5-8-8

A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY

"Whereupon: a voice from the gallery shouted ..."

Whole # 28 Ralph M. Holland, 2520 4th St., Cuyahoga Falls, O. Spring 1958

HI! According to the calender, it is time for the annual "final issue" of the *Voice*. Only this time it actually is the final issue, I think, unless something of unusual importance turns up. For the past few years, the demands on my time have made it increasingly difficult to get the thing out on any reasonable schedule. Now I have come to the conclusion that the *Voice* has served its purpose, for the time being, at least. All of the drums which it has been beating are now either broken, or in the hands of much better qualified drum beaters than I.

To consider the various subjects which gave the *Voice* its reason for existing, we will have to begin with the *Shaver Mystery*, since it was the thing which led to the original decision to publish the thing.

In 1944 Richard S. Shaver wrote a series of "science fiction" stories dealing with supposed underground races of people, who lived in huge caverns deep beneath the surface of the earth -- the former homes of a great "Elder Race" which lived here on Earth long before the present Adamic races came into being. The great "mech" -- the scientific apparatus of this ancient race still existed, and the present dwellers have learned to use some of it. A degenerated group, which he called the "Dero", use it to tamper with the affairs of the surface dwellers and cause great harm merely for the saddistic pleasure which it gives them. Better groups, whom he called the "Tero", occasionally try to counter the evil done by the Dero, but ancient taboos prevent friendly contact between them and the surface peoples.

The differences between Shaver's stories and the usual run of science-fiction was that he claimed that they were true -- that, altho presented in fiction form, they were either actual events, or typical representations. The second and most important difference was the nature of the "mech" described by him. Many writers have featured fantastic mechanism in their stories, and some of it has been quite logical, but Shaver described so many different kinds of mechanism that, to quote the analysis of one professor, he would have to be a master at a dozen different sciences to even imagine them in the detail which he had in his stories.

It is at this point that the real "mystery" comes in. Shaver is a good writer, in my opinion. He is a fine fellow personally. But he is decidedly not a scientist. With all due respect for his many abilities, it is utterly impossible that he could have dreamed up his "mech" in his own head. The question was: *where* did he get his information ? He claims that he got it from his cavern friends.

In order to study the Shaver Mystery, and any other unexplained events which came into our net, a small group formed the *Circle Letter Club*. Most of the original members were technicians of some sort, and we hoped that, by discussing things back and forth, we might possibly come up with some answers. The Club grew too big for its own good. It took the letters so long to get around the Circle that, by the time they got back to the originator, he had forgotten all about it. So it simply sort of collapsed of its own weight, and disappeared from the scene. The *Voice* was intended to eliminate the defects of the Circle Letters -- it would go to all members at the same time, and they could write their comments, which would be digested for future issues. But comments were few and far between, so the zine failed to serve its intended purpose, and continued on as a sort of personal editorial affair.

As for the Shaver Mystery, it eventually died out. Everyone who tried to investigate it seemed to have bad luck of some sort which made it impossible for them to continue. Some claimed this was due to Dero tamper -- others said it was merely a series of coincidents. At any rate, it got the reputation of being a "hoodoo", and many decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and stopped investigating.

During the height of the affair, Shaver had some very bitter enemies. You could find persons who could positively prove that Shaver was a "liar" -- that he was as nutty as a Christmas fruit cake -- that he ate onions -- that he was making a mint of money from his "racket" -- or almost anything else you wanted to have proved.

But when you asked them the only real important question: *"Where did he get his scientific information ?"* they quickly changed the subject and began to explain what a big crook he was. If you insisted on an answer, they were likely to get downright hostile. The discussions of our *Circle Letter Club* were equally as fruitless. A few minor points were cleared up -- to our own satisfaction, at least -- but the basic mystery still remained a mystery to most of us. We did not necessarily accept his explanation. In fact, since most of us were, by professional training, materialistic minded, we rather doubted it. But we never came up with any other answer which fit all the known circumstances and satisfied all of us.

Ray Palmer announced a while back that he was going to revive the *Mystery* in some of his zines. The few items which he did run were rather pale things, however. The fire of the original *Shaver Mystery* was missing, and reader reaction seemed to be slight. So, with nothing new to add, and with little apparent interest at the moment the *Shaver Mystery* is apparently now history.

THE KOCH TREATMENT was the next subject about which the *Voice* shouted -- a treatment discovered after years of research by Dr. William F. Koch who was, until the announcement of his discoveries, a highly honored writer in the A.M.A. *Journal*, a practicing physician, and a teacher at both the University of Michigan and Detroit Medical College. His discovery was the oxidizing function of the body cells which, he said, was necessary to good health. When this function became impaired, it would result in disease of whatever part of the body was weakest. It might manifest itself as cancer, polio, tuberculosis, lukemia, certain heart conditions, arthritis, etc.

He claimed to have isolated and synthetically made this oxidizing chemical which was missing in a diseased body and which, when injected into the blood, would often restore the natural oxidizing process. It was not, he said, a cure for anything. It merely restored this essential body function to normal, after which the body would usually cure itself. He had accumulated a long list of case histories in which the treatment had apparently restored the persons to health, but the A.M.A. condemned the treatment and fought Dr. Koch with every weapon in its arsenal.

The real reason is, of course, unknown, altho several people have come up with possible reasons -- all of them economic. First of all is the fact that Cancer is the #1 disease in the U.S. today, and it costs about $6,000 to die of cancer. That is the average cost for doctor and hospital bills, surgery, and drugs -- particularly drugs. It takes a lot of drugs to try (usually without too much success) to deaden the pain of cancer in its terminal stages. In fact, this is the chief outlet for narcotic drugs (the chief legitimate outlet, I mean). This is quite a tidy nest egg for the medical profession and drug industry, and the A.M.A. has always seemed to be particularly interested in the economic well being of its members and friends. Aside from this, persons under the Koch treatment cannot use alcohol or tobacco in any form, and cannot eat anything prepared in aluminum -- which means that three very important advertising groups have no reason to greatly love Dr. Koch -- and the newspapers and magazines do not like anyone whom their best advertisers do not like.

It developed that Dr. Koch was not an isolated case, but merely part of what seemed to be a vicious pattern. Several others had treatments which at the very least were worthy of fair investigation. Hoxsey, Dr. Lincoln, the Drosnes-Lazenby Clinic, and several others were, however, condemned as "quacks" with only a perfunctory investigation -- if any at all.

As to the picture today: The Koch Treatment is still being used by an increasing number of doctors, in spite of the "Medical Union" ban. It is almost a standard treatment among veterinarians for certain animal diseases -- Bangs Disease in cows, etc. Dr. Koch himself is working in Brazil, at the invitation of the government, and has made sufficient progress against tropical diseases which were formery incurable to open vast areas of that country which were formerly closed to humans. There has been very little publicity recently, because the makers of the medication prefer to carry on their educational campaign on a professional level, and do not want to build up a popular demand for the treatment among the lay public.

Mucorhicin, the product of the Drosnes-Lazenby Clinic of Pittsburgh, is being very ably publicized in the *Youngstower*, published by Bud J. Fares, who is definitely

"one of us". The *Youngstowner* is mainly devoted to advertising the wine and dine spots around Youngstown, Ohio. Unless you live in the vicinity, it would be of no interest to you 50% of the time. But every so often Bud comes up with an editorial which is worth the whole year's subscription price. It costs $3 per year, and if you have an extra $3 in your purse, you couldn't spend it better than to send it to the *Youngstowner*, 2025 South Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

An outgrowth of the interest of the *Voice* in cancer treatments was the whole subject of the contamination of food and water by various chemicals, etc. The two things are interlocking to a large degree, because many of these chemical additives are either known to be cancer producers, or are strongly suspected of it. Enclosed is a pamphlet put out by a local group on the subject., intended for distribution with an issue of the *Voice* last year (which issue did not materialize). The request for pressure on your Congressmen names the wrong bill, of course, since that bill died with the last session of Congress and a new one was introduced this year. Aside from that, the information is still valid.

This "Pure Food " (and also "Pure Water", since we were fighting against putting fluorine -- a rat poison -- in our drinking water) phase of our campaign is also in very competent hands:

Prevention magazine, 6th and Minor Sts., Emmaus, Pa. - $4 per year, and

National Health Federation, 2454 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco 9, Calif. Dues are $3 per year, which includes their bulletin.

As this letter goes along it may sound like one big ad for magazines, but I can assure you that I am not getting one cancelled 3¢ stamp for either the advertisement or in commissions -- so it makes no difference to me whether you read any of them or not.

FLYING SAUCERS were next on the list of things which interested the *Voice*. When we first began talking about them, they were scarcely mentioned in polite society, and anyone who did discuss them was considered a bit cracked. As the reports piled up, two things became apparent: (1) among the screwball reports (and there were admittedly plenty of them) there were also reports, constantly growing in number, from qualified observers who knew what they were looking at -- airport workers, commercial and military pilots, radar operators, etc. (2) When enough of these well verfied reports had piled up, certain patterns became apparent, and some details of these made it impossible that they could have originated anywhere on this planet.

Our military authorities were even sillier about this matter than usual -- if it is possible -- but eventually enough "respectable" writers took it up, and cited enough unassailable facts, to prove to all thinking persons that there *were* such things as flying saucers, that they could not have come from this planet, and that they were apparently peaceable, since they had never made any attenpt to damage or harm anything or anyone.

There are now a whole library full of books on the subject. Most of them, for my money, are just so much waste paper. There are also several very good magazines devoted to the subject, altho I am no longer personally interested in any of them. One does not continue running after a bus after they have caught it. I am satisfied in my own mind on the answers to the questions: *Who, from where, why ??* , altho I would not attempt to convince anyone else.

A AND H BOMBS were the most recent thing about which the *Voice* shouted. Despite the fact that our "small boys playing with matches and dynamite" insist that they have everything under control, large numbers of qualified scientists tell us that such is not the case. The radioactive fall out from the explosions so far have already caused the death of unknown thousands of people, they say. It is impossible to quote exact figures, because they naturally don't die of radiation poisoning. They all have some other disease or ailment (even as you and I) and the radiation is merely the last straw that breaks the camel's back. More important than this, the poisoning of the air for centuries to come is laying up a terrible debt which must be paid for in the lives of unborn generations.

Two things being promoted by our government at the moment are particularly cruel

hoaxes. These are the *"clean" bombs* and the *Atoms for Peace*. Both are merely some semantic gymnastics -- a clever play on words which might be expected from some high-pressure huckster trying to peddle automobiles or cigarettes, but decidedly out of place when coming from a supposedly responsible public official and dealing with the life of the world. Under such circumstances people have the right to expect straight talk, but they probably won't get it as long as the A.E.C. is headed by a political commissar instead of a scientist.

I do not claim to be a nuclear physicist, but I take the word of some real ones whose word I can respect. They tell me that the end products of nuclear fission are just naturally radioactive by their very nature, and that not all the high power advertising copy writers in New York or Washington can change it. Apparently the government is referring to a modification of the bomb which does not drop its radioactive garbage as soon as the ones used previously. It is possible to make the cloud go higher and reduce the fall out in the immediate vicinity of the drop, but causing just as much long-lived atmospheric contamination as ever -- and that is, after all, the important thing. The people in the immediate vicinity who get burned up with the immediate fall out are important, of course, but it is the build up of the radioactive level in the upper atmosphere that does the real dirty work. This is what will continue to rain down on the earth's population for many thousands of years to come.

As regards the Atoms For Peace hokum -- the end products of a peaceable fission are just as poisonous as those from a bomb. If anyone could devise a safe method of disposing of the garbage, it might be O.K. As long as they can't think of any better method than dumping it in some river or ocean, atomic power remains just a suicidal dream.

This angle of the *Voice's* fight is now being well fought by *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N.Y. The subscription price, $7 per year, is a bit steep unless one is interested in literature, which is its main field. However, it is available in most public libraries, and I would suggest that you drop in and read the editorials every now and then.

This concludes my magazine commercials, but I must naturally include a mention of my favorite organization for all sorts of odds and ends which aren't covered anywhere else -- *Borderland Sciences Research Associates*, 3524 Adams Ave., San Diego 16, Calif. Most of my readers are already members of this group, so it is not necessary to say much about it. You others who have never looked into B.S.R.A. would do yourself a favor by dropping a line to Meade Layne, Director, at the above address, and asking for information.

Which, I think, just about brings me to the end of my impromptu editorial. I am not saying a definite "good bye" because, if something comes up about which I feel something should be said, and no one else seems to be saying it, the *Voice* is quite likely to begin shouting again. But until then, don't look for any further issues .

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SAUCER NEWS -- Special Adamski Expose Issue -- James W. Moseley, P.O. Box 163, Fort Lee, N.J. Price $1.00 (this issue only). For myself, I long ago made up my mind about Adamski, so this issue does little or nothing for me. For those who are still in doubt as to whether Adamski is a prophet or a not-too-clever faker, this may perhaps serve to help them make up their minds on the matter.

The charges and counter-charges which have been tossed back and forth between Adamski and his former "allies" -- Williamson, the Bakers, the Baileys, et al -- are covered quite thoroughly. The main point they definitely prove, as I see it, is that none of them seem to be too reliable.

Technical evidence casting serious doubts on the now famous "foot prints" is listed, and is probably correct. I have never considered these "mysterious" and "mystic" prints worthy of the time to consider this particular phase of it. The whole thing seemed just too silly to me. The space people, let us remember, are supposed to be a very advanced and intelligent people. It just wasn't logical or

believable, in my book at least, for them to act like a small boy playing games with some "Space Patrol" gadgetry in the same class as that received by sending in a Wheatie box top and 10¢ in well wrapped coin. If they had anything of real importance, I think they'd *say it*, not fool around with a bunch of symbols which could (and do) mean everything to everyone.

Moseley reprints a picture from *Yankee* magazine -- a "flying saucer" which was made of a Chrysler hub cap, a coffee can, and three ping pong balls. Could be, I suppose, altho I have a hazy recollection of seeing a lighting fixture in a G-E Supply Corp. catalogue (circa 1918 or '20) which looked remarkably like George's saucer picture. Of course, that doesn't necessarily prove anything. Look alikes can be found for almost any object, particularly when there is nothing else in the picture to give any size comparison.

These are only a few of the high spots, of course. The booklet itself is much more detailed and documented., naturally. It has a definite place in every disc student's library, whether he is for or against Adamski.

A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY

Written and published at irregular intervals, as time and available material may dictate (and as the spirit may move me!) for free distribution among certain of my friends who are interested in the by-paths which the *Voice* travels.

A Voice From The Gallery is merely the voice of its editor and publisher, and does not represent any organization, group, or "school of thought". It does not have any idea or theory to sell, and is not attempting to prove anything. While the material appearing herein is written by the editor, unless otherwise noted, it does not pretend to be original. If the source is known, due credit is given. Otherwise, it probably comes from so many different sources, and represents the combined thoughts of so many different people, that it would be impossible for me to name them all, even if they were known. --*r.m.h.*

ROCKET SHIPS "OLD STUFF" -- Most Americans contemplate their progress with jet and rocket aircraft quite smugly, but again it develops that "there is nothing new under the sun". This time it was the Chinese, who not only invented gun powder and fireworks, but also knew enough about aerodynamics to build huge kites.

In the 15th century a Chinese philosopher and scientist named Wanhoo fastened two kites together, with a chair between them, and powered it with 47 large size rockets. He calmly sat in the chair and had two coolies light the rockets. The ship took off O.K. but, at the height of its flight, the rockets exploded, sending parts of the craft flying in several directions at once, and causing Wanhoo to join his revered ancestors in one final blaze of glory.

His fate dampened the enthusiasm of any other prospective aviators, but he had at least proven his contention that man could be transported thru the air. Today our aircraft designers are almost to the point of testing man-carrying rockets, thus, after more than 500 years, having finally arrived back where Wanhoo left off. We wish them happier landings than his.

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POLAR GARDEN -- Green, flowery valleys within 400 miles of the North Pole were the suprising discovery of a Danish party led by Dr. E. J. Frankl. On the northernmost portion of Greenland they found a valley which was densely covered with Cassiope, tufted shrubs of the heather family, low shrubs of the rose family and dwarf willows. A few days later, on Cape Morris Jessup, the northernmost portion of Peary Land, they saw thick mats of moss, poppies, plants of the mustard family, and pink-flowering Arctic willows. In all, they found about 20 varieties of higher plants among the moss tufts. -- *cr: T. R. Henry*

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SNAKES ALIVE ! -- The stf beanies were definitely the most when it came to real gone antics, I thought, but it turns out that they are really squares as compared to some of the women of staid old England.

The latest fad in London, as reported by the press wires, is the carrying of a live snake in their handbags. It seems that there was an epidemic of thefts from women's handbags, by skillful pickpockets who could rifle the purses while they were on the wearer's arm. Someone got the bright idea that putting their fingers unexpectedly on a live snake would disconcert even the most hardened pickpocket. The hunch proved to be a good one, and the rush was on.

One London pet store alone reported selling more than 100 small snakes, priced at about $1.00 each at current exchange rates, and would have disposed of more if it could have secured them. The snakes are all harmless, of course, and the most popular size is about a foot long.

According to their owners, they make excellent pets, are intelligent and easy to train, respond affectionately to kindness, and need be fed only a few flies or worms about once a week.

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CONTROL RAY -- One of the varieties of mech described by Shaver in his stories was *control ray*, a variety of *telaug* (telepathic augmenting rays). With this ray tyrannical rulers could (and did in ancient times, according to him) implant any desired idea or thought into peoples' brains without their knowledge. Thus they could control their thinking by a sort of super brain-washing, to their own evil ends, and perpetuate their rule indefinitely.

At this time the *Voice* (if I may be permitted a bit of bragging) stated that this particular bit of mech was likely to be discovered *very* soon, and probably would be used to the detriment of the people when it was discovered. I received some particularly scornful letters about this, a few of them suggesting that it would be well for me to seek psychiatric aid.

It just couldn't happen here -- *but it has!* Only it isn't called control ray, of course. It is *subliminal*, so called because it is beamed into the brain below the threshold of conscious awareness. The first tests were sub-visual, that is: meaasges were flashed constantly on a movie or T-V screen, superimposed on the regular picture, but too fast for the eye to consciously "receive". However, the sub-conscious did receive and retain the message in two different tests. It is believed that the same thing can be done thru the auditory nerves by using super sonic messages superimposed on the sound track, so you won't be able to avoid it by putting your T-V set slightly out of focus (as they say can be done with the sub-visual messages.)

A company has already been formed to exploit and further develop the principle for advertising purposes -- on a carefully controlled ethical basis, of course. It is possible that the Federal Communications Commission will ban the use of it on television -- but maybe one of these days -- one of these days -- when some "Glorious Leader" feels that the welfare of the people demands that they think some certain way about some certain thing .....

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MORE ON "WHITHER MENTALITY" --

In front of a New York City apartment house a policeman tagging cars for illegal parking heard a volley of shots from within. A moment later a man dashed out of the building and ran down the street. The officer stood watching him. Several other people dashed out of the building after him. One of them shouted to him: "Why didn't you stop that man ? He just killed a woman in there!"

The policeman shrugged his shoulders and resumed his ticket writing. "That's up to Homicide", he said, "I'm on Traffic."

Guess that winds things up for this issue, folks, so

30 and 73's