-ranking military men in their "investigations." Dr. Hynek wasn't aware of any such belief. He claims to have gotten involved with the project merely because he was near their Ohio headquarters at the time they needed an astronomer to look over sightings for meteors, misidentified planets and stars.

A highly skeptical Dr. Hynek relished the opportunity to show there was absolutely nothing to the saucer mystery.

But years of familiarity with the enigma showed him there *was* some kind of reality behind it all, that it deserved more scientific attention.

One can respect Dr. Hynek for his intellectual honesty, yet still wonder why it took him all these years to give the

project its just deserts.

The book hangs together with a single overriding consideration. One must be completely objective in UFO research and not dismiss anything, however fantastic it may seem.

But even the good doctor knows a "hot potato" when he sees one. He readily admits he won't delve too deeply into humanoid reports, even though they might be the lone source for the truth about UFOs. At least he doesn't hide the limits of his objectivity or his lapses of logic.

A prominent scientist once said, "The essence of the scientific method is that the investigator must not adopt a preconceived idea or conclusion, he must not select those bits of data which favor his hypothesis and overlook those that go against it."

We hope that Dr. Hynek will take these very words, written by himself, to heart.

- Eugene Steinberg

* * *

THE CRACK IN THE COSMIC EGG

By Joseph Chilton Pearce - Pocket Books, Div. of Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York, N.Y. - January, 1973 - $1.25

This book is a must for those people everywhere who are dedicated to the philosophical proposition: "*This* is a glass of water! But *is it* a glass of water?"

Pearce would not only say it is not necessarily a glass of water, but that our concept of atomic structure and reality is illusory and can actually be changed through "autistic experience" and "A-thinking." Pearce says that "mind over matter" is not an adequate description of his theory, for he believes mind over matter alludes to unknown, universal laws to operate by.

All "universal laws" are illustory according to Pearce, to the extent that man's "mind power" is the sole arbitrator, shaping events through trance states, metanoia restructures, and what Pearce calls the Eureka Experience! That mankind wants to see these discoveries as "universal laws or truths" of God, means only that man is "mirroring" his own thoughts as an "out there, outside" power.

"Life creates myth and then strives to fill it by imitation."

The examples Pearce cites of "reality restructure" are interesting, but so far not conclusive. The Ceylonese Hindu firewalker goes beyond mind over matter, and actually reshapes reality for a moment.

Fire does not burn, and the body reacts in a new and mysterious way, Pearce says. Physicist Gerald Feinberg challenges Einstein's "light speed" as the meximum, and begins postulating. Years later, after some thought on the matter, lo and behold the "tachyon particle is found. The asteroids were discovered because someone mathematically postulated a body of mass in orbit in that part of the solar system. Someone discovered a single asteroid. Soon, thousands were being discovered. Last but not least, a man called Jesus was able to walk on water, raise the dead, and heal the diseased.

Much can be said for Pearce's argument that scientific axioms and discoveries are on shaky ground, and really illusory. At one time the theory of evolution was a rather embryonic study. People usually viewed man's origin in terms of divine creation. Largely due to the efforts of Charles Lyell, James Hutton, Lamarck and other early "uniformitarian" authors, the famed Charles Darwin was able to come to his conclusions in *The Origin of Species By Means of Natural Selection.* It wasn't till Darwin and these authors had put much thought into the matter, and Darwin made trips aboard the H.M.S. Beagle, that the so-called links in the evolution of the species were found.

Much thought was put into the matter, and a whole dogma of evolution has come about, with carbon 14 dating (which itself is based on three shaky assumptions), and our modern archeological and anthropological studies today.

Donald Patten *(The Biblical Flood and the Ice Epoch)* says that all the basic assumptions that evolution is based on lie on faulty ground. Environmental determinism, natural selection, geological uniformitarianism, the survival of the fittest, recapitulation, and the alleged apeman (the missing link), are so full of large gaping holes that the dogma of evolution has come under serious question.

And what of the missing link? Major L.A. Waddell says he came across some "giant man-like tracks" in the tiny Hima-

layan kingdom of Sikhim in 1887. Some thought was put into the matter, and not only was the apeman seen again there in 1900, 1923, 1933 and 1949, but records began to come to light of seeing the "yeti" at earlier dates, and in other countries. Today, apemen are reported in Malaysia, Canada, Russia and many parts of America.

Here is precisely where Pearce may be on weak ground, as he does much to quote Christ and the Bible to uphold his evolutionistic theory. He also seems to misuse the works of Teilhard de Chardin. Since he avails himself greatly of the questionable theory of evolution, we can't help but wonder why he dares to dabble in Scripture as to what it does or does not say on "moral law."

Chardin, though an evolutionist, did not do away with "moral law," as I see it. He said that evolution's "inmost agents are not mechanistic but psychological and moral." He also said: "It is necessary that redemption and therefore the Fall be extended to the whole of the universe. Henceforth original sin must assume the cosmic proportions that tradition has always ascribed to it."

Likewise, I doubt that Christ was an amoralist or neutralist, as Pearce indicates. There appears much to the contrary in Scripture.

When Christ was speaking of "what is loosed on Earth is loosed in heaven," it seems apparent that He was speaking of the theocratic rule of His Kingdom, in fact, a coming government - a literal world-ruling organization mentioned in the book of Daniel 2:34-35. The destroying of Nebuchadnezzar's symbolic statue. It was a Kingdom in which Christ was "to rule all nations with a rod of iron" (Rev. 12:4).

This is well within keeping with the Jewish idea of a King David-type ruler they expected as Messiah. Christ did not deny this "type" of ruler, necessarily, just the degree, origin and exact time when He would bring it about (Acts 1:7). Pearce's comments on Christ's "many mansions" (page 131) are explainable in the same way.

Pearce sees some esoteric meaning behind Christ's words on morality. I see only the universe-governing "logos," the executive world ruler, who has the power to forgive the truly repentant, and order them to "go and sin no more." Christ made no pretense that the commandments of God were definitely to be kept (Mark 7:7-10). The biggest crime of the Pharisees was of liberalizing and polluting these laws. God was a master (Matt. 6:24) whose universal, moral law would extend indefinitely (Matt. 5:18).

Pearce appears to have made this mistake as most Higher Critics do - that of segmenting the Scriptures, and breaking them down into ridiculous and discordant parts. A concordant and homogenous rendering would have solved most problems the Higher Critics came across (their erroneous theory of evolution did not help either): Allowing Genesis to aid Revelation, or Matthew to aid Jeremiah. They might do well, as they quote, to read the warning in Revelation 22:18-19: "If any man shall add...if any man shall take away...."

To Pearce, the sole arbitrator is "mind power." But how can the concept of "mind" even come to be without some ultimate ideal with which to base this subjective phrase upon? Desire, passion, curiousity, longing, novelty, daring, creativity, joy and all those emotional words (page 170) are but meaningless mumbo-jumbo if our minds aren't able to base their quantitative aspects on a higher qualitative ideal. Where there is a law, there is a law-giver. Where there is a mind, there is a mind-giver. Where there are thoughts, a thought-giver.

Pearce may wish us to obtain the perpetual "crack in the cosmic egg." However all of us, alas for him, but happily for the children, are not Humpty Dumpty.

- Steve Erdmann

* * *

After reading *Crack in the Cosmic Egg*, I was so impressed that I just have to tack on a few comments of my own. This is the first theory I have found which can tie together *all* the varying UFO reports, Forteana, religions, philosophies, psychic phenomena and other anomalies.

The Alternate Realities fit in right along with the Power of Positive Thinking. I can't recommend this book too highly. Whether you finish agreeing with me or with Steve Erdmann, you are sure to find it thought-provoking. So *read it!* And then let us know your views.

- Geneva Steinberg

caveat emptor

Newswatch

* * *

SAUCER HODGEPODGE

The 1950's meant a lot of radar sightings of UFOs, with jets scrambled to intercept the elusive apparitions.

The 1960's meant a lot of close-level sightings, with the discs skipping across treetops, or even someone's front lawn.

The last few months seem to have brought a little of both to whet the appetite of UFO fans.

On September 14, 1972, two F-106 jet fighters were dispatched after a "glowing circular object" that suddenly materialized on the radar screens at West Palm Beach (Florida) International Airport. As usual, the UFO went elsewhere soon after the jets came along. The jet aircraft were from Homestead Air Force Base, south of Miami. The Air Force came out into the open again, despite the lack of a UFO project to pass the buck to. They talked of "weather phenomena" and of Venus, the latter to account for the simultaneous visual sightings. Experts on both sides of the question continue to argue about what really happened.

Debate about the visual characteristics of UFOs blazed anew as some strange things showed up on pictures made with infrared film. They were actually taken back in 1955 by engineers Norman F. Schulte, Bob Forrester and LaRue Stillwell. The trio took photographs of atmospheric atomic tests in Nevada from Los Angeles. When developed, all sorts of strange objects came forth. The test was discontinued after about 30 days. There was talk of an abortive military attempt to get ahold of the pictures. But Schulte said he still has them, when he finally decided to talk about it publicly on October 18, 1972

On the morning of November 22, 1972, a Kirksville, Missouri woman had an encounter with a low-level "dishpan" (read UFO). Mrs. Ray Myers was driving along state highway 11 when she saw the object flying over the tree tops south of her. She stopped at a nearby intersection, and drew a sketch of the aerial visitor. The saucer, which was described as red or orange, had a straight silver stripe at its center. It soon disappeared, but left a lasting impact on the witness, who commented, "I never saw anything like this on Earth."

Canadians were not left out of the picture by any means. On September 19, 1972, an officer for the Royal Mounted Police and his family were followed in their car by a small oval object, glowing brightly. Inspector William McFarland said he slowed down a few times, but the disc followed his pace. He stopped the car and the thing did likewise. When they pulled up at their destination, a bungalo, their companion still hung around. After a bit, though, it was lost behind some trees. The sighting occurred in the province of Manitoba, a place long noted for saucer flaps.

Of course, these are just a few of the many reports that reached us in the past three months. We'd like to have accounts of your experiences, too, with all of the details you can provide. And if you run across any newspaper clippings or magazine articles, please send them to us, along with the date and name of publication.

From here on, the reader who provides the most clippings used in a single issue gets a one-year subscription extension!

Let's hear from you.

(*UFO Investigator* [NICAP], 10/72, 12/72; *Skylook* [Box 129, Stover, Mo.], 12/72, 1/73; *The Emergency Press*, 1/73.)

* * *

MARS: CHAPTER THREE

In the first two installments of our continuing saga on the search for life on Mars, we reported on the trials and tribulations of scientists in getting some hard data from their Mariner probes. The most recent Mariner 9 was beset with dust storms. The surface of the red planet was effectively blocked from view for months.

The latest revelations from the space probe indicate that Mars is not a dead world. Once there were rivers winding their way across the surface of that far-off world. Volcanic activity continues even today, scientists say.

One of the most recent volcanic craters is known as *Nix Olympica,* an immense cone some 300 miles across, and anywhere from five to 18 miles in height.

Harold Masursky of the U.S. Geological Survey spoke of vast orbital changes on the red planet that resulted in tremendous alterations in climate.

A Mariner 9 project scientist, Robert Steinbacher, speaks of large amounts of water on Mars. What is more interesting is that this quantity of water is supposed to exist in addition to that known to be at the polar caps. Perhaps much of it is situated beneath the surface, in large underground streams.

One thing is sure, the experts say. The prospects are growing that we'll find some kind of life on Mars.

(*Pottstown* [Pa.] *Mercury,* 1/18/73.)

* * *

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...

In our last issue, we reviewed Ivan Sanderson's fascinating new book, *Investigating The Unexplained.* In it, he told of a gold artifact hundreds of years old that looked very much like a delta-winged airplane. (See page 26 of the Winter, 1972-73 issue for details.)

Well, it seems that a model of something looking like a glider was found in a box of relics in a Cairo museum.

So, it looks very much like the ancient Egyptians, in addition to all their other achievements, may have been able to fly also.

According to Dr. Khalil Messiha, he was looking over a box of some figures of birds when he came across the odd thing. He remarked that it resembled the model airplanes he used to make 20 years ago.

The artifact bears an uncanny resemblance to the American Hercules transport. It even has the same kind of unusual wing structure.

Dr. Messiha went to the trouble of producing his own replica of the thing. He fitted a tail to the finished specimen. Then he threw it into the air - and it flew just like any toy glider would!

Like modern day man, the Egyptians were adept at making small models of actual products of their technology.

No one is yet saying whether the Egyptians really had some kind of engine fitted to their aircraft. But these days one shouldn't be surprised if something like that is discovered next.

(*The Commercial Appeal* [Memphis, Tenn.], 7/19/72. Credit: Lucius Farish.)

* * *

SPOOKS CAVORT AT WEST POINT

The West Point military academy, a cornerstone of the staid military establishment, seems hardly a place for visitors from strange realms beyond.

But an 1820's-vintage ghost must feel differently.

The spectre is of a soldier wearing a uniform of that period and sporting a mustache. True to history, "he" is armed with a musket.

His arrival accompanies a cold, clammy sensation described by some of the West Point cadets. A few said the ghost came to their room on the night of October 30, 1972. Others saw it the following month.

West Point information officer Lt. Col. Patrick H. Dionne claimed he didn't believe in ghosts, but nevertheless admitted "something's going on there."

(*Arkansas Gazette,* 11/23/72. Credit: Lucius Farish.)

* * *

S-F & PSYCHICS

Long ago, it was said that science-fiction and psychic phenomena just didn't mix. And it's quite true that some of the most vociferous skeptics of the world of the occult were to be found among hard-

core s-f addicts.

But the outlook is changing.

Infinity '73 - a convention for fans of the unusual in both fact and fiction - was held at the Commodore Hotel in New York City from January 19-21, 1973

Science-fiction stalwerts Frederic Pohl, Keith Laumer, Lin Carter and even Dr. Isaac Asimov were about. But while one room had a very s-f-oriented panel discussion about "21st Century Man," right across the hall was New York radio personality Bryce Bond, speaking on "The World of the Supernatural."

Most of the discussions were chaired by long-time s-f editor (and a noted figure in UFO research besides) Hans Stefan Santesson.

John Keel was billed as a participant in a conference on witchcraft, along with some real witches. But amid rumors of a sudden change in his saucer views and his personal appearance - and with saucer fans Harry A. Hoffman and Melvin Ginsberg lying in wait - Keel never showed up.

We didn't get a final attendance figure, but "Infinity '73" pins were all over the large midtown hotel.

But we're sure the event was a big success and look forward to Infinity '74.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER...

THE SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN WORLD

Hi! I'm Rick Hilberg, former editor of PHENOMENOLOGY. Since I gave up regular publishing, a lot of people have asked me if I'm getting out of active UFO and occult research.

The answer is quite the reverse. I gave up the magazine mainly because I felt it was the right time for me to enter a new phase of investigation.

In recent months, I have poured over a number of excellent manuscripts with an eye towards putting them in book form.

Space is limited, so I really can't tell you too much about THE SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN WORLD yet. You can read about the strange background of this book in the 2nd issue of CAVEAT EMPTOR (75¢ from the publishers).

Right now I'm hard at work making final arrangements to publish this new, amazing compendium of facts about the startling hollow Earth theory.

I don't want to promise a publication date just yet - though I hope it will be before April 1st.

If you'd like the book, you can reserve your copy now, at the pre-publication price of only $2.50 per copy. It's fully guaranteed - and if there are any unaccountable delays in getting the book printed, we'll refund your money pronto!

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