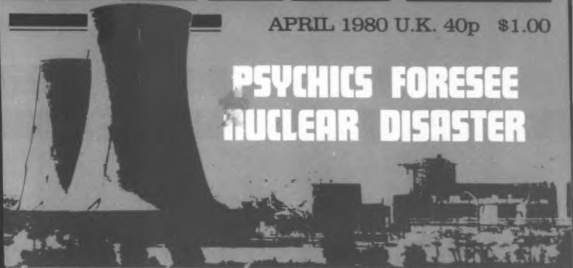


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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Once the overburden of illegitimate activity and irresponsible criticism is removed, there is sufficient residue of valid evidence to justify continued research into psychic phenomena.

— Dean Robert G. Jahn
Princeton University

SINCE WE began to publish FATE Magazine more than 30 years ago my personal curiosity about psychic phenomena has not been concerned with the phenomena themselves so much as their implications. For the most part, parapsychologists have spent those years repeatedly trying to establish the reality of the phenomena — or trying to convince the rest of the scientific community that psi actually exists.

Most persons involved seriously or otherwise in any kind of psychical search seem bemused by the phenomena. They repeat experiments endlessly and often unsuccessfully. Fans go to mediums in a continuing search for hidden information about the Hereafter or for assurance that the Hereafter does exist. And it seems their repeated searches merely confirm their doubts!

Virtually no one, to our knowledge, begins with the assumption that psychic

phenomena do indeed exist and is concerned with what this implies about the nature of reality. For, surely, if minds can communicate with other minds, if minds can range forward or backward in time, if minds can move physical objects, if minds can apprehend events at a distance (all these are basic claims of parapsychology), then the world is quite a different place from the one we conventionally (and scientifically) conceive it to be.

The opponents of parapsychology and of all psychic claims understand this very well. They know they cannot accommodate psychical claims into their world views; this is why they hate the whole field with such consuming passion. We believe their emotional responses to psychical claims go beyond the conventional scientists' objection to novelty; they feel as they do because they fear that their whole intellectual world could be destroyed.



DOES IT FIT?

SINCE FEW persons seem to come to grips with the implications of psychical claims, since few persons assume that psychokinesis is a reality, we would like to see scientists make that assumption and try to describe the kind of

world in which the mind has such powers.

It is true that a reverse approach is occasionally used, an approach which theorizes other than our familiar reality and then considers whether psi fits into such a reality. But the difference in this approach is significant. One view begins with the idea that of course psi exists and obviously is part of a world different from our familiar description and then asks, what kind of world do we really live in? The other view begins with the idea that there is a new and possibly valid approach to reality and then asks, is there room for psi in this world?

A great deal of thought is being given to the latter approach by important scholars and scientists. The French government last fall sponsored an international colloquium on "Science and

Consciousness" in Cordoba, Spain, with 30 participants, including physicists, neuroscientists, psychoanalysts and philosophers.

Cordoba was chosen as the site of the meeting because it was there that the deep philosophical Western split between science and spirit occurred in 1200. To understand what happened there, according to *Brain/Mind Bulletin*, we must remember that Spain was then in the hands of Arabs who were the main intellectuals of a Western world which was still struggling to lift itself out of the Dark Ages. Cordoba was the gate through which Arab learning and the legacy of Greek culture entered Europe following the Dark Ages. At the end of the 12th Century the rational school of Averroes, a Moslem scholar, prevailed over the more intuitive emphasis of Ibn Arabi, a

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mystic Islam philosopher. Since then the Western world has followed the rational approach.

However, the intuitive approach is now being reemphasized by many leading scholars. Among those attending the meeting were Willis Harman of Stanford Research Institute who insisted that new breakthroughs in physics and consciousness demand a wider view of science to accommodate psychic phenomena.

Other scholars attending were Brian Josephson, Nobel-laureate physicist; David Bohm, theoretical physicist at the University of London; Fritjof Capra, author of *The Tao of Physics*; Oliver Costa de Beauregard, a French theoretical physicist; and 25 others.



"FUNERAL BY FUNERAL"

MAX PLANCK once wrote that "physics advances funeral by funeral." The same undoubtedly applies to other scientific disciplines. Only the young, or at least the young in heart, are prepared to revise Establishment world views.

In an effort to calm the fierce opposition to psychical matters, Henry Margenau, a world-famous theoretical physicist at Yale, and Lawrence LeShan, a psychologist, wrote a letter to *Science*, official publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, asserting that the existence of psi would not violate any scientific laws. But their letter was not published, according to Theodore Rockwell, a nuclear engineer who has emerged as a spokesman for parapsychologists seeking fairer treatment

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by the scientific community.

Now a breakthrough may be in the making at Princeton University where Robert G. Jahn, Dean of Engineering and Applied Science, is working with his colleagues to design new experiments on psychokinesis which will be more acceptable to his fellow scientists.

Jahn and his colleagues have been doing psychical research for more than two years. They are not ready to publish conclusive results but Jahn recently discussed his approaches to the problem. They have designed equipment and tests that will measure "microscopic" phenomena, rather than the large "macroscopic" effects demanded by previous experiments. One experiment required a subject to raise the temperature of a thermistor by a few thousandths of a degree; another

was to change the separation of two mirrors in a Fabry-Perot interferometer by a hundred-thousandth of a centimeter.

As occurs in so much psychic research, results were erratic; subjects were able to raise the thermistor temperature or change the optical path length of the interferometer but the effects varied unpredictably from person to person and from day to day. As a result, Jahn considers the work only a model for more extensive research and not as "proof."

He does say that they have two "insights" as a result of the work which should be tested further. These are, first, that such psychic ability appears to be trainable — a claim that parapsychological research in the past has not always supported. But Jahn says an important part of the training ap-

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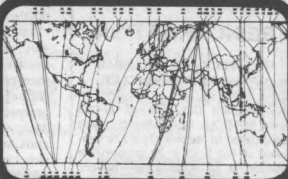
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pears to be a "visible and attractive" feedback.

Jahn's second "insight" is that psychic phenomena may be inherently statistical in nature and if so, that puts them in the realm of mathematics rather than giving them an easily grasped intuitive explanation. *Science News* states that "in particular, psychokinesis appears to involve a reduction of entropy — a statistical measure of disorder — and the equivalence of physical 'information' and energy."

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of conspiracy to obstruct justice. The ninth defendant was convicted of a misdemeanor.

Members of the church stole documents from the Internal Revenue Service, the Justice Department and the U.S. Attorney's office. They bugged an IRS meeting discussing the church's tax-exempt status, planted spies in the Justice Department and IRS and kidnaped a church member who decided to help prosecutors.

Other documents in the case show that Scientologists acted to discredit individuals and organizations who fought their church. "It wasn't only the government they went after," according to Assistant U. S. Attorney Raymond Banoun. "It was anyone who was critical of them. The government acted with restraint. There could have been many more defendants."

Scientologists even stole files from Interpol, the international police agency which sought information about L. Ron Hubbard while he was aboard a ship known as the *Apollo* in the 1960's and early 1970's.

Of course, the whole issue of government interference with bona fide religious organizations has been clouded by the mass deaths of the People's Temple members in Guyana. California authorities seem to be widening their surveillance of certain sects because of laws requiring the state to oversee nonprofit religious organizations. The state has asked that the Worldwide Church of God be placed in receivership on a charge that the church's leaders were using church funds for their personal benefit. Action also has been taken against the Faith Center Church in

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Glendale, which is headed by TV preacher Eugene Scott.

The state denies increasing church harassment. Michael Franchetti, chief deputy attorney general, says his office has been auditing books and conducting investigations for years with no complaints. "The real issue is whether they have carried out their duties under law," he says.



"KICK 'EM JENNY"

IN THE Caribbean south of Grenada is an undersea volcano with the strange name Kick 'em Jenny. Kick 'em Jenny was discovered in 1939 when a black column of volcanic ash and steam burst out of the sea along a sailboat route. A 1962 survey showed the top of the submerged volcano was 750 feet below sea level. By April 1978 the crater's top was only 525 feet down.

Kick 'em Jenny, therefore, appears to be growing at the rate of about 15 feet a year and should appear above water around the year 2000, according to Haraldur Sigurdsson of the University of Rhode Island.



LYING DETECTORS

VOICE STRESS analyzers, which have been used by this magazine to determine whether certain witnesses were telling the truth on controversial matters, are highly suspect, according to experts consulted by the *New York Times*.

Malcolm W. Browne reports, "In the view of many forensic psychologists, criminologists, electronics experts and government authorities on

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lie-detecting technology, the claims made for all voice stress analyzers, whether they cost \$30 or \$3000, simply cannot be justified by scientific evidence."

The theory behind the design is that persons under stress develop "micro-tremors" in their vocal chords which produce voice prints that can be read, although the microtremors may not be detectable to the human ear. Physiologists in the University of Florida's Department of Speech and Criminal Justice say there is no evidence for the existence of "microtremors" in vocal chords.

Lawsuits involving voice stress analyzers have become common. Investigators say the rights of privacy aren't really the issue; it's simply that the technique doesn't work.



STRANGE CREATIONS

THERE IS a secret garden in Feasterville, Bucks County, Pa., which contains some of the strangest plants in the world. It was created by a horticulturist named Fred Bergman who died in December 1978 at the age of 62. Bergman once turned down a check for \$45,000 for a single bush he had created because he feared the buyer might propagate it and so dilute its value.

Bergman's secret garden covers 30 acres. He created it with 35 years of quiet work. He discouraged visitors and even potential buyers and allowed few people to see his collection. Over the years he created and bred, often from genetic mutants, thousands of one-of-a-kind conifers, spruces and hemlocks. There is a small mutated

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pine tree so flexible it can be twisted like a pretzel without snapping, according to the Associated Press. There are pine trees that are green on top and blue on the bottom. There is an entire acre of bamboo.

Bergman's garden was recently sold at public auction. The buyers are allowed to propagate the plants with no restrictions. From now on, says AP, "his strange creations will be allowed to multiply upon the earth."



MAN ALONE?

IS MAN alone in the cosmos after all? Astronomers like the late Harlow Shapley and current authorities such as Carl Sagan and Frank Drake do not think so. They contend that because there are so many stars and galaxies in the universe chance alone demands that there be life elsewhere — especially since the sun and its planetary system seem typical.

This statistical view contends that our own galaxy alone may have created a billion planets with life and that many of them must have developed technological civilizations — some of them less advanced than Earth, some of them more advanced.

But this view was challenged during a two-day meeting at the University of Maryland early last November. Dr. Sebastian von Hoerner of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va., expressed the consensus of the meeting:

"If we generalize from our probable future space travel the galaxy should be teeming with life. But we have no sign of it. All habitable planets, including Earth, should have been col-

onized long ago by others, which certainly is not the case. This poses a severe puzzle. It seems difficult to avoid the conclusion of our uniqueness."

Supporting arguments include:

- Most stars are older than our sun; therefore life on them has had longer to evolve than it has on Earth. It is estimated that it would take only 30 million years to colonize all habitable planets in the Milky Way — a fraction of the time differential involved — therefore, alien beings should have reached Earth long ago.
- From the birth of a star through the evolution of its planetary system enormous difficulties arise at every stage. Each stage makes life less probable.
- Most stars belong to binary pairs (two stars rotating around each other)

which deprives them of planetary systems. Possibly the formation of a planetary system is a rare event and our own solar system is unique.

- The composition, age and orbit of any planet would be crucial to the beginnings of life — a small variation in Earth's distance from the sun would have converted water into either ice or steam. And water is essential to life (as we know it).

Dr. Cliff E. Singer, a Princeton physicist, sounded a chauvinistic note: "Perhaps it is the great destiny of man himself to spread life through the galaxy."



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not see anything resembling a monster. But our trip coincided with a wild cluster of monster theories which should be mentioned briefly for the record.

The wildest, of course, is the proposal by Donald Johnson of the University of Illinois, surely made with tongue in cheek, that the head and partially submerged trunk of a swimming elephant most closely resembles the photographs which purport to show Nessie. Johnson's research colleague is Dennis Power, director of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. Together they have been studying the manner in which elephants swim in an attempt to explain how mammoths, during Pleistocene times, crossed over from the mainland to the North Channel Islands off the coast of Southern California. Anyone who has visited Loch Ness, however, will concede it is unlikely elephant territory.

Then there is the recent theory of Waldemar H. Lehn, associate professor of electrical engineering at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, suggesting that some sightings of lake monsters are due to surface temperature inversions which distort visual images. When a temperature inversion is present the air just above the water bends light rays so that a familiar object such as a rock or a protruding stick may look unfamiliar and seem to change shape.

Professor Lehn insists that the black sea serpent Manipogo in Canada's Lake Manitoba is just such an atmospheric illusion.

But meanwhile in Lake Okanagan, British Columbia, we have Manipogo's cousin Ogopogo. Mrs. Arlene

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Gaal told the Associated Press that around the middle of August four or five carloads of tourists watched two creatures frolicking in the water about 400 to 500 feet from shore. Mrs. Gaal said that first one large creature was seen swimming near the surface of the lake and shortly it was joined by a second. For 10 minutes the two monsters, with dinosaurlike heads, long tapering necks and round streamlined bodies, thrashed playfully about in the water. Then they submerged. Canadian monster hunters have issued a call asking an unknown tourist who reportedly filmed the whole scene with a movie camera to come forward.

The most interesting projected monster search, of course, was to have been conducted by trained dolphins equipped with cameras but it never came off because of the unexplained death of one of the dolphins. Lawyer Robert Rines, one of the chief Nessie hunters, vows he'll be back with more dolphins — he hopes next year.



FOOTNOTE ON DR. VELIKOVSKY

ROBERT JASTROW, director of NASA's Institute for Space Studies and professor of astronomy at Columbia University, has been criti-

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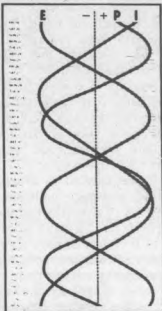
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cal of his fellow astronomers for their behavior toward the late Immanuel Velikovsky.

"Attacks on his work by astronomers have been described as a 'disgrace to American science' and 'academic ill-temper and abuse,'" he wrote in the *New York Times*. "... There is no question that Dr. Velikovsky was shabbily treated."

Jastrow says that a reading of reports of the famous panel discussion in which five astronomers were arrayed against Velikovsky suggests that the panel and the audience were mocking the 78-year-old man.

The panel was created to discuss the theory of planetary collisions. But, says Jastrow, Velikovsky had the last word. He spotted "a major scientific boner in Professor Sagan's argument." Sagan's calculations, designed to prove Velikovsky wrong, had ignored the law of gravity. "Here Velikovsky was the better astronomer," says Jastrow.

Nonetheless, while showing that Velikovsky was badly treated, Jastrow disagrees with his arguments. He admits that three predictions made on the basis of Velikovsky's claim that Venus collided with Earth have turned out to be right: Venus is hot; Jupiter emits radio noise; the moon's rocks are magnetic.

But many of Velikovsky's other predictions have turned out to be wrong, says Jastrow. Here are a few errors he cites:

(1) The surface of the moon was repeatedly melted between 3500 and 2700 years ago.

(2) The earth's mountain ranges, particularly the Himalayas and the

Alps, are only 3500 years old.

(3) The polar caps of Mars are made of hydrocarbons, which Velikovsky called "manna."

(4) Neon and argon are "main ingredients in Mars' atmosphere."

(5) Organic matter will be found on the moon.

(6) The atmosphere of Venus contains hydrocarbons and spectral tests should so indicate.

(7) Mars and Venus will be found to throw off more heat than they receive from the sun.

All of these predictions have been proven false, according to Jastrow.



NEWS & NOTES

• Russian astronomers believe that Jupiter is neither a planet nor a dying

star as had been supposed but a star in the making. They predict that in about three billion years Jupiter will be "as heavy and clear a star as our sun, with which it then will form a double star." It is calculated that Jupiter already radiates $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as much heat as it receives from the sun. What then will happen to earth? The Russians say they can't predict. Strangely enough, Voyager I discovered an interplanetary hot spot between Jupiter and Mars where temperatures register between 300 million and 400 million degrees centigrade — more than 100 times temperatures registered on the sun's surface!

• Peter Piccione, a 26-year-old graduate student in Egyptology, now at the Oriental Institute in Chicago, has uncovered the rules of an ancient Egypt-

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tian board game called *Senet* which was played by King Tutankhamun. The object of the game was to get the player's soul safely through the underworld to join Ra the sun god in the afterlife. The gameboard is the underworld — that is, the nighttime land of the dead beneath the earth — and the hieroglyphs on the board refer to the deities and to the forces of the underworld. A modern version of the game is being manufactured.

• Life may exist on Mars after all. Scientists have identified at least two areas where there may be liquid water just below the surface, according to a research team headed by Dr. Robert L. Huguenin of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Water vapor has been detected south of the equator in the planet's warmest area and the team concludes that it could come from ground ice or could indicate reservoirs of liquid water only a few inches below the surface. Dr. Huguenin told John Wilford Noble of the *New York Times*: "I'm not saying there are palm trees. I'm saying these areas may be habitable by microorganisms." Viking orbiters already had discovered that the two sites in question are warm enough to melt ice for about seven hours a day. Temperatures range from 70° F. in the daytime to 107° below at night.

• At the bottoms of ice-covered Antarctic lakes researchers have discovered tiny plants that require less light than any other known plants, according to the AP. The pinkish-orange plants thrive on less than one-tenth of one percent of the sunlight hitting the surface of the ice above them. Scientists had to melt through 18 feet of ice

in order to reach the clear water below. They found the algae growing in flat bunches three or four inches thick resembling mats.

• In late October a Ouija board game got out of hand at the Miami Aerospace Academy, a military school in Florida. In this game players rest their fingers on a planchette which moves to spell out messages, usually in answer to questions. The planchette is supposed to be moved by unseen forces, although it has been theorized that those whose fingers rest upon it either consciously or unconsciously determine its direction, by pushing.

"Everybody just got carried away and it was a riot," Miss Vicedo, a teacher, said. "There were girls screaming that there was a spirit inside the board," she said.

As a result of the incident, apparently, a city fire inspector cited the school for a variety of violations and Illiana Vicedo resigned as English teacher.

• Aris Poulianos, president of the Anthropological Association of Greece, reports he has found stone knives 2.5 million years old — which certainly makes them among the oldest implements used by man. Tools found in East Africa have been dated at about two million years. These Greek knives were found near the broken bones of elephants.

• The United States Court of Appeals in Philadelphia has agreed with the lower courts that Transcendental Meditation (TM) is religious in nature and may not be taught in the public schools.



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Alien Encounter at Tujunga

Everything became quiet — a strange light shone — but not for 20 years did they find out what happened next.

By Ann Druffel

SARA SHAW and Jan Whitley* lived in a cabin near a northern bluff which rose high into the clear blue sky. The yard stretched south to a tall stand of high desert cactus, then sloped to a rutted deserted road beyond which a stream flowed. Seven miles below, at the base of the mountain, lay the town of Tujunga, Calif., 15 air miles northeast of Los Angeles.

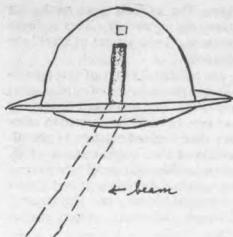
Sara and Jan were not city people. They had deliberately chosen to live in this isolated rented cabin where they could be close to nature and to each other. But on March 22, 1953, an incredible event shattered the tranquility of their rural existence.

It was late at night. No light filtered through the large, multipaned bed-

* Pseudonyms.



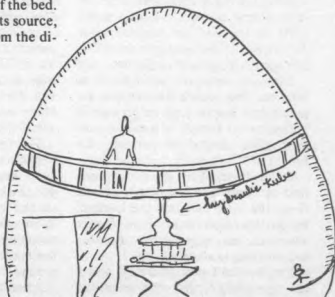
Sara Shaw drew this sketch of one of the humanoid beings who she claims abducted her and Jan Whitley. Beings were dressed in skintight black garb which felt "rubbery" to the touch.



room window. The forested canyon was dark. The only sounds were those made by tiny wild animals.

Suddenly everything became quiet. Sara awoke suddenly, uneasy. Through the window poured a light of unfamiliar hue and texture. Insistent and bright, it swayed from side to side. Sara knelt on her pillow and peered out the window at the head of the bed. Although she could not see its source, the light seemed to come from the direction of the stream.

Inside the UFO Sara Shaw saw a tall domed room rimmed by a balcony from which a being who appeared to be a commander gave silent orders to others in the crew. On her right and left dividers separated rooms.



UFO into which women were taken hovered over a clump of trees near cabin. The beam emanating from craft served as a "conveyor belt" which transported abductees down the road to the odd craft.

Jan stirred beside her as Sara looked at the bedside clock. Two o'clock — too early for dawn. Sara shivered as the cool March air crept through her pajamas. She had never seen a light like this — bluish-white, startlingly bright. Maybe it was someone with a flashlight walking up the road or headlights of a vehicle wending its bumpy way past their house. But the color was wrong. It was not yellowish like most man-made lights. If she had to compare it to any known source, it would be the moon, only much brighter — and swaying in the sky.

By now Jan too was wide-awake and just as puzzled as Sara. Deter-

mined to investigate, she started toward the closet to get her bathrobe.

But she never made it to the closet. At the foot of the bed a sudden paralysis gripped her. Something seemed to seize control of her mind.

"This is it!" Jan thought wildly. "This is the catastrophe! The end of the world — and there isn't anything I can do about it!" Then, abruptly as they had come, the paralysis and mental control were gone. The air was oppressive and difficult to breathe. Jan's first thought was that perhaps the cabin's butane heater had developed a leak.

"Jan!" Sara gasped as she instinctively glanced again at the clock. "Do you know you've been standing there for 20 minutes?" Then she cried out as she realized she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her bare feet touching the floor. Her last conscious action had been kneeling on her pillow peering out the window.

Sara, feeling a dull sense of giddiness, stared at the clock. It was *not* 2:20, as she had just announced to Jan. *It was 20 minutes past four!* The strange swaying light was gone.

Sara too found the air difficult to breathe. She panicked when she remembered recent lung surgery she'd undergone as a result of a motor accident. She gasped desperately for breath.

Suddenly terrified, the two women dashed from the bedroom and ran down the little hall into the kitchen. Jan briefly checked the butane heater which she was surprised to discover was working perfectly.

The women's pets, two dogs and a cat, crouched under the primitive

stove. The animals were awake but strangely tranquil. Sara's fears mounted. "Let's get out of here!" she pleaded.

Jan resisted. The terror of the paralysis and the sensation of mind control had faded. Two hours and 20 minutes had vanished and Jan wanted to know why. She stepped outside. In the direction of the road she saw a white, vaporous face with long hair streaming over the shoulders. It was near a bush about 50 feet away. The features, although indistinct, seemed benevolent.

Strangely Jan did not investigate. Instead she returned to the cabin and gathered up the animals. Then she and Sara rushed to their car which was housed in a shed by the side of the road. As they passed the bush where the ghostly face had appeared, Jan looked to see if it was still there but it wasn't.

They sped down the winding road and spent the next few days in an adjacent city with Jan's foster parents. They repeatedly described their experience to friends and acquaintances but no one could figure out what had happened. Jan and Sara considered and dismissed a variety of theories. None seemed to account for the bizarre events.

Finally Jan and Sara returned to the cabin with Jack McBows, an elderly gentleman who lived in the same canyon. Jack, who claimed to be psychic, said he felt "strong vibrations" as they approached the building. He thought something evil had happened there but could provide no details. The air around the place still seemed heavy.

After a couple of days the atmo-

sphere returned to normal and Sara and Jan moved back into the cabin. They questioned their nearest neighbors, who lived some distance away, but no one else had seen the strange swaying light, noticed the odd silence or felt the oppressive air.

* * *

FOR THREE MONTHS after the incident Jan, who had never been afraid of anything, was terrified of the dark. She worked the night shift at the factory at the base of the mountain and returned home on her motorcycle at three o'clock each morning. After the strange episode with the swaying light, she had all she could do to force herself to make the nightly trip.

Slowly, however, her fear faded. Jan, who always had been able to suppress memories of unpleasant experiences, forced herself to do so now.

Sara, on the other hand, began to feel restless. Abandoning her routine factory job, she developed a sudden fascination with medicine. She studied dental nursing and in time moved away from Jan to work in hospitals, clinics and doctor's offices.

In 1955 while working in a hospital Sara suddenly envisioned what she thought was a cure for cancer. She clearly "saw" a common kitchen compound — vinegar — being swabbed onto a cancer which appeared as a horrid cheesy mass. She saw the cancer diminish and disappear. At the same time she had the distinct impression that she should give this "cure" to the right physician who would present himself when the "right combination" of people entered her life.

She tried twice during subsequent

years to impart the "cancer cure" to medical people but was rebuffed.

In the meantime Jan moved to another California town and in 1954 lived in a house that was a converted barn. There she experienced nightly contacts with an unknown force. As she lay in bed wide-awake, she would hear a piercing whine and become paralyzed as "invisible beings" tried to take over her body. She feared that if she gave in to these "beings" they would take permanent control of her mind and body. Only by exerting all her willpower was she able to break the spell. Once she was able to make one small movement of even one finger, the beings, noise and paralysis vanished instantaneously.

One night, enraged over the unceasing sieges, she mentally shouted at the invisible entities to let her be. After that the visitations became less and less bothersome until after a few weeks they vanished almost entirely. At the time she did not connect these events with her experience in the Tujunga cabin.

The years passed and Sara and Jan lost track of each other. Sara married and was living conventionally as a working wife when one week in August 1975 she watched a television series about UFOs on Los Angeles' Channel 11. Part of the series dealt with reported abductions in which persons would see a brilliant light, then suffer from a mysterious time lapse.

Sara was startled. Remembering her own and Jan's experience she wondered if the two of them had encountered a UFO back in 1953. The idea had not occurred to her before; nor, as

it turned out, had it occurred to Jan. Sara tried without success to find someone who could help her explore this possibility. Finally a local air force public information office referred her to Skynet, a volunteer filter center connected with the Texas-based Mutual UFO Network (MUFON).

As project coordinator of Skynet I embarked on an investigation of Sara's story. Idabel Epperson and Marilyn Epperson aided me in my work.

We found Sara personable and reasonable. Sara located Jan Whitley, who impressed us as an intelligent and objective individual. The two women had only fragmentary recollections of the episode. They agreed with our suggestion that hypnotic regression techniques be used to see if they could discover what had happened during the two-hour-and-20-minute lapse of time.

Sara was regressed three times between December 1975 and October 1979. Her hypnotists, who volunteered their services to MUFON, were Dr. William McCall, a medical doctor, and a prominent police psychologist who has asked to remain anonymous. Both are skilled professionals who carefully avoided the use of leading questions and other cues which might influence the content of the story.

Under hypnosis Sara recounted seeing seven or eight humanoid beings who took Jan and her aboard a Saturn-shaped "ship" hovering over a clump of trees which lined the stream near their cabin. Her story is best told in her own words, here condensed

from the transcribed hypnosis tapes and numerous supplementary interviews:

"It was like daylight but the clock says it's only two o'clock. I'm looking out the windows on my knees. Somebody's coming into the yard. It's like all of a sudden a bunch of people suddenly came into the house. It's like when you're little and all the adults are in control and you just kinda wander around and do what they say.

"They've got their arms on me and Jan! They're so shadowed! Jan's kinda struggling. These people are all around me. They're controlling — there's so many of them. . . ."

The entities were clothed in skin-tight black garb which felt rough but rubbery to the touch. Although their eyeballs were covered with flesh-colored membranes, Sara could detect eyeball movement.

Badly frightened at first, she soon felt strangely tranquil. She didn't know why she reacted this way but she later recalled that the humanoids had pressed an instrument against Jan's arm and tranquilized her. Sara assumed they had done the same to her.

The entities led the two women outside toward the road. According to Sara's account:

"There's a little round — oh, like you used to see in the Buck Rogers drawings, but it's above the water. We're headed for it. It has a rim that's the platform. It's the size of these two trees, those big green parts of the trees.

"You know what? We didn't walk on the road! We walked above it as if you were walking on an invisible conveyor belt."

The conveyor belt was like a beam of light coming from the UFO. It was of the same whitish opalescent color as the craft itself. The humanoids led Sara through a tall narrow door in the side. Their own bodies were thin in proportion to their height (from five to 5½ feet tall) and they glided in and out easily. Sara was able to walk in sideways but Jan, bigger busted than Sara, gave the beings quite a problem. With some difficulty, however, they finally got her inside.

Inside the craft Sara saw a tall domed room rimmed by a balcony. To the right and left of her were translucent dividers which seemed to block off other rooms. Sara saw an "instrument panel" and some fluctuating patterned lights embedded in a nearby wall.

A humanoid in light-colored clothing stood on the balcony. Sara thought he was giving orders to the others by gesturing with his arms and evidently delivering mental commands. The beings took Sara over to an anvil-shaped table and flipped her up as if she were weightless.

Another instrument, matching the table in shape and size but inverted, came down from the ceiling. "Beams" emanated from the upper instrument and pierced her body in numerous places. She sensed she was not lying on the table but floating a few inches above it. The upper instrument never touched her and she felt nothing as the beams "blipped" through her.

The entities seemed interested in the prominent lung surgery scar which ran partway along her shoulder, back and front. Apparently they wondered whether or not she had an artificial

arm and shoulder. She wanted to explain it but was unable to communicate with them.

Sara was calm all through the examination, even finding it an interesting experience, because the beings had assured her that she and Jan would be returned safely. She caught a glimpse of Jan, now deeply tranquilized, floating in a seated position some inches above the floor, held lightly by the entities. It was at that point that Sara also noticed the dogs as they were being taken off into an adjoining room with Jan. The animals were tranquilized like the women.

Soon afterwards Sara found herself in what she termed a conference room. Several of the humanoids sat facing her in chairs which were attached to the ceiling. They communicated mentally with her at length. Sara remembers bits and parts of this "conversation." Among other things they imparted the "cure for cancer" which she would recall two years later.

"There's no need for people to die of cancer," she says they told her. "It's so simple. Earth people make a big thing out of it. It's just like moss, like stuff growing. You brush with it. You have it in your kitchen. You just put that on the growth. You can put it right in, inject it. Just go through the skin where the cheesy growth-thing is and you pour this in there and it will just eventually dissolve.

"Don't rip it! If you rip it, it'll grow more. Just pour the stuff on and dissolve it. Keep doing it and let it rest, and then go back and do it again. You'll see it get smaller and smaller and disappear."

After the conference the humanoids told Sara she would "forget" the experience. She was returned down a beam of light from a small window in the top of the ship, where the conference room evidently was located. Then she and Jan were ushered back to their bedroom where they regained consciousness. They were left with only a vague sense of missing time.

* * *

SARA WAS never a "deep trance" subject. The "memories" — if that is what they were — emerged under moderate states of hypnosis. Few persons are able to attain deep hypnotic states. Most witnesses who are regressed in UFO research report their abduction narratives while in similarly moderate hypnotic states.

Under hypnosis Sara always remained at least vaguely aware of her surroundings. This phenomenon, known as the "bilevel" state in hypnosis research, is quite common; nonetheless it disturbed her. She often wondered if she were conjuring up the abduction details out of her own imagination. The hypnotists and researchers believe, however, that Sara was in fact recalling fairly accurate unconscious memories which her own mind felt were true. Consequently we have concluded that Sara Shaw had an experience similar to other UFO abduction episodes reported worldwide.

We made sure Jan did not get the details of the story Sara had recounted under hypnosis because we wanted a completely independent account from Jan. Jan was hypnotized three times during the four-year period of research on this case. But while Sara's hypnotic recall came fairly easily and

seemed sufficient to account for the two-hour time lapse, Jan recalled no such "abduction."

In 1975 Jan could consciously recall only that the absence of sound in the forest had awakened her, that she had seen the strange light which cast moving shadows on the walls of the bedroom, and that she had walked toward the closet to get her robe. She also recalled that Sara shouted to her about the time lapse while she was standing at the closet reaching for the garment.

Hoping to prod her memory a little, we carefully leaked a few unspecific details of Sara's experience to Jan. It didn't work. Jan could recall not a single detail of the episode. Under hypnosis she was unable even to relive those details of the incident which she remembered consciously!

After her hypnotic sessions, however, Jan gradually recalled being seized by some force which controlled her mind and body as she stood paralyzed at the foot of the bed. The experience was frightening and she compares it to the paralysis and fear she experienced many times later in 1954 during the visits of the invisible entities. Evidently something happened to Jan during the time this unknown force invaded her mind. But try as she might, she could not determine what it was.

As we have seen, Sara remembers Jan's being taken aboard the UFO with her. This suggests, of course, that Jan might well have been abducted but succeeded in blocking the experience from her mind. On the other hand, there are cases in which a witness seems to "sit out" the experience

in familiar surroundings while a companion is taken into a UFO. In such instances, however, the abductee does not recall seeing his friend aboard the craft.

Jan has no idea what actually happened. Like Sara she views the episode objectively. She thinks she may have blocked the experience from her own mind through her ability to "forget" unpleasant experiences. Or perhaps her strange absence of recall of any details while hypnotized suggests that the UFO entities themselves put the mental block there.

Jan's total block under hypnosis is difficult to explain, at least in the light of our present knowledge. But it illustrates the powerful, often frightening, sometimes all-pervasive effect UFO phenomena can have on the human mind.

Discussing Sara's "cancer cure" with knowledgeable medical sources, we learned that vinegar is an old folk remedy for cancer. Cancer researchers tested it long ago and found it worthless. Interestingly enough, though, a laboratory form of vinegar — trichloroacetic acid — is widely used as a cure for warts and has been effective in healing some skin cancers.

Sara was able to interest the "right physician" in her supposed cancer cure. Although his real name cannot be used, suffice it to say he is a repu-

table and popular physician in southern California. Coincidentally he was the doctor who was treating Jan for breast cancer at the time Sara located her for us in 1975. (Jan's cancer was cured by mastectomy.)

The Shaw-Whitley case is not an isolated experience. It took place in an area of California which has hosted numerous UFO sightings since the mid-1940's. All types of UFO phenomena, such as maneuvering lights, daytime sightings, landings, close encounters and humanoid contacts, have been reported there. Most peculiarly, as we researched Jan and Sara's experience, we discovered a "contagion-like" aspect of it — between 1954 and 1975 several friends of theirs independently had UFO close encounters and abduction experiences.

Other UFO-related phenomena such as mystery helicopters and ghostly apparitions are reported from this isolated mountainous region. The investigation of the Shaw-Whitley case and other Tujunga UFO reports continues.

Note: A comprehensive treatment of the Shaw-Whitley case and the related "contagious" UFO encounters will appear in *The Tujunga Canyon Contacts* by Ann Druffel and D. Scott Rogo, to be published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., in June 1980.



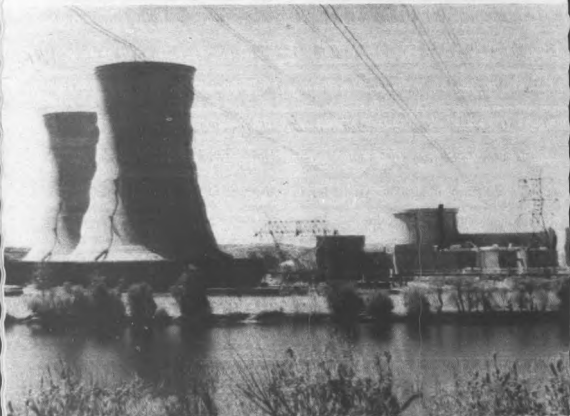
DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

TWIN GIRLS born New Year's Day 1979 in Clinton, Okla., came as no surprise to their parents, Donald and Wilma Twobabies. Mrs. Twobabies was expecting two babies; twins run in the Twobabies family.

THE PSYCHIC SIDE OF THREE MILE ISLAND

A nuclear calamity was in the making but nobody knew it except those who "saw" it in their dreams. Then the statue began to weep.

By Larry E. Arnold



In March 1979 the worst commercial reactor accident in the United States occurred at the Unit 2 electrical generating complex at Metropolitan Edison's Three Mile Island nuclear station in southern Pennsylvania. (Photo copyright Larry E. Arnold.)

IN THE PREDAWN blackness of Wednesday, March 28, 1979, millions of mid-Atlantic residents slumbered unaware that their lives and homes were about to be threatened by a potential holocaust. Ten miles south of Pennsylvania's capital at Harrisburg and only four miles from 11,000 unsuspecting persons in Middletown, equipment at Metropolitan Edison Company's Three Mile Island (TMI) nuclear station Unit 2 began tripping out at 4:00 A.M. Within seconds the reactor was out of control as its fission furnace boiled off vital coolant and TMI-2 seemed to be on its way to a Class IX meltdown — the ultimate nuclear horror popularly called the China Syndrome.

Not until some three hours later, just after seven o'clock when an alarmed Met-Ed official phoned off-site emergency personnel, did the world beyond Three Mile Island learn for the first time of the crippled reactor and the catastrophic destruction it could unleash at any moment. At least that's the official story.

In reality, however, some persons living in the radiation shadow of Met-Ed's twin reactors — a zone hundreds of miles long — were not surprised when an event the nuclear industry had declared "impossible" took place. This is the story, until now unpublished, of the psychic side of Three Mile Island.

"I KNOW IT sounds strange," the 28-year-old caller began, "but I just had to tell someone." Then — in October 1978, six months before the nuclear accident — he proceeded to relate the following dream:



Before TMI accident tears fell from eyes of Weeping Bronze of Hiroshima. (Photo courtesy J. Demetrius and L. E. Arnold.)

"I was looking down on Three Mile Island," he said. "It was a reasonably clear night. I thought I saw steam and I thought I saw the air charged with static electricity. I saw a lot of that around the towers. I know there are flashing lights on the towers [for air-

craft warning] but this was different. These flashes weren't part of the tower lights!"

The weather in the early hours of March 28, 1979, would indeed be clear. And although the symbolism of the "flashing lights" was unclear at the time, it apparently represented the tremendous energies being liberated as the fabric of matter was ripped apart in a yet-distant runaway reactor. He also sensed an unmistakable "air of chaos about the dream."

Afraid of harassment from Met-Ed, he mentioned the dream only to a few close friends in confidence. Then he forgot about it — until March 28, when it all came back to him. Besides being astonished at the accuracy of his precognitive dream, he also was puzzled. "The air of chaos in the dream didn't seem matched by what seemed to be happening," he said.

The officials of Met-Ed and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) were saying everything was under control but he didn't believe them. "I left town for a week," he said, "not simply from fear but because of the dream. It was *so real* that I felt clearly something yet was to happen."

And indeed it did. The reactor — and the experts trying to tame it — were hardly so serenely stable as the public was being led to believe. With the reactor defying attempts to reach a "cold shutdown" (a term coined especially for TMI-2), the operators found it necessary to vent radiation into the atmosphere. One such "uncontrolled release" wafted northward and over the home of the dreamer who had now evacuated!

On February 4, 1979, a month and a half before the accident, Rita Betzko of Middletown, Pa., happened to mention to psychic Peggy Townsend-Beddoes that her son Ken had applied for a job as an electronics technician at Three Mile Island. "Her immediate response," Mrs. Betzko wrote in her diary, "was a warning that Ken should not accept a job at Three Mile Island as she was picking up something about a serious accident occurring there."

Three or four weeks later another area resident had a dream with "an air of reality and an air of chaos." As he slept, a Harrisburg man dreamed of "static electrically charged lights [crackling] around a series of towers readily identified as reactor cooling structures. Above the towers, in the sky," he said, "I saw orangish-red flashes going around the towers." They were, he said, "sparklike effects going on very sporadically." As he told friends soon afterwards, "I wasn't sure of any one thing except that it was Three Mile Island."

Meanwhile Linda Campbell, who lived a few miles from the about-to-be-ruined reactor, went to bed one night in early March and had a strange dream.

"I was riding in the front of a school bus which was airborne," she recalled. "The school bus then dipped down as if going over a hill and there was the reactor!" But something was wrong. "Black clouds of smoke were coming from the reactors," she remembered. "Then papers . . ."

She "saw" dark smoke — as opposed to the usual white billowing steam — gushing from the cooling towers. She couldn't tell whether Unit

1 or Unit 2 was malfunctioning. Even when she woke she had "a bad feeling that it wasn't over. Nothing specific, just that it involved Three Mile Island."

* * *

AS THE COSMIC clock ticked off the days, a different sort of paranormal message about the hazards of the atomic age appeared in Pennsylvania. It harked back to the world's first great atomic disaster at Hiroshima, Japan, during the closing days of World War II.

On August 6, 1945, as the American bomber *Enola Gay* dropped its atomic cargo upon the unsuspecting city, an elegant bronze statue of a young Japanese maiden sat on a shelf in the home of Allen Demetrius of Pittsburgh. "That night I was astonished," Demetrius said. "It was like she [the statue] was weeping about the bombing. The tears were rolling down her face!"

For a time thousands of curiosity seekers came to observe the oxidation-stained face of the Weeping Bronze of Hiroshima. But public interest in the statue gradually waned over the years until one day it once again made the headlines in the *Pittsburgh Press*. The date? Sunday, March 18, 1979 — just 10 days before TMI Unit 2 unleashed radioactivity upon south central Pennsylvania.

"The statue seemed to want to intervene," Demetrius' son John remarked later. And his father said, "It was as though the statue wanted to warn us something was going to happen. . . ."

In the days to come other psychic warnings flashed.

One recipient was Helen Bierstein, a woman in her 60's with a long interest in psychic and spiritual matters. "Take your things and leave! There is cancer here," an urgent voice told her in her sleep. "Take a black coat and leave!" Heeding the message she and her husband fled the house in time to escape the radioactive plume from TMI-2 that later drifted over their home. As it turned out, Mrs. Bierstein needed her "black coat" to wear at a funeral that took place during their evacuation.

Also at this time Massina Thompson of Carlisle (24 miles west of TMI-2) was having her own clairvoyant vision of a nuclear accident. "It came suddenly," she said of a vision that came to her as she meditated. "It was like a photograph — a big, big picture — being projected. I actually saw this tower erupting with a brilliant red glow inside, the upper lip of the tower intensified by white steam — or what I call steam — gushing forth. What I saw was already in the process of happening. I didn't know what it was, though." A week later, looking at photos taken for UPI by her son at TMI, she gasped in amazement as she examined one print of a massive cooling tower. "That's what I saw in my vision!" she exclaimed.

Meanwhile, in Hummelstown (7½ miles northeast of TMI), a 54-year-old woman eating breakfast "heard" a radio news broadcast about an accident and radiation leakage at Three Mile Island. No such accident had occurred at that point; no such broadcast had been made — then. But seven days later, she claims, "I heard the same announcer at the same time in

the morning repeat word-for-word while I was having breakfast the *same* words I had heard before, only this time more followed. . . ."

Two days later, on March 23, Pittsburgh psychic Marianne Elko saw a preview for *The China Syndrome* in a movie theater. When told by an usher that the film was about a nuclear reactor accident, she blurted out, "That's not unusual. We're going to have that *next week* in Pennsylvania."

On March 25, as Ray Lockhard paused on the porch of his girl friend's house in Harrisburg, he looked to the south to see, in the clear Sunday evening air, TMI's gargantuan cooling towers. "I don't feel right about the place," he said. "My intuition's giving me a creepy feeling about it."

And two days after that Mary Mulholland, a 44-year-old widow living in southeast Harrisburg, was lying in bed half asleep when her father, who had died in May 1978, appeared before her. "I wasn't dreaming," she says. "A very terrible, terrible look was on his face. It was like he was warning me." Twice she asked what the danger was but the only response was a haunting look in phantom eyes pleading she might understand without words. Then the apparition vanished.

When Mrs. Mulholland awoke early the following morning and entered her workroom, she was startled to discover on her desk a photograph of the "Christ-in-the-Clouds," a figure

supposedly resembling Jesus with outstretched arms that appeared over Harrisburg during the catastrophic Hurricane Agnes flood of 1972. Of the scores of pictures on the wall, only it had fallen — directly onto her desk.

Even more startling, the supporting tack remained firmly embedded in the wall; yet the edge of the miraculous photo had not been ripped through! How then had it fallen? Was it a deceased father's final attempt to warn his Catholic-raised daughter, through a religiously-revered object, of the danger which by now was brewing inside TMI's runaway reactor?

Also during the night of March 27-28 an elderly woman in Carlisle dreamed of a former residence, a second-floor apartment next to a firehouse. In the night sky of her dream, she "saw" a brilliant red glow on the horizon and "a big column of fire to the east" — precisely in the direction of Three Mile Island. Perplexed because there was no alarm or commotion from the fire department next door, she opened the window and saw the firemen milling around looking at the fire to the east.

"Why aren't you putting out the fire?" she asked.

"Lady," a fireman replied, "it's not the kind of fire you put out with water."

And quite possibly, at that very moment, the atomic conflagration within the fission furnace at Three Mile Island was beginning. . . .



WAITING FOR THE HIDDEN IMAM

The last living Imam, Muhammad's 12th successor, disappeared 1100 years ago. The Iranians believe he will return one day.

By Donald N. Wilber

THE TWO major branches of Islam are Sunnism and Shi'ism. While the greater part of the Muslim world follows Sunnism, the majority faith in Iran is Shi'ah Islam, or Shi'ism, that of the Twelve Imams. It was proclaimed the official religion in an article of the constitution which came into effect in Iran in 1906-1907 (now replaced by a constitution of the Islamic Republic). The article spells out the role of religion in the land and states that Shi'ism is to remain operative "until the appearance of the Imam of the Time. May Allah hasten his appearance." The terms "Imam of the Time," *Imam-i-zamaniyya*, and "Lord of the Age," *Sahib al-Zaman*, signify the "Hidden Imam."

Christianity and Islam share certain beliefs and traditions concerning the impending end of the world. According to the New Testament, Jesus Christ will return in triumph to judge the quick and the dead. According to Islamic tradition, Jesus' return will be preceded by the appearance of a false

Christ called *al-masih al-Dajjal*, the deceiver-messiah. In many ways he will manage to attract thoughtless persons. Even the donkey he rides will have hairs like musical instruments which will vibrate beautifully in the wind and instead of dung the animal will drop dates to deceive the youth. The deceiver will gather followers and approach Jerusalem where the Hidden Imam will be mobilizing the faithful. Then, suddenly, the true Christ will descend from heaven, each hand resting on the shoulder of an angel, and will slay the false Christ.

To understand the concept of the Hidden Imam, it is necessary to examine the differing tenets of the Shi'ites and the Sunni, or Orthodox, sect of Islam which followed the Sunna or Tradition of the Prophet. To the Sunnis the imam is essentially a leader of group prayers. To the Shi'ites, the Imam (with a capital "I") is the divine, infallible successor of Muhammad but only if he comes from the line of 'Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law.

How the Qoran was revealed to Muhammad was discussed in my article, "Pilgrimage to Mecca," in the April 1976 issue of FATE. Muhammad died in A. D. 632 without male issue and without providing for his succession. His daughter Fatima, however, had married 'Ali and gave him two sons Hasan and Husayn. Upon the Prophet's death, the first three to follow him as caliphs (successors) were his former associates. Then 'Ali, the son-in-law, was chosen as the fourth caliph. He reigned from A. D. 656 to 661 but he never received the allegiance of all the Muslims. After waging increasingly unsuccessful civil wars, he was assassinated.

The Shi'ites, or "partisans" of 'Ali's family, supported his son Hasan as his successor but to no avail. The Omayyad Dynasty came to power in Arabia with the assassination of 'Ali and the first Omayyad caliph, Mu'awiya I, forced Hasan's abdication. On the accession of Yazid, Mu'awiya's son, after the latter's death in A. D. 680, the second brother Husayn pressed his claim and set out on an ill-advised adventure against the Omayyads. He and his small band of followers were surrounded by the army of Yazid on the plain of Karbala in Iraq. After suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst for 10 days, Husayn's little band was overwhelmed on the 10th day of the month of Muharram (A. D. 680). The body of Husayn was said to have suffered 33 strokes of the lance and 34 blows of the sword.

The Iranians (then Persians) became ardent Muslims. Their established culture had an impact on the

new religion which has been called the Persian conquest of Islam. They claimed that Husayn had married a daughter of the last ruler of the Sasanian Empire which had been centered in Iran and they developed a special dogma exalting 'Ali's family as sinless and Husayn's sacrifice as an atonement for the sins of mankind.

At this time the Shi'ites began to commemorate the tragedy at Karbala with sermons, processions of flagellants and special dramas. Wearing white so that the blood would show clearly, men slashed themselves with swords and knives — a practice which was outlawed under Reza Shah, father of the now-deposed Shah.

The dramas (called *ta'ziyeh*) were arranged in three cycles — the state of affairs before Karbala, the battle itself and the death of Husayn, and the aftermath of Karbala. The Islamic calendar is lunar and the months rotate around the year, so the 10th of Muharram, the climax of the mourning, falls within various solar months of the Gregorian calendar. (In 1979 the 10th of Muharram fell near the end of November; everyone knows the situation in Tehran at that time.)

The caliphs of the Omayyad and Abbasid Dynasties who ruled the Arabian Empire from the Eighth to the 11th Centuries were defenders of the Sunni sect but the Shi'ites of Iran, clung to the line of 'Ali and to the line of the Imams. That is, 'Ali, Hasan and Husayn were the first three Imams. The fourth was a son of Husayn and the line continued. Each Imam was considered to have divine infallibility; each could work miracles; each named his own successor; and each

met death by violence — usually by poison.

The Imams are worshiped as martyrs and the Shi'ites make pilgrimages to their shrines. Highly regarded in Iran is Ali Reza, the eighth Imam, whose tomb at Mashhad in northeast Iran has been a place of pilgrimage for many centuries. It is situated in a glorious complex of religious structures erected over many hundreds of years and its tomb chamber is crowned by a dome sheathed with gilded copper plates.

Fatima, a daughter of the seventh Imam and sister of Ali Reza, was called Ma'sumeh the Innocent. When she fell ill on a journey and died in Qum in central Iran about A. D. 815, a shrine complex rapidly grew up around her tomb and became a place of pilgrimage. Her brother Ali Reza said, "Whoever visits her will go to heaven." In later centuries many of Iran's most learned theologians chose to be buried within the shrine enclosure. In recent times, Qum has become the major residence of religious scholars including a number of ayatollahs.

Unlike Christianity and Judaism, Islam has no formal hierarchy of priests whose major concern is spiritual teaching. Clerics in Iran attend religious schools and colleges and attain recognized levels of learning but they have functions which are as much legal — and potentially political — as spiritual. The most numerous of the clerical class are the mullahs who are in charge of the mosques in villages and towns. Above these are the *'ulama*, learned in religious law, and above them a

smaller group of mujtahids who alone have the power to interpret and resolve theological problems and to express the intentions of the Hidden Imam.

After years of teaching and writing on religious subjects one of the *'ulama* may aspire to the exalted title of Ayatollah, literally "the sign of Allah." No committee of his peers decides that such a scholar is entitled to call himself Ayatollah. He himself makes the personal decision that his peers will not object to his assumption of the title. Once he is accepted as an ayatollah, his influence may be pervasive. He receives large financial contributions from the faithful — more likely from the "old-fashioned" merchants of Tehran's vast covered bazaar than from modern industrialists and entrepreneurs. Always available to supplicants, the ayatollah dispenses money to the needy and uses his influence to help those in conflict with the law or other higher authority.

Because his education is largely limited to religious subjects, mathematics and philosophy, in other fields an ayatollah may be out of touch with the times. When Pope John Paul II was in Chicago attending a concert, he gave a brief talk on the importance of art and music to religion. When an ayatollah at Tehran who had said he was opposed to music was asked if he included the music of Bach, Beethoven and Verdi, he replied, "I don't know those names." This quotation is not cited to denigrate the ayatollah but to emphasize his lack of interest in secular affairs and in cultural life. He is one of the select class of mujtahids and his concerns

have an entirely different focus, as we shall see.

The Iranians have long felt that evil, not good, holds the upper hand in their world. Through the centuries they have prayed, "Peace be upon Thee, Lord of the Age," and called for the Hidden Imam's appearance as their sole hope for future happiness. The mujtahids, as guardians of Shi'ism, were more articulate and held to the position that no form of government except that of the Hidden Imam was legitimate. Thus there has been a continuing struggle between the reigning shah and the mujtahids as to who was going to rule the state. The mujtahids were not simply opposed to the shah; they were against any form of government other than that of the Hidden Imam or, in his continued absence, government by themselves as his representatives on earth.

When the shahs were very powerful, as during the Safavid Dynasty in the 16th and early 17th Centuries, they used a combination of force, coercion and compromise to avoid serious confrontations with the mujtahids. In the late 17th Century, weak Safavid shahs were dominated by the mujtahids and in this period the country suffered a decline in political and military power and in economic prosperity. It is not my intent to try to explain why the recently-deposed Shah, who seemed in a position of great strength, lost his throne to the mujtahids, but it is proper to point out that there may be a relationship between the decline of the country in the late 17th Century and the immediate future of Iran.

Who is the Hidden Imam? The 12th Imam, Mohammed Al-Muntazar, was

not yet in his teens in A. D. 878 when he descended into the sardab of his house at Samarra in Iraq. (A sardab is an underground room dug deep into the earth to provide some coolness during the scorching summer heat.) He did not reappear.

Until about A. D. 940 a series of *vakils* (deputies) represented the Hidden Imam but the last died without naming a successor, stating that the matter was now with Allah. This lack of succession posed a serious problem: Who was now to be the leader of the Shi'ites? From that day to this, the mujtahids have been the Hidden Imam's earthly representatives.

Fairly soon after the Imam's disappearance a mosque was built near Samarra at the place where he was expected to reappear. Ibn Battuta, an Arab traveler renowned in the middle of the 14th Century, visited the mosque. He found a veil of silk stretched across the entrance and recorded that it was a practice for the people "to come daily, armed to the number of a hundred, to the door of this mosque, bringing with them a horse saddled and bridled, a great number of persons also with drums and trumpets, and say 'Come forth, Lord of the Age, for tyranny and baseness now abound; this then is the time for the egress, that, by thy means, Allah may divide between truth and falsehood.' They wait until night and then return to their homes."

And so the Shi'ites of Iran continue to wait. They have suffered through invasions, internal conflicts and the appearance of false prophets, sustained by unflagging faith in the Hidden Imam.

The Curse of the Yeavil

When George O'Hara refused to pay his debts his creditors called on supernatural forces to extract an awful vengeance.

By Lourdes A. Pavey

ALTHOUGH it happened a long time ago, many older people who live in Villupuram, a railway junction some 90 miles inland from Madras, India, remember well the time the curse of the Yeavil was visited upon one of their neighbors. They will tell you that the trouble started in September 1934 when George O'Hara, an Anglo-Indian engine driver for the Southern Indian Railway Company, retired.

Shortly after George's promotion from first fireman to engine driver some 25 years earlier, he had married his wife Mary. Now they had six children. The eldest was Willie; he was already a second fireman. The second was Beni; he had just started work as an apprentice engine cleaner. The third was Melissa, a pretty 17-year-old with a sandalwood complexion. The last three were Sue, 14, Jack, 10, and eight-year-old Nana.

In the first week of November, George O'Hara received his full settlement from the railway company, a handsome 65,000 rupees (\$8000 at that time). Soon after receiving the money, the O'Haras began to live it up a little — as all just-retired families in the colony are wont to do. This may

have been the start of the ugly rumors that began to come out.

In the billiards room of the Railway Institute, engine driver Swanson told all the other drivers, firemen and guards that George O'Hara was playing dirty; he was not paying his debts. In the reading room, stationmaster Lopez reported that the O'Haras' English-speaking ayah had told his wife that O'Hara had torn to shreds the documents which proved he owed two Hindu moneylenders and then had told them to go to hell.

The big news came from L. W. Chottiar. He was a high-caste Hindu, a moneylender and a familiar figure in the railway colony. Almost everyone there had borrowed money from him at one time or another. Chottiar came to the Railway Institute one Sunday evening and told everyone there that George O'Hara had played a lousy trick on him. O'Hara had called on Chottiar, showing every intention of wanting to pay up, then grabbed from Chottiar's hand the legal bond he had given him for 25,000 rupees, tore it up and threw it like confetti into the old man's face. Furthermore, Chottiar said, Melissa and Willie O'Hara had jeered at him, adding insult to insult.

Only Beni had begged his father to see reason and had argued on the money-lender's behalf.

After this story came many others, like one muddy flood wave after another, and pretty soon the whole town was wallowing in them. The baker, the rice merchant, the oil merchant and the whiskey merchant all told stories of having their credit account books flung in their faces.

Suddenly the stories stopped — and the whole railway colony seethed with a quiet excitement. Everyone there — except the O'Haras — knew that the cheated creditors had put on saffron robes and visited the demon temple on a nearby hill, there to fast, pray and lash themselves for 21 days. And nobody in the colony doubted that at the end of that time something awful was going to happen to the O'Haras.

* * *

ON NEW YEAR'S Eve 1935 the Anglo-Indian section of Villupuram wore a festive air. Everybody was going to the New Year's Ball. In the ballroom of the Railway Institute, Tamil boys — billiards markers, bearers, peons and clerks — were pumping up gas lamps, arranging chairs, hanging paper chains and waxing the dance floor.

At nine o'clock Melissa O'Hara, with her brothers Willie and Beni, set out for the Railway Institute. Melissa knew she looked great in her chili-red French crepe de chine ankle-length gown. It was a low-cut frilly thing, a copy of a gown Jean Harlow had worn in the movie *Dinner at Eight*. Melissa stopped under a street lamp to pose and ask her brothers if she looked O.K. For answer they whistled.

Melissa laughed and told them that they too looked grand in their brand-new custom-made English tweed suits.

The ballroom was packed with merrymakers. When Melissa entered, prolonged wolf whistles sounded from all directions. Even the British railway officers and their guests — fellow-colonials and officers from the nearby Nellikuppam sugar factory — twirled their mustaches approvingly.

Things went well for Melissa at first. Her sweetheart Mel Black took her for the Grand March of course and later when the emcee announced a foxtrot, she and Mel danced again. Melissa loved him. He was a first fireman and he had asked her to marry him. She had promised to give her answer at the New Year's Ball.

"Please don't talk about me when I'm gone," sang Mel as he held Melissa close and glided across the floor. Melissa snuggled up to him — but suddenly he stopped dead and pushed her away, a startled expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" Melissa asked.

"Christ!" he said. "Can't you smell it?"

Melissa sniffed. "Did I use too much Evening in Paris?"

"Evening in Paris, hell! You're smelling pretty awful."

"What are you saying, Mel? It's not a good joke."

"I swear it, Melissa," said Mervin. "It's one hell of a damn smell and it's coming from you."

She turned away, her eyes brimming. Through a blur of tears she could see the other dancers looking at

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LOURDES ANTHONY PAVEY was born in Madras, India, on April 10, 1923. He joined the British army in April 1943 and served for three years in the Royal Army Medical Corps, winning two medals. He taught grade school from 1948 through 1951, then won a scholarship at the Government Arts College, where he taught fine arts for two years. He then worked as a dancer and choreographer in Indian movies. Afterwards he took up a writing career and has published widely in Indian magazines and newspapers. A member of the All-India Anglo-Indian Association, he is a private tutor in advanced English. His hobbies include dancing, painting and reading. A bachelor, he lives in his native Madras.



her. Some had stopped dancing and were pointing at her rudely.

"Let me take you home, Melissa," Mel said.

But Melissa wasn't listening. She had caught sight of her brother Willie. He was in some kind of trouble at the other end of the hall. While two of Willie's friends were restraining him, the emcee was making rapid gestures and pointing to his nose.

Melissa ran to Willie's side and Beni joined them.

"Cut it out, Willie," Beni said. "Let's go home."

"Do you know what these buggers are saying about me?"

"I know," said Beni. "We can't explain it so let's go home."

Somebody handed Willie his coat and the three O'Haras left the Railway Institute.

"My God!" Melissa said when they were on the road. "I must be dreaming all this. It just can't be happening."

"How did it start, Willie?" Beni asked.

"I was dancing with Dotty Woods," said Willie, "when suddenly she pushed me away and said I was smelling bad. I started to argue and she called the emcee. That's when you and Melissa came up."

"Mel did the same to me," sobbed Melissa. "What is happening to us?"

"You seem to have had no trouble," Willie said to Beni.

Beni shrugged.

"You mean nobody accused you of a stink?" asked Melissa. "Strange!"

"Not strange really," said Beni thoughtfully. "What is strange is that the moment you two stepped out of the Institute you ceased to smell. Let's hurry home. I've a feeling something is happening there too."

When they reached home they found the O'Hara bungalow still brightly lighted. Inside, although everything was quiet, there was an unmistakable undercurrent of fear. The three youngest children were awake and sitting huddled together on a settee in the hall. Flanking them at

the ends of the settee were George and Mary O'Hara, stark amazement on their faces.

"What's happening, Ma?" Melissa asked.

"Rocks," her mother said simply.

"They're crashing in through every window in the house," her father said. Melissa looked at the floor and gasped. It was littered with rocks and slivers of broken windowpanes.

"The rocks don't hurt anybody, though," said George, and as if to prove it, just then a rock came crashing in, passed an inch in front of Melissa's face and hit the wall behind her.

"No human can throw a rock with such force," said Beni.

"That's what the police said when I sent for them," George O'Hara said. He arose from the settee and put a rock in Beni's hand. "When the police were convinced it wasn't someone playing a prank, they said it was the 'Yeavil,' a curse which an enemy has put on us. And to prove it, they gave me a rock and asked me to put my signature on it. I did so with a piece of chalk. Then, as they instructed, I went to the east window and flung the stone far out. Two seconds later it came crashing in through the west window."

Beni looked at the rock bearing his father's signature, then let it drop.

"What are we going to do, Pa?" This came from Willie.

"Fight 'em," said George O'Hara.

"Pay your debts, Pa, before it's too late," said Beni.

"Son," said George, shaking a finger at him, "you've been against us from the start. I've sent word to Father Beaudall and he's coming to

bless the house tomorrow morning, first thing. He'll stop it."

Beni knew the pious French missionary. He asked, "Did you tell the priest about your debts, Pa?"

"The next time you mention my debts," his father said, "I'll kick you out of the house, you bugger."

"It won't stop the Yeavil, Pa." Beni said.

News of the priest's visit spread like wildfire from ayahs to maids throughout the railway colony. Consequently — and the O'Haras were not a little indignant over it — early next morning, some 300 of their neighbors were standing in a semicircle beyond the front gate. With folded arms and stolid faces the crowd was watching the goings-on at the O'Hara bungalow.

Promptly at nine o'clock an old bullock cart rumbled up to the O'Haras' outer gate. Everybody in the crowd recognized the tubby, 65-year-old, apple-cheeked Father Beaudall as an altar boy helped him out of the cart. Standing in the road the priest put on his stole and cape; then he took the holy water sprinkler from the altar boy. Then he looked wonderingly at the gaping crowd.

"I see so much people for simple house blessing," he said in a strong French accent.

George O'Hara who had come out to greet him said nothing but turned and led the priest through his outer gate and into his compound. But the priest had barely set foot in the compound when he was caught up in a sudden gust of wind. The sprinkler was knocked from his hand and he himself was lifted bodily off the ground. The crowd cried out in alarm.

But the capricious wind let him down safely on the road. Visibly shaken by the experience and his vestments askew, Father Beaudall turned to a rather sheepish George O'Hara.

"My good man, what have you done to deserve this evil?"

"Father has not paid his debts," said Beni who had now come out of the house to join them.

"Pay your debts, Mr. O'Hara," said the priest, "and there will be no need for blessings."

With that the priest climbed back into the cart and drove away. With the priest gone the crowd started to disperse. Only when the last spectator had gone did George and Beni go back into the house. Melissa met them in the hall.

"Let's pay up the debts, Pa," she pleaded.

"I never thought to hear that from my own daughter. No, I shall not pay them. If God will not help me I know a magician who will."

The magician took 5000 rupees from George O'Hara and in return swore to put a stop to the curse within a week. And true enough, within a few days the barrage of rocks ceased. With everything returned to normal at the O'Hara house, everyone was able to catch up on sleep.

At the end of an uneventful week a jubilant and somewhat tipsy George O'Hara was seated at lunch one day with his family. Suddenly he jumped up from the table choking and spitting out his food. His family looked at his plate and there in the middle of his fried rice was a dark wet thing. You didn't have to look twice to know it was fresh human excrement.

In less than half an hour George O'Hara was again in consultation with his magician who was sympathetic and recommended another counter-move which was to involve the sacrifice of a black billy goat. It would cost another 5000 rupees.

For three days, while he waited for the magician's spell to become effective, George O'Hara went without food because the disgusting "thing" appeared in his plate at every meal. Then on the fourth morning it failed to show up and he ate a hearty breakfast. At lunch the same day it showed up again and this time not only on George's plate but on everybody's except Beni's and the children's.

For the next three days, the "thing" kept appearing at every meal and although Beni's plate was always clean he preferred to starve with his family. The children were never troubled. On the fourth day the "thing" failed to appear and all the O'Haras ate heartily that day. But the following day —

At the end of three weeks the O'Haras, the children excepted, were shadows of their former selves. It seemed the "thing" permitted them just enough food to keep them alive. About this time too the O'Haras' house became a sort of free house of horrors for the entire railway colony. For besides the revolting "thing" and the flying rocks which had made a comeback, other astonishing things were happening. Shoes flew through the air and sometimes hit Melissa or her mother in the face. Small fires became commonplace. George O'Hara saw his currency, 500 rupees at a time, mysteriously catch fire. Brand-new

clothes burst into flames as soon as they had been hung up.

The O'Haras were terrified. They sent the youngest children to live with neighbors, then begged friends to stay with them night and day. One night, as the O'Haras tried to rest, about 20 young men from the colony were keeping watch in the bungalow, smoking, sipping tea and playing cards. A little after midnight they heard a distant sound which seemed to be drawing closer. As it grew in volume, they recognized the sound as the squealing and grunting of hundreds of pigs. Before anything could be done, the pigs had crashed through the front of the house and surged out the back way. The pigs were invisible to the watchers but they had trampled the furniture to bits and left muddy hoofprints on the floor. A few nights later a similar thing happened, only this time the watchers heard the snortings and hoofbeats of hundreds of charging bulls.

Not many of the young men were willing to keep watch at the O'Hara bungalow after this. Only Alfie Frantz and Melvin Black were willing to brave it. Now, with only these two on watch, the O'Haras began to see things.

Mary O'Hara came dashing from the bathroom one evening, screaming that there was a baboon there. Melissa on two occasions started up from sleep; sobbing hysterically that a hairy ape was trying to make love to her. Nor were George and Willie spared; each time they looked in a mirror, they saw a monkey's face alongside their own.

After a week of this, Alfie Frantz

recommended that the O'Haras split up, suggesting that each member of the family should go to live with a different family in the colony. Ready to grasp at any straw, the O'Haras followed this suggestion and it worked. But such an arrangement couldn't last indefinitely.

Beni O'Hara stayed on at the bungalow and his father dropped in almost daily to take money to pay the magicians with whom he was in consultation day and night. On one of these visits he met Mel Black on the verandah.

"Mr. O'Hara," said Mel, "Chottiar is willing to call off the whole thing if you'll make a public apology."

"Never!" roared O'Hara. He showed Mel a fat roll of 100-rupee notes. "This is for a new magician, a genius. He is not only going to get all my money back but he is going to turn the curse back on L. W. Chottiar."

But of course nothing like that happened.

* * *

WHEN George O'Hara retired in September 1934 he knew that he would have to vacate his bungalow within six months. Toward the end of February 1935 he received a letter from the Southern Indian Railway Company giving him a week's time to vacate the bungalow. This turn of events brought all the O'Haras back to the bungalow. They were apprehensive at first but it soon became clear that their torment was over. On the third day that the family was again under one roof, Melissa and her mother were telling each other that the curse was gone. But then, so was their money. The O'Haras now were

paupers. What money had not been spent or burned had been squandered on "magicians."

The day the O'Haras left the colony the neighbors wept but no one had the heart to go out and wish them good-bye. Many of them had contributed to a fund of 3000 rupees which Alfie Frantz collected for the destitute family.

Soon after the O'Haras left, L. W. Chottiar sold his land and houses and left Villupuram. He was never heard of again.

Mary O'Hara died in a diabetic coma before the year was out and George O'Hara, until he died in 1950, spent his days in the marketplace. Ragged and haunted, he would tell any passerby his story — for a fee.

Willie O'Hara married and had two children but he was never able to

make ends meet. Finally his wife left him, taking the children with her. Later Willie was sacked by the railway company and died in the poorhouse in 1952.

Melissa O'Hara married Mel Black but she died in childbirth after contracting smallpox.

Beni O'Hara now lives in Tambaram, Madras. He is a happy, prosperous white-haired grandfather.

The three youngest children — Sue, Jack and Nana — are all married and leading a hand to mouth existence. Money just doesn't seem to come their way. And hardly a day passes without one or the other uttering a curse on old George O'Hara.

Father Beaudall is long dead but the altar boy, now in his 50's, lives in Periamet, Madras. I was that altar boy.



SPANISH WERE FIRST TO SETTLE MARYLAND

A COMMEMORATIVE papal medal found on Assateague Island in October 1979 is evidence that the Spanish were the first to settle the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, according to Donald Stewart, director of the Five Fathom Lightship Museum in Ocean City, Md. He said the medal bears a profile of Pope Gregory XIII and is dated 1572, long before the English landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1607.

The medal is made of lead laminated with copper. Stewart said that Spanish seamen learned from 16th-Century Moors how to laminate lead with copper to protect ship bottoms. A New York appraiser told Stewart that the commemorative medal was

among 100 minted in Spain, of which 99 were given to top papal and Spanish officials. One gold-laminated coin went to the King of Spain.

Pope Gregory XIII was the patron of Jesuit priests, who are known to have been exploring the Chesapeake region in the 16th Century. The Spanish explorer Pedro Medendez de Aviles was investigating the Atlantic coast in the 1570's and had established Jesuit colonies in southern North Carolina and St. Augustine, Fla. The medal may indicate that Aviles also set up a colony on Maryland's eastern shore. Historians have believed that Spaniards navigated Chesapeake Bay in the 1500's but did not go ashore.

Old Soldiers DON'T Fade Away

Between missions veteran Luftwaffe pilots retreat to their Officers' Club to mourn their dead comrades and bolster their courage with bottled spirits.

By Raymond B. Padgett

WHEN United States Army Specialist Mary Memfi agreed to moonlight as night cook at the Officers' Club in Katterbach, Germany, she did not anticipate entering the realm of the supernatural. But during her first stint of duty at Katterbach, she encountered the spirits of Hitler's elite

Condor Legion — Luftwaffe pilots who do not choose to fade away.

Mary reported for work on a Wednesday evening in June 1976. After the last officer left the club at 11:00 P. M. and the building had been secured, Mary was surprised to see a crowd of men still lingering at the main bar with



Officers' Club at Katterbach Air Base was built about 1938. Headquartered at the base was German Bomber Wing 53, the Condor Legion which was called Hitler's elite.



When Mary Memfi agreed to moonlight as night cook she was a specialist in the army. She was later commissioned.

Juan Perez, an assistant manager. Approaching Robert John, a reporter for *The Stars and Stripes*, Mary asked about the regulation-busting gathering.

"These are gentlemen from the German press," John told her. "This club is haunted and we want the story. The ghosts are said to appear regularly at about 3:00 A. M. on Thursdays. We'll wait for them."

And wait the newsmen did — until four o'clock in the morning. Her work was finished but Mary, who shared the reporters' curiosity, waited with them. The ghosts apparently were publicity-shy. They failed to appear.

The Katterbach ghosts were not

publicized until about a year later when reporters interviewed Capt. Louis Howard, the club manager. He told them that the Officers' Club had been built about 1938 at the Katterbach Air Base, headquarters for German Bomber Wing 53, the Condor Legion which was recognized as Hitler's elite. These veteran pilots, who got their initial training during the Spanish Civil War, flew missions over Poland, France, England and Russia during World War II. Between missions they retreated to the Katterbach club to mourn their dead comrades and to bolster their courage for the next day with bottled spirits and camaraderie.

Captain Howard told of hearing hob-nailed boots on wooden floors and the sound of windows opening and closing. He mentioned mysterious lights and music and loud parties in the Keller Bar and in the empty ballroom after the club had been locked for the night. He reported that the temperature dropped considerably when the ghosts were on hand and that glasses of wine left on the bar were found empty the next morning.

One night, when he was living in quarters in the club, Captain Howard listened on the intercom for 15 minutes to sounds of revelry in the Keller Bar. When he shut off the intercom and went downstairs to investigate, he found the premises dark and deserted.

Captain Howard went on to describe some of Mary Memfi's experiences but he didn't have the whole story. He had heard and witnessed only some of the supernatural phenomena but his observations had convinced him that the dead Condor Legion pilots still frequented his club.



June Bryant shared Mary Memfi's apartment in Ansbach. After Mary's first encounter with the Officers' Club haunts, she raced home, seeking June's company in the cozy apartment. June gave her little comfort, however, and urged her to quit the job.

WHEN THE disappointed reporters left the Katterbach Officers' Club that first night of Mary Memfi's employment, she retired to a couch in the Ladies' Suite (quarters for wives and female guests), seeking a few hours' sleep before she returned to her regular job at Ansbach. After lying on the couch for 15 minutes Mary felt chilled. The temperature in the room seemed to have dropped suddenly. She got up, took a blanket from a closet and wrapped it around herself.

A few minutes later, before Mary fell asleep, the drapes covering double windows in the room fell to the floor. She thought this extremely odd: they fell straight downward to the floor. This is apparently impossible, for the drapes were hung on a T-bar cut to window width and secured with screws through flanges in the middle. Rings to hold the drapery are slipped over the

bars from each end. Yet the drapes had fallen straight down before Mary's eyes.

She got up again, climbed onto a radiator cover and rehung the drapes. An hour later they fell to the floor again — straight down. At this point Mary paused just long enough to determine that the T-bar was still in place. She knew that something beyond her human experience was going on. She was frightened and her fright increased to near-hysteria when she rushed into the corridor and realized it was much warmer there than in the Ladies' Suite.

Determined to desert the haunted club, Mary hurried to the front door. When she paused to open it, she heard someone walking in heavy boots down the hallway toward her. They accelerated, as if trying to catch up with her. Mary's hands were trembling; she

could hardly sort out the right key on her ring. It was her duty to turn off the ground-floor lights but she lacked the presence of mind to do it.

Once outside the club, Mary rushed to her Spitfire two-seater, happy for the lack of speed limits in Germany. She wanted the security of her comfortable apartment in Ansbach and the company of her tenant, June Bryant. Unfortunately, June was no help at all. She proved to be the hysterical type and insisted that she herself would never work in a haunted environment. She encouraged Mary to quit.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt Puff ruled the women's apartment with paws of iron.



The next morning Mary told Captain Howard that she would not work in the haunted club unless someone stayed with her. Completely understanding her demand, the captain authorized overtime pay for his assistant Juan Perez who agreed to stay with Mary. Everything went well for the next five nights — until the regularly scheduled time for the ghosts' appearance.

At 3:00 A. M. on Thursday morning, the Condor Legion held a spectacular ball. Lights went on in the Keller Bar after the club had been locked for the night. Mary and Juan heard music, male conversation and the scuffling of heavy boots. The men seemed to be dancing together; no female voices were heard. (It has been conjectured since that females probably were excluded from the club on duty nights.)

When Mary Memfi and Juan Perez timorously descended the stairs to the Keller Bar, the lights went out and all sound ceased. They were aware only of a chill in the air and the sound of heavy footsteps receding. Then, after cook and bodyguard returned to their duties in the kitchen, the revelry resumed in the Keller Bar. Mary and Juan did not venture downstairs again. When they left the club, the party was in full progress.

The following Thursday morning the Condor Legion held another noisy party and when Mary left the club one of the spirits went home with her. Driving to Ansbach, Mary noticed that her car was unusually cold but it didn't occur to her that the ghosts would stray from the club. Then, when she had driven about halfway between Katterbach and Ansbach, she heard a

voice behind her speaking in German, a language she does not understand. Terrified, Mary wheeled her speeding Spitfire into a gasoline station where attendants helped her search the car thoroughly. When they found nothing she was somewhat reassured and continued on her way to Ansbach.

Once in her bed, she felt a chill come over her bedroom. Alarmed and wide-awake, she gradually became aware of a male presence near her bed. She sprang to the floor on the opposite side, rushed to fling the door wide open, then shouted hysterically, "Whoever you are, get out of here this instant!"

This outburst brought June Bryant running from her room. June was already almost hysterical because Puff, Mary's huge yellow cat, had hidden beneath June's bed, then pounced on her when she was deep in sleep. This was Puff's favorite game but his subsequent behavior proved that the cat had sensed the occult presence. Instead of his usual defiant attitude ("I got you that time!") the giant cat hid in a heating vent and refused to come out even at mealtime.

During the scene between Mary and June which Puff had set off, the Condor Legion ghost made off, doubtless intimidated. The temperature in Mary's room returned to normal and she no longer felt the male presence.

A week later the Katterbach Officers' Club suffered a severe loss. The dishwasher, a hard-to-find specialist, felt ghostly hands on her shoulders and immediately resigned. She had survived some 20 Condor Legion parties but this physical contact was too much for her nervous system.

For Mary Memfi and Juan Perez the weekly Condor Legion parties soon became routine. They remained alert and a little apprehensive but not overly excited. They even grew accustomed to finding the empty glasses on Thursday mornings. A day waiter was careful to leave three glasses of Rhine wine on the Keller Bar every Wednesday night. In the morning they were always mysteriously empty.

Perhaps because this obliging waiter forgot his weekly duty, the next encounter was climactic. It happened near Christmastime in 1976 when Mary and Juan were struggling with the complex front doors, trying to secure the Katterbach Officers' Club for the night.

They negotiated the first pair of 10-foot-high double doors and relocked them. Advancing four feet, Mary unlocked the outside doors and opened the free one. At this point Juan suddenly panicked. He screamed, rudely pushed Mary out of his path and ran for his car. Meanwhile, Mary could hear a low-pitched male voice speaking in German.

Later Perez explained, "I felt something icy on my neck, like a cold hand. Then a voice, speaking German, ordered that three glasses of Christmas wine be left on the Keller bar. My panic was a natural reaction."

After this experience Perez resigned from the Katterbach Club and soon thereafter Mary Memfi was ordered back to the United States. She doesn't know whether Condor Legion parties are still held at three o'clock on Thursday mornings — but it seems likely. Such old soldiers as these hearty pilots just don't fade away.

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 TME 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 TELEPATHIC DREAM

By Diana Maxwell

EARLY Sunday morning October 10, 1976, I was awakened from an unpleasant dream by the ringing telephone. As I hurried to answer it I saw that the kitchen clock read 5:45 A. M., an outrageous hour for anyone to call, I thought. Picking up the phone, I heard the voice of my friend Bruce Baker of Des Plaines, Ill., who always took my son Brian and me out to brunch on Sundays.

"Diana," he said, "I'm sorry to wake you but I wanted to let you know that I won't be able to keep our date for today."

"I'm glad you woke me," I said. "I was having a really bad dream and I'm glad to have it ended. But why are you calling so early? What has happened?"

"First," he said, "tell me about your dream. Then I'll tell you why I'm calling."

I told Bruce that in my dream I was sitting in the living room of our Chicago apartment with my son. It was

late at night and very quiet. I thought I heard a noise on the sidewalk beneath the living room windows. Looking out I saw a figure dressed in black crouching over something on the sidewalk. I sensed that he was doing something criminal and raised the window to confront him. The sound startled him and after a quick glance in my direction he darted away into the shadows. By the light of the streetlight I could see a small object on the sidewalk where he had been crouching.

"Quick," I told my son, "run down and see what it is!"



Diana Maxwell

A moment later Brian returned carrying a small black puppy in his arms. It appeared to be unhurt at first but on closer examination I saw its paw had been cut, apparently with a knife. I was filled with anger at the unknown person who had hurt an innocent puppy.

I asked my son to bring some bandages and tape and I began to dress the wounded paw. However, the more I worked, the more difficult it became. Soon my hands were covered with blood and both my lap and the puppy were enveloped in bloody strips of gauze. The puppy endured my efforts patiently, looking up at me with big, sad eyes. Then I saw to my horror that the injured toe had turned into a human finger projecting from the puppy's paw. The bleeding became more profuse and I grew frantic in my efforts to bandage the wound. The dream was a nightmare of blood, bandages, anxiety and the grotesque human finger attached to the dog's paw. Then the doorbell rang and as I jumped to answer, it became a ringing telephone — and I was awake.

After hearing my dream Bruce was silent for a moment, then said, "I'm calling you from the hospital. Last night I was visiting my brother and he showed me a gun he had just bought. As we were loading it, it fired and the bullet passed completely through the index finger of my left hand. I've spent all night in the emergency room having it sewn back together. I'm exhausted and all I want to do is go home and get some sleep."

At the time neither of us could think of much more to say. Later, we agreed that the incident appeared to be a gen-

uine case of telepathy. Somehow, in my sleep, I picked up my friend's pain and anxiety during his night in the emergency room along with the image of his injured finger. — *Chicago, Ill.*

THE BOWL THAT GLOWED

By Mary Dowd Niles

IT WAS Labor Day weekend in 1940 and my father David A. Dowd had left on Friday night on a fishing trip to the Thousand Islands in upstate New York. He and four of his buddies, all veterans and postal employees in the Beechwood Post Office in Rochester, N. Y., had hired a fifth buddy, a self-employed cabdriver, to drive them there. The cabdriver also was paid to stay on with them and to chauffeur them around during their month's vacation.

Dad was 44 years old and seemed in fairly good health, although he had been a heavy drinker for years. My mother Grace Hillen Dowd had divorced him years earlier because of his drinking. They were Catholics and neither of them had remarried.

Dad hadn't been gone more than a week when I had a dream or vision that previewed for me, in every detail, my father's unexpected death.

I was employed at Shuron Optical Company, in the Case Plant, at that time. It was a weeknight and I had worked hard all day; in the evening I went to the movies with a friend. Needless to say, I was exhausted when I finally got to bed after midnight.

Around two in the morning I woke up crying. Because my pillow was wet with tears, I knew I must have been crying in my sleep for some time. I lay there wondering what kind of dream

could have caused me to weep like that. My eyes were open and as I gazed, without being aware of my surroundings, a vision appeared on the wall opposite my bed. It was like a movie but without sound or color.

I saw myself in the downstairs hall, primping in the full-length mirror. My mother stood by the front door waiting for me. My brother Charles A. Dowd was coming down the stairs, dressed in his navy uniform, and my Aunt Jenny — Mrs. Richard Werner — was coming into the hall from the dining room. We women all were dressed in black.

We all went outside and got into Mom's old Ford Victoria club coupe which we called "Amnesia," and drove to my Aunt Gertrude Moran's home on Bartlett Street.

I wondered who had died; our black clothing obviously signaled a funeral. When we arrived at Aunt Gert's house I assumed she was the deceased. Aunt Gert's door had a funeral wreath on it, but to my surprise she herself answered the door.

Aunt Gert led us into her reception hall and showed us the stand which held the big book for visitors to sign. Already there were a dozen signatures.

Then she led us, single file, through the archway into the living room. A coffin was centered against the opposite wall with tall funeral lamps at each end. An American flag was draped over the coffin. As I watched the vision I was amazed that there were no flowers. My family goes all out for flowers at funerals and because the family is large, there are dozens of floral pieces at all of our funerals.

As I waited my turn to kneel and pray for the departed, I still had no idea who had died. Then, just as if a movie camera were zeroing in for a closeup, I moved up to the side of the coffin and my startled eyes beheld the face of my father! After this shocking scene the vision ceased.

At the time I thought my vision was an ordinary dream. The next morning I told my friends and co-workers Dorothy Snell and Irene Bideau about it. We looked it up in Ida Krolak's dream book but couldn't find anything similar. Finally Ida said, "Well, dreams go by opposites. It must mean your dad will be in good health." Dorothy suggested the lack of flowers must mean it wasn't really a funeral but she couldn't think what else it could be.

Three weeks later I was at work in the factory when the foreman Art Shiestal came to tell me my mother had called. She wanted me to be out in front of the building in 15 minutes so that she could pick me up to go to the veterans' hospital in Batavia, N. Y. Dad had been taken there by his buddies in the taxicab, all the way from the Thousand Islands. He was unconscious when he was admitted and the family was notified that he was dying. When Art brought me this news, that Dad was dying, everyone at work said, "Her dream is out!" They meant, I presume, that it had come true.

Dad had been in just as bad shape several times before due to cirrhosis of the liver but had always managed to pull through. For this reason Mother hesitated to send for my brother Chuck who was in the navy, stationed in San Diego. He was due to take his

exams for warrant officer which, if he passed, would mean a raise in rank and also in pay.

Mother said, "I'm not going to interrupt Chuck's studies when your dad probably will recover like he has the other times."

But I told her, "Mom, remember my dream! If Dad does die and you didn't send for Chuck so that he could be with Dad at the end, you'll never forgive yourself."

Mother finally agreed to send for Chuck. I really believe that the reason for my vision was to enable my brother to be with Dad at the end. As it was, after Chuck arrived and sat holding Dad's hand, although Dad was in a terminal coma, he managed to squeeze Chuck's hand, to let him know he knew his son was there. Ten minutes later Dad died.

The doctors told Mom later, after the autopsy, that they didn't know how Dad managed to hang on so long, since he didn't have any liver left! We are sure he was determined to wait until Chuck came before he died.

The mortician delivered the remains at 10:30 at night as Aunt Gert had decided at the last minute to have her brother laid out at her home. No floral pieces arrived until the next morning.

Nor was my dream the only unusual thing connected with Daddy's death. For 40 nights after he died a plain glass bowl, which sat on the desk in my mother's room at the nurses' home, glowed as if a 100-watt bulb were burning inside it.

Mom was charge nurse at the clinics of the Monroe County Infirmary, on Henrietta Road in Rochester, N. Y.,

and had lived at the nurses' home for years. Dozens of nurses who also lived at the home came into her room nightly to see the bowl. Mother would close the heavy drapes and turn off the lights, just to make sure no light could enter from another source. It was truly amazing how that bowl glowed all night long for 40 nights. Mom said it was a sign that Dad was still with us in spirit. Then after 40 nights it ceased to glow.

It seems strange all these things should have happened at my father's death. After all, he was just an ordinary working man and certainly not religious. Even stranger, perhaps, is the fact that hundreds of people, none of whom the family knew, came to see him laid out. There were over 300 cars in his funeral procession and only 30 or so were from our family.

It seems that all these people were on his mail route which he had walked for more than 20 years. They all told stories of how Daddy had helped them in one way or another during the Depression, when they were in need.

Dad was buried on his 45th birthday, October 6, 1940. — *Miami Beach, Fla.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE

By Reva Reed

EVERYTHING on the farm seemed peaceful enough that crisp fall evening in 1914. The house, made of huge logs covered with weatherboarding, with long front and back porches, with six rooms downstairs and three upstairs, was quiet. The evening chores were done. The animals were fed and in their shelters. Our family of five and a neighbor girl

Melva Lucas sat around the living room fire. Our farm was part of Roane County, West Virginia, nine miles from Spencer.

Mother had recently undergone surgery in Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and was not yet well enough to do the housework. She and Grandmother were working on some sewing as was their custom on long winter evenings. Father spent his time reading the weekly newspapers, *The Toledo Blade* and *The Farm Journal*. My sister Glada and I had our school homework to do. If we got that done we could play games with Melva. Playing cards was frowned on in our home but we could play *Flinch*, a card game popular with young people.

A basket of apples and a bowl of popcorn were on the table within reach.

Scenes such as this are firmly etched in my mind forever. Even a lapse of 60 to 65 years has not erased or dimmed them.

Suddenly Glada said, "I smell fire."

Everyone sniffed the air but no one else smelled anything unusual.

"It smells like burning rags. There must be a fire somewhere," my sister insisted.

To reassure her and to be sure there was no fire, Father explored the whole downstairs with her. Still she was not satisfied. There was a back room upstairs but that was not plumbed for gas. Nevertheless, Father lit an oil lamp and they went to the second story. The back room was used for storage, with boxes of bedding and clothes hanging from the walls.

They found no fire anywhere in the house but Glada still wanted to look

in the woodshed. It was a large building once used for storing wood out of the weather. Now it was a laundry room with gas burners and a brass kettle for boiling the wash water. Saddles hung on the walls. Giving in to her persistence Father went with her to search the woodshed. But no fire was found anywhere and we finally all retired. Farmers rise at dawn; they must go to bed early.

Glada and I slept in a folding bed in one corner of the living room. In those days people often used folding beds which, when folded, looked like a piece of furniture with a top and a mirror. Our parents and Grandmother slept in two adjoining rooms. Melva slept in still another room.

It was customary for Glada and Melva to prepare breakfast. I, being younger and a sleepyhead, was allowed to lie in bed until breakfast was ready.

Early the next morning I was awakened by a great commotion. What I saw was a frightening sight. Glada burst into the living room from the long back porch that connected to the dining room and kitchen; she was enveloped in flames from head to foot. The next thing I knew Father was there with a pillow, fighting the fire and loudly praying in anguish and desperation. Mother followed closely behind him with a quilt from the bed and together they smothered the flames.

Father was badly burned on his arms as he threw Glada to the floor. But their quick action saved her life, although it hung in the balance for many days.

There is no shock to the body equal

to that of a burn. Glada was unconscious for many hours. Our family doctor Calvin Camp stood by and succeeded in bringing her out of shock. There was no nearby hospital and all patients were cared for at home. Even operations were performed on kitchen tables!

Glada was bedfast for 15 months, with two nurses part of the time and finally one nurse who stayed for months. Her suffering was unbelievable. I would go to the barn when the daily task of dressing her burns began; I could not bear to hear it.

Finally the first skin graft ever performed in our county was done on our kitchen table, to close the gaps across Glada's knees which refused to heal.

In that day girls wore long dresses and Glada had backed up too close to the log fire and ignited the hem of her dress. In her fright she had run from the dining room into the kitchen and back into the living room along the long back porch.

A few smoking rags of Glada's dress were left unconsumed. And on that morning we all could smell the fire and smoke. And now that Glada is 82 and I am 79, we still wonder why Glada smelled them the night before.
— *DeLand, Fla.*

GARDEN DISASTER

By Connie Bulzone

IN 1973 a strange woman named Jane Galt lived next door to us in South Ozone Park, N. Y. She seemed to envy my garden where I tried to keep beautiful flowers growing. But



Connie
Bulzone

whenever I planted flowers — marigolds, roses, whatever — I would soon find them mysteriously damaged. This went on for some time.

One day the mystery was solved. I spotted Mrs. Galt from my window as she was breaking off tulips that had just come up. I didn't say anything to her about this because I didn't want to make her my enemy. I simply went out and bought some lovely geranium plants — and the next day I found them destroyed.

I cried and swore and hoped that my neighbor would break her fingers as a punishment for what she was doing. About a week later I was puttering in my garden when Mrs. Galt passed by. I was shocked to see both of her hands in casts. I asked what had happened and she told me that one of her storm windows had slammed down on her hands; her fingers were broken. My wish had come true.

Mrs. Galt moved to Florida about six months later and since then my garden has bloomed undisturbed. — *South Ozone Park, N. Y.*



The Blind Shall See...

Is eyeless sight possible? New England woman claims she can teach all of us — even blind people — to “see” by ESP.

By Joseph F. Goodavage

SOME SHARKS have the uncanny ability to “see” at depths of over 150 feet in the complete darkness of a moonless night. But I had difficulty believing a human being could develop such an uncanny ability — even when I saw it demonstrated.

We were in northern New England, where I had an appointment with a reluctant woman who claims not only to be able to read without using her eyes but also to be able to teach anyone else to do the same. It had taken a great deal of persuasion to get her to come this far. My 15-year-old son Danny, who arrived earlier than expected to sit in the darkened booth in an unused corner of the restaurant, didn't believe it either.

It was only after a long series of delays that Mrs. S. had agreed to an informal meeting. And she still insisted she doesn't want her name used. That, I thought, was unusual; most gifted people like to see their efforts recognized. Mrs. S. had brought along a companion, a pleasant, quiet woman

who had been taught to “see” while blindfolded.

My skepticism was justified. Mrs. S. had written to FATE's editor who was intrigued by the lady's claimed ability to teach people to read a newspaper or book while their eyes were packed with wads of cotton and their heads wrapped with layers of tightly-taped cloth. My initial telephone conversations with Mrs. S. were cordial enough, and she stated that she would like to teach blind people to see by her method. But then for some unknown reason Mrs. S. became increasingly evasive.

Yes, she *could* teach people to “see” while blindfolded — and yes, she had done it many times before, but no, she was unable to meet me at the time I suggested. I made several more dates but each one was postponed or canceled. Once she begged off because she and her husband would be taking scuba lessons in a YMCA pool 75 miles away. (We were only 10 or 15 miles from the ocean.)

This led to a long conversation about diving, during which I mentioned that I am a diver and finally was being forced to use prescription glass in my diving mask. I couldn't see very well under water anymore.

"After years of blurred vision," I said, "I'm looking forward to seeing clearly under water."

"You don't even need a mask," she volunteered. "I can teach you to see under water without one."

She had me. I've long since learned never to quibble, never to allow skepticism to stop me from learning something new, regardless of how implausible it may seem. As a science writer, I've long been peeved by the way certain scientists refuse even to look at something they don't believe in — often because it violates cherished textbook dogma.

"You're on," I said. "Show me."

We met at the designated place and Mrs. S.'s companion pulled a blindfold from her purse. I asked to examine it. It was compact and ingeniously double-blinded. I put it on and couldn't see a thing, even when I tried to cheat.

"I can see a little light," Danny said when he tried it, "but that's all."

"What do you want me to read?" the young woman asked.

"How about the menu?"

"She's already seen it," Mrs. S. interrupted, "and might have memorized it."

"Try it anyway," I said, placing the menu in front of the blindfolded girl.

"No," said Mrs. S. "Something else."

"Why not write something yourself?" suggested the girl.

I glanced at Danny, who rolled his eyes heavenward in disbelief. My own skepticism was growing by leaps and bounds.

"Try some names," the blindfolded girl suggested. "Any three names."

That seemed reasonable enough but I was suspicious because there were no controls and plenty of room for trickery. I pulled a card from my briefcase and wrote three names. She ran her fingers across the card and immediately said, "Ernest Hemingway," which was correct. She couldn't seem to get the second name Jonas Salk as easily as she had gotten the first.

"Jones something-or-other," she said hesitatingly.

"Trace over it with your pen," said Mrs. S. I had blocked her view with a couple of books and an ashtray and was listening carefully for any cues she might pass just in case she did read the names. Almost stroke for stroke, the blindfolded girl traced "Jonas Salk" over my own lettering.

"Do you know who he is? I asked.

She shook her head. "Never heard of him," she said.

The third name proved even more difficult, but she got it — again by tracing my lettering. "Nikolai Podgorny." There was no doubt in my mind that she was "seeing" something, but how? The fact that Mrs. S. seemed determined not to let her protegee read the menu gave me an idea. I printed a list of 10 books I have written and published. Instead of "reading" the list aloud, she traced over my lettering and had no trouble whatever until she reached *Storm on the Sun* and *Our Threatened Planet*. Her tracing went awry. But she eventually did get the ti-

tles to these correctly also.

I was impressed. Mrs. S. assured me she could teach the method to anyone.

"Even me?" I asked.

"I told you I could," she said rather coolly.

The blindfolded girl asked to whom the third "unpronounceable" name belonged. "The ex-president of the Soviet Union," I told her. "Before Brezhnev."

We had another session a few weeks later with much better results, but Mrs. S. seemed less willing to teach me the method than before. "Have you taught it to anyone besides the two people you told me about?" I asked.

She gave me the name of a Boulder, Colo., man who verified Mrs. S.'s claim but who was reluctant to talk with me except in person.

As far as I can determine, the ability to see while blindfolded is not a new talent. I vaguely remembered reading a wire story of a girl in the midwest riding a bicycle through heavy traffic without incident or accident while completely blindfolded.

In the 1950's a foreman in the salvage warehouse of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, William A. Foos, studied everything he could lay his hands on about ESP and began training his teenage high school daughter, through trial and error, to "see" while blindfolded.

After two years of experimenting, pretty Margaret Foos began demonstrating her uncanny ability to "read" anything put before her for skeptical writers and reporters. With cotton pads over her eyes secured by a black elastic blindfold, Margaret read whole paragraphs from a magazine handed to

her by a reporter. Both father and daughter explained that Margaret was actually "seeing" by using a newly discovered kind of ESP.

William Foos was invited to demonstrate his method before the watchful eyes of Dr. Joseph B. Rhine and other members of the Duke University parapsychology department. The tests done at Duke were reported in *Drew Pearson's Column* for Wednesday, September 11, 1957, and in the *Richmond News Leader* in the week of June 17, 1957. Dr. Rhine is reported as saying, "Parapsychology is concerned with investigation of evidence of telepathy, clairvoyance, thought transference and the latest experiments in the field of extrasensory perception. Whether or not we are skeptical, Margaret's demonstration of reading while blindfolded is exceptionally interesting." This is a pretty noncommittal statement!

William Foos gave the impression of sincerity and frankness. His chief interest in the project was to help the blind. "I can do this by training other instructors," he said. "If I can teach one blind person to read print, I will feel that all my efforts have been worthwhile."

Mrs. S. expressed similar feelings during our first conversation, but later apparently had second thoughts about being deluged by hordes of blind people seeking her help.

Foos was invited by the Veterans' Administration's chief of psychiatry Dr. J. F. Casey to bring his daughter to a preselected room at VA headquarters in Washington — a room the girl had never seen. There a staff of 25 government experts, most of them psy-

chiatrists, put the girl through a series of grueling tests which lasted three hours. Under strict clinical conditions, beginning with an impenetrable blindfold devised by the VA, Margaret baffled the authorities with demonstrations: she traced jagged lines, played checkers (and won!) and identified a series of random objects without touching them.

Throughout the demonstration she received no clues or signals from her father. In fact, William Foos wasn't in the room much of the time; he spent most of it wandering around the hospital chatting with doctors and nurses. Drew Pearson wrote: "What this columnist witnessed was either a modern miracle or the greatest trick since Houdini."

One of the psychiatrists admitted, "It's conceivable that some new portion of the brain may have been discovered." But Dr. Carey had second thoughts about it and called his experts in for a two-hour postmortem the next day. "If we come out and admit that this girl can actually see without using her eyes, we'll become a laughingstock," he told his staff.

They appeared to clutch desperately at straws and finally dismissed the whole episode by concluding that their own meticulously designed "fool-proof" blindfold must have failed. Inasmuch as the girl's father couldn't be accused of giving her signals, he must, they figured, have taught her to cheat the blindfold.

"What will it take to convince them?" Bill Foos asked ruefully. "She has successfully demonstrated her ability before doctors, scientists, magicians and debunkers. Not one has ever

disproved it. Just as the VA psychiatrists had done," he said, "they were unwilling to believe her demonstration, yet unable to explain it."

He started experimenting with neighborhood children as they played blindman's buff, and actually taught several youngsters in Ellerson, Va., the rudiments of seeing while blindfolded. He also taught his daughter's girl friend Jo Anne Ostergren, who accompanied them to Washington. Jo Anne too was blindfolded and easily read from a magazine someone handed her.

How does it work?

"I don't clearly understand the learning process myself," Foos admitted. "I know how but not why. It might have something to do with the utilization of electromagnetic forces surrounding the body. I really hope and pray that scientists will study this method and find the explanation," he said.

But scientists weren't having any — not then and not now.

It's a bit different in the Soviet Union where students at the Novosibirsk Pedagogical College, under the direction of Dr. A. S. Novomeisky, have proved that 20 percent of all people can be trained to develop what they call their latent DOP (dermo-optical ability). One must be persistent and (apparently) not be doing it for material gain. "True sight," as it has been called, usually begins with a heightened sensitivity of the sense of touch.

Twenty-two-year-old Rosa Kuleshova, who lived in Nizhny Tagil, the Ural region of the USSR, worked at the institute for the blind and taught

herself to read Braille. Rosa wondered whether she — and her blind friends — might not learn to read ordinary type with their fingers. She began a long period of self-training, beginning with learning to sense the difference between contrasting colors "like slick yellow from sticky blue."

As soon as her skin began to "awaken" Rosa started sorting checkers into black and red piles, then cards into black and red suits. After that she progressed rapidly to letters, then newspapers, magazines, and even foreign science journals. Plump, dowdy little Rosa Kuleshova was "discovered" by the scientific community, critically tested and, although it happened when she was admitted to a clinic for a nervous condition arising from epilepsy, she became an overnight superstar. She was taken to one scientific conference after another and subsequently to Moscow for further investigative research.

It was here that Dr. Abram Novomeisky asked Rosa to identify the color and shape of a curve of light on an oscilloscope — an almost impossible task which Rosa did perfectly. The Soviet Academy of Sciences proved absolutely that Rosa possessed dermo-optical ability. But this started a series of incidents that, like King Midas' magic touch, eventually spelled tragedy for Rosa Kuleshova.

At the peak of her fame and popularity, little Rosa's ego led her to demand conditions for her experiments "much like a chess master setting the terms for the defense of his title," according to one reporter. Then, in an attempt to capitalize on her talent, she demanded payment for demonstrating

her ability. Thereafter her career went into a tailspin. Little by little she lost her wonderful talent.

In 1963, with her plans for a life of luxury dashed and frustrated by her diminishing ability, she was caught cheating before a committee of confirmed skeptics. The disgrace and mental anguish resulted in a complete nervous breakdown and Rosa lost all her dermo-optical abilities.

Possibly out of sympathy and understanding, Dr. M. S. Smirnov of the Soviet Academy of Sciences worked patiently and gently with Rosa and succeeded in restoring her finger vision, but only temporarily. Her deterioration had progressed too far. No more experiments with her have been possible since 1963.

Ten years later, in a downtown apartment in Warsaw, Poland, a bright and pretty 10-year-old girl named Bogna Stefanska performed the same sightless vision demonstrations as Rosa Kuleshova, Margaret Foos and many others had done before her. An intelligent girl with a sunny disposition and the deference to adults expected of children in Poland, little Bogna allowed her father Lech Stefanski to fill her eye sockets with large loose bundles of cotton batting. He then wrapped a tightly woven white cloth completely around her head and tied a black band around her eyes to keep everything in place.

Starting slowly with a deck of 25 Rhine or Zener cards, Bogna's fingers found the black outline of the symbol on the first card and followed the edges. "It's a square," she said.

"Correct," her father said. "Now, what's next?"

The child went through the entire deck without a single mistake. Then without warning her father switched the cards. Bogna squirmed in her seat, raised her hands to the tabletop and passed them back and forth in the air over the cards.

"Oh, colors," she laughed and went on to identify red, blue, black, yellow and other hues until she came to another which she touched several times.

"Oh, this is so indefinite," she said impatiently.

The card was gray.

Little Bogna traced and "read" whatever was put before her, even when it was under glass. This eliminated the possibility that there was enough difference in texture at the edges of written symbols to betray their shapes to her sensitive finger pads.

Is this ability latent in all of us? Apparently so. Since the time of Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer in the 18th Century hundreds of reports have testified to the fact that most of us can develop the talent. In the classic study by Jules Romans, *La Vision Extra-retinienne et la Sens Paroptique*, which was published in 1920, three important facts emerged and have been validated by Yvonne DuPlessis, Ph. D., at the University of Paris in 1975:

(1) Eyeless sight is latent in humans and can be developed.

(2) The ability compares qualitatively and quantitatively with normal vision.

(3) The sense of touch is helpful but not necessary for the performance of this function.

Confirmation of these facts was first established by Dr. DuPlessis and

others in a meticulous research paper presented to the First International Conference on Psychotronics in Prague.

In the United States scientists (especially members of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal) who have never scientifically investigated anything paranormal in their entire careers accentuate the negative by trying to disprove the existence of eyeless sight.

We can pretty much tell what it is, but how it works is something to ponder. It is *not* color saturation (light probes prove that). It is *not* temperature differences (it works despite infrared filters and heat distortions). It is *not* supersensitive skin (plastic and glass covers and velvet gloves eliminate any texture clues). It is *not* telepathy (which members of the Committee don't believe in anyway but which is ruled out by double-blind tests where neither the researcher nor the subject knows the answer). It is *not* cheating through or around the blindfold (there is no way a truly blind person could do that and many blind people have developed true sight).

It may be a talent possessed by many other animals. The strange fish living at depths of five and six miles in absolute darkness must have a sense akin to vision in order to exist. I've seen and felt sharks making their way in the ocean at night — which is a pretty scary place even with a light.

So I'll call on Mrs. S. the next time I'm in Maine. This is something you can't just witness or hear of and do nothing about.

Be seeing you — one way or another!

CARL SAGAN VS. THE PARANORMAL

A noted scientist-celebrity's attack on the psychic
is based on an overwhelming ignorance of the real evidence.

By D. Scott Rogo

ONLY RARELY does a scientist write a best-seller. It's rarer still for a scientist to write two best-sellers and appear on the "Tonight Show." For these reasons alone Dr. Carl Sagan is a phenomenon in our time. He is a talented, well-disciplined scientist; his position as David Duncan Professor of Astronomy and Space Sciences at Cornell University demonstrates this. In addition, Sagan has become a celebrity. His book *The Dragons of Eden*, on the evolution of human intelligence, was a best-seller and a Pulitzer prizewinner and his easygoing manner and mellifluous voice have made him popular on TV talk shows. Sagan shares with Isaac Asimov, another scientist-turned-celebrity, the distinction of being a Dr. Joyce Brothers of the science world.

Little wonder then that Sagan's latest book *Broca's Brain* became a nationwide best-seller after its release

last year. It still is at the top of the book lists as I write this. It's an eclectic work, covering a myriad of scientific topics, and is composed largely of articles that have previously appeared in *Playboy*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *TV Guide* and other magazines.

In *Broca's Brain* Sagan raises several issues pertinent to the study of the paranormal.

A few years ago I set out to show that just about every scientist who attains celebrity status speaks out on the subject of the paranormal at one time or another and I collected their comments. From Bacon to Huxley, from Darwin to Einstein, they all have made some sort of public comment on the subject of psychic phenomena. Some have supported it; others have condemned it. Few have actually studied it.

Broca's Brain contains what may be considered Sagan's most complete

statement on the subject. One entire chapter — some 23 pages — is devoted to topics which range from astral projection to UFOs. It is typically Sagan — witty, entertaining and full of object lessons. It is typical of Sagan in another way as well — it shows a greater concern for cuteness than for accuracy. Largely adopted from a *Playboy* article published some time ago, this chapter aptly illustrates my point. Scientists love to talk about science; they'll speak out unabashedly on any subject whether they have familiarized themselves with it or not. With *Broca's Brain* Sagan joins the long list of scientists who have spoken out on the paranormal without knowing what they are talking about.

Sagan's attitude toward the paranormal can be described as "open-minded pessimism." He does not deny that paranormal phenomena exist in the world. He quite correctly realizes that this is an empirical question that must be empirically investigated. But he is pessimistic about the results of such investigations. The reason for this attitude may not be clear to the casual reader of Sagan's book. It is not because (as Sagan thinks) the evidence is weak; it is because Sagan isn't aware of the evidence.

To explain why he is skeptical of the paranormal Sagan devotes several pages of his book demonstrating that the case for the paranormal rests on (a) fraud (which, of course, exists in all disciplines), (b) the acceptance of claims which are not supported by experimental evidence, (c) phenomena which only appear to be mystifying until a closer (more "scientific") look is taken at them, and (d) coincidences

reported and evaluated out of context. Specific phenomena which Sagan singles out for special criticism are astral projection, "communicating" animals and precognitive dreams. In each instance, there actually is strong evidence supporting the existence of these phenomena but in his haste to dismiss the paranormal Dr. Sagan does not mention this evidence. I think it's not that Sagan purposefully ignores the evidence; he just hasn't done any homework before cranking out his comments on these subjects.

When you're a scientist and a celebrity apparently you can say anything and get away with it. People *believe* in scientists. But scientists possess no special franchise on truth or accuracy. Scientists are just people, and like people they have their prejudices and, like the rest of us, can be uninformed when they comment on subjects outside their expertise.

Sagan falls into every one of these traps.

His views on astral projection are a perfect case in point. It serves as Sagan's first object lesson — that many claims of the paranormal never have been backed up with experimental evidence. Sagan tells his readers that astral projection often occurs during "religious ecstasy or hypnagogic sleep, or sometimes under the influence of an hallucinogen." All of these points are debatable since out-of-body experiences, according to surveys of the people who have reported the experience, do not seem particularly related to drug use or "ecstasy". And while it is true that many people have OBEs when entering or coming out of sleep, there is simply no such

thing as Sagan's "hypnagogic sleep." By definition, the hypnagogic state is that phase of awareness just before the onset of sleep which is typified by fleeting mental imagery. These images usually come to an end when the dozer enters actual sleep. Thus "hypnagogic sleep" is a contradiction in terms akin to referring to a stuffed coyote as a "real live dead dog." This may seem a minor point but it illustrates Dr. Sagan's unfamiliarity with the basic terminology used in a scientific field (sleep research) other than his own.

Of course, Dr. Sagan takes a pragmatic approach to the subject of astral projection. He writes: "There is a simple way to test astral projection. In your absence, have a friend place a book face up on a high and inaccessible shelf in the library. Then, if you ever have an astral projection experience, float to the book and read the title. When your body reawakens and you correctly announce what you have read, you will have provided some evidence for the physical reality of astral projection. But, of course, there must be no other way for you to know the title of the book, such as sneaking a peek when no one else is around or being told by the friend or by someone your friend tells. To avoid the latter possibility, the experiment should be 'double-blind'; that is, someone quite unknown to you who is entirely unaware of your existence must select and place the book and judge whether your answer is correct."

Sagan's design represents a good and valid scientific experiment. But what he does not tell his readers is that just this type of experiment has

been successfully conducted. Instead, he writes that "to the best of my knowledge no demonstration of astral projection has ever been reported under controlled circumstances with skeptics in attendance."

If Sagan had read even one book on out-of-body experiences he would know better than to make this statement. The researches of Dr. Charles Tart, a psychology professor at the University of California at Davis, are well-known to most students of the paranormal and precisely fit Sagan's outline.

In 1967 in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Tart published the results of a successful experiment which closely follows (or predicted) Sagan's suggestions. His subject was a young woman who reported having frequent out-of-body experiences while she slept. Tart invited her to spend a few nights in his dream laboratory, where she was assigned to a bed in an isolation room. She was wired to a polygraph so that her brain waves could be monitored while she was asleep. Her task was to "float up" and away from her body and peer onto a ledge high above the bed and read and remember a five-digit number placed there by Tart. After a few initial failures the subject finally succeeded in performing this task.

Although it is possible that the subject could have, through the use of a flashlight, reaching rods, etc., fraudulently gained access to the number, this possibility is slight since she never could be sure when she was being observed through an observation window; and also any active

movements on her part would have upset the electrodes on her head and been duly recorded on the polygraph.

But the question of fraud is academic, because Tart made an amazing discovery when he examined the polygraph records of the session. During the time his subject was having her out-of-body experience her brain waves were producing a peculiar pattern. It seems that her brain was producing a rhythm which is not classifiable as either sleep or waking! These records have been examined by Dr. William Dement, perhaps this country's leading authority on sleep research, and he also is unable to classify these records as belonging to any known sleep or waking category.

Of course, Sagan might object that Tart is not a "skeptic." But I don't know any parapsychologist who *assumes* that someone who claims psychic abilities is automatically telling the truth. Parapsychologists doubt; that is why they conduct controlled experiments.

This can be illustrated by citing another well-known experimental series which empirically demonstrated the abilities of a self-proclaimed astral projector. Sagan seems to be unfamiliar with these tests also. But because I took part in some of them I *know* we were skeptical!

In 1972 a young psychology student at Duke University wandered into the offices of the Psychical Research Foundation in Durham, N. C. His name was Blue Harary and he claimed he could leave his body at will. He wasn't sure exactly what was happening to him and seemed rather confused about what his ability meant. He

wanted to know if someone wanted to do some experiments with him. The PRF staff designed several tightly controlled experiments to see if he really could leave his body. He was asked to project himself to distant rooms and to report what letters were drawn on posters which hung on the walls, or travel to another building and determine which PRF staff members were where and doing what, and he was even asked to make animals react to his out-of-body presence.

And Blue could do all of these things no matter how strict the controls were. Predictably, he was not always successful but seemed peculiarly gifted in making a small kitten respond to his presence.

This discovery led the experimenters to conduct a tightly controlled double-blind experiment. Blue was placed in one room and, at a randomly selected time, was asked to send his mind to an adjoining room where the kitten was being observed by another experimenter who did not know the time when Blue would attempt to project to the animal. He was instructed merely to watch the kitten and note how many times it meowed and how active it was. It was later determined that the kitten invariably became noticeably less active and less vocal during those times when Blue was projecting to it. Blue was able to produce this effect on the kitten during several different trials.

This experiment also was published in a reputable journal and is cited in just about every current book on astral projection. So, despite what Dr. Sagan tells you, successful tests have been conducted with astral projectors

under controlled conditions, under double-blind conditions and with skeptics present.

Sagan's second object lesson is to prove that many psychic mysteries have a normal solution if one examines them critically. To make this point he cites the case of Clever Hans, the famous "communicating horse" of Elberfeld, Germany. I'm glad Sagan chose this famous case; I've always had a soft spot in my heart for Clever Hans and years ago studied most of literature on this case. To this day I have never met anyone quoting the case who has actually studied all of the original documents. Sagan is no different. Actually he makes an object lesson of himself in this section of this book. He proves that allegedly critical scientists are willing to parrot what other people have written about a case without bothering to check out the story for themselves.

Let me summarize the story of Clever Hans the way Sagan tells it. Then I'll tell you the *real* story, one you'll never find in Sagan's book.

According to Sagan: In the 1890's German horse trainer Wilhelm von Osten began training Clever Hans to "communicate" by spelling out the answers to questions with his hoof. His most singular ability was solving mathematical puzzles in this way. Clever Hans soon became a celebrity, the rage of Europe, and von Osten was heralded as the man who had proved the advanced intelligence of horses. Eventually the Prussian Academy of Science sent out a commission, headed by Oskar Pfungst, to study Hans. Pfungst discovered through a series of experiments that Hans really

did not solve the mathematical puzzles himself — he watched his onlookers as he tapped out the answer and when he reached the correct number he would notice that the onlookers — especially von Osten — unintentionally nodded or made some subtle sign.

The mystery was solved! Clever Hans was exposed! Von Osten became the laughingstock of Europe and finally died a broken man in 1909.

This story Sagan tells is true *to a limited degree*. And Sagan obviously believes that the Pfungst work permanently discredits all animal prodigies because he writes that "despite the unambiguous nature of Pfungst's evidence similar stories of counting, reading and politically sage horses, pigs and geese have continued to plague the gullible of many nations."

Had Sagan gone to original sources to study the case of Clever Hans instead of merely borrowing from what others have written, he would know that his statement is a flagrant bit of nonsense.

Here then is the whole, although abbreviated, story of Clever Hans:

After von Osten's death Clever Hans passed into the possession of Karl Krall, a wealthy merchant and a talented amateur parapsychologist and inventor. Krall believed that Clever Hans had not been given a fair shake and that, by Osten's methods, horses could be trained in mathematics. Krall was familiar with the Pfungst report and spent considerable time training other horses as well as Clever Hans to respond to mathematical puzzles under conditions where

visual cuing was impossible. Krall even successfully trained a blind horse and a blindfolded horse. He then invited some of Europe's greatest minds to Elberfeld to test the horses themselves. Clever Hans, although old by this time, participated in the tests. The savants, who included Prof. E. Clapmared of the University of Geneva and Dr. A. Beredka of the Pasteur Institute, were also aware of the Pfungst investigations and were allowed to test the horses in any way they wished.

Perhaps the most tightly controlled experiment with the Elberfeld horses made use of a telephone receiver placed by the ear of one of the horses. An experimenter in a distant room would pose a mathematical equation directly into the horse's ear. None of the onlookers could hear it. They merely watched the horse and recorded its response to the question. Krall's horses often answered correctly even though no one in the horse's presence knew the question or the answer. And of course, the questioner could not cue the horse over the phone because he could not see the animal's response. Krall absented himself from many of these tests, so the correct results could not have been the result of a carefully planned fraud on his part either.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the great Belgian author, also visited Elberfeld and worked with the horses. In his book *The Unknown Guest* he reports some remarkable results which cannot be explained as a result of sensory cuing. Sometimes Maeterlinck and his colleagues would ask the horses to answer mathematical problems so

complex that they themselves had to work them out laboriously on paper. Yet the horses would respond correctly before the examiners themselves had determined the proper answer! Maeterlinck also took part in some tests in which mathematical problems were written on posters and presented to the horses randomly in such a way that the examiners did not know what the problem was. This didn't seem to upset the horses or their responses.

I could go on and on discussing the Elberfeld horses but I'll stop here. I certainly don't know the answer to the Elberfeld mystery but the evidence tells us it is not the one Sagan suggests.

The problem of coincidence is Sagan's final major object lesson. He brings it up in a brief discussion of precognitive dreaming. He believes that people dream about the deaths of close friends and about accidents all of the time and that coincidentally some of these dreams are bound to come true. And, of course, "precognitive dreams" which by pure coincidence come true are reported while the hundreds of failures are not. Thus, the precognitive dreams one reads about in books on spontaneous ESP are just lucky hits taken out of context.

Parapsychologists have addressed themselves to the problem of coincidence for many years. Sagan's criticisms reminded me of an oft-quoted passage which deals with our problem in trying to analyze precognitive dreams: "Before estimating the value of the fact that a person has dreamt of the sudden death of a friend on the night when the death took place," the

passage reads, "we should have to ascertain that that person is not in the habit of dreaming of distressing or horrible events."

This passage was written in 1886 by Edmund Gurney, one of the first scholars to study psychic phenomena, in *Phantasms of the Living*, the first major book which critically assessed the evidence for spontaneous ESP. The point I wish to make is that Sagan's concern about coincidence is an issue to which parapsychologists have addressed themselves for nearly 100 years and they have no difficulty showing up the fallacy of Sagan's arguments.

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tern they had uncovered in *Phantasms*—that people do tend to have dreams and other psychic experiences revolving around the death of friends and relatives. With these facts in hand, they compared the rate of reported death coincidences to the probability of one's dying at any given moment in England according to calculations made by the Registrar-General. They found that the preponderance of accurate death coincidences in their files was 440 times greater than chance would account for. Of course, today these statistics may strike us as naive. But the logic behind them was unflawed (particularly because many persons reported dreaming of friends and relatives whose deaths were unexpected).

It also shows that Sagan's contentions were addressed in detail by parapsychologists decades ago.

Sagan's argument is so self-evidently naive that one might be tempted to bypass it altogether. The critical issue parapsychologists face when studying precognitive dreams is not the likelihood of the event's taking place in concordance with the dream but with the amount of detail it contains. If you dreamt that old Aunt Hatty died and the next day you found out she really had died, that could be a coincidence. But if you dreamt that Aunt Hatty died in an automobile accident while wearing a red dress and while swerving to miss hitting an animal crossing the road, then this rich detail places the dream beyond the explanation of "coincidence."

Dr. Sagan, as a scientist, of course wants hard evidence and no one can blame him for that. But if Sagan were

visual cuing was impossible. Krall even successfully trained a blind horse and a blindfolded horse. He then invited some of Europe's greatest minds to Elberfeld to test the horses themselves. Clever Hans, although old by this time, participated in the tests. The savants, who included Prof. E. Clapmaredé of the University of Geneva and Dr. A. Beredka of the Pasteur Institute, were also aware of the Pfungst investigations and were allowed to test the horses in any way they wished.

Perhaps the most tightly controlled experiment with the Elberfeld horses made use of a telephone receiver placed by the ear of one of the horses. An experimenter in a distant room would pose a mathematical equation directly into the horse's ear. None of the onlookers could hear it. They merely watched the horse and recorded its response to the question. Krall's horses often answered correctly even though no one in the horse's presence knew the question or the answer. And of course, the questioner could not cue the horse over the phone because he could not see the animal's response. Krall absented himself from many of these tests, so the correct results could not have been the result of a carefully planned fraud on his part either.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the great Belgian author, also visited Elberfeld and worked with the horses. In his book *The Unknown Guest* he reports some remarkable results which cannot be explained as a result of sensory cuing. Sometimes Maeterlinck and his colleagues would ask the horses to answer mathematical problems so

complex that they themselves had to work them out laboriously on paper. Yet the horses would respond correctly before the examiners themselves had determined the proper answer! Maeterlinck also took part in some tests in which mathematical problems were written on posters and presented to the horses randomly in such a way that the examiners did not know what the problem was. This didn't seem to upset the horses or their responses.

I could go on and on discussing the Elberfeld-horses but I'll stop here. I certainly don't know the answer to the Elberfeld mystery but the evidence tells us it is not the one Sagan suggests.

The problem of coincidence is Sagan's final major object lesson. He brings it up in a brief discussion of precognitive dreaming. He believes that people dream about the deaths of close friends and about accidents all of the time and that coincidentally some of these dreams are bound to come true. And, of course, "precognitive dreams" which by pure coincidence come true are reported while the hundreds of failures are not. Thus, the precognitive dreams one reads about in books on spontaneous ESP are just lucky hits taken out of context.

Parapsychologists have addressed themselves to the problem of coincidence for many years. Sagan's criticisms reminded me of an oft-quoted passage which deals with our problem in trying to analyze precognitive dreams: "Before estimating the value of the fact that a person has dreamt of the sudden death of a friend on the night when the death took place," the

passage reads, "we should have to ascertain that that person is not in the habit of dreaming of distressing or horrible events."

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as familiar with parapsychology as his pronouncements seem to pretend, he would know that precognitive dreams have been induced in the laboratory under controlled conditions.

Probably the most notable experiments of this kind were conducted with a young British psychic, Malcolm Bessent, at the Brooklyn-based Maimonides Medical Center. Two series of experiments were done during which Bessent attempted to dream about an experience he would have the next day. During one series of experiments Bessent was asked to dream about a series of slides he would see the next day. Several trials were held. Bessent would go to sleep in a room at the Maimonides dream lab after being hooked up to a polygraph. When his brain waves and eye movements indicated that he was dreaming, an experimenter awakened Bessent and asked him to describe the contents of the dream he had been having. The next day another experimenter, who knew nothing of what the psychic had reported concerning his dreams, went to a drawer in another room at the laboratory which contained a target pool of several slide sequences, kept in envelopes. Each envelope held one sequence and all the sequences were thematically different. The experimenter randomly chose one envelope and these slides were shown to Bessent. The experiments then had to decide whether the dreams Bessent had reported the night before seemed to forecast the material shown on the slides which had been randomly and independently chosen.

When one of the topics was "birds" the experimenters found that Bessent

had dreamt the night before about birds and about a parapsychologist of his acquaintance who had done experiments on bird behavior. Bessent also reported that, based on his dreams, he had had "a feeling that the next target material would be about birds."

Comparable successes often occurred during the Bessent experiments.

Furthermore, to guard against the chance that the striking parallels between Bessent's dreams and the next day's slide sequences were more than coincidental, the Maimonides researchers employed independent judges to help evaluate the results. All the dream transcripts for the series of tests were sent, in random order, to the judges, along with the slide sequences. The judges had to determine which dream transcript matched which target. They were able to do this much oftener and with greater accuracy than chance could account for.

Since Sagan is such a stickler for controlled studies it is too bad he is not familiar with the Maimonides research on dream precognition.

Please understand that although I am a parapsychologist I am not privy to any secret information or unpublished reports upon which I've drawn in disagreeing with Dr. Sagan's statements in *Broca's Brain*. All of the studies I cite have been published in such places as the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* and are summarized in most serious books on the paranormal. Had Sagan read any of the scientific literature available on the subject of psychic phenomena, he would have come across them and *Broca's Brain* would have

been a better book than it is.

It isn't surprising, then, that Sagan holds such a pessimistic view about the paranormal. He rightly maintains that the case for the paranormal can be based only on "compelling evidence"; "my own, and somewhat reluctant, judgment," he writes, "is that compelling evidence . . . simply does not (at least as yet) exist."

I suggest that Sagan is really not entitled to any judgment, reluctant or otherwise. The word judgment implies that one has impartially studied a

body of evidence and has come to a conclusion after analyzing it. It seems obvious that Dr. Sagan doesn't know what the evidence consists of. And as a result, with *Broca's Brain*, Dr. Sagan has joined that dubious class of scientists who talk about the paranormal without attempting to inform themselves regarding the research done or the body of literature which deals with it. This can be called "talking through your hat" or "talking off the top of your head." Neither is scientific.



DIVINE INTERVENTION

WHO BUT God saved Joe Hodges' arm — and perhaps even his life?

Hodges, aged 57, who owns a spread in the tiny farming community of Marlette about 60 miles northeast of Flint, Mich., woke up Saturday, November 17, 1979, with a full day of corn harvesting ahead of him.

He got started early but a rain the night before had left the cornfields muddy. As his picker moved through the field it pulled up the stalks, mud-caked roots and all — and it kept jamming.

About 9:00 A.M. the machine clogged for the umpteenth time. Hodges got down off the rig and — without turning it off — reached in to pry out the jammed cornstalks.

"He did a no-no," said his son-in-law Joe Sherman, "and reached in while the picker was still running."

The rollers directly above the cutting blade dragged Hodges' hand and then his entire arm into the machine while his screams echoed through the countryside. That's when the "miracle" happened. The machine shut off.

"I'd been deer hunting," said Sherman, "and I'd just walked home to my place next door to my father-in-law's when a neighbor came down the road

yelling for help. I ran out to the field and when I got to him, his arm was in the picker all the way up to his shoulder."

Although passing hunters and several neighbors helped, it took more than 30 minutes to release Hodges' badly bleeding arm from the picker mechanism. While the rescuers were preparing to take Hodges to the Marlette Hospital, Sherman walked up to the picker and found the machine's ignition switch off.

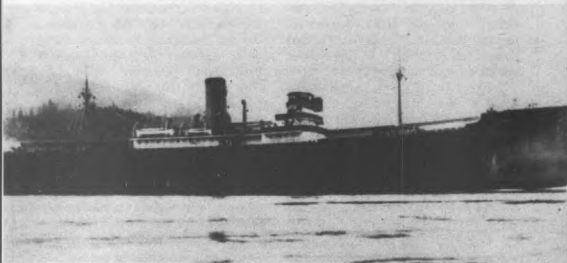
"He hadn't turned it off before he got down off the machine and once it started pulling him in he couldn't have reached it," said the son-in-law. "The only thing I could think of was the Lord shut it off."

The next day a hospital spokesman said Hodges' condition was satisfactory — no broken bones, just a few crushed and slightly torn muscles.

Would the machine have ripped off Hodges' arm if it hadn't stopped running?

"Oh, yeah," said Sgt. Chris Martin of the Michigan State Police. "I'm an old farm boy myself and I've seen guys lose their hands and arms in picking machines. If it hadn't shut off — for whatever reason — it might've taken everything he owned."

The Luck of



Titanian, a Geordie tramp, sailed world's sea-lanes without misfortune. "Geordie" is name given to products of Tyneside in northern England, whether ships or men.

"Reevsey" was just out of his apprenticeship when he sailed as able seaman aboard the *Titanian*. His education began at St. Peter's Church School, Wallsend, and continued while he was preparing for deep-sea service with W. G. Souter of Newcastle.



the Titanian

The Atlantic passage was uneventful except for heavy seas until April 23, 1935, a frigid, moonless night.

I went to the foc'sle to relieve the lookout. . .

By William C. Reeves

THE BIG Georgie cargo vessel had tramped the world's shipping lanes and had taken everything the sea could offer without misfortune. In every maritime part of the world (with one exception) the yellow-funneled ship had traded. The exception was the North Atlantic, a sea-lane made legendary by vicious storms and ice fields.

She lay in readiness for sailing that perilous route when I joined her at the Tyneside shipyard of Swan, Hunter. The yard of her birth had prepared the ship once again for the hazards of the sea. From the docks of the repair yard she moved to the Tyne, as bonny and as much a product of Tyneside as the Georgie crew who had signed on at South Shields on April 13, 1935. Along with the other young A. B.'s I was just out of my apprenticeship.

It fell as part of my duty to be in the wheelhouse as we headed downriver toward the North Sea. Passing North Pier I glanced shoreward. A few people waved as we took up with the southerly wind and headed north for the Orkney Islands. The date of our sailing was April 16. The ship had



Crossing North Atlantic, *Titanian* was caught in ice field, a near-disaster which damaged her bow and stem. Two rescue ships towed her to dry dock in St. John's, Newfoundland, where necessary repairs took three weeks.

started another long voyage, fully prepared to meet the normal good and the normal bad that accompany the seven winds of Neptune.

"Set your watch when you leave the bridge, Reevey," said the chief mate, "and keep your eyes off Whitley Bay. You'll not see it again for a long time."

The mate followed up his advice with a whistle blast that meant I was being relieved from the wheel. St. Mary's was abeam, its flashing light piercing the early evening gloom.

We steamed north, passing through Pentland Firth between Scotland and the Orkneys, then past the Butt of Lewis at the northern tip of the Outer Hebrides, steering into the Western Ocean. The Atlantic passage was uneventful except for heavy seas until April 23, when at 11:00 P. M. I ascended the foc'sle head, appropriately dressed for the intense cold and ready to relieve the lookout.

"How she go?" I greeted my watchmate who had just struck six bells. He reported the navigation lights in good trim, then gratefully headed for the warmth of the crew's quarters.

The sea had calmed to a sullen flatness and I contemplated the limited confines of the moonless scene, searching the inky blackness. No friendly lights appeared from other vessels and neither porpoise nor dolphin came near to break the monotony of the dark waters.

A sense of impending danger came over me when I thought of a book in my cabin — Morgan Robertson's *Futility* — about a ship called the *Titan* hitting an iceberg in the very area we were now traversing. I remembered something in the story about

that vessel's lookout, my counterpart, focusing his attention on a curling bow wave as if he sensed something wrong, something sinister. His presentiment of danger was well-founded but not acted on until too late.

Now it was my turn. I had to act — but with what logical reason? I had to be quick, quicker than the lookout on the fictional *Titan* and sharper than the mythical god who I believed was responsible for the fate of the *Titanic*. The name of my ship, painted in gleaming white below me, was *Titanian*. My mind raced. Any vessel daring to bear the name of the mighty Titan risked the god's wrath. Destruction would come without warning as it had before.

Our position was exactly the same as the *Titanic's* — latitude 41.66 north, longitude 50.14 west, approximately 270 miles southeast of Cape Race, Newfoundland. Thousands of bleached bones lay in the darkened depths below us. But what logical reason could I give for sounding the alarm and having a ship hove to for what might be only fanciful fear? I paced the foc'sle head and eyed the huge ship's bell that swayed nearby. To pull the rope might mean salvation — or the ridicule of false alarm. The *Titanic* had foundered at 11:40 P.M. and now the time was 11:35.

I grasped the bell rope and searched my mind for one good reason for sounding a general alarm. I found none — but somehow I *knew* an unseen danger lay in our path. I rang the bell loud and clear, rousing the sleeping crew and pealing disappointment to the gods hungry for a Geordie ship.

The bridge officer took toward



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

WILLIAM C. REEVES left the sea after World War II and built up a timber business. At the same time he began writing for newspapers and magazines. He had his own weekly column in the *Whitley Bay Guardian*, a newspaper for which he still writes. He also frequently contributes feature articles to *Northern Life*, a popular monthly magazine.

my duty station and promptly obeyed my warning cry: "Stop engines quickly. Iceberg ahead."

The bridge telegraph signaled "stop" and I felt the ship's spasmodic shudder as the engines halted, giving complete silence except for the lessening swish of the bow wave — the bow wave that lowered in the nick of time as small icebergs and growlers collided and tore at our ship, twisting our stem.

Moments after the *Titanian* of Newcastle came to a stop, a spectacular

iceberg loomed into view, high, wide and menacing. The time was 11:40.

* * *

AN S.O.S. giving the name and position of our ship was transmitted and received at Cape Race and at St. John's, Newfoundland. Then, with the help of a strong searchlight, the master, mates and engineers tried to assess the damage.

The *Titanian's* propeller, despite its twisted shaft, controlled for a time our drift toward destruction but it churned once too often, breaking its blades on the enveloping ice. Our drift toward the towering iceberg now began in earnest. In desperation we shored the forward bulkhead and returned to the deck, knowing that nothing more could be done unless help arrived soon.

We waited helplessly all day as the *Titanian* shook and shivered in the grip of the rolling ice. As the April gloom settled over the frozen wastes, I thought of the night before and those few uncertain moments that had culminated in our deliverance. I couldn't believe that rescue would be denied us now.

At 8:00 P.M. the first night watch began — no doubt the last that we as a crew would serve aboard the *Geordie* tramp. It was possible at times to hear the waves breaking along the sides of the iceberg. We even smelled it — and now we had only a short time before complete blackness would overcome our ship.

"Light abaft the starboard beam, sir!"

The welcome cry was taken up and passed on by the other lookouts until we were all aware that a rescue ship

was fighting her way toward our stricken vessel. She was the *Caribou* out of Newfoundland. Soon another light appeared off the starboard quarter and this proved to be the ice-breaker *Imogene*. She drew up to the *Caribou*, preparing to join forces.

Lines from both vessels were made fast and they heaved in unison, smoke belching from their funnels, their powerful engines clanking — and slowly, ever so slowly, the *Titanian* began to move from her frozen cradle.

Our ship and all hands had been saved. Early Tuesday morning, April 30, 1935, the *Caribou* and the *Imogene* reached St. John's with the battered *Titanian* in tow.

"Funny thing about this rescue," the shore pilot said to me as I stood at the *Titanian's* wheel. "The position you were in when we got your S. O. S. is a very historic one. The *Titanic* was lost there and this ship is called *Titanian*. I think I might have anticipated danger if I had been you!"



EDGAR CAYCE: THE SLEEPING SCHOOLBOY

By Lina Accurso

EDGAR CAYCE, world-renowned as the "sleeping prophet," first revealed his gifts when he was a small boy. He learned to use his great powers in his sleep.

No matter how hard he tried Edgar remained a poor student. His father sat up with him night after night helping him with his lessons. One night after trying to help him with spelling Mr. Cayce gave up and pushed Edgar off his chair. As the boy hit the floor he heard a small voice say, "Sleep and we'll help you."

Edgar begged his father for a break

and his father gave him a half hour. The boy immediately fell asleep with his head on his speller. When his father woke him, Edgar could spell every word in the book.

He tried this with his other textbooks and soon discovered that while asleep he could absorb every bit of information in the books, including the page numbers where various information could be found.

This was the beginning of the career of the "sleeping prophet," the man who went on to restore faith, health and hope to millions.



DID YOU MISS YOUR DECEMBER AND JANUARY ISSUES OF FATE?

A FIRE at our mailing house in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has caused severe difficulties in the delivery of the December 1979 and January 1980 issues of FATE. Unfortunately, our Circulation Department has no way of knowing who did not receive copies. We know some labels were spoiled.

Please write us if you missed either of these issues and we will fulfill all requests as long as our supplies last. If our supplies are exhausted we will extend your subscription accordingly. We sincerely regret this problem; believe me, it was beyond our control. — Curtis G. Fuller, Publisher.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

by Paul Steiner

In *The Book of Autographs* (Simon & Schuster) Charles Hamilton writes, "No autograph conveys more drama than the rare signature of Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the Red Knight who shot down 80 planes before he died in aerial combat. On his last morning, just as he was getting into his crimson Fokker, a young girl ran up to him and asked him to sign a photograph. It was considered unlucky to sign anything before takeoff but Richthofen complied. Smiling at the girl, he spoke his last words: 'What's the hurry? Are you afraid I won't come back?' "

A Richthofen signature now sells for about \$325, a signed letter or document for \$1000, and a handwritten letter for about \$2500.

Mitzpah coins are a specialty made by Sasco, Inc., of Huntingdon Valley, Pa. A Mitzpah coin is a coin — any coin — cut vertically into two pieces in such a fashion that only those two pieces will match.

Such coins originated in biblical times when the Egyptian Pharaoh decreed that all male children at the age of three months be taken from their mothers and given to the state. So that she would be able to identify her child in later years, the mother would

put half the coin on the child and keep half herself.

Munira Nusseibeh Toukan, who exhibits at Manhattan's Rhoda Sande Gallery, is possibly the foremost woman artist of the Middle East. A Jordanian, she was born and educated in Jerusalem.

Caliph Omar Ben Alkhattab 1300 years ago entrusted Munira's family with the keys to the Holy Sepulchre. When the Mosque of Omar was built next to the Holy Sepulchre, the caliph wanted to insure that the Moslems would never destroy the birthplace of Christianity and for that reason the keys were given to the Nusseibeh family which has guarded it ever since.

Mrs. Toukan's uncle is the Jordanian ambassador to the United Nations.

A letter from the National Museum of Ireland delivered to Christie's auction house in New York City only hours before an important sale of silver in December 1978 contained what turned out to be the winning bid for a pair of rare Irish silver bowls. The chinoiserie toilet bowls, made in Dublin in the 17th Century, fetched \$19,800.

Update . . .

By Jerome Clark

THE SHROUD OF TURIN IS A HOAX . . .

. . . declares investigator Joe Nickell, who argues that the celebrated cloth which allegedly depicts the image of Christ could have been manufactured with 14th-Century materials (the shroud was "discovered" in the 1350's) — and he duplicates the effect with just those materials: a bas-relief portrait, a wet cloth, a wad of cotton and a dry powder composed of myrrh and aloes. The process is explained in detail in November 1979 Popular Photography. Nickell tells us there are "some two dozen characteristics" of the shroud his technique explains. He also points out that in the 1380's an artist confessed to papal investigators that he had forged the "relic."

RESEARCH FINDS NEW EVIDENCE OF "SURVIVAL."

For two years Annalee Oakes, a clinical instructor in emergency critical care at the Seattle Pacific University School of Health Sciences, interviewed patients resuscitated after cardiac arrest. Although unaware of other reported "postdeath" experiences, they described the same phenomena: separation from the body, awareness of actual events, movement through a tunnel toward a light, communication with discarnates, a reluctant return to their physical selves, and a subsequent shedding of their fear of death. Oakes was particularly impressed with their ability to describe accurately what doctors and nurses were doing while the patients were unconscious or near death.

HAVE REMAINS OF ATLANTIS BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED?

Last spring newspapers all over the world quoted Russian oceanographer A. Aksenov's claim that he had taken pictures of "vestiges of walls and stairways" in the waters off the coast of Portugal. "It's possible that it's part of Atlantis, maybe not the whole thing but a part," the scientist is supposed to have said. It turns out that he was talking with tongue in cheek. The "remains" are nothing more than purely natural formations of Mount Ampere.

IT'S HARD WORKING WITH PSYCHICS, POLICE SAY.

A survey conducted by Hartford Courant reporter Edmund Mahony reveals that Connecticut police officers feel frustrated in their dealings with psychics. Many believe ESP exists but say it has not helped them a great deal. As Adam Berluti of the state police remarks, "A psychic might say, 'I see a body near an old church and a pine tree.' Well, there are old churches and pine trees all over the state. Plus how do you define near? Is it a mile? Is it five miles?" But officers will continue to listen to tips from psychics because, as one policeman put it, "I don't care who solves a case as long as it gets solved."

FRENCH UFO ABDUCTION ECHOES AMERICAN REPORT.

It's the Travis Walton episode (October 1978 FATE) all over again, only this time in France where another young man vanished — allegedly during a UFO sighting. Franck Fontaine of the Paris suburb Cergy-Pontoise and two friends were loading a station wagon at 4:00 A.M. on November 26, 1979, when a "very distinct beam of light appeared." The friends ran off to get a camera; when they returned Fontaine was gone. A week later the young man reappeared claiming that his last memory was of seeing a small glowing sphere near the car. Skeptical, the authorities have scheduled a court appearance for the three.

MUTILATIONS MOVE TO WESTERN CANADA.

Since August over a dozen cattle and one horse in Alberta and Saskatchewan have died mysteriously. The killings have authorities speculating about cultists and "introverts." Dr. David Green, an Alberta government veterinary pathologist, thinks two distinct groups are responsible. "In the earlier cases the dissection was quite well done but others appear to be crude copycat mutilations," he says.

WAS THE SNOWMAN A SNOW JOB?

Soviet biologist Nikolai Vereschchagin scoffs at the reported discovery of yeti prints in the Pamir-Alai Mountains ("Update," January 1980). Conditions are so hard and food so scarce up there, he says, that no Abominable Snowman can subsist in the area.

GHOSTS CROWDED US OUT

The sounds grew louder, like a mass of jumbled voices and laughter, but no one was there.

By Barbara Leishman

I HAVE lived in a haunted house — so when the subject of ghosts or hauntings crops up in conversation and I am asked the age-old question, "Do you believe in ghosts?", I have to answer yes. But I used to be a full-blown skeptic — certain that supposedly supernatural experiences could be rationally explained.

In the late summer of 1969 my parents Herbert and Kathryn Robinson bought a 75-year-old two-story home in a nice quiet treelined street in New Philadelphia, Ohio. The rooms were large and the house had a lovely fireplace, a big backyard and a reasonable price tag. My parents loved it and bought it on sight.

New Philadelphia is like many other small towns in Ohio and has been described by one of our out-of-town friends as looking like a Norman Rockwell print. We had been living on the outskirts of town but my younger sister and brother — Debra, 14, and David, 10 — disliked riding the bus to school every day and my father and I

were tired of commuting back and forth to work. Mother couldn't drive so Dad or I had to ferry her back and forth to the grocery store and take the kids to all their friends' homes. So just before the new school year began, we were all happy about moving into the newly-acquired house in town.

We were well settled in the house before we began to notice anything strange. Later, thinking back, we realized there could have been occurrences from the start which we probably just explained away as the house "settling" or noises coming from a neighbor's house.

The house had two large rooms, a kitchen and bath downstairs. Enclosed steps led from one end of the kitchen to the second-floor bedrooms. My parents' room was to the left of the stairs, my brother's room directly at the top, and to get to the room my sister and I shared we had to walk through David's room. Ours was at the far side of the house, facing the front. Like most old houses in the area, our house had a full basement and fruit cellar.

The family spent most of the time in the TV-family room at the right of the kitchen. The room on the left of the kitchen was the "good living room" — usually reserved for entertaining company unless someone wanted a quiet place to read. This room, directly under the bedroom where my sister and I slept, was divided from the kitchen by a shuttered folding door.

Debbie and David were at school all day and Father and I were at work (I had been hired after graduation the previous spring as a bookkeeper-clerk in a local store) but Mother spent most of her time at home. Naturally she was

the first to notice the perplexing phenomenon of the "breaking glass."

She confided to Father that several times during the day she had heard a crash in the fruit cellar. Thinking that somehow a fruit jar had fallen from a shelf, she'd run down the stairs to the cellar to find everything in its place and no broken glass anywhere.

I remember the first time I heard the sound myself. I had the afternoon off and Mom and I were in the family room watching television. I distinctly heard a loud crash and the splintering of glass in the basement. I looked at Mom, only to find her not at all surprised. I asked her if she had heard it and she admitted she had.

"Well, I'll run down and take a look," I said. "It sounded like one of your fruit jars fell off the shelf."

In the cellar I found no broken glass anywhere. Puzzled, I returned to the soap operas and then Mom told me that she had frequently heard the same sound since we had moved into the house and she had just gotten tired of running to the basement to check it out. Now she just tried to ignore it. I was astounded!

That night I mentioned the incident to my father. He said Mother had already told him but she didn't want us kids to know about it because she thought we might be frightened.

"Frightened?" I asked in amazement. "Do you think there could be anything supernatural in the noise we heard this afternoon?"

"Oh, no," my father hastened to assure me, "it's just that we haven't found an explanation yet — not that there isn't a perfectly logical one."

Thus the subject was dropped — un-

til the next incident occurred.

The next "incident" was the sound of a heavy piece of furniture being dragged across a bedroom floor. At least it sounded as if it were coming from upstairs. My father was the first to hear it and he told Mother but I didn't know about it until I mentioned it to them after I heard the sound myself.

I had just finished work in the afternoon and my best friend Kris Cua was with me. We often met at my house after work to catch up on the local gossip. We were sitting in the family room doing our nails and we thought we had the house to ourselves. Suddenly we heard a loud noise — wood scraping against wood — as if someone were pushing a heavy piece of furniture across the floor of my brother's room.

I looked over at Kris and said, "Dad must be home. He's upstairs moving Dave's dresser."

She nodded and we continued talking. After a while, when Dad didn't come downstairs and the house was quiet, I went over to the stairs and called up to him. No answer. Kris and I became frightened, thinking perhaps a burglar was in the house, so we ran out to the front lawn and waited until my parents came home.

When we explained what had happened, Dad said he had heard the same thing. Nevertheless, he went up to Dave's room for a look around. Nothing was out of place and nothing was missing.

From then on, if the rest of the family were away when Kris and I stopped at my house after work, we talked on the porch.

IN THE early months of 1970 little things plagued us but we tried to explain them as natural phenomena. Nevertheless, no one in the family except David would stay in the house alone. He was the least perturbed by the occurrences and he remained skeptical to the end. Our dog Mopsy slept on his bed at night, so he probably figured he had adequate protection against anything supernatural. He and my father strove to keep us women more or less calm but we were thoroughly frightened.

Almost a year after we had moved into the house I was engaged to be married and preparations were begun for a big church wedding. It involved a lot of planning and hard work and tensions were running high without the added nuisance of having to deal with our resident ghost.

One evening before the wedding Debbie and I were sitting in the "good" room. She was reading and I was mending a pair of jeans. Our parents and little brother had retired. Suddenly we became aware of voices — like many people talking at once, an indistinct jumble of voices and laughter. Debbie whispered, "What's that?"

As we listened the sounds grew louder and I tried to reassure her, saying probably some kids were taking a late night walk. I got up to look out the window but saw no one. The jumbled voices continued — we couldn't make out a single word — and we both panicked at the same time. We ran to the stairs screaming for Father. He woke from a sound sleep, sure we were being attacked and brutally beaten. To this day he teases us about the way

we were carrying on but Debbie and I recall it with a shudder.

Up to this point we all had heard things but none of us had actually seen anything. This was soon to change — for Mother, at least. One night she had a terrifying experience. She awakened from a sound sleep to find a man standing at her bedside looking down at her. She awakened my father but when she looked again the man was gone.

Father got up and made a thorough search of the house and grounds but all the doors were locked and the windows secured. No one could have gotten in without leaving some trace. The dog hadn't barked or growled although he was sleeping in the next room. This happened about 3:00 A. M. and needless to say my parents didn't get much sleep the rest of that night. Mom couldn't describe the man but she did say it was no one she recognized.

Meanwhile the crashes and noises continued, in no set pattern so far as we could tell. A new phenomenon concerned the "good" living room where Debbie and I had heard the voices. When anyone walked past the door he'd catch a quick movement, a kind of flash of light out of the corner of his eye, as if someone had hurriedly moved out of his line of vision. This left us all feeling a bit unsettled.

Preparations for my wedding continued and our "ghost" was frequently discussed. My fiancé Dan (now my husband) scoffed and considered us a bunch a jittery females. Once my prospective in-laws were visiting and we were all sitting in the good living room talking when my father-in-law Lewis Leishman chuckled and said, "If there

was a ghost present, I'd know it!" Immediately the heavy chair in which he was sitting tilted backwards and dumped him unceremoniously on the floor. We all laughed, thinking he had done it for a laugh, but when he righted himself and the chair, his look of shock and disbelief put a damper on the rest of the evening.

Although none of us had ever been harmed physically by the "presence" I was beginning to look forward to leaving the house. My sister was apprehensive because she knew that then she would be alone in our bedroom. My parents tried to reassure her, scoffing at her fear, but she wasn't convinced.

And it seems her fear was justified. Dan and I were married August 1, 1970, and while we were on our honeymoon, Debbie was awakened one night by someone touching the blankets on her bed, as if straightening or smoothing them. Somehow she knew it wasn't Mother. Keeping her eyes tightly closed (afraid to open them for fear of seeing the same specter who had visited Mother) she started to scream. Our parents came running in to soothe her. They tried to convince her that she had had a bad dream but she knew better. She spent the remainder of that night and a few nights after that on their bedroom floor.

* * *

MY HUSBAND and I returned from our honeymoon and stayed at my parents' home for two nights before Dan began his tour of duty with the air force. I was to stay with my parents until he finished his basic training and then I would join

him. Our first night in the old bedroom I had shared with my sister was uneventful but the second night was not.

Debbie was spending the night at a friend's home and my parents and Dave were fast asleep. I had just started to doze off when I felt someone bending over me. I heard heavy labored breathing. Annoyed because I thought Dan was playing a joke on me, I opened my eyes and turned over — only to find him facing away from me and fast asleep. I woke him up and explained what had happened. He hadn't heard a thing.

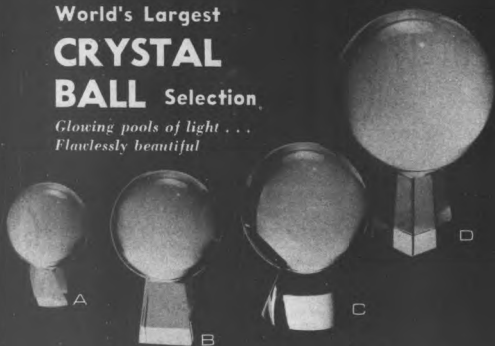
A few months after I joined Dan in Colorado I was not surprised to get a letter from Mother saying that they were putting the house up for sale. They had had enough, she wrote. They did in fact sell the house rather quickly and in the years that followed they never were troubled by any similar phenomena.

Before my parents sold the house they did a little investigating. In the local courthouse they learned that some 50 years before our occupation, a distant relative on my father's side had owned the house and his wife had died there. Perhaps this was the reason the ghost picked us as witnesses to supernatural phenomena.

The house is still standing; I drove by it the other day. We probably will never know whether other owners experienced anything paranormal while living there. We do know, however, that the house has changed hands four or five times in the eight years since we sold it. Is this mere coincidence? Or did the other owners also find living there just too hard on the nerves?

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MARCO AND THE PIGGY BANK

By Edie Ingle

BEFORE our friend Marco Palombo died on March 15, 1978, we occasionally talked about life after death, for I was writing a book dealing with spirit communication.

My husband Ed and I still keep in touch with Marco's wife Jennie who lives in Long Beach, Calif., and we planned to see her on September 17, 1979. The night before, we retired early and in my sleep I had a brief dream visit with Marco.

My first glimpse of him took me by surprise, for he looked great. Before his death Marco had lost a lot of weight during his grim battle with cancer but now he looked like his old self and I told him so. He seemed extremely happy that I could see him and said all the pain had left; he was content and at peace. Then he held up a piggy bank and emptied its contents on the table alongside his chair. I was puzzled by this because we had no conversation about it. He kept handling the coins and smiling.

I could hardly wait to call Jennie the next morning and tell her about Marco's visit. When I mentioned the piggy bank she was silent.

"Does that mean anything to you?" I asked.

She said, "Edie, it gives me goose bumps. About 10 o'clock last night I decided to open our piggy bank and count

the coins. They came to more than \$200. It's strange — I was alone but I felt Marco's presence while I was counting the money."

I believe Marco came to me in my dream vision and showed me what his wife was doing that evening, knowing that I would tell her and it would prove to her that she is never alone. — *Palm Springs, Calif.*



Edie Ingle

THAT FINE LINE

By L. Tillman Martin

IT WAS during December 1942 while I was working at the Ingalls Shipyard in Pascagoula, Miss., and living in a rat-infested house that I took typhus fever. I was sinking fast and had been given up as dying by my doctor. My sister Gladys and my wife, however, would not accept that verdict. They sought out an old physician, Dr. Krebs, who had retired from practice and treated only friends. The doctor agreed to visit me.

Dr. Krebs prescribed some rubbing compound that my wife was to rub on my lower body. When she did, my body felt as if it were on fire. I had already reviewed the screen of my past life and found a sufficient amount of it positive and good. I had no wish to return to my humdrum uninteresting life as I extruded myself from my body by way of the soft spot on the top of my skull. I was seeing a vision that amazed and pleased me.

On the landing of a closed-off stairway at the foot of my bed, I saw the forms of my mother and a man wearing a Grecian robe bordered with the Greek key pattern and tied with a gold sash. On his feet were golden calf-high sandals. The man was blond and long-haired, with blue eyes. My mother was gesturing toward me and talking to him. I could not hear the words they were saying.

When my mother, who had been dead a number of years, finished talking, the man whom I took to be Jesus turned and smiled at me and then the vision faded out.

I came back into my body and from that moment my recovery began. It was several weeks, however, before I had the strength even to walk again. In telling the story later my family always mentioned it as the time I almost died. I think I did. — *Biloxi, Miss.*

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY

By Frances N. Bell

THIS IS A true happening. It will be hard for those who do not believe in survival after death to explain it.

Estelle Lily was the only girl in her family, a happy-go-lucky youngster who rollicked her way through school and was the object of everyone's affection. Neither slow nor too quick at learning, she was not

the object of anyone's envy. Just a teen-aged kid, loved by parents and townspeople alike, seldom absent from school or Sunday School at Saegertown, Pa., where she was a member of my class. Estelle was a couple of years behind me in school so we were not close buddies but we did see one another daily at school and church.

After school was out I worked at a small grocery and daily saw Estelle's mother when she came in to shop for the family victuals. I learned from her that Estelle had been rushed to the hospital with acute appendicitis and was listed in critical condition. All the girls in our Sunday School class who knew and loved her were concerned and our concern grew as her condition worsened.

As the days passed this did not improve, in fact quite the opposite, until Estelle was hanging onto life by a thread. What made it worse was that she did not want to die and kept begging the doctors to make her well. Daily I was forced to listen to the sad account reported by her mother when she came into the store. Finally a kindly Providence or merciful God put an end to her suffering. Estelle died in 1923 — or possibly it was 1924.

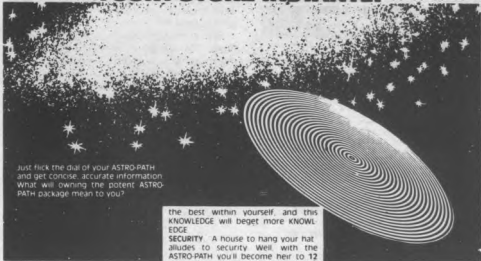
I never will forget the day of Estelle's funeral. Our class had been asked to sing but instead of music, sobs rose from the throats of the young singers. The whole town was there, weeping. Her mother was distraught with grief and so was her father.

But they needn't have been. If only we could have known that day how happy Estelle was.

It was not until much later that she proved this, to me at least. I was the only one who saw her when she did come back to tell me death need not be feared. And she had a reason for coming when she did, an urgent reason. I did not know this at the time but learned it later.

I was at choir practice in the Eastern Presbyterian Church on Capitol Hill in Washington, D. C. Although I had heard spirits discussed and knew the word's meaning, I had never experienced anything like it before. In fact, I had an uncle at whose afterlife beliefs my family had always looked askance. I did not believe in spirits.

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Our choir rehearsed in the basement of our church, seated in the first rows of the chair section in front of the raised platform where skits and plays were put on. This section was separated from the audience section, where we sat, by a curtain now closed.

We were rehearsing next Sunday's anthem, "In Joseph's Lovely Garden." Trying to achieve perfection our director had us going over and over a certain section of the song. "Drive death's fear away" were the words. I can recall being tired, thinking the repetition endless.

Suddenly I was jolted out of my restless weariness. To my utter amazement, through and behind the closed curtain I was seeing Estelle's apparition. Slightly higher than her head would have been had she actually been standing there in the flesh, she appeared in midair behind the curtain. The apparition was identical to the girl's actual living head and was in full color. I had forgotten the slightly sallow texture of Estelle's complexion, the quality and texture of her light-brown hair. But it was all there; just as in life she appeared vividly to me. She faced slightly left and was not looking directly at me. From her expression, partly sad, partly worried, I sensed she was trying to tell me something but I heard no words, no sound of any kind. The lips of the apparition did not move or part.

Estelle's head remained there for some time as I watched in wonder. No other member of the choir seemed aware of what was happening.

One of my married sisters still lived in Saegertown in the 1950's when this occurred and I immediately contacted her to tell her what had happened and to learn if she could throw any light on the strange event.

To my openmouthed amazement I learned from her that Estelle's mother had been taken to the hospital for emergency surgery and that she was as terrified of dying as her young daughter had been.

It seems certain to me, in view of what occurred at the choir rehearsal, that Estelle was aware of what was happening to her mother. Desperate to give her terrified mother some assurance that death is not the ordeal she believed it to be, the girl ap-

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peared in an attempt to get this reassurance to her suffering mother. I am sorry I was not able to achieve this for them.

You may ask why the dead girl chose to appear to me.

The only explanation I can offer is that I am a seventh child, perhaps gifted with second sight. We cannot know how many others Estelle may have attempted to contact. But this much we can know — some part of us continues to exist somewhere after our cast-off physical bodies are no longer of use to us.

So take heart, those of you who have lost dear ones. They are not gone forever. — *Brentwood, Md.*

MOTHER SAW OUR NEW HOME

By Nora Ann Kuehn

MY HUSBAND Paul had left for work and the children had gone to school. It was the morning after we had moved into our dream home in Vancouver, Wash., in 1969 and I should have been the happiest woman alive. But as I sat in my lovely living room I had never felt so completely alone. My mother Anna Ellsworth was gone



Nora Ann Kuehn

— the one person I most wanted to share our new happiness. She would never see our new home.

I sat in utter dejection as the flood of my great loss washed over me. Why did she have to die just a week before the house was finished? My tears fell and I watched in idle fascination as they dripped off my chin and spattered onto my folded hands.

At that moment I looked up to see Mother coming down the hall, a lovely smile on her face. As she peeked into each room I opened my mouth to speak, to call out to her, but she went right past me and out the front door.

I have never seen her in the house since that day but often I feel her so close behind me that I turn, sure she will be there. Anyway, I am content now, for I know that Mother has seen our new home and shared our happiness. — *Vancouver, Wash.*

"WILL ROGERS IS DEAD!"

By Ruth E. Schultz

WE SAT IN the parlor where we had gathered to pay our last respects to my grandmother Alice Ogle. She looked so small in the silver-gray casket. Her white hair was twisted into a neat bun on top of her head. Her wrinkled hands were folded in rest. When I touched her, I knew the meaning of the expression "stone cold dead."

Warm tears rolled down my cheeks as the minister began the service in the little church in Williamsburg, Iowa. A life filled with hard work and loneliness had ended. At the conclusion of the ceremony the casket was carried to the hearse. We followed the short procession to the cemetery. Then we sadly returned to Grandmother's house without Grandmother.

The sky turned black and a heavy rain pelted the earth. A clap of thunder made me jump. Suddenly I felt a presence as if someone were looking over my shoulder, but no one was there. I heard a rustle of her dress — was it Grandmother's? — as she passed by and then the screen door slammed. No one could convince me it was just the wind.

That night my husband Fred and I slept in Grandmother's bed. I was awakened from a troubled sleep by a tap on my shoulder. I looked over at Fred, who was sleeping. I heard a whisper, "The plane crashed. Will Rogers is dead."

Frightened, I shook Fred awake. I kept repeating, "Will Rogers is dead! Will Rogers is dead!" Fred tried to persuade me I'd been dreaming but I wouldn't believe him.

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ON THE OTHER SIDE

By Eunice M. Pabst

AT NINE O'CLOCK on the morning of February 3, 1931, I arrived at the Syracuse, N.Y., General Hospital to give birth to my first child. I underwent 10 hours of contractions and labor pains. By evening the physician who attended me, Dr. C. W. Sorgues, had decided that something was very wrong because the baby was not coming. He took me to the delivery room where I was given an anaesthetic.

While under the anaesthetic I felt as if I were walking through a deep sandy beach which had a fence running along one side.



Eunice M. Pabst

On the other side of the fence was the most beautiful flower garden I have ever seen. A white-robed figure with an expression of wonderful sympathy on his face was walking through the flowers. As I lifted one foot after the other out of the deep sand and struggled for breath, the figure kept beckoning me to come into his outstretched arms. I insisted over and over, "No, I can't now — I have a job to do."

Suddenly I came to and found that my baby, a girl whom we named Shirley, had arrived in good health. Dr. Sorgues said it was a miracle.

I have never forgotten that experience when I was allowed to see what waits for us on the other side. — *Liverpool, N.Y.*

BOOKS

NEWS & REVIEWS

by J. Gordon Melton



DEATH AND BEYOND

NOT LONG AGO it appeared that only radical parapsychologists and fundamentalist Christians were willing to discuss life after death in any serious way. So Robert Kastenbaum's *Between Life and Death* (Springer Publishing Company, 200 Park Ave. S., New York, N.Y. 10003, 1979, 184 pages, \$15.50 hardcover, \$9.95 paperback) comes as a welcome surprise. It reveals that scientists who are neither dogmatic skeptics nor uncritical believers are getting involved in survival research. This refreshing new book grew out of an American Psychological Association symposium on — are you ready for this? — "Communication With the Dead: New Data or Same Old Story?"

Undoubtedly the new interest in survival among psychologists stems from the death-and-dying studies of Elisabeth Kubler-Ross and others. Kubler-Ross' classic study of the stages of dying won her high praise from her colleagues; so when she went on to investigate near-death paranormal experiences, she did not lose her respectability. Of course, now that her allegiance to a questionable medium in California has severely damaged her reputation, her place has been taken by psychiatrist Raymond Moody.

The contributors to *Between Life and Death* seek to broaden the approach to the survival question. They bring historical, literary, parapsychological and thanatological data to bear on the issues raised by Ross and Moody. And they do not treat psychic events as pathological phenomena. They also describe the social and political pressures facing scientists who study

survival or accept data which support it.

But their sympathy for researchers in this controversial discipline does not keep them from offering scientific criticisms of Moody's and Osis' efforts or from suggesting new research methodologies and hypotheses. Kastenbaum's closing essay emphasizes how difficult it is to eliminate alternative nonextraordinary explanations of survival data. But Kastenbaum says results in such research are possible. If survival of bodily death is the most reasonable conclusion to be drawn from a set of data, then the implications for the human race are enormous.

PSYCHIC GOOD AND EVIL

ANYONE FAMILIAR with the better psychic literature most certainly has read some of Morton Kelsey's books. Consider yourself a psychic illiterate if you have not. From dreams and healing, Kelsey's early interests, he has gone on to cover the whole of occult and paranormal activity. His latest, *Discernment: A Study in Ecstasy and Evil* (Paulist Press, New York, N.Y., 1978, 158 pages, \$4.95, paperback), deals with the touchy area of good and evil in the psychic realm. Taking the term "discernment" from Paul's Letter to the Corinthians, which considers the discernment of spirits a gift of the spirit, Kelsey examines our ability to discern good from evil when we encounter paranormal events.

Whether or not you are part of Kelsey's intended audience (the Christian community) you will find something important in this book. He carefully points out that there are three areas of psychic experience: the good, the bad and that which

merely is. It is important, he warns, that we not attribute to the devil natural paranormal abilities simply because we may not like or understand them. If we do that, we are limiting ourselves to a constricted view of human nature.

Kelsey tells us how we can determine whether a group of people is using psychic gifts for good or evil ends. Individuals with real or pretended psychic gifts use them to manipulate others. They can make "spiritual" pronouncements that cause dissension and discord instead of harmony and fulfillment. Kelsey warns us to flee from such "works of the devil."

If you are using your psychic gifts — or if you are meeting with other people who are using theirs — get a copy of *Discernment* to serve as a guide to psychic growth worthy of the highest that Spirit teaches us.

MYSTICAL DOG

YOU CAN SAVE yourself money by leaving Matthew J. Bowyer's *Encyclopedia of Mystical Terminology* (A. S. Barnes, New York, N.Y., 1979, 135 pages, \$12.00) on the shelf of your local bookstore. This book, certainly a runner-up in the race for the Bowwow Award as the dog of the year, attempts to say something about everything mystical but succeeds only in burdening the reader with a lot of useless information and outright misinformation.

For example, Bowyer includes entries for both talismans and amulets and notes they are different from each other but does not say how. He writes that an ascendant is "used in making horoscopes" and lets it go at that. He defines bilocation as "a body being at more than one place at the same time."

As if shallowness and inaccuracy were not sins enough, Bowyer gives his biases free rein. Cayce, he informs us, was "America's foremost 'miracle' man"; Theosophy is a "quasireligion" and jnana yoga is "the most perfect form of yoga." Uh-huh.

ITEMS OF NOTE

IN THE JANUARY issue of FATE Jerome Clark reviewed the exciting new *Journal of UFO Studies* published by the Center for UFO Studies. I have just received the

latest copy of the Center's older monthly magazine, *International UFO Reporter*, and am happy to see its appearance greatly improved with a new easier-to-read format. Editor Allan Hendry tells me that *IUR* is temporarily out of debt; it is very nearly collapsed after subscriptions declined following the passing of the *Close Encounters* fad.

IUR is far and away the best monthly in the field and if you consider yourself a UFO buff but do not subscribe, shame on you! *IUR*'s address is 1609 Sherman Ave., Suite 207, Evanston, Ill. 60201, \$15.00 for one year's subscription.

One of my favorite people in the UFO field, Dennis Pilichis, has a new project. Working with the various Ohio UFO groups, he is publishing two new periodicals, *UFO Ohio Newsletter* (monthly as finances allow) and the *UFO Ohio Journal* (three times a year). Essentially they continue the former *Ohio Skywatcher* and *Page Research Library Newsletter* respectively. The first issue of the *Journal* reprints Leonard Stringfield's celebrated talk (delivered at the 1978 MUFON conference in Dayton, Ohio) about allegations of crashed saucers in secret air force warehouses. The *Journal* sells for \$3.50 an issue and the *Newsletter* for \$1.50 or \$9.00 for six issues. Write UFO Ohio, Box 5012, Rome, Ohio 44085. Add an extra dollar for the latest issue of *Visual UFO* and the latest price list of new and used books. Pilichis keeps the best stock in the country — a real treasure trove for the serious collector of UFO material.

Nicola Tesla, the wild and creative electrical genius, is now exciting a new generation of scholars, many of them interested in the paranormal implications of some of his theories. A new West Coast house is working to get Tesla material back into print. Its first publication is *Dr. Nicola Tesla* by John T. Ratzlaff and Fred A. Jost (Tesla Book Company, 1580 Magnolia Ave., Millbrae, Calif. 94030, 1979, 182 pages, \$20.00). Only 500 copies of this edition of commentaries on Tesla's diary and correspondence have been printed. The Tesla Book Company also handles Ratzlaff's *Dr. Nicola Tesla Bibliography* (Ragusan Press, 1372 Rosewood Ave., San Carlos, Calif. 94070, 1979, 230 pages,

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\$18.00, paperback), an exhaustive survey of works by and about Tesla.

Residents of the Wisconsin area may be interested in *Circle Guide to Wisconsin* (Circle, Box 9013, Madison, Wis. 53715, 1979, 40 pages, \$5.00, paperback), compiled by Selena Fox. Under 48 subject headings it lists over 250 resources in the psychic and New Age fields. These include psychic groups which run programs, psychic readers and numerous bookstores.

It's not too late to order a copy of the '80 *Lunar Calendar* (Luna Press, P.O. Box 511, Kenmore Sta., Boston, Mass. 02215, \$7.95 plus \$1.25 postage). This large 12x18-inch calendar, which pictures each day according to phase of the moon, contains some beautiful graphics, poetry and prose selections from the likes of Robert Graves and Merlin Stone. Luna Press can supply back issues of the 1977 and 1978 calendars (at half-price, \$3.50) for those of you who are as impressed with the artwork as I am.

OTHER REVIEWS

SEARCH FOR THE SOUL by Milbourne Christopher, Thomas Y. Crowell, Publishers, New York, N.Y., 1979, 206 pages, \$9.95.

Search for the Soul discusses the most important question in the world but magician Milbourne Christopher's treatment falls far short of the profundity of its subject. The book, although it contains some little-known information deserving of our attention, is irritatingly superficial and slanted.

Christopher discusses psychic photography, "soul-weighing" experiments, OOBs, near-death experiences, mediumistic communications (in particular those of Mrs. Piper), experiments with Eusapia Palladino and so on, but his accounts are seldom complete or even mildly satisfactory.

He recounts Hereward Carrington's experimental appraisals of Matla's work with various forms of communicating devices and of Rutot's electronic mechanisms, noting, "Despite the negative outcome of the experiments . . . Carrington had not been dismayed." Of course Carrington was not dismayed, since he had performed excellent scientific studies of

controversial and intriguing experimental work. Some time ago I too made a series of exhaustive tests to demonstrate a negative point and I do not recall finding myself dismayed.

Christopher attacks Carrington and Palladino vigorously, referring to those old warhorses, the Munsterberg and Jastrow "exposures," but he does not mention the many questions that have been raised and never answered about them. Munsterberg even admitted he had seen table movements he could not explain. When he left the seance — far from mentioning the fraud he would later claim to have witnessed — he said he had been most impressed. In fact, he left the sitting because of faintness. Jastrow describes events which could not have happened — they violated the seance's protocol, which had phenomena occurring while the medium's hands and feet were not only visible but bound as well. Jastrow claimed Palladino produced raps and other manifestations with her leg.

It is true, of course, that Palladino did commit fraud on occasion. She herself frequently warned experimenters that she might attempt to produce phenomena normally and asked to be properly controlled — and she did repeatedly produce magnificent paranormal phenomena under thoroughly controlled conditions.

Christopher's treatment of the Piper material is so thoroughly one-sided that readers not familiar with Sir Oliver Lodge's original report would assume little if any material of paranormal origin was received. In fact, as the Lodge report attests in detail, many evidential paranormal incidents took place.

The remarkable "George Pelham" (Pellew) case is briefly mentioned. Christopher thinks the matter has been rendered invalid simply because on occasion "Pelham" made incorrect observations. The author gives the impression that the Pelham case provided *nothing* of any value. In reality the "communicator" furnished evidential material in remarkable quantity and quality, gave splendid indications of personality traits, characteristics of speech and so on, and significantly "recognized" those whom he had known when living and not those who had been

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unknown to him. Further, "his" responses frequently reflected the degree of emotional involvement appropriate to the individual sitter. Such facts, if Christopher had used them, would have provided a balanced picture of the case.

In a sketchy chapter dealing with paranormal phenomena, the author mentions the intriguing pictures taken at the deathbed of Dr. Baraduc's wife. The photographs show, along with other odd effects, large globular light forms unrelated to reflective surfaces and appearing in tandem formation. Christopher compares these lights to laboratory photographs in which small balls of light, one per photograph, appeared on reflective surfaces. When one compares the Carrington and Baraduc photographs, one sees quickly that they are not at all like Christopher's.

Christopher also writes negatively about the controversial photographic phenomena of Charles Hope but characteristically does not mention the remarkable photographic effects produced under controlled conditions. Although he refers to a "luminous red ball" Scott Rogo saw while he was staying at the Psychical Research Foundation, Christopher does not tell us that this curious incident was the result of a deliberate attempt by OOB "specialist" Blue Harary to "visit" Rogo paranormally — an extremely important point.

Search for the Soul, in short, contributes little to serious parapsychological science. — *Raymond Bayless*.

RESEARCH IN PARAPSYCHOLOGY 1978 edited by W. G. Roll, Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, N.J., 1979, 211 pages, \$10.00.

Like its several predecessors *Research in Parapsychology 1978* consists of abstracted versions of papers and other presentations made at the annual convention of the Parapsychological Association. The 1978 convention was held in August at Washington University in St. Louis.

The papers presented at that meeting and summarized here are rather technical but will give the serious student of parapsychology a good state-of-the-art look at what is happening in the field. As usual last year's conference emphasized PK research,

psychophysiological studies of psi and free-response ESP studies. Because of the large number of papers and research briefs now presented at PA conventions, only very abbreviated versions of them can be included in *Research in Parapsychology*. This is unfortunate because many of these abstracts do not do justice to the original reports.

Of considerable interest, however, is the fact that the PA now sponsors more symposia and round-table discussions at its conventions than ever before. The 1978 convention was highlighted by three exceptional ones. A round table on "Research on Near Death Experiences," chaired by Karlis Osis of the American Society for Psychical Research, consisted of presentations by several physicians replicating the work of Kubler-Ross and Raymond Moody. All of the participants reported confirmations of Moody's original findings.

In addition there were symposia on psychic healing and on European parapsychology, both of which reported on highly interesting and thought-provoking research. Once again, though, it is too bad that only very brief abstracts of the original reports could be printed in *Research*.

In a particularly fascinating report Dr. David Barker of the University of Virginia describes his fieldwork on how Tibetan refugees in Nepal view psi. Barker describes his firsthand observations of a dramatically successful psychic weather-control ritual.

On the other hand, a special but worthless round table on "Women in Parapsychology" summarized the role women have played in the development of psychical research. The meeting was most likely held because some members strongly criticized the program committee for the 1978 conference for scheduling the meeting in a state that had failed to approve the Equal Rights Amendment!

The highlight of each year's PA convention is the presidential address and a special dinner presentation given usually by a speaker who is not a professional parapsychologist but who is an eminent scientist sympathetic to the field. Last year both presentations proved banal. Dr. K. Ramakrishna Rao of the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man gave his presidential address on how parapsychology

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gists should respond to their critics and how psi relates to Indian metaphysics. The dinner address was offered by T. X. Barber, a pioneer in the experimental study of hypnosis. His address on hypnosis and biofeedback was so elementary and tedious that it is not reprinted in *Research*.

Actually the true highlight of the 1978 conference was a series of three outrageous parties held in the Washington University dormitories after the scheduled sessions. Unfortunately the proceedings of those meetings are not reported here. — D. Scott Rogo.

ATLANTIS AND THE SEVEN STARS by Jack Countryman, St. Martin's Press, New York, N.Y., 1979, 160 pages, \$7.95.

It's hard to believe that yet more twaddle could be added to the Atlantis myth, which has already inspired thousands of volumes of the stuff, but in *Atlantis and the Seven Stars*, which attempts to forge a link between the fabled "lost" continent and a star system some 400 light-years from earth, Jack Countryman has managed to do just that.

Countryman, about whom his publisher tells us nothing, has built his argument on masses of conjecture, supposition, out-of-context quotations and wild imaginings. The edifice he constructs from all this is as substantial as a soap bubble.

According to the author, Poseidon, the founder of Atlantis, was an extraterrestrial from the Pleiades, a group of seven stars within the constellation Taurus. Taurus is the bull symbol and bull symbols are found all over the world. So are references to the Pleiades. At the same time ancient literature refers to giants who came down from the skies and mated with earth women. Therefore, Countryman avers, Poseidon was a giant space being from Taurus who wed an earth girl, sired 10 sons, invented ships, shipping, the signs of the zodiac and other trappings of civilization, and put "the bull, emblem of the Taurus Constellation . . . all over the world."

Most of the bull, I think, is put there by Countryman who habitually fails to document many of his claims and assertions, especially those he attributes to "scientists" and "astronomers." He also lards his

sentences with "it could be," "it might have been," "it is possible that," and similar suppositious phraseology.

Countryman claims anthropologist Richard Leakey has found "actual remains of giants" in Africa but supplies no references to back up the statement. Leakey is not even listed in the bibliography. A similar claim that "human skeletons ranging from 11 to 17 feet have been found in other parts of the world" is not documented; nor are the alleged findings of "the archaeologist Burkhaltar" who purportedly found stone tools weighing 300 to 400 pounds. In any case Countryman ignores a painfully obvious question: why did a spacefaring race have to resort to the use of Stone Age tools? But I suspect that those who believe this sort of Atlantean fantasizing will consider it rude of me to raise the question.

Countryman's knowledge of astronomy seems virtually nonexistent. Much of his argument that knowledge could have come only from Taurus extraterrestrials is based on his assertion that "only binoculars or a telescope will show" more than seven

Pleiadean stars. Not true. Kepler's teacher Mastlin drew a chart in 1579 showing 11 such stars in their correct positions. And he made his chart from naked-eye observations because the telescope was not invented until after the turn of the 17th Century!

Mercifully this book is far shorter than most ancient astronomical claptrap, but it is still far too long. If you must have a copy, wait for the inevitable paperback whose price — especially if you purchase it in a used-book store — will be closer to the book's true worth. — *George W. Earley.*

MYSTERIES OF THE WORLD edited by Christopher Peck, Chartwell Books, Secaucus, N.J., 1979, 160 pages, no price listed.

Chartwell Books is best known as a publisher of large art books. *Mysteries of the World*, designed as a Fortean primer, follows the standard art book format in supplying the reader with dozens of photographs and art prints which highlight brief

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chapters, each written by a different author, on a variety of subjects.

The first and longest section deals with archaeological mysteries: Atlantis, the pyramids of Egypt, Stonehenge, the stone statues of Easter Island and so on. These chapters are objectively written and in general do not try to create mysteries where none exist.

The second part of the book, "Miracles and Visions," is by far the best. The chapter on stigmata, written by veteran Fortean writer Robert Rickard, is one of the best introductions to the subject currently available. Rickard reviews the different types of stigmata which have been recorded down through the ages, summarizes some modern accounts and examines both the psychological and the parapsychological aspects of the phenomenon. Unlike many writers on religious phenomena, Rickard shows that stigmata cannot be explained away simply as a psychological event brought on by a form of religious hysteria.

In "Contemporary Mysteries," the last section, monster-hunter Tim Dinsdale writes perceptively on cryptozoology. His discussion of Loch Ness monster photographs is especially good. John Rimmer, editor of England's *Magonia*, contributes a chapter on the UFO mystery, which he sees as a paranormal rather than a technological phenomenon. Although he is wrong when he states that the "abduction syndrome" began only after the Hills' 1961 adventure, his theories about the nature of these strange craft and their occupants are provocative and thought-provoking. A surprisingly objective discussion of the Bermuda Triangle concludes the section.

The art is of generally high quality and the book is attractively produced. Although superficial compared to other currently available Fortean picture books, such as Michell and Rickard's *Phenomena: A Book of Wonders* and Hitching's *The Mysterious World*, Christopher Peck's *Mysteries* stands as a concise introduction to Forteanism. The only drawbacks are that one or two well-known hoaxes have been included without qualifiers and some of the UFO photos are of dubious credibility.

Chartwell lists no price, leaving that up

to the individual bookseller, but you can expect to pick this one up for somewhere between \$9.95 and \$12.95. — D. Scott Rogo.

THE FLIGHT OF DRAGONS by Peter Dickinson, Harper & Row, New York, N.Y., 1979, 132 pages, \$17.50.

The Fortean bestiary is full of animals whose existence, either now or at some earlier time, is not accepted by establishment science. We are all familiar with the debates over Bigfoot, sea serpents, the yeti and others. We are equally aware that some legendary animals and some supposedly extinct ones now grace our zoos and museums.

To these Peter Dickinson would add dragons, writing in *The Flight of Dragons* that "there are three possible views [about them]: (i) They are completely legendary. (ii) They are largely legendary but contain elements based on second-hand accounts of real animals — crocodiles, boa constrictors, sting rays and so on. (iii) They really existed. I take the third view."

He deduces from the old myths, legends, paintings and sculptures that comprise the lore of dragons how the creatures could fly, why they had fiery breath, why they hoarded gold and ate fair maidens (preferably princesses), how they caught their prey and how they might be slain. Their evolution from earlier, more accepted dinosaurian forms is explained and a reasonable, although admittedly hypothetical, life cycle is outlined.

Dickinson's theorizing not only accounts for the lack of "cave-paintings . . . showing the tribal heroes of the Stone Age battling this ferocious enemy" but explains why he thinks it "impossible that the fossil remains of a true dragon will be found."

Wayne Anderson's marvelous paintings, created especially to complement the text, and a variety of highly germane quotations from diverse sources round out one of the most fascinating books I've read in a long time. Dickinson has crafted an amazing edifice out of seemingly disparate bits of dragon legendry from both East and West. Future writers on dragons will unquestionably rely heavily on Dickinson's work. —George W. Earley.

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.

MANY A SLIP . . .

In my article, "The Psychic Photography of Masuaki Kiyota," published in the January 1980 issue of FATE, I was shocked to read: "I first met Masuaki . . . in October 1977" and ". . . segments for the movie 'Exploring the Unknown' [were] shown on NBC-TV in October 1978. . . ." For 1977 read 1976 and for 1978 read 1977.

I knew that I had been in Japan in 1976 and that the NBC documentary was shown October 30, 1977. I went to my file and found that I was responsible for the first typographical error — for which I am sorry.

This mistake contains a lesson for us both. I must read more carefully every word of a manuscript before sending it off and FATE editors, when they find an incongruity, ought to check back with the author. My manuscript did not say "October 1978" but merely "last October 30." My accompanying letter was written July 1, 1978, well ahead of October 1978. This should have raised some question but apparently it didn't so the error will become part of "history." — *Walter H. Uphoff, Oregon, Wis.*

* * *

A serious error was made in the caption for one of the photographs appearing with Part II of my article, "The Search for an Irish Martyr" (December 1979 FATE). The caption under the cranium on page 82 should have read:

"Investigator Malcolm Farmer found this human cranium, obviously of considerable age, tucked behind the ledge at the side of unbroken casket in St. Catherine's Church basement, a disused burial vault in Dublin. Are these the remains of Robert Emmet?"

The italicized portions indicate corrections. — *Ann Druffel, Pasadena, Calif.*

AN IMPASSE

J. Gordon Melton's review of my book *Ancient Energy* (November 1979 FATE) was erroneous, shortsighted and damaging to me professionally. Here are some specific points which demonstrate his unfairness:

(1) He gave only part of the definition for ancient energy.

(2) Numerous experiences were supported by new research in the field. He mentioned none of these.

(3) Peter Kolosimo and Andrew Tomas were the least important references in the book. What about William Tiller and the others? He did not mention these.

(4) Naturally I wrote, "I believe" and "may be the case." None of the information in the book has been proven and I must handle it that way.

(5) Finally, and most critical, he did not mention my academic background which is exemplary.

Many editors at Harper & Row, my publishers, read the book and liked it well enough to publish it. It has received out-

standing reviews in high places. J. Gordon Melton may not have liked it but to damage an author professionally is a serious, even grave, offense. — *Maxine Asher, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Maxine Asher earned her bachelor's degree in psychology at UCLA, a master's degree in history at California State University (Northridge) in 1968, and her doctorate in education (with an anthropology major) at Walden University in 1975.

She has diversified experience in many subject areas at all levels of instruction and is a specialist in multicultural and bilingual education. She has traveled, lectured and written widely on subjects related to anthropology and archaeology. — The Editors.

J. GORDON MELTON REPLIES:

I stand by my review of Maxine Asher's book *Ancient Energy*.

Quite uncritically, she used speculative sources (Tomas and Kolosimo being only two of many) as if they were solid research material. She mentions William Tiller's lecture on outer space (which he gave at a yoga conference) but seems not to know of research he has done which would reflect quite negatively on her theses.

Dr. Asher's academic credentials are impressive but there is nothing in her academic background to suggest that she is qualified to speak on ancient energy. Apparently she has had no training in parapsychology or physics, both of which are crucial to basic definitions and the case presented in her book. I am not at all sure that a doctorate in education, even with a concentration in anthropology, qualifies one to work as an archaeologist.

Dr. Asher has not advanced our knowledge of either psychokinesis (the "ancient energy") or archaeology. Instead, *Ancient Energy* is another highly speculative book with no hard data to substantiate its conclusions. — *J. Gordon Melton, Evanston, Ill.*

FOR GOOD . . .

One of our graduate Seventh Sense healing groups is embarking upon a concentrated healing and research effort on muscular dystrophy. Using mind-to-mind distant healing, we expect not only to achieve many healings of this medically incurable affliction but also to further our findings regarding the cause of it.

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Please do not expect a constant interchange of correspondence, for the healing efforts will be primary and correspondence secondary! — *Benjamin O. Bibb, Seventh Sense, 311 Gaymont Circle, Statesville, N.C. 28677.*

. . . AND EVIL

I am preparing a study of personal encounters with what might be termed "evil" — in other words, experiences with the presence of an actual malignant force independent of normal psychological

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mechanisms. It will be a great help if FATE readers will send me their personal descriptions of such experiences. — *Raymond Bayless, 11348 Cashmere St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90049.*

A ZIPPERED SASQUATCH?

Two items about Bigfoot appear in the October 1979 issue of FATE. First, I enjoyed greatly the interview with Marcello Truzzi ("The Crusade Against the Paranormal," September - October 1979 FATE) and his attempts to set up a meaningful dialogue between paranormal investigators and scientists. Despite my respect for Dr. Truzzi, I would like to correct an impression that he may have left when he said, "You may have a gut feeling that someone is a fraud. You may think you see a zipper in the Patterson film of the Sasquatch, but can you prove it?"

Truzzi was probably using this as a hypothetical case but let me assure FATE readers that no one has ever claimed to have found a zipper or any trace of a costume in or on the Sasquatch shown in Roger Patterson's movie. I can personally vouch for this, for I have been enlarging and examining the film frame by frame for several years. Even in 100-time blowups I have found not a single trace of any kind of fraud or trickery. In fact, as I find more details of the facial characteristics, the more I am convinced that no costume-maker could have had the imagination or skill to have rendered such an unusual primateline creature. To confirm this further, the film is now being examined by Hollywood's most respected and well-known gorilla-suit makers and gorilla-suit wearers. They have already told me that Janos Prohaska, who died in a plane crash while on an assignment to wear such a suit and who was regarded as the dean of Hollywood suit makers, held the opinion that the Patterson film showed a real animal, not a man in any type of fake suit. Therefore, let no one get the impression that any evidence of fakery has ever been found.

The other item referring to Bigfoot is a letter from Stuart Burdick of Mountain View, Calif. While I generally agree with his comments, he would be well-advised to consider *Gigantopithecus blacki* as a probable ancestor of Bigfoot rather than the

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smaller and more distant (Java vs. China) *Meganthropus palaeojavanicus*.

Mr. Burdick is commenting in his letter on "Bigfoot Moves to Texas" which article appeared in the July 1979 issue of **FATE**. A point he neglected to make is that this title implies that Bigfoot is some kind of singular being. The experience of our Seattle Bigfoot Hotline is that sightings occur weekly in the northwestern states and almost as often in almost every other state including Canada and Mexico. Obviously "Bigfoot" is a species, not just one animal.
— Jon Beckjord, Director, Project Bigfoot, Seattle, Wash.

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS

Some years ago I dreamed I was watching two young men die of head wounds. I did not recognize them. The setting seemed to be some sort of opening in a forest. As I watched them suffer I was overcome by a deep sorrow. When I woke the feeling of sadness persisted but now, fully conscious, I was also puzzled as to the meaning of the dream. It had been extraordinarily vivid, as if I were present in spirit at some event actually taking place. I finally concluded that during the night I had journeyed to the other side of the world, to Vietnam, and had seen two soldiers dying. This seemed to be the only explanation although I knew no one then fighting in Vietnam.

Early in January 1977 our 17-year-old son Fred disappeared. We reported it to the police, thinking he had just run away to make his own way. Still, as time went by and we heard nothing, we became anxious. That summer I tried to contact a psychic who was well known for helping the police trace missing children. The policeman who responded told me that my request — one of many — had been put on a waiting list. I never heard anything further and we continued to wonder and hope. It was hard to think that I might go to my grave never knowing what happened to Freddy.

The week before Christmas 1978 the police informed us that children playing in the woods near our home had discovered the remains of a human being in a rocky cave. Positive identification was made through dental records and a wallet. We had found Fred. He had shot himself.

Two months after the discovery of Fred's remains, in February 1979, our second son Jimmy, 18 years old, took his gun, went to the exact same place and also shot himself through the head. We buried him beside his brother.

I feel that the second tragedy was triggered by the first. I also feel strongly that if the psychic I appealed to had taken a few moments to help, Fred's body might have been discovered long before it was. We would have been spared two years of anxiety, but more important, our second son might have lived.

I often think of my strange dream and I now believe that years before it happened I was made aware of the double tragedy. I am glad that despite the clarity of the dream I could not distinguish the features of the two young men. Whatever the future holds, let it remain the future. — J. M., Newark, N.J.

BEHOLD THE LIGHT

Donald N. Wilber's "Sufis: Mystics of Islam" (December 1979 FATE) gives us much food for thought but a couple of matters need clarification.

While it is possible to hypnotize someone and make him believe he is having a spiritual vision, such a vision has no more spiritual validity than a dream. One can, after all, hypnotize a frog but he will remain a frog just the same. Persons who do not have the basic spiritual development cannot be turned into saints by so simple a method as hypnosis. Christ did not teach it; Krishna did not teach it; Buddha did not teach it; and I doubt that Omar Khayyam and other legitimate Sufi mystics taught it.

Counterfeit visions are quite common. Under the influence of drugs a person may imagine he can fly but I have yet to see this result in certifiable flight.

While it is true that an adept has the power to influence the minds of others, this is not the purpose of mysticism. Indeed, the exercise of such powers may prevent the mystic from attaining liberation of the soul from ego consciousness and the realization of cosmic consciousness — a loss that may not seem significant to one who has never experienced it, but to the advanced mystic, it is a loss of cosmic proportions.

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Apparently some confusion exists about the difference between subconscious and superconscious trances in the minds of persons whose experience is limited to the former. A genuine superconscious experience validates itself through intuition: one knows that he knows. It also effects a permanent change in the life of the individual. He who beholds the light cannot thereafter imagine he enjoys darkness. — Larry Shull, *DeBary, Fla.*

INCIDENT IN MISSOURI

The incident in Union, Mo. ("UFO Grabs Car," October 1979 FATE), is interesting for several reasons but the "attempted-abduction-by-a-UFO" hypothesis is not one of them.

Leo Wicklinski, chief investigator for the UFO Study Group of Greater St. Louis, is quoted as saying that the two indentations on Mrs. Winscher's automobile must have been caused by "a force field of some sort." I too am an investigator for the St. Louis group but I do not share that opinion and neither do several other investigators in our group.

Mr. Wicklinski does not consider the illogic of his "abduction" hypothesis. If the occupants of an alien spacecraft had wanted to "abduct" Mrs. Winscher, as he suggests, then why didn't they simply cause her car to cease functioning as witnesses claim UFOs have done in hundreds of other "close encounter" cases? If UFOs are able to stop automobiles in Texas and France, then why not also in Union, Mo.? And if a bridge got in their way, why didn't the superintelligent UFO aliens try again to "grab" the car after Mrs. Winscher had crossed the bridge?

As for the indentations on her car, can Mr. Wicklinski guarantee that they were not made some hours before the UFO incident in a mundane manner and unknown to Mrs. Winscher? A phenomenon similar to that she reported has been described in several previous UFO cases involving automobiles but no damage to the auto was reported in any of these.

It is a credit to Mrs. Winscher's good sense that she reported to police only what she actually experienced and did not claim she was "attacked" by an alien spacecraft. Occurring as it did after a thunderstorm,

her experience may have involved an ill-understood natural physical phenomenon such as ball lightning.

The other UFO reports from the Union area provide no corroboration, since they involved only lights indistinguishable from aircraft lights. In one of those cases, investigators did not even determine whether the witness was wearing her eyeglasses when she saw the UFO! When multiple UFO events are reported on a single night, it does not follow that all of them have been caused by one and the same stimulus. — *David A. Schroth, St. Louis, Mo.*

A MATTER OF MATTER

In "Report from the Readers" (November 1979 FATE) Harry E. Mongold states: "The immortality hypothesis assumes a body that houses either a soul or a second, more tenuous physical body. The soul concept refers basically to a mind distinct from matter, which is clearly meaningless. Mind must have structure (sensations, memories, and the ability to attend to various combinations of these) and the structure is physical. The second-body idea is more rational in a way but it would have to duplicate all the brain cells and connections. It is hard to see why we should credit consciousness to the wraith which is supposed to leave the grosser body at death and still conceive of it as having no awareness, although it is a duplicate of the other."

Mr. Mongold makes an assumption and an observation here without, it seems to me, a real understanding of the nature of matter — i.e., the "physical body."

When I was in school we were taught that the first law of physics stated: "Matter can neither be created nor destroyed but only changed from one form to another." Later, as a result of Einsteinian mathematics and successful atom bomb experiments, this law was expanded to read: "Matter and energy can neither be created nor destroyed but only changed from one form to another."

This, I believe, is eminently significant. Where we were once encapsulated by restraining physical parameters, we are now permitted to allow for transmutation of physical matter into subtle energy forms which we do not yet fully understand.

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— C. V. Blaine, Eugene, Oreg.

REINCARNATION RECONSIDERED

As an hypnotic regressionist, I must take exception to the letters from B. Fox and Paula Tyszka ("Report from the Readers," December 1979 FATE).

Under hypnosis the suggestion is given in this manner: "If you have indeed lived in a past life, I want you to go back now to that time." This hardly fits my definition of a "command."

In my mind, reincarnation elevates death into perpetual life and means that I am a part of all things and all things are a part of me. Therefore, to harm anyone or anything is to harm myself.

I cannot comment on the mediums Fox mentions as I am not familiar with them. But scientists such as Dick Sutphen, Greg States, Dr. Helen Wambach and Dr. Kubler-Ross, to name only a few, do accept reincarnation as a possibility.

Fox and Paula Tyszka and everyone else have the right to their own beliefs and I accept the fact that they are different from mine. I say to them, "They are your reality and you have a right to them. Can you give me the same courtesy?" — Nikola Brown, Burlington, Iowa.

As Paula Tyszka knows so much about the soul and manure, I would like to hear her explain exactly what the soul is. — George R. Shaw, Friendship, N. Y.

Reader B. Fox states that the number of bodies available for incarnation is approaching zero. This does not take into account ongoing space exploration. New worlds much like our own, with huge populations, may be discovered.

A highly respected hypnotist in this area does not believe in reincarnation and

(Continued on page 128)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 120)

would never suggest it to a subject, nor will he explore it in any sense. Yet he hypnotized another highly respected citizen, a nonbeliever in reincarnation, who returned to a past life and described it in detail. Everyone laughed about it because it was so unexpected — and some of the details checked out.

Anyone who thinks reincarnation justifies amoral acts is dead wrong. Karma is a stern judge and we can't blame our karma on anyone but ourselves — and we pay! No one will carry us to the radiant beyond without our own dedication and effort.

I found it hard to partake of Paula Tyszk's lofty dissertation on the evolution of the soul after her beginning reference to "basic barnyard"! She states that reincarnation is a myth or *Mist* (German for manure). Oh, well, since that makes things grow, let's let well enough alone. — M. H'Laz, Thurston County, Wash.

THE ARK OF GENESIS

Gardiner James' little article "Noah's Ark Laid to Rest" (November 1979 FATE) is based on a large lack of information. Evidently he has read none of the fine books on the subject, at least not such well-researched surveys of Ararat exploration as *The Ark on Ararat* and *In Search of Noah's Ark*.

Anyone who reads these two books will decide that the ark described in *Genesis* is itself still there, intact, about 14,000 feet up on a glacially buried shelf so nearly inaccessible that only a handful of men have seen it in this century. But they included some well-informed, competent antiquarians — American, British and French.

A period of glacial recession in the first third of this century left one end of the great ship exposed. Explorers, some of whom were ignorant of the *Genesis* account, entered and found it was almost perfectly preserved by the bitumen paint, exactly as *Genesis* says Noah tarred it. And it had rows of compartments, exactly as we've assumed its animal cargo would require. — Curtis L. Gibson, New York, N. Y.

"EXPLAINING" UFOs

In the January 1980 issue of FATE "Update" reports on a recent survey of opinions within the scientific community on the reality of UFOs. Commenting on the swing toward "believing" science columnist Terence Dickinson writes, "I am surprised. I constantly read in science textbooks and journals that 'the vast majority' of scientists are convinced that UFOs . . . could be explained if fully investigated. This survey result clearly suggests the reverse."

The use of the word "explained" worries me. I'm afraid that what is implied here is that UFOs can be explained away as fantasy, hoax, imagination, hallucination or even as honest misunderstanding of reality. But I too believe that UFOs can and will be "explained" but in a manner to satisfy the scientific community, just as a host of today's realities are explained and accepted and lived with which yesterday were explained away by cocksure but shortsighted "men of science."

The day may not be far off when a factual and acceptable explanation emerges.

The survey referred to shows that sane people are giving UFOs serious thought. At the present rate of growth in man's knowledge of the universe, progress such as that made in the great leap from Galileo to Einstein may be compressed into a single life span. Hope you are here. — Chet Powers, Chula Vista, Calif.

STRANGE ENCOUNTER

In the desert near my New Mexico home I stumbled into a meeting with the being I have sketched. (This area has a long history of UFO activities and anomalous phenomena.)

I would like to know what to expect if I meet this being again. What type of communication should I expect? Will its behavior have any pattern that I can prepare for ahead of time? Will there be any long-term results from this meeting?

At the time of our encounter this creature seemed as surprised as I was. I was not



afraid of it. The whole meeting — in broad daylight — lasted only a few seconds.

If I could hear from FATE readers on what to expect, I might get more usable information when I meet the being. It seems to be a very intelligent creature and I am anxious to see him/her (?) again. — Cosette Willoughby, Box 317, Fairacres, N. Mex. 88033.



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∞ Transcendental Meditation has been packaged and promoted as if it were toothpaste, with benefits backed by "scientific" evidence. But how sound are the statistics behind TM's extravagant claims?

∞ Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky's last interview was given exclusively to FATE only six days before he died. The famed theorist discussed his controversial views about the origins of the solar system with Robert Schadewald on November 11.

∞ The voice on the phone was mysterious, threatening, all-knowing. But where was it coming from? Joan Krieger tells the bizarre story of the Leesburg poltergeist.

∞ For over 2000 years Egypt's pharaohs built and added to monuments honoring the mighty Amon-re. His shrine became one of the world's most impressive religious complexes—the Temple of Karnak.



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