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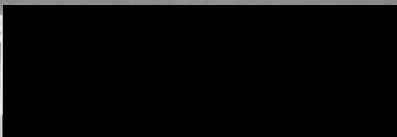
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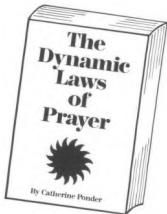
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CONTENTS

PART I

Simple Methods of Prayer

Introduction: PRAYER IS WHERE THE ACTION IS!

Chapter 1: THE SHOCKING TRUTH ABOUT PRAYER

Chapter 2: WHEN YOUR PRAYERS HAVE NOT BEEN ANSWERED

Chapter 3: THE PRAYER OF RELAXATION

Chapter 4: THE PRAYER OF CLEANSING

Chapter 5: THE PRAYER OF PROTECTION

Chapter 6: THE PRAYER OF DECREE

PART II

Advanced Methods of Prayer

Introduction: LIFE'S GREATEST SUCCESS SECRET

Chapter 7: THE PRAYER FOR MIRACLES

Chapter 8: THE PRAYER OF CONCENTRATION

Chapter 9: THE PRAYER OF MEDITATION

Chapter 10: THE PRAYER OF SILENCE

Chapter 11: THE PRAYER OF REALIZATION

Chapter 12: PRAYER PARTNERS CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Conclusion: AFTER PRAYER, THEN WHAT?

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FROM THE EDITOR

Every time FATE runs an item on ball lightning, we get letters from readers telling us of their own encounters with this strange phenomenon whose existence some scientists still dispute. The scientists' discomfort is understandable: ball lightning does not seem to be explainable by currently-accepted physical laws and the evidence for its existence is "anecdotal" (which means only that it's seen outside the laboratory). Yet growing numbers of scientists are slowly coming to grips with the realization that, "impossible" or not, ball lightning is a genuine mystery of nature. In his survey of current thinking about the phenomenon, Gordon Stein tells us why ball lightning remains as perplexing and elusive as ever.

In "The Monster of Glamis" Archie McKerracher reveals an aristocratic Scottish family's horrifying secret. Branley Allan Branson, an Eastern Kentucky University biologist, reflects on the mysteries buried in the sands of the Southwest. Jennie Zeidman, a respected UFO investigator and longtime associate of the late J. Allen Hynek, reports on a puzzling new development in the skies. Pauline Saltzman's "The Drama of Doom" explains why theater people have long had a superstitious fear of Shakespeare's great and gloomy masterpiece *Macbeth*. . . . Enjoy the issue!

Jerome Clark

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ARTICLES AND STORIES

Mysteries in the Sands of Time	Branley Allan Branson	32
The Drama of Doom	Pauline Saltzman	43
The Ghost of Warriner Hall	Bob Lacey	49
You and Me, Patty White	Zoe Haysworth-Hughes	59
Boomerang UFOs	Jennie Zeidman	68
The Monster of Glamis	Archie McKerracher	76
Ball Lightning: The Impossible Enigma	Gordon Stein	82
Opening a Door to the Unknown	Vikki Fay	91

FEATURES

I See by the Papers	Curtis Fuller	7
Illegal Hypnosis	Claire Metzger	54
True Mystic Experiences	The Readers	55
Statue of Liberty Poses on a Grain of Rice		65
Wishing on a Bird	Ida M. Pardue	97
Wheel of Fortune	Paul Steiner	98
Books, News & Reviews	Jerome Clark	99
Report from the Readers	The Readers	111

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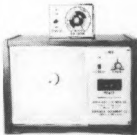
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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

From my viewpoint as a physicist, I see four groups of people with widely different attitudes to psychical phenomena. First, there are the Spiritualists. I sympathize with their views but, in common with most people who believe they have discovered vitally important truth, their zeal for propaganda tends to overpower their critical faculties and they are apt to claim more than the evidence really warrants. This often makes a good case appear ridiculous to an outsider and harms their own cause. This is a pity, since the message they have for humanity may be a very important one.

At the opposite extreme are those who assert categorically that this physical life is all we have and that man is on his own. They are entitled to their opinions and, since we have no certain knowledge of anything, they may be right—though I doubt it very much. I have sympathy for the gentle agnosticism of Thomas Henry Huxley; I have none for the intellectual arrogance and bigoted cocksureness of some who make the

Holy Inquisition look like half-hearted liberal churchmen.

In another direction lie the churches. The Bible teems with records of psychical phenomena from cover to cover and, unless you know something of these phenomena, you will not understand your Bible. Yet the average clergyman I meet seems to know little about psychical research and is evidently afraid of the subject. . . . A world crying out for guidance needs to be shown that many of the records in the Bible are not outdated folklore but can be matched by similar happenings here and now.

Finally, there is the group of psychical researchers best exemplified by the Society for Psychical Research, of which I have been a member for the past 38 years. I know that this Society officially has no corporate opinions, which is probably true as it gives the strong impression of people who, though attracted by psychical matters, are afraid to commit themselves or draw firm conclusions about anything. It is meet and right to be



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cautious in science; but you cannot sit on the fence forever. Science progresses only by making hypotheses and drawing conclusions, even though it knows that these can only be provisional and may need modification or scrapping altogether in the light of further work. One has to take the risk of appearing ridiculous in the eyes of posterity.

—Dr. Vernon Harrison

IHAVE BEEN sitting on Dr. Harrison's words for more than 10 years because I wasn't exactly sure how to handle them as a Quote of the Month, which is usually quite short. But I think it is time to quote them in full and tell you the background for his statement. It was part of a speech he gave at the Unitarian Society for Psychical Studies Conference at Manchester College, Oxford, England, in September 1976. It was reprinted in the United States in the November-December 1977 issue of *Unitarian Universalist Psi Symposium*, then edited by the Rev. Robert S. Slater.

It is a discussion of the survival hypothesis by a great scholar who takes the problem seriously. This subject is rarely considered even by the professional parapsychological journals although claims for or belief in survival was what brought them into existence. Fortunately it does not embarrass Dr. Harrison to discuss it as it seems to embarrass so many parapsychologists.

He does not know whether survival is "probable" or not. For this subject he does not believe that "probability" is capable of precise definition or measurement. "Probability," he says, is merely a subjective estimate of your own degree of belief or disbelief and has no relationship as to whether or not it is true.

"Instead of asserting that survival is so improbable that it is not worth considering, it may be more fruitful to consider it nonetheless, to assume that some at least of the communicators are what they claim to be and to explore more fully where that assumption leads us," he says.

"On their own statement, the communicators are working under very difficult conditions and much of what does come through comes like cross talk from the medium [and] is

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not what they themselves wish to express. If the communicators really exist, it seems to me that we do not give them much help or encouragement and I wonder they still bother to get in touch with us."



THE STOCKBRIDGE CASE

DR. HARRISON then chooses to discuss the "Harry Stockbridge Case," described by Dr. Alan Gauld in the *Proceedings* of the SPR for July 1971. Harry Stockbridge was an alleged spirit communicator who "dropped in" on a circle of sitters. As far as it was ever possible to discover he was completely unknown to any of them. He gave detailed information about himself which was verified by an independent investigator some 20 years later.

Dr. Harrison believes it "possible" (he obviously means highly likely) that no living person even at the time of the sitting knew all the information the Stockbridge entity gave. The information given was verified only after research was done in several records, "all old and difficult of access," and could not have been obtained from any single source. The communicator gave correctly the date of death while research discovered that the official War Office list had given it wrong. Harrison believes it is neither intellectually honest nor scientific to dismiss this case as fraudulent, mis-

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taken or fortuitous. He himself then attempts to assess the facts.

“THE THEORY suggested directly from the facts is that Harry Stockbridge survived in some form and, by working in some unknown way through the brains and nervous systems of others, was able to present facts about himself in order to prove his continued identity. These facts would be accepted as adequate to establish identity in most walks of life. This theory agrees with what the communicators themselves claim and is confirmed for what their testimony may be worth, by the statements of clairvoyants, mystics and religious leaders through most of recorded history.”

The alternative, says Harrison, is a super-ESP theory which assumes that the medium has extrasensory powers on a practically unlimited scale. It assumes, further, that the medium has the power to select just those facts relative to a case out of the stupendous mass of printed and written records in the archives of Britain. It also assumes that the medium's unconscious is able to recognize and correct the information where it is wrong. “There is no independent evidence that such super-ESP powers exist,” he writes. On the contrary, he believes, the evidence suggests that ESP is limited, sporadic and unreliable.

Harrison also believes that the

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super-ESP theory is introduced mainly to avoid the survival hypothesis: "It is not more 'probable,' as far as I can judge, than survival. Faced with these alternatives, I vote for the direct theory, that is, for survival, until weight of counter-evidence shows this view to be wrong."

He concludes with a discussion of the difficulty of proof. He says absolute rigor cannot be achieved even in mathematics "and no one to my knowledge has ever laid down a philosophy that has not been challenged by someone else. In the last analysis we have to accept everything more or less on faith. On looking through the Harry Stockbridge record, however, I find it hard to see how much more could reasonably be expected of him as proof of identity with the limited means at his disposal and the difficulties of communication. I judge, therefore, that he has made a good case and that survival must be taken seriously at least as a working hypothesis, with the scientist's usual provisos."



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Some cultures and some areas of life are easier than others. The ancient Etruscans, for example, painted representations of household utensils on the walls of their tombs; many of them were surprisingly similar to those we use today. The records of what people ate are preserved in the remains of kitchen debris—bones, grain husks and the like, and in their fossilized excrement called coprolites.

But when we look at more esoteric areas we can only guess until sufficient information is accumulated. Such a situation is described in an article by William J. Broad in the *New York Times* for March 29, 1988. It concerns, of all things, the whistles, flutes and ocarinas of the ancient Americans.

Early students in their innocence regarded them as children's toys or signaling devices. Today we know they actually are complex musical instruments; some of them so complex that nothing like them exists in the repertoire of our own musical instruments.

Broad says that in recent years "a small army of physicists, archaeologists, anthropologists, musicians, ethnomusicologists and craftsmen have probed these ancient wind instruments with tools, X-rays, stethoscopes, stroboscopes, tape recorders, frequency meters and spectrum analyzers."

What they have found is surprising. A tiny ocarina, for example,



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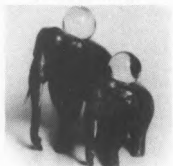
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had the "impressive ability" to produce 17 notes. X-rays showed its versatility was achieved by three hidden chambers.

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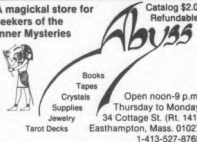
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into directly, they produced a sharp tone. They have long been thought of as curiosities only with the whistle providing an amusing method of venting. Now, Daniel K. Statnekov, author of the book *Animated Earth*, suggests their curious behavior was important in religious rituals for changing states of consciousness.

Stephen L. Garrett, a physicist at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif., says that when two or three of these bottles are blown simultaneously they produce curious sounds. Their higher notes interact to produce deep lower notes that cannot be tape-recorded but heard only by ear, where the sound is generated.

One enthusiast for these instruments is Dr. Samuel Marti, a Mexican anthropologist, who wrote in his book *Music Before Columbus*, "There can be no doubt that pre-Columbian music reached a level of development comparable, perhaps superior, to the contemporary cultures of European and Asiatic origin."

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The research included drilling a hole 4800 feet deep about 2000 feet from the center of the quake area. As part of the research, Katherine A. Mrotek of Woodward Associates, the company that drilled the hole, was sitting in a van watching the activity when an earthquake shook the van; there was an accompanying sound "like a blast from a nearby quarry." The shock registered only 2.25 on the Richter scale and usually such a quake would hardly be noticeable, but this one was strong because it was only a mile below the surface whereas typical quakes are at depths of 10 to 15 miles. The initial quake was followed by a series of such quakes, all of them within a radius of only 300

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The name "Moodus" is an Indian word meaning "place of noises."



ASTROLOGY

THERE IS A kind of bitter paradox in the report that Nancy Reagan regularly consulted an astrologer and her husband took such matters seriously. Consider the difficulties this must cause for religious fundamentalist followers of the President.

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There is also the allied problem of determinism. If the stars determine that a man will be a criminal, for example, how can he justly be held accountable for his crimes? Isn't he an automaton, in a sense a captive of astrology? And how then can the problem of evil be resolved?

Although the fundamentalists follow the strictures of the Bible only when it suits their purposes—for example, being highly selective in their attitudes toward the psychic—they clearly recognize the conflict with astrology. This conflict is made all the more obvious because Reagan has been so strongly supported by the fundamentalist groups. Here are typical comments:

"As one who believes in God as the creator of the universe, it is incomprehensible to me to think of consulting the stars rather than their maker. A belief in astrology cannot be reconciled with a belief in God."
—The Rev. Jerry Falwell.

"Without exception this is a no-no. In a very broad sense, astrology is of great concern to Christians because the person who uses it says the planets are responsible for our fate, bypassing God, and thereby opening the door for involvement with the demonic or evil side."
—Ronald Enroth, sociologist of religion at Westmont College.

"Christianity looks upon astrology as a false religion."
—The Rev. Vernon Lyons, Chicago Baptist pastor.

"And when you look up to the sky and see the sun, the moon and the stars—all the heavenly array—do not be enticed into bowing down to them and worshipping things the Lord your God has apportioned to all the nations under heaven."—Deuteronomy.



NATURE STUDY

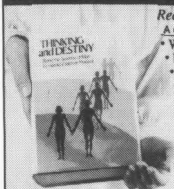
SURPRISES abound in nature; consider what Steven Austad, writing in *Scientific American*, calls "The Adaptable Opossum." One of the reasons for the success of this slow-moving, dull-witted creature is a highly efficient reproductive strategy that includes the ability to adjust the birth ratio of males to

females to meet changing conditions.

Austad says that, despite the primitive animal's small brain, it has a remarkable ability to find food and to remember where it found it. Tests show opossums can remember which of four pathways leads to food better than can cats, dogs, goats, pigs, rabbits or rats—although not as well as humans.

They have a strong resistance to rattlesnake venom and the venom of snakes related to the rattlesnake family—bushmasters, fer-de-lances, copperheads and cottonmouths. Austad suggests this resistance evolved in the New World because opossums are not resistant to the

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venom of most Old World snakes such as cobras and the African vipers called puff adders. But to the rattlesnake subfamily *Crotalinae* opossums mean death; they can eat them with impunity.

Austad concludes that, as well as adjusting sex ratios, opossums are able to evolve other "sophisticated" adaptations to meet unexpected ecological changes.



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BY STUDYING the eyes of night-flying insects, Jerome J. Wolken of Carnegie Mellon University has developed a new kind of lens that seems to capture light better than do existing lenses. Wolken designed his new lens after studying such insects as fireflies and deep-sea creatures whose visual systems can capture faint light. His odd lens is roughly pear-shaped with carefully computed, ground curvatures.

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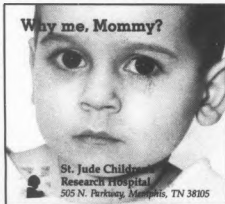
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the discovery of a tuft of animal hair found in a piece of amber 40 million years old. The amber contains about 50 strands of hair infested with four parasites about the size of fleas. The hair is probably from a rodent and the find was made by George Poinar, of the University of California at Berkeley, in a mine in the Dominican Republic.

The find obviously suggests that the Caribbean Islands have been occupied by land animals for many millions of years. Thus it is possible they did not arrive on drifting debris but came across on land bridges that once connected the islands with either North or South America.



HEALTH NOTES

- The U.S. Government reports that the average American consumes only about 40 percent as much magnesium as is recommended. Studies show many people face serious health consequences from preventable magnesium deficiency. Kenneth Weaver, a researcher at East Tennessee State College of Medicine, recommends magnesium supplements for everyone.
- Researchers report finding a chemical link between the nervous system and the immune system. *Science News* reports that this discovery may lead to new treatments for such painful bowel diseases as ulcerative colitis and other inflammatory conditions.

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**MYSTERIES
IN THE
SANDS
OF TIME**

A man may discover wonders in the desert—but the greatest discovery of all is the meaning he finds there.

By Branley Allan Branson
Photos courtesy Utah Travel Council

“GIVE IT an inch and it'll take a mile” is a very old saying. So is “given enough time, anything can happen.” They both apply to sand in the desert.

In Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas the scouring mix of sand and wind is inexorably expanding the plains deserts. In Sonora, Mexico, some patches of these waterless, nearly lifeless deserts are more than 40 miles in diameter. Barbed-wire fence rows, oriented at right angles to the flight trajectory of the prevailing winds, provide just enough friction to slow the creep of sand. Eventually some of them are entirely covered over, leaving long, mysterious-looking windows of sand.

Once we came across an abandoned homesteader's house in Cimarron County, Oklahoma, in that state's panhandle. It was a poignant place, possibly a relic of the Dust Bowl days. The remnants of a decaying picket fence, nearly buried by partially stabilized sand, were visible on one side, and a depression in the rear was, we deduced, the old well site. The roof was entirely gone, as were most of the walls, but the plank flooring was intact. A rear entrance penetrated into

the basement, half full of sand. Even as we briefly explored its semidarkened confines, a fine trickle of sand dripped through the cracks, making a small vortex at our feet.

That place gave me the creeps. I felt as if I were intruding on the dead. That was not the first time I had succumbed to that feeling. Once before, at a kiva in New Mexico — not one of the antiseptic reconstructed types encountered at parks and national monuments — I had felt that way. It was on a low, rubble-strewn hillock south of Chaco Canyon. The hot late-evening wind blew steadily from the southwest, making small, mournful sounds. A large circle of stones, 20 feet or more across, lay exposed at the edges only. The whole thing was covered with sand and debris but I knew it was a vanquished kiva.

What lay inside? Pots? Shards? A skeleton or two? The drifting sand had entombed the answers — only a few shards of polychrome pottery said that, yes, people had lived here — as surely as it was going eventually to entomb that cellar in Oklahoma. The wind wailed and I shivered under its preternatural caress.

I sat down on a sandstone. Bits of it

Rocky outcrop in Monument Valley, Utah, shows erosion from many centuries of scouring by wind and sand, made graphic by sand ripples in foreground.

crumbled off and fell to the ground. Was my addition to the desert sand an act of nature or was it symptomatic of man in the aridlands? Perhaps we should never have come here. I lighted a cigarette and watched the slow, brilliant setting of the sun. As I dropped the cigarette and ground it out under my heel, I was startled to see a delicate arrowhead resting atop a pedicel of sand. Perfect in every way, the bird point was only about half an inch in length. The flake marks were so minute, so exact, that its maker had to have been a perfectionist.

Carefully I placed the arrowhead in my cigarette package. For many years it has rested in a place of honor with some other treasures in a small com-pote on our coffee table. Sometimes we show it to visitors and they marvel at its perfect, diminutive form; sometimes they even ask if it is "real." It is real, all right, but what else?

As I turn it in my fingers, exploring its perfect symmetry, I wonder where he got the stone, the one from which the weapon was fashioned, I mean. Nothing like it occurred in the vicinity of the kiva. Had it been made elsewhere as a trade item? Or had the raw materials been transported in baskets to reach the patient craftsman? Where, too, was the source of the clay from which the pots had been fashioned?

No, the arrowhead says more to me than "I am an instrument of death." It speaks all too clearly across centuries of industry and commerce and it is not a primitive voice, either. Stone Age

technology did more to win the world for man than the sun-bringers at Los Alamos, than all the air forces with their flying machines and patent disregard for life. The odds against survival were enormous, the victories few and not particularly sweet. Perseverance was the goal.

By the time that tiny arrowhead was executed so perfectly, life on the deserts had become relatively sedate. Why not? The dangerous beasts were mostly gone, the Athabascans were still gnawing bones in the frozen north, and the conquistadores were yet centuries in the future. The trade routes spread across the deserts like a spider's web. Cities and villages rose and fell and man was everywhere. Then all was changed. The heat rose steadily, the water went away never to return, and the sand and wind came to stay.

A FEW DAYS after the discovery of the perfect arrowhead at the sequestered kiva, we drove to Canyon de Chelly. We were sleeping beneath some gently restless cottonwoods at the monument campground, practically alone. It was too early in the year — the first week of May — for the retired snowbirds; school was in session, so the summer vacation crowd was missing, too.

The previous evening a Navajo woman and her two children came into the campground selling rugs, with no luck. We were operating on a shoelace budget, so there was no money for frills. The Air Stream millionaire

across the way had purchased a bundle of specimens at Burnt Springs and Two Gray Hills. The woman said she was from Tuba City. Her brother had driven her and the children up away from the sand.

Away from the sand. That apparent paradox bothered me slightly while I was waking up the next morning. It was a splendid desert morning. A slight breeze blew from the west, cool to the skin, and a family of orioles were singing and feeding their brood in one of the cottonwoods. Lizards were out of hiding, spread-eagled on the rocks to catch the first rays of the rising sun. My wife made coffee and we sipped it leisurely at one of the wooden tables. Where, I wondered again, could one go to get away from the sand?

We had signed up for one of the Indian-guided tours through Canyon de Chelly. We learned of Kit Carson's

raids: how he had slaughtered the sheep, cut down the Navajo's beloved peach trees and forced "the People" to endure the Long Walk. After lunch we drove up the canyon rim for spellbinding views of Spider Rock and the extinct pueblos. It was then that the Navajo woman's meaning was clear.

From that high vantage the western basins were open windows. On a clear day an observer could see for a hundred miles. The dry mountains would stand out hard and brittle in the hot, dry air. Pastel coloration — mauve, reds, yellows, the patina of living green here and there, browns, grays and blacks — would arrest the attention of any viewer. In the Southwest most of the color comes from the earth rather than from the vegetation.

Today, however, was another matter. Everything was obscure, out of focus. The lowlands looked like a

View from Artist's Point in Monument Valley, Utah, shows dry rock and sand, but includes pastel colors—mauve, red, yellow and occasional living green.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

BRANLEY ALLAN BRANSON, a native Oklahoman, earned his Ph.D. degree at Oklahoma State University. Now a research biologist at Eastern Kentucky University, he has traveled extensively in the deserts of the Americas and has conducted research on various desert-dwelling organisms.

weird sea full of roily waves, ebbing and flowing, rising and falling. Great plumes, some of them sickle-shaped, rose up into the air. Others looked like frayed ropes which whipped about violently before dissipating and falling back into the sea. Enormous yellowish-orange sheets rolled like breakers on a beach. A raging sandstorm was underway. The sand to which the Indian woman referred was not walkable.

OUR NEXT destination was Monument Valley. If we were reading road-map coordinates correctly, it lay right in the teeth of the storm. Lack of experience often underwrites foolhardy undertakings.

This particular sandstorm had apparently been underway for several days in the Navajo country around Four Corners. The wind rose and fell, bellowing and shrieking, whipping this way and that. Long streamers of sand flowed out onto the highway and formed long serpents which writhed and twisted over the hard surface. In places, sand dunes had marched into

the middle of the road, the grains salting upward only to drop down onto the graceful leading edges, then bounding onward before the omnipotent, ceaseless wind.

We encountered lonely Indian girls tending flocks of hungry sheep. Their heads and faces were covered by scarves and woolen blankets. They moved across the roads like specters, soon vanishing into the maelstrom of grit that obscured everything. Tuba City reared up before us, its wooden buildings creaking and groaning, their paint flecking off under the impact of the blast. Inside a trading post the proprietress flashed a brilliant smile — she was more than a little Indian herself and said, "Good day for a drive, eh?"

"Drive?" I echoed, incredulously.

"Sheep, I mean," she explained.

I wondered about the face of the desert. How much would it be changed by this storm? After thousands of years, would one more storm make much difference or was each storm a unique encounter between natural elements?

That storekeeper brought to mind another incident. Her bright smile was the reason.

On the particular day when the encounter occurred, I was in southern Sonora and the wind had convulsed the countryside for days. The sparse vegetation offered little if any resistance to the flow of the wind, and the sand spread out like winnowed grain. Patterns developed. Thin ridges joined

with others, producing the illusion of a weird waffle iron.

I was struggling across a flat plains toward my camp. Suddenly, out of the swirling sand and face to face, so close that I gasped and veered to the right, there came a beautiful Mexican girl, black hair and eyes and an easy smile flashing white teeth. The brightly-clad girl showed terror in her face in spite of the smile, and she covered her face with a black shawl and rushed on with a murmured cry for help to some Magdalena, a plea I had heard before but never hope to hear again.

The girl was frightened by my strangeness, I thought, as I attempted to watch her progress through the tumult. But she shouldn't be out in this kind of weather. She ought to know better.

Periodically the image of that startled girl came to me as I searched the clumps of tough desert grasses for signs of molluscan life. Merely being from different cultures, I reasoned, was not enough to account for shock — particularly in resilient, smart people such as I knew these Indians to be. Of course I realized that, by way of comparison of physiognomies, I came up short, but not that short.

Late in the day, as I cooked a lonely meal and prepared for nightfall — the sandstorm had finally abated — I knew the answer. It should have been an instantaneous deduction. I was a carrot in a cactus patch. The sandstorm was responsible. That girl — I knew she had never traveled far from

where we were — had lost her reference points and encountered the unexpected. She had been startled, all right, but it went deeper than that.

She had thought she was protected by the familiar sand and when she met me face to face in the turmoil she had experienced, to her desert-adapted mind, the unthinkable. She had seen an apparition, a harbinger of the city, a personification of the most potent evil a desert dweller can imagine — the movement of boundaries. That meeting, in her mind, must have been preordained by powers that were only hazily understood.

I saw her drawing water from a square-rimmed well in the village and I imagined in her dark-eyed glance an awareness of unwanted change, a realization that no matter how complacent the desert makes one it is not enough to prevent the unexpected from happening. She had seen something that made her different from her fellow villagers. She had encountered a changeling in the most absurd of circumstances imaginable. She and I exchanged nods, conspirators with a morsel of knowledge shared between us: in the desert anything is possible.

THOSE POSSIBILITIES have been demonstrated, in my own wanderings, in strange and curious ways. Sand is nothing if not an alembic of centuries. I once saw that graphically demonstrated and another time luck exposed me to a true aridlands miracle.

In the texts that treat standard physical geography they are called *barchans*, the crescent dunes, and romanticized by motion-picture renditions, they are the type of sand accumulations most of us visualize as occurring in deserts. The relentless flow of the Canadian River across western Oklahoma has spread millions of tons of fine sand along its desolate valley for the action of the prevailing winds, counteracting the agrarian enterprise of man. The worst such counteraction came just over half a century ago. The leeward land, if that is an adequate description, is as friable as the Sahara only in miniature. Like the Sahara it is a place of periodically marching barchans which often bury all traces of living things. At times the high winds sweep unimpeded across the river with power unexcelled even by the great haboobs of Arabia.

Now, the great sand dunes are menacingly stabilized by only a few tough grasses; there are a few trees but only in the draws and immediately adjacent to the fluctuating stream margin. The desertscape is expanding, eroding, leaping, sandblasting, gnawing away plant life in the long march of the centuries. The grindings of ancient mountains still follow the watercourse, and they are wafted upward and outward like splintered parts of the Dead Sea basin. Men no longer attempt to make their homes there and aside from a casual motorist, only a few biologists ever visit the shallow waters.

On a searing July weekend I led my class of students across the deep sand in an attempt to secure fish samples. Behind us the dunes marched in wave after wave of successively higher barchans toward the horizon. The sky was absolutely cloudless, the air dead still, although a day earlier a massive windstorm had blown itself out. The nets were heavy over my shoulder and I paused to wipe perspiration from my eyes. I was thirsty and irked because I had left the canteen back in the truck, and I knew that thirst would soon cut short our exercise.

As we descended the windward slope of a large dune, we saw the wagon. It was protruding from the sand like the ribs of some fossilized dinosaur which slowly disintegrated in the air. It had been more than half-disinterred by the relentless scouring of the recent windstorm, as the dune marched to lee. The spokes of its wheels lay in radiating circles, the metal rims nearly gone to rust. It cast a lonely shadow on the slope of the sand dune that had recently covered it. Across the plains of poor soil and sparse, scattered vegetation came the rising wind with a low hissing which obscured all other sounds as that decaying hulk waited to be recovered.

Not much of a revelation, you may think. Perhaps. But to kneel there, the grit biting into my naked skin, before those ruins, knowing that this outmoded schooner had once carried hope, was like looking into the future. A whole epoch of American history

lay before me, an epoch of back-breaking toil, of men and women caught up in a movement that carried them into an environment for which they were utterly unprepared, an environment that was now so changed that its memory lay only in the dusty archives of some seldom-visited section of great libraries.

The tools of that epoch, like the scrapers and arrowheads of previous epochs the rains sometimes disgorge, lay before me in the sand. The handle of a skillet, the heavy yokes of ponderously plodding oxen, the skull and a few ribs of a large dog near the front wheels, whispered poignantly of some disaster that would never be revealed to my generation. I gently lifted the skull and brushed away the sand, running my fingers into the empty sockets, wondering what last images had stimulated the eyes that had vacated them.

I replaced the skull exactly as I had found it, and the eternal watch was restored. The silent processes that had leached away all sensitivity — I knew the phospholipids and hemoglobins had long since disintegrated and been recombined with the earth — continued. Whatever had happened to dissipate this family had happened again and again, just as our own units would be dissipated by the ravages of time.

With my fingers I forced sand over the skull in a small mound. I covered it entirely while my young students disinterred part of the wagon bed and the seat box. I watched and I could see in them the old pioneers whose artifacts

they were digging through. Here was a leather-clad Carson, here was a far-seeing Long, here was a destiny-oriented Lewis, here was the nucleus of an encroaching nation in youthful brains. Clapsed by silence, I watched their incredibly slow motions without really comprehending.

They were toying with history under the impetus of the stimulus they did not understand. They scraped and sifted until the interdune gorge grew oppressive from the sounds of their laughter. They worked like mechanics; they knew what they were after and single-mindedly they clustered about one another with each find, each individual hoping for discovery in the burning sun. And thus, carried away by a false elation, they toiled within the span of my weird view.

One of the young men raised a singletree triumphantly above his head. I heard the rusted chains rattling prophetically above the curly blond head: forged links, the bonds of insensible servitude. Like those pioneers who had suffered among the dunes a century before in search of freedom, I was a prisoner of the sand. I did not mind, for the grains were of my own making. As I again hoisted the nets to my shoulder, the towheaded student, possessively tucking the singletree beneath his arm, said, "This will make a nice lamp."

"Leave it," I said softly but firmly. From beyond the river, the hot wind was rising and the sand was already beginning to cover the wagon.

EARLIER I said that once I was exposed to a true desertlands miracle. Now, those who expect miracles to transform deserts into cornfields or an idiot into a genius may not think much of my happening. It occurred many years ago, when I was barely 20, in the arches section of Utah. I am confident that nothing like it ever happened to another scientist, nor do I think that I shall live long enough for a repeat performance, for though the desert is vast even its coils are limited. This was not something a man may set out to discover. If I had been closer, I would be there yet.

My companions and I had traveled for many hours in a cramped pickup cab. We slept fitfully in a camp made in the darkness and we got separated the next noon after a long hike to some of the arches. I had worked up a blister on my left heel and, after hobbling a narrow expanse of desert pavement, I sat down beside a partially-collapsed alcove. A huge slab of sandstone had dropped down to nearly cover a concavity, although the slab was still supported along its upper edge.

My heel burned and ached and a small, clear brooklet drew me to it. I lay back in the sand, arms folded beneath my head, my foot in the water, staring straight up into the depthless sky. I wondered about my companions, knowing that they must be searching for me. I was not concerned. I had only to retrace my footprints in the unroiled sand. A low, groaning noise arrested my attention but I was

unable to triangulate its source.

Suddenly, without additional warning, the huge slab of sandstone crashed down and broke into several pieces. Debris and sand flew in all directions. I rolled onto my side away from the disturbance and closed my eyes tightly as a small avalanche of sand cascaded over me. The sound died and the sand and dust settled. With difficulty I extricated myself, coughing and spitting, from the debris.

I was still apprehensive. Another tremor might bring the whole mountainside sluicing down into the narrow valley. Silence prevailed. I probed into the deep sand, searching for my sock and boot. My hands were shaking and I was perfectly aware that I had narrowly missed being crushed beneath that slab of stone. And who would have known? I might have been found centuries later by an anthropologist from a science-fiction future.

And the slab, the would-be assassin, the headstone sculptured by centuries of erosion lay silent on the slope, dull in the pervasive sun, sinister, emotionless, undistinguished, enigmatic.

The sand was stabilized. I pulled on my boot and went over to the exposed alcove. It was then that the miracle became obvious. I was stunned. In all the years since, nothing has occurred with such powerful impact. I do not think I shall ever witness anything of such forceful presentation. For on the walls of the alcove, now fully illuminated by the streaming sunlight, were myriad petroglyphs.

Perfect after the passage of hundreds of years, executed in dried blood-red, ocre, black and brownish pigments, desert bighorn sheep, antelopes, spirals and indecipherables covered the whole wall. It was a celebration of life, an exuberance of life in a world of plenty.

The alcove had opened as if for my eyes alone. I stood in the shadows of the yawning mouth, transfixed. I had entirely forgotten my living companions' plight. The truth of the matter was, I was a chosen tribesman, privileged beyond all dimensions.

* * *

BUT I WAS not of the right century. My head was too full of other kinds of symbols, ones that were even more abstract and meaningless out of context than the ones on the alcove wall. Yet, strangely, I knew that I had witnessed a miracle which would never be repeated in the history of man, not with me included, and I was better for it. But the scientific mind, for all its inherited tendencies of superstition and hyperbole, would eventually shade the alcove with statistical probabilities. Once more my wonder would give way to technical probing.

Thus, I was soon back at my studies and my desert miracle gradually receded into limbo. And it stayed there until, on a hot August night in New Mexico 20 years later, it came back with all its clarity intact. I was hungry and as I sat before a Coleman stove mounted on a pile of sandstone rocks and heated a can of Dinty Moore stew,

I became aware of a shadowy movement along the periphery of the light cast by my lantern.

I sat very still. The form was obscured by the darkness but I knew that long narrow head and snout. No other creature in North American deserts could mimic it. I was in the presence of a *coati mundi*. When everything else was giving this human intruder a wide berth, he was taking a calculated chance. His sniffing was magnified in the silence and I turned off the roaring Coleman as I was drawn into another incidence of desert magic.

"Probably never saw a man before," I thought. "That'll get him into trouble one day."

I slowly leaned back against the rocks and relaxed to watch the *coati*'s antics. We breathed there with cautious trust, the cycles of nature uncoiling about us, the *coati* systematically inspecting the minute barchans that had formed on the lee side of stones for signs of food — a powerful living symbol of the great fauna represented on the alcove wall, a fauna that was all but gone. He paid me little attention as the search continued.

I remained motionless, the glowing lantern at my back, soaking up the ambience of the *coati*'s universe. There was a *solpugid* moving this way and that across the circle of light, several blue-and-green *carabid* beetles catching and scattering the light, and a large, noisy animal, perhaps a badger, digging at the base of a *creosote* bush. There were also indistinct chatterings

from overhead, soft swishing sounds that told me bats were taking advantage of the insects that had been drawn to my light.

Then the unexpected happened. The musky-smelling coati ambled straight toward me, shoved its sensitive snout between my boots and the sand, snorted loudly and extricated some morsel of food. His head rose and our eyes met for the briefest of moments. Fifty-million years of evolution looked back at me.

One day, I thought, the brilliance in those sockets will melt away into the sand. Then the barchans will fill them with mountain grindings and cover the skull with sand until the calcium turns to stone.

I watched the coati for a few minutes longer, knowing that we would never meet again, that his struggles would continue unchanged, as if our little encounter had never happened. The meeting, other than the snout-probing beneath my boot and the brief eye contact, was of no momentous importance, but it did call up the memory of the miraculous opening of the alcove, and those strange unaltered petroglyphs that had survived centuries of desert time—a kind of message from long-dead men, a message full of hope and bright optimism: the world provides for those who know the world for what it is.

Maybe that has been our trouble all along, I thought, suddenly realizing that all my studies of living things had simply impressed a bright mosaic upon my cerebrum, glinting light now and then without connections between the flashes.

Human understanding, it gradually came to me as my long-nosed companion returned to the circle of light, was a brilliant invention. It allowed me to draw solace from remarkably unrelated incidents in an environment that is as foreign to man as any on earth. Now, there was a thought that ought to be given to the new breed of aridophiles coming up through the ranks: Before you understand the desert, learn first to work jigsaw puzzles.

Finally, I decided to finish cooking my stew instead of writing prophetic conclusions regarding the most powerful interactions the world has ever known, the mosaical twining of time and nature, and individual men cast off into the wilderness. After all, was I any different from the solitary basket-maker who came 15 centuries ago to seek visions, or the hunters who recorded their visions on a wall of sandstone?

There is no meaning to the desert, to the greater world at large, if not in the mind of man, but each wayfarer of wildernesses must come to grips with his own miracles.



The Drama of Doom



Down through the years tragedy or near-tragedy has dogged performances of Shakespeare's play *Macbeth*.

By Pauline Saltzman

"IT'S BEEN 'cancel, cancel, toil and trouble' at the Metropolitan Opera, where Verdi's *Macbeth* opened Thursday without the *Macbeth*, the Lady *Macbeth* or the conductor who

were supposed to appear."

Mary Campbell's report for the Associated Press, datelined January 8, 1988, went on to catalog the problems plaguing the Met since last October,

when "leading Italian baritone Renato Bruson informed the Met he was canceling all 11 appearances as the ambitious Scottish nobleman who is goaded by his ruthless wife into murdering the king." Next Giuseppe Sinopoli, the conductor, resigned as did soprano Eva Marton. All gave their reasons.

Why did this ill fortune occur in connection with Verdi's adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy? Did the age-old legendary curse associated with *Macbeth* strike once more?

For nearly four centuries *Macbeth* has been known as "that Scottish play with the curse." Reportedly, British actress Glenda Jackson refuses to pronounce the title. On a talk show Vincent Price revealed how his actress wife Coral Browne will never verbalize the title of "that Scottish play."

The music associated with the three witches must never be played or sung, except in direct connection with the performance, according to *The Encyclopaedia of Superstitions*. The reference guide claims, "The unluckiest play to put on the stage is *Macbeth*. The belief in this connection is that the Witches' Song has the power of raising evil. Hundreds of instances have been told of the misfortunes which have followed theaters or members of the cast in the play."

A few years back when Dame Judith Anderson, the most famous Lady Macbeth, was asked during an interview if there was substance to the belief, she replied that it was only a theatrical superstition. No, there was

nothing to the legend of the malediction.

Dame Judith's point was well-taken. Indeed the historic curse has been absorbed in theatrical lore. Actors live in a world of illusion, so this is no surprise. And there is that element of coincidence.

Even so, counterweights have plummeted to the floor nearly killing persons standing in the wings. Limbs have been broken. One young actor completed his stint as Macduff and left the theater only to be mugged and robbed. When actors encourage nervous colleagues with the good luck admonition to "break a leg," they are uttering more truth than poetry if the play on stage is *Macbeth*.

While many of the accidents and other mishaps could have been apocryphal or coincidental, the victims were unknowns — supernumeraries, members of the audience and stagehands. They cannot be identified.

Historically, *Macbeth* is permeated with the darkest side of the human psyche; the miasma is invariably felt by the audience. William Winter, the definitive American drama critic, agreed with Sir Henry Irving how the role of Macbeth should be interpreted:

"The real Macbeth is to be sought, not in his words, but exclusively in his deeds. He intends from the first to murder the king, to murder the prince of Cumberland, to murder Banquo, to murder anybody and everybody who stands between his ambition and the Scottish throne. He is wading in

blood... Yet all the while he is in misery, because... his fine poetic intuition, his imaginative grasp of life and its mysteries... make him acutely aware of the enormity of his conduct, the consequences, both horrible and pathetic, of his dastardly deed... and the utter emptiness of all that he has gained."

Is it possible that the supposed curse originated with the violence and with the darkness lurking within the souls of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth? Another theory seems more viable. According to theater historians, it is the witches' song which has the power to raise evil.

IN 1603 James VI of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth as King James I of England. The son of the tragic Mary, Queen of Scots, he was a brilliant and complicated man. He gave the world the King James Bible and created exquisite poetry and prose. But James also was the demagogic, consummate witch-hunter. As author of the *Daemonologie*, he repealed the act of 1563 under Elizabeth and replaced it with severe laws against witchcraft. Hanging became mandatory for a first offense of *maleficia*, even when the bewitched person survived. "Poor old women and girls were...sworn, shaved and tortured. The gallows creaked and the fires blazed." Any accusation, regardless of how absurd, was regarded as consorting with the devil, and punishable by death. Punishment was unequalled for sadism and the pervers-

sion of the English judicial system. The trials, often presided over by James, were travesties. Near the end of his life he expressed skepticism of witchcraft, but the devastating damage had already been done.

James was a passionate theater buff and the proud patron of actor-playwright William Shakespeare. When a visit from King Christian IV of Denmark was expected, James commissioned Shakespeare to write a play for the entertainment. As a descendant of the Scottish chieftains Malcolm and Banquo, James was pleased that the drama was to be based on the career of Macbeth — a real person.

It's no secret that Shakespeare played fast and loose with history. His main source of information was Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. His genius for probing the human spirit and persona fleshed out what became one of the greatest dramatic pieces of all time.

The historic Macbeth was a chieftain of the Moray district. When he married Gruoch (also spelled "Groach"), granddaughter of King Kenneth III, he became allied with Scotland's ruling family. Too, as grandson of Malcolm II, he had a stronger claim to the throne than Duncan, the incumbent king. Macbeth attacked Duncan in battle and killed him at Bothgowan near Elgin in 1040. He seized the throne and became an exemplary ruler.

In 1059 Macbeth made a pilgrim-

age to Rome, probably to expiate his regicide. He gave alms to Rome's poor and generously supported worthy causes. His mid-11th Century reign was one of prosperity. Eventually he was defeated and slain by Duncan's son, who seized the throne and ruled as Malcolm III. In time the true account of Macbeth's life became laced with legend.

The curse came to light with the first performance of *Macbeth* at gloomy, ghost-infested Hampton Court Palace on August 7, 1606. The boy enacting the role of Lady Macbeth was stricken with fever and was dead within minutes. Shakespeare had to understudy since the stage was off limits to women.

The jinx surfaced for the second time when the tragedy was revived in 1672. The stage Duncan was murdered by the character of Macbeth who had substituted a real dagger for the wooden prop. The motive was never revealed.

The magnificent Italian actress Adelaide Ristori was enthralled with the role of Lady Macbeth. Her *Memoirs* tell how the curse nearly ruined her life:

"In the month of June 1857 we began to rehearse *Macbeth* at Covent Garden, London. It had been arranged for our company... and translated into most beautiful Italian by Giulio Carcano. The renowned Mr. Harris put it on the stage according to English tradition.

"I used all my ability of interpreta-

tion to reveal and transmit the most minute intentions of the author. To the English audiences it seemed that I had really incarnated that perfidious but great character of Lady Macbeth in a way that surpassed all expectations.

"We had to repeat the drama for several evenings, always producing a most profound impression upon the minds of the audience, particularly in the grand sleepwalking scene. So thoroughly had I entered into the nature of Lady Macbeth, that during the entire scene my pupils were motionless in their orbit, causing me to shed tears. To this enforced immobility of the eyes I owe the weakening of my eyesight."

One of the best documented episodes involving the play's curse occurred when President and Mrs. Lincoln were entertaining guests including the Marquis de Chambrun aboard the presidential steamboat. In the cabin of the *River Queen* the conversation turned to Shakespeare, in whose tragedies Lincoln had always expressed the keenest interest. On that day — April 8, 1865 — he quoted from his favorite play *Macbeth*. His voice, which strained with emotion, was found strangely disquieting by his audience:

"Duncan is in his grave./ After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;/ Treason has done his worst; not steel nor poison./ Malice, domestic, foreign levy, nothing/ Can touch him further."

In less than a week, treason had done its worst to Lincoln through a mediocre actor, John Wilkes Booth,

whose "Macbeth" had received no acclaim from anyone.

Footlights and Spotlights, the autobiography of Otis Skinner, tells of an inexplicable accident, for which it seems only the *Macbeth* curse could be held responsible.

In 1889 Skinner was cast as Macduff to Edwin Booth's Macbeth. At 56 Booth was debilitated from illness, compounded by habitual use of liquor and tobacco. Skinner realized he had to be extremely careful in the bloody combat scene. The struggle, with broadswords, was violent only on the surface. Actually he related, "We fought to the end with blows that children's sticks might strike in a game."

Offstage Booth wearily removed his headgear. The thick red wig had been covered with a cap of chain mail and encircled with a viselike narrow steel crown. Despite these protective measures, Booth sustained a dangerous lump on his head. It approximated "the size of a chicken's egg." Catastrophe was narrowly averted.

London's Old Vic Theatre was converted into a Shakespearean playhouse when Lilian Baylis took it over as manager-lessee in 1914. Death claimed her unexpectedly in 1937 at her beloved theater while *Macbeth* was being performed on stage.

Orson Welles' film production of the "play with a curse" for Republic was completed in record time on unused horse-opera sets. Today it is a cult movie taking approximately 105 min-

utes to tell its tragic tale.

In the Welles version Macbeth's castle was clearly not for romantics who expected velvets, laces, panache and Shakespearean English. When Duncan appraises Inverness, for example, he compliments his host with the words, "This castle hath a pleasant seat...the air is delicate." The stronghold of Welles' *Macbeth* was wildly primitive and more cave than castle. In the title role he resembled a Viking complete with horned helmet. The cast was resplendent in animal skins. The spoken dialect was burred Scottish. Ironically, the film was entirely authentic and faithful to Macbeth's time.

The film bombed and Welles went into voluntary exile. His genius for acting, directing and fidelity to authenticity were far more appreciated in Europe than in Hollywood.

Lionel Barrymore had just completed filming *The Copperhead* when Broadway producer Arthur Hopkins persuaded him to play Macbeth on the stage. Barrymore's voice and flair were ideal for Shakespeare, even if he had no previous training in that area.

The production was perfect for mood, ambience and shadowy unreality. The incidental music pointed up the evil with which the tragedy is saturated. Was it the jinx that motivated this consummate artist to overact when the play opened February 17, 1921?

"His eyes were a madman's," one critic wrote, "and his voice was redolent of excruciating mental and physi-

cal torment." When Barrymore returned to Hollywood, it was for good. His stage career was finished.

In *5000 Nights at the Opera* Sir Rudolf Bing recalls his strange experience during a dress rehearsal of Verdi's *Macbeth* scheduled to play in Berlin.

The wife of Carl Ebert, the producer-impresario, had always attended the rehearsals with her husband. This time she failed to arrive. Bing received a telephone call at the opera house office that Mrs. Ebert had been injured in an automobile accident.

* * *

LASTLY, I would like to share my own unnerving experience of Saturday, January 23, 1988:

A lifelong opera buff, I was glued to the radio in the afternoon enjoying Verdi's *Macbeth*. As a highly strung person, I cannot sit motionless. While listening to the marvelous music, I was working on a magazine article.

At the conclusion of the second intermission feature, the popular Texaco Opera Quiz, announcer Peter Allen informed the nationwide audience that there would be a delay before the resumption of the performance. He gave no explanation. I was overcome with a strange feeling.

The delay continued and a tape from a 1982 Singers' Round Table was played. The thought of *Macbeth's* historic Jonah flashed through my mind.

Another announcement came. The delay would continue, but it had noth-

ing to do with the production. There was more opera quiz, on which I was unable to concentrate.

The remainder of the broadcast time was filled in with input on Verdi and *Macbeth*. My mood combined suspense with nameless apprehension until Mr. Allen informed the listening audience that there had been an accident. Again he stressed that it was not germane to production, cast or orchestra. The two final acts were canceled and the Lincoln Center theater emptied.

Minutes after the end of the broadcast, some details came out via radio and television newscasts. An elderly man had either jumped or fallen to his death from the theater's highest gallery.

The next morning — Sunday, February 24, 1988 — details of the tragedy were published in our local paper with credit given to the *New York Times*.

"Screams and pandemonium erupted in the ornate red and gold theater in Lincoln Center shortly before 3:30 P.M., as the victim...identified as Bancho Banchewsky, an 82-year-old Bulgarian-born singing coach and frequent patron of the opera, plunged 80 feet from the Family Circle balcony near the roof into the rear of the orchestra...." Banchewsky, who had been ill and severely depressed, carried out his promise to jump from the highest level of the Metropolitan Opera.

The magazine article on which I had been working was what you've just read — "The Drama of Doom."



The Ghost of Warriner Hall

The thing looked like a nun but it was transparent and eerily distorted — and it was coming in my direction.



Warriner Hall on Central Michigan University campus was long rumored to be haunting site.

By Bob Lacey

WARRINER HALL is a long, three-floor building with a five-story tower at the center. It is an eye-catcher of architectural design. The appearance is typical Ivy League and one of the last of the original campus buildings at Central Michigan University in Mount Pleasant.

I was a freshman there in 1968 but had never heard about the Warriner Hall ghost. Anyway I was too busy trying to figure out just what I was

doing in college. I had started out as a biology major with a chemistry minor. However, college classes were nothing like those I had breezed through in high school. I quickly found myself floundering.

One day that fall I read an ad in the college newspaper *CMU Life* seeking a news announcer for the college radio station WCMU-FM, which was located on the second floor of Warriner. I answered the ad and was hired to do

several early morning and late evening newscasts each day. Eventually I devoted most of my time to the radio station, learning every aspect of it. I stopped going to a lot of my classes. I worked hard and advanced in the station's organization. It was the beginning of a successful career in the broadcast business. I was graduated eventually but it took me eight long years.

With the help of my friend and mentor Chuck I became the Fine Arts Director at WCMU-FM and eventually succeeded him. My office and a second production studio were located on the fifth floor of the tower in rooms 504 and 505.

The very first night Chuck showed me around the tower I had the strange feeling that we weren't alone. I noticed that the hallway window was open and commented to Chuck. He said that he'd been there for many years and although the window was always kept closed and latched, he and the other workers always found it open, although everyone denied opening it.

The six tower rooms were situated far from everything and everybody, including the main studios. The marble halls and steps echoed the smallest noises from the lower floors. I spent many late, lonely evenings by myself on the fifth floor. There were several years of classical music programming sheets to be filed away. For some reason they were stacked around the office in dusty little piles. I also had to prepare the current daily music sheets;

these had to be planned and written weeks in advance of air-date for the radio program guide.

On several occasions I was in the office until sunrise. My first encounter with the ghost was early in December 1968, a week before the Hong Kong flu epidemic closed down the university.

I was programming the Christmas specials, Beethoven's *Eroica* for the weekend before Christmas and Handel's *Messiah*, scheduled for Christmas Eve.

I was listening to the *Messiah*. It was my practice to put a record on in the production studio, Room 504, and let it play while I worked in my office in 505. Shortly after 1:00 A.M., with the music playing softly, I distinctly heard the elevator doors open and close on the third floor. I paid no attention since "Bullet," as we lovingly called the elevator, was always moving between floors without benefit of passengers. University maintenance men said the elevator must have a mind of its own but it never acted up when they were around. It also had a habit of stranding people, including me, twice, between floors. Workers always had to climb to the roof to release the stalled machine; that's why no one rode "Bullet" at night.

About five minutes later I heard slow shuffling footsteps climbing the two flights of narrow stairs from the third floor. I thought it might be either my girl friend Margie or Chuck putting in one of his appearances. As the steps

rounded the railing I saw to my astonishment that nobody was there!

The sounds stopped at the top of the stairs directly across from my open office door. The stairway lights all were on yet no one was to be seen. Startled, I was about to investigate when I heard the tone arm skate across the *Messiah* disc. As I entered the production studio to have a look I felt the hair on my neck and arms rise and a strange electrical tingling in my mouth. Then came the cold. It was as if I had been enveloped in ice water. I saw the goose bumps rise on my arms. And standing there motionless, I heard the handles of the large hallway window behind me unlatch and slowly the window swung open. The cold night air flooded the hallway but it wasn't as cold as the "bath" I'd just felt.

I closed the window and latched it, then went on into 504. The tone arm on the machine had been pulled back, away from the center of the record, but no scratch marks were evident on the fine grooves. I rationalized that the building was old and perhaps had settled. That didn't explain the footsteps, however.

After classes resumed in January 1969 so did my late nights in the tower. My friend Mike worked with me occasionally and he too heard the elevator doors and the footsteps but never experienced a confrontation. I tried to explain my experience to him once but he asked if I ever saw white rabbits, pink elephants or little green men too. I let the subject drop.

One night Mike and I were working late when we heard the elevator doors open, then the shuffling footsteps on the stairs. Mike yelled out, "Come on up and party but bring a bottle!"

The footsteps stopped immediately; then suddenly the stairway lights went out. We turned them back on with our three-way switch at the top of the stairs and Mike, brave soul, went down to investigate. He couldn't find anyone but he did hear the elevator doors close and "Bullet" begin its descent. Quickly he ran down the stairs and reached the first floor rear vestibule just as the elevator doors opened. It was empty. Sensing a joke, Mike rode the lift to the third floor, then came up to the office. He told me what had happened and I whispered, "That's what I was talking about. Those kinds of things happen to me all the time."

Mike was about to express his ridicule when all the lights in the tower went off. Mike pulled out his lighter and I got my "Smokey the Bear" key chain flashlight. My mother had given it to me years before saying that it might come in handy. The breaker box was one floor down and we started out to reset the breakers. Slowly, in the poor light, we made our way down to the electrical panel, only to find it locked. That's when we decided to call it a night, locked up and left.

The next morning I reported the power outage to maintenance. They and the custodians had the only keys. They found all the breakers had been tripped as if by a power surge but were

at a loss to explain it.

One night in early 1969 I was working alone. Handle's *Organ Concerto* was playing softly when once again, in the early morning hours, I heard the elevator doors open and close. I stopped writing and listened. This time the footsteps on the stairs were different. And there was an image. It looked like a nun but was transparent and similar to the distortion heat waves make. The stair lights were all on and I could see the solitary light on the upper landing through this image. But it seemed everything I saw through the image during those few seconds was displaced by about one foot. When the wavering figure moved from the top of the stairs the bulb reappeared in its proper place above the radiator. The specter made its way to the production studio where the music was playing.

Slowly the tone arm scratched agonizingly across the record; then there was silence. The hall floor creaked softly twice and after a pause it seemed someone stopped in the open doorway of my office. But I stared into empty space, except for the heat waves which, once again, were between me and the stairs. There was no sound except the steam gently hissing from the radiator beneath the hall window. The shadow moved toward me and the wooden floor squeaked. I knew how a mouse feels trapped in an aquarium, totally visible and with no place to hide. I could feel the blood rushing in my ears and that electric tingling in my mouth. I managed a whimper before,

uncontrollably, I wet my pants.

The image turned, moved back and stopped in the doorway. A girlish giggle came from the hall followed by a sigh. As before, the window swung open. Snow filtered in while I sat there paralyzed by fear. I was glad I sat on a wooden chair and not the cloth one from the production studio. Slowly I rose from my wet seat and went into 504. The tone arm was pulled back past the safety stop and this time a tremendous gouge traversed half the disc. That section also was bubbled and warped as if by heat.

I stood and prayed for almost five minutes before I summoned up the courage to lock the doors, latch the window and run from the tower.

Once outside I looked back over my shoulder at the five-story tower. The tower lights went on at that moment and there in the hallway window was the silhouette of the nun.

Physically it would have been impossible to flip the light switch almost eight feet away and stand in the window at the same time. There was no sound, only the open window and the nun's outline. I ran and vowed never again to be alone in the tower at night.

When I told a friend what had happened he said I was nuts. It takes an encounter to make a believer.

I kept my promise never to work late alone and never played Handel. I made it a point to leave before 5:00 P.M. when most of the building's workers left for the day.

In midspring of 1969 Chuck asked me if I'd help him with some tapes and I agreed. Unfortunately it had to be done in the tower late at night. Chuck worked in Flint, Mich., on weekends and was student-teaching weekdays.

It was past midnight when Chuck and I went to Warriner. He began his reading and was about five minutes into it when the wall between 503 and 504 started to pound. Slow, hollow, steady pounding, like a rubber mallet or a clenched fist. It moved the length of the room, then back again.

Chuck was tired, cranky and a little drunk. He tore off his headset and delivered a line of profanity so filthy and thunderous that the 10½-inch metal take-up reels stacked on the cabinet next to me vibrated. The pounding stopped abruptly. Chuck laughed and blamed the cast-iron radiators for the interruption. That seemed logical except that the radiators ringed the outside walls of the tower, not the inner dividing partitions. Besides, they clank with a metallic sound, not with a hollow thud.

That fall, still working my radio job, I moved in with my friend Don who had done theater work in Warriner Auditorium. The Speech Department used the theater for its many stage productions. Don said that gossip had it that a student had accidentally fallen to his death from the five-story-high catwalk above the stage. He said many times things turned up missing or in opposite wings of the stage from where they belonged and that during

especially dramatic plays dust would fall from the high catwalk. On one occasion so much dust fell that it resembled snow and stopped a dress rehearsal during one very emotional scene. Nothing can be found to document a falling death. The theater director says it never happened and refuses further comment. He did say that he never had experienced anything in all the years he has worked in Warriner Auditorium.

I personally do know that during a performance of a student-written play called *Case 451*, performed in 1969, dust did fall during the "death notice" scene. I was recording the play for an instructor and was backstage where I could see it.

Recently I happened across a campus paper from Halloween day 1986 describing the university's "free spirits." There in print was my first real clue to the ghost I had seen almost 20 years before.

A visit to the Clarke Historical Library on the campus of Central Michigan University yielded the following microfilm front page item from the *Isabella County Times News*, June 10, 1937, edition:

"A solemn High Mass was conducted at St. Philomena's church in Beal City, Tuesday, June 1, 1937, for Miss Theresa Elizabeth Schumacher, 19, who was instantly killed the previous Saturday morning when her head was trapped within a small window in the door leading to an elevator shaft in Central State Teachers College in

Mount Pleasant."

Central State Life, the campus newspaper of the time, confirmed the death and went into more detail.

Theresa Schumacher had been in charge of salad preparation at the college's cafeteria which was situated on the third floor of Warriner Hall, near the elevator. She had been back to work for only a week, after a leave of absence for family reasons, when she had, for some reason, put her head through a small window in the elevator shaft. At that moment the elevator started downward and strangled the young woman.

This was in 1937. I first saw the ghost in 1969 when Theresa had been

dead for 32 years.

The window was plastered over immediately after the accident. And through the years the building has been remodeled almost completely.

The elevator was replaced from the open metal freight variety to the enclosed automatic type. The elevator shaft, however, is the same.

A former CMU staff member of 20 years, who spent many nights on the fourth floor of the tower, said he never experienced any type of presence or happenings.

Was it because I was more receptive than others that I was contacted by this spirit? And what was she seeking throughout the long years?



ILLEGAL HYPNOSIS

By Claire Metzger

HYPNOSIS IS illegal in obtaining a confession of murder—but not damaging enough to win a damage suit for the aggrieved party. That was the verdict of a federal eight-member jury, which on February 17, 1988, disallowed a suit for nearly \$2.5 million by a Moody Bible college student who charged he was hypnotized into confessing a killing seven years ago.

William C. Boyd, now 21, was 14 when he was charged with killing a 14-year-old neighbor in July 1981. The death has never been solved and charges were later dropped. In 1983

Cook County Circuit Judge Nicholas Pomaro dismissed Boyd's confession, saying it had been illegally obtained through hypnosis. Boyd, who recently filed a civil lawsuit, contended he was damaged by false arrest, false imprisonment, and negative publicity, thus suing the psychotherapist and four suburban police officers involved in the original case.

Jurors were unanimous in rejecting all claims, according to Jean McEwen, a clerk for U.S. District Judge William T. Hart who presided over the nearly four-week trial.

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, 3510 Western Ave., 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.

THE HAUNTED THEATER

By Mike Curtis

IN MY YEARS as a theater manager I have heard stories about haunted theaters. When I took over a theater in Tupelo, Miss., many years ago I heard those stories about the oldest theater in town, the *Lyric*. Tupelo, it turned out, did have a haunted theater — but it was the newest one.

After three years at the *Mall Theater*, I was transferred to a new house, the *Tupelo Twin*, on Cliff Gookin Blvd., now a seven-screen theater. A manager frequently spends long late hours at his theater, and in the course of many late nights through 1985-86, my family and I began to notice strange happenings.

My wife Vicki cleaned the theater, and began hearing odd noises when she was alone. She also noticed the

curtains swaying gently on occasion, and at other times moving as if someone were dragging a hand along them. I also began hearing noises when I was alone there. One evening as I was preparing the concession stand with no one else in the theater and the only entrance in plain view, I heard voices in the



Mike Curtis

projection booth upstairs. No sound or projection equipment was operating. At least one of the voices was female. I listened intently but was unable to understand what they were saying.

At 3:30 one morning, I was in the theater with Vicki, my daughter Ann, and a friend, Joe Russell. We heard voices and footsteps upstairs. We checked every door in the building and walked around outside also, but found nothing to explain what we had heard.

On another occasion my wife opened the broom closet and heard dogs barking. After that she began taking our Doberman pinscher, Raven, for protection when I had to leave them in the theater at night. One evening I left Vicki, Ann and Raven there while I drove across town for a film. When I returned I found them all in the parking lot.

They explained that while in the building they had been talking about the ghost and Ann jokingly said she was not afraid of it. They were at the front of the auditorium. The sound of footsteps came from behind the curtain, and the curtain moved. The steps began coming toward them. They ran up the aisle, with the steps in close pursuit, and outside into the parking lot where they waited for me.

After that incident, Ann treated the spirits — or whatever they were — with more respect. We began to grow accustomed to the voices, but

never could make out what they were saying.

We talked to others who had cleaned the theater at night, and they related similar stories. We checked into what had stood on the site before, but found it had been only a wooded area as far back as memories could go. By this time, it was common knowledge among the theater crowd that the theater was haunted.

One Saturday evening I turned on all the fuses when I threaded the projectors and ran them a little as a test. When I returned later, I could not get the projectors to start. I found that someone had turned off the fuses — and no one but me had gone into the booth that night. Frequently after that when I went upstairs to close down, I found the fuses turned off. Apparently the ghost liked playing with the projectors.

I had a doorman, George Faught, who had been scared by the ghost many times while cleaning the auditoriums. He told me that one night he sat down in a seat, and the seat beside him went down. He swore at the ghost and told it that he was sick and tired of its tricks and that he wasn't going to let it bother him anymore! After that speech the seat went up and George never got excited about the ghost again.

Not long after that I left the theater, which is still in operation today. My last experience with the

ghost was at 2:00 A.M. during a screening of the movie *Sweet Dreams*. Four of us were watching the film in the theater alone, when suddenly laughter came from three rows back. But we didn't look, because we already knew who it was!—*Conway, Ark.*

THE PANTS SHRANK

By Conrad Binyon

ON CHRISTMAS day 1978 I found that the large package under my girl friend's Christmas tree was for me. Eagerly I tore the wrappings from the box. Inside were a beautiful pair of maroon slacks and a matching shirt. Looking at the sewn-on tag I saw printed: "Waist 34, Length 34."

"Joann, honey," I said, "they're great, but the length is two inches too long."

"I know," she answered. "They're the only pair the store had that matched the shirt. You'll have to hem them."

The bottoms were cut on a bias and it would take a tailor to do a really good job. I put them and the shirt back into the box and under the tree where they remained until I took them home on New Year's Day.

In February I figured I'd better wear my new outfit before Joann asked me whether or not I liked it. Taking the pants out of the box, this time to measure and pin up the leg lengths against a pair that fit me, I



Conrad Binyon

saw that the printed tag read: "Waist 34, Length 32." I tried them on — a perfect fit.

When I next saw Joann I said, "Thanks for exchanging the pants. They fit just right."

"I didn't exchange any pants," she said. "They're the same ones you looked at on Christmas."

"How can that be?" I asked. "The tag said the length was 34 and now it's 32."

Joann knew she bought a size 34. Did the clerk find and wrap up a 32 forgetting to tell her? Was she thinking "34" while I was unwrapping the box and caused me to see "34" on the tag? Joann claims she brought home a 34. The mystery has not yet been solved.—*Encino, Calif.*

THE PHANTOM SPRINTER

By Drew Vaterlaus

NOT ASLEEP and yet not fully awake, I sat with my head resting against the back of the cush-

ioned car seat, half-hypnotized by the headlights on the long straight ribbon of highway stretching ahead into the night.

Deep in thought, my husband drove our big Mercury through the desert darkness at top speed, as he often did on lonely stretches of road. Our destination was an all-night restaurant on the edge of Mojave, Calif.

It was a June evening in 1959, and we newlyweds were free for the weekend, traveling just for the fun of it.

Then I saw him! He dashed onto the highway just ahead, running full-out, his lunch pail in hand and his jacket flapping in the wind as he made for the other side. My heart lurching, I sat bolt upright, expecting to feel the impact of car slamming into body.

"Look out!" I screamed, realizing we had not slowed or swerved to miss the unwary sprinter.

Immediately my husband slammed on the brakes, shocked at my outburst and fighting the wheel.

"What's the matter?" he snapped.

"Did you hit him?" I asked in a strangled squeak.

"Who? What are you talking about?" he demanded.

"That man. He...that man!" By now I was shrieking.

Concerned over my obvious excitement, he came to a stop at the side of the road and quietly listened as I explained what I had seen. To

humor me he slowly backed up the car while both of us peered into the night behind, searching for the hapless victim.

Minutes ticked by, my husband swearing he had seen no one, and I shakily insisting that I had. As the stark-real scene replayed before my mind's eye over and over again, I asked myself how could he not have seen the man.

Stopping once more, my husband got out and checked the car for signs of an impact and found nothing. After he climbed back in the car, we sat for a moment looking at each other, baffled. Without further words we continued on toward the coffee shop in Mojave, this time moving along at less than 50 mph.

Before long we drove into the glow of the small town lights, the city limits sign coming into view. We both were still tense from our ordeal.

And then it happened. A man wearing work clothes and carrying a lunch pail dashed directly into our path from the left side of the highway, aiming for the other side, his jacket flapping in the wind.

Had we been traveling at the high rate of speed as before my eerie vision, we surely would have hit him.

In the 29 years since that incident, I have had many flashes of premonition, but none so vivid as the one on that almost-tragic night in the high desert of California.—*Amity, Oreg.*

You & Me, Patty White



How did this brain-damaged girl know my childhood name?

Why did she act as if we had known each other a long time?

By Zoe Haysworth-Hughes

A T A California facility for the developmentally disabled, where I am employed as a psychiatric technician, a sizable federal grant had been allotted to establish a specialized program that would bring together more than 225 chosen young residents, who had previously been housed in cottages throughout the facility.

These residents would participate, along with an unheard of enrichment

of staff, in an experimental program with new and innovative personal programming plans to habilitate each resident. Eventually each resident would be placed in a family care home in the community.

The individual units that would house us had been built early in the century and were themselves undergoing structural rehabilitation. And so it was that on the appointed day of exo-

dus from the old to the new, unacquainted residents and staff exited their respective units and descended en masse into their new home, amid the still present carpenters, electricians and tile layers.

The chaos and frenzy were indescribable, with the noise level heightened to a deafening pitch, as some 50 residents and 25 staff members per unit met for the first time amid the hammering and shouts of the workmen, as they, like us, frantically attempted to instill some sort of organization. The name tags affixed to the shoulders of the staff and residents were quickly disappearing, leaving unidentified persons wandering about, defeating all efforts by the staff to separate assigned family groups of individual residents.

In the midst of all this a resident approached me and began tugging at my arm. When I glanced at her I saw a small, brown-haired girl, whose bright brown eyes sparkled with the joy of life. Her head was made huge by the bright red football helmet she was wearing and her face and arms were discolored with multi-hued markings of bruises, both old and new. Her chin was held a rakish captive by the off-centered placement of the chin strap. The helmet served to prevent injury to her head when she was stricken by a grand mal seizure. She would, when the storm within her brain attacked her, fall to the floor, striking her head, arms and legs repeatedly while the epileptic seizure savaged her.

She was not alone in the wearing of fanciful and brightly colored head gear. Throughout the huge day hall and living room where we were assembled, numerous helmets could be seen, resembling a bouquet of balloons that had escaped their owner's grasp, each colored sphere floating off in a different direction.

"Are you in my group?" I asked her, while looking for her name tag, which hung at an angle from her shoulder. For the most part it had been torn away leaving only two letters visible—"M" and what looked to be an "A." "Is your name Mary?" I questioned.

Cocking her head to one side and looking up at me—a gesture that over the course of many years to come was to become her personal hallmark—and ignoring my question she said, "Patty White, what are you doing here?"

"I work here," I replied. "I'll be here every day from now on. We will both be here every day. This is your new home."

"Just you and me, huh, Patty White?" she said, grinning her infectious grin, which suggested a feeling of a long and personal intimacy existed between us.

"Well, yes," I told her as I laughed. "Just you, me and about 50 others."

AS THE weeks flew by the general sense of hysterical confusion diminished and a perception of stability began to take hold. The staff and residents were divided into four family groups. There were five psychiatric

technicians assigned to each family group: two for the morning shift beginning at 6:30 A.M., two for the afternoon shift beginning at 2:30 P.M., and one for the night watch hours. Each shift overlapped the other by one half hour, allowing time for group discussion, so that all 24 hours might continue in a smooth continuity, such as is found in a normal family setting.

There were also two teachers in each group with special education training, a social worker and a psychologist. For the unit as a whole, a doctor and a nurse visited daily, as well as being on call for an emergency at any hour.

The psychiatric technicians assigned to the individual family groups were in essence surrogate parents, who were laden with all the duties, problems and decisions that burden typical parents, except in this case there were 13 to 15 progeny, each clamoring for his rightful share of attention.

My group included the brown-haired girl who wore the red football helmet, who turned out to be Margaret (pseudonym), not Mary. And she, like her mother before her, had been born in Scotland. Her father, an American serviceman, met and married her mother while stationed in England. After his tour of duty was completed he returned his family to California.

The first need that presents itself to the participants of a new family group is to acquaint and establish rapport and trust between residents and staff. It was during this period of adjustment

that it became apparent not only that Margaret had assumed the mantle of leadership with her peers but that she also possessed some intimate knowledge about my early childhood. Specifically this knowledge concerned my fondness of cats and a pet name that had been ascribed to me and was used only by close members of my family.

When a resident would address me by my given name, Margaret would attack the speaker verbally, telling him or her my name was "Patty White" and that was how I was to be addressed. She would even correct the staff. She had also assigned herself the unending task of searching for photographs of cats in magazines, which she would tear out and save for me.

Soon other staff members began to question me about Margaret's intense dislike for both my given name and my surname and about her insistence that everyone call me Patty White. Everyone assumed that I had recently remarried and that Patty White was some corruption of my previous name. I told everyone I had not remarried.

Patty White was a name I was called as a young child. My mother had remarried when I was barely four years old to a man whose surname was White. Patty, a diminutive of my second given name of Patricia, was initiated by my family. That is how, as a child, I became known as Patty White. Furthermore I had never worked on any unit where Margaret lived before, so she would have no way of knowing my name, before or after I married.

Then how did Margaret come to know my childhood name was the question. I had no idea. Perhaps some technician who worked with her in the past looked like me and had the name Patty White. But a technician in our group said that she had worked with Margaret since she was admitted here coming directly from home, and there was no one with that name on our unit. Also she said she knows Margaret's immediate family and there is no one with that name, or anyone who looks like me.

As the months passed Margaret's attachment for me grew as did her insistence about my name. My curiosity about the situation also began to grow. How could this child, 25 years my junior and a stranger to me, know my pet name? Then, too, I recalled that on the day we first met she had asked, "What are you doing here?" as if we were old friends who had not seen one another for many years. It occurred to me then that this was indeed a peculiar situation for which I had no explanation.

* * *

MARGARET had been born normal and remained so for five years developing as an average child, learning her letters and numbers, writing her name and reading simple words. At approximately five years old she was stricken with brain cancer. She subsequently underwent six surgeries which were intended to save her life, but which left her intellectually debilitated.

Margaret was considered a miracle child by the surgeons and doctors who attended her, for they had cut away such massive portions of her brain to prevent the spreading and re-occurrence of the malignancy that she became severely retarded. The areas of the brain interfered with were those that controlled speech, locomotion and cognitive thinking. She would be at best, the surgeons thought, a bed patient, unable to communicate her needs.

Margaret's speech was thick, but she could be understood; her thought processes were limited, but she could think and reason; and she could walk with a normal gait. All in all she was a human being who had some special needs that required some unique attention.

By reading Margaret's chart I was able to check her family background as far back as three generations. I could find no indication of any link between our families. It became apparent that if I wished to solve the mystery of Margaret's preternatural knowledge concerning my childhood name and my long-standing love of cats that I would have to ask Margaret personally.

One day while I was brushing her hair, I asked her how she knew my name was Patty White, or who had told her that was my name.

"That is your name," she said.

"I know that is my name," I replied.

"But how did you know that?"

She turned and looked at me saying, "I knew you a long time ago."

"When?" I asked her. "It couldn't have been too long ago. You're not very old and besides I don't remember knowing you. When did you know me?"

"A long time ago," she replied once again, refusing to tell me more perhaps because she did not know more or could not remember. I was even more confused by our conversation than I had been before.

There is no possible way she could have known me a long time ago. I was 25 when she was born. I had never met her family in the past, and we had just recently met for the first time. And she was so insistent about knowing me not just as an acquaintance but as an intimate friend.

* * *

IT WAS sometime later that someone suggested that perhaps Margaret knew me in a previous life. "A previous life?" I laughed, saying, "Come on, that's insane. That's a fairy tale subject. Besides, if she knew me in a previous life I would not be likely to have the same name then as I have now."

"Well, maybe Margaret died in this lifetime, and she knew you before she died, and she has been reincarnated already. And since it was not such a long time ago, she remembered you when she saw you," this person argued.

Reincarnation is an interesting subject to read about, even intriguing to contemplate on occasion, but it was not a subject that I was eager to face

first hand. I neither believed nor disbelieved the idea. I simply had no real thoughts about it. Besides, I had enough problems just living this life without having to worry about another life yet to come or one that's just passed.

But the seed of the idea of Margaret's reincarnation took root in my mind and grew. Although I refused to discuss the idea with others, I could not restrain myself from thinking about it. How could I prove it true or false?

Obviously Margaret's knowledge of my past did not come from our relationship of today. Therefore, as bizarre as it seemed to me, I knew I would have to search my past for the source of her knowledge.

I began listing persons who had known me as a young child and who had since died. There were not many, for my family is long-lived. No one seemed appropriate to me, but I put all the names on my list nonetheless. Then I comparatively wrote down the names of such members of my stepfather's family. In the end I had seven names.

This is insane, I thought. What am I going to do with these names? Ask Margaret if she is or was one of these persons? Ask Margaret to identify a name from my past, when she can hardly remember her brother's name half the time? And how do I go about asking her? Just walk up to her and ask her to listen to the list of names I had gathered and to tell me if any of them sounded familiar?

That, I decided was indeed what I

would do. I would read her a list of the names I had compiled, and I would ask her if she knew any of them. I would do it privately for two reasons. First, I did not want anyone to know that I had taken seriously the idea of reincarnation, and second, I thought that legally I might be somehow infringing on Margaret's constitutional rights by asking her such questions. I would carry the list with me and when I felt the time was right, I would read it to her with as little preamble on my part as possible. I did not want her to think I wanted her to tell me something that would please me, regardless of whether it was true or not, because I had found that residents often replied in the manner that they thought would please the technician.

One day a few weeks later the circumstances were right. We were alone and had been discussing a proposed field trip, a favorite thing in Margaret's life.

"Do you remember, Margaret," I asked her, "that one day you told me you knew me a long time ago?"

"Yes," she said.

"Was your name Margaret, when you knew me a long time ago?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"Can I tell you the names of some people I knew a long time ago and then you tell me if you knew them?" Agreeing, she cocked her head to one side as I began to recite my list. The names were so few that I had by then committed them to memory.

"James, Lesley, Anne," I began to

recite, as Margaret laughed apparently thinking this was a very funny game. "Elizabeth, Arthur, Amelia."

"Yes!" Margaret shouted. "Yes, that's my name!"

"What is your name?" I asked her.

"Amelia," she said. "Amelia Margaret."

Amelia was not listed as the name of any relative, living or dead, in Margaret's chart. Amelia was, however, the name of my stepfather's sister who had died when I was five years old. I had known her as a sweet young woman who lived at home with my stepfather's mother. She was dying of tuberculosis, though I was unaware of the fact, and each time I visited with her she was kind and loving toward me.

My most ardent memories of her are that she was forever taking photographs of me and that I resented this intrusion on my time and often refused to pose for her. I recall that on one particular day when I had refused to pose for her, she had placed my cat and her litter of kittens on a chaise and asked me to sit with them to make sure they did not get down while she photographed them.

Is this child sitting here beside me, who knows my childhood name and collects pictures of cats from every source available and who claims the name of Amelia as her own, the Amelia I knew as a child, and is now the Margaret I know? They do not look much alike. Margaret has dark hair and eyes. Amelia had fair hair and blue

eyes. Does coloring or stature matter in reincarnation? Amelia's grandparents came from Scotland as did Margaret. Is that significant in reincarnation?

Some 12 years have passed since that first meeting with Margaret, and though the facility has undergone some radical changes, which have included the redistribution of residents and staff, Margaret and I have always been assigned to the same unit and family group. She still calls me Patty White and she still cocks her head to one side

saying, "You and me, huh?"

She has grown into a lovely young woman, who despite her disabilities has a paying job, a boyfriend and a normal life. One is hard pressed to recall the days of the red football helmet and blurred speech.

We do not talk of those days, Margaret and I, nor do we speak of Amelia. There is no longer any need to speak of the past, for we are truly old friends who knew each other "a long time ago."



STATUE OF LIBERTY POSES ON A GRAIN OF RICE

DAVID STEVENS of West Frankfort, Ill., specializes in painting the Statue of Liberty on a single grain of rice. "At the risk of sounding vain, I think I've got a talent that's out of the ordinary," said Stevens, 29, whose formal artistic training consists of a single high school art class.

He discovered his talent three years ago when he was bored and his wife, who painted ceramics, had her materials out. Using a quarter-size rock for his canvas, Stevens painted an ocean scene with a yellow sunset, tiny island with palm trees and a galleon. Six weeks and several rocks later, he was

challenged to paint the Statue of Liberty on a grain of rice. Stevens obliged.

Without using a magnifying glass, Stevens can paint the statue — down to the miniature yellow torch — in 15 minutes. To paint detail the artist uses a brush with only two or three hairs and glues the grain to a piece of cardboard to keep it steady. The end product measures 1/4 of an inch tall and 1/16 of an inch wide.

Although Stevens feels he found his niche in life, he claims he can't make a living off it; the most he has gotten for his works at art shows is \$30 for one rice grain picture, with \$5 sales more common.

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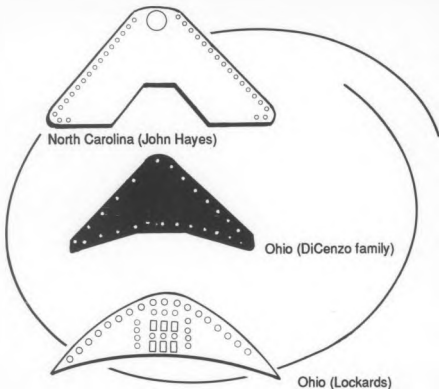
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BOOMERANG UFOs

A new UFO is in the skies — a huge delta-winged craft which frightens witnesses and baffles ufologists.

By Jennie Zeidman

AFTER 35 YEARS of interviewing UFO witnesses throughout North America and abroad, I gained new insights from members of a family who live not 10 miles from my home. They had attended my presentation on "A Survey of the UFO Litera-

ture" at the Public Library of Columbus and Franklin County and were among the dozen or so who approached me afterwards for a personal word.

New cases often come to light that way. And ufologists know that consistent with UFO reports over the past 40

years, 90 percent of the events will be found to have normal, natural, ordinary explanations. The other 10 percent are the extraordinary ones — the unknowns. But you'll never know for sure until you listen.

I listened and realized quite soon that the DiCenzos are an unusual family. During the week they live in Columbus, Ohio, in a modest house jammed with books and plants and the homework projects of five kids. Weekends they often pile into the van and head for their southern Ohio farm where, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, 37-year-old musician Rich works on their solar home. Kathy, 36, tends an enormous vegetable garden and the kids, ages five to 14 (including twins), help where needed and learn their stars, birds, insects and plants and all the wonders of the world that their parents can teach them.

Evening at the farm is family time, a time of serenity and peace of mind.

One evening in September 1987 that peace of mind was shattered.

It was after nine o'clock and no daylight remained. The air was cool but the concrete walk along the south side of the house was still warm from the late summer sun. A light breeze fluttered the leaves of a quaking aspen nearby. The kids call that tree their "air conditioner"; however still the air, the leaves never completely stop shaking. Rich and a family friend (an adult male) had made a campfire in the yard, 50 feet in front of the house. They all sat on the warm concrete, backs to the

house, talking and enjoying the evening. The sky was starry and perfectly clear. Visibility over to the wooded, hilly horizon was fantastic.

They were looking for meteors but instead the stars blinked out.

Slowly, overhead, the Milky Way disappeared. Clouding up? Rich thought, but he knew instantly he was wrong. This was no cloud, slowly sweeping over from the north, coming over the roof of the house. Clouds are irregular and diaphanous and besides, the entire Midwest was under a large high pressure system. The sky had been and continued to be cloudless.

The kids gasped and stopped chattering. The aspen tree seemed to freeze. Not a leaf moved. Insect and tree-frog voices from the fields and woods stopped. A dog on a distant farm stopped barking. And the campfire flame rose vertically, as straight and unperturbed as the campfire in a stylized Boy Scout poster.

"Just east of the zenith I first saw the stars winking out and soft, slightly yellowish lights moving due south over the house's edge," Rich said. "The dark gray shape and the two or more rows of lights began to dominate more and more of the sky, since the leading edge was only the front of an ever-widening, wing-shaped arc of lights. Everyone and everything became silent and I jokingly said as I stood up for a better view, 'What is this, *Close Encounters*, or what?' I meant the movie, in the sense that the scale was so grandiose. I was laughing, almost,

and we seemed lighthearted about it, although the kids seemed to get somewhat excited.

"It was *huge*! As I stood up, I began to realize that this was much bigger than our 72-foot-by-35-foot house, and very low, but considering the stillness and silence of the woods, it might have been bigger [might have covered and affected an even bigger area]. It was slow. It took awhile — maybe six or seven seconds — to come fully into view and it really, really dominated the sky."

Rich struggled as he tried to describe the lights. "They were not windows in the object," he said. "They were not spotlights on the objects. They were not like aircraft navigation lights. They were like the lights encased in metal, with reflectors, that are used along the edges of sidewalks and driveways and the steps of public buildings. There were 12 to 20 lights, dimmer than car lights, and they seemed to be reflecting off the dark surface above."

When Rich said that, about the lights encased in metal, something clicked in my mind but I didn't let it show. A prime rule of UFO investigators is never lead the witness. Rich had no idea that inwardly I was battling between delight and dismay.

He continued, in the typical "escalation-of-hypothesis" manner of UFO witnesses: Try for a simple explanation and if that doesn't work, move on to the next, more complicated theory.

"I tried to see the lights and the dark shadowy shape as a couple of large

planes and maybe another fighter-trailer [sic]. They weren't precisely aligned and maybe moved slightly in relation to each other."

That description might indeed fit a mid-air refueling mission, I remarked, and Rickenbacker Air Force Base was only 45 miles to the west. But Rich had already rejected that possibility:

"We *tried* to make it into a refueling mission," he said, "but it simply didn't fit."

The object had hovering or near-hovering capability. Helicopters and Harrier fighters can hover but they are terribly noisy. Night-refueling missions do not take place just over rooftops. And air-tanker fuselages — especially outside a war zone — are brightly illuminated by spotlights because of the great danger of collision. Rich estimated that the object covered about 80 degrees of sky and that if it were 250 to 350 feet above the house, it had to be four or five times as wide as the house, or 280 to 360 feet across.

Rich went on, "After maybe a minute had passed, the light configuration wobbled a bit. The lights shifted quickly in hue through amber towards red and they became two or three groups that sped off *very fast* at different elevations away from our vantage point. It was like reverse vanishing-point perspective." In other words, the lights spread out and dissipated rather than becoming smaller as they went away.

"As it departed, the left side banked and rolled," he added, demonstrating

with a flat-faced palm as if he were an aviator. "It had come over the house extremely slowly, but when it decided to go, it was just gone."

At that point they finally heard some noise.

"Just after it split apart, seemingly just as we commented about its silence, *then* a rumble suddenly was heard, sort of like rolling thunder, sort of 'echo-laden,' sort of like a jet, but apparently unrelated to the observation." It could have been a jet thousands of feet above or miles away.

They had been waiting for noise, something to tell them this was a natural event, and they felt a sense of relief when they heard that rumble. It was what they should have heard a minute or more before, when the thing had been right on top of them.

I had Rich, Kathy and the five kids make independent drawings of the object. The consistent features of their drawings and of their testimony are that the bottom of the object was covered with lights and that the object split first in half; then the right (western) side split again. All agreed that the lights spread to cover an increasing area of sky as they dispersed.

I RETURNED home puzzled, exhausted, drained. Rich had spent nearly another hour describing the restless night that followed. "I had probably the worst, most disturbing nightmares of my life," he said.

Kathy and most of the family members also had nightmares. The

five-year-old woke repeatedly, terror-stricken. Rich awoke the next morning "extremely depressed and disturbed, empty and cold, especially about the religious overtones of part of the dream."

Back at my desk I reached for the report of a case currently under investigation by Fred Hays of Kettering, Ohio. Fred shares (with Richard Seifried) the position of Ohio state director of the Mutual UFO Network. I am MUFON section director for central Ohio and thus Fred, Dick and I are in frequent communication and share freely our research-in-progress.

Fred's case also occurred in 1987 but probably in late June or early July. (In both cases the observers were unable to provide precise dates of the events. This precluded any useful correlation with meteorological records, auroral activity or ad-plane flights.)

Robert and Connie Lockard, a couple in their 20's, were driving home before midnight, heading south, and first sighted in the southwest a bright stellar object which they thought might be Venus. (It could not have been Venus. Venus was in western elongation in June 1987 and thus was the "morning," not the "evening," star.) The Lockards live about 17 miles from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, and are familiar and comfortable with the wide assortment of aircraft in their usual environment. This object was different.

Robert drew a free-form delta-shaped object. "I was amazed at this

bright, huge and so quiet thing," Robert said. "We continued watching it as we drove home, then watched it again from a bedroom window. Then we went outside again. It approached and went directly over our heads. After it went over I realized everything was quiet — very quiet. No frogs or crickets or barking dogs. There were lights all over the underside and there appeared to be chrome around the lights."

Chrome around the lights? Lights in cages? Were the Lockards and DiCenzos describing the same "hardware"?

Connie's report went on: "It appeared to be heading straight for us. As it got closer, I saw that the light, white like a headlight, seemed to be partitioned like on a car radiator. It flew overhead. The lights were beautiful — red, blue, white, yellow. The lights covered the bottom. They were round and square in different patterns. Judging size is very difficult but I know it was bigger than the telephone pole I was standing under. We noted the shape by noticing what part of the sky and stars were blocked out. As it passed overhead the lights at the rear end seemed to pulsate. As one went off, the other came on, as even as a heartbeat. It glided away, continuing in a straight line, and there was no noise, not even the swishing of air."

The simplest answer was an ad plane. But an ad plane (even one flying at the unlikely hour of midnight) low enough to appear "huge" should have been identifiable, the message read-

able and the engine noise discernible.

As I compared the DiCenzo and Lockard drawings, it suddenly dawned on me why delta-boomerang UFO shapes covered with lights were causing me such concern.

IN 1975 I flew down to southern North Carolina at the behest of J. Allen Hynek to investigate a series of UFO events which had centered on the community of Lumberton. Later Dr. Hynek's Center for UFO Studies published my investigation and analysis, *The Lumberton Report*, and now I took it from the shelf, greeting an old friend I had not seen for 10 years.

Between April 3 and 9, 1975, at least 57 separate UFO events were reported in and around Robeson County. There were at least 60 observers whose names were available. The stimulus for at least two of the reports was possibly Venus. Two of the events, between Elizabethtown and White Lake, may have been generated by a Piedmont Airlines B-737, out on a training flight. But of the remaining events, specifically reported were:

- 23 V-shapes [the term I used in my report]
- 9 spotlights
- 11 sightings at treetop level or below
- 3 sightings with noise
- 22 sightings without noise
- 10 hovering objects
- 3 objects passing directly overhead
- 4 sightings of lights only; no shape

At least 53 of the events included observations by police officers: sheriff's deputies or Lumberton city police.

The flap had begun in the early hours of April 3, soon after a thunderstorm had swept through the area. At 1:45 A.M. two Lumberton policemen, P. H. Atkinson and Neil McCormick, observed an unfamiliar light hovering over the water tower behind Lumberton High School. Their first impression was that it was a helicopter. They started driving toward it but lost sight of the object.

Meanwhile Phil Stanton, Lumberton patrolman, was alone in his police car approximately 200 yards from the water tower. He, too, thought the object was a helicopter.

"I saw it hovering directly over the tower," he said. "When I got closer, switched off my motor and got out of the car, that's when I saw it close up. It was triangular-shaped with a row of lights down each side and [had] one big spotlight on the front. I estimated the object to be about 200 feet off the ground because the water tower is nearly 200 feet high. The craft looked like it was just about the size of my patrol car. I saw a beam of light directed straight down and it lit up the lettering on the water tower. Then the spotlight went out and the thing just took off at a terrific rate of speed, making no sound."

Thanks to radio communication between the various law enforcement agencies, it was possible to relay in-

coming reports to every vehicle in the field, directing officers toward the reported activity. Before morning eight different observations had been made. Six were of a V-shaped object. The range of speeds was from "hovering" to "terrific." Seven reporters said the object was silent. But 75 miles to the northeast, in Sampson County, officer John Hayes heard a humming noise.

Hayes was parked on a rural road with his lights and engine off. An object passed directly overhead. The ceiling was unlimited and the visibility was seven miles.

"I got outside the car," he said, "and estimated it was 300 to 400 feet high. There was a slight humming noise."

In the two minutes of Hayes' observation, he could clearly make out a V-shaped structure, a series of lights under each side and a large spotlight on the front.

By 8:45 P.M. on Friday 28 reports had been received. And the experience of Police Chief Garry Moore of the White Lake Police Department (26 miles east) suggested that the object was operating under intelligent control.

"As I was driving along, I noticed a bright white light in the air in front of me," Moore reported. "The light kept getting brighter and appeared to be coming right down on top of me, like it was going to hit the car, and that's when I pulled over. It came to within 200 feet of me and I got out to look at the thing. The light from it was so bright I had to look away.

"I reached back into the car for an airplane landing light that I carry with me and shined it on the object. I blinked the light at it and the spotlight on the front of the object blinked back! I could see it was V-shaped, had lights all the way around it and this one big light that shined down to the ground, like a beam, lighting up an area at least 500 feet in diameter on the road. It had now been hovering in the air for at least five minutes. It was no jet! A jet can't park in the air like that thing did! It then started to move westerly, towards Lumberton, and I followed it for about two miles. I got up to 85-90 mph and then it just left real fast — about 200 mph, I figured. And it never made a bit of sound the whole time I observed it."

My *Lumberton Report*, published in 1976, contained 50 pages of reports of V-shaped, lighted objects, most of them silent, at treetop level. I came across another instance of a spotlight from an unidentified object beaming down on a police car and I smiled to myself, recalling that Steven Spielberg (with considerable artistic license) had used the North Carolina policemen's experiences as a take-off point for some of the antics in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

IN TERMS of today's ufology, the term V-shape is simplistic indeed. "Flying saucers" of the 1940's to 1970's were by definition either round, oblate spheroids, two-soup-bowls-lip-to-lip, spinning tops or hamburgers-in-a-bun. "Delta," "boomerang" or "triangular"

shapes were rarely reported. But all that has changed.

Between December 31, 1982, and mid-July 1986, the heavily-populated areas of the Hudson River Valley north of New York City as far as Brewster, into Connecticut from Brookfield east to New Haven, down to Bridgeport and Westport on Long Island Sound, were plagued with lighted boomerang UFOs. A detailed account of these observations appears in *Night Siege: The Hudson Valley UFO Sightings* (1987)* by Hynek and Philip J. Imbrogno with Bob Pratt.

The authors estimate that perhaps as many as 5000 persons observed these objects over the 3 1/2-year period. And again, the similarity of descriptions was astounding: An enormous object, twice the size of a football field, boomerang- or triangle-shaped, with many individual lights, hovering over lakes or treetops and sometimes projecting solid-looking beams downward. There were many instances in which dozens of observers along or near Interstate 84 reported the apparent same object in the same time frame.

Various critics have contended that the sightings were caused by prankster pilots of ultralight aircraft operating out of a New York area airport. The Federal Aviation Administration professed a lack of interest in the matter and at one point the investigators were told, "It is the policy of the FAA that UFOs do not exist, so we do not collect

*Reviewed in March 1988 FATE.

any reports of such."

I called author-investigator Philip Imbrogno for an update.

"The skeptics and authorities give different explanations, depending on who you talk to," Imbrogno said. "What's interesting is that while all the observers essentially agree, the skeptics *don't* agree. No one has been able to take each UFO sighting and match it with testimony or documents from the alleged hoaxing pilots."

Imbrogno acknowledged that on several occasions four or five pilots in Cessna 152's *had* flown in formation, at night, in a "let's-see-if-we-can-scare-'em" ruse. But these instances were readily weeded out of the mainstream of UFO events. For one thing, a Cessna 152 has a 108-hp engine which is not silent. For another, although small Cessnas are wonderfully stable aircraft (I fly them), if you try to fly a 152 (with full flaps) slower than 43 knots per second, it will fall out of the sky. The Cessnas were flying legally, with their full complement of Federal Air Regulation navigation lights. Silent and hovering were two principal characteristics of the Hudson Valley UFO. One man said it moved so slowly that he was able to keep up with it by jogging.

Imbrogno had another point to make. A video of one sighting had been made by a resident of Brewster, N.Y. The investigative team sent the tape — which showed a string of multicolored lights in the shape of a disc — to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. The investigators wanted to know if the video represented one object with many lights or several objects moving in concert. Dr. Lew Allen, director of JPL, and a staff of the top imagery scientists in our space program analyzed the film. They concluded there was only one object.

* * *

I RETURNED to the DiCenzo file. The object the family saw had first appeared as a single unit but had then split, first in half, then again as the right half split.

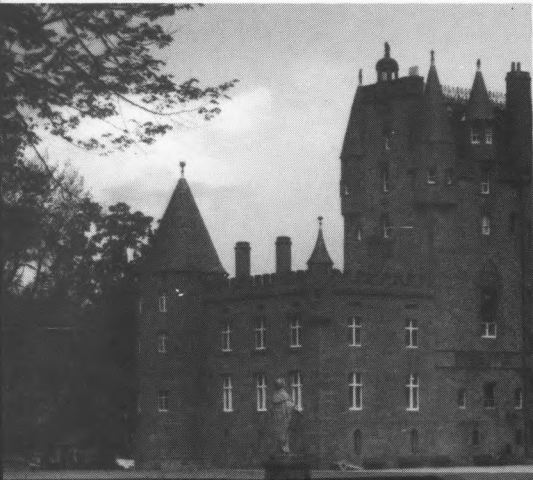
A variation on a theme. But the theme remains the same.

Boomerang and delta-shaped lighted objects are being more frequently reported to UFO researchers. Apparently real craft are being seen by widely separated, credible witnesses. What does this signify? I don't know. But these experiences are affecting the lives and emotions of many observers and it behooves the scientific community to listen to them.



The Monster of Glamis

Strange tales are told about Scotland's Glamis Castle — and the strangest concerns its owners' horrifying secret.



By Archie McKerracher

Grim and massive Glamis Castle stands in the fertile Vale of Strathmore in Angus, Scotland. The oldest inhabited Scottish castle, it has been the home of the Lyon family, Earls of Strathmore, for over 600 years.

GRIM AND massive Glamis is the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland. It has been the home of the Lyon family, Earls of Strathmore, for over 600 years. A castle has stood on this site since the early 11th Century when it was a residence of the kings of Scotland. King Malcolm II, grandfather of Macbeth, died here from his wounds after a nearby battle in 1034. His bloodstains were said to have been visible on a stone-flagged floor until covered up in the last century.

Glamis came into the Lyon family



in 1372 when Sir John Lyon married Lady Jane Stuart, widowed daughter of King Robert II, and was given the lands of Glamis as her dowry. He demolished the existing wooden fortifications and built a stone tower in 1430. His widow extended it greatly, as did many later lairds, until it became the vast, fairy-tale structure seen today. The castle is an incredible building, more like a small town when seen from a distance, with its piles of turrets, spires, towers and buildings of pink stone all compressed together. The setting is a dramatic one in the fertile Vale of Strathmore in Angus with a backdrop of the snowcapped Grampian Mountains.

The Lyon family were created earls in 1606 and when the ninth Earl of Strathmore married Mary Eleanor Bowes, an English heiress, in 1777, the family name was altered to Bowes-Lyon. In 1900 a daughter was born to Claude, 14th Earl. She was christened Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, better known today as Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Today the 18th Earl of Strathmore, 28th Thane and Lord of Glamis, still resides in his ancestral home which is open to the public in the summer months. His is one of the few families to have descended in an unbroken line for over six centuries.

In contrast to the natural beauty of its surroundings, Glamis Castle is a forbidding place with its massive 15-foot-thick walls and its myriad rooms and chambers. Not surprisingly,

Glamis reeks of ghosts and the supernatural. It still has its Hangman's Chamber, a grim reminder of the days until 1747 when each local laird held power of pit and gallows and maintained his own private hangman.

Once a party of Ogilvies arrived wounded at the outside gate begging sanctuary after a fight with the neighboring Lindsays. The Lord Glamis of the period had suffered raids by both the warring clans and agreed to hide the Ogilvies in a secret room where no one would ever disturb them. And no one ever did!

Centuries later another Lord Glamis discovered the secret room and opened it out of curiosity. He saw to his horror the grinning skulls and skeletons of the Ogilvies and observed that many of them had died with their bony arms still between their teeth in the effort to avoid starvation by gnawing their own flesh. The room was bricked up and its location lost. It is only one of many lost rooms within the walls of Glamis.

GLAMIS is haunted by many restless souls, according to castle legend. The most famous is the notorious Alexander Lindsay, Fourth Earl of Crawford, otherwise known as Old Beardie from his flowing beard and as The Tiger Earl from his ferocious disposition.

One Saturday night in 1449 this man of many vices sat down to play at dice with the Third Lord Glamis. Midnight struck and Lord Glamis refused to play on into the Sabbath Day.

They quarreled and in a rage Old Beardie stormed upstairs to a turret room. "The devil take you!" he roared. "If no man will play with me, I'll play with the devil himself!"

The watchers below were terror-stricken when a tall, dark man in a cloak materialized on the stairs. "I'll play with you," he said quietly and followed Beardie into the room. Locked inside, the two shouted and swore as they played for higher and higher stakes. The listeners below heard Beardie shout, "I'll stake my soul, then!" after he had exhausted his money, and when he lost again, the stranger disappeared. Old Beardie died five years later and it was believed locally that the devil then claimed his debt.

Lord Halifax, who had abilities as a medium and who often stayed at Glamis in the 1920's, stated that Old Beardie often appeared, complaining that his soul had been in torment for 500 years. Strangely, on another occasion the Hon. Mrs. Wingfield said she woke up from a sleep to find a huge old man with a flowing beard seated by the fire. He turned his head and stared at her and although his beard rose and fell, his face was that of a dead man. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother also says that during her childhood at Glamis the children often woke screaming to find a bearded old man bending over them.

The unhappy soul of the Fourth Earl of Crawford is believed to haunt Glamis still. The present domestic staff reportedly have been terrified by the

rattling of dice, stamping of feet and loud swearing coming from an empty upstairs room.

Other Glamis ghosts include the mad earl who stalks the leaden roof; the maltreated Negro boy seen seated on a stone by the door; the woman who runs across the lawn pointing at her tongueless mouth; the hideous creature called Jack the Runner seen galloping on the grounds; and of course the famous Gray Lady whom the Queen Mother's sister encountered in the castle chapel.

But the strangest of all of Glamis' many secrets is the monster. From early Victorian times rumors have persisted that a hideously deformed human being — the rightful Earl of Strathmore — was kept locked away in a hidden room. It was whispered that he had a massive body covered with black, matted hair, tiny legs and arms, and a grotesque head sunk deep into a barrel chest.

The rumors seem to have started after 1820. The novelist Sir Walter Scott wrote in 1830, "The castle . . . has a secret chamber, the entrance to which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons viz. the Earl of Strathmore, his heir apparent, and any third person they may take into their confidence." In fact, the secret appears to have been known to the reigning earl, his factor or business agent, and the family lawyer. The direct heir was told the secret only on his 21st birthday and if the title was likely to pass to a brother, then he

was told only on inheriting. No count-ess was ever told.

Many stories found their way into Victorian magazines, all hinting at some dreadful family secret at Glamis. The late Lady Granville, sister of the Queen Mother, recalled, "That was the only subject we were forbidden to discuss. We were never allowed to ask about it and my father and grandfather refused absolutely to discuss it."

In the 1930's, during a party in the castle, young guests decided to locate the secret chamber by hanging cloths out of every one of the 100 or so windows. Only one window was left blank, but no amount of searching could find the room it was in. The Earl of Strathmore was furious when he returned and found out what had taken place. It is known from family records, however, that a secret chamber leading off the Charter Room was constructed inside the thick walls in 1684.

THE EARLS of Strathmore in Victorian times were noted for the sudden melancholia that came over them after inheriting. In 1877 a visitor to Glamis recorded, "Only Lord Strathmore himself has an ever sad look." Another visitor, Virginia Gabriel, wrote that after the funeral of the 12th Earl, Thomas, in 1865, the lawyer and the estate factor took aside Thomas' brother Claude, the new Earl, to initiate him into the awful secret.

He returned ashen-faced to his wife and said, "My dear, you know how often we have joked about the secret

room and the family mystery. I have been into that room. I have heard the secret and if you wish to please me, you will never mention the subject again."

Then in 1870 a local slater repairing the castle roof saw something that caused him to rush down the ladder. Before the badly-shaken man could speak to his workmates, the estate factor came running up and detained him. A telegram was sent to the Earl of Strathmore in London and to Mr. Dundas, the family lawyer, of the still-extant Edinburgh legal firm of Dundas & Wilson. They both hurried to the castle and persuaded the workman to emigrate to Australia with a large cash settlement in exchange for his silence. It is said that after this the 13th Earl, Claude Bowes-Lyon, became silent and moody and went about with an anxious look on his face.

But the story of the Glamis Monster seems unlikely at first because the current edition of *Burkes Peerage* — the Bible of the British aristocracy — states that George Bowes-Lyon, who became the 12th Earl in 1834, was born in 1822, the eldest and first-born son of Thomas, Lord Glamis, and his wife Charlotte.

Yet a different story is found in an older and more intimate book, Douglas' *Scots Peerage*, which states that the first-born child, a son, actually was born and died on October 21, 1821, some 14 months before. It seems likely he was so horribly deformed mentally and physically that he could not possi-

bly inherit. His parents were young and for many reasons may have allowed the monster to live, one being the expectation that it would die within a few days anyway. Instead it continued to live, hidden away in a secret room.

The secret was kept because in nearly 200 years only two families of factors served successive Earls of Strathmore: Peter Proctor from 1765 to 1820; his son David from 1820 to 1860; Andrew Ralston from 1860 to 1912; and his son Gavin from 1912 to the 1940's. Their close-knit loyalty to the Strathmore family could be relied on to keep the secret and of course Scots lawyers are renowned for their discretion regarding their clients' affairs.

Many young heirs joked with their friends that they would reveal the great secret when they came of age, but none ever did. It must have been a terrifying experience for a young man on his 21st birthday to be taken by his father along a secret passage in the thick castle walls. They would stop before a massive iron door and the father would solemnly open it. In the torchlight a hideous creature, half man, half ape, would stare uncomprehendingly at them from under beetling brows be-

fore shambling back to its bed.

"There, my son," the Earl would say, "there is your great-great-great uncle, the rightful Earl of Strathmore."

What a burden of horror was placed on the young man. He could not betray his father by speaking out and when he came into his inheritance, he was too deeply implicated to want to do so.

The monster is believed to have lived to an astonishing age and one friend of the family thinks it died as late as 1923. The late Lord Strathmore, who inherited the title in 1944, reportedly knew nothing definite but was pretty certain a corpse or coffin was bricked up somewhere in the walls.

The monster would have been well cared for during its long life and was probably allowed to exercise at night on the castle roof. This may explain the legend of the Mad Earl seen cavorting on the roof and also that of the creature called Jack the Runner, for it is said the monster clambered to the ground on one occasion before it was recaptured.

So today, hidden within the walls of Glamis castle, may lie the mortal remains of one so deformed mentally and physically that he was less than human—but, legally, the rightful 12th Earl of Strathmore.



SPIRITS IN THE CELLAR

By Paul Steiner

KELLER Geister, a leading German white wine, means "cellar sprite" in German. This term referred to the legendary spirit that roams wine cellars overseeing the aging of fine wine.



Ball Lightning: The Impossible Enigma

By Gordon Stein

ONE DAY in 1754, just as a powerful thunderstorm was about to erupt, Russian scientist G. W. Richman rushed to his laboratory in St. Petersburg, determined to be at the con-

trols of his equipment so that he could measure the energy of a lightning strike. With him was engraver I. Sokolov, there to make sketches which he could turn into engravings of Richman and his equipment.

No sooner had Richman taken his



position behind the equipment than a small bluish ball of light the size of a fist emerged from the electrodes and floated toward the scientist's face. Suddenly it exploded — so loudly that it sounded as if a small cannon had fired. Sokolov was knocked uncon-

scious. When he revived, he saw that Richman lay motionless and unbreathing. He was dead. On his forehead was a small red spot and on the sole of one of his shoes were two small burn holes.

Richman was the first person known

to have been killed by ball lightning. In fact, Richman was the first to describe ball lightning in the scientific literature. The discoverer had been killed by his discovery.

But what was this discovery? Did it not — as many scientists would claim for the next 200 years — really exist? Was it, as the skeptics insisted, the result of misinterpretation of other things?

Scientists have been slow to accept ball lightning because the concept seems to violate physical laws. The whole issue is a sort of microcosm of the debate that has swirled around UFOs. How can scientists deny something that has been witnessed by thousands of people, occasionally photographed (although not well) and even left physical traces?

Most ball-lightning encounters have never been reported or published. Many of the best — that is, the longest and most detailed — accounts come from a German book, *Der Kugelblitz (Ball Lightning)*, by Walther Brand. This is a hard book to find. Fortunately, the book was translated into English in Israel. Although that translation was never published, it is available as a U.S. government document on microfilm. Because the book was published in 1923 and in Europe at that, most of the reports presented in the next few paragraphs may seem old and far away to the American reader. There have, of course, been more recent instances of ball lightning. But I have chosen the examples that follow

because they are both unusual and illuminating:

July 1849, Paris: At about 6:30 P.M. Mme. Espert was watching the distant lightning flashes from the window of her room when she saw something that looked like a red balloon drop vertically onto a tree standing on a nearby estate. The bottom part of the "balloon" hovered between 16 and 22 feet above the tree, then suddenly caught fire. The ball burned, then burst open, freeing a good many short jagged streaks of lightning in all directions. One of the streaks struck a nearby house, where it made a cannonball-sized hole. Finally the ball's remnants began to spark and spin. The ball exploded with enough force to knock down three persons in the street.

May 1846, Bruchsal, Germany: A nine-year-old boy was on his way to church. A storm was approaching, so he took shelter under one of the ornate overhangs near the entrance to the church. After several lightning flashes he saw a glowing white ball, about the size of a billiard ball, near the spires. It descended in a zigzag fashion until it reached the opening in the belfry, where it entered the tower horizontally. A few seconds later the bell rang. The ball emerged from the tower, approached the ground a few feet from the boy and disintegrated into a shower of sparks.

July 1890, Harmrode, Germany: A farmer named Waitz heard thunder. He jumped out of bed in time to see a fiery mass a few feet from his wood-

shed. He grabbed a bucket of liquid manure and rushed to throw it on the fireball. The bucket, however, crumbled to pieces before he reached the spot. The fireball shot out lightninglike streaks in all directions, setting the woodshed on fire. The entire complex of buildings burned to the ground.

October 1895, Grenoble, France: A man looking out the window saw a fireball land on top of an iron rod on the roof. A stream of sparks shot out of the object. After 40 or 50 seconds the fireball split into three smaller fireballs, each the size of a child's balloon, and each rolled down the roof into the gutter. There they disappeared in a shower of silent sparks. Then another ball appeared on top of the iron rod and repeated the same sequence of events.

September 1899, Leipzig, Germany: A woman saw a "fire" enter through a window she was sitting by. A loud crash shook the house, tearing off half the roof tiles and cracking every ceiling. In the next house the family was having dinner around a large table. Above the table was a hanging lamp. Suddenly a bluish-yellow fireball descended from the lamp to the table, where it knocked over and broke a glass filled with beer. It proceeded toward the furnace and vanished silently.

May 22, 1901, Uralsk, Russia: On a holiday which had many people out on the streets, a terrible thunderstorm broke out. As one group took shelter in a hallway, a loud thunderclap sounded,

followed immediately by the appearance of a fireball in the doorway of the hall. After the fireball touched a young woman on the head, she slid to a sitting position on the floor, dead. The ball descended almost to the ground and passed into the corridor off the hall. There it burned a man's feet, destroyed a wall and entered the fireplace. The fireball broke the chimney and shattered the iron grid inside. It left via a window which it broke in exiting. In its wake it left several persons unconscious. The dead woman had a black burn trail down her neck and back, a wound on her finger, and a shoe ripped down its entire length.

April 23, 1904, Laesgen, Silesia: As a thunderstorm brewed in the distance, a homeowner sitting down to lunch saw a reddish-yellow fireball the size of a human head enter the room, smash into a plaster wall and burst into pieces. It was accompanied by a loud hissing noise, a sulfur smell and smoke.

August 17, 1921, Eastbourne, England: Two women were sitting at the table about to eat lunch. As one of them picked up a knife to cut the bread, a golf-ball-sized ball of light flashed past the knife and headed for the table. It touched the tablecloth and disappeared with a "spitting" sound. It left no marks.

1936, London: A ball the size of an orange entered a kitchen and dropped into a barrel containing 15 liters of water. The water was immediately brought to a boil and continued to be uncomfortably warm for more than 20

minutes. Knowing the volume of the water, the increase in temperature and the time required, scientists were able to calculate the heat energy in the ball. We shall return to this unusual case later.

* * *

BALLLIGHTNING is still rejected by some physicists who complain that no modern physical theory can explain what witnesses claim they have seen, and they take this to mean that therefore the witnesses are mistaken. Other physicists have tried to explain ball lightning in conventional terms. Some have treated ball lightning as a plasma. Others have theorized that it is hot gas, still others that it is a vortex, a microwave radiation field or a magnetically-contained blob of electricity. All of these ideas, as we shall see, are in some way inadequate.

Another problem is that ball-lightning reports contain varied and apparently contradictory features. For example, many reports say that the ball lightning disappeared noiselessly, while others state that it exploded noisily just before vanishing. Some reports allege that the ball was white in color, others that it was orange, red, yellow, purple or blue. Combinations of these colors have also been reported. Sizes vary, from objects as small as a marble to as large as a yard. Sometimes the ball seems to avoid people; sometimes it heads right for them. Sometimes the duration of the ball is only a second; sometimes it lasts a minute or two. These may seem like

trivial distinctions, but they cause theorists no end of difficulties. Explanations that will work for a ball of one second's duration, for example, cannot account for a 10-second ball.

What are the primary characteristics of ball lightning? From hundreds of reports from all over the world, a general picture emerges:

Most reports are made during periods of thunderstorm activity. The balls usually, but not always, appear simultaneously with regular lightning flashes. Most of the time the balls are spherical and four to eight inches in diameter. They tend to maintain a constant brightness, sufficient to make them clearly visible in daylight. The balls usually move horizontally at a speed of a few yards per second. They may remain motionless or descend but rarely rise. Sometimes the balls "bounce" off the ground or other solid objects.

Witnesses seldom report a sensation of heat — strange when we consider that several persons have been burned and at least one barrel of water was brought to a boil when a lightning ball hit it. The balls often give off an odor, especially after they have exploded. The odor is typically described as like sulfur or, even more often, like ozone. The balls frequently move along metallic objects, such as fences or telephone lines; yet they most often enter houses through chimneys or windows, both screened and unscreened. They end their existence with either a silent or an explosive decay. An acrid smell

and — sometimes — a small mist remain in their wake.

HOW OFTEN does ball lightning strike?

It is hard to know with any degree of certainty because only a small percentage of sightings are ever reported. Nonetheless, in separate studies published in the mid-1960's, J. Rand McNally, Jr., and Warren D. Rayle surveyed employees of the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to find out if they had ever seen ball lightning. Five to 10 percent of both of these technically-sophisticated groups responded in the affirmative. Interestingly, Rayle also asked his subjects if they had ever seen the actual point on the ground at which a regular lightning bolt struck. This figure was about twice (15 percent) what the figure was for those who had seen ball lightning. This may suggest, since ordinary lightning strikes the earth about 10 million times a year, that ball lightning is far more common (even if it is not often observed) than generally believed.

Because ball lightning almost always accompanies a thunderstorm, is found near the place where regular lightning has struck the ground and occurs just after the ground strike, the conditions present in a thunderstorm may give a clue to what causes the phenomenon.

Many physicists would like to find a theoretical model for ball lightning because that would help them solve a

practical problem. If ball lightning is given its shape and sustained by hydromagnetic forces (magnetic forces controlling a plasma), then this might be a way of containing a thermonuclear reaction used to generate energy.

A plasma is a hot ionized gas in which ionization is virtually complete. In other words, all of the gas' molecules have broken apart into their individual atoms. Each atom carries either a positive or a negative charge when ionized, and the number of plus and minus charges is equal in a plasma.

Hydrogen (fission) nuclear reactions would be an ideal way to produce the heat needed to generate electricity via steam. This method would use only cheap and plentiful hydrogen gas as a fuel. But no one has yet been able to figure out how to keep the thermonuclear reaction contained inside any kind of vessel. It is so hot (40 million degrees) that it melts any conceivable container. Once the container melts, the radiation escapes. If some magnetic "container" (actually a force) could be devised to keep the super-hot gases (plasma) confined away from the container walls, the system might be practical for generating cheap electricity. Ball lightning may be an example of such a system. Unfortunately, as we shall see, this seems not to be the case.

Why is ball lightning so difficult to explain?

One central physical law is the conservation of energy, which holds that energy can be neither created nor

destroyed but only converted from and to matter. The way in which this applies to ball lightning is this: If we measure the amount of energy radiating from a given lightning ball over its lifetime, we can estimate how much energy the ball contained. We can then see how much energy would be liberated by the complete transformation of whatever matter and energy we think is in the ball. If that matter/energy is insufficient to produce the energy radiated during the ball's lifetime, then some external source must be found to bring the needed extra energy into the ball.

If we can't postulate such a mechanism of adequate scope, our explanation of what is in the lightning ball must be incorrect (assuming that our mathematical calculations of the amount of energy radiated were correct). You will recall that the lightning ball that ended up in the barrel of water enabled us to calculate some of these figures. It turns out the orange-sized ball contained about 10,000 joules of heat energy.

It is important to remember that in a number of instances the lifetime of the observed ball was estimated to be as long as one minute and possibly a little longer. A lightning ball that lasts this long produces many difficult problems for would-be explainers. A lifetime of this duration requires an energy content so high that there is no known way for it to be formed. One thousand joules would last about one second at the rate of radiation that ball lightning

appears to exhibit.

Since ball lightning has been seen many times to pass through solid objects (windows, doors, walls), often without leaving a hole, it must not contain much matter in solid form. In that case, all of the energy must be present as actual energy or as dissociated gas molecules. The intensity of the light in a given ball has always been reported to be enough to allow it to be seen in daylight outdoors. This would require an amount of power (to make the ball's gases glow brightly) that is greater than most models allow for more than one second. Also the ball must be kept together as a ball. This requires energy in itself, since the natural tendency of the materials in the ball would be to fly apart and dissipate.

On June 16, 1960, ball lightning in the form of an 18-inch-wide yellowish sphere penetrated the windshield of an air force KG-97 tanker flying over Elko, Nev. The ball traveled down most of the length of the plane before emerging over the right wing and disappearing. A case like this is enough to give a theorist nightmares. The airplane, of course, was made of metal and therefore should have acted as an effective shield against any energy coming from the outside to help sustain the ball. This ball also lasted at least 15 seconds, long enough to require outside energy, according to some of the theories.

Another instance of ball lightning inside an airplane was reported by an electrical engineering professor on

board Eastern Airlines Flight 539 from New York to Washington, D.C., on March 19, 1963. As the plane was passing through an electrical storm, it was illuminated by a bright lightning discharge outside. Seconds later a glowing sphere, about five inches in diameter and bluish-white in color, floated down the aisle of the airplane. Perfectly round, it made no noise and radiated no discernible heat.

In his report on the sighting the professor says nothing about the duration of the event. Nonetheless, since the ball was moving about five feet a second and traversed the whole length of the passenger compartment, a lifetime of at least 15 seconds is implied. There is also no mention of the ball's ultimate fate, although it seems likely that it simply exited the plane quietly. The most interesting thing about this report, by a trained observer, is the witness' remark that the ball appeared "almost solid." This probably means that the entire outside surface of the sphere was glowing and that it was not simply an internal "glow."

Microwave, electric, radio or heat energy — all of these figure in the various theories — could not have gotten through the metal fuselage. We can also eliminate antimatter as a possible cause of ball lightning. When antimatter (matter with exactly the opposite charges from those on normal matter on each of its subatomic particles) comes in contact with normal matter, both are annihilated, with only energy being produced. Antimatter

would have a difficult time getting through the body or window of an airplane without colliding with some regular matter, thus destroying itself.

* * *

LET US take another look at the case of the lightning ball that ended up in the barrel. Scientists were able to calculate that the energy in this ball (the size of an orange) amounted to 1360 kilocalories in 15 liters of water. This works out to about 10,000 joules.

If we assume that the ball puts out only about the equivalent amount of energy of a 100-watt lightbulb (this would be enough to supply light sufficient to account for the brightness of observed lightning balls), the 10,000 joules would be enough heat energy to allow for a several-minute lifetime for the ball.

Unfortunately, this amount of energy content would not be enough to account for the number of ball-lightning-related electrocutions in which one ball splits up into several smaller balls or in which the explosion accompanying the demise of a ball knocks people down blocks away.

Is it possible that there are two different types of ball lightning? Perhaps those that last a few minutes are simply the low-energy types, while the others are the high-energy ones.

Even this explanation has serious problems, however. First, many of the balls that electrocuted people lasted a minute or two. Second, the high-energy model would require a lifetime of no more than a second or two, plus

leave as a complete mystery the method by which the ball shape is maintained. The problem, then, is not that there could not be a low-energy type of ball lightning but rather that a high-energy model seems to be impossible; yet there certainly are high-energy lightning balls.

This is the heart of the mystery. We must find a way to explain the behavior of high-energy lightning balls without violating known physical laws.

TODAY ball-lightning research is thriving. In the laboratory scientists are striving to produce a kind of ball lightning — to replicate, in effect, work done earlier in this century by Nikola Tesla, the great electrical genius. Tesla discovered that small lightning balls (or, more precisely, their equivalent) were accidentally produced when some of his high-voltage generating equipment was turned off. The balls were about 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Although the balls Tesla made existed without electricity flowing into the equipment, they lasted only a second or two, as the high-energy theoretical model would predict. Perhaps these "balls" were really not the same as the ones produced by nature.

Another artificial source of what seems to be ball lightning appeared when the batteries of non-nuclear submarines had their circuit breakers opened. The current through the breakers was about 10,000 amps, a figure rarely encountered elsewhere. There was even an experiment conducted with

a railroad locomotive which had a submarine circuit breaker grafted into the circuit between the million-watt generator and the 2000-horsepower motor trucks beneath the train. When the circuit breaker was opened with a long broom handle (while the train was moving at 20 mph), the temperature in the locomotive cab went up from 60 degrees to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Small lightning balls were produced, although the scientist who did the work doesn't say how long they lasted — evidently not very long.

Obviously, neither of these experiments could easily be done in a laboratory unless it were equipped with special and expensive equipment, but it does seem possible to do some practical work on ball lightning under some laboratory conditions. There really is no other choice. An effort to observe so unpredictable a phenomenon in nature would be enormously time-consuming and, probably, fruitless.

Although Tesla claimed to have produced lightning balls which lasted more than a few seconds, his notes do not explain exactly how. At least that's what people who have read the notebooks at the Tesla Museum in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, have said.

And so the mystery continues. As is not yet the case with UFOs, the vast majority of physicists now accept the existence of ball lightning, even if they can neither create it nor explain it. Until someone duplicates it under controlled conditions, ball lightning will remain a real puzzle.

OPENING A DOOR TO THE UNKNOWN



The guests who came to our house were an odd lot: Most were invisible and they did the strangest things.

By Vikki Fay

I HAD no way of anticipating the bizarre consequences of my decision to write about the paranormal. It was the summer of 1968, the summer before my sophomore year in college, and I wanted to write a paper that would earn me extra credit in my next semester English class. How could I have known I was about to set into motion mysterious events that would plague the Patterson* household in Richardson, Tex., for the next 13 years?

As I read books on everything from telepathy to out-of-body experiences, one subject never failed to fascinate me: ghosts. Some of the books claimed that apparitions are manifestations of a surviving portion of the human personality which returns to reenact a personally traumatic event, to conclude some unfinished business or simply to continue a routine task with which the individual had been preoccupied

before death. Apparently the ghost has no idea that he or she is dead.

This struck a deeply compassionate chord in me. How terrible to die and not realize it, I thought, to try to exist in a world where one no longer belongs. I was so concerned over the plight of these confused spirits that I discussed the subject with a few close friends and I was thinking about it as I shut off the lamp and snuggled into bed late one August night.

An hour or so later I was awakened by the sound of someone walking around the foot of my bed. Although he had already moved out of my line of vision by the time I opened my eyes, I knew who it was. All summer long my brother Greg had been coming in late and sneaking into my room to get cigarettes from my purse. I didn't mind the cigarettes but I was getting a little annoyed with his waking me up. Tonight would be different.

I planned to remain on my side,

*All names are pseudonyms. The real names are on file at FATE's editorial office.

with my back to him, pretending to be asleep. When I heard my purse being opened, I would turn around on my back and say something like "boo!" or "caught ya!"

I waited but heard nothing. I knew Greg was in my room because I sensed his presence, even "felt" him watching me. So what was he waiting for? Did he know I was awake? That never stopped him from pilfering cigarettes before. Finally I could wait no longer.

Playfully I flipped over to confront him but what I saw was not Greg. There, bent over my bed, with his face only inches from mine, was the shape of a man. I say shape because he had no facial features—no eyes, nose or mouth. He was composed entirely of a grayish white smoke or vaporlike substance which was compressed into a solid-looking human form. The silhouette was unquestionably male, displaying a strong jaw, a thick neck and broad shoulders. Although the room was dark, I could see the apparition clearly as if the "smoke" possessed its own luminosity.

I have never known, either before or since that night, the terror I experienced at that moment. The manner in which he leaned over me, with his face directly above mine, was utterly horrifying. At last the apparition straightened and stood alongside the bed, his head lowered, as if he were gazing down at me.

"Wh—who are y-you?" I croaked

in a voice that sounded so alien that it added to my fright.

Almost as if he had let out a long sigh, those wide shoulders lifted, then sagged, and he tilted his head to one side. His entire posture seemed to suggest defeat or sadness. And then he simply vanished as if he had been absorbed by the wall behind him.

ISPOKE to no one of the incident and I truly wanted to believe I had only imagined it. After all, I reasoned, there had been no recent death in the family; moreover, our four-bedroom, two-story brick house, located in a north Dallas suburb, was barely a year old. Besides, what I had seen in no way resembled the ghosts I'd read about. Those ghosts were so natural-looking that many people mistook them for flesh-and-blood intruders.

But no matter how I tried to convince myself that the ghostly figure had been a hallucination, a nagging suspicion remained: Was it possible that my heartfelt empathy had been powerful enough to open some sort of door for the apparition? Incredibly, that suspicion was soon confirmed.

After that night the atmosphere in the house changed drastically. People visiting our home began describing it as "gloomy," "spooky" and "peculiar-feeling." I was continually troubled by an eerie sensation of being watched. I'd turn

around quickly, sure that I'd catch someone standing behind me. My younger sister Stephanie grew increasingly reluctant to spend any time alone in her room. She complained that night after night she would make certain her closet door was firmly shut, only to find it open again in the morning.

Then came the heavy footsteps, frequently heard on the staircase and upstairs hall. In time unbearably frigid cold spots, mysterious voices, sudden crashing noises, unexplained extension-phone pickups, the sound of someone's unlocking and entering the front door, and light switches that went off and on at odd hours all became common occurrences.

One evening as she was entering the house, Stephanie watched in amazement as the television channels began changing rapidly, seemingly of their own volition. The television "on" switch was not engaged and there was no picture on the screen; yet the tiny red light, which usually indicated that the set was turned on, glowed behind each swiftly moving channel number.

We would soon learn, however, that these were only minor incidents and that our ghost was not just clever and calculating — he could also be downright nasty.

In 1975 Mark and I had been married for five years and our son Andrew was three. We were living in our own home, a few miles from

my parents' house. In November of that year my parents separated. Greg moved into an apartment and only Mother and Stephanie lived in the house. The haunting worsened.

One night Mother woke up needing to go to the bathroom. But instead of entering the master bath, she felt inexplicably compelled to look into the dresser mirror. As she approached the glass, she screamed in horror. Instead of her own reflection she was confronted with the image of a tall, burly man. He wore a tattered brown overcoat and an old felt hat pulled low over his eyes. Mother's knees nearly buckled. After a few moments the man's image was slowly replaced by her own dim reflection.

It had become a family tradition for Dad to give Stephanie at least one doll every Christmas, even after she had long since stopped playing with them. She kept these dolls, still packed in their original boxes, in her bedroom closet. At the bottom of the stack were two dolls she disliked. She had once told me they had funny-looking faces and they gave her "the creeps."

After enduring a particularly grim night on the couch in the den (it had been over a year since Stephanie had slept in her own room) — she had listened to the now-familiar footsteps repeatedly ascend and descend the stairs — she went to her bedroom. There on the bed, staring at her through their

cellophane windows, were the two dolls she disliked! I think that was the day my sister came to genuinely despise her own home. As far as she was concerned, pulling those two particular dolls from the bottom of her closet had not been an act of random selection.

When Mark left town on a business trip, Andy and I spent a few days with Mother. Mom had been using my bedroom as a sewing/laundry room and because of all the clutter I spent the nights on the living-room couch, while Andy slept on a pallet beside me.

Around three o'clock one morning I was jolted off the couch by a resounding thud which came from my bedroom. I rushed to the foot of the stairs and listened. Soft shuffling noises issued from my room and I heard what sounded like paper crinkling and objects being moved across a table or dresser top. And then, astonishingly, I recognized the distinctive whir of the sewing machine being operated for a few seconds at high speed.

Later that day I fished Andy's jeans and favorite shirt out of the pile of clean laundry I had left on my bed the previous evening. After I helped him into his shirt, Andy began tugging at the back of the garment. I turned him around and saw that the bottom of the shirt had been gathered up into folds that were held in place by a two- or three-inch line of stitching which

ran parallel to the hem. The stitching had been done on a sewing machine and the navy blue thread matched the color of the shirt.

This was insane! Andy had worn his favorite shirt as many as four times a week since I bought it. In fact, he'd worn it only the day before. That stitching could not have gone unnoticed. Yet when I checked there was no thread on the sewing machine and none in the bobbin case.

IN THE SPRING of 1977 Mother experienced three bizarre episodes which finally confirmed what I had suspected all along: The ghost saw and overheard everything that went on in the house and he was quite capable of manipulating physical objects.

Twice one day, while I was in my own home, I thought I heard a faint, high-pitched squeal of a bat coming from our attic. When Mark checked it out, he found no bat — or anything else, for that matter. Mom and I joked about it on the phone that night. Two days later the joke became reality.

Around 5:00 A.M. Mother was abruptly awakened by a slap across the face. She sensed that it had not been delivered by a human hand; she knew she had been hit by an animal of some sort. For reasons she has never been able to explain, she got up and walked directly to Stephanie's room and turned on the

light. Sure enough, there, resting in Stephanie's open jewelry box, was a small brown bat. The next day she had the house thoroughly examined and was told that the only way a bat could have entered the premises was through the front or back door.

Aware of the bat's sophisticated radar system, I thought it odd that the creature had struck Mother. But it was a real bat — nothing spooky about that — so I didn't give it much thought.

The following week I went to Mother's to bake cookies for one of Andy's school functions. Her kitchen contained all the necessary ingredients except one: the waxed paper on which the cookies would be cooled. When I asked her if there wasn't just one small piece of waxed paper in the house, she replied, "Not even a scrap."

Three days later Mom woke up to discover she couldn't hear out of her left ear. Probing the inside of the ear, she extracted a piece of waxed paper about one-half-inch wide and three inches long. It had been neatly folded into a small wad and inserted into her ear.

When she told me what had happened, an alarm sounded in my brain. We had discussed bats over the phone; a few days later Mother was hit by a bat. She had assured me there wasn't a "scrap" of waxed paper in the house; three days later that nonexistent scrap of waxed paper ended up wedged in her ear.

Coincidence? I didn't think so.

A short time afterwards I was at the house and Stephanie and I were teasing Mother about her inability to get her pierced earrings on or off without using a mirror. It was a typically insignificant exchange between mother and daughters, one I would not have remembered had it not been for what happened two days later.

Mother woke up to a throbbing ache in her left ear. The pain was centered on her earlobe and so she stood at the bathroom mirror as she removed the pierced earring fastener. To her surprise there was a second fastener on the same earring post. Both fasteners, jammed on the same post, had created so much pressure on her earlobe that blood gushed from the hole in her ear. The right earring fastener was still in place. She had no idea where the third fastener had come from and all her other earring fasteners were accounted for.

That was all I needed to hear. It was bad enough that the ghost could listen in and act on our conversations but it really frightened me that he was able to tamper with my mother's sleeping body. I became extremely cautious about what I said to Mom, either in the house or over the phone. It was as if the house had been psychically bugged.

MOTHER sold the house in April 1981. She was faced

with the exhausting task of streamlining the furnishings and belongings of a four-bedroom home into those of a one-bedroom apartment. At last she had all the furniture she was not taking with her removed.

That night she was roused from a deep sleep by three deafening raps which seemed to shake the very foundations of the house. She jumped out of bed, not knowing what to do or whom to call. Again the three booming raps reverberated throughout the house. They were followed by the sound of furniture being knocked over and dragged across the carpeted floor. The noise was coming from Stephanie's bedroom.

Mother told me that she must have listened to furniture being upended and dragged for over 10 minutes. And then all was silent. Of course, with the exception of Mother's room, there was not a piece of furniture anywhere upstairs.

Two nights before Mom was to vacate the house, I began packing the belongings stored in and on the built-in bookshelf. The bookshelf was set below the large window in the den and its top created a spacious windowsill. This was where Mother kept her small cassette recorder. I came across four audio cassette tapes which had been left there by one of Greg's friends six years earlier.

No one had ever bothered to

listen to or remove the tapes so they had remained there, stacked in the windowsill, all that time. They were without protective cases and nothing was written on the labels to indicate what was on them. Because of its long exposure to the sun the label on the top cassette was badly faded. I asked Mom if she wanted to throw them out but she said we'd wait until the following day to pack the bookshelf items. I left the tapes as I had found them.

The next evening I let out a loud gasp of surprise as I glanced down at the top cassette, the one with the faded label. Written in pencil, in a strangely erratic fashion, crude block letters spelled out the words "The Move."

As a graphologist (handwriting analyst) I immediately recognized the neurotic qualities of the writing: the emotional immaturity, the explosive impulsiveness, the angry frustration and depression. Was I actually getting a clue to the ghost's personality?

Among Mother's few unpacked belongings a pencil could not be found. Once again the ghost seemed to have access to materials not in the house.

Later, when I listened to the tape, I learned that it was a recording of a young people's party. Their conversation was so boring that I nearly fell asleep — until about midway through the first side the voices suddenly clicked off. An eerie si-

lence replaced them: not the silence of unrecorded tape but the silence of a large and empty room. This went on for five or six minutes. Then abruptly the young people's voices switched back on, their party in full swing.

Two years later I again listened to the tape. I was astonished to find that the "silent room" portion had

vanished. Both sides of the cassette were filled with that boring party.

I recently contacted the present owners of the house. They assured me that nothing unusual has ever taken place there. Perhaps, when the ghost realized the Patterson family was never coming back, he chose to exit through that same door I had opened all those years ago.



WISHING ON A BIRD

By Ida M. Pardue

EVER MAKE A wish on a star? A wishbone? By tossing a coin into a well? It isn't that easy in Japan, where at least one kind of wish-charm means lots of work.

One morning, our young maid, Sadako, was demonstrating paper folding. Finishing a long-legged, sharp-beaked bird, she held her creation up and boasted, "I make 1000 of these."

"One thousand?" I asked, certain I had heard wrong.

"Hai," she insisted. "One thousand."

"Whatever for?" I questioned in amazement.

Sadako giggled explaining, "Japanese custom. Make 1000 birds, hang by string in room. Then make wish. But," she added wistfully, "my wish not come true yet." Not, she went on to explain, that she

hadn't made every single bird herself. Had anyone helped, the charm would not have worked.

Sadako's birds were all alike, delicate and silvery because each was made from a single tinfoil cigarette wrapper. Completing the 1000 birds took over 2½ months, with Sadako making a few each night after work. Each bird required about four minutes of her time.

Sadako's wish-birds were no doubt cranes. In ancient times the Japanese believed that the lifespan of the crane was 1000 years, so it came to be regarded as a symbol for long life and happiness.

Sadako spoke lightly of her bird-making weeks, even referring to the art as an old country custom, but the birds went right on flying in her home.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

by Paul Steiner

In her autobiography *Myrna Loy—Being and Becoming*, the legendary actress recalls, “There is an old Swedish saying that when a bird hits a window someone is going to die. While I was wandering around my California house, I walked into the parlor and a bird hit one of the windows. A few minutes later the telephone rang. Someone else answered it for me and started to cry and I knew right away that my father was dead.”

●

Alan Turning, the British inventive genius on whom the Broadway play *Breaking the Code* is based, built the first computer in 1949 in Manchester. He got into trouble as a homosexual when that was still illegal in Britain and was sacked as a security risk and given two choices — two years in prison or an experimental series of hormone treatments. He chose the estrogen injections which caused him to grow breasts. He died in June 1954 after eating an apple he had coated with cyanide. His favorite movie had always been *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, in which Snow White eats a poison apple.

In May 1913 when the then shocking and controversial Nijinsky-Diaghilev-Stravinsky ballet *Le Sacre Du Printemps* (The Rite of Spring) had its premiere in Paris, one of the rare earthquakes in that area occurred. In 1987 the Joffrey Ballet decided to recreate this ballet — dealing with pre-Christian rites in what is now Russia — as faithfully to the original as possible. While the Joffrey company rehearsed in summer in Iowa, there was a minor quake. When *Sacre* premiered at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles, there was a widely reported quake, and during the next performance the aftershock occurred. Maybe by now nature’s turmoil had been sated — during Joffrey’s New York *Sacre* premiere, the earth remained quiet.

●

Eccentrics live longer than their more conventional brethren, says David Weeks, a psychologist at Royal Edinburgh Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland. “It may be because they have a very strong sense of self and purpose in life,” adds Weeks in *Longevity*. He is conducting a study of 200 unconventional persons.

BOOKS

NEWS & REVIEWS

by Jerome Clark



HAPPY DAYS

IT HAS BEEN a long time since ufology was as interesting a pursuit as it has been in the past two or three years. And there has never been a time when ufologists' prospects seemed so hopeful as now.

During the last weekend in June I spoke at the annual convention (held this year in Lincoln, Nebr.) of the Mutual UFO Network, where investigators reported on new developments on the abduction front (Walter N. Webb, David M. Jacobs, Budd Hopkins), in the MJ-12 enigma (Jaime Shandera) and on the remarkable (and controversial) close-encounter/photographic case from Gulf Breeze, Fla. (Walter H. Andrus, Jr., Bruce Maccafee). All of these are among the new developments, new evidence and new possibilities which are emerging rapidly, faster, perhaps, than either ufologists or UFO debunkers can absorb them. (The 241-page *MUFON 1988 International UFO Symposium Proceedings* is available from MUFON, 103 Oldtowne Rd., Seguin, Tex. 78155, for \$16.50 postpaid.)

Along with interesting UFO-related developments, the 1980's have seen a growing maturity and professionalism

among ufologists (and a corresponding shrillness among their critics; for a particularly grotesque example, see Martin Gardner's near-hysterical ad hominem assault on Budd Hopkins and his publisher in a recent *Skeptical Inquirer*). Part of this maturity has come about, of course, through long experience. Ufologists, like anybody else, learn from their mistakes. But in recent years ufology has also benefited from the growing involvement of scientific, medical and mental-health professionals in UFO investigation.

Indeed, to all appearances a quiet revolution is taking place. Attitudes are starting to change as the poverty of the debunkers' case becomes ever more apparent and the puzzling nature of the UFO phenomenon intrigues scientists eager to take on a challenge with a potentially explosive payoff. These professionals are finding, as ufologists had long before them, that the best UFO cases are not easily explainable and seem to point to an extraordinary cause.

Of particular interest to psychologists and psychiatrists is the abduction phenomenon. All over the country ufologists are working side by side with mental-health professionals as they seek, through direct investigation, the

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answer to the mystery posed by astonishingly consistent reports of ostensible kidnappings by extraterrestrial intelligences. Without exception those professionals who have bothered to investigate the reports themselves have confessed to bafflement. Without exception those who claim otherwise (and whose speculations regularly appear in *Skeptical Inquirer*) have not bestirred themselves from the armchair. The consensus of educated opinion is that, as the famous Yale University psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton stated on network television last year, the abduction phenomenon has yet to be explained and merits serious investigation.

What the abduction phenomenon means, on the other hand, is something we don't yet know, so there is room for reasonable persons to disagree about its nature and significance. Many ufologists (especially in Europe and Australia) hold what might be called a "dream theory" of abductions, theorizing that the events are powerful visionary experiences which occur in altered states of consciousness and which have nothing to do with any intelligence other than our own. Few if any mental-health professionals with investigative experience endorse this view, holding that there is no known psychological mechanism that could account for either the content of the abduction stories or the associated evidence (multiple witnesses, physical effects and so on). Even so, there is an understandable reluctance, in both the UFO and scientific communities, to endorse so earthshaking an interpretation as the literal one: that people are being snatched by humanoids from another solar system.

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phenomenon appears in Jenny Randles' *Abduction* (Robert Hale, London, England, 1988, 240 pages, £10.95). What makes the book especially worthwhile is that the author, a respected British ufologist, is concerned primarily with non-American cases; almost all previous books on the subject have dealt, mostly or exclusively, with American reports. If abductions are subjective, culturally-shaped experiences, as some theorists have contended, we would expect abduction narratives in foreign countries to be different from our own. In fact, they are, but, it turns out, not by much.

North and South American cases are "very much alike," Randles writes. Ninety percent feature small, large-head, bug-eyed little men. Elsewhere, however, the abductors are described as tall, thin and rather more humanlike. Nonetheless the procedures the abductors use, wherever they operate, are identical — as the folklorist Thomas E. Bullard had earlier shown in his massive 600-page study, *UFO Abductions: The Measure of a Mystery*, (1987). Randles finds fascinating parallels that even Dr. Bullard (discoverer of such heretofore-unnoticed phenomena in the data as "doorway amnesia") missed and, moreover, apparent confirmation of the gynecological/genetic aspects of the experience first publicized in Hopkins' *Intruders* (reviewed in June 1987 FATE) but described in obscure, unpublished foreign cases long before that book was written or its findings known.

Randles also finds (as, again, had Bullard) that the favorite "explanation" of armchair theorists — that "abductions" are hypnotically-generated fantasies — is disconfirmed in the data.

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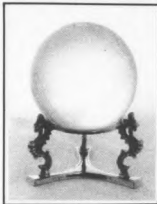
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Fully one-third of all abduction accounts are consciously recalled and these are different in no significant way from those recounted under hypnosis. In other words, whatever causes the abduction phenomenon, it does not seem to be the process of hypnosis.

Randles ends up with a provocative (although to me unconvincing) hypothesis which seeks to wed ET and dream-theory interpretations of abduction experiences. But whether you agree or disagree with her speculations about the larger meaning of the abduction phenomenon, you will appreciate the care and objectivity she brings to her survey. Randles has written a number of worthwhile UFO books, but this one is her finest to date.

Another splendid state-of-the-art look at ufology is Richard Hall's *Uninvited Guests* (Aurora Press, Santa Fe, N. Mex., 1988, 381 pages, \$14.00, paperback). Active in the ufology since 1950's, Hall is one of the subject's most respected figures, long known for his keen eye, good sense and sober intelligence. All are in evidence in what is, in effect, an afterword and update to the classic *The UFO Evidence* (1964), an encyclopedic work Hall compiled while working for the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena.

Guests consists of catalogs of highly evidential cases: radar-visual incidents, electromagnetic-interference reports, ground traces, and close encounters of all kinds, along with short essays in which Hall discusses their significance. He also addresses the debunkers' case (notably more feeble than it once was, as will be apparent to anyone who compares the CSICOP version of the UFO phenomenon with the broader,

more accurate one Hall here portrays) as well as the (alleged) cover-up and the assorted theories ufologists have advanced over the years. Hall argues forcefully that the nuts-and-bolts extraterrestrial hypothesis best fits the data.

Abductions and Uninvited Guests can be read with profit both by experienced ufologists and by educated laypersons seeking an overview of the UFO phenomenon. The two books are testament to the happy state of the UFO literature in the 1980's.

OTHER REVIEWS

A GUIDE TO VELIKOVSKY'S SOURCES by Bob Forrest, Stonehenge Viewpoint, Santa Barbara, Calif., 1987, 112 pages, \$8.00, paperback.

book by Immanuel Velikovsky raise your right hand. I'll bet that the majority of you with a hand in the air are pushing 50 or, like me, pulling it. Back in the days when Eisenhower was in the White House and Howdy Doody was on the tube, Velikovsky was hot stuff.

The psychiatrist-scholar contended that the earth had been swept by a series of cataclysmic events in historic times and that the events had been so terrible that as a result mankind suffered from a kind of collective amnesia about them, but the memory of the events could be found buried in the myths and legends of all lands. Velikovsky said that he was the only one to discover the key that would unlock these secrets and that as a result science and history would have to be completely revised.

When his first book *Worlds in Collision* was published, it stirred up a fierce

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controversy. Even today when a new catastrophic theory is proposed, like the one about the comet and the extinction of the dinosaurs, some of Velikovsky's aging and dwindling band of disciples will rise up and say, "You see, the master was right all along." But there is little passion to it anymore. Immanuel Velikovsky is little more than an obscure footnote today.

That's why the mere existence of a book like *A Guide to Velikovsky's Sources* written in the 1980's surprised me. Moreover, Bob Forrest informs us that he is also the author of a seven-volume privately-printed work called *Velikovsky's Sources* (reviewed in December 1986 FATE) of which this paperback is only an abridgement and rearrangement. Why bother checking up on Velikovsky at this late date? Well, I guess some people like to build replicas of the Brooklyn Bridge out of toothpicks too.

Velikovsky's science, such as it is, was the focus of most of the controversy when his books were first published. Forrest takes up his use of myths and legend. Forrest himself is a mathematician and thus an amateur in the study of myth and legend, but he points out that Velikovsky too was an amateur.

Forrest's original work, which made him understandably unpopular with Velikovsky supporters, argued that Velikovsky, to put it most charitably, misused his sources. He quoted only those bits and pieces that he could force into supporting his scenario and left out everything else. And sometimes, Forrest says, Velikovsky simply invented evidence.

In *Worlds in Collision* Velikovsky refers at some length to a Shoshoena

story of Cottontail, a mythological rabbit who tried to kill the sun. This is supposed to support his theory of worldwide cataclysm. But Velikovsky gave his readers only a small part of the story. Forrest quotes the whole thing which he correctly characterizes as "illogical and dreamlike." Huge chunks of this tale do not fit the Velikovsky scenario at all but he made no attempt to explain them or even mention them. Says Forrest, "Would it not be just as misguided, for example, to start interpreting the pool of tears in *Alice in Wonderland* as a 'memory' of some real historic flood?"

Forrest concludes that *Worlds* is "something of a 'crank book'" but that perhaps the subject of catastrophe in mythology is worthy of more serious and scrupulous study than Velikovsky gave it.

Forrest's volume is valuable, even if

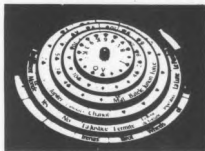
you are not interested in Velikovsky, for he wasn't the first to use myth and legend to try to construct a grand and revolutionary theory and he won't be the last. Forrest shows us, in painstaking detail, just what a slippery technique this can be. — *Daniel Cohen.*

DARK SECRETS OF THE NEW AGE by Texe Marrs, Crossway Books, Westchester, Ill., 1987, 288 pages, \$8.95, paperback.

Who is Texe Marrs and why is he making such chilling charges against the New Age movement?

According to *Dark Secrets of the New Age*, the New Age movement is an insidious effort by Satan to subvert the truth of Christianity with demonic occultism and satanic worship. Satan's plan is to establish a one-world gov-

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ernment and a world religion which will unite all faiths. All, that is, except Christianity. Christians — or those who oppose this world religion — will be terminated by New Age authorities. They will be sent to another world for "reeducation."

Marrs, a former air force officer and former assistant professor of aerospace studies at the University of Texas at Austin, bases his deductions on the premise that Satan will deceive the world (through the New Age movement), set up a totalitarian regime under the anti-Christ (Lord Maitreya) and persecute Christians who oppose his system. Marrs gets these ideas from his reading of the Book of Revelation. He also takes quotes out of context from New Age authors David Spangler, Lola Davis and Marilyn Ferguson and makes them appear supportive of a satanic takeover.

Marrs states that New Agers characterize fundamentalist Christianity as bigoted and narrow-minded. This is a ploy to discredit the legitimacy of Christianity. He fails to note, however, that it is fundamentalist Christians who pressure school districts to remove textbooks that do not coincide with their religious beliefs and it is fundamentalist Christians who picket newsstands that sell books and magazines that they find objectionable.

If one examines Marrs' statements, one can see hidden therein the agenda of the Christian Right. For example, Marrs states (page 204), "The Plan of the New Age is to take over every Christian church and every Jewish temple in the world and to turn these great and small architectural structures into

centers of the New Age World Religion. This is an absolute fact." Substitute "Christian Right" for "New Age" and you have the stated intentions of the Christian Right.

To Marrs the New Age jeopardizes the well-being of the world. He says a final showdown is inevitable and declares that God will win, although only after a horrible war. He writes, "Satan will eventually produce the Antichrist who will be an evil person outdoing any and all evil rulers who have ever lived. Even Hitler will have been a pale imitation."

Marrs has little if any understanding of New Age doctrine. Sadly, many people believe what anti-New Age writers such as Marrs say and they view with paranoid suspicion any vaguely "New Age" idea, whether it's yoga, meditation or visualization or an unfamiliar religious belief.

Fear is what this book is about. Not just fear of what Marrs believes is a threat to Christianity but a fear of new ideas and of different beliefs. God, however, is the exclusive property of no one. Marrs and his anti-New Age colleagues should take note. — *Joel Bjorling.*

ALSO NOTABLE

ON DREAMS AND DEATH by Marie-Louise von Franz, Shambhala, Boston, Mass., 1987, 193 pages, \$12.95, paperback.

Noted Jungian psychologist von Franz examines "the manner in which nature, through dreams, prepares us for death." She also considers psychic experiences suggestive of survival. This absorbing and insightful book, an inquiry into the nature of the soul, is something of a masterpiece.

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, 3510 Western Ave., Highland Park, Ill. 60035

RED NETWORK PUZZLE

John Bessor asks in "Report from the Readers" (July 1988 FATE) if there was a red network in the late 1920's. Yes, the NBC radio network was so large that it was divided into the red and blue networks.

Around 1948 the blue network became the American Broadcasting Company. I have been in radio for 35 years and have never heard the name Maiva Nye. I can tell you that there were no female staff announcers at that time. Check with the NBC radio network at 30 Rockefeller Plaza in New York to determine if Maiva Nye ever worked there. The network moved to that address early in the 1930's.

As to the mystery voice itself, radio personnel are well aware that under certain circumstances radio signals can be detected on virtually any type of amplifier. Could it have been a CB radio or two-way transmission that the cassette deck picked up?—*Phil Painter, Wall, N.J.*

Around 1934 both a red network and a blue network existed. The latter, called the National Broadcasting Company,

was coast to coast and the more powerful. I was told long ago that this is the present NBC. The red network, known as the Columbia Broadcasting Company, was not so easy to receive because of its distance and lack of power which caused the station to fade out.

The number 100 could have been the number on the radio dial denoting from where Maiva Nye was broadcasting.

As a child I remember the adults talking about strange sounds and voices heard over the radio which did not originate from the radio station. At that time not much was known about radio waves. The fact that a voice came from a box was held in awe.

Since there were no protective shields, such as those used by ham operators today to protect TV reception, any sounds might have come over the radio. Static was one of the most annoying factors. The local library should have something about this puzzle.—*D. Longfoot, Pineville, La.*

UFO CRASHES

In the middle to late 1940's the *Daily News* or *Daily Mirror* of New York City printed an article about a saucer land-

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ing, claiming one of the occupants was still alive and that the authorities were conducting an intensive investigation.

Along with the article was a photograph of a three- to four-foot "humanoid" said to resemble a rhesus monkey on a long, narrow table. Two men in white medical jackets stood beside the table. The creature was on its back, knees bent, and looked to me like a proportionately correct small human.

I was fascinated and completely convinced of the authenticity of the story. I searched daily for the promised follow-up articles, but to no avail. The series never appeared. It hadn't occurred to me, as young as I was, to check with the newspaper and I've often wished I had saved the article. Had anyone else seen the article?—*Stefani G. Thomas, Bellingham, Wash.*

In 1985 I wrote to various federal agencies requesting information regarding the Roswell incident of 1947. I received a statement detailing the Freedom of Information act and another statement explaining that my interest was appreciated.

About one month later I wrote an angry editorial about the public's need to know the truth about this event. I sent this letter to President Reagan, and months afterwards I received a registered letter not from Reagan, but from the FBI. I was told to please refrain from any further correspondence with the agency on the matter. Enclosed with the note was some basic UFO literature presumably to appease my curiosity. Could your readers explain just what is going on?—*Joseph G. Vento, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

NASA PHOTO FALLACIES

Once again we are shown "proof" of the existence of alien structures on the moon and of NASA's cover-up of them (January 1988 "Report from the Readers"). Unfortunately the presentation of this "proof" follows an all-too-familiar pattern.

Someone exhibits either a blow-up from a motion picture frame (as here) or a press release print. The latter is always by necessity an indeterminate number of generations removed from the original negative, the former enlarged from a small format, usually 16mm, once again a number of generations removed from the original. Because it is intended only for general large-scale release, there is little quality control. Somewhere in the blobs and patterns of grain, contrast and soft-focus, shapes and arrangements can be found by persons with

overactive imaginations. Imaginative persons then compare these photos to either first-generation prints or photos of the same areas taken by higher resolution cameras and are not able to find their mysterious structures. Therefore, they reason, NASA has removed them by retouching the photos and there is obviously a big cover-up going on.

But these people never seem to question that part of the answer to the mysteriously vanishing objects might lie in the fact that they *inevitably* go from low-resolution photos or that the increase in detail and resolution might be the answer to the disappearing structures — or that for an agency so keen on maintaining a cover-up, NASA makes readily available photos and films showing just the things it is supposed to be covering up. — *Ron Miller, Fredericksburg, Va.*



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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 116)

FLAPPING OBJECTS

I have just finished reading Gordon Stein's superb article "Unidentified Flapping Objects" (May 1988 FATE), and without a doubt it is one of the most sober, scientifically written pieces on this puzzling phenomenon.

Willy Ley made some discussion of the discovery of proto-bird fossils in chapter five of *Salamanders and Other Wonders* — a rare book and one of Ley's best natural history tomes. Ley was openly and guardedly optimistic about the abominable snowman, but did not make any comment on avian living fossils. Mention of Bernard Heuvelmans was again reigniting an old flame — he still is one of the better cryptozoologists.

The monster birds have, of course, figured in cinematic science fiction, being appropriately "monster" enough and remotely plausible. A couple of science-fiction adventure films made in the 1950's dealt with this subtheme.

Again, a good show. The flapping objects are surely of interest. — K. Chris Hamel, Jersey City, N.J.

"COIN" HARVEY'S PYRAMID

What memories the article about "Coin" Harvey's pyramid brought back! (See "Mystery Pyramid of the Ozarks," July 1987 FATE.) I have been there many times and its fascination never lessened. We used to go in a group to the ice cream factory at Rogers, Ark., pick up gallons of ice cream and go to Monte Ne to eat it, sitting on Coin's cement couches. The place seemed enchanted, out of another world. We usually stayed until after dark — well-chaperoned, of course.

I remember being in one of those hotels but for the life of me I can't remember how we got in. At that time — the late 1940's and early 1950's — the hotels were still in good shape. I don't know who owned them but the hotels were kept up and we were free to enjoy the place. I don't think I ever saw anyone except our group there.

That corner of the Ozarks has always attracted unusual people. There were a lot of Coin Harveys who made money and retreated to the beautiful area. Now much of it is being despoiled, in part by the growth of wealth.

My father could remember when Coin Harvey stayed overnight with them. My grandfather, a native of Kentucky, was a good friend of Harvey's. Dad said that Harvey had "marked" (put signs up) national highways at his own expense.

It is sad that something as unique as Monte Ne should not be appreciated. — Carolyn Keith Moore, Beech Bottom, W.Va.

WILD BOARS' SIGNIFICANCE

In "Mysterious Return of Britain's Wild Boar" (September 1987 FATE)

Michael Goss discusses the possibility that escaped domestic pigs over several generations might revert to a physical resemblance to their wild ancestors.

There is a legend in Arkansas that when DeSoto was exploring west of the Mississippi, several domestic pigs escaped from the Spanish and settled in the Ozarks. After several generations these pigs came to look like wild boars. Later, when the Ozarks were settled by the white man, these pigs proved to be a great menace to crops and livestock and had to be hunted down and killed. They were said to be dark-red in color and had tusks. They came to be known as the Arkansas razorbacks. — Philip Holthoff, Gould, Ark.

The return of the wild boar to England has to do with the earthbound spirit of Richard III whose coat-of-arms bore the emblem of a white boar. When a white boar appears on the countryside or in a forest in England, it will signify that Richard Plantagenet's spirit will have been released from earth and he will have been totally vindicated. The appearances of *Sus scrofa* are only heralding the ultimate appearance of *Blaunche Sanglier*, the white boar. — Moody Blanchard, Sacramento, Calif

GROWING UP IN SPIRIT

Thank you for "The Psychic World of Dying Children" (September 1987 FATE). It reminded me of an experience I would like to share.

My brother died at the age of seven. About 30 years later, when our niece was about to be married, his spirit visited me. In a telepathic conversation he told me she was very happy and was making a good marriage. He said, "I've

been watching over her."

I replied, "Oh, you sweet child!"

"I am not a child," he said.

Afterward, I wondered how a disembodied spirit could grow up. I've heard of spirits of youthful appearance but never of one whose age advanced. — *Jeanne Bradford, Pollock Pines, Calif.*

THE CASE OF CAYCE

I'd like to locate a book called *The Outer Limits of Edgar Cayce's Power*, which examines the validity of the Cayce readings.—*D. Sherman, 1915 S. Crescent Blvd., Yardley, Pa. 19067.*

CHANNELERS CHALLENGE

I am interested in corresponding with persons who are followers of trance channelers. In particular, I would like to hear from persons who have left trance

channelers.

I am compiling research for a book on mediumship and channeling which is sponsored by the Institute for the Study of American Religion. This book is not an expose and all correspondence will be confidential. — *Joel Bjorling, R.R. 2, Gilson, Ill. 61436.*

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

I am compiling a list of persons who have reason to believe that they were historical figures in a previous life. If you are in this category, please send details on who you were previously and why you believe this. If you are willing to have your present identity revealed in a forthcoming book, please give me your permission. — *Charles W. Moody, 729 Euclid Ave., Miami Beach, Fla. 33139.*



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