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JONATHAN COTT

I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Beware of visions, even if they are of angels.

— St. John of the Cross

THERE ARE at least two questions to ask concerning the claims for reincarnation. The first: How valid are they? Second: How do beliefs in reincarnation square with conventional Christian beliefs? I propose to discuss only this second question — from my own viewpoint.

There is no doubt that the early church fathers were exposed to the idea of reincarnation. It is referred to in the Old Testament and we know, from clay figurines that have been found, that there were Buddhist monks in Palestine at the time of Christ. Furthermore, it is generally conceded that Christianity borrowed from the Buddhists at least one major concept which has changed the world: the idea of a proselytizing religion.

Before Christianity the religions of the Near East tended to be closely guarded by their believers. They did

not wish to share their powerful god or gods with other peoples but wanted to save them for their own protection — or aggression. They often regarded the beliefs of others as an abomination but they felt no need to convert them. But Buddhists were proselytizers and the Buddhist monks who traveled to Palestine were seeking converts. Eventually, of course, Buddhism spread throughout eastern Asia only to die at its center.

It is believed that the Christian church fathers learned to proselytize from the Buddhist missionaries — with profound effects on the church. Eventually they came to preach that only practicing Christians could enter the gates of heaven. Even those who never had a chance to hear the sacred words were doomed forever, according to some views.



CONTRADICTIONS

ALL THIS is presented as evidence that the early Christians

must have been exposed to the Buddhist idea of reincarnation since they so eagerly adopted the Buddhist idea of propagandizing for converts. The New Testament, nevertheless, contains practically nothing that even implies belief in reincarnation. Why not?

I suspect the church fathers realized that belief in reincarnation contradicted other beliefs generally held by Christians. Modern Christian groups that lean toward, or at least toy with, belief in reincarnation seem to overlook this fact.

Today more than 70 percent of Americans believe in life after death, according to separate polls by the Gallup Organization and Dr. Andrew Greeley and colleagues at the

University of Chicago. Greeley's poll shows 68 percent believe the afterlife is paradise while the Gallup poll finds that 71 percent believe in heaven.

But if people reincarnate back into this world, how can they go to heaven? Gallup also shows that half those polled believe in hell. How can a soul working out its karma reincarnate as an animal if it was consigned to hell? There is a great deal of fuzzy thinking here and we ought at least to keep our beliefs from contradicting each other.



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are little more than faint implications. In Matthew 11:14 Jesus refers to John the Baptist as "Elijah who is to come." Matthew 17:12-13 has Jesus saying that in John "Elijah has already come, and they did not know him, but did to him whatever they pleased."

Such passages suggest that John was the reembodyment of Elijah but, as Rodger I. Anderson points out in *The Journal of Religion and Psychological Research*, this seems contradicted by II Kings 2 which states Elijah had escaped death by being carried bodily into heaven in a fiery chariot. Anderson says there was a common Jewish belief in the "possibility of the illustrious dead returning again to earth, either personally as in the case of Elijah, spiritually as in the case of Jeremiah, or physically as in the case of a resurrected being."

Anderson admits that the fact that reincarnation is not explicitly recognized in the New Testament does not in itself constitute a positive reason for rejecting the notion as unchristian. It may be, on the contrary, that reincarnation is one of those ideas, like the Trinity, that were implicitly accepted but not clearly stated by the authors of the New Testament.

On the other hand, Anderson faces the fact that karma implies that salvation is the prize of protracted effort, "sometimes in collaboration with the divine but



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always finally dependent upon the individual's innate capacity for moral improvement." This, he believes, makes God a debtor to those who successfully carry out their karmic responsibilities and is a "complete inversion of the whole Christian experience of sin and salvation."

This consideration renders unlikely the proposition that reincarnation was agreeable to the writers of the New Testament. Perhaps, however, as Anderson suggests, Christians can accept reincarnation if it is conceived without karma.

At the same time nothing in the New Testament expressly prohibits reincarnation unless it is interpreted to include the idea of salvation by personal merit.



CSICOP ON THE ROPES

IT IS BECOMING obvious to us watchers from the hills that if CSICOP is not yet concerned about its satellite groups, it ought to be.

We have examples of radio and television shows in which debunkers have betrayed appalling ignorance and we have at least one case, in Hawaii, in which a debunking group is accused of pressuring the University of Hawaii into firing a man who taught a parapsychology course in the university's extension division. In this case a lawsuit is under way, directed against the uni-

versity, Hawaii Skeptics and CSICOP itself. Elsewhere we have seen wild statements by CSICOP members and even threats which suggest that some members need to be leashed.

The following exchange, reprinted from the prestigious *Los Angeles Times*, is an illuminating instance of the sorts of unsupported claims professional debunkers are making these days.

The story goes back to March 1985 when the *Los Angeles Times* published an article on Ron War-moth, a dowser well known to FATE readers. The original article, "Art of Dowsing Is Not Dead: Psychic Locates Land Assets," was published on March 17. On March 31 the

Times published a follow-up article, "Psychic Story Criticized, Praised." This drew an attack from Al Seckel of Southern California Skeptics, described in *Skeptical Inquirer* as one of a number of "groups with aims similar to CSICOP's."



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of his expressing an interest in the subject. A check of every reliable published work on Einstein or by him does not mention dowsing.

Times: In a book titled *Psi Trek* (McGraw-Hill) Laile E. Bartlett, Ph.D., a researcher in psychic phenomena who has taught sociology at [the University of California at] Berkeley, writes: "Albert Einstein once astonished his hosts on a visit to their country home by dowsing the location of a troublesome leak in an underground flow of water draining their pond."

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Times: From Bartlett's book: "Henry Gross, a known dowser and game warden of Biddeford, Maine, delivered 175 gallons of water a minute to Bristol Myers, a company of chemists and engineers, at a spot where all local geologists had agreed no such water existed."

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were wasted in dry sinkholes and that is nothing to shake a stick at.

Times: Openline, Pacific Bell's consumer newsletter, cites the successful use of "witching sticks" by its repairmen in locating cables and conduits. . . . A quote from the U.S. Army newspaper, *The Observer* (dateline Da Nang, March 13, 1967), describes the military use of dowsing by marines of the Second Battalion, Fifth Marine Regiment.

Seckel: Why are not "wild" assertions such as that of a psychic who claims to have helped police solve a case (i.e., Warmoth) ever checked? . . . When you actually do check it out, what you do find is either they have not heard of the psychic or the psychic led them on a wild goose chase.

Times: Writer De Wolfe checked with the Los Angeles Police Department and determined that Warmoth had been called in repeatedly to work with detectives in their investigations. One detective, assigned to a kidnap molestation case, said the information provided by Warmoth turned out to be accurate.

Seckel: So I say to you for the next time, "Check it out first."

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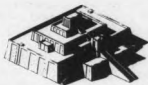


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mediums or psychics to take advantage of the public and make money out of them, especially from the bereaved."



NEWS & NOTES

• *Astrology.* Certainly some relationship existed between astrology and ancient Judaism, just as it existed with other religions of the Middle East. Mosaics of the zodiac have been found in several ancient synagogues including one recently uncovered in a dig at Hammath Tiberias on the edge of the Sea of Galilee. The mosaic depicts the Greek sun-god Helios surrounded by the signs of the 12 months. In II Kings 23:4,5 the Old Testament

inveighs against astrology and in II Kings 21:3 implies that the author regarded the "army of the heavens" as false gods.

• *Superbugs.* It's finally happened, just as the entomologists warned. A whole array of bugs have become immune to pesticides because of shortsighted and irresponsible use of these chemicals. Man has done what nature couldn't: created armies of superbugs that "nothing can kill," according to Robert Metcalfe, an entomologist at the University of Illinois. Among them are certain kinds of malaria-carrying mosquitoes, the destructive Colorado potato beetle (which enjoys "blanket immunity" against pesticides after being treated with



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15 different chemicals since 1950), cotton bollworms and some kinds of cockroaches and fleas.

• *Superbutterflies.* The Mexican government and private conservationists have banded together to protect the limited number of sites where monarch butterflies winter after their long annual migration from as far away as Canada. Tens of millions of monarchs spend the winter in small areas of fir forest in the mountains of central Mexico. In recent years local farmers have been clearing away the trees for timber and farmland. The annual migration of the monarchs is a great mystery. From three to five generations hatch each year but only the last flies south — averaging up to 100 miles a day.

• *Supermoths.* A variety of moths of the subfamily *Cuculinidae* reverse the seasonal life cycles of other moths, according to Bernd Heinrich of the University of Vermont. They are active in winter and their larvae remain dormant in the summer. Heinrich has discovered that they can avoid freezing to death



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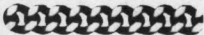
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in air temperatures close to zero. They hide under leaf litter when it gets colder than that. Heinrich says they don't freeze because their thorax is covered with hairs that provide insulation; they have insulating air sacs between thorax and abdomen and the part of the aorta that is in the thorax and abdomen forms a heat exchanger. The moths suffer heat prostration when the temperature rises above 20 degrees Centigrade.

● *Husband and wife.* In Birmingham, Ala., Rhonda Hill, 29, happened upon a television program of a marriage ceremony and watched her husband Larry Wayne Hill being married to Connie Faye Gogins. When told her bridegroom was already married, Connie Faye filed for an annulment. Rhonda has delayed asking for a divorce because she "wasn't going to pay for it."

● *Wave electricity.* In Norway and several other countries serious experiments are attempting to use ocean waves to drive electrical turbines. An experimental station at Tostestallen has succeeded in generating 850 kilowatts, enough for a community of about 1000 persons, and the government is studying plans for a 10-megawatt wave-energy station to be completed by 1990.

● *Sensitive mongoose.* The United States embassy in Sri Lanka proposes to train a squadron of mongooses to sniff out drugs. These



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little weasel-like animals are acceptable in Moslem countries where drug-sniffing dogs are regarded as unclean, lowly animals.

• *Expensive miss.* In 1973, according to Robert Ornstein's book *Common Knowledge*, 30 magicians, wizards and clairvoyants in Italy donned oriental capes, burned incense and scrutinized crystal balls in a cave where they met to make forecasts for the world. They failed to foresee that they would be charged \$1170 for cave rent for their five-hour vigil.

• *Movable bog.* In Ireland in December 1986 sightseers gathered near the village of Beldberg, 140 miles to the west of Dublin, to watch a quarter-mile quagmire of peat and mud slide down a gentle slope and plunge over a cliff into the Atlantic Ocean. At times it moved faster than a man could walk. County engineers said the marshy land had been loosened by heavy rains.

• *Stone Age men.* An Indian army expedition claims to have found Stone Age cavemen and women living naked in the Himalayan snows near Tibet. They reported the people eat raw meat because they never have discovered fire. Anthropologists Gerald D. Berryman of the University of California and Joanna Kirkpatrick of Bennington College called the report "inconceivable."

THE COLLECTORS

OVER 200 years ago the *Hartford Courant* complained about "the glut of occurrences" which it didn't have space to report adequately. The same is true of this column. I am appalled at the amount of material that passes through my hands each month and must be summarily discarded.

Of course, my standards of selection are subjective. The report must be "capable of belief" by me (I do not necessarily believe it but it must be plausible). I usually choose an anomaly, a new finding or new concept, which has significance in my world view. Usually it defines or solves a mystery.

Obviously this is a personal matter and I see no point in belaboring it. What I wish to do here is to thank you many readers who send us the newspaper and magazine clippings that help me write "I See by the Papers" and that keep us abreast of the many strange things going on in our world.

I especially wish to thank three indefatigable contributors:

Raymond A. LaJoie of Worcester, Mass., is extraordinarily timely with the clippings he sends. He has a sharp eye for current happenings in his part of the country. LaJoie sometimes sends two to three contributions a week.

Harvey N. Brown, a retired army lieutenant colonel from El Paso, Tex., keeps us well informed of

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happenings in his area. Colonel Brown's interests are wide-ranging, from witchcraft along the border to international cults and conspiracies. He makes pertinent, although sometimes enigmatic, comments. While some of the material he sends is not on-track for FATE it makes fascinating reading for us personally.

Raymond Nelke of Jennings, Mo., is an incredibly energetic collector of strange facts. He tells me he started collecting anomalies when he was in his 20's and has been at it for 40 years, more or less. He is a printer with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and was president of the St. Louis Typographical Union No. 8 for six years.

Ray has formed a collectors' organization with the rather difficult name "COUD-I," an acronym for "Collectors of Unusual Data — International." COUD-I members collect and share unusual material which Nelke defines as "high tech, paranormal, strange, psychic, cults, witchcraft, voodoo, animal mutilations, archaeology, spiritualism — in fact 'all the ism's and ologies.'"

Nelke's files are available to anyone doing research and he is starting an extensive data bank. He hopes to establish a complete research library.

Meanwhile Nelke has a fascinating hobby. He explains that COUD-I is truly a not-for-profit organization. "Dues are kept very low — like nothing," he says. "No

conventions have been planned. Meetings will be held when anyone wants to come to St. Louis and meet with me."

Nelke's copying and postage bills must be substantial. He shrugs and says occasional contributions come in for postage. If he wins at bingo or on a pool, the money goes to run COUD-I. A chancy business, run by a dedicated man.



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Webb sued. In December 1986 Judge John Blayney of the Dublin High Court ordered the museum to either pay Webb the value of the treasure, calculated at \$7.55 million, or give him the treasure itself. Webb had not decided which he

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Now Herbert Humphreys, Jr., a Memphis-based salvage operator, has located what is believed to be the second richest treasure ship ever lost. It is the *Nuestra Senora de la Maravilla* which sank along the Bahama Banks in 1656 carrying a cargo whose manifest lists treasure worth \$1.2 billion at today's prices, Humphreys says — and this is probably an understatement. The *Maravilla's* position has been known ever since it sank but 50 feet of sand has covered it. Humphreys has special equipment to remove the sand.



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Tim Page of the *New York Times* wrote, "The contents are more bountiful than anybody dared dream." He quoted John McGlinn, a music-theater historian, as saying, "It's like opening the tomb of King Tut. There are major works here that had been presumed lost forever, shows that were never revived and were assumed to have vanished off the face of the earth."



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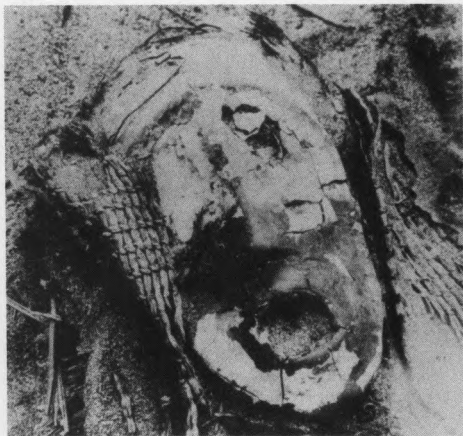
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CHILE'S MUMMIES ... OLDER THAN EGYPT'S

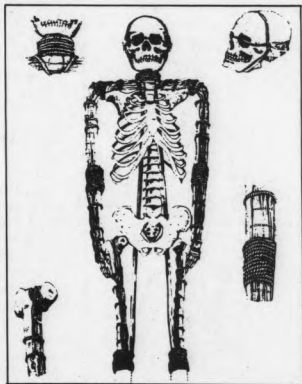
The Egyptians were neither the earliest nor the best mummy-makers. Nature is the best and the Chileans were earlier.

By Paul D. Kigar



Cementlike material still clings to mummified Chinchorro face. The first finds were published in 1919 by German archaeologist who named the ancient people Chinchorros, or gill netters, for their well-crafted reed nets.

Reinforcements were used to maintain Type I (4200 to 3790 B.P.) skeleton intact and rigid. Two poles from neck to knees and a third through vertebrae to skull insure rigidity. Fiber cords pass across shoulders and vertically along arms and legs, strengthened with thicker cords at neck and joints.



CHILE'S northernmost port is Arica, a city of palm-lined *avenidas* and *calles*. Lying between the Andes on the east and Pacific beaches on the west, it's called "City of Eternal Spring" because of its sunny, breezy days the whole year round and its annual average temperature of about 70 degrees F.

Because the city is located almost at the Peruvian frontier, having been taken from Peru in the War of the Pacific (1879-1884), for strategic reasons the Chilean government deliberately planned to increase

Arica's population. It succeeded perhaps too well, for its population has more than doubled in the last 15 years to about 100,000. And that has created a serious problem: a drinking water shortage.

At Arica's edge begins the driest desert on earth and it extends southward for 600 miles, with many extensive regions where in historic times rain has never been recorded. This is the brown, barren, hilly land of the great sunbaked Atacama Desert. Dry though it may be, it has no lack of legends.

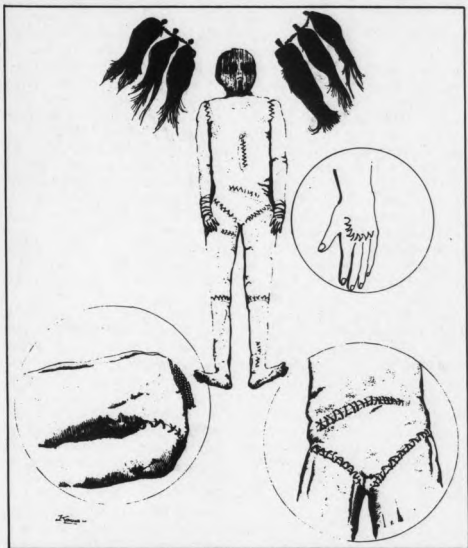


Child mummy of Type II (7810 to 4040 B.P.) was wrapped in strips of skin. Before mummification a death mask was made of clay and later affixed to body. A skin headdress somewhat like a bishop's miter covers the locks of hair.

The natives will tell you about *La Buenamoza* (the beautiful girl), a female vampire. She appears only to drunken men to offer them her love and whoever falls for her wiles ends up fatally lost in the desert's immensity. Another legend tells that millennia ago there were three sacred cities: One, like Sodom and Gomorrah, incurred divine punishment and disappeared. Another hid and was lost forever somewhere in a mountain plateau. The third is concealed in a mountain called Quimal, but, so they say, at dusk on certain days you can view its full splendor. Its majestic stone buildings, believers say, may be seen from afar, bathed in fiery light, together with its trees and the terraced crops of its ancient inhabitants. The city remains visible until someone tries to reach it whereupon it vanishes.

Pure legend? Probably, for how could an ancient people have existed in such a dry, barren land? But now archaeologists have discovered in this region mummies of a prehistoric fisherfolk and, according to carbon-14 dating, at least one of the 100 bodies unearthed is 7810 years old, give or take 180 years. That is 2600 years older than Egypt's oldest mummy, Seker-Em-Sa-F, son of Pepe I of the Sixth Dynasty. And the amazing discovery came about because Arica needed a more abundant water supply.

In October 1983 the Arica Water Company began cutting a ditch to



The body's outer covering was most important to the Chinchorros. After removal of the viscera, they stuffed the body with wool or other organic materials, then sewed it up with thread of animal fiber or human hair.

lay a new pipeline and on November 15, at the foot of the *Morro* (hill) of Arica, its ditch-digging machine churned up some mummies in a

shallow, sandy grave now believed to be part of a pre-Columbian cemetery. The need for water was temporarily forgotten and a remarkable

archaeological rescue operation began, financed by the National Geographic Society and headed by Dr. Marvin Allison, a paleopathologist from Arica's University of Tarapaca.

Most of the mummies were badly damaged but they were still sufficient to enable reconstruction of the culture of this early people and to establish a reliable chronology. At the Institute of Anthropology of Tarapaca University, 96 of them were studied in detail and nine were carbon-dated. Of the 96 bodies, 42 were children and 54 were adults: 34 females, 32 males and 30 whose sex could not be determined. Seven were retained for display at the Institute's Museum.

This was not the first time that mummies had been found in this region, however. The German archaeologist Max Uhle originally discovered mummies in northern Chile and published an article about them in 1919. But at that time there was no reliable scientific method of establishing the time these people lived. So Uhle estimated that they were contemporary with ancient populations living near Peruvian cultures whose development was more advanced. He thought that these populations had been surrounded by others who used ceramics at the beginning of the Christian era. Uhle's was an interesting discovery but not earthshaking like that of 1983 because of the inaccurate dating.

Uhle named them the Chinchorros, or gill netters, for their well-crafted woven reed nets that entangled fish by the gills. Remnants of Chinchorro culture have been found up and down a 300-mile stretch of the coast. The more or less seasonal settlements typically clustered around the green oases of the lush coastal estuaries to take advantage of both the precious fresh water and the marine largesse afforded by the cold plankton-rich Humboldt current which flows northward in a 500-mile-wide shallow swath past the otherwise barren, rugged shore.

In his excavations Uhle found three types of mummies: Type I, a naturally sun-dried body; Type II, a complicated form of mummification aimed at making the body rigid; and Type III, a simple form of Type II, the corpse made rigid with a 10- to 20-millimeter layer of cementlike material. Over the years other small finds of similar mummies were made and studied by other archaeologists.

Investigative research after the 1983 discovery shows that the Chinchorro fisherfolk culture is much older than Uhle could ever have imagined. The oldest mummies are not Uhle's Type I, the simple sun-dried bodies, because that type really dates from 4200 to 3790 years Before the Present (B.P.). They overlap in time with the cement covered bodies (Type III) which date from 4570 to

3670. In reality the oldest bodies were those with the most complicated type of mummification (Type II), dating from 7810 to 4040 B.P. In summary, the mummification began nearly 8000 years ago and reached its peak of sophistication about 5000 B.P. A change in the process occurred about 4600 when it began to decline and it ended about 3700 B.P.

* * *

WE TEND to associate the word "mummy" with ancient Egypt and that association is certainly well founded. For millennia Egyptians were the most famous, prolific and perhaps most compulsive mummy-makers in the known world. By Roman times they had done their best to preserve from decay and molestation an estimated 500 million corpses in vast necropolises. But they were neither the earliest nor the best mummifiers. Nature is. Working slowly in hot dry climates amid salty sands, natural forces have preserved many remains and may have inspired the clumsier human imitations.

Basic to any successful mummification procedure is desiccation, for water is the enemy of all organic preservation in warm climates. The parched areas around the Nile and the desert of northern Chile are great mummy country. Add to the dryness low levels of bacteria and pollution, and in Chile large amounts of salts, including nitrates, in the

sandy soil, and you have the makings of a natural embalming laboratory. Some of the unembalmed bodies of low-status Egyptians buried in simple sandy graves have resisted decomposition as well or even better than the fanciest royal mummies of similar vintage.

The techniques of mummy-making used in Egypt were painstaking and slow but not terribly sophisticated. They were intricately tied to the elaborate cult of the dead. The Egyptians believed they had to preserve the whole body, including entrails, if it were to pass muster in the next world, where the spiritual and divine essence could join the flesh. This was their undoing. To protect the mummy (especially one of exalted status) from looters, they began to isolate their dead in ever more impregnable and labyrinthine tombs. In doing so they were removing the corpses from the best preservative — hot, dry sand. Egypt's pyramids were elaborate but ineffective; they actually worked against preservation.

Twenty-six hundred years before Seker-Em-Sa-F died, fishermen in Chile, without metal tools or ceramics, were turning out a more durable mummy product with much less fuss. Their goals and beliefs, however, were different from those of the Egyptians; their techniques varied accordingly. Their mummies were apparently meant not to be buried and sent on to an afterlife in

the next world but to be propped up in public like statues for some sort of ancestor worship. The Chinchorros were more interested in the image than were the Egyptians. The skin was the important thing. Except for the bones the body was destroyed, the flesh replaced with dirt. The result was something like a stuffed animal.

Dr. Marvin Allison explained that the Chinchorros' idea in preserving the bodies was to keep them rigid so that they could remain in the village and become its spiritual guides in matters of hunting, fishing and other subsistence activities. In other words they were to provide a fishing, hunting and fertility magic to insure the continuation of the race.

The method of mummification shows that the ancients took a keen interest in religious matters. Thus you are left with the impression that mummification benefitted not the dead but the living. Many primitive societies today believe that certain good qualities of an outstanding leader can be transferred to the living by means of a magico-religious process: the real or symbolic "eating of the body or drinking the blood." Thus it is possible the Chinchorros believed the body of an outstanding leader continued to guide the community spiritually, surrounded by women and children who died about the same time to keep him company.

What would your life have been like in that ancient Andean culture?

Multidiscipline research on the Arica mummies has already told us a great deal about it. First, you would have depended largely on the sea for your livelihood and you would have dominated it by making an inflatable raft of sea lion skin, a rather sophisticated procedure for what is generally considered a primitive people. Amazingly, in our highly technological 20th Century such rafts are still used around Arica to load and unload ship's cargoes. You would have become an expert in making, repairing and throwing the woven reed nets to catch fish by their gills, and in making and throwing the harpoon to kill sea lions. The harpoon in a modified form is still used to fish the *albacora*, a swordfish that can reach a length of nine feet.

If you are a man, you would have spent a great part of your life on and in the sea with the fresh scent of the Pacific in your nostrils and its salty taste in your mouth. Consequently, your ears would never be thoroughly dry and you were prone to multiple ear infections which could produce a bony growth there and may eventually have left you deaf. Women escaped this but suffered swollen ankles because of working long hours in a crouching position, probably gathering and shelling mussels on the beach. Unlike the statistics in modern times, Chinchorro men outlived women by several years.

Research on the mummies shows

they were 70 percent carnivorous, 23 percent omnivorous and only seven percent herbivorous. These figures indicate a high protein diet which requires high calcium to establish a nutritional balance. It appears that during pregnancy many Chinchorro women had inadequate calcium and began to lose bone. This produced a severe osteoporosis at an early age — in women under 40. It was so severe that in 13 percent of them it caused fractures in their vertebral columns. Since osteoporosis is a major health problem of modern women over 40 today, it is interesting to note that it affected women thousands of years ago and is still not resolved.

In all primitive societies the family unit is important because early man realized that he could not survive alone. It appears that when these mummies gradually lost their "power" or became badly damaged, they were buried in their "family group" and probably replaced with a new family of mummies.

Since the tradition of mummification was maintained for about 4000 years, it is obvious that the society had to have a nucleus of individuals skilled in the preparation of mummies. You might have qualified if you were a skilled and successful hunter who knew well the anatomy of the sea lion, birds and other animals. Your hunting experience would have taught you how to preserve meat and treat skins.

There was considerable experimentation in the mummification process and in the end the body was essentially covered with "cement." Even in the final phase when the body was no longer made into a statue, a face mask was often used on the corpse.

The mummy research gives evidence of internal change in the mummification process: The emphasis was no longer on serving the community but on the dead person. At this change in the society's culture, the corpse was now being accompanied by all of the things he used during life, as among the Egyptians, which indicates a possible belief in the afterlife.

* * *

THE SEVERAL theories about the Chinchorro civilization will gradually be sorted out when the Arica mummies have been fully studied. This section of northern Chile contains the most important archaeological remains in Latin America because of such factors as the dryness and salinity of the soil which enables archaeological material to be preserved under nearly perfect conditions. At the present time, it is estimated that scarcely two percent of the total remains in this area have been excavated. But the Museum of the University of Tarapaca already contains more than 30,000 items related to this ancient culture.

Perhaps that 1983 discovery raises

more questions than it answers. Are there even older mummies to be found? Where did the idea of mummification come from? Who developed the skills and how long did it take them to do it? Why did the Chinchorros eventually abandon the practice? What provoked the cultural change that led to its abandonment? How long have complex

human cultures existed in the Americas?

This majestically colossal discovery, which brings us knowledge of a culture nearly 8000 years old, has astonished the world and obviously opens up the prospect of reviewing, or possibly even refuting, many existing theories concerning the history of mankind.



SOLUTION TO STONECUTTING PUZZLE

A PROFESSOR of earth sciences at St. Cloud (Minn.) State University told the press in the spring of 1986 that he has discovered the secret of the Incas' stonecutting. They did it with mirrors.

Dr. Ivan Watkins announced his theory to explain how the Incans of Peru managed to cut the rock they used to build their cities, a puzzle that has baffled archaeologists and scientists for years. He developed his theory — which he says supersedes all previous theories — after spending the summer in 1984 studying the ruins of Machu Picchu, Ollantaytambo, Cuzco and other sites in the Valley of the Incas.

Watkins theorizes that the Incas used large gold dishes, shaped much like the mirrors of today's huge telescopes, to concentrate the rays of the sun into a beam that melted or pulverized the rock. This facilitated cutting the rock in the

precise fashion that has mystified researchers since the Inca ruins were rediscovered early in this century.

Watkins points out that the Inca ruins are so sturdy that they have been untouched by earthquakes which have tumbled buildings constructed with mortar in recent times. He adds that the Inca work is so precise that a knife cannot be inserted between one stone block and the next.

Previous theories concerning Inca construction have suggested stone hammers, wooden wedges, organic acids and a mixture of sand and water used as an abrasive. Those methods, Watkins says, do not account for everything. Sharp inside corners, clean edges of rock cut near stress fractures, altered mineral and crystalline composition of stone on the face of cut rock — none of the previously advanced theories can account for all of these phenomena.

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GHOSTS OF MIRAGE AVENUE

We had taken up residence in the twilight zone:

a shadowy world of spooks, invisible walkers and impossible events.

By Lillian Bateman

WHEN MY HUSBAND Harry Lanegraff, son Mike, daughter Ellen and I arrived in California in late 1957, we took an apartment in Long Beach and stayed there over a year before deciding to buy a house. Then we chose a tract home which would be built in Orange County on land that had never before been used for dwellings.

We picked out the plan and the lot and were amused at the name chosen for our future street: Mirage. Later I was to wonder if the individual who thought of it was inspired or prophetic.

I chose a model with three bedrooms, two baths, a convenient service area and double garage. It was an open plan. Dining area, living room and kitchen seemed to flow together. That would be convenient for a mother who had to keep an eye on her five-year-old daughter.

While the house was being built, I drove out at least twice a week. I knew that place from the original foundation to the last piece of insu-

lation in the attic. It was built to withstand a whopper of a quake, every stud and joist braced, the subfloor a deck of solid two-by-fours. Later, when things started happening, I knew I could not blame them on the construction.

One weekend in February 1959 we moved in. We were all happy to get out of the apartment but Ellen most of all. Now she had a room of her own. At last she had privacy and a place to play without being teased by her big brother. I knew how she felt. That's why I had picked the model that had the master bedroom separate from the other part of the house. My husband worked the night shift at times and now he'd have undisturbed rest.

A few peaceful nights passed. Then one night I awakened to hear Ellen screaming, "Mama, Mama! Help! Come quick!"

Stumbling out of bed, I ran sleepily down the hall toward her room. I thought she must be having another of her damned nosebleeds. As I

passed the bathroom, I snatched up a towel, hoping she hadn't made too much of a mess already.

I dashed into the room, snapped on the light and ran to the bed. But there was not a drop of blood anywhere. In fact the scene suggested quite the opposite, for Ellen's small, terrified face was chalk white. She was scrunched up against the wall, backed into the corner at the very top of her bed. Although she had glanced at me when I ran in, her eyes were fastened on some horror in the center of the room. I turned, expecting to see an ugly spider or big gray moth. Nothing. I stared at the plain blank wall on the opposite side from her bed. Still nothing.

She had to be dreaming. I took hold of her shoulders, pulled her toward me and shook her.

"Wake up, wake up!" I said.

I held her but she wriggled free to peer over my shoulder. She was trembling. "Who are they?" she whispered. "What are they doing here? What do they want? Make them go away."

"Ellen, there's nothing over by the wall," I said. "What are you talking about?" I turned her face to look at me and asked, "Did you have a bad dream? Is that what you think you see?"

She stated indignantly, "I'm not asleep. I see things like skeletons and they move. Look, Mama, right there. Can't you see them?"

Ellen appeared to be inspecting

something. "I guess they look more like skinny Indians," she said. "There's bones too. It's all sort of brown and raggedy and it's ugly. I'm scared they'll grab me. They tried to catch me when I went to the bathroom. That's why I yelled for you. Mama, can't you see anything at all?" I admitted all I could see was the wall — and nothing on it.

If this was leftovers from a nightmare, it must have been a dilly. Perhaps a trip to the bathroom, a drink and a wash in cold water would help return her to her senses. She agreed to go if I kept between her and the visitors. When we came back, I switched off the overhead light. She startled, remarking that "they" were much plainer when the room was bright.

I had to get back to bed and she had to go back to sleep. What could I tell her? Her description reminded me of a television picture without a screen, so I invented a yarn about how programs could go astray and suggested that, since we could not turn it off, the best thing to do would be to turn her face to the wall and go to sleep.

That seemed logical enough. She accepted my suggestion. I kissed her good night and left, wishing I could believe my own fabrication. I also expected this episode would be the first and last of such productions.

IT WASN'T. I had to get out of bed many nights to act as escort

past the visitors. Gradually Ellen accepted them and the fact that they couldn't reach her, although she insisted they tried. Soon she stopped waking me. She'd run past the "skel-etons" and keep her head turned. I never discussed the subject any more than was necessary, believing my interest might encourage her imagination. I'd decided it had to be "imagination." Anything else was too much to think about.

If I had been clever and possessed any interest or belief in psychic phenomena, I'd have kept records. Such data as weather, temperature, recent minor quakes, barometric pressure and planetary positions might have proven useful. At least we'd have something for comparisons when later warps in time and space began to occur. And they did, about three months after Ellen's visitors first appeared.

I always enjoyed a cup of tea as soon as I got home from work. My 16-year-old son Mike knew this and he'd taken on the job of having it ready the minute I came in the door. He'd even organized things so well that his TV programs were barely interrupted. The kettle was on the gas simmering slowly, tea in the pot and table set. All he had to do was to keep his ear tuned for the sound of my Morris, jump up, pour on the hot water and flop back on the sofa.

There was never any problem with his knowing I was arriving. Mike said no one could miss the

sound of a Morris and no one would gear down and come roaring into the garage like "ol' Speedy Gonzales," his nickname for me as a driver.

But one afternoon he goofed. I came in to find oversteeped cool tea. Mike was embarrassed and apologetic. He insisted he had heard me drive into the garage 15 minutes earlier. He had made tea, waited . . . and waited. Finally, when he went out to see what I was doing, he found the garage empty. Annoyed, he assumed I had gone out again without calling out to him to hold up the tea.

I didn't quite buy his yarn. I suspected he'd fixed tea a bit early because he didn't want to miss a line of some thriller he was watching on the boob tube.

Soon I found out how wrong I was.

My husband Harry also drove an imported car, another four-cylinder job. His was a VW van and the way he drove it was the opposite of mine. He never geared down until the last possible moment. His van struggled around the curve and barely made it up the drive, its poor little engine straining and gasping until he mercifully turned off its ignition. I mentally gritted my teeth every time he drove in, every time I heard him approach.

Harry also had set a pattern. He liked to eat dinner early, almost as soon as he got in the door. I listened

for the van to signal the final dinner preparations.

One night I intended to serve steak — rare, the way we always liked it. I had the grill ready and the vegetables almost done. I planned to toss on the steak when the VW drove up. By the time he washed, it would be ready to eat. I fussed with the salad and kept my ears cocked for the van.

It soon dragged in as usual. I heard Harry get out and slam the wide metal door. He stepped across the service-room tile, dropped his lunch bucket on the counter and didn't come in. That wasn't unusual. He often went out to turn on the sprinklers in the backyard. I threw on the steaks.

Minutes passed. No Harry. I'd have to give him a shout, tell him to get a move on if he wanted his steak rare. I flipped the meat and went out back. No Harry.

He must have gone around the house, I decided. I'd cut through the garage — which, as I quickly discovered, was empty. Dammit, he must have let the van roll down the drive as usual and he's forgotten to fill up with gas. Men! Tonight of all nights to forget gas!

I went back to the kitchen in a state of considerable annoyance. The steaks were going to be ruined, in fact were already overcooked. Well, we'd have to eat them. For a few seconds I thought of calling the kids and starting dinner without

him, then decided against it.

Shortly afterwards I heard Harry return. I was out to get things off my chest before he'd gotten out of the car. He got quite a piece of my mind before I noticed he was looking at me most strangely, as if I'd lost my mind. When he managed to get a word in edgewise, he shouted, "I just got here! What's this stuff about forgetting to get gas? What are you talking about?"

"But I heard you come home 10 or 15 minutes ago!" I shouted back.

He didn't bother to answer. I stood feeling foolish while he walked past. He set the lunch pail down on the counter as usual. The sight of the lunch pail did it. I'd heard that sound before — but here he was, just bringing it in now! Was I going to start hearing the kinds of things Mike had heard? Maybe his yarn about my coming home before wasn't an invention after all.

We discussed this "early-warning sound effect" while we chewed on less-than-perfect steak. We all agreed to keep this silly business to ourselves. We didn't want our neighbors to think we belonged on the funny farm.

OUR NEXT problem involved the plumbing. At first that seemed like a normal problem. Toilets have been known to flush by themselves; I believe it has something to do with added pressure in the lines tripping some valve or

other. Every night between midnight and 4:00 A.M. our pretty pale pink toilet flushed noisily enough to wake me from a sound sleep.

Because the flushing disturbed me, I asked the kids not to do it, even when they had used the toilet. It could wait until morning without doing any harm. Mike denied being up. Ellen said she hadn't been out of bed either. I didn't buy it. They might not be lying, just confused or forgetful. And the toilet continued to waken me.

I had it all checked out. Every float, valve, wire and gadget worked perfectly. It took definite pressure on the lever to start it off.

A few nights later I was already awake. At the first trickle of water I bounded out of bed. I'd catch the culprit this trip. I turned on the bathroom light to see the lever slowly returning to its normal position. Both of the kids were dead to the world. I went back to bed, figuring I'd have to get used to this too, at least until we replaced the toilet. There had to be a flaw in the works. It couldn't be anything else.

One weekend we decided to go to San Diego, stay overnight and take a minivacation. We put up at a motel on the beach, all sleeping in the single large room. Incredibly, the toilet flushed during the night here also. This time it woke Harry as well as me.

The toilet acted up several times before I got up and tried to shut off

the water supply to the tank. While I stood by the infernal structure, I swore at it and all toilets in general. I said, "You've been a bloody nuisance ever since you started these tricks and why you followed me down here I don't know. I'm good and sick of you! Go away! Beat it! Scram! I don't ever want you to bother me again!"

I felt foolish after talking to a toilet but at least I'd let off steam for the time being. I crawled back into bed, vowing to have words with the manager next morning.

When I paid the bill and mentioned the self-flushing plumbing, he said politely that he'd look into it, but it was a new installation and there had been no complaints before. The way he eyed me after this bit of information left no doubt that he thought I was one of the odd ones and he'd lose no time in reporting it to his wife.

Actually, this whole episode is hardly worth the telling except for the fact that when we did go home our toilet never did its solo act ever again. It never needed repairs and it performed perfectly up to the day I moved out. Coincidence?

I SEW compulsively. I never watch TV empty-handed. One night I was finishing a man's shirt. It was complete down to the right cuff. One more pearl button to sew on and it could be hung in Harry's closet.

When I felt for it in my pocket, it wasn't there. I looked on my lap. Still no sign of it. So I must have dropped it; the white button would be easy to find on the dark green rug.

I got up to look. I searched the chair, my dress hem, my cuffs, the chair's cracks and crevices, even under the sofa six feet away. I called the kids. On our hands and knees we all looked, only to find dust, gum wrappers wadded up and a few pins. No button.

I wouldn't have made such a big deal out of the loss of a button if it hadn't been one of a set. I'd have to go back to the fabric store and buy a whole new set which irked my Scots conscience. Besides, I'd not have time to go before my day off almost a week away. I'd planned on finishing that shirt tonight. Unhappily I put the unfinished shirt back in the sewing room.

Three evenings later, when I was rehemming a skirt and keeping half an eye on TV, something slightly to the right of the screen caught my attention. It was white, a bit wispy around the edges, and seemed to be heading in my direction. Before I could identify this miniature UFO, it dropped in my lap. Yes, the button had landed.

Unable to credit my own senses, I picked it up to be sure it was what I thought it was. The crazy thing felt warm, not hot enough to make me drop it but warm enough to impress

the sensitive skin on my fingers.

Once later on we had an adventure of a similar nature with a thimble. Four of us were home and we all looked for a thimble which vanished seconds after I'd set it aside. After giving up in frustration, we sat down to eat — and after dinner it appeared in the middle of the mantel over the fireplace. Everyone blamed everyone else for hiding it. No one admitted to playing a trick and in fact the accusations got fairly nasty.

So far Harry was the only one who had not been involved in any of these little oddities. His turn was coming, though. He was due to experience something different, something special.

My husband worked the three-to-11 shift as a rule and frequently took a rest before leaving for the job. Lately, however, he'd been disturbed several afternoons by someone's unlocking the kitchen door, walking across the tile floor and going into the other hall. It sounded like the footsteps of a woman wearing high heels.

At first he assumed I had come home early — but why high heels when I wore duty shoes? He got up to check the doors and the house for evidence of a prowler but found nothing.

Once the "feet" came up to his closed bedroom door, pausing so realistically that he called out, "Come in! I'm awake." When he got no answer, he slipped quietly off the

bed and jerked the door open. There was nobody there. None of this made any sense then or since. Nothing happened. The footsteps just went away to wherever they had come from. I never heard the invisible prowler myself.

DURING THOSE years I lived on Mirage Avenue, I read books dealing with the unexplained, searching for answers to my own puzzles. I read that the time-lapse phenomenon was known in the Scandinavian countries as a *doppelganger*, meaning forerunner. The toilet and the runaway button and thimble could be in the poltergeist class. But classifying these things wasn't the same as explaining them.

I soon learned that I was not alone in my experiences. One night I was attending a social gathering in the neighborhood and one woman arrived late and a bit flustered. She apologized and said she had a crazy excuse.

She said her baby-sitter had seen a ghost — and in broad daylight at that. If he could see one in daylight, he had no intention of staying after dark — so she had to calm down the boy and assure him that she'd be only down the block. He was to phone if he got nervous.

The boy, a sensible 15-year-old, had been looking after her two smaller schoolchildren for many months and this was the first time he'd caused her any problems. So

she had to accept this story according to his account:

He was in the living room with the TV on and turned to look out on the patio because he sensed somebody was staring at him. He saw a Mexican-looking fellow with a black mustache standing in front of the sliding glass doors. The strange, heavy-set man was peering intently into the house. The boy got up and started to come toward the man when he realized he could see through him.

He interpreted this to mean that this was a reflection from the living-room window behind him. But when he turned and looked, there was no one there. When he turned back, he saw the man again. For a few puzzling seconds the image remained, then faded. The boy remarked that the man didn't appear menacing. Instead he looked confused, "not quite awake."

As the woman ended her story, we all looked around as if to check the reaction of our neighbors. Nobody laughed or ridiculed the tale. In fact, our hostess let out a sigh of relief.

"You think you're the only one with spooks?" she asked. "Let me tell you what happened here only a couple of weeks ago.

"My daughter — the 17-year-old — and I were here in the corner of the living room watching TV. It must have been about seven o'clock because the news was over and I

remember having locked all the doors. Well, I caught some movement out of the corner of my eye and expected it to be the cat, but it was a pair of dirty sneakers. I looked up and there was a young man, a long-haired blond fellow, a sort of hippie type. He was standing in the living room a couple of feet from me and between us and the front hall.

"I yelled, 'How the devil did you get in?' My daughter looked up and screamed. The young fellow stared at us, looked all around and vanished. He seemed sort of dazed or confused too. He stared in a vague way, like a sleepwalker, if you know what I mean."

After hearing these stories, I thought I'd be safe enough from ridicule if I shared our own bizarre happenings. I told about the cars coming home twice, about the but-

ton that took a holiday, about Ellen's skeleton things and about Harry's lady friend with the high heels.

All the time I was talking, though, my mind was trying to make sense of the events. There had to be a common factor somewhere — and there was. Our three houses lay in a straight line, actually a diagonal between the two intersecting streets.

As I walked home that evening, I wondered if there could be a warped magnetic field, a distortion of what we call reality. Might instruments measure such things? Might there be a fault underlying this land?

Naturally I didn't have time to pursue any of these ideas. Besides, I didn't know even where to begin.

After all these years the mystery remains an irritation in my mind. I like things solved. There has to be an answer — but where does one look for it?



MOUSE ATTACKS MAN

WALTER MILLER, driving on a Montana interstate highway in December 1986, was attacked by a mouse which apparently had been sleeping in his car's heater vent. Patrolman Dallas Adkins told Associated Press that the 59-year-old Miller was driving home on Interstate 90 when the mouse sprang from the dashboard, landed on his shirt and scampered up inside his coat. Miller let go of the steering wheel and grabbed for

the mouse as his car skidded off into a snow-filled ditch near Billings. Miller wasn't hurt but Patrolman Adkins estimated \$500 damage to the car and four reflector posts.

The confrontation between man, machine and mouse proved fatal to the mouse when Miller grabbed and squeezed it. "I have no doubt that's what happened," Adkins said. "He kept the dead mouse. It was a fresh one."

No citations were issued.

The Wreck of the *Raifuku Maru* . . .

"DANGER LIKE DAGGER!"

Had the deadly Bermuda Triangle claimed another victim

— or was the true villain some writers' overworked imaginations?

By **Berry Berkley**

"DANGER like dagger now!
Come quick!"

If ever a last message has intrigued a puzzled posterity, it was that of the ill-fated Japanese freighter *Raifuku Maru* which "vanished" sometime during the 1920's right in

the heart of the Bermuda Triangle. Her "disappearance," coupled with her enigmatic transmission, makes for one of the most lurid chapters in the annals of the Triangle.

Almost every book on the subject has a couple of paragraphs on the *Raifuku Maru* and her last voyage — but the incredible tale loses much

Lurid accounts of the fate of the *Raifuku Maru* in sensationalized books are contradicted by the *New York Times*' report of the ship's sinking.

News That's
to Print."

The New York Times

No. 34,561.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1925.

JAPANESE FREIGHTER SINKING WITH HER CREW OF 38.



Photograph Taken From the *Homeric* Showing the *Raifuku Maru* Going Down in the Heavy Sea.

PASSENGERS DIFFER ON HOMERIC EFFORT TO AID SINKING SHIP

Testimonial Praising Captain
Signed by 123, but Others
Criticize Failure to Save.

TELL OF SAILORS DROWNING

Three Lifeboats Ready for
Launching, but No One in
Water, Skipper Asserts.

SAW MANY, PINCHOT SAYS

Japanese Sailors Struggling in the
Sea After Freighter Capsized,
Other Travelers Declare.

BRITISH M. P.'S TELL OF SOFIA TERRORISM

Eyewitnesses Report 6,000
Arrests—Believe Many Were
Executed Without Trial.

Free Collins's Body in Cave; 75-Pound Rock Held Him

CAVE CITY, April 22.—The
body of Eliza Collins, who died
from hunger and exposure when
trapped in a cave late in January,
today was freed from its under-
ground prison and moved from
beneath the rock that pinned it
to the bottom of the seventy-foot

LOWDEN IN WARNING ASKS AID FOR FARMS

Predicts Disastrous Increase in
Living Costs Unless "Desperate
Situation" Is Relieved.

of its punch when one notices that no two accounts of it are exactly the same. In reading *The Bermuda Triangle*, *Triangle of the Lost*, *Riddle of the Bermuda Triangle* and *The Devil's Triangle*, by Charles Berlitz, Warren Smith, Martin Ebon and Richard Winer respectively, one would think that the four authors and sundry others drew on different sources.

In broad outline the story of the *Raifuku Maru* is usually told as follows:

Sometime in the 1920's a British passenger liner, the *Homeric*, on its way to New York picks up a transmission from another vessel which identifies itself as the *Raifuku Maru* and gives this distress call: "Danger like dagger now! Come quick!"

Upon reaching the source of the transmission, which is in the center of the Bermuda Triangle, the *Homeric* finds nothing, leaving her crew, the media and subsequent readers of the account to wonder ever afterwards what was meant by "danger like dagger."

Most of the books that recount the tale in this form speculate about waterspouts, which indeed do somewhat resemble daggers. They also mention pirates and mutinies (although most modern pirates and mutineers employ firearms rather than edged weapons). Richard Winer, for one, leans heavily toward the waterspout theory and in fact recounts the tale as a lead-in to

another story of a vessel's actual encounter with a waterspout.

A deeper mystery than that of the *Raifuku Maru* is that of the disparities in the different accounts. Charles Berlitz's *The Bermuda Triangle*, published in 1974 and generally recognized as the book that sparked widespread popular interest in the subject,* gives the time of the occurrence as the "winter of 1924." *The Devil's Triangle*, also published in 1974, gives no specific time of occurrence but states only that the freighter left Japan in January 1921. *Triangle of the Lost* lists the year as 1924 and gives no exact date. *Riddle of the Bermuda Triangle* says 1925 but like *Triangle of the Lost* has no date.

For the most part the accounts agree about the place of disappearance. *The Bermuda Triangle* gives it as "between the Bahamas and Cuba." *Triangle of the Lost* says the "disappearance" took place "when the Japanese freighter *Raiuke Maru* [sic] was sailing from Bermuda toward Cuba." *Riddle of the Bermuda Triangle* says only "a location near the Bahama Islands." *The Devil's Triangle* has the "disappearance" occurring as "the ship steamed past the Bahama Islands."

Just as accounts vary as to date

*The term "Bermuda Triangle" is the invention of Vincent H. Gaddis whose article "The Deadly Bermuda Triangle" appeared in the February 1964 issue of *Argosy* and in expanded form as a chapter in his book *Invisible Horizons* (1965).

and place of occurrence, they also vary as to the content of that cryptic last transmission. *The Devil's Triangle* and *Riddle of the Bermuda Triangle* say, "Danger like dagger now. Come quick!" But *The Bermuda Triangle* and *Triangle of the Lost* elaborate somewhat, adding the line "We cannot escape!"

What makes the variance in the accounts all the more amazing is the fact that the fate of the *Raifuku Maru* was splashed across the front page of the April 23, 1925, edition of the *New York Times* and discussed in editorials for several days after that. According to the *Times*, this is what actually took place:

At 4:00 A.M. on April 21 the British passenger liner *Homeric*, steaming from the United Kingdom to New York, picked up a distress signal from another vessel which identified itself as *Raifuku Maru*. The *Raifuku Maru's* radio operator said the ship had encountered high winds and rough seas and was helpless and listing. He gave the ship's position 41:32 North, 61:41 West—about 180 miles southeast of Halifax, Nova Scotia, about as far from the Bermuda Triangle as one can get in the Atlantic. The *Homeric* radioed a "message received" to the stricken *Raifuku Maru* and headed in its direction at full speed. Another vessel, the *Tuscania*, likewise New York-bound, also picked up the freighter's signal and was also making for it.

Weather at the time was overcast and breezy in the waters where the *Homeric* was steaming. As the *Homeric* approached the position of the *Raifuku Maru*, the waters got rougher. Capt. John Roberts later reported winds in excess of 50 mph. All the while the *Raifuku Maru* had been transmitting intermittent distress signals. At nine o'clock that morning, this message came: "Now very danger; come quick!"—which was what became mysteriously corrupted in the infamous "danger like dagger."

The *Homeric* did not reach the *Raifuku Maru* until around noon. Captain Roberts reported later, at an inquiry held in the aftermath of the incident, that the *Raifuku Maru* was at a 60-degree list when the *Homeric* reached it, approaching to within a few hundred yards. Waves as high as 20 feet held the freighter helpless.

Roberts didn't dare order the *Homeric* to approach any closer to the *Raifuku Maru* for fear that the strong wind and waves would drive the two vessels together. He ordered his crew to break out the lifeboats and stand by to launch when he gave the signal. Not a single member of the *Raifuku Maru's* crew could be seen either on deck or in the raging water.

Fearing the *Homeric's* lifeboats would capsize in the stormy waters, Roberts held back on putting them out but did order the *Homeric* to

stay in the area and maneuver in the rough waters around the *Raifuku Maru* to continue searching for crew members who might have jumped overboard.

Around 1:00 P.M. the *Raifuku Maru* turned over slightly on its keel and sank evenly out of sight. As it went under, the *Tuscania* reached the scene. Both ships, the *Homeric* and the *Tuscania*, waited in the area to see if crew members or bodies would surface; none appeared. There was little the two liners could do but continue on their way to New York and report the incident.

* * *

THAT IS the long and short of the *Raifuku Maru*'s tragic last voyage. It might be said that the greatest mystery behind the freighter is just how its sinking managed to get included in the literature of the Bermuda Triangle and just how "danger" became "dagger." But there is a minor mystery which not even the *New York Times* cleared up and this concerns the fate of the freighter's crew.

Although later, at the inquiry, many of the *Homeric*'s passengers stated that they saw men swimming in the waters around the *Raifuku*

Maru, Captain Roberts and his crew, who were actually performing the rescue operation, swore there was no one either in the water or on the *Raifuku Maru*'s decks. It is highly unlikely that all 38 of the *Raifuku Maru*'s crew would have elected to stay below and go down with the ship. When two ships, *Portland Maru* and *Arleux*, were dispatched the next day to search for bodies and survivors, none were found.

It is true that bodies when they sink tend to stay under water until decay causes buoyant gases to build up inside them. But at the same time it is odd that the ship's entire crew could have vanished in the short amount of time it took the *Homeric* to reach the *Raifuku Maru*. The reason for the freighter's mysterious loss of power and subsequent capsizing was also never cleared up, although some observers speculated that the ship's cargo of wheat could have shifted in its hold, causing it to list.

It appears there is a genuine mystery associated with the *Raifuku Maru*'s sinking — but it is not the mystery alleged by poorly informed enthusiasts of the Bermuda Triangle.



— 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 BETTER DOCTOR CAME

By Thomas C. Jacobsen

LITTLE TOMMY Jacobsen lay in bed with his head propped up on pillows. He had his toy cars with him and he made roads out of the folds in his blanket, then drove the cars up and down the roads. It was a warm summer day in 1937. Although he had the window open, he couldn't see anything from where he was, but he could hear his friends playing out in the street where most of the children spent their summertime in Chicago. They were playing stickball and kick the can. He wished that he could be out there playing with them.

This was the third year that he had this sickness. He had a boil in his throat and had to stay in bed until the boil broke. He had a hard time eating. All he could have was broth and even this would hurt him

when he swallowed. It had been a week now and he still was not feeling any better. Dr. Jensen came and was not happy with what he saw. He told Tommy's mother Margaret and his father Rasmus that Tommy would have to go into the hospital the next day so that he could operate.



Thomas C. Jacobsen

Tommy looked out of the window until it grew so dark he couldn't see anything at all. But suddenly his room became very bright and he saw a man standing in the brightness, a man who looked like a picture in his mother's Bible. The man held up his arms, smiled at Tommy and let his arms drop back to his sides.

Tommy called his mother and father and told them what had happened. He said also that he was hungry and wanted something to eat. His mother brought him some Jello and some water and the little boy found he could eat and drink without pain.

The next day Tommy's mother called Dr. Jensen and told him the boy was better and would not have to go into the hospital. The doctor came to check and when he looked at Tommy's throat, he could find no sign that he had ever been sick. When Tommy's mother told the doctor about the night visitor, the doctor said Tommy had had a call from a better doctor than he. He had the best healer of all time.

"Little" Tommy is now 57 years old and I have never had another sore throat since that day. — *Grant Park, Ill.*

NOT BEFORE BREAKFAST

By Vivian A. Thompson

I WAS five in October 1955 when my family was visiting my Uncle Steve and Aunt Marjorie Harmon

in Arkansas. It was a lazy morning, folks gathering gradually in the kitchen as the smell of biscuits and bacon settled through the house. My nine-year-old sister Maxine was one of the last to join us from her pallet on the living room floor. As she came in rubbing her eyes, Aunt Marjorie asked, "How can you sleep through this noise?"

"I had a bad dream," Maxine said.

Uncle Steve's chuckle buried my mother's sympathetic comment. "If you tell a dream before breakfast, it'll come true," he said in his ever-teasing voice.

"I dreamed our house burnt down," my sister said.

"It was only a dream," Mother soothed.

We were finishing breakfast when Grandmother Bessie Harmon called from Colorado. My uncle's face was grim as he returned to the kitchen to give us the news.

"Your house burned down last night," he said. "They think it was struck by lightning."

"I had a bad dream," my eight-year-old son says.

He stands by the bed, rubbing his eyes. I pull back the covers, inviting him in. "I'm sorry," I say.

He slips in beside me. He knows I won't ask what he dreamed about. He knows not to tell—at least not until after breakfast. — *Gardner, Kans.*

STORMS

By Marjorie Smith

EVER SINCE childhood I had been afraid of storms. They always gave me an odd sensation in the tips of my fingers, a tingling that traveled up my arms just as if anything I touched would go up in smoke. I also feared that whenever the sky clouded over and I saw distant flashes of light, something somewhere was determined to destroy me.

This morbid feeling persisted and as I grew up, I'd make light of it, laughing with others at myself but secretly knowing that my anxiety was not just vivid imagination. It was as tangible as a verbal threat.

In the early 1950's I was working as a secretary in a London law firm. One hot, humid day the sky darkened as I got off the bus and started to walk the few blocks to my office. I felt the familiar panic and quickened my pace.

The heavens were already black and a roll of thunder heralded the first drops of rain. I broke into a run, unable to stop the pounding of my heart. Other people were also hurrying but not for the same reason. They just didn't want to get wet.

There was no warning when it happened — just a blinding flash directly overhead which ricocheted between the tall buildings as it struck. My head jerked upwards and I stared at the stone masonry as



Marjorie Smith

it hurtled downwards, breaking up and cascading as it fell. I couldn't move. This, I knew, was what had dogged me all my life. Fate had decreed that I was to die this way.

It must have been only a split second before someone grabbed me and hauled me into a doorway. The masonry crashed, shattered and splintered onto the sidewalk in a cloud of white dust.

As if at a great distance I was aware of people talking to me, asking if I was all right. I tried to speak but couldn't. All I could do was stare at my own body as it lay amid the concrete rubble. I was dead, I was certain, and I was standing among people who didn't see what I saw.

Even when I was taken to my office I was convinced that none of it was real. It was some time before I could acknowledge that I was alive, and only later that I realized that

but for the swift action of a passerby I would indeed have died. I had been willing it to happen. — *Hastings, East Sussex, England.*

SCREAM IN THE DISTANCE

By Melinda Wiley

A STORY my grandmother likes to tell is one in which she literally saved her eldest son's life through a dream.

It happened in 1944 when my uncle was a Navy Engineman, First Class, serving on a Landing Ship Transport (LST). On Friday, April 14, his LST was docked in Hawaii, taking on much needed supplies. His job that day was to supervise the unloading of huge food crates, some of which weighed several hundred pounds.

Thousands of miles away in Pennsylvania my grandmother was sleeping, or at least trying to. From the time she closed her eyes, she had been plagued with one unsettling dream after another.

The next morning she told one of those dreams to her sister. She related that she had seen her son standing on the deck of a ship. Suddenly a large crane broke away from its mooring and hurtled through the air toward him. My

grandmother said that she screamed and then promptly woke up badly shaken.

Her sister thought the dream so odd that she suggested they record it on the big calendar that hung in the kitchen. Several weeks went by and none of the letters my uncle wrote mentioned any accident or near accident. The ladies forgot the dream until many months later when he was home on leave.

One evening he mentioned that he had been nearly killed in a freak mishap on board ship. He said a crane had broken loose and was headed directly at him when he heard a woman scream. Startled at hearing a female voice on the all-male ship, he had looked up in time to see the crane coming and to jump out of its path. He said he had just saved himself from certain death. He hadn't told any of this in his letters for fear of upsetting the family.

After listening to his tale my grandmother solemnly led him into the kitchen and showed him the calendar where, nearly nine months before, she had recorded her dream.

The date was exactly the same as the day of his near-accident — April 14, 1944. — *Ellwood City, Pa.*



MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each story published in this department. Stories must deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be mailed to FATE, Survival Editor, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. Manuscripts must show author's name and address and include a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

FACE IN THE WINDOW

By Thomas Sopher

ONE AFTERNOON in the summer of 1982 I was sitting in my living room watching the *Merv Griffin Show*. Merv's guests were discussing ghosts — a subject that has fascinated me for a long time. During a commercial break my mother Irene Sopher came into the room and started to tell me about an experience she had the night her brother and my uncle Howard Behnke died.

We were living in Ontario, Calif., at the time, July 1964. Uncle Howard was in Los Angeles County Hospital with pneumonia. The night before my mom and Uncle Ray were to pay Howard a visit, my parents, brothers and I were out in the garage doing some work when Mom happened to glance up at the kitchen window.

There she saw, on the pulled-down shade, the face of Uncle

Howard gazing out at her. Mom didn't tell anyone what she had seen for fear of not being believed.



Thomas Sopher

The following day Mom and Uncle Ray went to the hospital to visit Howard. When they arrived, they were informed that he had died the night before. — *Salem, Oreg.*

BREATH OF LIFE

By S. Glen Hayward

A FATEFUL Saturday in 1967 dawned Southern California style, sunny and fresh from recent rains. But best of all, there would be no school for two days. I woke up early as I did every morning and went outside to fold newspapers and do my route. Returning from my deliveries and putting my bike in the backyard, I toasted a breakfast of peanut butter and jam.

I strapped on my army surplus belt with canteen and sheath knife and went outside to find Duane Newton, who lived across the street, just returning from his own paper route. We sat and talked for a while about taking a trip to the cave-fort we were building. It was ideally located and central to our many teenage activities. First, the abandoned quarry outside our town — Corona — was completely fenced so there were no visitors save an odd rail tramp or two. And second, the best swimming hole around lay within this secluded domain where we created and lived many an adventure.

We set about gathering up digging implements from our parents' gardening supplies, then set off to recruit Gary Litz, Jerry Searcy and Tom Evans, all of whom lived in the neighborhood. When they were prepared, it was off to the quarry. Assuming a brisk pace, we were soon out of town and in the drain-

age canal which afforded us maximum invisibility from the outside world. No longer were we a bunch of kids; now we were spies on a secret mission.

Finally the concrete-lined canal spilled out into a dry wash which came down from the foothills. Normally it was dry sand and baked clay but the rains had made it muddy and soft. We squished along until we reached the spot where we could slip under the quarry fence. Once inside the compound we had to make a mad dash for cover across a wide-open space and one by one we sprinted the distance from gully to trees. Within the dense tangle of cottonwood and willow we regained the privacy so important to our mission.

Gaining our ground and finding it undisturbed, we sat to catch our breath and make plans. The ground was predominantly sandstone and gravel which made for easy digging. As we rested we became eager to expand our homemade cave. Not satisfied with a small fort, we had to make it larger and felt it necessary to add an escape tunnel. Duane and I set ourselves to this task.

Duane went into the shelter as I made my way along the face of the cliff for 20 feet or so and began to dig. The recent rains had soaked in and loosened the porous ground making good digging — and also creating some hazard as we undercut the bank.

After an hour or so I was six or seven feet into the bank when I felt a rumble in the earth and heard yelling outside. I tried frantically to back out as the tunnel collapsed with a sickening whump, rendering me flat and immobile. I let out one uncontrollable scream. Terrified and unable to move a muscle, I gasped for air and inhaled sand. All the while I whimpered and fought to move a finger, a limb, anything.

The tremendous weight on my body squeezed all the air from my lungs and compressed my stomach, forcing bile into my mouth with nowhere to go. I was choking on sand and vomit. I continued my reflexive struggle, scared that I was dying, helpless in the extreme and crying from the ache of tons of sand pushing in from all sides.

Suddenly something snapped and I gave up — ceased to care whether I lived or died. I only wanted the pain and nausea to go away, for my burning lungs to stop hurting and to be rid of the gritty bile in my mouth. Then I lost consciousness — I assume that was when I blacked out — for the scene changed entirely. The ugly sensations were still there, but now remote, as if they were in another body. I accepted the fact that I was going to die. The pain and fear were gone and I didn't care for or want anything else.

I now observed as if apart from my body the terrified boy wrapped in sand as tight as concrete. My

thoughts sped past furiously; memorable events flashed in and out of awareness like highlights from a lifelong home movie. Nothing remained visible long enough to focus on. Some thoughts did remain, those pertaining to death, particularly cave-ins, suffocation, landslides, people getting buried alive and all my mother's warnings. Often she had cautioned me, "Stay out of caves, abandoned mines and places where you don't belong. You could get hurt or killed."

All the scenes I watched, the past and the present in which I lay dying, seemed just that — scenes and nothing more. I felt at peace, as if I hadn't a care in the world. I was warm all over even as I watched myself shivering and convulsing involuntarily. I was aware of the damp blackness surrounding me. Yet it didn't appear dark but bright as I observed myself growing distant and vague. I watched Gary and Jerry digging furiously with their bare hands, wildly casting off unbelievable amounts of gravel. I saw Duane's head grotesquely upright in a shallow depression in the sand.

I looked on, unconcerned about the others in their frantic pursuit. I was interested only in getting as far away as I could, for now I felt okay, no more pain and fear. Then I felt a tug as if someone had pulled on my leg. My attention snapped back to the vicinity of my body and I saw that my right leg was free and flail-

ing madly. The pressure seemed to be easing and the crushing weight was less. Gary had a hold on the sheath knife attached to my belt.

They pulled me from the ground, limp and jerking spasmodically. I watched Gary shaking me and Jerry pouring water in my face from a canteen. I told them that I was all right. They wouldn't or couldn't hear me as they continued their efforts more vigorously.

I looked helplessly at Tom as he watched them slapping me and digging at my mouth. Then I felt a stinging slap that hurt so much I cried out. Jerry was still pouring cold water on my face and I ached all over. I started coughing violently as they pounded me on the back and yelled, "Are you okay? How are you?"

Once my coughing and heaving

subsided, I lay back dizzy and disoriented but able to rasp out, "Yeah, I'm okay." They let me catch my breath, then helped me to my feet and practically dragged me the whole way home. I was obviously hurt and Duane, although they had uncovered his head only moments after the cave-in, was pretty battered up as well.

I was taken to the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Fontana, Calif., and treated for shock and minor bruises and contusions. After taking thorough X rays, the doctors sent me home to my worried mother who soon put me on restriction. I lived through that and learned a lesson in listening to my mother's words of caution. Not once since that fateful Saturday have I taken for granted a single breath of life.

—West Yellowstone, Mont.



CHRIST ON THE OIL TANK

FOSTORIA, Ohio, was thrust into the national spotlight in August 1986 when thousands of people visited the northwestern Ohio city to see an image of what they said was Christ on a soybean oil storage tank.

Then, on September 22, fire fighter Ricky Sims of nearby Findlay threw about 15 paint-filled balloons at the tank, defacing the image. In October Judge William R. McMahon fined him \$500 and sentenced him to 30 days in jail and

one year's probation. But McMahon suspended \$300 of the fine and 13 days of the jail term on the condition that Sims speak to teenagers on the effects of drinking and impulsive actions. The 34-year-old Sims had been drinking when the tank was vandalized, McMahon said.

Fire Chief Maurice Boecker told Associated Press that Sims damaged the tank because he was tired of the heavy traffic caused by persons visiting the site.

By D. Scott Rogo

REMIREMONT, a small French town about 60 miles from the German border, numbers hardly more than 10,000 persons. It is not a tourist attraction, nor is it a bustling metropolitan center. But on May 26, 1907, one of the most startling religious miracles of the 20th Century occurred there.

The miracle took place in the midst of a heated controversy concerning a cedarwood statue of Our Lady of the Treasure (*Notre Dame*

this did not matter much to most Remiremont citizens, it embarrassed the local clergy. In 1907 the Rev. Archdeacon Vuillemin, an elderly priest, petitioned Rome to approve veneration of the statue. In due course Pope Pius X sent a personal delegate to Remiremont along with a costly crown as a sign of approval of, and blessing for, the statue.

The news of the papal consent generated considerable excitement in the community and, at Vuillemin's suggestion, ecclesiastic authorities in the town decided that as part of

The Virgin of the Hailstones

Did images of the Virgin Mary appear on hailstones as a divine warning to French villagers?

du Tresor), which had been in the community's possession since the 10th Century. Many of the villagers believed that when displayed publicly for veneration the statue had the power to alleviate droughts, abort earthquakes, avert fires and in other ways protect the town.

The annual ceremony in honor of the statue had been sanctioned by the local cardinal almost 200 years earlier, but it had never received formal papal approval. Although

the annual procession the statue would be "crowned" at a public ceremony in the church. The celebration was scheduled for May 20 (slightly after the actual date of the yearly procession) and five local bishops agreed to attend the daylong affair. It promised to be one of the most spectacular days in Remiremont's history.

All the plans for the celebration had been made when on May 12 the town council refused to approve the

procession and canceled it. Under the circumstances its decision was understandable. Although most of the villagers were devout Catholics, an anti-Catholic and anticlerical movement had recently become vocal and the council feared that any procession honoring the statue might cause a riot — especially since several important ecclesiastic officials were coming to town for the crowning. The council did agree to allow a procession to be held inside the church on May 20 but forbade any public ceremony in the streets.

The decision enraged the clergy and much of the citizenry. Nonetheless the mayor and town council stuck to their decision and for the first time in over a century the public procession in honor of the statue was not held.

Then on May 26 a fierce hailstorm struck Remiremont and several neighboring villages. It had been a sunny day but late that afternoon a wind arose from the southeast, driving a storm before it. The rain was at first accompanied by small hailstones and there seemed nothing unusual about the storm.

But this first flurry was soon followed by a second hailstorm. Hailstones much larger than those that had fallen earlier — some of them the size of tomatoes — began to come down. Many were oval in shape and had a flattened (as opposed to convex) side. These

larger stones fell from roughly 5:30 to 6:15; because of their size many did not break or otherwise disintegrate but remained on the ground after the storm had ended. A number were collected by curious villagers who made a fascinating discovery: Each of the stones was impressed with a portrait of the Virgin Mary!

That the hailstones bore this likeness was bizarre enough but the relationship between the hailstones and Our Lady of the Treasure did not end there. In honor of the crowning of the statue, a commemorative medal depicting the Virgin and the Christ Child had been struck. The image on the miraculous hailstones was, according to several witnesses, identical to that on the medallion!

* * *

MANY OF these stones were temporarily preserved by the townsfolk and were examined at close range by believers and doubters alike. One detailed and impressive account of their weird appearance was given by the Abbe Gueniot, a local priest, in a statement he wrote in 1908. Although Gueniot had not actually seen the stones fall, one of the village women visited him just after the storm had struck and presented him with two of the stones. The priest was at first incredulous. As he told reporters:

In order to satisfy her, I glanced carelessly at the hailstones, which she

held in her hand. But since I did not want to see anything and moreover could not do so without my spectacles, I turned to go back to my book. She urged, "I beg of you to put on your glasses." I did so and saw very distinctly on the front of the hailstones, which were slightly convex in the center, although the edges were somewhat worn, the bust of a woman, with a robe that was turned up at the bottom, like a priest's cope. I should perhaps describe it more exactly by saying that it was like the Virgin of the Hermits.

The outline of the images was slightly hollow, as if they had been formed with a punch, but were very boldly drawn. Mlle. Andre asked me to notice certain details of the costume but I refused to look at it any longer. I was ashamed of my credulity, feeling sure that the Blessed Virgin would hardly concern herself with instantaneous photographs on hailstones. I said, "But do not you see that these hailstones have fallen on vegetables and received these impressions? Take them away; they are no good to me."

I returned to my book, without giving further thought to what had happened. But my mind was disturbed by the singular formation of these hailstones. I picked up three in order to weigh them, without looking closely. They weighed between six and seven ounces. One of them was perfectly round, like balls with which children play, and had a seam all around it, as though it had been cast in mold.

After reexamining the stones, Gueniot became convinced of their miraculous nature. His subsequent observations corroborated the testimony of others who had seen the

hailstones. The depiction of the Virgin Mary seemed impressed onto the side with the freak smooth surface, almost as if snow had formed around a mirror of ice.

Other aspects of the hailstones also indicated something supernatural had happened in Remiremont that day. Several eyewitnesses testified that those stones impressed with the portrait floated slowly to the ground "as if they were snowflakes," according to one observer. And despite their large size the stones did no damage to any gardens or fields on which they fell. Some of the residents even claimed that the course of the hailstorm followed the historic route taken by the nuns who brought the statue to Remiremont in A.D. 910.

In 1908 Marie Parmetier, a Remiremont resident whose garden had been inundated by the hail, gave this account:

It was May 26, 1907, between 5:30 and 6:00 P.M. We had gone to the Toucherie (where the open gardens on the East Canal are) in order to see if our garden had been damaged. When we arrived there we verified that the plants were uninjured and that the hailstones were at least 50 centimeters each. As one of the children had told us that they had seen the image of Our Lady of the Treasure in the hailstones, on the return route we gathered some hailstones and we verified that in fact they contained the image of Our Lady of the Treasure. We were accompanied by Mme. Richard, who lives in Moyennoutier; she,

like us, had seen the image. We went by the home of this woman's mother; we showed her a hailstone the size of a hen's egg. She also saw the image, which she described to us through an open window, for we did not enter her house. Our Lady appeared to us as white as the hailstone; she was in the interior [of the hailstone] in the middle.

Paris newspapers sent reporters to Remiremont to investigate these strange claims. The resulting stories ridiculed the "gullibility" of the town's residents. Some of the papers even charged that the local clergy had manufactured the miracle to stir up pro-Catholic sentiment in France.

THERE WERE, however, two detailed investigations which deserve closer scrutiny. The first of these was conducted by M. Sage, a French student of psychical research, in 1908. The London-based Society for Psychical Research funded Sage's probe and that same year published his report in French.

Sage first interviewed Archdeacon Vuillemin at his church. Acting on his bishop's orders, Vuillemin had investigated the miracle and prepared a detailed dossier which Sage wanted to scrutinize. Father Vuillemin was willing to present Sage with a summary of his report but he could not supply him with a copy of the full dossier which, he said, had already been sent to Rome for evaluation. Since the report was officially

out of his hands, he could not release any material from it without the approval of his superiors. After much urging from Sage, the priest reluctantly allowed him to glance over a copy of the document and to provide him with the names of some eyewitnesses.

But when Sage approached these witnesses, he found that they were reluctant to discuss what they had seen. Having been made the butt of jokes in the press, they were not keen to cooperate with out-of-town-ers who asked them questions. One witness even threatened to throw Sage out of his house.

Nonetheless Sage managed to collect several brief accounts of the incident. One was from Cecile Claude who reported the following:

I was chatting with a woman in front of our house after the storm. She asked me if I hadn't seen the hailstones containing the image of Our Lady of the Treasure. I answered no. At that same moment a little girl arrived from behind the washhouse and brought me a hailstone to look at; this hailstone was about the size of a pigeon egg. I looked at it and saw the image. Immediately I took it to show my parents. Mama said, "Let's see if we can't find some others." We toured the garden and Mama found some, one sunken in a hole. The image was very distinct. One could see the image in other hailstones, but less distinctly.

The mill had a thousand broken bricks. But no plant in our garden was harmed.

Because he was unable to find any educated witness other than Father Gueniot, Sage became skeptical. He reasoned that, since all but one of the persons with whom he spoke were simple laborers and farmers, their testimony was questionable.

He was also disturbed by his inability to locate anyone who had immediately recognized, spontaneously and independently, the form of Our Lady of the Treasure when first examining the hailstones. Most of the witnesses with whom Sage spoke affirmed they had seen a female figure in the hailstones but had only later come to the conclusion that it resembled the figure on the Remiremont medallion. Many said they had not even gone outdoors to collect the miraculous hailstones until other villagers told them that the stones were impressed with the figure of the Virgin.

Sage also rejected the stories he heard about the uncannily slow trajectory of the hailstones. "It is clear that the alleged slow dropping of the big hailstones should be considered the product of an optical illusion," he wrote in his SPR report. "The exact speed of the hailstones' fall could not be measured by anyone. These hailstones dropped down perpendicularly in a calm atmosphere, so one could probably have followed their fall with one's eyes. This would have given the impression that the stones were dropping at a slow speed."

He suggested that the hailstones had done no damage to any of the gardens because the hail had simply missed them — a judgment inconsistent with the testimony of those Remiremont residents who had actually found hailstones embedded in their gardens. (Oddly, Sage quotes at least two such personal testimonies in the appendix to his official report.)

It should be noted that Sage was able to interview only a dozen or so witnesses and many were less than forthcoming. It also seems evident from the tone of his report that he was biased against the possibility of the miracle before he ever set foot in Remiremont. His basic premise — that his witnesses, because they were working people and farmers with little scientific background, were unreliable — is questionable.

These people, after all, were used to working outside and observing the course of nature. Because they lived off the land, their survival depended on their ability to judge weather conditions. They were, in fact, probably very good witnesses and no doubt had experienced more hail than Sage or his fellow intellectuals from Paris had ever seen.

Sage likewise presents no evidence to support his notion that the slow descent of the stones was an optical illusion and proposes no explanation for the consistent witness claim that only those hailstones with the Virgin's likeness fell in this odd

manner. Remember that the miraculous hailstones were interspersed with normal hail and their slow flight was clearly observed by the townsfolk.

Finally, Sage omits practically all mention of the favorable conclusions of Father Vuillemin's report — the result of over 100 interviews and therefore the product of a more extensive investigation. Vuillemin's investigative report was addressed to Monsignor Foucault, the bishop of Saint-Die, who issued a summary of it under his own imprimatur. It is obvious from this summary that Vuillemin was an objective inquirer who sought to determine whether the image on the hailstones was an objective configuration or only an illusion. As his report reads in part:

Thus we have the testimony of over a hundred persons who, under oath, state that they saw the image of Our Lady of the Treasure on the hailstones.

What is to be thought of their statements? Was the imprint of the Madonna in their imagination only or in reality on the hailstones, called hailstone medallions because, like the coronation medals, they bore the image of Our Lady of the Treasure?

This question is of great importance; it is the main point of the inquiry. It was therefore necessary to test the value of the statements, so as to set aside illusions and suggestion and bring the authenticity of the hailstones into full relief.

The following are the results:

(1) The observations were simultaneous, concordant and precise. They

were made in the same place, the same day and the same hour — nearly six o'clock in the evening — and it is not possible to say by whom the first observation was made. . . .

All affirm the presence of the image of Our Lady of the Treasure on the hailstones. The differences are only in minor details and may be ascribed to the condition of the hailstones when the observations were made.

They were, on the whole, of remarkable precision. It was not a vague form which the witnesses saw but an absolutely clear effigy, corresponding in every detail with the medal struck in memory of the coronation.

(2) The observations were made at more than 20 different places, at distances ranging from some hundreds of yards to two-thirds of a mile apart.

(3) They were nearly all made in the same manner, being due to curiosity. The first witness of the extraordinary occurrence at each place was at first so astounded and enraptured that he hastened to share his joy with others and to assure himself that he was not deceived, so that in every center of observation there were from two to nine mutually corroborative witnesses. Many also compared the medals which they wore with these hailstones; the resemblance was perfect. At the same time they threw away the hailstones on which nothing was to be seen. . . .

(4) The observations resulted in immediately producing in the minds of the witnesses a profound and ineradicable conviction. Your lordship has heard several depositions and knows with what firmness of conviction they were made. "I would give all my limbs," said one; "even to the last drop of my blood," said

another, "rather than say that the image of Our Lady of the Treasure was not on the hailstones and that I did not see it."

Could the hailstones have been a fluke of nature? When Father Vuillemin initiated his investigation, he consulted several university professors and scientists. All of them said that no chance atmospheric effect could have produced the direct likeness of a human form.

Vuillemin concluded that a divine intelligence had created the images as a sign to those who had been robbed of their procession to honor Our Lady of the Treasure.

But let us consider another possible explanation: that the villagers created the hailstones themselves.

Parapsychologists have learned that repressed hostility can break forth in the form of psychokinesis. When family members repress their

fierce emotions, sometimes a poltergeist outbreak results. A comparable situation existed in Remiremont in 1907. A considerable share of the town's population were angry because their beloved procession had been canceled and there was nothing they could do about it. There was no way to relieve their frustration and resentment. Under these conditions could the townsfolk have created some sort of collective consciousness — a consciousness that interacted with the weather and psychically produced the hailstones?

Although it is difficult to believe that the Remiremont miracle was the product of a fluke of nature or fraud, it does appear possible that these simple folk were instrumental in producing the miraculous hailstones — but in a way too complex for Father Vuillemin to have appreciated.



MAN'S BEST FRIEND — A BIRD?

ACCORDING to a report in *American Health* magazine, man's best friend may be not a dog but a bird. Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania say that birds are more stress-reducing pets. Alan Beck, an ecologist, and Aaron Katcher, a psychiatrist, questioned 50 Philadelphia-area bird owners, then brought them into a laboratory to watch them interact with their pets.

"People tend to touch dogs more and perceive them as being more

sensitive to moods," Beck told *American Health*, "but people actually talk more to birds than to dogs. And the interaction tends to be calmer."

Videotapes of laboratory encounters between birds and their owners showed physical evidence of stress reduction. The owners' posture relaxed as did their facial expressions. Even more amazing, owners' blood pressure dropped measurably while they talked to their birds.

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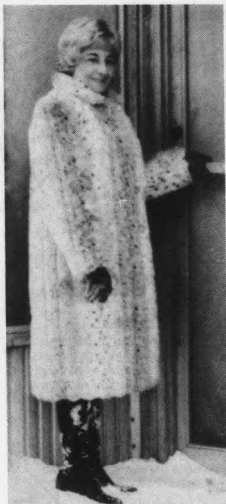
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Ann Fisher of Albany, N.Y., is a well-known psychic who has used her talents for a variety of purposes. The feelings she experienced at murder site horrified her and she came to fear the killer might come after her.

PSYCHIC TRACKS A KILLER

After normal police methods fail, paranormal forces bring down a vicious murderer.

By Lawrence Cortesi

A SERIES of gruesome murders took place in upstate New York during the late 1970's. Between Thanksgiving Eve 1976 and August 1977 four mutilated bodies were found in the Capital District: two in Albany, one in Colonie and one in Schenectady.

The events began on November 26, 1976. Fifty-year-old Robert Hedderman and his employee, 30-year-old Margaret Bryon, had been working in Hedderman's religious-art shop on narrow Columbia Street in downtown Albany. Late in the afternoon a customer walked into the shop and found the bodies of Hedderman and Bryon lying in pools of blood. The shop had been ransacked and desecrated; upturned display cases, wrecked shelving, religious items and paintings were



strewn about on the floor. Blood was splattered throughout the premises. The horrified patron fled from the store, ran to Broadway and stopped the first police officer he found.

Within 10 minutes Lt. William Murray, along with Lt. Edward Jones and two other detectives from the Albany Police Department, came on the scene. The killer had slashed Hedderman's throat and chest and stabbed Bryon 15 times, some punctures reaching the heart. The Albany County medical examiner later determined that the victims had put up a struggle and perhaps injured their assailant.

"The scene looked more like the work of some hellish demon rather than a simple murder," Murray recalled. "Whoever committed these killings acted like some kind of enraged madman on a sadistic rampage. The culprit had destroyed everything in sight, including the victims."

For the next month William Van Arnam, then assistant police chief of Albany, took charge of the investigation and sent out scores of men to scour the city to identify the killer and to find clues. Detectives interviewed dozens of persons and ran down dozens of leads, while forensic specialists sifted through every piece of evidence. At the end of all this the police had not a single suspect.

With the coming of the Christ-



Assistant Police Chief William Van Arnam, who headed investigation of Columbia Street slayings, at first opposed use of psychic.

mas season the furor over the killings abated. Citizens of Albany shifted their attention to heavy holiday shopping and people jammed the stores throughout the Capital District, hundreds of them on last-minute buying sprees.

On the morning of December 23, after an overnight storm, plows began clearing the snow from the Colonie Shopping Center's huge parking lot. By 11:30 the work at the mall, just west of the Albany city limits, had been all but completed. At the far end of the huge lot, near a



Lemuel W. Smith had a long criminal history and fit the description of the murderer provided by psychic Ann Fisher. Eventually, through evidence Fisher brought to light, Smith was arrested and convicted.

wooded area, one operator saw what appeared to be an abandoned Ford Mustang. He left his cab to investigate and when he looked inside the car, he gasped.

On the front seat was the bloodied body of a pretty young woman. Her skirt had been pulled up to her waist, while her upper torso and the

surrounding upholstery were saturated with blood.

Colonie police concluded that the stabbings were much like those found on the body of Margaret Bryon. Hearing this, Assistant Chief Van Arnham intensified his efforts. Both Albany and Colonie detectives were soon working around the

clock during the Christmas holidays to find a suspect.

"But we came up empty," Captain Murray said.

Lt. Edward Jones, who had read about the successful work psychics have performed in crime cases, suggested to Van Arnam that perhaps a clairvoyant could help them. But the assistant chief was unenthusiastic, objecting that news about a psychic's involvement could prove embarrassing. In Van Arnam's opinion murder cases required hard legwork by skilled investigators and intensive forensic probes by experienced lab technicians — not witch doctors. Jones persisted, however, and Van Arnam finally gave in. "But you're doing it on your own," he said.

* * *

JONES AND Murray contacted Ann Fisher, an Albany psychic. Would she help police on the Columbia Street murders? Might she be able to pick up a clue through ESP, a clue that could help detectives find the killer or killers? Fisher quickly agreed but she cautioned Murray that she might not succeed.

"I'd been involved in every area of the paranormal," Fisher recalled years later, "but tracking down a murderer was something new for me."

Fisher had known of her clairvoyant abilities since her childhood. Later, while earning a degree in

psychology at the State University of New York at Albany, she took an elective course on parapsychology. The teacher told her that she had exceptional ESP and should develop this talent. Fisher went on to become an active psychic and was well known in the Northeast.

Murray had mixed feelings when he, Jones and two other detectives took Fisher to the now-closed religious shop on Columbia Street. Murray wavered between feeling foolish and hopeful. "I tried to keep an open mind," he said. "Even if nothing came from using this psychic, we wouldn't be any worse off."

Inside the religious shop, even a month after the killings, Fisher was stunned by what she saw: an almost demolished interior and dried bloodstains still on the walls. But worst of all were the horrifying psychic impressions.

"The moment I stepped inside, my vibes were bad," Fisher said. "I got this sudden feeling that the killer was a pathological murderer who would surely kill again if the police did not catch him and lock him up. I also felt a terrible fear of this person, an imminent danger to myself as well as to others. The vibrations tuned into so much malevolence that I was half-tempted to tell Murray that I couldn't pick up anything. I just wanted to get away from the evil presence I felt."

But Fisher told herself that this dangerous killer must be caught.

She forced herself to concentrate even harder, despite her fears. She saw a big man, a black man about 40 years old. Her concentration was so intense that she nearly fell into a trance. Then, almost involuntarily, she glided out of the store.

"She looked like a zombie," Murray remembered, "as though she had put herself under some kind of self-hypnosis."

None of the detectives said a word nor did Fisher speak. She walked east on Columbia Street with the detectives on her heels. She ambled about a block, then turned left on Broadway and headed northward. Two blocks later Fisher stopped, ducked into a narrow gangway between two old buildings and pointed to an abandoned trash can. Murray looked inside.

He pulled out a bloodied vestment from the barrel and showed it to his astonished fellow officers. The item had no doubt come from the religious-art shop and evidently the killer had used the cloth to wipe blood from himself before he discarded the item in this remote, abandoned bin.

A year later this bloodied vestment would become the single most important clue to link a suspect to the Columbia Street murders.

Fisher was not through. Still concentrating hard, she continued north on Broadway, crossing the busy intersection at Clinton Avenue and walking still farther before

finally turning to Murray. She told the officer that she now visualized an abandoned building where the killer had hidden after committing the crimes. She also saw the place where the killer had worked — a green building. Both structures were in the immediate area.

The police officers remained silent. They followed her as she moved on to the next corner, where the detectives found a deserted structure and Murray directed two of the men to search it. A few moments later they came out and said that in one corner they had found stains that might have been dried blood. The killer, who the medical examiner said might have been hurt while committing the crimes, had apparently gone into this building to rest after the murders. (Forensic specialists would later identify the stains as blood of the same type as the murderer's.)

Then, only a few doors away, on the next block and on the opposite side of the street, was the green building. The two-story structure was the House of Montague Furniture Store.

"The killer worked there," Fisher said.

"We'll see," Murray said.

The Albany detectives thanked Fisher for her help. Lieutenant Jones drove her to her office on Willet Street before he rejoined Murray and the others to continue the investigation. The officers

agreed that, although Fisher's discovery of the bloodied vestment might prove helpful, the detectives were not so sure about the psychic's other information.

Feeling a little sheepish, Murray called on the manager of the Montague House of Furniture. From him he learned that among the former employees was a man named Lemuel W. Smith who had worked in the warehouse. Smith was a big man, black, about 39 years old. He answered the description Fisher had given the officers. But more important, when Albany police checked Smith's background, they were astonished to learn from the man's past criminal behavior that he could well be the dangerous pathological killer Fisher had described.

Felony records showed that as early as age 12, while living with his mother in Amsterdam, N.Y., Smith had tried to kill his older sister three times because he did not think she was a good mother to her children. At 17, when his parents objected to his suggestion that he might get married, he stormed out of the house, walked up the street and savagely attacked the first person he met, one Dorothy Waterstreet. He beat her to death and left her body in a snowbank.

Several years later Smith began a 10-year sentence at Maryland State Prison for beating a woman with a lead pipe in a laundromat. Upon his parole in 1968, after a mere six

months of freedom, he was arrested and convicted on rape and assault charges and received a 15-year sentence at New York's Auburn Prison. In October 1976 he was again paroled and only a month later two persons died violently at the Columbia Street religious-art store.

* * *

"ANN FISHER had done a damn good job and Smith became a prime suspect," Murray said. "She had been like a hound following a psychic scent that led us to the abandoned trash barrel, the empty building and finally the store where Smith had worked. After studying the man's background, I was convinced that he was our killer. But we couldn't hold him on suspicion. We had no proven evidence or a reliable eyewitness."

Murray knew that no grand jury would indict Smith on the basis of a psychic's alleged clairvoyance. "All we could do was to keep our eyes on Lemuel Smith," Assistant Chief Van Arnam said, "while we tried to pick up acceptable evidence that would enable us to arrest the man."

When Fisher became aware of Smith's background, she got frightened and asked Murray to keep silent about her part in the murder case. Fisher was sure that if Smith learned of her efforts he would zero in on her as his next victim. Murray agreed to say nothing about Fisher's involvement.

Not until a year later, when Smith

was arrested for the brutal murder of a young woman in Schenectady and a rape victim identified him from mug shots, did police finally put Smith in jail. He was then charged with the murder at the Colonie Shopping Center and the Columbia Street murders in November 1976. Smith refused to give police any statements except to assert he was innocent of all charges.

Van Arnam worried that Smith might be able to win his release on bail and perhaps kill again. He needed a solid piece of evidence to keep the suspect behind bars. At that point Murray remembered the bloodied vestment Fisher had found in the abandoned trash barrel. Could they link this to Smith? Could they prove he had used it to wipe blood from himself?

Van Arnam mulled over the problem and suddenly got an idea. They could use bloodhounds! The killer's scent would still be on the cloth.

Van Arnam secured a unique court order to conduct a strange experiment. Police took Smith and four other men to Blecker Stadium in Albany. Here they put the quintet behind plywood barriers. Then from 100 yards away the police allowed the dogs to sniff the bloodied vestment before turning the animals loose. With the scent in their noses the dogs dashed directly to Smith, ignoring the others behind their wooden barriers.

Because of this experiment the district attorney got a murder indictment against Smith in the Hedderman-Bryon slayings and kept him confined to the Albany County Jail without bail to await trial.

Then a youth told police that he had seen Smith, whom he knew, leaving the religious store on Thanksgiving Eve 1976. The witness was coming forward now because "they had locked the killer up." Police also linked Smith to the bloodstains found in the abandoned building.

Aware that the Albany County district attorney had prepared a solid case against Smith, the defense attorney advised his client to give a full confession so that the lawyer could use as his defense "innocent by reason of insanity."

In his statement Smith admitted to all four killings. In the case of the religious-store murders he said he became enraged when the owner refused to buy a painting from him. He had then gone on a blind rampage. Smith claimed, however, that the killings had been motivated by something beyond his control—the evil spirit of his dead brother had possessed him and forced him to kill.

"John's voice nagged me to kill the bitches," Smith contended.

Still, Fisher remained fearful until she was certain the killer had exhausted all appeals and would indeed spend the rest of his life

behind bars. Fisher was skeptical of Smith's evil-spirit defense. While she does believe in demonic possession, she doubts that such was the case in Smith's crimes. She points out that Smith had never seen his dead brother, had no relationship with him and so had never been in any position to inherit an evil force from him.

"No," Fisher said, "Smith's plea was a cop-out. Many people who are charged with a serious crime often try to claim that some kind of demon made them do it."

The evil-spirit defense failed to impress the court also. In January 1979, after a four-day trial, the jury convicted Lemuel W. Smith of the Columbia Street murders. Judge John Clyne then sentenced Smith to a 25-year-to-life sentence, stating, "You should spend the remainder of your natural life in prison."

William Murray, now a police captain, acknowledges that, without the discovery of the bloodied vestment and the subsequent exper-

iment at Blecker Stadium, authorities might never have elicited a voluntary confession from Smith and the subsequent sentence of life imprisonment.

"It's doubtful that we'd have retrieved that vestment from the trash bin if Ann Fisher had not found it through her apparent clairvoyance," Murray conceded. "After all, we didn't find the vestment during the first full month of investigation even when we had a horde of detectives on the street."

Murray now believes that the use of psychics in crime investigations has become more common and more acceptable. He says, "Fifteen or 20 years ago a magazine like *Police Times* would have ridiculed any suggestion of using psychics in police work. However, we now look upon clairvoyants as another investigative tool that sometimes proves very useful.

"The murder-victim count could have been much higher if we didn't get help from Ann Fisher."



BRITISH INGENUITY

IN 1981 when technicians were preparing for the television coverage of Lady Di's marriage to Prince Charles, they ran into a problem. They had to run a TV cable from the courtyard of Buckingham Palace through a wall and into the street. How to get the line through? They couldn't damage palace walls even for a royal wedding. They solved the problem by attaching the cable to a light line which was tied to the collar of a ferret and the animal was enticed through a long pipe by the odor of a piece of bacon at the other end. The hungry ferret obliged and pulled the cable through the pipe into the street. Talk about British ingenuity! — *Virginia Randall.*

World War II UFO Scare

The intruders struck in the middle of the night.

No one could catch them, shoot them down or identify them.

By Paul T. Collins

ON WEDNESDAY, February 25, 1942, as war raged in Europe and Asia, at least a million southern Californians awoke to the scream of air-raid sirens as Los Angeles County cities blacked out at 2:25 A.M. Many dozed off again while 12,000 air-raid wardens reported faithfully to their posts, most of them expecting nothing more than a dress rehearsal for a possible future event — an invasion of the United States by Japan. At 3:16, however, they were shocked and their slumbering families rudely roused again, this time by sounds unfamiliar to most Americans outside the military services.

The roar of the 37th Coast Artillery Brigade's antiaircraft batteries jolted them out of bed and before they could get to the windows the flashing 12.8-pound shells were detonating with a heavy, ominous *boom — boom — boom* and the steel was already raining down. All radio stations had been ordered off the air at 3:08. But the news was being written with fingers of light three miles high on a clear star-studded blackboard 30 miles long.

The firing continued intermittently until 4:14. Unexploded shells destroyed pavement, homes and public buildings, three persons were killed and three died of heart attacks directly attributable to the one-hour barrage. Several persons were injured by shrapnel. A dairy herd was hit but only a few cows were casualties.

The blackout was lifted and sirens screamed all clear at 7:21. The shooting stopped but the shouting had hardly begun. Military men who never flinched at the roar of rifles now shook at the prospect of facing the press. While they probably could not be blamed for what had happened, they did have some reason for distress. The thing they had been shooting at could not be identified.

Caught by the searchlights and captured in photographs, it was an object big enough to dwarf an apartment house. Experienced lighter-than-air (dirigible) specialists doubted it could be a Japanese blimp because the Japanese had no known source of helium, and hydrogen was much too dangerous to use under combat conditions.

Whatever it was, it was a sitting duck for the guns of the 37th. Photographs showed shells bursting all around it. A *Los Angeles Herald Express* staffer said he was sure many shells hit it directly. He was amazed it had not been shot down.

The object that triggered the air-raid alarm had drawn 1430 rounds of ammunition from the coast artillery, to no effect. When it moved at all, the object had proceeded at a leisurely pace over the coastal cities between Santa Monica and Long Beach, taking about 30 minutes of actual flight time to move 20 miles; then it disappeared from view.

You can well imagine with what chagrin public information officers answered press queries. The Pasadena Office of the Southern California Sector of the Army Western Defense Command simply announced that no enemy aircraft had been identified; no craft was shot down; no bombs were dropped; none of our interceptors left the ground to pursue the intruder.

Soon thereafter U.S. Navy Secretary Frank Knox announced that no planes had been sighted. The coastal firing had been triggered, he said, by a false alarm and jittery nerves. He also suggested that some war industries along the coast might have to be moved inland to points invulnerable to attacks from enemy submarines and carrier-based planes.

The press responded with scathing editorials, many on page one, calling attention to the loss of life and denouncing the use of the coast artillery to fire at phantoms. The *Los Angeles Times* demanded a full explanation from Washington. The *Long Beach Press Telegram* complained that government officials who all along had wanted to move the industries were manipulating the affair for propaganda purposes. And the *Long Beach Independent* charged: "There is a mysterious reticence about the whole affair and it appears some form of censorship is trying to halt discussion of the matter. Although it was red-hot news not one national radio commentator gave it more than passing mention. This is the kind of reticence that is making the American people gravely suspect the motives and the competence of those whom they have charged with the conduct of the war."

The *Independent* had good reason to question the competence of some of the personnel responsible for our coastal defense operations as well as the integrity and motives of our highest government officials. Only 36 hours before the Long Beach air raid, a gigantic Japanese submarine had surfaced close to shore 12 miles north of Santa Barbara and in 25 minutes of unchallenged firing lobbed 25 five-inch shells at the petroleum refinery in the Elwood oil field. The Fourth

Interceptor Command, although aware of the sub's attack, ordered a blackout from Ventura to Goleta but sent no planes out to sink it. Not one shot was fired at the sub.

* * *

AFTER THE Elwood incident had alerted all the West Coast defense posts to possible repeat attacks, these units were sensitive to anticipated invasion attempts. By Wednesday morning in the Los Angeles area they were ready to open fire on a boy's kite if it in any way resembled a plane or a balloon. Secretary of War Henry Stimson praised the 37th Coast Artillery for this attitude. "It is better to be a little too alert than not alert enough," he said. At the same time he delicately suggested that it might have been a good idea to send some of our planes up to identify the invading aircraft before shooting at them.

Planes of the Fourth Interceptor Command were, in fact, warming up on the runways waiting for orders to go up and "interview" the unknown intruders. Why, everybody was asking, were they not ordered to go into action during the *51-minute period* between the first air-raid alert at 2:25 A.M. and the first artillery firing at 3:16?

Against this background of embarrassing indecision and confusion, Army Western Defense Command obviously had to say something fast. Spokesmen told re-

porters that "from one to 50 planes" had been sighted, thus giving themselves ample latitude in which to adjust future stories to fit whatever propaganda requirements might arise in the next few days.

When eyewitness reports from thousands searching the skies with binoculars under the bright lights of the coast artillery verified the presence of one enormous, unidentifiable, indestructible object — but *not* the presence of large numbers of planes — the press releases were gradually scaled downward. A week later Gen. Mark Clark acknowledged that army listening posts had detected what they thought were five light planes approaching the coast on the night of the air raid. No interceptors, he said, had been sent out to engage them because there had been no "mass" attack.

Believing an aerial bombardment was in progress, some people thought they saw formations of warplanes, dogfights between enemy craft and our fighter planes and other things that they assumed were evidence of such an attack. Obviously there were no dogfights because none of our interceptors were in the air. Tracer bullets were fired from military ground stations and some people mistook the fire pattern made by these projectiles for aerial combat. Other observers reported lighted objects which were variously described as red-and-white flares in groups of three red

and three white, fired alternately, or chainlike strings of red lights looking something like an illuminated kite.

People suggested that some of these lights were caused by Japanese-Americans signaling approaching Japanese aircraft with flares to guide them to selected targets, but because no bombs were dropped, the theory was quickly abandoned. In any case, such charges fitted in perfectly with a hysterical press campaign to round up all citizens of Japanese descent and put them in concentration camps.

During the week of the Japanese submarine attack on the Elwood oil field and the air raid on Los Angeles County, the press took full advantage of the made-to-order situation. Arrests of "suspects" were quickly made and the FBI was called in, but the *Long Beach Press Telegram* stated, "All investigations indicated nobody was signaling the enemy from the ground."

* * *

I WAS among the million or more persons who assumed we were under aerial attack. I noticed a strange pattern of movement in certain bright red spots of light in the sky over Long Beach and North Long Beach. It was a pattern that could not possibly have been executed by any man-made object or by beams of light, either from the ground or from aircraft flying over or around what is now the Long

Beach Municipal Airport and the Signal Hill area.

A few days before the "raid" I had been put on the swing shift at the Long Beach plant of the Douglas Aircraft Company. When I left the plant the night of the raid, there was no alert in effect. Driving north on Rosemead Boulevard, I was unaware when the alert sounded because I did not hear any sirens and the little towns I passed through had already been dark for many hours.

In Temple City, as I passed a private residence, somebody dashed out of the front door waving a flashlight. Alone and a little sleepy from my unaccustomed night hours and the long drive to Pasadena, I paid no attention to it and drove on. A few minutes later, however, as I drove north on what was then called North Foothill Boulevard in Pasadena, I was stopped by three persons with flashlights in the street near St. Luke's Hospital. One, an air-raid warden, told me there was an alert and I must turn out my lights and stay parked beside the road until the all clear sounded.

I got out of my car and chatted with the little group that gathered as other motorists were stopped. One of these was an air force pilot. None of us was aware that the alert was anything more than a routine exercise. The wind whistled down out of Eaton Canyon from the icy heights of Mount Wilson. I shiv-

ered in the cold, impatient at being detained so long just for a practice. As I paced back and forth across the street trying to keep warm, I suddenly saw bright red spots of light low on the horizon to the south.

"What's that?" I exclaimed, pointing toward Long Beach. Everyone looked.

The eerie lights were *behaving* strangely. They seemed to be navigating mostly on a level plane at that moment — that is, not rising up from the ground in an arc or trajectory or in a straight line and then falling back to earth, but appearing from nowhere and then zigzagging from side to side. Some disappeared, not diminishing in brilliance or fading away gradually but just vanishing *instantaneously* into the night. Others remained pretty much on the same level and we could only guess their elevation to be around 10,000 feet, but some of them dived earthward only to rise again, mix and play tag with about 30 to 40 others moving so fast that they couldn't be counted accurately.

In less than five minutes at least half a dozen red flashes rent the sky among the odd little spots of red light. This was followed in about 100 seconds by the dull, cushioned *boomp — boomp — boomp — boomp* of the bursting shells. Then I got the picture. One of the antiaircraft batteries around the Douglas

Aircraft plant had fired a salvo into the moving spots of red light in an effort to shoot down whatever "craft" made them. The 100-second delay in the sound transmission made my guess a good one; where we stood in Pasadena, we were about 20 miles from the aircraft factory where, proving my conjecture correct, the janitors were still cleaning up shrapnel the following morning.

I remarked to the air force pilot in our group that I doubted any man-made device could maneuver in the manner displayed by these spots of red light. Following the shell bursts, they swooped through the sky as if defying the gunners on the ground to shoot again. Of course we had no idea that the phenomena we were viewing one day would be called "unidentified flying objects."

The pilot agreed that no aircraft yet developed could move in the manner the objects were moving. The gunners were concentrating almost continuous fire on them from several widely-separated batteries. Later, in a press interview, a petroleum company executive whose Altadena home was high in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains above us described the sight as a "ring of fire" around Long Beach. He and many others also saw the strange performance of those trajectory-defying red spots of light.

Taking into account our distance from Long Beach, the extensive pattern of firing from the anti-aircraft batteries and the movement of the unidentified red spots among and around the bursting shells in wide orbits of four or five miles, we estimated their top speed conservatively to be five miles a second. Whatever their speed, it was far in excess of the capabilities of any conventional aircraft built up to that time.

We did not see the enormous object seen by thousands of observers closer to the coast. Very likely it was below the horizon and farther up the coast toward Santa Monica at the time. I do not know if it was the "mother ship" for those cavorting lights we saw over Long Beach, but perhaps that is what it was. It seems unlikely, in my opinion, that the simultaneous appearance of both the big craft and the many little ones during the same hours of the night was a coincidence.

The mother-ship idea comes to me from two subsequent experiences. Twice I saw a large, very bright red light a little south of the Mount Wilson Observatory in the early

evening hours. No outline of a craft was visible. The light remained steady, moving only slightly, perhaps because of strong wind currents against the side of the craft as it hovered in the vicinity of the high ridges and deep canyons of the San Gabriel Mountains.

I watched carefully and after about five minutes several lighted objects much smaller than the large one emerged from what I guessed was the belly of a mother ship and shot straight down. Each of the little ones appeared only as a tiny red light which, after dropping 100 feet, went into an arclike orbit which soon took it skyward. At least a dozen of them appeared in this manner, fanned out in all directions and quickly disappeared. The remaining big red light (on the mother ship?) rose straight up for 500 feet. Then it too disappeared.

I described this phenomenon to a friend who was a seasoned pilot in the air national guard. Did he know of any tactical military equipment that might produce a similar effect? He said there was none.

So these observations, like most others of which UFOs are the subject, remain a mystery.



MYSTERY PYRAMID OF THE OZARKS

Planned as a repository
for the lore of Midwestern life,
why wasn't it completed?

By Wilma Wiclaw

ARCHAEOLOGISTS have long known that the great pyramids in Egypt and Mexico are the tombs of kings, monuments of self-glorification. When Coin Harvey planned his Great American Pyramid, his motive was more altruistic. He intended it to be a repository for materials that would reflect American life as it was lived during the 1920's and '30's. Site of this pyramid of his dreams was to be Monte Ne, five miles southeast of Rogers, Ark.

William "Coin" Harvey was born in 1851 and by the time he was 21 he was a practicing attorney. He is best remembered, however, as an economist and vigorous advocate of bimetallism, the use of gold and silver jointly as a monetary standard. He was the candidate of the Liberty Party for president of the



As Coin Harvey envisioned it, the pyramid would stand 136 feet high on a 60-foot-square base.

United States in 1931 and author of *Coin's Financial School* (1894), *Coin on Money, Trusts and Imperialism* (1899) and *Common Sense*, among others.

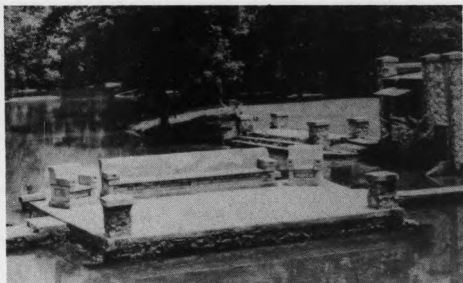
Common Sense was actually a 35-page pamphlet for which Coin claimed a "circulation, heretofore, 2 million 800 thousand" and which went through at least four editions.

It was a vehicle for his ideas about monetary policy, capitalism and its faults and his pyramid. The pamphlet was subtitled "The Clot on the Brain of the Body Politic." Clearly Coin thought civilization was in danger and wanted to salvage what knowledge he could for future generations.

Coin Harvey moved to the Ozarks from Chicago in 1900, disgusted and discouraged after the 1896 presidential elections in which his friend William Jennings Bryan had been defeated. Coin had made and lost a lot of money during his career but he was not a man to gamble on a location for such an important thing as his pyramid. Among other things

he was an engineer and chose the site near Monte Ne because, as he wrote, "Geology is the most infallible historian of the earth's surface. It, in its language written on the stratas [sic] of the earth's formation, gives the information to us that the earth has been inhabitable for as much as 100 million years.

"It is fair to presume that some evil trait in human character resulting in an economic poison in the construction of government and society is the cause of the death of the civilizations that have preceded us. . . . At the time this is written it is a fair presumption that it is now too late to save this civilization. In an era of political, mental, moral



From platform built in lagoon formed by spring flowing from base of pyramid site, William Jennings Bryan made a speech urging free silver and here Coin Harvey was nominated for president, running on Liberty ticket.

One of Harvey's hotels was named Missouri, because many of his guests came from Kansas City and St. Louis. This structure was partially razed in 1936. The only other luxury hotel completed was the Oklahoma, although he planned four.



dementis, it is plunging to its ruin.”

* * *

THE OZARKS are among the world's oldest mountains; compared with them the Rockies are young. These Midwestern highlands once reached an altitude of 14,000 feet or more but through erosion have been worn down to about 1500

feet. If this erosion continued, Harvey concluded, the valleys would be filled and eventually only the top of his pyramid would be visible. Here he would place a metal plate reading, "When this can be read, go below and find a record of, and the cause of [the death of], a former civilization."



Grecian-style amphitheater said to seat 1000 persons faced the speaker's platform in the lagoon. It was built of native stone and concrete.



The Oklahoma, the other luxury hotel, still stood in 1962 when this picture was taken. It later burned. Rustic log construction, red tile roofs and spacious fireplaces were features of Harvey's buildings.

Coin Harvey began the pyramid project in 1924, estimating its cost would be \$75,000. The construction, he said, was to be so scientific that engineers gave the opinion it would resist erosion and stand for millions of years. Work began on the pyramid proper in June 1929, just four months before the stock market crash.

A low knoll, 240 feet from the adjacent mountaintop, was to be the base of the needlelike 136-foot structure set on a base 60 feet square. First of all, the foundation for such a structure had to be secure. In *Common Sense* Harvey wrote, "About 200 feet of tunnels in the mountain have been run to get the source of the big spring that flows out near the foundation, find-



The "Tower," the only building still standing, was a three-story section at the south end of the Oklahoma and was used as an office.

ing the source of the water to be coming through a decomposed quartz lead out of the northwest and in no way interfering with the foundation."

A retaining wall on the creek and valley side was built to keep water from encroaching from that direction. A temporary building held sand and cement. Hundreds of tons of rock were blasted to level a space 70 feet square for the foundation. Harvey continues, "A [22-foot] shaft was sunk in the solid rock foundation below where water could flow by gravity to ascertain the solidity of the rock as we went down, finding it getting harder and harder as we descended. This shaft was filled with cement concrete.* A prospective oil and gas well nearby has been drilled by an oil company [to] 1100 feet, all in solid rock. This demonstrates a secure foundation for the pyramid."

In the meantime, on the north side of the foundation, a stadium or foyer in Grecian-style architecture was built of portland cement to seat more than 1000 people. Situated on an island in the center of the small lake formed by the spring, this amphitheater had walkways, a platform and thronelike seats. The crystal-clear waters reflected the stairways to the upper rows of seats and couches encrusted with irides-

cent river mussel shells set in the concrete.

Luxurious lighting was provided for night meetings. Famous personages attired in the highest fashions attended political conferences, arriving over a special railroad line which Harvey had built in 1911 from Lowell, Ark., 20 miles south.

To house his illustrious guests Harvey planned two long rows of hotels. As guests arrived at the small railroad station on the lagoon, they would be conveyed to their hotels by boats or gondolas along the colorful canal shaded by great elms. Graceful swans floated on the mirrorlike surface of the lagoon. It was idyllic.

* * *

THEN THE trouble began. The laborers, many of them locals, secretly poked fun at Harvey's pyramid. The stock market failed before the construction even got under way. The Great Depression struck and Harvey's health began to fail just as the bank in which funds were deposited folded. The pyramid was doomed.

In the 1927 edition of *Common Sense* he pleaded for help. He estimated it would take another \$75,000 to complete the project. He argued that the pyramid of the Ozarks would command attention and respect. Thousands would come to see it. The structures at Monte Ne were already sources of wonder to the

*"Cement concrete," Harvey's term, presumably meant concrete made by mixing portland cement, sand, gravel and water.

natives of the surrounding hills who had never seen such luxury as the posh resort afforded. Harvey had built the first swimming pool ever seen in this part of the world where each guest was assigned his own dressing room.

The resort plans included two rows of luxury hotels to be named for the states of Oklahoma, Missouri, Texas and Louisiana. Of these only Oklahoma and Missouri were completed. The latter was partially razed in 1936 and later the Oklahoma burned. The "Tower," still standing, was a three-story section at the south end of Oklahoma, said by area residents to have been used as Harvey's office.

Coin Harvey had expected the pyramid would be covered by soil from erosion of the mountains. Instead, its site was immersed by waters from the White River after the dam to impound Beaver Lake was built in 1956. Where the Monte Ne post office had stood, water was 18 feet deep. The concrete amphi-

theater was also submerged except for the very top rows of seats.

As the waters in the lake rose, one of the first structures Harvey had built, the burial vault, was moved by tractor to higher ground where it stands deserted on a hillside surrounded by a chain-link fence in a dense thicket of vines and cockleburrs.

The three-story "Tower" is all that remains of the luxurious hotels. The structure, true to Harvey's expectations, would have withstood centuries except for vandals, the bulldozer and the caterpillar tractor. With a little foresight the amphitheater with its concrete foyers and benches could have been saved. As it is, eight- to 10-inch carp swim lazily among the posts and columns just visible beneath the water's surface. Fishermen may find the concrete seats that were part of the stadium, now at the lake's edge, convenient if not comfortable places to sit while casting lines among what's left of one man's dream.



WORKER TAKES THE PLUNGE

A WORKER fell from the top of an eight-story building and landed on his feet but didn't lose consciousness and joked about his accident before going into surgery. On Tuesday, February 25, 1986, 18-year-old Sidney Allen of Pensacola, Fla., fell at least 90 feet from the roof of a condominium.

Deputy Sam Reitzammer of the Escambia County Sheriff's Department told Associated Press that Allen and another worker were on the roof of the building when Allen backed right off.

Although the construction worker joked about his fall, his injuries included a broken ankle, thighbone and wrist.

QUIRKS OF FATE

by Harold Helfer

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Corner of Rockford, Mich., have a seven-year-old retarded boy whom they treasure. When a fire broke out that gutted their home, the boy, awakened by the family dog and realizing there was danger, ran to his parents' bedroom and, although he was unable to speak, alerted them and they all were able to get out in time.

Money can be a wonderful thing — and deadly too. In Santee, Calif., when a Brink's armored truck had to make a sudden stop to avoid a swerving car, 52,000 quarters weighing some 800 pounds crushed guard Hrand Arakilian killing him.

After Gunther Weiss robbed a supermarket in Gtersloh, West Germany, he dashed for his getaway car and jumped in. Where the auto took him, though, was to jail. He had failed to distinguish between his own car and a police car.

Ethel Spearman, pastor of Today's Faith Bible Church in Greenville, S. C., asked God during services for "a sign that the church doors were open" and got immediate action. The brakes on a motorcycle failed and rider and machine came

zooming into the church. God seemed to remain in charge, though, for the cyclist wasn't seriously hurt and no one in the church was injured.

Addie Little was with Enous, her husband of 74 years, when he died in a St. Louis hospital. He didn't have to wait long for her to join him. She passed away 15 minutes later.

After Shellie Vander Tuig gave birth to a baby boy in a Pomona, Calif., hospital, she said, "It feels pretty weird." This was not because she had just become a mother but because her baby was born 23 years to the minute after her own birth.

"I always wanted a dog," said Samuel Rydel of Liverpool, England, when his wife Helen brought home a kitten. But she persuaded him to give the kitten a "two-month trial," telling him he would become fond of it. That was five years ago and there's no doubt that he did. Neighbors recently have filed suit against the Rydels for "disturbing the peace." Neighbors say that the Rydels' 200 cats make an awful racket at night.

By Matthew Pearl

IN THE EARLY 1970's an adolescent curiosity led me into a number of uncharted territories, among which was the occult. That curiosity has since mellowed into more practical adult concerns such as "getting ahead" and finding that "perfect" relationship. But this isn't my story. It's the final chapter in the story of Timothy John Evans, an estranged spirit who convinced a thrill-seeking teenager that there is more to ghosts than Halloween hob-

wood film crew used its rustic Western ambience in the filming of a movie. (They had only to dump dirt over the paved streets to transform the town into what it must have looked like 100 years ago.)

Adrienne Hall* lived in Jacksonville. Her house was built in 1857. The modest one-level, three-bedroom structure sat at the end of a sloped lawn. Inside, the heavy plank wood floor of the living room was smooth from years of wear and, despite the cozy, lived-in atmosphere there, whenever a draft rushed

Spirit in Captivity

We were just naive kids — but now the
ghost of someone long dead was asking us to save his soul.

goblins and Hollywood sound stages.

Nestled in the foothills of southern Oregon's Rogue Valley is the tiny gold-mining town of Jacksonville. It isn't far from my home in the semirural outskirts of Medford, the valley's largest city. Walking down Jacksonville's main street is like being transported into the past; the city has made an effort to preserve its historic origins. In fact, it created quite a stir in the sleepy burg when members of a Holly-

through the house one suspected that the structure was not well insulated.

Adrienne's bedroom was a small, rectangular space in the back, just off the kitchen. There, sitting on her single bed, surrounded by her books and records and knickknacks, we spent hours discussing our teenage dilemmas.

*Pseudonym. Real name on file at FATE's editorial office.

In a way we were misfits. Our independent thinking and rebellious, nonconforming attitudes kept us apart from the mainstream of high-school life. Our interests did not include pep rallies and proms. We were concerned with more esoteric matters, such as the mystery of the Ouija board.

Motivated by a curiosity about the unknown, Adrienne and I consulted Ouija on a variety of issues, including our past lives. In retrospect I realize our quest with the board was a metaphor for the difficult, often painful process of developing an identity. We were searching for answers. Through the board a spirit calling itself Osiris (yes, from Egyptian mythology) spoke to us in some detail about our former exploits. Although the things he said were interesting, I had serious doubts about their validity.

It wasn't until Timothy John Evans introduced himself to us on the board one day in the spring of 1972 that I began to take seriously this perplexing, amazing device. In prior sessions our conversation with "entities" could easily have been explained as products of our unconscious minds, the tales they spun discounted as flights of fantasy. But the emergence of Tim Evans brought a relevance and immediacy to our sessions that had been missing until then. Tim claimed to be a ghost inhabiting Adrienne's house.

* * *

SITTING cross-legged on her bed with the Ouija resting on our knees, Adrienne and I worked the board with renewed concentration and excitement. Over a period of days Tim's story was revealed.

Timothy John Evans was born on January 18, 1882, and died of a heart attack on April 3, 1940, at the age of 58. Tim's explanation for haunting the house was simple enough. As a youth he had been playing in the area while workmen were constructing an addition to the building. A beam fell on him, crippling the lad for life. This single tragic event made such a psychic impression on Tim and caused him such enormous emotional pain throughout his life that he was drawn to the site of the accident after his death.

The ghost maintained that he had inhabited the house since that time. He said he had a crush on Adrienne's divorced mother. In addition to looking after her, Tim played jokes on the object of his affection by making the toilet run annoyingly. On occasion he would draw attention to himself by producing a thump from the attic (finally, an explanation for this disconcerting disturbance) and he was responsible for other assorted noises.

But Tim's reason for contacting us through the board was not a frivolous one. He was trapped in the house by the memory of the horrible accident and lacked the energy

to pass on to the next life. He wanted Adrienne and me to assist him in this process by channeling to him the strength he needed to accomplish this goal. He wanted us to conduct a seance.

Shaken by his request, Adrienne and I were apprehensive about continuing. After some discussion we realized we could determine whether or not Tim had told us the truth. He gave us his date of birth and cause of death. He claimed to have been buried in the Jacksonville cemetery. There had to be records. We resolved to check out Tim's story.

The Jacksonville Museum, a quaint colonial structure, was located near the center of town and held within its walls countless stories of that area's early inhabitants. A study of its records revealed that prior to 1900 many died of such causes as dropsy, gunshot wounds, wagon accidents, consumption and the like. After some searching we actually found Tim's name. Incredibly, the dates matched.

According to the records, Tim died of coronary thrombosis and was indeed buried in the cemetery. We were exhilarated and our next course of action was too tempting to avoid. We had to see his grave.

Like the rest of the town, the Jacksonville cemetery was old. After passing under an iron gateway encrusted with age, we began our trek along the dirt pathways which led haphazardly through the unkept

grounds. Many of the tombstones were in disrepair; these lonely, forgotten memorials to the dead were a sad and eerie sight. Adrienne and I soon concluded our search was impossible. It would take hours to find Tim's grave.

Dejected, we headed back down a road in the direction of the entrance. Suddenly Adrienne stopped. Almost as if she were being led, she walked directly to Tim's tombstone and pointed it out. Later she told me that, despite never having been in that section of the cemetery before, she intuitively knew where the grave was.

We knelt down and carefully examined the tombstone. Whatever doubts we had about Tim's existence before were completely dispelled. Timothy John Evans had lived and died and his spirit needed our help.

* * *

IT WAS night and the house was empty, except for the four participants. Following Tim's request, we invited another couple to join us in the seance. None of us had ever participated in a seance before or had any knowledge of how to conduct one, but Tim would guide our way.

He requested it be held in the kitchen (where Adrienne's mother spent much of her time) and that we sit, boy-girl-boy-girl, around the kitchen table with a lighted candle as the only source of illumination. We placed our hands on the table, lightly

touching each other in traditional fashion. I was the voice of the group, affirming that we four were gathering our energies with love and directing them to Tim.

While we sat in silence, concentrating on achieving our goal, I noticed a mirror on the opposite wall. I could see reflected in it the wall behind me, illuminated by the flickering candle. This pensive moment was shattered when I felt something touch my left arm. It wasn't my neighbor.

I looked up at the mirror and, to my astonishment, saw a black shadow move slowly behind me from left to right. It completely blacked the mirror out and passed on out of

sight toward the living room. Suddenly a loud *crack* sounded from that direction and traveled the entire length of the house through the wall. We sat frozen in our seats. The seance was over.

Whether our efforts proved successful or not I don't know. I do know we never heard from Tim again.

In later years I have come to wonder if Tim really was a "spirit" or merely the product of our own hidden psychic abilities. Being a romantic at heart, I choose to believe that Tim was who he said he was and that we, despite our inexperience and naivete, were able to assist him.



REWARDING HOBBY

GARY DUFFY, who manages and tends bar in the Anchorage Tavern in Somers Point, N.J., has a strange hobby: He rummages through trash from the city's well-to-do neighborhoods. In December 1986 he found a letter containing an excerpt from a poem written by Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1877. Duffy estimates he should get "several hundred dollars" for it.

The letter's authenticity has been confirmed by two experts. David Bauman, a book and manuscript dealer with a shop in Philadelphia, said the signature on the letter is definitely Emerson's. Drynda Johnston, a research librarian at

the University of Pennsylvania, identified the verse as part of an Emerson poem titled *Voluntaries*.

The excerpt from the poem, written on heavy paper, was apparently sent by Emerson from Concord, Mass., as a message of condolence. It reads:

*Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,*

*And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,*

*Crowns him victor glorified, victor
over death and pain. Forever.*

The letter was signed, "R. Waldo Emerson, Concord, Massachusetts, June, '77."

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

by Paul Steiner

At a New York Friars Club banquet honoring Roger Moore as its "Man of the Year," Milton Berle brought down the house when he said of the guest of honor: "Roger had an uncle who was psychic. He knew exactly what day he was going to die. A judge told him."

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Mark Wagstaff, co-owner of an Oklahoma City security equipment firm, anxious to demonstrate a bulletproof vest for members of a businessmen's club, asked a very reluctant friend to stab him in the chest to dramatize the sales pitch. Wagstaff fell dead when the sharp weapon penetrated his chest.

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Jennifer Kaminsky and Sarah Duck refused to accept their diplomas from Rice University because they are avid vegetarians and the documents are printed on real sheepskin.

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In the 1960 movie epic *Spartacus* actress Jean Simmons had a two-week-old daughter played by Erlyne Epper. Now, 26 years later, Erlyne is working as Simmons' stunt dou-

ble in Part II of the ABC-TV miniseries *North and South*.

•

The late Anne Baxter always considered rain a lucky omen because it fell relentlessly the day she started filming *The Razor's Edge*, which won her an Oscar in 1946. More often than not, she prayed for rain whenever an important occasion was coming up. She died on a sunny day.

•

After years of warning that smoking causes one disease after another, medical science may have stumbled onto a beneficial use for the cigarette. Neurophysiologist Joseph Miller of the University of California has been studying circadian rhythms, those daily peaks and valleys in our metabolism. It is an interruption of the circadian rhythm that causes jet lag and certain sleep disorders. Traveling across time zones throws the internal biological clock out of sync and it's possible that smoking a cigarette at the proper time may help to resynchronize the circadian rhythm and prevent that washed-out feeling.

CHANNELING:

Voices from Other Worlds

Where do the beings that speak through channels come from?

Do they come from other dimensions — or from deep within ourselves?

By Craig Lee

Reprinted from L.A. Weekly

Part III

THE METAPHYSICAL craze of the 1980's is channeling, in which "entities" speak through persons in trance and teach that love is the answer, each of us creates his own reality and the earth is soon to undergo radical changes. Margo Chandley, who has studied 50 channelers while doing research for her Ph.D. in transformational psychology, believes that channeling is related to an energy known in yogic tradition as kundalini. She says that increasingly channelers no longer need to go into altered states of consciousness for this energy to come through. In time the entities and the individuals through whom they speak will be one "integrated being."

THE CHANNELING movement grows and grows. You can go to Susan Levin's Wednesday night "Channeling Connection" meetings in West Los Angeles and see a different channel each week. Then on weekends Levin offers "Consciousness Connection" — part lecture,

part metaphysical singles group. Levin and Margot Chandley have begun producing a channeling show for cable TV.

Meanwhile, many local channelers can be read in a periodical called *Spirit Speaks*, put out by a jovial woman named Molli Nickell. After Nickell and her husband's business venture went under a few years ago, they read the Seth materials. Their daughter then took them to meet William Rainan and Dr. Peebles. They were hooked.

Nickell sells some 2000 copies of *Spirit Speaks* a month, primarily through subscriptions and metaphysical bookstores such as the Bodhi Tree in West Hollywood. She never advertises but the demand is increasing steadily for the magazine, which takes an interesting approach — a common topic is chosen and different "entities" express their thoughts on that topic.

"We have three principles that we work with in looking for material," Nickell states. "One, allowance —

the loving law of allowance for all things to be in their own time and place; two, increased communication with respect for all life; three, self-responsibility for how you perceive reality."

Nickell recently published a *Spirit Speaks* volume on AIDS. In it the various entities describe AIDS not as a disease but as something created out of social conditions. "There are no incurable diseases. Only incurable people," says one of the entities. "You can't take AIDS and make it a separate issue," Nickell says. "So this book became a sort of metaphysical primer."

What kind of people does Nickell think are attracted to channeling and New Age metaphysics?

"I have a theory. I believe that people on a worldwide level are becoming aware that the earth is imperiled. That, for the first time any of us can ever remember, we have the opportunity of killing our mother. The earth is a living entity, a hostess, a place for us to live and experience and go through incarnations. People have the sense of 'My God, what can I do?' The institutions, the governments, the things that used to work to protect us, they don't seem to be working anymore. So where can you go if you can't go out and find the answer? There's only one place you can look — inside. When people start to look for answers inside themselves, they get in touch with their own infinity-

ness. They find out they really are a piece of God and that they are here to experience — and as they change, everyone around them changes. Channeling is nothing new. It's been going on for years. In the early Bible the prophets were channeling."

* * *

MICHAEL HUGHES hasn't been channeling quite that long, but he's had a bit more preparatory intellectual experience than most of the new breed of channelers. Hughes, who currently lives in West Hollywood, studied metaphysics for 40 years and has a Ph.D. in philosophy. He might seem a natural to cash in on the latest metaphysical trend, and although during the late '60s and early '70s he channeled an entity called John — a "Brother of the Sano-Tarot" — he's become scornful of the practice. "Most of these people are just into demonstrating and I find this kind of demonstrating to be an act of ill faith."

Hughes seems to be what Channelley considers an integrated being. When asked to, he brings forth a Mayan entity in a scary vocal display, translating the Mayan's babble into English but remaining fully conscious while doing so. Hughes claims a linguist who studied the sounds attested to their Mayan authenticity but he's less concerned with the process than the person performing it.

"There's only one interjection," Hughes notes, meaning one inter-

face between this reality and a higher-consciousness energy. "Otherwise we're looking at a mind machine that manufactures differences. What I'm interested in doing is running the machine backwards, rewinding the movie reel so that we can go back to the point of origin, the Source. I'm not really interested in all these self-glorifying motivations."

Hughes goes one step further — he doesn't buy the channeling philosophy that you "create your own reality." "Such talk is for beginners," Hughes says with a slightly scornful smile. "It's for people with weak egos who need these pep talks. But be aware that there's a point where you don't need the sales pitch anymore."

"You're a victim of fate exactly as though you had been hired to go on the stage and play Shakespeare. The challenge [for channelers] is that we have to put all this work into developing an ego identity that is strong enough to then give back into the Divine Will." In other words, only the developed self can influence the larger cosmos that sets the fates of us all. "This conflict we talk about between fate and free will — both of them are interoperating."

Most channelers who choose to help audiences develop methods of concentration take them on "guided meditations," often ones filled with beautiful geometric shapes or lovely landscapes with sparks of light fil-

tering down into consciousness. Visualizing, imaging — these are important components of the work.

Not to Hughes, however. "My intent in my meditation, whether it's 20 minutes or two hours, is that I'm *not* going to focus on these god-damned stories!" Hughes exclaims. "They are all pictures and if I want to watch pictures, I can sit in front of my television. I need to focus upon *who* is doing the looking, because then you're releasing. You're not doing this to learn more things or make out more things. That's just mind trash, effluvia. Your first step is to become cognizant to yourself with some continuity, find out *who* [inside you] is the witness. Because what we're trying to work from, from waking to dreaming, is getting right back to Source."

"The security in all this is that: *It is God who is living you.* All these other things — symbols, names, techniques — are just parts of yourself that were written into the script in the first place. If you accept the dream that everybody in a dream is yourself, then you can accept that waking up is also a dream and then everybody on the physical plane is yourself too."

Like many psychics, notably including Kevin Ryerson, Hughes draws from Jung's dream-analysis theories and concepts of the collective unconscious. Ryerson talks about drawing Spirit from this same

area, the state of "lucid dreaming" from which Edgar Cayce, probably the most highly developed psychic of our century, derived his visionary techniques.

Still, I don't have 40 years of metaphysics on my side. That's why I've decided to meet Shawn Randall. I figure the only way I can truly report on the channeling experience is to try to undergo some aspect of it myself. Randall is a very pretty young woman, living in a perfect yuppie condo in Studio City with her boyfriend, a musician with the Count Basie band. She radiates a kind of happy, healthy energy. Her table has a piece of art from Jack Pursel's Illuminarium gallery — a nymphlike figure rising from a bed of crystals.

Randall goes into trance and Torah comes through. The voice is not that radically different from Randall's but it has a bit of masculine edge. Randall contorts her body and twists several times as the energy moves through her. I ask Torah about his name but he pleasantly dodges the subject. Also, with a name like that, implying a connection with Jewish scripture, I aim a few questions related to Judaic philosophy. Once again, Torah skirts them politely. ("Hmmm, she's a nice lady but she's not much of a channel," I think to myself.)

Then she takes me on a meditation filled with imagery of lakes and paths (Michael Hughes would

not approve) and feeling someone come to me. This would be my spirit guide, a person I could possibly channel. I find it hard to separate my self-consciousness from my subconsciousness, but then I suddenly feel myself going into a state where I am aware but yet . . . *not quite there*. It's a kind of deep, sinking feeling, not at all unpleasant, something akin to a hypnotic state.

I've felt from the beginning that many channelers hypnotize themselves; it must be close to the sensation I'm now going through with Torah. When Torah asks me to perceive my inner guide, I am aware of a presence. I also hear a name. The rest of my experience is deeply personal and so firmly from inside myself that even now I can't really define or describe it. Perhaps it is like being under water without drowning. Certainly I can't analyze it. Let's just say that Torah took me on a trip and brought me back and along the way I got to see a place I'd never been to before.

Since the experience I've found my meditations have greatly deepened. I'm still looking at the pictures but they're happening on new stages.

* * *

I PROBABLY will still go to experience channelers. I'm sure some of them will be offended by this article, by the fact that I didn't use the loving "law of allowance," that I have, to some extent, passed

judgment out of concern for people being misled. And I understand why Chandley and others are wary of criticism of the channeling movement. But I don't believe one bad channel spoils the bunch, no more than the original teachings of Jesus were cheapened by the crimes of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages. (I also don't think it's coincidental that the people most concerned with my attitudes about channeling are the ones with the biggest vested financial interests in L.A.'s burgeoning grass roots metaphysical community.)

That said, here is what I now think: Maybe channeling is nothing more than the power of lucid dreaming. If nothing else, channelers can help us remember what we've forgotten. If, like Socrates, you consider that we already know everything — take this as a proposition, because I don't mean it face-

tiously — then there's an awful lot we need to recall.

We particularly always need to be reminded of who, where and what we are now. As Michael Hughes says: "Events will unfold the way they do. All that we are changing is the way we *respond* to the events. The question is, can I retrain myself so that I can react to them more intelligently? [For me, this is the work Lazaris must have come to do.] Because you're moving into this very odd component of immediacy. That's the old Zen talk — be aware in present time. Then you get the sense that you are *always* the right person, in the right place, doing the right thing. What more do you want than that?"

"There are techniques for doing this all over the city," Hughes notes. "Take the one you need. But how lucky you are when you don't need them."



LET'S FALL IN LOVE

CAN EVERYONE fall in love? Not exactly, according to John Money, a professor of medical psychology at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. *Omni* magazine reports that people who have had surgery for a pituitary tumor during childhood or early teens may never be smitten.

"These people can show affection," Money says, "but most of them will never experience pair-bonding, the phenomenon most of us call falling in love."

Contrary to poets' belief, says Money, that euphoric romantic feeling is not from the heart. Instead, it is rooted in neural pathways and hormones emanating from the pituitary gland, and when it is damaged, the body's pair-bonding system pays the toll. — *Paul Steiner.*

BOOKS

NEWS & REVIEWS

by D. Scott Rogo



SURVIVING

COLIN WILSON'S *Afterlife* (Dolphin/Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1987, 269 pages, \$16.95) is not a systematic, step-by-step look at the evidence for survival of death but a rambling, impressionistic study of contact with the dead. Wilson's books usually summarize a great deal of information borrowed from other sources and *Afterlife* is no exception. It offers the reader a dizzying array of cases and information concerning spirit possession, the history of Spiritualism, the early work of the Society for Psychical Research, reincarnation cases and near-death experiences.

Wilson says that "it is not my purpose to try to convince anyone of the reality of life after death; only to draw attention to the impressive inner consistency of the evidence, and to point out that, in the light of this evidence, no one need feel ashamed of accepting the notion that human personality survives bodily death." If this is really the goal of *Afterlife*, the book is a success.

Wilson concentrates on cases and individuals that most interest him. He writes insightfully on the psychology of survival experiences, devoting considerable attention to the lives of Rosalind

Heywood (the late British psychic and SPR officer), Emanuel Swedenborg and Rudolf Steiner (the founder of Anthroposophy). He also highlights the work of such psychotherapists as Adam Crabtree, Wilson Van Dusen and Ralph Allison, who believe that some forms of mental illness result from spirit possession.

As he usually does in his books, Wilson freely offers his personal viewpoints, theories and opinions on the material he covers. As the book goes on, he develops a very personal view of the evidence for survival. He suggests that some order of "higher intelligence" may be sending us this evidence, that some sort of spiritual-education process initiated by this greater intelligence is occurring. Perhaps it also sent us the great religious leaders of the past, initiated the Spiritualist movement and spawned our current interest in near-death experiences.

Any reader familiar with history and sociology will have trouble swallowing this speculation. In fact, systematic attempts to establish contact with the dead predated Spiritualism and go back to the mesmeric movement and the Shaker community in New York. Spiritualism later flourished in the United

States because of the particular religious and cultural climate of New York during the 1840's, when the Fox sisters' phenomena attracted widespread attention. There is a large body of literature on this subject. Apparently Wilson has not read it.

To his credit, however, he does not promote his ideas dogmatically. Anyway, this sort of unabashed speculation can be fun to read, even if it remains unconvincing.

The real problem with *Afterlife* concerns its other omissions and errors. It is difficult to understand how a writer so well read in psychology and parapsychology could have made some of them. Wilson seems not to know that sleep is a hyper-biologically active state of consciousness and that the simplistic right-versus-left brain hemispheric model he outlines has been repeatedly discredited in psychology. He also believes, incorrectly, that the poltergeist-ridden Rev. Samuel Wesley was the grandfather of Methodist founder Samuel Wesley; in reality, the former was the latter's father.

Wilson also promotes the provably false claim that most parapsychologists believe in survival and spirit return and he misrepresents F.W.H. Myers' famous theory of the subliminal mind. Despite what Wilson says, this theory has nothing to do with the concept of right brain hemispheric dominance. Even more curious is the manner in which Wilson points with obvious approval to the statistical ESP research of S. G. Soal, the British mathematician whose work was exposed as fraudulent several years ago. And there are other serious errors.

After the Beyond (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1986, 190 pages,

\$8.95, paperback), by Charles P. Flynn, a sociology professor at Miami University in Ohio, is devoted primarily to the sociological and religious implications of the near-death experience. The book builds on themes first presented by Dr. Kenneth Ring in his *Heading Toward Omega* (reviewed in March 1985 FATE) and by Dr. Margot Grey in her *Return from Death* (July 1986 FATE).

Like its predecessors, *After the Beyond* looks at the personal transformation NDE survivors undergo. Dr. Flynn cites examples of persons who gained subjective insights into the nature of reality, changed their values, developed psychic abilities and so on. Flynn is especially interested in the influence of these experiences on people's religious lives. Many still saw great good in conventional religion and found their faith reinforced by their experiences. In the final section of the book Flynn discusses how the "message" of the NDE can be used to create a more spiritual philosophy of life.

Flynn's book is both highly readable and serious, even with its sometimes blatant Christian bias. But even in this respect it greatly surpasses most Christian books on the NDE, such as Phillip Swihart's *The Edge of Death* and Marvin Ford's sappy *On the Other Side*.

My only problem with *After the Beyond* is with the sample population of persons who contributed to Flynn's studies. People who come forth and talk openly about their experiences usually have positive reactions to the episodes. Psychologists now know that some NDErs have negative reactions and sometimes enter a subsequent state of depression. I think it's time for their stories to be told.

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NOT SURVIVING?

THE SCIENTIFIC and psychological study of the NDE began shortly after the appearance of Raymond Moody's influential *Life After Life* in 1975. In due course the International Association of Near-Death Studies, currently headquartered at the University of Connecticut at Storrs, was formed. Until recently the organization published both an informal newsletter and an excellent scientific journal, *Anabiosis: The Journal of Near-Death Studies*. Sad to say, the important work of IANDS is being jeopardized by its chronic shortage of funds and the organization may have to shut down.

FATE readers who wish to see it survive are encouraged to join or make a donation. For more information write IANDS at Box U-20, Psychology #258, 406 Cross Campus Rd., Storrs, Conn. 06268.

OTHER REVIEWS

LIFE BETWEEN LIFE by Joel L. Whitton and Joe Fisher, Dolphin/Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1986, 198 pages, \$14.95.

In *Life Between Life* the question of what happens to human personalities when they are not inhabiting physical bodies is explored by means of hypnotic regression. Joel L. Whitton and Joe Fisher assume the truth of reincarnation, contending that the evidence is now so considerable that assent is natural.

Much of the book describes and collates the experiences of persons who claimed to remember, under hypnosis, the state of existence between incarnations. According to their reports, the

next world provides a time for recalling and reflecting on our previous existences so that we may better prepare ourselves for the next round of earthly reality. Those fortunate enough to remember their past incarnations in this life may, in addition, be able to overcome certain behavioral and emotional problems by recognizing the genesis of these problems in unfortunate past-life experiences.

Although pleasant reading, *Life Between Life* is neither convincing nor especially thoughtful. For example, one of the authors' favorite ideas is that the process of reincarnation is governed by karmic requirements. In presenting this thesis, however, they do not mention the work of University of Virginia psychiatrist Dr. Ian Stevenson, whose large case catalog of reincarnation cases fails to sustain the notion of a karmic relationship between successive lives. Another related problem not addressed is

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why — assuming that the purpose of reincarnation is to promote moral improvement — people today seem no better, happier or well-adjusted than their remote ancestors. The course of history bears ample witness to *material* advancement but precious little sign of improvement in the moral and spiritual spheres.

Although one of the authors (Dr. Whitton) is a professor of psychiatry at the University of Toronto Medical School and an expert in clinical hypnosis, the book is surprisingly naive about contemporary theory and research in hypnosis as these may apply to past-life therapy. Nowhere, for example, are suggestion, role-playing, fabrication, loss of inhibition and cryptomnesia (hidden memory) discussed in relation-ship to hypnotic regression. Nor do the authors anywhere acknowledge that many equally dramatic instances of past-life regression are proven fantasies.

Worse still, they fail to consider that such regressions may prove psychologically beneficial precisely because they are fantasies. By allowing for the discharge of strong, sometimes taboo emotions in association with someone other than their primary selves, such persons may achieve a much-needed catharsis of repressed material that is still too threatening to confront directly.

This, of course, does not mean that every experience of a previous life under hypnosis is just a therapeutically-effective fantasy, no better or worse than the fairy tales that some of the late Anita Muhl's patients used to come up with (see her book *Automatic Writing: An Approach to the Unconscious* [1963]).

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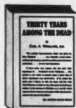
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But then, neither does it mean that they are not.

I am not suggesting that Dr. Whitton and other dedicated practitioners of reincarnation-oriented hypnotic regression necessarily are wrong in suggesting that many problems in this life are carry-overs from previous existences. Conceivably they are right. So far, however, none of these advocates have been able to back up their claims with the kind of evidence needed to satisfy uncommitted investigators. Until such evidence is available, books that seek to "scientifically" explore the interim between incarnations on the basis of hypnotic regression must be read with great caution. — *Rodger I. Anderson.*

READINGS IN THE PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEMS OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY edited by Antony Flew, Prometheus Books, Buffalo, N.Y., 1987, 375 pages, \$24.95 hardcover, \$16.95 paperback.

According to Antony Flew, scientists ask "why" and philosophers ask "so what?" *Readings in the Philosophical Problems of Parapsychology*, covering ESP (particularly precognition), psychokinesis, out-of-body experiences and survival, focuses on definitions, contradictions and alternative hypotheses.

Although the parapsychologists included in this anthology are often giants in the field (J. B. Rhine and Gardner Murphy, for example) and have coherent scientific approaches, in trying to avoid "mystification and muddles" Flew perhaps skews the book toward the viewpoint of parapsychology's critics. A parapsychologist's essay usually pre-

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cedes one on the same subject written by a critic. With this arrangement the critic gets the last word. Strictly speaking, however, not all of the opposition articles are written by hard-core skeptics. Some are by theoreticians simply wishing to clarify particular issues.

In more ways than one, this is a weighty tome (almost two pounds) and not a quick read. Packed with semantic quibbles and logical squabbles, each article takes awhile to digest. *Readings* would make an excellent college textbook.

By providing a thoughtfully prepared, well-produced book, with historical overviews and lively discussions, Flew has done both philosophy and parapsychology a service. There are no definitive answers here but the book asks many of the right questions. — *Sally Ann Drucker.*

A LYCANTHROPY READER edited by Charlotte F. Owen, Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, N.Y., 1986, 337 pages, \$32.50 hardcover, \$14.95 paperback.

A Lycanthropy Reader is an anthology of writings about werewolves, the first such collection on this subject. It is divided into sections and each is provided with an introduction by the editor. The intention is to explain the historical context of lycanthropy and ultimately to show the nature of good and evil.

These are ambitious goals. Unfortunately they are not well-suited to a book such as this. An anthology must bring together in one package scattered relevant works on a subject. These works should be the best or the most impor-

tant in the literature — and these aren't, although a number of rare and obscure medieval treatises do appear here.

By the time the reader has finished reading this book, he should have some understanding of the role of the werewolf in folklore, history, mythology, law and literature, of the image of the human being turned into wolf and of the sources of the idea. The book provides no coherent answer to these questions.

The reason is an unbalanced selection process. There is far too much medieval witchcraft and too much theology; the latter is dated, rather unrealistic and inadequate to account for the werewolf idea past the 1500's. Where are the folkloric and psychological backgrounds of these stories? Only one selection (out of 26) addresses this issue. There should have been something from Eisler's *Man Into Wolf* or from J. A. MacCullough, author of "Lycanthropy" in James Hastings' *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*. Important historical studies, such as Caroline Taylor Stewart's, and Olaus Magnus' views are not so much as mentioned.

Certainly we owe Charlotte Owen a debt for making available some interesting items, but the reader who hopes to get a real understanding of werewolves will have to use much more than this book. — *Gordon Stein.*

ALSO NOTABLE

GHOSTS IN RESIDENCE by H. A. von Behr, North Country Books, Inc., 18 Irving Pl., Utica, N.Y. 13501, 1986, 180 pages, \$13.95.

An entertaining, chatty collection of anecdotes about ghostly doings, many from the author's personal experience, *Ghosts in Residence* is perfect reading for a dark and stormy night.

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.

SATAN'S DOING?

"Satanism and Child Abuse" by Charles Rappleye (April 1987 FATE) raises old fears and misconceptions concerning children's safety and satanism. What I fear is the fear engendered by such an article, which admits "not a single piece of corroborative evidence has come to light." Long ago, stories circulated that Jews killed and ate babies, a notion that later degenerated into blanket allegations against witches and other pagans. Are we to see the same sort of hysteria resurface without basis in fact?

In my opinion, the source for the amazing similarities in the children's stories is probably television which graphically depicts violence and sensationalism. Children absorb much more than we credit them for, and what they learn often emerges in a strange mixture of fact and fiction.

I do not doubt that actual physical abuse has been suffered. Evidence of this is apparently present in various degrees, but I believe its source is in the family or the child's immediate surroundings. When can these assaults occur if parents are watchful and aware of the child's whereabouts at all times.

For those with no knowledge of occult religious rites or any other than mainline thought, it is all too easy to assign all negative activities or aspects to "the others." Many people believe a simple quiet seance in a home — friends and family trying to contact a deceased relative — conjures up demons. As usual, only education and facts can assuage fears.

I am not in favor of censorship of books, television or any other media. I am in favor of close, strict censorship of children by parents and guardians. It is their responsibility to provide the right environment and it is their duty to seek prosecution by the courts when the facts support allegations of molestation. Hysteria accomplishes nothing and encourages persecution of anyone who is or may appear "different."

Small children cannot read the FATE article but they may hear it discussed, and it is well known that children make a game of their fears as a means of overcoming them. Every baby loves to play peekaboo, for instance, or to be chased by a loving parent until caught up and kissed. Psychiatrists say these actions remain from Neanderthal times when it



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was necessary to learn evasion and when the dark *did* hold danger for small humans. Now buried in our subconscious, the ancient fears emerge as games.

I hope to see future articles based on fact, not sensationalism. — *Susan R. Treidel, Denver, Colo.*

Since recommending to the editors that FATE reprint "Satanism and Child Abuse," I have come to believe that the children's reports have a mundane explanation.

The inside story of the recent child abuse epidemic in California is told by Paul and Shirley Eberle in their book *The Politics of Child Abuse*, published in 1986 by Lyle Stuart, Inc. The writers show in great detail the lack of evidence behind most claims of child sexual abuse. They also show how many social service agencies benefit financially through "discovering" such cases and the way small children are encouraged, even badgered into "confessing." The Eberles believe that children are actively encouraged or forced to make up fantasies of abuse and related horrors. This seems clear from videotapes of interrogatory sessions which show children making up wilder and wilder stories the more they are deliberately pressed. (For this reason most of the charges in the infamous McMartin case were dropped.) It is no secret that stories of witchcraft and child sacrifice come out late during these interrogations which sometimes last for several days. It also seems obvious that the children, already rewarded for making up stories, simply draw upon horror movies and television violence to come up with even more elaborate scenarios. It doesn't seem strange to me that suggestive children

might eventually come to believe their own stories.

This solution to the child abuse and satanism connection seems to explain the most perplexing aspects of the enigma. It explains why so many children come up with such similar stories and why not a shred of evidence supporting their claims has ever been found. The Eberles' frightening book reveals the *psychological* abuse of children by social-service zealots and psychologists. — *D. Scott Rogo, Northridge, Calif.*

To deal with the children's stories, two important steps should be taken:

(1) Determine, if possible, by evidence whether what the child described actually happened.

(2) Analyze the *tone* of the child's report.

More striking than anything else in "Satanism and Child Abuse" is the evil, bloody tone of the children's reports — as if they see their future as bloody and evil. But after all, today's children saw a schoolteacher blown up on the space shuttle *Challenger* along with antiabortionists flaunting dead bloody babies, terrorists blowing up buildings, planes and people — every evil, imaginable or real — right on the television screens in their homes. — *Susan Councillor, Liberty, Ind.*

I am concerned that the article "Satanism and Child Abuse" will lead to more prejudice and hatred toward those of us who are Wiccans, Pagans or adherents of other Earth religions.

Wicca and Paganism are separate religions and have nothing to do with satanism. They are nature religions and a lot

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FATE readers can obtain information about Wicca and Paganism by writing Witches' League for Public Awareness, P. O. Box 8736, Salem, Mass. 01681-8736. — *Hanna Gandhi, P. O. Box 13, Lebanon, Oreg. 97355.*

Author Charles Rappleye asks five questions at the end of his article on child abuse. I have the answers.

(1) The child abuse cases are connected directly to the child pornography industry.

(2) No bodies have been found because they are ground up and fed to animals.

(3) The children's stories are basically the same, even in different parts of the country, because they are connected directly to the child pornography industry.

(4) The cases seem to have surfaced recently because of increased coverage by the media on the insistence of concerned parents and law enforcement agencies. But the issue of child abuse is not new; it has been around for thousands of years.

(5) The children's stories are not a psychological phenomenon; they are directly related to the supernatural. The authorities do not know enough about the supernatural and its influence on the minds of the living. — *Lucian Maheux, Tucson, Ariz.*

Do you realize the message you are sending to sex perverts everywhere, whatever their actual philosophical beliefs?

If a pervert wants to abuse a child without paying for his crime, all he has to do is perform some act that when the

child reports it to parents and police seems so bizarre that prosecutors will focus on the seeming connection with satanism. And because this cannot be proved the case will go unprosecuted and the pervert unpunished even though the sexual abuse itself can be proven.

Justice is represented with a blindfold for one important reason: If a crime has been committed it doesn't matter who committed it. It may be titillating to link a case of sexual abuse with a satanic group but if it results in a case being thrown out of court because the link to satanism cannot be proven, is justice being served or are we giving the criminal one more way to get off scot-free? —Josephine M. Potvin, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Since sensationalistic stories of satanic child abuse first appeared, there's been a lot of talk but not much action. The McMartin Preschool case, which we followed in the newspapers and TV news whether we wanted to or not, began, it now appears, with accusations against the school's operators by a parent who owed them money and took what she thought was the easy way out of having to pay up.

Before long several other parents joined in and the local district attorney, with aspirations to higher political office, climbed on the bandwagon as did the sensation-mongering press. Like the Salem witch trials of the 1690's, the whole thing got out of all proportion and finally reached a point where those keeping the pot boiling found that they were beyond the point where they could back down. So instead they added fuel to the fire and everyone was treated to a three-ring circus complete with a multi-



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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 116)

Either Betty and Barney Hill were abducted and taken aboard a UFO or they weren't. In each of these cases *something* is happening, whether or not it is what it seems. What Stillings is so wisely reminding us is that we should ask, before accepting or rejecting any claim, what is most likely going on.

In the case of channeling, we have good grounds to question the face-value account. On my shelves I have literally hundreds of examples of channeling. Apart from a few deliberate hoaxes, I am willing to believe that each and every one was produced by some fellowman or -woman who in all honesty believed himself or herself to be in contact with otherworldly beings.

Yet I know that these channeled messages *cannot* all be true, for the simple reason that often they contradict each other, often they are inconsistent, often the account of their origin is implausible. Not one of them offers me confirming testimony or back-up evidence. So I

am not going to take Ra's, Ramtha's or Seth's word without asking a few questions, any more than I will take the word of a politician, a patent-medicine peddler or a used-car salesman.

The Greeks inscribed the warning "Know yourself" on the Temple of Apollo at Delphi and the Romans erected a sign in their marketplace: "Caveat emptor — Let the buyer be on his guard." Even after 2000 years these are good advice and it is this advice that Stillings has given us in his wise and timely article. In the same fine tradition that Curtis Fuller has maintained in "I See by the Papers" over 30 editorial years, Stillings is encouraging us to be neither credulous fools, accepting without question, nor arrogant bigots, rejecting out of hand, but to think and examine for ourselves — whether it's a politician with his version of world affairs, a salesman with a Ford to sell, a fairground huckster with his own brand of snake oil or the newest channeler of messages from otherworldly beings. — *Hilary Evans, London, England.*

PRESENTING THE EVIDENCE

I have a right to reply to Jerome Clark's slanderous review of my book *Extra-Terrestrials Among Us* (March 1987 FATE). He grossly misinterprets the results of my research.

First of all, I am not anti-American nor is the target of my wrath the U. S. government. I pointed out what I perceive to be major flaws in U. S. government policies, which enable parasitic groups within our government to dominate and distort the normal democratic process. I did not do this in anger. I did it so that the flaws I pointed out could be corrected in order to restore our

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democracy to what should be its normal functioning. I am a loyal citizen of the United States and a direct descendant of George Clinton who was vice-president under Thomas Jefferson.

Clark operates on the assumption that anyone who dares to criticize the CIA is disloyal to the United States and he deliberately mangles my criticisms of this agency to make them seem ridiculous. This is, however, a self-defeating strategy.

Recent events have made it obvious that the CIA is about as useful to the citizens of this nation as a tapeworm. I am certainly not alone in this opinion. The CIA has become the tail that wags the dog. Instead of gathering information to transmit to officials responsible for deciding on our foreign policy, it has subverted their authority and has itself been making foreign policy.

President Reagan has put on an excellent act, pretending to govern this nation, but as recent events have demonstrated, it is just that: an act. He reads from his index cards the lines that have been written for him but has no idea of what is really going on. He has been a very effective front man for the oligarchy that has been ruling our nation behind a facade of democracy since the assassination of John F. Kennedy, but he is no more than a figurehead. The proof is that he has had to plaintively demand that the Congress inform him about what has been going on in the White House.

My intention is to heal our nation by pointing out what I perceive to be camouflaged parasites. I don't claim to be infallible nor do I expect everyone to agree with me. All I want to do is to bring into public view the evidence I

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have accumulated in more than a decade of research so that my fellow citizens can inspect it and make up their own minds. — *George C. Andrews, St. Paul, Minn.*

FINDING FULGURITES

In "I See by the Papers" (March 1987 FATE) Curtis Fuller heads one item "Finding Fulgarites." *Fulgur* (Latin for "lightning") is the root of the word fulgurite which he surely intended.

As to what these things are, Fuller writes, "...a tube-shaped chunk of glass... formed by a lightning strike." That's true — most of the time — but there are fulgurites which are glassy but which are not glass. It all depends on where and what the lightning strikes.

If lightning is to leave its track behind, it has to have something to work with. It will not form glass from seawater, blue jeans or a Boeing 707. Nor will it form glass from any soil which is relatively poor in silicon. To yield glass, sand is the substrate of choice. For this reason and because beachcombing is an ancient practice, the best-known and prototypical fulgurites are simple glasses formed on beaches.

Much harder to find, identify and retrieve are those more fragile fulgurites formed away from beach or desert. These are by definition *glassy* (i.e., vitrified) but of course differ physically and chemically from the sand-fusion product which may be properly termed a natural glass.

A parallel situation exists in vulcanism. Much lava is glassy but only a little of the stuff forms actual natural glass, obsidian. — *George E. Marcia, Jr., Detroit, Mich.*

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∞ Dying children learn that they will survive after death, according to research conducted by Dr. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross. Such children develop unusual psychic abilities during their last days, she says.

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