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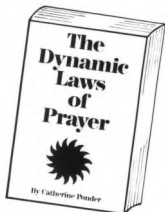
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FROM THE EDITOR

Although the crusade against the paranormal is usually associated with the humanist movement, which characterizes religious belief as "irrational" — CSICOP was initially sponsored by the American Humanist Association, and CSICOP director Paul Kurtz, a leading humanist philosopher, holds that acceptance of anomalies is just another form of religion — another kind of antiparanormal crusade is spreading, this one led by Christian fundamentalists. A growing literature lumps everything from academic parapsychology to New Age crystal-gazing together as notions inspired by Satan and advocated by his earthly agents. In this issue Perry Lake relates how fundamentalist pickets drove a New Age bookstore out of a California town. Perhaps we should be grateful that this is *all* that happened; in England psychic bookstores have been firebombed by fundamentalist zealots.

Karl P.N. Shuker continues his exploration of some of cryptozoology's less-famous mysteries and reviews the evidence for unknown bears, the more monstrous specimens of which may be survivors from prehistoric ages. Italian parapsychologist Paola Giovetti surveys the near-death experience as it occurs in her country and Lawrence Jerome reports the results of his survey of FATE readers who use crystals for purposes of divination . . . Enjoy the issue!

Jerome Clark

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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

*Robert Rosenthal, writing in his book **Experimenter Effects in Behavioral Research**, cautions that unsuccessful replication (of experiments) is so common in the biological sciences that "we hardly know what it means. . . ." Minute changes in procedure may have unexpected importance, initial and subsequent samples may not be equivalent and unperceived subtle differences in the interactions between experimenters and subjects may be crucial. Failure to replicate cannot be held against a psychical investigator, it simply means his findings are neither confirmed nor disproved. Only if, after innumerable attempts, no one else ever gets a similar result, is it fair to assume that otherwise conclusive findings must have been flawed.*

— D.J. West
in *Parapsychology Review*

WHAT IS wrong with this statement?

Where there is an effect there must be a cause.

The problem is the definition of "cause." The late J.B. Rhine believed that the physical explanation for psi would never be found. There are many aspects of psi and many kinds of parapsychological claims, and it is highly likely that if explanations are never found for them, they will differ from each other.

Little by little new findings are pointing the way, however. At the Universidad Nacional Autonoma de Mexico, Jacobo Grinberg-Zylberbaum and Julieta Ramos have shown that when two subjects are attempting to feel each other's presence, the brain waves between the two hemispheres show increased synchrony.

IN A 1981 book Grinberg-Zylberbaum theorized that neuronal fields can interact and alter each other. This would seem to be an early step in tracing psi communication. The recent study, reported in *Brain/Mind Bulletin*, showed a remarkable similarity in many of the paired EEG records of



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the subjects. There did not have to be any close personal relationship between the pairs of communicators.

The experiments took place in a soundproof darkened Faraday cage which filtered out all electromagnetic activity. The pairs were instructed to close their eyes and to try to communicate by becoming aware of the other's presence and to signal the experimenter when they felt this had occurred.

There was no talking or touching during sessions. Some subjects said they had felt physical sensations and others said they had active images and thoughts of their partners. The experimenters reported an increasing similarity of EEG patterns between the pairs as the session continued.

The judging was impartial. The judges were shown all possible combinations of the EEG patterns recorded and were asked to make matches between them. They were able to identify the patterns produced by the partners 70 percent of the time.

While this Mexican experiment certainly indicates that some sort of communication passed between the partners, there is no proof that it involved psi; in fact, it may have been quite a different phenomenon. Nor is there any indication of the mechanisms involved or suggestions of how they may be put to practical use. But it is a good start

which deserves continuing work.

MUCH MORE is becoming known about the interactions of mind and body in health matters than parapsychologists have discovered in purely psychical research. The main reason is probably that the benefits of better health are more practical than telepathy, for example. Although some diehards will contest it, the evidence is already overwhelming that the body's immune system — meaning its defense against disease — and the mind are virtually inseparable.

Recently George Solomon, father of the concept of psychoneuroimmunology, defined a list of "reasonable assumptions" about what

would be found if the central nervous system and the immune systems were indeed intimately bound. Solomon says that the evidence links both the central and autonomic nervous systems and the immune system "beyond a reasonable doubt."

It is important to understand that this mind-body link is not the only cause of disease. Solomon, of both UCLA and UC-San Francisco, says that all disease results from interactions among many factors including genetic, endocrine, nervous, immune and behavioral-emotional. He postulates on what is implied if the central nervous system and the immune system are intimately bound:

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- Some mental disorders and severe emotional disturbances are known to be accompanied by immune abnormalities.
- Certain types of brain injury affect immune response.
- Changes in behavior can enhance the immune function. These include relaxation techniques, psychotherapy, imagery, biofeedback and hypnosis.



LIVER AND ONIONS

THE PHENOMENA of the mind are complex and far-reaching. A simple problem like telepathy, for example, is dwarfed by the problems of survival. Our files recently turned up a Lampasas, Tex., ghost story which raises far

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more questions than it answers.

It seems that there is a beautiful Greek revival house which was built in Lampasas by a county judge in 1883. A century later it was being restored by O.S. Bradley and his wife Wanda but in the meantime a family by the name of Higdon had lived in the house for 56 years.

Adelaide Higdon was a handsome woman and the Bradleys gave her portrait a place of honor in the house by hanging it in the parlor. Mrs. Bradley used to "talk" to Adelaide, giving her regular reports on how the restoration was coming and assuring Adelaide that the house was in good hands.

About this time the Bradleys began to notice the fragrance of

liver and onions about the house and finally they observed that they smelled the dish only on Friday evenings. They concluded that the Higdons must have eaten liver and onions every Friday evening as a matter of routine.

After a while the Bradleys made inquiries about the Higdons and especially about Adelaide. Gradually their picture of her changed from a gracious, handsome hostess to that of a troubled woman who quarreled stridently with her husband and angrily threw plates at him.

Mrs. Bradley says, "When I found this out — and that she was considered to be a very mean woman by people whose relatives



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By Guy Waid

I recently interviewed Joyce Jillson at her luxurious and delightfully informal home in California's exclusive San Fernando Valley. Over a cup of tea, Jillson confided she had recently completed a pilot research program which proved her psychic knowledge and advice brought new wealth and romance to everyone in the program. She showed me letters from those who had joined the project

"... following your advice the relationship between me and my boss improved, which allowed for my major career change."

The psychic knowledge and advice of the ages is now available to everyone!

In the past 20 years, the world of astrology has undergone great changes. Now all the math necessary to interpret the charts is done by computer. Jillson tells the students at her Astrological School in Los Angeles that they can now forget about the math and concentrate on the humanity of astrology.

When I asked what had given her the greatest personal satisfaction, Jillson laughed and said that being



JOYCE JILLSON Asked constantly to share her knowledge of astrology on Television, Radio and as a daily columnist in over 87 newspapers in North America. She will cast a truly personalized Horoscope—Just for you!



RONALD REAGAN "Jillson insisted that astrology was definitely used in the planning of the summit between the President and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev."—The NY Daily News



NANCY REAGAN "Things didn't go smoothly with the first two ladies, Jillson explained, because Raisa Gorbachev's birth date is unknown and consequently no guiding horoscope could be cast for her."—USA Today

describing wonderful new romances and unexpected wealth! L.J. of Edmonton, Alberta wrote her, "You said I was going to meet a man. And I met a gentleman on the bus last week."

Win unexpected money from Jillson's predictions!

H.H. in Montreal was very excited. "I won at Bingo: May—\$200, June—\$100, July—\$100. And K.H. in Penticton, British Columbia thanked Jillson,

consulted by Hollywood stars was a "real thrill. But I am most gratified that, through my personalized computer consultations, anyone can now afford to benefit from the vast science of astrology."

Now, thanks to Joyce Jillson, when you participate in her research project you can receive your own, unique Lucky Numbers, Lucky Days and Lucky Signs!

I read through letters she had received and was amazed

PRESIDENTS AND REVEAL TO HOLLYWOOD STARS!

by how her predictions had meant sudden wealth and new romance to so many people. For instance, J.C. of Black Creek, Wisconsin wrote, "Put my name in lights. I went on a trip to Las Vegas. I taped my Lucky Number in the flap of my purse. I won \$1,111.00!"

Jillson recalls her first encounter with astrology was "love at first sight." She was 14, living in Boston and her mother took her to meet the famous Maude Williams, then the leading astrologer in the U.S. "She was wealthy and lived in great style. I was so impressed by her insight into my teenage problems. She took a liking to me and asked me to be her student. I jumped at the opportunity."

Jillson confided to me, "I went through my own divorce several years ago. I think that was when it really hit me what an important role astrology plays in everyday lives."

Joyce Jillson is consulted by Police Departments.

I was surprised that she had been consulted by various Police Departments. "From finding lost pets to tracking down desperate criminals, I have proven that astrology is a science that works in the 'real' world!"

Reply today and be one of 1000 readers to get a Personal Forecast prepared by Joyce Jillson herself!

Ms. Jillson asked me to extend her personal invitation to readers to join in her exciting new Astrological research project. She added, "together we will chart unexplored areas of the human mind and personality."

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Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Date of Birth: _____

**The Time of My Birth _____ AM PM

The Place of My Birth: _____

City _____

State _____ Country _____

I am ☐ Female ☐ Married ☐ Single

☐ Male ☐ Unmarried, Living Together

☐ Divorced ☐ Widowed

Employment Status

☐ Full Time ☐ Part Time ☐ Seeking Employment

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(i.e. Student, Retiree, Housewife)

I have a favorite number. YES NO ☐ ☐

I have won a large sum of money. ☐ ☐

I have difficulty keeping to a diet. ☐ ☐

I have passed up great opportunities that I shouldn't have. ☐ ☐

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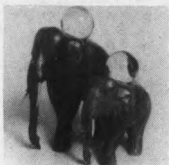
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remembered her — I quit talking to her. Now we don't smell liver and onions anymore."

All this could, of course, be pure fantasy but there are so many stories of apparitions associated with unusual odors that we think it would be unwise to dismiss this one out of hand. On the other hand, it raises so many complications that the mind boggles when it tries to overcome all the problems that arise in trying to explain it.



SYNCHRONICITY

DOES ALL this seem more impossible than the coincidence that united Anton Selley, 78, with his long-lost brother Richard Selley, 73, in September 1988? They had last seen each other in 1938, 50 years ago, but had lost track.

Richard lives in South London, England, and one day he was making a telephone call and accidentally punched the wrong buttons. To his amazement he was talking to Anton in Australia.

"I really thought I had no family or roots left," Richard said. "Now I've got both and it feels great."



OZONE DEPLETION

IN A recent "I See by the Papers" Curtis Fuller outlined some of the problems that would occur in the world if the greenhouse effect

continued with resulting global warming. We propose to discuss here a consensus of another result of our heedless exploitation of the earth's resources: depletion of the ozone layer.

There is a difference in the way we should look at these man-caused threats. There is much more uncertainty about whether the earth is actually in a long-term warming cycle and, if it is, whether it is caused by man-made pollutants. There is no such uncertainty about the depletion of the ozone.

On the other hand, it is more difficult to predict all the results of ozone depletion, even though we know the cause. It is a direct effect of chlorine compounds produced by the breakdown of chlorofluorocarbons. These compounds do not occur in nature and they will survive for scores of years in the atmosphere.

During the next few years — through 1992 — the increase in naturally-charged particles in the atmosphere, created by an increase in sun activity, will counteract the effect of fluorocarbons on ozone radiation reaching the surface of the earth because of continuing depletion. This will have two effects. First, ultraviolet will penetrate deeper into the atmosphere, warming the lower layers and adding to the greenhouse effect. There will be bigger changes in global climate. Second, more ultraviolet will reach

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the surface of the earth, damaging more human beings and causing more skin cancers.

But the potential dangers of increased ultraviolet radiation extend far beyond an increase in skin cancers in man. There will certainly be an effect on plants. Experiments show that some plants grow less leaf, produce less and smaller fruit and develop a thicker reflexive wax cuticle when exposed to small increases in ultraviolet radiation.

Ocean life may be most seriously affected. The photosynthesis on which marine life ultimately depends is possible only in surface waters where sunlight penetrates. Thus the ocean food chain is at risk and it is estimated that about half of all fish, nearshore flora and fauna and fresh-water ecosystems are threatened. The consequences are far-reaching. If the population of antarctic plankton is seriously reduced, for instance, the population of krill, whales, seals and other marine animals could be seriously reduced.

Much of this is speculative, of course, but Cedric Woods, a British biologist, says that a "doubling of the present incidence of biologically active ultraviolet, accompanied inevitably by some far ultraviolet (between 200 and 300 nanometers), would probably be disastrous for global ecology. But we have no idea when, or even if, such an increase is likely to happen."

TOO MANY PEOPLE

THIS SEEMS to be the issue of **FATE** dedicated to discussing theoretical global disasters. It seems to us that we must expect an increase in global disasters because of untrammelled population growth. The crowding billions of people on earth either are setting the stage for the disasters or because of their very numbers will add to their ferocity.

The subject here is earthquakes. Every month on the average a massive earthquake occurs somewhere in the world. It is at least 6.9 on the Richter scale. That was the measurement of the dreadful Armenian earthquake of early December, but what made it so devastating was that it struck a densely-populated area and the buildings that collapsed and killed so many people were not designed to withstand such quakes.

A meeting of seismologists in Denver shortly after the Armenian quake predicts that such disasters will become more frequent and more devastating in the future.

Roger Bilham of the University of Colorado told members of the American Geophysical Union that some 40 percent of the 100 largest cities of the world either are within 120 miles of a tectonic plate boundary or are close to a location where an earthquake has caused damage in the past. By the year 2035, 600 million people will be living in those cities, Bilham warned, declaring, "The stage is

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being set for an unprecedented disaster."

Bilham pointed out that earthquakes do not kill people, buildings do. The Armenian buildings that collapsed were usually five to 12 stories high. They lacked steel reinforcement and were often built of poor-quality concrete. But there is no assurance that the best earthquake-resistant buildings will not collapse. The 1923 quake that destroyed Tokyo killed more than 100,000 people. It is estimated that despite design advances of the past 60 years, that type of quake could cause 150,000 deaths and destroy 2,600,000 buildings.



HOPPING CREATURES

A FEW YEARS ago there was a spate of kangaroo sightings in the Midwest. Kangaroos were seen hopping along Indiana roads and fields, in the backyard of a home in Waukesha, Wis., chasing about in downstate Illinois and even engaging in a boxing match with two outgunned cops in Chicago. These kangaroo sightings were never explained. No kangaroo was missing from any zoo or owner. None was ever captured. (For more details, see David Fideler and Loren Coleman's "Kangaroos from Nowhere," April 1978 FATE.)

To us the mystery of those kangaroos is deepened and in no way explained by the appearance of



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another kangaroo in Illinois in early December 1988. Here everything was in order. The 'roo was a pet wallaby, a diminutive variety of kangaroo, that escaped from its pen on a farm in Lemont township. A simple explanation in this case, but none has ever been offered for the earlier kangaroos.

One would think that with all those hopping marsupials jumping around, the Australians would have been happy to settle for their kangaroos and wallabies. Not so. In the 1930's they came up with the idea of importing giant Hawaiian cane toads to control the gray back beetle which was decimating their sugar cane. Unfortunately, the beetles fed above the reach of the cane toads and when they fed on the ground, there was no cover to protect the toads.

A cane toad must weigh five to 10 pounds judging from the photographs we have seen. They breed like mad. They are spreading through southern Queensland and suburbia. Children make pets of them even though they have poison glands on their backs. A motion picture of them shows people keeping their toilet seats down to keep the toads out, expecting the visitors through any open windows and trying to figure out what to do about them. At last word, scientists had no idea.



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SHRINKING TEETH

PALEONTOLOGISTS who have studied human fossils up to 100,000 years old have noted that human faces are getting smaller and have wondered if this hasn't taken place to accommodate the fact that teeth are getting smaller. Not so, says Kevin D. Hunt, a graduate student working with C. Loring Brace, an anthropology professor at the University of Michigan. "That's backward reasoning," Hunt told John Noble Wilford of the *New York Times*. The fact is that human teeth have been getting smaller and when there are small teeth, there's no need for a large face.

Dr. Brace and his colleagues have been measuring teeth for a long time and they have discovered that teeth today average only about half the size of Neanderthal teeth of 75,000 to 100,000 years ago. The Neanderthal teeth remained unchanged in size for thousands of years but started to shrink when the glaciers came. Brace explains the change by the fact that the Neanderthals learned to heat their meat in those frozen times, and then to cook it. They didn't need large teeth to rip raw mammoth flesh from the bones; it was cooked in earthen ovens.

Since the start of the last ice age, teeth began to decrease in size at the rate of one percent every 2000 years. Today they are shrinking about twice that fast. Once man learned how to cook, he no longer

needed selective forces to maintain his jaws and teeth. They probably began to shrink because of mutations and not natural selection.



DR. HONEY

HONEY is being used experimentally to treat wounds in Nigeria. Spencer Efem, a consultant surgeon and lecturer from the University Teaching Hospital in Calabar, has treated 59 patients with honey over the past three years, according to *New Scientist*.

The magazine quotes the *British Journal of Surgery*, which reports that doctors referred patients with burns, bedsores and various types of ulcers to Efem because conven-

tional treatments, including antibiotics, had failed.

The laboratory cultures indicated that the wounds were infected with common contaminants such as *Escherichia coli* and *Pseudomonas pyocyanea*. One week after treatment with honey, no organisms could be cultured from swabs of the wound except for one patient with an ulcer, from which *Mycobacterium ulcerans* was isolated.

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TICK TOCK

PETER EASTHAM tells the strange story of a "clock poltergeist" in the April 1988 issue of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*. The principals are identified only by their initials but readers will be fascinated by synchronous events which enlivened the research conducted by Eastham and others.

"SH" began to suspect something strange was going on when she first heard the ticking noise moving around her house but she decided it must be an echo from her son's bedside clock. But then her son "E" recorded it in the kitchen and took the tape to clock experts who decided that it came from a "poor quality alarm clock 40 to 60 years old, spring balanced and ticking at 3 C.P.S."

After SH moved to another house the pair thought they were through with the noises but they started up again shortly and SH's mother commented that the ticking sounded like an old alarm clock that SH had slept next to as a baby during World War II bombing raids.

SH decided to consult some psychics to see if they could come up

with an explanation. One told her that a "gray old man who had liked clocks was trying to communicate with her." This fit the description of SH's father who had died just before the ticking started.

She consulted a clairvoyant who told her that the ticking had something to do with a person who used to like to study reference books, particularly on law, and in fact her father had been a lawyer. This seemed to fit the case until a Scottish builder-psychic assured her she had nothing to worry about and that he could see a friendly gray old gentleman. SH next went to a Canon of the Church of England; he tried to exorcise the ticking by saying prayers and holding a simple mass. But the ticking continued.

* * *

OTHER STRANGE events began to happen. There were loud rapping noises. At one time SH called the builder-psychic and when she put the phone down, the ticking began very loudly. SH discovered it was coming from a bedside clock "and to her horror it had gained three hours."

Eastham interviewed SH in detail after she wrote to the SPR. He made a recording from SH's tape and although it was clear when played at her house, it was gone by the time he got home. He suggested a number of possible explanations.

One was the possibility that the old alarm clock SH had listened to

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as a baby might have left a deep impression on her unconscious mind.

Another was that her father was really trying to communicate. Still a third was the possibility that a jilted ex-lover, now living in Australia, had somehow put a curse on her.

But first Eastham had to hear what he called "the wretched tick tock ticking noise" firsthand. He knew it existed because he had heard it on a recording.

THE TICKING had been going on at least three years before Eastham got good enough recording equipment and heard the actual sounds himself. A number of entomologists had heard previous recordings without being able to relate them to any particular insect but Eastham took his new recording to the insect house, Zoological Gardens, Regents' Park. Three entomologists there thought the insects most likely were grasshoppers, crickets, cicada beetles or death watch beetles. All these were ruled out.

Eastham pursued his investigations and came across 1960 private correspondence from Dr. Peter Hallson, an experienced psychical researcher who reported hearing similar clocklike sounds coming from behind a calendar in his study and found nothing there but a tiny pinhole. No insect was seen.

SH then went to the Natural

History Museum with Eastham's recording. There a Dr. Ragge suggested that the sound might be produced by a species of book louse called *Trogium pulsatorium* and that the sounds were essentially a sexual call from an unmated female. Ragge described a small soft-bodied white insect about the size of the head of a pin.

Following Ragge's instruction Eastham and SH found it simple to locate the little creatures. Eastham writes: "We collected a large number of specimens by banging a wicker table mat onto the kitchen table. We could not believe our eyes when so many tiny insects fell out and scurried around. David Hollis of the British Museum confirmed that these were the psocids *Trogium pulsatorium*."

OBVIOUSLY the mystery is not completely solved, although Eastham terms it an object lesson to all psychical researchers not to jump to a paranormal conclusion when a normal one might be found. There seems to be an accretion of strange events that cluster around such highly-charged situations. Perhaps these events are generated by emotional circumstances that lend them a reality that would not otherwise exist.



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Mystery Bears



Do prehistoric bears still prowl the backwaters of the world?

Eyewitness testimony and physical evidence say yes.

By Karl P. N. Shuker

IN RECENT months the cryptozoological grapevine has been buzzing with the news that a Soviet team of hunters with full support from interested scientists is seeking a mysterious form of giant bear — as white as a polar bear but much larger in size — which apparently inhabits the region of the Russian Kamchatka peninsula bordering on the United States' Aleutian Islands.

Known to the local reindeer hunters as the *irkuiem* (or *irquiem*), it is said to

be a one-ton bear with a small head, long limbs, narrow body and, most intriguing of all, a curious gait which involves putting its forelegs forward first and then pulling up its hindlimbs — likened by some to the ambulatory movements of a giant caterpillar. Reports of the *irkuiem* first appeared in September 1987 in the Russian newspaper *Pravda*, followed by further Soviet reports and eventually by widespread coverage in newspapers and magazines throughout the world.

The team is led by experienced hunter Rodin Sivolobov, who has collected many eyewitness accounts of the *irkuiem* and has received from Kamchatka reindeer hunters the skin of what seems at least on first sight to be an enormous polar bear but which the hunters adamantly insist to be from an *irkuiem*.

Moreover, the noted Soviet zoologist Nikolaj Vereshchagin, who got interested in this animal when Sivolobov told him about it in the winter of 1986-87, has suggested that it could actually be a surviving line of the giant short-faced bear *Arctodus simus*, believed extinct since the Pleistocene. Like the *irkuiem*, the short-faced bear was of huge stature, with a short body, long limbs and relatively small head, a carnivore, capable of running at high speeds. It was undoubtedly one of the most feared predators of its time.

Vereshchagin told *Pravda* that he thought a new, eighth type of bear may still exist. Vereshchagin, along with the rest of the world, now awaits further news of the *irkuiem* — to discover whether it is indeed to be included alongside the brown bear, sun bear, Himalayan black bear, sloth bear, American black bear, polar bear and spectacled bear as the eighth species of ursine carnivore alive today.

AS IT happens, however, the *irkuiem* is by no means unique. Indeed, there may be not only an eighth species of bear but also a ninth, 10th, 11th and perhaps even more

species awaiting official scientific recognition — judging at least from a notable dossier of accounts of mystery bears from all over the world.

Take South America, for example. The only species of bear officially known to exist here today is the spectacled bear *Tremarctos ornatus*, a diminutive black-furred form inhabiting this continent's northwestern countries and named after the distinctive yellow-furred rings encircling its eyes. The latter markings plus its small size yield a morphology unique to this species; it cannot be mistaken for any other bear form — which therefore makes a report by explorer Leonard Clark of great cryptozoological worth.

In his book *The Rivers Ran East* (1954) Clark reported that while traveling with companions on a river raft, he observed an extremely large, all-black bear in northern Peru's Gran Pajonal forest. Using its powerful claws, the bear was pulling apart an ants' nest ensconced within a decaying tree stump. A noise made by the paddle of one of Clark's companions distracted this mysterious beast, which promptly dived into the river just ahead of their raft, onto which it then attempted to clamber. Clark was forced to shoot it, killing it instantly. He tried to drag its body onto the raft so that it could be preserved for formal scientific study.

Unfortunately a shoal of piranhas had other ideas. Clark was forced to abandon the body and to make a hasty exit.

He subsequently learned from the Campa Indians that this giant-bear form

was well known to them, referred to locally as the *milne*. He also learned that another mystery-bear type, this time red-furred, allegedly inhabited the lower eastern Andean ranges. Moreover, according to Bernard Heuvelmans' checklist of unknown animals (published in the 1986 issue of *Cryptozoology*), strange bears have also been reported from the Muscarena Mountains of Colombia. Perhaps some of

the extinct bears that shared South America with the spectacled bear during the Pleistocene are not extinct after all.

An equally mysterious New World bear is on record far to the north, in the Barren Ground area of Canada. On June 24, 1864, a huge yellow-furred bear was killed by two Eskimo hunters in the vicinity of Rendezvous Lake, northeast of Fort Anderson, Mackenzie. Three weeks later arctic explorer-naturalist Roderick MacFarlane arrived

Huge yellow-furred bear killed in 1864 may have been last surviving member of ancient giants.



and carefully examined the dead bear's remains. Its skin and skull were preserved and ultimately reached the U.S. National Museum, where the creature was catalogued and thereafter largely forgotten. After all, Barren Ground had many grizzly bears, which was all this latest specimen seemed to be.

Indeed, over the next half-century this museum received many more grizzly bears, from all over North America, until such an impressive collection had been established that the renowned American naturalist C. Hart Merriam used it as he prepared a definitive review of North America's wide variety of grizzly forms. Only then did MacFarlane's mighty yellow specimen finally receive full scientific attention — as a result of which it was duly labeled as something very special indeed.

His detailed morphological studies suggested to Merriam that this was no ordinary Barren Ground grizzly. In fact, he felt that it was not a grizzly bear at all. Neither its hair coloration nor (of much greater taxonomic significance) its skull characteristics seemed consistent with a grizzly. In Merriam's opinion these features were so different that he decided this anomalous bear may be more closely related to the spectacled bear and the extinct giant bear *Arctotherium*. Consequently he designated it as the type specimen of a totally new species — and genus — or bear, which he christened *Vetularctos inopinatus* ("the ancient, unexpected bear"), and formally documented it on

February 9, 1918, in the *Survey of North American Fauna*, No. 41, produced by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Biology Division.

Clearly, MacFarlane's ancient, unexpected bear — sometimes also referred to as the patriarchal bear — had all the promise of being one of the greatest zoological discoveries of the century — a radically new species supported by incontrovertible physical evidence. Yet remarkably, it has instead slipped into almost total zoological obscurity. Nowadays *Vetularctos inopinatus* is conspicuous only by its absence from modern-day publications dealing with mammalian carnivores. So what went wrong?

Subsequent researches into the grizzly bears of North America have suggested that the wide morphological variation that led Merriam and others to consider that many different species were present is really nothing more than individual variation. Equally, the peculiarities possessed by *Vetularctos* have been attributed by modern-day researchers to this same factor, although in the case of *Vetularctos* this explanation is not wholly convincing. The major problem is that only a single specimen of *Vetularctos* is available for study; no other is known. Added to this is the comparable dilemma (and one that is unusual for a large-sized terrestrial mystery beast) that little if anything concerning it has been documented in the form of eyewitness accounts, local lore or legends.

As George Goodwin noted in his

own account of *Vetularctos* published in *Natural History* (November 1946), the only notable exception to this absence of other evidence appears in *On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds*, written by Casper Whitney and published toward the end of the 19th Century. This book contains a passage that may well refer to *V. inopinatus*, describing a strange type of bear which, though found on the Anderson River near the Rocky Mountains, may travel as far as the Barren Ground in its search for food. Whitney wrote of

... a peculiar looking bear, seeming a cross between the grizzly and the polar, and it has this peculiarity, that its hind claws are as big as the fore claws, while its head looks somewhat like that of an Eskimo dog, very broad in the forehead, with square, long muzzle, and ears set on quite like the dog's. It is very wide at the shoulders, and its robe in color resembles the grizzly.

Rather less precise descriptions of giant bears are also present in traditional myths of a number of Indian tribes — as well as legends of giant polars (comparable with the *irkuiem*?) referred to as *qoqogaq* by the arctic Alaskan Eskimos, according to Diamond Jenness in the May 1953 issue of *Anthropological Papers of the University of Alaska*.

So what can we say about *Vetularctos*? Perhaps it is nothing more than an aberrant individual of the grizzly-bear species. Or it may truly be a new species, to be verified upon the

procurement of further material — assuming, of course, that this bear form still exists. It may, after all; no one appears to have specifically searched for it. It is equally possible, as writer-naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton has suggested, that MacFarlane's specimen may well have been the very last survivor of a distinctive dynasty of bears whose reign climaxed in an earlier period of time — ancient bears known and perhaps feared by our ancestors but ultimately reduced to a last, anachronistic individual whose death in June 1864 brought the noble line of *Vetularctos* to a tragic, ignominious end.

LONG BEFORE the *irkuiem* became news, the forested peninsula of Kamchatka was already noted for very large bears, but this time for its long-haired brown bears, first made known to science in 1898 and sometimes referred to as *Ursus arctos beringianus*. Officially, the mighty Kodiak bear *U. a. middendorffi*, with an average total length of eight feet (240 cm) in the male, is the largest bear form alive today, but in 1936 Sten Bergman suggested that Kamchatka may possess a truly gigantic, short-furred, all-black bear form which exceeds in size all other bears.

Dr. Bergman was shown the pelt of one of these mysterious out-size beasts in the fall of 1920 and he also recorded an equally colossal skull allegedly from one such bear, plus an enormous bear pawprint measuring 37 cm in length

and 25 cm in width. Both the skull and the pawprint had been observed (and, in the case of the pawprint, photographed) by fellow Swedish scientist Rene Malaise during his nine-year inhabitation of Kamchatka.

The existence of such a bear form in this region has been supported to some extent by Russian sources, according to David Day, who noted in his *The*

Doomsday Book of Animals (1981) that weights of 653 kg, 500 kg and 685 kg have been recorded by Russian hunters from specimens here. But as the most recent records concerning such huge bears as these (which have been assigned the name *U. a. piscator*) date back to the early 1920's, it must be assumed that they have since disappeared.



Is "Nepalese tree bear" merely a juvenile form of Himalayan black?

Cryptozoological creatures are, by definition, animals that have succeeded in remaining hidden from scientific scrutiny. Nevertheless in some cases specimens of such creatures have indeed been on hand (sometimes for a number of years) for scientific examination even if scientists didn't realize it. One example involves a mysterious Nepalese bear — which may prove eventually to have been represented for several years by a living specimen in a large zoo! But let's start at the beginning:

While carrying out field work in the wooded Barun Valley around Mount Makalu's foothills in Nepal during February 1983, Daniel Taylor-Idé (director of West Virginia's Woodlands Institute) and colleague Robert L. Fleming became intrigued by reports from local villagers that two totally different forms of bear existed in the area. One, a large, ground-living black type, was the Himalayan black bear *Ursus* [formerly *Selenarctos*] *thibetanus*, but what was the zoological identity of the smaller, more agile and arboreal type that the villagers referred to as the tree bear?

Eventually some skulls of this latter bear were obtained and it was found that their premolars and first two molars were consistently smaller than those of the Himalayan black bear. Coupling this difference with the above-noted morphological and behavioral differences and adding to it further details supplied by villagers, Dr. Taylor-Idé began to wonder if the tree

bear could actually comprise a hitherto-unknown species. He proposed *Ursus nepalensis* as a scientific name for it.

But the most startling revelation was still to come. In the subsequent report prepared by J. Richard Greenwell for the *ISC Newsletter* (Spring 1984) from information supplied to the International Society of Cryptozoology by Taylor-Idé, further researches had revealed that a small black bear housed for the past two years in Kathmandu Zoo and freely observed by the zoo's many visitors ever since may well in fact be a living specimen of Nepal's "newly-discovered" tree bear!

After securing the King of Nepal's permission, a scientific team tranquilized this enigmatic little bear and took a full set of body measurements for detailed morphometric analysis.

Further expeditions to the Barun Valley brought additional skulls to light, making a grand total of 11. Dashing everyone's hopes, this new material did not provide the hoped-for proof that the team was truly dealing with a new species. Instead, as reported in a second *ISC Newsletter* report (Spring 1985), it suggested the reverse. When the collection of tree-bear skulls was added to others from the Himalayan black bear, a distinct transition (rather than a discrete separation) in skull size was readily apparent between the skulls from the two bear types.

This in turn strongly indicated that the former bear type was in reality

nothing more than a juvenile's version of the latter, rather than a distinct species in its own right. And as for the reported differences in behavior between the two types, this could be explained as an inevitable consequence of bear overpopulation of the region. To avoid excessive competition for food and living space, the juveniles sought refuge in the trees, becoming predominantly terrestrial only when they became adults.

Although a juvenile Himalayan black bear is now the favored identity for the Nepalese tree bear, the matter has still not been conclusively resolved. Similarly, the precise range in which the tree-bear phenomenon exists has yet to be defined as well. In a letter published in the *ISC Newsletter* in Summer 1986, Raza Teshin remarked that in his 1934 book *Shikay Memoirs* Lt. Col. H. S. Wood wrote that a small variety of the Himalayan black bear was readily differentiated by the Nepalese people, who refer to it as *Sano Reeck*. Yet, according to Teshin, Wood's favorite hunting grounds were in Assam, not in the Barun Valley area explored by Taylor-Ide and colleagues, which thereby indicates that this latter region is by no means the entire range of tree-bear occurrence, whatever its taxonomic status may prove to be.

NO LESS mystifying is the Shennongjia white bear. Prior to the early 1960's, reports of all-white bears referred to as *bai-xiong* by natives of the mountain forests of China's Hubei

Province were dismissed by scientists as confused accounts of the giant panda.

Since then, however, at least four living specimens of this creamy-colored bear have been captured and housed in zoos at Beijing and Wuhan. At first it was assumed that these simply comprised a pale color morph (local variation) of the brown bear *Ursus arctos*, whose range of color is remarkable. But more recently, some Chinese scientists have suggested that it constitutes a separate taxonomic form, the product of a considerable period of evolution in isolation from other *Ursus arctos* representatives. In short, it may be a separate subspecies — possibly even a distinct species — rather than a mere color form.

It is ironic that the most famous of all mystery bears, the notorious Nandi bear of central Africa, is the one that is definitely not a bear at all, although it may well be a number of other animals (including honey badgers, hyenas, very large baboons, and perhaps a modern-day chalicothere). Even so, Africa may possess a bona fide mystery bear too. During the Pleistocene the brown bear not only existed throughout Eurasia and North America but also was present in much of northern Africa — represented here by the diminutive subspecies *U. a. faidherbianus*.

Moreover, such animals evidently persisted into Recent times here, for small brown bears were frequently reported in this area up to the Christian period, and their remains have been discovered in association with human

artifacts of this date. By the 19th Century, however, Africa's bears had become notably rare, confined largely to Morocco's Atlas Mountains—from which the form derived its popular appellation of Atlas bear. Although its depletion was certainly due in part to a relentless program of hunting and persecution by local inhabitants, much of the blame for its fall in numbers lay with the wholesale destruction of the vast forests that had clothed much of northern Africa in pre-Christian Roman times.

Nonetheless, as late as 1830 a specimen of the Atlas bear—a present from the Emperor of Morocco—could be seen at the Marseilles Zoological Gardens. And in 1841, as noted by Day in *Doomsday Book of Animals*, an Englishman named Crowther provided a detailed description of the Atlas bear for Edward Blythe of London's Zoological Society. Blythe discerned that it was different in appearance from its neighboring race the Syrian bear *U. a. syriacus*. Soon afterwards a complete specimen was obtained—an adult female killed at the foot of Morocco's Tetuan Mountains. This was formally described in 1844 by Schinz, who christened the Atlas bear *U. a. crowtheri*, in honor of its principal publicizer. It was fortunate that Schinz did document this specimen, for efforts made to preserve it proved in vain and it was ultimately discarded. Day reports it was smaller, although more robust, than the American black bear *Euarctos americanus*, with shaggy hair, black

muzzle and surprisingly short toes and claws. In color it shared the latter species' dark back hair, shading to an orange color at the belly.

Following the procurement of the above specimen, reports of Atlas bears became few and far between, until by the end of the 19th Century the Atlas bear was apparently a vanished race—at least as far as science was concerned, with its extinction marking the entire disappearance of the bear family from the African continent. Yet in point of fact, reports of small brown bears from these very areas of northern Africa have continued to emerge from time to time right up to the present day.

As Heuvelmans has pointed out, this could be due simply to the fact that *dubb* (the Arabic name for bear) is similar in sound to *dubbah* (the name for hyena—a species that is certainly present here). Yet any explanation seeking to dismiss surviving Atlas bears as illusions arising from language ambiguity must inevitably fail with those accounts that actually describe the morphology of the animals concerned, for small brown bears clearly do not resemble large, striped hyenas.

We have come a long way—right across the globe, in fact—since I mentioned Dr. Vereshchagin's contemplation of the *irkuiem* as an eighth species of modern-day bear. The plain truth is that the *irkuiem* may be just the first of many such mysteries to be laid bare (or should that be bear?) by continuing crypto-zoological research.



If Ghosts Could Kill...

Spook was no good-natured
haunt — his stunts seemed
designed to expose victims
to deadly danger.



By Glen I. Taylor

SMITH LAKE in northern Alabama occupies a large portion of Cullman, Walker and Winston counties. The lake was developed by the Alabama Power Company in the 1950's to generate electricity for northern Alabama. After completion of the lake about 1960, the power company stocked it with game fish in order to attract sportsmen and started selling

waterfront property. The lake consists of some 500 miles of shoreline in the middle of beautiful timber country, a perfect setting for anybody's fishing cabin.

My half-sister Katie and her husband Lonnie purchased a lot near Big Bridge Marina in the early '60's and started building a two-story cabin. For Katie, who was in her mid-30's, and

Lonnie, about 40, the cabin became an every weekend retreat. Both liked fishing, and not having any children, they were free to do pretty much as they pleased. Only one floor of the cabin was erected at this time, with plans to complete the upper level in the near future.

When they were not fishing, Katie worked around the cabin planting flowers and shrubbery. Katie had always loved pretty flowers, as much as Lonnie loved fishing, which he could do day and night. Before long the lake-side cottage began to look like a miniature Cypress Gardens, which Katie used to visit occasionally.

Soon Katie found herself spending more time alone at the cabin with her beautification project and less time fishing with Lonnie. It was then she noticed strange things going on around the place. Sometimes while she was working on her flower beds with no one around, someone or something would touch her. The touchings weren't regular or predictable, but they were frequent and they drove Katie crazy. She'd be touched on the neck, arm or leg and she couldn't figure out what was causing it.

Katie did not believe in ghosts and had always been a fairly level-headed person. Nevertheless, the touching incidents continued. For some reason Katie was the only person who experienced the phenomena.

I remember when I was about nine years old, she would talk about things touching her, and Lonnie would laugh,

saying her imagination was playing tricks on her because she spent too much time in the cabin alone. He told her to pay no attention to it. This was easy advice for Lonnie, but Katie was becoming unnerved by the strangeness of the whole thing and wasn't willing to believe her mind was playing tricks on her.

It was about then that Katie saw the stranger for the first time. She was in bed while Lonnie had left the cabin about four in the morning so he could be fishing at daybreak. Katie woke from a sound sleep to find someone standing at the foot of her bed. She could see his figure illuminated by the pale light coming through a bay window.

He wore a black cloak and hat such as the Puritans wear in pictures. He had a narrow face, a sharp chin and deep-set dark eyes. Katie rolled over in bed to look at the figure again, but he was gone.

This incident really gave her the creeps. She couldn't understand why the man would be standing over the bed watching her sleep.

She later told the story of her strange visitor to Lonnie and other family members. They responded with loud laughter and remarks about having her put away. Naturally they were joking, but I had never seen a ghost and had never been touched unexplainably either, so the stories Katie told made me laugh along with everyone else.

After the incident with the stranger, Katie began to dread being in the cabin

alone, so she started keeping someone with her. I have a nephew, Terry, by a half-sister. Terry and I are the same age and we became regular visitors to the cabin. It was a fair trade-off. Terry and I went fishing and swimming and acted as Katie's bodyguards when needed. During the day it didn't matter where we went or what we did, but come nightfall we had to be there with her to keep the ghost away, so she said.

Before long the second floor of the cabin was completed and we made the transition upstairs. Even after the move upstairs, strange things continued to happen. Once, when I was about 12 years old, I was sleeping in the living room on a fold-out sofa. At that age, and with all the reports of weird events, I was afraid to stay in the back bedroom alone.

Katie was awakened that morning by the cover on her bed being pulled off her from the foot end. Since Katie knew she and I were the only people in the cabin, she thought I was playing a trick on her. When the cover was almost pulled off the bed, she grabbed it and called out my name. When I didn't answer, she sat up in bed to see who was pulling the cover. No one was there. From where she was sitting on the bed, she had a view of the living room and saw that I was still asleep on the sofa.

The touching continued with the move to the upper floor of the cabin. One morning in the same room where the cover-pulling incident took place, Katie was sleeping without covers and

awoke to the sensation that someone was rubbing her leg.

Katie, being honest as she is, continued to tell us about the little encounters as they occurred. As it was, no one but Katie had been touched or seen anything unusual, so it was getting hard to believe her stories without some real evidence to support them.

I remember that once Katie woke up in the middle of the night and saw a woman dressed in a pink negligee standing in the doorway which separated the hall and living room. The lady had yellow-blond hair and stood about five-feet, six-inches tall, as Katie recalled, but the description didn't fit anyone in the cabin at that particular time. Unfortunately, no one but Katie saw the blond lady. As usual it was always Katie who saw these strange visitors as if they were trying to remain invisible to everyone else.

Even with the strange happenings going on, nobody seemed to be in any real danger, and sometimes Katie would even laugh when telling her stories. Unfortunately, the phenomena didn't stay harmless.

A SET OF steps separated the upper yard from the lower, which had a chain link fence around it. One day Katie was working around the cabin and started walking down the steps to the lower yard. As she explained it, about halfway down something grabbed her ankle. As she struggled to free herself, she fell all the way to the bottom of the steps and sustained a

broken leg. Fortunately another adult was there besides us kids, so she was immediately taken to the hospital and a cast was put on her leg from the knee down.

As time went on it became more evident that something was present in and around the cabin, and Katie's mind was not playing tricks on her. Another sister of mine, Sara, had a frightening experience with Katie's ghost friend in the basement of the cabin. Sara, her husband Billy and Katie were going up the stairs when something grabbed Sara's ankle. She knew Billy was behind her, so she stopped and demanded, "Billy, let go of my leg!"

Billy replied, "I'm not holding your leg." As she looked around, her ankle was released and she saw Billy standing where he couldn't have reached her. She realized that whatever had grabbed her leg, it wasn't Billy and she was horrified at the thought that the ghost may have threatened her. Sara, about 40 at the time, became the second person to have direct contact with the strange presence, to which we started referring as "Spook." After Sara's experience the touching stopped and the cabin remained quiet for a long time.

A few years later, Katie was planting flowers on a hillside in front of the cabin. Terry was helping her as he often did. Suddenly she fell. This time she sustained a broken arm and said that she was pushed by someone, although no one had been seen. She was taken to the hospital again and a cast

was put on her arm.

The strange happenings continued throughout the years, but it wasn't until I was 16 that I had an encounter with Spook.

One fall evening Katie and I were watching television in the living room. We were alone in the cabin that night, Lonnie was fishing, and Katie wanted me to stay with her since it was late. In the middle of the program I got up to fix a snack and when I returned to my seat, Katie turned to me and said, "Glen, you left that cabinet door open." I looked into the kitchen and sure enough the cabinet door was standing wide open.

I replied, "I'll close it when I finish eating," and we continued watching the movie. A couple of minutes later we heard a loud noise in the kitchen. We turned around in our chairs and saw that the cabinet door was shut. Someone, Spook apparently, had slammed the door. It was cold outside so all of the doors and windows in the cabin were closed. Therefore, the cupboard door could not have been shut by a draft.

Katie and I looked at each other. Katie said, "See what I mean, I guess now you'll believe me!" — which was the understatement of the year. At that time I truly began to believe, no doubt about it. I sat in my chair with chill bumps all over my body.

When Lonnie came in from fishing we told him about the cabinet door's closing by itself, but as usual he just laughed. I became the third person to

have personal contact with Spook, and another one to be laughed at, along with Katie and Sara.

About a year later, in October 1974, a man who lived in the cabin next to ours was missing for four days. Lonnie and I found him floating in the lake under his boat dock. The death was ruled accidental by the authorities since there was no evidence of foul play. The man had been fishing on the night of the accident. When his sister returned to join him at the cabin, she found the door open and all the lights on in the cabin and boathouse.

There was no real evidence that Spook had anything to do with the man's death. But the police officer's theory of what he suspected had happened made me think of Spook. The officer said the man had apparently tripped or caught his foot on something and fallen into the lake. From what I could see there was nothing on

the pier over which the man could have tripped or caught his foot on.

But I thought of Katie's broken leg and arm, of Sara's ankle's being grabbed on the basement stairs, and the cabinet door's closing by itself. The man could have been tripped but I don't believe it was by an object. The dead man had been about 45 years old and his sister said he was a good swimmer. The shoreline was only a few feet away from the pier. I have my suspicions as to why the man couldn't swim to safety.

Shortly after the man's death I enlisted in the Army and moved away. I had no more encounters with Spook after that, but occasionally when I hear someone say, "Ghosts can't hurt you, they only make you hurt yourself," I am inclined to tell them about Spook and the man who died when he tripped over something that wasn't there.



PHENOMENAL COLLECTION

By Claire Metzger

SOME 1700 of the 3700 books in the collection of the late comedian Jackie Gleason dealt with UFOs, the occult and parapsychology, according to a UPI report. The collection was officially presented to the University of Miami library by Gleason's widow Marilyn. She made

the presentation because she wanted the books to remain in the area where the Gleasons had lived for many years.

"Gleason...went out of his way to collect books on the occult. He was just personally interested in any unexplained phenomenon," said Jay Kalvan, university librarian.

Home...



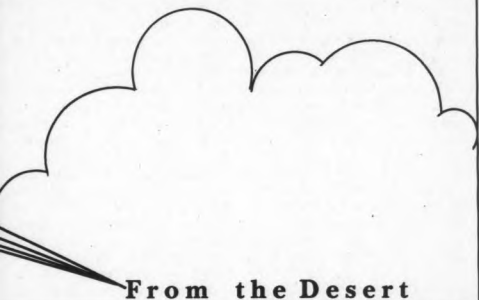
Man has a quick-fix for the problems posed by deserts—just add water. But there are profound reasons why such a simple solution will not work.

By Branley Allan Branson

THERE COMES a time when every man contemplates how many trips there are left in the itinerary. In the winter when the walls of my laboratory close in and the inexorable paper and committee work accumulate, my thoughts invariably drift back through

the decades, not in a logical sequence of events, but at random, choosing out of context by weird sifting of highlights that annealed my love of desert things.

I am past my youth now, but in attaining that stage of development, I



From the Desert

have brought all sorts of physical evidence home from the desert — scars behind my right knee from a red diamondback rattlesnake bite at Portal, Ariz., and a fist scar through my left eyebrow from a drunken charro in Sinaloa. I do not fret because of these

things. Who am I to deny personal history? But these are not the accoutrements that magnetize my intentions beyond the flying snow as I dream of distant places.

The memories and I, inseparable, seek out the solitude of an unlighted

laboratory and push aside microscopes and scalpels for a more important dissection, a search for the anatomy of meaning. The scars tingle a little and the memories flesh out a young man with a full head of hair. My attention is diverted momentarily by a mourning dove fluttering delicately onto the window ledge, its moist eyes reflecting more confusion than understanding of secrets.

It has finally become apparent that I do not understand the meaning of deserts. The people and things that live in them do not understand either, and there are detractors who would say that a cluttered office is not the appropriate place to search for such meanings.

They would station me, perhaps, in the shade of an organ pipe cactus where I might hold communion with kangaroo rats or listen intently to the instructions of tarantula wasps. After nearly 40 years, I am suspicious that a man can obtain as much insight from a paperweight filled with sand as from 100 square miles of it. The trick is, though, to live the 40 years first.

In the living desert there is too much of it at one time to allow the focus of attention required. The true citizens, the spinose ocotillo, pincushion, devil's claw, California poppy, buffalo gourd, and crusty skinned alligator juniper, spread out like miasma rising from a nightmare. You are deluded into compliance with an apparent plan simply because of an arrangement of living things. The complexity emerges

not only in contemplation, but in the absence of the muddle of adaptations and ongoing interactions within the confines of that which impresses its stamp on all things that live there.

As I have aged and my responsibilities have been increased far beyond what I planned, my attention to the desert has often been thwarted and divided, but not squelched. I am often found in a darkened hall studying colored slides of North and South American deserts, or pouring confusedly over my old field diaries. I am sure there are no answers to mysteries hiding in them. All that can be found on those neatly-lined pages are the meanderings of a single mind. If the evidence shows an understanding of vast changes across eons of time, accidental affinity may be implied. But I am not certain that all of our understanding taken collectively is any better than those of the archaic Athabascans coming into the land for the first time or that the desert, in the words of a remarkable observer, is merely an area where "biological potentialities are severely limited by the lack of water." I have come to that realization in the midst of preserved laboratory specimens, long after hundreds of days surrounded by saguaros and elfin owls.

The idea that deserts were entirely produced by the whims of a rampant nature is so thoroughly imbued in general thought that it is not difficult to understand why men are loathe to admit that deserts can be created where there is water aplenty. The brains of men,

nurtured and cultivated, bear many exotic fruits, and yet who is to say there are not vast tracts of deserts represented in those gray, storm-swept fields? One could take the emergence of bare soil and struggling life as a desert in, say, Georgia, but the cognizance would be shocked. We are used to deserts being where they are supposed to be, so we can't fit New York City easily into our patterns of thought.

It is only when we — scientists, world travelers, thinkers, assembly-line workers — follow lines of evidence beyond the obvious, beyond windshield glimpses of a panoramic universe, that we begin to understand that the American deserts have not always been what they are today, that they will not remain fixed. All things change.

James Russell Lowell, with his peculiar and unintentional insight, had spoken of leaving his initials notched in the desert's awful frame. From that point onward and backward, wayfarers, poets and distant inspectors have maligned, misinterpreted, recreated and analyzed life and death in fruitless attempts to portray the desert. Because of its awesomeness, it was inevitable that observers, like prospectors leading plodding asses toward ever-receding mother lodes, must eventually reach points of no return. Wasn't it clear that deserts were negative forces? Somehow deserts had been erected to slow the march of civilization to try the patience of man, to test his ingenuity.

THOUSANDS OF years ago, men undertook to discover the secret of making the desert a blooming paradise, or at the very least into copies of Iowa or New Jersey. Now and again, there have been claims that men died to make the desert bloom, but in the end it has been the delusions that rose to the top. It has become obvious that the secret of the deserts is not to be unlocked by tampering with the ancient devices of balance, and that man is mostly a poorly-attuned and uninvited guest in terms of desert ways. Yet if the history of man was not to be diverted into easier if not more crowded passages by entirely insensible features and an admission of defeat at the hands of nature, mastery of the desert had, by some human power, to be accomplished.

But as our century broke past the halfway mark and headed toward the next, the desert remained just as recalcitrant as ever, in spite of larger earthmovers and more formidable explosive devices. In fact many parts of deserts became even less supportive of life following tampering by men, revealing that the mechanisms of deserts are many times more complex than was previously realized. The idea that deserts need only water, the judicial application of which would enable us to instantly set a biological revolution in motion, turned out to be a gross miscalculation, and the results are just now starting to be felt. There is more to come.

With the tendency of expanding

human cultures to read meaning into the vast array of failed pueblos, the social and engineering sciences were forced into doubling demonstrably inadequate efforts to postulate light at the end of the tunnel. After having written off previous cultures as primitive and reliant upon existing environments, this new breed of desert dwellers found themselves faced with having to maintain lush, artificial environments, namely places like Phoenix and Albuquerque which now live, after nearly superhuman effort, on a meager wherewithal which is, in truth, well beyond the carrying capacity of the desert.

My application of the ecological term "carrying capacity" may be criticized. One, by necessity, does not always see the similarities between Phoenicians and a herd of bison or a prairie dog town at first glance, even though all of the biological constraints operate so much under the same processes that it is easy to assume that water and food shortages could eliminate the populations of anything that cannot move elsewhere or in a fit of derision move mountains and oceans into the desert.

This approach to the deserts has been succinctly delineated by the famous desert rat Edward Abbey who wrote some years ago:

The Sonoran Desert by now has been divided, bisected, and subdivided many times, not only by the cities of Phoenix, Tucson, Yuma, Nogales, Hermosillo, but

also by an evergrowing complex of highways, superhighways, corporate factory farms, open-pit copper mines, power lines, dams, bombing and gunnery ranges, and huge tracts of real estate. We must accommodate ourselves to the fact that the unspoiled desert no longer exists. The fragments that remain, however, comprise some of the most interesting wilderness areas on the North American Continent.

Yet, unless we wish to turn our backs on the developers and false prophets of gain to reinvoke mandate destiny, always of dubious credibility, we have more choices to make than simply "accommodating" ourselves to increased destruction of desert environments. One of these is the elimination from our thinking of the idea — although it is not entirely disproved, there are enough negative examples at our disposal to alter most rational minds — that we can make the desert over into a Garden of Eden. I refer, of course, to the escalating tendency to construct dams and vast irrigation systems that cause leaching of hardpan salts to the surface of the soil. Plant growth in desert climates, it is contended, is of prime importance for the continued growth of population centers. In this logic, the central controlling idea seems to be that increase is actually good, that population centers, manufacturing concerns, and military installations should be planned, fostered and evolved.

Such ideas offer certain attractions to entrepreneurship, but they suffer enormously from some really fatal

flaws, even if expansion proves feasible. They do not delineate the source of additional water; there will be no arcs built this year in the American Southwest. There have been some harebrained schemes proposed whereby oceanic waters can be piped into the aridlands, desalinated, and attractively packaged for consumers, but hopefully we will never live to see that idea bear fruit. It would make as much sense to knock the tops out of the Sierras and Rockies so that the prevailing winds would carry summer rains farther inland, even if the skiing impresarios would register complaints in high places.

Since the deserts and their weird assortment of life are more or less natural elements, it would seem more sensible to proceed, until somebody presents incontrovertible evidence to the contrary, with plans to protect them against further degradation. It is now a widely accepted concept that ecosystems are in some sort of equilibrium, and there is a strong likelihood that massive human interference with such systems may damage them beyond recovery. Once more, therefore, we are forced to re-examine our gross negligence in paying closer attention to abandoned pueblos and sand-filled kivas.

If the American deserts that convulse in the leeward arenas are not really ancient phenomena and if as the geologists and climatologists know today that these aridlands are more intense and formidable at present than

they have been in the past, then where are the technologies to which we may turn in our search for tomorrow, the search for water in deserts that are on the march? It is this question that plagues my thinking as I languish in my laboratory or plan new pathways on my maps, even though I realize this is not an entirely unbiased view, that skilled engineers deplore my conversations with cholla flowers or attempts to make sense out of hawk nests in doomed saguaros.

Besides, they haven't the time to waste on anachronisms when there is the fascinating possibility of tapping the deep aquifers that charge springs and desert pools from which only pupfishes and wayward birds derive benefit. Some of them are still contemplating diverting rivers from their native passes, finding mysteriously a logic that goes beyond that of nature. Perhaps they are right, but as I search backward through memories of vanished hogans and flaming gorges filled like cooling teacups, I find myself consumed by suspicions that they are not.

It comes to me that our swift partitioning of the deserts, financially and aesthetically pleasing though it may be to some, is nothing if not the tempting of eventual disaster. In fact, I am now aware of my own prejudices against great cities in the desert. There is, I realize, a loss of pride, doubtless amounting to distrust of colossal machinery and men in hard hats evident in such statements. I do not wish to be

accused of dichotomy, for the truth of the matter is I would not be able to extend my perceptions swiftly from the greenery of Kentucky to the aridlands except by way of engineering advances.

It is only that somewhere among the abandoned cliff dwellings, mound-covered pueblos and broken pottery shards, I read something that is repetitive of what we are attempting again, something that is clearly accounted for in broken mesas and sprawling basins of the whole Southwest. Even if the builders are successful in their expansive horizons, I do not think the results will remain much longer than those of the long-walking Indians. Some day, somewhere, the arms of the swastikas will cross.

SUPPOSE FOR A moment that you are capable of a perfect recall that extends 10,000 years into the past. Remember the finest details. Picture strolling along the shores of enormous Lake Tulare. In your mind, follow rushing streams after finally emerging from the cool woodlands through the series of interconnected lakes we now recognize as extinct Lake Cabeza de Vaca in Mexico. In that faultless memory, recall the lush grasslands and broken forests that stretched in limitless grandeur toward Canada and the hugeness of vast Lake Bonneville stretching northward into Oregon. Networks of streams and lakes spread out in all directions. We — man — were there, come by way of tortuous

journeys. Could all this ever change? Would we, without our magical 10,000-year memory at that moment, foresee the disappearance of our accustomed environment? Even now with all that we know of the desert past, we refuse to know what is in the future.

Yet the evidence is all about us crying out that regardless of all other things, change will come. High up in the Rockies, great U-shaped gouges scar the ridges; bone-dry cirques like empty eye sockets glare down the slopes; high notches split the living stone. But the thick, fractured slabs of ice are gone — the Ice Age has vanished as surely as the snarling, roaring monsters that roamed the extinct rivers and lakes are gone as those who fashioned the Folsom tools slipped through the cracks of time.

It is for those reasons that I have such little faith in engineers. Believe if you will that they understand desert ways. Accept the faith that theirs is the final salvation of man in waterless places. Feed your appreciation of human industry by viewing the great man-made lakes from which towns were born. These things will be in proper context, and you will be performing in the way this technological age demands, but the skeletons of vanished lakes that were exponentially larger than any we have created will cloud your thinking with implications. The key is there. The trick is how to use it.

Only from the darkest corners of my library after we have returned from

long stays in the desertlands do unwanted responses emerge. Once on a blizzardous afternoon I rediscovered a small shoebox behind some books enigmatically labeled "agates." Without any particular plan forethought, I removed the box to a corner of my desk and untied the binding cords. The stones sat there with such a colorful array that I could only stare at them with refound admiration.

I studied them carefully, however, before returning them to the dark, hidden shelf where I am certain they are resting still with their portion of desert secrets locked forever in their crystalline matrix. They released in my head visions of a strange, desertous pavement which was not produced by any man but was instead a momentary brilliance of 50 centuries or 1000 in the harsh writhings of desert life. But what do I know of agates? Not much, I fear, other than I sometimes allow them to divert my purposes.

* * *

THE PROFESSIONAL literature is full of articles with impressive titles such as "Analysis of Late Pleistocene Environments in the American Southwest," "Pleistocene Hydrography of Arizona and New Mexico," "Geologic History of the Gila River Basin," or similar expressions of hopeful surety. Recently I had cause to read in the synoptic work "Fishes in North American Deserts," an essay beguilingly titled "Life History Patterns of Desert Fishes." Written by George D. Constantz of the Philadelphia Academy of

Science, the article focuses on the ultimate evolutionary causes of genetic adaptations in desert-dwelling fishes.

"I focus on fishes that are native to desert springs and streams," wrote the thoughtful Constantz, "because this combination of fauna and ecosystem appears to be little influenced by events outside the arid zone." He wrote this so casually that I first read past the statement with about the same kind of comprehension that attends the scanning of the local society page. In fact I almost missed the significance of the statement because of an oral invitation for coffee and doughnuts.

What brought me back to the article for a second reading was a coffee-katch conversation of which I was not even a part, revelations from an adjacent table: "They think because we don't live there," said one of my associates to another, "we don't have any influence on what those damned strip mines in the mountains tear up. Well, they have another...."

Just then the comments from the Constantz article came back into my thinking — predicated, as they were, upon precepts similar to those of mountain people and the suspicions that extralimital influences are of little immediate importance. Rereading Constantz's article made it clear that he was referring to biological influences, not human. The fishes to which he referred, however, sounded awfully like the Indians in conflict with the outlanders from Spain — or even great herds of bison and prairie dogs up

against it with longhorns and sheep. American desert animals and plants — and one must make certain they are dealing with the real McCoy rather than with things brought in by the Spanish or later invaders — are apt to have been influenced by humans for hundreds of years. Plants and animals frequenting large waterholes, springs or isolated streams more often than not are found in association with human artifacts. By the time modern biologists got around to studying these desert organisms, they all may have been in contact with humans.

"Technology," a recent television ad tells us, "is taking over the world." Yes, but the takeover did not commence with the invention of desk-top computers and laser-beam guided rangefinders. Instead these mind-boggling devices, and the even more complex ones that evolved from them riding in on the coattails of the conquest of greater importance, were all outgrowths of stoneworking techniques and the domestication of plants and animals. "When tillage begins," says the consummate politician Daniel Webster, "other arts follow."

I have considerable doubts, you see, that the technologically-oriented scientists and their persistent financiers sequestered in Chicago, Los Angeles and New York City operate under different constraints than those of the old Puebloan farmers keeping a sharp eye out for crows. No, I have the peculiar vision of an ascetic keeping a lonely vigil over a melting taper. I am filled

with the foreboding because of my visions, for I know I shall live to see them achieved and more regrettably still have come to believe not only that we are working to disintegrate the deserts by our bold ventures, but that when we achieve our victories — and we shall — we will at the same time seal the fate of many small, exquisite and anonymous plants and animals.

The kinds of answers one gets from nature depend entirely upon how the question is posed. We might, I suppose, look back at Manhattan Island with some degree of assurance and say, "We took this swampy lowland away from savages and possessing the world's best technology for building and organization transformed it into a superior modern community."

We might be able to say something similar about Los Angeles — that it is a superior city — but our loquaciousness would not be an answer to the palovered, green of bark and yellow of flower in Arizona, or adequately represent the fluted boles of saguaros in the desolate hills of the Salt River, or the ancient desert tortoise munching contentedly on prickly pears. Neither can those leviathans of steel and concrete account for the memory of individual dust devils, silhouettes against an evening sky and Navajo patriarchs spinning dreams by an eroding hogan.

I know that during my tenure on earth practically every grain of sand, every living molecule in American deserts has changed or has been changed through the agency of hu-

mans. Yet, in the interim between youth and middle age, a new sort of American has emerged and in this New Man something has been lost — an appreciation of nature and a love of history. The brain is a weird armature that spins out memories, even when not called upon to do so, and the Southwest unfolds, as pure and unchanged as it was when I was a child. The memories, though, hold scenes that no longer exist and could not even if dams were torn down, cities eliminated — the young bodies and laughter and yes, the warm embraces of love in hazy canyons lost far from home.

Sometimes in certain untouched places all those memories flood my brain and I feel youth rekindled as surely as I feel the small, warm hand of my wife nestled casually in mine. We first fell in love — really in love — in the desert, with each other, with things that no cliff dweller restricted to Chicago or New York can know. It is for those reasons if not for others — and there are many others — that the solitude of my laboratory evokes a powerful yearning.

* * *

IF AMERICA ever reaches a point in her development when the aridlands lose their innate importance to individuals, we shall collectively lose what made us uniquely Americans in the first place. It may be hard for us to accept, in our engineering way of thinking, that there are earthly environments that are not absolutely conquerable, not for easy living any-

way. We can and we will change them. We will harness power and the gigantic solar panels will point skyward as if on guard against the day when things fall earthward to destroy us and there will be many on hand to extol — so powerful is the hold of engineers over this generation's mind — the efforts without considering whether the loss is worth the gain.

I shall not be among those, although I shall be about my errands in the desert. I shall conspire with strange coteries of jackrabbits as I have before in the high deserts, the gentle, furry bodies of tarantulas drifting by the hundreds across the midnight highway seeking tenaciously to mate out of harm's way, the pinnacle shadows high up in the Green River country where humans seldom go. I shall observe nocturnal flowers, the quick learners and the swift of foot. I shall make my rounds, as the mountains grind away to common sand.

Stark, magnificent and lonely the barren rocks will call to me, as they do now when I am far away. There will come the hot, searing wind across the open ranges, leaving horned-moon dunes at my feet, and I shall revel as I always have in the wonderful mechanics of the desert, in the beautiful adaptations of the things that live there, in the bones of long-vanished monsters and humans the wind sometimes uncovers, knowing that the earth will never see the likes of them — or me — again.

I shall recall with awe snowstorms

blowing through the spires and stone monuments of desert canyons, wondering what conspiracy of nature deposited erosion-resistant rocks where they are. I shall not question the manner by which gliding, grinding and diving crustal plates thrust up mountains, or by what mechanism pressure cells change their course, or what circuitous paths deserts have taken in their genesis. I may wonder what strange and curious forces are working still to govern the wild desert storms or the slow breathing of spadefoot toads buried beneath the surface, but I shall not contend their being.

We know from the robotics that extend our senses millions of miles that there are other deserts in our corner of the solar system which are maintained and coordinated by some of the same forces that are operative on earth, but they are stone-cold dead. Nothing has ever lived on the Martian plains nor will it ever. The conditions are wrong. From the moment of formation — a moment in the history of earth is

but a roll of a stone — whether of a whole desert or of some isolated microcosm at its center, through all the states of becoming, there is a thin passage from places where life luxuriates into those where every day is a crap shoot. There are no Basins of Argyre on earth.

I am an eternal optimist and I do not believe, even when we have piloted our way through the rings of Saturn and disenthroned the last aesthetic, that we shall solve deserts, or that the earth-power that forms them and piles ice a mile deep on the frozen plains of Labrador, or thrusts mountains into the thin air, or sustains the lives of Pueblos on lonely, windswept mesas, that deserts shall ever be entirely changed at the hands of men into something else. Instead I must believe that the armies of men and their accoutrements of war and progress, their tools of trade and building, and all their powers to destroy, as the desert author of Ecclesiastes wrote so long ago, will come and go, but the earth shall abide.



DEAD CELEBRITIES EARN MILLIONS

By Claire Metzger

DEAD celebrities continue to be top-earners, according to *Forbes* magazine's second annual list. Elvis Presley's estate will earn about \$15 million — much of it revenues from Graceland tours, nearby Heartbreak Hotel, record sales and the licensing of his name.

Other top-earning estates include:

Ian Fleming, writer of James Bond thrillers, \$7.5 million; former Beatle John Lennon, \$5 million; guitarist Jimi Hendrix, \$4 million; author T.S. Eliot, \$2.5 million for his share of the Broadway hit *Cats*; actor James Dean, \$1.2 million; Doors' Jim Morrison, \$1 million; and actress Marilyn Monroe, \$1 million.

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.

TIGER, TIGER

By Alvin Edward Moore

UNTIL THE 1950's I had a horrible recurring dream of fighting a tiger, with only a knife for a weapon. I must have had 30 or 40 of these nightmares. I'd wake up just before I was killed. And, oh, I was so pleased to be alive and not having to fight a tiger.

In late January 1951 my father William A. Moore was in Ochsner Hospital in New Orleans. I was on duty with the navy in Washington, D.C. Snow and ice covered the roads when I set out for work one morning from my suburban home. I slipped and skidded over the 20-mile drive to Washington. At the navy car-parking lot I breathed a sigh of relief. I walked to my office and there received a telegram that could not be delivered over the week because the phone wires were down. It said my father was dying.

I sought air transportation. Eastern Airways was jammed with passengers. The only reservation I could get was via Pittsburgh. My wife managed to drive to Washington and met me with a suitcase.

I arrived safely at Pittsburgh but there met serious difficulties. The first southbound plane I boarded sat there on the field an hour or so and then its flight was canceled due



Alvin Edward Moore

to mechanical trouble. I took another; it also was canceled. Finally I took off but soon the plane developed trouble in the flight. It had to land at Atlanta and its flight was canceled. I transferred to an Eastern Airways flight. Finally I landed in New Orleans.

My father was in a coma. I kept saying, "Dad, Alvin is here." At last he said, "Uh huh," and then he died.

That night I had my nightmare of fighting a tiger. And the next day I told my mother about it. She said, "Son, your father had the same dream."

Perhaps in a past life we had an ancestor who fought a tiger and managed to live.—*Royal Palm Beach, Fla.*

OBEY!

By Jo Anne Carson

OUR HONEYMOON trip in July 1953 took my husband Eugene and me across the deserts of California, Nevada and Utah. We returned home to Santa Barbara, Calif., on a two-lane stretch of desolate highway. It was early evening, still light and still hot even for Nevada.

We had been traveling and perspiring for hours. The distant hills seemed to remain distant.

The panorama before me dimmed and turned a hazy shade of yellow. I blinked but the effect persisted. Ahead, on the side of the shoulder, stood a man dressed in sandals and

an off-white hooded robe of what looked like homespun cloth. His strange appearance made me turn and look back at him through the rear window.

"Did you see that, Gene?" I asked.

"See what?"

"That man!"

There, ahead of us, stood the same figure. My mind was scrambled. "How could he be in front of us when I just saw him out the rear window?" I asked.

"What are you muttering about?" my husband said.

I stared straight ahead, my eyes glued to the road, as we drove on. There, in the middle of our lane, again stood the figure. I heard him speak directly to me, in my mind. "Obey!" The expression on his face reinforced the command.

I shouted at my astonished husband. "Gene, stop! You're going to hit him!"

Then we drove right through him. "I don't see anyone!" my husband shouted.

"Well, I do!" I retorted, demanding he pull off the road immediately. "You can laugh at me later."

We stopped and seconds later a light blue sedan sped up from behind us. Loaded with kids, music blaring, it shot away into the distance ahead of us, disappearing around a curve which started to climb the mountain.

The sound of a big truck's air horn blasted repeatedly. Brakes

screamed. Then came the crash of an impact, the grinding of metal, and an onimous silence.

We waited until emergency lights and sirens approached and passed us. An officer finally waved us through the debris.

Gene rolled the window down, asking, "Can we be of help?"

The officer shook his head and said tersely, "No survivors."

It could have been us, I thought.

The terrible image of the tragedy burns in my mind as I recall the slender figure in sandals, clad in a hooded robe. I cannot explain it. I will never forget it. — *Ashland, Oreg.*

STRANGE REHEARSAL

By Evelyn F. Biskeborn

IN JANUARY 1973 I was driving to my parents' home when I realized that I was inexplicably thinking about jumping from the driver's seat I occupied to the passenger's seat alongside.



Evelyn F. Biskeborn

I dismissed this bizarre thought and concentrated on my visit. At that time my parents, Clara and Juan Fernandez, lived in Methuen, Mass., and I had moved to Framingham about 50 miles away.

On my way home that evening I realized that the same scene was going through my mind. I could see myself at the wheel of my car, suddenly jumping from my seat to the other bucket seat in the front. I knew this was not a memory and wondered if I were experiencing some sort of "vision."

For the next six days I continued to see this vision. It seemed peculiar, however, that I would see the scene only when I was in the car driving from one place to another.

On the seventh day I was heading north on my way to my parents' home when I stopped for a red light. The traffic light was located at an intersection where abundant trees blocked the view of traffic heading east.

When the light changed to green, I waited for a moment, then started to make a left turn. As I cautiously entered the middle of the intersection, I realized that a car heading east was moving so fast that not only was it going through the red light but that it was going to hit me.

Without hesitation I jumped from my seat to the passenger's side, just as I unintentionally rehearsed in my mind all week long.

The impact smashed the driver's

side where I had been sitting. Needless to say, my car, a 1968 Dodge Charger, was totaled. But I was alive and had not a scratch on me. My "vision" had been not just a warning but a rehearsal needed to save my live.—*Indianapolis, Ind.*

CLAIRAUDIENT WARNING

By Leona Hutchison

IN OCTOBER 1980 my friend Freda Gladle and I consulted a local card reader to see what information we could obtain about our futures. We were interested in psychic subjects and were ourselves psychic. The reader told me my husband Bill would die within three months, but not how this would happen. I was very concerned.

The following November Freda and I obtained a reading from an English medium in Ottawa, Canada. This medium was an excellent reader and you may imagine my consternation when she also told me my husband would die within three months!

Because of my psychic experiences, I did not doubt this information. I was frantic and was unable to do anything except pray.

One night halfway through the allotted three months as I was driving home, a masculine voice spoke clairaudiently into my right ear and said emphatically, "Do not leave your husband alone at night." I took the warning seriously, because I knew I was being helped as I

have been at times.

I didn't leave Bill alone from then on. Two weeks later at 10 o'clock on a bitterly cold January night, Bill said to me, "Look at my skin, I'm ill and I itch all over." He had broken out in giant hives.

I told him to dress quickly while I got the car out. When I came back in, Bill was lying on the bed, unable to dress himself and hardly able to talk. I rushed to the telephone and told the Ogdensburg Rescue Squad what was wrong. Unable to dress Bill, I wrapped his robe around him and somehow got him to the living room.

The squad finally arrived, applied an oxygen mask to Bill's face and then rushed him to the hospital.

I hadn't known there was sleet on the highway and was warned to follow slowly so as to avoid an accident. At the hospital I found that Bill's breathing had eased considerably. He was given medication to take home in case of a flare-up during the night.

Earlier that evening Bill had taken a new medication for the first time. He had also a short time earlier eaten a dish of ice cream with a pineapple topping and the outbreak of hives happened soon after.

I am deeply thankful for the clairaudient warning from my unknown friend and thankful that he had information that the two mediums did not have.—*Ogdensburg, N. Y.*



**GOD
TOLD
ME
TO**

Enraged fundamentalists, determined to stop a movement about which they know practically nothing, descend on a New Age bookstore.

By Perry Lake

IF A GROUP of Protestants gathered outside a Catholic church and marched up and down the street carrying signs that read, "Down With Popery," it would cause a national outrage. But something similar is happening to

a New Age bookstore in California.

In an atmosphere more like Salem, Mass., in 1692, a handful of Christian fanatics have succeeded in polarizing a town into opposite camps. Ironically, this town is called Paradise.

Since August 7, 1988, the Mind, Body & Spirit bookstore in Paradise, Calif., has been picketed weekly by as many as 14 fundamentalist Christians. They march up and down the street by day and persons in sympathy with them place harassing phone calls to the owner by night.

"There are bad spirits hovering over the store," says Joyce Velasco, the elderly leader of the group. "We are here for Christ." She claims God has given her a mission to show her opposition to the store. "The New Age movement," she claims, "is the same story Satan was pushing in Genesis 3."

"There is nothing Satanic here," says Tina Lee, the co-owner. "There's nothing here that anyone could find fault with."

The term "New Age" refers to a wide spectrum of philosophies and practices. They include out-of-body travel, meditation, divination, channeling, psychic readings, pyramid and crystal study, palmistry and astrology.

Indeed, they have so many different ideas that no one New Ager will ever believe in all the ideas presented. The one thing that unites them besides self-improvement and the desire to achieve a oneness with God is their tolerance of other people's opinions, which apparently scares the fragmented Christian fundamentalists.

"We're fighting against the principalities and powers of darkness that are working through her store," Velasco says, speaking about a store that she has never entered. "The store was

advertising New Age videos, and we feel the New Age movement is deadly to our eternal souls."

Velasco admits she has never seen one of these videos.

"I came up to rent one and the store was closed that day," she says. "But I haven't needed to see them. I've read many books [on the subject] since then. I have read writings of many people who have. Texe Marrs has investigated it thoroughly. He has taken their own literature and shown what they are saying."

Marrs is the author of a rather enthusiastic book which claims the New Agers are trying to set up a one-world government and force Christians to join their religion.* The fact that most New Agers already are Christians is one he easily ignores.

"We are not here to confront people or to educate them," Velasco says. "I'm here to tell the parents of little kids in this town to wake up and get aware of what the New Age is teaching. Because our little children are being brainwashed through the cartoons, they're being brainwashed through the schools. The kids need to know what to watch for."

If the Tuesday 1100 Club, as they've chosen to name themselves, dislike the New Agers, neither are they terribly fond of their own churches. One of Velasco's fellow picketers, retired Rev. Forest Rayburn, says, "I'm not a member of a local church. I'm a rene-

*Marrs' *Dark Secrets of the New Age* was reviewed in October 1988 FATE.

gade because I feel the established church is rotten at its core. And I'm as rotten as the rest of them."

Velasco and her followers use the Bible to justify their actions. They've defiantly placed a large sign in front of Lee's store that reads, "Deuteronomy 18:10. There shall not be found among you anyone that maketh his son or daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch."

Deuteronomy is a book filled with many laws, such as you can't mix materials in a garment such as wool and linen (22:11). You can't plant trees near a church (16:21). You're not allowed to eat rabbits (14:7), or bacon (14:8), or even lobster or shrimp (14:10).

In contrast, compare this to the Book of Corinthians which discusses the desire of spiritual gifts, speaking in unknown tongues and prophesying (14:1-6). In the 15th book, it says there is resurrection of the dead and that this proves their faith. This resurrection "is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption." Thus the channeling of spirits is, if real, nothing that any Bible disagrees with. Jesus raised the dead and exhorted his followers to do so. Jesus could raise them both body and soul, and channelers can only raise the spirit. He was Jesus and we are not.

Also, Jesus said, "Ye are gods." To this Velasco says the Bible is wrong. Jesus meant something else.

But perhaps Lee, who has a Bible in almost every room of her house, has

the best opinion on the subject. "I didn't know the Bible was ever intended as a battering ram."

AS SOON AS the protests began, even before anything appeared in the local newspapers, owner Lee started receiving obscene phone calls. The *Paradise Post* op-ed page has become something of a battleground of letters.

Velasco was inspired to begin her campaign after a seminar conducted at the Assembly of God by visiting preacher Dick Burnell. He said that evil spirits were hovering over Paradise and that the New Agers were going to establish a one-world government which Christians would be forced to join on pain of death. Velasco believed him.

Also, God told her to do this. "We were sent here by God," she says. "I'm not sure what God wanted to accomplish, but we're here because we felt led to be here. I didn't hear him say it with a voice, but I was impressed."

One of her fellow protesters, Reverend Rayburn, was not impressed. "Even in my Protestant churches," he says, "they don't know what Jesus they're worshipping. I have to confess I'm sick that we don't know the Jesus we are preaching. We just don't know. Now people are saying that Jesus appears to them. Hogwash."

Whether he means that Jesus has never come back from the dead, or whether he just doesn't believe Velasco, is unclear.

The Tuesday 1100 Club always

claim they aren't protesting. "This just happens to be where we are," Velasco maintains.

The conflict began, she says, when she and a friend intended to go there once when the store was closed. They prayed for a while, then prepared to leave when Lee, preparing to open the store, noticed them standing by their car. She went to see if she could help them. Curtly, they told her they didn't want anything from her and told her they opposed what she was doing.

Taken by surprise, Lee got angry and began to exchange words. When Velasco waved one of her books in front of Lee's face, Lee snatched it away, later tossing it into the street where it was damaged.

In response Velasco went home and organized as many disgruntled Christians as she could find. A week later, the Tuesday 1100 Club came into being. Members marched up and down in front of the store.

Lee admitted that she was angered at first at the picketing of her store. Now, though, she says she just feels sorry for Velasco. The obscene phone calls in the early morning hours she could live without, but she's trying to be philosophical.

She says, "Actually, [the picketing] has been great for business. My Psychic Fair did really well because of all the publicity. I hope that woman stands out there all the time."

In a community of some 25,000, the protesters never numbered more than 14 at a time. They've dropped to

seven, then five, and now they have stopped. Rather they have aimed their attacks at another target — the local school boards. It seems they have been teaching the Satanic practice of relaxation techniques to teenagers.

SOME LOCAL people in the New Age movement will not speak to reporters — even just to express an opinion. They don't want trouble.

The First Amendment to the Constitution says that we have freedom of expression. But the Constitution also says we have the freedom of worship. When people are allowed to circumvent that freedom, then is our nation any different from others?

And for those that say the Bible should have the last word in all the affairs of men, consider Matthew 7:1-5. "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Editor's note: Owners of the Mind, Body & Spirit bookstore have since moved their shop to Chico some 20 miles away.

QUIRKS OF FATE

By Harold Helfer

In New York residents are supposed to get rid of their garbage as soon as they can, but fireman Kerry Murphy owes his life to the fact that some Bronx, N.Y., apartment house hadn't. He fell from the roof of the five-story burning building — but landed in a high heap of rubbish. He didn't mind the odor. It allowed him to escape with just some bruises and cuts, and not a single broken bone.

Ashton Miller of Nassau, Bahamas, never won anything so he decided to buy a raffle ticket in the name of his dog Benji. Sure enough, that ticket was drawn and Mr. Miller now has a \$20,000 car. The raffle sponsor was the Humane Society.

Two highly unlikely coincidences occurred when Cindy Sonderquist became a mother in Fairfax, Va. For one she gave birth to quadruplets, without taking fertility drugs. The odds against that happening are 700,000 to one. The babies were delivered by Dr. Thomas E. Schmitt, the same doctor who delivered another set of quadruplets four years ago. The time between deliveries of quadruplets by the same obstetrician, according to the law of probabilities, would be 4800 years.

Pursued by police, a Newcastle, Australia, bank robber began a shoot-out. Down he abruptly fell. He only got to shoot one time, but the police didn't shoot at all. The bandit's bullet struck the metal frame of a door and ricocheted right at his body. Hospital doctors removed the bullet and the offender wound up in jail.

Hedley Morgan, 84, of Rednal, England, had a dread of owing money so his wife kept from him the fact that they'd been receiving demands for payment of a gas bill. He found the last bill though which resulted in his collapsing and dying of a heart attack. He never knew that his wife had already paid the bill.

Gerhard Hubner, a Kensington, Md., building engineer, was not feeling well so he went to bed early. He felt quite a bit better the next day; he learned he'd won \$1,200,000 in the state's lottery.

Five-year-old Rachel Collado ran into a busy New York City street, tripped and fell in the path of an oncoming truck. The truck ran over her, but she wasn't hurt. Neither the wheels nor the undercarriage touched her.

CRYSTAL POWER:

What Our Readers Think

FATE's survey of a New Age rage brings to light surprising revelations and possible answers to a modern mystery.

By Lawrence Jerome

THE AUGUST 1988 issue of FATE included a survey questionnaire on crystal power. Respondents were asked to send completed questionnaires directly to me. At the same time *Lapidary Journal* ran a notice — placed at the end of an article on crystal power — asking interested readers to send for a copy of the questionnaire.

Response to the FATE questionnaire has been excellent and I wish sincerely to thank all who participated. A total of 176 completed questionnaires arrived in time to be included in the final results. The *Lapidary Journal* notice resulted in only 12 returned questionnaires — a not unexpected rate given the nature of the magazine's readership, rockhounds and gemologists.

Thus, I had a total of 190 completed questionnaires. Responses to each of

the 11 questions were entered and stored in a computer using the statistical analysis program Statpac Gold, which was used to compile, summarize, graph and test the raw data.

Statistical experts will and do immediately object that this was not a random survey, that it was heavily biased toward those most interested and involved in crystal power, if for no other reason than respondents had to provide their own envelope and stamp. True, but the population I wanted to reach with the survey were those most knowledgeable and experienced in using crystals. Since nearly half of the respondents (47.1 percent) have been interested in crystals more than five years, and well more than half (68.5 percent) described themselves as "crystal workers," the survey seems to have reached its intended population,

thanks to the auspices of FATE.

The FATE Crystal Power Survey questionnaire began with four background questions: How respondents

respondents are about evenly divided among the categories, through friends (26.8 percent), reading (31.1 percent) and other (31.6 percent). The "other"

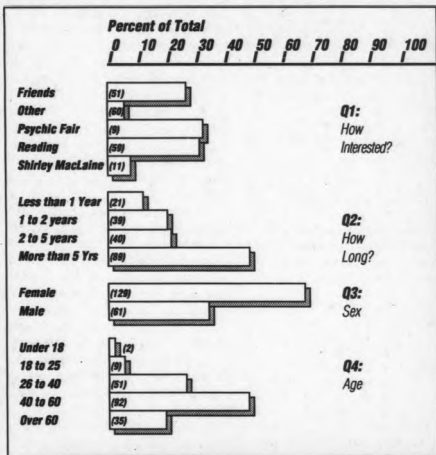


Figure 1
became interested in crystals, how long they had been interested, their sex and their age category. Results are shown in Figure 1. In answering how they became interested in crystal power,

category produced some unique ways of becoming interested in crystal power:

- crystal radio sets/physics: old ra-

dios/radio amateur handbook

- grandmother was a healer of the "Old Religion"; second teacher was half Painte and half Chinese shaman lady

- drawn to "rocks" since childhood/interest as a child since age four

- church/church classes

- always liked them; mother has crystal ball

- due to association with a scientist who remained close to his Cherokee roots

- always been drawn to crystal and other gems/stones

- work in crystal store

- my own instincts/saw them, was attracted to them

- given as gift by spiritual mentor

- grandmother always wore them

- childhood rock collection/son's rock collection

- at healing class/at an Indian fair

- native American shamanism (self-taught)/their use by shamans

- felt a vibrant power since a small child

- two of the "Rainbow People Tribe" of San Francisco, Calif.

- personal spirit guides/spirit guide

- used for pain by Rolfer

- experiments with pyramids

- Chief War Eagle/Zananoona, third of seven Ascended Masters

- friends of astrology club

- my dreams

- continuing interest from many previous lives

- work of Edgar Cayce

To a student of crystal power, several of these responses are instructive. Note especially the two cases of learning about crystal power through direct word-of-mouth contact with Ameri-

can Indian shamans. Prehistoric shamans were probably the first to use crystals as healing objects, although we have no conclusive archaeological evidence. Quartz crystals are still being used by shamans around the world, although many other sacred objects — herbs, water, bears — are far more prominent among the world's shamans. Thus, knowledge of quartz's crystal power has traditionally been by word of mouth and survived via that route for thousands of years, relatively unknown to the mainstream of society. Today's mass media, however, have suddenly thrust crystal power into popularity.

Two other responses also represent historic ways knowledge of crystal power has been spread: astrology and crystal balls. In traditional astrology, different colored stones were associated with particular diseases, while planets and signs of the zodiac were "ruled" by corresponding gems and stones. Crystal-ball gazing or scrying can really be traced to shamanistic use of quartz since shamans often rely on visions (sometimes through dreams) which they see within the crystal.

I was particularly struck by the many responses stating fascination with crystals since early childhood, plus several others saying they had been merely attracted to the crystals. I, too, had rock and crystal collections as a child, and later went on to earn a Masters degree in Materials Science, but I never felt that same sense of fascination expressed by these respondents.

The survey, then, shows that crystal power — at least through shamanism, astrology and crystal-ball gazing — would still survive today, even without the popularizing power of the mass media. Articles, books, TV and Shirley MacLaine have created about 40 times as much popular interest in crystals as would occur through the normal word-of-mouth channels. The survey, how-

ever, goes on to discover that crystal power has been around longer than the recent spate of popularity would suggest.

As shown in Figure 1, twice as many females (67.9 percent) as males (32.1 percent) answered the questionnaire, and nearly half of respondents (46.7 percent) were between the ages of 40 to 60. Most surprising, however,

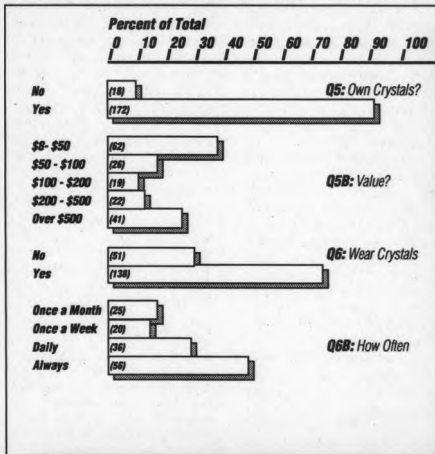


Figure 2

was the finding that nearly half of those who answered the questionnaire (47.1 percent) had been interested in crystals for more than five years — many 40 years or more.

Crystal power may be only recently popular, but it has been around for many years.

THE NEXT SET of questions on the survey asked whether respondents owned crystals, their value, if they wore crystals, and how often. Results are shown in Figure 2. The vast majority (90.5 percent) do own crystals and nearly three quarters (73 percent) regularly wear crystals — almost half (40.9 percent) always wearing a crystal. Most (36.5 percent) estimated the value of their crystals at less than \$50, while a quarter (24.1 percent) have collections worth over \$500. We can make a conservative estimate of the total value by putting the first four categories at their midrange, and the last category at the minimum \$500; this would give the total value of the crystals owned by the 190 respondents as:

$$62 \times \$25 + 26 \times \$75 + 19 \times \$150 + 41 \times \$500 = \$26,850$$

giving us an average crystal collection value of \$141.32.

Crystals obviously have become big business.

QUESTION 7 on the survey asked respondents if they considered themselves "crystal workers," a term commonly used by writers on the sub-

ject. More than two-thirds of respondents (68.4 percent) did check the "yes" box, then went on to check the categories for which they use crystals. Results are shown in Figure 3.

As expected, two categories of uses were most popular: self healing (75.2 percent) and meditation/self improvement (76 percent); more than half (53.7 percent) claimed to use crystals to heal others, while a little more than a third (39.7 percent) claimed to be able to use crystals for healing at a distance. Of the parapsychological uses for crystals, ESP proved to be most popular (46.8 percent), astral projection and channeling least popular (27 percent), while 30 percent claimed to use crystals to influence people and events. Finally, 34.1 percent of the crystal workers used them for other purposes including:

- buys and sells crystals
- mind enchancing
- body, mind and spirit
- animals/enchance plant growth
- send energy/recharge
- magnets plus crystals
- UFOs/UFO contacts
- visions/gazing
- writing a book
- healing animals/locating lost ones
- dream work/dreams
- electronics: frequency calibrator, phased-lock loop, reference oscillator
- money
- magnify thoughts and transmit energy
- pyramid experiments
- protection of home, pet, myself
- soul (discarnate rescue work)

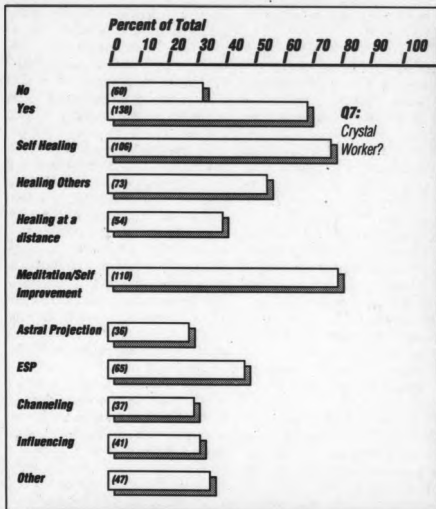


Figure 3

● information for writing book received by telepathy was interpreted by using the dowsing rods, amethyst crystal and telepathy

● physical transreccion [sic] through transcendental meditation

● crystal vortex generator enables me to detect storms 300 miles away and Shirley MacLaine's new metaphysical area 265 miles away

● gather of power
● pendulum

- dowsing, clearances and aura work
- Tarot reading

Again many of these other responses are instructive. Crystal power is similar to pyramid power in that both claim to be able to concentrate and amplify energies. The use of crystals in dowsing is rarely mentioned in the popular crystal literature, only in dowsing literature. Only one respondent mentioned gazing and none specifically mentioned shamanistic practices — the two traditional uses of crystals. But since most crystal power involves visualization techniques (with eyes closed), modern practices are similar to crystal gazing (with eyes open) — the major difference being whether eyes are open or closed, and the intent (crystal gazing aims at clairvoyance, while crystal power extends to many other claimed uses, as previously noted).

FINALLY, we get to the "meat" of the FATE Crystal Power Survey — the questions designed to measure the independent and dependent variable used to test hypotheses.

Hypothesis 1: In cases of medical claims for crystal power, successes can be attributed to the placebo effect; success rate should be close to 35 percent.

I realize the term "placebo" has a negative connotation since placebo medicines are inert, "worthless" substances against which "real" active medicines are tested. But look again at the placebo success rate — 35 percent.

That means that more than one-third of patients with a wide variety of ailments and diseases will get better taking "just" a placebo. The list of medical conditions responsive to the placebo effect range from arthritis to headaches to back problems to heart trouble.

In the case of psychotherapeutic placebo treatments, improvement rates can reach 60 percent, even as high as 80 percent, especially for depression, anxiety and schizophrenia. One researcher suggests such high rates of psychological improvement using placebo treatments may be attributed to the well-known (at least to statisticians) Hawthorne effect, simply the tendency for subjects in an experiment to react in ways that they think will please the researchers (also called the "pygmalion effect").

Success rates of 35 percent to 80 percent could easily convince crystal workers or anyone that crystals do have healing energies. In fact if we look at Figure 3 at the percentages of crystal workers who use crystals for self healing, healing others and for meditation/self improvement, and recalculate those percentages to include all 190 survey participants, we get the following percentages:

Self healing	106	55.8 %
Healing others	73	38.4 %
Meditation/ Self improvement	110	57.9 %

Note how close these percentages are to the medical placebo rate of 35 percent and the psychological Haw-

thorne effect rate of 60 percent. Certainly, my Hypothesis 1 (crystal power as placebo effect) would seem plausible. Unfortunately, it's also untestable except through medical experimentation. For the survey I formed a corollary hypothesis based on the following reasoning: If crystal workers are seeing success due to the placebo effect, they must (1) inform the patient about the crystal-power treatment, and (2) patients who participate in the crystal-power treatment will have a higher success rate.

Thus distance between patient and crystal treatment should be a significant factor: patients close by or in the same room will be more aware of the crystal-power treatment and hence more susceptible. This leads to my alternative hypothesis for the survey.

Alternative Hypothesis: Crystal workers who note that crystals work best while the patient is present are really noticing the placebo effect and will find that crystal energies do not work well at a distance, while crystal workers who believe they can affect patients not present will also believe the crystal energies can extend to almost any distance.

Questions 8, 8a, 9 and 10 on the survey were designed to test this alternative hypothesis. The results from these four questions are shown in Figure 4. Nearly two-thirds of respondents (64.5 percent) agree, "Yes, crystals work best when the recipient participates in the energizing."

Nonparticipant success is still re-

ported as high: very successful (33.6 percent); somewhat successful (50.4 percent); and not at all successful (15.9 percent). Only 14.5 percent always tell the recipient they are directing crystal energies toward them, while 40 percent never do and 45.5 percent sometimes inform the recipient. The results of the maximum distance question were most surprising: 56 percent of crystal workers felt there is no limit to the distance at which crystal energies operate. Typical comments included these:

- I have worked 1000 miles
- I have communicated between linked spheres across the U.S., specifically from Alexandria, Va., to Los Angeles, Calif.
- no limit in the distance
- I actively do healings every day on my customers and have done six long distance healings with complete success
- I prefer to do healing at a distance and not always with the other person aware of what is happening
- I do not believe distance to be a factor. A thousand miles or one mile; if it is going to work, it will work
- have only worked within established geographical bounds of lower 48 states
- Dallas to California
- distance no factor

Only 18.8 percent of respondents felt crystal power worked best when the recipient was in the same room; intermediate distances received only a total of eight responses (6 percent).

In testing the Alternative Hypothesis above, questions 8 and 10 (tell recipient and recipients participate) are

independent variables, and question 9 (maximum distance) is the dependent variable. The correct statistical test to use in this case is the chi-square test, which is a calculation using independent and dependent variables, resulting in a single number. If that number is larger than a certain predetermined level, the test is significant and the

hypothesis accepted; otherwise the hypothesis is rejected.

In short the first chi-square test for questions 8 and 9 *does not* support my alternative hypothesis, while the second chi-square test for questions 9 and 10 *does* support my alternative hypothesis: those crystal workers who tell recipients about the crystal-power

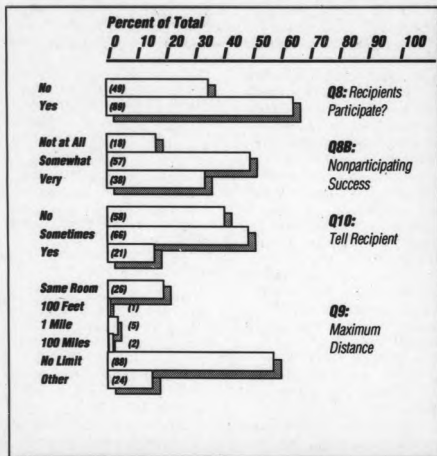


Figure 4

treatment do see distance as a factor in success. This in turn helps support my major hypothesis that what they are observing is the placebo response.

WHAT DOES it all mean? As I point out in my forthcoming book *Crystal Power: The Ultimate Placebo Effect*, the placebo effect and its psychological counterpart, the Hawthorne or pygmalion effect, are becoming important controversies in the medical literature. Researchers do not understand how placebos can "cure" 35 to 60 percent of patients, although they have some theories including the body's release of natural drugs (endorphins).

Perhaps by studying crystal powers, researchers can gain a better understanding of the mind/body interface that somehow seems capable of heal-

ing itself. Even if crystal power "energies" are found not to exist, crystal power may one day help us understand the body's and the mind's natural healing processes. FATE's Crystal Power Survey suggests such future research is definitely warranted.

A total of 47 states were represented in the survey, plus one from Canada. Not surprisingly, California led the list with 30 returned questionnaires (15.6 percent), with the state of Washington a surprising second (14 returns or 7.4 percent). New York was third with 11 returned questionnaires (5.8 percent) with Michigan a close fourth (10 returns and 5.3 percent).

The final question on the survey asked if respondents would be willing to participate in a scientific test of crystal power. An overwhelming 91.9 percent agreed.



GAZING INTO THE FACE OF MYTHOLOGY

By John Ellis Sech

KING MIDAS is remembered as the man who could turn anything he touched into gold. Most people believe that Midas never really lived. But in fact Midas ruled his kingdom of Phrygia, now central Turkey, from the years 738 B.C. until 696 B.C.

Thanks to the efforts of Dr. John Prag, an archaeologist at Manchester Museum in England, and Richard Neave, an illustrator at Manchester

University's Department of Medicine, we know what the legendary monarch looked like.

Using the dead king's skull along with the latest knowledge about the distribution of skin tissue on bone, Prag and Neave have reconstructed a clay and plaster head, an accurate representation of what Midas looked like. Thus science has allowed us to gaze into the face of mythology.

*Visions
of
the
Next
World*

People on the verge of death catch glimpses of another reality in which the dead live on in a land of light and beauty.

REPORTS OF near-death experiences and deathbed visions have been collected by parapsychologists for years, even if sporadically. The well-known Italian psychical researcher Ernesto Bozzano (1862-1943) published a great number of them in the Italian publication *Luce e Ombra* in 1906, 1919 and 1930. Bozzano's research was followed in 1926 by the publication of *Deathbed Visions* by Sir William Barrett, founder of the Society for Psychical Research in England. Today such books as Raymond Moody's *Life After Life* (1975) and Karlis Osis and Erlendur Haraldsson's *At the Hour of Death* (1977) are widely read. These researchers worked in different cultures; yet the accounts they collected were very much alike.

Because of my own personal interest in the subject, I decided to conduct a similar search for cases in my native Italy. I wrote letters of inquiry to various publications asking readers to send me their experiences. Within a short period of time I began receiving letters from people from many different social and cultural backgrounds. Only a few of them were familiar with the books I just mentioned, which made these cases all the more impressive.

Some of my respondents said this was the first time they had spoken of their experiences. Before this they have been afraid that other people would laugh at them or simply not believe them.

I eventually collected about 100 cases. I personally met some of the witnesses, spoke with others by phone and corresponded with still others. Roughly two-thirds of my informants reported purely personal stories of coming back from death, while the remaining witnesses reported observations made by the deathbeds of friends or relatives. In roughly 40 percent of my cases, the dying person purportedly saw a dead friend, relative or religious figure coming to guide him through death. In several other cases the figure told the percipient it wasn't time to die and sent him back to life. Twenty percent of the subjects reported out-of-body experiences when near death; 40 percent saw lights, heard strange sounds, observed landscapes or reported other unusual perceptions.

Although it is not easy to break my cases down into discrete classifications — since several elements crop up in the individual accounts — I divided the cases into the following categories:

(1) Cases in which the subject saw deceased friends or relatives shortly before death.

(2) Cases in which the percipient saw or experienced a border, which was impossible to cross, between this world and the otherworldly realm. Also placed in this category were instances in which the dying person was sent back to life.

(3) Reports of out-of-body experiences.

(4) Unusual but pleasant perceptions of beautiful landscapes and re-

lated otherworldly milieus.

(5) Psychic phenomena that broke out in the environment of the subject's death — i.e., raps, psychic lights or apparitions seen by people who knew the recently deceased person.

(6) Reports contributed by people who attempted suicide.

Let's examine each of these categories in turn.

Deathbed appearances

As I pointed out earlier, this was the largest group in my study. Usually the dying person saw a deceased friend or relative inviting him to follow into the otherworld. For example, this report was contributed by a 77-year-old housewife from Cavereno, a city near Trent:

I'll tell you what happened at the deathbed of my mother in February 1929. I was 18 years old at the time and the 13th daughter of my parents. Only I had survived since my 12 brothers and sisters died in their early years. My father, a vicar, some relatives and I were with Mother, who was soon to die. She was lucid. Suddenly her eyes looked at the door and she smiled. The vicar said, "This woman is having a vision." Mother's eyes moved about the room and then she said, "Children, this is not the infant school. . . ." Then she was silent because she was paying attention to something. Then she said, "All my . . . to give me the hand."

She seemed to be examining the hands of invisible children. The witness went on:

As she looked at their little hands, she said, "I have not even sufficient fingers?" Then she turned to us, who were listening in astonishment, and said, "All my children have come to take me and I have not even sufficient fingers. . . . They were 12!" More than 50 years have gone by since that day, but I remember every detail as if it were yesterday.

A similar case was contributed to my survey by a 50-year-old shopowner from the town of La Spezia:

My husband died in September 1978 after several months suffering from metastasized cancer. He was never given sedatives. He was lucid and rational. On the last night [before he died] I was near him on a deck chair. He was then in a coma. I had fallen asleep. He called and told me in a feeble voice, "Adriana, darling, your mother [who had died three years previously] is helping me to come out of this awful body. There is so much light here. It is so peaceful." Then he died, leaving me this message of love, which helps me to live and to accept life without him.

Especially significant were those cases in which the dying person did not know from previous information that the deathbed visitor was, in fact, dead. For example, the case printed below was given to me by an elderly housewife from Leghorn:

My nephew Luciano, a university graduate in conscription in Genoa, died in that town in a car accident. We didn't have the heart to tell the truth to my mother, who was very old. We therefore let her believe that Luciano was engaged in a secret mis-

sion and would not write for a long time. She believed it. When she was dying, she saw many dead persons in the other dimension and among them her grandson Luciano. "It is not true that he is alive; he is among the dead," she said. I was near her and I was astonished. She mentioned her father, too, whom she had never known during her life, because she was only two when he died.

Experiencing a border

Many dying persons experience a particular form of symbolism, for instance a doorway, barrier or wall which keeps the patient from passing into the next world. Sometimes this is represented by a figure who declares it is not the patient's time to die. My first example is relatively short and was sent to me by a schoolteacher from Milan:

When my sister was 17 years old, she fainted and, falling down, hit her head against the corner of the marble table in our kitchen. When she recovered, she said that she had had a vision. She was in a large shining station full of people. Among the crowd our deceased grandfather came toward her, gave her a push and said, "Go! It is not time yet!" Then she came to herself.

Very similar is a report I received from a 48-year-old journalist from a city near Trieste:

Last year I suffered from a high persistent fever and was hospitalized. Here my situation got worse and I entered a coma. My body was lying on the bed surrounded

by doctors, nurses and my wife. I was above them and my mind was completely free. I had a sense of peace and happiness I had never experienced before. In front of me, in a great white cloud, I saw my father and my mother, smiling and waving to me to reach them. Behind them I saw other friends and old comrades-in-arms from the front where I once fought. In the middle of this cloud, a black-dressed figure—I'd say a vicar, with a shining face—appeared. I couldn't recognize him, but lifting up his hand, he got me to stop. Then all disappeared and I came to myself in my bed.

A more conventional border was described by a nurse from Brescia:

Last October I was in a car accident and I was near death. It was a wonderful experience and I would never have gone back to earth and into my body. I was [floating] at the height of three meters and I could see everything from that position. I saw my car upside down, my dead body and the people assembling on the side of the road. I could hear everything they saw. But then, looking up, I saw an enormous square of bright marble, as large as the world. At one end I saw a great wall and I realized that to go to the other world I had to cross that wall. I heard singing angels and I wanted to go and sing with them, but they refused, telling me that I had to return to earth. But I felt that everything is preserved there—I mean that thought goes on, even clearer [after death]. I was happy, blissful and shining.

Then I realized that I was getting smaller and smaller and I entered my body through my mouth and nostrils. When I came to myself, I was full of . . . wounds and pain. But my happiness was so deep that I did not feel my troubles. Only later, in the hospi-

tal, did I gradually begin to feel my enormous physical pain. The most important thing is that I was happy to see my dead body and I am no longer afraid of dying.

Out-of-body experiences

Two of the previous three persons described out-of-body experiences during which they encountered the barrier to the next world. As I have already noted, 20 percent of my cases included this effect. While experiencing particularly dangerous situations — such as being in a coma or car accident, during surgery and so on — the dying found themselves outside their bodies. They usually observed their physical bodies with a certain disinterest, feeling happy and peaceful during the episode.

A physician reported the following case:

I was with my family in S. Frutuoso (near Portofino) and I wanted to go and see a big statue of Christ which is submerged at a depth of 10 meters. I am a good swimmer. When I was near the statue, I felt a sensation of immense peace and happiness and after a few moments I saw myself lying on the sea bottom, near the statue, breast and face against the sand. I saw the sunlight reflected on the sea and my [mental] state was of incredible and indescribable well-being. Only the desire to see my family convinced me to go back into my body. I went up like a cork, losing blood from both ears, and I was taken on board by a fisherman. When I was out of my body, everything seemed to me unimportant. Seeing one's own physical body is the same as seeing a dress you are fond of.

A similar report, described in vivid detail, was contributed by a 26-year-old woman from Cologno:

Last year I had a terrible intestinal hemorrhage and I was hospitalized. During the night I was very weak and sad and without any energy. Suddenly I had the sensation of being above my bed. As a matter of fact, I could see not only my roommates but also a pale and starving body. It was my body, but it was as if it were not mine. I found it so insignificant and "not mine" that I thought, "How miserable I am! I look like a larva!" I was not afraid. I felt incredibly serene and happy. Then two shining beings appeared to me and said, "You must absolutely go back into your body!" I felt it absurd to be obliged to go back into that insignificant body, but suddenly I found myself inside it, feeling miserable, weak, full of pain and terror.

Like so many near-death survivors, this witness lost her fear of death through her experiences. Toward the close of her account she remarked:

Now I am pretty well and I'd like to add that I am a young wife of 26 who loves life and cares for her body. . . . I don't yet understand why that night I could be so unconcerned about it! One thing I wish to add is that, if at the moment of death I feel the same sensation as I had that time, I won't be afraid to die. Death is not ugly. Only in the body do you feel pain and fear. I no longer have any fear of dying, but since that experience, I have loved life much more and I have tried to live it as well and fully as possible.

Landscapes and unusual sensations

Sometimes the dying person experiences a heavenly otherworld. Sensations of peace and harmony, similar to those reported in some of the previous accounts, are described.

A university professor from Catania reported such experiences when he suffered a coronary:

Last October I had a heart attack. I had just time to lie down. I clearly perceived the sensation of the end. I heard my wife weeping and I would have told her not to cry, because I felt I had reached a condition of ineffable peace and well-being, but I couldn't speak. For a while I had the impression of hovering in a huge, empty abyss, with white walls. I found myself in peace and silence. When I received medicine, my heart began to beat again and I could hear and talk, but I cannot say I was satisfied with that. Now, after some months, I remember that absolute peace and silence — that imponderability in the white, empty abyss. Such recollections often return....

The professor ended his report by saying he often longs for the state he experienced when he was near death.

A bright, shining world was observed by a 60-year-old housewife from Genoa:

Some years ago I was in a serious car accident and I was brought to the hospital in a critical condition. I was in great danger and I was operated on. Before losing consciousness I thought: I do not want to die! But suddenly I was lifted up by a multitude of angels and brought toward a light which became ever more bright. I was

completely happy in that rosy atmosphere and I felt that the light I perceived was God, a good and infinitely loving God. I did not feel any desire or perturbation for what I had left, but only peace and sweetness for what I was waiting for. Suddenly I woke up and I felt that I was alive and that my son was holding my hand.

After my son's death, nine months later, I often recalled my wonderful experience and it helped me in my pain. Today, I consider death as a reward and I am not at all afraid of it, because I know what it is: wonderful!

Psychic phenomena at death

In this category I include lights, raps, disembodied voices or crisis apparitions which seem to signify somebody's death. Generally the phenomenon is experienced by a friend or relative of the dying person. Less common, however, are those cases in which a stranger to the dying person reports the phenomenon. For example, Dr. Christian Barnard, the famous heart surgeon, had just such an experience:

I had this experience once as a patient in a hospital. While [I was] lying in bed in the ward, a woman entered, bent over me without saying a word, then vanished out of the window. Later I told a nurse about this experience and I described the woman. The nurse told me that a patient answering that description had just died in a room not far from mine at the time of my visitation. I had never seen the woman in life and did not know who was in the room where she had lain. I cannot explain why she had come to visit me after dying.

An elderly housewife reported a related experience to me, even though the incident took place some 30 years earlier:

I am 65 years old and this is the first time I am reporting my experience. In the early morning of February 26, 1948, I was sleeping by myself; my husband had clandestinely embarked on a ship called the *Valentina*, which had sailed toward Palestrina. I did not know that he had embarked. I believed he was in Italy, in Taranto, and I was greatly astonished when I heard his voice calling me, saying, "Leda, Leda!" I woke up, convinced he was at the door, but nobody was there and I went on sleeping. Only a week later was the body of my husband found on the beach of Crotone. The *Valentina* had been wrecked and my husband drowned in the early morning of February 26, 1948. But he had called me in such a clear and anguished voice that I woke up. After so many years, I can still hear that voice.

Suicide

The following case reported by a potential suicide victim is the only such case in my collection. This case reads differently from the other reports in my files. The other witnesses spoke of feeling peaceful and serene, but not this witness:

Five years ago I tried to die and I remained in a coma for seven days. I woke up in a world of silence, convinced that I had done something harmful to myself. I had no physical pain. I felt light, restored, and physically well. I was conscious of myself, my thoughts, sentiments and sensations. I

was in a dark room. I was lying covered by a counterpane on a cold marble table. I was alone, desolately alone. I waited for something, anything, [since I didn't want to] remain in this state of mental anguish, which grew and grew.

I seemed to be in a spacious, austere chapel, which I felt was kind of a hospital. "My God," I thought, "am I alive or dead?" If I am alive, I shall certainly die if no one helps me. A dead person would have flowers, someone there to weep. . . .

Suddenly I became aware of a dazzling light at my feet. It came from a beautiful gold lantern. Its white light shone directly on me. And in this light I saw a young figure— young, pale with dark eyes, which fixed on me understandingly. I tried to communicate with him mentally. He answered in the same way. "Help me," I called. "Help me, whoever you are."

"Be calm and have faith," he responded.

I became conscious of the sound of voices which grew louder. I mentally saw the upper floor: figures in dark clothes were talking about me. They were figures without faces, or perhaps their hoods hid their features. I was being tried, accused of having transgressed. I would have to pay. Though several figures defended me, a greater number accused me. I was terrified. Yet the being in the light gave me courage and made me understand that he could stop them if they condemned me.

Suddenly they burst into the room. There were many dark figures, old and bent. I felt their judgment was that they had condemned me. But when they tried to raise me, they could not advance. I escaped their hands because the light stopped them a few centimeters from me. They withdrew and I knew I was absolved.

The would-be suicide returned to

life, but today she is still frightened of death. She is afraid that her "judgment" has been postponed and that she will have to pay when she dies. This case, so different from other near-death experiences in my collection, confirms what religions teach about suicide.

ANYONE familiar with the publications and books I cited at the beginning of this article will see that my cases conform to those collected by other researchers, both in different countries and in different eras. Although I have reported only a small

selection of my cases, similar types of cases highlight my collection.

These reports were described in my book *Somebody Came Back*, published in Italy in 1981. It is, of course, impossible to prove the genuineness of these reports. We can only examine their common patterns, which recur time after time despite the great social, religious and cultural differences of the subjects I and my predecessors have interviewed. So, while such cases do not constitute formal proof, they certainly provide an indication that life exists beyond the grave.



MAJOR FACTOR IN EARLY DEATHS

By John Ellis Sech

RESEARCHERS in Denmark have determined that your genes rather than environment determine whether you will die young. If both your biological parents died before the age of 50, then your chances are doubled that you will die at an early age.

The Danish researchers studied 960 families who gave up their children for adoption between the years 1924 and 1926. By examining people who had never lived with their biological parents and comparing their mortality rates with both biological and adoptive parents, researchers could better determine whether cancer and heart attacks were influenced more by environment or genes.

Findings showed that if the biological parents died of natural causes before the age of 50, then the child was twice as likely to die young also. There was no link between early deaths of adoptive parents, of natural causes and their adopted children.

If the biological parents died before age 50 of an infection, heart trouble or stroke, it was found that the child's chances of dying young were increased by five times.

In the case of cancer, however, the situation was reversed. When adoptive parents died of cancer before the age of 50, the chances of the child dying of that disease were increased by five times.



Uncanny Reunion in Mexico City

How was it possible for Dad to pay me a surprise visit in my Mexican home — while asleep in his Swiss villa?

By Al Sinclair

IN THE Valley of Anahuac, site of modern Mexico City, the ancient home of the Tolteca and Azteca Indians, many strange things have occurred over the centuries — things inexpli-

cable to modern man but understood by the devoutly religious Indian.

Watching over this valley are two great volcanoes reaching toward 18,000 feet above the sea. To the Toltecas and

the Aztecas the largest, called Popocateptl, is the young warrior watching forever over his love Ixtacihuatl, the Sleeping Lady. The valley is guarded on the east by the City of the Gods, Teotihuacan, and on the west by the mysterious floating gardens, Xochimilco.

Over all prevails a feeling of the ancient and of knowledge long ago lost, a sensation of something larger, demanding yet benevolent, that the Spaniard and now the tourist could never quite place a finger on.

It was in Mexico City that I worked and here that I rested in between my caravans. In 1976 I was called a "wagonmaster" since my work leading recreational-vehicle caravans over most of Mexico seemed to remind all of us, my clients as well as me, of a time gone by when great caravans headed over such trails as the Oregon and the Santa Fe and each one appeared to be a city on the move. So it was with us, and I enjoyed the title and the companionship of the RVers — recreational-vehicle enthusiasts — in the shadow of history. The trips would start in October and end in the first week of April. The summer then became a time of rest for me.

Since the Mexican revolution of 1910, a heroic figure has been a symbol to the Mexicans of their glory, heritage and ties to the earth. This figure is the Charro. There are some 50,000 Charros and they practice a sport, called La Charreada, similar to the American rodeo. The Charro wears

an ornate, wide-brimmed sombrero with a suit of leather or gabardine adorned with silver, a handwoven belt and holster with a pearl-handled pistol. He rides a quarterhorse, usually bought in Texas, and his saddle, bridle and accoutrements are works of art. He looks like a figure out of history and he considers himself the keeper of a glorious tradition.

It was my great honor to have been invited to join this great organization some 28 years before. A longtime professional rodeo cowboy from New Mexico, I assimilated quickly. I rode in the Charro parades and participated in their arena events with the same pride they felt — even though bucking horses occasionally dumped me in the sand. I was a Charro, a real Charro, and proud of it.

Consequently, when the caravan season ended, I made my way to the Lienzo de Charros (the Charros Center) in the forest of San Juan De Aragon in Mexico City. Here I rested with other Charros and here we spun tales in the evening around a campfire. We told stories of Villa and Zapata and spoke of the legends that prevailed everywhere in this area. Here is where one of the strangest events of my life occurred.

* * *

AT 12:30 one afternoon in the second week of July 1976, as I relaxed in a friendly conversation with my Charro friends, I felt a gentle tug on my elbow. Turning, I came face to face with my beloved Dad whom I had not

seen in a number of years.

My happiness at seeing him was boundless. It was a special joy to encounter him in this wonderful place of adventure.

I quickly introduced him to 50 or so Charros. They received him warmly with the abrazo (hug) of the Charros, even though Dad spoke no Spanish and the majority of my Charro friends spoke no English. Dad thus found himself welcomed to the Lienzo de Charros de San Juan De Aragon (the Place of the Charros of the Forest of San Juan De Aragon). Dad seemed to be highly pleased with his reception.

I invited him into my motorhome, assuming he must have been tired from his long trip; in any case, it was time for lunch. I gave him a seat at the dining table. When my wife asked what he would like to eat, he replied, "Just a sandwich and a glass of milk, thank you." Sandwiches were quickly prepared and placed on the table with glasses of milk. My wife, who was not hungry, excused herself.

Dad and I talked while we ate, speaking of old times, often saying how much we missed each other. Half an hour passed quickly and when Dad and I finished our lunch, he informed me that he had to leave immediately. Sadly I hugged him farewell and kissed his cheek. My wife did the same.

Dad stepped outside, heading to the east as he left. My sadness at his sudden departure made me avoid watching him leave, so I gently closed the door and once more sat down.

Suddenly, with great alarm I realized that Dad had never been to Mexico City, nor did he know where I stayed during the summer months! How could he have found me?

I opened the door to call to him to solve this quickly mounting mystery. It was only seconds since his departure; yet he was nowhere to be seen.

Knowing that Dad traveled only by airplane on long-distance trips, I rushed to the nearby International Airport to search for him. Because the Mexico City airport is rectangular in shape, it is relatively easy to find someone, but I did not see Dad anywhere.

A feeling of loss and helplessness engulfed me—as did a strange feeling that I had stepped into another dimension. My only thought was to make my way to the nearest long-distance telephone and call Mom at my parents' chalet in Lugano, Switzerland, where they spent six months every year.

I heard the soft voice of my mother answering from far away. I told her that it was Al, her son, calling from Mexico City with a very important question. I asked her where my father was at this moment and she said, "He just awoke from a rather long nap and was telling me how he missed you, son."

Could this be? Dad in Switzerland napping at the exact time that he had been among the Charros shaking their hands and receiving the abrazo from them? Napping at the same time that he had been eating with me? Was I dreaming? Was it possible that all this

not really happened?
 In a mild state of shock I made my
 way back to the Charro center and my
 motorhome. Once there, I was greeted
 by Charros who congratulated me on
 being such a fine father. They said
 I felt honored to have met him.
 I stepped into my motorhome and
 told my wife, "Did you see Dad? Did
 he really visit us?" She snapped, "Of

course I saw your Dad and of course he
 really visited us! Look in the sink and
 you'll see the plates and milk glasses
 you two used."

Dad somehow had been in Mexico
 City among more than 50 witnesses for
 half an hour at exactly the same time he
 was napping in Lugano, Switzerland.
 Had our love for each other given my
 father the ability to bilocate?



MOTHER NATURE AIDS CHINESE SPACE PROGRAM

By George W. Earley

ONE STIPULATION by the U.S. Congress when it established NASA was that the agency make freely available to the civilian sector the fruits of its exotic research into space technology.

These "space spinoffs" have encompassed everything from high reliability miniaturized electronics to sophisticated medical monitors and such mundane items as nonstick frying pans. Even the ceramic tiles used to protect the space shuttle from the searing heat of atmospheric re-entry are finding their way into earth-based applications.

But the Chinese view things a bit differently than do Westerners. Why, they reason, develop exotic, high-cost

materials if an existing material can be adapted to a space-age task? They have, therefore, brought one of Mother Nature's oldest products into their space program — wood.

According to *Materials Engineering* magazine, "a recoverable military-reconnaissance/Earth resources satellite launched by the People's Republic of China...[utilized]...a thick layer of oak...as a heat shield for...re-entry" into earth's atmosphere. It has been used successfully on nine launches.

Considering the problems NASA has had with the heat shield tiles on the space shuttle, perhaps they should consider hiring Mother Nature as a consultant.

California's Mystical Golden Indians

Reports of ghosts in Indian dress come from an area once inhabited by a mysterious tribe said to have had light skins and golden hair.

By Wanda Sue Parrott



BACK IN 1968 a rash of ghost sightings broke out in Los Angeles — not the ordinary haunted-house type of ghosts, but Indians complete with feathers and other Amerindian regalia.

On October 13, 1968, *California*

Living Magazine featured a story detailing at least 12 of the mystifying sightings, all unrelated. One such incident happened to an investigative reporter who was so confounded by her midnight encounter with a non-



physical nocturnal visitor that she called the police.

According to the story, a Los Angeles Police Department officer admitted, "Sure, we've had ghost reports, but they're a fat waste of time."

The spiritual quality of the ancient Indian region around Ojai, Calif., is believed to have made it an ideal spot in which to establish the headquarters of such organizations as the Krishnamurti Foundation, above.

Those who have experienced the strange encounters, however, don't consider their investigation a time-waster. Terry Winckler, 21, of Orange County, detailed his personal ghost story as it happened in Peters Canyon on Irvine Ranch:

"I drove past the keep-out sign. Looking from the car window, I saw moonlit rolling hills with scattered black trees.

"The branches stuck out like bones, and I expected at any moment to see the headless horseman come riding over a hill."

That didn't happen, but an eerie sensation pervaded Winckler's consciousness. He said, "It was beautiful and weird. The hills dipped into canyons, then rose again. It was like the setting of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*."

Winckler had heard stories about how old Lady Irvine's ghost roamed the canyon, particularly around the site of the Girl Scout camp in the area. He was also familiar with local legends that stated a white owl dominated the canyon. He wasn't prepared for what actually happened.

Suddenly his spine started tingling as if with a feeling of apprehension. Then, without warning, a white form loomed before him. "It seemed to be flying alongside my car," he later reported. "It must have been the white owl. It swooped down and flew right along with me."

Becoming nervous and attempting to dodge it, Winckler swerved and

pulled a U-turn which headed his car out of the canyon, but it was to no avail. The entity kept up with the car, chasing Terry out of the canyon.

Some versions of the legendary owl state it is the spirit form of an Indian once named White Owl. Winckler was uncertain what the entity was, but one thing was certain — it was powerful.

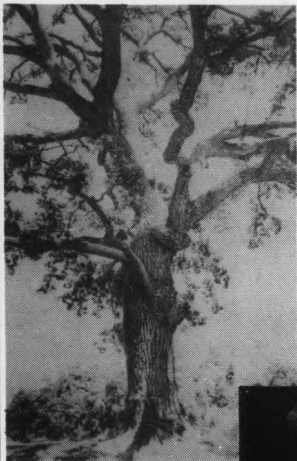
During the same period in 1968, a couple who lived in the canyon area north of Los Angeles also reported a ghost sighting. Clarence V. Potter and his wife Suzanne, residents of Palmdale, both saw the apparition of a friendly male Indian which they described as being about six feet six inches tall, muscular and wearing deerskin-type clothing and a full headdress.

Clarence had seen the Indian for a number of years before Suzanne had a similar sighting experience. Her first session with him was in 1961 before she suffered a serious illness. She reported, "He came to warn us of danger ahead and he protected me."

Because the couple had no fear of the ghost, they attempted to attune with the Indian and channel any messages they might receive. They believe their attempts succeeded.

The Indian told the Potters his name was Red Bear, that he had had a wife and family and that he "wouldn't harm a flea."

Because of their many encounters with Red Bear, the Potters were convinced that he was one of the legendary Indian guides around whom California's many colorful Indian



While meditating under a pepper tree like the one shown here, famed Indian mystic Krishnamurti had an illuminating experience. Witnesses saw him transformed by a light that descended on him and merged with his body.



Born in India, Krishnamurti was 27 when he had his transcendent experience in 1922. His outlook changed so drastically that he left all organized movements and spent the rest of his life teaching how to reach oneness with God.

legends have been written.

The majority of the legends center on Indians who once lived in the canyons inland from the Pacific Ocean and centered between San Diego and San Francisco, a distance of approximately 600 miles.

Now fairly forgotten — but extremely popular a half century ago — were tales of the ancient Ozorans, a tribe which inhabited the area around San Luis Obispo, Calif.

According to Leigh H. Irvine, who founded the San Luis Obispo Chamber of Commerce in 1927, the Ozorans were an ancient and brave race of people, tall and graceful. In the preface of *Legends of the Ozorans*, which he wrote in 1931, "They appear to have dwelt happily for hundreds of years in San Luis Obispo County, seldom venturing, save for short periods, beyond their valley and mountain homes."

The terrain in which the Ozorans lived was similar to that described by Terry Winckler, vast rolling hills with canyons and valley floors which eventually terminate in flatlands stretching to the sea, where two famous tourist spots are now located. Pismo Beach is famous for its clams and Morro Bay is renowned for Morro Rock which juts toward the sky like an ancient granite monolith oddly out of place in the Pacific shoreline waters.

Carvings and paintings left by the ancient people in the caverns of the Painted Rocks led Irvine to believe that "the history of the Ozorans has awaited translation for thousands of

years. It has weathered the storms of millennia; it has survived the drums and tramlings of many conquests, and it still exists in fadeless hieroglyphs where it was limned in brilliant hues thousands of years before any European adventurer had set foot on American soil."

According to Irvine, the people of the race took their name from the Ozoran mountains of California, "for it was in those picturesque ranges and valleys that they hunted wild game, lived and loved in the morning of time."

Irvine's depiction of the Ozorans, based on his knowledge of the territory in which they lived and the few signs they left of having once populated the San Luis Obispo area, was that they were light people with blond hair. They were golden Indians.

* * *

IT WAS into the land of these Golden Indians that a traveler to San Luis Obispo came on May 21, 1988, and underwent a dazzling confrontation with "hills that became alive with pure golden light."

Susan Norris was enroute to San Luis Obispo via Interstate 5 when she became lost and took the wrong turn-off. Instead of being on the highway that would connect her with the California coastline at Paso Robles, she mistakenly turned off on Highway 57, consisting of 75 miles of narrow, winding roadway leading through grass-covered hills she described as "mound after golden mound of waving grass which picked up the rays of the setting

sun and seemed to come on fire."

It was so still that she could hear a humming sound in the air. Not a single person, animal or car was present on the road, nor were any houses or other signs of modern civilization evident.

"I felt as if I were a newly arrived visitor to a strange new planet, one in which everything was softly rounded. There wasn't an angle or a straight line anywhere, and all around me was this humming sound.

"I began to feel disoriented, light-headed and for a moment, I felt I was going to die all alone out there.

"I had never been so alone — I was truly the only single living person in this strange golden world where there wasn't even a cow or a tree to cast a shadow on the ground," she recalled.

She felt instinctively that if she panicked, she would drive the car off the road and would topple over a sheer cliff into the valley floor, thousands of feet below. With as much courage as she could gather, she continued driving at a slow pace, around a sharp hairpin curve and on toward the setting sun which she knew was in the general direction of the coast.

"The car went slower and slower," she remembered. "Then suddenly, there was this burst of light — like golden energy all around me — and my car went dead."

Norris wasn't sure how long she was stranded in the car. "Time seemed to stop and I was in the flow of the hum that was going on all around me, like many invisible voices all chanting

something I couldn't understand. It caused vibratory ripples not only through me, but it seemed to cause the soft spring grass to ripple also, making the whole countryside shine like velvet or silky fur on the back of some nameless animal."

Then she heard a voice whisper, "Conquer fear. That is the challenge you must face."

In that instant Norris made the determination to continue on. "I decided to go forward, regardless of what I might run into, and not turn back," she recalled. Once she realized she had always tried to run away from challenging situations and then decided never to take the easy way out again, her car engine started up. She drove to San Luis Obispo where she arrived shortly after 7:30 P.M. The trip across the 75-mile road had taken nearly five hours.

Still disoriented upon arrival at her destination, Norris mentioned her experience to a local businessperson who remarked, "You came alone through Indian country. That's where they used to hold their rituals. You must have received an initiation."

Recovery from the experience took more than three weeks for Norris.

ALTHOUGH Irvine never admitted to undergoing "initiation" in the Ozoran territory, the final paragraph of his book indicates he shared the altered-consciousness experience Norris underwent spontaneously in 1988. He wrote:

"In the land where the Ozorans trod in the long ago, the blessings of sunlight still abound. Those who fall under the spell of the long chain of golden days in the open spaces should be moved to sing hosannas as sweet as any note ever blown by Muezzin or Persian bugler."

The Indian influence extends the length of the California coastline. Ojai, pronounced *Oh-high*, is today a thriving community about 20 miles inland from Santa Barbara. Its original occupants were Chumash Indians whose word *ojai* means "the nest."

The fertile valley floor, where one of the largest concentrations of southern California millionaires now live, is flanked by tall mountains that protect the town from the hot Santa Ana winds — known as "Devil Winds" — which blow at speeds of up to 75 miles an hour over the coastal hills.

Here the Chumash Indians lived in peaceful isolation until Father Junipero Serra built the mission at Santa Barbara and Spaniards, Mexicans and Americans began settling the territory during the early to mid-19th Century. By the late 19th Century eastern developers discovered the valley once inhabited by the Chumash and began developing it into a haven of retreat for wealthy easterners who spent the winter amidst the oaks and orange groves.

The spiritual vibrations of Ojai made it a natural spot for the establishment of headquarters for such religious organizations as the Theosophical Society and Krishnamurti Foundation,

both of which still operate today.

Krishnamurti, who was born in India, underwent an illuminating experience on August 20, 1922, at age 27, which so drastically changed his life that he ultimately ceased his affiliation with any organized movement and spent the balance of his life lecturing and teaching the philosophical path to spiritual at-one-ment with the Creator through developing God consciousness within.

"Time is the enemy," he said. "Meet it and go beyond it."

His own encounter with timelessness happened while he was meditating under a young pepper tree on what is now the grounds of the Krishnamurti Foundation. According to witnesses who were watching from the porch, suddenly a light appeared above the young man, then descended until he and the light were merged. He arose transcended and transformed.

Not all incidents which were reported as occurring in Chumash territory are so inspiring, however. When Russ and Clarisa Bernhardt of Hollywood, Calif., decided to visit a Chumash Indian burial ground, something set a fire under Russ' foot. "I got a hot foot and a message to hotfoot it out of there," the publicist recalled while rubbing his toe.

He looked around to see who — or what — might have been responsible, but there was nothing there. Only one single feather could be seen, gracefully floating earthward on a current of air. There wasn't a bird in the sky.

MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each story published in this department. Stories must deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be mailed to FATE Survival Editor, 3510 Western Ave., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. Manuscripts must show author's name and address and include a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

TRAGEDY TO COME

By Shelia Wiechert

WHILE growing up in Girard, a rural community in south-eastern Kansas, I spent considerable time, mostly in church activities, with Helen and Elvie Smith, a lovely couple the age of my grandparents. They took a deep interest in me and after I graduated from high school, married and left the state, we corresponded often.

Helen was the first to pass on, of natural causes, leaving her husband to care for himself in their country home outside town. She had been dead for about three years when one night in March 1972 a strange thing happened.

Asleep with my husband and two girls in our home in Greenwood, Ark., I had a dream which left me with an uneasiness I could not shake for weeks.

Helen appeared to me in the

dream. I could see her only from the waist up. She seemed to be surrounded by darkness. Her face was distinct and she calmly spoke to me: "Elvie will die in a tragic car-train accident." As quickly as she appeared and spoke, she vanished.

The following morning I awoke feeling upset and worried. My dream was startlingly vivid and Helen's voice kept echoing over and over in my mind.



Shelia Wiechert

I related the dream to my husband who listened intently, weighing his words with his highly technical mind. Finally he said, "You shouldn't dwell on such stuff. You need to concentrate on more constructive things. Most people don't have time to worry about things like that."

I told some friends about the dream and decided not to mention it again. My memory and the concern that accompanied it never left, however.

On May 7 I walked to the mailbox and found it contained a few bills, some advertisements and our hometown weekly newspaper. The newspaper was always the first thing I read.

After settling in an easy chair with a glass of iced tea, I read the front pages, then worked my way toward the obituaries—at which point a sickening feeling ripped through my body. There it was, just as Helen warned in my dream.

Elvie's name appeared in bold print, with the story that he had been killed by a train while driving his car over the Frisco Railroad tracks some three miles south of Girard. —*Fort Smith, Ark.*

MY DAD VISITS

By Elah Snyder

I HAVE had proof that the bond of love between two persons can continue beyond death. My dad, Porter Bostic, died in 1968 and my

mother Eunice lived on until 1986. She spent the last 17 years of her life in Pinecrest Hospital in Beckley, W. Va., because she needed constant care, but her mind was clear until the end. During her illness Dad visited her several times and me once.

The one time my dad contacted me, I was getting ready for work. Suddenly I heard his voice say, "So much better off." I was never sure if he meant himself (he was crippled in the years before his death) or me; I had just recovered from a bad marriage and had married a good man.

Once Mom broke her hip and an operation was performed. My husband and I visited her the next day and she said, "Your dad was here all night last night." Giving me a hard look, she added, "I'm not crazy."

"I know you're not," I assured her.

A nurse came in to check Mom's IV which was on the opposite side of the bed from us. Although we could see that no one was there, the nurse said, "Excuse me, sir, I need to get in here for a minute."

Mom just smiled at us and we said nothing to the nurse. I've always felt that Dad let the nurse see him to show us that Mom was telling the truth.

Over the years it seemed that Dad always showed up when Mom needed him the most. I was living 500 miles away in North Wales, Pa., and working the all-night shift at an

Exxon gas and convenience store when I got a call from my uncle that Mom had gotten very ill and that I should come. I told him I would leave as soon as I was finished working in the morning. I called the hospital and talked with a nurse who said Mom was better and resting easier. I asked her to tell Mom I had called.

As I was preparing to leave the next morning, my daughter called me to say Mom had died that morning. When I arrived in West Virginia, my cousin told me she had been with Mom when she died. My cousin said Mom told her that I had called and that Dad had been there all night. Mom also told her that she had had the best night's sleep in ages. Mom had joked with the nurses and seemed happy. She died peacefully less than an hour later.

There is no doubt in my mind that this time Dad had come for her. It was four days before their 47th wedding anniversary. His earlier visits were to help her when she needed him, but this time he knew her time was up. He wanted to make it painless for her. —*Volga, W. Va.*

A GREAT JOY

By Jo Truman

THE FIRST friend I made after moving from Missouri to Palm Bay, Fla., in the summer of 1975 was a lovely woman named Ruth Marples. We met while taking the same class at Brevard Community

College. She told me she was a widow who supported herself by working as a housekeeper-companion for an elderly invalid lady.

In the fall of 1977 she rejoiced with me over the fact that my youngest daughter Jan Elliott was expecting her first child around the beginning of May 1978.

The day after Thanksgiving, Ruth suffered a stroke which left her in an almost vegetative state until she passed away on January 2, 1978.

Jan, who lived in Kansas City, fell on the ice and on March 15 gave birth to a premature girl she named Christy. Christy lived only 30 hours.

A few days after returning home to Florida from the funeral, I was in the kitchen cooking supper. My husband was out in the workshop. Feeling a presence behind me, I turned, expecting to see my husband. Instead Ruth stood there, dressed in a favorite slack outfit I had often seen her wear.



Jo Truman

"Ruth!" I cried as I reached for her. Something ethereal about her appearance caused me to freeze and just listen.

"Don't worry about Christy," she said in a low, calming voice. "She's a great joy to all of us." Before I could move, she faded away.

I told my husband and we agreed Jan should know. The telephone call to Missouri was extremely emotional; yet we were comforted knowing my good friend Ruth was caring for Jan's baby daughter, our granddaughter. — *Palm Bay, Fla.*

WOMAN BENDING OVER

By H. D. McKenzie

OUR YOUNGEST son Billy and his fiancée Teresa were close to his great-grandfather Walt. They spent hours with him, playing cards and keeping him company. He loved both of them deeply and the feelings were mutual.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 30, my husband's mother Ruth

called and told us to come to her house quickly as we could because something was wrong with Grandfather Walt. By the time we arrived, he had passed away.

Strangest of all, at the same time my husband's mother was calling us, Teresa, our future daughter-in-law, who lived next door to us, was awakened out of a sound sleep by a woman bending over her, smiling. She had a fair complexion, long dark hair and a long, light colored dress.

Teresa was terrified and called out for her mother, but the woman put her finger to her lips telling Teresa to be quiet. She then faded away, still smiling.

At 11 o'clock that morning Teresa described to Ruth what she had seen. Ruth said Teresa had just described her mother. Later that day she showed Teresa a picture of her mother—it was the same woman. She had been dead for 40 years. — *Springfield, Ohio.*

CHANCE MEETING REUNITES MOTHER AND SON

AFTER a 25-year separation Bob Wright, 36, was reunited by a chance meeting with his mother Clara Hunter, 59, whom he hadn't seen since 1961 when his parents were divorced and his father took Bob, the first of their five children. The reunion came just hours after Wright became the cook at Whiskey Pete's Hotel and Casino, some 40 miles southwest of Las Vegas, Calif.

Mrs. Hunter, a waitress at the restaurant for six years, said the cook seemed familiar to her, looking a lot like her younger son, Richard, 29. When told that the cook's name was Bob Wright, she asked him if he had ever lived in Sacramento, Calif. When he said yes, Mrs. Hunter began to cry explaining he was her son. Wright, grinning, said it was great to call someone "Mom" after 25 years.

The Voice Within

The warnings of my inner voice always came true — and now they spoke of danger to a loved one.

By Laurie Schwab

SOME YEARS ago when I began working as a Registered Nurse, my supervisor pulled me aside and asked me if I believed in psychic phenomena. Initially, I was surprised to hear such a question coming from her, a woman I thought to be governed solely by her intellect. I later found out that she was a well-known local psychic who chose not to advertise this fact at work. When I responded that I did believe in psychic phenomena, she replied that she was pleased because she did not want to offend me by her next comment.

"Do you realize what a strong presence you have with you at all times?" she asked.

I wasn't shocked, only relieved to have someone I could finally talk to about my experiences. She went on to tell me that she felt the presence was possibly a sibling who had died. A child before me had died at seven months' gestation, the result of a serious fall my mother MaryAnn Mat-

teson had taken. If that baby had survived until its due date, I would not be here. My supervisor was convinced that this child stood by me and protected me and it was her voice I often heard.

Even as a child I had always listened to my voice. My mother would just smile when I said it was my sister and she'd tell me it was my guardian angel whispering in my ear. No one took me seriously even when I knew what the majority of my Christmas and birthday gifts were before I opened them. I would always be seized with apprehension right before we received bad news — the death of a favorite cousin or a best friend's announcement that the family was moving out of the area.

In school this special voice gave me an upper hand, enabling me to study just the right things for my exams. I never questioned this inner sense; I just listened and let it guide me. When

I was eight, I heard the word valedictorian and announced to my family that I would be one, even before I fully understood what one was. Sure enough, my voice was right and at 17 I graduated at the head of my class.

Upon starting my nursing career, I had a special feel for one evening's events in the hospital. What had made me turn back from punching in the time clock at midnight and instead return to a patient's room only seconds before she went into cardiac arrest? The patient had no cardiac history and was scheduled for discharge the next day. This patient survived and later had open heart surgery to correct an undetected heart condition. Similar incidents happened many times, and my colleagues would laugh about my sixth sense.

In December 1978 I was at my friend Janet Fullmer's house for a Christmas party. I had always loved her old country home with its beautiful antiques and often dreamed that I would one day be able to afford such a home. I told Janet that I would buy a country home when I won the money since my nurse's salary was pitiful.

Three weeks later I received the notice that I had won \$50,000 from a mail-order catalog. What had made me send the entry form in some months before when I had never before entered a contest? I usually tossed out junk mail, but on the day the catalog arrived, I couldn't do it. My voice said, "Send it," and I did. Today I have the lovely old farmhouse I had dreamed of.

IN MY mid-20's I began to experience a strong foreboding of danger. On two occasions my husband Jerry refused to listen to me when I pleaded with him not to drive. Within two hours of each warning, he had car accidents, luckily without injury to anyone.

The last accident occurred shortly after we had moved into our new home in Eden, N.Y. It was the morning of January 11, 1980, his 27th birthday. I asked him not to go to work because of a feeling of danger. Jerry laughed it off and said everything would be fine. A little over an hour later he called to say he had hit an Eden police car. The patrol car had skidded on ice and crossed the center line. Jerry hit it broadside, nearly sending the vehicle and two policemen over a 100-foot ravine. The police car was totaled from the impact of our truck with its snowplow.

The next time I experienced this sense of danger was almost two years later. Jerry and I were traveling to our friends Bill and Linda Miskell one evening. I felt sudden terror and yelled at Jerry to pull into a parking lot just before a sharp curve. The moment we turned in, a drunk driver came around the curve in our lane. We followed the driver and later phoned the police with a license plate number and description. My husband has never doubted my premonitions since.

At my daughter Sarah's second birthday party on April 5, 1987, my voice again warned me. I asked my

stepfather to please stay longer. He was a semi-truck driver and had to leave with his load for Albany. He reluctantly agreed to stay two hours longer. That afternoon the thruway bridge near Albany collapsed killing several persons, among them another truck driver. My stepfather would have been in the vicinity of the bridge he had left when he wanted.

About a month later on May 14 I was overcome by a deep sadness and my inner voice repeatedly telling me to be prepared for I was about to lose a loved one. I went to work and dismissed it with several colleagues. For three weeks my voice told me that I could need my strength to cope with my grief.

On a beautiful spring afternoon I received the call that my healthy 50-year-old mother had been felled by a stroke. The prognosis from the neurologist was good, but my voice told me no. I refused to leave Mother's side and cared for her for three days, telling her that I loved her through my every word and touch. On June 4 she died in my arms after taking an "unexpected" turn for the worse.

Upon returning to her home later in

the day, I found a letter addressed to me and dated May 14. In it she told me how much she loved me, and thanked me for letting her spend so much time with my little girl, her first grandchild.

This last experience is one that I will always be thankful for. My voice had prepared me and I was able to help my mother through the last moments of her life. As a nurse I have witnessed this with patients who have had a certain feeling, but whose families brushed it off and missed a fulfilling experience — the chance to say I love you one last time.

My voice is my constant companion. I have learned to listen and not be afraid of its advice. My only regret is that I am not able to control it to any degree. I have always wished that I could use it in some way to help others, like the psychics who work with the police. I can only hope that with age and maturity, a greater empathy on my part will allow me to more fully comprehend the presence that speaks to me. I really don't know whether to call it a presence, a feeling, or my voice — I only know that I am grateful for the guidance it has rendered me and the lives it has protected.



BANKRUPTCY FILED BY MILLIONAIRE LOTTO WINNER

PATRICK Holland of Tacoma, Wash., said he didn't want to spend his money foolishly when he won a \$3.5 million Lotto jackpot in the Washington State Lottery. Two years later Holland and his wife, Patricia, filed for reorganization under Chapter 11 of the bankruptcy law listing debts of \$450,000 to nine creditors who have rights to his next annual lottery payment.

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BOOKS

NEWS & REVIEWS

by D. Scott Rogo



PSI AT PRINCETON

PARAPSYCHOLOGY is rarely associated with Princeton University. Even the tabloid press seems unaware that in 1979 researchers in the School of Engineering began conducting experiments dealing with what they call "consciousness-related anomalies" — ESP and psychokinesis to the rest of us. (Scientists have a way of renaming psychic phenomena so that their colleagues won't know what they're studying.) Since that time the Princeton project has evolved into the Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research Laboratory. It is guided by Dr. Robert G. Jahn, an aerospace scientist and Dean Emeritus of the school. Second in command is Dr. Brenda Dunne, whose previous research into remote viewing at Mundelein College in Chicago is highly respected in parapsychological circles.

The story behind the Princeton research is told in Jahn and Dunne's *Margins of Reality* (Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, San Diego, Calif., 1987, 415 pages, \$27.95). The book focuses primarily on three of the team's most successful research projects: human interaction with random-event generators, psychokinetic influences on a

mechanical cascade which deflects hundreds of small balls into chutes, and precognitive remote viewing. (For more information on how random generators work, see John Randall's "Psi in the Space Age," August 1985 FATE.)

Jahn and Dunne have learned some valuable lessons from their research. One is that "consciousness" can interact with the physical world and manipulate it in subtle ways. This manipulation also consists of some sort of information exchange. Such a process occurs, for instance, when a subject successfully "remote views" a distant location.

Margins of Reality is not easy reading. It is not intended for a popular audience. Were I not familiar with the Princeton research, I don't know how much of the book I would understand. This problem gets even worse when the authors try to explain the functioning of psi (excuse me, consciousness-related anomalies). They theorize that consciousness is not spacially located solely within the body but functions more like a wave, possibly extending over time and space.

This is an interesting concept, but in the 80 pages the authors take to explain it, they draw heavily on principles and formulas derived from physics. Many

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readers will be unable to follow the argument.

The last section of the book (consisting of 10 chapters) looks at parapsychology's broader perspective. These chapters, much easier to read, deal with the practical applications of the Princeton work. Jahn and Dunne suggest that their research supports a primarily spiritual concept of man and the universe.

Margins is heavily illustrated and beautifully published and in many respects it is an exciting book. For those readers willing to wade through it, the book has much important to say. But I think that Jahn and Dunne should have enlisted the services of a professional writer willing to translate their prose and concepts into language the average reader will understand. They could have studied how the late J.B. Rhine popularized the original Duke work in his *Frontiers of the Mind* (1937) or how Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff wrote lucidly of their SRI remote-viewing research in *Mind-Reach* (1977). Since the Princeton group has already published its research in scientific journals, it seems self-defeating to write a commercial book in the same style.

FORMATIVE CAUSATION

EQUALLY sophisticated, but better-written, is Rupert Sheldrake's *The Presence of the Past* (Times Books, New York, N.Y., 1988, 391 pages, \$19.95). Dr Sheldrake first made a splash in science with his 1981 book *A New Science of Life* in which he suggested that the form organisms and compounds take is regulated by non-physical channels called morphogenic (or morphic) fields. This theory, known

as formative causation, was so radical that *Nature*, Britain's leading science journal, termed the book "the best candidate for burning there has been for many years." Since that time, several experiments intended to confirm or disconfirm the theory have been conducted.

A New Science of Life suffered from being overly technical for a would-be popular book. In his new book Sheldrake assumes a more informal approach, tracing the background of causation formation, the rationale and evidence behind it and then extending the scope of his model. The book's comprehensiveness, however, is its greatest weakness. The hypothesis of formative causation was an enticing theory because it was concise and testable. The concept that living (and even nonliving) organisms of similar form share some sort of informational field was easy to evaluate because its implications were so obvious. If a group of similar animals were taught a new skill, for instance, other members of the same species should learn it easier.

But in *The Presence of the Past* this simple concept is extended so radically that it becomes meaningless. Now, Sheldrake suggests, *everything* in the universe generates morphic fields and responds to morphic resonance. Every behavior, movement or thought probably sets up information channels, and even scientific theories generate morphic fields when they are proposed.

Clearly Sheldrake is no longer interested in promoting formative causation as an experimental hypothesis but seems eager to develop a radical cosmological scheme for the entire universe. Such a theory might be interesting to

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explore, but causative formation — as Sheldrake currently conceptualizes it — is neither elegant nor testable.

Is there any evidence for morphic resonance and causative formation? Sheldrake says that Darwinian theory cannot completely explain evolution and cites examples which support Lamarckian theory, which holds that living organisms can inherit physical characteristics from their immediate predecessors. The cases Sheldrake chooses are fascinating but they hardly call for us to reject the evidence for neo-Darwinian theory in favor of formative causation.

Although Sheldrake thinks morphic resonance works hand in hand with natural selection, it seems to me that the two theories are mutually exclusive. Sheldrake suggests that chance mutations set up weak fields, eventually overpowered by the morphic field of a species' stabilized form. That's why evolution is such a slow process. But if that's the truth, how could a species ever evolve through natural selection or develop new characteristics?

Sheldrake tries to show how natural selection, Lamarckian inheritance and causative formation interplay in biological development, but he fails to make a comprehensive case. Since science's understanding of genetics is sadly incomplete, the evidence the author cites in support of his theory is probably a reflection of our ignorance, not an argument for some new force in the universe.

Probably the most interesting part of Sheldrake's book is his summary of the experimental evidence supporting morphic resonance. This section of *The Presence of the Past* points to experi-

ments conducted between 1981 and the present by scientists eager to put formative causation to the test. Unfortunately, as even Sheldrake acknowledges, most of these experiments were flawed. Probably the best evidence for morphic resonance is offered by experiments showing that people tend to learn Morse code easier and faster than a specially-devised code based on similar dots and dashes. Such a phenomenon occurs, Sheldrake writes, because so many people know Morse code and have set up a morphic field regulating the skill in others.

The Presence of the Past is long and sometimes tedious. But even if it is not convincing, I still liked it. Books such as this challenge conventional science's complacency and force it to consider new models for explaining its central concerns. Few people have challenged science with as much power and success as Sheldrake has. The notion of morphic fields will probably go the way of other discredited concepts such as orgone energy, N-rays and radionics. But for the moment, a search to find evidence for morphic resonance is an exciting and entertaining pursuit.

OTHER REVIEWS

DISNEYLAND OF THE GODS by John A. Keel, Amok Press, New York, N.Y., 1988, 182 pages, \$8.95, paperback.

Disneyland of the Gods is a look at life on the wild side of Forteanism. In such chapters as "Snallygasters and Sea Serpents," "The Moonstone Mystery," "An Idaho Triangle," "Where Did the Earth Come from?" and over a dozen more, John A. Keel gives us an eclectic look at

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all manner of oddities that politicians, police and especially the media would all rather we didn't think, let alone ask, about.

What causes building-rattling "explosions" both here and overseas? Obviously supersonic aircraft, say the authorities, even if they can't identify the flying culprits. And never mind that such aerial noises were heard long before supersonic aircraft existed.

Who is flying the bright orange helicopter that has been seen literally lassoing weathervanes off New England barns?

Why do police continue to blame sightings of large hairy manlike monsters on "escaped circus gorillas" when no circus known to man has lost a gorilla?

And who built Mexico's gigantic step pyramid which has been carbon-dated to 8500 B.C.? That pyramid, says Keel, means an "advanced pyramid culture was hard at work in the Americas thousands of years before the Egyptian civilization began."

But before he gets to those and scores of other odd occurrences, Keel introduces the entire subject with a biographical chapter on Charles Fort, the father of it all. From there he segues into the UFO mystery and other mysteries of which there are far more than the average person is willing to admit with or without the aid of the *National Enquirer* and *Readers Digest*.

Unfortunately, the Keelian approach has its disadvantages. Like the late Frank Edwards, he overwhelms you with a flood of anecdotal data which are presented in such a relentlessly compelling fashion that you have difficulty realizing he hasn't provided much in the

way of solid information you can independently verify. There are no footnotes, chapter notes or bibliographic data of any sort. References within the text are generally too vague ("in the 1930's," "sometime in 1972") to chase down, leaving the reader to take it or leave it.

Noting the difficulty of obtaining clear, definitive and inarguably authentic photos of everything from UFOs to Sasquatch and sea serpents, Keel wonders if the phenomena are "somehow being protected by unknown psychic forces."

This sort of thinking, of course, drives both skeptics and thoughtful proponents up the wall. "Solving" a mystery by postulating another unknown as the cause is not considered legitimate—unless you are a physicist inventing new energy forms to explain how your particular subatomic-particle theory operates.

So, keeping such caveats in mind and recognizing your inability to independently check out many of Keel's more outrageous claims and speculations, climb aboard for a mind-boggling tour of the "Disneyland of the gods." If nothing else, you'll be entertained. — *George W. Earley.*

MYSTERIOUS CALIFORNIA by Mike Marinacci, Panpipes Press, Los Angeles, Calif., 1988, 144 pages, \$7.95, paperback.

A supernatural travelogue such as *Mysterious California* has its antecedents in such works as Janet and Colin Bord's books on the mysteries of Great Britain, Jim Brandon's *Weird America* (1978) and Loren Coleman's *Mysterious Amer-*

ica (1983). The wonder is that someone hasn't catalogued anomalies by state before, particularly California, spiritual home to most anyone or -thing weird, in such a readily-accessible format.

The drawback to the approach, if there is one, is that subjects are organized according to geography rather than anomaly. Since UFOs, haunt sites and creature reports crop up all over an area as large as California, the reader must either take things as they come or resort to the index, thankfully provided in this case, and a good one to boot. Search and file is also made easier by the inclusion of a table of contents, although again one learns little about why Chico, in Butte County, is listed, without turning to page 17 (falling rocks, in case you wondered).

Mike Marinacci divides California into Northern, Central and Southern sections, with counties in each one listed alphabetically. Amazingly, there is no map, save for the superficial one that decorates the cover. Otherwise the book is well done, down to black-and-white photographs of many of the sites and structures. There is also a bibliography.

Anyone unfamiliar with the state's rich heritage of mystery, which goes way beyond Bigfoot and Mount Shasta, will be happy and advised to add this particular book to his library. The attention brought some of the more endangered areas, especially archaeological remains like the Amerindian desert drawings known as the Blythe Intaglios, may even help conserve such sites.

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— Dennis Stacy.

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THE INNER LIMITS OF OUTER SPACE by John C. Baird, University Press of New England, Hanover, N.H., 1987, 226 pages, \$18.95.

Until now the question of SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) has been almost entirely one of physical science — radio telescopes and tag-along plaques on a couple of space probes headed out of our solar system.

In *The Inner Limits of Outer Space* John C. Baird, a professor of psychology at Dartmouth College, says that this reliance on physical science could jeopardize the success of the SETI program.

Baird's concern, demonstrated and documented throughout the book, is that our entire SETI is based on our own subjective and chauvinistic view of what aliens will be like. We may not, he avers, even be able to detect their signals, let alone communicate with them should we chance to identify a signal amid all the radio noise we are receiving.

Based upon what we feel are the logical radio bandwidths for communication, we have decided to listen only to certain wavelengths. But what if the aliens communicate not only on different wavelengths but in a different manner? Tight band transmissions might be undetectable and totally undecipherable if detected.

It took, after all, the discovery of the Rosetta Stone with the same message in three languages — one of which we knew — to make translation of Egyptian hieroglyphics possible. An alien broadcast in a single language, and one whose senders might well be dead before our receipt of it, could prove untranslatable. (Of course the mere receipt

of such a message, translatable or not, could comprise, as Baird notes, "the single most important event in the history of the human race.")

But even if the senders were alive when we received their message, Baird warns, "A fruitful conversation ... probably can't occur unless the intelligence and values of aliens are similar to ours." We've been informally transmitting for less than a century and actively listening for an even shorter period. What if the sending civilization is millennia older? We, he says, could be to them as a clam is to a human.

Noting that the average government project is funded for five years or less, Baird is concerned that we don't have the staying power to continue a SETI program in the face of continued lack of success. It is not an unreasonable worry; America virtually abandoned manned space flight even as we were sending the last flights of astronauts to the moon.

Baird's pessimism is realistic, documented with scores of earthly sociopolitical examples. But the perceptive reader who takes the time to study his book will come away with a much better understanding not only of the communication difficulties of humans and extraterrestrials but of our own interspecies problems in this regard.

Still, Baird argues that SETI funding is worthwhile, remarking that "the search itself fulfills a dual purpose. The manifest intent is to enlarge the perspective of humanity beyond the physical boundaries of the Earth and Solar System ... [and] to use cosmic search as a tool to examine the social and psychological factors behind the widespread interest in and curiosity about alien presence in the universe." — *George W. Earley.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

These columns of FATE are set aside each month for your comments. Send your opinion of articles and stories of unusual occurrences to FATE Magazine, 3510 Western Ave., Highland Park, Ill. 60035

PARANORMAL OBJECTIVITY

FATE's Parapsychology Today series is always of interest to me, especially David Marks' "Case Against the Paranormal" and D. Scott Rogo's response to his argument (January 1989 FATE).

There are two problems with Marks' "case." First, it seems that his reductionist attitude to the paranormal eliminates the importance of people's subjective experiences. Marks seems content that his explanation of "reality" is objective and scientific and that he has satisfied any need to further investigate the paranormal experiences he lists.

But surely his approach is unscientific and old-fashioned. Reality is open to question and interpretation. This year's scientific hypothesis displaces last year's. One culture's concept of what is important in life and constitutes reality is at odds with another's. Reality remains a collective illusion, more an agreement among participants than an objective and unchangeable state.

Nevertheless, Marks denies the validity of subjective experiences when he blithely dismisses the paranormal. This is extraordinary coming as it does from a psychologist whose daily work is with

the unconscious mind. People have lost the important subjective experience of self-transcendence and the mystery of life; some people seem to find it again in the paranormal.

Instead of dismissing faith healing, UFOs, firewalking and other anomalous experiences, Marks should spend some time understanding why it is necessary that people have these experiences even though the experience denies his own concept of reality.

The second problem with Marks' argument is that he overlooks the positive by-products that the occult and paranormal have provided society. From Mesmer we eventually get the scientifically accepted therapy of hypnosis.

Marks seems content to eliminate faith healing. Possibly he should read Norman Cousins' *Anatomy of an Illness*. It could be that faith healing is just an example of the placebo effect, but Cousins shows how much of medicine requires the suspension of belief in our concept of reality and a belief in a doctor's power to heal. In other words medical science is in part the placebo effect in action.

I would not be too quick to dismiss



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paranormal experiences. One day they may be the foundation of something of great importance to the whole of society. In the meantime I hope Marks is willing to consider these points—better an open-minded skeptic than a close-minded one.—*Stephen Morrissey, Huntingdon, Quebec, Canada.*

Even though it is presented to set the stage for Rogo's rebuttal, I fear publication of Marks' article risks misleading some readers who may accept his statements at face value.

Reasoned, logical and objective arguments questioning the existence and nature of paranormal phenomena are in order in FATE. However, those which are based on the *a priori* assumption that we who entertain such acceptance of the paranormal are dupes of profit-oriented charlatans ("...who want us to believe...usually by payment of money...") don't deserve exposure in your pages.

There may be some readers who don't know that Marks' references — *Skeptical Inquirer*, his own book and James "The Amazing" Randi — are not the impartial, objectively scholarly sources they profess to be. Some may not know that his glib explanations can be refuted with equal conviction by other investigators with comparable credentials and deeper exploration of the subjects at hand. Marks and his references aren't objective skeptics, they're emotionally committed debunkers operating from the premise that the paranormal is impossible. Therefore those who promulgate and patronize it must be either fraudulent or deluded.

Rogo refuted most of Marks' comments in his companion article and I offer further refutation. Marks seems to

concede that some psychics do in fact achieve genuine insight into their clients, which he says they do by skillfully evaluating a client's appearance, demeanor and speech. All in the interest of money, of course. He may not know, as I do, psychics who, with only telephone contact, greatly impress first-time subjects with their accuracy of specific details and accept no money or other compensation. While I have no first-hand observation of psychics who work by mail, I expect that some of them are comparably perceptive at a paranormal level. Except for what may be revealed in handwriting, the latter obviously work with no perceptual cues. They also cannot conduct a dialogue with leading questions.

As for Marks' explanation that only generalities are ever given to the client: Ann Druffel neatly puts the lie to this in "Papa's Roses" (January 1989 FATE). She says a psychic gave her explicit details. If we buy Marks, we must conclude that Druffel is lying. Why, to sell an article to FATE? I think not. I will take her statements at face value until disproven by fact, not innuendo.

As for a photo transparency concealed in the "gizmo" Ted Series used for his "thought photography," anyone with an elementary knowledge of optics knows that a transparency placed directly in front of an ordinary camera lens would be so out of focus as to make no identifiable image on the film. Series also produced some recognizable images using the gizmo but with *no* lens in the camera. A palmed transparency won't explain this either.

Perhaps FATE, when printing articles by emotionally committed debunkers, should preface them with the notice:

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WARNING — a large supply of salt is recommended for taking with the statements contained in the following article. At least this would put their credibility on an even footing with the pro-paranormal articles **FATE** publishes. — *R.H. Coddington, Richmond, Va.*

MONSTER SNAKE DEFINED

In his well-written and informative article "The Graveyard of Monsters" (December 1988 **FATE**), Karl P.N. Shuker discusses the so-called barking snake reported from Paraguay by American newspapers in the 1970's. The expression turned out to be a mistranslation of a nonbarking anaconda in the Asunción Zoo.

Shuker states that the name "barking snake" was based on a mistranslation of the Spanish *boi-yagua* "tiger-snake" as "dog-snake" or "snake-dog" explaining that the anaconda is spotted like South America's jaguar or "tiger."

I would like to point out that *mbo'i-yagua* (correct spelling) is not Spanish and can in fact mean either "dog-snake" or "tiger-snake." *Mbo'i-yagua* (the apostrophe signifies a glottal catch in the throat and the stress falls on the last syllable) is from Guarani, a Native American language spoken by most of the people of Paraguay and used as a second national language alongside Spanish. *Mbo'i* indeed means "snake," but *yagua* which most commonly means "dog," is sometimes used for "jaguar," and is perhaps most accurately translated as "beast" or "carnivorous animal."

The usual Guarani word for jaguar or tiger is *yaguaréte* meaning "true beast, great beast, the beast *par excellence*," which is a compound of *yagua* plus

tete, rete "body, real, the very one, the thing itself."

In Spanish "dog-snake" would be *culebraperro* and "tiger-snake" would be *culebra-tigre* — in South America *tigre* is more common in both Spanish and Portuguese popular usage than the zoologically more accurate *jaguar*.

This is my only criticism of an otherwise excellent article. — *T. Peter Park, Garden City South, N. Y.*

HOUDINI'S MESSAGE

Reading "Judge Rules Houdini Dead and Gone" (November 1988 FATE), I was dismayed to find no editors' comments. Frank Winston told the judge, "Houdini will escape from your ruling."

As he reports in *Nothing So Strange*, Arthur Ford received the famous message, "Rosabelle, believe," in the code known only to Houdini and his wife Beatrice. On January 9, 1929, she signed a witnessed statement that it was the correct message prearranged between she and her husband. — *Fran Burnett, Alpine, Calif.*

DIVINE MUSIC

D. Scott Rogo's insistence on making the paranormal music phenomenon into a religious experience is missing the point in "The Harmonies of Heaven" (November 1988 FATE). In his book *Nad, Vol. 2, Music of the Spheres*, he described several reports he had discarded, many related to nondivine types of music, and then explained why he rejected them.

This "rapture" is rare, according to Rogo. How can it be otherwise? Such rarity is inevitable under the restrictions Rogo uses in his determination of "good" cases. The parapsychological



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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 116)

tirely, so to fault him for giving "his readers only a small part of the story" of an American Indian account of the sun standing still is uncalled for. To add "Forrest quotes the whole thing which he correctly characterizes as 'illogical and dreamlike'" only highlights Cohen's and Forrest's inability to understand the esoteric knowledge contained in all Indian myths. The American Indian, as well as the Greeks, clearly understood "myth" as the "accurate and literal statement" of "important facts" in a clear distinction from fairy tales.

Their oral history was presented in a manner to be remembered, not in the language of modern psychics.

I have not seen *Stonehenge Viewpoint* reviewed, but Forrest does not quote the same translations Velikovsky used — hardly a scholarly basis for his ridicule. This shows decisively that Forrest lacks the knowledge required to understand, much less criticize, Velikovsky's theories.

The knowledge contained in Velikovsky's writings is as timely today as when first written beginning earlier than 1950.
— Alice Miller, San Francisco, Calif.

I offer not a criticism of Forrest's procedures or conclusions, but simply a caution over any approach which tends to treat myths either as absurdities or as directly-recorded history.

As is frequently overlooked, Velikovsky was a psychoanalyst. He was not an astronomer or historian. Criticisms of his procedures in all fairness should be made from the vantage point of his own science. Does his "dream-analysis" technique, as applied to mythology, violate

established psychoanalytic procedure? I suspect that it does not.

I must also point out another psychoanalytic truism — that where there is so much heat, there may well be some fire. For Velikovsky to be such an object of controversy, even after all these years, could well be the best indication that he was on to something.

In any event I have never been particularly charmed by *Worlds in Collision*. Instead I have felt that Velikovsky made his greatest contribution in casting doubt upon established chronologies in ancient history. We should not overlook the fact that as the son of a Talmudic scholar he was impelled to his research by a conviction that the biblical chronologies might be more trustworthy than Egyptian king lists and other sources traditionally relied upon, perhaps too heavily, by historians. For this reason I have preferred *Ages in Chaos* and its sequels.

It is to be regretted that Immanuel Velikovsky is not still alive to respond to new generations of critics — and very likely, admirers. — Kemper McCue, Miami, Fla.

SUBCONSCIOUS SUGGESTION

I've been reading with interest FATE's recent articles on OBEs and NDEs. With all that has been written on the subject in recent years, it would be possible to argue that new cases are subject to subconscious suggestion.

Due to the possible suggestion angle, I've always liked the report of an OBE or NDE in B.F. Loomis' *Pictorial History of the Lassen Volcano*, c. 1926, published in cooperation with the National Park Service.

In 1914 Lance Graham was near the

rim of the Lassen Volcano when it erupted. He was struck by volcanic bombs and covered with ash. His friends, presuming him to be dead, dug him out and carried him down the mountainside. Graham described a typical OBE which contained many elements of the typical NDE.

I've always considered this report to be a valid experience, untainted by suggestion. But now I'm curious. Was this just as popular a subject in 1914 as it is in 1989? — *Raymond U. Roberts, Norman, Okla.*

AMAZING ANTICS

As I follow the antics of "The Amazing" Randi and his colleagues in FATE, I am perturbed that a subtle flaw in the philosophy of scientific materialism has finally led the scientific establishment to condone buffoonery in the laboratory.

Materialism remains an unproven philosophy. The early scientists embraced it because it held them to the standard of only investigating phenomena they had the tools to measure. If they had thought more clearly, they could have done without the philosophy of materialism from the beginning.

As technology improved, so did the measuring devices and more phenomena were investigated by scientists. It is not impossible that scientists will one day have the tools to investigate spiritual phenomena.

Until that day no scientist can flatly deny the existence of spiritual phenomena and still be in the true spirit of science. — *Dan Kerley, Jr., New York, N.Y.*

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Doris Humphrey, in "Report from

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the Readers (January 1989 FATE), states that she believed John Philip Bessor had recorded a CB or short wave broadcast referring to Mayville, N.Y., rather than "Maiva Nye."

Bessor was kind enough to loan this tape to me and I heard it the same as he. The voice says, "Maiva Nye" (Ma-e-va Nigh). There can be no possibility of its saying, "Mayville, N.Y."

It is also significant that Bessor has received another message from this same source. I have not heard this latest message, but was told that it says, "I am Maiva Nye, please help me." — *Robert Petrone, Port Orange, Fla.*

LUNAR EFFECTS

In 1978 Miami psychiatrist Arnold Lieber published a book concerning the effects of the moon on human behavior. In *The Lunar Effect* Lieber showed by using computer studies of murders, fatal traffic accidents and psychiatric emergency room visits that most of these events peaked within a week of a full moon.

Although the scientific establishment denounced his work as fraudulent, the effects of a full moon are felt today. A full moon took place on May 1, 1988. On May 4 three terrible accidents took place in the U.S. within a 24-hour period: a blaze in the tallest skyscraper in Los Angeles and explosions in a rocket factory in Nevada and a refinery in Louisiana. Would any readers well-versed in astrology care to comment? — *Michael Cohen, New York, N.Y.*

MAMMAL EXTINCTION

Oahspe appears to have a most reasonable explanation of mammal extinction. At planet earth's conception,

rate of spin far exceeded the present 100 R.P.M. and created a greenhouse effect suitable for mammals and such. It is assumed we are near half the cycle of our planet's life span and as the spin slows, part of a second per annum, cooling also, we exist with a normal 98 degrees body temperature. Should it vary more than four degrees above or below, it is possible our species will become extinct in the far future as the earth spin decreases. — Orlando Frank, Santa Barbara, Calif.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

I am looking for *Mind Wars*, which I have written a few years ago and then taken off the bookstore shelves. — L.R. Pearce, Rt. 2, Box 270B, South Hill, Va. 22070.

Where can I obtain *When the Impossible Happens* by Peter Brooksmith, 1984, which is no longer in print? — Cassi Fisher, 503 Cherokee Dr., Warner Robins, Ga. 31093.

I'd like to locate Kevin Quinn's every book *The Mystical Alphabet*. — Karen McLaughlin, 123 Pine Ridge Rd., Reading, Mass. 01867.

I am trying to locate books and courses by Edwin John Dingle entitled *Your Mind and its Mysteries, Voice of the Logos, How to Meditate, Other Contributions to the Higher Philosophy of Life and the Science of Living and Breathing Your Way to Youth*. — Mona Piller, 2021 St. Estephe Ct., Coeur D'Alene, Idaho 83814.



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∞ For years parapsychologists have investigated reincarnation cases in Asian countries, where children vividly recall previous lives. Now the same kinds of cases are occurring in America.

∞ As dead as a dodo, the old saying goes, referring to the world's most celebrated extinct bird. But what if the cliché is wrong? What if in some hidden place dodos continue to exist? Karl P.N. Shuker studies the evidence.



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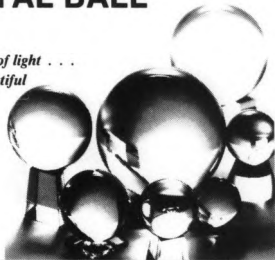
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