

SHAPES IN THE SKY by CIVILIAN SAUCER INTELLIGENCE

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE

SCIENCE FICTION

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**WHAT
PILOTS
A UFO?**

by **IVAN T. SANDERSON**

MEET THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL by **ISABEL DAVIS**
STORIES by **F. B. BRYNING · BERTRAM CHANDLER · ROBERT F. YOUNG**

**meet
the
extra-
terrestrial**

by ISABEL L. DAVIS

What is the truth about the reports of Saucers landing in various places, the pilots teaching those they meet?

ALL FLYING saucerdom is now divided into two irreconcilable groups. One group believes that human beings have had direct contact and intelligible communication with extraterrestrial beings; the other group rejects all such reports as the product of conscious or unconscious invention.

The split between believers and skeptics is, and should be, a real and permanent one. For to the skeptics, flying saucers still deserve the name of UFOs—*Unidentified Flying Objects*. To the believers, on the other hand, thanks to the extensive information they claim to have received from their extraterrestrial friends, the saucers are no longer UFOs but IFOs—*Identified, fully identified, Flying Objects*. The two terms are mutually exclusive. An object cannot be identified and unidentified at the same time.

The organization to which I belong, Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York, is among the skeptics. As such, we are accused by the believers of egotism, bias, arro-

Isabel L. Davis, one of the most widely known and respected researchers in Ufology, here analyzes published reports on contacts with extraterrestrials. Active in the field for the past ten years, and a Fortean, she is descended from that 17th century Fortean, Sir Kenelm Digby.

gance, and mulish cynicism. They say we pre-judge the contact-communication reports and refuse even to examine them. They say we should "keep an open mind," "reserve judgment," give these cases "the benefit of the doubt," "listen to all sides of the question," and always remember that "anything is possible."

These are fine well-sounding phrases; but what about the stories they defend? They are spoken in support of some of the most extraordinary tales that have ever asked credence from the human mind. Yet astonishing as they are, still more astonishing is the fact of their ready, uncritical, and fervent acceptance.

It is the purpose of this article to prove, if possible, that the scepticism I share with others is *not* blind or automatic or arbitrary, but is based on specific, solid objections; to set down, for the record, some of the reasons why each successive report of this kind has seemed so conspicuously bogus; and to point out exactly what it is that we are being asked to be open-minded about. There may be some people who are genuinely bewildered by our intransigence. Finally, anything is useful that may help to sharpen the distinction between Unidentified and Identified flying objects.

Needless to say, I am not at all the first to criticize

these stories sharply. Many other UFO researchers have pointed out flaws. Not an article but a book could be written about this subject; even in the generous space allowed by *Fantastic Universe*, much more must be omitted than can be included. And still more incongruities remain, I am sure, to be discovered, for there seems to be no end to the contradictions of these cases.

Note that the key word in this controversy is *communication*. Exactly what the skeptics disbelieve must be clearly understood: they reject all cases that involve the *two-way exchange* of ideas or information between earth people and "space people." Other reports of encounters with (possible) extraterrestrials, not involving communication, are in a different category, as I hope to show later.

This article is based on eight books published by six well-known contactee authors, as listed at the end of the article. All six men have lectured extensively about their reported experiences, and some have published other documents, but I will deal chiefly with these books, which are readily accessible to anyone who wants to check my statements.

At first glance these books are very different from each other. George Adamski, who describes himself as "philoso-

pher, student, teacher, saucer researcher," and allows others to refer to him as "Professor"

Adamski was the first with a full-length book. *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, to which co-author Desmond Leslie of England contributed a long section about flying saucers in ancient and recent literature, was published in Oct. 1953 in the U.S. (in Sept. 1953 in England). It describes Mr.

Adamski's two original "contacts" with a Venusian and his "scout ship," the first in the California desert on Nov. 20, 1952, the second at Palomar Gardens, Adamski's home, on Dec. 13, 1952. At the first meeting Adamski took several photographs of the ship and the area where it landed (he was not permitted to photograph the Venusian himself) and gave one plate to his new acquaintance. At the second "contact" the scout ship flew over the Gardens and a hand dropped the plate out of a "porthole" and waved to Adamski. The plate, when examined, seemed to have had the original image erased in order to substitute certain mysterious symbols; these have been differently explained by different interpreters. Similar markings appear on plaster casts of footprints left in the desert soil by the Venusian at the first "meeting"; these casts were made by other persons present that day, who by a fortunate piece of foresight had brought plas-

ter of Paris with them. These "witnesses," however, of whom there were six, did not speak to the "extraterrestrial" themselves; at Adamski's request they remained half a mile to a mile from the meeting-place, but watched through binoculars Adamski's hour-long conversation with his new "friend from space." The talk, which covered many philosophical and scientific points, was conducted with gestures, aided by mental telepathy.

During the next two years, while support for FSHL flourished—together with some sharp criticism—Adamski had several other meetings with men and women from Venus, Saturn, Mars, and elsewhere. These took place, he says in *Inside the Space Ships*, both on earth (where the space Brothers are said to live and work incognito) and in Venusian and Saturnian scout and "mother" ships. He again met his friend of the first "contact," whom he calls "Orthon"; he is not allowed to reveal the true names of these extraterrestrials (at a lecture in New York, before the publication of ISS, Adamski said the Venusian's name was so difficult to pronounce that he never spoke it). ISS describes five such "contacts" in great detail, including excursions into space with Adamski aboard, close-up views of the moon (though it was not feasible for him to

land), and lengthy philosophical conversations with two great teachers or masters, the conversations conducted in English.

Also described was a sixth contact, when his space friends took photographs of the ships for him (using Adamski's own Polaroid camera which he had brought with him, though unfortunately with insufficient film) as best they could against the radiation of the ships. This important event occurred unexpectedly in April 1955, barely in time for Adamski's report of it, and the photographs, to be included in ISS—which was actually on the press, he tells his readers, when he had the "contact."

All Adamski's visits to the space ships were unaccompanied, even the one on August 23, 1954, when Desmond Leslie—always Adamski's loyal supporter—was in Los Angeles. Leslie was not invited; Adamski says of this curious exclusion: "He knew that I was about to have this contact and was most anxious to be taken with me. While I too hoped for this, the Brothers, for reasons which they did not give, were not able to grant the request. As I look back, I think it was because the nature of some of the things which were shown and explained to me this time were not designed for one without previous contacts."

Adamski's two narratives

are characterized by meticulous details about the ships, their occupants, and conditions in the universe; and by the homilies on spiritual subjects from the masters and Brothers— "none of which surprised me," Adamski says, "since I had long been thinking and saying the same things."

But Adamski's experience was apparently not the first of its kind. On May 24, 1952, six months before "Orthon" made the famous footprints, Orfeo Angelucci had begun his friendship with Neptune, Orion, and the "exquisitely beautiful" Lyra. *The Secret of the Saucers* relates many highly-colored and indeed fantastic incidents, including the author's 7-day attack of "amnesia" in Jan. 1953, when his body went about its usual duties; not until September did he "remember" anything—but then a great deal—about the "visit" he made in an "etheric" body to the remains of the planet Lucifer, and the tender conversations there with his two friends. The book is permeated with emotion: tears of affection, regret, and grief are freely shed by all three; and is written in a style impassioned to almost operatic pitch. TSOTS was published in 1955; but earlier that year Orfeo had already said farewell to Lyra—"she who encompassed all love, all compassion and all under-

standing, and whose radiant eyes were a benediction."

Likewise, all of Truman Bethurum's "contacts" had preceded Adamski's. Beginning July 27 and ending Nov, 2, 1952, Bethurum had 11 meetings on the desert with Captain Aura Rhanes, the "chic petite brunette" who commanded an "Admirals' Scow" and its crew of 32 men. Clarion, Bethurum tells us in *Aboard a Flying Saucer* ("Non-Fiction: A True Story of Personal Experience," the title page adds) is a planet on the other side of our Moon and hence never visible to Earthlings.

Compared with the more dignified ladies of the other space ships, Aura sparkles, and her desert idyll with Truman has some unique touches. She seems to be the only "space woman" in these books ever to receive a gift from a terrestrial; somewhere on Clarion is an earthly fountain pen. Next to her "office" in the Scow is a room with a typewriter; on it she types, through the wall (by telepathic control?) a letter, in French, answering a question in the same language. The letter is reproduced in the book; it shows that Aura needs a new machine, and refresher courses in both typing and French—there are too many mistakes in both. She can when she wishes, we are told, use "perfect and high level English," or "hit the same ordinary plane" as Beth-

urum's. She breaks into doggerel rhyme every so often; many of these gems cry for quotation, but I have space for only one. She is the only space woman to mention books, even briefly: asked what her hobbies are, she says, "I like to read and ride and swim, and fish in lakes and rivers. I like to dress up nice and dance. But housework gives me shivers."

But she is no mere blue-stocking. "Her smooth skin was a beautiful olive and roses, and her brown-eyed flashing smile seemed to make her complexion more glowing." Usually she wears a red and black dress and a red and black beret; but once she wears "...a light gray slack outfit, very chic indeed, with her fully developed small figure set off by the slacks, which appeared almost as if painted on her, so snugly did they fit."

Perhaps small wonder that Mrs. Truman Bethurum's successful divorce suit in Los Angeles in 1956 named Captain Rhanes as correspondent.

Clarion itself "sure sounds like Heaven," Bethurum says, and he accepts instantly an invitation to visit it, bringing five selected men friends. No women on this first visit, says Aura: "There is a reason for this, and I ask you to take my word for it." No cameras either, oddly enough. They discuss plans energetically. Aura comments on the first

name on the guest list, Father John: "He is well known in your town, and in cape and gown perhaps he will lead us all in a mass or two, and join with orations and songs to enlighten my crew." But these daydreams come to an abrupt and mysterious end. After the meeting of Nov. 2, 1952, when plans for the stag visit to Clarion were almost complete, the Scow goes away normally, but never returns.

It will be of interest to note that Bethurum reports visiting Adamski at Palomar Gardens in July 1953; he told Adamski about Clarion, and Adamski expressed his belief in the story.

After Angelucci and Bethurum, *The White Sands Incident*, by Daniel W. Fry, seems bare and colorless. Mr. Fry, who was an instrument technician at White Sands when the incident was said to have occurred, never saw the occupant of the saucer, since A-Lan (or Alan) has four more years to go in the process of becoming acclimatized to Earth's air, gravity, and germs, so that he can live on Earth if he wishes; but he converses with Fry by the usual telepathy (here referred to as ESP) and by "direct modulation of the auditory nerve." Compared to the picturesque details so lavishly supplied by other extraterrestrials, A-Lan's conversation has few high spots. But this brevity is compensated for by the early date that Fry assigns to his

experience—July 4, 1950, more than two years before any of our other contactees'—and by the whirligig speed of his reported trip in the saucer at A-Lan's invitation: 32 minutes from White Sands to New York and return.

Mr. Fry's shrewd economy of incident and detail of course diminishes the amount of "proof" that can reasonably be demanded by critics. But the last two authors on our list do even better. These books present no in-person contacts at all; messages from these groups of "space beings" come solely through various forms of mental telepathy. Van Tassel's title, *I Rode a Flying Saucer!*, is, as he himself points out, no more than a bid for attention. The rest of the title page reads: "The Mystery of the Flying Saucers Revealed through George W. Van Tassel: Radioned to you by Other-World Intelligences in Reaction to Man's Destructive Action." The book presents 52 "messages" received at Giant Rock Airport, California, between Jan. 6, 1952 and Mar. 20, 1953, before an audience, while Mr. Van Tassel was "...in attunement with the vibratory frequency of the communicating intelligence and...unaware of his audience."

None of the Van Tassel "Intelligences" are identified as being "women," and none are said to come from any particular planet. Their names

and titles indicate a quasi-military organization: "Lutbunn, senior in command, first wave, planet patrol, realms of Schare"; "Latamarx, 62nd projection, 5th wave, planet patrol, realms of Schare"; "Singba, regional fleet authority for the entire 45th projection, all waves, realms of Schare"; etc. The organization travels in saucers that are called "ventlas" and cannot be shot down, and it enjoys the benefits of pinpoint navigation. On Mar. 21, 1952, Totalmon (4th projection, 7th wave, space patrol, realms of Schare) informs his listeners: "Elevation 750 miles above you, speed 170,000 miles per second." On May 23, 1952, Kletarc (42nd projection, 3rd wave, realms of Schare) says: "We are about to pass out of your cone of receptivity, 72,148.2 miles above you."

One of the last messages should be noted particularly (Feb. 13, 1953): "Hail in love and peace. I am Ashtar, commandant Vela quadra sector, station Schare. You have just heard the authority granted by Schonling, Lord God of the third dimensional sector, for our authority to take corrective measures. We are creating a Light energy vortice near the planet Shan (Earth) in an effort to stabilize your planet. This effort requires the combined forces of 86 projections, 9100 waves, of 236,000 ventlas. Needless to say this vortice

is going to create extensive damage to counteract the unbalance man has created on Shan. Our center extends to you their love and blessings. My Light. I am Ashtar."

At Giant Rock, where these "messages" were rationally, Van Tassel holds an annual Spacecraft Convention. He also conducts there a "College of Universal Wisdom," and issues the "Proceedings" of that institution; he has also been receiving contributions toward the construction of a "longevity machine" according to instructions given him by the "other-world intelligences." Since issuing IRAFS he has had, he alleges, experiences of a more material nature, including "levitation" from the desert into a saucer one night in the summer of 1956.

The Saucers Speak! A Documentary Report of Interstellar Communication by Radio Telegraphy, by George H. Williamson and Alfred C. Bailey, contains messages said to have been received, chiefly at Prescott, Ariz., from Aug. 2, 1952, to Feb. 15, 1953. The small group of contactees included "Mr. R.," the radio operator, a somewhat enigmatic figure. Messages came also by automatic writing, by "the Board" (a variety of Ouija board), and by "direct telepathic contact"; once a Bugs Bunny movie was involved in communication procedure. In addition to the 24 messages

presented, members of the group are said to have received many others telepathically.

On Nov. 20, 1952, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were four of the six "witnesses" who watched George Adamski through binoculars as he had his first "contact" with the Venusian; both couples had been acquainted with Adamski for some time. Williamson made a cast of the hieroglyphic footprints for his own study; the symbols are discussed at some length in *Other Tongues*, his second book. There are indeterminate rumors that since 1952 the Baileys have retracted their testimony to Adamski's "contact"; Williamson has gone to Peru, whence messages from his "Council of Seven Lights" reach his adherents in the U. S.

The "extraterrestrial cast" of TSS is smaller than Van Tassel's, but the names are just as picturesque and some members are very communicative. There is Nah-9, who informs his contactees, "Sometimes on Neptune we eat Macas, which are like your cattle but do not have horns and have very big ears." Both Zo of Neptune and Zrs of Uranus are specific about Fowser—Earth's second moon, a "dark moon," never seen "because of certain conditions." **Sedat, Universal Record Keeper,** stated that "all

thoughts are recorded in the Temple of Records on the planet Hatonn in Andromeda. Kadar Lacu, although "a mere youth—several hundred years old," was head of the Interplanetary Council-Circle on Master-Craft. His constituency was apparently vast: "I am elected from the Universe." Also represented were the Toresoton and Safanian Solar Systems; Andromeda—26470; Wolf—359; and other parts of the solar system and the universe.

All these "space people" travel in saucers, and call them "Crystal Bells"; a group of the vehicles is called a "Bell Flight," and may include hundreds or thousands of Bells. As both Earthlings and "extraterrestrials" were preparing for an attempted landing and in-person contact scheduled for Sept. 28 (it failed—apparently because the correct road was hidden by a cloud of dust raised by logging trucks), Zo tells his "contacts" that "there are 14,000 bells near the second moon, Fowser."

The most interesting communications in TSS are those that refer briefly to the "Solex Mal"—the Mother Tongue or Solar Tongue, the universal language. "All men of other worlds speak this language," says Affa of Uranus; only on Earth has it been forgotten. It is a "symbolic pictographic" language; no symbols are shown, but translated syl-

lables of Solex Mal were provided as a password before the unsuccessful contact attempt of Sept. 28.

Both Mr. Williamson and his wife hold degrees in anthropology; the remnants of this professional training appear clearly in his longer book, *Other Tongues—Other Flesh: A Startling Sequel to "The Saucers Speak!"*

This volume is an elaborate and complex attempt to synthesize all the stories emanating from the various contactees; to bring them all into harmony—that is, into harmony with Williamson's own doctrines; and to provide, we might say, a kind of "holy scripture" for the contact-communication believers.

The section "Other Tongues" gives further attention to the Solex Mal. The esoteric symbols on the celebrated footprints of Adamski's Venusian are assumed to be in the universal language. Williamson's "translation" of them is followed, however, by an entirely different translation by another interpreter.

A group of 81 "revealed" pictographs is presented, some followed only by the syllables of speech they are said to represent, some by syllables plus a translation. The forms range from simple to elaborate; no basic quality or "style" seems to prevail throughout the "vocabulary."

Clearly, the Mother Tongue

of the universe is neither easy to read nor easy to write.

In the section "Other Flesh," the author describes his classification of extraterrestrials into six groups. Williamson apparently sees space beings everywhere; Earth swarms with them. He is able, however, to identify them as Migrants, Wanderers, Prophets, Harvesters, Agents, or Intruders. The Intruders have perhaps a special interest; they are the beings "from Orion," which Williamson asserts is an area of evil in the "Omniverse"; saucer contact claimants who behave suspiciously or appear fraudulent may be "Intruders," he suggests.

Strictly speaking, this is not a book about the events of contact cases but about their results. The author makes no attempt to give details about individual "messages", such as dates, circumstances, or participants (as he did in TSS), except such vague references as, "A research group in Iowa was told by radiotelegraphy that..." and similar statements. He mentions by name many of the contactees, and uses their reported experiences to illustrate or prove his theories. He answers, to his own satisfaction at least, most of the usual arguments against the contact cases at one point or another in the discussion.

In spite of the book's formal "plan," it gives an im-

pression of confusion, of an enormous catch-all into which everything and anything has been hurriedly and helter-skelter thrown. Here are Old Testament prophets, Fortean icefalls, pyramidology, the "international bankers," the symbolism of gems, the Kabala, the griffon, Einstein, the Ainu, vortexes, Moslem legends, the RME (Resonating Electro-magnetic Field), Babylonian rituals, Greek myths, Yoga, the Toltecs, Job, the cockatrice, Swedenborg—these and hundreds of others, all proving something, singly or together. Williamson often discovers, in a sudden juxtaposition of seemingly random facts (or assertions), profound meaning, or secret proof of his doctrines.

What is unquestionably revealed to the reader, with painful clarity, are the intense, the tragic fears that haunt the apostles and disciples of the contact-communication stories. Many passages are an almost rhythmic seesaw between terrors—of war, of soil sterility, of strange weather, of the atom—and feverish reassurances that the space beings will somehow give protection from these dooms.

Although these books and stories show so much difference in their incidents, characters, and atmosphere, they have a strong family likeness besides. In these and in other

c-c cases certain underlying themes occur repeatedly; the pattern—most of it set by Adamski, we notice—includes the following major typical features (not every feature in every case, of course):

1. The human beings involved are relatively obscure individuals (before the contacts). They usually, though not always, have a background of interest in the occult or in flying saucers, or both.

2. In-person contacts involve a single human being. These are usually private, usually at night, in an isolated spot, without witnesses. Visits to the interior of the "spacecraft," and eventually a trip in it, usually are reported. Telepathic communications will involve a small group of contactees.

3. No serious communication difficulties are encountered. Gestures, facial expressions, and sign language are not misinterpreted. The vocal language used is English, or seems to be. Mental telepathy is widely used, even for the in-person contacts. It functions as an aid to understanding gestures or words, and often it "alerts" the contactee for an approaching contact.

4. In appearance and physique, all the "spacemen" resemble man—that is, they resembled Western Caucasian man, human beings of European-American descent, as of the middle of the twentieth century. Even Zo, a telepathic

contact and never seen, describes himself as "5 ft. 8 in. tall, with auburn hair, weight 148 pounds"; he is "what you would call 25 years old," is married and has 7 children. Except from the "ventlas," both men and women are reported; there are no reports of more than two sexes.

5. Their resemblance to us, in looks, demeanor, and customs, is so great that they constantly live and work among human beings, indistinguishable from them, and have done so for many ages. Contactees are sometimes permitted to use a "key" to make themselves known to the disguised space beings—a sign, gesture, or secret word of identification—but sometimes recognition is refused.

6. These resemblances notwithstanding, the "space people" are in every way superior to us. They have our kind of beauty, but it is much greater than ours. In good health, in length of life, in emotional adjustment, they have achieved all the goals we are still striving for. Their intellectual powers, their science and technology, make us look like cave-dwellers. Along the road to perfect spirituality they have far outstripped us. The differences, however, are wholly differences of *degree*, not of *kind*.

8. They come from all over the universe; even when their home worlds are specific as-

tronomical bodies, they have travelled widely and are familiar with conditions throughout Space.

8. As a result of their greater spiritual development, fabulous powers are claimed for them and by them (they have no false modesty). These powers are subject, however, to many abrupt and strange limitations. Repeatedly, they "cannot reveal," "may not reveal," or "are not permitted to reveal at this time," complete details about some crucial topic, or explanations, proofs, reasons, etc. Excuses may or not be provided for the mysterious veil: when Angelucci asks his space friends to restore him to health, they tell him sadly that only his illness makes him sensitive enough for them to contact him at all; when Bethurum asks Captain Rhanes for the names of her crew, she replies, "Surely, they all have names, but for obvious reasons I cannot give them out." See also Desmond Leslie's exclusion from one of Adamski's "contacts," already referred to.

9. All the home worlds of these extraterrestrials are Utopian. There is no war, poverty, disease, corruption, injustice or any other of man's woes. All problems have been solved. Unfortunately, whatever wealth of far-flung experience produced these Elysian conditions, the spacemen discuss only the *principles* by

which the problems were solved (e. g., "living by universal law"), and the results, never the blueprints. Apart from absence of basic troubles, material pleasures are innumerable, and would not be out of place in the best homes of Hollywood. To judge from the spacemen's own descriptions, from the interior of the saucers as reported by contactees, and from the brief glimpses of nearby worlds vouchsafed to fortunate human travellers, extraterrestrials everywhere enjoy all the amenities of civilization—with one striking exception, to be discussed later. They have music, painting, sculpture, games, sports, dancing, every labor-saving device, exquisite meals, beverages in crystal goblets, elegantly appointed homes, becoming garments.

10. To beings from worlds of such physical and spiritual perfection, Earth naturally reveals itself as doubly miserable and wicked. Most of the contactees report, in fact, that all or most of the evil in the universe is now encapsulated on this planet, whose past is even darker than history tells us.

11. The spacemen's purposes in visiting such a grim world are lofty and benevolent. All wish only to help us; to save us from the better-publicized terrors of our time, notably the H-bomb. Sometimes the bomb endangers

them too, (by threatening to disarrange the Solar System, poison the atmosphere of all the other planets and the space between them, etc.) and their benevolence is mixed with warnings. But since they always claim the ability to protect themselves from us if driven to it, these selfish motives for their visits must be considered secondary. They wish to select human beings through whom they can influence humanity—the contactees, that is—and these persons are often specifically told to publicize their experiences and the resulting messages for mankind. One or two minor purposes have also been mentioned, such as education, tourism, replenishing atmosphere tanks, etc.

12. The reasons given by the spacemen for their choice of human friends vary somewhat. Aura Rhanes states that the meeting with Bethurum was mere chance. The modulation of the auditory nerve by which A-Lan talked to Fry is not possible, A-Lan says, in all human beings; Fry is one of the fortunate few. Angelucci owed his selection to his poor physical condition. In most cases some spiritual component of the contactee's personality also draws the attention of the extraterrestrials and fits him to be their ambassador.

13. The content of the communications from space is of two kinds. The first and, as

both sides make clear, the more important, is inspirational in nature: moral, ethical, religious, mystical, etc., "messages." The ideas are such as occur in church doctrines and precepts, mystical writings, and particularly in the teachings of esoteric cults of all kinds. It is this part of the communications that gives to the whole contact-communication picture its predominantly religious tone, since the "messages" are paramount.

14. The second ingredient of the space communications is factual: information on a wide range of topics such as the history of man and of the Earth; description of all other planets in the Solar System, of the Sun, and of interplanetary space; outer space and other solar systems; the construction and operation of spaceships; the geography, climate, clothing, religious attitudes, etc., of the home worlds of the spacemen, and so on. The subjects mentioned are numerous, but the total amount of information is small; it would not, for example, fill even one copy of the World Almanac. Scientific and technological statements are limited to a few sentences; full exposition would be incomprehensible at present, the spacemen assert.

15. The human beings who receive contacts always consider them a pleasure and a privilege. They desire more of them; in-person contactees

often return to the place where earlier ones occurred. They express a wish to have others join the meetings—although this seldom turns out to be possible, whether because of earthly skepticism or extraterrestrial rebuff. They do, however, share their experiences with others through meetings, lectures, and books. Typically, they first attract ridicule and family and business troubles, then disciples. In any event, after the contact they cease to be obscure.

The first thing wrong with these stories is their picture of the Uniform Universe.

In the infinite worlds of space, habitable planets should be of many kinds, differing in hundreds of ways that would profoundly affect the appearance of any intelligent life that might develop on them. Even in our own Solar System the planets are of different sizes, at different distances from the sun, receiving different amounts of solar radiation, having different gravities and, apparently, different atmospheres. Beyond our system, revolving around strange suns whose characteristics may be widely different from Sol's, are planets with conditions for life we can hardly guess at.

But our alleged "spacemen" visitors, whether they come from smaller Mars, giant Saturn, or "Hatonn in Andromeda," all resemble us and all

resemble each other. The likeness is not of looks only: it extends to their whole behavior pattern. According to these stories, long eons of environmental differences have had absolutely no effect on the forms of life in space.

This has not happened on Earth. Earth is a kaleidoscope of varying life forms and life patterns. It has bred the gorilla and the virus, the dragonfly and the shark. In one single species, our own, it can show Eskimos and Berbers, Indians of the Andes, Nigerian pygmies, and Masai warriors, and scores of human beings in other shapes, sizes, and colors. All this diversification has taken place on one very small planet with more or less uniform conditions throughout, and with relatively little change in the environment (compared to differences elsewhere in the universe) since the first protoplasmic cell divided.

We have the spectacle, therefore, of Earth dominated by diversity, while outside of Earth the rule is uniformity. Why should we be this little island of inexhaustible variety and endless change? Why is Space so monotonous? For if it is otherwise, we get no hint of it from the "space-men"; on the contrary, they take pains to emphasize the similarity of their worlds to our own.

We are told that all the spacemen look like us because

we and they together belonged to the same human stock, which spread all over the universe. Again, why is Earth different? The same species of bird living in two different environments will very soon begin to reflect the differences; but these spacemen, subjected for millions of years to varying influences, still look just as they did originally.

"But isn't it egotistical of man to think that he is unique? Isn't it arrogant to claim that we can't exist anywhere except on this one planet?" This is a favorite argument of the believers—but the egotism is all on their side, not among the skeptics. What the believers are saying is that intelligent life must be clothed in forms and thoughts *like our own*: that it cannot conceivably appear in *unhuman* forms. If they are capable of distrusting anything, the believers distrust the reports of "little men" who come out of flying saucers.

As it happens, these little men reports are extraordinarily interesting as a contrast to the contact-communication stories; for the two types of reports are different in every way. The little men's appearance is humanoid, not superhuman; their behavior is quite incomprehensible; and they never *communicate* at all. They utter no lofty messages, no explanations of an-

cient riddles, no admonitions, warnings, reassurances, prophecies, or esoteric doctrine. Even when they are said to "speak," what they say is as unintelligible as what they do—nonsense syllables, sometimes interpreted by the observer as words of his own language.

The attitude and behavior of the witnesses is likewise completely different in the two types of reports. These enigmatic encounters are always unexpected by the human being or beings involved; they are never "alerted" by mental telepathy or any other cryptic means to the fact that they are going to "have a contact." The witnesses are always terrified, during and after the experience; they only wish it had never happened at all, and the last thing they want is any repetition of it. Where the communication contactees are obscure before the event and increasingly well known afterwards, those who see "little men" are only too glad to go back, once the nine days' wonder and scoffing is over, into the same obscurity they enjoyed before their distasteful experience. They write no books, give no lectures, attract no defenders or disciples, found no cults. In both types of meeting the public is highly skeptical; but those who encounter "little men" retreat into silence or resentment, or both, in the face of ridicule; while the

communication contactees are so noble, so talkative, and so persistent, that eventually they grow a private public all their own, in whose breathless belief (not untinged with envy and hope) they can bask and ignore the scoffing of the unbelievers.

But for an artist who wants to paint "Man Meeting Extraterrestrial," one of the grotesque little men, making "gestures not at all human," seems much more likely to be a correct representative of The Unknown than an idealized human being from the contact stories—a superman, but still *superman*.

Since these resemblances, however improbable, are indispensable to the contact reports, they must be saved. But even the contactees realize that they have to explain somehow these biological coincidences. They do. They produce one of their dogmatic revisions of science: Environmental differences do not exist. All planets have the same atmosphere, or nearly so. "Earth man could go anywhere in the Universe without discomfort." Mercury is not hot. Pluto is not cold. The Sun is not hot either. The Moon is perfectly habitable, and inhabited.

Our alleged space visitors are almost unanimous about this "fact." Only Fry's A-Lan, as we have seen, has not yet caught up with the information.

This method of argument (if it deserves the name), which consists of supporting one unproved assertion by another one equally unproved, turns up often in c-c doctrine. For another example, if the skeptic points out that the spacemen's religious ideas do not seem extraterrestrial at all, since they have long been known on earth, he gets the answer: "Of course these ideas are familiar—don't you realize that the spacemen have been here for thousands of years? *All* the great moral and religious leaders of the past have really been spacemen in disguise."

The contact-communication books are full of references to "science" and "technology"—earthly, unearthly and mixed. The earthly kind comes in bits and chunks and scraps, occasionally in lengthy expositions that give an effect, at least, of knowledge. The information may or may not be correct; it is certainly doubtful, for example, that the explosion of H-bombs could tilt the earth's axis and more doubtful that it could disturb the orbits of distant planets and poison their atmosphere. Spill pepper in New York and Chicago sneezes? The distances, forces, and volumes involved are too enormous. Cataclysmic earthquakes, more powerful than a thousand H-bombs,

have many times shaken earth but left her on the same old axis trundling along the same old orbit.

We would not be surprised at scientific mistakes coming from the authors of these books, because their competence in the subject is limited. One seems to have little background and little interest (Bethurum); one appears to have taken in more information than he can digest (Williamson); and the others are self-educated in science, a process that often leaves strange gaps in a student's data, fails to build up a coherent over-all picture, and gives him an impression of his knowledge that is not justified by his real stock of facts.

But it is not the authors who make these blunders; it is the spacemen, supposedly so well informed about Earth, who are quoted by the authors. It is rather surprising to find, for example, that the Venusian "master" is obviously confused as to the exact difference between an element and a mineral, and we wish we knew what he means by the curious expression, "physical mineral vanities." (He also thinks that the legendary "Golden Age," common in Earth mythologies, means an age "when men worshipped gold more than God.") And what can Zuhl and Ramu of Saturn mean when they talk about "a tem-

perate and cooler section or zone on the Moon"? Unless they have "corrected" the Moon's motion as well as its atmosphere, all parts of the Moon must regularly experience the same heat and cold in turn; a permanent temperate zone is impossible.

Mr. Adamski himself, famed as an amateur astronomer, no doubt understands this fact; but perhaps he was too polite to correct his friends. Nevertheless it does seem, from these and numerous other examples, that these omniscient critics ought to make sure of their Earthly science before they start revising it.

The revisions may be wholesale or retail. Sometimes one sentence obliterates all human observations, data, calculations, deductions, theories, and inventions; whatever has been making steam engines and sewing machines function all these years, it was a mistake. The process of re-educating us along the correct lines constitutes a problem, however, since the spacemen can only assert our wrongness, not explain it or give more than a few hints about the substitute. When the savants from space do try to explain, they do not have much luck; even with the help they presumably gave him, Williamson makes heavy weather of describing the "Resonating Electro-magnetic Field."

Most spacemen do not even attempt an explanation; with a kindly smile they repeat that their science would be quite incomprehensible to us anyway.

The trouble with this particular excuse is that we manage to do better than this on Earth. A brilliant teacher here can take a class step by step through an explanation, making a difficult subject lucid to most pupils and interesting to even the stupid ones. Desert Bedouins who never saw a spark-plug before the age of 20 learn to be competent truck drivers and mechanics. Yet among all these "supermen," on all their worlds, with all their wealth of experience, there is not one textbook, not one science teacher, not one pedagogical method, that can be used on Earth.

It is impossible to do justice even to those fragments of space "science" and "technology" that these books contain short of many unavailable pages. Reluctantly, I choose two from Clarion, reported to Bethurum by Captain Rhanes in her off-hand way. There are three kinds of power, she informs him—"anti-magnetic or gravitational, plutonic, and nutronic"; Clarion uses the third kind, nutronic, as in the "nutronic jeeps." We can only guess at the meaning of this double-talk; but I suspect that it would not have

made much more sense even if Bethurum had talked to the men of the Scow's crew who — presumably — had change of the power plant.

But a nutronic jeep is nothing at all compared to Clarion's "retroscope." This amazing machine enables Clarionites to review in their homes "*any event that ever happened anywhere*" (italics mine). You may have thought that time-travel was confined to science fiction; but here it turns out to have been invented and mass-produced—"from time untold"—right on the other side of our Moon. Truman, unfortunately, shows only the mildest interest in this gadget. He asks none of the questions he should—how does it work, what does it look like, how is it used for education, for research, for entertainment, for "touring"?

Just in passing, the "retroscope" seems to be exclusive with Clarion. None of the other "space people" seem to know about it; they never mention it.

A scientist with time on his hands might find it amusing to try to analyze the impenetrable muddle that passes for "science" in these contact-communication books. Only one thing is clear: everything that is quoted, misquoted, or omitted about Earthly science and technology, and every statement that the spacemen make—or

excuse themselves from making—about their own, appears to fit far better the theory that these statements originate in the minds of imperfectly informed human beings, who are frequently out of their depths in such matters, than with the theory that these statements come from supremely skilled, competent, and experienced extraterrestrials.

Again and again these "spacemen" behave like inventions. There is always a discrepancy between their claims to great powers and what they are able to *do*.

They claim to have built spaceships, telepathic machines, and other technical wonders; but when they want to take pictures for Adamski they have to use the Polaroid he had brought along—so unluckily, however, without enough film—because their own cameras and film "are entirely magnetic and you have no equipment on Earth that could reproduce such pictures." Something is very odd here: we remember that in Adamski's *first* book the two methods could be used together: Orthon took one of Adamski's first plates aboard his ship, erased the image, and replaced it with some of the famous hieroglyphics. The result was certainly "reproducible," since it appeared in his first book.

There are frequent claims

that disease has been mastered; but Angelucci's good friends Orion and Lyra are unable to restore him to health without destroying his sensitivity to their messages. They cannot help him fix his automobile, either, when he and his family are stranded shivering on the desert at night. It seems a trivial matter; Angelucci does not entertain the thought for a moment, for he knew by then that "the space visitors never in any way interfere in mundane affairs."

They proclaim this policy of non-interference often, in fact, and it is one of the favorite excuses made for them by their human friends. But they do interfere; the contacts themselves are "interference"; instructing them to "spread the gospel" is certainly "interference in mundane affairs".

At the same time, the spacemen claim, of course, that they have helped definitely—discreetly and behind the scenes—in man's recent spectacular conquest of disease. They claim to have solved all those disagreeable problems—at home: poverty, sickness, war, economic inequality. They agree that most of the worlds in the universe—some say all other worlds except Earth—have solved them. But all this far-flung, age-old, ripened, tested, successful experience in prob-

lem-solving cannot suggest to them a single really effective method of attacking the many problems of Earth.

They claim the most urgent purposes, gravely important to us and themselves; but again there is a vast discrepancy between those purposes and the methods they use to attain them. If their intelligence were equal to their zeal, for example, they would certainly realize by now that some people can exercise more effective influence in the world than others. Here is the significance of the obscurity of the contactees—and it has *nothing* to do with democracy or snobbery. It is entirely a practical matter; why choose missionaries who—through no fault of their own—are bound to exert only a feeble influence?

They claim to have both mental telepathy and, in some cases, telepathic instruments—the famous "thought disks"—both of which would surely be helpful in identifying suitable human beings. But they do not put these to work in any determined manner for this purpose.

They claim to have been visiting Earth, and on Earth, for centuries, studying us and (presumably) trying to help. But they have no grasp of the complexity of human problems. Their chief worry is "the bomb"; but the bomb is only a by-product of war, and war is a by-product of a hun-

dred other bitterly entangled problems.

Sometimes the believers assert that the spacemen *have* contacted some of our more prominent citizens, and been rebuffed. More often they say, "Why should they contact generals and scientists who only wish to use the saucers as weapons?"

This amounts to saying that there is no one available on Earth who is *both* prominent and "good"—which is simply not true. The head of the largest church in Christendom is not a warmonger; Gandhi was not; Helen Keller and Albert Schweitzer are not. Even if we disregard community standing, and consider only the *number* of possible contactees, it is absurd to suppose that the present dozen or so represent the sum total of uprightness in today's Sodom.

For any *concrete* demonstration of their fabulous powers, we customarily have to depend on the word of the one contactee who reports it—as, for example, the disappearance of Bethurum's flashlight when Aura makes it "gone" from his hand.

Not that the contactees or the space people or the believers mind. They all have the same proverb: *Every statement is its own proof.*

If these space people do exist, and if their behavior is as described, then they are not high-minded, noble, powerful beings. They are humbugs!

For all their massive intellects, the space people cannot make up their minds about the one important point: proof.

As everyone knows, all of the "evidence" offered so far has been unsatisfactory (except to contactees and believers). The few photographs are suspect. Witnesses are non-existent, or their standing is ambiguous. The extraterrestrial "substances" that contactees claim to have in their possession are not available for laboratory or public examination. The reported damage to terrestrial objects due to proximity to a saucer cannot be verified. The famous footprints and camera plate associated with Adamski's first "contact" are almost impossible to discuss at this date; they can be judged only in the framework of the rest of the story.

Two other things must be ruled out as proof, though they are often put forward as such by believers. The seeming "sincerity" of the contactees is not proof; it represents merely a subjective judgment on the part of the listener, who may or may not be qualified to judge. When I say that a man is "sincere," all it means is that he has convinced *me* that he himself believes what he says. He may indeed believe it, yet may be, from any one of a thousand causes, completely mistaken. Or he may not believe it himself in the least, for all his

earnest manner; if it were otherwise, so many spinsters' savings would not go to line the pockets of confidence men.

All this seems elementary; but the frequency with which the "sincerity" argument is raised makes it necessary to emphasize the distinction. We can say that a man's story holds together, that it makes sense internally, that it does not contradict itself, that it is reasonable in terms of the surrounding circumstances; but we cannot say that his sincerity is conclusive evidence that his story is true.

The highly inspirational quality of the spacemen's messages is not proof either. We are not asking whether these messages are beautiful; we are asking whether they are "unearthly." We can discover no such quality. On thousands of bookshelves, in hundreds of thousands of books written by human beings, we can find the same basic precepts, the same religious, ethical, moral, philosophical, and mystical ideas—often expressed much more strongly and beautifully than they are by the spacemen. Occult and cultist literature is full of these ideas. The inspirational tone of the messages does not prove in the least that their source must be extraterrestrial—unless you make another unproved statement, that similar messages of known terrestrial origin have

been around a long time because the spacemen have.

On this point the believers think illogically. They confuse rejection of the contact reports with rejection of the messages. The skeptic disbelieves in Ashtar's existence; Ashtar is opposed to war; therefore the skeptic is in favor of it. Contrariwise, if I affirm my belief in certain "eternal truths," I am obligated to believe in the "spacemen" who currently expound those truths. The two beliefs have nothing to do with each other.

As for unequivocal proof, the spacemen never provide it. It would seem necessary and desirable for them to do so—whether out of consideration for their human friends, who would be spared much ridicule if proper evidence were available, or in consideration of the urgency of their own message. It would be easy to provide, as discussed below.

The real question is, do they or don't they want to be recognized? Do they or don't they want to be acknowledged? Do they, or don't they, want to establish their own existence—which means providing proof. They blow hot and cold. One moment they are commanding a contactee to tell everyone about his experience, regardless of ridicule. This sounds like a desire for recognition. The next minute they are insist-

ing that they don't care, that recognition is not important, that they never "interfere"; or they are referring darkly to "certain reasons" why they must continue to wrap themselves in a fog of uncertainty.

It is all inconsistent, for there is no difficulty about providing proof. They do not need to land in Times Square, if they are afraid of crowds. All they need to do is to give one or more contactees either 1) an object of terrestrial origin that clearly shows the influence of extraterrestrial forces; or 2) an artifact that obviously could not have originated on earth at all.

In the first category are photographs, of course; enough photographs would eventually silence the loudest skeptic. But the space people are positively neurotic about having their pictures taken; and while they fight so shy of the camera, we may as well forget this kind of proof.

Even a modest collection of spaceship objects would be overwhelming evidence, but they are not forthcoming. According to a conversation Bethurum once had with a sceptic, the famous "letter in French" typed by Aura on paper from Clarion, which Bethurum presumably still has, would be no help at all even if were subjected to chemical analysis, because "paper on Clarion is made out of just

the same kind of trees we have on Earth."

It is a waste of time to continue to mention the endless excuses by which the spacemen, always with the loyal support of their contactees, manage to get out of providing proof. But one kind of *missing* evidence is so startling, once its absence is noted, that it must be mentioned.

The easiest extraterrestrial artifact of all to provide would be an extraterrestrial *book*.

Not the clumsy pictographs of the "Solex Mal," but a real book of history, poetry, fiction, a treatise or a textbook. Such a volume would be impossible to fake; it would command belief.

But as it happens, books are practically never mentioned at all in these contact-communication stories.

The spaceships have "TV," music, dancing, games, paintings; they carry table fittings for banquets. But the spacious lounges apparently contain no bookshelves and no book. No one is ever seen reading, no one ever mentions reading (except Aura, who claims that it is one of her hobbies), no one ever mentions libraries or literature of any kind.

Curiouser and curiouser. Adamski's space friends are completely uninterested in the books he has written about them. They never ask about them, and he never mentions the subject. His

first book is actually published—in two countries—while he is making repeated visits to the space ships. But he never offers an autographed copy to any of them. They never ask to see it. They never comment on its reception, though it aroused fierce controversy. He never so much as takes a copy of the book on one of his "contacts," to show to the people who are the chief characters in it. No author I ever heard of behaved this way at the birth of a book.

In the last chapter of ISS, Adamski describes an unexpected visit, on which occasion he and Zirkon stand at the portholes of the mother ship to have their pictures taken by Orthon, from the scout ship. His second book was actually being printed—"the presses are rolling on its pages," he says; but he recorded the episode instantly "to rush it to my publishers for inclusion," and the Orthon snapshots as well, obviously, whatever their defects.

In the intervening 8 months he had written his second book and sent it to his publisher. But even on that final occasion, presented with this unique last-minute contribution for his book, Adamski never mentions its publication, never mentions to *them* the dash to his publishers, the stop-press order, the changed printer's schedule, that will gladly be endured for the sake

of including their gracious last-minute favor to him.

No great civilization ever flourished for an extended period of time without producing a written literature. These extraterrestrial civilizations have existed, we are told, far longer than any on earth. Where, then, are their books?

I can suggest an answer (I am getting pretty good at this sort of excuse myself by now): "They don't need books. They remember everything without them. They know by heart the literature of all civilizations. Reading and writing are nothing but crutches for primitive minds."

I don't believe it. I want to see those books. Their absence is one more proof of the unlikelihood that these stories are true at all.

But whether the spacemen are illiterate or not, they ought to realize that proof is needed, desirable, and absurdly easy to furnish. They have yet to give a good reason for not providing it; and we can only conclude that they don't want to be believed in after all, no matter what they say.

If a defender says, at this point, that the UFOs themselves have been playing this same tantalizing and contradictory game for years, refusing to get themselves conclusively accepted, yet sceptics have not denied *their* existence, he is confused again. For the UFOs are

unidentified flying objects. We have no reliable clue whatever to *their* purposes. We have no reason to expect to understand *them*.

But the space beings have plainly, specifically, and repeatedly stated their objectives. We know what they want, because they have told us. Their failure to use effective methods cannot be explained.

To what extent do the contactees support and believe each other's stories? In public, everybody endorses everybody else—they can hardly do otherwise. Belief is another matter. I do not undertake to say how much belief is exchanged among them; only that there are hints in these books of a certain caution, a certain uncertainty that all the other stories are absolutely 100 percent.

More important—to what extent do the "spacemen" support each other?

They rather spectacularly fail to do so.

Where was Clarion, for example, during the night of August 23-24, 1954?

On that night, Adamski claims, he was shown both sides of the Moon by Ramu of Saturn, through an instrument on the Venusian carrier ship. (He had already seen the familiar side once before, on April 21-22, 1953, from the Saturnian ship.) As the ship goes around from the familiar toward the unfamiliar side,

ahead of it in the sky should have been Captain Aura Rhanes' Clarion. But neither Ramu nor Adamski mention it. Adamski certainly knew about Clarion—for Bethurum had visited Palomar Gardens during the summer of 1953, and Adamski had then accepted Bethurum's story. But with a whole planet missing from where it should be, Adamski is neither surprised nor curious. Ramu even asks him, as they begin to retreat from the Moon, "Have you any questions before we return to the lounge?" "I could think of none," Adamski writes, "and shook my head."

And what about Fowser?

Williamson handles Fowser, the "dark moon" of Earth, which is never seen by us because of "certain conditions" (unspecified), and Williamson met Adamski in the summer of 1952 and was present at Adamski's first "contact." Fowser is a busy place; before the attempted contact by Zo, Um, Elex, Noro, Zago, etc., with Williamson's group, on Sept. 28, 1952, the "landing ship" was readied on Fowser and there were 14,000 bells near it. Fowser is prominent in Williamson's book, *Other Tongues*, published in 1957.

Then on Sept. 8, 1954, Adamski, eating sandwiches and coffee with Firkon and Ramu in a Los Angeles restaurant, hears from Ramu a long history of Earth. Among Ramu's statements are the

following: "Another condition that we had watched with interest in observing the formation and development of the Earth planet was the forming of *only one moon* as its companion. (Italics mine.) Under the natural law of conditions, this would result in an unbalanced state unless at some future time another moon was formed to complement the small companion of a growing world."

Apparently Ramu had never heard of any second moon.

Adamski, with knowledge of two additional astronomical bodies accompanying the Earth and its Moon, never asks his good space friends, who are so generous with all kinds of other information, to confirm Clarion or Fowser. He never mentions Admirals' Scows or Crystal Bells.

He never mentions "ventlas," either, though ventlas are a prevalent type of space vehicle, patronized by Van Tassel's "other-world intelligences." On Feb. 13, 1953, Ashtar, "commandant Vela quadra sector, station Share," tells the V.T. group that "86 projections, 9100 waves, of 236,000 ventlas" are combining forces to create a "Light energy vortice" near the Earth that will "create extensive damage."

Five nights later, with this armada still presumably patrolling space near Earth, Adamski is having a long calm conversation with Orthon, Firkon, Kalna and Il-

muth, and the Venusian "master"—none of whom breathe a syllable about the disciplinary ventlas.

Then there is the problem of Solex Mal. Naturally all the contactees sooner or later ask their friends from space about the language situation; why is communication so fluent? No spaceman actually says there is no such language as Solex Mal; but no one except Williamson's spacemen refers to it at all. Can it be that on Mercury, Mars, and Pluto they have no idea that they are supposed to use the "universal tongue"?

I could quote other examples of inexplicable omissions; but there are also cases of something worse—actual flat contradictions between one statement from space and another.

All planets have approximately the same atmosphere, say all of the spacemen except Fry's A-Lan; he has to practice for four more years before he can expose himself fully to the air of Earth.

All solar systems have 12 planets, say Adamski's friends; but Zo claims that there is a Solar System Twenty-Two, thus named because it has 22 planets (the 15th, we learn further, was once named Wogog but is now Elala—a pleasing revision).

Extraterrestrial records about Earth go back 78 million years, says one spaceman; 75,000 years, say another.

The craters on the Moon

were formed by meteorites and by erosion; the craters on the moon were *not* caused by meteors or volcanic action, but came about by "vortical motion."

Statements about Earth's past, too long to quote, give completely different pictures.

If these "spacemen" set any boundaries to their own information, then omissions and contradictions like the above, and many others, might be glossed over as ignorance; but they do not. With the exception of A-Lan, they all claim to be experts who have travelled throughout space, and these statements are made as generalizations. They don't make mistakes, they don't tell lies, and their words are accurately reported.

That being the case, we wonder how they can be so oblivious of each other's existence, opinions, and facts.

And before I, as a skeptic, can consider the stories authentic, I want to know why one group seems to know so little—if anything—about the others. I want to know why the "universal language" is apparently not universal at all. I want to know where Clarion and Fowser were that night when Adamski was out in space and on the other side of the Moon.

Thanks to the Red Queen, Charles Fort, and modern technology, we have formed the habit of saying without thinking, "Anything is possible." But there seem to be

some occasions when this is not true: namely, when two facts, mutually exclusive by definition, would have to co-exist. It is impossible for it to be day and night at the same time in the same place; it is impossible for the same man to be simultaneously 5 feet tall and 6 feet tall, or to stand on his head and his feet at the same time. And it is impossible for Clarion to be there and not there, as Adamski's friends look toward it, at the same time.

To sum up: everything about these books is inconsistent with the theory that they are true, and fatally consistent with the theory that they are inventions. There is not a line that stamps the stories as "unearthly." The alleged spacemen are not noble intelligences but boastful braggarts, gifted chiefly at making excuses. The authors make egregious blunders; they contradict themselves, and the spacemen contradict each other. The proof offered is inadequate to support such astonishing claims; simple proofs that would be unshakable are never offered.

The Germans have a saying about a badly-written book: "*Es lasst sich nicht lesen*"—it will not allow itself to be read. So it is with these contact-communication stories—they do not allow themselves to be relieved. Nevertheless they are believed, apparently with no

real concern over any incongruities, and with indefinitely elastic open-mindedness. The disciples seem able to swallow ever-flimsier explanation for ever-wilder stories; with no perceptible twinges of protest they have progressed from believing in Mr. Adamski's Venusians (who by now sound positively sensible compared to their successors) to believing in "samples of hair clipped from a 385-pound Venusian dog" (the ranking absurdity as this is written, though by the time it is published the dog may be eclipsed by a Jupiterian whale).

Why do books that "fall apart in the hand" as they are read, or crumble into arrant nonsense under any kind of examination, find publishers and a market? I suspect that many believers have not really read the books at all, in any critical sense of the word, but have formed their judgments from the impressive or "sincere" platform manner of contactee lecturers; the books are bought but never closely examined. Or they may have read the books and even considered the objections; but the emotional value of the stories to them is great enough to override any protests of logic, particularly when high-sounding generalities like tolerance, the search for the Truth, and so on, can be rung into the argument.

So far as the contactees are

concerned, what do these stories represent—embellishments, fraud, imagination, daydreams, hallucination, suggestibility, imitation, fantasy, or delusion? No one knows what the mixture is for each case—by now, not even the contactees.

From a few cases comes the unmistakable and undiluted reek of the money motive, but by no means from all. There are other rewards for the role of Contact Man. There is the thrilling knowledge that he has the answer to a riddle that baffles everyone else: as Orfeo Angelucci put it, "I knew that I could have revealed many things about the saucer situation that were believed to be well hidden—and thus have stolen the thunder from many." If the secret sooner or later burns a hole in the tongue, the resulting limelight is not unbearable.

There may be the desire to reinforce one's own "message" by giving it the greater authority of extraterrestrialism—to make eternal truths seem still truer because they are spoken by Venusians or Saturnians.

There is the extreme distinction of having been one of the rare few singled out by these gracious supermen for their friendship and their revelations. There is the excitement of thinking that around the next corner may come a spacemen, deeply disguised to others as a "factory worker," perhaps, but

known to you, by a secret Sign, as a *Neptunian*!

Even the disciples, who simply follow, believe, and repeat, can share the anticipation. "I too may have a contact. I too may recognize the factory worker. I too may fly to Venus! It has all happened to people no more remarkable than I am; it could happen to me, too."

Besides—we are so impatient! And the UFOs have never been tractable or helpful about explaining themselves. The answer could not be bought (do you remember the newspaper rewards offered in the early days for "the first live saucer"?). It could not be found by personal determination: "I'm going to roll up my sleeves and get to the bottom of this or know the reason why!" (the stalwarts found neither bottom nor reason). It could not be found by the government (according to the government).

We human beings, we *Bandar-log*, don't take bafflement gracefully. We don't like permanent mysteries. Most people walked off and ignored the uncrackable cocoanut; others—too many others—had that uncontrollable urge to produce the answer. If nothing was known, something had to be invented. I think that, in part, "space intelligences" were an inevitable reaction to the impatience caused by the UFOs themselves.

Best of all, for contactees and followers alike these stories have "normalized" the whole idea of extraterrestrials, which some ten years ago began to loom as an actual ominous probability. Now it turns out that these intelligent, powerful, sinister strangers get hungry just like us, crack jokes, hate soap operas, and say "Merry Christmas." As for their unearthly powers, why, these are no menace; they are to be used only helpfully, to protect man from the consequences of his own mistakes.

Orfeo Angelucci's book may well be the most illuminating on our list in this respect. I wonder whether this author has any idea how much he has told us about himself, or how plainly. Vanity frustrated is clear on every page of the foreword describing his early life; vanity gratified reverberates from every detail of his association with Orion, Lyra, and his "other self" Neptune. These "superbly magnificent beings" chose him for their first contact with the people of earth, "baptized" him in the "pearly igloo" of their saucer "in the true light of worlds eternal," called him "beloved friend" and "citizen of the cosmos," and, finally, charged him: "You are our emissary for the present, Orfeo, and you must act!" Such consolations, secret but glorious, were well worth the ridicule drawn by his story at first,

and well worth the dismay and embarrassment he caused his family rather than "break faith" with the space beings.

Fear as well as egotism is written large on these pages also. It is remarkable how many times Angelucci speaks of "soft music," "soft light," "softly glowing light"; how many times Orion or Lyra "spoke softly," "said gently," "smiled warmly." Anyone who wants to see the non-financial motives for contact communication at work cannot do

better than to study *The Secret of the Saucers*.

You, the believers, will continue to accept these stories, which do not offend your intelligence and which you need. But do not call us, the sceptics, narrow-minded because we are less easily satisfied. Do not say that we have no reasons except blind prejudice to doubt these stories. Do not require us to become the prisoners of your credulity.

Contact-Communication Books

- 1) **Flying Saucers Have Landed**, by Desmond Leslie and George Adamski. London, Werner Laurie, Sept. 1953; New York, British Book Center, Oct. 1953. 232 pp.
- 2) **Inside the Space Ships**, by George Adamski. Introduction by Charlotte Blodget. Foreword by Desmond Leslie. New York, Abelard-Schuman, 1955. 256 pp.
- 3) **The Secret of the Saucers**, by Orfeo Angelucci. Edited by Ray Palmer. Amherst Press, Amherst Wisconsin, 1955. 167 pp.
- 4) **Aboard a Flying Saucer**, by Truman Bethurum. DeVorss & Co., Los Angeles, 1954. 192 pp.
- 5) **The White Sands Incident**, by Daniel W. Fry. Introduction by Franklin Thomas, publisher. New Age Publishing Co., Los Angeles, 1954. 67 pp.
- 6) **I Rode a Flying Saucer!** by George W. Van Tassel. 2nd edition. Introduction by Franklin Thomas, publisher. New Age Publishing Co., Los Angeles, 1952. 51 pp.
- 7) **The Saucers Speak! A Documentary Report of Interstellar Communication by Radio Telegraphy**, by George H. Williamson and Alfred C. Bailey. Introduction by Franklin Thomas, publisher. New Age Publishing Co., Los Angeles, 1954. 127 pp.
- 8) **Other Tongues — Other Flesh: A Startling Sequel To "The Saucers Speak!"** by George Hunt Williamson. Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin, "1953" (actually, 1957). 448 pp.

