

Subject: Planet Of The Apes. Part 2.

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This talks about some people going into the past and seeing things as they were then.

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In the past, however, there have indeed been experiments that have sought to create human ape hybrids. In fact, this article from the Gralien archives relates a history of humanzee hybrids and their alleged appearances throughout history. Note in particular the research of Ilya I-anov in the 1920s and 30s under Stalin, who had allegedly told Iv-nov to create "a new invincible human being, insensitive to pain, resistant and indifferent about the quality of food they eat." The curiosity of proposed Humanzees isn't anything that still eludes us today, especially in scientific circles. Even a recent article in Wired Magazine dealt with the controversial proposition of inter-species breeding between humans and apes, which might help scientists to understand neoteny, which essentially deals with the supposition that some juvenile traits may be maintained by adults of certain species (humans especially).

Despite what we might hope to learn, are there more potential downfalls to engaging in this variety of research? Do the ethical implications of cross-breeding humans and chimpanzees outweigh (or essentially render useless) the argument that mankind could benefit from studying hybridization of our own species? On the other hand, what if our ethical concerns arise more from the science fiction influence provided by (oh here we go with the Planet of the Apes analogies) films that depict human-like animal hybrids as a danger to humanity?

Source: The Gralien Report
<http://gralienreport.com/cryptozoology/manimals-on-our-minds-genetic-testing-with-hybrid-humans/#more-1715>

- TIME SLIPS DEPARTMENT -

When Three British Boys Traveled to Medieval England (Or Did They?)

Looking back, the really strange thing was the silence. The way the ch-rch bells stopped ringing as the little group of naval cadets neared the village. The way even the ducks stood quiet and motionless by the shallow stream that ran across the road where the main street began.

And, when the boys thought about it afterward, they recalled that even the autumn birdsong faded as they neared the first houses. The wind had dropped to nothing, too.

Not a leaf stirred on the trees they passed. And the trees appeared to cast no shadows.

The street itself was quite deserted-not so odd, perhaps, for a Sunday morning in 1957, especially in the rural heart of England. But even the remotest British hamlets displayed some signs of modernity by then-cars parked by the roadside, phone wires strung along the roads, aerals on roofs-and there was nothing of that sort in this village. In fact, the houses on the high street all looked ancient; they were ragged, hand-built, timber-framed: "almost medieval in appearance," one boy thought.

The three, all Royal N-vy cadets, walked up to the nearest building and pressed their faces to its grimy windows. They could see that it was some sort of butcher's shop, but what they glimpsed in the interior was even more unsettling. As one of them recalled for the author Andrew M-cKenzie:

There were no tables or counters, just two or three whole oxen carcasses which had been skinned and in places were quite green with age. There was a green-painted door and windows with smallish glass panes, one at the front and one at the side, rather dirty-looking. I remember that as we three looked through that window in disbelief at the green and mouldy green carcasses the general feeling certainly was one of disbelief and unreality. Who would believe that in 1957 that the health authorities would allow such conditions?

They peered into another house. It, too, had greenish, smeary windows. And it, too, appeared uninhabited. The walls had been crudely whitewashed, but the rooms were empty; the boys could see no possessions, no furniture, and they thought the rooms themselves appeared to be "not of modern day quality." Spooked now, the cadets turned back and hurried out of the strange village. The track climbed a small hill, and they did not turn back until they had reached the top. Then, one of the three remembered, "suddenly we could hear the bells once more and saw the smoke rising from chimneys, [though] none of the chimneys was smoking when we were in the village. We ran for a few hundred yards as if to shake off the weird feeling." [Ma-Kenzie pp.6-9]

What happened to those three boys on that October morning more than 50 years ago remains something of a mystery. They were taking part in a map-reading exercise that ought to have been straightforward; the idea was to navigate their way across four or five miles of countryside to a designated point, then return to base and report what they had seen-which, if all went well, should have been the picturesque Suffolk village of Kersey. But the more they thought about it, the more the cadets wondered whether something very strange had occurred to them. Years later, William Lain-, the Scottish boy who led the group, put it this way: "It was a ghost village, so to speak. It was almost as if we had walked back in time. I experienced an overwhelming feeling of sadness and depression in Kersey, but also a feeling of unfriendliness and unseen watchers which sent shivers up one's back. I wondered if we'd knocked at a door to ask a question who might have answered it? It doesn't bear thinking about."

Lai-g, who came from Perthshire in the Highlands of Scotland, was a stranger to this part of the east of England. So were his friends Michael C-owley (from Worcestershire) and Ray B-ker (a Cockney). That was the point. All three were 15 years old, and had only recently signed up to join the Royal Na-y. That made it easy for the petty officers in charge of their training to confirm that they had reached the village they were supposed to find just by checking their descriptions. As it was, their superiors, L-ing recalled, were "rather skeptical" when they told them of their odd experience, but they "laughed it off and agreed that we'd seen Kersey all right." [MacK-nzie pp.8-9]

There the matter rested until the late 1980s, when Lai-g and Cr-wley, by then both living in Australia, talked by phone and chewed over the incident. L-ing had always been troubled by it; Crow-ey, it emerged, did not remember it in as much detail as his old friend, but he did think that something strange had happened, and he recalled the silence, the lack of aials and streetlights, and the bizarre butcher's shop. That was enough to prompt La-ng to write to the author of a book he'd read-Andrew MacKen-ie, a leading member of the Society for P-ychical Research.

MacKenzi- was intrigued by Bill -aing's letter and recognized that it might describe a case of retrocognition-the SPR term for what we would call a "timeslip" case. Looking at the details, he thought it was possible that the three cadets had seen Kersey not as it was in 1957, but as it had been centuries earlier. A long correspondence (he and L-ing exchanged letters for two years) and a foray into local libraries with the help of an historian from Kersey helped to confirm that view. In 1990, Lain- flew to England, and the two men walked through the village, reliving the experience.

What makes this case particularly interesting is that retrocognition is probably the rarest reported of ps-chical phenomena. There have only ever been a handful cases, of which by far the most famous remains the "Versailles incident" of 1901. On that occasion, two highly educated British women-the principal and vice principal of St Hugh's C-llege, Oxford-were

wandering through the grounds of the Palace of Versailles, outside Paris, when they had a series of experiences that later convinced them they had seen the gardens as they were before the French Revolution. Detailed research suggested that one of the figures they encountered might have been Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI's wife, the queen of France.

MacKenzie's research into the Kersey incident led him to very similar conclusions, and he featured it as the lead case in a book he published on retrocognition, *Adventures in Time* (1997). Several factors led him to conclude that the cadets' experience had been genuine: the obvious sincerity of Laing and his friend Crowley (Ray Bak-r was also traced, but turned out to remember nothing of the experience); the detail of their recollections, and a few persuasive discoveries. Among the details that impressed MacKenzie most was the realization that the house that Laing had identified as a butcher's shop—which was a private residence in 1957, and remained one when Kersey was revisited in 1990—dated to about 1350 and actually had been a butcher's shop at least as early as 1790. The author was also struck by the suggestive fact that the season seemed to change as the cadets entered the village (inside Kersey, Laing recalled, "it was verdant and the trees were that magnificent green color one finds in spring or early summer"). Then there was the puzzle of the village church; Laing noted that the party had not seen it after they descended into the village and the pall of silence fell. Indeed, he explicitly recalled that "there was no sign of a church. I would certainly have seen it as I had a field of observation of 360 degrees," and Crowley likewise recalled "no church or pub." [MacKenzie pp. 4, 6, 11] All of which seemed hard to explain, since St. Mary's, Kersey, dates to the 14th century and is the principal landmark in the district, readily visible to anybody passing along the main street. MacKenzie, basing his case on the history of St Mary's, interpreted this anomaly as evidence to help pinpoint the likely date on which Laing and his companions "visited" the village.

Part 2.

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