MAGONIA 89

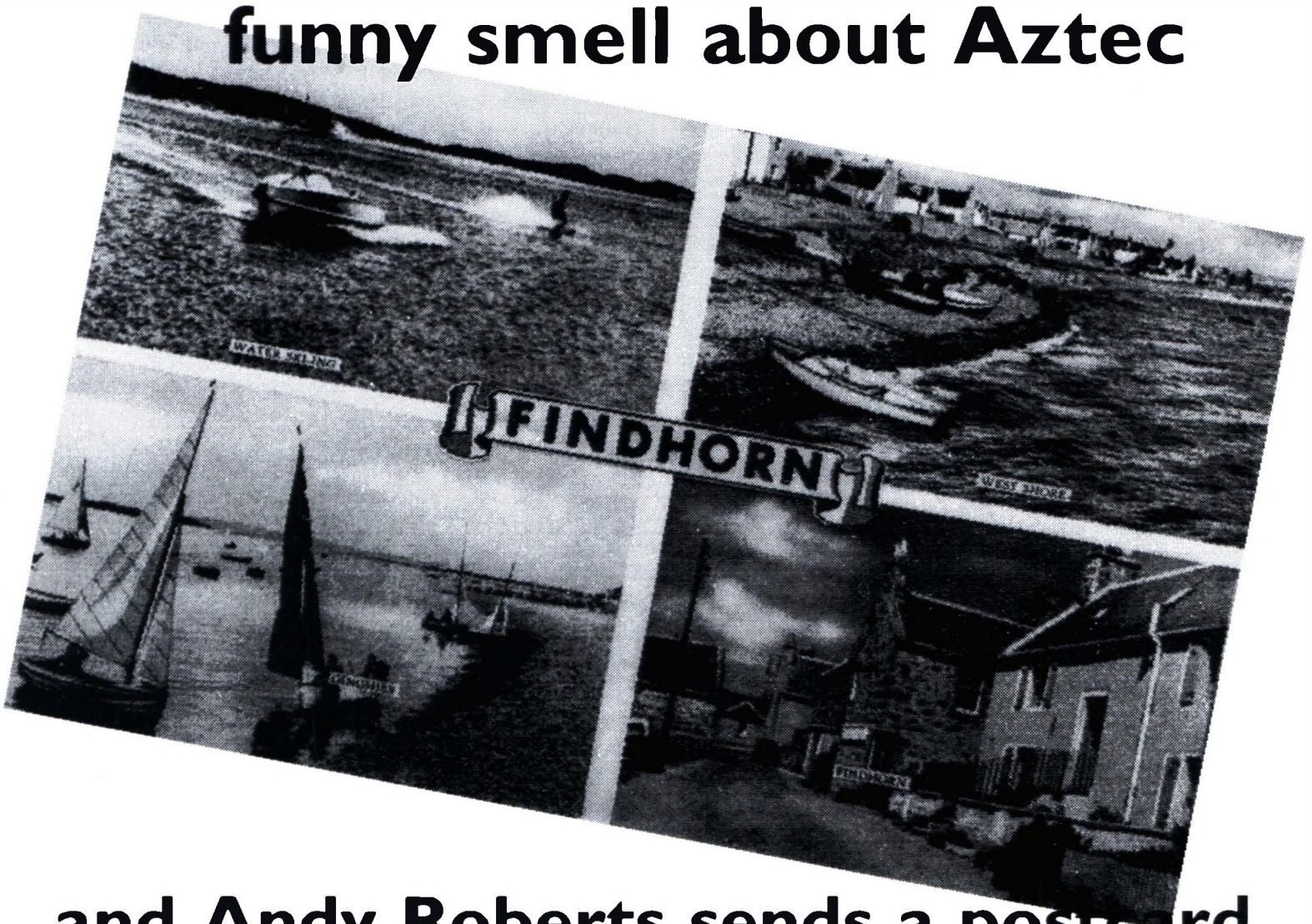
Interpreting Contemporary Vision and Belief.

August 2005



So, there's half a dozen Magonia subscribers there, then!

Matt Graeber finds there's still a funny smell about Aztec



and Andy Roberts sends a postcard from another town that UFOs made famous

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EDITORIAL NOTES



The controversy about the natures of the contactee and the abduction experiences rumbles on. Many ufologists seem to think that any association between the two somehow 'degrades' the reality of the abduction experience. Those of us who argue that it is not possible to divide human experience up into little boxes quite so neatly are considered to be either historically illiterate or 'anti-abduction'.

The implication here is clearly that the contactee experience is somehow 'not real ufology' and more allied to nineteenth century mysticism.

Well the answer to this is 'of course it is', that's what the 'psycho-social' ufologists have been saying all along. But the corollary of this is that the abduction experience also shows its debt to earlier forms of abduction fear.

In *The Evidence for Alien Abductions* I pointed out one or two of these historical prototypes, including folk-tales of fairy abduction, the Haitian *motor-zobop*, tales of white slaving, and of course the rich vein of early science-fiction abductions described by Martin Kottmeyer and others in these pages.

What we must realise when we are looking at all these accounts is that we are dealing with direct human experiences. We have no more reason to doubt the accounts of respectable eighteenth century travellers that they were spirited away into a strange fairy kingdom that we have to doubt the accounts of respectable twenty-first century butchers, bakers and candlestick makers that they have been either forcibly snatched or enticingly requested, to enter a strange realm of wise aliens and/or sinister kidnappers. If we, *a priori,* insist on considering any of these accounts simply as texts to be analysed, we are entering the field of what one American ufologist has rightly termed 'literary criticism.'

This does not mean to say, however, that we must take these accounts simply as an unvarnished account of a physically real experience, any more than we take the account of a witness to a crime or the participant in a shocking and traumatic incident as being incapable of interpretation.

Any such account must be recognised as having two essential qualities. Firstly it is, in most cases (but probably fewer than some ufologists would like to think) a genuine description by the person reporting it. of an actual anomalous, experience of some kind.

But also it is an account which is shaped by the person's own experiences and conditions. If we accept that witness accounts of traumatic events such as the recent London bombings need to be carefully analysed and compared before a clear picture can be built up of what happened, we must also accept that descriptions of events such as alleged abductions or friendly contacts, for which there is no reliable physical evidence, must also be subject to careful analysis, and a careful assessment of the person making the claims - not simply to see if they are a 'crude hoaxer', but how their own personal circumstances can colour and structure their accounts.

For this reason deciding beforehand that certain types of events are 'contactee' and others are 'abductee' prejudges the issue and prevents us attempting any clear understanding of the range of experiences we are studying.

Oh, dear, it's time to talk about BUFORA again; once a year or so this seems to crop up. The latest we hear is that they are dropping their London lecture series. This really is the end of an era. Once the highlight of any British ufologists life was the visit to the imposing lecture theatre of Kensington Central Library, to hear one of the giants of ufology address the multitude: J Cleary Baker, Arthur Shuttlewood, Charles Bowen, Allen Hynek, Jacques Vallée, Gordon Creighton, John Rimmer (shome mishtake shurely?) all held an audience enthralled. But gradually the lectures declined, ending up every couple of months in a room over a pub. Now they are to vanish. What will BUFORA's member get for their money? A magazine which as far as I know was last published about a year ago. Oh, dear.

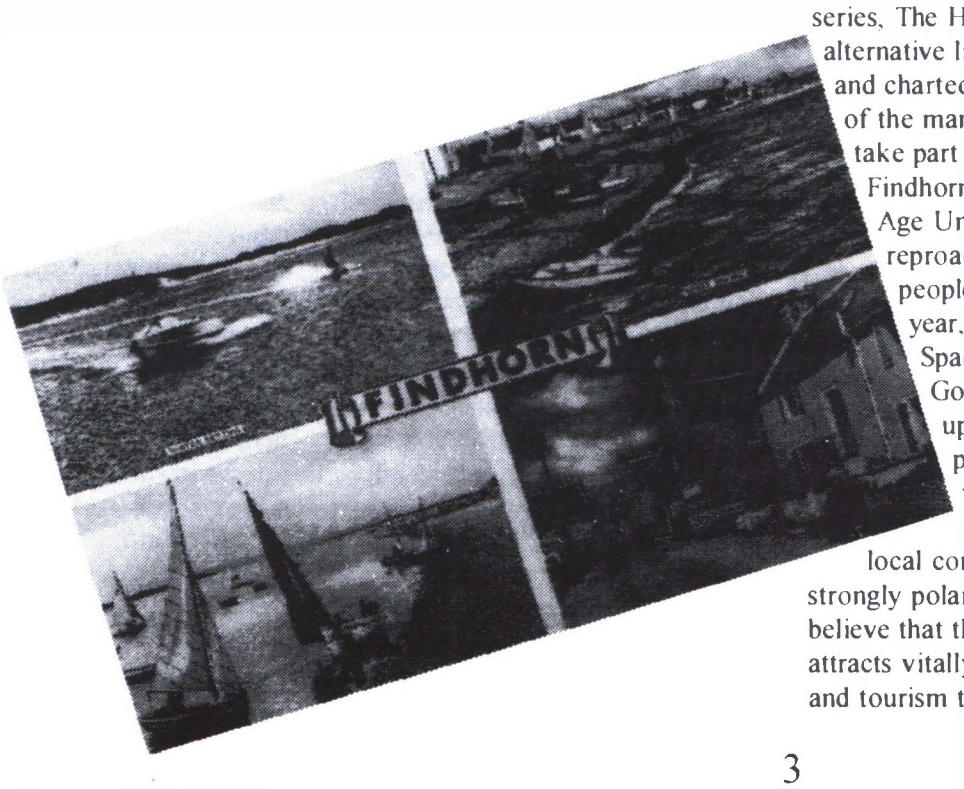
IN ADVANCE OF THE LANDING

PETER CADDY, CONTACTEES AND THE FINDHORN COMMUNITY

ANDY ROBERTS

Mention Scotland's Findhorn Community to anyone with an interest in the New Age movement and you'll receive a smile and an automatic nod of recognition. Ask just what they know about it and you'll be told a half-remarkable story of cosmic serendipity, giant vegetables, meetings with Pan, and a spiritual centre where people live in harmony, communicating with the spirits, or Devas, of nature.

That's the popular view of Findhorn, but it barely scratches the surface of this fascinating place. The Findhorn Community has been dubbed 'The Vatican of the New Age', and a 'University of Light' and includes among its patrons such diverse personalities as Prince Philip, Shirley Maclaine and Mike Scott from the Waterboys, who recorded his last album, Universal Hall, there. More recently, in the autumn of 2004, Findhorn was featured in a three part Channel 4 series, The Haven, which explored the alternative lifestyles of its inhabitants and charted the experiences of some of the many spiritual seekers who take part in the courses on offer. Findhorn's credentials as a New Age University are beyond reproach, with thousands of people attending courses each year, ranging from Dances In Space and Time to Close To God On Iona, happy to pay up to £1,495 for the privilege. Findhorn is worth over £5 million pounds a year to the local community, yet still attracts strongly polarised opinion. Some believe that the Findhorn community attracts vitally needed employment and tourism to the area. Others aren't so certain, one neighbour commenting of its visitors, 'If they were any good to anyone they wouldn't be at the Findhorn Foundation', another noting that members of the community are often seen hugging when they meet, 'It's just not our way'.



Yet whatever its detractors may say the Community is so embedded in the spiritual psyche of the UK that one of its founders, Eileen Caddy, was awarded the MBE for 'service to spiritual enquiry'. According to the Community's newsletter, 'Eileen chose to hand the medal to God'. What God thought of the award was not recorded but it may have been more pertinent to ask, 'What did the aliens think?'.

Yes, aliens. The official Findhorn website states: The Findhorn Community was begun in 1962 by Peter and Eileen Caddy and Dorothy Maclean. All three had followed disciplined spiritual paths for many years and had been specifically trained to follow God's will. But 1962 was merely when Peter, Eileen and Dorothy moved to Findhorn. The Findhorn Community's true origins lie in the 1950s, in the maelstrom of post-war fringe ideas and philosophies which eventually settled out as what we now call the 'New Age'. Central to Findhorn's origins lies a secret which the current leaders of the community would very much like to play down; flying saucers. For all their talk of the Community being formed by the guidance of God one of the core beliefs held by Findhorn's founders in the '50s and '60s was that flying saucers existed, existed and their occupants were in psychic contact with them. It was also an article of faith that physical contact with the saucers was not only possible, it was certain.

Findhorn's principle mover and shaker was Peter Caddy, together with a close knit circle of partners and fellow spiritual travellers such as Eileen Caddy and Dorothy Maclean. Caddy died in 1994 but Eileen Caddy



Peter Caddy: "The Martians are coming, he says"

still lives at Findhorn and Dorothy Maclean is a big name on the U.S. New Age scene. All were heavily involved in the flying saucer contactee belief system, but it is Caddy's story which binds them together. Peter Caddy didn't spring fully formed as a New Age guru at Findhorn, and nor were flying saucers his sole interest. Like many spiritual leaders Caddy passed through a series of religious, philosophical and occult beliefs, a parade of mysto-fashions of which flying saucers were just one aspect. His early life saw him attend school at Harrow, followed by a career in the catering trade with J. Lyons & Co. Caddy became interested in esoteric subjects in his early teens and eagerly read anything he could get his hands on; the teachings of medium Grace Cooke, Yogic philosophy and similar writings occupied and informed his every spare waking hour. In 1936 he met a Doctor Sullivan, who was the Supreme Magus of the Rosicrucian Order Crotona Fellowship, an esoteric order dating from medieval Europe, which also numbered Gerald Gardner, often dubbed 'the founder of modern witchcraft', among its ranks. Dr. Sullivan and the Rose Crotona Fellowship made a deep impact on the young Caddy, a series of lectures called Soul Science becoming 'the single most important foundation' for his future life. Dr. Sullivan also presided over Caddy's 'spiritual' marriage to Nora Meidling, after which they sealed the knot with a more formal civil service.

Caddy was commissioned into the RAF soon after commencement of hostilities in 1939, entering the catering branch of the service and in 1943 he was posted to India where he developed a taste for the mountain landscapes of the Himalaya. Tibet, especially, fascinated him and he joined what was to be the last Western expedition to Tibet just prior to the Chinese invasion. It was an experience which left him physically and spiritually exhilarated.

Caddy's post war life is a whirlwind of travel and meetings with remarkable men and women. He soon realised that he was getting little from his marriage to Nora, when he met another young woman, Sheena Gowan, who was also on the spiritual path. Their meetings were intense on the spiritual level, and eventually – perhaps inevitably – this soon became a physical relationship and they moved in together. Sheena received 'guidance', by way of what we now call channelling, from God, and it was eventually through this guidance Caddy was told he must end his marriage to Nora. It's easy to laugh at this, and to suggest that the spiritual milieu they existed in was fake, merely a cover or justification for extra-marital relationships which were frowned on at that time. Indeed, reading Caddy's autobiography it's hard not to see the post war spiritual scene as a hot bed of partner swapping, a sort of Confessions of a New Age disciple. For example, not long after Caddy and Sheena were conjoined in spiritual union the new Supreme Magus of the Rose Crotona, Walter Bullock, fell in love with Sheena. Caddy writes, 'Walter had long had a conviction that one of his missions was to be the father of the One who was to come, the next Messiah. Since he saw Sheena as the mother of the child, a physical union was necessary.' A physical union duly took place and Caddy was cuckolded. What would have caused most relationships to break up was reframed in spiritual terms by Caddy and Sheena as being 'a test for us all'. Caddy and Sheena then married and Caddy took up a permanent commission in the RAF, becoming Commanding Officer for the RAF School of Cookery. Although Sheena and Caddy parted in 1951, they continued to work together on a spiritual level. Caddy was posted to the Middle East where he met and later married Eileen Combe. By the time of his death in 1994 Caddy had been married five times and had numerous 'special friends' during his voyage through the spiritual, but fecund, waters of the New Age.

A chance meeting in the Philippines with Anne Edwards, also known by the spiritual name of Naomi, spun Caddy off on a new series of adventures. Naomi was a channeler and received the message that her and Caddy had been together in many previous lifetimes and were destined to work together again. It appears that Naomi was also the first sensitive Caddy met who was in touch with aliens and he noted, 'Naomi had received many messages from beings in space, concerning their space ships, their purpose and mission'. Naomi remained in the Philippines but Caddy, Sheena and Eileen eventually, as many pilgrims do, stumped up in Glastonbury before moving on to Scotland.

By 1954 Caddy via Naomi had amassed numerous telepathically channelled messages. Some of these were from what he termed the 'space brothers'. In line with others who were receiving channelled communications during the 1950s, such as George King of the Aetherius Society, the message coming through Naomi was that extraterrestrials were extremely worried about the state of the Earth and of man's evolution. It was essentially a warning of impending ecological disaster if humanity didn't change its evil ways Information was also given about the flying saucers themselves and how they operated. Caddy received an 'inner prompting' that he should put together a report on the nature of these messages, a professional report which he would compile using his training at the RAF Staff College. The report would be called An Introduction to the Nature and Purpose of Unidentified Flying Objects and would clearly outline who and what lay behind the increasing numbers of UFO sightings, and the reason the Earth was being visited.

Once the 8,000 word report was completed the problem was how to distribute it to the twenty-six people Eileen's guidance had decreed should receive it. Some copies were simply entrusted to the Royal Mail, others reached their destination by more direct methods; former Prime Minister Clement Attlee received his by it being handed to him by his aunt! Lord Dowding, already an outspoken proponent of flying saucers, spiritualism and, elves was given his by Caddy personally at his London club. During the meeting they discussed the content of the report, Dowding later writing to Caddy saying, 'I am personally convinced of the existence of spaceships, and I think it highly probable that they are manned by extraterrestrial crews...I think that the government ought to take the subject of spaceships very seriously, and to let some senior and responsible official take on the task of collecting evidence as a preliminary step to formulating an opinion, and perhaps a course of action.'

Caddy's main target for the report however, was Prince Philip. The Queen's consort was known to have a keen interest in flying saucers , even to the extent of subscribing to *Flying Saucer Review*. His Equerry, Squadron Leader Peter Horsley, was tasked with

investigating flying saucers on behalf of Prince Philip, using his master's influence to meet and interview key UFO witnesses, often in Buckingham Palace. The reports Horsley compiled were then passed onto Prince Philip for him to discuss with the circle of high ranking military officials who saw flying saucers as a major influence in world affairs and a threat, or reassurance of a momentous future for mankind.

Peter Caddy had attended RAF Staff College with Horsley and renewed his acquaintance by arranging a meeting with him at Buckingham Palace, where they discussed the Prince's interest and how best to get the report to him as the Prince was currently out of the country. A plot was hatched and as luck would have it Caddy was to come into contact with Prince Philip as part of his duties during a stopover the Queen and her husband made in El Adam in North Africa on their journey home from a royal tour of Australia. Caddy duly found himself alone in the dining room with the royal couple but protocol and, no doubt, fear precluded him from handing the report over there and then. Instead, he spoke with Commander Mike Parker, the Prince's Naval Equerry, known for being another flying saucer aficionado. Parker immediately leapt at the chance to get the report into Prince Philip's hands, saying, 'Oh good! Anything to have a crack at the dome-headed boys', meaning, presumably, the scientific establishment, most of whom had no time for fanciful notions concerning UFOs and alien visitors.

The mid 1950s saw Caddy and his female followers domiciled at a variety of locations in England and Scotland, going through various personal and spiritual trials and tribulations. But there was trouble ahead. The national press had become aware of the unusual ideas and freewheeling domestic arrangements shared by Caddy and his followers. Journalists tracked them down and the media was alive with stories about the group who were quickly dubbed The Nameless Ones.

In March 1957 the Caddy's became the managers of the Cluny Hill hotel in Forres, on the Moray Firth, overlooking Findhorn Bay. Eileen had channelled guidance from God that they were to establish a 'Centre of Light' there. Now, as the Cold War hotted up in the late 1950s so did Caddy's interest in flying saucers and how their occupants could save the earth from possible nuclear conflagration. Eileen Caddy had received a channelled message consisting of one word, LUKANO, which appeared in her inner eye written in letters of fire. The Caddy's could find no meaning for this world and were prompted to ask their most powerful sensitive Naomi, who, Caddy claimed, '...could be in instant telepathic contact with any name given to her...'. Naomi tuned in and discovered that LUKANO was the captain of a Venusian 'mother ship' who wanted to make contact with the Caddys. Caddy wrote in his autobiography, '...we were told the time had come to make that contact'.

Now there was almost daily channelled contact between Caddy's sensitives, Dorothy, Lena, Eileen and Naomi, and the Venusians. Expectations were high that physical contact was imminent and it was a widely held belief, shared by Caddy and his circle that groups of 'chosen' people would be evacuated by the saucer folk. It goes without saying that Caddy and his coterie of female followers saw themselves as at least a few of the chosen ones and so, desperate to make contact with the space brothers, during the hotel's off-season Caddy and Lena would go to a possible saucer landing site on the beach near Findhorn to await the landing. As a measure of how serious this belief in an inevitable landing by flying saucers was Caddy noted, 'I had the trees cleared from the mound behind the hotel in preparation for the landing.'

The much longed for landing never came. But the media found out about Caddy's activities and ran articles about the goings on at Cluny Hill Hotel. The front page headline in the *Sunday Pictorial* for September 20th 1960 read, 'The Martians Are Coming, He Says.' The accompanying expose claimed that Caddy believed 'great numbers' of flying saucers from Mars and Venus would be landing on earth within the next few months to warn earthlings that they were on the brink of disaster. 'The main thing is to be nice to them', he said, 'They have to be met with friendship. They are trying to help us.' Caddy explained that he had created the landing strip on Cluny Hill at the aliens' behest claiming, 'I was instructed to do so by a kind of telepathy from them'. Caddy went on to outline exactly what his belief in flying saucers meant, 'I believe they will offer people on Earth a chance to leave this planet with them before the catastrophe. They are like us in many ways, but the chief difference is that they have no understanding of such emotions as hatred, greed, jealousy or spite. Their only emotions are love and friendship.' The adverse publicity these media revelations caused the Cluny Hill Hotel almost got Peter Caddy the sack.

The summer of 1961 saw the worldwide political scene degenerate and there was widespread belief that nuclear war was imminent. Caddy's team of sensitives and channellers were told that an extraterrestrial rescue plan to save the Earth was under way, and they were among the chosen ones who would be saved. Eventually a message came through that seemed unambiguous, 'Each one of you should be in readiness, you will be given very little warning'. Channelled messages from the extraterrestrials informed Caddy that they had tried twice to land on the Cluny Hill landing strip,, once on Christmas Eve 1960 and again on New Year's Day 1961, but had been foiled due to a combination of climatic conditions and atomic bomb testing. Peter Caddy and Lena mounted watch for several hours a night in the hope that the third attempt at a landing would be successful, but sadly the aliens still stayed away.

In November 1962 the Caddy's parked their caravan at the Findhorn Bay Caravan Park and the beginnings of the Findhorn Community as we know it today were formed. Caddy decided they would become self-sufficient and they began to plant a huge variety of fruit and vegetables in the poor soil of the Moray coastline. Against all expectations the garden thrived, a fact which the Nameless Ones attributed to their daily meditations and contact with the elementals and Devas, nature spirits who belonged to every living thing. Dismayed by the often contradictory guidance he found in gardening books, Caddy eschewed traditional knowledge and simply asked the Devas directly for guidance. The result was a continuous flow of huge and nutritious organic fruit and veg which helped sustain the community during their early years.

In the mid 1960s Sir George Trevelyan was making tentative enquiries among the flying saucer elite about the possibility of forming a national UFO authority within the UK. He was stimulated to do this by Brinsley le Poer Trench (Lord Clancarty), Johan Quanjer and Air Marshall Sir Victor Goddard.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN



Although the Nameless Ones were now working closely with nature spirits Peter Caddy's flying saucer fascination continued unabated and he forged links with many saucerians who he believed shared his vision. In 1965 he attended Lady Mayo's Ecumenical and International Convention in Edinburgh at which the American contactee Dan Fry was speaking, Fry later visiting Caddy at Findhorn. During this period Caddy also attended a meeting of New Age leaders at Attingham Park in Shropshire headed by Sir George Trevelyan, son of the famous historian. In the mid 1960s Trevelyan was making tentative enquiries among the flying saucer elite about the

possibility of forming a national UFO authority within the UK. He was stimulated to do this by Brinsley le Poer Trench (Lord Clancarty), Johan Quanjer and Air Marshall Sir Victor Goddard. The saucer scene must have been too exotic even for Trevelyan's catholic tastes as, whilst he visited the Caddy's many times, he was never a part of the saucer scene at Findhorn, although a small group of New Age saucer enthusiasts including Trevelyan formed briefly in 1967 and referred to themselves as the 'Attingham Group'.

Johann Quanjer came to know the UK flying saucer scene very well, and he wasn't impressed with much of it. Quanjer was one of those intriguing, mercurial types within British ufology who have been completely written out of the subject's histories. He was a serious political and philosophical thinker whose war experiences as a child led him to spend his life searching for a better system of politics; 'I couldn't understand the need to base everything on conflict, and indeed I deduced that conflict is not necessary for human progress, and never really has been.'

After travelling in Canada and North America, Quanjer settled in London and made contacts within the burgeoning 60s New Age movement. Through his friend Sir Courtney Forbes he got to know influential new age mavens such as Sir George Trevelyan and he was a good friend of Brinsley le Poer Trench (Lord Clancarty). Through his connections in the New Age field Quanjer became aware of flying saucer contacts and near-landings at Findhorn and he eventually visited the community, certain that, '...there is no doubt in my own mind that these extra-terrestrials and their saucers do exist and that they are seriously intending one day to make their presence known to people on earth.'

Caddy, at this time in the 1960s, had set up a telephone tree so a select group of people could be alerted when the saucers were due to appear. Quanjer recalls, 'One morning, in May 1966, an urgent phone message came through to me from Edinburgh, Scotland: 'The bells are ringing'. These four words, breathlessly sounded out for me on the trunk line, were apparently a 'code' for something like, 'Flying saucers might be landing on a previously indicated spot somewhere on the North Coast'.' Although he had not yet visited Findhorn, Quanjer was sceptical about their claims of extraterrestrial contact, writing, 'These saucers had thoughtfully planned to burst upon an astonished world during the Whit week-end of 27-30 June, so that everyone with a job (as I had) could attend without great inconvenience.'

Sceptical or not, after an eight hour train journey Quanjer was soon being whisked along the Moray Firth coast road to Findhorn. But on arrival his reservations were proved correct, 'What I had been led to believe would be a bucolic paradise of new age initiates, was really a huddled mass of mild eccentrics...'. Quanjar's view of Caddy was dim, '...here was their leader, a healthy middle-aged man who preferred to accept unemployment money and family benefits rather than a job to support himself and his family'. The Findhornian's attempts at self-sufficiency didn't impress Quanjar either and he referred to their, '...small but luxuriant vegetable garden...' as being, '...perhaps their only visible hold on reality.'

After introductions to Peter Caddy, Robert Ogilvy Crobie (Roc), and the other invited guests Quanjer was informed that a channelled contact had sent instructions that a flying saucer was going to come in from the north east, flying low over the North Sea to avoid being captured on radar at nearby RAF Lossiemouth. This was it! As a preparatory measure Caddy and Roc channelled various occult historical figures such as St. Germain and also Masters from Saturn and Mars. Darkness fell and the excited saucer spotters loaded cars with provisions and blankets and drove to the beach where they spread out and waited eagerly for the saucer. For a while nothing happened and then, 'Suddenly, the actor (Roc) with arms aloft, exclaimed that it had arrived. 'Yes, it was here.' No one else saw anything though it was concluded that our space guest must still be in another dimension.' Quanjer had, by now, had enough of the naïve pretensions of the Findhorn set and sent his own thoughts out, '...much further and higher in silent prayer that they please not land here among this inauspicious human welcoming party.'

After the failed landing Eileen Caddy received a channelled message which confirmed contact had been almost made. 'Let none of you have any feeling of disappointment regarding last night (the landing of our space brothers). All was in preparation for something far, far greater than any of you have ever contemplated.' The message went onto advise that what Caddy and his friends believed would be a flying saucer sent as part of the extraterrestrials plan to evacuate their supporters. was in fact merely delivering a message that everything would be ok.

Quanjer continued to pursue his interest in flying saucers, ultimately being responsible for the creation of the International Sky Scouts (later becoming Contact UK) in 1967. Yet however sceptical he was of the contact attempts at Findhorn, by 1967 he was trying to communicate with the recently deceased American contactee George Adamski, using Lady Sandys, wife of former Defence Minister Duncan Sandys, as a channel.



1967 the idea of living simply and communally, in harmony with God and nature, inspired by ideas imported from the East, appealed to many hippies. A growing number of them became aware of Findhorn and could see no reason why it wasn't for them.

Findhorn's reputation as a New Age community was now spreading rapidly, and not just within New Age circles. The loose coalition of free-thinkers known as beatniks, together with elements of the 'mod' subculture. was transforming into the hippie movement, via the agency of the powerful psychedelic drug LSD. By 1967 the idea of living simply and communally, in harmony with God and nature, inspired by ideas imported from the East, appealed to many hippies. A growing number of them became aware of Findhorn and could see no reason why it wasn't for them.

One such beatnik who made the transition was Neil Oram, a flamboyant character in the hippy scene. Oram later achieved success when he wrote the world's only 24 hour fortean play. The Warp was a kaleidoscopic roller coaster ride through his life and its many diversions, in which flying saucers played a major role.

In the long, hot summer of 1968 Oram was living in the quiet Yorkshire hill village of Haworth, notable for its connections with the Bronte Sisters. No stranger to strange

phenomena and open to psychic influences Oram received a telepathic message during a meditation telling him to, 'found a spiritual maternity hospital. A centre without dogma, where people could give birth to their real selves.' In an act of spontaneity which characterised the zeitgeist Oram accepted the message, sold his cottage and was about to venture into the unknown when he received a letter from guru Meher Baba's secretary. This alerted him to Findhorn where, the letter informed him, a small group of pioneers were, 'living on sand by the edge of the sea, and are uniting together Divine Guidance, Alien Intelligence, fairie intelligence and human faith in developing consciousness.' Findhorn appeared full of promise to Oram and he and his young family immediately hitch hiked to the bleak Morayshire coast.

On arrival he was immediately disappointed, 'It felt like Noddy land. Utterly UNREAL. Like ceramic pixies and gnomes cavorting in the garden. Phoney. 'Croquet on the lawn' type of atmosphere.' There was an instant culture clash between the two tribes, and the feeling was mutual. For all Caddy's protestations of unconditional love for the human race his first impressions of meeting Oram and family were, '...to my dismay they were dirty, dishevelled hippies....They had to learn that dirty, torn and slovenly clothes were not acceptable at Findhorn, particularly in the Sanctuary.' During this initial meeting Oram recalls Caddy saying, 'You see the trouble is a lot of you hippies have been taken over by the sex drive and that's why you can't channel God, the angels, or our advanced space brothers.' The irony of this, considering Caddy's interwoven personal relationships as well as Oram's later claim that Caddy had been, '...screwing the hippy chicks who started arriving. As usual all being done behind Eileen's back', was decidedly rich!

Caddy immediately dismissed the idea that Oram had been guided to Findhorn by any Divine Agency and suggested they spoke with Anthony Brooke, who was now staying at the community. Caddy told Oram that Brooke was 'the man, when it came to UFO activity'. Whilst at Findhorn Oram met a host of characters from the outer fringes of the New Age including the previously mentioned Roc. Roc has become famous in Findhorn lore as having encountered the god Pan in Edinburgh Royal Botanical Gardens. The ex actor also had extra-terrestrial experiences including one when a man wearing a silver suit appeared in his room. Roc focussed on the entity and he disappeared, but re-appeared in his bedroom where a philosophical discussion ensued, the etheric bedroom visitor telling him there was a war raging all around them between the forces of light and dark. Roc could also see ghosts, and had once found a group of dead airmen playing cards in an old RAF Nissan huts at Findhorn. Oram recalls, 'It didn't take long for Roc to realise that the men were unaware that they were dead. Eventually Roc organised a flying saucer to come over the bay one night where Roc and the men were sat on the beach. Roc had told the men that a special craft was coming to take them all home. When the men saw the flying saucer descend and hover just above the sand, they willingly climbed aboard and sailed away.'

Oram's hippie sensibililities grated with Caddy's old school ascetic leanings and tensions grew between the two men. This culminated one evening when Caddy barged into a caravan ordering him, 'You're wanted in the Sanctuary!!!'. Oram ignored Caddy, who repeated, 'I said you're wanted in the Sanctuary now!!!' Once again he shouted, 'This is your last chance! Are you coming with me now or not?'. Oram declined but was later berated by one of Caddy's sycophantic followers, 'What were you doing man? What were you doing refusing to come to the Sanctuary? You were meant to be a CHANNEL, man! A CHANNEL for our space brothers! The mother ship was HERE!!! Right above the Sanctuary man! Right ABOVE...and it was calling for YOU!!! And you let us ALL DOWN MAN!!! You threw away the opportunity for HUMANITY to EVOLVE onto a HIGHER LEVEL!!! You've let us ALL DOWN, MAN!! You're a BETRAYER of our movement. A JUDAS!!!'

The following day Oram and family left Findhorn. His original vision came true shortly afterwards and he founded his own spiritual centre at Goshem, high in the mountains above Loch Ness. Thirty seven years after his encounter with Caddy at Findhorn, Oram's opinion of the man is undiminished, 'He remains to this day, the biggest ego-maniac I've ever met. Utterly insensitive. Outlandishly bombastic.... He was a total phoney. Con man.'

Peter Caddy left Findhorn in the 1970s and the focus of the Community changed dramatically. Channelled messages from the space brothers and belief in flying saucers were marginalised, being replaced by deeper work with the Devas and more direction from God itself. Alfresco flying saucer welcoming parties were out and spiritually earnest seminars and conferences were very much in. Prophecy turned to profit and Findhorn began to market itself as a commercial venture, setting itself on the course which has brought it to financial fruition today. I suggested to Findhorn that flying saucers and aliens were key to the community's history and development but that they had been carefully airbrushed out of Findhorn's official history. The one line reply avoided the questions I posed regarding the role belief in flying saucers had played in the emergence of Findhorn, with the anodyne: 'There's no 'official' community line regarding UFOs and we have no policy on publicising the subject or otherwise.'

Yet it does seem that the Findhorn is somewhat embarrassed at its flying saucer contactee beginnings and like all corporate entities seeks to minimise problems by simply ignoring them. Other than a few brief comments in Peter Caddy's autobiography there is nothing in the Findhorn literature which refers to this crucial aspect of their past. To the vast majority of those who visit Findhorn this obfuscation will not matter. But the story of Findhorn and flying saucers is a vital missing piece of the jigsaw of the UFO subject in the UK and cannot be ignored to suit the current fashions in New Age belief at Findhorn.

It could be said that Findhorn is nothing more than an apocalyptic 1950s flying saucer cult which got savvy and moved with the times, dropping one of its original tenets and replacing it with others more in keeping with the mores of the New Age market place. Others may say, in light of Neil Oram and Johan Quanjar's comments, that Peter Caddy was a hypocrite; a con-man using cod-spirituality for financial and physical gain, utilising and manipulating whatever elements of the supernatural were currently fashionable to attract adherents and money. But perhaps, and this is much more likely, Caddy and his followers were just a group of sincere but flawed human beings who were desperately seeking something. That something, like the goal of all spiritual seeking, was a desire for certainty, guidance and purpose in a chaotic universe.

During the period between 1954 and 1970, flying saucers, or rather the idea of flying saucers, provided them with that something. Their shared belief in the impending apocalypse and the possibility of salvation from the skies enabled them to form strong relationships and to build a thriving community based on their communal beliefs and hopes. By their own accounts they were happy, and if belief in extraterrestrials provided them with that happiness, then that's no bad thing really, is it?

Yet it does seem that the Findhorn is somewhat embarrassed at its flying saucer contactee beginnings and like all corporate entities seeks to minimise problems by simply ignoring them. Other than a few brief comments in Peter Caddy's autobiography there is nothing in the Findhorn literature which refers to this crucial aspect of their past.

With warm thanks to Neil Oram for his assistance

THE PELICAN WRITES . . .

El Pelícano es fuerte en sus apreciaciones, pero muy razonable.



In his previous column The Pelican discussed the falseness of ufology as a supposed subject for scientific investigation. Now he feels it is time to propose what to do about it. What is needed is a suitable slogan for the project and The Pelican has unashamedly borrowed an idea from the recent campaign to tackle poverty in Africa. Thus the rallying cry for all who want to launch a concerted attack on the false science of ufology is: Make Ufology History. This is a bit snappier than Andy Roberts's slogan: Tough on ufology, tough on the causes of ufology.

How will the destruction of ufology be achieved by The Pelican, together with his horde of acolytes, sycophants, hero-worshippers and hangers-on? The answer is fairly simple. The social and psychological treatment of UFO reports should be pursued, but attempts must be made to discourage psychologists from over-simplifying the problem. A notable example of this is the tendency of those investigating persons claiming to have been abducted by aliens to assume that all of these experiences happen as a result of sleep disturbances, even though a large proportion of such cases are said to involve people who were out walking or even driving cars at the onset of their experiences. Failure to study the literature on the subject resulting in failure to be aware of its complexities only serves to bring their work into eventual disrepute and to encourage those who prefer some of the wilder interpretations of such experiences.

Another important task is to attempt to destroy the credibility of those ufologists who do not deserve it. These are usually those of the American nuts-and-bolts school, the people who believe that UFOs are extraterrestrial but prefer not to say so outright. Most of these people seem perfectly rational in their approach so long as one does not look too closely at their work, and so long as one ignores their regrettable tendency, which The Pelican has previously noted, to give credence to certain notorious hoaxes as being sightings of genuine UFOs. These ufologists seek to maintain their credibility by attacking those who are obviously charlatans or are mentally unhinged, making themselves look eminently respectable by contrast. What they have in common is the belief that behind all the misperceptions, lies, fantasies and nonsense, there lurks the genuine or "true" UFO, just waiting to be discovered and its exotic nature proved beyond doubt, this being the fantasy which keeps them going.

In Britain, a small number of ufologists, most notably Andy Roberts, David Clarke and Jenny Randles have wrecked some of the schemes of ufological mystery-mongers by investigating and explaining certain high-profile UFO cases, thus so far frustrating their efforts to establish a "British Roswell".

This brings The Pelican to the next task, which is to make it clear to the news media and the makers of documentaries that the great majority of the more prominent ufologists are basically not amateur scientists but entertainers. Their aim is not to discover the true facts concerning UFO reports and UFO witnesses, but to court media exposure and popularity by telling people what they obviously want to hear about UFOs - that they are real, and that the reason why this is not generally recognised is that governments have concealed The Truth from the public for nearly 60 years. This brings us to the next task.

This is one falsehood of ufology that needs to be exposed for the nonsense it is. In fact this will be surprisingly difficult as the persistence of such an utterly absurd belief is a mystery in itself. It can only be an indication of the power of the will-to-believe in the UFOs. It is a belief strongly held not only by the lumpen proletariat of ufology but also by many of the more intelligent and highly educated. Of course, not all are sincere. The ufological entertainers, mentioned above, have incorporated it as part of their acts. When anyone asks why we don't have any crashed UFOs or aliens available for public display they are told that they are all locked away at heavily guarded government establishments.

The government secrecy angle is particularly hilarious in American ufology, where the US government is accused of concealing the evidence, silencing witnesses and confiscating every last piece of crashed UFO before it can be subjected to independent laboratory testing. In pursuing these fantasies American ufologists rarely pause to consider that every other nation would be either willing or able to pursue this policy. The maintenance of the government secrecy fantasy requires that, if at all possible, UFO crashes should take place only on US territory, otherwise it can get a bit complicated. In the case of the notorious Varginha, Brazil, incident in which a UFO is said to have crashed and its occupants captured, someone added extra details to the story saying that the aliens had been flown out of Brazil on a US Air Force plane, thus removing the vital evidence to a place where the blanket of secrecy could be safely maintained.

American ufologist Royce J. Myers has a web site containing a "Hall of Shame" which gives details of ufologists who have incurred his disapproval. Some of these characters would be on almost anyone's lists. They are the usual frauds, hoaxers and fantasists, but others, such as Phil Klass and Dr Jill Tarter are there simply because they don't believe in pursuing the holy grail of the "True UFO". The Pelican's Hall of Shame would be a much longer list and would include all but a very few ufologists, and The Pelican would not be short of cogent reasons for including them. However, he is inhibited by the prospect of attracting the unwelcome and expensive attentions of m'learned friends.

Readers are invited to join The Pelican to put ufological studies into their rightful place as a branch of modern folklore and *Make Ufology History*.

AZTEC, THAT TERRIBLY ROMANTIC YET HORRIBLY AROMATIC DESERT FLOWER IS IN BLOOM AGAIN

Michael McClellan and Matt Graeber

The 1948 Aztec, NM downed UFO retrieval story is one of saucerdom's legends that seems to have defied all the attempts to explain it away as a clumsy and very obvious hoax. However, the many "resurrections" of this story, in various forms, is just about as remarkable and interesting as the original tale itself. In fact, one fellow on the Internet describes it as the "Dracula" of saucerdom which simply will not die no matter how many stakes are driven through its heart.

First touted by two con men who actually were convicted of their fraudulent schemes (perpetrated in connection with the alleged UFO incident, reversed ET engineering devices, and the rediscovery of the Rangely Oil Fields in Colorado), the story has been revised, fine-tuned and sporadically presented to an unsuspecting American public and incautious media people. Like the Roswell, NM UFO incident, The city of Aztec now has its own festival celebrating the non-incident's anniversary; and has even managed to build a brand new library (costing 1.9 million dollars) from the tourist monies spent at the nation's other alleged place of alien demise. As one sceptical Texan* aptly put it, "Yeah, that's mighty big bucks in those crash sites of imagination ... mighty big bucks indeed!"

Interestingly, rumours on the Internet proclaim that plans are underway to memorialize the Carbondale, PA saucer crash of 1974 at a "Mysteries Museum" to be established somewhere in Lackawanna County, PA. The Carbondale crash doesn't boast of alien bodies but, it reportedly has lots of saucers flitting in and out of inter-dimensional gateways (or vortices) in the area.

As one realizes, memories fade quickly in normal life, and even more quickly in the land of the UFO subculture. The question is whether or not the faded memories are genuine, or if they are "conveniently selective" to the numerous "hucksters" of the Aztec story.

It would not serve us well to simply name the individuals involved in the present-day rehashing of this continuing UFO myth. Nor, would it be overly enlightening to revisit the original 1950 Frank Scully book on the incident and show how distorted even it has become. This article is dedicated to the memory and researches of Michael McClellan who spent a great deal of time investigating the Aztec incident as it was presented in 1974 by Robert Spencer Carr, a retired professor of mass communications at the University of Southern Florida. So, I will not whip out my ol' aerosol can of agent orange and attempt to defoliate the dense forest of UFOOLogy that IS the Aztec story of today.

Rather, I will take you back 30 years, to a time when my dear departed friend Mike McClellan methodically investigated the then 27 year old Aztec downed saucer yarn. Mike had written several articles for magazines and the APRO (Aerial Phenomena Research Center) journal during the mid-seventies on the Aztec case and I'm happy that this draft from one of those essays has survived for Magonia's readers to peruse and enjoy.

So, here's what Mike had to say (unedited and unabridged) regarding his inquiry into the Aztec, New Mexico flying saucer retrieval story and the charlatan who was then bandying it about the country. Mike was a member of both APRO and UFORIC at the time. *(Commentary in italics are mine.)*

Aztec, Michael McClellan 1975

" The obituary columns of our daily newspapers alphabetically list the demise of individuals who, unless celebrities, are noteworthy of no more than an inch or so of space declaring that their existence of being had departed its mortal shell. The shell decays and disappears. For a brief moment in time, lives are disrupted - however, soon return to normal. Death temporarily takes a back seat. Mortal matters take precedence over memories.

Probably the most famous and remembered death is that of Jesus Christ's. From that point historians may argue over the second most important death in the world. Most likely they would never be in agreement. Or is it possible that the second to the thirteenth important and historical deaths may have occurred very recently? Even in our century? In fact, could they have occurred twenty-seven years ago? According to Robert Spencer Carr, a retired professor, they may have.

At a press conference in 1974, Carr revealed information which either surpasses all other news of our day or is the fantasy of an imaginative mind comparable to Isaac Asimov or Gene Rodenberry (Star Trek).

My primary encounter with Carr's story was while I was stirring coffee and listening to an excited secretary tell about a spaceship which had reportedly crashed in a desert area. Lifeless alien occupants had been removed from the craft and preserved. She had heard the story on the radio and, while not sure of the details, thought that it recently occurred.

Robert Spencer Carr was a kindly old gent who looked very much like a Kentucky Colonel. He had the ability to tell his story so convincingly that he appeared on numerous syndicated radio and TV talk shows. He also lectured at quite a number of universities throughout the country and caused something of a stir in the UFO community too.

With the intention of reaching the crux of the story, I began an investigation. If there was any hint of truth to the account it must be the

news story of the century. This, according to Carr, who has known of the incident for some twenty-five years during which time he been an undercover investigator for the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP).

Fearing possible ridicule, embarrassment, and loss of credibility with students and associates which would jeopardize his position, he decided to remain silent until he recently retired as professor of mass communications at the University of South Florida. Carr says the year was 1948, the month February, the day probably the 13th.

Three radar stations were tracking an unknown at 90,000 feet altitude. The stations were located at Edwards Air Force Base, California, Colorado, and Northern Colorado. The object was making 18,000 knots per hour which is really quite fast



even in those days. It stopped at about 10,000 feet where it went out of control, circled, and fluttered helplessly to the ground.

Because three radar stations were involved, triangulation was possible and showed that the object had touched down three miles west of Aztec, New Mexico, south of the Colorado line. The landing was a soft one, the craft being on automatic pilot. A tripod extended from the craft and the extraterrestrial ship came to rest on the desert.

Law enforcement officers, including local sheriffs, rushed to the scene.(According to Carr, the old timers there remember the incident very well.) The lawmen, guns drawn, approached the thirty foot saucer-shaped disc and looked inside the craft. That moment could have only been electrifying as the officers saw through a hole the size of a thumb in the dome of the craft. Twelve little men slumped over their instruments.

The aliens had died from decompression, probably due to the hole; a death probably similar to that of the recent Russian cosmonaut's misfortune. Shortly after the landing, military aircraft began appearing in the area. The roads to the area were cordoned off by air police. Residents from as far as Farmington, New Mexico journeyed to the area, their curiously aroused by the unusual number of planes.

As one can immediately see, this story has elements quite similar to that of the Roswell UFO Incident which, at the time of Mike's writing, were not yet revealed to Stanton Friedman by Retired Major Jesse Marcel who was the Intelligence Officer at the Roswell Army Air Force base in 1947.

Officials managed to get the door of the spacecraft open and the twelve bodies were removed. They were all males, their weight ranging from eighty to ninety pounds. Their build was fairly muscular and solid. They had light hair of varying shades, their eyes were blue. They all wore the same dress, a blue uniform with no insignia.

Carr's descriptions of the aliens is not a carbon or should I say Xerox copy of the Roswell extraterrestrial cadavers, but there are some similarities.

The alien bodies were loaded aboard an aeroplane and flown to Edwards Air Force Base as was their saucer. They were later moved to Wright Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton,Ohio where Carr alleges they remain. One of the bodies was selected for autopsy and six surgeons were flown in from Washington, D.C. A middle range specimen was chosen and his organs laid out on a table.

This scenario also has Roswell similarities which include the unexplained ability of the military to load a spacecraft that is reportedly wider in diameter than the opening of any then-existing aircraft's side, rear cargo, or bomb-bay doors.

The blood type was "O" and the genes and chromosomes would have matched with those of Earth women. Verification of the incident is offered by Carr. He was at his job in Florida some years back when he overheard a biologist (who was a member of an elite inner circle of knowledgables) read a report to Carr's chief describing characteristics of the aliens. The biologist, incidentally, is now deceased.

Carr has spoken personally with an officer who was present in Aztec when the extraterrestrial bodies were removed from thier vehicle. The officer assisted with the measuring, weighing, and loading of the little men.

A military nurse who was present at the autopsy told Carr when he spoke with her that she knew of no reason why she should take the secret to her grave. She was seventy-three years old when she made her revelation to Carr. Unfortunately, Carr is unable to reveal the names of the people with whom he had spoken. Their identities cannot be revealed, since doing so would cause them irreparible damage.

The introduction of the mysterious nurse in Carr's story predates the report of a similar person in the Roswell "star-eyewitness" Glenn Dennis' story..

Luckily, Carr was a security guard who spent three or six months of his service guarding hanger #18 at Wright Patterson. (On one radio interview Carr stated three months. He told me six months.) *Carr told Mike that his sergeant's name at Wright Patterson was Arthur Bray.* Bray is a retired master sergeant, He was with the Air Police prior to to his retirement in 1970 and was an eyewitness to the storage of the bodies. Carr related that Bray "Had the key to the *(hanger)* door and let people in and out."

Bray fled to Canada and subsequently returned to a Midwest State. Unluckily, the only Arthur Bray there turned out to be an Army man who retired in 1940. He had no knowledge of the incident and was never stationed at Wright Patterson.

Mike spent quite a bit of time and money on this investigation and I even came across an Arthur Bray of Canada in late 1974 who was a UFO researcher. When I asked him about being a sergeant at Wright Patterson he just laughed and said he was unaware of Carr's usage of the name Arthur Bray in his saucer story. The Canadian Mr.Bray and I shared investigative data on a UFO/Pickup truck pursuit case that reportedly occurred in Ottawa on

the night of Nov. 8th,1973. The case received wide publicity in the U.S. and Canada. Mr.Bray was the first researcher to interview the witnesses.

In addition, says Carr, there are several hundred other people who have the inside information. They consist of academic men, anthropologists, aeronautical engineers, Army intelligence officers, electronics experts, metallurgists. and so the list goes. Again, no names are available and Mr. Carr is the only individual who has dared to surface with the incredible story.

Truman was most assuredly informed of the incident but, according to Carr, never came to see the space craft or its occupants. What he actually knew is moot, since he is no longer available for comment. Moreover, Carr stated that Eisenhower saw the ship and its occupants in April after his inauguration. As Carr relates, Eisenhower was at Palm Springs, California. Using a golf outing as a ploy, he boarded a helicopter and was flown to view the remains.

The president decided the American public was not yet ready for a disclosure of such gravity and the discovery remained top secret.

This, too, smacks of the Roswellian folklore that many have come to know and embrace as fact. But, in one account, Truman did view the craft and the alien bodies; and Eisenhower was the one who feigned a golf outing and disappeared for 12 hours to not only see the aliens, he allegedly made a deal with living extraterrestrials at nearby Muroc, Air Force Base. His alleged 12 hour absence from the prying eyes of reporters was attributed to a bogus emergency visit to a dentist's office.

Carr advises that forty reporters knew of Eisenhower's flight and were there to see him leave in the helicopter. Apparently, he feels that the presence of the reporters and their witnessing of his departure lends credibility to his yarn. The names of the reporters have not yet been revealed. Even if they are we have proof that Ike took a ride in a helicopter, nothing more.

The bodies are now in cryonic suspension, a sophisticated form of freezing, somewhere in Wright Patterson.

Where did Carr acquire his original information? As he explained, he received a manuscript of a book prior to publication from Frank Scully. Scully was a writer for a magazine "Variety" and devoted an entire chapter of his book, *Behind the Flying Saucers* (published in 1950 by Henry Holt and Company) to the incident. By his own words, Carr says the Frank Scully story is true. Let us briefly examine Scully's story.

In 1949 Scully relates that he had learned of a man whom he elects to call "Dr.Gee". The name is a pseudonym the reason for which we shall later learn. Dr.Gee was a government scientist engaged in magnetic research. His credentials consisted of several degrees from higher institutions among which were Armour Institute, University of Berlin, and Creighton University.

Dr.Gee told Scully the story of the first flying saucer to land in the United States.
(One had landed in the Sahara Desert before this.) He knew first-hand because he was called upon by the government and assigned to go to the crash site and examine the space craft, together with several other magnetic scientists.

The UFO had been detected by two telescopes, its position determined, and its touch-down site estimated. It was found east of Aztec, New Mexico in a high-plains area which was very rocky.

The scientists decided to observe first and watch for two days. Nothing appeared to happen inside the craft, and the men felt that approach was safe for further investigation. No door was apparent, and the outer skin had no markings. There was, however, a broken porthole. The porthole appeared to be glass, but when the scientists examined it closely, it was different from any other glass known in this country.

The scientists rammed a hole through the defective porthole and looked inside.
They counted sixteen bodies. They ranged in height from thirty-six to forty-two inches. As the scientists probed and prodded, they touched a knob which caused the ship's door to spring open. The little bodies were removed and laid out on the ground. One scientist remarked that their dress was similar to the 1890's style.

The bodies were perfectly normal, not being midgets. Their skin, however, was charred a dark colour, resembling that of chocolate. The bodies must have been burned, speculated Gee, by air rushing in through the defective porthole or by some other propulsion or pressure malfunction. They were killed by burns or the bends. Dr.Gee said that the point in space at which the little men met their fate had not been determined.

Gee thought the little men probably came from Venus. That was more likely than Mars because inhabitants of Mars would probably be three or four times larger than humans. He said that some of them had been dissected and, except for their size, they appeared to be perfectly normal human beings. Age was judged to be
thirty-five to forty years, according to Earth standards. Their teeth were in perfect condition with no cavities or fillings.

Their clothing was dark blue with metal buttons. There were no insignias on the sleeves or caps. Food wafers were found in the ship and given to guinea pigs. The animals seemed to thrive on them. Water was also found, however, it was twice as heavy as normal water. The doctors noted that some water



in Norway was similar.

Dr.Gee was not yet through with his astounding revelations. Not only was an alien space ship recovered but, rather, three! There was even a fourth, but that one got away before the scientists could even photograph it. The second space ship which landed in nearly the same condition as the first had its door open. The sixteen little bodies inside were not charred or burned. Medical opinion was that these bodies, when found, had not been dead for much more than two or three hours.

It had landed near a proving ground in Arizona. It was smaller than the first, being only seventy-two feet in diameter. (The first was ninety-nine and 99/100 feet in diameter.) The third ship landed in Paradise Valley above Phoenix, Arizona. There were only two crew members inside. One humanoid was halfway out the door and the other

In 1949 Scully relates that he had learned of a man whom he elects to call "Dr.Gee". The name is a pseudonym the reason for which we shall later learn.

was seated within. Again, both were dead. This ship was thirty-six feet in diameter.

Enter Silas Mason Newton.

Newton was a close associate of Dr.Gee's (an oil millionaire, according to Robert Carr) who wanted to see the ships. Alas, by this time government secrecy had intervened and Newton was out of luck. Dr.Gee had, however, secured a tubeless radio, some small discs, gears, and other assorted devices which had been taken from the the space ships.

The story now takes on elements of



Enter Silas Mason Newton . . .

"Reversed Engineering Possibilities", which clearly predate the Col. Philip Corso's "Reversed Engineering" claims that captured the imaginations of many Roswellian ufologists more than three decades later.

The ratio of the gears was an enigma to earth engineers, defying more than 150 tests to break down their metal. There was no play in the gears and they did not appear to be lubricated. Dr.Gee constructed an antenna for the radio and was able to receive a sort of high "C" hourly, at fifteen minutes past the hour.

The Philadelphia Enquirer newspaper carried an article on page four of its July 28th, 1952 issue describing more details on the Scully story which it received from "True Magazine". On March 8th, 1950, according to the Inquirer, Newton spoke to an elementary science class at the University of Denver. Half the class apparently believed the story by Newton of Dr.Gee's discoveries. The story was out!

At one of Newton's con game appearances on campus, his talk was suddenly cut short by Dr.Gee who excitedly pointed to his wrist watch and bellowed, "Great Scott, we've got to get to the airport!" Newton hurriedly gathered his papers and dashed out the door as students and faculty looked on. Some would-be investor in the auditorium asked, "What was that fellows name", and another person replied,"I think it was Scott something".

Interestingly, with the advent of the Internet, this and many other UFO crash stories have grown into something of a sub-cultural cottage industry. I discovered that "aztec, nm. ufo crash" produced 128 pages of postings to examine, while Roswell had 644. Carbondale, PA. had a scant 10, as did Spitsbergen, Norway. While Kingman, Arizona was represented by 28 pages to scroll upon. Curiously, Kecksberg, PA displayed just 3 pages even though it had received national exposure on TV's very popular "Unsolved Mysteries" programme. The date of my very cursory internet survey was May 13,2005.

Interestingly, when Scully's book was published, all of the principals in chapter twelve seemed to mysteriously drop out of sight. J. P. Cahn of the "San Francisco Chronicle" on an assignment for "True Magazine" decided to put Newton's lecture to the test. He found that Scully and Newton were acquainted and were, in fact, friends. Scully admitted that all of his information was second-hand, but he did seem to sincerely believe Newton.

A meeting was set up and the three - Scully, Newton, and Cahn - met at Scully's home. After what may have been small talk, Newton produced a handkerchief and dumped from it some metal objects. Two of the objects were gears. Two were what appeared to be small metal discs. The gears were not similar, although the discs matched. They were unmarked with the exception of surface scratches.

Before the meeting was over, Newton briefly showed Cahn a photograph of an object which had a resemblance of an umbrella lying on its side. He hinted that people would pay a good deal of money to see something like that. Newton refused to part with the objects he had shown Cahn and further refused to reveal Dr.Gee's true identity.

Cahn investigated Newton's background and, as far as he could determine, the whole Newton Oil Company was two small offices connected by a waiting room. Newton had boasted of rediscovering the Rangely oil fields in Colorado. When Cahn researched this misinformation with Richard D. White, Exploration Superintendent for a subsidiary of Standard Oil Company of California, he was told that Newton brought a lot of people out in big cars. With regard to rediscovering Rangely, it was so much baloney.

More background checks found Newton with a record for larceny in New York. The complaint had been discharged. However, in another case, Newton was discovered to have been involved with shady stock practices. Now more determined to get to the bottom of the entire story, Cahn arranged a meeting with Newton and told him that $10,000.00 had been authorized to be put in escrow with another $25,000.00 to be paid upon publication of Newton's story as soon as reasonable proof was produced. Cahn had, beforehand, counterfeited a disc similar to those Newton had shown to him and was able to make a switch. Newton didn't know the difference when, after appearing to examine them, Cahn handed them back to Newton.

The discs were reported to have been subjected to 10,000 degrees heat in Dr.Gee's laboratory without melting. The metal disc kidnapped by Cahn was taken to Stanford University for an analysis. It was plain aluminium, 99.5 percent pure, and the type used in making nothing more than pots and pans. It, incidentally, melted at the Stanford University at 657 degrees Fahrenheit.

Scully finally admitted to Cahn that the mysterious Dr.Gee was none other than Dr. Leo A. Gebauer, with whom he had been in telephone contact a number of times. Not yet completely satisfied, Cahn took a trip to Arizona where he confronted Mr. Gebauer. Cahn discovered that instead of holding the alleged degrees mentioned by Scully, he held only an electrical engineering degree from Louis Institute of Technology in Chicago.

In addition, Cahn found that from 1943 to 1945 when Dr.Gee was supposed to have been heading 1,700 scientists on secret government work (according to Scully in his book) he was actually chief of AiResearch Co. in Phoenix and Los Angeles. His job was to keep the lab machinery going as a kind of maintenance man.

The discrepancies between Scully's story and Carr's are numerous and obvious. While Scully says that the Aztec bodies were charred and burnt, Professor Carr implies that they were fairly fresh. Scully clearly says in his book that there were thirty-four little bodies; while Carr recognizes that there was another crashed ship besides the one in Aztec. He says there were only burned remains in the other crash

and no entire life forms. Were there thirty-four bodies? Or, were there twelve?

Coral Lorenzen, Aerial Phenomenon Research Organization (APRO) spoke with Sheriff Dan Sullivan of Aztec, New Mexico recently. According to Mrs. Lorenzen, "I personally talked to ... .Sullivan ... and he told me that since the story broke, he's had deputies out combing the area for any information which would prove or disprove Carr's claims. His own father was sheriff at the time and had no recollection of a crash, aircraft being in the area, or anything else that would support Carr's claims". Nothing has been found.

This writer interviewed several highly reliable "old-timers" from Aztec. Deputy Sheriff Bruce Sullivan, Dan Sullivan's brother, also works out of Aztec. Bruce Sullivan would have been seventeen or eighteen years old and attending the Aztec High School during this alleged incident. He has lived in Aztec all his life and "Never knew or heard anything about it".

The deputy said that his department has received many phone calls about the alleged incident but he personally knows nothing about it. His father was sheriff at the time and never mentioned it. If it had happened, he knows that his father would have mentioned it. This may lead to a little confusion as to what sheriffs went out to the craft and examined it with drawn guns.

Lyle McWilliams has been around Aztec for a good number of years. He has been in business, according to his own testimony, "Ever since I've been old enough" and was about thirty-two years old in 1948. He recalls nothing of the incident except for the original claim and has always treated it as a joke. He feels that the story may have been revived for "ulterior motives". Bruce Sullivan and Lyle McWilliams are neither believers nor disbelievers in UFOs.

Marguerite Knowlton has lived near Hart Canyon (the alleged scene of the crash) since 1946 and is sixty years old. Nothing to her knowledge transpired in the canyon. Mrs. Knowlton suggested that I talk with George Brown who owned the Aztec Newspaper in 1948. From my conversation with him, he impressed me as someone who must have been a colourful individual. He recalled a tongue-in-cheek article he had written for the newspaper years ago describing his abduction by little green men from space.

Brown had been in Aztec for seventy years. He ran the paper for forty-four years. "Nobody could have gotten in there and out (Hart Canyon) without attracting a lot of attention. It's rough country and there's only one highway in there". Brown stated emphatically that the road had never been travelled by anyone. He became intoxicated enough with the story to speak with what he estimates to be over one hundred people including cowboys, indeed, lawmen, and ranchers. None of them recalls the UFO landing or subsequent military movement.

If anyone had motive to make good use of the Aztec story, Mr. Brown would head the list. Instead, no sensational accounts of the landing appeared in the paper. Had the story been true, no newsman worth his salt would have passed such an opportunity.

The Robert Spencer Carr story parallels that of a very old, thinly worn, tattered shoe. It has been kicked around for years. Every so often, someone takes this old shoe out of a dark corner in the closet. He dyes it a new colour, waxes and buffs it to a high gloss. New heels and soles are added. Bright new shoestrings once again tie it together. The old shoe becomes a new version to fit the present modern-day style. More usage is gotten from it. It is used until it is worn out. After it has served its purpose, it returns to the closet until someone again decides the time has come for a new version.

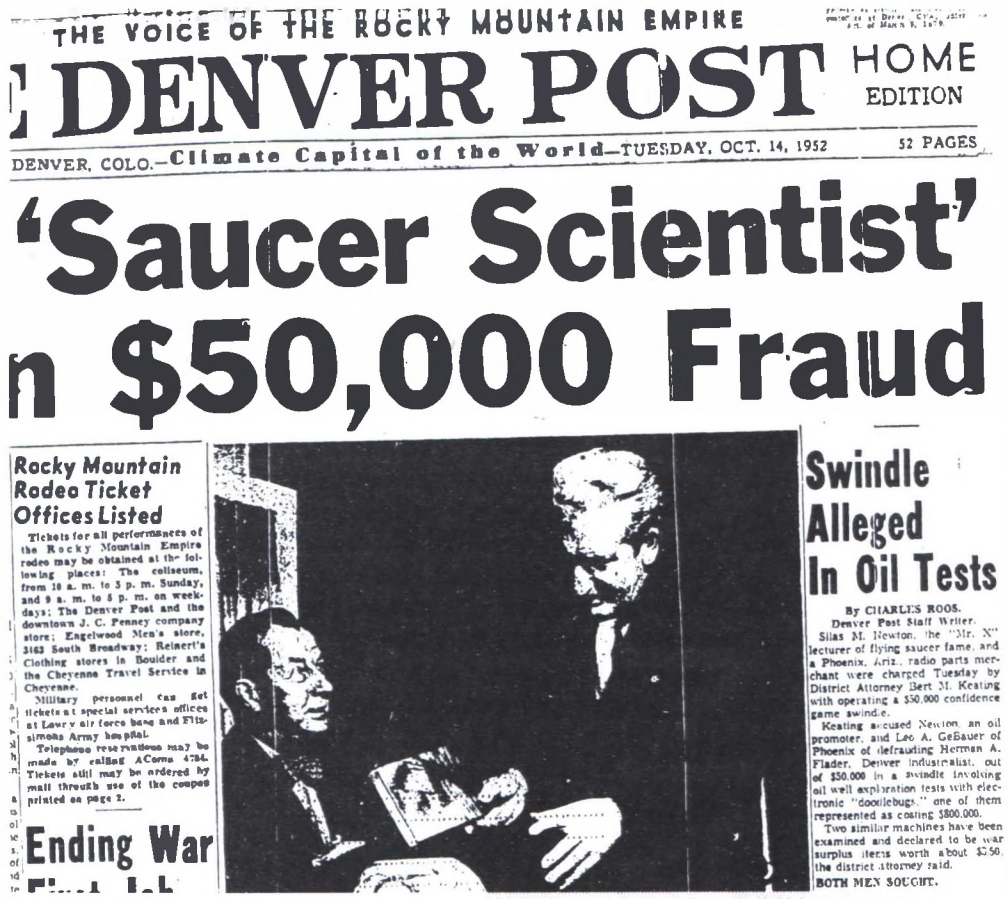
While our present-day "throw-away" society probably wouldn't go through the bother and expense of refurbishing an old pair of shoes, back when Mike wrote this article it was a common, but declining, practice to do so. Nevertheless, the analogy is "absolutely correct" in regard to the sporadic refurbishing of the Aztec story over the years by Robert Spencer Carr (1973-74). Willian Steinman and Wendelle Stevens(1986), Linda Mouton Howe and Art Bell (1998), and most recently by Stanton Friedman, whom for an additional twenty-five dollars above the cost of his DVD on the case, will personally autograph your copy of it. Of course, there are numerous additional offerings of the story on the ever Wild and Wacky Web.

Those who have seen or talked with Carr must be impressed with his fatherly-like patience. He appears to be a kindly man with a purity of purpose. He would have us believe his motives are no more than to make contact with the superior intelligences frequenting our Earthly air space.

He abhors the "lurid sensationalism - the vulgar sensationalism" that the media has afforded him. Yet, he is lecturing frequently at Florida universities and has appeared, according to his own statistics, on 144 radio shows, 33 television appearances, and 50 newspaper interviews; in addition to a well-attended symposium he recently held in Florida. His new book on UFOs is near completion and is forthcoming. He employs an agent to book his lectures.

Carr's brainchild is a plan to lure the UFOs to a safe landing place in New Mexico close to Los Alamos. He plans to do this using decoy flying saucers, signal images, and other devices to coax the extraterrestrials to an Earthly visit. He wants presidential initiative aimed at setting up an official meeting with the aliens on a mountain top to find out what they want.

Modern-day UFO coaxers like Dr. Steven Greer's group also attempt to lure UFOs with light signals and telepathy - while famed abductee Betty Hill had a property ringed with lights to attract UFOs to a landing. Of course, the sci-fi motion picture "Close Encounter of the Third Kind" (1977) featured contact with aliens on a mountain top in the state of Wyoming.



THE VOICE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPIRE

DENVER POST HOME EDITION

DENVER, COLO.—Climate Capital of the World—TUESDAY, OCT. 14, 1952 52 PAGES

'Saucer Scientist' n $50,000 Fraud

Rocky Mountain Rodeo Ticket Offices Listed

Tickets for all performances of the Rocky Mountain Empire rodeo may be obtained at the following places: The coliseum, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sunday, and 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. on weekdays; The Denver Post and the downtown J. C. Penney company store; Engelwood Men's store, 3163 South Broadway; Reinert's Clothing stores in Boulder and the Cheyenne Travel Service in Cheyenne.

Military personnel can get tickets at special services offices at Lowry air force base and Fitzsimons Army hospital.

Telephone reservations may be made by calling AComa 4784. Tickets still may be ordered by mail through use of the coupon printed on page 2.

Ending War

Swindle Alleged In Oil Tests

By CHARLES ROOS.
Denver Post Staff Writer.

Silas M. Newton, the "Mr. X" lecturer of flying saucer fame, and a Phoenix, Ariz., radio parts merchant were charged Tuesday by District Attorney Bert M. Keating with operating a $50,000 confidence game swindle.

Keating accused Newton, an oil promoter, and Leo A. GeBauer of Phoenix of defrauding Herman A. Flader, Denver industrialist, out of $50,000 in a swindle involving oil well exploration tests with electronic "doodlebugs," one of them represented as costing $800,000.

Two similar machines have been examined and declared to be war surplus items worth about $2.50, the district attorney said.

BOTH MEN SOUGHT.

More background checks found Newton with a record for larceny in New York. The complaint had been discharged. However, in another case, Newton was discovered to have been involved with shady stock practices.

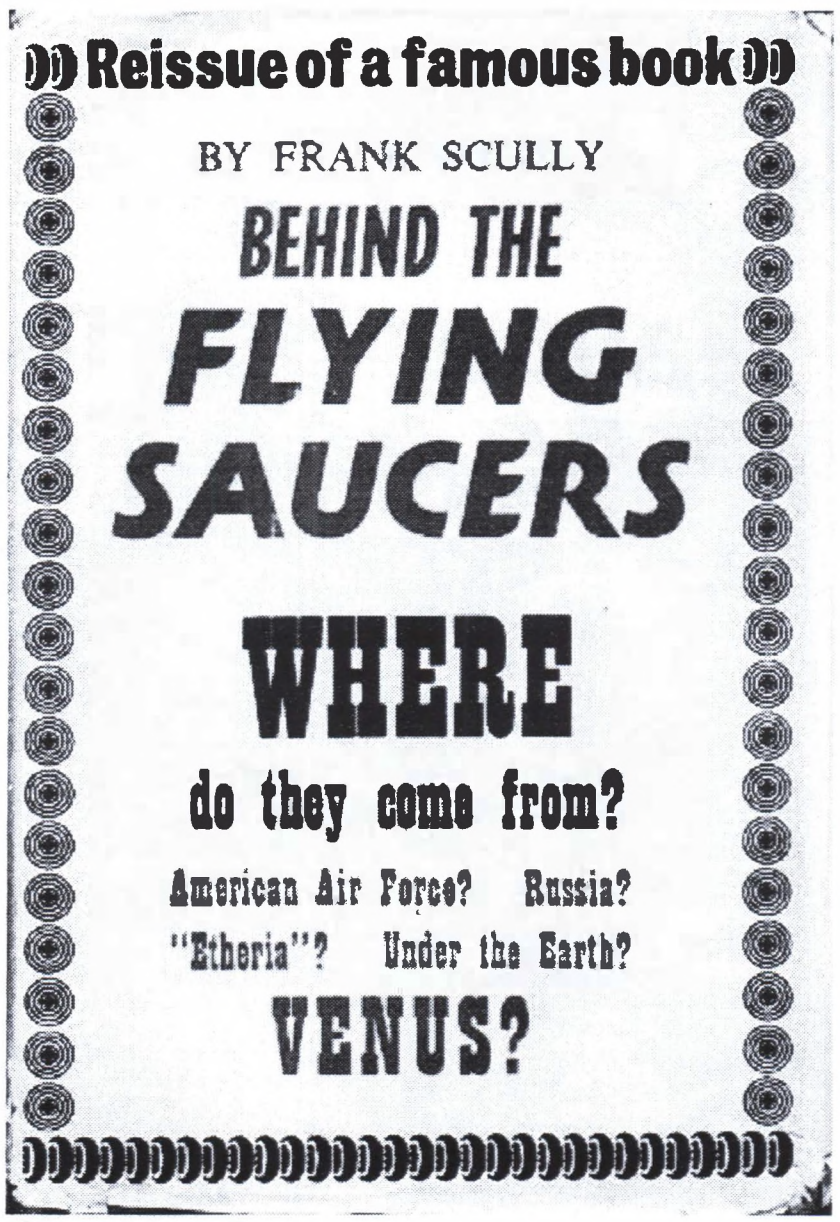
He (Carr) envisions Kissinger sitting at a card table with intergalactic envoys lashing out agreement details. Carr, who is without a doctorate and yet advertises himself as "Dr.Carr" at his symposium, remind me of a space age, one man medicine show peddling his miracle cure-all bottle of elixir with the aid of electronic communication.

Although he claims to be a NICAP investigator, the director tells me that while he may have been in years past, he is now a only a member. A ten dollar bill will purchase annual membership for anyone. At the time I spooke with the director, he told me that a letter was being prepared to Carr warning him to stop the use of NICAP's name in connection with his "Little Men" story. The director reminded me that Carr's membership is also

revocable and excommunication the next step if deemed *necessary*.

As one New England Ufologist aptly put it, "That sounds kinda serious!"*

In the final analysis, I may be found to have been too harsh on Carr. Perhaps he subscribes to "the end justifies the means" philosophy which unfortunately requires building a solid house on a foundation of silt and sand. There is



a heavy moral here. UFOs are an unknown phenomena. They do exist. Files of investigative organizations are bursting with evidence of UFOs. Reliable witnesses, photographs, physical evidence, burn marks, and landing impressions bear mute testimony to their existence.

Whether they be Klass-type plasmas or Menzolian temperature inversions. Whether they are from an unknown dimension or hallucinations of Jungian minds conjuring round, flattened, illuminated objects projected by the mind's eye into space. Or, whether they are real, tangible, solid objects controlled by intelligent minds who have developed a mode on galactic travel technologically-advanced that the embryonic Earthly mind of science cannot even begin to conceive of their workings. THE UFO PHENOMENON EXISTS! It is real and apparently does not prefer to go away.

Without qualification, no real "rally 'round the flag" kind of scientific study has ever been mustered. APRO has existed for nearly a quarter of a century; and for that same period, the founders have painstakingly devoted their lives to resolve this enigma. Other organizations have devoted endless hours of research - still no answer.

Why no answer? No money! The civilian organizations have attempted to function by means of membership dues and subscriptions. Their entire income is a mere pittance compared to recent funding by the U.S. government to study the antics of frisbees or research butterflies.

At the time of this article's writing, many UFO groups were attempting to chide and instigate a re-evaluation of the UFO situation by the federal government. The U.S. Air Force's Project Blue Book (1951-1969) program was believed to be riddled with errors and the Condon Committee's efforts (1966-1968) were suspected of negative bias, too.

Every government subsidized program for the research of UFOs has been one with a negative mind to start. The researchers began the study already knowing the answer: "Insufficient Evidence". Insufficient evidence to continue the study. But the evidence continues to rear its head and cry out, "I am here!"

Young organizations such as UFORIC attempt new studies with new ideas. Good ideas. The result? The necessary scientific minds and the funds with which to complete the work and the project are not there. The point is, the federal government must be the one to initiate the study. But, the committee, if one is ever to exist, must be free and unshackled from political pressures whether Democrat or Republican, Army or Navy.

Of course, there will be those who will remind us of the poverty and starvation which needs to be first resolved; and their ancestors in Spain where finances were made available to Christopher Columbus and the prudish decried the foolish waste of funds to send sailors and ships to their doom at the edge of the flat Earth.

Everyone knew no more continents existed. But the queen possessed two very valuable and perhaps rare conditions of mind, wisdom, and foresight. Would that our leaders would learn from our four hundred year old history lesson.

Mike and I had several discussions concerning funding matters and it was agreed that government funding would probably never be realized without some sort of strings being attached in one way or another. Of course, the raising of privately-donated research funds using an aggressive internet campaign was completely unimaginable in 1974.

Interestingly, the FUFOR (Fund for UFO Research) group which had depended on private contibutions for it's survival, recently made an urgent appeal for contributions to avoid bankruptcy. A portion of the group's notice appeared in Jim Moseley's "Saucer Smear" newsletter recently (Vol.52 No.4, May1,2005). It read, " The dearth of serious interest in UFOs on the part of the public, the press, and the scientific community deepens; as does the financial bind in which the Fund finds itself.

The long-term, near-total absence of the subject in the major news media cannot help give the impression that either UFOs are no longer being seen or that the mystery of their nature has been solved. Neither conclusion is even close to correct. The stack of genuinely baffling, unexplained cases continues to grow.

The source of major funding have faded away, and so individuals will have to carry a larger part of the load. Barring an unexpected influx of funds, we will soon be on the brink of bankruptcy.(Of course, it might also be a fact that the number of baby-boomer "Nuts and Bolts" enthusiasts are dwindling, while the new age "Abduction Buffs" believe they already know what UFOs are, who's flying them, and why they're visiting our planet ... So, what's to fund?)

Robert Spencer Carr's story, from the first press release to the mass communication interviews, smells of hoax. Mr. Carr may be absolutely sincere in his gospel of the twelve little bodies. Be that as it may, Professor Carr managed to focus national attention on himself and his space elixir, proving a very valuable point.

He has proven that many years of diligent efforts by sincere and dedicated UFO researchers continue to go unnoticed by both the news media and the scientific community in general. On the other hand, a sensational, unfounded, unproven, and undocumented, fabricated new version of an old fairy tale hoax demands attention.

The public, with the unwitting aide of the media, is bilked and exploited. The elusive dignity and serious interest which the subject requires and deserves loses ground to the carnival atmosphere of the latest side-show story. Still, the phenomenon remains and continues to require dignified attention. Perhaps proper attention may be purchased with constant unending

pressure on key, high-position, elected representatives beginning with our President.

World Wars, Korea, Vietnam, and Middle East Crises will appear and fade. The UFOs patiently remain, quietly going about their unknown business almost as if they are waiting for mankind to say with a united voice, "Who are you? Why are you here?" Because we are man, our very nature insatiably, but respectfully, demands an answer! "We will know why!"

In the 1800's, William Stanley Jevons wrote, "True science will not deny the existence of things because they cannot be weighed and measured. It will, rather, lead us to believe that the wonders and subtleties of possible existence surpass all that our mortal powers allow us to clearly perceive. We must ignore no existence whatever. We may variously interpret or explain its meaning and origin; but, if a phenomena does exist, it demands some kind of explanation.

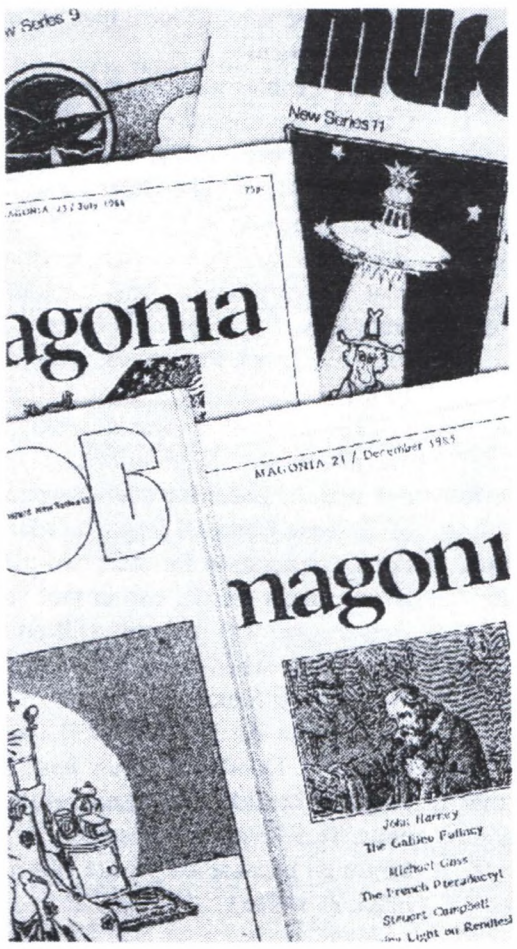
Jevons' (A leading English economist and logician) quote was Mike's choice of a philosophy to embrace regarding his investigations of the UFO phenomena. Mike did so for for a number of years as both an APRO and UFORIC field investigator. He left both UFO groups about a year and a half after writing this paper.

Jim Moseley's Saucer Smear Vol. 45, No. 5 June 5th,1998 informs us that, "In 1984 your "Smear" editor, together with two friends, interviewed Carr at his luxurious retirement house in Clearwater, Florida. By that time Carr had quieted down about Aztec, but was claiming that spaceships were frequently landing on the water right in front of his oceanfront home, and that the occupants came inside his home to chat with him. Few people know about this story, as he only told it privately. He asked us not to print it until after his death, and we kept our promise...

A nurse who accompanied us at our 1984 Carr interview felt that he was hallucinating because of a specific physical disability. However, the more likely answer came from Carr's son, who contacted us by mail shorty after his father's death, in about 1996. In essence, the son said that his father had a lifetime habit of making up stories in order to get attention and to be more interesting. This indeed seems to have been the case.

Regarding, Mike McClellan; he had also assisted me (unofficially) with several investigations of UFO incidents and one crop circle report in 1992. I believe that this article was published in 1975 under the title, "The UFO Crash of 1948 was a Hoax". Mike McClellan has certainly left us a valuable and persuasive contribution towards a better understanding of how (in ufology) a bad seed planted in 1950 can bear bitter fruit fifty-five years after the root of that plant should have died up and simply blown away. But, then again, those New Mexican desert plants are a very hearty species, indeed.

**All quotes in this article identified with an asterisk were actually statements uttered by one or more of my multiple personalities, and not by anyone presently residing in Texas or New England. I figure, why the UFO crash experts should be the only ones to have colourful "anonymous informants" at their beck and call.*



During our recent move to the new Magonia headquarters (a move which in some mysterious way has left our address unchanged) we came across a cache of previously undiscovered back issues of the very early Magonias and MUFOB New Series. These items are vanishingly scarce and are being offered on Amazon at prices in the hundreds of pounds*. If there are any you'd like, as a Magonia subscriber we can let you have them at just £2.00 each, that's right, guv, just £2.00! The numbers we currently have available are:

MUFOB New Series 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 15.

Magonia 9, 14, 13, 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

(*May not be true)

25 YEARS AGO



The leading feature in *Magonia* 4, the Summer 1980 issue, was the first part of John Harney's major article, 'The Plurality of Worlds' which traced the development of the concept of inhabited other worlds from antiquity to the present day. He examined the theories of philosophers and natural scientists from Aristotle to Hume, Newton and Descartes, demonstrating how the concept of otherworldly life has always been coloured by the religious or quasi-religious views of the person propounding the concept. His penultimate paragraph bears re-reading: "The 'nuts and bolts' ufologists appear to be passionately eager to find evidence of of the reality of intelligent life elsewhere in the universe. Although they rarely display overt theological motives, their concern perhaps has a similar motive to that of the philosophers of the seventeenth century, in that they believe there must be some reason for the existence of such an immense universe"

In 'A Second Look', a short series we ran in which contributors gave an alternative view to opinions previously published in Magonia, Irish ufologist John Hind (an excellent researcher whose departure from the UFO world was a real loss; where is he now?) challenged the favourable view which the Editors gave to Jacques Vallée's *Messengers of Deception.* which, he tells us he was only able to read "with the aid of much sympathy from my friends, and liberal doses of high-volume Stravinsky". With its mixture of sinister intelligence agents and weird occultists, Hind finds the book closer to the fiction of John le Carre and Dennis Wheatley that to a scientific study like Vallée's earlier books.

Before writing this summary I re-read the two earlier reviews, by Peter Rogerson and Roger Sandell, which appeared in MUFOB new series 15. Actually I found less of a difference in opinions between them and Hind than I expected. All are agreed that the book gives a good overview of the incursion of occult thought into ufology, and even the origins of many ufological ideas in early twentieth-century occultism. All agree that Vallée is right in pointing out the dangers inherent in this. The main difference was the reviewers' evaluations as to just how far Vallée himself had been subsumed into this belief system.

Hind draws out one of Vallée's predictions which has proven tragically true: "[Vallée concludes] ... Contactee organisations may become the basis of a new 'high-demand' religion". Couple this with a comment in Peter Rogerson' original review: "These new groups seem to attract not just the proverbial 'little old ladies in tennis shoes but also ... the children of the technologists in California's Silicon Chip Valley..." and you can see why *Magonia* readers were not surprised at the Solar Temple or the Heaven's Gate cult suicides.

Elsewhere this issue Nigel Watson concludes his 'Shadowlands of Ufology' investigation of the life-long UFO/psychic experiences of 'Mrs Trench' which lead him to a consideration of religious attitudes to the UFO experience.

In 'Philately Will Get You Nowhere' Kevin McClure considered many of the ethical questions involved in UFO investigation, concluding: "I would suggest that while we encourage investigators with strong prejudices and preconceptions to attend important cases, we will continue to suffer from marked 'investigator influence', where the investigators own attitudes influence the result of the investigation. We do not know or understand the nature of the UFO phenomenon; the most unethical act open to us is to believe, or worse pretend, that we do."

CURTIS PEEBLES, THE X15 AND ANGELA'S ASHES

Frank John Reid

I'd just dragged myself through Frank McCourt's depressing *Angela's Ashes* when I read Curtis Peebles's "The Case of the Vanishing X-15 Pilot." I grew up Catholic in the 1940s and 50s, in an American Church that rather envied the holiness of Ireland. And so I was able to understand, for example, McCourt's reminiscence of rushing around Limerick, tearing one page out of an issue of *John O'London's Weekly* which his employer had earlier distributed, because that page discussed birth control. And so I was able to understand Peebles's article.

Here is the paragraph from page 236 of Ann Druffel's *Firestorm* that concerns the X-15 story:

"He called Dr. Bob Wood next, who was more than willing to participate but needed to ask his superiors if he could state his affiliation with McDonnell Douglas. If not, he would speak as an independent scientist. Wood thought there was a 50% to 75% chance that the company would okay it. He also told McDonald about an intriguing report he'd heard from a source he considered very reliable. It concerned Gene May, a Douglas test pilot, who had been involved with the X-15 experimental aircraft for several years. According to the story Wood heard, May had taken the experimental craft for a flight five to eight years ago with 15 minutes' fuel in the X-15's tank. Yet May didn't land back at the airfield until three hours later. May allegedly reported he'd been taken aboard a UFO, X-15 and all! As a consequence, he was examined by psychologists at Edwards AFB. Wood's reliable source was a colleague who worked at Vandenberg AFB who knew Gene May well. McDonald tucked the story in his journal, to be checked out later. [40n]

And that is ALL that's in the entire book about the tale. (The footnote merely references McDonald's fourth journal notebook.)

I can't see the wretched "uncritical acceptance" committed by "believers" in this. I'm unable to see how the grand exopolitical claims of Michael Sala and Alf Webre give us insight into the paragraph. I can't even see any "believers" in it.

Peebles admits (and how easily "reluctantly" can slide into this sentence) that: "Ultimately, the story is a side issue. It did not play a role in the development of the flying saucer myth. The story also does not seem to have been repeated in any later publication."

So it would seem that Dr. Wood hasn't much told, avowed, written, broadcast, publicised, disseminated or promulgated the story in all the years after he told it to McDonald in 1968. Could it be he had his doubts? Perhaps it's shown up in one of the "MJ-12" documents so fascinating to him (but which bore me), and he puts faith into it now. But Mr. Peebles wouldn't think of asking him, would he?

Yes, it would have been virtuous for Dr. Wood to research and deflate the story before passing it to McDonald. It would be virtuous for me to research the Grapefruit Diet before telling you Mr. XYZ says he's now Mr. X because of it. But do you execrate me for not doing so? Looking-into was McDonald's forte.

Should Ann Druffel have researched? How the hell is she obliged to, before telling us of one small item in a long, complex biography which the man put aside to look into later on?

Can we fault McDonald for jotting the few lines Peebles quotes, on a wild but circumstantial and name-specific story, to later look into? Only if the essence of historical method is reception of the received version.

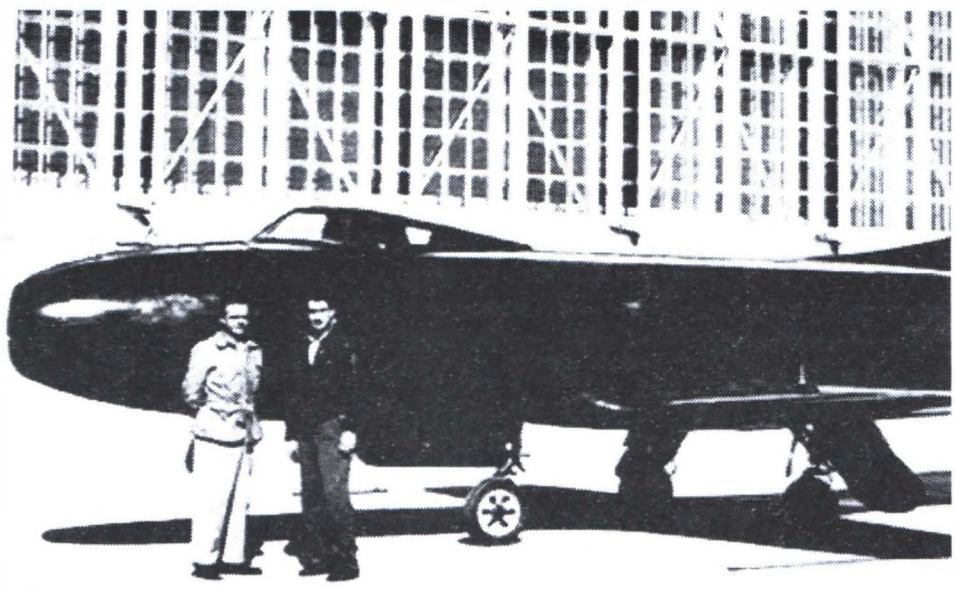
(My mother and stepfather [a staunch union man] both told me that poor workmanship and obstructive union work-rules resulted in "lots of Liberty ships falling apart in mid-Atlantic," during World War II. I knew shipyard unions were harshly criticised [we had a box of WWII Reader's Digests], but I thought the shipping losses had to be mere war rumours.

(But it's come out inn the last decade that, in the first years of America's war, the U-boats were much too efficient atsinking U.S. shipping for the good of public morale. So the news media [under coerced voluntary censorship) didn't mention things like body parts washed up on Atlantic beaches. My parents, who for all I know got it all from the Wood family, were right about the ship-losses, wrong about the causes. And I was not skeptical enough.

What Mr. Peebles means by "uncritical acceptance" of the "flying saucer belief system" is not having the instant abhorrence of heresy and/or occasion of sin that moves you to rip out the filthy birth control page yourself before reading it through. (Where are some stones, that we may kneel on them?)

Had Peebles gloved-up to query CUFOS, we impenitents would have sent him a copy of the original: Graham Doar's "The Outer Limit," which appeared in the December 24, 1949 issue of The Saturday Evening Post, as reprinted in Groff Conklin's anthology, *Big Book of Science Fiction* (Crown Publishers, New York: 1950).

(The *SatEvePost* was a weekly, massive in size, page numbers, circulation, and influence - Secretary of Defense Forrestal leapt to order Air Force cooperation for their two-part flying saucer article, earlier that year. Doar's issue was probably still on newsstands when Donald Keyhoe's "The Flying Saucers Are Real" appeared in the January, 1950 True magazine. Doar's story may have been adapted for radio, or for one of the early SF television series now forgotten because they were filmed in black & white.)



In Doar's story, a test pilot - he's given the rank of Captain; but no name but "Bill" - drops the parachute-equipped, jet-engine first stage of a new rocket plane, then goes much higher and faster.. He sees a "metallic elipsoid" (which never appears on radar) above him and goes all-out to reach it.

Bill makes several passes under it at 200,000 feet and 4,000 mph. "There was a humming sound - a kind of gentle vibration - and I blacked out," he says. "....I thought - I felt it coming for a split second - I thought ..." (Magonia may class this as doorway amnesia, but it's simply an adaptation of the hero not being able to get out of the bar before the chloral hydrate downs him.)

He awakes inside of a ship filled with machinery and noise, surrounded by "presences" he can't see. These aliens bytelepathy tell him they made an arduous trip in order to.

A) warn us they absolutely forbid atomic weapons, and have sealed us off 'til we become more sane, enforcing this by B) seeding our upper atmosphere with something that the daughter-elements of a nuclear explosion will catalyze into a nova-like fissioning. (Parenthetically, Doar has his aliens report that an apt human messenger is rare indeed; they killed or brain-scrambled all earlier subjects.)

His Colonel and Major Donaldson, a psychiatrist, debrief Bill (who delivers the threat, and points out it also makes the planned atomic spaceship impossible). They sedate him, send him to bed, and plan the psychotherapy they hope will help him. But the psychiatrist then says, "Oh, Colonel. There is one thing. It's outside my field, but I'm curious. How did he keep that plane in the air for ten hours - with only ten minutes' fuel?"

I suspect this "snapper" ending was a worn cliché. But the story's a possible influence on the similar threat with which Space Brother Klaatu ends The Day the-Earth Stood Still (1951).

Now Doar's story hands us a little problem:

1) In 1950, had anyone - an insider, or just an assiduous reader of public rocketry info - wanted to take Doar's story as a roman a clef, or just fiction about a real person, a reasonable candidate for "Bill" would be: Gene May.

Of course there are fictionalizing differences (e.g., the near future; Bill's much younger than May; etc.). But Peebles tells us May "was also involved in the initial test flights of the Douglas D-558-II Skyrocket. This aircraft used both a jet engine and a rocket engine, and was designed to fly above Mach 4 ... May made a total of 133 flights in the Skyrocket. His last test flight was made on December 1, 1949, in a D-558-II." May then left flight testing, but Peebles says it's unclear (ah-ha!) whether he'd had enough risk or he'd failed a physical exam.

2) In the early 1960s, a speaker at the annual Giant Rock contactee/New Age circus transformed the more-flight than-fuel tale into an X-15 incident, claiming to have been in the ground crew. According to Peebles's source the pilot wasn't named. But an insider/fan wouldn't guess Gene May, who was long out of the game - he'd opt for one of the publicised X-15 pilots. (By the 1960s, why would anyone intelligent go to Giant Rock for UFO information? It would be like reading The Protocols of the Elders of Zion to find out why anyone objected to Communism.)

3) In 1968, an apparently-reliable colleague from Vandenberg Air Force Base told Dr. Wood the X-15 version. So how did Gene May - whom the "colleague" claimed to know, having details of his career right - climb back into the cockpit?

Magonians may conjecture mental portmanteauing schemes, but a more parsimonious explanation is: malice.

It might be joker's malice, no more than the urge to twit. It might be that someone hated Wood's guts, and wanted him to embarrass himself - or hated McDonnell-Douglas, Wood's employers (who may have been wise in forbidding Wood to participate in Congressional hearings). Or it may have been the pale malice of an Intelligence asset supplying disinformation.

Is that last one extravagant? Well, thirty-odd years ago a Polish-born girl and other motives had me attend demonstrations over "Captive Nations" (Soviet satellites). On the fringes, always, was a certain Latvian wearing photogenic sandwich-boards, trying to promote anti-Semitism (yeah, he sold the *Protocols*, too). Some Baltic types had got friendly with him, and told him confidential news from the Old Country - and soon the Communist authorities there were demonstrated a dismaying knowledge. I don't know if that cured anyone's anti-Semitism; but a very decent, Jew-respecting Latvian-American named Tedis Zierins openly denounced the fringe guy as a Communist agent in everything. So yes, there are low-level Intelligence assets, and it's just possible Wood ran into one.

The X-15 business is more ambiguous than Mr. Peebles's ringing sermon would have it. I find real history (like real life) oft annoying that way, and God's motto seems to be "What?"



Remember that there's more to Magonia than this magazine. There's also Magonia Supplement, edited by John Harney, available on-line and on paper (to the favoured few!), and a website with an archive of articles from 35 years of publication. Log on to

www.magonia.demon.co.uk

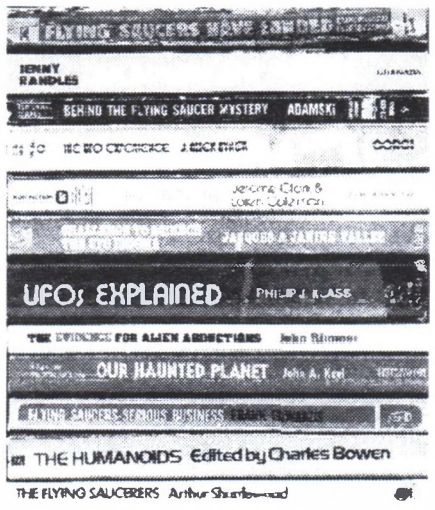
There is now a second website with historic UFO magazines from the 1960s, a picture gallery and in depth case studies:

magonia.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk

And if you live in London, or are passing through, don't forget that you are always welcome at our regular monthly get-togethers on the first Sunday of each month at the Railway pub in Putney (just across the street from Putney Station) from 7.30 pm onwards

BOOK REVIEWS

BY PETER ROGERSON EXCEPT WHERE STATED



Bob Trubshaw (editor) *Explore Phantom Black Dogs* Heart of Albion Press, 2005 £12.95



This collection of articles by Bob Trubshaw, Jeremy Harte, Simon Sherwood, Abby Stone and Jennifer Westwood looks at the phenomenology and folklore of phantom black dogs in England. While these essays remove some of the more obvious legends, such as the Black Dog of Bungay - the product of the musings of a pious pamphleteer on a lightening strike on a church, they make it clear that black dog stories are often based on actual experiences and are not just recycled free floating tales.

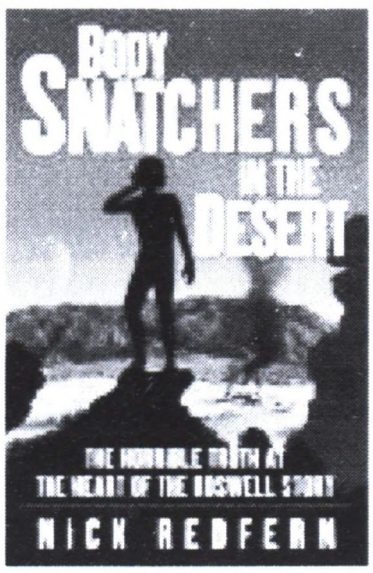
Though these tales are at least to some extent founded on actual experience, they are not completely constant, the black dogs in many cases have become standardised from what were once much more protean apparitions, appearing as anything from a dog, to a calf, to a bag floating down the road.

Simon Sherwood address the possible psychological or parapsychological causes of black dog experiences, giving several examples. Jeremy Harte looks at the development of the black dog experience, noting that the actual category of "black dog" is the product of 19th century folklorists who unified several quite separate traditions. Harte provides a catalogue of brief summaries of black dog experiences and stories from 1800 onwards, which allow the student to see how motifs have changed. Abby Stone traces their folkloric roots, while Jennifer Westwood concentrates on Norfolk traditions. By contrast Bob Trubshaw, who also provides the introduction, examines black dog stories from contemporary America.

In a sense these experiences provide a clearer choice than many, there is no 'rational' extraordinary explanation similar to extraterrestrial spaceships for UFOs, real paws and pelts cryptids, or even a coherent paranormal explanation as might fit human apparitions. The only alternatives seem to be some form of psychosocial explanation involving perhaps various kinds of dissociation and absorption, hallucinations or something about the human perceptual process, or frankly supernatural ones involving things like shape shifting boggarts or tulpas, but even these wouldn't explain why these things appear as great dogs and not say huge bears, or motor cars.

Nick Redfern. *Body Snatchers in the Desert: the horrible truth at the heart of the Roswell story.* Paraview Pocket Books, 2005. $14.00.

In what promises to be the most controversial UFO book for quite some time, Nick Redfern, who was once a strong proponent of the ETH, argues now that Roswell was not a crashed flying saucer after all, nor was it a Mogul balloon. Instead it was something altogether more sinister. He argues that the crash debris at Roswell were indeed those a balloon, but a massive balloon, based on Japanese technology, which carried a manned glider up to high altitude. This glider was 'crewed' if that is the right word with a pilot and a group of handicapped people who were being used as human laboratory specimens in tests on human exposure to high altitude and radiation.



There were several crashes including the one at Roswell, and it was from these guinea pigs, who were Japanese suffering from conditions such as dwarfism and progeria, that the idea of small alien pilots came from. They were brought over with Japanese scientists from the notorious Unit 731, a section of the Japanese military which conducted all sorts of exceptionally unpleasant human experiments, much in the fashion of the greatly more notorious Dr. Mengele.

There is more than a hint that much of the UFO corpus, particularly in the early years, has been constructed as a smoke screen to hide these highly unethical experiments, which remain a closely guarded secret even to this day.

Of course a claim like this requires some substantial evidence, and here is where Redfern's story begins to have difficulties. There is indeed documentary evidence for a variety of unethical experiments conducted in the Cold War years, both by the military and others, but nothing on this specific area. The evidence, if one can call it that, comes from a set of 'whistle blowers' who have approached Redfern over the years. But really important and effective whistle blowers are the ones who bring with them mountains of documentation and hard evidence, these people just sidle up to Redfern at UFO conferences and the like and spin yarns, or so Redfern says. They are all anonymous of course.

Assuming that these people exist and are who they say they are, then the fact the people on two continents approach Redfern with more or less similar stories suggests either that rumours along these lines have been around for some time and are being used as the basis of stories, that the stories are to some degree at least true, or that Redfern is being set up by someone or other.

The story presented here raises some problems, for a start it isn't clear why it didn't come out years ago; the scenario is nasty, but not substantially nastier than the MKULTRA affair or the infamous syphilis experiments, the open sterilisation projects, or the mass deportation of young British 'orphans' to Australia and Canada for use as slave labour. By the 1970s it would have been just one more of the scandals which led young radicals to throw bricks at policemen. It would have been a horror from the past, to be atoned for by apologies and compensation.

One also wonders why whistle blowers would choose not a leading investigative journalist but someone like Redfern to off-load one of the biggest scandals of the post-war period, on the other hand

it does seem as though similar stories were told to a reporter on *Science and Mechanics*.

There is also the reliance on the notorious Roswell autopsy film, which I assumed everyone now accepted as a fake, (but never assume anything where ufologists are concerned) with its lack of precise scientific language, bizarre proceedings and general amateurishness.

This is not a story one should accept or reject out of hand. It is certainly worth properly qualified reporters and investigators looking into. It will gain in stature if other people, particularly outside ufology, indicate they have heard similar tales and can provide evidence for this, or if some whistleblower actually goes to the authorities, or if documentary evidence turns up. At the same time we should be aware of the dangers of dropping critical guard just because this story does not involve ETs and sounds not implausible.

● **Charles Upham. *Cracks in the Great Wall: UFOs and traditional metaphysics.* Sophia Perrenis, 2005. $18.95**

● **Robert Trundle. *Is ET here: no politically but yes theologically and scientifically* EcceNova, 2005 $22.95**

Superficially you would think that ufology was a mythology of modernity and technological progress, with its claim for the ubiquity and boundlessness of "advanced technologies", therefore its appeal to people on the furthest edges of the philosophical and theological (and indeed political) right is something of a surprise.

Upham is a devotee of something called the Traditionalist Movement or the Perennialist Philosophy which claims to have uncovered the central spiritual core behind the outward appearance of world religions. This is an idea which might seem attractive to any number of liberal-minded theists, but the rub here is that particular philosophy comes from a French philosopher René Guenon, who like many people after the carnage of the First World War found the modern world an entirely uncongenial place, adopted a philosophy of absolute rejection of modernity and progress, and of democracy.

Upham's account of this philosophy is clearly somewhat bowdlerised for an American audience. He makes much of the great chain of being, and to a hierarchy of spiritual spheres, which, despite Guenon's protestations to the contrary seem to owe more to theosophy than traditional Christianity, but conveniently omits that fact that this cosmic chain is seen as operating in the microcosm of human affairs.

Guenon was a passionate opponent of democracy and individualism and a supporter of the rule of aristocracy and the Indian caste system. Upham lists a number of thinkers to whom he is indebted, but notably omits Julius Evola the radical Italian fascist and intellectual guru of the Bologna bombers. A traditionalist political programme for the United States and Britain would be an absolute monarchy under a restored house of Stuart.

Upham's opinion of UFOs is that they djinns/demons. That might sound familiar, for this was the great claim of Gordon Creighton, one time editor of Flying Saucer Review, whose eclectic mix of traditional Christianity, Buddhism and Islam would make perfect sense if he was a member of this Traditionalist School.

One of Creighton's great obsessions was with feminism, and this is a complete obsession with Robert Trundle, a traditionalist Catholic philosopher. While Upham at least argues a case that is coherent from his religio-philosophical perspective, is elegantly written and even makes several cogent points, Trundle's contribution, which seems to be little more that a rehash of his earlier UFO book, is an absurdity, a mishmash of stuff scissored and pasted together, interspaced with rants about liberals and feminism, and uncritical references to the likes of George Adamski, Robert Lazar, Philip Corso and other well known bullshitters.

G. M. Woerlee. *Mortal Minds.* Prometheus Books, 2005. $25.00.

This is a sceptical look at Near Death Experiences and similar experiences by a clinical anaesthesiologist, which examines the causes and symptoms of dying. Woerlee concludes that much of the symptomology of the NDE is caused by oxygen starvation and concludes that when you're dead, you're dead. I am not sure that this book adds much that Susan Blackmore has not already covered, and it gets rather repetitious at times, as though the author were giving a lecture to not very bright medical students.

As with many self consciously sceptical books, the grasp on the literature is perhaps not as tight as it should be, and I rather feel that the psychosocial and cultural aspects of NDEs are overlooked. The generally sceptical tone softens, as seems to often the case, when dealing with Michael Persinger, a classic example of how people's critical faculties can falter when being told something they want to hear. At the end of the day however Woerlee makes some cogent points against any notion of a separable soul and real time survival.



Malcolm Gaskill. *Witchfinders: a seventeenth century English tragedy.* John Murray, 2005 £20.00.

This is the first serious historical study of the English civil war period witch-finders Matthew Hopkins and John Stearne and the circumstances which led to their rise and fall. Hopkins in particular has become a folkloric bogeyman, often transposed in time to an earlier period, and in legend he was hung or drowned as witch.

The reality is more prosaic and more disturbing than fiction and Gaskill shows how their role developed out of the petty feuds and fears of village life, and how people ended up confessing to impossible crimes. Witchcraft is built out of the interactions between the accusers and the accused, and becomes an explanation for all sorts of odd experiences. Both accusers and accused could interpret things like aware sleep paralysis and its hallucinations as evidence of demonic activity, and it seems that at least some of the accused may have had fantasies of being witches based on such experiences.

Gaskill invites us to look at our own society's capacity to engage in witch hunts and notes how prevalent quite literal witch-hunts are in parts of the third world. In our society witch-hunts occurred in connection with the Satanic abuse scares, and some recent court cases have centred around the activities of professionals who claimed to have the ability to detect child abusers and baby killers.

Matthew Hopkins died in his bed, witch hunting is still alive.

Mark Pilkington (Ed.) *Strange Attractor Journal 2.* Strange Attractor, PO Box 51339, London, N1 3XY.

Honorary citizen of Magonia, Mark Pilkington's second *Strange Attractor Journal* if anything exceeds the high quality of number one. The range of topics represented in the essays included make it impossible to write any general review of the volume, and it would be almost invidious to single out specific contributors for special praise. however Magonia readers might find the articles by Tim Chapman on the Halifax Slasher, Roger Dobson on the Old Hag, and Antony Clayton on the folklore of Underground London. John Rowe's account of the apocalyptic prophecies surrounding the Temple Mound in Jerusalem reveals the terrifying power of legend.

The strange collage art of Wilfried Sattay and the bizarre eroticism of Waldo Sabine show how forteanism, art and literature intertwine, and Gary Lachman explores the power, and powerlessness, of the Golem.

The fascinating subjects, and wonderful writing are complemented by the curiously elegant design and typography. The book itself is a pleasure to handle, and will surely become a collector's piece. -- *John Rimmer*

HOLD THE BACK PAGE





PHIL KLASS, 1919 - 2005

Many *Magonia* readers will already be aware of the news of the death of Phil Klass, ufology's arch-skeptic, and a hate figure for much of the UFO 'community. The usual convention of 'not speaking ill of the dead' was soon forgotten on the famous UFO UpDates mailing list, meeting place for the cream of ufology, where Klass was excoriated for dogmatic scepticism.

This viewpoint has a certain degree of truth to it. Klass could certainly be dogmatic when his cherished explanations were challenged. As readers will remember *Magonia* has had a number of disagreements with Klass in the past, most notably over his opinion on the Travis Walton abduction case. He saw this as a as a hoax perpetrated by Walton's employers as a way of extending the time limit on their government forestry contract. However, as John Harney has very clearly demonstrated in *Magonia Supplement*, even if the case was a hoax, it could not be as straightforward as Klass claimed; and while insisting it was a hoax, he gave no explanation as to how the hoax was perpetrated, or how it could have been maintained over many years.

Having said that, and agreed that Klass could be dogmatically unreasonable, some of the bile spilled out since his death seem almost pathological in itself: "I never liked the man. He was officious, arrogant, and needlessly pushy. He frequently engaged in character assassinations and other fallacious techniques of rhetoric in his attempts to win debates. Perhaps he would have made a good trial lawyer, but there was nothing scientific about him. He was one of the world's worst bigots when it came to dealing with UFO experiencers."

However, some pro-UFO researchers were able to give him credit even when disagreeing with him. Brad Sparks, who fought a long-running battle with Klass over his interpretation of the famous RB-47 case, concluded his UpDates contribution with the generous tribute: "So my thanks to "Uncle Phil" for helping to prove the existence of UFO's. Phil Klass was my friend and colleague despite our many disagreements and sometimes caustic commentary, which stemmed from his frustration with the gullibility and stupidity he continually encountered in the UFO field. He kept the UFO community on its toes and provided a much-needed reality check (sometimes a bit of 'unreality' though with some of his explanations). He will be greatly missed."

Richard Hall's assessment is much harsher: "He would twist arguments, shift the discussion, anything to avoid directly answering a critical question, while `lecturing' me about basics that I probably knew more about than he did. Constant dubious assumptions and circular reasoning, and finally when all else failed, he would make a (stupid) joke as a way to evade the issue and avoid answering the question. I concluded that he was just about the most intellectually dishonest man I had ever known."

Kevin Randle presents a different view, one closer to the impression we received at *Magonia*: "And given who he was, he did subscribe to everything and read through it all. He had fun with what he was doing, and as I have told many, I'm sure he enjoyed his role as rat in the birthday cake. I think he liked the way people in the UFO community thought of him and I think some of his behaviour was over the top on purpose just to get a reaction. Donald Menzel, I think just felt superior to the rest of us. Klass, I think was amused by us, but I also think he was amused by himself. I never thought of him as mean spirited, though there are many inside our community who are. If nothing else, we have lost a sparring partner. Like so many others, I have dozens (maybe hundreds) of letters from him, asking all sorts of questions. But he also was very generous in sharing his information with us."

Regular *Magonia* contributor Matt Graeber shared with us his own personal experience of Phil Klass:

"Those wishing to read and learn from Mr. Klass valuable contributions to ufology may look to his many books on the subject, as well as his writings which appear on the Internet. Mr. Klass was a modern-day renaissance man, well-read, extremely bright, and quite witty too. His many interests, which included aviation, space sciences and technologies, ufology and even the history of the American Civil War were always 'passions' of his unbridled love of learning. Few in ufological circles are aware of his marvellous influence, contributions, and participation in the construction of the large-scale electronic battle map on display at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania's Battlefield Museum.

"Those who were fortunate enough to know Phil knew that his apparent shortness with the "delusional UFOOLogical throng" was actually the rantings of a passionately caring man who saw the danger menacing them within their fawning embrace of rampant UFO group dogmatics, and self-appointed UFO expert chicanery. My fondest memory of Phil Klass (and there are several Klassics) is that of an inscription he once wrote in his book, *UFO Abductions, a Dangerous Game*. It simply read, "To Matt Graeber, May you be spared!" That was 'Dr. Phil's wish for all those who aimlessly wander the ufological landscape in search of something that lies not beyond but within."

My own personal experience of 'lovable old uncle Phil' as he was invariably referred to by Jim Moseley, was at a Fortean Times UnConvention in 1997, when he shared star billing with Budd Hopkins. *Magonia* readers with a long memory may recall my account of that event, which was remarkable for Budd Hopkins' sudden decision to visit the National Gallery at the moment he was meant to appear at the concluding 'Brains Trust' session. Of course, this would have meant sharing a platform with the hated Uncle Phil, something which Hopkins could not tolerate. Budd's place on the panel was taken by an autopsied alien's head, to which, as you will see from our photograph, Klass took an immediate fondness!

On UFO UpDates, perhaps Terry Blanton came up with the most interesting comment: "Arguing with Phil was like wrestling a pig in mud. You eventually realize the pig is enjoying it."

As many people would say the same about *Magonia*, perhaps that's why we had a certain fondness for the old curmudgeon!