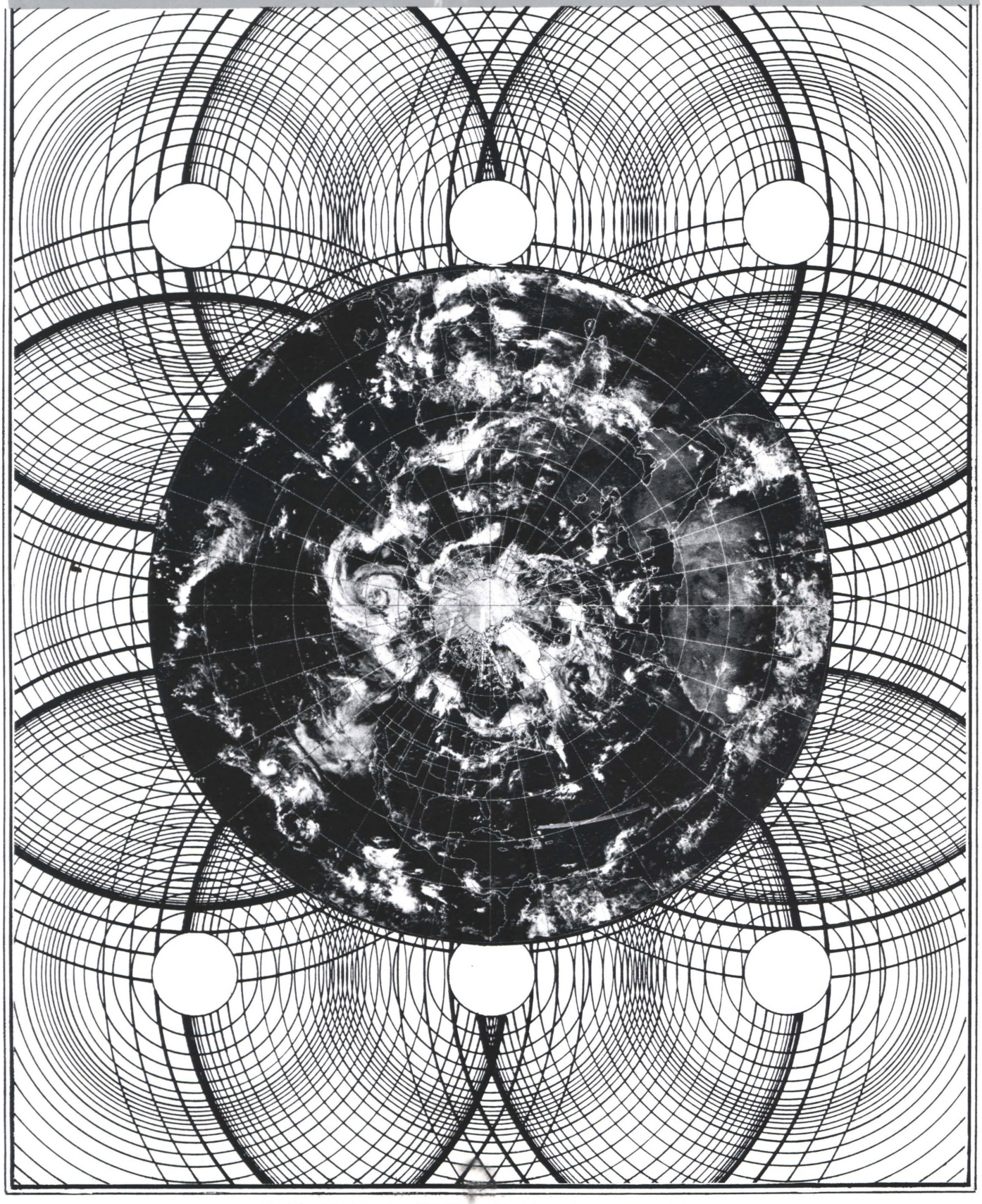
THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

# PURSUIT®



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# THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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**THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED**

FOUNDED BY IVAN T. SANDERSON

**Devoted to the Investigation of "Things" that are Customarily Discounted**

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# THE RANDAZZA (NOT A) SEA SERPENT SIGHTING

**By Gary S. Mangiacopra**

A recent issue of *Yankee* magazine contained a brief mention of the noted New England monster (sea serpent sightings have occurred near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, over the past 300 years). Included with these sightings of "the monster" was a 1975 incident, in which Captain John Randazza and several members of the Fishing boat *Debbie Rose* claimed to have seen the famed creature in the Middle Banks, 15 miles southeast of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

That's how the incident was reported at the time in the local newspapers: and that's how it came to be accepted as an actual sighting of a sea serpent. But was it really one?[1]

By chance, during May 1976, I came across a brochure describing the historical background of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Among the facts presented was mention of the infamous Gloucester sea serpents, reportedly seen since 1639. One of the sentences related to those sea serpent reports startled me somewhat, as I had not previously learned of it elsewhere. On April 29, 1975, the brochure noted. Captain John Randazza (a commercial fisherman for 20 years) of the fishing boat *Debbie Rose* was the latest seafarer to see Gloucester's famous marine denizen.

The few facts mentioned in this single line served as a base for further research. When I inquired at the local library in Gloucester (in the event that the local newspaper may have published accounts of the sightings) I received back two local newspaper accounts which gave me some additional leads to check out.

A condensation of the sequence of reported events follows:

Wednesday, 11:00 a.m. April 29, 1975, fifteen miles southeast of Gloucester on Middle Bank; weather conditions: bright sun, calm waters, clear visibility; Captain John Randazza, of the fishing vessel *Debbie Rose*, looked out of the pilot house and saw, a mile away, a large black object that he and his crew thought to be a whale.

On closer inspection it wasn't, and the 66 foot dragger *Debbie Rose* came to within eight feet of the animal on its starboard side before the marine creature saw them and turned right around (heading southwest) and came directly towards them. The crew of the vessel reportedly retreated to safety.

Captain Randazza described the sea monster as having a black color, with three humps (on its back), smooth rather than scaly skin, large barnacles on its pointed head (which protruded from the water, with a white line around the mouth), and small discernible eyes. The animal, which swam sideways like a snake and sank down like a rock when it dove, appeared to have a length greater than that of the *Debbie Rose* (66 feet), and a circumference of about 15 feet. Although whales were in evidence around the marine animal, they were not swimming with it.

A week prior to this sighting, a similar creature was sighted on Stellwagen, some 18 miles southwest of Gloucester, by the *Debbie Rose* and another Gloucester vessel: both vessels viewed the object only through binoculars, however, as the waters were too dangerous to take a boat into.

John Testaverde, one of the crew-members aboard the *Debbie Rose* both times that the marine creatures were sighted, failed to see the object the second time (29 April), as he was not on deck at the time of the sighting. His brother, Mr. Sal Testaverde, a former fisherman and now a member of the Gloucester Fisheries Commission and Chief Biologist at the New England Aquarium in Boston, and who was quoted by a newspaper at that time, stated *his* opinion that the "monster" sighted a week earlier was probably a whale.[2,3]

These were the "facts" as printed by the local newspapers of Gloucester.

This sea serpent sighting interested me greatly for several reasons: 1) it was a very recent sighting, 2) there were multiple witnesses, 3) the witnesses were from the local region (Gloucester), and 4) there was a high probability that I could locate the witnesses and that I could get their personal accounts of the sighting. This would be better than relying upon the information published in the local newspapers.

Regretfully, when I attempted to contact Captain Randazza I received a reply from his daughter, Ms. Ann-Marie Randazza, informing me that one of the newspaper articles which had been published contained errors and misprints (the article in question had listed Captain Randazza's name incorrectly as "Favazza"), which had upset the whole family, adding that her father was unwilling to discuss the subject. She wrote: "... my father doesn't like to be reminded of the humiliation he went through during his sighting. He, as a matter of fact, wishes never to be reminded of it ever again."[4]

Due to the ridicule that he had received, it would have been futile on my part to further impose upon Captain Randazza. My investigative efforts would have ended here had it not been for the time, consideration and information supplied by his cousin, Mr. Sal Testaverde.

I contacted Mr. Testaverde through the New England Aquarium at Boston and I discovered that he had done considerable research into the incident (several members of the crew on the *Debbie Rose* were relatives), and was very generous in supplying me information as to the correct facts (rather than the ones reported) concerning this "sea serpent" sighting.

Although the date and location of the sighting was correct as stated, many of the "facts" reported by the newspapers were not.

The report that the crew "retreated," for example, was incorrect. The boat was "under tow" (the other fishing net was still overboard at the time), and it was unable, therefore, to turn around as quickly as indicated.

Also, John Testaverde, who was reported below deck and therefore did not observe the animal in question, *did*, in actuality, see the animal and later drew a picture of it.[5]

Sal Testaverde, in several responses to my letter, sent me the results of his investigation [words in brackets are my own, and are included for clarification — G.S.M.].

> The unidentified animal that my cousin [John Randazza] had reported was in fact a Black Right whale. That same day another vessel also had seen the same animal but instead [of observing from a distance only] went over to investigate. Line drawings provided much information, as well as the existing blowholes.
>
> My brother [John Testaverde], also on the vessel that was "attacked" made me line drawings, and when he was showed a picture [of a similar creature] stated: "That was it!" Recently (during 1976), my brother [while on our family's vessel] spotted another whale and, [by using] a whale book [for identification purposes], positively identified it as a Black Right whale and as the "sea monster" my cousin had (earlier) reported ...[6]
>
> He [John Testaverde] made a line drawing of the animal ... and I would say, based upon the general characteristics drawn, [that] it was a whale. The other line drawing, made by a captain (who is a very good artist), was also [that of] a whale and was considered to be the animal in question [seen] at 11:00 a.m. [29 April 1975].
>
> From all of the above drawings as well as speaking with at least four of the *Debbie Rose* crew members, [what was observed] was a *whale*.[5]

Thus the Randazza sighting of the infamous Gloucester sea monster has, upon careful investigation and examination of the facts, been identified as a species of whale rather than an unknown marine animal.

The researcher of marine cryptozoology must always remember that, when dealing with recent accounts of sea serpents or other unknown water monsters, he must try to investigate the incidents thoroughly in order to acquire all possible information to either sustain or discredit such sightings!

In closing, I would like to acknowledge my thanks to Mr. Sal Testaverde, Chief Biologist at the New England Aquarium in Boston, who allowed me the privilege of using his unpublished findings, and whose help and criticism contributed to the completion of this article. Thanks is due also to Ms. Ann-Marie Randazza of Gloucester, Massachusetts, for her contribution.

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2 "70-foot Serpent Startles Crew," 30 April 1975 *Gloucester Daily Times*, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

3 "It Was Not a Whale! the Captain Said," 31 May 1975 *Gloucester Daily Times* (?).

4 Ms. Ann-Marie Randazza, private communication, 2 December 1976.

5 Mr. Sal Testaverde, private communication, June 1977.

6 *Ibid.* 14 December 1976.



# BEAMED POWER FOR STARSHIPS

## By William B. Stoecker

It is now generally accepted that if civilization somehow manages not to self destruct Man will reach the planets within the next few decades. The technology of spaceflight is progressing steadily, and space shuttles, scramjets, laser powered "steamships," ion drive, plasma drive, and photon sails can take us to Mars, Venus, and the outer planets. But, confronted by the vast gulf of over four light years to the "nearest" star, even many of the most optimistic scientists and engineers feel hopeless.

It is all very well for science fiction writers to speak of antigravity, but no one has the slightest idea whether or not antigravity is even possible. We can talk of space warps or wormholes in space, but the existence of such phenomena has not yet been proven. We can consider putting crew members in suspended animation for a journey centuries in length, but, again, the possibility of this has not yet been proven.

The space ark is one proposal that *is* theoretically possible — a huge spaceship, spinning to create the effect of gravity, with generations of crew members being born, living, and dying on a voyage lasting hundreds of years. But such a project would be enormously expensive and, obviously, time consuming.

The only theoretically possible alternative to the ark is the spacecraft traveling at near light speed, but this is easier said than done. It takes energy to approach light speed—lots of energy. To accelerate a hundred ton ship to near light speed, one hundred tons of mass would have to be converted to energy and *all* that energy somehow used at one hundred percent efficiency to propel the ship. But the most efficient nuclear reaction we (almost) know how to achieve, hydrogen fusion, only converts about one percent of the propellant mass to energy. And once that energy is released, no known propulsion system can use it with anything even remotely approaching one hundred percent efficiency. And of course the fuel itself must be carried on board, and part of the fuel must be "burned" to accelerate the rest of the fuel, and so on. Nor is this the worst of it. It is not enough merely to accelerate to near light speed and go cruising away across the universe. When the ship nears its destination it must decelerate, using as much energy as it did to accelerate. And the whole process must be repeated to return to Earth. Obviously, things are getting next to impossible.

Nor is solar energy the answer. At one gravity of acceleration (anything more for a prolonged period is a bit unhealthy for the crew) it takes over a year to approach light speed, and by then the ship would be one half light year from the sun — if it could get enough energy to continue accelerating. But of course it could not. Long, long before

the year was up, before the ship reached even a minute fraction of light speed, it would be too far from the sun to get enough energy to continue accelerating.

But there is an answer: beamed power, coupled with ion drive. It cannot be done with present day technology, but it is a theoretical possibility, and requires only what is commonly called a "straightforward extension of present-day technology."

Present day lasers cannot beam power at interstellar distances, but within a few decades it should be possible to build lasers capable of operating continuously for years and sending powerful beams precise enough to maintain their coherence at a distance of light years. The chief technical difficulty will be attaining the necessary precision. One or more lasers, mounted on space stations orbiting the sun, and powered by solar energy, could power the starship.

Ion drive uses a stream of charged particles to achieve thrust. Present day ion drive units have a low thrust, not enough to accelerate a ship at one gravity, and the particles move at a relatvely low speed. To accelerate the particles to near light speed (this is necessary to avoid having to use an inordinately large propellant mass) presently requires massive linear accelerators; but theoretically, within a few decades, it should be possible to build relatively lightweight ion drive units capable of doing this. If the charged particles are accelerated to a very high velocity, their mass increases a great deal, so a relatively small amount of propellant could drive the ship to and from a maximum speed approaching that of light.

Imagine, then, the scene early in the next century. Orbiting the sun is the starship, containing a large tank of propellant (perhaps cesium), driven by an ion thruster, and equipped with an energy collector — a photoelectric cell array or a thermionic converter. The ship has crew quarters and hydroponic gardens. Miles away is the laser, mounted on a large space station equipped with a vast power unit covering an area of many square miles. The laser is turned on, its beam invisible and silent in the vacuum of space. The ion drive sends out a barely visible stream of plasma. The starship moves out into the night.

The journey lasts for years, with the steady acceleration and (later) deceleration producing the effect of one gravity. The beam that carries power may also carry a signal, communications from Earth. The starship sends back a much weaker signal beam of its own. Years pass between questions and answers.

When the ship approaches the alien star it leaves the laser beam and maneuvers in the system using solar energy from the star. Interesting planets are orbited, probes are sent down, and perhaps a manned scout ship. When the time comes to return to Earth the ship will rendezvous with the laser beam and begin its homeward acceleration.

Of course, by the time anyone can build anything like this we probably *will* have antigravity ships flying through spacewarps. But the point is that the stars *can* be reached. And if we can go there, they (I assume there is someone out there somewhere) can come here.



# AERIAL LIFE?

## By Dr. Silvano Lorenzoni

One of the least spoken-of speculations about UFOs is that concerning the possibility that they are not artificial flying objects, but *living things*. Such an idea, proposed originally (as far as the Author knows) by Trevor James in 1958,[1] has been developed in some detail at a later date by I. T. Sanderson; but that was (always as far as the Author knows) the last time anything has been written about it. Sanderson speculated that they might be living beings having outer space as habitat, and that they occasionally penetrated the Earth's atmosphere.[2] It is intended here to carry on, in a brief fashion, a line of reasoning analogous to Sanderson's.

The idea that in the same way as there are living things *on Earth* adapted exclusively to terrestrial or aquatic life, there is no *a priori* impediment whereby there should not be any that lead an exclusively aerial life. (One such possibility was presented fictionally, but in considerable detail, by Hal Clement in *Close to Critical*[3]).

Here on Earth, a perfect model for such a type of hypothetical life can be drawn from marine biology. Poriphera and coelentherata are beings formed essentially by a water-filled sac, with a forward and a rear opening and that feed on whatever organisms chance to be carried by the water close to their "mouths." Some are fixed to some underwater support, others are free and carried about by currents; all reproduce with spores.[4]

An analogous "aerial sac" could feed on air-suspended micro-organisms which it could scoop as the winds transport it around the upper atmosphere (autotrophy should not be discarded either, especially in view of the very limited energy requirements such an organism would have), while, again, its reproduction could be through spores.

As for their means of suspension, very likely a balloon-type mechanism should be envisaged. The sac could be full of an air somewhat hotter than the external atmosphere as a consequence of heat generated by body metabolism. Or, those hypothetical beings could possess floating cavities filled with, for example, hydrogen or helium, either generated by appropriate organs (by electrolysis, maybe?) or separated from the surrounding air through the agency of semipermeable membranes.

The luminosity occasionally associated with them could easily be a case of biological phosphorescence, not unlike the capabilities of many commonplace species, from fireflies to deep sea fishes.

While admittedly all the above is pure speculation, it has the advantage not to invoke in any way any "extra-terrestrial" hypothesis while not rejecting outright the "UFO phenomenon" as an illusion, as is often done. This makes it a rather more workable theory than most, because the objective probability of the existence of "extra-terrestrial life" (sentient or not, intelligent or not) is by all standards *exceedingly slim* — at least in our immediate cosmic neighborhood. The Viking's (1976) negative finds on Mars would seem to confirm this.

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2 I. T. Sanderson, *UFO: Visitatori dal Cosmo* (Edizione Mediterranee, Roma, 1974).

3 Hal Clement, *Close to Critical* (Ballantine, New York, 1975).

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# MUTILATIONS: UP FROM OBSCURITY

## By Jacob A. Davidson

Perhaps one of the more fascinating areas of inquiry open to Forteans is the subject of cattle mutilations and mysterious animal killings in general. During the years 1973-1976, this rather rancid phenomenon had the audacity to impose itself with an openness and intensity unparalleled in the history of Forteana. There has since been a "calming" of this weirdness but it refuses to bid us adieu. Cases of nocturnal depradations continue to creep into the papers, eventually finding their way into the wet and clammy hands of us dozen or so connoisseurs of mysterious mute lore.

Attention to this phenomenon has given rise to much speculation as to its origins. The most notable attempt, based upon the testimony of prison inmates Albert Kenneth Bankston and Dan Duggin, resulted in the issuance of the Flickinger Report[1] which placed the blame for the "removal of cow vulvas and bull dongs" (our thanks to Ed Sanders for this description) on some obscure occult group hell-bent on malevolence. Needless to say, this report, along with some pretty spooky stories of occult-ritual misbehavior, caused much paranoia throughout law enforcement circles in the midwest.

The Flickinger Report appeared to placate many UFO researchers who were unable (or unwilling) to handle the intrusion of more "weirdness" into an already overtaxed ufological arena; especially since there appeared to be a growing sense of "legitimization" occurring in the public mind concerning the UFO phenomena, possibly due to that granddaddy of UFO flaps in 1973. Even Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who had some responsibility for the Flickinger inquiry, appeared to embrace the findings of the report with open arms. Recently, though, perhaps due to mute-creature-ufo reports investigated by ex-CIA agent, Brad Ayers, investigator for the Center for UFO Studies[2], and undoubtedly the persistent reports of aerial anomalies in the vicinity of mute occurrences, Dr. Hynek has tempered his initial reluctance to engage the mute problem. While visiting Seattle during February of this year (1978) Robert Gribble, Director of Phenomena Research and I had occasion to meet with Dr. Hynek at which time he acknowledged an interest in the mutilation phenomenon. "There certainly is no ordinary, common-sense, scientific explanation for it. We've got to go afield."[3]

Among the many others who accepted the occult angle as presented in the Flickinger findings were such notables as Jerome Clark and Loren Coleman. Both researchers had had an excellent running knowledge of the cow-killer phenomenon, a good historical perspective, well aware of the contemporary mute scene, a history of interaction with informant Albert Kenneth Bankston[4] and a good appreciation for the psycho-social "peculiarities" that appear to be inherent within a phenomenon such as this. With all of this background, both Clark and Coleman went ahead and accepted Flickinger's report as "the final word." I have often puzzled over this "position" of theirs and hope that sometime in the near future they may be able to shed some light on this matter.

Another suspect for surgery on the range is the Government. The major exponent of this theory is Ed Sanders, recipient of (in his own words) "My Very Own Lingue Bovina Excisa" (ah, cut cow's tongue) sent via Sacramento, California, gratis.[5] Sanders feels that a "rogue-element" within the government is responsible for these occurrences — meandering about the countryside in large vans that serve to house those mysterious denizens of the sky, THE UNMARKED BLACK HELICOPTER. And yes, they do carry with them various strains of *Clostridia* virus for testing on our friends, the four-leggeds. I think Sanders makes a pretty good case for this — but only *up to a point*. He has been unable to explain the presence of "peripheral elements" such as non-reaction by animals near the recipient of cow-cutting, predator avoidance of mutilated carcasses, the presence of soundless unidentified helicopters (as well as nocturnal lights), hairy creature activity near some areas of mutilations, the overwhelming geographical distribution of mutes, vs. the needed ground support, and perhaps most staggering of all, the total lack of eye-witness accounts of a mutilation in progress.

No harm is meant to those whom I have playfully criticized. They have all done great work in the field, but it intrigues me to see Forteans strive for an imposed sense of order in an arena full of Chaos.

The Mutilation Phenomenon appears to be multi-faceted. It seems to contain within itself all potential explanations: the occult, the government, the predator, the UFO, the paranormal possibilities: they're all there, waiting to reflect a particular perspective.

Still, it is always important to do research, to investigate, to theorize. With this in mind I would like to add to the strain by engaging a little history.

I have often wondered how extensive are reports of mysterious animal killings and mutilations in recent history. It seems that if there is historical precedence to this anomaly at least one of the "suspects" — government involvement — could be given a lesser position in the hierarchy of possible explanations. I was aware of Fort's attention to this matter via his collected works, but wanted cases

from other sources that have generally remained obscure. Thanks to my friend Rod Dyke, I was able to obtain xeroxed copies of Tiffany Thayer's magazine, *Doubt*, The Fortean Society Magazine, a rather miserable publication which made its first appearance in September of 1937 and ended with issue number 61 (Spring 1959). Thayer's lack of attention to detail and his tendency toward presumption was painful to wade through but the issues of *Doubt* did manage to yield some interesting animal mutilation and bizarre animal killing reports that have not seen the light of day for quite some time.

The following extracts are delivered in chronological order according to their presentation in *Doubt*. They are given here verbatim. I have not attempted to "pair" an original report with a "follow-up" story that may have appeared in successive issues of the magazine. The reader can do this for him/herself.

1. "Something about the size of a Great Dane" killed (1-29-37) eighteen sheep by breaking their necks. For details write Clarence Noon, Philadelphia, New York.[6]

2. "Animal" accused of killing poultry around Verona, California, was shot (2-13-36). "Of a flame-red color, 5 feet long, shaped roughly like a pig, with forefeet like a bear and hind feet like a duck. Its incisor teeth were over two inches long." *L. A. Herald-Examiner.*[7]

3. "Vigilantes" searched (11-1-37) around Morrison, Ill., for a "huge wild animal" which eluded them but left large tracks.[8]

4. "Terror spread" in Mobile, Alabama, when "ordinarily reputable" negroes (the Alabama equivalent of "usually well-informed sources") reported (1-29-38) that a "thing" dubbed the "Frankenstein of Fisher's Alley"— had been appearing and disappearing for 48 hours. No description is given but it frightened negro ladies leaving church. It was said that "bullets bounced off the monster's shell-like exterior."

The police "clung" to their original theory "that it might be a swamp bear, a wild dog or wildcat."[9]

5. In Columbus, Ohio, a "thing" gnawed (4-29-38) a bone in a backyard. Described as: "the size of a dozen cats, head and feet large, fur gray with yellow stripes." It left footprints no one there could identify. It "ate" bark from trees.[10]

6. A "slasher" cut (or did not cut) 13 people in the West Riding area the first week in December 1938. British police put a stop to that nonsense by prosecuting the people who reported being attacked! — Convicting them, too, what's more. The papers finally decided there never had been a ripper, and all the stories were false. *Brit. Corr.*[11]

7. . . . "For weeks" something had been "chewing up hound dogs" and making frightful sounds at night in woods near Glastonberry, Conn. A posse was formed which — with the help of the Freeprez — turned the thing into a low comedy reminiscent of a Shriner's convention. They were hunting a "Glowakus" — and had so much fun doing it they kept it up nearly two weeks.

By that time the hi-jinks had calmed the countryside and whatever had been making the trouble had fled— probably repulsed by the spectacle of his hunters.[12]

8. Dead sheep and lambs in such numbers as to raise the wrath of farmers in "many parts" of England against "killer dogs" were reported by Tom Elsonder, M.F.S., 4-10-43, and an almost identical datum comes 10-17-43 from Curtis Cramer, M.F.S., in which the slaughter covers Grand Island, in the Niagara River between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The American story describes the guilty as "one or two packs of wild dogs." Neither yarn is sufficiently circumstantial to reveal whether "dogs" are assumed from the fact of dead farm animals being found, or if dogs were actually seen.[13]

9. Dr. M. Gann thinks there's a 12-foot ape in Brazil although "zoologists . . . deny the existence of any kind of ape in South America." In the Goyas district, cattle are "slain," "terrific roars" are heard, a native was torn to pieces, and 21-inch ape-shaped footprints are found.[14]

10. This time it's "Montie the Monster." In the Sheep's Hill section of Pennsylvania, five miles north of Pottstown, something which "(a) screams like a panther, (b) barks like a dog, (c) wails like a banshee and (d) laughs like a hyena," had been — 11-14-45 — raiding hen houses and "snarling at children coming home from school" for the previous ten days.

The journalistic insistence upon taking it all lightly assumes this form in lieu of description: "Those who claimed (sic) to have seen Montie (sic) described him in odd shapes, various colors and a hodge-podge of features . . . It was agreed, however, that he possesses a most magnificent tail."[15]

11. An unidentified beast was roaming Wildcat Hollow, near Latrobe, Pa., 9-8-45, "About four feet tall, weighing 100 pounds, it broke up a corn-roast by leaping into the crowd" and "grabbing two ears of corn."[16]

12. MFS Elsonder is chiefly exercised by what is called a "stag", killing sheep near South Brent, Devon. Called a "rogue" and an "outlaw," "about the size of a Dartmoor pony," identification was far from certain (3-28-46), and guns appear to have as little effect upon him as the hard names. The *Western Morning News* states that "the presence of a stag in the district has not been heard of before and it is a mystery where this animal could have come from."[17]

13. . . . *Reynolds News*, 4-28-46, (a full month after Elsonder's notice): "The hunt goes on for the giant Alsatian dog — silver grey with a black streak on its back— which is believed to be responsible for the deaths of over 60 sheep on the Yorkshire moors between Keighley and Colne."[18]

14. About July 25, 1946, one J. L. Applegate of Flat Rock was visiting Indianapolis, presumably at the home of his brother-in-law, Willard Tollinger, and from Mr. Applegate the papers learned that Ray Rush and George Gearhart (perhaps seven persons in all) had seen — on July 19 — a snake about 20 feet long "coiled up in shallow water about a mile and a half from Swinging Bridge" (over the Flat Rock River?). Gearhart had seen "tracks" (of a jug perhaps) "a few weeks ago," in a corn field near Norristown, four miles from Flat Rock (both in Sherlby County). Dale Pherigo, postmaster of Flat Rock, has heard the tale before and never fully believed it. Notwithstanding, pigs and other small animals were missing.

On August 4, from Petersburg (100 miles away) came word that Glennie Craig's cat had disappeared — with snake tracks! — two miles south of Otwell, and about six miles northeast of Cato (in the direction of Flat Rock).

This was too much for the Indiana papers, so that when

an unidentified creature which "cried like a baby" — and killed livestock — was reported near Lebanon (about 65 miles from Flat Rock — with Indianapolis between), newsmen were sent to get a pronouncement from— guess who? The State Entomologist, Frank Wallace, no kidding. And Wallace came up with the answer it wanted: "No such animal." (August 13-14 papers).

August 25: The "terrorizing" of Lebanon vicinity had continued two weeks. Mrs. Lulu Brownlee had heard the "weird sound like a baby crying," and Harry McClain, a hunter, age 64, had been engaged to kill or capture the beast, called "feline." Twelve hens had disappeared. Leonard Hawkins joined the hunt.[19]

15. When something began "crying and screaming like a baby" near Pottstown, Pa., it was identified as "a panther, a puma, a wild Chow dog, a bear and a black fox." Nov. 14, 1945.[20]

16. February 14, 1946, INS reported from Coatesville, Pa., a "monster described as a cross between a giraffe, a dog and a deer, that wails like a woman."[21]

17. July 31, 1946, the "angry peasants" of Valais, in the Swiss Alps were chasing one, variously described, "possibly even a wild man," "which in the last few weeks has slaughtered 70 sheep, goats, and cows"; all at night, in the Valley of Loesche, above the town of Sierre. The throat of the victim is slashed but the corpse is never eaten.[22]

18. The "stag" which MFS Elsonder continues to stalk by correspondence, simply ceased his depredations and went home, wherever that may be — perhaps to Sweden by rocket. But another terror of the fold set out on a murderous career about May 31, in the Masham, Colsterdale, Nidderdale, Coverdale, and Warfedale area. By June 10, at least 60 sheep were killed, and hundreds of men were hunting the guilty "dog" — called a "ghost" dog. Farmer Russell, no relation, of Ilton, was first to see it, and he said it was bigger than an Alsatian.

The slaughter increased (in the *Daily Mail)* to 120 sheep and lambs by June 11, and 200 men were hunting. By a whimsy of coincidence, on June 12, a "Mr. Frank Buck, of Harmby" joined the hunt.

By the 14th, the hunters were getting sore, but sticking to their guns. The *York Post* modestly counted 82 dead sheep in 14 days. June 15 — a dog was seen and shot at— but he got away. By the 17th, the army of hunters had reached 1000 and the British Army was aiding with radio equipment, principally to keep the Nimrods from killing the Frank Bucks and vice versa. Two people claimed to have hit the beast on the 17th, but he remained at large . . . The dead sheep count now at 110.

On June 18th, Police-Constable C. Jackson, of North Riding, stationed at Askrigg, met a gigantic Alsatian on a railroad track and shot it dead. It measured 5 feet 8 inches, weighed 5½ stone, and the photo published in exultation shows a beast which must have been formidable before it was shot. The lost sheep now total 134.

June 19, headline in the Yorkshire *Post:* HUNT FOR SECOND DOG ON MOORS . . . "It was after the Alsatian had been killed that this second animal was seen coming off the moors . . . the Alsatian already dead had no wounds."[23]

19. On 9-24-46 at Momence, Ill., clear across the state from Oquawa, and much closer to Lebanon, Ind., some critter had appeared three times, clawing one dog to death . . . .[24]

20. Near Carthage, Tenn., just before 11-12-46, "a strange-looking animal with a roar like a lion" preying on livestock. Farmers were content, according to the *AP,* when they had killed "a big red dog."[25]

21. Near Wapello, Iowa, on Christmas day, last, a "lion" thought to have been released by a carnival "tired of footing big meat bills," attacked a dog and his farmer. Also seen by the local Presbyterian pastor but it was a 'panther" if you'll take his word for it.[26]

22. On January 3, the gunners of Columbus Junction, Iowa, near Wapello, set out to follow "lion" tracks in the snow.[27]

23. About 11 o'clock Sunday night, 1-15-17 FS, at Eden, N. Y. near Buffalo, a "panther" screamed and left tracks. The screams have been heard before but nobody has seen the cat.[28]

24. Thirty-five lambs on the golf course of Hawera, New Zealand, were killed in one night "by the neat severance of the sinews at the back of the neck and a deep incision in a spot just behind the shoulders." Little blood in evidence. Buffalo *Courier-Express,* 3-13-47.[29]

25. Something called a "bear-man" wearing clothes and carrying a knife, was cutting up farm animals near Thessalon, Ont. July 12.[30]

26. Something hairy with a flesh-colored face was frightening folks around Charlotte, Mich. July 14.[31]

27. Kelly Chamandy, "naturalist," offered a reward of $100 for the capture of a giant bird, jet black, with yellow eyes, "the size of silver dollars," huge talons and a hooked beak "large enough to carry off a small cow." Kelly saw it, he said, and farmers say it has been preying on live-stock. Ramore, Ont. April 17.[32]

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# A REJOINDER to Jacob Davidson

## By Jerome Clark

When he asks why I at one time took Donald Flickinger's report to be "the final word" on the cattle mutilations mystery, Jacob Davidson (a researcher for whom, by the way, I have the highest respect) may unwittingly have answered his own question. As he says, I "had had an excellent running knowledge of the cow-killer phenomena [sic], a good historical perspective, well aware of the contemporary mute scene, a history of interaction with informant Albert Kenneth Bankston and a good appreciation for the psycho-social 'peculiarities' that appear to be inherent within a phenomena [sic] such as this."

## THE PRECISION PROBLEM

It was precisely because of my "good historical perspective," et. al., that I recognized mutilations as a new and unprecedented phenomenon. I am surprised that Davidson has missed the obvious point that not a single one of the reports he cites has any similarity — beyond, of course, the fact that both involve the killing of animals — to modern mutilations. (The incidents are more properly tied to the depradations of mystery animals, for which there is a great deal of precedent.) Today's mutilations, by way of contrast, appear to be precise operations, with parts of bodies surgically removed, the blood drained neatly and cleanly, and so on. So far as I know, nothing like this has ever been reported in the Fortean literature before (with the possible exception of some late-1960s West Virginia incidents cited by John Keel in *The Mothman Prophecies).*

That did not stop me, naturally, from immediately suspecting a Fortean cause when I first heard of mutilations through an incident which occurred near my home town of Canby, Minnesota, in November 1973. Reading the story in the town weekly, I thought that if I investigated it I would quickly find certain clues (mysterious lights, power outages or whatever) that would link it with UFOs or other Fortean manifestations. Though my research took me through three area counties and I interviewed numerous people (finding out along the way that other mutilations had taken place several months earlier), I uncovered nothing of the sort.

Then I heard about the cattle-cuttings in Kansas a month or two later and spent some considerable time on the phone running down cops, farmers, politicians, veterinarians, and others who were involved with the matter in one way or another. Again, no hints of paranormal forces at work, though I did hear a few scattered reports of mystery helicopters which may or may not be Fortean-related. There were two or three cases, however, in which human footprints were discovered in the general vicinity of a slain animal. And then, too, I first heard of the notorious Ken Bankston from a Concordia, Kansas, state senator. Now *that's* a long story which I may tell in all its lurid detail some day.

Suffice it to say, when Don Flickinger, Brad Ayers and I interviewed Bankston we all found him impressive. Later on, we found out also, at least according to people who had known him a long time, that the man is something of a pathological liar. Yet enough of his story stood up— and was substantiated by other people I met later who had never heard of Bankston — to persuade me that there is every reason to believe a murderous Satanist underground exists in this country and that it occasionally engages in animal and human sacrifices. Bankston apparently based his story (freely embellishing it with his own fertile imaginings) on prison yard talk about such an organization, many of whose members are hardened criminal types.

Late in December 1974 a certain individual from Minneapolis brought UFOs into the mutilations picture— something I had tried to do some months earlier but without success. He said specifically that a mutilation near Kimball, Minnesota, was caused by extraterrestrial interlopers who'd nailed the animal with a laser-beam. It turned out that the "investigator" had never bothered to talk with the farmer on whose land the incident had occurred. If he had troubled to do so, he would have discovered that the allegedly mysterious ground markings on which he'd based his theory had a very clear and thoroughly mundane cause.

Not long afterwards I found out that the individual in question had distinguished himself earlier by claiming to have discovered an ET laser device while hunting for Bigfeet in the Pacific Northwest. He also claimed to be on close personal terms with a number of Bellingham, Washington, Bigfeet, who had entertained him in their homes while explaining their relationship to the lost people of Atlantis.

But the Kimball yarn seemed to get everybody going and pretty soon the UFO pulps and tabloids were loaded with speculation, based on the flimsiest conceivable "evidence," that ufonauts were busily collecting cow vulvas and bull dongs. These theorists did not seem to feel they had to establish any kind of one-on-one cause; it was sufficient for them that a UFO (or, at any rate, some sort of aerial object) had appeared within 50 miles of the killing anywhere from a week before to a week after the carcass had been found. I remember that several enthusiasts got quite angry with me because I refused to accept any of this as proof — proof, at any rate, of anything beyond rampant wishful thinking and rank credulity.

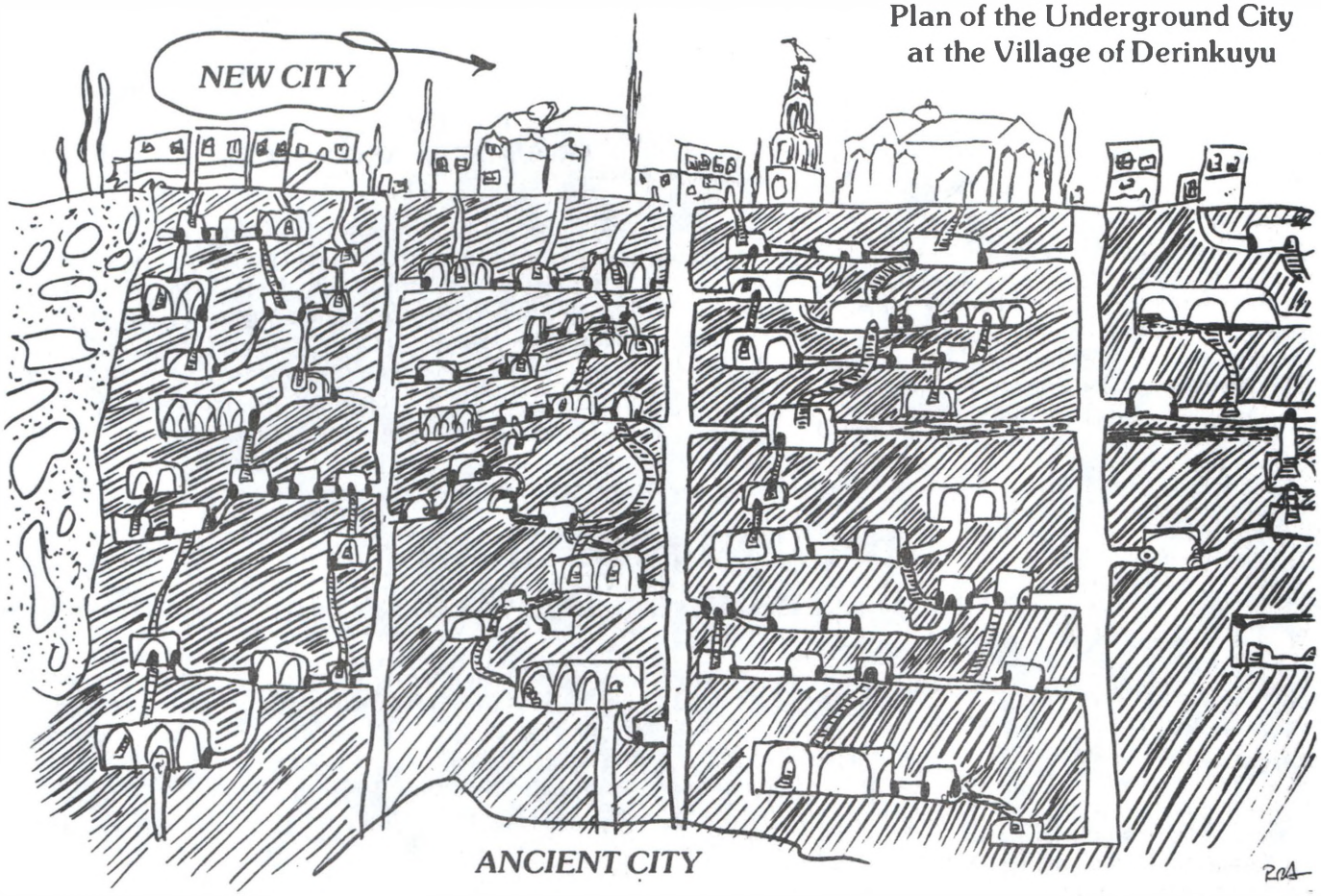
But at last I had to agree that something awfully damned peculiar and seemingly paranormal was taking place. After a certain point it was no longer reasonable to speculate about massive conspiracies to perpetuate such killings.

There were just too many of them and no purely human agency, even if it had the time and the wherewithal, could continue to commit such acts without ever being detected. And I was not all taken with Ed Sanders' elaborate theories about covert government intelligence operations.

Since the early days when I was actively involved, there have been new developments. Responsible researchers such as Wolverton, Wolf, Mayne and Davidson himself have documented cases of paranormal effects in association with some mutilations. So I gladly accept their evidence — evidence which I was unable to find in my own investigations, despite my best efforts.

Of course one immediately begins to form certain paranoid ideas, most prominently these: Is the Phenomenon reflective in nature and now producing the "evidence" we were searching for all along? Were the original mutes human-caused — but now a reflective Phenomenon is creating paranormal pseudomutes? And so on and on into never-neverland. . . .

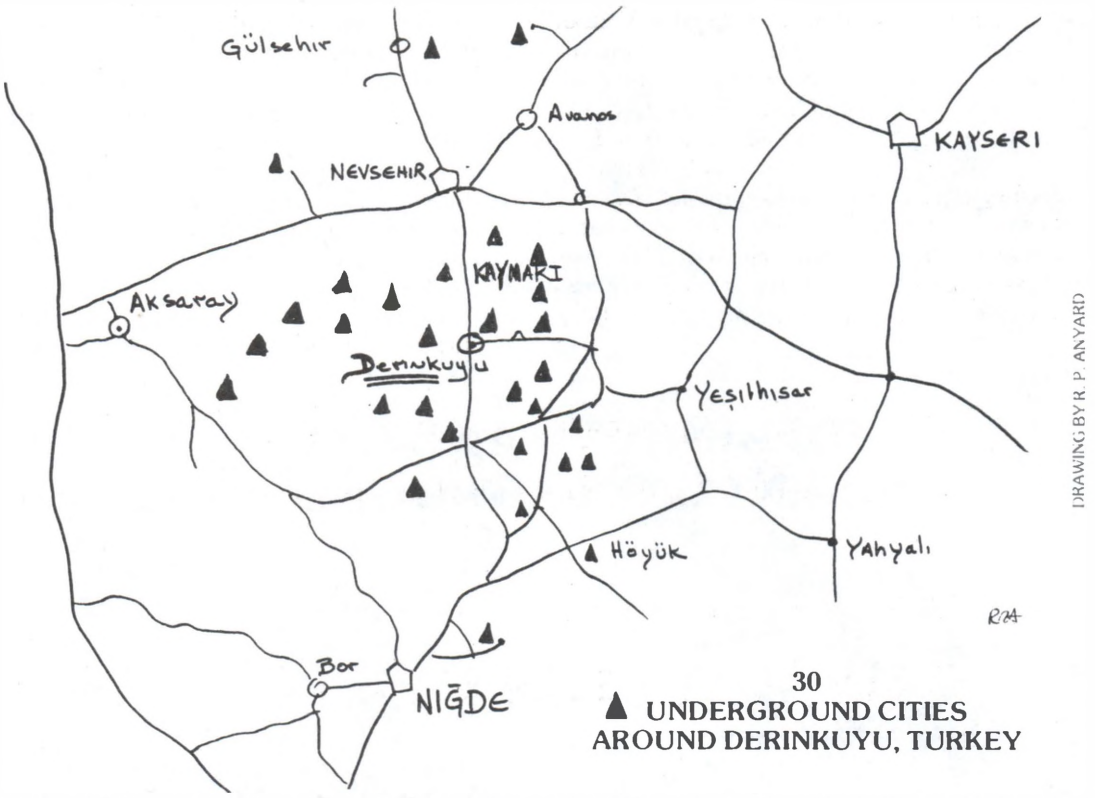
# DERINKUYU AND OTHER ANCIENT UNDERGROUND CITIES




**By Dr. Ronald P. Anjard**

In the Cappadocian region of Turkey, there is an ancient complex of about thirty subterranean cities which were discovered only recently, in 1963. These cities are entirely underground and are interconnected by multiple tunnels wide enough for four or five people. Few people—even historians and scientists — know much about them. The major site investigated to date is Derinkuyu, where only limited work has been performed, however, due to limited time and limited funds. Progress at Derinkuyu is down only to the eighth subterranean level, which has been dated to at least 4000 years ago; no one yet knows how many lower levels exist at Derinkuyu or at any of the other sites.

The Derinkuyu data will give some insight into this ancient complex. A city, estimated to have 100,000 residents, was formed in the volcanic soil and lava of the now extinct Erciyas Mountain. The first three levels of the complex were linked closely to each other. The first two underground levels contain kitchens, storage chambers,




**30**
**▲ UNDERGROUND CITIES AROUND DERINKUYU, TURKEY**

bedrooms, dining halls, wine cellars, even toilets. The tunnels, mentioned earlier, have tall ventilation ducts and huge stone doors. (One of these tunnels is connected with another underground city at Kaymaki, 9 km away.)

The lower levels have walls, escape ducts, meeting rooms, graves and ventilation ducts. Derinkuyu alone has 52 ventilation ducts about 8 meters in length. One of the meeting rooms on the lowest level opened to date (the 8th level) is 25 m long, 3.5 m high and 10 m wide. Part of the problem of recovery is due to collapsed roofs, and rubble by residents and invaders. In the early Byzantine era, such as the VI Century, the area sustained three different invasions.

About 1 kilometer west of Derinkuyu is the community of Avan. The subterranean city has hundreds of hidden rooms. Its structural characteristics are typical of the others

# ANCIENT AMERICAN UNDERGROUND CITIES?

**Dr. Ron Anjard**

You may know that Dr. E. Von Daniken has found a very unusual underground complex in Ecuador. In a personal discussion, he advised that there are also buried cities in France. As a result of my initial article about the Turkish complex, I have been advised that there are at least forty-four (44) underground cities in North America. At least a half-dozen of these cities are located on the West Coast. Southwest U.S.A. (near San Diego) was populated over 30,000 years ago according to archeologists. A dig at one location goes back to 100-130,000 B.C. These American subterranean cities are primarily known by our Native Americans who keep the details secret.

Recently, the *New Atlantean Journal* included an account of the discovery of a very unusual cave near Santa Barbara, California, as reported by the local newspaper about 1890. A large subterranean room contained an immense rostrum with steps leading to a throne of California marble and a canopy of gold. In the adjoining secret chamber the ceiling showed the sky in detail. The floor, it was reported, was four feet deep with "mummified remains of human beings." The walls "bore inscriptions in mythological figures "and untranslated characters." Was this cave part of one of the six West Coast American "buried" cities?

All these cities — in the U.S.A., Turkey and others— were built, reportedly because of the Ice Age. In order to survive, the only alternative was to move underground. These people often built interconnecting tunnels, as reported earlier. Obviously, the inhabitants were not crude "cave persons"; they were sophisticated and highly organized.

Obviously, too, these reports merely scratch the surface. I am currently continuing my research, and would welcome new, reliable data. I'm also contacting certain Native Americans (who are friends) for their sharings — if they can.

in the area. Ayan, Derinkuyu and Kaymaki are the only three underground cities open to tourists. Kaymaki, mentioned earlier, is 9 kilometers north of Derinkuyu. Only the first four levels here are open to visitors; and again, the exact number of levels has not been determined.

The last city to be described is Dogala, 7 kilometers west of Derinkuyu. All the entrances here are blocked except for one narrow air duct. Kaymaki also has tunnels with stone doors, storage chambers, bedrooms, water tanks and three halls. While the first two levels are accessible, the lower ones are flooded, and further study is now impossible.

Artifacts found to date reveal that Derinkuyu was inhabited prior to the time of the ancient Hittites, when Egypt was in its glory. Professor E. Akurgal stated that the peaceful civilization was ruthlessly destroyed by an invasion in 2000 BC. Later, in the 6th century AD, during the Byzantine-Arab conflicts, Derinkuyu and the whole region was heavily attacked three times. After these attacks, the resident Byzantines realized the futility of living underground. Thus the underground city was deserted and fell into disrepair. The air ducts were blocked by earth and rocks. Many roofs in the rooms and tunnels collapsed. After the 7th century, the Christians were able to practice their faith openly. Some carved hundreds of churches into the rocks and "fairy chimneys." These became training centers. In the 14th century, with the emergence of Ottoman power, this region lost its earlier importance.

No one knows who built these underground cities. Further research should provide important insights. One theory is that the early peoples had to survive a major climatic situation on the surface. There are other reported buried cities in Ecuador, France and even in the Americas. Derinkuyu and the entire subterranean complex may hold important understandings of mankind's early history.



# THE PHYSICS OF PHYSICS

**By T. B. Pawlicki**

The popular publications of Joe Kamiya and Barbara Brown, proving the relationship between brain waves and states of consciousness, establish the physical basis for a large number of psychic experiences. The 10 Hz. brain wave characteristic of alpha consciousness happens to be the fundamental frequency of the human body resonating electronically as an extremely complex nerve circuit; this was the calculated answer reached by a class in advanced mathematics at the University of Victoria, and the psychology class confirmed the figure by empirical tests with gelatin.

The 7½ Hz. brain wave, characteristic of theta consciousness, is the resonant frequency of the ionosphere surrounding the Earth; you can prove this for yourself by applying the elementary frequency/velocity formula. The short, irregular vibrations of beta consciousness is the pattern the brain produces at the perception of daylight; thus, it is characteristic of normal, wakeful consciousness. This minimum of data leads to a number of radical deductions. To begin with, no state of consciousness exists without a characteristic brain wave pattern; therefore, the frequency of consciousness can be studied as being identical to the state of consciousness (i.e. consciousness *per se* cannot be studied with total objectivity, but vibrations can be). Consciousness exists only as a perception of images in the mind; if the mind is completely blank, a state of consciousness cannot be distinguished from a state of unconsciousness. Therefore, the mental illumination by which images and perceptions are sensed by the inner eye must be the same frequency of vibration that determines the state of consciousness. In other words, in a state of alpha consciousness, a person literally sees by the light of his own body, his mind being illuminated by the 10 Hz. frequency of radiant energy. In theta consciousness, a person becomes virtually sensitive to the illumination of the entire Earth, and everything begins to glow as if by its own effulgence, even in the middle of the night. And beta consciousness is not only a creation of sunlight; beta consciousness makes sunlight visible.

Most people who are never aware of any state of consciousness other than their normal beta ego will, of course, dismiss these statements as the most absurd fantasy. But anyone who has experimented with meditation or drugs will probably understand what I am saying.

John J. O'Neill quotes Nikola Tesla: "Helmholtz (the great physicist who made an intensive study of vision) has shown that the fundi of the eye are themselves luminous, and he was able to see in total darkness the movement of his arm by the light of his own eyes. This is one of the most remarkable experiments recorded in the history of science, and probably only a few men could satisfactorily repeat it, for it is very likely that the luminosity of the eyes is associated with uncommon activity of the brain and great imaginative power. It is fluorescence of the brain action, as it were." Today, we can recognize Tesla's testimony as the illumination of alpha consciousness.

In the final reel of *Star Wars*, Luke Skywalker aims his missile into the Achilles Heel of the Death Star by relying upon THE FORCE instead of his computer guidance system. Martial artists who have read the lore of the Zen Masters will recognize this scene as a dramatization of the chronicle of the German Professor Eugen Herrigel in the classic *Zen In The Art Of Archery* (available in paperback from McGraw-Hill). The aged Zen Master, displeased by Herrigel's lapse of faith, decided to shake up the German by shooting an arrow into the center of the target in total darkness of night. To prove it was no accident, the Master then released a second arrow to split the shaft of the first. Total darkness existed only for Herrigel; to the Master, the target was fully illuminated in his theta consciousness.

The illumination of alternative states of consciousness is the product of the brain and body of a person resonating at other than the normal frequency of vibration. The alternative illumination of alternative consciousness is

what the mystics are talking about when they tell of the Holy Light, "seeing the Light," and Enlightenment.

Anyone who cannot conceive of the Divine Light can get some idea of what he is missing from the advertising previews of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The scene in which the white light swells into the indigo sky at the end of the road duplicates the emergence of the Holy Light into consciousness as the brain tunes out from its normal static to a harmonious frequency. When the entire body resonates in harmony with a fundamental undertone, the Light explodes to fill the body with a throb of ecstasy. The sensation of Universal Light can only be suggested by the scene in Robert Altman's sleeper, *Brewster McCloud*, in which the Bird Girl walks away into the blinding white light until she disappears. The throb is similar to the 120 volt, 60 cycle wallop you can get by poking your finger into a wall socket, but lower in force and frequency. The frequency is low enough for the vibrations to be resolved individually and compared with the digital counter of an Olympic stop watch. When you have done this, as I have, you are convinced the relationship between the light of consciousness and brain waves is no fantasy; you can see it happening.

Most people who experience the Holy Light with any significant intensity lose consciousness of the normal surroundings and begin to perceive phenomena (such as UFOs) which are invisible to people in the normal state. Naturally, these visions are disregarded as hallucinations. If, however, consciousness of normal surroundings can be maintained while the brain tunes into alternative frequency bands, everything will be seen to acquire a shadowless glow, in which all colours intensify. The world takes on the illumination we saw in the scene of Death and Transfiguration in *2001 — A Space Odyssey*.

Correlative to the electronic resonance of the human body, there is a molecular resonance experienced as THE SOUND OF OM, what else? You can get an idea of what OM feels like by turning up the loudspeakers of your stereo system to full volume with the sound track from *2001 — A Space Odyssey*. The opening notes of the organ in the lowest register can be felt as a resonant throb pulsating right through you. If *2001* doesn't work, try other sounds at full volume. My first experience was with a friend's tape of hard rock, about as musical as an orchestra made up of jack hammers. When you find the tuning that unhinges your normal consciousness and sets your body resonating, a distinct feeling of your head-flipping occurs, perhaps with a rush of vertigo or ecstasy. The effect of sound and rhythm is analogous to the effect of strobe lights, so anyone who has any reason to believe he may have difficulty finding his way back from this trip should not attempt exploration of alternative spaces without a guide to allay the panic of feeling lost.

Whereas drugs may represent the mystic ticket for deadheads, art often represents mysticism for the squareheads. Critics have long remarked that a master painting seems to glow with an inner light of its own. What a master artist does is to juxtapose pigments and shapes in the same manner that a musician combines pure tones to produce harmony. The mechanics of harmony amplify the energy of the vibrations emitted from every particular area of the surface by the energy of the harmonic undertones. The painting, therefore, is perceived to emit more light than it can possibly receive from the ambient illumination. This harmonic amplification is the "inner glow" of the masterpiece, and this inner glow is the only sample of the illumination of theta consciousness most Western squareheads ever experience.

The effects of harmony in music are even more evident than in painting, but the SOUND OF OM cannot be detected because of the sound of music. Music, however, is intrinsically harmonious, whereas graphic art must be made to harmonize by deliberation at every point. To begin with, music is a natural harmonic emission of the instruments. Ideally, the concert hall will resonate sympathetically to the music, turning the entire auditorium into a gigantic musical instrument large enough to contain the audience and the orchestra. When the concert hall begins to resonate, we realize a stunning coincidence. An old-fashioned opera house, constructed of stone arches and vaults stressed to the engineering limits of the building materials, must assume the form of superimposed parabolae to resist the accelerations of gravity and wind. The gravitational parabolae must be deformed by the slightest variation in the electric and gravitational fields of the Earth. These deformations result in a tuning modulation of the resonant frequency of the vaults, and these vibrations are superimposed upon the music like a polyphase-modulated radio signal. Because the function of the orchestral instruments — not to mention the resonant frequencies of the musicians and the audience — are also subjected to the modulating effects of ambient field vibrations, the music and the electro-gravitational vibrations tend to amplify each other. Furthermore, stressed materials emit radio waves, and these radio waves are necessarily the harmonic overtones of gravity. The gravitational field, being an integral part of the electrical potential between the Earth's surface and the ionosphere, must be harmonically related to the 7½ Hz. frequency of the ionosphere. Therefore, when music is performed with perfect harmony, the audience is immersed in a veritable sea of theta consciousness. In this state they experience the same ecstasy Haydn experienced when he saw the Divine Light which inspired his compositions, (not to mention the Divine Light that inspired Michaelangelo's graphic art). The relationship between gravity, electronic vibrations and theta consciousness is what moved Bernstein to write "The hills are pure Beethoven."

The experiments of Bill Condon at Boston University Medical School in 1973 proved that interpersonal communication is achieved by each person mimicking the other's micromovements during speech. The micromovements are actually harmonic overtones of the vibrations of speech; and in an ideally relaxed person, the vibrations of speech are overtones of the vibrations of gravity. This is how speech becomes music, and how oratory becomes an ecstatic experience, and how sales talks can change one's consciousness. Charisma is the ability to induce theta consciousness, which is a state of infinite suggestibility.

Although acoustic engineers have put a lot of design into the harmonics of concert halls, sports arenas are usually designed by dividing the risk capital by the building code and multiplying the quotient by the percentage of tax deductions, integrated with the mortgage. But athletics is literally "body music." The proficiency of an athlete is the result of his ability to resonate in tune with gravity (all my theory is based on this initial empirical discovery). If the

stadium is built with dimensions that harmonize spacially with the temporal vibrations of the gravitational field, then the action of the athletes will tend to harmonize like a competitive ballet. Certain sports, certain circuits, by happenstance, were designed with the critical global proportions, and it is in these places that athletics are raised to the highest levels. The Velodrome at Milan is as famous among competitors as the opera house in the same city. The C.B.C. sportscaster present at the Montreal Olympics remarked that the entire stadium was resonating with the cheers of the grandstand, so we may expect some outstanding performances at that location — like maybe riots. Athletics is the mystic meditation of sweatheads.

Every state of consciousness is held together by a fundamental frequency, like every scale of music. Every idea in a given state of consciousness is defined by overtones like the notes, motifs and melodies created within a scale. When two concepts come into harmony, they fuse into a more comprehensive concept, in the same way that two notes or melodies in counterpoint create a third musical idea which may or may not be in the same key. When two ideas harmonize within the same key, the dominant frequency of the consciousness is amplified. When two ideas unite to create atonal harmony, a stress is created within the field of consciousness to change its dominant key. The analogue of music shows us that when ideas are combined within given states of consciousness, harmony is experienced along with the solution to a problem. When ideas combine to precipitate a change of the fundamental frequency of the state of consciousness, the problem is solved by a revolution of perspective. This may be the essential difference between academic brilliance and creative genius.

The fusion of ideas occurs by a transformation of frequency. In Quantum Mechanics, a transformation of frequency is accompanied by emission or absorption of radiant energy. The radiation emitted by a fusion of ideas is experienced as a flash of light in the mind. This is the source of such expressions as "bright ideas," "flashes of insight," etc. Discordant ideas fuse to cancel harmonic energies; this literally causes the mind to go dark or blank. Life, you see, is Quantum Mechanics magnified by the mechanics of harmony to the normal scale of perception.

Once a person has some experience correlating specific frequencies with states of consciousness and directions of transformation, the age old mystery of mental states becomes self-evident. A person becomes conscious to the extent that his body expands its regions of resonance. The expansion of consciousness is experienced with a magnification of personal energy. This is why alpha consciousness is experienced as hyper-alertness combined with inner relaxation. The wavelength of consciousness determines what experiences a person will perceive among the environmental matrix. The energy difference between one's personal field of consciousness and other fields in the environment determine whether one will impose his will on the other or vice versa; this is what THE FORCE is all about. Whatever patterns appear in the field of consciousness is all that can be perceived and it is the total reality; change of consciousness (wavelength) produces a change of reality.

When the vibrations of two people come into harmony, phase coincidence between them accelerates with shear velocity. This is experienced as the rush of anxious excitement immediately preceding orgasm as high frequency waves are emitted on an ascending scale. At the instant of fusion of two fields of consciousness, the consciousness of both undergoes a transformation to a single, encompassing frequency. Transformation to lower frequency is an energy-emitting process, and this is experienced as the light of orgasm. Whereas the genital orgasm is the product of the resonance of the erotic state in transformation, the Divine Light is a transformation of the cerebral consciousness, and laughter can be understood as an orgasm of the ordinary mind.

Because transformation is identical to the extinction of one state of consciousness and the creation of another, orgasm is experienced as death, transfiguration and rebirth. The pain of eliminating phase opposition immediately prior to transformation can be so great for some people that they fear laughter, Enlightenment and orgasm as death *itself*; this is the root of all repression, and life is feared no less than death. The profound relaxation immediately following orgasm is what the total elimination of phase opposition feels like in the vibrations of consciousness. Ecstasy is what the expansion of consciousness to a more comprehensive spacial frequency feels like.

The "expansion of consciousness" is not a metaphor. It is an accurate description of a real physical event. The vibrations of the human body, including the field of consciousness, are electromagnetic. The coherence of these vibrations form the field of life that holds every person together. The electromagnetic field of life is shown, by Kirlian photography, to be as tangible as the electromagnetic field around motors. The transformation of frequency and fusion of vital fields between lovers is demonstrated by the "Lover's Bridge" photographed by the Kirlian process. Phase opposition between discordant fields is proved by the same Kirlian process, revealing lines of force in collision between people who do not agree with each other. The vital electromagnetic field literally expands with pleasure and fusion.

The overtones of a field of consciousness rotate through a cycle, as can be seen in the Plate Flutter experiment. These overtones determine temporary moods as they modulate the dominant tone of the brainwaves. These overtones can be seen by mystics as colors in the Kirlian aura. This is why we may "see *red* (in anger," have "the *blues*," or a "*rosy* outlook," or experience "*yellow* fear," "*black* depression," "*green* envy," etc. The timing of the cycles of two (or more) people determines how they will get along together. This is why love burns brightly for a while, then turns to boredom. This is why there are periods of productivity and depression. This is why there is success and failure. This is why there is health and sickness. When the cycle of overtones rolls slowly through life, without frequent transformations to other states of consciousness, the people involved are regarded as stable pillars of the community, proceeding through all the culturally defined stages of life without opposing the cultural reality. When the cycle of overtones is rapid, the individuals are regarded as emotionally unstable. When frequency transformations of consciousness exceed the limit of the culture, the individuals are regarded as insane.



# THE NAILED-DOWN UNIVERSE
# or
# Plans for the BOX * BOX Machine

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**By E. Macer-Story**

Once upon a time (I remember it well) a fellow philosopher asserted (according, I suppose, to his sensory experiences) that, if left to myself along the ways that I was heading, I seemed likely to set the course of western philosophical thought back twenty thousand years...

This sensory assertion was a comment written upon the title page of my essay, "The Phenomenological Astronomers,"† which I lost while moving from 103rd street to 96th street in the middle of the night. This is perhaps a blessing to those of us who do not speak Egyptian.

At any rate, I met this philosopher later on while standing in the express subway in transit between 72nd street and wherever it was we were all going at that time. It was quite a surprise.

Actually, he darted up to me from behind, and hissed: "See here: where did you pick up those concepts?"

Evidently, he thought I might have located my simultaneous arithmetic somewhere in a secret Egyptian anthology of astronomical parodies:

"At the plexiglass outlet," I told him, and he left quietly when the doors opened at 86th street.

Now this encounter existed, of course, completely in the past, and I would now like to get down to serious cases.

## TWO SERIOUS CASES

### (a)

I am watching myself from the back on a TV set which is nailed to the wall so that it cannot be moved. (You see: I have anticipated the argument that all I would have to do is walk over and move this TV set.)

The video camera (which is also nailed down) is filming the nailed-down room on the floor of which I am standing. I smile broadly.

I would like to see this grin from the front, but if I turn around to face the nailed-down camera, I cannot see the nailed-down TV set.

### (b)

I sit down at a public table in a restaurant. Opposite me is a man who is writing. I glance over to see what he is writing. He is writing in Chinese. I look at his face. He is caucasian. I would like to ask this man why he is writing in Chinese. Someone asks me a question about the ice cubes, and I answer as best I can in English.

Inexplicably, this man is offended. He puts on his coat and leaves. I do not know why he was offended. He does not know why I sat down opposite him at this table. He does not know why I was looking at his face and then at his paper, pushing at the top of my glass with my finger and laughing heartily at the person who spoke to me, and who is now also laughing.

Clearly, neither of these cases is very serious. In the case of the nailed-down TV set, all that needs to be done is to get a hammer and chisel, remove the nails, and place the camera and the TV set side by side, so that I can both grin and watch myself grinning by looking into one direction at the same time.

The only problem is that I will not be grinning on TV at exactly the same time as I am watching myself grin. A short interval will have elapsed between the time the light bounces off my teeth and hits the camera, and the time the light reflected from the TV image is absorbed by my eyeballs.

Therefore, I can never be watching myself grin at the same time that I am grinning, though if I grin for a long time and then stop, I can honestly say that I have been watching myself grin from beginning to end.

It is not possible materially to view the past and the future at the same time. Usually, if the past and the future are viewed at the same time it is by an act of memory or precognition, not literally by moving the past and the future into the present and setting them conveniently side by side.

In the arbitrarily nailed-down universe, the active observer is allowed no organizational power or initiative. This is not to mention a hammer and chisel.

Obviously, the problem in Serious Case **(b)** is one of communication. It has to do with a misunderstanding caused by an interplay of surfaces.

There are several possible explanations of Serious Case **(b)**, but the most logical interpretation (probably made by whoever asked about the ice cubes) is that the man who was writing Chinese did not speak English.

It is also possible that he understood me very well, but had a previous engagement with someone else for drinks, and suddenly remembered this as I was pointing to my glass. If this were the case, the offense shown on his face would not be offense at me, but instead worry and annoyance, possible related to a recent argument with the person he was going to meet.

In the nailed-down universe, it would be impossible for me to know any of these motivations for sure, unless I followed this man out of the restaurant and apprehended him on the street. Even then, if he really did speak only Chinese, I would never be able to know exactly why he left.

It might be argued that we then could communicate with each other by the use of sign language, but I do not know sign language.

I have a better idea! Suddenly, I whip a deck of playing cards out of my pocket. He smiles in delight, and we play a round of gin rummy without speaking. During this game, I realize clairvoyantly that he is Portuguese and highly-sensitive due to the fact that he cannot write Chinese correctly.

In the nailed-down universe, it is not possible to obtain

† Phenomenology maintains that all thoughts are constructs drawn from elementary sense data. What judgemental astronomer manipulates this radio telescope of sense perception? By what inner ratio is this so-called "phenomenological" data carpentered together into recognizable ideas?

information on this man's dilemma without the use of a language. This is because informational events are assumed to proceed recursively.

Recursively?

This is a mathematical term which, translated, means that nothing new can be expressed in any language except by combinations of terms which are already in the language. Like *recursive*. If you are going to speak any language at all, you are going to be spoken by that language. Grammatically, you are nailed-down. This is true of mathematics, English, gin rummy and written Chinese. Devising a language, then, is a means of controlling what it is possible to express within that language. In this way, it can be seen that over the course of centuries the Chinese-speaking nations, the players of gin rummy, the English-speaking nations, and mathematicians everywhere have severely limited their future mental development by continuing to use only written and spoken language.

This is because it may be literally impossible to express certain new concepts within any system of notation currently available.

Kurt Godel, an expert on mathematical language, came to this impossibility conclusion as a result of his work with devising arbitrary mathematical languages, as has to be done when constructing a computer. He advanced from the dilemma of axiomatic limitations (all statements made in a certain language must of necessity be based on previous statements) to the notion of "platonic realism." Godel's ideas of platonic realism can in fact be attributed to his instinctive search for the fundamental axioms of choice and assembly, which experientially must lie outside all language. Phenomenology and existentialism, which have influenced much of the current popular and literary thought about reality, assert basically that the language of thought is fundamentally derived from perception.

We can think of nothing, asserts the phenomenological astronomer, except constructs of the data we have received from our sense perceptions, or from statements made in a language which has already been encoded from data received via sense perception. This, by implication, limits human beings to sense perception, and is fundamentally a nailed-down viewpoint.

Platonic realism deals with the perceptions of the intellect and asserts that these mental perceptions are real perceptions, as real as the taste of an orange or the feel of an ice cube. The famous Greek philosopher Plato, four hundred years before Christ's version of the Essene mysticism, maintained that ideas had an existence unto themselves, and that these primary ideas governed and maintained the appearance of the material approximations to which they correspond in general.

Plato is a comparatively recent philosopher.

Pythagoras, a century earlier, maintained that ideas had an existence unto themselves in the form of fundamental numerical ratios and relationships. The idea of universal harmony through numbers was transmitted into Western tradition of thought via Pythagoras, who coupled his teachings with rules for an ethical way of living and the composition of poetry.

This combination of numerical philosophy with artistic and ethical practice originates in the Eastern schools of mysticism we call Sufi. Pythagoras or one of his teachers must have studied at that time in Asia Minor, which is very easy to do if you are already living in Greece.

At any rate, subsequent to his early study, Pythagoras maintained that all material objects were derivative of corresponding mathematical objects (such as the triangle) via formulae for construction such as: *the square on the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the opposite two sides.* Literally.

If you make these squares out of linoleum, they can be divided into real little units which can be reassembled to show that this mathematical idea has genuinely real consequences.

Therefore, this abstract triangulation exists. It has to exist somehow, because it has a touchable correspondence.

Actually, you could make the pythagorean theorem out of birthday cake and eat it. At that time, it could actually be said that you had been physically nourished by the formula $A^2$ plus $B^2$ equals $C^2$. Where does this edible idea exist? In the mental regions. How do we originally perceive it? Mentally. What do we perceive when we perceive it? A dynamic idea.

This dynamic idea is in no way derived from sense perception, if sense perception is nailed down to time events within the electromagnetic spectrum.

It might be argued that the length of the sides of a right triangle can be materially determined by measuring the length of the sides of a real right triangle made of sawn-off sticks, but where did the idea to make this artificial object originate? Certainly, right triangles do not grow on a right triangle tree. Although crystalline structures can show a ninety degree angle which has grown naturally within some substances, the right triangle itself (though it is fundamental to geometry, and thus to all material construction) remains fundamentally a concept of ratio and harmonic arrangement.

Pythagoras not only taught the firm reality of geometric number, he also taught disciplines of mysticism and celestial harmonics, according to which the abstractions of number (by which he meant the numerical ratios objectified in geometry) govern all material manifestation.

Since scientists are now busily engaged in studying the vibratory characteristics of the energies binding the nucleus of atoms, it can easily be seen that the carefully nailed-down universe is basically in flux according to certain fixed numerical ratios. Within this language, "ratio" is assumed to mean the fixed relationship of two adjacent quantities, such as the linked sides of a triangle or the wave amplitude and frequency of an electro-magnetic pulse. Or the pitch and loudness of a musical note. The very idea of fixed ratio implies that it is possible to hold down one quantity for an instant, while another is placed up against it and measured.

It is the measuring that is the problem. How do these abstract measurements and judgemental criteria come into existence?

Anciently, the Arabic and Hebrew mystics are supposed to have learned the powers of esp, pk and communication with numeric entities from the Egyptian mystery schools, in which (symbolically) Moses was clandestinely enrolled before he performed various wonders to lead the Jews out of bondage.

When the philosopher accosted me on the subway, he was trying to signal to me that to maintain that effects can occur independently of sense perception and recursive reasoning was to return the art of philosophy to pre-Mosaic Egypt, when it was supposed that the proper realization

of an idea can result in some material effect: such as the drowning of Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea (as was supposed to have been accomplished by Moses) or the registry on photographic film of images which are not in view of the camera (see *100 Years of Spirit Photography*, by Major Tom Patterson).

The reason why my philosophic friend rushed up from behind to hiss out a question, and then left the subway abruptly at 86th street, is because the very idea of an idea which can photograph itself or transmit somehow the knowledge of exactly when the Red Sea will roll back safely, seems to shortcut the language entirely, thus by implication threatening the very existence of written and spoken philosophy. This threat exists only if a person is phenomenally insecure. Language is just a game.

By correctly maintaining that tennis is a game, I do not put tennis instructors out of business. In tennis, it is not possible to win a game by suspending your serve momentarily in mid-air or hypnotizing your opponent during the initial handshake which occurred two weeks previous to the game.

Of course, it is possible to win at tennis by doing these things, but if you are caught suspending your serve in mid-air, you will be disqualified, and the game is no longer tennis.

Similarly, by asserting that language is a game, I do not annihilate the significance of language. I simply put it into the same category as tennis, chess or gin rummy.

However, in order to deal with basic realities, I must extend the possibilities of expression out beyond verbal language into the symbology of thought.

The word "algorithm" is an Arabic word. It is basic to concepts of machine language (with which Godel was dealing when he made his jump into platonic realism) and it literally means "procedure with things."

Actually, it was originally the name of a Muslim mathematician, but it has come to mean "procedure with things."

The "things" in the case of a mathematical algorithm are the originally postulated axioms, which are then manipulated to construct more complex procedures.

As artificially-created elements of the machine game, these axioms (such as: *no two numbers have the same immediate successor*) have no meaning beyond this game, but are informational things, such as is the knight in a chess game.

The knight in chess is the move: *two squares forward, one square to the side, within the four flat possible directions of the chessboard.* It is not the physical knight (O, 'tis pity, fair maidens!) that comes with any chess set whatsoever.

A bottlecap can be a knight, if the players have memorized the function of knight, and agree that the aspirin bottlecaps (for example) are knights, and the wine corks are bishops, with the queens being the key to the mailbox, the kings the key to the outside cellar door, and the castles (as has been agreed upon) will be represented by four tablets of vitamin C, two colored green and two colored orange.

But perhaps I have gotten carried away by the physical specifics.

In the artificially-created game of arithmetic, the move: *no two numbers have the same successor* is known as Peano's fourth axiom. This axiom does not refer to an actual piano, but to the Italian mathematician Giuseppi Peano, who axiomized the cardinal numbers in 1899.

Peano wrote five axioms, but it is the fourth axiom which is of primary importance to simultaneous arithmetic.

It is by the use of simultaneous arithmetic that I propose to un-nail the universe. The universe of any person is the universe of rules by which he/she plays the game of organized perception. For a long time, it has been assumed that time is a sort of variable subway, like a train in a tunnel run by Giuseppi Peano. In fact, in his simplified explanation of the theory of relativity, Albert Einstein actually uses the analogy of a train running by an embankment as the illustration of time as being different for individuals who occupy different places of reference.

Fundamental to Einstein's analogy is the assumption that the train itself (as it is traveling) cannot be in two places of reference to the embankment at the same time, or traveling over two or more areas of roadbed at the same time.

Or (even more picturesquely) passing infinite areas of scenery at the same measured instant that it is determined that Peano time is relatively different for the traveler on the train (who is in transit) and the pedestrian waiting on the embankment and watching the train roll by from some fixed vantage point.

Einstein's observer, whether on the embankment or having lunch in the dining car, is fundamentally assumed (by Peano's fourth axiom) to be viewing events sequentially. In other words, if there is a tree ahead beside the track, followed by a house, the "Einstein" observer (nailed down to the rails) passes first the tree, in which a kid is sitting who sees this observer and throws an apple. As the Einstein observer moves on down the nailed-down track, another Einstein observer in the house just past the tree notices the apple splattered against the side of the coach and assumes that the kids are out playing in the apple orchard again.

This is a logical deduction, based on the fundamental assumption that every tie in the railroad track is followed only by its immediate successor and that the train has actually gone down this same track and passes the apple orchard which is previous to the house in which the Einstein observer is sitting.

Actually, time is not a train. Time is the ability/capacity/property of separating one state of being from another so that it can be said that changes or differences have been occurring, occur, or will be occurring.

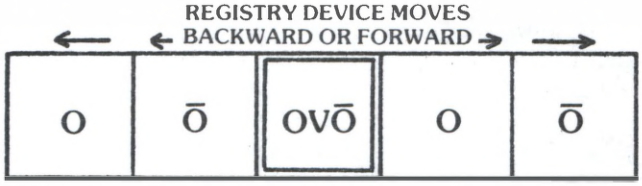
I would like to get off the analogical train, and enter a machine of mirrors.

These mirrors will (conveniently) be framed by the rails and ties of the Einstein/Peano subway track, which I have levered up and put onto a tilting conveyor belt.

For each instant of clocked, sequential time there is one square mirror. The plane face of this mirror is one (outer) side of a hollow, box-like crystal, with plain sides which are individually discrete, but form a continuous series of interface meetings with the hollow cubic instants afterward, and preceding. *(If you are disturbed by this analogy, please see my later discussion of simultaneous dimensionality.)* Meanwhile, this is proceeding as follows:

Although these cubic instants are free to tilt separately, they do proceed side by side in conveyor sequence. The idea of such a conveyor sequence is embodied (but only for the plane surfaces, minus the box) in the Turing Machine developed by Alan M. Turing. This is his real name. He did not go touring in this machine, as it is basically a recur-

sive idea and stays put on the page. In dealing with information theory, Turing postulated a mathematical machine which would consist of a tape which was a sequence of positions, the registry device ("R.D." in my diagram) which can indicate information content at each position, and the elementary possible bit of information: *this square is empty or not-empty* (o v $\bar{o}$).




Fundamental to this model is the notion of Peano time, and actually the model itself is a two-dimensional representation of Peano's subway, though it does not deal specifically with time, except as the technology built on notions such as the Turing machine (which is a rudimentary computer) has come to deal with regulation of time: as in time clocks, reservations computers, and the regulation of artificial earth satellite behavior, as well as the exact instant at which you bought your last 59-cent bottle of chocolate milk.

In this way, it can be seen that the linear, two-dimensional binary-choice tape is a useful tool for astronauts and grocers. However, it is nailed down flat to the paper, and the options of such a sequential machine are dimensionally bounded. Operation by this sort of a recursive system has been governing thoughts about time and dimensionality.

Like the Portuguese who could not write Chinese correctly, mathematicians have been the prisoners of language.

In my current project entitled "un-nailing the universe," I am going to postulate an entirely new algorithm.

Remember that an algorithm is fundamentally a procedure with *things*. Therefore, as a means of clarifying my ideas, I am going to give the instructions for building a time machine. This is not a machine which can take you anywhere physically. However, as with the Turing machine, internalization of the algorithmic language implicit in this machine introduces a rudimentary vocabulary for dealing with concepts of simultaneous time.

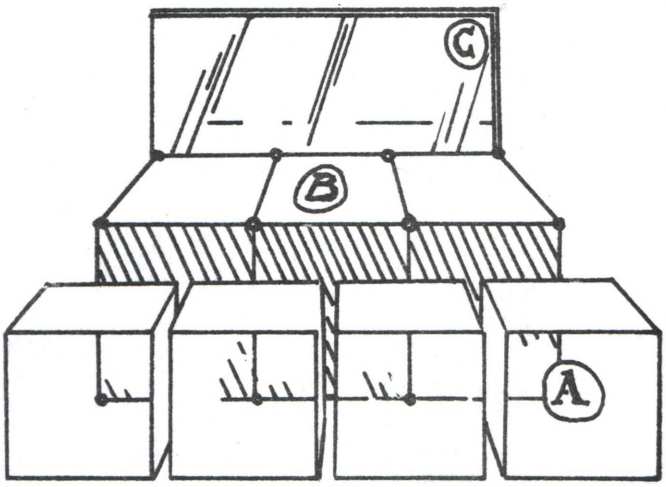
I have entitled my algorithmic thing the box*box machine. In nature, there is a three dimensional analog to the box*box machine in the molecular arrangement of cesium chloride. In visualizing the box*box machine, it might be helpful phenomenologically to study this crystalline structure.

CsCl is a cube-shaped molecular lattice of Cs and Cl, arranged so that (depending on your point of view) there is a cesium atom in the center of each chloride box and/or a chloride atom in the middle of each cesium box.

Of course, the box*box machine is not three dimensional. It is a multi-dimensional concept.

This conceptual machine has three basic components: a) the hollow cubic instants of sequential (or vibratory) time, b) the pseudo-cubic infrastructure of informational (or pranic) time and c) the mutually-reflective surface of the simultaneous present.

Peano's sequential subway and/or the Turing diagram can be understood as being essentially the front face of the sequential time structure diagramed as a). This two-dimensional face can be clear or opaque, exposing or non-exposing the infrastructure diagramed as b).




When the face of the cubic instants is opaque, perception of time (for the viewer sitting out in front of this two-dimensional procession) progresses sequentially.

Of course, time remains structurally multidimensional, but the *perception* of time views only the opaque face.

This opacity of time perception is analogous to the process of selective hearing by which people filter out extraneous sound or music when they are busy at a task.

Fundamental to the notion of a Turing machine is the idea that information arrives at the opaque face of the instant only via the linear registry direction: *go forward X number of spaces, or go backward X number of spaces.*

The only directions in the Turing machine are forward and backward; analogously: the only directions on the Einstein/Peano time subway are past and future.

No matter in what way you fool with the speed of light, you are always going forward or backward along a fundamentally linear model of time.

In the box*box machine, information from any other instant can arrive at the present face of the instant via the pseudo-cubic infrastructure.

This infrastructure is called "pseudo-cubic" due to the fact that while all linked infra-cubes have a definite five-sided meshing with sequential time, they share one sixth side, which is the mutually-reflective surface of the simultaneous present. This simultaneous dimensionality allows one side of each cube to register all infra-cubes simultaneously. Also, it allows any or all of the sequential instants (no matter how far along the line in either direction) to affect the instant which is now present by introducing informational content into the hollow cube of the present in a way which does not involve traveling "backward or forward" in time.

At this time, the *perception* of the observer is non-opaque. The eye of the attention is pressed against the lens of the moment, receiving and selecting informational content from the infrastructure.

Obviously, the idea that all pseudocubes of time's infrastructure share the same backside is a radical departure from ordinary Euclidian geometry.

Please remember the box*box machine, though diagramed on the page, is built mentally. Mentally, it is not necessary to observe the rules of the Euclidian language.

No one is going to arrest you if your mental concepts have a simultaneous backside. In fact, no one will be able to know this for sure within whichever language you are speaking.

For years, philosophers and others have been complaining that there *are* unusual time/informational events within almost everyone's experience (precognitive dreams or hunches, for example) and then trying to lay hold of these effects by some analysis of "mind" or "consciousness."

Rather than being analytical as regards this dilemma, I would like to offer a metaphysical construct:

In the hollow cubic instants of the component (a) are seen to be electro-magnetic in nature, and the pseudo-cubic infrastructure of the box°box machine is said to be pranic† in nature, then since the infrastructure (being pranic) does not occupy electro-magnetic space or any conventional space at all, it is not difficult to see how an event in 1984 can have been registered as connected with an event in 53 B.C. immediately, as both these events are reflected simultaneously from the shared sixth side of each instant.

There are no gears or soldered connections in the box°box machine. It is a solid-state appliance.

† Energies independent of e/m time: see "Fluidice: Time as a function of Prana," *Pursuit*, Vol. 10, No. 2, Spring 1977.

Models of this box°box machine may be constructed from plastic cubes and mirrors available at your local department or hobby store.

Simply make the cubes of the sequential present and the pseudo-cubes of the informational infrastructure out of different colored materials, and set the open backside of the infrastructure at a convenient distance from a large, slightly tilted mirror which reflects the entire structure.

Inset sliding opaque panels into the plane front surface of the sequential present, so that the *perceiver* may view a series of linear panels, or press the eye against the clear front side of these hollow cube instants to view all informational connectives of the infrastructure, as reflected from the simultaneous present. However, remember that the constructed box°box machine is simply a three-dimensional model. The actuality is multi-dimensional.



# FORTEAN FAKES AND FOLKLORE

## By Robert Schadewald

On Christmas Eve of 1890, there was as party at the Lerch residence near South Bend, Indiana. Twenty year old Oliver Lerch was enjoying the festivities with his girlfriend and, about 10:00 PM, his mother asked him to go to the well for water. Soon after the door closed behind him, the merrymakers heard a terrifying scream. Everyone rushed outside.

Oliver Lerch had vanished. From high in the air, they could hear his voice, calling for help but, in spite of the full moon, nothing could be seen. The desperate cries lasted nearly five minutes before they faded into silence. Oliver's tracks in the snow ended half way to the well.[1]

But wait. Maybe it was Charles Ashmore and a spring. About 9:00 on the evening of November 9, 1878, on a farm near Quincy, Illinois, young Charles Ashmore went to a nearby spring for water. When he didn't come back, his family went looking for him. His tracks in the snow ended halfway to the spring. Several times in the following months family members believed they heard Charles Ashmore's voice, faint but distinct, coming from the spot where his tracks had ended.[2]

Or was it Charlotte Ashton and a well? The night of October 17, 1876, near London, sixteen year old Charlotte Ashton left her home with a bucket, bound for the well. When she didn't return, her father went to look for her. You guessed it: her tracks ended halfway to the well. And for several days afterward, near the fateful spot, people heard Charlotte's voice, plaintively crying for help.[3]

Once more? There was James Settle, a coachman who lived on the outskirts of New York City. One winter's night he went out to the barn to feed the horses. There was a scream, cries for help were heard from high in the air and, of course, the tracks in the snow ended abruptly.[4]

An astute reader might detect certain similarities in the preceding four stories. The last three are all ultimately based on the first and all are fiction, although only two were presented as such.

The Oliver Lerch story is an old newspaper hoax that never died. Its inconsistencies have been exposed several times — for instance, there was no snow in South Bend the Christmas of 1890 — and there's no need to rehash it here. Ambrose Bierce read and believed the Lerch story and fictionalized it as "Charles Ashmore's Trail." He added the business about Charles Ashmore's voice being heard from the spot of the disappearance, a detail he may have borrowed from the story of David Lang's disappearance (see *Fate*, December 1977). Someone then changed Charles Ashmore to Charlotte Ashton, moved the story to England, and cynically presented it as factual. Alfred Henry Lewis read some version of it — probably the original Lerch story — and based his short story "Tracks in the Snow" on it.

It is an unfortunate fact that Fortean literature is riddled with fictions like the Lerch story. Fortean fiction falls roughly into three categories: folklore, journalistic hoaxes and other hoaxes.

Fortean folklore has little to do with tribal traditions collected among primitive people. Rather, it is off-beat fiction which successfully masquerades as fact because it sounds so "right." Just as clever sayings are sometimes

falsely attributed to famous people, fictional details sometimes get attached to true stories. When a good story is retold and embellished often enough, the true parts can vanish completely. If a story sounds so good it *has* to be true, it might be largely folklore.

Journalistic hoaxes, whether concocted by journalists or not, are usually nothing but thin air. They're not based on any genuine incident and they're not bolstered by any cooked-up evidence. The hoaxer's primary motive is usually not deception; it may be to point a moral, raise circulation or simply to entertain.

Other hoaxes are other hoaxes.

Stories don't always fall neatly into a single classification. The Lerch story began as a journalistic hoax but its appeal was such that two well-known authors based short stories on it. With so many versions now afloat, it qualifies as folklore. Likewise, the famous David Lang story began as a newspaper hoax, then picked up folklore elements, and years later was supported by cooked-up evidence. And Arthur Conan Doyle took the story of the ship *Mary Celeste*, found abandoned at sea, changed the name to *Marie Celeste*, and wrote a short story about it which "solved" the mystery.[5] Many of the fictional details he added have become folklore and now appear in Bermuda Triangle books as fact.

Folklore elements added to a story can be extremely difficult to identify as such. Just because a detail sounds good, that doesn't mean it's false. But consider mystery ships: if abandoned, they're usually linked by coffee, but if the crew is dead, they're linked by mold.

Some of the more hokey accounts of the *Mary Celeste* mystery state positively that the abandoned ship was found with a pot of coffee boiling on the stove, a detail which escaped the discoverers. In 1880, the crewless *Seabird* ran aground in Rhode Island with coffee boiling on the stove and breakfast on the table.[6] When the abandoned *Holchu* was found in 1953, there was no hot coffee on the stove; but there was *warm* coffee in cups and food ready to serve.[7] The *J. C. Cousins* ran aground in Oregon in 1883 with neither crew nor coffee, but the stove was warm and had food on it. Remarkably, a smoking cigar was still perched on a binnacle tray, although the ship had run aground so hard that observers on shore saw her masts lurch violently.[8]

The three-masted ship *Marlborough* sailed from Littleton, N. Z., in January 1890, bound for her home port of Glasgow, Scotland. She never showed up. Twenty-three years later, in November of 1913, the British ship *Johnson* spotted the derelict *Marlborough*, still afloat, in a cove off Tierra del Fuego, South America. Her mummified crew were covered by a greenish mold.[9] In 1775, the whaler *Greenland* (or *Herald*) spotted a derelict vessel in the North Atlantic. The derelict was boarded and identified as the *Octavius*. According to her log, she had been frozen into the Arctic ice thirteen years previously, off Point Barrow, Alaska. Apparently the drifting ice had carried her through the Northwest Passage and then released her in the Atlantic. Her crew of twenty-eight, mummified by the cold, were all covered by a greenish mold.[10] According to Ripley's *Believe It or Not*, the schooner *Jenny* was found off Antarctica in 1860 with her frozen crew preserved for thirty-seven years. No doubt someone's version of the story has them covered by greenish mold.[11]

It's not much of an exaggeration to call the entire Bermuda Triangle "mystery" folklore. Just as folklore among primitive people grows when each teller embellishes a story, so the Bermuda Triangle mystery grew as writers embellished stories they borrowed from other writers. In the retelling, storms at sea sometimes vanished retroactively so that ships and planes could disappear mysteriously. The high (or low) folklore point was reached in stories about the disappearance of Flight 19, a flight of five Grumman Avenger torpedo bombers, which were lost on a training mission off the coast of Florida in 1945. Important facts were lost, details were garbled and a lot of highly imaginative dialogue appeared from thin air.

Another well-known example of Fortean folklore is the famous spontaneous human combustion trilogy of April 7, 1938. This was first reported by Eric Frank Russell, an English Fortean and science-fiction writer. As Russell told it, a sailor at sea on the S. S. *Ulrich*, a truck driver at Upton-by-Chester, England, and a young man in Nijmegen, Holland, all burst into flames and burned up at nearly the same instant. It's a smashing good story, and has been repeated many times, usually gaining details.

Philip Klass, who has suffered the slings and arrows of outraged Forteans because of his anti-UFO activity, spiked this one in his book *UFOs—Explained*. Upon investigation, he found that there was no such ship as the S. S. *Ulrich*, there was nothing at all mysterious about the truck driver's death and the Dutch police could find no record of the alleged incident in Holland. The S. S. *Ulrich* story has the sound of a newspaper hoax and the Nijmegen story might be one also, as Russell's main sources of information were newspapers.[12]

Journalistic hoaxes are so numerous in Fortean literature that they'll never be completely eliminated. Hoaxing was a favorite sport of nineteenth century newspapermen, and any offbeat newspaper story from that era is suspect unless it can be verified from other sources.

Newspaper hoaxes were often designed to "self-destruct" in the mind of an intelligent reader. Mark Twain's most famous hoaxes, the "Dutch Nick Massacre" and the "Petrified Man," contained roaring absurdities which should have told readers they were put-ons. For instance, anyone who tried to visualize Twain's wordy and roundabout description of the petrified man would have noted that he was winking and thumbing his nose! Few people did, and many newspapers reprinted the story, leaving out critical details of the positions of the hands and eyes.

The story of Captain Seabury's sea serpent, a well-known hoax that originally appeared in the N. Y. *Tribune* in February, 1852, also contains the seeds of its own destruction. The hoax purports to be a letter from Captain Seabury, master of the whaling ship *Monongahela*. The good captain tells a rousing story about how he spotted the giant serpent in the South Pacific and personally led the attack on the beast, sinking the first harpoon himself. There followed an epic sixteen hour battle during which the monster absorbed numerous harpoons, overturned boats, etc. before succumbing. The creature proved to be a giant snake 103 feet 7 inches long and 49 feet 4 inches around the largest part of the body. It had a four inch layer of blubber under the skin and its oil burned almost as fast as turpentine. The *Monongahela* was not expected to make port soon, so Captain Seabury sent his letter ahead with another ship.[13]

The story has many obvious holes in it. For one thing, whaling captains usually didn't double as harpooners. Also, a "Marquesan islander" has a totally un-Polynesian name. The numerous precise measurements of the monster would be impossible to make from a ship. And the *Monongahela* sailed from the South Pacific to the vicinity of Puerto Rico in record time, averaging at least 17 knots! In spite of these tip-offs, the story was widely accepted as fact, and it was eventually reprinted in staid journals like the *Zoologist* and the London *Times*.[14]

Sea serpents were great favorites with nineteenth century newspapers. Another story which made the *Zoologist* originated in a Dutch newspaper, the *Amsterdamsch Courant*, in 1859. During a nine day period, this persistent sea serpent followed the bark *Hendrick Ido Ambacht* from latitude 27°27′ north, longitude 14°51′ east to latitude 37°55′ south, longitude 42°9′ east. Ship and sea serpent thus averaged at least 19 knots, remarkable speed considering that the adventure began in the middle of the Sahara desert and proceeded southeast across most of the continent of Africa.[15]

In *Lo!*, Charles Fort mentioned a New York *Sun* story about a sea serpent in Sandy Lake, Minnesota.[16] There are nineteen Sandy Lakes in Minnesota, but the most logical one is near Aitken. I tried to verify this story in the old Minneapolis *Evening Journal*. Somehow, the *Evening Journal* missed it, but within a three week period it carried a story about a sea serpent in a swamp near Fargo, North Dakota, another in a well near Aberdeen, South Dakota and yet another seen at sea off Portland, Oregon.

The "Modern Jonah" story is another sea story most everyone has heard. It tells how James Bartley, a British seaman of the ship *Star of the East*, was swallowed by a whale. A day (or days) later, his shipmates killed a large whale. As they cut it up, they noticed something moving inside it. It was Bartley, still alive and only slightly the worse for wear.[17] The story is supposedly supported by affidavits from witnesses and by "records of the Admiralty." Alas, no one can produce the affidavits or records. In 1907, the *Expository Times* (of England) carried an extensive correspondence about Bartley. Among the letters they received was one from the wife of the former Captain of *Star of the East*, who said the incident never happened. It's apparently another newspaper hoax.[18]

Non-journalistic hoaxes are not intended to be discovered, at least not until the hoaxer chooses to let the cat out of the bag. There is a genuine intent to deceive, for monetary or other reasons.

The Maury Island UFO hoax is an example. Two Washington men claiming to be harbor pilots told of seeing a damaged flying saucer discharging junk on Maury Island. They provided samples of the debris and also photographs, which "unfortunately" didn't turn out. The debris turned out to be foundry slag and the two men later admitted that they had hoped to sell their story to *Fate*!

The Kensington Rune Stone, one of the most thoroughly exposed of all hoaxes, still lives on. The stone was "found" near Kensington, Minnesota, in 1898, by a Norwegian farmer. The inscription on it purports to prove that a Norse expedition reached Minnesota in 1362. The farmer who found it claimed he knew nothing about runes and described the inscription as "Greek." The hoax would be a lot more credible if one of the perpetrators hadn't sent a "copy" of the inscription to the Minnesota Historical Society which is worded slightly different than the stone, but written in equally good runes![19]

There are other well-known hoaxes that some still take seriously. In the nineteenth century, John C. Scribner, Wells Fargo agent, druggist and store keeper, planted an old human skull in Marson's Mine, Calaveras County, California. It was then "found" and alleged to prove that man had been in the Americas in very ancient times. In the same year, John Keely conceived a swindle involving a motor using water with enormous amounts of energy drawn out of it by mumbo-jumbo. The hidden power sources that actually ran his apparatus were discovered after his death, but some still think he was on to something.[20] And UFO literature is riddled with hoaxes.

Exposing Fortean phoneys is a lot of work, and no matter how thoroughly exposed, some of them refuse to die. The Oliver Lerch story is still going strong. It may prove as durable as H. L. Mencken's non-Fortean bathtub hoax, which annually reincarnates on Millard Fillmore's birthday. The trouble is, some of the stories are damned *good*. And there are enough people who prefer a good story to the truth to keep Fortean fakes and folklore flourishing.

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# WITCHCRAFT AND WEATHER MODIFICATION

By George M. Eberhart

**PART II**
**(Continued from last issue)**



*Lapland witches selling wind-knots to mariners. Olaus Magnus,* Historia de gentibus septentrionalibus *(1555).*

## THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

All the superstitions and hysteria of the preceding decades were inherited by the 16th century. The *Malleus* was still used to justify witch persecutions, and all sorts of bad weather was blamed on demon-aided witch sects.

Catholic churches employed their own forms of weather magic, including a wax image called an *agnus dei* (because it was molded in the shape of a lamb) that warded off storms. St. Barbara was invoked against thunder, church bells were run to disperse storms, and holy water was abused by the congregation, "insomuch that against tempests of thunder and lightning many run to the church for holy water to cast about their houses to drive away ill Spirits and devils, notwithstanding the King's Majesty's proclamations in the same."[39]

Reformation theologians enthusiastically exposed all this as so much papist superstition. Johann Brenz argued in 1539 that bad weather came directly from God as punishment for sin, and that if witches had actually confessed to storm-raising it was because they were deluded by the Devil who had foreknowledge of God's chastisements. John Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, mocked Catholic beliefs in the *agnus dei* in 1583, asking "what can a piece of wax prevail to the staying of a tempest? The Lord of heaven and earth, it is he that sendeth forth lightnings,

and raiseth up tempests. . . ." Bishop Pilkington preached against the efficacy of ringing church bells in a storm.[40]

All in all it was a bad century for tempests. St. Paul's steeple in London was hit by lightning in 1561, and the brooding populace thought it "was mischievously done by art magic." The next year a severe hailstorm laid waste the Duchy of Wûrttemburg and the court preachers Alber and Bidembach had to remind congregations once again that God, not witchcraft, causes storms. When lightning destroyed part of the castle of Tübingen in 1579, the theologian Jacob Heerbrand denied that witches could have caused it since "these poor simpletons and old women can make storms neither by themselves nor with the co-operation of the devil himself."[41]

**"But ecclesiastical rhetoric did not stop authorities from assuming witches guilty of storm-raising."**

But ecclesiastical rhetoric did not stop authorities from assuming witches guilty of storm-raising. After sufficient torture Madame Desle la Mansenĕe confessed to hail-storm production (among other things) at Luxeuil, Franche-Comté, in 1529. Another case at Montbĕliard in the same region in 1554 provided inquisitors with a detailed formula for hailmaking. Monter notes that hailmaking was an "important *maleficium* in nearly every preserved confession" at Catholic Fribourg from 1502 to 1570, although in the Protestant towns of Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Lausanne its occurrence was less frequent. Joan Robinson of Walton was accused of conjuring a great wind in 1582, and an old woman in Vienna confessed under torture to raising storms for the previous 15 years. In 1588 Dietrich Flade of Trier was accused of urging crop destruction by magical hailstorms.[42]

Partly as a reaction to the shock of mass executions, Reginald Scot directed his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) to shattering the aura of mystery in the public mind about witches and their activities: "insomuch as a clap of thunder, or a gale of wind is no sooner heard, but either they run to ring bels, or crie out to burne witches. . . But certainlie, it is neither a witch, nor divell, but a glorious God that maketh the thunder." And again:

> If you read the executions doone upon witches, either in times past in other countries, or latelie in this land; you shall see such impossibilities confessed, as none, having his right wits, will beleeve. Among other like false confessions, we read that there was a witch confessed at the time of her death or execution, that she had raised all the tempests, and procured all the frosts and hard weather that happened in the winter 1565; and that manie grave and wise men beleeved her.

Scott listed various superstitions that witches had confessed to in their attempts to bring rainstorms: throwing a flint over the left shoulder; throwing sand into the air; wetting a broom straw in water and sprinkling it in the air; pouring water into a hole and stirring it up with a finger; burying sage; or boiling hog bristles.[43]

King James VI of Scotland called Scot's book "damnable," since he himself had been the object of weather magic in 1590 when Agnes Sampson of the North Berwick witch coven had tried to wreck the ship that was bringing the King back from Denmark with his bride. Agnes "took a cat and christened it, and after bound to each part of that cat the chiefest part of a dead man and several joints of his body," and threw the poor animal into the sea to stimulate a tempest. Apparently James did meet with unfavorable winds on his voyage.[44]

Wind-witches on the island of Mull claimed to be responsible for sinking the Spanish Armada in 1588. The leader of the witches, the Doiteag Mhuileach, spent the entire night with her companions "raising and lowering a great quern to the rooftree." This produced a terrible gale that not only wrecked the Armada but blew down the Doiteag's house as well.[45]

The great demonologist and Attorney-General of Lorraine, Nicholas Remy, boasted of having been responsible for the executions of some 200 witches for storm-raising by the year 1595. The witches had told him, he said, that a hailstorm could be generated by stirring up water in a pool with a rod until it formed a dense vapor in which the demons could hide. This cloud the witches could steer wherever they wanted and drop it down to earth as hail. Remy also mentioned the practice of urinating into a hole in the ground if there were no other ready-made pools, and agitating the mud thus formed to produce rain. Unlike Scot, Remy was fully convinced of the meteorological powers of witches and demons.[46]

## THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

The Reformation was finally beginning to make an impact on weather modification theory, Catholic diehards like Remy notwithstanding. By 1600 even Catholic cardinals were questioning the utility of ringing church bells to dispel storms. The Lutheran professor of Scripture at Tübingen, Johann Sigwart, in 1613 managed to justify executions of witches for storm-raising (even though supposedly powerless devils were deluding supposedly powerless witches) by explaining that the *intent* to do harm was there all the same. Evidence from Switzerland and the Jura indicates that Protestant skepticism had virtually eliminated accusations of weather magic in Lutheran and Calvinist areas, and trials had dwindled in Catholic sectors as well.[47] Gradually magical weather control left the realm of theological maleficia and slipped back into the misty world of folklore.

On the night of the Gunpowder Plot (November 5, 1605) a terrible storm destroyed part of the cathedral at Dornoch, Sutherland, and the Scots were so struck by the coincidence that they attributed both events to the devil. The seafaring Basques also attributed violent storms to some kind of evil force, especially when they involved shipwrecks. The witches of Zugarramurdi, Spain, who were burned in 1610 admitted to raising winds and wrecking ships in the Bay of Biscay.[48]

In the 17th century it was common knowledge among mariners that the Finns, Lapps, Danes, and Celts would sometimes sell favorable winds that they had conjured up. As early as 1350 Ranulf Higden had said of the Isle of Man: "for wommen there sellith to schipmen wynde, as it

were i-closed vnder three knottes of threde, so that more wynd he wol haue, he wil vnknette the mo knottes." The Swedish Catholic priest and historian, Olaus Magnus, described the witches of Lapland in 1555:

> The *Finlanders* were wont formerly amonst their other Errors of Gentilisme, to sell Winds to Merchants, that were stopt on their Coasts by contrary Weather; and when they had their price, they knit three Magical knots, not like to the Laws of *Cassius*, bound up with a Thong, and they gave them unto the Merchants; observing that Rule, that when they unloosed the first, they should have a good Gale of Wind: when the second, a stronger wind: but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel Tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the Forecastle to avoid the Rocks, nor move a foot to put down the Sails, nor stand at the Helm to govern the Ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it, who denied that there was any such power in those knots.[49]

The mythical lame smith of the Norsemen, named Volundr, always kept a supply of wind knots in his smithy. Norwegian Lapps in the late 16th century were selling winds with the same three knots to credulous mariners. Knud Leems repeated the same story of the Lapp witches of Finmark in 1767, and even as late as 1814 Sir Walter Scott visited an old crone of Stromness in the Orkneys who boiled a kettle to generate winds which she then sold to ship captains for sixpence.[50]

Trials for storm-raising still turned up from time to time. In 1627 a witch at Eichsätt confessed under torture to raising eight tempests; the devil had supplied her with a magic powder made from children's corpses which she buried in the ground to ensure foul weather. Reverend John Lowes of Brandeston, Suffolk, was also tortured into admitting tempest production. He confessed to Matthew Hopkins in 1645 that he had a yellow imp which he commanded to sink a ship off Harwich. Five years later a Norwegian witch named Karen Thorsdatter accused another woman of raising storms, but the woman was acquitted when her husband, a country judge, defended her.[51]

Anne Bodenham, executed at Salisbury in 1653, had caused a violent wind to blow when she conjured up her devils. Marguerite Peigné was arrested in Comol, Switzerland, in 1658 for bewitchment and was later suspected of hailmaking. Isobel Gowdie, the witch of Auldearne, boasted of her method for raising wind in 1662:

> Quhen we rease the wind, we tak a rag of cloth, and weitts it in water; and we tak a beetle [piece of flat wood] and knokis the rage [rag] on a stone, and we say thryce ower,
>
> 'I KNOK this ragg upon this stane,
> To raise the wind, in the DIVELLIS name;
> It sall not lye vntill I please againe![52]

In München on January 9, 1666, an old man was convicted of raising storms, and he was burned alive after being torn up with red-hot pincers. Per Matteson was brought before the Swedish Witchcraft Commission in 1671 for conjuring winds by whistling through a tobacco pipe, an event said to have taken place over ten years earlier. One of the last witch trials involving weather control occurred at Merano, in the Tyrol, in 1679. A 14-year-old beggar boy was suspected by the local police of conjuring storms; he confessed under torture and implicated three other youths, and all of them were burned on December 13.[53]

**"By this time nearly all the literate demonologists were denying the witch's ability to change the weather."**

By this time nearly all the literate demonologists were denying the witch's ability to change the weather. Francois Perreaud devoted a chapter to disproving demonic hailstorms using arguments similar to Brenz and Sigwart, and the Quaker George Fox in 1657 ridiculed storm-raising, although he never questioned the "spirit of witchcraft." John Webster also refused to believe stories about weather magic. One of the few who still accepted the powers of demons and witches over the elements was Henry More, who called everyone else's skeptical theories unreasonable.[54]

There was a brief revival of ritual weather magic in the 18th century when a few "medieval" grimoires were written,[55] but meteorology had developed into a full-fledged science and the old Renaissance ideas of "vapors" and "ether" were being replaced by sound atmospheric concepts. Benjamin Franklin's lightning experiments in the 1750s probably did more to knock the wind out of witch-produced weather than anything else. And even though the Polish peasants who forced all the women in two villages to bathe outside during a drought in 1790 to bring rain[56] may have been subjected to the embarrassment of contemporary scientific guffaws, at least it was preferable to kangaroo court proceedings, exquisite torture, and a spectacular fiery finish!

## SCIENTIFIC WITCHCRAFT AND MAGICAL SCIENCE

The advent of the scientific era did not stop the weather modifiers, although they were forced to change their tactics a bit. After the decline of traditional witchcraft numerous rainmakers sprung up in different areas of the United States and each had varying degrees of luck. Explosives enjoyed great popularity with the rainmakers, and in 1892 Congress appropriated $10,000 for experiments conducted under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture using dynamite and hydrogen-oxide balloons. In 1911 and 1912 C. W. Post (of Post Toasties, etc., fame) tried blasting rain out of the sky with bombs at Battle Creek, Michigan, but it was difficult for him to prove that he had caused any ensuing storms. Goodland, Kansas, was a favorite proving ground for rainmakers in the 1890s because of its perennial droughts. Many drifters came to town claiming successes in some distant place, then after selling their secrets to a local company would leave for the next dry settlement. The local companies had few successes in Goodland, although towns downwind would



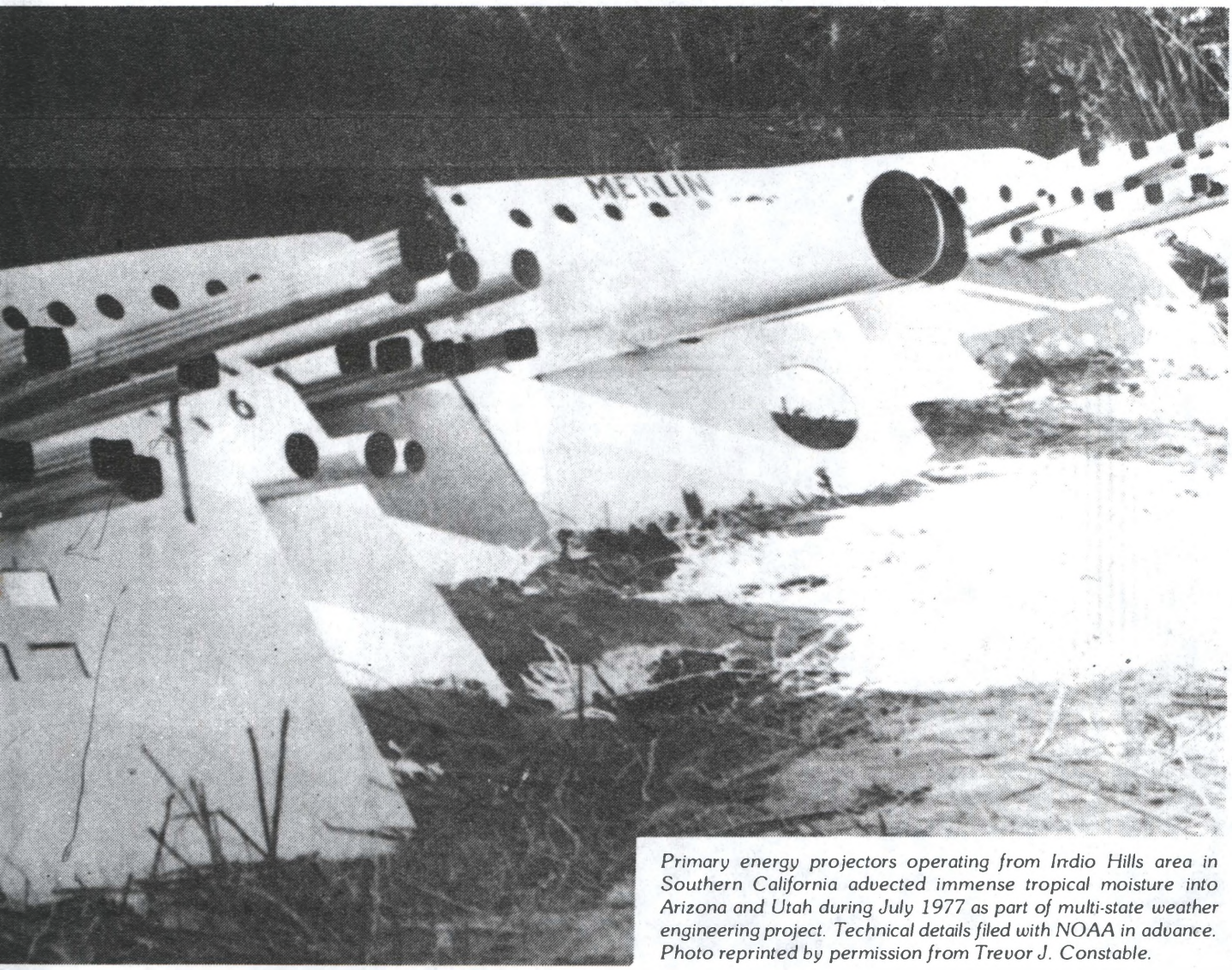

sometimes complain to the mayor to "turn off" the rainmakers because they were getting more precipitation than they needed.[57]

Perhaps the most successful rainmaker was Charles Mallory Hatfield, a sewing machine salesman who traveled around the West in his spare time producing storms for drought-stricken areas. At each place he would set up elaborate-looking tubs of evil-smelling chemicals guaranteed to generate tempests. His operations in Dawson City, Yukon, in 1906, however, conformed only minimally to his advertisements and the territorial council paid him merely a fraction of what they had originally offered. Ten years later he claimed a resounding success at San Diego, when shortly after sending up his chemicals violent rainstorms hit the area and caused extensive flooding. The city council obstinately refused to pay him his $10,000 fee because local damages were so great, and by the end of the year the city was deluged with $3.5 million in lawsuits for hiring a careless rainmaker.[58]

In the 1950s "magical" weather modification took on a new wrinkle with Wilhelm Reich's invention of the cloudbuster. Reich was a Maine psychologist (formerly Austrian) who believed that the universe was suffused with a mysterious form of life energy which he called "orgone energy" and which was responsible for everything from cosmic radiation to biogenesis. Certain types of bad weather were caused by a negative form of orgone energy (DOR, or deadly orgone radiation) which had a tendency to form in black, smoky-looking masses (shades of St. Godric) when normal orgone came in contact with radioactive matter.

Reich's cloudbuster was designed to draw the DOR out of the atmosphere and disperse the black clouds. Theorizing that water absorbs orgone energy, he joined together a series of hollow metal pipes, 9 to 12 feet long and 1½ inches in diameter, and connected them by a metal-encased cable to a deep well. Reich found that when the pipes were pointed at the DOR-clouds they soon disintegrated.

Soon Reich discovered that ordinary rainclouds could be busted as easily as the black DOR-clouds. Since the atmosphere during a rainstorm has a high concentration of natural orgone (lightning is its most visible manifestation according to Reich), the cloudbuster apparently sucks up the excess energy and transfers it to the well water, dispersing the clouds in the process. Strangely enough, the cloudbuster could also be used to encourage raincloud formation if the pipes were pointed at clear sky near the edge of an existing cloud. Later model cloudbusters sported a telescopic sighting attachment and were mounted on a movable stand to allow complex weather modification experiments.[59]




*Primary energy projectors operating from Indio Hills area in Southern California advected immense tropical moisture into Arizona and Utah during July 1977 as part of multi-state weather engineering project. Technical details filed with NOAA in advance. Photo reprinted by permission from Trevor J. Constable.*

Reich fared little better with the authorities than medieval witches had. He died in 1957 in a federal penitentiary where he had been sent for a contempt of court citation stemming from his refusal to obey a Food and Drug Administration injunction against his orgone cancer therapy device. Most scientists in the 1950s considered him an essentially talented man who had gone astray with a few oddball theories. But in the past few years Reich's theories have increasingly met acceptance with psychologists and biologists, and some have proclaimed him a genius and a social prophet. Meteorologists have yet to be heard from.[60]

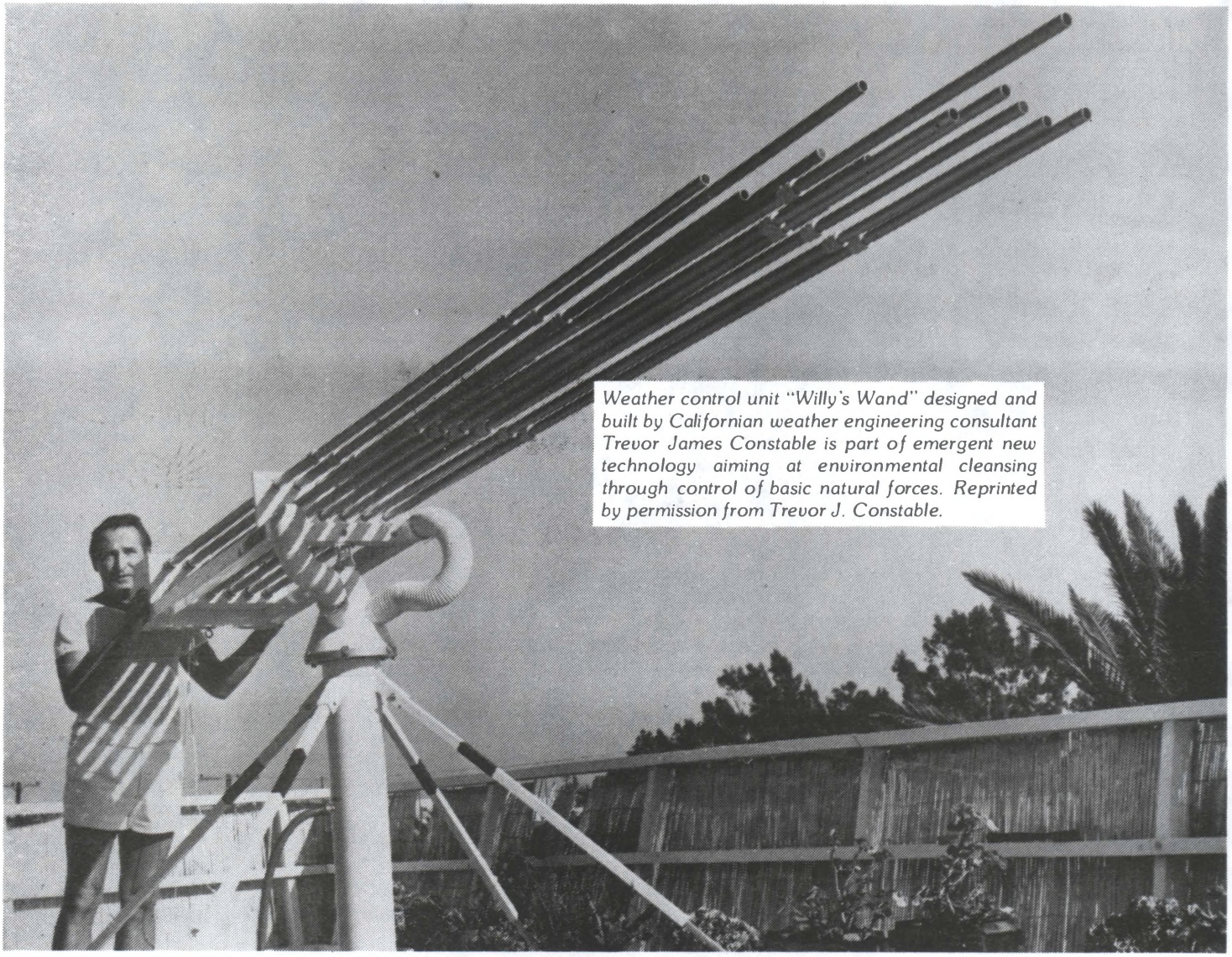
Of the few neo-Reichians who have repeated the cloudbusting experiments, Trevor Constable, currently president of Merlin Weather Engineering in San Pedro, California, has been the most persistent. Constable's experiments led him to believe that the cloudbuster, instead of drawing energy *out of* the atmosphere to disperse clouds, actually shoots orgone energy *into* the atmosphere. This additional orgone absorbs excess moisture, raises the "organotic potential," and ultimately disperses the cloud cover.[61] Constable has had success with wind abatement and control, heat-wave alleviation,[62] and waterspout collapsing. He also claims at least partial responsibility for putting out the July, 1977, Santa Barbara fire by diverting cool offshore air onto the stricken region.[63]

Other modern weather-changers have claimed similar successes merely by using their own mental powers. A London housewife, Doris Munday, claims to be able to dispel rain psychokinetically. She said in 1970:

> Nobody ever believes me . . . There's no mumbo-jumbo, no incantations, no witchcraft — I just think very hard, concentrate on what I want the weather to do, and it works. At least, it works 90 per cent of the time. . .[64]

Other psychics are able to disperse clouds by concentrating intently. Charles Hapgood gave a notable demonstration of this one day in 1968 at Charleston, West Virginia: after several minutes of concentration a hole formed in the cloud layer, the sun began to shine through, and as Ivan Sanderson (who was present) said, "the weather remained almost perfect over about a hundred square miles of the Kanawha Valley for the two days while we conducted our operations, though it continued to rain all around."[65]

The proprietors of three ski lodges near Lake Louise, Alberta, hired the services of a transplanted Swiss named Bruno Engler to produce a few inches of snow for the 1973-74 winter season. Engler had learned a few tricks from the local Indian populations, and his snow-attraction



*Weather control unit "Willy's Wand" designed and built by Californian weather engineering consultant Trevor James Constable is part of emergent new technology aiming at environmental cleansing through control of basic natural forces. Reprinted by permission from Trevor J. Constable.*

technique was very shamanistic: he dressed up in colored feathers and a medicine-man mask as he danced around and chanted for 15 minutes. On the third day a heavy snow fell and the drifts piled up to six feet. In the grand tradition of public ungratefulness toward weather modifiers, people began complaining that he had overdone it. Engler answered them by saying: "Nobody told me when to stop dancing, so I just kept on. Now we have enough snow for all season."[66]

A witch doctor in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, was employed to keep rain away from the Malaysian Open Golf Championship in March, 1976. He apparently succeeded, since the golf course remained dry even though torrential rains had drenched the city for four days previously.[67]

Another rainmaker was hired by the Sikh community in Southall, London, during England's severe 1976 drought. Guru Jagat Singh Ji and his 20-man orchestra managed to produce a shower within one day of his campaign of music and intense prayer.[68]

Occult weather modification seems to have become completely harmless in modern times, but not so more conventional methods. From 1967 to 1972 the Department of Defense spent $21.6 million on a cloud-seeding program along the Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos and Vietnam. The idea was to increase rainfall during the monsoon season so that enemy vehicles would have trouble passing along the roads. However, according to Lt. Col. Ed Soyster of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the final results of the operation "cannot be precisely quantified. This is due to the lack of sufficient ground stations to report." This unconventional warfare stirred up so much public outcry that laws and treaties are now being drafted to prevent further military weather modification operations.[69]

## SPECULATION

As this brief history shows, there are quite a few alternative methods of weather modification besides cloud seeding. But do they really work? Other than Hatfield's chemical process and Reich's physical (or metaphysical) methods, they all seem to boil down to mind over matter, the matter in this case being the atmosphere. The nature and existence of meteorological demons is a complex problem but it doesn't really concern us here. Gods and demons were convenient explanations for phenomena beyond man's everyday frame of reference. They symbolized the unknown Factor X which produced paranormal events.

Psychokinesis (PK) was first demonstrated in the lab at Duke University by J. B. Rhine in the 1930s. Rhine

found that certain persons could influence the outcome of dice throws more often than was allowable by chance.[70] The question soon arose that, if relatively large objects like dice could be moved psychokinetically, what about small particles, molecules, or energy fields?

Chauvin and Genthon demonstrated in 1965 that it was possible to influence the rate of blips on a Geiger counter registering the radioactivity of uranium nitrate. Uri Geller was able to produce pulses on a Geiger counter when there was no radiation in the room, merely by holding the screen in his hand continuously for 50 minutes. Other experiments indicate that Geller can influence a local electromagnetic field enough to register on a gaussometer and deflect a compass.[71]

Clouds are essentially stable masses of water droplets suspended in the atmosphere. Any alteration in a cloud's stability by increasing the number of condensation nuclei, the temperature, or the droplet size spectrum will eventually trigger rainfall. A stabilizing process applied to a precipitating cloud can similarly retard rain. Cloud dispersal can theoretically be achieved by vaporizing the water droplets. PK powers might be developed to exploit all these methods. Wind production or alleviation could also be accomplished by paranormally moving molecules within an air mass and altering its temperature. All the PK practitioner(s) need do is concentrate intently on the desired process.

But amateur weather modifiers beware! At least thirty states require a license before anyone can engage in modification activities, and a federal law has been in force since 1971.[72] Obviously the law was intended for cloud-seeding companies, but if occult methods come into vogue rain dancers and neo-Reichians could technically be held in violation.

The grand old days of witchcraft are gone, but the storm-raiser still needs to watch his step!



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# WEATHER MODIFICATION AND CONTROL?

*"The kind of storms that killed only a few people in the past will kill thousands. The time is ripe for such a killer storm, and I'm afraid it could very well come this summer or fall."*
*—Merlin Williams, director of the Weather Modification Office in Boulder, Colorado*

**By S. N. Mayne**

Scientists have talked about modifying (and therefore controlling) the weather for countless years. Now it is possible, according to a recent article in *The New York Times* (May 25, 1978). Climatologists have finally, after three decades, discovered enough global patterns which *could* lead to computer models that could improve forecasts. Certainly, improved forecasts could and should be forthcoming.

About a year ago, I and another SITU investigator found our way to the World Weather Building in Washington D.C., where we ferreted out the unpublicized office of Don Gilman, head of the 30 Day Long Range Prediction Group, National Meteorological Center. During the course of our interesting discussions with Mr. Gilman, I asked him why, with all our super technologies as well as our satellites which monitor the global weather patterns 24 hours daily, computers had not been utilized to study the overall patterns. The answer is simple: no computers could possibly monitor and program all variables that make up the weather.

But back to our *New York Times* article. Merlin Williams is the director of the Weather Modification Office in Boulder, Colorado (Boulder itself is a potential flood target from Boulder Creek: the flood pattern here would be similar to the disaster that struck nearby Big Thompson Canyon in 1976, killing 139 persons and demolishing many new homes in the process). He feels there is a great urgency for the modification of weather — particularly hurricanes, citing that in the past, although hurricanes caused the United States an average of 500-750 million dollars in annual damage, loss of life has been relatively small. But now all this has changed. In alarmingly increasing numbers, Americans have systematically built communities in dangerous coastal areas, particularly along the Southern Florida coast and the Keys. Many buildings in the area have been built without hurricane-resistant specifications.

The time is ripe for a "killer storm," according to Williams. "Storms that killed only a few people in the past will kill thousands. I'm afraid it *could* very well come this summer or fall." (Maybe he knows something we don't?)

In lieu of this, Operation Stormfury will be reactivated after a six year layoff. Plans for this summer will include attempts to seed silver iodide and pyrotechnic material into the clear spaces just outside the hurricane (or himicane) eye's wall of clouds, where the spiral arms begin. The goal is to disrupt the flow of heat within the storm, thus forcing its central winds to transfer to a wider circle. Wind velocities in the larger circle *could* (there's that conditional word again!) be reduced by as much as 20 m.p.h., due to the laws of motion.

So, although some aspects of the global climate *could* be computerized, the picture as a whole is far from being understood. Suppose we did succeed (if that's the right word!) in modifying, or greatly reducing, hurricanes. What would this do to the overall balance of climatic actions? For instance, scientists have long known that hurricanes act as a major means of transporting large quantities of warm moist tropical air into the northern polar regions; but what drastic repercussions would nature have in store for us if we stopped (or even simply altered) this natural process?

This also brings to mind the situation that occurred in 1947 with the first attempted seeding experiment using silver iodide. The hurricane, located off the southeastern (Atlantic) coast of the United States, and which initially posed only a single threat, upon being seeded promptly split into *two* storms, with both of them subsequently striking two separate locations of the U. S. mainland.

Ar. I so we wish the hurricane seeders and Seers luck: *good* luck for the seeders who would tamper with one of the most masterful, unpredictable and awesome forces of nature; and *bad* luck for the chance that Mr. Williams's scientific prediction will come true.

As Forteans know, despite our wishes the outcome *could* very well result in a self-fulfilling prophecy, even though the "killer storm" may very well *not* materialize as predicted *if left alone*. By tampering with the incipient storm, the scientists may unwittingly create that which they would destroy.

In nature, anyway, the result of a seed is often a full grown organism....



# "AHOY, MATE! *WHICH* FLAMIN' PHANTOM SHIP SAILS THAR?"

**By Larry E. Arnold**

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The author wishes to acknowledge Roland H. Sherwood's gracious assistance and permission to quote from his *The Phantom Ship of Northumberland Strait*, and X, editor of *Res Bureaux Bulletin*, for clips on recent sea monster sightings.



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The *Palatine*, immortalized by poets and romanticists, is said to make its re-appearances off Block Island on the anniversary of its looting and burning by wreckers in 1752. Red flames still silhouette the black square-rigger that plies the dark waters of Block Island Sound, but there's more than one mystery that haunts this specter.

From Peter Haining's *Ghosts: The Illustrated History* (New York: Macmillan, 1975), p.69. Photo reproduced by permission of the *Mary Evans Picture Library*.

*For still, on many a moonless night,*
*From Kingston Head and from Montauk light*
*The spectre kindles and burns in sight.*
*—John Greenleaf Whittier,*
*"The* Palatine"

[Based on research for the author's forthcoming book, *ABLAZE! The Case for, and cases of, Spontaneous Human Combustions*, vol. 1 of the series *EARTH IN TRANSITION: Revised Planetary Perspectives*.]

Go down to the sea, young man," said the salt-encrusted lips of the old mariner whose face resembled the troughs and crests of the ocean which had weathered it. "Go down to the sea, if you want to find a mystery..."

The aging sailor's advice is not a revelation, mind you. It is said there's an area (or areas) in which ships and planes strangely disappear, or *almost* disappear only to escape from the grip of unseen and unexpected forces. There may be something factual to these 'Bermuda Triangles' but the alleged evidence is hotly debated.

Yet there is truth in the seaman's words, for there's a phenomenon of the sea which, though it might cause even more arguments than do these fabled zones of disappearance, will be harder to dispute. Too many people have *seen* the spectacle—

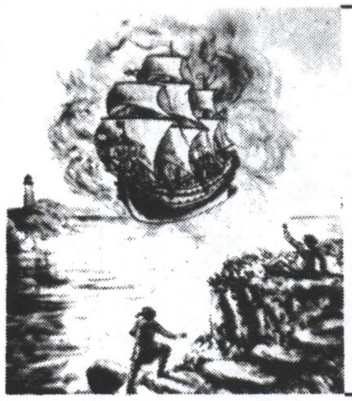
It is said nothing intrigues a person more than a good mystery. Add a ghost and the mystery becomes doubly fascinating. Inject the mystical power of fire into the brew and ... well, what we have is *the haunting enigma of the flaming phantom ships of the sea.*

# IT'S NOT YOUR (EXTRA)ORDINARY GHOST SHIP

There are many ghost vessels that have plied the oceans, or sailed through some 'thing' that humans *think* is water.

The infamous brigantine *Mary Celeste*, found shipshape but strangely devoid of her captain and crew on 5 December 1872, has become the classic example of a multitude of *deserted* ghost ships.

Another eerie category of ghostly vessels exists, however. Not only do they cause wonder and terror in the witnesses who see them, but they linger long after their passing to taunt our concepts of Reality. These engimas are the spectral ships — craft that, if manned, can be navigated through the water only by ghosts because nothing else could stand on their ethereal decks.



Robert Harding Associates, London, England

The *Goblin*, a phantom ship that sails inland from Porthcurno Cove, Cornwall, England.

Does this anomaly of space-and-time displacement hold clues that can explain another type of phantom vessel—those illumed by their own ghostly combustion?

From Anthony D. Hippisley Coxe's *Haunted Britain* (New York: Mc-Graw-Hill, 1975), p. 23. Photo reproduced by permission of Robert Harding Associates, London, England.

The *Goblin*, a black square-rigged specter (see above), navigates within this latter category — but with a difference. Time and again, says Anthony D. H. Coxe in *Haunted Britain*, residents around Porthcurno Cove near St. Leven in England's Cornwall, have watched this ill-omened ship slice through the breakers. It heads straight for shore, only to glide "almost half a mile inland before disappearing."[1]

Who says ships must sail *in* water? Not the people of Porthcurno Cove—

If ghost ships are seen to go repeatedly where a normal vessel can't, why couldn't these phantoms of the waves do other 'impossible' things — like having ethereal flames lick ravagingly at phantom rigging?

An affirmative answer comes from no less an illustrious source than the Duke of York, later to be King George V of England. While serving as midshipman on the 1879-1882 round-the-world voyage of the HMS *Bacchante*, he and his brother Prince Albert Victor witnessed the unexpected — and the unexplained.

The scene occurred between Sydney and Melbourne, Australia. The Duke's account of a "strange light, as if of a phantom vessel all aglow" is taken from a diary entry for 4 a.m., 11 June 1881, and appears in the *Cruise of the Bacchante* as follows:

> "In the midst of the red light, the masts, spars and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up on the port bow. The lookout in the forecastle reported her as close to the bow, while also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her. So did the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving, there was no vestige or sign of any material ship. The night was clear and the sea calm.
>
> "Thirteen persons altogether saw her. Two other ships of the squadron, the *Tourmaline* and the *Cleopatra*, who were sailing off our starboard bow, asked whether we had seen the strange red light."[4]

As if her decks were ablaze, a recklessly piloted vessel almost collides with a sovereign British ship-of-the-line—then vanishes!

Aye, mate, a fiery phantom windjammer it must have been.

Or was the night-watch of the *Bacchante* simply experiencing a collective hallucination? What then were the two neighboring vessels in the fleet observing?

There arises another question, equally perplexing and disturbing. Not more than five hours later, as the mid-morning breeze was carrying the *Bacchante* towards Sydney, the lookout who first saw the specter fell from a crosstree and was killed.[5] Coincidence? A slip of the foot? Or did the sailor fall victim to the curse of a ghost ship, which demands that whoever should first spy one will soon be signing on a new voyage into the Unknown?

## THE *TEAZER* LIGHT

A cursed voyage of the damned: sailors doomed to man their posts forever amid the flames of a Hell-upon-water. Is this the fate of those whose actions contribute to a ship's destruction by fire?

Some Nova Scotians living around Mahone Bay believe it is. And maybe on a dark night when the chill Canadian winds hammer at the shutters and the Moon ignites the waves with a phosphorescent shimmer you might hear their tales of a different kind of fire on the water—

The "Teazer Light," Canadian historian Roland H. Sherwood was told, has repeatedly been observed racing past Blue Rocks and into the channel between Mason's and Rafuse Islands. "Reported as a great ball of light that startles watchers, it goes bounding over the waters, to suddenly grow into a great glare, such as a ship exploding at sea; but there is no sound.* The light flares hugely for brief seconds and is gone," recounts Sherwood in his *The Phantom Ship of Northumberland Strait And Other Mysteries of the Sea*.[6]

Naturally there is a legend to explain this strange presence.

During the War of 1812 the *Teazer*, an American raiding vessel, had a brief but illustrious career against British shipping. While under the command of Lt. Frederick Johnson, the *Teazer* was captured and burned by the enemy, though her officers were humanely released on condition that they would not bear arms against the Crown again. But when the Congress christened a replacement vessel the *Young Teazer*, Lt. Johnson's patriotism and/or sentimentality became too strong: he signed on and continued to disrupt Maritime commerce.

*A curious parallel is found in another type of pyrophenomena: SHC (spontaneous human combustion). A Mrs. Helen H. Conway completely baffled all fire and police officials as well as the insurance investigators by appearing to have *exploded and burned* in her apartment (where no other fire damage was found). However, the victim's granddaughter, in the house when the disaster occurred, apparently heard *no sound* and learned of the tragedy only by sensing the intense heat and dense smoke generated by Mrs. Conway's combustion.

After a determined effort the Crown caught up with the newly commissioned upstart raider in Mahone Bay. Lt. Johnson, knowing his capture would be imminent and the penalty for breaking his word-of-honor would be to stretch the rope from a yardarm, made a quick choice. The British would neither get him nor the vessel. He grabbed a blazing torch and threw it into the powder magazine!

The explosion flung pieces of debris and bodies down on the approaching enemy. Only seven of the 36 crewmen of the *Young Teazer* survived the holocaust.

The *Young Teazer* was a death-ship, doomed, some say, by Lt. Johnson's zealous patriotism and broken promise. And the trauma of 29 shattered souls sent to Davy Jones' locker re-live forever their last fire-filled seconds, a lingering relic from the War of 1812 that still haunts Mahone Bay—

That statement won't set well with orthodox Science, to be sure. Admittedly, claiming this light to be a phantom raider more than 160 years old is a bit strained since Sherwood says "it has never been reported as taking the form of a vessel."[7]

One is more apt to attribute the weird glow to a Will-O-The-Wisp formed by swamp gas or some other source of organic luminescent discharge. Conditions in several parts of Nova Scotia are favorable for the creation of this phenomenon. Near Amherst the great Tantramar basin contains 60,000 acres of marshland where bobbing lights are often seen. It has also been suggested that coal seams under the sea could release gases that (for some mysterious reason) ignite when they meet the atmosphere.

Another probable theory — if one is adverse to a spectral ship — is that the "Teazer Light" is ball lightning; also referred to on occasion as fire-balls and ghost lights (though this term may not be precisely synonymous*). Scientists, after years of debate, are now of the consensus that globules of incandescent energy not only *exist* but refute the cherished concepts of matter's behavior. Ball lightning may last seconds or minutes; be small, large or variable in size; change color or retain one hue; bounce off or go *through* solid objects; zig-zag or maintain a straight-line path; disrupt with a bang or disperse quietly.

Ball lightning also favors certain locales and its presence seems to be linked with telluric energy flows (referred to as *Leys* by some scholars and as *telleynes* by this writer). Our research into pyrophenomena has revealed the startling discovery that the spontaneous combustion of people and property often occurs over straight lines, as if the bizarre flames are produced by some heretofore unsuspected corona-like planetary discharge that produces fires.[9] The same type of discovery has been made by English investigators in connection with hauntings.

Bringing all these aspects together, one can suggest that a telluric current *(telleyne)* in the vicinity of Mahone Bay periodically discharges a red-hued energy globule that wafts eastward until its short lifespan ends in a silent explosion. Thus Conventionalism is relieved (technologically and emotionally) of having to deal with a *haunting* enigma since the residents of Mahone Bay are viewing a naturally produced emanation to which a long-forgotten ancestor attached a yarn which in time grew to be accepted as fact by some.

* A distinguishing factor called *recurrence* is demonstrated by ghost lights per se.*

(This is not to imply that tellurically formed balls of self dissipating luminosity are understood within the frame work of today's Science, however!)

## THE *PALATINE* – ALIAS THE *PRINCESS AUGUSTA*

The ruse that may placate minds about the Teazer Light is not so easily applied to America's most notorious maritime apparition, though. Then too, so many paradoxes and twists accompany the story of the *Palatine* that it is rather difficult to speculate exactly what is, or isn't, sailing through the waters off New England's Block Island—

The *Palatine* was said to have departed from Holland in 1752, bound for Philadelphia with potential immigrants. The crew mutinied and the ship went aground on Block Island, whereupon, says John Greenleaf Whittier in his famous poem "The *Palatine*":

> Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
> Tearing the heart of the ship away,
> And the dead had never a word to say.
>
> And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
> Over the rocks and the seething brine,
> They burned the wreck of the *Palatine*.
>
> In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
> "The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said:
> "There'll be no reckoning with the dead."

Ah, but the wreckers on Block Island were wrong!

It is said a woman had hidden herself aboard the vessel, and the vandals could only watch in horror as her screams drowned in mists of smoke and steaming ocean. And it seems the unfortunate lady was a force to be reckoned with indeed, and not so easily forgotten. "But the year went round," says Whittier, and the sea and the rocks gave forth their secret:

> Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,
> Over the rocks and the seething brine,
> The flaming wreck of the *Palatine!*

The fire-ship had returned from its watery grave, a haunting specter of what *had* been!

Ever since, the people around Rhode Island Sound have had their reckoning with the Unknown. Here they maintain a *different* type of nautical watch (see p. 109)— for "a great red fireball on the ocean" that appears near the spot where disaster occurred a long, long time ago...

Such are the tales that comprise a nation's legendary heritage. As is sometimes the case though, folklore doesn't equate with facts.

Personnel at the Rhode Island Historical Society, the State Archives, and independent researchers have shown that no ship was looted by the islanders in 1752; that indeed, no vessel named *Palatine* ever arrived (by plan or by accident) at Block Island!

There was, however, a ship named the *Princess Augusta* that was Philadelphia-bound from Rotterdam in August of 1738, carrying 350 refugees from the German districts of Upper and Lower Palatinate. Its voyage was ill-omened almost from the moment of the command, "Anchor, aweigh!"

Poisoned water felled half the crew, including Capt. George Long, and reduced the passenger list by nearly a third. The vessel was blown badly off course, where storms and cold weather contributed to the rapid attrition of food supply already dwindled by the extended voyage. The remaining crew extorted substantial sums from the surviving passengers for the food and water necessary to continue their condition. Finally, after four months of merciless treatment at the hands of weather and an ill-tempered crew, the *Princess Augusta* shuddered aground upon the north point of Block Island on the afternoon of December 27th.

When low tide came, the islanders helped get the passengers ashore but were prevented by the First Mate from removing any of their luggage. With the return of high tide the First Mate and his henchmen — for it seems they had rifled the passengers' cabins — cut loose the anchor and left the *Princess Augusta* to drift into a rock and sink on December 29th. Down with the ship went not its captain (who was buried in the far side of the Atlantic) but a crazed woman, Mary Van der Line, who had insisted on guarding her chests of silver plate to the very last.

So ended the ominous final voyage of the *Princess Augusta* in 1738, with a loss of 137 passengers and crew out of a total of 364.

The details studiously uncovered and meticulously arranged in John Kobler's *Saturday Evening Post* article, "The Mystery of the Palatine Light,"[10] omit one important aspect in an otherwise remarkable parallel to the pseudo-mythical* *Palatine*: there is no mention of a fire.

One is tempted to say the flaming aspect of the whole tangled affair was concocted by one of the more dramatic anonymous story-tellers for which New England is famed, and that modern-day observers who report "a great red fireball on the ocean" are seeing one of those globules of telluric plasma suggested in the Mahone Bay enigma.

But how then is one to explain the experience of the captain of the *Somerset*, sailing in Block Island Sound shortly after the wreck of the *Princess Augusta?* His log—the one place aboard a ship where there is no room for superstition or hoax — reads like an echo of Whittier's poem:

> "I was so distressed by the sight that we followed the burning ship to her watery grave, but failed to find any survivors or flotsam."[11]

The captain doesn't report a glow or a light or something likewise equally indistinct. He is precise: he sees a *ship*, ablaze! Yet on reaching the site there is *nothing* to be found.

We wonder if this seaman did what a Philadelphia Fire Marshal told us he'd do if confronted by another sort of fire equally mysterious (SHC): "I'd go out, get drunk, and *forget* about it..."

The phantom lightship of Block Island was hard to forget, however, because it kept *re*-appearing!

Raymond Lamont Brown, in his *Phantoms of the Sea*,[12] says the fire-ship was spotted by Capt. John Collins of the *Roscius*; by Capt. Asa Eldridge of the *Pacific*; by Capt. Samuels of the pacemaker *Dreadnought*; and by the captain and crew of the whaler *Montreal*.*

Landlubbers saw the phantom too, as indicated by the following portions of a letter written in 1811 by Dr. Aaron C. Willey, a physician on Block Island, and re-quoted from Rev. Samuel T. Livermore's *A History of Block Island*:

> "The light actually is seen, sometimes one-half mile from shore, where it lights up the walls of a gentleman's rooms through the windows. ...
>
> "The people here are so familiarized with the sight they never think of giving notice to those who do not happen to be present, or even mentioning it afterwards, unless they hear some particular enquiries have been made. *It beams with various magnitudes.* Sometimes it is small, resembling the light through a distant window, at others expanding to the highness of a ship with all her canvas spread. The blaze actually emits *luminous rays*...
>
> "The cause of this 'roving brightness' is a curious subject for philosophical speculation." [Italics added]

Curious indeed!

(It is interesting how the human mind accepts the unusual if it happens often enough, yet fails to question what forces are behind this and even *more common* affronts to man's theories about the nature of Reality.)

Dr. Willey was just another in a long series of persons who saw, or wrote of those who had seen, the strange light at sea. When W. P. Sheffield published *An Historical Sketch of Block Island* in 1876, he listed quite a number of individuals who had observed the spectral ship; one man, 92-year-old Benjamin S. Knowles, claimed to have seen it *seven* times.

And still the sightings continued. In 1934 newsman Edwin C. Hill made a personal investigation of the phenomenon before writing these lines in his column, "The Human Side of the News":

"Hundreds have claimed to have seen the apparition, and the 'Palatine Light' is a well known phenomenon along the New England coast. There ... are people living this day on Block Island who will tell you, with their hand on the Book, that they have gazed seaward in the blackness of the night, startled by a bright radiance at sea, and have watched with straining eyes, while the *Palatine*, blazing from truck to keelson, swept along the horizon."

In the year preceding 19 November 1951, according to a UPI dispatch and Vincent Gaddis,[14] Boston harbor police were beseiged with reports of a mysterious glow at sea. Patrol boats sent to the vicinity found neither light nor explanation. It was claimed to be the ghost of the *Palatine*, shrouded as usual in fire.

How a spectral ship (or anything else) in Block Island Sound 73 miles away could be seen through the city lights of Providence and Boston is beyond our ability to fathom. Maybe Bostonians were seeing some *new* mystery of the sea; or the ghost of the *Princess Augusta* got daring and sailed around the Cape to Massachusetts Bay...

* That the name of the wrecked vessel was forgotten but the region (the Palatinates) from which the passengers came *was* remembered, is not so improbable. "The Palatines" would in time become the name characterizing a complex series of associated events, and later the phrase would become the misnomer for the ship itself.

* Brown has his own version of the *Palatine*'s fate. It was a conspiracy arranged on a previous voyage by the ship's captain and wreckers on Block Island, he asserts.[13] He offers no documentation for this conclusion, however. Curiously, his rather thorough study of ghost ships mentions only this *one case* of a fiery phantom of the seas. Even the specialists don't seem to know much about this segment of seafaring hauntings.

Whatever, sightings of the eerie glow are at least as recent as December 1969. This leads Frank Smyth, writing in *Ghosts and Poltergeists*, to mention another curious aspect of the Palatine Light: "we're still left with the perplexing fact that it occurs only during Christmas week, and that it has done so, off and on, for more than 200 years."[15]

*A ghost ship that burns like clockwork!* Why would a ghost, which in large degree is supposed to be removed from our physical constraints, continue to respect our chronometry? And, just as baffling, how could a *ship* (in any form) do that?

Did the researchers err; or were the ancient documents incomplete, when it is said there was no fire aboard the *Princess Augusta* the day she and Ms. Van der Line went down? Did the trauma experienced by the victim as flames and waves licked at her crazed psyche 'rivet' the event in space, causing history to continue with replays of the original scene until the *whole truth* of the tragedy — including the final fiery fate — is gotten right?

Perhaps instead, we are being shown a glimpse into the esoteric concept of *non-linear time*; that is, that all events occur in the Now.

An analogy can explain this 'illogical' thesis. Imagine a film of the entire last voyage of the *Princess Augusta:* it can repeat itself endlessly. During one particular showing it is seen by a large number of people who agree that this 'event' belongs to 'their' time-frame in Reality. An opaque curtain then falls over the projector's lens and, although the film still continues to run, no one is able (or chooses) to remove the barrier and see the images.

This simplified concept was psychically presented to us[16] through broader consciousness, though we have since found others have come to a similar realization. William James, American psychologist and philosopher with interests in the paranormal, formulated a "block universe" in which the future is like a filmstrip whose frames are revealed to man as it unfolds. The British inventor and noted time-theorist John William Dunne devised a comparable model in his best-selling book, *An Experiment with Time.*[17] Even Whittier, in keeping with our observation that the lines written by many poets result from their tapping of broader levels of awareness, echoed this view in "The *Palatine*":

> Do the elements subtle reflections give?
> Do pictures of all the ages live
> On Nature's infinite negative,
>
> Which, half in sport, in malice half,
> She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,
> Phantom and shadow in photograph?

Whittier's insight has sensed a flaw — or advantage, depending on one's perspective — in Nature's mechanism for controlling this 'curtain of consciousness' that separates realities and maintains man's belief that events are linear and exist only once.

There is, in essence, a sensing strip on the film that causes an opening of the curtain that normally precludes the simultaneous viewing of two images (the 'past' and the 'present'). When it is activated, a reality-warp results.

This trigger that unleashes a merging (or bleedthrough) of continuing but 'separate' realities can be registered psychically: the *collective horror* felt by the helpless onlookers of Block Island as the hapless woman succumbed to her self-imposed doom aboard a blazing ship, for instance. The imprint of Ms. Van der Line's own deranged mind undoubtedly increased the probability of forming this rent in the fabric of time, for mentally imbalanced patients (if indeed they *are* more insane than the norm — an assumption open to strong counter-argument) have an inordinate ability to perceive or affect time-and-space in a way 'sane' people usually cannot.

Thus reminiscent of the 'legend' of The Flying Dutchman "who feared neither God nor his Saints" and so was "accursed" to sail and "torment sailors" forever, the trauma surrounding the drowning (and burning?) of the *Princess Augusta* and her lone passenger causes the sporadic dissolving of an invisible yet opaque barrier and reveals their eternal voyage together to the spectators of another reality.

Like a theater projectionist who previews a film in its entirety then sees only the same brief scene over and over when he changes reels (though of course the rest of the action is there), the saga of the *Princess Augusta* plays on and on. Yet after its 'first run' it is seen only when the story reaches its crescendo and the psychic-imprinted trigger raises the curtain of consciousness and opens the window of time to flash its image of the 'past' into a 'present' world.*

There is also a possibility that is in keeping with the historians' support of the Islanders' claim that their ancestors were innocent of any treachery regarding the *Princess Augusta*. That is, the Palatine Light is not associated with *any* event that physically occurred in Block Island Sound. The scintillating specter could be a *remote* projection of a distant episode attracted to Block Island by peculiarities in the local 'field' environment, much like water collects around a dust particle to create a raindrop or nebulous gases coalesce to form a star. More about this later, however.

Nevertheless for whatever reason, the Palatine Light continues to blaze forth as it has done for years, adding its haunting glow to the lights of yet another New England Christmastide...

## A POTPOURRI OF PHANTOM SHIPS ABLAZE

In "The Phantom Ship", J. W. de Forest visualized one of the sea's spectral vessels this way:

> It shone with vaporous brightness—
> A glamour of tremulous rays;
> It was not fire, but the whiteness
> Of a ghost of a perished blaze.

Though the poet referred to the *Palatine*, his words just as adequately could describe other windjammers that light their own way through the Unknown.

In the Bay of Fundy the world's highest tides are said to wash against the *St. Martins*, which sank in these waters to subsequently re-appear as a fire-ship — but only in the months of September and October.

The *John Craig*, smashed to splinters off Shippigan Island in northeastern New Brunswick, has since re-surfaced

* Geocosmic inter-reactions might well be involved also, contributing to or detracting from the forces that must focus to form the critical combination that will temporarily merge the dimensions of multiple realities. A synthesis of paranormal events in Nature with astronomic (and astrologic) influences could make a fascinating thesis for a Ph.D.

as "The John Craig Light" to haunt the minds of men and souls of ships that pass this stormy way.

A New Brunswick poet, Arthur W. H. Eaton, gave substance to another fire-ship in his epic, "The Phantom of the Baie des Chaleurs." Some locals believe it is the specter of the *Marquis de Malauze*, scuttled with fire during the Seven Years' War, which continues to sail from the western end of the Bay at Dalhousie to Perce Rock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Eaton, loosely echoing Edward Farrer's research into Canadian folklore,[18] prefers to tell how pirates did dastardly things to a knight and princess aboard a ship in Chaleur Bay, only to fall prey themselves to a fiery meteor sent by Divine revenge. The pirate ship, consumed in flames, still sails in spirit through the black waters of the Bay to strike terror in the fishermen who hear the spectral crew bewailing their imprudence.

Intriguingly, a scene similar to the legend associated with the Chaleur Bay phantom emerges from the mists of darkness to illumine the Isle of Eigg, one of the Inner Hebrides. According to Kenneth Macleod's *The Celt and the Sea*, the "long-theine" is regularly seen by the 'gifted ones' of this island off the west coast of Scotland. It careens past at lightning speed, "and on deck was a long, lean black creature, with a fiddle in his hand,* and he was ever playing and dancing and laughing ... awful was the howling that was below... Doubtless the fire-ship was conveying the soul of some unrighteous Southern Land to [Hell]."

The scholars classify this episode as a myth. Yet we are struck with the similarity to another 'myth': Nero fiddling while Rome burned. If the Emperor did command his city to be torched and then serenaded it, as some claim, might not an ancient mariner have ignited his vessel and, in his insanity, accompanied the horror with strains from his fiddle? For his horrendous deed he condemned himself to play his tune amid the flames of Hades forever.

We wonder if anyone in Rome has seen Nero on the balcony of a phantom palace, serenading a ghastly glow—

## THE SORCERER AND THE SPECTRAL SHIPS

If you've not found the events or theories in our little voyage into the Unknown too distasteful for your sensibilities, then come along still farther. King Neptune has more than one way to take the lives of those who dare violate his watery domain for their own follies, and therefore remind the living how *little* is known about Nature's ways.

At Cape D'Espoir, near the Isle of Oeufs in eastern Quebec, a number of British ships were lost on the night of 22 August 1711. Occasionally a strange light appears on calm nights, and the tranquil sea suddenly thrashes with "mountain high" waves.

"Then a phantom ship would be seen," writes Canadian historian R. S. Lambert, "crowded with sailors in old-time scarlet uniforms. On its bowsprit stood an officer... pointing with his hand to the black rocks at the foot of the frowning Cape. Suddenly," Lambert continues in his excellent book *Exploring the Supernatural*, "the mysterious light would grow dim, a crash would be heard above the storm, followed by a fearful shriek. The phantom ship would vanish, and calm be restored."[19]

So goes — again and again — another of the many mysterious events that haunt Canadian waters.

True, it's not a phantom ship all aglow with ethereal flames. But there is luminous phenomena, and a stranger thing or two. It's worth a look—

An appreciation of the bizarre nature of this spectral episode can be achieved only by reviewing the events that began three weeks before the Cape D'Espoir disaster.

The British, desirous of including in their Empire the French-dominated province of Quebec, launched a land-and-sea assault from their American colonies in late July 1711. The meager French army had already been dispatched to Montreal to meet the British army when the city of Quebec learned that Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker was commanding an emeny fleet scheduled to sail up the St. Lawrence River.

The residents were gripped in terror. The city was powerless to halt an amphibious invasion. What could be done?

Faced with impending peril, Quebec City's priests and nuns launched a counter-offensive of their own: public fasting, penances, processions, prayers, and sacred banners might save the day — *if* there were sufficient quantities of each (and some *guns*, as well).

Yet out on the Ile d'Orleans, east of the City, one man was unmoved by the calamity everyone else was dreading (despite the prayers of the priests). In fact, he actually exhorted the citizenry to be jubilant! Who was this strange person that could ignore imminent defeat?

Jean Pierre Lavallee, a half-Indian peasant rumored to be a "wise man", was obviously confident. He had reason to be, for he said he knew a *sure-fire* method for dealing with the British fleet!

Thus on August 15, as Walker's armada rode at anchor in Gaspe Bay near Perce Rock (below) and waited for



BY LARRY E. ARNOLD

Looking down from the highlands of Gaspe, Quebec, one might mistake famed *Perce Rock*, awash in the redness of an autumn Canadian sunset, for a blazing phantom ship. Unlike this rock firmly anchored in the coastal waters, the fire-drenched ghost ships seen by hundreds of eastern Canadians have ranged from Chaleur Bay east to Cape Gaspe and south through Northumberland Strait many hundreds of miles away. Do one or several Fire-Ships haunt these waters? And why?

* We are *further* intrigued by the mention of a fiddler playing his merry tune aboard a specter ship, when the place names of many megalithic sites in Britain contain the word Fiddler and possess legends of his merrymaking. What is the archetypal significance of the Fiddler whose haunting melody is encountered again and again?

bad weather to pass, Lavallee farmed his land as usual. That night however, reports Farrer in the *Atlantic Monthly*,[20] the peasant retired to a small hut he had built at the easternmost tip of his island. There, until the early morning hours of the next six nights, he conducted unknown seances.

While his neighbors probably wondered about his unintelligible incantations, no one bothered him. Someone *else* was bothered though — Admiral Walker.

During this period the British commander suffered unaccountable fits of depression. His journal entries described a series of nightmares in which his campaign met a hideous end.[21] Was Lavallee's knowledge of sorcery— for that is implied in his title of "wise man" — transcending the 335 miles that separated these two very different kinds of warriors, and warning his adversary of doom if he failed to abandon the campaign? Hmm—

It was August 20 when the weather improved at Gaspe Bay. Walker, somewhat reticent we imagine, set sail from Gaspe for the St. Lawrence. Balmy weather heralded the next day, and the Admiral forgot his concern over the frightful dreams. It would prove a fatal error of command.

That night Lavallee retired to his hut for the last time and, having concluded his conjuring, extinguished *the sacred fire* over which he had labored for six solitary nights. His magic, if that's what he was doing, was complete.

The following dawn found Walker's fleet enshrouded in fog so thick that bearings were impossible to take. All vessels were ordered to lay to with their bows to the south, and wait it out. It was night before a break in the fog revealed a bit of land. Believing their position still to be on the St. Lawrence's south shore, Walker ordered a reverse tack to take the fleet into midchannel.

What everyone failed to consider — except perhaps Lavallee — was the prevailing current, which had quietly but steadily carried all the ships 70 miles to the north. What *was* seen through the fog wasn't the south shore but the *north* shore of the St. Lawrence. Admiral Walker's directive to change tack was tantamount to suicide!

It wasn't long before the unexpected sound of crashing surf was heard. "What's happening?" the ships' commanders wondered. Then, as if waiting until the officers' dread had peaked, the Moon shone forth to reveal a scene they dared not imagine: *the whole fleet was racing dead-ahead to catastrophe on the breakers of the north shore!*

Walker managed to save his flagship, only to hear the wails of drowning men and the smashing of timbers all night long. Scarlet uniforms of the Marlborough's Guards were floating among the black rocks at daybreak; flotsam was everywhere. Eight transports and 884 lives had been lost. Admiral Walker accepted the recommendation of his remaining officers without hesitation: the fleet would sail for Boston, then back to Portsmouth.

When the shattered armada departed the French waters, the British left behind more than broken ships and bodies. Included in the carnage were the broken souls of almost 900 seamen and soldiers who, aboard their phantom ships, still cry out in anguish at being hurled aground through the error of their commander-in-chief!

Ah, but just *who* was commanding this frightful scene that was once seen in dreams? Or was it a magician in a hut who sent the night-time omens, who precipitated the mists, who came as an astral light to look down upon the destruction of his enemy?

If sorcery *is* at the heart of the luminous spectral scene that repeats itself along the northern coast of the St. Lawrence, then the magic doesn't end here—

The residents of Quebec greeted the first news of the invader's change of fortune with incredulity. Lavallee, however, just smiled. When the defeat of the British by the fog was confirmed, the Quebecois' joy over this 'miracle' was incredible!

Some sought to credit the old man on the Ile d'Orleans, who, after all, was said to be able to control the weather with his chants and spells. They rushed to tell him the good news, only to be informed by Lavallee that the English Admiral had more wrath to suffer for his flagrant disobedience of the sorcerer's will.

R. S. Lambert deduces that Lavallee's pronouncement was uttered about the 15th of October. Meanwhile, Admiral Walker's remaining fleet had just reached Portsmouth uneventfully.

It being his duty to file a report of the calamitous mission with the Admiralty, Walker left his flagship *Edgar* to begin the somber journey to London. No sooner did he set foot on land, however, than the air was rocked by a horrendous din. Walker reeled around to see the *Edgar's* exploding powder magazine fling pieces of the ship and 500 sailors across the harbor!

The Admiralty was never able to learn the cause of this second major disaster to Walker's expedition. Perhaps the "wise man" in Quebec would have told them the reason for this double-jeopardy that befell one of England's most respected naval commanders, had they thought to ask. But no matter; the stiff-collared men who commanded Britannia's rule-of-the-waves would never believe His Majesty's navy could succumb to the ravings of an unarmed Frenchman in a little hut thousands of miles away.

What the Admiralty did believe were the statistics showing Walker's losses. They stripped him of command and abolished his pension. Broken by this final act of cruel fate, Walker left England and settled on a plantation in Carolina. There, nine years later, he published the account of his tarnished career.

"What!" demanded the ex-Admiral in the Preface to his vindicating *Journal*. "Was it expected I should have commanded Wind and Weather? Or is it imaginable that by Art Magick I raised storms and ferried Foggs to drown so many Men, and endanger myself," he wrote in an attempt to restore luster to his naval record.

Perhaps the years of reflection had given him insight into the nature of the forces with which he held combat and lost: "by Art Magick I raised storms and ferried Foggs..."

These are the words one would expect to hear Lavallee speak, not a man trained in the *hard* facts of military strategy. Possibly Walker did finally perceive the nature of his *true* adversary back in 1711—

As an aside, in the early 1700s the Ile d'Orleans acquired for no *apparent* reason a haunting and sinister nickname: "Isle of Sorcerers." And many miles away, where illuminated barks and scarlet-clad soldiers in 18th Century uniforms are still dashed against the dark rocks of Quebec, is another haunting — and *haunted* — spot.

Sorcerers ... Art Magick ... death and disaster ... illumined ghosts of men and ships. We wonder: *Is there a connection?*

## THE PHANTOM SHIP SEEN BY HUNDREDS

Scoffers and skeptics will claim the above cases are *too* weird, *too* unsubstantiated, and in areas *too* remote to apply the scientific witchcraft that would identify them as known phenomena and exorcise these fiery specters from the excesses of man's imagination forever. "Ethereal flames enveloping ghostly hulls? Ha!"

It will take more than a sarcastic laugh to dismiss the credibility of the next episode of fiery phantoms upon the sea, however. The critics had best sharpen their arguments well, for as our allusive old salt would say: "Avast ye mates, ya can't be able ta strike *this'un* down so easy!"

Samuel Hull certainly couldn't clear his mind of what he saw in October 1970 as he scanned Northumberland Strait* from his home on Prince Edward Island...

"I noticed a blaze on the water, and it looked like a ship had caught fire," Hull recollected. "I could definitely make out the outline of sails. They were about thirty or forty feet across, and they were burning. The burning ship skimmed across the water at high speed. I watched it for about a half hour, then it disappeared behind another island."

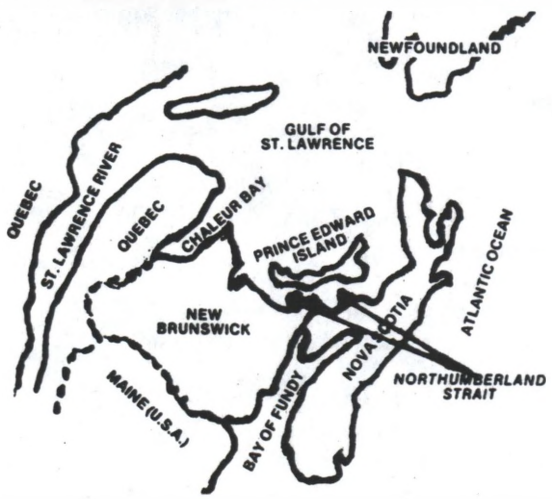
Mr. Hull didn't call out the shore patrol, though. He knew the ship *really wasn't there!*

During the 30 minutes he stood quietly on the bank while tragedy seemed to plague a vessel not far away, Hull recalled the three sightings of a fiery specter reported by an Island storekeeper in 1969; the eight people who together viewed the same apparition a few years earlier; and above all the recent experience of a ferryboat crew...

"The men on the ferryboat thought a ship had caught fire in the strait," he told the Canadian press. "They went full speed toward the burning vessel, intent on a rescue mission. As they drew closer, the ship just vanished. They realized they had been chasing a ghost ship, and they refused to talk about it.[23]

No, there would be no need to notify the authorities this night either, thought Hull as the square-rigger's three flame-engulfed masts disappeared from view. You just can't rescue a ghost ship—

That night Mr. Hull joined a select group who had also seen the Phantom Ship of Northumberland Strait. It haunts a body of water 130 miles long and 8-to-30 miles wide that separates Prince Edward Island from Nova Scotia in the Canadian Maritimes. Says R. H. Sherwood, the authority on this particular ghost ship: "It has been seen by people living in every village, town and hamlet along the rugged Northumberland Strait."[24]




* Eric Norman, who writes of the incident in *Beyond the Strange,"* incorrectly places the event in "Newfoundland Strait."

At least *several hundred persons* have watched this eerie phenomenon 'sail' by, though the exact number can't be determined. Records of sightings have been lost, to be sure; some of the early accounts were probably destroyed to 'protect' innocent observers from slander. Many who have seen the Phantom just never talk about it, though.[25] They prefer to keep the secret to themselves rather than face abuse from the doubters who hastily charge "Sensationalist!" or ask "What were you drinking last night, eh?"

*(Continued next issue)*

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# THAT WEDDING PHOTO

A year ago *Pursuit* (Vol. 10, No. 3, Summer, 1977) printed a photo (see accompanying scaled-down version) sent in by a member in Alaska. The "strange" streaking effect produced by the candle flames represented an "unexplained" which we felt would interest all our members. Apparently it did, because the many responses we received only served to confirm our belief that SITU members are actively pursuing investigation of the unexplained. "Explanations" ranged from hoax, to spirit manifestations (or "psychic photography"), to equipment malfunction. Although we do not automatically discount the former explanations, we feel we must rely on the latter at this point — the evidence would, in this case, point to a malfunction of the photo equipment used. (Even more likely when we consider the camera involved was a new one.)

Consequently, we want to take this moment to thank the following members who cared enough to devote their time and energy to contributing an explanation for the phenomenon: members #1261, #1018, #2605, #2206, #478, #433, and #2489, who asked to be mentioned by number only, and Eric Hovemeyer, Patrick Macey, Jann Darsie, Norman Pfutzenreuter, Dr. Alan Keith Andrews, Sr., Hubert Malthaner, Gary Mangiacopra and Larry Arnold were among the many members who responded.

Two of the responses received, both submitted by professional photographers, are printed here. The first offers a short and simple explanation:

> I refer to the photographic puzzle on page 92 of *Pursuit* (Vol. 10, No. 3, Summer, 1977): This effect occurs because of a faulty camera shutter which remains open for some time after the flash bulb has been fired and the picture taken. As a result, streaks of light from the candle flames register on the film. The reason why the other highlights in the picture, such as those on the silver jug, do not show the same 'streaking' effect is because these highlights are produced by the light from the flash bulb and they do not exist when the scene is lit only by the normal room lighting. The level of light in a normal room is insufficient to record any detail on a color film with the camera aperture at *f*11, which is of course why photographers need to use flash when recording such a scene. But the candle flames, being incandescent and self-luminous, have a much higher intensity of light and will record as irregular streaks of light when the camera shutter is open and the camera is moved at random. Your member in Alaska should have his camera shutter checked and adjusted!
>
> —Colin Bord
> London, England

A more comprehensive explanation, and one which points out the technical considerations in even greater detail, comes from a man who has nearly forty years of experience in photography, and who a decade ago was involved in a discussion about lens reflections mistakenly taken for UFOs in the *Flying Saucer Review*:

> The candle light traces in the wedding picture reproduced in *Pursuit* (Vol. 10, No. 3, Summer, 1977) are not new among the various sorts of photographic anomalies.
>
> Theoretically, for these types of traces to appear, the following prerequisites must be considered:
>
> 1) Camera movement during the time of exposure, i.e., when the shutter was open.
>
> 2) An exposure time that was considerably longer than the duration of the flash.
>
> 3) Objects or light sources creating the traces have to be a few orders brighter than the background scene, and their luminosity must be independent of the flash (which means they must be self-luminous).
>
> In order to determine to what degree the above requirements may have been fulfilled in the case in question, we must look at the photographic data.
>
> The reproduction gives the impression that the film was correctly exposed. It is reasonable to assume that the correct synchronization was used, and that the timing knob was not set to speeds above 1/60 seconds. Shorter exposure times would certainly have resulted in a partial exposure of the frames, considering the type of flash bulb used (the 5B flash has a duration of 14 ms [milliseconds] or 1/71 second).
>
> But aside from this, we do not know whether the timing knob was set to "AUTO," "B," or "60X." As this is a crucial point in the whole affair, and since possibly not many readers are familiar with the FUJICA ST 901, a short description of the shutter timing possibilities of this camera seems to be appropriate.
>
> In the FUJICA ST 901, the shutter timing knob can be set to the following positions:
>
> AUTO — In this case the automatic exposure control is activated. It has a range from 1/1000 sec up to 20 seconds (this is the range given in FUJI's technical data sheet — it is said, however, that it actually reaches from 1/1.500 second up to 30 seconds.
>
> Within that range, shutter speed is regulated continuously, depending upon the brightness of the scene as well as upon the manually preset aperture and the ASA values.
>
> B — With this setting the shutter remains open, as long as the shutter-release button is pressed down. Automatic exposure control is ineffective.
>
> 60X-1000 — This area on the scale of the timing knob is for the manual setting of discrete shutter speeds ranging from 1/60 second up to 1/1000 second. In this case as well, automatic exposure control is naturally not possible.

Independently of whether the shutter is manually preset or whether it operates under the automatic exposure control, the shutter speed is displayed in the form of a digital readout (by means of LEDs [light emitting diodes]) on the upper edge of the image frame within the view finder, by means of a slight pressure upon the shutter release button.

In the absence of a positive statement regarding the actual setting of the timing knob, we must consider three possibilities:

1) If the timing knob was set on "AUTO" (or one or two *f*-values above or below) the automatic exposure control measured in the low brightness of a (presumably) normally lit room. We know, that the preset *f*-value was 11. From my own experience, I would estimate that, under these circumstances, a 100 ASA film requires at least a shutter speed somewhere on the order of one or more seconds, and it is to this value that the automatic exposure control would have set the shutter. It is possible that the photographer was unaware of this fact — despite the display in the view finder—because he was busy concentrating on the scene. It is also reasonable to assume that the camera was held fairly still during the brief duration of the flash. But, if immediately thereafter, the camera was again taken away from the eye (i.e., dipped downwards and around), then the bright candle flames could have created the traces on the film — as the shutter was still open. From the reproduction, it seems the overhead lighting at the time was not too strong, and therefore the background was not blurred by the camera movement. (It is well known that during long term exposures persons can walk through the scene without creating an image on the film being exposed!) The fact that the reflections from the silver didn't create traces is understandable if one considers that they were dependent on the flash and were not self-luminous.

2) If the timing knob was set on "B," essentially the same conclusions apply, but in this case the time would depend on how long the photographer had depressed the shutter release. From my own experience with the habits of photographers, I would say that the shutter release is seldomly pressed down for longer than 2 seconds.

3) If the timing knob was set on "60X," only an irregular shutter function could explain the outcome of the photos. If this were the case, it could be assumed that the shutter opened correctly but that its closing was somehow considerably retarded. I have experienced this type of failure with some older cameras with focal plane shutters, but I doubt that this is a feasible explanation in the present case.

Aside from these purely technical considerations, I would like to mention that there is always an inclination to attach an undue significance to photographic anomalies when they occur in conjunction with certain events or places. While a streak of light, for example, may readily be recognized as a quite natural reflection on the photo of a landscape, it may also become the soul of someone deceased when it appears on the picture of a church's interior.

On the other hand, Jung, the great Swiss psychologist, was of the opinion that even events which remain explainable in quite natural terms may nevertheless have a synchronistic meaning (one independent of physical causation) for the people involved. If Jung is right, then I hope that the candle light traces are symbolic of our best wishes for the young, newly married couple who sent the photo.

—Luis Schoenherr
Innsbruck, Austria

And finally, we reprint here two photos sent in by SITU members who were able to duplicate the effect.



Photo credit: GARY MANGIACOPRA

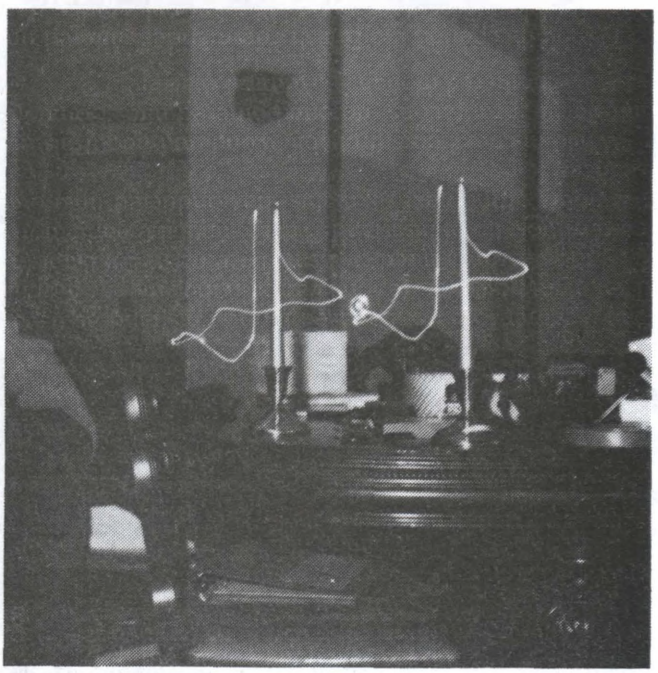


Photo credit: PAUL COLLINS

# ANIMALS: WILD IN THE STREETS

## I. CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FORT KIND

The following incident involves an absolute interfacing of realities. Taken as an archetypal analogue, it may serve as the brief but dramatic condensation of time and space (involving as it does a two-hour, four-mile situation) into a close encounter with an out-of-place event. Please note and understand, in the true sense of analogy, the respective reactions on the part of the contactees—both human and non-human.

It all happened in Prarie du Sac, Wisconsin, one Sunday afternoon last summer (our source does not give the date nor, as in the retelling of a myth, is it necessary to the story), when Barbara wanted to take a break from her job — and did. Barbara, a 36 year old, four ton elephant, was working for Carson and Barnes at the time, putting up their circus tent. Apparently frightened when a pole she was hoisting fell to the ground, she decided to take the afternoon off, much to the chagrin of her keepers, a number of policemen and firemen, and a small herd of accompanying citizens, bystanders and would-be elephant trappers.

After getting past the village park and hospital, and after two hours and four miles of chase (her progress, it must be noted, was hampered by chains around her front legs), Barbara came to a halt in front of the Maplewood Nursing Home, where she saw her reflection (or maybe another elephant, in *her* eyes) in one of the windows. In any case, Barbara charged the elephant-image, which resulted in the shattering of the window. Having passed through a glass darkly, Barbara now found herself in one of the bedrooms of the home. Turning, she saw another reflection (or another elephant) in the mirror on the wall, and charged again.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that the two elderly women residents of the room were lunching in the dining room at the time, although this merely forestalled the eventual encounter.

Barbara had by now plowed through the bedroom wall and was on her way down the hallway, leaving in her wake behind her a trail of bent ceiling supports, torn-out electrical wiring, ceiling tile shards, and clouds of dust....

Harley Hannick was oblivious to the sounds in the hallway because he was so deeply absorbed in watching a Sunday afternoon football game on television. Harley, or Everyman as he would be called in a medieval morality play, can easily be forgiven for his reaction upon seeing Barbara stick her head through the doorway. His response, an archetypal reaction prevalent among those who experience the unknown or unexpected, was simply this: shocked and incredulous, Harley slammed the door in her face.

Barbara finally left the nursing home, this time by a door, to be apprehended in a cornfield about a mile away. The financial damage was covered, of course, by the Circus insurance, but who knows what psychological damage was done to a small town (let alone Barbara!) on a Sunday summer afternoon....

Some additional reactions on the part of the residents of the nursing home may further contribute to our understanding of the psyche's ability to accept or deny the brief alternate reality imposed upon it. The ways in which these residents chose to cope with The Phenomenon are in many respects similar to the manner in which many people choose to cope with a "paranormal" situation. One resident, 82 year old Josephine Roos, who chose to enter into the phenomenon, replied nostalgically, almost wistfully: "All my life I had to travel to get to the circus, but today it finally came to me."

And finally, an anonymous white-haired little lady offered the final answer, one which we Forteans *must* admire, a response that could have come, in some inexplicable way, from Charles Fort himself:

"It's nothing new to us. Lots of elephants come here to retire."

SOURCE: *Sunshine News*, April 1978. CREDIT: Richard Kinner.

## II. ON DASHER! ON SMASHER!

More recently (May 23, 1978), Veronica Sikora was in her bathroom in North Tonawanda (a suburb of Buffalo, New York), dressing for work when she heard her picture window in the living room shatter. "A lot of crashing noises" followed, and Veronica peeked out to see a large brown animal dashing (and smashing) about the living room. Like Harley Hannick, she quickly slammed the door.

Like Barbara, the deer (for that's what it was) went right through a wall — between the living room and the dining room, continuing to overturn furniture and smash household items in the process.

After ten minutes in the bathroom, Veronica realized, from hearing youngsters outside yelling that a deer had jumped into an apartment, the identity of the uninvited visitor.

A policeman armed with a chair drove the deer out of the house. Still running, it managed another two miles before the policeman killed it with a shotgun blast.

Too badly wounded to save, they said....

"Until this morning, I didn't know there were deer in North Tonawanda," Veronica said.

After that morning, there probably won't be any more....

SOURCE: AP *Ithaca Journal*, Wednesday, May 24, 1978. CREDIT: #466.

## III. HIGH WATER DEER?

Police in St. Louis were called in for a deer hunt March 26, 1978 at an unlikely location — a restaurant called the Mansion House. A garage attendant there saw a deer run into a utility room at the complex. She, like Veronica in Tonawanda and Harley Hannick in Prarie du Sac, tried

to slam the door to the room, but the deer bolted past her and got away. Like the other two victims in our previous animal tales, the animal was apprehended a few minutes later.

After the deer had been taken away by the Humane Society, police speculated that the creature may have floated down the Mississippi on some debris borne on the surface of those high waters (from Prarie du Sac, Wisconsin, via the Wisconsin River, perhaps?).

SITU member William Zeiser, who sent the clipping in, writes: "The deer, if it did come from the Mississippi on debris (the river was high that date), would have had to cross a dozen lanes of highway traffic, negotiate brightly lit streets for blocks, and dodge the restaurant crowds at that hour."

SOURCE: *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, 27 March 1978. CREDIT: William Zeiser.

# SITU*ATIONS*

*This section of our journal is dedicated to the reporting of curious and unexplained events. Members are encouraged to send in newsclippings and responsible reports they feel should be included here. Remember, local newspapers often offer the best (or only) information concerning some events. Please be sure to include the source of reference (name of newspaper, periodical, etc.), the date the article appeared and your membership number (or name, if you prefer to be credited that way).*

## MUTILATIONS ON SCHEDULE

Mutilations are being linked to witchcraft ceremonies again — at least in Arkansas. In Rogers, Arkansas, Benton County sheriff's officials claim five calves, a cow and a horse were mysteriously mutilated between April 8 and May 1, 1978 in three separate locations — by religious cultists. No arrests have been made, however....

The eyes as well as the sexual and internal organs of the dead animals had been removed with surgical precision, it was noted, and the blood had been drained and taken away as well.

Two of the dead calves were found on a northwestern Arkansas ranch near the Missouri border April 8. Three more calves and a cow were found in a different location, and were believed mutilated some time before April 20. The horse, also mutilated, was discovered May 1.

Officials, while in the woods investigating the animal deaths, stumbled across a flagstone altar painted with white symbols and littered with animal skulls and candles. An anthropologist, Dr. Jerome Rose, from the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville was consulted. His verdict was that the slayings represented "witchcraft in the European tradition ... based on the worship of nature. Since one of the major aspects of nature is reproduction, the ceremonies should involve reproduction in a simulated form." He told investigators the ceremonies involved seem to be linked to the vernal equinox and the cycle of planting and reproduction, adding that the influence of the equinox diminishes by May 3.

To make the situation even more pat, Dr. Rose apparently successfully predicted(!) the mutilation of the horse May 1, and even went so far as to predict that no more mutilations would occur after May 3.

Have Benton County officials, with the help of an anthropologist, managed to solve the mutilation phenomenon? Will the mutilators heed the findings of the law enforcement agency? Will Dr. Rose be successful in predicting away the perpetrators?

Not only have the mutilations been *explained*, but now that May 3 has come and gone, they are *finished* for the year.

Or are they? Be sure to tune in again next equinox....

SOURCE: AP: *The Kansas City Star*, 5 May 1978; AP: (NJ) *Herald News*, 5 May 1978. CREDIT: William Zeiser, Tom Adams, Fred Wilson.

## BIGFOOT IN VIRGINIA

Seven employees, part of an emergency crew of the Virginia Electric and Power Company, were repairing storm damaged lines and poles in a field near Middletown, Virginia (August County), when they witnessed what they described as a Bigfoot-type creature at approximately 9:20 p.m. March 30, 1978.

The Vepco employees, said Robert Huffman, a safety supervisor for the power company, "saw something and it scared the heck out of them. Right now, we're just trying to play it down. We don't want to scare people." The Vepco workers, Huffman explained, were aboard a rough-terrain vehicle moving through a pasture when they saw something in their headlights. Whatever it was, the creature "ran upright like a man, but there was no way a man could run that fast." The employees also told Huffman the creature glided over downed trees without stumbling and turned toward them at the edge of the woods, about 75 yards distant, and appeared to be holding a red light close to its chest. Huffman added that he had been instructed by his district manager to say nothing about the incident.

The district game biologist with the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, Gary Spiers, took a cautious approach: "I don't doubt these men saw something." He added, however, that a carcass is not always necessary to make a believer out of him: "We have had persistent reports from reliable individuals for years saying that they've sighted mountain lions in Virginia. There's never been any hit on the roads, there's never been a picture taken of one and nobody's ever brought one in. But I'm confident they're out there."

As for Bigfoot...

"I don't know. I don't say it couldn't be. There are a lot of things that go on in the woods that we know nothing about."

SOURCE: *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, 5 April 1978. CREDIT: J. W. Burke, Jr.

## FISH FALL IN KENYA

Fish rained in Kenya again during the week of April 9-15, 1978, just as they did the previous year about the same time, according to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Red and black river fish fell from the sky on the village of Kisanana in the Rift Valley of Kenya. After a two hour thunderstorm had passed, villagers found the fish scattered about the ground and squirming in the trees.

The local councillor, Charles Kiptanui, said everyone was mystified by the event since the nearest lake is 14 miles away and there are no rivers in the district. He added that some of the villagers thought the event a bad omen while others looked at the fish as manna from heaven.

SOURCE: *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 21 April 1978. CREDIT: #2708.

## HAS THE DOVER DEVIL VISITED SOUTH-CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA IN MARCH 1978?

We noticed these "footprints" uniformly spaced over the northwest corner of our house's roof one afternoon towards the end of the winter of 1977-78. The rain gutter was frozen solid with ice, yet that's where these "footprints" began and then headed towards the southwest (up the roof's slope) before turning due west and ending at the edge of a 25-foot drop. No trace of these markings was found towards the west at ground level; another singular line of marks was found below the gutter, approaching the house from the east (as seen in the photo), but these marks could not be traced for any significant distance.

A close-up of the roofprints unfortunately reveals no identifying details, as a fair degree of melting had occurred by the time we noticed them.

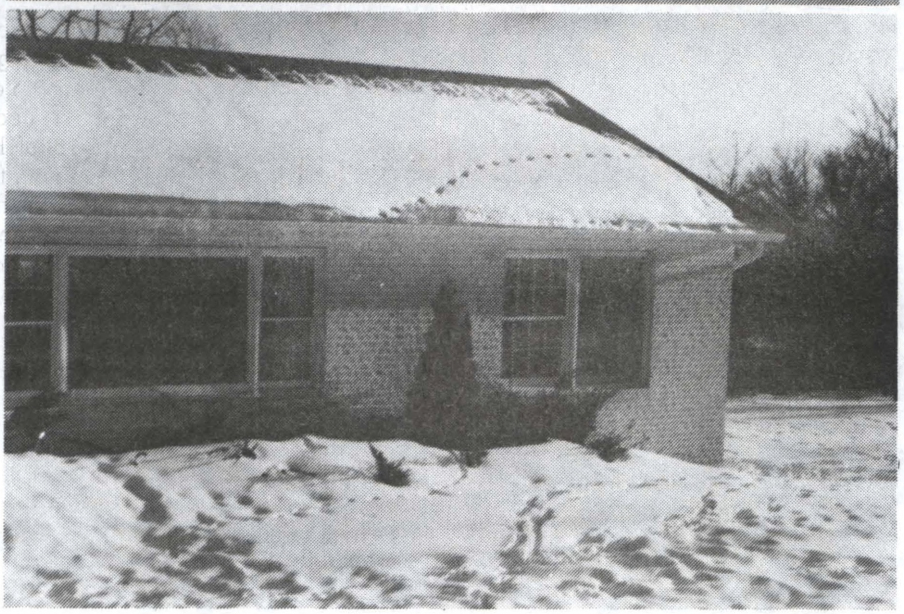
Location is 6 miles north of Harrisburg, in Dauphin County, along the slope of the southern-most ridge of the Appalachian Mountains through south-central Pennsylvania.

Frankly, we're stumped. The neighbor kids aren't talented enough to create such a regular pattern by lobbing snowballs from across the lane! No bird with which we are familiar — and that includes Thunderbirds!—could have created this pattern, either. So...?

—Larry Arnold



1978 by Larry E. Arnold



1978 by Larry E. Arnold

## BLACK CAT WAS A *DOG?!*

In the last issue of *Pursuit* (Vol. 11, No. 2), we reported the appearance of an alleged black panther in Plainfield, Illinois. Now, it seems, a large black dog has been found (dead) in the same vicinity. The dead dog was described by Richard Rife, the Plainfield Township animal warden, as having been a black bull mastiff, a breed which he admits is represented by about only 25 examples in the entire United States. (This may make the black bull mastiff even rarer than the black panther!) The dead dog's age was estimated to be one year or less, and the animal was reported to have had cropped ears and a tapered nose.

The controversy remains, however. Anthony Schons, a Lockport resident who currently has 16 bull mastiffs at his kennels, noted that he had seen only one black bull mastiff in his life — and that was about 25 years ago. "Black is not even permissible by (the standards of) the American Kennel Club," he added, doubting the identification made by Rife. "Bull mastiffs' ears aren't cropped, and they don't have a tapered nose. ... (The dead animal) probably (has) got a little Great Dane in him," Schons speculated.

As of this writing, no one has claimed ownership to the unusual canine, even though the event has received front-page publicity in Plainfield. Why this apparently young dog was so elusive for two months and could have been so easily mistaken for a large, shrieking cat by an experienced hunter are two of the questions left, as yet, unanswered. Previous sightings of large black cats elsewhere have not been so easily resolved....

SOURCE: *Herald-News*, Joliet, Illinois, 28 and 29 April, 1978. CREDIT: #985.

## DEAD DOG MUTILATION?

On the afternoon of April 18, 1977, a woman (name not released, but in our source's files) living near Machias, in Washington State, looked out her window to observe an early model, light cream-colored vehicle traveling east at about 4 m.p.h. as it passed in front of her house. A Doberman Pinscher was walking, apparently on a leash, alongside the driver's side of the car. The witness was unable to clearly observe the driver, but she did note that the driver's hand, which was resting on the steering wheel, was quite large and that there was another (smaller) person sitting on the passenger's side. The vehicle passed slowly out of sight around the corner of the house.

About fifteen minutes later the vehicle passed again, this time traveling west at a normal speed; but the dog was absent this time. Thinking this somewhat strange, she asked the neighbor's son if he would walk up the road to look for the dog. The boy returned a few minutes later to tell her the dog was dead, and that it appeared to have been cut up.

The woman waited until her husband came home, then accompanied him to assess the situation. They found the dog's remains lying along the south bank of the road. The front portion of the animal was lying on its back with the chest cavity cut open. The dog had been cleanly severed in two, behind the rib cage. The back half and rear legs could not be found anywhere. There was no evidence of blood and the exposed tissue of the chest cavity was clean and whitish in appearance. The intestines had been piled up a few feet away, and the liver, heart and lungs were missing from the carcass.

The witness stated that the work done on the animal was "clean and precise."

SOURCE: *The Phenomena Research Special Report* ((#2) July 1977 CREDIT: Jacob A Davidson.

## HYPNOTIZED CROAKER

Del Mar, California, April 21, 1978. Bill Steed roots for pint-sized frog lifting weights in training for the charity frog-jump at the Del Mar fairgrounds. Steed says he trains his army of 300 frogs using hypnotism. Sorry, but we would have to see it (in something besides the accompanying photo) to believe it.



Photo credit: WORLD WIDE PHOTOS

## PELICANS IN THE MIDWEST

There's a strange trio of pelicans at the Henry Doorly Zoo in Omaha, Nebraska. One of them was spotted by a Veterans Hospital surgical researcher who managed to capture it and take it to the zoo. Zoo director Lee Simmons reasoned the bird was a dropout from a flock flying south for the winter, but after the winter was over and two other pelicans were brought in to the zoo from Iowa and Nebraska, he wasn't so sure.

In any case, all three are healthy, gaining weight and apparently none too anxious to leave the zoo. As a matter of fact, Simmons adds, the only male among them has developed a crush on one of the females....

The SITU member who sent the clipping in to us writes:

"Pelicans at least 1500 miles from the sea? Not once, but on two successive years in different states? You may ask me to believe in a single, stray, storm-born pelican, but do we have here a type of pipeline? Cf. Big Bird accounts from Illinois in *Fortean Times*."

SOURCE: AP: St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, 17 May 1978. CREDIT: William Zeiser.

## MONTEVIDEO MONSTER

Professor Victor Bertullo, director of Uruguay's Institute of Fish Research, said he could not identify an unknown creature fished out of the Rio De La Plata by surprised fishermen. The fantailed sea monster, with a tortoise shell six feet in diameter and huge fins, could not be found in any book, according to Professor Bertullo.

The creature weighed about a ton and was dying when it was brought to the surface in the fishing nets and then towed ashore....

SOURCE: Agence France-Presse: St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, 13-14 May 1978. CREDIT: William Zeiser.

## LONG-DISTANCE 'MAYDAY'

Three people aboard the *Timberlane*, a 30-foot pleasure boat out of Marathon, Florida, issued a distress signal May 15, 1978. The Coast Guard station in Key West did not hear it.

Citizens of Tucson, Arizona did, however, and called the unbelieving Pima County Sheriff's Department radio dispatcher there to tell him so. "I want to report a ship at sea in distress. I've just picked up its Mayday signal," one caller told the dispatcher.

"Buddy," answered the dispatcher, "this is a desert town. There isn't a major waterway within a hundred miles of here."

The caller insisted, however, that he had heard the call over his citizen's band radio. The dispatcher contacted federal officials in Tucson, who in turn contacted the Coast Guard in Key West, Florida. Message confirmed, the Coast Guard soon had the *Timberlane*, which had begun taking on water, in tow.

A Coast Guard spokesman clarified (?) the situation:

"We didn't hear the message at all ... We got two calls from people in Tucson and one of the callers talked to people aboard the ship for awhile until the signal faded."

Although CB owners may write in to tell us the phenomenon is known as "skip," we could not bring ourselves to skip this one....

SOURCE: AP: *Ithaca (NY) Journal*, 16 May 1978. CREDIT: #659.

## BIGFOOT IN ARKANSAS

A set of alleged Bigfoot prints, showing five toes and measuring 7½ x 17 inches (with about double the stride of an average-sized adult human, according to one witness), was found near the Center Ridge telephone exchange in south-central Arkansas. Later the same day (March 5, 1978) another set of prints was found about seven miles further along Highway 124 near a low-water bridge situated between the towns of Center Ridge and Cleveland. Both right and left foot impressions were discovered in soft soil in a nearby 180 acre farm from which, coincidentally, three head of cattle had mysteriously disappeared just five days earlier. Evidence as to why or how the cattle had disappeared is lacking....

Ed Andrews, whose farm is located just two miles from the first set of prints, reported that he discovered one of his 40-pound hogs dead, its head pulled off but its carcass otherwise untouched.

SOURCE: *Petit-Jean County Headlight*, Morrilton, Arkansas, 8 March 1978. CREDIT: Lou Farish.

## BIGFOOT IN ALBERTA

In Manyberries, near Medicine Hat, Alberta (Canada), "Bigfoot" prints were found the morning of December 1, 1977. The 5-toed imprints, measuring 8 x 19 inches, were discovered in the snow near the CP rail station in Manyberries. RCMP Constable Bruce Best, called to the scene, felt it was the weirdest thing he had ever encountered. With 9½ years of experience on the force, he could say only: "I don't know what to think, actually."

The local hotel owner reported he spent a restless night after being forced to close the hotel tavern because "dogs kept barking and howling all night."

Almost all the 80 Manyberries residents visited the railway station to examine the strange footprints which led from the front of the station along the side of the building. [Editor's note: A previous article entitled "Coherence in Chaos" (*Pursuit*, Vol. 11, No. 1) discusses the frequency with which unexplained manifestations occur near railroad tracks and other 'conductive' materials and structures and speculates as to the cause of these events.] At one point whatever made the prints appears to have stopped by a window, since the footprints there were spaced only a few inches apart.

Some of the Manyberries residents are not at all convinced the trail in the snow was a hoax; Vern Dunlop, manager of the railway station for seven years, doesn't think anyone in the village would attempt such a hoax.

SOURCE: *The Medicine Hat News*, 2 December 1977 CREDIT: #2258.

### NO JOKE

Seventeen persons at the Navajo National Monument campground watched helplessly as part of a towering, sheer 600-foot sandstone wall collapsed May 30, 1978, killing one person and injuring two others at Keet Seel, the largest cliff-dwelling ruin in Arizona.

Head injuries were blamed for one man's death. Although we do not wish to make light of someone's misfortune, it is in keeping with *Pursuit's* policy of reporting strange names that we note here the name of one of the injured who was identified as a dentist with the Public Health Service in Arizona: Dr. Toothaker.

SOURCE UPI: *The New York Times*, 30 May 1978. CREDIT: #466.



### MOVING?

**If you are planning to move this fall, please send your name, new mailing address and old mailing address to SITU Membership Services, R.F.D. 5, Gales Ferry, CT 06335, if possible 60 or more days in advance of moving.**

# These Fortean Times

## By Robert JM Rickard

During correspondence with your editor the idea was mooted that I should attempt a column, here in *Pursuit*. The notion had several advantages. Firstly, it would be an opportunity to conduct an experiment; my own journal, *Fortean Times* (hereafter as FT), is largely devoted to collecting contemporary Fortean data under event-category headings, but in these pages I would like to present the "log-book" approach, summarizing the Fortean events occurring in a given period, or at least those events that I know about in, say, the previous three months. At present the temporal correlation of Fortean data is quite primitive, using a file card for each day on which details are entered from clippings of different events as they come in. Dave Fideler, editor of *Anomaly Research Bulletin* (ARB), and I have discussed using this method to compile annual Fortean chronologies — but this will take time, a commodity we don't have enough of ... FT is initiating a development program, studying the modern data processing hardware and software application to just this kind of problem (any computer hams among you interested in taking part are invited to contact me via *Pursuit*) ... but this, too, has yet to be realized. Hopefully this column will show that temporal correlation, even on a small scale, is a valid technique that brings interesting results, and will pave the way for more ambitious projects.

Secondly, this column would provide some discussion of contemporary events and patterns; and thirdly, it could provide *Pursuit* readers with a window on Forteana in the British Isles. Since space here is naturally limited, I will, in places, refer the reader to more detailed discussion in FT and elsewhere. Referencing will be kept brief: a date follows the source's initials, which can be decoded with the table at the end of this column. Material drawn from the pages of FT may be more fully credited or reported (past or future) in that publication. [SITU members unfamiliar with FT's address take note: FORTEAN TIMES, c/o DTWAGE 9-12 St. Annes Court, London W1, England.]

Having fired the opening shots, I now confess that the deadline for this first column has caught me with my trousers down (but we won't go into that!) in the midst of drastic domestic upheaval. Perhaps this would be a good opportunity simply to introduce myself, my approach and the sort of data we'll be discussing.

While Fort himself recognized that patterns and cycles existed in his data, he was never very forthcoming, preferring to hint in general. One of his more explicit correlations was between quakes and certain other phenomena like aerial lights and sounds, and falls. This whole area (suggesting a new specialization for science) was recently brought into focus by reports of awesome light phenomena in the sky during the great 8.2 Richter quake that destroyed Tangshan city, Hopei, China, on 28 July, 1976. Yet another Fortean datum is absorbed into the orthodox body of science, for already the subject has attracted papers (*Earthquake Information Bulletin* 1977) and, of course, a theory: that tectonic stress creates piezo-electric forces affecting the electromagnetic field of the area precipitating anomalous effects. And, of course, we have the mystery booms...

To judge from many of the US clippings I've seen, the many US sources blithely blaming Concorde take no cognizance of the fact that the original report by Bristol University on the English Channel booms (late 1976 and onward — see FT23), placing the blame on Concorde and peculiar high-altitude cold layers simply did not explain all the reports coming in at the time. Apart from a consistent statement by coast guards and other regular witnesses that the 'booms' are quite distinct from Concorde's sounds (with which they are quite familiar) and that they occur at widely different times, we have the evidence of other witnesses as far north as Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire; and, of course, like ice-falls, similar incidents can be found in the historical records of many countries, long before the aviation era. In FT23, 24 and 25, and in Monsieur X's excellent *Res Bureaux Bulletin* 28 and onward, case after case of booms are given in both Britain and North America in recent years ... and the astonishing emergence can be seen of a fairly high correlation with other Fortean phenomena. The late 1976 boom-time in Southern England was a period of vigorous activity both of lights-in-the-skies and in close-encounters of the third kind (CE3: alleged experiental contact with alien beings, etc.), as well as mystery animal cases and 'coincidence' series like the incredible saga of mystery explosions blamed on inexplicable natural-gas accidents (see FT20).

If a Fortean is expert in anything, it is as a connoisseur of explanations, and didn't some beauties emerge during the US East coast boom series! My favorite must be the suggestion that a lunatic was tying dynamite to balloons far out at sea. During this noisy December 1977 period it was also noted that the sounds were being caused by re-entering satellite junk exploding. Almost a month later it

really happens! Radioactive debris from the Cosmos 954 satellite re-enters over North America — see major newspapers for 27 January 1978 onward. (Incidentally this time-correlation game really highlights some of the Universe's jokes. Located within the supposed danger area of this satellite accident were both Uranium City and Fort Radium! And the scenario had been described in Harry Harrison's recent SF novel *Skyfall* — showing how— shades of the Titanic! — Nature can upstage fiction.)

There are other insights into the intriguing mystery booms — which, at the time of writing are still being sporadically reported or heard. Our simple file cards show fairly good coincidents involving booms and quakes— and not always in the same place! For example, on 2 December 1977, the day of the first recorded boom off the Charleston, South Carolina coast, there was a 6.2 Richter tremor (some sources said 5.5) in the Gulf of Iran (RN 3 Dec.) and another in the Kamchatka peninsula (can't locate source right now); and at Gisborne, New Zealand, 88 whales were beached (DT 3 Dec.). Fort, in discussing alternating series of tremors and booms, wondered aloud about a link to Mars at opposition during these times. X, in RBB 28, points out that the recent series coincides with Mars' closest approach in two years. In his biography of Fort[1], Damon Knight confesses to have gotten Bell Telephone Labs to computer analyze Fort's data, and to his amazement (and the incomprehension of all of us) found that not just the quake/sounds but the whole body of data (errors included!) related closely to the Mars cycle. What this means I can't say — but it does open a lot of questions....

There is another factor. Any Fortean investigator of experience will admit the very low probability that effects have only one cause. In Fort's notion of Continuity, events are the nexus of infinite causes, only a few of which we know about. Personally, I feel there is a strong similarity between the paradoxical effects of the mystery booms and the sonic effects experienced during 'poltergeist' cases— in both cases, we hear of sounds loud enough to shake buildings but which paradoxically leave little physical evidence! Few of the recent booms affected seismographs to any degree, and those that did had seismologists puzzled over lack of corroboration for an earth tremor (hence the term for the booms: *pseudoseisms*). If the news reports are correct, there was a 3.1 Richter tremor in the Wareham, Mass. area almost exactly an hour *after* three loud explosions and a red glow in the air were reported over the Connecticut coast, on 20 December. Similar puzzling pseudoseisms are on record from the great Hereford, England quake in 1896[2], up to the more recent event at Llandrillo, Wales on 23 January 1974, (see FT4 and 5) when it seemed that a meteor and a tremor were coincident with aerial explosions.

Before leaving the subject for now, I could mention that on 21 December, 1977, 2 more booms were heard at Charleston, while a resident of Tom's River, New Jersey was awakened at 2 a.m. that day by a mystery explosion that set off his fire-alarm and thereby drawing to his attention a "globular light" outside the house (MCJ 24 Dec.). At 2 p.m. the same day, the first of a new series of aerial boomings began in the sky over Cornwall, England (WB 5 Jan. 1978). Then — inevitably — booms in the sky over Cornwall, Ontario (see RBB 29).

Here are a few examples of my daily log for late last year.

8 Aug.: 12th eruption in 48 hours of Mt. Usu in Northern Japan (SE 9 Aug.); meanwhile weird things happen in the West Country skies of England ... strange "high pitched whirling" sounds were heard over a wide area around Bath, Somerset (BWEC 10 Aug.); and not very far away at Poole, Dorset, there was a fall of hay at about 8:45 p.m. The hay was said to be accompanied by clumps of grass complete with roots and soil! (DE 9 Aug.).

12 Aug.: In the early hours rare birds vanish (or were stolen) from an aviary in Camden Park, London (LEN 12 Aug.) ... and typifying this day of balances, two rare Manx shearwaters are seen on the Isle of Man (BEA 13 Aug.). A pet foal found hanged in a tree near Swansea (LES 12 Aug.), was avenged by a giant (3 ft.) squirrel attacking people and "eating everything in sight" in Bournemouth, Hampshire (DE 13 Aug.). At Bath, Somerset, a priest sleeping at the side of a country lane (!!) is run over by a motorist (ST 14 Aug.), and far away in Canberra, Australia, a car being filled with petrol suddenly explodes killing its passengers (DT 13 Aug.). At Russ Green, Essex, a couple claim a bright UFO chased their car, and certainly 6 policemen had seen inexplicable lights in the local sky (WN 13 Aug.) ... but at Bognor Regis, Sussex, they could not explain what it was they saw and heard. It seemed (to witnesses) that a plane was crashing into the sea. It was explained away by official explainers-away as a "shooting star or comet" (sic). No debris was found! (BEA 13 Aug.).

16 Aug.: a good day to speculate on whether our predecessors, the chroniclers of omens and portents, had anything going for them. Today a modern demigod died— Elvis Presley. There was a strong tremor in Calabria and Apulia, Italy (DT 17 Aug.); and at Sutton, Surrey, a man died as a mystery explosion destroyed his house (DM 17 Aug.). A small plane took off from a field in Berwickshire and apparently has still not landed anywhere (DE 18 Aug.)... so if we send them a plane, can we expect anything back? Yes, here it comes ... 2 blackened metal artifacts falling out of the sky over March, Cambridgeshire (DE 17 Aug.). In the evening an "eerie glow" is reported from a beach at Mablethorpe, Lincs. It is explained as luminous plankton and shrimp scales — but it is not explained how they should be there that night and not on any other, or why in such quantity! (SET 17 Aug.).

Of course both time and event logs have to run together if you're to get the best from your data ... this technique has thrown up for attention many series of accidents (like the grain silo explosions recently in USA); a rash of green birds and colored eggs; a prodigious number of close encounters of all kinds in the British Isles recently; and such aberrations as the run of grave offences including desecration, robbery, stakes through corpses' hearts (true!)—not to mention a new game in Italy, the hijacking of coffins for ransom.

This column will make no claims for completeness, and I hope I can blow a few raspberries at my own literary and philosophical pretensions. But I hope you'll forgive some whoops of Fortean joy when I find a real gem. Freakish births have studded this last year with monstrosities ... and one of the more notable happened on 29 January, 1978, with the arrival of a calf with three mouths, each with teeth, tongue and lips. The curious from miles around flocked to see this prodigy in the small village of Zlafon, near Jerusalem, Israel (IHT 31 Jan.). Little did they know that about the same time that same day, just a few miles away across the Dead Sea, in Jordan, another miracle of

three was appearing. In the Greek Orthodox church at Madaba, south of Amman, where a large congregation are convinced they saw a "dark shadow, then a blue light" encircle an icon of the Virgin holding baby Jesus. When it had passed, the icon had developed a *third* hand between the two figures. (AP 31 Jan.).

These are Fortean times!

## REFERENCES

1 *Charles Fort: Prophet of the Unexplained*, by Damon Knight (Doubleday, NY, 1970).

2 *Books of Charles Fort* (both 1941 & 1974 editions), p. 476ff.



## SOURCES

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|---|---|
| AP | *Associated Press* wire service. |
| BEA | *Brighton Evening Argus*, UK. |
| BWEC | *Bath and Western Evening Chronicle*, UK. |
| DE | *Daily Express*, UK. |
| DM | *Daily Mail*, UK. |
| DT | *Daily Telegraph*, UK. |
| IHT | *International Herald Tribune*. |
| LEN | *London Evening News*, UK. |
| LES | *London Evening Standard*, UK. |
| MCJ | *Manchester*, Connecticut, *Journal*. |
| RBB | *Res Bureaux Bulletin*. |
| RN | *Rising Nepal*. |
| SE | *Sunday Express*, UK. |
| SET | *Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph*, UK. |
| ST | *Sunday Times*. |
| WB | *West Briton*, UK. |
| WN | *Weekly News*, UK. |

# SYMPOSIUM

## Comments and Opinions

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Over the past thirty years a small forest has been consumed to make the paper for the hundreds of books, magazines, journals, and whatever on the subject of UFOs. The UFO phenomenon has become a part of our 20th Century history and, it is possible, an even more important part of our 20th Century science. As such, it is a symbol and reflection of our technological culture. Thus, the literature represented by these publications will, in time, become important research documents.

Many of these publications have been printed in small numbers and, as such, are available for only a short time. It can be successfully argued that, at least from a scientific viewpoint, many of these publications are junk. However, even this junk is a part of the overall phenomenon. And, as for the rest of the literature, it is well written and informative. Since most is printed in small numbers, there is a good chance that in a short time much will be unavailable to future researchers.

I was in Washington, D.C. a few weeks ago and stopped by the Library of Congress to see what they had. They seem to have most, but not all, of the books printed by the major publishing houses and some of the privately printed specialty items. But, there was a lot missing. When I wrote them inquiring into their interest in acquiring more, they answered by saying that their collections were well represented and no more material was desired.

What is needed is a major effort by the UFO research community to interest a number of museums, universities, libraries, or historical societies to establish *permanent* collections of as much of the UFO literature that is still available. Most libraries keep material on hand only for so long as it is in big demand. What is required for these permanent collections is the recognition of the needs to preserve them for future historical research purposes.

Some of the major UFO groups and dominant personalities have extensive collections. But as can be seen with the deaths of M. K. Jessup and Frank Edwards, they can be easily lost if adequate preparations are not made. Connections with established institutions seem to be the best way to guarantee long term preservation.

If steps are not taken soon, available information resource may be lost forever. I hope a major UFO group or personality will recognize the need I have outlined and take some initial steps to see if it can be solved.

—William E. Jones

*As an initial step in that direction we ask all SITU members to send us reports, newspaper and periodical clippings and first-hand accounts as well as books and periodicals they may not want or do not have room to keep. Our library and files were established expressly for that purpose and we will do our utmost to maintain and preserve our materials until such time as we receive the funding necessary to preserve them permanently by microfilming or some other process. Please do not feel that we already have the book or clipping; we are pleased to have duplicate materials, as this assures a more complete preservation.* —*Ed.*

* * *

At a conference I attended last year, scuttlebutt was heard such that it was "hoped" *Pursuit* would soon fold so that other Fortean-oriented journals could give the field the better treatment it deserved. . . . Regardless, it is my point of truth that *Pursuit* is the *best* Fortean-oriented journal available when one is considering in-depth investigations of enigmas and theoretical discussion of them.

—Member #1946

*We wonder what kind of Fortean would "hope" for* Pursuit, *or any other of the reliable Fortean publications, such as* Fortean Times, Info, Fate *and others — to fold?!*

—*Ed.*

* * *

I wish to point out for the benefit of fellow SITU members a basic error in S. Marriott's article, "Whamond's Law Repealed" (*Pursuit* Vol. 11, No. 1) which struck me as soon as I saw it. It is with regard to his assertion that if a man is scaled down to half his original height, his muscles "will have only one-eighth the volume of an Earthman's (sic), and will therefore be capable of exerting only one-eighth the force" (pg. 9 par. 5). This is a falsehood. The truth is that while muscle volume IS decreased to 1/8, strength is reduced to only 1/4 of original capacity.

To illustrate, let us reduce by 1/2 a 6 foot man, weighing 200 pounds, and capable of lifting a 500 pound weight. Keep in mind all proportions are kept the same. His stature will of course be reduced to 3 feet. His total volume (and total weight) is reduced as the cube of the linear dimension. This is to say that height was reduced according to equation $6' \times 1/2 = 3'$ and so weight is calculated as

$$200 \times 1/2^2 = 25 \text{ lbs.}$$

Now comes the important biological and mathematical rule that the author missed. This is that surface area and cross-sectional area decrease as the *square* of the linear dimension. Since strength is a variable based on cross-sectional area of muscle, and not total volume of muscle, the strength is reduced to 1/4. So this 3 foot tall gentleman has a lifting power of $500 \times 1/2^2 = 125$ lbs. Under Mariott's erroneous assertion he would have strength enough to lift only 62.5 pounds.

There is nothing esoteric about the laws of 3-dimensional growth. They are easily verified with application of high school algebra and geometry. Perhaps, if he had not been so intent on creating his series of unsatisfactory and superfluous algebraic equations, Mr. Marriott could have caught the mistake himself.

For an elegant and easy-to-read discussion on how proportionate increases in body size work, and on basic laws of allometry (changes in proportion due to changes in size), see Krantz ('72a and '72b).* His articles have a special appeal for Forteans.

—Michael K. Diamond

* Krantz, Grover (1972a) "Anatomy of the Sasquatch Foot" *Northwest Anthropological Research Notes* Vol. 6 No. 1 (reprinted in *The Search for Bigfoot* by Peter Byrne c. 1975 Acropolis Books, Washington D.C.) Also, Krantz, Grover (1972b) "Additional Notes on Sasquatch Foot Anatomy" ibid. Vol. 6 No. 2 (reprinted in Byrne op. cit.)

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Dr. Lorenzoni has brought up important questions about the glib doctrine usually passed off as "evolutionary theory." There are many mysteries about it. However, the fact that the vast geological changes of the past correlated with new species and wide-spread extinctions suggests to me that we should not give up too soon on "factors external to the living being" as the source of evolution. It seems to me that there must be something that can cause other than monstrosities when it causes mutation.

As for the "isolation" argument, I would think that only a single mutated gene could eventually change into a species, provided the mutant individual was able to compete with other individuals and to reproduce. If the mutated gene was recessive relative to its "rival" gene (allelomorph) in the chromosomes, its effect would show up at times. Due to "genetic drift" it could become the sole type of allelomorph available, in a certain small population, for that characteristic of the organism. That is, whenever a small group of individuals leaves the pack, or is segregated from the majority by some circumstance, the likelihood of increasing importance to any new recessive gene is greatly increased.

S. Wright pointed out how the proportion of genotypes fluctuates in small populations, and how one kind of gene, either the dominant or the recessive, can be lost entirely. Some animals live in family units only, and these would seem especially liable to genetic drift. A population broken up by a series of catastrophes is suggestive of another way that small groups can appear. Separated groups can refuse to intermingle, and hardship can keep a population small, thus allowing enough time for many mutations in the genes to appear.

It is all speculative, but we must keep the avenues of thought open.

—Harry E. Mongold

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The Winter issue of *Pursuit* (Volume 11, Number 1) was okay except for the article on Frank Searle. Everything I've read on Searle and his photos points to them being hoaxes. Despite the fact that he had movie cameras available, Searle seems unable to produce any motion pictures to back up his still photography. Also, the fact that Searle stated that he had hopes of making a lot of money from the photos doesn't help much. I don't think that any of the other better known Nessie hunters have backed either Searle or his photos. I think that an editor's note should have been included stating that the photos were highly suspect.

—David Weidl

*You're right, David. Searle's photos have been questioned. One photography expert in England has staked his reputation on his statement that the head and neck shown in one of Searle's photos are identical to those shown in a picture postcard of a brontosaurus. Another photo in Searle's book shows two humps in a ring of water (reprinted in* Pursuit *at the bottom of page 4); an identical photo taken in the same sequence (but* not *published in Searle's book) shows* three *humps, even though the water markings in the two photos are* identical *— down to the smallest ripple. Applied Photo Sciences, Inc., of Massachusetts, claims another of Searle's photos was produced by enlarging the original negative, shot from a distance of 25-50 feet from the shore — not 800 yards, as Searle claims.*

*There's more: A farmer at the loch discovered, only a couple of yards from where Searle had pitched his tent, a small stuffed "monster," made of cloth and painted on only one side. And, amidst all this controversy, Searle's publisher, Coronet Books, has refused to reprint his book,* Nessie, Seven Years in Search of the Monster.

*Are we admitting Searle's photos were faked? Not until the evidence is clearer (one of* Pursuit's *functions, as our members know, is to uncover hoaxes). As noted recently (at a Fortean mini-gathering in Connecticut) by Jerome Clark: it is undoubtedly inevitable (and fitting) that any* true *Fortean will, at some point in his career, have to dine in the company of his leering adversaries, on a large plate of crow. Although we agree, we would include in that concept the sincere hope that when we do sit down to dine, the crow on our plate will be a white one. . . —Ed.*

* * *

## BACK ISSUES

Back issues of *Pursuit* are currently available to members at a price of $2.00 per copy. *Please note:* As of December 31, 1978 the price will rise to $2.50. Order yours now. If you wish to have a back issue order form write: SITU Membership Services, RFD #5, Gales Ferry, Connecticut 06335, USA.

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## UFO NEWSCLIPPING SERVICE

The *UFO Newsclipping Service*, co-edited by Lucius Farish and Rod Dyke, offers a monthly compilation of UFO reports and Forteana from across the United States and around the world. A must for researchers or for those interested in keeping up with recent events. Write for details: *UFO Newsclipping Service*, Route 1 - Box 220, Plumerville, Arkansas 72127, USA.

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## NEW BOOK

E. Macer-Story will be having a book entitled *CONGRATULATIONS! the ufo reality* published by Crescent Publications, 5410 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 400, Los Angeles, CA 90036. She does not regard the events narrated in this book as the final word on ufo contact, and is now collecting data for a sequel. In this context, she is interested in member reactions to the ideas in *CONGRATULATIONS!*, and also word on member experiences with alteration of consciousness in connection with ufo or other unusual phenomena.

The book may be ordered directly from Crescent, and Macer-Story may be contacted by leaving your name and address with her message service 212—691-7950. This is a 24-hour service, and she will respond to urgent calls.

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## MEMBERSHIP DIRECTORY

We are still processing names for the new Membership Directory. Originally we listed July 1st as the latest cutoff date, but since this date falls after the Summer *Pursuit* will be in print, we will hold off printing the names of interested members until the Fall issue of *Pursuit* (see Volume 11, Number 1, Winter *Pursuit* for explicit instructions). Interested members who do not get their names in to us in time for the fall issues, don't despair. We will include submissions from latecomers in a later issue.

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## OOPS!

The Spring *Pursuit* (Vol. 11, No. 2) contained an error in the bibliography to Harry Mongold's article, "The Concept of Simultaneity." The remark, "Also Dover, 1976, same pagination," should follow Bergman's book (reference 12), not Einstein's (reference 11).

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# BOOK REVIEWS

**PHENOMENA: A Book of Wonders, by John Michell and Robert J.M. Rickard, Pantheon Books, New York, 1977, 128 pages, $10.95.**

Many of those reading this book review initially joined SITU to learn more about particular, strange, phenomena such as Bigfoot, the Bermuda Triangle, Loch Ness type creatures and UFOs, or to understand a bit more about all such phenomena in general. While SITU sends out bibliographical listings to answer inquiries concerning particular subjects, we now can recommend a book that gives good coverage of the whole curious spectrum. The book, entitled *PHENOMENA: A Book of Wonders*, by John Michell and Robert J.M. Rickard, contains 119 illustrations and offers numerous, brief examples and descriptions covering 57 major categories of the strange and unusual.

We still, of course, recommend the four books of Charles Hoy Fort to anyone interested in learning more about those strange phenomena — most of which still defy explanation and which are now often referred to, collectively, as Forteana. But perhaps we should recommend that everyone read PHENOMENA first so as to better understand and appreciate the more complete works of Charles Fort.

PHENOMENA was compiled and written in England; thus many of the events reported by the authors occurred within the British Isles. This would not have disturbed ol' Charles since, recognizing the wealth of material there, he actually moved to London back in the 1920s in order to collect data for his books.

Michell has already written six books of interest to Forteans; Rickard is the founder of *Fortean Times* (read his column elsewhere in this issue). No matter whether you are an investigative specialist, a curious amateur or a doubter of strange phenomena — read *PHENOMENA: A Book of Wonders*.

—R.C.W.

**GUIDE TO PSI PERIODICALS, 6th edition, edited by Elizabeth M. Werner, Inner-Space Interpreters (ISIS), P.O. Box 1133, Magnolia Park Station, Burbank, California 91507, 1978, 100 pages, $3.00**

"Every effort has been made to assemble a Guide which gives essential information about magazines, newspapers and newsletters pertaining to all aspects of Man's endeavor to get in touch with his many minds and bodies, other energies and other dimensions." These are the words of the editor who, in her introduction to the 6th edition, notes also that this is the only Guide of its kind to have so wide an international coverage.

Indeed, the *Guide* does just that. At a cost of less than one penny per listing, the reader can find out about all the organizations involved in the study of such subjects as Parapsychology, Astrology, Wicca, UFOs, Forteana, etc. No matter what your approach, or how selective your reading, you'll find the *Guide* contains something for everybody. Besides serving as a handy reference for addresses, the *Guide* also serves as a source of information concerning the goals and interests of the groups listed within. Appropriately, there is no indication as to the integrity of those groups; value judgements are left to the reader.

Overall, an impressive work. Aside from the listings of pertinent publications, many of which do not appear on news stands, the *Guide to Psi Periodicals* offers us the realization that there is an increasing number of individuals, groups and publications devoting their time and energy to the study of the Unexplained. Encouraging, timely and informative.

—R.M.W.

**The World's Last Mysteries, The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., 320 pages, $11.97 (approx.— various R.D. "deals").**

This most fascinating, large volume (8½x11 in.) covering many "last" mysteries, might only be but a forerunner of future books on just such subjects, for we must realize that discoveries are continually being made. However, it is unlikely that a more enjoyable or definitive account will ever be produced, or one more suitably and beautifully illustrated. From the Mayas to Tunguska, from the Olmec to the Sahara, we are conveyed in the grand, familiar R.D. style. Although it was originally published in France, we now have the English language edition (complete with its "Britishisms"), very reminiscent of the beautiful books put out by Time-Life.

The section devoted to "megaliths of Europe" alone would be worth the price of the book for those intrigued by such monumental work. In addition to the thousands in Europe and North Africa, one of the most thoroughly covered is the familiar Stonehenge, including a very lucid explanation of the four stages, or periods, of construction. Indeed, whatever the reasons may have been for constructing such monuments, considering the population (and the life expectancy) of our planet thousands of years ago, a major portion of all mankind must have been thus occupied (to the exclusion of all else!) for hundreds of years. Pity, too, that casual visitors as well as more serious researchers are not advised, while visiting Stonehenge, that the village of Avebury, 20 miles away, is also built up in the center of just such a circular construction of megaliths!

In addition to mysteries, we are also treated to some explanations — such as the change from the former "Switzerland of North Africa" to what has become the now desolate Sahara. We can understand how the workings of nature, coupled with the carelessness and short-sightedness of man, may result in wastelands which our planet can ill afford. Will we learn anything from such examples?

In at least two places we're treated to the offering (shades of Von Daniken) that stone work and/or brickworks have apparently been fused or turned "glass-like" by what must have been temperatures 'in excess of 1300°C,' — irritatingly, with no accompanying explanation — leaving one's (at least *this* one's) imagination whirring in high gear. If such temperatures had been available at such diverse places as Hattusas (the Hittite capital, 95 miles east of Ankara, Turkey) and the Celtic Crag Phadrig (near Inverness, Scotland), then who employed them and why? For war, or in peace?

For those of us who, at some time or other, may have looked down upon our "primitive" ancestors, the wealth and extent of past civilizations herein described opens a new panorama of ideas. It can, for example, be truly humbling to find that the Mayan calendar was accurate to five minutes per year! This reader wonders if *anyone* today, using the same methods, could duplicate some of the feats of the ancients.

And whether one's interests in Atlantis includes the belief that it was actually located on the island of Santorini, at Bimini, or in any other of the fabled places in between, enough scenic and photographic "proof" will be found herein to satisfy any theory.

Very highly recommended, for both general reading, and scholarly research in the various areas so well covered.

—M.J.W.

**Biomusic Synthesis by David Bihary, published by David Bihary (P.O. Box 1013, Fairport, Ohio 44077), 1978, 16 pages, $5.00).**

Although the price of this booklet seems somewhat excessive — especially considering the number of pages, the quality of the paper, and the fact that the text is not typeset, nevertheless there is more to digest here than in many restaurants serving meals that cost twice the price.

"Biomusic is the combination of sounds, natural resonances, and vibratory energies associated with life and consciousness." This much we learn from the cover.

Once inside, our first realization is that we will have to read the material again, that the data is too compact, that we have in our hands much more than 16 pages of text; by the time we are finished we are somehow convinced there were another hundred or so pages hidden between the covers. Some excerpts:

"Evidently our human body dimensions have evolved in harmony with environmental energy fields. The human skull size, for instance, approximates the wavelengths associated with hydrogen (H) and hydroxl (OH) at 21 and 18 cm.

"The nucleo-proteins, bones, and membranes within our bodies have properties resembling semiconductors, (perhaps superconductivity), and piezoelectricity. This means that our bodies can transduce sound to radio waves and vice-versa. Biological radio simply depends on tuning in the carrier channel(s) and tuning out noise ... the physical principle of telepathy is that sympathetic resonance allows energy and information to be transferred as in a radio. ...The primary resonators in the human body are: the aorta near 7 Hz, various heart sounds 35-2000 Hz, and the intracranial resonances 4000 and 12,000 Hz. The systems work together, and meditative harmony is achieved when all the phasing has synchronized....

"...Researchers have already shown that meditation synchronizes right and left hemisphere brain waves and that this synchronization improves learning ability....

"...Each hemisphere generates its own circular resonance circuit, and by piezoelectricity creates a magnetic field around the head. This field interacts with environmental energies so that the interference patterns contain information. As in radio, different frequency/phasing channels carry information from different realms. This information is encoded in a vibrational-statistical language which can be learned with patience. To varying degrees we already process such information, perhaps more readily in the brain's right, nonverbal hemisphere. It's important that the body/brain rhythms be coherently synchronized or the information will be lost in one's own noise....

Bihary includes a chart compiling a small sample of natural vibrations (DNA line geometry, gold, Jupiter, Tesla's resonance, water, and more) to the middle C octave of a piano ("...in piano tuning, the octave is the only pure interval; a binary logic coincidentally found in nature...").

If you are looking for a glossy, illustrated compendium geared to commercial and consumer interests, don't send for this booklet. It'll disappear on your bookshelf. If you are one of those who seek information and you are not concerned with the size or appearance of the vehicle, and especially if your interests include music, electronic hardware, radio waves and the interplay of frequencies in the cosmos, you may very well wish to have this little green booklet. There's a lot left out, but there's also a lot within....

—R.M.W.

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