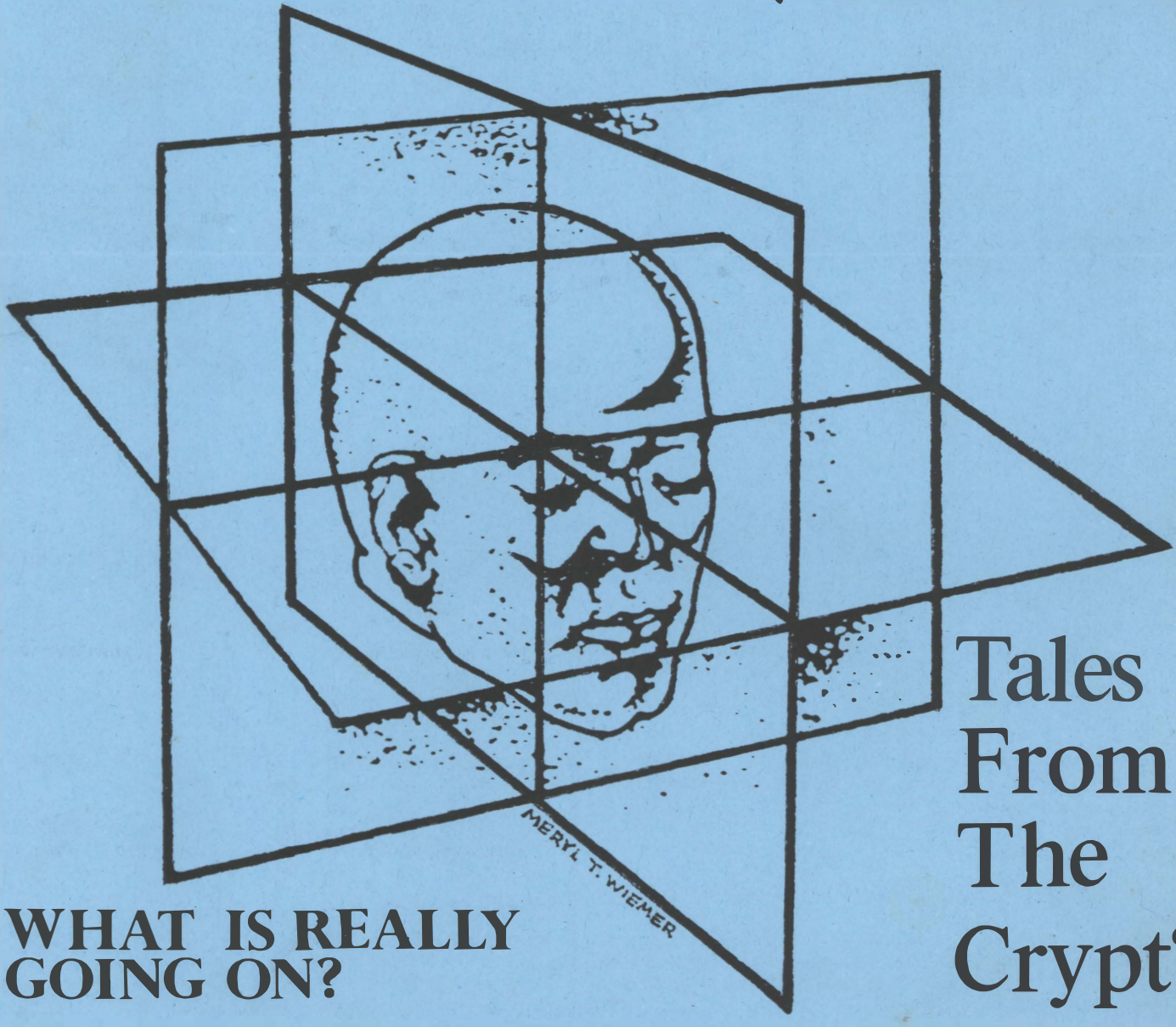
DELNE

No. 9

The 'MORPHS' are here

ALIENOTES



WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON?

Tales From The Crypt?

The 'MORPHS' are here

By Arthur Christopher

About ten years ago we visited Gray Barker at his house in Sutton, West Virginia on our way to Myrtle Beach in South Carolina for a little change of scene.

One day, while walking in downtown Toronto in a section that is designated as "Chinatown", we were taken by surprise at what we saw, Along came a man, tall and lanky, same walk and demeanor as Gray.

Only one thing was different. Although his face was to all intents and purposes the same, his eyes were "oriental-looking". How, assuming it was Gray, could he change his looks so well? Of course, it wasn't Gray, as he died shortly before our "encounter" that day.

Which brings up the subject of "shape-shifters, changelings and metamorphs".

We read where some ufologists say the aliens can change their shape to assume human form. That they live here among us and we can't tell the difference if we saw one of them. We're told they can change a spaceship to look like a black helicopter or even into tadpole shapes. And all this to confuse us.

So why not change into anything else they please?

In the 1992 October issue of The Computer Paper, there appeared a perfect example of the above. The "morph" will be the word for the 90s the article states.

Morphing is used today, and some of you may not be aware of it, but it is used in music videos, TV commercials, special effects in movies where one object or person changes before your eyes into something else.

A good example is where Odo of Star Trek: *Deep Space Nine*: is able to do this. Known as The Shape-Shifter in the TV series, he can change into a picture on a wall and back again to his true (?) form, in this case, a humanlike form.

In Michael Jackson's "Black or White" video, faces of different races change places with one another.

Another great example would be in Terminator 2, an Arnold Schwarzenegger film, where the terminator 'melts' into various shapes before your eyes.

And now Macintosh's computers can use a program for "morphing". Doesn't it make one wonder what some of the tabloids use for illustrations? Is there still truth in the saying...'pictures don't lie.???' Don't bet on it.

The illustrations above will give you an idea as to what one can expect to see.

Just follow quickly the illustrations from top left to bottom right for a complete change. Amazing, isn't it?

A coincidence crops up here as some images of "morphing" are called "Gray-scales". Hmmm.

If anything at all to all this, it should make us more aware of things around us.

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CONTENTS

SHAPE CHANGERS FOOL ENEMY

Apropos the Morph article, Nancy Ross-Flanigan wrote in the Sunday Star of Feb. 7, 1993, that carp can change their body shapes to fool their enemies, according to reports by researchers.

Christer Bronmark and Jeffrey Miner at Sweden's University of Lund divided carp-filled ponds in half and added predatory pike to one side. Twelve weeks later, the carp swimming with the enemy had changed their body shapes, making themselves too bulky to swallow. The carp that swam in safety kept their streamlined shapes.

But transmogrification takes a toll. Bulked-up bodies don't move as easily through the water, so the altered carp use more energy swimming and have less left over for mating.

Bronmark and Miner haven't tried it yet, but they predict that when the predators are removed, the carp should revert back to their original shape.

Complementing our one-page story on "Metamorphosis" resident poet Gail Aggen did this one for us...

There was a gold Reptile from Space
who hated the scales on his face.
He bought Oil of Olay,
Vegan mud packs of clay...
became Cher, dressed in chain mail
with mace.
(Gail Aggen, March 1, 1993)

In a recent issue of the Toronto Star, features writer Henry Mietkiewicz also comments on the above topic. He says that "Science Fiction Age" an American bi-monthly, in its November issue has a story on an alien shape-shifter. It's called "Among You" by Toronto's Phyllis Gotlieb. It's told from the perspective of the alien who's paid by grieving humans to impersonate their dead relatives.

SpaceSpots

An SR-71 Blackbird reconnaisance aircraft, once used as a spy plane, will now study stars and comets with the help of an ultraviolet camera. During a 1½-hour mission, the plane soared to 85,000 feet, near the upper limits of Earth's atmosphere, giving scientists a view of space denied to ground-based astronomers.

Somewhere in deep space there may be an almost mile-wide asteroid on a collision course with Earth. But there probably will be decades or centuries of advance warning, giving scientists time to do something about it. What is needed to avert such a disaster is a 20-year count of asteroids and comets on an Earth track, the cost for such a network of six special telescopes would be $200 million. "At the end of the survey we would know whether any of these asteroids poses a danger to us," said David Morrison of NASA's Ames Research Centre in Calif. "We would have decades of warning in which to plan ways to deflect or destroy it. (Toronto Star, March 25, 1993)

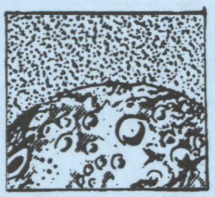
The most distant object ever found in the solar system...and perhaps the oldest...has been discovered cruising outside the orbit of Pluto. The discovery of 1992 QB-1, by David Jewitt of the Univ. of Hawaii and Jane Luu of the Univ. of California, may help confirm a theory that some comets origiate in a belt of frozen objects known as the Kuiper belt. The Kuiper belt was first proposed in 1951 by Dutch astronomer Gerald Kuiper as a way to explain where another theoretical comet storehouse got its comets in the first place.

Shortly before 8 pm, Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1993, a flaming object estimated to be 50 times as bright as Venus, streaked across the early evening sky over Toronto, Canada. One astronomer, said it could have been a bollide and the size of a football as it flared hitting the Earth's atmosphere. Another estimated its size as that of a baseball. It was also seen in Wisconsin and down into the southern states. (CFRB 1010 radio news report- Toronto, Canada)

Three spacecraft designed to study Mars, Jupiter and the sun will start searching for gravitational waves, faint echoes believed to have been left by the creation of the universe. During the experiment by NASA and the European Space Agency, radio signals from Mars Observer, the Jupiter-bound Galileo and the Ulysses solar explorer spacecraft will be tracked by big antenna dishes. If strong gravitational waves are moving through the solar system, they should warp the fabric of space between Earth and the spaceships. (Sunday Sun, March 21, 1993)

Development of an antenna the size of a grain of sand may open the door to a wide range of infrared detection. Used in arrays of hundreds or thousands of detectors, the antennas could help see new sources of radiation on Earth, in the atmosphere and in space. Scientists at the National Institute of Standards and Technology in Boulder, Colo., have developed this electronic microantenna.
PAYOFF: Explore the universe, detecting infrared signals from far outer space and forming images from those signals.
Mounted on orbiting spacecraft, they could monitor atmospheric pollutants below, such as carbon monoxide.
Detect disease symptoms in the human body beyond the reach of today's sophisticated equipment.
Measure exactly where heat is leaking outside a skyscraper.
The work in the Boulder labs has been supported in part by the Strategic Defence Initiative aka "Star Wars."

HOW HIGH THE MOON?
The Earth's moon goes around Earth every month from an average distance of about 240,000 miles. But on Sunday, March 7, 1993, the point at which the moon comes closest to Earth was 221,456 miles, since the moon follows an oval-shaped orbit that is influenced by Earth's gravitational pull. So every few years the moon veers closer to the Earth. This is called the Perigee. (Rocky Mtn. News, Mar. 9/93. Cr: Howard Kaufman)



According to various rumors, the Strategic Air Command (SAC) will soon be replaced by a multi-service combining Navy and Air Force operations. It will be known as the "Unified Strategic Command." The transition reportedly will be completed by 1995. A new uniform will be issued for the Unified Command. It resembles something out of Star Trek. It will have no branch or unit insignia, no patches, no collar, no name tag, no buttons or epaulets, and no metal of any kind. The uniform will consist of a form-fitting blazer with Navy-style silver stripes on each sleeve at wrist level. The stripes depict rank. Beneath the stripes is an embroidered cloud with lightning bolts. The uniforms will be velcro-fastened in a double-breasted style and they will be blue-gray in color. (Cr: Erich A. Aggen, Jr.)

Among the glittering denizens of the heavens, which stars are most likely to support life? Researchers had previously concluded that stars at least 2 billion years old, with a surface temperature and mass similar to those of the sun, might form planets capable of fostering life. A new study suggests that a group of stars with slightly lower mass and surface temperature has an equally good chance of creating life-sustaining planets.

The study supports previous findings that sunlike stars, classified as G stars, are good candidates for producing life. The team discovered that K stars, which have 70% of the sun's mass, may make equally good candidates. (Source: Science News, Vol.143, via Classified Communications. Cr: Erich Aggen, Jr.)

A mysterious glitch made the Ulysses solar explorer spacecraft shut down its instruments and stop sending data to Earth last Feb. 13-14. Normal operation resumed on Feb.16, NASA said. "There is concern because we don't know what caused it," said Don Meyer, deputy missions operations manager at Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif. (Rocky Mountain News, Feb. 19, 1993. Cr: Howard Kaufman)

Tangled Tales From the Crypt?

For 3 Years, Jackie Hernandez Says She Was Followed by a Pair of Puzzling—and Persistent—Ghosts

By GARRY ABRAMS
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

File this one under maybe. Big on the maybe. In the winter of 1988-89, Jackie Hernandez was pregnant with her second child. But this happy event was overshadowed by a marriage as rocky as a Malibu landslide. Driven by the torments of unhappy wedlock, she left her husband and moved with her 2-year-old son, Jamie, to a drab, turn-of-the-century bungalow in San Pedro.

And that, according to Hernandez and her friends, is when trouble began, when a sad but commonplace domestic drama took a hair-raising turn down Weird Street.

During the next three years, Hernandez, now 30, allegedly became a flesh-and-blood magnet for at least two ghosts—one benign, the other vengeful. Both spirits seemed to thrive in her presence, plugging into her like viruses burrowing into a fresh and particularly vulnerable victim. The benign one, she says, led her to his grave, 13 blocks from the bungalow where he had lived before his death in 1913.

The other "took my fear and got energy from it," Hernandez says. "The more scared I got, the stronger it got."

Most unusual and disturbing, she says, was that the haunting continued after Hernandez had moved from her star-crossed San Pedro cottage. The ghosts, it seems, followed her, wreaking havoc wherever she went, including a remote trailer in northern Kern County.

The Hernandez case is nearly in a class by itself, says Barry Taff, 44, a Los Angeles parapsychologist who led a team to investigate her claims.

He says he knows of only one or two other cases in which ghosts supposedly have followed someone. And, "in the whole history of the paranormal . . . there have been a handful of cases, maybe five cases, where people have been harmed or injured. . . . This is the first case I've ever been on where the phenomenon went after the researchers."

□

The ordeal, Hernandez says, was a Grade A waking nightmare replete with strange lights, colored mists, apparitions, and stinking blood-like liquid oozing from the walls.

Even the most mundane household chores became forays into the unknown.

The ooze, for instance, began seeping from the kitchen walls while Jackie and her friend and baby-sitter, Kristina Zivkovic, washed dishes. A daybed inexplicably collapsed many times, often while someone was in it.

The haunting—if that's what it was—began slowly, Hernandez says. The cat chased eerie shadows around the house; voices muttered in the attic. Then one day she saw pencils fly out of a pencil holder. She thought she was hallucinating, perhaps because of her pregnancy.

But after her daughter, Samantha, was born in April, 1989, the events continued. A few weeks after the birth, Hernandez got up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom. On the way, she saw a gnarled old man glaring at her. Then he vanished.

In short order, the unexplained events took over Hernandez's life.

"In the beginning it's all we talked about," says Zivkovic. "Everyone thought we were crazy."

Real nightmares figure in the tale, too. Hernandez vividly recalls dreaming about a younger man being clubbed with a lead pipe and drowned by his assailant in San Pedro Harbor—as it looked in the 1930s. In this dream she became the dead man, experiencing his horror of being held under water, his consciousness ebbing as he fought for his life.

OK, so much of this may seem familiar enough, especially to late-night TV addicts.

Yet other aspects of the haunting transcend the bad teleplay genre, Hernandez and company insist. First, they say, the ghosts followed Hernandez around the state and attacked her friends and acquaintances, including an attempted hanging. Also, others claim to have witnessed parts of the haunting, including a team of investigators trying to document the phenomena.

Moreover, Hernandez and friends say they established, via an Ouija board, a possible link with a 60-year-old suspicious death, perhaps the killing Jackie dreamed about.

Taff entered the case in 1989 after being contacted by a friend of Hernandez's, who had seen him on TV. During the last 25 years, Taff says, he has checked out 3,000 paranormal cases. Most, he concedes, are duds: "The majority of cases aren't worth pursuing. There's a lot of fabrication, a lot of invention, a lot of embellishment and a lot of outright fraud."

The Hernandez case intrigued him from the start.

On the night of Aug. 8, 1989, Taff and three investigators went to San Pedro to interview Hernandez. The investigators were loaded for ethereal bear, bringing sophisticated video cameras, image intensifiers, infrared detectors and other equipment that might capture images of the unknown.

During the interviews, "we kept hearing what sounded like a 200-pound rat running around the attic," Taff recalls. Everyone also experienced a sensation of "overpressure," he says, a feeling similar to being under water and often found at the scenes of hauntings.

Later that evening, a team photographer went into the attic. He says his 35-millimeter camera was wrenched from his hands. The lens was later found lying several feet from the camera body.

On the investigators' second visit, the photographer, Jeff Wheatcraft, went into the attic again. There, he says he was attacked by an entity that wrapped a clothesline around his neck and attempted to hang him from a protruding nail.

As a sort of proof, the team has a videotape that shows a snapshot of Wheatcraft hanging from the ceiling. The promotional tape, which touts a documentary being assembled on the case, also contains scenes of objects moved by invisible forces and balls and streaks of light that Taff believes are evidence of—for lack of a better word—ghosts.

But he admits that proof is in the eye of the beholder. Although he is persuaded, he concedes that "the problem is that today, anything can be faked. It's not truth beyond a reasonable doubt."

Still, he thinks the Hernandez case fits a framework. "One of the theories is that the environment can somehow store information . . . and under the proper circumstances the information is reconstructed so that you can feel it, see it or hear it," he says. So Jackie Hernandez may have been "pushing the button on the VCR."

Whatever was happening to Hernandez ran parallel to her troubled marriage and the chores of raising an infant and a toddler.

In the fall of 1989 she and her husband attempted to patch things up. They moved to Weldon in Kern County and tried to start fresh.

There, Hernandez's fears began to fade: "Within a couple of weeks or so I felt really comfortable being there. I thought I had left the ghost back in the house. I thought everything was going to be OK."

But, she says, the marriage floundered within months. Her husband left, and she found herself living in a remote area with few neighbors—running up exorbitant

Continued on the following page

GHOSTS

Continued

phone bills talking to friends in Los Angeles.

Then, Hernandez claims, the phenomena returned.

When she and two neighbors moved a TV into a storage shed, the three saw an image of an old man on the screen, the same man that Hernandez had seen in the San Pedro house. That night, she says that she was kept awake by "someone pounding on the inside [of the shed] wanting to get out."

She called the ghost busters again, and they arrived late one night and entered what Hernandez describes as a maelstrom. For starters, the researchers could not get their video cameras to work—something kept switching off the equipment.

Partly in desperation, she suggested that the investigators try the Ouija board. As they began, she recalls, their table began to shake. And the session ended when photographer Wheatcraft was thrown against the trailer wall by an invisible force.

The board explained her haunting, Hernandez believes.

Those answers are contained in part of the scrawled transcript she says she made of the session:

Question: How long have you been trapped (in the spirit world)?

Answer: Sixty years.

Q: Did you die in the [San Pedro] house?

A: No.

Q: Where did you die?

A: San Pedro Bay.

Q: Did you drown?

A: No. I was held under water.

Q: Did you live in the San Pedro house?

A: My murderer (lived there).

Hernandez says the ghost also revealed that he had been born in 1912 and died in 1930. With that information, she and friends later discovered old newspaper reports of the death of seaman Herman Hendrickson, whose body was found floating under a pier on March 25, 1930.

Hendrickson was 10 years older than the age indicated on Hernandez's transcript. He had a jagged wound on the top of his head, and the coroner ruled that he had drowned. Authorities determined that the seaman had not been murdered but had sustained the wound when he fell off a dock.

These discrepancies do not dissuade Hernandez that Hendrickson is the ghost that latched on to her.

The second ghost's identity is even more problematic. Largely from talking to old-time San Pedro residents, Hernandez and her friends say they learned that the bungalow was built by a man named John Damon. They assume he is the old man who appeared to Hernandez on her trip to the bathroom.

Hernandez stayed in the Weldon trailer until the summer of 1990, when she moved back to Los Angeles.

Naturally, the ghosts followed, creating havoc but beginning to taper off at the friend's home where Hernandez stayed.

Hernandez says "John Damon" made a graceful exit. While visiting in San Pedro in the spring of 1990, she saw a ball of light, bright enough to be visible in daylight, outside the house where she was staying. She followed the light to a nearby graveyard, where it hovered over a stone marking the grave as that of John Damon.

"This ball of light went around and around the grave and just disappeared," she says. She figures that was Damon's good-by.

The other ghost has gone, too. More or less. In the last year or so, Hernandez claims to have experienced only infrequent visitations.

Her children are fine, she says. Samantha, nearly 4, is too young to remember any of the disturbances that surrounded her mother. Son Jamie picked up some of the bad karma, and once was thrown against the wall, she says. He has some trouble sleeping alone but otherwise is all right.

Baby-sitter Zivkovic, 23, says she is still frightened by the haunting and dislikes talking about it.

She believes that the haunting has permanently changed both her and Hernandez. Zivkovic says she has become more religious while her friend "overreacts to everything" and seems sunk into "total neurosis." They have also drifted apart, she says, remarking that the haunting "is the only thing we have in common."

Hernandez, who now works as an office manager for an accounting firm, sees things differently.

"I'm more scared of dying than I was before" because she believes the ghosts who found here were "living in hell," she says. But, she adds, "In hindsight I think I was fortunate to see and experience first-hand something that most people never see."

(Source: Los Angeles Times. Mar.23/93
Cr: Howard Kaufman)

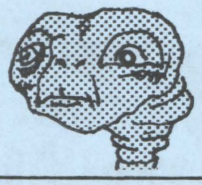
WorldWatch

Microscopic aluminum wires that connect transistors on the latest computer chips are being ground away by the flow of electrons through them. These rivers of electrons are the electrical currents that make computers go. Hills and valleys are being formed in the metal lines connecting the chips' transistors.
These lines can be as tiny as 1/59 the thickness of a human hair and as these valleys hit the bottom, it leaves empty spaces, breaking the connection. If a solution isn't found, the steady move to ever-better computers and ever-thinner wires threatens a worldwide wave of errors and failures, causing chaos. Older computers are virtually immune to this problem because 10 years ago chips held only a few thousand transistors and had thick wires between them.

Language barrier bother you when phoning overseas? Japanese scientists have overcome this problem. Simultaneous translation linking up foreign countries by international telephone circuits will be used in an experiment between Japanese, German and English languages. A conversation piece containing some 700 words will be turned into the recipient's language by means of a speech synthesizer. The speakers' voice is converted into text by a computer that then translates the words into the relevant language and transmits it as a digital signal on a phone circuit. The signal is then converted back into sound in the recipient's language.

The Canadian Solar Project spacecraft will be launched in 1994 on a trip to Mars. The craft is ultralight aluminum-coated polymer sails propelled by nothing more than sunlight pressure. It will take up to three years to make the trip. The craft will be joined also by others from Japan, France and the U.S.

WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON?



By Carl Sagan

IT'S STILL DARK OUT. YOU'RE LYING IN BED, FULLY awake—but, you discover, you're utterly paralyzed. You sense someone in the room. You try to cry out. But you cannot. Several small gray beings less than 4 feet tall are standing at the foot of your bed. Their heads are pear-shaped and bald, and large for their bodies. Their eyes are enormous, their faces expressionless and identical. They wear tunics and boots. You hope this is only a dream, but as nearly as you can tell it's really happening. They lift you up and, eerily, they and you slip through the wall of your bedroom and float out into the air, rising high toward a metallic, saucer-shaped spacecraft. There, you are escorted into a medical examining room. A larger but similar being—evidently some kind of physician—takes over. What follows is even more terrifying.

Your body is probed with special machines, especially your sexual parts. If you're a man, they may take sperm samples; if you're a woman, they may implant semen or remove ova or fetuses. They may force you to have sex. Afterward, you may be ushered into a different room where hybrid babies, partly human and partly like these creatures, stare back at you. You may be given an admonition about human misbehavior, especially in despoiling the environment; scenes of future devastation are displayed. Finally, these cheerless gray emissaries usher you out of the spacecraft and ooze you back through the walls into your bed. By the time you're able to move and talk, they're gone.

You may not remember the incident right away; you might find some period of time unaccountably missing. Because all of this seems so bizarre, you're concerned about your sanity; naturally, you're reluctant to talk to anyone about it. At the same time, the experience is so disturbing that it's hard to keep bottled up forever. It all pours out when you hear similar accounts, or when you're under hypnosis with a sympathetic therapist, or even when you see a picture of an "alien" in one of the many popular magazines and books on UFOs.

In a recent Roper poll of nearly 6000 American adults, specially commissioned by those who accept the alien abduction story at face value, 18 percent reported sometimes waking up paralyzed, aware of one or more strange beings in the room. Something like 13 percent reported odd episodes of missing time, and 10 percent claimed to have flown through the air without mechanical assistance. From these results, the poll's sponsors concluded that 2 percent of all Americans have been abducted, many repeatedly, by beings from other worlds. If aliens are not partial to Americans, the number for the whole planet would be more than 100 million people. This means an abduction every few seconds. It's surprising that more of the neighbors haven't noticed.

What's going on here? Could all these people be mistaken, or lying, or hallucinating the same or a very similar story? When you talk with them, most seem very sincere, although in the grip of powerful emotions. A few psychiatrists who have examined them find no more evidence of psychopathology than in the rest of us. But could there really be a massive alien invasion, repugnant medical procedures performed on millions of innocent men, women and children, and humans apparently used as breeding stock over many decades—and all this not generally known and dealt with by responsible media and the governments sworn to protect the lives and well-being of their citizens?

Why should beings so advanced in physics and engineering—crossing vast interstellar distances, walking like ghosts through walls—be so backward when it comes to biology? Why go to all the trouble of repeated sexual encounters between aliens and humans? Why not steal a few egg and sperm cells, read the full genetic code and then manufacture

Do we fill in the details of our hallucinations by using cultural motifs: Demons then, aliens now?

seemed to fly through the air, and so on, have therefore been abducted by aliens. The conclusion—that millions of Americans have been so abducted—seems extremely doubtful. Still, at least hundreds of people, believing they have been abducted, have sought out sympathetic therapists or joined abductee support groups.

So which is more likely—that we're undergoing a massive but generally overlooked invasion by alien sexual abusers, or that people are experiencing some internal mental state they do not understand? Admittedly, we're very ignorant both about extraterrestrial beings, if any, and about human psychology. But if these really were the only two alternatives, which would you pick?

Europe a few centuries ago was awash with reports of demons who used humans for reproductive purposes. These accounts have interesting points of resemblance with alien abduction stories today.

It's curious that emotions can run so high on a matter about which we know so little. After all, either hypothesis—extraterrestrial invasion or an epidemic of hallucinations—teaches us something we certainly ought to know about. Maybe the reason for such strong feelings is that both alternatives have extremely unpleasant implications.

The first alien abduction story in the modern genre began with Betty and Barney Hill, a New Hampshire couple—she a social worker and he a Post Office employee. During a late-night drive in 1961 through the White Mountains of New Hampshire, Betty spotted a bright starlike UFO that seemed to follow them. Because Barney feared it might harm them, they left the main highway for narrow mountain roads. They arrived home two hours later than they had expected. The experience prompted Betty to read a book claiming that UFOs were spaceships from other worlds. Soon after, she had a repetitive nightmare in which she and Barney were abducted and taken aboard the UFO. Barney overheard her describing this dream to friends and volunteer UFO investigators.

Several years later, Barney's psychiatrist referred him to a Boston hypnotherapist, Benjamin Simon, M.D. Betty came to be hypnotized as well. Under hypnosis they separately described a memory of their trip home—of seeing a UFO, watching it land on the highway and being taken partly immobilized into the UFO, where little humanoid creatures subjected them to unconventional medical examinations.

I was glad to have an opportunity to

Continued on the following page

spend several hours with Mr. and Mrs. Hill, and with Dr. Simon. There was no mistaking the earnestness and sincerity of Betty and Barney, and their mixed feelings about becoming public figures under such bizarre circumstances. With the Hills' permission, Dr. Simon played for me some of the audiotapes of their sessions under hypnosis. By far my most striking impression was the absolute terror in Barney's voice as he described —relived would be a better word—the encounter. Simon rejected the notion that they were lying. So what's left? The Hills, said their psychiatrist, had experienced a species of "dream."

In 1894 *The International Census of Waking Hallucinations* was published in London. From that time to this, repeated surveys have shown that 10 percent to 25 percent of ordinary, functioning people have experienced at least once a vivid hallucination—hearing a voice, usually, or seeing a form when there's no one there. In some cases, these are profound religious experiences. (Probably a dozen times since their deaths I've heard my mother or father, in an ordinary, conversational tone of voice, call my name. They had called my name often during my life with them. I still miss them so much that it doesn't seem strange to me that my brain occasionally will retrieve a kind of lucid recollection of their voices.)

Such hallucinations may occur to perfectly normal people under ordinary circumstances. But there are various circumstances in which they can be elicited: by a campfire at night, or under great stress, or by prolonged fasting or sleeplessness or sensory deprivation, or through hallucinogens such as LSD, psilocybin, mescaline, hashish or alcohol. These hallucinations have a vivid and palpable reality.

Hallucinations are common. If you have one, it doesn't mean you're crazy. Indeed, they are sought out in many cultures. We surely would be missing something important about our own nature if we refused to face up to the fact that having hallucinations are part of being human. But none of this makes hallucinations real.

Most of us remember being frightened at the age of 3 or so by real-seeming but wholly imaginary "monsters." If we're capable of conjuring up monsters in childhood, why shouldn't some of us, at least on occasion, be able to imagine similar things as adults?

There's a common, although insufficiently well known, psychological syndrome very much like alien abduction: Many people have experienced sleep paralysis. On falling asleep or when waking up—just for a few seconds, or maybe for longer periods—you seem to be paralyzed and acutely anxious. You may

Support for these stories is anecdotal. Where are the otherworldly devices, medical reports of stolen fetuses, unfaked photos of UFO interiors? Their absence must tell us something.

feel a weight on your chest, your heartbeat is quick, your breathing labored. You may experience auditory or visual hallucinations—of people, demons, ghosts, animals or birds. In the right setting, the experience can have "the full force and impact of reality," according to Dr. Robert Baker, a psychologist at the University of Kentucky. Sometimes there's a marked sexual component to the hallucination.

Baker has forcefully argued that these common sleep disturbances are behind many if not most of the alien abduction accounts. (He and others suggest that some abduction claims also are made by fantasy-prone individuals or hoaxers seeking fame and fortune.) Even if no known hallucinations were to fit the alien abduction pattern, it's certain that humans commonly hallucinate. There's considerable doubt about whether extraterrestrials exist and frequently visit our planet. We may argue about details, but the one category of explanation seems much better supported than the other. The main reservation you might then have is: Why do so many people report *this particular* set of hallucinations? Why little gray beings and flying saucers and sexual molestation?

Demons, the early Church Fathers taught, come down from Heaven and have unlawful sexual congress with women. St. Augustine believed witches were the offspring of these forbidden unions. In his famous Bull of 1484, Pope Innocent VIII declared: "It has come to Our ears that members of both sexes do not avoid to have intercourse with evil angels, incubi, and succubi, and that by their sorceries, and by their incantations, charms, and conjurations, they suffocate, extinguish, and cause to perish the births of women," as well as cause sundry other calamities. With this Bull, Innocent initiated the systematic accusation, torture and execution of countless "witches" all over Europe.

Two inquisitors appointed by Innocent declared: "Devils...busy themselves by interfering with the process of normal copulation and conception, by obtaining human semen, and themselves transferring it." The offspring of these demonic unions are also, when they grow up, visited by devils—although not all witches are created this way. And witches were well known to fly through the air. There is no spaceship, but most of the essential elements of the alien abduction story are here.

In 1645, a Cornish teenager, Anne Jeffries, was found groggy and crumpled on the floor. Much later, she recalled being attacked by little men, carried paralyzed to a castle in the air, seduced and returned home. She called the little men fairies. They returned to torment her. The next year she was arrested for witchcraft. Fairies traditionally have magical powers and can cause paralysis by the merest touch. The ordinary passage of time is slowed in fairyland. Fairies have sex with humans and carry off babies from their cradles. If Anne Jeffries had known about aliens rather than fairies, and UFOs rather than castles in the air, would her story have been distinguishable from the one "abductees" tell?

Is it possible that people in all times and places occasionally experience vivid, realistic hallucinations, often with sexual content—with the details filled in by the prevailing cultural idioms, sucked out of the *Zeitgeist*? When everyone knows that gods regularly come down to Earth, we hallucinate gods; when everyone knows about demons, it's incubi and succubi; when fairies are widely believed, we see fairies; when the old myths fade and we begin thinking that alien beings are plausible, then that's where our hypnagogic imagery tends. Snatches of songs or foreign languages,

Which is more likely —that we're undergoing a massive but generally overlooked invasion by alien sexual abusers, or that people are experiencing an unfamiliar mental state?

images and stories we witnessed in our childhood can be accurately recalled decades later without any conscious memory of the source. In our everyday life, we effortlessly incorporate cultural motifs and norms and make them our own.

Today aliens are the subject of innumerable science-fiction stories and novels. UFOs are a regular feature of weekly newspapers dedicated to falsification and mystification. One of the highest-grossing motion pictures of all time is about aliens very much like those described by abductees. Alien abduction stories were comparatively rare until 1987, when a purported firsthand account with a haunting cover painting of an "alien" became a best-seller. It is striking how similar many of the abduction accounts are now, and how little we hear about incubi and fairies. But it might not be altogether surprising that, in our time and society, short, gray aliens with breeding programs on their minds are what we mainly reach for when we must describe these hallucinations.

No one would be happier than I would if we had real evidence of extraterrestrial life. But the issue comes down to the quality of the evidence. Proponents of alien abductions do not ask us to believe on faith, but rather on the strength of their evidence. Surely it is our duty to examine the purported evidence closely and skeptically. *No* anecdotal claim—no matter how sincere, no matter how deeply felt, no matter how exemplary the lives of the attesting citizens—carries much weight on so important a question. As with the older UFO cases, anecdotal accounts are subject to irreducible error. This is not a criticism of those who claim abductions or of those who interrogate them. It is merely a statement of human fallibility.

Where is the physical evidence? Some abductees allege that aliens stole fetuses from their wombs. This is something that would surely cause a stir among gynecologists, midwives, obstetrical nurses, especially in an age of heightened feminist awareness. But not a single medical record has been produced substantiating such claims.

Some abductees say that tiny metallic implants were inserted into their bodies—high up their nostrils, for example. But no such implants have been confirmed by physicists or chemists as being of unearthly manufacture. No abductee has filched a page from the captain's logbook or a strange examining instrument, or taken an authentic photograph of the interior of the ship, or come back with detailed scientific information not hitherto known on Earth. These failures surely tell us something.

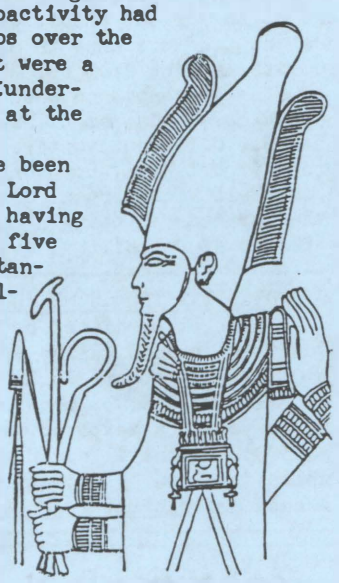
If indeed the bulk of the alien abduction accounts are really about hallucinations, don't we have before us a matter of supreme importance—touching on our limitations, the ease with which we may be misled, the fashioning of our beliefs and perhaps even the origins of our religions? There is genuine scientific paydirt in UFOs and alien abductions—but it is, I think, of distinctly terrestrial origin.

Carl Sagan of Cornell University has played a leading role in the search for extraterrestrial life with spacecraft and radio telescopes. He was a member of the U.S. Air Force committee that evaluated the government's investigation of UFOs. In 1966, Dr. Sagan resigned from the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board in protest against the Vietnam War. He is the author (with Ann Druyan) of "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THIS...

The deaths of many people entering unopened tombs may not have been under a "curse," Sayeed Thebot, a medical professor at Cairo Univ., made a discovery when he visited mummies in an Egyptian museum and notices a Geiger counter he was carrying registered the presence of high radiation levels. His theory is that radioactivity had built up inside the tombs over the centuries to levels that were a hazard to health but notunderstood by archaeologists at the time.

Among those said to have been struck by the curse was Lord Carnarvon, diagnosed as having died of blood poisoning five months after opening Tutankhamun's tomb in the Valley of the Kings.



OR THIS...OR BOTH???

The pharoh's curse is alive, 3,000 years old and spreads like a fungus. German researchers say the cause for death of several archaeologists was not ancient mummies bent on revenge but a microscopic fungus. The tiny fungus is able to hibernate for thousand of years. Ancient Egyptians left food with the mummies as they believed in life after death. Deadly spores fed on the buried food. When the tombs were opened, the spores invaded the explorer's bodies, causing a deadly form of cancer. Biochemist Christian Hradecky said the fungus claimed several victims, including Lord Carnarvon and 12 members of his team.

Two members of the crew who flew King Tut relics to London from Cairo in 1972 died suddenly though they were superbly fit. Twelve members of a Polish anthropological team died after opening the tomb of another pharaoh in 1973.

A limestone tablet found near Tut's tomb read: "Death will slay with wings whoever disturbeth the peace of the pharaohs."

SCIENCE PAYOFF

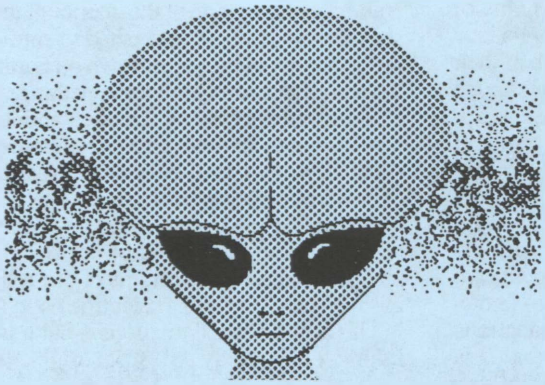
California Inst. of Technology researchers have discovered tiny magnetic particles in human brains similar to those found in animals. In many species, such as pigeons, salmon and whales, the magnetic particles allow the organisms to navigate in the Earth's magnetic field, providing an inborn sense of direction.

It is not clear yet whether humans have the same ability.

PAYOFF: The discovery could help explain the reported link between cancer and the electromagnetic fields produced by power lines and appliances.

Scientists are growing a high-quality plastic from a genetically modified genes of a weed of the mustard family that will lead to crops of biodegradable plastic from potatoes or sugar beets.

PAYOFF: A possible new cash crop for farmers. Production of novel polymers in plants through genetic engineering. Possibility of biodegradable bottles.



ALIENOTES

The following is a grouping of alien-oriented accounts gleaned from our local newspapers, radio or letters. The first is from a correspondent who relates the following experience.

Howie Kaye (not exactly his real name) starts off by writing "You may not believe this but a week and a half ago (Feb.12, 1991) at about 2:30 a.m. I was sleeping on the couch (I get up a lot at night and this particular night I thought it would be a good idea to sleep on the couch so I won't interfere with my wife's sleep). While sleeping I felt very hot, I woke up and with my right hand I moved the blanket off of me. While doing so I saw to the left of the couch and at the end of the couch where my legs and feet were, I saw standing over and trying to do something to my feet or legs were three small grey aliens. I would say they were no bigger than 3½ feet tall. I was not afraid. I tried to sit up but all I could do was to be able to move my arms, hands and to lift my head. I could not lift my legs or sit up.

Only by moving my chin down, was I able to see them. An idea hit me. With my right hand I pushed myself half way off the couch by pushing against the back of the couch. I wanted to grab one of them, but couldn't move my waist or my legs.

They walked very, very quickly away from me and the couch. I heard the door close and I was hoping they were gone. I stayed awake until daylight and still couldn't move from my waist down until about 6:30 a.m. and then fell back to sleep.

I was not dreaming, this was very real. The Grey's were exactly what others had seen. All I saw on me was a mark and it itches and still does. I put cortisone on it.

On a segment of the Howard Stern show broadcast the week of Dec. 27, 1993, on WWKB radio, Buffalo, NY., a young woman named Vanessa was interviewed. She was an entrant for Stern's New Year's Eve show on Pay TV when the following conversation cropped up. She said she believed that there are aliens on Earth, that a Hungarian Colonel believes this too.

She was 18 years old when she was awakened from her sleep by a 7½ foot tall being standing by the side of her canopied bed. His head touched the top of the canopy. He had bulbous legs and elbows. His hands had four fingers. He pulled back the covers and touched her head only. A blue light shone in the room and she was elevated by it into a spacecraft where she said she met Zeta Reticulans, Alpha Centaurans and a few more entities who were all friendly.

Since that time she has had many encounters with them at various places. She is now 24 years old. Stern and co-host Robin didn't really believe this tale but it sure lightened up the program for them.

Toronto Sun writer, Jim Slotek, in his column of Sept. 3, 1993, writes about that "face on Mars, who is it?" He would ask the people who protested outside NASA, the ones accusing the Space Agency of covering up the truth about the strange 2 km rock formation photographed in 1976 by the Viking lander, but he didn't have the time to do so. Since the Mars Observer was to investigate the "Mars face," it's been stripped for parts by a Martian street gang (hence the conspiracy theory).

Slotek figures that Stony is a real Martian and he serves as a warning that Martians are among us. Check his list of possible ETs. He illustrated this with mug shots of Jackie Rogers, Jr., Johnny Winter, Ann Jillian and Steve Anthony who all have similar hair cuts to the Mars face. He ends the column with "Watch the skies."

Let's not forget Toronto Sun fashion writer who has this to say about teens..."Ack! Teens! Mention the word and I feel like a vampire does when daylight begins to show. Hysterically alienated. There is no question in my mind that today's teens are a race that arrived on Earth by outer-planetary spaceship, and trying to decipher what their world is all about is as mysterious and scary as cloning a dinosaur's egg...and about as dangerous.

George Gamester of the Toronto Star asked his readers this question -- Tell us about the best excuse you ever got, gave or heard. Being late for work made for creative thinking...at Bob Smith's office in Scarborough, tardy workers have to fill out "excuse slips" when they're late for work. Here's one of them..."While driving to work, I experienced an episode of Intergalactic Interference. Next thing I knew I was in Mississauga."

Jill Rigby of the Toronto Sun, a travel reporter, visited Arizona where she wanted to experience something different and took a trip with Earth Wisdom Tours.

At 9 a.m. she headed off to one of the "Vortices" where energy is presumably channelled. Exactly because of the unique electrical and magnetic forces, those who find credence in such things say it is a favourite landing spot for UFOs. It is also claimed that natural phenomenon such as psychic powers have a heyday here. The spot? Sedona. There are said to be four different vortices here. They are known as the Airport Mesa, Boynton Canyon, Cathedral Rock and the Bell Rock vortex. The guide, Dawson, spoke of the vortices as being a place similar to that of the Oracle at Delphi.

CANADIAN TAX TROUGH HIGHLIGHT...

A booklet published by The National Citizen's Coalition called "Tales From The Tax Trough II", had this to report: In 1991, Arsenal Pulp Press of Vancouver, B.C., received $48,657 -- 11 taxpayer years (a taxpayer year is worth about $4,500) so that it could publish a number of books which included -- Quotations on Sex and Love in Canada and The Little Book on UFOs.

Book review

UNNATURAL HISTORY - TRUE MANITOBA MYSTERIES

By Chris Rutkowski with a foreword by John Robert Colombo. Personal investigations and eyewitness accounts of UFOs, abductions, crop circles, hauntings and sasquatches in this Canadian province. Photos and illustrations. 224 pages, softcover. $16.95. Chameleon Publishers, P.O. Box 27056, Winnipeg Square P.O., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3C 4T3

Forteana

A new housing development in Corona, Calif., is being attacked by killer weeds. They come up through the floor and through the swimming pool. It can't be killed and is a tenacious spiny desert species called scale broom. It even sprouts through concrete patios, driveways and foundations of homes, even into living rooms and dens. In one house it came up through the toilet.

It's a fish that can change its shape to fool their enemies. Researchers at Sweden's Univ. of Lund divided carp-filled ponds in half and added predatory pike to one side. Twelve weeks later, the carp swimming with the enemy had changed their body shapes, making themselves too bulky to swallow. The carp that swam in safety kept their streamlined shapes. But transmogrification takes a toll. Bulked-up bodies don't move as easily through the water, so the altered carp use more energy swimming and have less left over for mating. It is predicted that when the predators are removed, the carp should revert back to their original shape. (Toronto Star, Feb. 7, 1993)

A powerful and fast-moving squall churned up the Atlantic Ocean between Daytona Beach and Georgia causing a freak wave to crash ashore on July 3, 1992. Scientists first thought a huge offshore landslide caused the wave but instead was caused by weird weather. The wave did not register on earthquake monitoring devices.

A mysterious patch of dense fog at Stapleton International Airport in Denver, Colorado, botched up Xmas travel. "It was one of the strangest nights I've ever had at the airport," said Dan Melfi, a public information officer at Stapleton. "I'll tell you how strange. Out the window on Concourse E it was completely clear. But on B, you couldn't see out the window."
The fog was the result of moisture near the ground, lots of sunshine during the day and then rapidly dropping temperatures at sunset. A pocket of cold air was trapped at ground level in the low valley, and the air became saturated.

It's not a serow, an anoa, or an oryx since the last ones disappeared from Asia several million years ago. Scientists don't know what it is -- the remains of a long-horned mammal discovered in May, 1992 by Vietnamese and British zoologists in a "lost world" nature reserve in Vietnam. The animal is equipped with two dagger-like horns. Sets of horns and partial skulls were found in the possession of Vietnamese villagers. The animal, has two parallel, relatively straight horns that extend more than a foot out of its skull. It is not a known species. (Toronto Star, Aug. 17, 1992)

A 43-year-old art conservator in the U.S. was stricken with muscle aches, fatigue, cramps, irritability and anemia while restoring a 1,000-year-old Peruvian tapestry. She had been working with a powdered red pigment found in the same tomb as the tapestry and didn't know it was laced with lead.

Workers in the Netherlands employed in the indoor cultivation of shiitake mushrooms were found to suffer from coughs, chills, fever, muscle pain and breathing difficulties. Those symptoms were traced to the inhalation of spores.

High in the central Nevada desert, a stone clock has been ticking away the seasons for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. The spiral carving in the rock face of a mountain 7,000 feet above sea level is the only symbol of its kind among scores of others. Alvin McLane, an archaeologist from the Desert Research Institute, believes the "clock" is similar to others found in the S.W., including the "Sun Dagger," found in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico in 1977. The Sun Dagger is regarded as a sophisticated astronomical device.
They have found too many of these for it to be a coincidence, says McLane. "It is known that the early tribes measured time in months and knew about the changing seasons."

Poultry experts, planned to examine a hen whose owner claimed had laid 16 banana-shaped eggs. Farmer Wilfred Waterman isolated the hen after watching his 150 fowl for weeks in an effort to identify her. (Toronto Star, March 1, 1957)

Springhill, Nova Scotia, Canada has a strange and virtually free source of energy. The underground mines have flooded with amazing warm water around 72F with hot spots around 80F. A warm-water spring has sprouted on a hillside outside the town and keeps a marsh green all winter. The occurrence has baffled scientists. The word "geothermal" means heat from the earth, and seems to be the readiest explanation. The mines are nearly one mile deep.

A Brownville, Texas man became the first person attacked by Africanized "killer" bees in the U.S. The death occurred on May 20, 1991 of Jesus Cenolio Diaz and was confirmed by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Draft copies of the U.S. Constitution with notes in the margin by one of its signers were found in a Boston bank vault. The papers belonged to Nicholas Gilman, Jr., a 1787 Constitutional Convention delegate who was senior deputy adjutant general to George Washington and became a U.S. senator. A box of his papers was put in the vault by the Society of Cincinnati, descendants of Revolutionary War officers, which took over Gilman's Exeter, N.H., house around 1900.

A Turkish farmer from Istanbul, Mustafa Kaya, panic stricken after swallowing a fly, gulped down insecticide to stop it from breeding. "I heard that flies reproduce fast. I was scared."

There are more than 500 active volcanoes on the Earth's surface.

What looks like divine intervention has saved the Pope's visit to Denver, Colo., in August of 1993 from severe embarrassment. Gophers that threatened to disrupt the papal tour have been wiped out by the Bubonic plague. Park worker, Antoinette Delaura, said, "Plague is endemic to these animals. Once it hits a colony, the fleas thrive until all the animals have gone." The site, Cherry Hill Creek State Park, on the edge of the city, is the natural habitat of deer, rabbit, coyote and the white-tailed prairie dog...also know as a gopher.

Jim Johnson tried filling a "black hole" in his backyard with two tons of rubber tires but the pit kept growing. Now it's virtually bottomless. Johnson, a mechanic, discovered the hole years ago when his Saint Bernard dog, sniffing around his backyard in Tacoma, Washington, suddenly began barking loudly at a one-inch hole.

Johnson's wife, Harriet, stuck a broom handle into the hole and was stunned when it didn't reach bottom. A city engineer was called in to investigate. He dropped a measuring line into the hole. The line stopped at 31 feet.

Widening the hole to four feet, Johnson threw in 162 tires, stackthem one on top of the other, and then covered the hole with dirt and wood planks.

"It was all covered up for a year and then I guess I just got curious and I took off the planks," Johnson said.

He was amazed to find the bottom of the hole had apparently collapsed and the tires had sunk another 17 feet.

When word about the amazing bottomless pit spread around Tacoma, Johnson was contacted by the man who originally owned the house, on South 'K' Street.

"He told me his dad lowered him into the hole on a 20-foot rope sometime in the 1920s," Johnson said. "He climbed all the way down holding a coal oil lamp in his hands and suddenly something just sucked the lamp right out of his hands. He climbed back up the rope for dear life.

"Another woman who once lived in the house said she and her family filled the hole with marble and other junk and then one day she said the hole erupted and the marble was spewed all over the neighborhood."

Tacoma historians believe the tunnel may be part of a vast and unexplored network of tunnels constructed in secret in the 1800s to smuggle in Chinese laborers who had illegally immigrated.

Johnson built a 25-foot deck over the hole so it looks like a patio and he's put the house up for sale. (The Globe. Cr: Meryl T. Wiemer)

A woman whose remains are believed to be at least 11,600 years old, lived in what now is Texas. No artifacts were found that could tell how the "Midland woman" and her society lived. The oldest modern human skeletons are estimated to be 35,000 years old and have been discovered in western Europe and the Middle East. (Times-Picayune, New Orleans, LA, Oct. 27, 1992)

In Warrington, Cheshire, England, it is against the law for anyone to use scanners on police wavelength transmissions. To help nab some of the miscreants, police put out a bulletin saying that a flying saucer crashed in a field in a nearby town.

There was a high radioactivity count and the bodies of four aliens were on the ground. When about five persons showed up asking where the saucer was, police arrived and arrested them. Tapes were made of the incident so they could be used in a court case as evidence. (CFRB radio, Toronto, Canada, The Andy Barrie show, April 2, 1993)

A basketball-sized chunk of frozen sewage crashed through the roof of Leroy and Gerri Cinnamon's house as they were watching football on TV. FAA spokesperson Mike O'Connor theorized that a leak developed in an airline toilet and at a high altitude the liquid froze to the plane's fuselage, thawed and broke off as the plane descended into Seattle, WA. When the object began to melt, all doubts were removed. "It stunk real bad," Gerri said. (Toronto Star, Oct. 20/92)

Sparrows have apparently figured out how to use automatic doors at the main bus terminal in Hamilton, New Zealand. The birds either fly slowly past the electronic sensors that open the doors, hover briefly in front of them or land on top of the sensors and stick their faces in view of the sensors to trigger them. Then they fly inside the station to forage for food. Can't say these birds are "birdbrains" can we?

Three children playing in sand dunes near a beach in Western Australia have dug up a giant fossilized egg which may have floated from Madagascar 15,000 years ago. The egg measured 29½ inches in circumference about 150 miles north of Perth.

The egg appeared to be from the giant elephant bird of Madagascar, known scientifically as "Aepyornis." (Toronto Sun, March 22, 1993)

A Romanian farmer was injured when a pig he had slaughtered for his Christmas dinner exploded. A doctor who treated his wounds at Cluj, Transylvania, said the farmer had inflated the dead pig with butane gas to make it easier to clean the skin. The pig exploded when he singed the hairs with a naked flame. The farmer spent three days in the hospital recuparating. Farmers use the exhaust from a vacuum cleaner or a pump to tauten the skin and burn straw to remove the hair. The farmer's cleaner was broken so he used bottled gas to his dismay.

That's 'Paleoindians,' not 'Pleiadeians'. An 11,700-year-old hunting camp has been discovered in Alaska, indicating humans may have been in the Western Hemisphere hundreds of years before Siberians walked across the Bering Strait. Old spearheads and charcoal found in hearth at the camp, located on a flat-topped mountain 350 miles north of Fairbanks, suggest that the so-called Paleoindians who settled there were a separate cultural group from those of Siberian origin who also came to Alaska. (Rocky Mtn. News, Mar. 25/93. Cr: H. Kaufman)

A genetic quirk has resulted in a pack of entirely white black bears on a 4,600 sq-kilometre island off the British Columbia, Canada, coast. The island is a wild wilderness, the weather is inhospitable with severe storms and a boulder-strewn ocean front is the welcome mat for any unwary traveler.

Sixteen years before the Titanic sank, there was another chilling shipwreck which could have been a premonition of things to come. Morgan Robertson wrote a short fiction novel in which he described the sinking of the world's largest passenger liner after a collision with an iceberg in the north Atlantic. Robertson's ship was 800 feet in length, displaced 75,000 tons and carried 3,000 passengers and crew. Titanic was 882 feet long, displaced 66,000 tons and carried 2,207 (her maximum was 3,300), both vessels had three propellers and were traveling at almost the same speed when they ran into the iceberg. There were 24 lifeboats on Robertson's and 20 on the Titanic. Robertson's ill-fated ship was called the TITAN. The Titanic disaster occurred in 1912 on April 15.

Below the Surface

By Bruce Walton — Part Three

This letter appeared in the Dec. 1946 issue of AMAZING STORIES:

I have been a reader of AMAZING STORIES for a very long time, and have been even more interested in your magazine since Mr. Shaver has begun his contributions on caves.

I too, know of one of these entrances into the world below. It is about 50 miles south of Pittsburgh, Pa., in the first range of the Allegheny Mountains.

My experiment with the caves have been only partial explorations, consisting of traveling about a mile and a quarter down into the cave itself, and returning.

The cave is ventilated from below, and stays at a constant 50 degrees no matter what the outside temperature may be.

It is a series of rooms or galleries with with narrow passages from one to another in about the sixth room down, there is a large tree trunk which could not have come from the surface above as the stratosphere is almost completely free from local fault; and it could never have come down through the openings in the cave itself as they were small at the top, and kept getting progressively larger as they got deeper.

I traveled down as long as I could find comparatively easy travel -- about a 45 degree descent all the way -- and finally came to what I thought must be the end of the cave, for I could see no more openings into the rooms, but on closer examination found instead a bore, about six feet across, straight down into solid rock.

I turned my flash downward and could see that it must have gone straight down for at least a hundred feet, the sides were perfectly smooth, and the shaft, or bore, in a perfect round -- no apparent irregularities anywhere -- I had no way of descending any further, so I returned my steps back up through the different rooms to the top of the mountain where the cave opens to this world.

I made discreet inquiries of several old-timers in that region, and found that in 1915, or about that year, six survivors took gear and equipment and spent a month in exploration of the cave, going 18 miles from the entrance, and down almost five miles below sea level.

I have never gone back, but hope to some day in the future, with escort, equipment, and supplies.

I'd certainly love to see the machine that made that bore!

One more interesting item -- the surveyors in their exploration of the cave, distinctly heard the rumble of machinery -- but their calculations proved they were nowhere near a large city, (surface) and they were too deep for the surface noises otherwise.

George A. LeHew

This letter appeared in the October, 1947 issue of AMAZING STORIES:

Norman Finley, a neighbor of a good friend of mine, told me about an experience he had which was rather unusual. He and a couple of other fellows were hunting down in the Big Bend country. I don't know whether you are familiar with the Big Bend or not, but there is no more wild or desolate area in the country. Rugged, mountainous, cut by canyons, there are innumerable parts of it which have never known the foot of man.

It was in one of the most desolate areas that Finley and his companions found themselves. They had driven about 90 miles southwest of Marathon, Texas, a little town of about 700 people, at the foot of the Del Norte Mountains, 4,000 feet high, and had then gone on afoot. The dirt road just petered out and they couldn't get their car further. They were hunting deer but had had no luck. Just as they were about to call it a day, Finley spotted a mountain lion. He snapped a shot at it and knocked it over. The lion just rolled over on his feet and and started to leave those parts.

Finley and the other fellows took after him, since it was obvious that he was wounded and not making very good time.

They managed to keep him in sight for about a mile and were sure they had him when he ran into a box canyon. The lion, however, started up a faint trail up one side of the canyon to a small cave they could see about a 100 feet from the floor of the canyon. They followed him up this trail, but when they got to the cave -- there was no lion!

The cave was one of those dished out

Continued on the following page

affairs that are so common in the southwest. Eroded out of the face of a cliff and cup-shaped. The only access to it was by that trail. But this cave was a bit queer. It had a sand floor and was just about big enough to park 20 cars in it.

On the cliff edge was a low stone wall. This in itself was not too unusual, because such caves had sheltered indians for thousands of years.

The thing that did make it unusual was that in the rear of it was a perfectly round hole. It was obvious that the lion had ducked into this.

They approached it rather cautiously and tossed some stones in it to see if they could stir him up. But there was no response. They could hear the stones rolling and bouncing down an incline and the sound just got fainter and fainter until it died away altogether.

They then approached the hole and peered down into it. It was perfectly round -- also it was about four or five feet in diameter. They couldn't see very far down it, but it appeared to descend rather sharply and at a steady gradient.

The fellows gathered some dry grass from the canyon floor and made some torches.

The incline of the bore was too steep for them to climb down so they tossed the torches down it. They just slid down further and further and disappeared into the gloom. They never did see or hear of the lion again.

At first they thought they had stumbled onto some old Spanish mine workings. But there was no sign anywhere of a dump that always goes with a mine. By all rights there should have been some sign of the earth and rock that had come out of that hole -- but there wasn't.

When they inspected the hole itself more closely, they were amazed at its symmetry and at the constancy of the section of the bore as far as they could see down it. The fact that the bore was perfectly round puzzled them, too. If it was a mine shaft, it most certainly wouldn't have been round, but instead would have been flat on the bottom.

The fact that the shaft extended straight and unwavering as a rigid pipe was cause for further amazement.

Since the fellows had no rope with them, which would have been needed to descend the shaft, as well as lights, they scratched their heads awhile and then left.

Finley wanted to go back with equipment and see how far down the shaft went and what was at the bottom of it. But ranchers are busy people and he never went back. In the meantime he got pretty well broken up when a horse threw him and he now lives in Fort Worth while he has someone else run the ranch.

He says he knows exactly where it is and could find that box canyon with his eyes shut.

Finley told me this story about a year before even you heard of Shaver so you can be sure he wasn't influenced by the "Shaver Mystery." In fact, I don't believe he has ever heard of the "Shaver Mystery," to this day.

E. Stanton Brown

(Mr. Walton wrote both writers of these letters, but both letters were returned with no forwarding address."

ANNALS OF THE ENQUIRING

Mind-bending features on Earth mysteries, Forteana, UFOs and the bizarre are to be found here. Write: Gerry Lovell, 8 St. John Street, Wells, Somerset BA5 1SW, England.

Headliners

Scientists discovered the first fossil evidence of the evolutionary grouping that includes monkeys, apes and humans. The new find suggests that a major split in monkey evolution occurred much earlier than generally thought. Three tiny fossil teeth, found in the Algerian Sahara, appear to be 46 to 50 million years old. That would be older than the 38-million-year-old fossils from Egypt that had been the earliest known remains of anthropoids.

The CM-200 computer, called the world's speediest computer, and built by Thinking Machines Corp., can go through more than 9 billion calculations a second. It can also be used by as many as 100 engineers and scientists at the same time, company officials say. Price? Only $10 million each. The new machines are known as massive parallel supercomputers.

In 1906, the strains of Silent Night carried 1,000 miles over the airwaves and heard by sailors on ships in the Caribbean provided they had the special receiving apparatus. The broadcast was beamed from Brant Rock, Mass., by Reginald Aubrey Fessenden. Until then, sailors had received radio transmissions only in the dots and dashes of Morse code. Fessenden was born in 1866 in Knowlton, Quebec, Canada. His first wireless broadcast in December, 1900, was at Cobb Island, Md., making him the first person to transmit a human voice without wires. It wasn't until a year later that Guglielmo Marconi got a transatlantic signal in St. John's, Nfld., and that was wireless telegraphy, a one-way Morse transmission.

Despite his lead over Marconi, he was denied permits to build stations in Canada, Bermuda, West Indies and Australia.

He worked for chemist Thomas Edison as chief chemist and designed generators for George Westinghouse in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fessenden died in Bermuda on July 22, 1932.

the truth is fantastic

by...GRAY BARKER

"YOU know, sometimes I think flying saucers must be the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on mankind—or that mankind has perpetrated upon itself." Dom was smiling wickedly.

I was silent.

I hadn't been saying much on the way to Newark. I usually grew morose when the time came to leave Dom's place in Jersey City. Soon I would get on a Capital Viscount and after a change in Pittsburgh be skimming over the mountain tops hoping the pilot could set us down at Clarksburg, W. Va., on the small landing strip which my home town citizens term, perhaps rather grandiosely, Benedum *Airport*.

It had been, as usual, a fascinating weekend at Dom's house. I had gone to New York on Monday, a week before, done some radio and tv interviews, and a couple of lectures.

I always looked forward to these hours with Don. My schedule completed, I had taken the opportunity to drop over to his place in Jersy City on Friday.

You never know quite how to take Dominick C. Lucchesi.

By day Dominick C. Lucchesi is a highly paid gyroscope technician who works for the Bendix people. But by night, when he has company, he is the arbiter of a magical world in which he tells how he has projected his astral body, and has on tap a thousand theories on what flying saucers can or cannot be. The night before, for example, some friends had dropped in and we had descended into his brother's "laboratory" in the basement, where Dom turned out the lights, stood at one end of the huge room, and announced he wanted to "demonstrate the human aura."

Now the human aura, as I understand it, is supposed to be some kind of exhalation surrounding the body, the color of which reflects the personality or physical condition of that body. Certain occultists or "adepts" say they can see the human aura surrounding a person in broad daylight. That I don't know. At least I have never seen one. If I did, I think I would go out and buy an extra fifth.

Anyway, Dom had stood there in the darkness and asked if we could see his aura, while he went into some kind of deep breathing exercises (all put on I suspect), presumably to make his aura stronger and more visible. Everyone looked. Under the spell of Dom's hypnotic patter, running all the while, some said they could see little flashes of fire where he was standing. Me, I saw nothing.

But now I knew that everything Dom would say would be in dead seriousness. He hated to see me go. We had been at this thing together ever since the inception of the International Flying Saucer Bureau, when Dom had believed the saucers were built by the Air Force and stated he could build one in six months, given the money and facilities. But after what happened in Bridgeport, Conn., I think he had changed his mind long ago.

We swung into the parking area and Dom guided the immense Buick into a stall. His brother, Armand, or "Om," as he was nicknamed, who fooled around with old cars, had rebuilt this one for him. It must have been a '47 or '48 model—one of the big jobs made for a chauffeur to drive. I remembered it was the same car in which he had met me at that same airport three years before, in the fall of 1953, just after the excitement had really started. After I received Dom's tape I had put in a call to him, and early the next morning grabbed one of the four daily flights out of Clarksburg. I remember now that at that time I thought that if I could get together with Dom and we could go to Bridgeport together—we might decide whether we were being told a science fiction tale, or *the thing*.

After going to Bridgeport Dom and I figured it *was* the real thing all right, though underneath it all, I suppose, we had always wondered. Why a grown man could be frightened almost out of reason by three men who were dressed rather oddly.

I checked my baggage, confirmed my reservation and we walked into the coffee shop. I decided to have breakfast over again, ordered an egg and some bacon. Dom decided on tomato juice. Never before had I seen a man put sugar in tomato juice.

We were silent again for a while.

"It's like this, Dom. It's happened, we've investigated every possible angle, and now the book is out with all of it in it. Maybe I'm going to look like a fool, maybe people are going to laugh at me—oh that's all right, they've laughed at me ever since I

got this crazy idea to chase saucers—but now they'll be doing it all over the country!"

"In a few years no one will be laughing at us, Gray."

"Look, we've had a fine time and a lot of fun. But now I'm leaving. Honestly, Dom, tell me how you feel about the man."

"He had something, Gray. I only wish I had got to him before it happened."

We didn't have to mention the man's name. We both automatically knew whom we were talking about.

The one man we knew of who must know something very definite and very positive about the saucers.

What they were, where they came from, and possibly why they were here.

Bender.

Coral E. Lorenzen, head of one large saucer organization, said Bender had made up the story, that it was an excuse to get out of a field of research which had become too puzzling, too much work.

We had both known Bender too well to believe that, however.

I suppose the Flatwoods, W. Va., "monster" had been responsible, in a roundabout way, for my knowing Bender well, as it had been responsible for a lot of other things. Whatever it had been, it had sailed through the night sky over a small town near Clarksburg, almost like a shooting star. Only it wasn't.

A group of youngsters just leaving a playground saw it halt, hover, then fall to the ground on a nearby hilltop, where it pulsated dim to bright, alternately lighting up the entire hill.

With more curiosity than bravery, they climbed the hill to see what it was. It was almost like looking into Hell. Down over the other side of the hill they saw a huge glowing sphere, and then from their left something came at them!

Something like a man, they said, but about 15 feet tall, something unknown and incredible, a creature that had eyes, but eyes from which light rays projected.

Who were the three strange men in dark suits who scared the saucer investigator so much? Were they aliens?

Very little else is known about the Flatwoods "monster." The witnesses didn't stay long enough to find out just what it was. They fled down the hill in panic; it was necessary to treat some of them for shock.

Before that happened I had been an average sort of guy, a fellow who closed his office at five and went home and read a book. But after looking into the Flatwoods incident I decided there must be something to this talk about flying saucers after all.

I investigated the incident because I was curious, and because I thought it was a hoax. I didn't find out what the Flatwoods monster was, but I did find out what it *wasn't*. First, it wasn't any hoax. The kids were telling the truth. Second, it wasn't anything that normally walked the face of the earth.

I saw Bender's ad in a magazine. He had formed a club or organization, called the International Flying Saucer Bureau, which would investigate and collect information on the flying saucer mystery. I sent a copy of my "monster" report to him. Four days later I received an air mail letter. Bender, too, thought there was something to it, even though the newspapers had laughed at the children's story.

I was amazed at the prospectus he sent me. I knew the Air Force was trying desperately to figure the saucer enigma at Wright Field, but I didn't know that civilians were doing anything about it. Bender was receiving membership applications from all over the U.S.; he also had branches and members in other countries.

He was forming a department within the Bureau, he said, which would assure expert attention to selected reports. He had lined up an aeronautical expert, an astronomer, and a photographic technician, to serve in the department of investigation, as he called it. He was looking for someone to head the thing. Shortly thereafter I was asked to head the department.

I believe that given a little time we would have come up with something; I believe we would have found out what the saucers were, for we were set up to do it. If, through what must have been some fantastic accident, Bender himself had not run onto something so terrifying and dangerous it changed a warm, personal friend into a shaken, changed individual overnight.

It was certain that Dom was closer to the "Bender

Mystery," as we had begun to term it, than any other man, even myself. Within closer reach of Bridgeport than I, Dom was able to make frequent visits to Bender's home while the IFSB was still operative. As aeronautical consultant in the department of investigation he found it important to get together personally with Bender about once a month. At that early date Dom felt flying saucers behaved no differently than machines then possible to build on earth, though he didn't discredit Bender's contention that they could come from space.

We should have seen it all coming, for some odd things already had been happening, though we could never put a definite finger on their being connected directly with saucers. I remember receiving Dom's urgent tape recording and letting it lay around the office a couple of days before playing it. That was during my busy season. I operate an agency which books pictures for theatres, mainly the outdoor type open only during the summer months. Consequently I am tied up with practically no time to think about anything besides motion pictures for about six months out of the year. But when I finally hooked up the recorder and listened to the tape, I telephoned my secretary and told her the show was all hers for a few days.

DOM was finishing his oddly seasoned tomato juice as I hauled out the dog-eared copy from my portfolio.

"You probably didn't know I had my secretary copy your report," I remarked. I sat there, reading again those first disturbing paragraphs.

After some personal amenities Dom had got to the point:

"Actually, Gray, *some very interesting things have happened,* and the only way I can describe these to you is by using tape.

"As far as my being investigated by anyone is concerned, no one that I know of has interrogated Augie Roberts (Roberts was the photographic consultant for IFSB and lived near Dom in Jersey City) or myself—unless it might have been someone with whom we are well acquainted, and whom we might not have realized was an investigator of one type or another."

The tape related how he and Augie had planned to visit Bender that day, and how the car had developed trouble, Augie telephoned Bender to let him know they couldn't make it. Dom saw a puzzled look come over Augie's face, and began listening to his end of the conversation. Suddenly Augie put his hand over the receiver and looked at Dom.

"Bender's acting real funny," he whispered, and continued listening.

"What is it, Al, are you holding something back?"

Augie motioned for Dom to come over and share the

LEAVING EARTH

The laws of physics have written our eviction notice: before the dying Sun becomes a red giant five billion years from now, we must vacate our planet.

What should we do?

What we could do is move back a little. Assuming that the bulk of humanity will be living in "mobile homes" — space colonies that can be towed away from the Sun as it brightens and expands — we can linger around the orbit of the Earth for about three billion more years as the Sun brightens, reddens and swells at an ever-increasing rate. After that, we had better by ready to move on. Over the following two billion years we will have to make our way to the orbit of Mars.

We should have about a million years before Mars becomes too warm and we have to move on. The next billion years should be interesting as we move through the asteroid belt, then on to Jupiter, whose icy moons will be mostly water by the time we get there. The blue oceans of Europa will no doubt awaken a deep homesickness for Earth in our descendants, but it would be unwise to develop any permanent attachment. Europa's oceans will start to boil less than a century after we arrive. Finally we will reach Saturn, probably the outermost point on our journey, at least for those pioneers who decide to stick with the solar system a little longer and not set out for the stars. By the time we reach Titan, Saturn's frozen moon, there may be some living creatures waiting for us, creatures that have evolved as Titan thawed and the mix of nitrogen, methane, ammonia and water in its seas began to cook up long chain molecules, then amino acids and, ultimately, life.

Soon the deathwatch will be over. Shuddering as it ejects a cloud of matter into space, our star will begin to collapse, from a disc its present size down to a white dwarf configuration the size of Earth. The human tribe will probably split up, some leaving to find a new star, others sticking by our shrunken Sun.

Those who choose to stay will move inward at a rate of about three metres per day, wondering at the ravages wrought by the Sun in its red-giant phase. Jupiter will be reduced to a naked core of rock about the size of the Earth. The Earth will bear no resemblance to the blue planet we know and love. It will be a glazed, arid chunk of rock. But the steadily cooling Sun will not permit us to linger, and we will keep moving inward to a distance of only 16 million kilometres from the Sun.

By now, the Sun will be cooling slowly, and we'll need to move only a few centimetres closer every day. Eventually, after several billion years, the Sun will grow very dim. In order to continue being warmed and nourished we would have to move so close to it that its gravitational field would rip our colony apart. Finally, them we will have to leave the solar system.

How will we do it? Perhaps a gigantic hydrogen bomb will propel our colony away from the gravitational clutches of the Sun. More than likely, we'll escape using some means not even dreamed of yet. After all we will have had 10 to 15 billion years to make plans. — Wallace Tucker

receiver. Dom heard Al say something about *Space Review*, the publication issued by the IFSB.

Dom's recording continued:

"Al told Augie that *Space Review* WOULD come out on October 15th, but whether it would come out after that was something else."

"It seems something strange has occurred in IFSB."

"Well, Augie was quite persistent, and kept pushing Al for more information. Finally Al stated bluntly, *I know the secret of the disks.*"

"Now the way I gather it, Al had run across something important during his study of the saucer mystery. This information was evidently the solution. In his position as head of the IFSB he was in what one might picture as the focal point for all the saucer information being run down by the hundreds of IFSB members. He had run across the secret unexpectedly while going through all this material."

"When Bender learned what he felt was the answer, he evidently wrote it all down and submitted it to someone, maybe to a magazine, maybe to an expert for an opinion—just whom he wouldn't say."

"THREE MEN CAME TO HIS HOUSE WITH THAT VERY SAME PIECE OF PAPER IN THEIR HANDS. THEY TOLD BENDER HE HAD CRACKED THE RIDDLE, THAT HE HAD FOUND OUT THE ANSWER TO THE FLYING SAUCER MYSTERY."

"Then they filled him in with details."

"When they got through with him Bender said he turned white as a sheet and got sick. He couldn't get anything to stay on his stomach for three long days."

"The oddest thing about the three men, was their rather strange dress: they all had on dark suits and black hats."

That was not the end of the story. The three men had confiscated back issues of *Space Review*, and told Bender to shut up about saucers. Shortly thereafter Bender would close down the IFSB tighter than the heads on Cugat's drums and refund all unearned membership dues.

"There is something that smells to me in this whole business, Gray." Dom continued. "Just because Bender is out of action doesn't mean *we* are knocked out. We must try to find out what Al found out...We don't have the *key*, that's our only trouble. But if Al found it, *we* can find it. We have a clue in the fact they confiscated the back issues of *Space Review*. There must be something in those issues!

"I believe we must look for something fantastic, for that is just how Al put it about what he had learned. The way Augie quoted Al, he said, 'I went into the *fantastic* and came up with the answer.'

"The question now is this: what should we do about it? Do you wish to try and get at the bottom of it, or are you, by chance, now in the same position as Al?"

AS WE sat there in the coffee shop I went over in my mind just what we HAD done about it, how I had collected reams of material on the case, how we had gone to Bridgeport to interview Bender, how we had evolved dozens of theories as to what Bender had found out...

And now we had come up with a complete blank.

Bender wasn't talking. He was afraid to. He didn't even want to hear the word "sau-

NASA'S SPACE HOTEL

Though a scheduled tour of the planets is still a long way off, Rockwell International has already developed blueprints for a passenger module that could be carried in the space shuttle's payload bay. It could conceivably transport the first intrepid vacationers into space by the 1990s, either ferrying passengers to an orbiting hotel or acting as a hotel module itself.

Rockwell's double-decker module is designed to carry 74 passengers. The present specifications include emergency exits, comfortable seating, provisions for water, air and life-support systems and internal environment control. There's only one catch: it has no toilets. The blueprint was based on early concepts "that called for using the shuttle as an airliner that could transport people from New York to Tokyo in 45 minutes," says William O'Donnell of NASA headquarters. "Fortunately, the ride into space would be short; passengers would board a few hours before launch and disembark a few hours after reaching orbit." A similar module could also transport technicians and workers to orbiting space factories.

Vacationers, however, might be disappointed at missing the view as they travel. "They wouldn't be able to see the take off and landing because the shuttle payload doors must be closed at those times," says Donnell.

A passenger module that could serve as a hotel as well as a transportation system would have to be modified to include some of the amenities and would probably carry fewer passengers, maybe only 40 or 50. "And the cost of a seat would be prohibitive initially," warns O'Donnell. "Something like two million dollars per seat" — far beyond most holiday budgets. Undoubtedly, innovative entrepreneurs will eventually find some way to bring that cost down.

When that day comes, imagine yourself sipping cocktails 250km up, gazing down at the Earth below as you orbit in a luxury space hotel. The demand is there; in the wake of the first spaceflights, Pan Am and TWA accepted reservations for the maiden tourist voyage to the moon and were inundated with requests; other companies have tried to do the same for the shuttle.

— Alcestis Oberg

a tizzy if we found out it was for real."

We could probably guess the rest if we only knew who the three men were. Bender had hinted they were from the government, but he must have been deliberately trying to throw us off the track. Government investigators do not dress so conspiciously. And if they threaten people they investigate, that's certainly a new one on me. Most agents of the different investigative and intelligence services don't volunteer information, they just ask questions. They hesitate to venture an opinion on anything; they don't like to say it's raining outside unless it is cleared by proper authority.

But if *not* government men, what fantastic sponsorship was responsible for their activities?

It seemed Dom and I deliberately shied away from getting too deeply into the three-men proposition. Though I know he often thought the same as I about it.

OF ALL the theories we had run through our minds as to what Bender could have found out, the one about Antarctica seemed to stick out the most obviously.

Shortly before the three men came, Bender suggested a strange project to his colleagues of The Australian Flying Saucer Bureau and The Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New Zealand, the two other large civilian agencies probing saucers in 1953.

It was to be termed "Project X."

Evidently concerned about the rash of saucers reports that had broken out in the "down under" countries, Bender suggested they go through all their sightings reports, ferret out those which gave directions of arrival and departure. These reports they would chart on a map. Lines would be drawn for each direction reported, and if the lines tended to show a point of convergence or intersection, such a spot on the map might indicate a place of saucer origin, a point of rendevous, maybe even a saucer base!

Unfortunately Bender closed down before the project got underway in Australia and New Zealand.

"I THINK we're on the right track," Dom started, but was interrupted by the loudspeaker calling out my flight. We rose.

"Don't look like that; I'm heavily insured," I joked.

"One never knows," he said. "I don't want to appear morbid, but now and then I suppose I experience that fear that every saucer researcher feels. Maybe it's a fear of the unknown. The fear he's looking into something he has no business being in."

I could figure what Dom was thinking. The entire Bender files were in my brief case. If someone or something wanted to get rid of all the evidence—a lot of planes had been crashing mysteriously. Perhaps that was why...

Fantastic Adventures - February 1957

The 'X' Files

Scott Williams of the Associated Press wrote about this new series on FOX-TV. Here are some quotes from his article.

"Executive producer Chris Carter has concocted an engrossing mix of mystery, suspense, action and the paranormal.

"David Duchovny and Gillian Henderson play a team of FBI agents. He's agent Fox Mulder, a brilliant misfit who is exiled to the bureau's unsolved, unexplained cases and who finds paranormal explanations for them.

"She's the forensic pathologist who is assigned to watch him and, if possible, debunk his theories. Yet in case after case, the agents stumble into close encounters where only the unearthly explanations seem to apply.

"The agents deal with UFO abductions, a serial killer who strikes every 30 years, deadly viruses and alien conspiracies, but the writing and acting are so deadpan, matter-of-fact that the shows poleaxe your disbelief.

"Duchovny's muted, ground-zero delivery is simply compelling. Henderson's strong, competent character never goes to pieces or stumbles when fleeing bad guys. Their relationship is one of mutual respect and the faint stirrings of attraction."

Has Duchovny ever seen a UFO? In the Sept.10/93 issue of USA TODAY, Ann Oldenburg reports the following.

Duchovny was jogging on the beach in Ocean City, N.J., one morning not too long ago. It was very early. He had on a sweater his girlfriend had knitted for him.

As he trotted along, he looked up and noticed a triangular-shaped flying object in the sky.

It wasn't a plane.

"I don't know what it was. I don't think I'll ever know,"

His own belief about UFOs and aliens is that "anything's possible." "There are more strange things that have happened in this world -- that life has evolved is the largest gamble and biggest surprise of all. Not that somebody else is here, but that we're here."

His average work day is 12-14 hours a day. "It's no wonder that we're seeing things in the sky."

If you'd like to keep this show on the air, let them know how much you like it by writing to: Fox Broadcasting Co., 5746 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90028, U.S.A.