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A R B O O K S H E L F A N D L I B R A R Y

From the private collection of  
Allen H. Greenfield, Part Two.

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GOD BLESS THE DEVIL; Subtitle: The Key to the Liberation of Psychiatry; By Luis J. Rodriguez; Bookman Associates, Inc; \$4.50; 256 pages; Library of Congress Number 61-18162.

ASTRAL PROJECTION; By Oliver Fox; Foreword by John C. Wilson; University Books; 160 pages; Library of Congress Number 62-19195.

YOU ARE NOT THE TARGET; By Laura Archera Huxley; Introduction by Aldous Huxley; Farrar Straus and Company; \$4.95; 289 pages; Library of Congress Number 63-11183.

THE STATES OF HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS; By C. Daly King; Foreword by Roy Finch; University Books; \$7.50; 176 pages; Library of Congress number 63-10385.

ON THE KABBALAH AND ITS SYMBOLISM; By Gershom G. Scholem; Translated by Ralph Manheim; Schocken Books; \$7.50; 216 pages; Library of Congress Number 65-11575.

THE HOLY GRAIL; Subtitle: The Galahad Quest in Arthurian Literature; By Arthur Edward Waite; Introduction by John C. Wilson; University Books; \$10.00; 624 pages; Library of Congress Number 61-17178.

THE DRUG EXPERIENCE; Edited by David Eban; Orion Press; \$5.95; 385 pages; Library of Congress Number 61-9301.

THE AWAKENING OF FAITH; Attributed to Ashvagosha; Translated by Timothy Richard, D.D; Edited and with an introduction by Alan Hull Walton; Foreword by Aldous Huxley; University Books; \$5.00; 96 pages.

THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE; Subtitled: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead; By Timothy Leary, Ph.D; Ralph Metzner, Ph.D; Richard Alpert, Ph.D; University Books; \$5.00; 159 pages; Library of Congress Number 64-19705.

INDUSTRIAL CREATIVITY; Subtitled: The psychology of the inventor; By Joseph Rossman; Introduction by Gardner Murphy; University Books; \$7.50; 252 pages; Library of Congress Number 64-16161.

## FRAGMENTS OF REALITY :

## Some glimpses of a possible road

A sophisticated devotee of the philosophy of Charles Hoy Fort might describe a proper search for truth in this way: One views the whole of reality as best one can. If one finds a certain trend in evidence, one may recognize this trend and see what there is to support it, keeping in mind that the trend might be quite erroneous, and that even if correct it is likely to be no more than a higher approximation to truth rather than absolute truth.

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In November, 1864, the wife of Major Elgee of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in India chanced to stay in Cairo one night en route to her husband. Mrs. Elgee was accompanied by a young lady under her protection who was also going to India to rejoin her parents.

For some reason they apparently wound up on the third floor of an out-of-the-way hotel, and were concerned about their safety. They barricaded the door with a chair as well as locking it, leaving open only the balcony window, apparently in deference to the heat.

Mrs. Elgee, according to her own account, awoke suddenly to see a figure she recognized as that of an old friend coming in through the window, being visible in the early light of dawn. She had the impression that the figure was eager to speak to her. It appeared to take a step towards her, but then pointed suddenly towards Mrs. Elgee's companion, who now was seen to be gazing in terror at the figure. The apparition then seemed to shake his head and began to retreat step by step into the wall.

Mrs. Elgee said nothing of the incident to her companion until, in the morning, she confirmed, apparently, what the elder lady had noted.

Four years later, Mrs. Elgee saw the person she had recognized the apparition to be. Without telling him why, she asked about what he had been doing on the night in question. It turned out that, allowing for the difference in time, he had apparently been sitting by the fire late into the night wishing that she had been there to talk a certain matter over with him, at the time of the apparition. He had apparently experienced no unusual sensation.<sup>1</sup>

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In commenting on the widespread familiarity with "supernatural" beings among the Greek People<sup>2</sup>, John Cuthbert Lawson relates, apparently with some humor, a 'sighting' of his own near Sparta. His guide took the apparition to be a nymph, which Lawson could understand allowing for the ecological framework in which the guide lived. Lawson further notes the curious phenomenon of more than one person at a time seeing such apparitions. Lawson apparently was unable to investigate his own sighting<sup>3</sup>.

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The stars, planets and ethereal space, according to Siamese folklore, are the home of an order of beings known as the Thevadas<sup>4</sup>. The Earth itself is inhabited by beings called Phi, one group, the Phi nang mai, seem comparable to the Greek wood-nymph, according to Evans-Wentz<sup>5</sup>.

Evans-Wentz also recounts the story of a woman on the Isle of Man, related by Rev. J. M. Spicer.

Upon going out to the road at nightfall, the woman was surrounded by a group of fairies which apparently attempted to take her away toward South Barrule Mountain. She escaped, apparently, upon calling her son <sup>6</sup>.

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Magical flight is apparently abundant in Chinese folklore.<sup>7</sup> Among the Thai and in China, there is a mythic memory of communication between heaven and earth. The communication was cut off, according to the Thai version, so that man could no longer disturb the gods, or, according to the Chinese version, so that the gods could no longer trouble man.

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A man related the following story of something that happened to him while he was still in school:

As he came out of a room one evening he saw a white apparition rise from a staircase. The stairs creaked. The figure was that of a little man of considerable age with a long, white beard and a sack on his back. The figure seemed startled at the presence of the person, and after hesitating rushed past and disappeared in the direction of the upper stairs.

Several months later the little man was encountered again in the attic on a sunlit afternoon. The entity appeared not to notice him at first, and he was able to get a good look at it. It was again carrying the little sack. It abruptly noticed his presence with a start. The appearance of a flame, as white as the entity, grew in the being's chest, and as the man<sup>8</sup> described it changed into an emotion; anger, which had an impact on him like a piercing flame. Then, unable to find a way out, the apparition melted.

The man reportedly did not tell his parents for years about the incident due to his feeling of something on the order of an unspoken command not to speak of the matter.<sup>9</sup>

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It was reported by Edward Everett Hale that Josiah Quincy, who had, among other distinctions, served eight years in the United States Senate and sixteen years as president of Harvard College, believed himself to be guided in important crises by his own "Daemon".<sup>10</sup> Quincy was born in 1772 and died in 1864.

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#### NOTES

- 1) Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death, Myers, University Books, pp. 195-96. Our account is not quoted but is an interpretative recounting of the case.
- 2) Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion, Lawson, University Books, pp. 47-48. Again, this is recounting and the interpretation is our own.
- 3) The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries, Evans-Wentz, University Books, p. 230.
- 4) ibid, p. 229.
- 5) ibid, p. 229.
- 6) ibid, pp. 125-26.
- 7) Shamanism (subtitle: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy), Eliade, Pantheon Books, Inc., 448-49. See especially footnote 87, p. 449.
- 8) The age of the individual at the time of the apparition is unknown.
- 9) Apparitions and Precognitions, Jaffe, University Books, pp. 105-07.
- 10) Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences, Prince, University Books, p. 113.

Michael To Frey: Greetings

My Dear Friend,

I am writing this letter to you on the eve of what may prove to be a grave disaster indeed for this world. On our Leader's orders Rafe and Gabe have already taken off for Egypt, and as I type this here at our laboratory-headquarters in Eden, I can hear Uri downstairs packing our junk up for our own trip over there. I suppose we could ride out the storm behind the wrap here, but the Leader is quite concerned over the fate of the local natives we have been working with for so many years, so we are about to evacuate them during the expected confusion. One thing: at least we don't have too much to worry about with our opposite numbers who control much of that region; I should think that their bunch at this point are too concerned with saving their own skins to care a great deal about us.

The immediate cause of the trouble is an enormous comet which our computer team calculates will be in close proximity to this world throughout the Spring. Fortunately for us, it shouldn't hit, but one can't be too careful. In any case it undoubtedly will create celestial wonders of considerable magnitude which can be used in conjunction with some "wonders" of our own in order to facilitate the evacuation of our people right under the noses of the local dictator and our opposite numbers. If it works out we thereafter plan to guide them to an area somewhat to the north where we believe we can defend them from outside interference to a great extent. En route the Leader intends to further their education through the presentation of some civilized statutes which should provide a better standard of hygiene and social conduct. One has shown considerable progress although he is, I fear, not the greatest orator one could desire under the circumstances.

But, in any case, as to the purpose of my writing this letter; you have expressed considerable interest in our work here, and I thought I would let you know (while I am still able to) exactly what we have been doing.

We arrived here some considerable years ago. At the time quite frankly we were looking for a good place to hide. The Serps were very much in control of this sector and were at that point hot on our trail. In coming upon this world by chance we were truly in luck. We quickly established our base at Eden and began a detailed survey of the entire sphere.

We discovered a world teeming with life, but without an intelligent race of high magnitude. There was one group of creatures which had the potential for high development, though, and partly out of a need for help and partly for humane reasons we decided to speed up the development of an experimental sample of these creatures.

The two we selected were showing fine progress, and things would have probably come off without a hitch, save for one factor we hadn't counted on. Too late, we discovered that somehow the Serps had planted a spy right in our midst, and he had administered each of our experimentals a dose of one of our own quick-think drugs. They were now suddenly catapulted to an advanced level of intelligence, but quite without the needed moral aptitude to go with it. At this point the Leader had to make a decision before the creatures could get ahold of one of the longevity drugs and make use of that.

You must understand: we were not concerned with some kind of provincial "keep them on a low level" thing, but were concerned that these suddenly-intelligent beings, without moral restraints, might become..... indeed, might already have become, tools of the Serps. We honestly didn't know.

On the other hand we did not want to prejudge them. The decision was therefore made that A) the Serp was to be dealt with as was his due, and B) the experimentals were to be sent back amongst their own, but that we would assume some degree of responsibility for their education and protection, as well as for their progeny which would undoubtedly pick up the genetic strain stimulated by the drug. The Leader explained his actions as follows:

First, it was, after all, our doing, to some extent. We owed some help to them. Secondly, now that the intelligence strain was there the locals would become an intelligent race and would almost automatically receive some Serp attention. Whether they wound up ultimately on our side or the Serp's would now depend to a considerable extent on our conduct in the matter.

In the years to follow things went along a predictable pattern. Under our protection the locals developed a considerable tolerance to environment and thus were living far longer than was typical for this race. We knew, however, that our capacity for maintaining this status quo would not last forever.

The moral problems we had forseen also came to be. In fact, the first generation after our original experimentals saw a murder committed. We promptly isolated the murderer, but since you have dealt with colonial experiments yourself, Frey, I'm confident that you realise evil tendencies are not so easily isolated. The whole race was to one extent or another corrupt (or so it seemed) and even at this point there may have been considerable Serp (and other) infiltration. We might have done more than we did, in theory, but then, too, you must remember that we were ourselves fugitives (we still are for that matter).

In the meantime our computer team came up with a warning that within a few years a major natural upheaval was due. One major effect would be a flood of epic proportions. While this would present little or no danger to us, it would exact a terrible cost on the locals. Knowing this, and being able to do little ourselves, we got a trusted local to construct a large boat which would house him and his family, as well as samples of local animal life during the anticipated cataclysm. This turned out to be quite effective, though I wish we had been able to do much more.

After the flood the repopulation process came off with remarkable speed, though I fear some species may have been lost forever. Unfortunately (if predictably) a new crisis arose with the construction of a major city by the locals which was to serve as a landing point for a party of Serps. I suppose we would have been justified in beaming the city out of existence, but we still had the feeling that to a considerable extent the locals were simply victims of circumstances. Rather than destroy the city, a team of sabotage experts was brought in. They solved the problem by using a nerve scrambling device which promptly scattered the locals in a cloud of confusion.

By then we realised that we had taken on a problem far too large for our facilities which were meagre from the beginning, not designed primarily for colonization, and, in addition, were running low, such as they were. Influence by other offworlders was also now in profusion. We elected, therefore, to pick an isolated group of natives and work with them. We hit upon an individual native and sent him packing for an area which we had selected as a base. We promised to help him and his family out in exchange for his cooperation.

The only remaining major problem was an isolated pocket of natives under strong Serp influence in the area we had picked. It was a veritable Serp base and had to be eliminated....with no nonsense about it. The Leader and Rafe, as well as myself, set off in a hovercar for the area. We stopped off to see our local friend, and while the Leader stayed on with him, Rafe and I went on to the chief Serp city. We encountered one of our native friends the minute we got there, and were at some pains to get him to leave, along with his family.

It was here that I made a mistake that could have cost me my life. The native ally persuaded Rafe and myself to stay with him the night, and we went along. At his home that evening we were attacked with what amounted to a lynch mob of locals and we barely escaped with our lives. The next day our friend and a few others departed for a safe village, and we promptly wiped out the entire area.

With that out of the way, our native problems were reduced to a matter of education and general protection. A number of years later, though, some of the friendly locals moved down into Egypt after one of their own become a high official in that country, and this become the source of our current problem. They eventually came into very low estate, and it has been obvious for years that something needs to be done, though this comet is the first opportunity we have really had, taking into account our depleted strength and the strong Serp influence in the area.

So, dear friend, I guess that about brings things up to date. I will be mailing this our in just a few minutes, and I sincerely hope I will be here to receive your reply. Give my regards to your sister Freya, and to my good friend Bragi and his lovely wife Iduna.

Hastily,

Mike

Eden, Midgard  
3/4/2540

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THE GHOST OF AR AT THE 1968 CONGRESS OF SCIENTIFIC UFOLOGISTS  
report by the editor

The fifth Congress of Scientific UFOlogists held in Cleveland, Ohio during June, 1968 once again produced a number of interesting incidents quite apart from the official and unofficial discussion. At the same time, some of this conversation, too, centered around UFOlogical oddities.



James W. Moseley at the 1968 Congress

There was even some carry-over from previous years. For example, the presence of the "Library of Congress Woman" (see AHN, Volume one, Number Five). O.K., so maybe in '67 she was looking for some literature on UFOs. But twice? Hardly seems worth the effort.

No matter, though. This year it was the telephone bit. It starts off, as far as I know, with my checking in at the motel, well before the convention.\* One of the local people I get in touch with right away is Allan Manak of the UAPA.

Shortly thereafter, Manak triesto

phone me back. Figuring me to be at the motel at which the delegates were supposed to stay (which sounds logical, and which is where I was), according to Manak, he called me there. He was told that I wasn't there or some such; the room I was in was empty.

So. Manak proceeds to call the other hotels in the same chain in town.

No me.

Finally, figuring still that I 'must' be in the place originally thought, Manak tries a more direct approach and comes over; knocks on the door whereupon I open. End of Round One.

Enter Tony Price, a sometimes reporter for underground newspapers. Price calls Rick Hilberg, Congress co-sponsor. Getting Rick's wife instead, he leaves a number for Rick to call back. Rick calls back. No trouble. Price wants to talk. Click; Round Two Ends on a smooth note.

Round three begins with Rick, in the presence of this writer, trying to get in touch with Price again to nail down a time for us to get together with him. First, no answer. Then a strange signal on the phone - ringing followed by a busy signal -- a couple of times indicates trouble. The operator is consulted. Operator agrees: trouble.

Later, we try again. We get somebody else altogether. So, maybe Rick dialed wrong. Try again. Same wrong number.

I suggest we get somebody in another part of town to call. Somebody tries. They get through to what seems to be a local tavern.

Finally late at night another try is made and we get through without a hitch. Later Tony tells us, as I recall, something about the phone company saying things would be out of order or were out of order or something. Yeh, out of order.

There is one problem here that does give me pause, if only slightly. These things do, after all, seem to happen at UFO meetings and conventions a bit out of proportion to what one might expect under normal circumstances.

When all is said and done, though, it probably is coincidence.

Probably. But there is that part of my mind which persists in saying rather drolly, "Yeh, out of order."

There were several other minor phone hang-ups (literally, in a couple of cases) during the convention that I know of that add strain to the coincidence answer.



(L) Rick R. Hilberg and Edward M. Biebel, Jr. (R)

Came the closed sessions, and what do you know? It seems that the "men in black cases" are on the agenda. After a lot of discussion of other matters, this comes up and several stories are related, including that of UFOlogist Robert S. Easley, who, among other things, has had telephone threats and a gun pointed seemingly in his direction, according to his account.

So now it's gun-play?

Other stories discussed included the recent events centering around Mary Robinson, a UFOlogist, and the less recent case involving Rick Hilberg which he related at my request.

The latter took place several years ago at which time Hilberg was visited at his home by two men who claimed to be local police officials. One apparently even briefly flashed a badge.

These men questioned Hilberg at considerable length about his UFOlogical activities. Later evidence gives reason to believe that they may not have been what they claimed to be, but even if they were the case is still of interest.

At the session Hilberg indicated that he did not attach too much importance to the event. He, may be right, but then again such men have shown up in more than one report. I have even met one such myself that I can recall offhand. It is probably true that some of these cases have 'rational' answers, but I would not be so sure when you consider this body of evidence as a collective problem.

The 1968 Congress of Scientific UFOlogists didn't seem to anyone solve the UFO problem than did 1967's or any of the previous Congresses. But the problem was again presented and the weird angles did again show up. It could be these conventions are a waste of time, but my droll other-self might have something to say about that worth mentioning. He might say that if the Congress was unimportant the little annoyances might be a bit less. He might say that if the Congress was unimportant the phone would work.

..filed June 25th, 1968

(Note - \*Maybe earlier, with my problems en route to the convention.)