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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

The chief trouble with the word "superstition" is that it always applies to the beliefs of someone else, not your own. The entire history of science shows that, in varying degrees, much that even the greatest dead scientists believed to be fact is today either false or else somewhat less than factual, perhaps even superstitious. It follows that what the best scientists today believe to be fact will suffer the same fate.

From "The Ecology of our Science"

by Lynn White, Jr.

Nov./Dec. 1979 issue of *Science* 80

THE MORE one examines the problems of "proving" parapsychological findings, the more difficult these problems appear. But equally important — and in ways perhaps not suspected by historian Lynn White, Jr., quoted above — these problems appear to be spilling over into conventional scientific research.

We refer particularly to the major difficulty conventional scientists have with psychical research — the lack of repeatability of the experiments. No ESP or other psychical experiment that we know of shows generally repeatable results.

Just as much an anathema to conventional science is the suspicion increasingly voiced by parapsychologists that many of the experiments are not repeatable because the experimenter himself is influencing them. This so-called experimenter effect has been recognized by researchers since the days of Sir William Crookes but has been a perennial embarrassment to them because it lays them open to the suspicion of cheating.

Brian Inglis recently discussed this problem in the September 27, 1979, issue of *New Scientist*. He quotes Crookes as saying, "There are some people who are so constituted nothing psychic will take place in their presence." Crookes says that Henry Sidgwick, first president of the Society for Psychical Research, was such a person.

The presence of "experimenter effect" seems to have been proved in 1950 when sensitives were invited to guess the "time" on clock cards wrapped and sealed in opaque envelopes. The time on each card was indicated by a pointer set from a list of randomized numbers.

Unknown to the persons being tested, half the clocks were "set" by Dr. Donald J. West, research officer of

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the SPR, who was known to have even more "psi-dissipating ability" than Sidgwick. The other half of the cards were prepared by G. W. Fisk who devised the test. When analyzed the correct guesses on Fisk's lot were far above chance whereas those on West's lot were at the level of chance.



SCIENCE MUST HEED

THE CLAIM that there is an "experimenter effect" — that the researcher actually psychically affects the scientific experiments he is working on — is terribly unsettling for any experimenter. And it is a problem that all scientists must consider, not just scientists engaged in psychical research.

Ten years after G. W. Fisk's experiments, R. Rosenthal performed "an experiment with experimenters." He concluded that the performance of rats in mazes could be affected by the expectations of the researchers. And, says Inglis, there since has been an "even more disconcerting example" of what has come to be described as experimenter effect.

"When Professor Neal Miller of the Rockefeller University of New York found that rats could be taught by behaviorist techniques to alter their body temperature, heart rate, and blood pressure, he waited until similar results had been obtained by six different experimenters before presenting them as 'robust,'" says Inglis. "Yet, after they had been published, all efforts to repeat them failed. 'The differences between earlier and repeated success and present repeated failure,' Miller lamented in a paper three years

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ago, 'is an extraordinarily perplexing dilemma.'"

Morris Ubell, science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* at the time of the Rosenthal findings, wrote that they throw a pall over all psychological research done during the previous 50 years. The very foundations of scientific research would seem to be undermined.



THE "TED SERIOS EFFECT"

ONE EXAMPLE of experimenter effect became obvious during the research Pauline Oehler did with Ted Serios and his psychic photography. Observing how Ted Serios was able to affect film and create pictures with his psychical powers, Mrs. Oehler asked, quite properly, "Supposing some of the scientists observing effects in a Wilson cloud chamber, or photographing the tracks of subatomic particles, also had psychic abilities, perhaps unbeknownst to them. . . . How accurate then would be the descriptions of their observations?" Yet much of our understanding of subatomic particles, and of the present understanding of matter, is based upon such observations.

In an interview with Ted Serios I once was struck by his account of having been admitted to Chicago's Municipal Tuberculosis Sanatorium because his X-rays clearly showed TB involvement in both lungs. Yet a few weeks later his lungs were clear and the perplexed doctors released him. I have always wondered whether Serios actually had tuberculosis or whether he unconsciously affected the X-ray film.

WHO UNDERSTANDS?

IN THIS whole bewildering situation answers are not made easier by the fact that no one understands how psi operates nor for that matter does anyone understand the world we live in or, indeed, how the human mind functions. New approaches were urged at the annual meeting of the Parapsychological Association in California last summer.

Instead of the "statistical format" which can be designed only to prove whether psi exists, and instead of stud-

ies on how the mind might transmit or receive psychical impressions, John Palmer, new president of the Association, urged an approach that would seek to describe correspondences between psi and life events. Palmer cited the theories of Barbara Honegger of Washington Research Center in San Francisco.

Synchronicity — the juxtaposition of apparently random coincidences with meaningful events — has captured the imaginations of many parapsychologists including Honegger. Among such

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synchronous events might be the simultaneous scientific discoveries or breakthroughs by different scientists in different parts of the world, receipt of aid or money by persons at a time when they are most needed, valued information coming from several sources to focus on a single problem. We all have had many more of these synchronistic experiences than we are led to believe, says Honegger.

But to admit that synchronous events actually occur and that they are not artifacts of the mind which always seeks to organize things into meaningful patterns is to imply the active workings of psychic abilities. The existence of synchronous events necessarily calls for psychokinesis, telepathy, precognition, clairvoyance — perhaps all working together.

Honegger suggests that synchronic-

ities are "the strategy of the intuitive right hemisphere of the brain to communicate unconscious needs to the left hemisphere." She proposes that they occur in a kind of "paradoxical waking state" in which the mind is somehow able to function at a different level. Most people either don't notice synchronicities or forget them soon after they occur, she says.

For 17 years she has kept a diary to record what she believes to be examples of synchronicities and says they are quite common. She urges people to keep diaries to record them and to interpret their purpose. She believes that some of the rules regulating synchronous experiences might thus be discovered.

But it is difficult to see how Honegger's approach is going to carry us much further toward understanding

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the mechanisms involved. If successful, however, it will help to establish the reality of coincidences just as we believe Dr. Rhine's statistical approach has helped to establish the reality of ESP. But the means by which psi operates and the repeatability of experiments will still elude us. Meanwhile, however, the idea of the experimenter effect would certainly be reinforced.



PURPOSE = PURPOSER

WITH ALL this it seems to me we are coming full circle in our thinking about life and reality. If synchronous events actually exist and are not just artifacts of the mind, then we have to look further than mere mechanisms.

Synchronous events occur because of a *purpose*; they are seen to accomplish a need. And if they have a purpose they also require a *purposer* since it is difficult to accept a purpose without having someone or something directing the process.

If you believe you live in a godless, purely scientific world, you must decide that the human mind in some mysterious (as yet unknown) way is able to make these synchronous events occur. If you believe in God, then of course you have defined the purposer.

One doesn't have to accept a purely anthropomorphic god to believe in a "divine" purpose although of course it would help. But at a minimum, synchronous events involve what appear to be an interlinking of minds. It then becomes reasonable to speculate about a "universal mind" or a "world mind" which might not so much direct

events as answer human needs.

We have entered the world of magical thinking with this argument but we don't apologize for it.

More and more psychical researchers obviously lean toward a belief in synchronous events. And if synchronous events do occur we must be prepared to accept their implications. Such implications, we repeat, go far beyond the mechanisms by which such "miracles" may be accomplished.



MICROWAVES

FOR MORE than 25 years a microwave beam has bombarded the American embassy in Moscow. It has been a weak signal with irregular frequency and it was stopped at the end of April this year, perhaps as a gesture of friendship.

But what was the purpose of the signal? It appears not to have been a jamming device or a means of activating eavesdropping devices inside the embassy. A State Department study of embassy employees does not show any ill health brought on by the signal. Neither death nor disease is more frequent among Moscow staff than among other diplomats who have served in eastern Europe.

Have the Russians developed a branch of microwave electronics unknown to the West? We do know there have been a large number of Russian and eastern European studies which purport to show that small doses of microwaves induce irritability, fatigue and loss of libido and have other debilitating effects. American scientists have been unable to confirm these findings.

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United States safety standards allow exposure of up to 10,000 microwatts per square centimeter and the maximum intensity of the Moscow signal has been only 18 microwatts per square centimeter. On the other hand, Soviet and eastern European standards allow only 10 microwatts per square centimeter — one-thousandth as much as allowed in the United States. Again we ask the question: Do they know something we don't know?

Nicholas Wade, writing in *Science*, suggests the United States standards are based on the supposition that no damage is likely to occur "until the tissues start to cook. . . . Discovery that it (18 microwatts) impaired the health of the Moscow embassy staff might have required a lot of expensive radar sets to be redesigned and microwave ovens to be recalled."



BO AND PEEP UPDATED

IS IT possible to separate the "good guys" from the "bad guys"? In most cases, probably not. All religions started as cults.

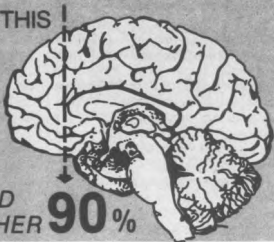
One of the most bizarre of them in recent years has been the apocalyptic search of Bo and Peep for the giant spaceship momentarily expected to carry them and their followers to some kind of Elysian fields where they will live forever.

Bo and Peep were much in the news when they began their cross-country trek in 1975, gathering followers as they went. Nothing had been heard of them recently until *Time Magazine*, in its August 27 issue, devoted a full page to the account of Paul Groll, 32, who reportedly had been sent from the

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group to keep us informed.

Bo, of course, was Marshall Herff Applewhite, a former music teacher and choirmaster of Houston, Tex., and Peep was Bonnie Lu Nettles, a Houston nurse. Groll informs us that the group still numbers nearly 50 persons and that they camp out in the Wyoming Rockies in the summer and on a ranch in northern Texas in the winter.

There they "follow thousands of rules, wear gloves at all times, communicate almost entirely in writing, study the Bible, forswear sex, drugs and alcohol." They are permitted to watch TV newscasts and read newspapers to emphasize the differences between the values of the camp and the outside world. The newspaper obituaries, stock market reports and sports pages are clipped out because they are considered distracting. The members spend much of their time doing eye exercises!

And so they await the millennium in the form of that spacecraft from the sky which will carry them away from Planet Earth. "We just have to turn from a caterpillar into a butterfly and then we'll be ready to leave."



LET'S GROW GASOLINE

SOLAR ENERGY comes in different packages. One of the most obvious is the world's biomass, which depends directly on the sun for the energy to make it grow. Firewood is a typical production of sunshine which subsequently is converted into energy in our homes.

Melvin Calvin, Nobel prizewinning chemist, has been searching for

plants that produce portable fuel that will run our motor vehicles. So far he has called the nation's attention to three.

The copaiba tree, long known in Brazil, produces a sap that has a chemical similarity to diesel fuel. The tree is easily tapped and can yield more than 20 gallons of sap twice a year. Brazil is now developing pilot plantations of copaiba and Calvin predicts the equivalent of 31 barrels of diesel-like product per acre per year. Calvin hopes that the hardness of the tree can be increased so that it will grow in more locations in the United States than Florida and southern Texas.

Annual plants such as guayule and euphorbia exude a latexlike material that can be converted into oil. Guayule has been grown in the United States for making rubber in the past but euphorbia seems to have even more potential.

Carbohydrate-rich plants that produce materials convertible into alcohol already are being seriously studied. These include sugarcane and maize. In addition, plant materials not used for foodstuffs can be converted into methanol.



THE MIRACULOUS VIRGIN

PHILIP Callahan, a biophysicist at the University of Florida, believes that the 16th-Century painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe may indeed be of miraculous origin. Callahan, with Dr. Jody Smith, a professor of philosophy at Pensacola Junior College, has analyzed the painting in Mexico City and prepared the U. S.



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Guadalupan Project Report which is to be sent to Mexican authorities.

"As far as I am concerned the whole gist of the story is: The original painting is miraculous," Callahan told United Press International.

According to the tradition behind the painting, the Virgin Mary appeared to a poor Indian, Juan Diego, on December 9, 1531, and told him to go to the bishop of Mexico City and request that a shrine be built to her on a hill just north of the city.

The bishop refused and the Virgin appeared again to Juan Diego and presented him with flowers for the bishop although it was the winter season when no flowers bloomed. Juan wrapped the flowers in a tilma — an Indian cloak made of cactus fibers — and when the bishop opened the cloak the image of the Virgin was on the inside of the tilma. The shrine, of course, was built and the image on the tilma can still be seen today preserved in a glass case.

It would be easy to explain the story as a painting by religious Indians but there are many mysteries about it, Callahan says.

First, his analysis indicates there is no underdrawing, a prerequisite for nearly all paintings. Second, the cactus fibers supporting the painting never were sized. Sizing is done with flour, varnish and other materials to fill the pores and prevent rot. "The tilma should have rotted 20 years after it was painted," Callahan says.

Callahan's "near-infrared" photos confirm that the original painting was touched up in the Spanish Gothic style. A sunburst of metallic gold was added around Mary along with yellow stars and mantle trim.

THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD

by Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu, D.D.

It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 7 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The IRS tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the IRS in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the IRS in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the IRS to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the Board of Directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automo-



Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Universal Life Church and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.

bile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the IRS. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the Board of Directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court the tax exempt status of his congregations.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley is ordaining ten thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal.

Rev. Hensley invites all those interested in becoming an ordained minister and receiving complete information and Ministers Credentials, to send a \$10⁰⁰ tax deductible donation to the Universal Life Church, 1335 Seabright Ave., Dept 230, Santa Cruz, CA 95060

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Originally it was a very simple painting. The basic scene shows Mary, hands folded in prayer. The basic blue and pink pigment should have faded and cracked away centuries ago, says Callahan. Pollution from votive candles alone should have damaged and darkened it during the centuries it hung unprotected.

"This is totally impossible," Callahan says. "How could it maintain its color without fading for 400 years?"



THIRD EYE?

A FEW YEARS ago it was generally believed that the pineal gland, located deep in the brain of most animals, was an atavistic organ connected with the "third eye" which disappeared long ago in mammalian evolution. Eastern mystics ascribed magical "second sight" to it but there has been no evidence that it serves any known purpose.

Many species of lizards, however, have a nearly invisible "third eye" in the tops of their heads which senses light but whose purpose was long unknown.

Prof. Robert Stebbins of the Berkeley Museum of Vertebrate Zoology did extensive research on the third eye of the fringe-toed lizard of California's Coachella Valley in the late 1940's. He assumed that the third eye was for protection from overhead predators but he and other researchers have found that it serves a much more complex function.

They have concluded that the third eye is a sensing organ for the pineal gland which in turn plays a role in regulating patterns of behavior. In

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lizards, they hypothesize, the third eye apparently provides light which regulates the activity of the pineal gland. In mammals which long ago lost their "third eye" it is suggested that the gland is regulated by light through the two "true eyes."

The research on lizards which suggested that the pineal gland regulates behavior patterns has in turn opened up new avenues of research into such human mental disorders as manic depression and schizophrenia. Strict control of the daily patterns of some mentally ill persons provides them some relief. Some drug treatments also have hinted at a pineal gland connection in mental disorders.

Professor Stebbins is now optimistic that pineal gland research, which he began 30 years ago by studying the third eyes of lizards, may eventually lead to a treatment for these mental diseases.

"Prior to the third eye and pineal gland research," he told Peter Aleshire of the *Palm Springs Desert Sun*, "it was anybody's guess what was at the base of schizophrenia or manic depression. At least now there's an area in which research can really begin to focus."



WATER POLTERGEIST?

WE NOW have "unidentified flying water" in Fountain Valley, Calif. At the William Johnson home on quiet La Flores Street, sudden sprays, sprinkles, jets and geysers are soaking everything and, says Chris Chrystal in the *Santa Ana Register*, "are even tearing the house apart inside."

Bill Johnson is an independent contractor who specializes in painting stripes in parking lots. He has a wife Sandy and three kids, Lisa, 14, Tina, 10, and Brenda, seven, and they rent a home from Royal Stowe who is just as baffled by the strange bursts of water as are the Johnsons, the plumbers and the city engineers.

The water problems started last June 23 and were still continuing early in September. Water appears in different parts of the house in amounts which vary from a glassful to a bucketful. The water runs hot or cold. It shoots through wallboard, plywood, carpet and concrete and oozes through the hairline cracks of the kitchen tile. It apparently blew a hole right through the kitchen floor. A bucket is kept over the hole and it occasionally blows off when a large geyser hits. Once, says Mrs. Johnson, a particularly strong geyser blew out a window screen and showered a neighboring house.

Carpets have been torn up and deep holes torn through concrete. Copper water pipes have been replaced and rerouted. Nobody has been able to stop the random bursts of water, the sprays, the squirts, the leaks, the drips. Plumbers throw up their hands. Family members often are drenched while lying in bed.

The house was built 15 years ago in an area where there once were artesian wells that irrigated the agricultural land. But no evidence links these wells to what goes on at the Johnson home. No other householders have complained about water problems and David Osborne, city public works director, states that "geysers and earth-

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Alan Shawn Feinstein's financial column, *The Treasure Chest*, is syndicated in newspapers in Europe, Africa and Asia as well as throughout the U.S. He is listed in "Who's Who in the East" and "International Men of Achievement." A new laboratory at the Boston University school of Journalism has been named "The Alan Shawn Feinstein Laboratory" in his honor.

*IMPORTANT—We've received word that the Japanese are now trying to buy up all of these they can find! We urge you to get this Report as soon as possible.

quake fault lines are not restricted to one person's lot."

It takes 800 pounds of pressure per square inch for water to pierce concrete, Osborne says; yet the Johnsons insist that water is seeping through their concrete. There are wet spots and leaks all around the house but the water is not coming from the pipes and the soil beneath the house is dry, according to Bill Johnson.

Meantime, writes Chris Chrystal, "the landlord and tenants are toying with words like 'geothermal' and 'supersaturated gas' in hopes of an answer that is scientific and perhaps strange, but not supernatural."

CONVENTIONAL CASE

WHAT APPEARS to be a more conventional poltergeist case was reported by Patricia Leeds and Charles Madigan in the *Chicago Tribune* last August 26. A series of paranormal events seem to surround the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Blakley of Chicago. Eight-year-old Lonnie and her 82-year-old great-aunt Sadie "Bee Bee" Walters came from Springfield to spend the summer at the Blakleys' apartment on the south side of Chicago.

The events began when Bee Bee's medicine bottles started falling over. Then boxes of toys fell over and Bee

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Bee's false teeth started to dance. "That's what I call it; they were doing a dance," Mrs. Blakley told *Tribune* reporters. The family thought that Lonnie and/or Bee Bee were playing games with them and paid little mind to the pranks at first.

They took a more serious view when a doll wouldn't stay on a table and a picture fell from the wall. Lawrence Blakley then took the doll, put it on a shelf, tied a string around the picture and nailed it to the wall.

"You're not going to believe this, but before we had a chance to walk up a hallway the doll had jumped from the room into the kitchen (about six feet) and the picture fell again. It looked like someone had cut the string."

Dresser drawers have been dumped; lamps and a jewelry box have been knocked over. Dozens of similar incidents have occurred. Police have visited the apartment three times. In one instance a picture fell from the wall and broke during their visit but no one was in the room. On another occasion police say they saw Lonnie push over a suitcase and immediately concluded that she was behind it all.

If she is behind it *all*, the little girl's abilities extend to making lamps float and making a teakettle jump off the stove and a water bucket appear to drift about knee-high off the floor before descending with a thump and a splash. All these events have been witnessed.



SECRETS OF THE MASTERS

The **ONLY** training of its kind in the world! By Ted Owens, the UFO Prophet. See Feb. 1979 FATE Magazine article by scientist (re Owens' psychic work).



Read about Ted Owens in "Mysteries," by Colin Wilson, Putnam's, hardcover; "Occult America," by John Godwin, Doubleday, hardcover; and "UFO Trek," by Warren Smith, Zebra paperback.

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Rediscovering Sirmium:

LOST CITY OF THE BALKANS

On the boundary between the barbarians and the Byzantines
Rome's Danubian outpost survived siege and pillage
until the late Sixth Century — when it vanished from history.

By Edward L. Ochsenchlager and Vladislav Popovic



Excavations during the past several years have revealed the grandeur of Sirmium's imperial palace, one of four major residences of Roman emperors. Its rooms, hallways and courtyards, with mosaic floors and traces of once-brilliant wall paintings, give some indication of how impressive it must have been.



Head of a Dioscurus (literally, son of Zeus) is part of sculpture which once stood in the imperial palace.

DURING THE Fourth Century A. D. few cities in the Roman Empire were more important than Sirmium, located northeast of Belgrade, Yugoslavia, where modern Sremska Metrovica stands today. Sirmium was the capital of Pannonia Secunda, one of two provinces into which Illyricum (a Roman province in the Balkan peninsula bordering on the Adriatic Sea) was divided about A. D. 10, and it was sometimes the seat of the provincial government of Illyricum. As well as an important military command headquarters, Sirmium was one of the four major residences of the Roman emperors.

Sirmium is mentioned in most modern historical chronicles of the late Roman Empire but although it is cited by ancient authors more frequently than any other center in the Danubian provinces, the city is seldom

the subject of specific consideration. We have always known of the long series of important events that occurred there and have long recognized the administrative importance of the city in the scheme of the Roman Empire but we have had little specific information about the city itself and the people who inhabited it.

In the last decade, under a grant from the Smithsonian Institution, serious efforts to fill the gaps in our knowledge of Sirmium have revealed a wealth of detail about its cultural, economic and political history. Denison University (Granville, Ohio) and the City University of New York joined the Archaeological Institute of Belgrade in a joint Yugoslav-American effort to expand our knowledge of the city and its area. One part of the joint project was to organize, study and publish raw evidence from previous excavations conducted by the Archaeological Institute of Belgrade and Yugoslavia's Administration for the Protection of Cultural Monu-

Massive walls of the huge hippodrome had to be excavated in small sections for modern houses now cover the area. An ancient reference to horse races held in Sirmium in A.D. 361 was scholars' only clue that building existed.



ments. The second part concerned the initiation of new excavations.

One of the most impressive monuments discovered in these new excavations was the huge hippodrome which once dominated the southwestern portion of the city. The hippodrome is 70 to 72 meters wide and probably 400 to 450 meters long (about 230 by 1400 feet) and its eastern end is horseshoe-shaped. Three massive parallel walls surround the racetrack and central *spina* which is a long low wall covered with dedicatory monuments separating the two sides of the racetrack. The two inner walls were connected by perpendicular support walls about 20 feet long spaced about nine feet apart. These smaller walls carried cylindrical arches which rose toward the outer wall and helped sup-

port the parallel rows of seats. The middle and outer walls formed a long corridor, probably a vaulted *cryptoporticus* (covered passageway), which in turn supported a platform behind the top row of seats.

Elements of rich decoration — columns and capitals, fragments of painted plaster and carved marble slabs — enable us to reconstruct the appearance of this majestic monument. The state of preservation of its major architectural features, including a portion of the stables, should help to clarify some of the many problems concerning these ancient hippodromes which are usually found in poor condition.*

* Other hippodromes have been found in Rome, Milan, Nicomedia, Thessalonica, Antioch-on-the-Orontes and Constantinople.

Monumental public baths probably were built by Emperor Licinius who ruled from A.D. 308 to 324. Sirmium's commercial and port district also has been located and excavated.





Fibulae (safety pins) give dates and sometimes the ethnic associations of skeletons with which they are found.

A single reference from antiquity to horse races held in celebration of Emperor Julian's triumphal entry into Sirmium in A. D. 361 was, until this discovery, the only clue we had to the existence of the hippodrome. Horse races, by the way, in Roman times were chariot races which in modern times we know well from the *Ben Hur* films.

Coins found in the lowest strata of the hippodrome enable us to date its construction to the second decade of the Fourth Century, a period of great activity in Sirmium. Emperor Licinius seems to have maintained his capital here from 308 until October 314 when



Among gifts found in Roman tombs were glass and terra-cotta vessels, terra-cotta lamps and occasionally tools.

he was defeated at Emona (modern Ljubljana) by Constantine the Great, Rome's first Christian emperor.

Constantine lived in Sirmium from 316 to 321 and his eldest son was born there. Some numismatists, judging from the iconography of the coins produced by the imperial mint established in Sirmium in 317, believe Constantine considered making Sirmium the sole capital of the Empire as he later did Constantinople.

It is clear, therefore, that either Licinius or Constantine was responsible for the initial construction of the hippodrome. Despite minor repairs made to the structure in the middle of the Fourth Century it was no longer used as a racetrack in the last quarter of that century. A deep layer of rubble resulting from its disintegration yielded coins of Theodosius I who ruled from 379 to 395.



Horreum publicum (public granary) is located in central area of the ancient city. From here, in times of need, wheat would have been distributed to Sirmium's citizens.

Perhaps more important than the details of the construction and use of the hippodrome in its heyday is the evidence it provides of everyday life in later periods. When it ceased to serve its original function it became a refuge for the beleaguered population of Sirmium and its environs.

For some reason, as yet imperfectly understood, the end of the Fourth Century saw the beginnings of widespread migrations of barbarians from the east. The tremendous pressures which drove the barbarians westward may have been overpopulation, crop failure or simply military expansion. Nevertheless, the people of Pannonia needed a refuge in the years that followed, for Sirmium was invaded by

the Magnense, Quade and Goths during the final quarter of the Fourth Century. Alaric and his Visigoths followed in 400 and Attila and his Huns in the 440's. After the Huns' conquest, the frontier of the Roman Empire gradually constricted and Sirmium found itself on the boundary between the barbarians and the Byzantines.* The Ostrogoths arrived during the 460's. The Gepids came in 475 and a little later the Ostrogoths were back once again.

During these barbarian ravages the people of Sirmium built crude lean-tos against the walls of the hippodrome and partitioned off sections under the

* The Byzantine or east Roman Empire was in essence the Roman Empire in its medieval form.

arches which supported the seats. No doubt they used the central area as safekeeping for their herds. It must have been like Rome after World War II when poverty, despair and disease were rampant and the displaced Italians lived in jerry-built hovels among the ancient ruins.

In A.D. 528 the Heruli and the Gepids descended on Sirmium and not until 567 did the city come once more under the control of the Byzantines. Soon the city, which had undergone many ethnic and political changes and reached a population of 35,000, became a fortress, the only stronghold of Byzantium north of the Sava River. In 582, after a devastating siege that lasted seven years, the Byzantines abandoned the city to the Avars.

The following year a great fire swept through the city (perhaps set by the now-enslaved inhabitants, although there is no real evidence for this) and the ancient history of Sir-



Burial in wooden coffin (note nails) was found in cemetery of Saint Sineros. His basilica was located in 1883 but not mapped, then rediscovered in late 1940's directly beneath a monument honoring the dead of World War II.



Cemetery around martyrdom of Saint Ireneus had long although not continuous use. Burials at lower left date from Fourth Century; at upper left, from Fifth and Sixth Centuries; and at right, from 10th to 12th Century. Fourth Century Christian was buried in vaulted tomb at left. Evidence from necropoli at Sirmium reflects a blend of pagan and Christian beliefs.



mium came abruptly to an end. From its rise to its fall it remained an administrative center. There is evidence to indicate that the city was maintained as a capital by the Goths during the last quarter of the Fourth Century, by the Gepids circa 528 to 567 and by the Avars for a few years after 582.

* * *

THE LONG period during which Sirmium suffered barbarian invasions has left us today with a residue rich in evidence. From layers of garbage dumps and poor houses comes evidence of the inhabitants' crude household possessions and few pottery vessels, their awls and combs made of bone, their blades of stone and their lack of metal. These are important finds, for these implements were in use during periods of time about which nothing is known archaeologically of the rest of Pannonia. Indeed, little is known generally about the Fifth and Sixth Centuries in the Roman Empire. What evidence there is comes from necropoli — which may tell us about the way the dead were treated but relatively little about the way people lived. This gap has now been partially filled. The collections of bones, carbonized grain and samples of pollen show that the people of Sirmium had locally-grown grain, that they raised cattle and pigs and that they made combs from the jawbones of cattle (already polished by the muscles of the living animals). However, final details on the way the people lived will not come until all the specialists have finished their reports on the materials collected.

During excavation of the hippodrome, a long narrow passage was

partially unearthed which terminated on the southern side in a room some 30 feet high and lighted by windows. Such passages are known to have existed at other sites — in the Circus of Maxentius in Rome and the Circuses at Milan and Constantinople, for example — where they joined the imperial box at the hippodrome with the imperial palace. The hippodrome at Sirmium, like the Circus Maximus in Rome, played an important part in imperial liturgy: it was the place where the emperor showed himself to the people on special ceremonial occasions. The excavation of this passage confirmed beyond doubt that the large building to which it led was the imperial palace.

Portions of the palace itself have been excavated during the past several years. Its rooms, hallways and courtyards, with mosaic floors and traces of once-brilliant wall paintings, give some indication of how the palace must have looked to visitors to Sirmium during the Fourth Century. It was surely grand and impressive.

East of the palace proper stand rows of barracks, probably the quarters of the praetorian guards whose duty it was to protect the emperor. Beneath the monumental remains of the Fourth-Century palace lie other massive remains which may belong either to an earlier palace or to a nonimperial building; we cannot be sure which. If to the former, it may have been the palace which Marcus Aurelius built as his headquarters during the Marcomannic Wars of the Second Century and which figured so prominently in the reigns of several Third-Century emperors.

Here Maximinus Thrax would have made his preparations against the barbarians in 236 and here Decius Trianus (who was born nearby) was proclaimed emperor in 249. Here Aurelian, born in Sirmium, spent many days during his reign and here the usurpers Regalianus and Ingenius sought first to seize the throne and later to escape the vengeance of Gallienus in 260. (Gallienus made all of Sirmium suffer for the city's support of the usurpers.) Here in 270 Claudius Gothicus died of a plague of unknown nature and here Probus, also born in Sirmium, was pulled to pieces by his own soldiers in the so-called iron tower.* (Probably it was so named to denote its strength and impregnability, for it is almost certain that no tower literally built of iron existed.)

* * *

IT IS NOT surprising to find that the south-central and eastern part of Sirmium, which included the palace and hippodrome, was also the district where the luxurious homes of the high imperial and local officials were located. It was some distance from the north wall and near the Sava River, thus offering the best means of defense in case of an enemy penetration into the city and a secure retreat through the use of large river ships (galleys like other Roman ships, rowed by slaves).

The best investigated of these homes is the *villa urbana* (city estate) north of the hippodrome and divided from it by a broad street. It is richly decorated with mosaics and carved marble and



EDWARD OCHSENSCHLAGER is Chairman of the Department of Classics, Brooklyn College of the City University of New York, and Director of the Archaeological Research Institute.

A graduate of Columbia University, he earned his master's degree in 1961 from New York University and from 1962 to 1965 served as Assistant Field Director at Aphrodisias in Turkey for NYU's Anatolian Research Expedition.

A few years later he was engaged in work at Sirmium as American Field Director in the joint Yugoslav-American project described in this article. He is co-editor with Vladislav Popovic of a five-volume work on Sirmium.

Mr. Ochsen Schlager also has worked at the Graeco-Roman city of Thmuis in the Nile Delta and at al-Hiba in Iraq.

VLADISLAV POPOVIC, Yugoslav director of the Sirmium excavations, is Professor of Archaeology at Belgrade University and a member of the Archaeological Institute of Belgrade.

* Eutropius and Victor Aurelius, Roman historians of the Fourth Century, and other early writers refer to the "iron tower," probably drawing on a common source which has since disappeared.

has all the characteristics of a Roman-Hellenistic palace. Around the paved courtyard surrounded by a peristyle, rooms with different purposes were arranged. In addition to the baths, which were a separate architectural unit, we find a basilical space, a room of large proportions similar to the nave of a church. Such a room is often found in Roman palaces, along with fountains, ornate decorations, marble walls, etc., common to luxurious living in the homes of the rich.

Whether this villa belonged to a rich citizen, to a high level administrator or even to a member of a royal family is not known. But it is clear that the elite of Sirmium lived with an enormous number of servants in the most elegant and opulent surroundings. Special grain was grown in the area to make the thin pastries they enjoyed and we may suppose such delicacies as peacock brains and stuffed dormice if not provided locally had to be imported to please gourmet tastes.

Several other important areas of the Fourth-Century city have been excavated, including the commercial, artisan and port district and shops, workshops and warehouses along a wide street in the southwestern corner of the city. Also uncovered are the monumental public baths which probably were built by Licinius and the nearby *horreum publicum* (public granary) in the central area which distributed wheat to the citizens in times of need. Although the locations of the city walls on the north, south and west have been largely determined, the exact location of the eastern walls has proved elusive.

CHRISTIANIZATION of Sirmium probably began under Constantine, suffered a setback in the reign of Julian the Apostate, and was probably completed among most Roman inhabitants by the fourth quarter of the Fourth Century. The influx of barbarians, however, meant that each wave had to be proselytized; the Christianization of barbarians continued well into medieval times.

This gradual Christianization has left no discernible trace of important monuments inside Sirmium. This is easy to understand if one bears in mind that the importance of Sirmium as an administrative and religious center of the Roman Empire almost completely disappeared after the death of Emperor Valens in A.D. 378. What we know of religious events in Sirmium comes largely from the necropoli outside the city walls:

As an important administrative city, Sirmium was a center for the trial and punishment of convicted Christians during the great persecution during Diocletian's reign which culminated on April 6, 304. The city had her full share of martyrs then and in the two years following.

The convicted Christians were executed in various ways. St. Ireneus, the first historical bishop of Sirmium and a man of rank in the administration, was beheaded. The Quatro Coronatti* were sealed alive in lead caskets which then were tossed into the river.

Northwest of the city wall a Christian necropolis sprang up around a basilica dedicated to Saint Sineros, a

* Now the patron saints of masons and artists, the Quatro Coronatti were four stonemasons who refused to make a pagan statue.

deacon who escaped the great persecution but was martyred in A.D. 305 or 306 when he revealed his Christian sentiments by a chance remark. He was probably roasted to death on an iron grill over a pit filled with fire. His remains were removed to Thessalonica in Greece in 412 or 413. During the crisis of the Fifth-Century barbarian invasions when the martyrs' relics could no longer be protected, they were often moved to such cities as Salona or Constantinople where they would not be molested. But the remains of ordinary Christians were left behind and these testify to the changes that took place.

The necropolis of the Christians developed near a pagan one and in the process of expansion it overlapped the earlier. Burial gifts in the necropolis often reflect a blend of pagan and Christian beliefs. Evidence indicates that the Christian cemetery continued in use until the Sixth Century — which is rather surprising in view of the history of conquest and siege during the Fifth Century. We were able to examine over 500 burials, some badly disturbed and plundered in antiquity, but the remains enabled us to establish that the burials reflected a variety of socioeconomic, chronological and possibly ethnic differences. Parts of costumes in which the dead were buried remained: pins, brooches, bracelets, belt buckles, etc. As gifts we found terra-cotta and glass vessels (which probably had been filled with some sort of gift), terra-cotta lamps and occasionally tools of the individual's trade.

In 1883, A. Hytrek, the first archaeologist to excavate in Sirmium,

mapped portions of the basilica dedicated to Saint Sineros but he did not locate it on a topographic map. Thus to all intents and purposes his findings were lost. After World War II, the Museum of Srem and the Institute for Preservation of Cultural Monuments undertook a survey of the ancient boundaries and rediscovered the building — directly beneath a monument to the dead of the Second World War.

During the course of our work a similar necropolis was excavated on the opposite bank of the Sava River. This cemetery grew up around the martyrdom of St. Ireneus, the decapitated bishop of Sirmium. It differed from the necropolis of Saint Sineros in that three successive churches had been built over the remains of the early martyrdom in medieval times and the burial ground continued to be used by the people who worshiped there.

Studies of the Christian necropolis gave us information about the population changes in this part of the Empire, the diets of the inhabitants and the diseases that afflicted them. The final word on diets and diseases awaits completion of the specialists' work, but from information at hand it is clear that there was a considerable difference in the adequacy of the diets of the poor and the rich. Arthritis was particularly prevalent and dental problems seem to have been extremely serious and widespread.

Among many interesting finds in this cemetery was the last dated inscription from antique Sirmium. It dates from the first part of the Fifth Century but its exact wording has not yet been officially published.

THE EXCAVATIONS at Sirmium are beginning to fill in the gaps in the historical record. We have new information about such things as city planning, cultural changes and the conditions under which people lived.

Sirmium, once a small Celtic town, became a Roman military headquarters and trade center. When a sleepy provincial town turns into an upper level administrative headquarters for a province and eventually into an imperial headquarters, extensive renovation and building programs are required to house the new functions and to project the image of a wealthy and dominant Rome.

Great cultural changes occurred during the gradual Romanization of Sirmium's indigenous population until they became Roman citizens by imperial edict. Soldiers from far away stationed in Sirmium and its environs introduced cultural changes. Then came the barbarians, overrunning the countryside, bringing and borrowing new styles and ideas.

Much work remains to be done at Sirmium but additional excavation coupled with the thorough study of information already recovered should greatly advance our knowledge of this once-great city and its successive populations.



RAIN DANCER MAY GET JAIL TERM

A WIZARD whose rain dance apparently ended a drought that threatened to bankrupt farmers in southern Italy may face prosecution for "abusing popular credulity."

Public prosecutor Antonio Ianelli in the town of Benevento discovered that the furious storm that followed the dance already had been forecast by weathermen.

The wizard and his assistants were paid handsomely in crops by local farmers who had asked them to perform the dance. Some of the farmers assisted in the ritual, during which

they sacrificed a goat and a cow and uttered mysterious incantations.

Benevento is in the province of San-nio which has a long (although now fading) tradition of witchcraft. Prosecutor Ianelli says the wizard exploited the ignorance of those who cling to the tradition.

The law under which he is considering prosecution makes it an offense to "publicly abuse popular credulity in a way that would disturb public order."

The wizard could face three months in jail or a fine up to \$440.00.



TIME TO REORDER

THE FIRE department in Portland, Ore., needed a new fireboat and got one that seemed to be jinxed, according to United Press. It was delivered late; it was not built to specifications; and after modification in a San Diego, Calif., factory, it was shipped by a circuitous route through Mexico, Arizona and Nevada. When it reached Portland the engines proved faulty and had to be replaced. Finally the fire department took it into the Willamette River for a trail run — it sank.

SOVIET PSYCHIC WARFARE?

A Top-Secret U. S. Report...

When perfected, the "apport" technique will have great intelligence value, for it makes possible the abduction of actual objects (including documents) from enemy territory. . . .

By Christopher Bloom

PARAPSYCHOLOGY — like politics — spawns rumors. Is the United States military using psychics for espionage? Are the Soviets trying to harness psychic energy to use against the United States in some future war? Will the next war deploy psychic rather than military forces? A few federal agencies are currently funding parapsychology research in this country; are they fronts for covert military operations?

These are some of the rumors that have circulated among parapsychologists in this country since it became known that the U.S. military helped fund psychical research projects undertaken in the early 1970's at Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, Calif. Subsequently SRI received a \$47,000 grant from the Naval Electronics Systems Command to encourage research in remote viewing.

Rumors of top-level military interest in psychic research have been rampant since Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder visited the USSR in the

1960's and reported the Soviet military commanders' interest in parapsychology. And at the 1979 annual convention of the Parapsychological Association (held in August 1979 in Moraga, Calif.) Barbara Honneger, a graduate student at John F. Kennedy University, reported on the secret interest high-level U.S. government officials and agencies are beginning to take in parapsychology.

The truth or fiction of many of these rumors has now come to light, thanks to two major top-secret documents recently released as a result of the Freedom of Information Act. The first of these documents, "Soviet and Czechoslovakian Parapsychology Research," is a hitherto classified 71-page report which the Department of Defense commissioned in its attempt to keep tabs on what Soviet scientists are learning about psychic phenomena. The second, entitled "Controlled Offensive Behavior — USSR," surveys the military uses the Soviets might be planning to make of results stemming

from their parapsychological research.

The first report, written by Louis Maine and John D. LaMothe, surveys what the military had learned about Soviet parapsychological research up to April 15, 1975. According to the preface, some of the material was based on "intelligence reports" to which the authors had access. This, of course, suggests that the military still possesses other classified material concerning parapsychology. It is clear that the compilers of this report were concerned with military uses which might be made of controlled psychic phenomena, for it deals with telepathy, telepathic "behavior modification," "storage" and use of psychic energy, remote viewing, and so on.

A great part of the report is a sort of "state of the art" analysis of parapsychology in the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. These sections are based on Soviet and Iron Curtain literature readily available to the general public. Also included is a general history of Soviet parapsychology dating back to the 1920's. As this material is available in such volumes as Leonid Vasiliev's *Experiments in Mental Suggestion* (reissued in 1976 as *Experiments in Distant Influence*) these sections of the report reveal nothing new. But they do indicate that about 1975 the U.S. military was interested in keeping abreast of what the Soviets were up to. The authors also note, "... It is important that the increased degree of sophistication which has occurred in Soviet ESP or telepathy research since 1960 be understood."

The 1975 report is concerned

mostly, however, with what Czech scientists call "psychotronics," the study and use of psychic energy. Psychotronics made its greatest advances as a scientific study when Czech inventor Robert Pavlita began developing psychotronic "generators." Pavlita claims that these little devices which he builds can store psychic energy for later production of psychokinetic effects. On a more sinister note, Pavlita claims that his generator can kill insects and small animals; one has merely to point the device at the target. While Pavlita has given a few informal demonstrations of his devices, he has not allowed them to be tested critically by Western parapsychologists. Thus, whether they can genuinely control psychic energy is an open issue.

Nonetheless, the U.S. military was apparently concerned with possible military uses of psychotronics. Linking it with the use of "telepathic behavior control" the military saw two possible psychic threats to civil populations outside the Soviet Union. Since the 1930's the Soviets have been interested in the induction of hypnosis by telepathy over great distances, and the U.S. military was justifiably concerned about the implications of this research. Psychotronics appeared to be just one method of manipulating the human mind and body from a distance.

"Outside of the Soviet and Czech research on the manipulative possibilities of PK and psychotronic generators, the emphasis on manipulation by means of telepathy still involves the use of hypnosis," the report reads. "Many Soviet and Czech scientists are using this technique as a means to try

and identify the 'carrier' of telepathy but others may be conducting such research for more devious reasons."

The document goes on to state: "Dr. Stefan Manczarski of Poland predicted that the field of telepathy will open new avenues for spreading propaganda. He feels that . . . telepathy can be amplified like radio waves. Telepathy would then become a subtle new modus for the 'influencers' of the world. Some Western followers of psychic phenomena research are concerned, for example, with the detrimental effects of subliminal perception techniques being targeted against U.S. or allied personnel in nuclear missile silos. The subliminal message could be 'carried' by television signals or by telepathic means.

"The potential applications of focusing mental influences on an enemy through hypnotic telepathy have surely occurred to the Soviets. The bulk of recent telepathy research in the USSR has been concerned with the transmission of emotional or behavioral impulses and the study of physiological responses to PK exercises, etc. In their exploration of telepathy, they are seeking the eventual capability to reproduce and to amplify the phenomena so that control is feasible. Control and manipulation of the human consciousness must be considered a primary goal."

As for Pavlita's psychotronic devices, ever since they became known to the West, there has been speculation that Soviet and Czech scientists have been building huge psychotronic generators and are currently beaming deleterious psychic energy at the United States. One well-known U.S.

parapsychologist with whom I spoke told me that Soviet scientists are actively using secret psychotronic generators to alter U.S. weather. Such ideas have always struck me as the result of borderline paranoia but they seem to be proliferating. If such generators *do* exist (which is doubtful) the U.S. military apparently was not aware of them in 1975. The Defense Intelligence Agency's report points out:

"In their present form and size, Pavlita's devices could probably exert an effect on humans at only relatively short range. It is possible that their size could be enlarged or their energy amplified, thereby extending their range. If the Czech claims for these devices are valid, biological energy might be an effective antipersonnel weapon. It would be difficult to defend against, since it apparently penetrates most common forms of insulation, and its reported effects (changes in brain wave characteristics, disturbance of equilibrium, dizziness) could result in personality changes or physical discomfort which might alter combat effectiveness.

"Soviet or Czech perfection of psychotronic weapons would pose a severe threat to enemy military, embassy or security functions. The emitted energy would be silent and difficult to detect electronically (although the Soviets claim to have developed effective biological energy sensors) and the only power source required would be the human operator."

The document adds that "no information is available on Czech efforts to develop psychotronic weapons."

Just as enlightening as what the U.S.

military learned about Soviet and Czech parapsychology was what it did not learn. Toward the end of the report the Defense Intelligence Agency lists nine gaps in its knowledge of Iron Curtain research. Among these is an admitted need for more information on (1) the construction of psychotronic generators, (2) whether the USSR military is recruiting psychics for research purposes, and (3) whether the Soviets are actively using their knowledge in an attempt to disrupt U.S. personnel or communication systems.

The Defense Intelligence Agency's report on "Controlled Offensive Behavior" is somewhat more disturbing. It was drawn up by the Medical Intelligence Office, the Office of the Surgeon General and the Department of the Army and written primarily by John LaMothe, one of the authors of the report on Soviet and Czech parapsychology. This report was written in 1972 and scheduled for declassification in 1990.

This paper surveys Soviet research on and methods for psychological control of the human mind. More than 175 pages in length, it covers Soviet research on such topics as psychological manipulation, hypnosis, psychopharmacology, and the effects of light, color and sound on the human mind and body. One large section is devoted to parapsychological phenomena as techniques leading to "controlled behavior."

It is clear that much of this information prompted the Defense Intelligence Agency's in-depth survey of Soviet and Czech parapsychology three years later. But this report differs from the 1975 report in that it is

more directly concerned with the far-reaching military implications of parapsychology. In fact, according to this report, Iron Curtain support for parapsychology research was instigated by the Soviet military and KGB and "... the energy and resources being allotted for the work" were specifically encouraged "because of its military implications especially in mind manipulation and controlled offensive behavior."

Apparently the U.S. military thinks that Soviet parapsychology researchers are interested in the phenomenon of "apports." The report states that the Soviets would have an important tool if they could learn how to control the production of apports. It is also apparent that our own military has developed a similar interest, for reference is made to a document prepared for them in 1970 by G. A. Welk entitled, "Proposed Use of the Apport Technique as a Means to Strengthen the U. S. Intelligence System."

The report states: "According to Welk, a costly weakness in our intelligence system, to a large extent, is an inability to use effectively the resources of the science of parapsychology. . . . Whenever parapsychology is mentioned, most people are likely to think of ESP. However, there are other types of parapsychological phenomena which are just as important militarily as ESP. Welk claims, based on many Soviet sources, that the so-called 'apport' technique is likely to meet valuable intelligence needs. When fully developed, this technique would make possible the abduction of actual objects (including documents) in enemy territory and their transfer to

friendly territory. Objects so abducted are known as 'apports.' They could be returned to the point of origin without the enemy becoming aware of this temporary abduction."

The report shows clearly that the U.S. military was (and probably still is) concerned about the military advantage the Soviets would have if they learned to "materialize" objects from a distance. The authors of the Agency's report feared — or at least suggested — that Soviet diplomats might eventually be able to sit in their offices and steal vital documents from foreign countries! They especially noted the potential espionage uses that controlled induction of out-of-body experiences might have.

What can we conclude from these now declassified Defense Intelligence Agency reports? Are concerns over the military use of psychic powers well founded or not?

On the one hand, belief is growing among some U.S. parapsychologists that psychic forces may be effective and reliable, should another war break out. Ingo Swann, a top U.S. psychic, has written a novel entitled *Star Fire* about the first psychic war. The idea

for the novel, claims Swann, came from information he received clandestinely from apparently top-level government sources. Duane Elgin, a futurologist on the staff of the Society for Psychical Research, has written a hypothetical scenario for a psychic war and predicts one may come by the 1990's.

On the other hand, to use psychic power effectively, one must first control it — and there is little evidence that the United States or the Soviets have learned to produce psychic phenomena on demand. The whole concept of psychotronics is suspect since to date there is no evidence that Pavlita's devices work the way he claims they do. Even the Defense Intelligence Agency concluded in 1975 that Soviet scientists seem to be having the same problems harnessing psychic potential as Western parapsychologists have had. So although the Defense Intelligence Agency reports suggest that "... the Soviets may very well be the first to identify the field forces involved [in psychic phenomena] and the means by which they are generated ..." the day they'll do this is far in the future.



PERILS OF PARENTHOOD

COME Father's Day, no one will blame an Anaheim, Calif., parent if he doesn't invite his son over for dinner — that is, if the son is out of jail by then.

It seems the father and his 27-year-old son were talking about this and that while they were fishing on the

Newport Beach pier. The conversation somehow turned to murder. The son said he wondered what it would be like to kill someone. Then he threw his father off the pier and ran away.

The father, who cannot swim, was rescued. The son, who did not run fast enough, was arrested.

The Terrible Secret of Schloss Allein



Author Katherine Hummel Loomis stands with Herr K. in inner courtyard of Schloss. Within the wreath over arch is German word *Willkommen* (welcome).

Some great tragedy must have occurred in the old castle but the Bavarians would not talk about it.

By Katherine Hummel Loomis

IN THE SPRING of 1969, when the orders came, we were a military family living in San Diego, Calif. None of us — my daughter Joan, her husband Lt. Comdr. Eugene Vahlkamp, three small children Mark (11), Anne (10) and little Mary (five) or I — relished the prospect of leaving our beautiful city for the torpid summer heat of Washington, D.C. Even worse, there were no quarters available, which meant the children would be housed temporarily in stifling hotel rooms. And what were we to do with Brandi, our big lovable Saint Bernard?

How about the Bavarian Alps? I suggested. Not only would that be fun, it would certainly be no more expensive than costly American hotels.

We decided that if accommodations were available, I would take children and dog to the Alps. Later, when the packing and moving had been accomplished, my daughter would join us in Bavaria.

After much correspondence with the



Transfer to Washington, D.C., temporarily split family which consists of five-year-old Mary, Lt. Comdr. Eugene Vahlkamp and his wife Joan, 11-year-old Mark, Grandma Katherine Hummel Loomis, 10-year-old Anne and Brandi, the Saint Bernard.

mayor of a medieval walled city called Nördlingen, the Burgermeister suggested an 800-year-old castle far out in the Valley of the Ries surrounded by low Alps. The aged owner consented to rent the place to us. We couldn't have been happier. The children, ecstatic, daily relived every fairy-castle story they had ever read.

The only thing that daunted my spirits was a small remark a well-meaning friend made. "My dear, aren't you afraid?" she asked. "The danger of taking children to an old castle — what if?"

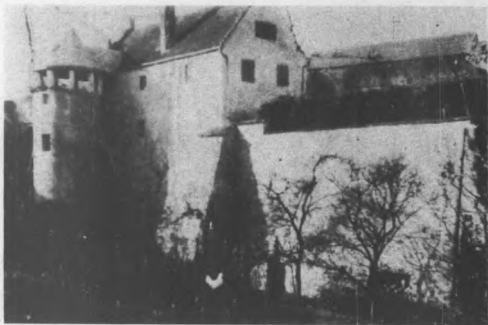
I dismissed the question but I did not entirely forget it.

Soon we were in Europe. On May 25, 1969, I purchased a Volkswagen bus in Stuttgart and hired a German chauffeur to drive us the next 100 miles into the mountains.

Each mile carried us into wilder,

lovelier country. I recalled the old Latin stories of the Caesars who proclaimed the Ries the most fertile valley in Europe and for the next two centuries made their permanent camp there. Although we drove on the floor of a lush valley, the hills began to crowd in on us and soon we saw ruined castles clinging to the crags above us. At the most desolate spot the chauffeur suddenly turned sharply onto a steep grade. He pointed upward.

When I looked, all the excitement I had been feeling dissipated. There must be some mistake, I thought. Ahead of me was not a castle but a vast fortification. It stood high and arrogant on a pinnacle called the Burg, or Citadel. By gazing upward I could see the crenellated fortification walls with slits for firing crossbows or pouring boiling oil on the enemy. At the lower gates I assumed that the mountain was



From drawbridge it is a dizzy five-story drop to dry moat below. Windows on upper level open from bedroom where author and children slept while Brandi stood watch.



Bombarded and sieged in Thirty Years' War (early 1600's) part of Schloss Altein collapsed into mountain of rubble and buried maze of secret passageways.

covered with snow, but as we climbed the steep ascent, I discovered that the "snow" was in fact white lilacs that scented the sharp, almost bitter air.

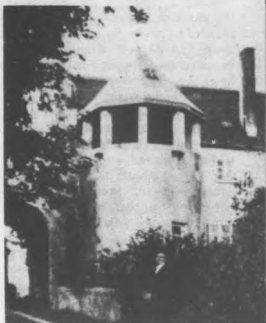
We slowed at the first plateau and took the bumps over a drawbridge that spanned a deep moat, then entered the tall gates of the first courtyard. Beyond the second courtyard stood a man of such tremendous stature that he looked like a great warrior from a distant age.

He stood with arms akimbo and feet astride. Behind him the sun, sinking in a ball of fire, cast a blazing aura around him. Completely motionless, he made no move to greet us but waited for us to come to him.

We alighted from the bus and with the children close by my side we ap-



Mary and Bavarian cook were friends but some of the help behaved oddly.



From here author saw woman peering through nonexistent window in tower.

proached, smiles on our faces. Holding out my hand in friendship, I said in my very poor German, "Good evening, Herr K. We are your American guests."

He threw back his head and roared with laughter. Pounding himself on the chest, he proclaimed, "I am a Nazi. I gave myself to Hitler. What do you think of that?"

For a startled moment I couldn't think. I gawked at him, taking in his striking appearance — the green loden cloth jacket with silver buttons, the white crew haircut, the solid gold teeth. My adrenalin rose and I wanted to run — but there was nowhere to go.

As I prayed for God's help, I could feel little Mary's hand squirming out of mine. Before I could catch her, she

dashed forward with hands upraised to this burly giant. In an instant his expression changed and he swooped down and tossed her into the air, saying in his booming voice, "Liebling! My little Liebling!" Then he left to drive the chauffeur back to the nearest train station.

So we were left alone in the courtyard of Schloss Allein. So alone in Lonely Castle.

My well-meaning friend's words echoed through my head and for the first time I knew fear. I wished we could escape to the nearest town but I knew a 15-kilometer trip over rough mountain roads with night approaching was out of the question. Yet I could not force myself to open the great oaken door and enter the castle.

While I pondered the next move, the children rushed to the door and pleaded to go in. So far as they were concerned, it was their castle and their big adventure. Before I could nod my head they were waving to me from windows and towers.

I could not bring myself to move toward the door until the sound of Herr K.'s returning car jarred me back to reality. I knew I wanted to get away from him. Above the door was a wreath with the words *Willkommen* but in my frenzied state I could not translate the word "Welcome" and thought only, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." Reluctantly I entered the stone halls of Schloss Allein which was to be our home for the next five months.

* * *

SCHLOSS ALLEIN in no way resembled the castle I had fantasized before our trip. We had turned back the clock 800 years. The children had a real problem adjusting to a place without washer, drier, dishwasher, electric can opener or hair drier. Fortunately Anne, the middle child, had been a Girl Scout and knew how to make a fire. Even so, the second day, when the cold rains came, the wood chips got wet and we had no paper, we were out of luck.

There were about a dozen bedrooms, including tower rooms with walls four feet thick. We opened double doors with massive keys. Despite the luxury of suites of rooms, none of the children was willing to sleep alone and all begged to sleep in my room with barricaded doors.

After the first evening we saw little of our host, which was fine with me.

But on the fourth day the children got sick with Klima, a serious virus which attacks strangers unaccustomed to the air, food and water in foreign countries. The last to fall ill, I lay in bed many days before recovering.

Finally one day we saw Herr K. walking by with a deer on his shoulders and called to him for help. From then on he fed and nursed the children back to health, sometimes driving 20 kilometers at night for a doctor or medicine. All the while he amused them with tales about the bombardment and siege of the castle during the Thirty Years' War, about the destruction of the keep and its collapse into a mountain of rubble which buried the maze of secret passageways, and about the murder of the unfaithful princess who was hurled from the walls into the Roman well below. Herr K.'s kindness was so great that the children never left his side.

I don't know why this man had chosen to greet us at the castle in such an unpleasant way, unless it was to strike back at society for some reason. I inferred from hints local people dropped in conversation that some great tragedy had occurred in the Schloss. But the Bavarians would not discuss the subject.

After Herr K. went off on his annual hunting trip to the Tyrol, we saw very little of him. Still he was kind enough to make sure we had adequate help during his absence. From the local farmlands he obtained a cook and sturdy rose-cheeked Bavarian girls. They were delighted to work for the Americans, who paid high wages; afterwards I learned we were giving them twice the going rate. But they were fine peo-

ple and we enjoyed their company, despite their odd behavior. They would prepare a delicious meal but they would not stay to serve it. They would leave as soon as sunset approached, racing home on their bicycles down the steep hill at a fast clip.

The upstairs girls refused to go upstairs and concocted every imaginable excuse to remain two by two on the ground floor. Even then they had no desire to remain within the castle walls. They would complete the laundry within 30 minutes — but they would linger in the courtyard three to four hours under the pretext that they were hanging the clothes!

I made every effort to placate them with little gifts and bonuses. When they wished to do so, they understood perfectly every word I said — until I asked any intimate questions pertaining to the past history of the castle. Suddenly their eyes would become blank and they understood nothing. One by one they would depart on their bikes never to return.

Now once again we were alone in Schloss Allein. After supper the children and I would make a game of barricading the great wooden shutters and locking ourselves in my big bedroom with Brandi, the Saint Bernard.

Brandi, an affectionate creature with no neurotic traits, had been well trained in obedience classes and never gave us any trouble. Yet inside the confines of the bedroom he became a stranger to us.

I don't know if the danger was within or without. But as soon as the door was locked, Brandi would pace the room, then stand motionless with

hackles up before the door. Neither cookies nor commands could deter him from his sentry duty.

Hoping to draw attention away from his strange behavior, I would read aloud to the children. Yet even after they dropped off to sleep and I turned off the light, Brandi kept the stiff vigil before the door. He never moved or sat down until daylight broke. Then with a great huffing sigh he would throw his great weight down on the stone floor exhausted. Many nights I kept the vigil with him, listening at the door for whatever it was he sensed.

When morning came I unlocked the four heavy doors from bedroom and sitting room onto the stairway. As I walked the long stone passageway to the dining room, I was surprised to hear steps behind me. I told myself it was my overactive imagination. I was just hearing my footsteps as they echoed from the thick stone walls. I stopped and listened. Nothing. I stopped again — still nothing. But on the third try I was shocked to hear footsteps walk past me in a military cadence, followed by a lady's lighter tread.

"Stop! Who are you?" I shouted. But the footsteps faded away into nothingness. Although I wasn't frightened, I could not believe what I had heard.

The only room that consistently affected me was the cold cellar, or pantry, in the tower off the kitchen. The few times I entered it during my first week at the Schloss, I felt nauseated and chilled when I stood at the center of the room, where there was a great iron trapdoor.

The rest of the room was of normal

temperature and I felt healthy until I crossed the iron door. Believing it was all in my mind, I stopped going to the pantry. It was not until some months later that I learned the iron door was the only entrance to the dungeón where in medieval times the hostages were dropped down to die.

Occasionally I made veiled inquiries at the local grocery store many kilometers away. But except for the old tale about the unfaithful princess I learned nothing. The people were banded together in silence.

Yet, although we lived atop the Burg and had few visitors, the Bavarians in the farmlands below followed all of our affairs with avid interest. Frequently one old lady would plant herself firmly in the center of the road, raise her hand to stop me and then pepper me with questions — or rather, tell me the answers: "Ah meine Dame, the little girl was sick last night? The boy did not enjoy his breakfast this morning? And did you find your lost sweater last night? You are enjoying the Schloss? You are not afraid, *ja*?"

The final barb was always the same: "Ah, perhaps meine Dame is a little nervous at night, *ja*?"

Refusing to be baited, I would reply that to the contrary, I enjoyed the quiet evenings. At first the questions confused me, but as I heard them over and over, they began to annoy me. What was I expected to say? Was I supposed to flee in fear?

The children took everything in stride until the day little Mary turned up missing. We were terrified, fearing she might have fallen into the bottomless Roman well or gotten trapped inside some secret passageway.

But two hours later the older children found her sitting on the floor in the highest tower. Mary claimed she had been talking with a little friend, a boy, who often came to the tower to see her. Since many small children have imaginary playmates, we paid little attention to her story. But to the end of our stay at Schloss Allein she stuck firmly to it.

* * *

ONE AFTERNOON in early July, after my daughter Joan arrived at Schloss Allein, I was left alone while she and the children drove to a nearby lake to swim. Because it was always chilly inside the castle, I decided to sit outside in the warm sunshine of the courtyard and sketch.

Over the crenellated walls I could see the rolling countryside and distant mountains 20 kilometers away. Falcons swooped in and out of the walls. A few yards away small minks and lizards scurried in and out of the rocks and high grass. Except for the scream of birds and the rustle of small animals, all was silent. Nothing appeared to be out of the ordinary.

Suddenly I saw something incredible. Across the top of my sketch book in pale violet letters were written the words THE BRIDGE. I glanced away, then looked again. The printing was still there. I rubbed my eraser hard over the surface and for a moment it disappeared, only to reappear more vividly. I had not written the words; yet they were there.

Decidedly uneasy, I started down the steep hill to the lower gates, hoping Joan and the children would soon return from swimming.

As I left the second courtyard I real-

ized that I was crossing the drawbridge over the moat. Glancing over the sides I saw a dizzy five-story drop to the dry moat below. The tops of century-old trees swayed below me. I staggered back from the rocky barricade. My arm brushed the rocks and I felt a hot electric shock from wrist to elbow. As I grasped my arm I was completely whirled around as if by some strong force until I faced the Schloss and the nearest tower behind me.

I stared incredulously. Above me, halfway up the tower, a long wooden casement window opened inward and a dark-haired lady gazed down at me. She looked to be in her early 40's. Her once-beautiful face was pale and thin with high cheekbones. Her black hair, parted in the center, was drawn back severely into a large bun at the nape of her neck. Her dark eyes looked sad.

I was so taken aback that when I regained my senses I covered my eyes with my hands. But when I looked back she was still there, only now she was leaning farther out of the window in my direction and wringing her hands. As I watched, I was struck with the terrifying thought that I was all alone in the castle; yet I was seeing a strange woman motioning to me from the window. What was she doing in my house? Who was she? How did she get in? Or were there other intruders I didn't know about? Where would I go for help? I had no idea — but nevertheless I took to my heels.

Halfway across the drawbridge, I looked back over my shoulder. Then real panic set in. Not only was the woman no longer there but *there was no window in the tower!*

Thoroughly shaken, I ran to the lower gates where I waited for Joan and the children. When they arrived I said nothing to them about the strange experience. I didn't want them to be frightened or to fear the castle which was our summer home. And if I was hallucinating, I wanted expert advice. I thought of my friend, a noted parapsychology professor in the United States, who I knew would be able to help me. I quickly wrote to him.

Late that night as I was drinking coffee our host walked through the sitting room. Casually I asked him, "Herr K., what happened on the bridge?" Acting as if he had not heard me, he started to walk away. More firmly I repeated the question, "What happened on the bridge?"

He spun around and in a rage snatched the coffee cup from my hand and smashed it to pieces. "Damn you!" he roared. "Nothing happened on *my* bridge! Do you understand? Nothing on *my* bridge!" He pounded his chest in unrestrained fury. Not wanting to hear more, I fled to my room and barricaded the door.

We saw no more of our host until three days later. That evening at the dinner hour he apologized for entering, saying he had come to look for an important paper in the black Gothic sideboard. He was standing near my chair going through the mess in the cupboard when a mass of papers fell to the floor. He picked one up and threw it beside my plate, then quickly withdrew it. It was a sepia photo of a woman.

"That was my Frau," he said quietly, then left. It was the woman I had seen in the tower window.

UNTIL MY LAST day in Schloss Allein, I continued to fret over the woman I had seen in the window. Was it possible that she was not dead but alive somewhere in the Schloss? To satisfy myself I carefully searched every room in the castle but found no evidence of any living presence.

Before leaving Bavaria I drove to a small mountain cemetery to search for the woman's grave. My efforts were rewarded when I located two small headstones side by side, mother and son. The only inscription was ETA AND KURT K., 1943. I tried to question the old caretaker but he glared at me, spat on the ground and stalked away. I paused only long enough to say a prayer for their eternal rest, then left in a depressed frame of mind.

Now that I felt I had identified the spirit lady, I turned my attention to the strange window midway between first and second floors of the tower. I wondered if at one time there had been a window in that part of the tower.

The outside gave no indication of a former window. A search of old prints and etchings at the Harburg archives also proved fruitless.

Returning to the Schloss I retraced my steps past the cold cellar and followed the inner contour of the tower. I stopped when I reached the dangerously steep stairway that led down to the wine cellar. I had seen the wine cellar only once and was not brave enough to view again the monstrous snails that slithered out of the crevices in the dripping rock walls.

Even at the top of these craggy steps the ceiling had dropped so low that I could not stand upright. It seemed unreasonable that this ceiling should

suddenly take such a sheer downward slope. I pounded hard with the heel of my shoe but heard no hollow sounds. Yet even by my very amateur calculations I realized that there was probably a 12-foot space between this ceiling and the floor above.

I cannot prove that such a room existed. But I base my belief on something the children told me after they returned from a scouting expedition during which they had explored the second tower on the far side of the courtyard. Through a small hatch hole they discovered two such secret rooms in the loft tower.

When the day of parting came, Herr K. wept and the children clung to him, sorry to part from their dear friend and sorry that their memorable summer in an 800-year-old castle was over.

I did not hear from my parapsychologist friend until one month after I returned to America. His letter, forwarded from Bavaria, said:

"When we learned that you were summering at the old Schloss, we hopefully awaited tales of knights in clanking armor, but not this. You are extremely sensitive and have picked up something you did not expect.

"I would say that a great tragedy occurred on the bridge which was witnessed by the strange lady. Apparently the spirit lady could not break through or communicate with her husband. He had erected a wall and closed his mind forever against some tragic memory.

"Since the lady's passing probably many hundreds of people have crossed the drawbridge, but she could find no one sensitive enough to communicate with.

"You were used as a message car-

rier. Although you did not know the lady, nor did you understand the message, you repeated the words, THE BRIDGE, which awakened a strong memory and meant a great deal to her husband. You said THE Bridge, but he instantly recognized it as HIS bridge."

Some time later a British acquaintance who had once known Herr K. told me that during World War II, K. had done his military service on the Russian front. According to rumor, in 1943, when K. returned home, he found that his frail wife and his only son, nine years old, had been murdered in the castle by troops searching for gold. After brutal questioning the woman had been put in the dungeon and the little boy left in the tower where they eventually died. Herr K. never recovered from the bitter knowledge that while he had been fighting for his country abroad, his own loved ones were slaughtered at home. The story has never been verified because the people who know the truth will not talk about it.

Apparently the children helped to change Herr K.'s life because he frequently wrote that he prayed for their protection every day.

On September 8, 1977, I was attending a luncheon in Annapolis, Md., when I looked up and saw Herr K. before me. He lay in a hospital bed, covered midway with a sheet. Overcome with despair, I screamed aloud in German, "Herr Gott, please help this poor man who is so badly hurt!" People looked at me aghast and I apologized. So far as I knew, Herr K. was hale and hearty; why should I be worried about him?

At three o'clock the next morning

my phone rang and I heard terrible news. Herr K. had been crushed to death when an eight-meter rock fell into the courtyard from the Burg, the mountain of rock within the inner keep. He was struck at the exact spot where I had sat and sketched.

In my vision I did not see the falling rock, only the hospital bed. My friend explained that although every bone in Herr K.'s body was broken, he did not die until he reached the hospital at 6:00 P.M. German time, which was 12 o'clock noon American time — the exact moment I saw him.

Early next morning a letter arrived from the dead man. He had written it three days earlier. Asking about the children and hoping they would not forget him, he said, "No matter what happens to me in life, I will always be brave for their sake and I will pray for your protection into Eternity."

Did Herr K. have a premonition of death? As he lay dying, somehow he was able to communicate with me 5000 miles away. I have reason to believe he is still with us, still concerned about our well-being.

One afternoon in October 1978 the strong scent of Ivory soap and pine needles filled the living room of our house for 20 minutes. I recognized the scent of our giant friend at once. I continued to read and said nothing. Soon little Mary, Herr K.'s kleine Liebling, entered the room and gasped, "Herr K.! Is Herr K. here?"

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

"Because there is a strong smell everywhere of Ivory soap and pine needles," she explained. "It fills the room. And nobody in the world ever

smelled like that but dear Herr K. and the Bavarian forests."

Even before that we had evidence of his survival. A Scotch medium in the Highlands wrote me on September 8, 1978, one year after Herr K.'s death, to ask, "Do you know a German named Herr K.? A most powerful man, literally a giant. He stands behind you as a most powerful guardian and guide. You are indeed most fortunate to be so well protected in life. To further refresh your memory, he points to a small homemade stool and a

bunch of wild red poppies."

There could be no doubt about the stool, which I had long since forgotten. Herr K. had built it himself to help the children climb into his high jeep. And on each outing in the mountains he had shown them the rare wild flowers and they had always brought home the wild red poppies to me.

Somehow three small American children changed his life and opened his heart. He promised to protect us into eternity and he is doing a splendid job of it.



LIFE'S HISTORY HEWN IN ROCK

CLIFFORD Van Ryn had a favorite boulder in a neighborhood park in Highland Park, Mich. He played there when he was a child and even proposed to his wife of 47 years there.

The same rock, a granite boulder jutting from an embankment now along Interstate 196, is where Van Ryn's life came to a tragic end in April 1976. He was driving west on

the freeway when he suffered a fatal heart attack. The medical examiner later ruled that Van Ryn probably was dead before his car left the highway.

Van Ryn's car crossed the median and both the westbound and eastbound lanes, plummeted over an embankment and crashed into a rock about 30 feet below. It was Van Ryn's favorite rock.



THE BURNING OF BILL McNEW

By Pete Shandorf

AMONG THE most violent of all the gunfighters living in New Mexico at the turn of the century was a young ex-Texan named Bill McNew. Possessed of a disarmingly handsome face and great personal charm, McNew was a political strong-arm man by trade, a cattle rustler by hobby and a killer by inclination. McNew once shot a man while forcing his victim's 10-year-old son to watch. He killed a man in revenge over a petty legal dispute while the man's wife looked on, then tried to kill her as well.

Surprisingly, McNew lived to a ripe old age and even became a fairly respected member of his community. Just before he died he was affected by a terrible fever that put him into delirium. While in this state he spoke of going to hell and being dipped ankle-deep in pools of boiling lava.

No one took his ravings seriously but when his boots were pulled off after he died, McNew's feet were as burned and blistered as if they had been set on fire. The lacerations, wherever they came from, went ankle-high on his legs.

TRUE

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each true experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be sent to the FATE Editor, FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. They must be signed by the author and address must be shown. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

A SPECIAL COMMUNICATION

By Diane C. Hardcastle

DECEMBER 1975 is a month I shall never forget. It all began the week before Christmas when my grandmother Myrtle Mukavtz was admitted to Mercy Hospital in Bakersfield, Calif., for repair of a hernia. During the operation the surgeon, Dr. Charles Owens, discovered the hernia was caused by lymphomas (cancerous tumors of the lymph glands).

After Dr. Owens told my grandmother of his findings, he told the family. Our first response was disbelief; this couldn't happen to someone we loved so dearly. But it had and like it or not we had to accept it. We immediately went to Grandma's room to try to comfort her but instead, we found ourselves in tears. Cancer striking a loved one is hard to handle.

Leaving the hospital that evening I went home to my husband Bob. He was a pillar of strength when I was so emotionally drained. As hard as I tried that night, I couldn't sleep. It must

have been about midnight when I heard my grandmother's voice calling my name from the bedroom doorway. I sat up in bed and looked around but I could see no one.

Her voice continued, "Diane, Diane, oh my Diane!" I called out, "Grandma, Grandma, what is it?" Then silence fell over the room. I awakened Bob and told him what had happened. He said I must have imagined it. After such a trying day I thought he was probably right.



Diane C. Hardcastle

The next day at the hospital I asked my grandmother if she had thought of me during the night before. She said, "Yes, honey, I was so worried about what would happen to you if I should die that I called your name three times. I said, 'Diane, Diane, oh my Diane!'" "

As long as I live I will always remember the night when two people who loved each other communicated in a very special way.

My grandmother underwent chemotherapy treatments for two years and now, four years later, she is doing very well. — *Bakersfield, Calif.*

FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW

By Richard Drew Bayer

ONE DAY IN January 1970, during the first snowfall of the new year, I decided to shop at the Bohack supermarket on Ocean and Warner Avenues in Jersey City, N.J. As I left my apartment, the sky was heavily overcast and snow was imminent.

Just before I reached the supermarket, for no apparent reason I walked through an old cemetery across the street, taking the route which passed through the twisting, turning rows of

old sepulchers, the only such tombs in the whole cemetery. Reaching the other end of that city of the dead, I noticed the metal door of a very old sepulcher standing ajar about seven or eight inches, just wide enough to see inside. I decided to investigate further on my return from the store.

It was just beginning to snow by the time I reached the supermarket. It had picked up considerably when I left it 10 minutes later. As I reached the spot where the old sepulcher was located, just off an intersection of two pathways, I noticed a set of fresh tracks which disappeared before they reached the intersection.

Taking care not to disturb them, keeping to the grass, I followed them back to the sepulcher doorway, where they stood side by side close together. From their appearance it was obvious that someone had been standing very close to the door and had walked from there, taking a left turn and continuing to the spot at which the tracks suddenly vanished. I could tell from the size and space of the shoes that a man had made them.

Because the snow had been falling heavily by the time I returned to the tomb's location, I knew they could not have been made earlier: the sharpness of the edges of each footstep and the shallowness of the snow *inside* them proved that point conclusively. They were made only a few seconds before my return! Yet I saw no one anywhere in the cemetery!

Puzzled by the odd tracks and the weird disappearance, I went up to the sepulcher itself and looked inside. I saw four old vaults, two on each side, green and stained with age. There was



Richard Drew Bayer

no rear window, usual with sepulchers, only solid stone, and each vault was still tightly sealed and covered. I tried without success to push the metal door further. But what alarmed me was the fact that the metal door was open from *inside*, not from without. I determined that by the position of the hinges.

I left the cemetery thoroughly puzzled. To this day I have no logical answer and I still wonder just who or what left that tomb and made those tracks in the snow — tracks which suddenly, eerily disappeared! — *Jersey City, N.J.*

ALWAYS A REASON

By Sherry Lee Pickwick

IN JULY 1973 a young spirit who called himself "Mikey" came into our home in Unadilla, N.Y. He appeared to my three-year-old son Shane and talked to him. All my life I have had experiences with the "other side" but this was a first for my son.

When I told my husband Skip about Mikey that evening, he asked, "Why is he here?"

"He's probably just visiting," I replied. "Or maybe I attracted him." For the past year I had been studying with Pearl Sherwood, a well-known psychic, who had taught me that for everything there is a reason, no matter how insignificant.

While Skip and I discussed whether Mikey might be the usual "imaginary playmate" the light went out. It came back on when Skip flipped the light switch. I noticed that the switch clicked then, but there had been no sound when the light went out. The same thing occurred in Shane's room

when we went to tuck him in. Skip became nervous and told me to tell Mikey to stop playing games. I laughed, saying that Mikey was like any other mischievous three-year-old.

The next morning Mikey was gone from our house and I was the one to be nervous. I felt something was going to happen. About 10 o'clock my husband called from his Arco gas station in Sidney, N.Y., to tell me to call Mikey home. Skip said that whenever he put down a tool and then reached for it again, it was gone. He would find it behind him on the workbench or on the floor, just out of reach.



Sherry Lee Pickwick

"He's there for a purpose," I said, "and it has something to do with you."

About one o'clock a dreadful feeling came over me; I started to shake. I phoned the station and it took forever for Brian Williams, Skip's partner, to answer. He called Skip to the phone and it didn't help my state of mind to hear my husband's voice shaking and his words running together. Finally the whole story came out.

Skip had been working at the tire

changer, trying to free a tire from its rim. Brian had warned him about bending over it — only two weeks earlier a man had been decapitated during a moment of such carelessness. Behind in his work, Skip was anxious to get the job done quickly. He used a crowbar to pry the tire loose and then set the bar against the base of the changer while he rocked the tire with his hands. It wouldn't budge. He reached for the crowbar and found it gone; it was on the workbench. He stretched to reach it, cursing Mikey under his breath. Just as he leaned backwards and touched the crowbar, the tire exploded straight up with such force that Skip was knocked to the other side of the room. He landed on a pile of old tires, shaken but uninjured.

Mikey left that day and we haven't seen or heard from him since but he'll always be welcome in our home. — *Bainbridge, N. Y.*

UNWANTED "FRIENDS"

By Bonnie E. Eck

THERE WAS something strange about the house we rented in the country outside Deposit, N.Y. My hus-



Bonnie E. Eck

band Bob and I and our two-year-old daughter Kelly moved into it in January 1970. The first month we didn't have time to notice anything unusual. But then things started to happen.

One morning while I was dusting, Kelly toddled up to me, pointed and asked, "Who's dat?" Looking behind me but seeing nothing, I said, "Who's who?" Gazing intently, her eyes focusing on something, she again asked, "Who's dat?" I searched the room for some object she might be seeing but I found nothing. But with a growing sense of fear I realized that whatever she saw, it was right behind me!

From that time on Kelly had an imaginary friend or friends. This in itself is not unusual for small children. What was unusual was the way she responded to them. Sometimes she'd be frightened; other times she'd giggle with glee.

But that wasn't all. During the day we would hear noises: thumpings, bangings, singing, puppies whining, dishes being washed, small explosions like bowls smashing in the cupboard. Once in a while we would catch a glimpse of movement out of the corners of our eyes.

At night hardly anything happened. Occasionally we would see a light flash past the door or hover close to the ground, as if someone with a flashlight were looking around. Kelly seemed to ignore the things we saw and heard. Her friends were her main concern.

But one day after putting her down for her nap, I sat down to read, only to hear the sound of heavy breathing fill the room. I searched the house but it was the same everywhere. Finally I

went into Kelly's room, where I found her standing up in her crib listening. Her eyes were as big as biscuits. She definitely heard that!

We couldn't keep pictures on the wall or the garbage bag standing up. Laddie, our police dog, would come to the door, look in, bristle and growl. Then one evening Kelly screamed and refused to enter our bedroom even with the lights on. That was it. Bob and I decided we'd had enough and it was time to get our daughter out of the house.

Kelly stayed with my parents Leon and Marion Roseboom until we found another place a week later. All during that time Kelly kept saying, "I want my friends. I want go home." Then she'd cry. Meanwhile I was packing fast and furiously, sure that I wasn't alone in the house.

Whatever they were, Kelly's "friends" didn't follow us — thank God. Kelly spent days looking for them but soon found other sources of amusement and eventually forgot them. But I'll never forget! — *Unadilla, N.Y.*

THE DAY DAD STAYED HOME

By Edna A. Majors

I WAS only 10 years old at the time but I remember well the day in 1922 when the picture fell off the wall.

My mother Sarah Brophy was always the first to get up. About 5:00 A.M. she was in the kitchen preparing my father's breakfast and lunch pail. My father Dennis was about to get up to go to work in the George Remler Coal Mine about two miles from our residence in Ellwood City, Pa.



Edna A. Majors

A large picture of my paternal grandma and grandpa, Kathryn and Peter Brophy, hung on the wall at the head of Mama and Papa's bed. On this particular morning, it fell off the wall and hit the floor with terrific force. The noise awakened me and Mother and I ran to see what had happened.

Papa was picking up the picture. It was intact; the glass was not broken, the wire was not broken, and its nail was still in the wall. There was no apparent reason for its fall.

Suddenly, Papa said, "I am not going to work today."

Late in the afternoon he walked over to the mine. His boss said, "Dennis, it's a good thing you stayed home today. There was a cave-in this morning — right where you would have been working." — *Ellwood City, Pa.*

A LONG-DISTANCE VIEW

By Natlee Kenoyer

I'LL NEVER forget the day in 1926 when I saw my father Nat Peoples in our Fresno, Calif., home when he was actually 3000 miles away. My mother Francis and I had been shopping and brought our purchases into



Natlee Kenoyer

the house and placed them on the dining room table. I was surprised to see my father coming from the back bedroom. He walked down the hall and disappeared into the bathroom. My mother stared down the hallway too.

"Did Dad come home?" I asked.

"Why, he's not supposed to be here." Mother looked startled as she moved toward the hall and the bathroom. She rapped on the door, then opened it and went inside. She was back in a flash, her face white as a sheet. "He isn't there! The window is closed and locked from the inside!"

My father was drilling an oil well in the Gulf of Mexico 3000 miles away.

"I saw him!" I insisted.

"So did I!" Mother said. She was frantic. She picked up the telephone to call Dad while I ran outside and looked around the yard. There was no sign of my father.

When Mother reached the oil company's office, she learned Father was on the well and couldn't be reached. It was seven o'clock in the evening before he called us back. Mother answered the phone and he wanted to know why she had called him.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered. Then Mother told him what we had experienced. When she told him the time it had happened, he was startled. At the precise time we had seen him in our house, a cable on the oil rig's casing driver had parted and the heavy metal had fallen, missing my father by inches. If he had been struck he certainly would have been killed.

How did we happen to see him in those few frantic minutes? Was he thinking of us at that time? He said no, for it had all happened too quickly.

Why did he appear to us? We'll never know the answer. — *Santa Rosa, Calif.*



A MESSAGE FROM GOD

COLOMBIAN Agricultural Institute experts have been asked to examine an egg which carries a message apparently forecasting the end of the world. A peasant woman in the village of Tebaida, 210 miles west of Bogota, Colombia, found the egg when she made the rounds of her chicken coop in early March 1979. On the shell in raised letters were words which, translated into English, read: "Final judgment. Repent. God."

Cattle Mutilations — The Deepening Mystery

Who — or what — is killing cattle and other livestock all across the western United States? Investigators are studying startling new clues.

By Jerome Clark

Part I

THE CATTLE mutilations continue. Ten years into what may be the strangest mystery of our time, this is just about all one can state with any degree of certainty.

There are no answers, only a vast and bewildering body of data which point to a wide variety of possible solutions. One solution is that the whole "mystery" is nothing but an exercise in mass hysteria and the deaths have mundane causes. Another is that a well-organized satanic cult is performing ritual killings of cattle and other livestock. Some theorists speculate that an American (or even foreign) intelligence agency is conducting a series of bizarre experiments for its own inscrutable reasons. And inevitably some hold the occupants of UFOs responsible.

Whatever the truth finally proves to be, the key elements of the phenomenon seem to be these:

(1) The removal, with surgical precision, of body parts such as sex organs, ears, tongues or anuses from cattle, occasionally horses, and more

rarely other livestock such as pigs and sheep.

(2) The undetected occurrence of such operations in what should have been plain sight, for example near a farmhouse or a well-traveled road.

(3) The appearance of mysterious lights, unidentified helicopters and enigmatic ground traces in the general vicinity of the mutilated animals.

The overwhelming majority of these incidents have taken place west of the Mississippi River in New Mexico, Colorado, Montana, the Dakotas, Minnesota, Kansas, Arkansas and Texas. A very few have occurred outside the continental United States and these have been in western Canada.

In short, the questions remain, as they have been from the beginning, unanswered. Instead of a solution we have only a mystery that grows ever deeper.

* * *

IT WAS NOT one of the great moments in Fortean history and I'm sure the Hon. Harrison Schmitt, United States Senator from New Mex-

ico and our last astronaut to walk on the moon, frequently wished he were anywhere but at the Albuquerque Public Library on the morning of April 20, 1979. The senator had called a conference on cattle mutilations and invited a number of reputed authorities on the subject to speak. He knew only a few of them personally and only later realized that some of the rest were — well, a trifle *eccentric*.

He was forced to share the platform with individuals who took advantage of the opportunity to pitch their own confused, sometimes incomprehensible metaphysical ideas. A couple of them sounded like prime candidates for the booby hatch. Several others had their mental faculties more or less intact but their reasoning abilities were in a state of disrepair. Still others just had their facts wrong. One self-appointed expert contended that mutilations have been going on since the early 19th Century, which they haven't, and that the events are intercontinental in scope, which they aren't. Another man seemed to argue that since UFOs are mysterious and mutilations are just as mysterious, the two must be related. Still another suggested the perpetrators are invisible, thus accounting for the fact that nobody has ever seen them!

Schmitt, squirming in embarrassment, attempted to inject some common sense into the proceedings, saying tactfully that perhaps it might be more productive to tie conclusions more firmly to the evidence. "I think," he said, "we have unfortunately not covered the aspects that were the basis for [United States Attorney General] Griffin Bell's getting interested in the

problem." These delicate observations went over the heads of those to whom they were addressed. Meanwhile the audience, composed of some 200 law enforcement officers, reporters and mutilations enthusiasts, was divided between those who were merely perplexed and those who were enormously amused.

Fortunately the conference also had its rational moments when reasonable persons attempted to deal with the real problems. In his opening statement Schmitt admitted honestly that he had called the meeting in response to mounting political pressure. "When I entered politics," he said, "one of the first issues my constituents confronted me with was their loss of cattle and other animals by theft and then mutilation. This has continued to the present. Now the economic losses suffered by individuals probably have reached \$2.5 million or more nationally."

In New Mexico, according to State Police Officer Gabe Valdez, the figure was \$25,000 for 90 head of cattle and six horses.

Schmitt said that earlier in the year he had asked Attorney General Bell "if federal assistance in the investigation would be possible," since the mutilations were occurring in a number of states. When Bell saw Schmitt's file on the subject, he was fascinated. He and Schmitt talked the matter over with FBI representatives but they could not establish any federal jurisdiction over this type of crime, which Schmitt describes as "the similar destruction of property in several states."

"Then a friend of mine uncovered 18 USC7 defining special maritime

and territorial jurisdiction of the United States and 18 USC13 adopting laws of states for areas within federal jurisdiction," the senator said. "The effect of these two sections of the U.S. Code is to give the federal government jurisdiction over violations of state law committed on federal lands. Subsequently the Justice Department authorized the FBI office here in Albuquerque to become involved in the investigation of these crimes on the basis that several of the mutilation killings have occurred on federal lands."

By "federal lands" Schmitt meant Indian reservations and national forests. That, he claimed, was what Philip Heymann of the Justice Department meant too when the two of them discussed the matter in Washington. But at the conference Forrest Putnam, head of the FBI's Albuquerque office, said the bureau could investigate crimes committed only on federal *Indian* lands although it could cooperate with other agencies "where we had a similar M.O." (method of operation).

Nor did the FBI seem taken with an argument advanced by U.S. Attorney for New Mexico R. E. Thompson, who suggested that "the operation of aircraft without identifying numbers on them . . . constitutes a clear violation of federal law that would warrant an investigation by federal agencies."

Thompson was alluding to the frequent sightings of mystery helicopters, often described as black and unmarked, in areas plagued by cattle mutilations. Such sightings seem to have begun in the spring of 1973, when midwestern farmers began to link the appearance of unmarked helicopters

with the disappearance of some of their livestock. The conclusion was not wholly unreasonable, since the craft had the curious habit of hovering over pens and fields where cattle were being kept.

The incidents took an even more sinister turn when the helicopters' occupants started shooting at farmers. Early that fall James Hagler of rural Pond, Mo., had five of his pigs stolen and on three different occasions saw a helicopter over his property. On the third appearance someone inside the craft fired at the farmer, who fired back, only to discover that somebody on the ground was also shooting at him. When the police came to investigate, they found nothing, but as soon as they left, the shooting resumed and as soon as they returned, it stopped. Mrs. Hagler thought all this very strange, something more than mere "pig rustling."

She may have been right. One day in July 1974, in Pottawattamie County, Iowa, 20 shots were fired at farmer Robert Smith from two unmarked aircraft, one a black twin-engine plane and the other a white helicopter. The craft had been seen in the area on and off "all spring."

Soon mystery helicopters entered the mutilations picture. Beginning late that summer and continuing to the present, numerous farmers, ranchers, police officers and other witnesses have seen choppers flying over and sometimes landing in areas where cattle were being killed. The connection between the two is purely circumstantial but still suggestive.

For example, at 10:30 one night in February 1975 members of a Wood

County, Texas, family heard an "awfully loud" low-flying helicopter; the next morning they discovered one of their cattle had been mutilated.

Similar incidents have been reported in almost all states where mutilations have occurred. Sometimes as many as seven helicopters have been seen together; occasionally they have chased lawmen and other witnesses but more often they shy away when approached. They often fly at unsafe or illegal altitudes.

Capt. Keith Wolverton of the Cascade County, Montana, Sheriff's Department investigated a number of these sightings in 1975 while mutilations were occurring in his county. "There was some question as to whether *helicopter* was an accurate description of the craft," he and Roberta Donovan wrote in the privately-published *Mystery Stalks the Prairie* (1976). "In most actual sightings, the person seeing the vehicle described it as a helicopter, and a number of people saw them at close range. But some of the sightings took place on a day when the wind velocity was high enough that all of the Air Force helicopters were grounded because flying conditions were unsafe. If Air Force choppers couldn't fly in such weather, what kind of a helicopter could?"

Good question — and further complicated, as Tom Adams, one of the handful of levelheaded civilian investigators of mutilation-related phenomena,* observed at the Albuquerque conference, by the fact that "there

is no single description [of the helicopters]. They range in size from a small two-man chopper to a larger troop transport [and have] various colors — army green, white, blue, red. When they're seen at night, there are various arrays of lights on them. So there really is no hard and fast rule . . . except that they are reported as helicopters."

* * *

THE PUBLIC part of the conference ended mercifully early — it was over before noon although it had been scheduled to continue into the afternoon — and afterwards the law enforcement people met in a private session. Later they emerged to mingle with the more serious-minded civilian investigators, i.e., those who did not consider it a foregone conclusion that invisible beings from another planet are responsible for the killings.

They think, however, that the vast majority of reported mutilations have prosaic explanations. The most common is that the animals died of natural causes and predators ate parts of the carcasses. And occasionally vicious pranksters have created their own imitation mutilations.

But true mutilations are something else.

Dr. Gary White, an Ozark, Ark., veterinarian, has seen both the real and the phony and he says there is no confusing the two.

"There were several differences," he remarks, referring to the bodies of dead cattle he examined in Franklin County, Arkansas, during the spring of 1979. "One of the most notable was the lack of disturbance around the mutilated animals. With a predator you

*Adams directs Project Stigma, a clearinghouse for such information, and publishes the quarterly *Stigmata* (P.O. Box 1094, Paris, Tex. 75460).

can see dog tracks or buzzard tracks and feathers or other such evidence.

"The first mutilated cow I looked at had her udder removed. From what I could see of it, the glandular tissues had been entirely removed without touching any of the surrounding tissue. It was like a surgical removal of that udder. This was made with a sharp instrument and whoever did it was after only the glandular tissue of the udder. And that's what they got.

"The ears, the eyes, the tongue, the rectum and the reproductive tract had all been removed from the second animal I saw. In the first place, I don't know how a predator would get an animal's tongue. In the second place, in cattle that I've seen that have had their ears removed, the cartilage has been removed all the way to the skull. A buzzard will eat the ears off an animal but it will usually leave part of the cartilage. In fact, all of them I have seen have left some of the cartilage; it's possible that predators could get all of the cartilage but it's been my experience that they don't.

"It was really kind of startling when I examined the area where the reproductive tract and the rectum were removed. The uterus, the ovaries and the vagina had been removed out selectively, along with the first six to eight inches of the rectum. The tail was taken completely out too. It looked like it had all come out in one unit. And just like the first one, it had been done with a clean, sharp cut.

"A predator will start eating around the rectum and vagina. I've never seen one eat the tail out like that. A predator usually just makes a jumbled-up mess of whatever organs are back

there. It doesn't eat selectively or remove the reproductive organs as was done in this case.

"The blood had been removed and in one animal — the second because with the first I wasn't sure what to look for — it was pretty easy to see how it had been done. Someone had passed a large needle into the jugular vein; I found a puncture mark there.

"I had told the state police all along that I felt they [the mutilators] were using succinylcholine to immobilize the animal. And in one of the mutilations in another county they did find traces of succinylcholine, which is a muscle paralyzer.

"If you knew how to dose it properly, you could paralyze the animal's respiratory system. The heart would continue to beat until the animal suffocated, probably six or seven minutes after you'd shot it with a dart of succinylcholine. Before it died, you could put a large-gauge needle into the veins and use a pump to remove the blood.

"Whoever did it had some degree of surgical ability, though it wouldn't take much more than a good course in anatomy to do what was done. I could duplicate it without any trouble and I'm not a very good surgeon.

"What's really curious about it is how they could come in and do it without leaving any trace at all. It's very odd."

Another investigator who finds all this "very odd" is Howard Burgess, a retired atomic scientist who spent his professional career working on nuclear weapons research and development for Sandia Laboratories in Albuquerque. I met Burgess at the conference and talked with him at length about

his own research into the problem.

"The thing that puts the lie to the predator theory," he said, "is that nothing will come near the mutilated bodies — no other animals, not even birds or crows. The thing will lie right there and nothing will eat it. A cow bloats very rapidly; these don't. They'll lie there for days and never bloat."

Autopsies conducted at Schoenfeld Clinical Laboratories in Albuquerque have produced some startling discoveries. From them, Burgess said, "you get the impression that it [the mutilated animal] was exposed to a very high-level dose of microwave radiation. Years ago I did some of the early developmental work on shortwave diathermy [the generation of heat in tissue by current] for use in medicine and surgery and I saw some of the things this could do to the body.

"Now, with a cow that's been dead for no more than six or eight hours, normally its liver would still be fresh enough to eat. You know, of course, how dark the liver and the blood inside it are. But when you cut open the liver of a mutilated animal, it turns out to be a very pale pink or whitish and fibrous. When you squeeze it, it feels squishy and the blood that's left in it looks like a pink watery ink.

"An effect like this could be caused by nonionizing radiation, the same type as the microwave type of radiation. It can do this to the liver without affecting the rest of the cow. Now I'm not a biologist but I do know that the blood contains a small amount of copper which keeps the iron suspended and it's the iron that gives blood its color. In tests we've run on control

samples of ordinary cow's liver, we found a given amount of copper per cubic centimeter.

"Research has shown that microwave radiation will release the copper out of the suspension — and in mutilated cows we find absolutely zero copper in the liver. To my nonbiologist's view it looks very much as if radiation had released the copper which in turn would release the iron from the blood.

"I once brought home some of the liver samples from the lab and I thought I'd see what happened if I left them outside. We live on a corner with a lot of bushes around the house and we have the usual run of cats, dogs and other small animals around the neighborhood. So anyway I took the liver out alongside the sidewalk and laid it under a bush. I was sure it would be gone by morning. Two weeks later it was still lying there, just drying up. Nothing ever touched it and finally it rotted away."

When the first New Mexico mutilation occurred in June 1976, at the Manuel Gomez ranch near Dulce, Officer Gabe Valdez brought Burgess to the scene. The carcass was surrounded by mysterious circular tracks. There was also a set of impressions which looked as if they had been left by a tripodlike device. "Around each pad," Burgess told me, "the grass was dead and wilted. The radioactivity level there was two or three times what it was normally in the area."

Late in April 1978 a young bull died under mysterious circumstances at the Gomez ranch. Its rectum and sex organs removed, the animal was found stretched across a dirt surface

road which is the only access to the pasture and passes directly in front of the Gomez home. A set of circular tracks in sets of two, four inches in diameter and half an inch apart, surrounded the carcass. They were identical to those found at the mutilation site in 1976; only the tripod marks were missing.

"All the tracks are etched in the clay hardpan of the road," Fritz Thompson of the *Albuquerque Journal* wrote. "They are evenly depressed, perfectly circular, and appear to have been left by something metallic and extremely heavy. Attempting to make a mark in the hardpan with a boot heel leaves no impression."

Officer Valdez removed the animal's liver. "It was all white and it felt like mush," he said.

As the mutilations continued in north-central New Mexico, Burgess concluded that those responsible had to be descending from the air to accomplish their grisly work. The killings were being done in remote, inaccessible areas where in many cases cars or trucks could not go. They were also being done at night. Pondering these clues, Burgess got an idea. He asked Valdez and Gomez what they thought of it. They agreed it was worth a try.

So on the night of July 5, 1978, Gomez put 120 of his beef cattle in a corral to test Burgess' theory that the high-flying mutilators might be using an ultraviolet beam to make pre-selected victims visible from the air.

"It's no joke to run cattle through a corral at midnight in the mountains," Burgess recalled wryly. "And there's also something about ultraviolet that

seems to spook 'em. We had to run 'em down the shoot one at a time."

But the test succeeded. Five of the cattle, it turned out, carried brightly fluorescent marks on their bodies. The marks were not identical but they had one thing in common: they were all on the animals' backs — where they could be seen from the air.

"We thought they might have picked up something in the pasture or in the corral," Burgess said. "All sorts of things will fluoresce, you know. So we tried the light on everything around there, urine, milk, mud, manure, everything — but nothing else fluoresced that color."

Burgess took samples of both affected and unaffected hides and brought them back to Albuquerque to give to Bob Schoenfeld for study when he returned from a trip out of the country. Soon Burgess noticed something very strange: after two weeks the samples suddenly ceased being fluorescent. Theoretically they should have stayed fluorescent forever; instead, he observed, they "shut off just like you'd shut off a car."

In due course Schoenfeld examined the no-longer-fluorescent samples and discovered they contained significant amounts of potassium and magnesium. In fact the potassium content was more than 70 times higher than normal. The control samples of unaffected hide revealed none of this.

Schoenfeld pronounced it "highly suspicious. . . . How it got there, I don't know." The substance, he said, had been made water-soluble and he saw no way it could have occurred on the animals except by design.

What does this mean?

Burgess admits frankly that he doesn't know. He can't even prove that the mysterious fluorescence has anything to do with mutilations. Nonetheless he remembers something that happened that night:

"The Indians in the area had always been real suspicious of us and hadn't talked about the mutilations, but they opened up that night. One came over around midnight to see how we were

doing. He crawled up on the corral and asked suddenly, 'Did you see that light?' When I said no, he told me, 'While I was driving over here, the same kind of light followed me and it was up here circling around while you were doing this. It's the same kind of light that shows up when the cattle are mutilated.' "

(This is Part I of a two-part article.)



SKY RESORTS FOR UFO WATCHERS

By Paul Steiner

TWO AREAS of Great Britain are known for peculiar sights in the skies overhead and they are making the most of it. They invite participation in "UFO Tours" and "UFO Weekends."

Frome in Somerset, widely known as "Flying Saucerland," promises, "A real Somerset welcome awaits you in our town and its surrounding area — famous for its UFOs." Even the local taxi company bills itself as "Space Age Travel." Prices at the three local hotels — the George, Portway and

Mendip Lodge — range from about \$22 to \$30 a night for a double room but they don't guarantee you'll see any spacemen.

A hotel which puts on formal UFO weekends is the Sir Benfro Hotel, Herbrandston, Milford Haven, Wales. It's 100 miles due west of Frome on the same flying saucer circuit and a three-day, two-night "sighting" weekend costs about \$44. Sir Benfro guests set out to spy strange goings on in the sky, hoping to rendezvous with little men from Mars.



JINXED

RONALD L. HOKE was born on Friday, September 13, 1957. He was among 13 babies delivered that day in Washington County, Maryland. The day was also marked by the fact that 13 marriage licenses were issued that day. And Hoke is more than jinxed; he has bad luck like you've never heard of.

In April and May 1978 he was bitten once by a rattlesnake, twice by copperheads and once by a black widow spider. He fell off a stepladder and had a fire explode in his face. Then on June 1, after his latest close encounter with a copperhead, he was nearly

killed in a car accident on the way to the hospital.

The rash of misfortune has had an effect on him. He says he's turned over a new leaf and is more religious.

"God must not want me to go yet," Hoke says. "He has spared me this many times. I have had bad luck but He must be looking after me."

Hoke credits his wife Judy with helping him pull through the ordeals. On June 2 in the hospital, he celebrated his only child's first birthday. His wife was expecting another child on June 12. She said she doesn't want the baby to come one day late.

THREE BLACK ROSES



First the picture fell mysteriously off the wall. Then the roses did something they had never done before. . . .

By Lucian Landau

BACK IN MAY 1967 my wife Eileen, her mother, our big bull mastiff Leonard and I lived at No. 3 Shakespeare Gardens in London. My late father had built the house in 1939, just before the outbreak of

World War II. Eileen's mother, whom we both called Mother, was in her 80's, yet in seemingly excellent health. Her sight was not very good but she read avidly and watched television a lot. Witty and intelligent, she was

loved by all who knew her.

No. 3 Shakespeare Gardens was quite a small house, with four bedrooms and two reception rooms, the larger of which Mother used as her bed-sitting-room. In 1964 I extended the house by adding another long, large room. Glazed double doors led into it from Mother's room; it had two double-glazed picture windows and a pair of heavy double-glazed French doors which opened onto an attractive patio. Both pairs of doors were well constructed from seasoned timber and fitted with good bolts and lever locks. We always locked them securely at night.

On the morning of Monday, May 15, Eileen woke Mother as usual by bringing her a morning cup of tea. Mother remarked that "something" had caused her and Leonard to awaken in the middle of the night. She didn't know what it was but said that Leonard "was interested in something under the piano."

Although Mother was unaware of it, a small gilt-framed picture which usually hung on the wall above the piano had fallen down. The picture, which we still have, is of an unknown lady and is not of any great value. The frame was slightly damaged but the glass was unbroken. Eileen asked me not to mention it to Mother, since in her family a picture falling off a wall invariably presaged an imminent death. I quickly repaired the frame and within half an hour put the picture back on the wall. Since it was screened by a vase of flowers on the piano, Mother never noticed anything.

But I could not figure out what had caused the picture to fall. It was hang-

ing on a nylon cord attached to two screw eyes well fitted to the frame. I found one of these eyes partially unscrewed. That was odd because the wood was undamaged and the thread in it was quite tight. In fact, it required at least 2½ more turns to loosen the screw eye sufficiently that it could be pulled out. I screwed it back and the picture still hangs safely on the wall. I had personally fitted these screw eyes in the first place. I have hung well over 100 pictures of various weights and sizes and never before has one fallen. But an even greater mystery awaited us.

We had many roses in the garden. Most of them had been planted by my father. When Mother came to live with us, she brought with her from her own garden various flowering shrubs, among them her favorite rosebush. Its flowers were of medium size, particularly well shaped and bright red in color.

During the weekend following the picture's fall three new buds started to open on that bush. We watched them with some surprise, because the petals were not of the usual red color but black. There were many other blooms on the bush, all of normal red color, and the contrast was startling.

The three roses were fully open on Monday, May 29, when I had to travel to Manchester. I returned the next evening. But just before I arrived home, Mother suddenly took sick and Eileen hastily summoned the doctor. Unable to decide what the trouble was, the physician arranged for Mother, who was complaining of severe abdominal pains, to enter St. John's and St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Mother improved during the night and in the morning, when a well-known surgeon examined her, he could find nothing obviously wrong. Since the pain had almost disappeared, the doctors decided that she could return home the next day.

That night, as on the previous night, I slept fully dressed on a settee, with Leonard lying next to me. Eileen remained with Mother at the hospital. Just before 3:00 A.M. I was awakened by Leonard's gentle licking of my forehead. I felt a cool breeze whose source I could not discern. I walked into Mother's room because the breeze seemed to be coming from that direction. There I was surprised to discover the double doors which led to the long room wide open. This was most peculiar — not only had I locked them in the usual way, but we always used only one half, the other half remaining closed and secured by two bolts, not easy to withdraw.

As I entered the long room, I discovered the source of the cool breeze: the outer French doors, which I had carefully locked a few hours earlier, also were wide open. Again, whoever opened them would have had to turn the key twice, open one half, then withdraw two rather stiff bolts before opening the other half. Normally when these doors were open they were secured against wind with two large hooks.

As I walked out onto the patio with Leonard, I had a strong feeling that someone else had walked out of the house for good. I closed and locked the outer doors; then I did the same to

the inner doors to the long room.

At that moment the telephone rang. When I picked up the receiver, I heard Eileen tell me that Mother had suddenly taken a turn for the worse and had stopped breathing.

I left immediately and arrived at the hospital 10 minutes later. There the doctors and nurses were trying desperately to revive Mother.

Finally she returned to consciousness complaining of severe pain. The consultant surgeon decided to perform a laparotomy (the cutting of the abdominal wall). The operation took place during the afternoon. It was not a success. Mother did not come out of the anaesthetic.

During the next few days many friends called on us to express their sorrow at Mother's passing. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew MacKenzie. All of our callers were surprised to see three black roses in a small vase on the table. But Andrew MacKenzie, a well-known author of books on psychic phenomena and a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, was interested enough to inquire at Kew Gardens where they told him that a bush can produce black roses but that the phenomenon is rare. MacKenzie's informants also said they never had heard of three black roses appearing all at the same time.

In October of that year we moved to the Isle of Man and took Mother's favorite rosebush with us. Since then it has never failed to produce beautiful blooms, even at Christmastime, but the flowers all are bright red.

A Case of Reincarnation from New Delhi

Murderer and Victim Meet



Reena Gupta reluctantly poses with Sardar Surjeet Singh who she says murdered her when they were married in a previous life. (Photo courtesy *National Enquirer*.)

How could the little girl "remember" the smallest details of a life she had never lived? And why did she say a man she had never known had killed her?

By H. N. Banerjee

WHEN REENA Gupta was only 1½ years old she said to her grandmother, "I have a *gharwala* (husband). My *gharwala* was a very bad man. He killed me." While saying this she pointed toward her stomach and said, "I have a hole in my stomach." As a very small child Reena repeated these words time and again to members of her family, none of whom could understand what she was trying to say.

When I studied this case in 1975, Reena was a healthy, pretty child of 9½ years. Her father Santosh Kumar Gupta is an Indian government official and her mother Prem teaches in a government school. Reena and her parents live in New Delhi with her mother's father Dr. Harish Chandra Gupta, a general practitioner in his 70's. Also living with them is Reena's aunt Dr. Pushpa Gupta, an associate professor of Sanskrit at the University of Delhi.

Reena was often left in the care of her grandmother or her Aunt Pushpa when Prem Gupta was at work. The child sometimes spent long hours looking from the balcony of the house onto the street below. When asked what she was looking for, she would reply, "I'm looking for my children." She always claimed to have three daughters and one son and evidenced

emotional distress over being separated from them.

On one occasion Reena said to her Aunt Pushpa, "Once my husband was badly hurt while he was trying to start his scooter." She dramatized this statement by making kicking motions in the air as if kicking the starter of a scooter.

Reena also reported, "Once I wore my husband's sweater. He was very angry about it." Describing this incident, she tried to imitate the anger of her husband, and she showed how she had taken off the sweater when he demanded that she do so.

These tales — and her exasperating and unreasonable criticism of her mother's cooking and housework — were beyond the family's understanding.

In early 1968 Dr. Gupta's daughter Mrs. Satya Bansal came to visit. One day she and Reena's mother went to a nearby market to shop, taking 2½-year-old Reena with them. While the two women were talking with a pavement vendor, Reena strayed away. When the women realized the child had disappeared they were panic-stricken and anxiously began to search for her. To their great relief they found her a little distance away, doggedly following a strange woman down the street. When they asked the child

why she had left them, she replied, "That is the same woman who used to come to my house."

Reena's mother and aunt were so upset by the child's actions that they did not approach the woman to learn her identity.

Shakuntala Bhatnagar, a woman acquaintance, came to visit Prem one day. While they were talking Reena interrupted them and pleaded with the visitor to listen to her story. Then she made all the statements about her previous life that she had made before — despite her mother's objections and evident annoyance. Mrs. Bhatnagar listened and then told Prem Gupta that she had heard of a murder incident like the one Reena described, she promised to try to find out about it.

The next day Prem Gupta confided in her colleagues at school that she was concerned about Reena's odd behavior. After listening to the details, one of the teachers, Vijendra Kaur, said she thought she might know the family of whom Reena kept talking. She said that in a Sikh family in Manakpura, a poor section of New Delhi, a husband had killed his wife, the mother of three daughters and one son. Vijendra Kaur said she would try to get further information about the family.

Her inquiries led her to Sardar Kishan Singh, the father of Gurdeep Kaur who had been murdered by her husband on June 2, 1961. Vijendra told him about Reena and soon thereafter Singh and his wife paid a visit to Dr. Gupta's house to see the child. When the couple arrived Reena smiled at them and said, "They are my father and mother."

The next day the Singhs visited Reena again, accompanied by their daughter Swarna Kaur and their son Papendra Singh. When Reena saw Swarna she immediately called her by her nickname "Sarno." Swarna wanted to give the child two rupees but Reena declined, saying, "How can I take money from Sarno? She is younger than I." (It is customary in India that a gift of money is made only by an older person to a younger one.) Gurdeep Kaur was the older of the two sisters. Reena also recognized Papendra, Gurdeep Kaur's brother.

A few days later Reena was taken to Kishan Singh's house where she recognized Gurdeep Kaur in a photograph. Reena said it was her own likeness and insisted on having it. Kishan Singh gave her the photograph even though it was the only one he had of his deceased daughter.

The man who killed Gurdeep Kaur was her husband Surjeet Singh. He was sent to jail for life but after serving 10 years of his sentence he was freed because of his good behavior.

In 1975 he had a small bicycle repair shop in Manakpura and when he learned of Reena's claims he came to see her. Reena pleaded with her mother to ask him to go away, saying, "He will kill me again." Although he continues to visit occasionally, Reena avoids him. She says she is afraid of him and doesn't like him.

However, it was Surjeet Singh who confirmed that Reena was right when she said he had become very angry when Gurdeep Kaur once wore his sweater. As to the child's claim that her husband had been hurt while starting a scooter, Surjeet Singh said he had

hurt his leg and had bled profusely while he was trying to pump air into a cycle tire. This would have required a pumping or kicking action like that Reena had demonstrated.

Reena claimed that as Gurdeep Kaur she had had four children; Gurdeep Kaur actually had three daughters and one son. Before she came to know Surjeet Singh's family, Reena had said her daughter's name was Madhu. One of Gurdeep Kaur's

daughters, the eldest, was nicknamed Madhu. Reena claimed that her son's name was Tommy. Gurdeep's son's nickname is Toni, somewhat similar in sound to the name Tommy.

In talking about her previous life, Reena often said, "My husband wore his hair differently." Surjeet Singh, a Sikh, wears his long hair in the same style as all male Sikhs do — in a knot on the top of his head.

Reena seemed to identify totally

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with the personality of Gurdeep Kaur. She acted as if she were Gurdeep Kaur, showing emotions the deceased woman no doubt felt while speaking about her children. When Reena actually met the children, she showed extreme happiness — as she had when she met Gurdeep Kaur's father, mother, brother and sister.

Reena continued to become upset and afraid when Surjeet Singh came to see her. I personally witnessed interesting evidence of this while studying the case. This episode was also witnessed by my research associate Margit Fedoruk (now my wife).

Eddie Sanderson, an American photographer, was visiting us. When he wanted to photograph Reena with Surjeet Singh, the girl adamantly refused. This attitude contrasted sharply with her earlier behavior. She had been completely cooperative when Eddie photographed her alone.

With great difficulty I managed to persuade Reena to have her photograph taken with Surjeet Singh. She finally agreed, on the condition that I stand near her to protect her. She obviously feared him. For the photograph she perched on the arm of Surjeet Singh's chair. She would not allow him to put his arms around her to hold her in front of him. When he had tried to, she had torn herself away from him.

* * *

VARIOUS hypotheses may be advanced to explain Reena's memories of her previous life and quick recognition of persons from that life. First to be considered is the possibility of fraud. Are there motives and opportunities for fraud in this case?

In my opinion Harish Chandra Gupta's family has no motive for creating or perpetuating Reena's claims and in fact has gone out of the way to avoid publicity. Certainly no monetary gain is involved.

Reena had no normal way of learning about the life of Gurdeep Kaur. The families live in sections of New Delhi separated by some distance and there is no social exchange between the two localities. Surjeet Singh lives in a crowded section generally inhabited by poor people; the Gupta family is relatively affluent. Surjeet Singh and Kishan Singh's family belong to the Sikh community while the Gupta family are Hindu. Thus, culturally the families are unlikely to mix.

It took almost five years for the Gupta and Singh families to meet. During these five years, Reena was persistent in her claims and often in a state of emotional distress, longing to see the children of her previous life and to be united with her previous family. If the Gupta family had known Surjeet Singh they certainly would have brought about an encounter with him to pacify Reena. But the time lapse itself indicates that the Gupta family did not have normal access to information about Reena's previous family. Yet Reena knew such intimate details of Gurdeep Kaur's life as the nicknames of her children. Reena could also describe such an incident as Surjeet Singh's injury and profuse bleeding.

In cases like this one, it is sometimes suggested that the child concerned is compensating for poverty or maltreatment by imagining that he belongs to a family of greater wealth.

This explanation does not fit Reena's case. Her family is enlightened and fairly well off and she receives love and attention from a large household — her parents, her aunt and her grandparents.

Can Reena's previous life be explained as a case of cryptomnesia? This is "the appearance in consciousness of memory images which are not recognized as such but which appear as original creations." In this kind of case, normally acquired information which has been relegated to the unconscious mind emerges in the child's conscious mind as memories of a previous life. He has completely forgotten the source of his information. This explanation is untenable in Reena's case; she had no opportunity to learn about the life of Gurdeep Kaur. Furthermore, cryptomnesia cannot explain Reena's total identification with Gurdeep Kaur and her recognition of so

many persons associated with the murdered woman's life.

Extrasensory perception will not do either as an explanation. As a parapsychologist I have studied many ordinary and gifted subjects to determine their extrasensory abilities. Reena has shown no indication of having such abilities through which she could have acquired so much information about another's life. I have never come across a subject who has been able to give information as vividly as Reena does.

On the basis of my study, I am convinced that Reena remembers a previous life. The complexity of her behavior, the details of her memories and the emotional aspects of her claims make Reena's case an important one which can only be explained as evidence of reincarnation. The murdered Gurdeep Kaur has been reborn in Reena Gupta.



MEDICINE MEN vs. WITCH DOCTORS

By W. Ritchie Benedict

A MEDIUM, said to be possessed by the spirit of a dead baboon, scampered wildly on all fours around the ill woman. Moments later, the "patient" snapped out of trance and burst into tears. "There's no more pain," she cried.

Looking on approvingly and applauding were 50 smiling medicine men and women gathered for their annual convention in September 1977 in Gwelo, Rhodesia. The sick woman, who refused to give her name for fear of being ridiculed by family and friends, had joined more than 250 others in accepting an invitation to get free treatment from the medicine men

while the convention lasted.

The conference opened with a call for recognition of traditional African healers by the World Health Organization. The True African National Herbalists and Traditional Medicines Association of Central Africa, which sponsored the convention, claims 40,000 members.

K. G. Mtopa, the group's Rhodesian-born president, explained to newsmen that his group should not be confused with African witch doctors who, he said, use their powers mainly for evil. Medicine men combine mystical powers with ancient secret herbs and potions to cure the sick.

Update...

By Jerome Clark

¶ A recent news release from the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP) crow's that "the widely publicized UFO Essay Competition sponsored by Cutty Sark Ltd. (London) has been won by a man who does not 'believe' in UFOs" — CSICOP Fellow (and occasional FATE contributor) James Oberg, whose paper avers that ufologists use "all the traditional tricks of the Madison Avenue advertising executive's trade" to make their case.

¶ Speaking of such tricks, we notice that the CSICOP release somehow "forgets" to mention that the contest judges — Bernard Dixon, Patrick Moore and Christopher Evans — have long been hostile to the subject of UFOs. Moore and Evans are particularly virulent critics. Evans (whom the release inexplicably fails to identify as a CSICOP Fellow) dealt with ufology in a book called Cults of Unreason and Moore, author of a UFO book whose title (Can You Speak Venusian?) contains a built-in sneer, is something of a British Donald Menzel. In other words, a camel has about as much chance to pass through the eye of a needle as a pro-UFO paper had to win the approval of so blatantly biased a panel. We're not impressed.

¶ Has Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, "the death and dying lady," been taken in by fraudulent mediumship? In New West magazine Kate Coleman describes Dr. Kubler-Ross' involvement with the Facet of Divinity Church whose leader Jay Barham claims to be a materialization medium. The "materialized entities" sometimes engage in sexual intercourse with the sitters — all for the human participants' betterment, of course. The "entities," according to informants (one of whom masqueraded as a spirit), are Barham and associates. Once, when a skeptical friend (now ex-friend) of Kubler-Ross switched on the light during a materialization, the spirit proved to be Barham, clad only in turban and birthday suit. Kubler-Ross, however, rejects all the charges. "The entities don't need proof," she says.

¶ Last month in this space we mentioned the Industrial Research magazine poll of 1200 scientists and engineers, over half of whom said they are convinced UFOs exist. Now Mensa, a group composed of persons with high IQ's, has polled its own membership and found a high degree of interest in the paranormal. Seventy-five percent of the respondents claim to have had psychic experiences. Most of the Mensa people believe parapsychology will become an accepted field of study in the near future. Other soon-to-be-published polls of psychiatrists and college professors will echo these findings. The paranormal, it appears, is the wave of the future — contrary to The Amazing Randi's recent prediction (in Omni) that "the 1980's will see us relieved of the burdens of ... [these] idiocies."

¶ The psychics blew it completely when it came to predicting when and where Skylab would fall, Premonition Times reports. "We have yet to record one prediction that was totally accurate," it says. No one got the date (June 17, 1979) right. "Predictions of the crash point were even worse. [They] showed practically every spot on the earth ... except South America, the Soviet Union, and Australia" — where of course the fall occurred.

¶ When will the big one come, the great California earthquake that both scientists and psychics have been predicting for decades? Charles Richter, inventor of the Richter scale, doesn't know either — it could be, he says, tomorrow or 100 years from now — but he thinks it will take place in the southern, not the northern, part of the state. Although the earthquake may kill as many as 20,000 persons, Los Angeles will not break off and become an island, nor will it sink into the ocean. "That's a piece of nonsense circulated by religious cranks," he declares.

¶ Peter Byrne is calling it quits. The veteran Bigfoot hunter has been at it for nine years, having set up quarters in 1970 in the shadow of north-central Oregon's Mount Hood, but unable to prove the elusive creature's existence, he thinks it's time to try something else, at least for a while.

A 19th Century Sensitive . . .

Maria of Theresa

The girl was practically illiterate, abnormally shy and not very bright but she had a gift that astonished all who knew her.

By George J. Moffat

DURING THE latter part of the 19th Century the aches and pains of persons who lived around Theresa, N. Y., a pleasant little village in Jefferson County, were attended to by friendly old Doc Hannahs. However, it is not with him that we are concerned but with the downtrodden household drudge who peeled the potatoes, cleaned the boots, swept the floors, made the beds, and did almost all of the other hard work in the worthy doctor's establishment — one Maria Cummins.

Maria had come to the family from the Jefferson County Farm where she had lived since early childhood. Who her parents were or what had become of them no one knew for sure. The girl obviously wasn't very bright. She could hardly read and the scrawl she called her signature was barely decipherable.

It was clear to everyone that Maria had two utterly different natures. By either day or night she was always civil and polite and by day she was quiet, demure, retiring and extremely

industrious. Moreover, the very appearance of a member of the opposite sex, even the good doctor himself, made her miserable and tied her tongue. Almost all contact with her had to be through Mrs. Hannahs. In the evening, on the other hand, she became the opposite — full of fun and frolic without the slightest trace of shyness. And in the evenings she could see things far removed in time and space and relate in perfect detail things that were happening far away.

As a hardheaded man of science Dr. Hannahs found this a bit hard to believe, so one day when he had to travel to Ogdensburg, about 30 or 35 miles away by railroad, he set his watch by the town clock there, knowing it differed slightly from the clock in the Theresa village hall. On his return home he asked Maria the exact time in Ogdensburg. To his astonishment she told him almost to the second!

Of course the doctor tried to tell himself that there must be some rational explanation. For one thing, he

reasoned, someone might have told Maria that Ogdensburg city time varied by exactly 3½ minutes from local time. But a week or so later there occurred another example of Maria's uncanny power that he could not even pretend to understand.

Mrs. Hannahs had just returned from a ladies' meeting and went to her room to remove her earrings, an especially cherished pair of pearls, only to find that she had lost one of them. Of course, Theresa is by no means a metropolitan center even today, but looking for a needle in a haystack simply isn't in it with searching for one tiny pearl earring on the streets of even the smallest village. Mrs. Hannahs had to ask Maria's help.

Maria simply closed her eyes for a moment and then declared firmly that the missing earring was in the roadway on Main Street, five feet from the sidewalk in front of one of the stores in the village, and buried under three feet of snow. Going to that precise spot Mrs. Hannahs groped under the snow and recovered her lost property.

On another occasion the doctor returned after dark from a call on the other side of town and discovered that his spectacles were missing. No sooner had he entered the sitting room and announced his loss than Maria said that they had fallen out of his breast pocket when he bent over to tie his shoelace near the stump of an old elm tree in a vacant lot. That's where the doctor found them. He had reason to be grateful again later when she went up into the hayloft on a pitch-dark night and recovered a Masonic emblem which had fallen from his watch chain.

Dr. and Mrs. Hannahs were not reticent about their family servitor's powers and before long whenever anything disappeared in the village or for miles around, it became the custom to "ask Maria" — or rather, to have her mistress do so.

In the late 1870's Dr. Hannahs went to New York City to attend a medical convention, leaving his wife at home. Although he had known Maria for years he had not given her marvelous powers sufficient credit, for on his return he discovered that every evening of his absence Maria had given his mistress a full account of how the doctor had spent each day. Of course Dr. Hannahs' life was an open book but human nature being what it is, some husbands might not like to have their wives know everything they did while they were out of town. Furthermore, the doctor had to admit that the servant's account of his doings was accurate in every particular.

As time went on the doctor became less willing to discuss Maria's accomplishments, save in the privacy of his home, for fear that she might fall into the hands of a mountebank who would exhibit her as a curiosity. The doctor and his wife had taken her from the home in the first place fearing that, if she were left there, she might be exploited or even abused sexually by unscrupulous persons, due to her low intelligence.

It is well known that events which have been erased from conscious memory may have left traces in the unconscious mind. Isn't it possible that knowledge was transferred by the universal mind to Maria's consciousness as she sat with her eyes closed?

PRECOGNITION – OUR WAY OF LIFE

ONE HOT summer morning in Orlando, Fla., as my wife Grace and I sat down to breakfast she chided me for drinking coffee so near the boiling point when it was already "boiling" outside. In my view her pleasure in coffee was no less absurd: cooling it down with an ice cube that weakened its strength at the same time. It seemed all our material desires were opposites. It is amazing how two persons of such contrary tastes can have lived together peacefully for nearly 25 years.

My coffee half-consumed and hers still untouched, I casually remarked, "One of the red warning lights on the dash of your car will light up today, so be sure to watch it."

"Thanks," she answered just as casually. "You just made my day."

A year before Grace had been skeptical about my predictions for the next 24 hours but now she accepted them as readily as she would a weather forecast. I got my predictions from vivid precognitive dreams which always came true within a day.

"All your driving will be in town, so give me a call from the nearest phone

when the red comes on," I said. "The light will show the problem to be overheating or electrical."

After breakfast I drove to work at the shopping plaza and the day passed without incident. Half an hour before quitting time my wife dropped in to say, "Why don't you drive my car home and I'll drive yours?"

"Yeah, sure," I said. "What's the matter? Getting a little nervous?"

"Well, frankly, yes. It has to happen on the way home since I don't intend to drive anywhere else today."

So she followed me home in my car. I drove hers expecting to see the red light flash on at any moment but nothing happened. As I pulled into the driveway I was thinking. "Well, so what? I never claimed to be infallible. Why, even the best have —"

Just then Grace's words interrupted my thoughts. "Say, hon," she said as she got out of the car, "does the red light on your dash always come on?"

"No, it never has. Why?"

"When I drove away from the plaza the red light was on for three or four blocks. I was about ready to sound the horn for you but then it went out."

That morning I awoke from a dream so vivid that I knew only my body had remained in bed that night — my spirit had traveled to the Space Center and seen the terrible accident that was about to occur.

By Alex Scoroff

She couldn't beat the prediction even when she tried. Although it wasn't her car that had malfunctioned, nonetheless it turned out to be the car she was driving.

* * *

FROM 1967 through 1972 I had frequent precognitive dreams. Today I still have one occasionally.

Once, for example, I told Grace, "The dog will have to be kept on a leash during our nature walk at the lake today."

"How come?" she asked sharply. "He is so good about staying close. You know how he loves to run back and forth."

"Yes, I know but today he stays on a leash. Last night I dreamed that during one of those romps he came back and fell at my feet bleeding."

"Oh, no! You and your damned dreams."

Her tone suggested that she thought it was the dream itself that caused the event to happen. No matter how often I explained that the future is inevitable, that my unconscious mind, projected into the future, reveals to me an event that will take place, she refused

to feel any different about it.

After breakfast we drove to a clearing at the edge of the lake and with the dog walked leisurely along the sandy road that would take us completely around the small lake surrounded by beautiful pines. Thinking of my dream, I kept the dog on a leash to protect it from being bitten by a rattlesnake or a water moccasin.

An hour later we arrived back in the clearing where the car had been parked. I unleashed the dog about 10 or 15 feet from the vehicle. I was relieved that nothing had happened, not knowing that I was in for an unpleasant surprise.

I opened the rear door of the car and ordered our pet to hop in. Once inside the dog paced back and forth across the rear seat. Just as I was closing the rear door something caught my eye. "Good God!" I shouted. "The back seat is covered with blood!"

With every step one of the dog's paws deposited a pool of blood on the seat. A quick examination disclosed a deep cut in the pad of the right foot. Grace managed to stop the bleeding. In the short 10-foot walk to the car the

dog had stepped on a sharp piece of glass protruding from the soft sand.

These precognitive dreams aren't confined solely to incidents in my personal life. One involved a man named George Black with whom I had once worked in a security capacity at the Kennedy Space Center.

"I think a former employee, George Black, will be killed today," I announced to my wife one morning.

"Oh, how terrible!" Grace said. "Do you know how it will happen?"

"By an automobile — or someone in it. There were some men in that car but a woman attracted my attention the most."

The next morning, as soon as I arrived at work, someone asked me, "Did you hear George Black was killed last night?"

I gulped, then asked, "How?"

"He was struck by an automobile," the man said.

The local news media reported that Black and two friends were pushing a stalled car when another vehicle, driven by a woman, struck him.

But the most dramatic prediction of all came to me on September 18, 1968.

It happened one morning 2½ months after I had left my job at the Kennedy Space Center to try a business venture in Orlando. I awoke from a dream so vivid in every detail that it frightened me. I turned to Grace and said, "Golly, I was sure glad to wake up this morning. My body was in bed with you all night but my unconscious mind, spirit or whatever was at the Space Center."

"And what happened?" she asked.

"While inspecting the interior of a

rocket I noticed the insulation on two electrical wires was beginning to burn," I said. "I could see the wires ran from an electrical panel on the inside wall of the rocket to its interior and connected to a tank of fuel, liquid oxygen."

"That's when I took off running, out of the rocket, out of the building, and for miles through the night until I reached the outskirts of Titusville. I turned around to look back just as that rocket exploded, lighting up the entire night sky. It wasn't the explosion that frightened me but the national shame and disgrace facing me after a board of inquiry disclosed my cowardice in running away instead of sounding an alarm of some kind."

"Do you know if a rocket will be launched today?" she asked.

"Don't know. One thing for sure, if there isn't a launch, then one will explode sitting on the pad — tonight."

Later in the day we bought the local newspaper which always noted coming launches in the top right corner of the front page. Grace read the announcement aloud: "A Delta rocket carrying the Intelsat communication satellite will be launched from Cape Kennedy tonight at 8:07 P.M."

She looked at me. "You mean this rocket will explode?" she asked, scarcely bothering to conceal her skepticism.

"It has to. I saw the instant replay last night, remember?"

We put the matter out of our minds. In fact when evening came we didn't even bother to watch the launch but instead settled down in front of the television set to watch a movie. Suddenly at 9:10 P.M. the movie was

interrupted with a special bulletin: America's most dependable rocket, the Delta, with its multimillion dollar Intelsat, had exploded after lift-off.

The following morning I wrote the launch officer of the Delta describing the cause of the rocket's failure, two faulty wires, as seen in the dream. He did not reply but after eight months of investigation the review board concluded that a "loose wire" in the gyroscope package of the rocket's first

stage had caused the failure.

If I had warned NASA before the launch that the Delta would fail because of a defective wire I saw in a dream, I would have been branded a kook. On the other hand, after the failure had become a reality, I would have been inviting the FBI to appear and charge me with sabotage.

How could I possibly have explained what Grace and I know all too well: that tomorrow is inevitable?



TWO UNCORRECTED ERRORS

By Ken Elrod

AS A Deputy Registrar of Voters for Ventura County, Calif., I registered almost 1600 citizens during 1978. All of my registrations were done on a typewriter and entailed asking the registrants for their names, addresses, birth dates and other details. Before each form was signed, the person was asked to read it over for errors I might have made. Occasionally I misunderstood a name or address or some other bit of information. These errors were all corrected at the time and the registrant was required to initial the correction.

All were corrected — except two.

One woman, Mary Powell, gave her address — I thought — as 150 Saviers Road, Port Hueneme. She glanced over the form and signed it. A few days after I had turned in my completed forms to the Elections Office, an official there called to tell me that Saviers Road was in Oxnard and did not extend into Port Hueneme, an adjoining town. Also there was no number 150 on that street in Oxnard.

About three days later I saw an account in our local paper that Mary

Powell, whose number was 150 on another street in Port Hueneme, had been arrested for child neglect when she left her small boy alone in the bathtub and returned to find him nearly drowned. She rushed him to the hospital where he recovered and later the charges against her were dropped.

Another woman who had registered with me gave her name — or so I understood it — as Myrna Prate. She also examined the form and signed it without making any corrections. Looking over the form before submitting it to the Elections Office, I noticed she had signed her name "Myrna Prace." She had not called my attention to the error. The office took care of the correction and I thought no more about it — till about a week later, when Myrna Prace's obituary appeared in our paper. She had died at age 38 after a brief illness.

Two uncorrected errors out of 1600 registrations — and tragic or near-tragic occurrences befell both of the persons concerned. Another odd fact: both of the registrants had the same initials.



Breakthrough in Psi Research?

Remote Viewing Works--With Quirks...

... and it may be the consistently repeatable demonstration of ESP which psychic researchers have sought for 100 years.

Part I

By Jeffrey Mishlove

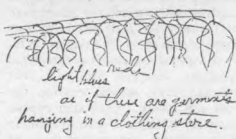
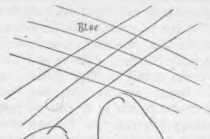
Photographs from *Mind Reach* by Harold Puthoff and Russell Targ
Courtesy Delacorte Press/Eleanor Friede

"SO FAR WE have not found a single person who could not do remote viewing to satisfaction," claim physicists Hal Puthoff and Russell Targ of California's Stanford Research Institute in their recently published book *Mind Reach*.

Their statement has revolutionary implications for the science and practice of parapsychology. It promises a procedure by which anyone can demonstrate ESP abilities. Such a claim is not to be taken lightly. For parapsychologists it is the equivalent of the alchemist's "philosopher's stone." For the past 100 years psychical research-

ers have sought unsuccessfully to find a consistently repeatable experiment for demonstrating ESP.

Many similar claims have come and gone in the history of experimental psi research. At one time the card-guessing experiments of J. B. Rhine and his colleagues at Duke University held out the promise of being highly replicable. Later, the dream telepathy studies of Montague Ullman and Stanley Krippner at Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, N.Y., seemed to usher in a new age of reliability in ESP research. Then hopes shifted to experiments with automated electronic



"I saw wires crisscrossed against the blue sky. I thought the outbound experimenters might be on a street corner looking up at phone wires. Then I saw what I took to be a rack of clothes. . . ." Before the outbound experimenters returned, targets were ranked and Targ remarked that author's drawings were almost a perfect match with the photographs of the pedestrian overpass. This had actually been the selected target.

random number generators. Each of these discoveries generated a wave of enthusiasm among psychical researchers which ended finally in disappointment as the initial promise of consistent repeatability was undercut by a few too many failures. Today only one parapsychological experiment in three is statistically significant at a probability level of less than one in 20. This is known as "statistical repeatability."

Can the remote viewing procedure change all of this? Puthoff and Targ seem to think so. Their opinion will undoubtedly carry a great deal of weight among researchers as a result

of their scientific credentials, the prestige of the multimillion dollar military-industrial think tank which sponsored their research, and most important, the compelling logic of their experimental results. To back up their claim, Puthoff and Targ present research test data in which both experienced ESP subjects as well as individuals with no previous ESP experience scored well above chance.

Furthermore Puthoff and Targ report that skeptical government scientists visited their laboratory at SRI to determine what shenanigans might be going on to account for the data re-

ported. Allowing them to participate in the experiments as percipients, Puthoff and Targ discovered that even these unlikely candidates attained scores well above the level of chance expectation.

How does remote viewing differ from other experimental procedures in parapsychology? What is remote viewing?

To begin with, unlike most ESP experiments the targets in a remote-viewing experiment are neither Zener cards nor photographs nor pictures nor electronically-generated random lights nor numbers. The targets for remote viewing are actual geographical locations, complete with all their sounds, colors, smells, textures, flavors and moods. "Outbound experimenters" (OEs) are actually sent to these locations and attempt to act as telepathic "beacons." Moreover, the outbound experimenters usually interact with the target by involving themselves both sensually and emotionally — touching, tasting, smelling, feeling and participating in the mood and activities of the target location. The subject's job is to "home in" on the area and describe psychically the buildings and other features.

Remote viewing is a general ESP (GESP) procedure in which the percipient may use both telepathic contact with the outbound experimenter and clairvoyant perception of the target directly to obtain psi-mediated information about the target situation. Often percipients may imagine themselves to be in the air above the heads of the outbound experimenters so that they see and describe details of the target which are not accessible to the out-

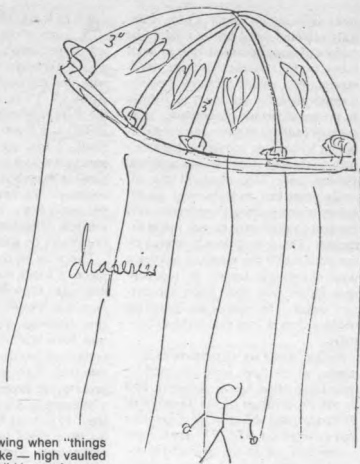
bound experimenters. It's almost like a limited form of out-of-body experience.

The subjects are not given any extensive preparation nor do Puthoff and Targ carefully select their subjects. The researchers believe anyone can do remote viewing. No use is made of hypnosis, dreams, relaxation procedures or altered states of consciousness. There is no special diet and there are no rituals. In fact one gets the impression that remote viewing is as natural and easy as looking out a window.

The discovery of the remote viewing experimental procedure is an interesting story in itself. Puthoff and Targ give the credit to Ingo Swann, the well-known psychic who has been tested extensively in several parapsychology laboratories, for inspiring them to engage in remote viewing experimentation. During his stint at SRI, Swann spent about a week participating in typical ESP and PK experiments — guessing which lights would be triggered by an electronic random number generator; finding radioactive sources hidden inside canisters; and affecting magnetic instruments buried under the earth. Swann was unusually successful at these tasks but he soon grew bored with them.

"I'm tired of these parapsychological experiments," he complained one day. "Why don't we do something exciting? I think I could look anywhere in the world if you just gave me some coordinates like latitude and longitude. Let's design an experiment around that!"

Puthoff and Targ were less than enthusiastic. Their experiments were designed to provide specific information



Author made this drawing when "things became very churchlike — high vaulted roof, draperies." How did he confuse pedestrian overpass with church? Possibly telepathically, for one experimenter later said she had a church on her mind.

about psi functioning within a scientifically controlled setting. What Swann was proposing seemed infinitely more difficult to handle in a laboratory; the two scientists did not realize at that point just how simple the experimental design would eventually prove to be. However, Swann continued to nag them until they agreed to test his claims just to appease him.

During one of the breaks in the reg-

ular experiments they agreed to let Swann describe the landscape around 10 geographical coordinates which they selected. His results were remarkably accurate; however, the scientists knew that they couldn't discount the possibility that Swann had simply memorized the geographical features of the earth with their latitudes and longitudes.

In a second series they made things

more difficult for Swann. They carefully selected small bits of land in the middle of large oceans as well as small lakes in the middle of large landmasses. But again Swann's descriptions were highly accurate, even down to the small details. Eventually, however, in order to remove any possibility that Swann was acquiring this information through conventional sources, Puthoff and Targ designed the already-described experimental protocol in which outbound experimenters are sent to randomly-chosen target locations. The descriptions provided by the percipients are matched against a pool of possible targets by independent judges who don't know the correct target. The rank-order matching of the judges is then evaluated statistically.

Puthoff and Targ's extensive experiments, which have been reported in their book *Mind Reach*, in *Nature*, and in the *Proceedings of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers* and covered on NBC-TV news, have shown that the ability to describe remote locations is not limited by either time or space. Subjects do just as well when trying to describe *future* targets which are still unselected at the time the test is run — and targets thousands of miles distant — as nearby targets in present time. Even professional skeptic Ray Hyman, reviewing *Mind Reach* in an issue of *The Humanist* devoted to "debunking the psychics," conceded that Puthoff and Targ's research might be valid and that if there were further replications he would be willing to reconsider and possibly switch camps.

* * *

AFTER HEARING remarkable reports about these remote viewing experiments, I decided that I would like some firsthand experience with this exciting new technique. On April 13, 1976, during a meeting at the Parapsychology Research Group (PRG) at a private home in Palo Alto, Calif., I had my first opportunity to participate as a percipient in a remote viewing experiment. The test was precognitive: we were asked to describe the target *before* the outbound experimenters determined where they would eventually be going!

Everyone in the room was given a piece of paper on which to take notes and make drawings. After OEs David Hurt and Jean Mayo left the room, Arthur Hastings, an experimental assistant, led a brief discussion on the emotional and intellectual blocks that can interfere with the remote viewing process. He suggested that we all take a moment to give ourselves "permission" to use our ESP abilities, at least for the limited time and space of the experiment. There was a brief quiet period during which we closed our eyes in order to calm our minds. During the experimental period that followed we were asked to obtain mental imagery about the location to which the outbound experimenters would be going. Hastings told us to expect raw sensations in the form of images, moods, colors, shapes and textures and he instructed us not to judge but just to report the impressions as they came. My notes regarding my imagery in this experiment were as follows:

"Immediately in my mind's eye I saw a collage of images. Something like a conveyor belt. Then I recalled a

giant tire I had seen next to a freeway in Detroit. Then I saw Jean and David sitting in a gardenlike restaurant with lots of shrubbery visible; then the restaurant changed to a gas station with distinct sensations of business and traffic. Images continued in this vein and I was sure they were at a gas station just off Highway 101. I couldn't tell whether the location was indoors or outdoors; and when asked to describe the function of the target, I wrote 'service to travelers.' "

When the pool of 12 possible targets was revealed there were no gas stations. Only one of the targets was on the highway, a pedestrian overpass which I selected as my first choice. For the second choice I selected the local airport while my third choice was a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant.

After all the notes, drawings and ballots were handed in, we took a straw vote to see which of the targets was the most popular. The outbound experimenters did not even choose their target from the pool of 12 until we had already turned in all of our ballots. When they finally returned they announced they had been at the pedestrian overpass. I was thrilled with my apparent success.

Oddly enough, the target the participants most frequently chose was the marshlands out beyond Highway 101 near the San Francisco Bay. Then followed a cluster of other targets including the overpass. So the group as a whole hadn't done remarkably well. Nonetheless Hastings pointed out the many similarities between the experience of being at the marshlands and being at the overpass late at night.

This was my first clue that despite my own modest success that evening every experiment does not prove as successful as the early enthusiastic reports had indicated.

The following week I arranged for a personal session at SRI with Hal Puthoff and Russell Targ in which I was to be the sole experimental percipient. In the bustling atmosphere of SRI-International — its large new buildings full of strange and expensive equipment and hundreds of white-shirted scientists and engineers — Puthoff and Targ cheerfully informed me that they would consider me abnormal if I could not exhibit ESP.

Targ stated that from their very first series of experiments on precognitive remote viewing both he and Puthoff had "absolutely no considerations that the experiments would not be successful." They were so confident that they arranged in advance for a number of independent observers to witness and film the experiment.

Our experiment was quite simple. Puthoff had errands to run that afternoon so he was around only long enough to show the pool of six targets to Elizabeth Rauscher and Jim Hickman, the two individuals who together would form the outbound experimenter team. Outside the building they tossed a die to pick one of six possible target locations, then left. Meanwhile Russell Targ tape-recorded my descriptions of mental imagery during the experimental period and occasionally asked questions such as "What do you see if you look straight up in the air?" when I seemed stuck.

I didn't know what to expect but I was certain that there had to be some

induction procedure. There was none. Targ mentioned that since I already believed that remote viewing was a possibility he needn't even question me about that. He simply told me to make myself comfortable and to report my imagery at the appointed time. If I had wanted to smoke or drink coffee that would have been perfectly permissible. He said he might have discussed the history of these experiments with me — but in my case this was unnecessary since I already knew the whole story.

Even before the precise moment which began the experimental period my mind was flooded with imagery:

"Parking the car and getting out in the hot sun, then Elizabeth getting cold and wishing she had her sweater. Looking up above Jim and Elizabeth (at Russell's suggestion) I saw wires crisscrossed against the blue sky. I thought they might be on a street corner looking up at phone wires. Then I saw what I took to be a rack of clothes and thought they were inside a shopping center. Then a yellow fire hydrant on a street corner. Then the scene dramatically shifted. Things became very churchlike. I saw a church and felt the mood change. Long curtains near the door and altar, high vaulted ceiling. I thought of the church on the Stanford University campus. More religious imagery. I seemed to feel Jim rubbing his hands on a coarse texture which I took to be bricks on the church. Then yellow and violet flowers."

From time to time Targ asked me to elaborate on different items I had reported. Remembering from the previous experiment how my mind had cre-

ated some inaccurate images, I didn't want to expand on those that I thought were inaccurate — as Targ seemed to be wanting me to do. I wasn't sure of anything I had seen so far and I began to feel frustrated and distraught over my efforts to second-guess my own mind.

During the experimental period I was moved to make some drawings but Targ suggested that I wait until later so that I would not interrupt the flow of my narrative. It was after the 15-minute experimental period that I made the drawings which appear with this article.

Later Jim and Elizabeth returned and informed Russell and me of the six targets which had been in the original pool. If this experiment had been an "official" one, we would have rank-ordered the possible targets against my descriptions before the return of the outbound experimenters so that they could provide no sensory cues of any kind. Still, I am certain that I received no relevant cues from them — even though they were in the room. My actual ranking supports this belief.

Ranking the targets proved extremely difficult for me. None of the targets was a church. One target was the same pedestrian overpass which had been used the previous week at the PRG experiment. I quickly dismissed that one because my imagery was so much different this time. Frankly none of the targets seemed like a good fit to the mental imagery I had during the test period. I ranked the Palo Alto City Hall as the first choice. The mood seemed most similar to the church environment. For my second choice I eventually decided on the overpass.

Targ remarked that my drawings were almost a perfect match with the photographs of the pedestrian overpass. I had to acknowledge the similarity but felt uncomfortable about it because in my imagination I had "seen" a clothes rack and a church, not a highway overpass. Acting as a judge and voting independently Targ ranked the overpass as his first choice.

Only after this agonizing judging process did Elizabeth and Jim reveal that they had been at the overpass. We all took a drive there together to visit the target. On the way Elizabeth revealed that she had in fact gotten out of the car in the warm sun and felt cold as soon as she was up over the highway. Many other details were accurate: the yellow and violet flowers, the shrubbery, the coarse texture Jim had been touching (the wire fence of the overpass) and the shape of the entrance.

The most interesting result from this experiment was that the drawings I had made were remarkable likenesses of the target although I had assumed they represented other objects. This suggests that psi-mediated information is processed in those parts of the brain dealing with psychomotor functioning, not cognition. My hand knew better what I was doing than my mind did. This may mean that psi was relegated to the lower portions of the brain and perhaps also to the right cerebral

hemisphere. Similar findings in ESP drawing experiments have been reported in the classic studies of Upton Sinclair and Rene Warcollier.

The only thing that still mystified me was how I had confused all of this with a church. Elizabeth cleared that up when she said that on the way to the target they had passed a particular church which had stuck in her mind. At Russell's suggestion we visited this church after we left the pedestrian overpass and it proved to be similar to what I believe I "saw" during the experimental period: the vaulted roof, draperies, the solemnity of the scene — even the yellow and violet flowers outside — were all there. Either it was coincidence — or I picked up the church-related images telepathically from Elizabeth or precognitively from our actual visit to the church.

I have learned since then that in many unsuccessful remote viewing experiments the percipients are able to accurately describe images which are on the minds of the outbound experimenters but not related to the target. They can also pick up interesting locations, such as the church, which are near the actual target locations — and sometimes even targets for future experiments.

In next month's article we will explore in more depth the factors which distinguish a successful remote viewing experiment from an unsuccessful one.

JEFFREY MISHLOVE is a doctoral candidate in parapsychology at the University of California at Berkeley through the individual interdisciplinary doctoral program. He is the first graduate student to create a doctoral major in parapsychology at any accredited university in the United States. Mishlove is the author of *The Roots of Consciousness: Psychic Liberation Through History, Science and Experience* (Random House, 1975) which is used by many colleges and universities as an introductory parapsychology text.

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TACTILE CONTACT

By William A. Bagwell

MY FRIENDS the Southworths live in Pacifica, Calif., and I visit them quite frequently.

Several years ago their dog Serra died. Of course they now have another dog, Brownie, and I am as familiar to Brownie as I was to Serra.

I don't know if their house is haunted but from time to time, people claim to see an apparition, a figure in a long robe. I have seen this apparition but more often I see Serra. The dog just wanders around as she did in life.

An extraordinary thing happened in July 1979. I was sitting at the dining table in the Southworths' home when I felt a soft tapping on my leg. I thought it was the live dog Brownie but when I reached down to pet him there was no dog there. I looked under the table and all around the room but found no dog.

It must have been Serra wagging her tail against my leg as she so often had done.

This is the only time I have had tactile contact with anything of the spirit world.

— *San Francisco, Calif.*

WISPS OF BLUE SMOKE

By Lily DeLauder

MY FATHER Tom Goss always loved children and his kindly affectionate manner (plus his training as an army

medic) made him invaluable as a baby-sitter for his grandchildren. They listened enraptured to his endless anecdotes and loved to watch the wisps of blue smoke curling from his pipe.

Tom's pipe was like a small piece of his personality, as much a part of him as his thick white hair and Celtic blue eyes. After supper he would put his feet up and go through the ritual of filling and lighting his pipe, then relax with his newspaper, puffing contentedly.

For two years before his death in 1964 Tom Goss lived with my niece Jean and her husband Frank Risby and their three-year-old daughter Sheila in Manchester, England. It was hard for them to accept the sad loss when he died. "Grandpa will



Lily DeLauder

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come back." Sheila would insist, shaking her long dark curls.

Then, suddenly, Sheila became ill. For several days she ran a high fever and often called out for her grandfather. Jean and Frank were immensely relieved when she recovered and one night, silently giving thanks that their little girl was well, they tucked her in, then went downstairs to watch television.

About two hours had passed when Jean began to look around the room uneasily.

"What's wrong, love?" Frank asked.

"It's Tom," Jean said, her voice just a whisper. "I can smell his pipe."

"Sure does smell like his tobacco — but that's impossible," Frank said.

Jean looked toward the stairs and Frank followed her glance. In one motion they arose and hurried up the stairs. Jean opened the door to Sheila's room and cried out, "Frank, it's here! Look!" They both watched tiny wisps of blue smoke rising from the chair alongside Sheila's bed.

Jean thought Sheila was breathing heavily and touched the child's forehead. "My God, she's burning up with fever!"

A hurried phone call brought an ambulance and Sheila was rushed to the hospital, critically ill with pneumonia. She had relapsed.

Grandpa had come back just long enough to get help for his beloved little granddaughter. — *North Hollywood, Calif.*

TWICE WARNED

By Lilliana Friedman

As told to Etta Feldman

MY MOTHER Retta Altman died in 1955 when the El Al airplane in which she was traveling was shot down over Bulgaria. She was on her way to Israel to visit her father and through some navigational error the plane strayed into Bulgarian airspace. The government of Israel recovered the remains of the 50 victims who died in the crash and buried them in a mass grave in Tel Aviv. My father Mandel, brother Michael and I were left bereaved without even the comfort of a gravesite to visit.

Although I was only 18 years old I was determined to visit Israel to bid a symbolic good-bye to the mother I loved so dearly. Over my father's strong objections I went to

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Tel Aviv where I had the solace of saying the ritual prayers over the mass grave.

A few years later found me married to Lawrence Friedman and the mother of a three-year-old daughter and infant son. We lived in an apartment house in New York City near a small park. It was my habit to take the children to the park every afternoon if the weather was nice. My son would nap in his carriage while my daughter romped on the grass with the other children. Getting to the park involved crossing a heavily traveled street, pushing a baby carriage with one hand and holding a toddler with the other. I was aware that it was a dangerous spot and I always crossed cautiously.

One night in 1962, after an uneventful day, I had a strange dream in which my mother, dressed as she had been when we saw her off on her visit to Israel, stood before me repeating one sentence: "Liliana, don't go to the park tomorrow."

I awoke momentarily and shrugged off the dream. As soon as I fell asleep again, I saw the image of my mother and heard the same words. I must have drifted in and out

of sleep six or seven times that night and each time the dream was repeated.

I awoke in the morning quite disturbed — but I considered myself a realist and in the bright morning sunshine I laughed away my fears. As I was preparing breakfast the doorbell rang. My Aunt Sarah Bell, my mother's sister, lived in our building and frequently stopped in, but 8:00 A. M. was unusually early for her visit. Her appearance in robe and slippers was also unusual.

Without any greeting she burst out, "Liliana, I had a terrible night. Your mother bothered me all night in my dreams, telling me to stop you from going to the park today."

I told her about my own dreams and we fell into each other's arms, trembling. She begged me to promise that I would not go to the park that day — a promise I readily made. That afternoon my son took his nap in his crib and my daughter and I held a tea party for her dolls. Not only did we stay away from the park, we did not leave the apartment at all. So far as I know nothing unusual happened in the park that day.

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Would anything have happened if we had gone to the park? I don't know. I'll never know.

I do know that even now, many years later, I can see the image of my mother repeating her warning. And I can still see my aunt's face as she related her dreams, dreams that occurred simultaneously with mine. I cannot explain it with any certainty but neither can I believe it was merely a coincidence. I believe my mother reached out from her grave to save her daughter and the grandchildren she had never known from an imminent disaster. — *Dix Hills, N. Y.*

"BETTER MAKE A PAYMENT . . ."

By Coraine A. Brown

MY HUSBAND Bill had lung cancer and spent 30 months in Washoe Medical Hospital in Reno, Nev., before he died on April 13, 1977.

The year before, on January 6, 1976, we had bought two lots in Memory Garden Cemetery in Brea, Calif. We had made a down payment of \$270 and arranged to pay the balance of \$1250 at \$30 a month. The lots are located on a sunny hill and that's where Bill was buried.

For the first six months after his death I felt so helpless and alone that at times I wished I could die too. I felt I couldn't get by alone. One night I felt especially restless and nervous and tossed and turned for hours before falling asleep. I had been asleep only a short while when I heard footsteps. I opened my eyes to see Bill walking toward me, smiling. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You had better make a payment on the cemetery lots." I jumped out of bed and tried to put my arms around him but he disappeared. I didn't close my eyes again that night, worrying over the fact that I had forgotten to make the payments.

The next morning I wrote a letter to the cemetery to ask about the balance we owed. I posted it at 8:00 A. M. the morning after Bill spoke to me. When our daughter Nadyne Wall picked up our mail at 10 o'clock there was a letter from the cemetery asking me to make a payment on the two lots.

When I read that letter I knew Bill was still with me. His body died but his spirit will remain with me always. — *Colusa, Calif.*

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THE HEADLESS FIGURE

By Lillian Parks

ON A COLD winter night in January 1928, I was playing in a corner of our house in Elmira, N.Y. I was 10 years old at the time. My two teenaged sisters Mildred and Beatrice argued in the front room about what they would wear to work the next day. My mother Harriet McClure prepared supper in the kitchen while my father Harry gazed out the kitchen window at the white snow in the yard.

Suddenly Father yelled to Mother to come to the window but she shuddered and refused to leave her cooking. He shouted at her again but she would not look. Finally he said, "Well, someone's standing out there in a long black overcoat. He doesn't seem to have a head. Someone's trying to pull a joke on us."

When my sisters ran into the room, he said, "Come on, girls," and grabbed his hunting rifle off the wall. "Maybe your mother is afraid but I'm not." My sisters and he went outside but found not even a rabbit track on the freshly fallen snow.

When they returned to the house, Mother said a feeling of fear and dread had over-



Lillian Parks

come her when Father asked her to look out the window. She could not force herself to comply with his request.

Twenty-five years later, my father was alone and living on my grandmother's farm when an unknown assailant killed him with a shotgun. The blast literally tore Father's

head from his body. The murderer was never apprehended.

Did Father see his own death that night in the snow outside the house? We think he did. — *Wister, Okla.*

ARNOLD'S FIRST DEATH

By June Leiby

IN THE FALL of 1936 Arnold Walsh, to whom I was married at that time, underwent an operation for a ruptured appendix in St. Vincent's Hospital in Billings, Mont. This was before the advent of infection-fighting drugs. After surgery the doctor told the family that Arnold would die from the effects of the blood poisoning that had infected his vital organs. In a moment of compassion he added that miracles sometimes happen and prayer is often the answer.

We sent for the priest who came and prayed for Arnold. Then we in the family took turns sitting beside his bed.

During my shift I heard Arnold stop breathing. I rang for the nurse, who confirmed that death had indeed come.

Then suddenly Arnold shuddered,



June Leiby

opened his eyes and announced, "I was given a choice of two roads to follow. One was rough and barren; the other was peaceful and beautiful. I chose the barren road: life!"

Arnold recovered and lived in good health for many years. Finally, in 1978 he contracted terminal cancer. When he was informed of his condition, he said, "I died long ago and I know there is nothing to be afraid of. I'm worried about my sister be-

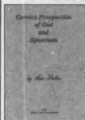
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cause she will be left behind with no one to look after her."

To make the end easier for his sister Rose Metz, Arnold told her often about his first death and about how that experience taught him he had nothing to dread. Living with an incurable disease was far worse, he said. He was glad to go and he hoped she would understand.

Rose not only accepted his death but no longer fears her own. She knows — Arnold had been there before. — *Big Timber, Mont.*

ALL FEAR REMOVED

By Harriette Hull

I WAS only a child when I had my first experience with the world of spirit. One night in 1926 I was sound asleep in our Frankfort, Mich., home when something awakened me. I could see the moonlight shining through the window, making a path that widened at the foot of my bed. As I looked at the light a figure materialized. I recognized my Grandpa Karl Wallin immediately. He reached his hand toward me and said, "Tell August (my father) good-bye." Then he faded from view.

I was terribly frightened and my cries awakened my parents. My father came to my room and I told him what had happened.

"Grandpa died," I said, weeping.

"Nonsense, honey," he said. "You've just had a bad dream. Grandpa isn't even sick."

My dad stayed by my bed until I fell asleep.

The next morning at 11:00 A.M. Dad got a telephone call from Cadillac, Mich., where Grandpa Wallin lived. He had died from a strangulated hernia at the very time he appeared to me.

My parents looked at me strangely after that and frowned on my reference to my experience. Nonetheless, for me Grandpa's visit that night removed all fear of the unknown. — *Jupiter, Fla.*



BOOKS



NEWS & REVIEWS

by J. Gordon Melton

INTO THE MYSTIC

WHEN MY interest in dreams rekindled some years ago, I was fortunate to find John A. Sanford's excellent *Dreams: God's Forgotten Language*. Sanford, an Episcopal priest who is the son of Agnes Sanford whose *The Healing Light* remains one of the finest books in the healing literature, encouraged his readers to understand their dreams in the context of their own lives. Unlike many writers on the subject he did not catalogue symbols or explain precisely (and absurdly) what a dream about a coiled snake or a dead cow means.

Now, a decade later, Sanford has written *Dreams and Healing* (Paulist Press, New York, N.Y., 1979, 164 pages, \$5.95, paperback). During the 1970's Sanford left his parish to become a full-time counselor who combines the insights of parish work with the ideas of Jungian psychology. His special focus, using dreams to explore the inner consciousness, seems particularly valuable for healing.

The Jungian system sees dreams not as cryptic messages from our sick inner side but as openings to the collective unconscious through which we can tap our psychic energy and deal directly with the transformative aspects of life.

Sanford wants to help us work with our dreams without the benefit of gurus to interpret them for us. By recording and deciphering the codes in our dreams, we can take control of the inner organization of the self and promote the inner psychic healing resources that we all possess.

Sanford ends his book by urging us to explore our dreams. He cites the model of the famous Senoi Indians of Malaya who retell

their dreams as part of their breakfast ritual, advising their young to "make friends with everyone in your dreams."

Dreams are just one aspect of consciousness that has absorbed the interests of psychologists and parapsychologists in the last decade. Such interest made the production of *Consciousness: Brain, States of Awareness and Mysticism* edited by Daniel Goleman and Richard J. Davidson (Harper & Row, New York, N.Y., 1979, 220 pages, \$6.95, paperback) all but inevitable. *Consciousness* is an interesting and worthwhile collection of articles on current research and theory about altered states of consciousness; it's easily the best book on the subject since John White's 1974 anthology *Frontiers of Consciousness*.

Goleman and Davidson begin their survey with new data about the brain. These data emphasize the interaction of the brain's various parts more than their separation (the focus of the popular "split-brain" idea). Each side duplicates the other in most functions although the tendency of the right to synthesize and the left to analyze remains.

After surveying the range of altered states — dreams, daydreams, hypnosis, meditative states, dying and even schizophrenia — they turn to a fascinating debate currently raging within clinical psychology: the politics of consciousness. For over a decade consciousness researchers have argued whether mystical states are pathological phenomena or the bases of creativity and transformation. The issue has surfaced most dramatically in the controversies surrounding the so-called cults, whose enemies charge that by teaching members

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to enter meditative and even trancelike states the groups are causing brain damage.

Goleman and Davidson assert that Western science's emphasis on rational logical thinking has kept it from understanding the value of altered states, especially those that lead into the mystical consciousness. We tend to fear what we do not understand. Consequently psychiatry possesses a strong bias against mystical states because of their resemblance to schizoid states.

Consciousness does not resolve the debate but by including contributions by Charles Tart, Ram Dass and Chogyam Trungpa the editors tell us whose side they are on.

After reading Goleman and Davidson you may be interested in Robert Chaney's latest, *Mysticism: The Journey Within* (Astara's Library of Mystical Classics, Astara, Upland, Calif., 1979, 192 pages, \$12.50, paperback). Chaney, with his wife Earlyne, leads Astara, an organization which advocates a mystical approach to life. Chaney sees himself as an interfaith ecumenist who, although essentially Christian, finds himself at home in the mystical convergence of almost all religions. He approaches his topic as a practical teacher who draws on a lifetime of personal experience in the processes of mystical growth.

Mysticism uses the how-to-do-it format. Chaney opens each chapter with a direct, almost folksy discussion which leads into a "self-discovery guide" or experiment he invites you to try. The experiments form the essence of the book; the text is largely a repetition of standard information about mysticism. The experiments, however, provide clear insight into the nature of mystical (as opposed to psychic) experience and are not at all like psychic development exercises.

I especially appreciate the experiments because they respect the student's right to determine the direction he wants to go in his self-exploration. Chaney knows that each student will be naturally drawn to some symbols and repelled by others; after all, everybody begins with his own unique psychological makeup. So each exploration exercise leaves open the many variations which individual beliefs and differences make possible; the student is directed to seek the symbolic and experiential wholeness possible within himself.

HEALING ON TAPE

I MET Carol Parrish some years ago while working for Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship. Her down-to-earth approach to metaphysics and maturity always impressed me. She has shown a remarkable ability to work with establishment types without compromising her clear metaphysical perspective.

Her classes in Sarasota and St. Petersburg, Fla., reflect her deeply personal style and books may not be her best avenue of communication. But she has put together a set of tapes of her class instruction in healing. The six one-hour tapes provide a basic course in spiritual and psychic healing. She tells us we can start to heal right away; all we need is the simple desire to aid others with prayer. From there she goes on to discuss the self and the nature of psychic energy. She concludes by describing techniques to improve and perfect your abilities.

As I listened to the tapes, occasionally I found myself muttering, "Carol, I'll have to argue that point with you the next time I see you." But most of the time I agreed with her enthusiastically. This set of tapes should serve its purpose — to teach you how to do spiritual healing.

Parrish markets the tapes from her headquarters at 8201 Willow St., Sarasota, Fla. 33580. The *Healing* set costs \$25.00. She also has a set on *Meditation*. I haven't heard this one but you might ask about it when you write for the healing tapes.

PSYCHIC COUNTRY

AS I WRITE this I am listening to a country music special on NBC television. Many of the people on that show appear also in Cliff Linedecker's *Country Music Stars and the Supernatural* (Dell, New York, N.Y., 1979, 317 pages, \$2.50, paperback). Linedecker apparently got the idea for the book from working, as he once did, with a national tabloid newspaper which like its competitors went in for articles about the paranormal experiences of celebrities.

Linedecker got 50 of Nashville's famous and not-quite-famous to reveal their psychic experiences and practices. Johnny Cash, for example, recounts his and wife June's several sightings of a female ghost near their Jamaica estate; Loretta Lynn

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tells how a psychic read her future; Marty Robbins "recalls" a past life at Little Big Horn; Tammy Wynette talks of her interest in numerology, and so on.

For those who want to know more, David Graham has *He Walks With Me* (Pocket Books, New York, N.Y., 1979, 174 pages, \$1.75, paperback) which covers the religious experiences of various country music personalities who have been "born again" as evangelical Christians. Graham is particularly interested in their psychic experiences with spiritual healing and speaking in tongues.

I might mention that *Infinity*, a newsletter Graham used to publish in association with Brad Steiger, has reappeared after four years. In its new form *Infinity* highlights Graham's reflections and speculations on various current topics and life in general. It's interesting if light reading, available from David Graham Associates, Box 401, Decorah, Iowa 52101, for \$6.00 for six issues, \$9.00 for 12.

I end with an apology. In the December 1979 FATE I reviewed Margot Adler's fine new book which I mistakenly called *Calling Down the Moon*. Its title is *Drawing Down the Moon*.

OTHER REVIEWS

THE UFO HANDBOOK by Allan Hendry, Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N.Y., 1979, 297 pages, \$8.95, paperback.

For those who might have been expecting a solution to the UFO mystery, Allan Hendry's *The UFO Handbook* will be something of a disappointment. The book is quite accurately described in its subtitle: "A Guide to Investigating, Evaluating, and Reporting UFO Sightings."

And there's the rub. Judging by the howls reaching my ears, the ufological fraternity never dreamed that Hendry, after several years as full-time investigator for the Center for UFO Studies, would produce a book that rehashes the fact that at least 90 percent of all UFO reports are misperceptions of conventional objects seen under unusual viewing conditions. Yet this is precisely what he has done; but in so doing, he has made an important point, namely that unidentified reports do not automatically translate into proof of extraterrestrial visi-

tation, paranormal phenomena, or what-you-will. What we still have are unsolved reports and nothing more. The absence of a solution cannot be construed to be a solution. Unfortunately far too many otherwise sensible folk overlook that fact.

To drive his point home, Hendry, drawing on over 1000 cases he has personally investigated, unmasks the "UFO impostors" which range all the way from nocturnal lights and daylight discs to reports of close encounters of various kinds. He clearly establishes the mistakes witnesses have made, the inadequacies of such "tools" as hypnosis, lie detectors, radar, photographs and Geiger counters coupled with the paucity of convincing "physical trace" evidence. He also cites the flaws and failings of such skeptics as the late Dr. Donald Menzel whose "solutions" to cases often defied the laws of logic and scientific research.

The end result is a home-instruction course on how to investigate UFO reports. *Handbook* should increase the overall level of competence of those who endeavor to be unprejudiced investigators. For this Hendry deserves our thanks.

Unfortunately the book is flawed by a certain self-adulatory tone. Indeed I think this, perhaps more than the actual content, may be what has raised the hackles of long-time ufologists. In asking his "Why didn't they . . . ?" questions, Hendry apparently overlooks the limitations under which the private-UFO groups have struggled for over 20 years: precarious finances, volunteer staffs whose enthusiasms often outran their abilities, and a public climate that, taking its cue from media and military, was content to pillory those who publicly admitted seeing a UFO. Hendry, backed by full-time financing and armed with a telephone credit card, his morale enhanced by an improving public attitude and the backing of a small but skilled coterie of scientists and technical specialists, is in an entirely different position. I think it both unfortunate and unfair that he fails adequately to acknowledge the debt he owes to so many pioneers in the field.

But this flaw is minor compared to the contribution the book as a whole makes — *The UFO Handbook* should be read by all those persons who consider themselves se-

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rious UFO researchers. For one of the few times in my life, I find myself agreeing with archskeptic Phil Klass who calls it "one of the most illuminating and important books on the subject ever published." Buy it, study it, practice what it preaches and re-read it for a refresher course at least once a year. — George W. Earley.

INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCE by Alan Vaughan, J. B. Lippincott, New York, N.Y., 1979, 256 pages, \$10.00.

Ever had to locate a vital piece of information, only to run across it in the very book you happen to be reading? If so, you have experienced *synchronicity*. Synchronicity is a fuzzy concept, first popularized by C. G. Jung. It means something like "meaningful coincidence" — coincidence that seems to be more than chance but doesn't seem to be an ESP experience (although Jung never really made this distinction clear).

Alan Vaughan, a researcher and psychic, has the curious distinction of being a recognized authority on this nearly incomprehensible concept. *Incredible Coincidence* is his first book devoted solely to the subject and one of the few books on this odd phenomenon available to the general public.

Coincidence, basically a casebook of anecdotes, cites over 150 episodes of synchronicity. Some fall into the category of precognitive dreams while others are events which don't fit into what we normally classify as telepathic or clairvoyant experiences. These latter events seem to be "chance occurrences," yet they have so much meaning for the person or persons involved that it seems as if some "supermind" were directing them.

For example, Vaughan cites cases of people who have lost valued possessions, only to have them returned years later under the most unlikely circumstances. There are people who run into each other only to discover that they have the same names, occupations and birthdates. Vaughan contends that if one thinks about synchronicity intently enough, these meaningful coincidences will start occurring. In other words you can make synchronicity happen.

Unfortunately this book is not a truly

comprehensive treatment of synchronicity. Vaughan lists his cases one after another in something of a "believe it or not" style and devotes little space to analysis. *Coincidence* would have been more useful had the author examined each episode in depth.

Moreover, although Jung popularized the concept, the existence of this phenomenon (and its interpretation) has been explored by such thinkers as Schopenhauer, Paul Kammerer (the famous biologist) and Arthur Koestler. Yet their thoughts are nowhere represented in these pages.

On the other hand, Vaughan does offer his own interpretation of the meaning of synchronicity. Although his discussion is brief (only 15 pages), it is tremendously exciting. He postulates that our individual consciousness is actually a holographic reflection of man and his universe.

This idea, while not original with Vaughan, is interesting since some neurophysiologists are now promoting a holographic theory of brain functioning. Vaughan goes on to argue that in the long run consciousness is the master of human destiny and that all of us are connected at some archetypal level by a vast and infinite network of consciousness-links. These networks make ESP possible but at an even more fundamental level manipulate us and cause us to interact with one another in ways which lead to the production of synchronistic events. In other words, Vaughan does not see synchronicity as different from ESP but as a different and more basic order of psi.

If all this sounds fuzzy, it will be less so after you've read Vaughan's discussion. It's the highlight of the book and a welcome relief from the anecdotal stories which comprise most of the text. — *D. Scott Rogo*.

THE DIVINING HAND by Christopher Bird, E.P. Dutton, New York, N.Y., 1979, 340 pages, \$24.95.

At a time when serious shortages threaten us all, the twin restraints of political expediency and scientific obtuseness combine to ignore — even deny — the effectiveness of a method by which some shortages could be alleviated and maybe even ended.

I am referring, of course, to dowsing, the

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ability (or "art" if you prefer) to locate water, oil, minerals or other things lost, buried or hidden.

Dowsing — the very word horrifies the scientists and academicians whose minds conjure up visions of elderly hillbillies waving forked sticks and mumbling. They don't understand it, it runs contrary to their academic learning, and (I suspect) it scares the hell out of them because it cannot be measured, quantified and neatly pigeon-holed.

But it works. It worked well enough in Vietnam where United States Marines dowsed successfully for Viet Cong tunnels, booby traps and buried supplies. Hard-nosed war correspondent Hanson Baldwin detailed the Marines' successes in an article for the *New York Times*.

Occidental Petroleum, one of this nation's biggest oil companies, got its start when dowser Paul Clement Brown directed it to 10 sites where it promptly sank its wells and started to count its money. Brown, by the way, is a graduate engineer from M.I.T. — hardly the hillbilly of scientific mythology.

Texas millionaire Clint Murchison paid \$1 million for a small piece of California real estate because it had three high-producing water wells. That was 25 years ago and the flow hasn't diminished yet. Those wells were drilled by Stephan Reiss, a mining engineer who is not a dowser per se but whose theory as to where water can be found is so contrary to accepted hydrologic theory that it sends conventional geologists right up the wall. Indeed, in one instance, when Reiss drilled a successful well where geologists said water could not be found, an attempt was made to sabotage the well. Some folks can't admit they're wrong!

There's a great deal more in the 16 chapters of Christopher Bird's *The Divining Hand*. Included are the centuries-old history of dowsing, chapters on medical dowsing and mineral dowsing as well as theories and tests of why and how dowsing works, based on the investigations of those few scientists who have been willing to study unconventional phenomena. Bird's lucidly written text is enhanced by a marvelous collection of illustrations ranging from old woodcuts of dowsers in action to photographs of modern dowsing successes. The appendix

and bibliography will give you ample material for further study.

The Divining Hand, I should point out, is no uncritical paean to dowsing. Dowsing has had its share of failures, hoaxers and swindlers — but what field hasn't? If its history, scrutinized carefully and open-mindedly, shows us anything, it's that dowsing not only works but has a success rate sufficiently above blind chance to justify its continued use. Our present shortages of oil and water are sufficiently serious so that, in my estimation, we are being dangerously shortsighted if we continue to overlook what dowsing may be able to do for us. — *George W. Earley*.

FACT, FRAUD, AND FANTASY by Morris Goran, A.S. Barnes & Co., New York, N.Y., 1979, 189 pages, \$8.95.

Fact, Fraud, and Fantasy, designed as an introduction to the occult and psychic sciences, addresses those who have yet to make up their minds about such diverse topics as phrenology, pyramidology, palmistry, numerology, I Ching, astrology, bio-

rhythms, alchemy, Von Daniken, Velikovsky, dowsing, Kirlian photography, Scientology, witchcraft, hypnosis, Spiritualism, psychic phenomena, futurology and several other subjects. Morris Goran crams all of this material into a mere 158 pages of actual text and, needless to say, because of this his coverage is highly superficial.

It also is distressingly unobjective, despite the front flap's promises to the contrary. Dr. Goran seldom hides his biases, emphasizing negative findings and rarely mentioning the positive ones. But at least he is slightly more fair than many professional would-be debunkers — he cites favorable evidence *occasionally*. However, his criticism of this evidence frequently borders on the absurd.

For example, he cites some research conducted by Vernon Clark in which several astrologers were given pairs of birth dates and asked to determine from these dates which belonged to cerebral palsy victims. The astrologers apparently were able to do this successfully. Goran's only comment on this interesting experiment is that "perhaps Clark's arrangement showed how much

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more shrewd astrologers are with people or descriptions of them." How the astrologers accomplished this feat is something he doesn't — or can't — explain.

Goran's coverage of parapsychology is even worse than his coverage of astrology. He discusses telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis and other forms of psychic phenomena but never once tells his readers about any of the experimental evidence which validates their existence. His habit of quoting the writings of parapsychologists totally out of context — he did the same thing with the writings of ufologists in his earlier *The Modern Myth: Ancient Astronauts and UFOs* (reviewed in January 1979 FATE) — is particularly annoying. Consequently the uninformed reader gets a woefully incorrect idea about how parapsychologists view their field.

In addition to all this, the book is riddled with errors. It is not true that hypnosis grew out of the mesmeric movement when it was discovered that mesmerism could include somnambulism. This evolution occurred when researchers in the mid-19th Century found that suggestion, not mysterious cosmic energies, lay at the heart of the matter. Charles Richet, the famous Nobel prize-winning physiologist, is renamed "Claude" on one page of the book. It is certainly not true that Mrs. Piper, the famous and most widely tested medium of all time, was "not thoroughly studied"; over 3000 pages of evidence pertinent to her mediumship were published between 1885 and 1920. There is no evidence to support Goran's bizarre claim that the out-of-body experience "may be due to organic brain damage," especially since recent polls have shown the out-of-body experience is very common.

Goran does indeed demonstrate that nonsense and unsupported claims have befuddled the study of the occult and the paranormal. But as a general introduction to the occult, *Fact, Fraud, and Fantasy* is not only bad, it is completely worthless. — D. Scott Rogo.



REPORT FROM THE READERS

These columns of FATE are set aside each month for your comments. Send your opinion of articles and stories of unusual occurrences to FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

ADVENTURE IN THE SNOW

I recently borrowed a number of back issues of FATE from a friend and in the October 1977 issue, a story titled "A Strange Encounter" intrigued me, for a somewhat similar thing happened to me.

On the first of January 1976 I took my teenaged son and daughter with some friends to the Youth Hostel located near Chillawack Lake in the Fraser Valley region of British Columbia. Our main purpose in going there was to do some cross-country skiing. The night of our arrival it snowed, leaving us with six inches of new snow to enjoy the next day.

In the morning, knowing that the young people would be happier if I left them alone, I set off by myself after we agreed to return to the hostel for lunch at noon.

Chillawack Lake's farthest extremity borders the state of Washington. The lake is a mile and a half from the hostel and is best approached by a dirt road frequently used by logging trucks and in the summer by tourists. It was my intention to ski to the lake and back, taking my time to enjoy the solitude and the steep forested mountain slopes.

As time passed the temperature rose and what had been powder snow when I set off from the hostel began to clog my skis, slowing my progress. By the time I reached the lake it was clear that I would not be back for lunch at the time I had promised and if I tried to ski back I would be very late. Consequently I took off my skis and after a

short rest, shouldered skis and poles and began to walk back along the road.

Halfway back I came to a straight stretch three-quarters of a mile in length bordered on either side by a shallow ditch, then young forest. In the distance I could see two children coming toward me. They were too far away to identify but I thought they might be my son and his friend.

After a few minutes the two figures left the road, walked across the shallow ditch and entered the forest. They seemed to do this easily and I marveled at their assurance, for I knew the ditch contained snow-covered rocks. I fully expected them to reappear momentarily, for I knew hiking through the forest in summer is no easy task and it is almost impossible in winter when snow hides all the obstacles. No footpaths exist in this particular area and the only entry into the forest was a driveway leading to a small cabin. But the driveway was a good quarter mile beyond the spot where they had turned into the forest.

My two young people did not come into view. When I reached the place where they had entered the forest I began to look for traces. The snow was undisturbed. Assuming I had made a mistake in estimating distance, I concluded that they actually had walked into the driveway toward the cabin. My surprise was great indeed when I reached this spot to discover more unblemished snow. Convinced now that I had somehow missed their tracks in the ditch I retraced my steps searching the edge of the

road and the ditch — without success. I found my ski tracks going out and snowmobile and truck tracks in the road but no footprints. The prints were those I myself had made.

I am still amazed and mystified by this experience. Needless to say, on checking with the young people, I learned that no one had ventured out to search for me, for I was not unduly late for lunch.

So who were the two young people on the road? Where did they come from and where did they go? — *G. Conway, Delta, B.C., Canada.*

A FAMILIAR RING

In Brad Steiger's article "Your Past Life Can Set You Free" (April 1979 FATE) I read about the man "whose problem was alcoholism . . . (who) recalled an early incident in his present lifetime. He was too young to buy liquor and had prevailed upon an older boy to buy six-packs for a Saturday night spree. Then he recalled an experience as a soldier in the Civil War when he was shot in the hip and the musket ball shattered the bones at its point of entry. The veteran took to drinking whiskey to dull his pain and became an alcoholic."

My grandfather William MacPherson was a veteran of the Civil War. He had the very same experience and became an alcoholic — but he managed to get over it. Grandfather lied about his age and joined as a Virginia volunteer in the Union Army. He died in 1925.

Is it possible that the man who is mentioned in Steiger's article is a reincarnation of my grandfather? — *Martha J. McVay, Roswell, N. Mex.*

RIISING FROM THE GRAVE

There's nothing new about "Ongoing Grave Robbing" (April 1979 FATE). Medical schools used to hire grave robbers to secure corpses for anatomy studies and other entrepreneurs rifled graves for the jewels buried with wealthy persons.

Sometimes a grave robber is a blessing. When I was very young I read an item in the Mount Vernon, Ohio, newspaper about a wealthy lady who was buried near her home in one of the New England states. The night after her funeral three would-be grave robbers dug up the coffin and pried open the lid. To their astonishment, the "corpse" was very much alive. As surprised as they, she sat up and asked them to take her to her home. But her rescuers vanished like the wind. She walked home. — *Lulu Finn, Stockton, Calif.*

SPECK OF LAND?

Curtis Fuller's discussion of Atlantis ("I See by the Papers," August 1979 FATE) is supergood. I like it.

Over a period of 9000 years Atlantis has grown into a whole continent with a superior all-knowing civilization that dominated the whole world. If the truth were known, it was probably only a small speck of land in the Atlantic. Its diminutive size may account for the absence of artifacts. — *Gerald Bringle, Bagdad, Ariz.*

THE TUNGUSKA EVENT

I first heard of the 1908 Tunguska explosion on Leonard Nimoy's "In Search of . . ." TV program on April 9, 1979. In his presentation he gave the place and time and date: 7:17 A. M., June 30, 1908. I am a member of the Orlando Astrological Re-

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search Guild and I immediately set up a locale chart on the incident. I was unable to come to any conclusive results, however, until I drew a horary chart. I came up with an amazing and satisfactory answer.

I believe that an atomic-powered spaceship from Sirius was trying to make peaceful contact with earth after locating our planet from sound waves that resulted from the then-recent discovery of radio. This high-speed spaceship could not be controlled on entering the earth's atmosphere and crashed, causing the atomic explosion at a desolate spot in Siberia. The fact is that no earth power was so advanced as to have nuclear energy. Witnesses stated that the flaming object turned sharply east, then west before crashing and exploding. People more than 200 miles away were knocked down by the force of the explosion.

Scientists have eliminated comets, meteorites, asteroids and other natural means as the cause of the explosion. They cannot give any other explanation except that it was a nuclear explosion of unknown origin.

Sirius is relatively close to earth — only a little more than four and a half light-years away — and several theorists believe it is likely to be our first contact with outer space. Perhaps we can expect another visitor someday! — *Philip E. Cocimano, Orlando, Fla.*

THE MISSING VULTURES

In April 1978 I visited Jordan, Egypt and Israel. I had with me the February 1978 issue of FATE which contains a filler titled "Vultures Multiply in Middle East." I was all set to bring you pictures of those vultures but I was disappointed. There weren't any.

I returned to Israel in December 1978, determined to get the pictures, but was again disappointed. Your article reads that the vultures are already circling in the valley of Armageddon but although I visited this valley twice I did not see any vultures. On my first trip I thought I had missed them but on the last trip I knew they were not to be found.

While we were in Haifa we did see two flocks of what were called storks. They were much smaller than the geese we have around here and they flew much faster.

I have friends in Israel who have written

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me recently, saying, "It is true that there are more vultures in Upper Galilee now."
— *Harold C. Weamer, Ardmore, Pa.*

THE MONEY HOLE

Some time ago *Reader's Digest* published an article on the "money well" or the "money hole" found on an island in the Canadian province of Prince Edward Island.

Briefly, explorers discovered a well that had man-made "layers" every 10 feet. At 90 feet a "trap" flooded this hole. It was thought perhaps to be a treasure of Captain Kidd or a "pirate bank" for joint "deposits." Among other oddities a heart-shaped stone was found in the hole.

I understand they dug down deeper and found a cave but it was below sea level and flooded. They sank a TV camera and seemed to see in the murk what appeared to be chests of various kinds. Also the person monitoring the TV camera swears that a disembodied hand floated by. They were preparing to sink a caisson to allow a SCUBA diver to go down.

I have been unable to get any further information on this "money hole" and I am wondering if *FATE* readers may know what was found, if anything. — *Hans W. Nintzel, 733 Melrose Dr., Richardson, Tex. 75080.*

HATCHET JOBS

I do not always read the book reviews in *FATE*, for your reviewers often pan books that I later find have merit. For this reason I did not come across the review of my book *Astronauts of Ancient Japan* (April 1979 *FATE*, page 112) until recently. I must protest this biased hatchet job. In approximately eight lines an unidentified reviewer dismissed the book without explaining anything about it or what it deals with and without mentioning the photos, drawings, 200 reference books in the bibliography, etc. How can anyone review a book without divulging its subject matter?

Your unnamed reviewer's prejudice seems to derive from two mistakes he *thinks* he spotted. He says I am wrong in saying that Kenneth Arnold filmed flying saucers. If he had read the book *Coming of the Saucers* by Ray Palmer and Kenneth Arnold, he would have known that immediately after the June 24, 1947, sighting, Arnold

went out and bought a movie camera which he carried in his aircraft. On July 29 Arnold *did* photograph a second series of discs. Your reviewer owes me an apology for this.

Second, he says that von Daniken is my "mentor" and chides me for not knowing how to spell his name. Nothing is further from the truth. I consider von Daniken an agent provocateur. As for the spelling of his name, this was a proofreading error for which I apologize.

If your reviewer has any criticism that makes sense I'd like to see it, for I am anxious to correct any errors in the revised edition. But if all he can do is make snide remarks, you owe me a printed apology.

I would like to add that I recently found that Russian scientists have radiocarbon-dated the Dogu statues mentioned in my book at over 8500 years old. Furthermore, in my researches I have found definite links between the dogus and the Dogon tribe of Africa which I will explain in the revised edition — provided the book can withstand character assassinations at the hands of your hatchet men. — Vaughn M. Greene, San Bruno, Calif.

* * *
I take issue with Larry Kusche's review of William L. Moore's book *The Philadelphia Experiment* (October 1979 FATE).

Moore originally intended to prove the whole story of the "invisible destroyer" was a hoax. But during four years of investigating, he became convinced that an experiment did occur at the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1943 which affected the lives of dozens of people. Nowhere does Moore state that it was *as described by Allende*.

In the second paragraph, Kusche states, "... It is a shame he found it necessary to 'consult' with someone like Charles Berlitz. ... Then he goes on to say that Berlitz's books contain untruths, making Moore guilty by association. So let's see how accurate Mr. Kusche is.

He states, "I have located *the men* who were at ONR (Office of Naval Research) and Varo at the time and they have told me. ... " (Italics mine.) This means he located and talked with over 2000 people. Or does he mean only those directly involved? This still is very unlikely, for a number of key people are dead.

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Kusche goes on to say he was told that
ONR lost interest in the matter "quite early
on" and that "least interesting of all" were
the letters about the experiment. The ONR
had the book a full year before they had it
reproduced. Then it was reproduced only
after Jessup gave them Allende's letters.
Why did ONR almost demand that the let-
ters be turned over to them if they were so
uninteresting? And then include them in the
costly reproduction?

Kusche states, "... the logs of the
ships, which Moore concludes were falsified
by the navy. . . ." Moore came to no
such conclusion. There were other records
falsified, as proven by the logs.

Kusche also takes a swipe at Moore be-
cause of a "pseudonymous and now-de-
ceased 'Dr. Rinehart'. . . ." Moore can't be
held responsible for the man having died,
and, as he explains in the book, the man's
family asked that his identity be concealed.

Finally, Kusche bemoans the fact that
Moore "... offers no direct, positive evi-
dence that such an experiment ever took
place." Moore attempted to prove only that
an experiment did take place that could
have given rise to the Philadelphia experi-
ment story. He does offer documents that
contradict the official version. Moore ad-
mits he doesn't know what really happened
but it could have been something like "the
Philadelphia experiment." — *Jimmy Ward,
Houston, Tex.*

MR. KUSCHE REPLIES:

I'm afraid Jimmy Ward has inferred a
great deal from what I said. For example,
my statement that Moore used Charles Ber-
litz as a consultant does not make Moore
guilty of anything by association. Ward said
that, not I. I said that it was "enough to
make any critically-minded reader immedi-
ately suspicious." Anyone who has read
Berlitz's two books on the Bermuda Tri-
angle and compared them to my own (*The
Bermuda Triangle Mystery - Solved*) would
probably agree. Berlitz is known for selling
books, not for accuracy.

As for my statement that I had contacted
the men at ONR and Varo, I might better
have phrased it as "the men who were most
directly involved in the affair at the time,"
but I think that was clearly implied.

It is odd that Jimmy Ward infers con-

voluted meanings from some of my statements but fails to infer the obvious from others. If only the writings of the pro mystery writers were so closely scrutinized, we might not have so many phony mysteries and could concentrate on solving the genuine ones.

ONR had nothing to do with the reproduction of the book. George Hoover of ONR gave the material to Austin Stanton of Varo because he knew that Stanton and some of his engineers used UFOs as fodder for their lunchtime discussions — the way some people play cards or chess. Stanton paid a small amount (he now estimates \$100 to \$200, possibly out of his own pocket) for a high school girl to come in a few hours a day to type it up. Hardly the way one would proceed on a matter that was deemed of much scientific importance.

Ward infers something else that I did not imply at all. He says that I "take a swipe at Moore" because of his report of an interview with a "pseudonymous and now-deceased Dr. Rinehart." What I actually said was, "... to his credit, Moore does a thorough job of covering each supposedly related aspect . . . [including the Rinehart interview]." A swipe? Hardly. I was concerned with Rinehart's comment that reinforced "the possibility that there was indeed a project in the works which could easily have, and very possibly did, develop into something of the magnitude of the Philadelphia Experiment." Rinehart certainly fell short of saying that the alleged invisibility experiment ever occurred.

On his final point, Ward and I are somewhat in agreement. Moore does present only the flimsiest circumstantial evidence to support the contention that a destroyer was made invisible. Absolutely no good solid evidence ever surfaced. A close reading of the book will show, contrary to what Ward says, that Moore's assumption is that "the experiment" did take place and that the results were hidden by the ever-present conspiratorial establishment. As I said in my review, there is nothing convincing in the book to back up that point. — *Larry Kusche, Tempe, Ariz.*

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human skeletons on Shemya Island in Alaska by soldiers during World War II. I would like to have the names and addresses of soldiers who witnessed this discovery and particularly the two soldiers who furnished the information for the articles in FATE. I would also welcome any relevant information which might be obtained by psychic means.

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The object of this search is to determine whether it would be worthwhile to organize a small archaeological team to investigate the site. — *Robert M. Drury, 1208 N. 28th St., Kansas City, Kans. 66102.*

DREAM OF AN OLD FRIEND

The night of January 24, 1979, I dreamed I was working in a room with three men. I went over into one corner where a four-inch pipe about eight feet long was standing. I picked it up and put it on my shoulder and started to walk outside with it. Only in a dream could I have lifted such a heavy pipe. As I started out the door I saw an old, old friend, Ike Jameson, a man I hadn't seen since 1944. After we worked together in a Casper, Wyo., refinery, I never knew what became of him. In my dream he looked younger than when I saw him the last time.

I awakened and turned on the light. It was 3:15 A. M. The dream was so real that I wrote it down on my calendar.

On January 27 I received the *Star-Tribune* which is published in Casper and on the second page I saw the notice of Ike Jameson's death. He had been dead two days and was lying in his casket when I had the dream. — *Frank Wicks, Denver, Colo.*

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(Continued on page 129)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 120)

cided to add a little zest to my beliefs by trying color techniques as advocated by Linda Clark, Evelyn Monahan and others.

Because many people were telling me that I looked terrible, pink (for love and youth) was one of the colors I chose to concentrate on. The other color I picked was green because it is supposed to be the color for prosperity — which I certainly needed. I breathed, ate and thought pink and green for several months while I went through pavement-pounding and paper-watching in search of employment.

When I did find a job, it was exactly what I wanted — with Greensburg Savings under a boss named Mr. Pinkham. — Gail Carnegie, Johnstown, Pa.

FATE PLAYS WITH FATE

I do a little free-lance writing occasionally and I have a niece, Mrs. Ora C. Pease of Independence, Mo., who also writes.

I submitted an article to FATE Magazine which appeared on page 55 of the February 1979 issue under the title "No Christmas Surprise." It was published in "True Mystic Experiences."

I was not aware of it but my niece Ora also had submitted an article concerning her son Billy's precognitive dream. This was published in the March 1979 issue of FATE. Imagine my surprise to find the story "Billy's Vision" by Ora C. Pease also on page 55.

This may have been simply coincidence but the fact that both stories appeared on page 55 makes it a six-to-one long shot, inasmuch as six pages seem to be regularly allotted to "True Mystic Experiences."

To my certain knowledge FATE's editors know nothing of my relationship to Ora Pease so the intentional placement of the stories on the same page in consecutive issues can be ruled out.

After considering all these facts I am asking myself, "Has fate taken a hand in the publishing of FATE?" I suppose no one will ever know. — Paul L. Hodges, Monroe, La.

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