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**UFO UpDates Mailing List****Alfred's Odd Ode #309**

From: **Alfred Lehmborg** <[Lehmborg@snowhill.com](mailto:Lehmborg@snowhill.com)>  
 Date: Sat, 24 Jul 1999 10:47:41 +500  
 Fwd Date: Sun, 25 Jul 1999 09:06:25 -0400  
 Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #309

Apology to MW #309 (For July 24, 1999)

I'm "tacky" to one so contentious, so abruptly cruel, pretentious -- one that has his dead lock nut on \*truths\* that show he has no guts!! Reality distracted from, or near the message will he come -- is quick dismissal as a screed the words without . . . he'd cease to be! Existing on creative coattails, blown around by other's main sails, he dissolves and melts away those prices fixed that others pay. These that won't create are \*critics\*, axes grinding out \*specifics\* they have rationalized correct -- but only APEING circumspect. They have a special axe to grind to cushion senses they can find to justify unbrave intentions -- but they won't \*see\*. They are contentious.

UFOs have peppered history. They EXIST! This is no mystery! Leaping in the sky's are flown the enigmatic lights we're shown. Distracted by the skep-ti-bunkies, fanned up, murky, hazy -- funky, they will hoot, pronounce their \*phacts\*, and from some truth, perhaps, detract. All, perhaps, to keep one working, making babies, crying -- hurting. But it's REAL, and would upset the apple cart they own, as yet. We would have the truth; we own it! Please, don't pretend concern -- you've blown it. At issue is the profiteering you enjoy while proudly sneering.

Don't think that you provide a service. Don't think that you provide for calm -- you're nervous. Don't pretend that fear's deterred in blandishments you purr -- absurd. Don't assume that you're correct -- you've been remiss you would detect if you kept courage uncontrived, made progress, mattered -- even tried. Don't profess the rational, don't contend professional. Do not think your \*earned\* degrees can bring you off your callused knees! Don't presume to know the truth and sneer or gloat -- remain aloof. I refute your bland announcements, and subsume your proud pronouncements. You've betrayed our education -- warmed yourself in its ablation. You don't rate a second look. Your fire is out, and you can't cook.

Look around, you're plainly comic! See beyond the pale -- it's cosmic! Witness all the games you play to keep the real deal at bay. Admit that time and space are one, and both are endless (awesome!) -- \*fun\*. Admit that it has happened here, and there is near to what you fear. Space enough for it to happen -- good or bad, past understandin'. We would have it more forthcoming -- so we could plan, get well, or something! Dismiss this as a nonplussed screed! Still and all it's what you need -- you have nothing; you've no creation. You're just a hollowed out deflation.

In the years preceding Christ, a couple past a thousand (thrice?), mere \*humans\* wrote of asteroid belts twixt Mars and Jupiter, I will tell!! Still, and in this far-flung time, they knew the colors, mass -- made rhyme of Neptune and his twin Uranus . . . how they knew we can't explain it. The Dogon's have a star they worship, Sirius, her seed in kinship -- she that follows on the heels of he that made us what we feel. And how they knew (?) the Earth's precession fuels our justified obsession with enigma we don't cop to, investigate, or put a stop to!

Deny denial if it's there, and cop to ethics; look and stare! Don't pretend there's nothing to it! Mere science, all alone, won't do it! What we've seen defines new ages, we can read forbidden pages. We can see the moving finger! Writing on the wall it lingers, pointing out the enigmatic for the not so autocratic. It's bigger than you're giving credit. It worries one when one will let it. And it should scare you a little, make you blow your lunch -- get brittle. Make you see the bigger picture -- grasp the time and space far richer for the efforts you have made for work you've DONE, for what you've PAID!

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OK. He's well enough to stand trial! So where's the trial?

Restore John Ford!

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Consider Matter, Mind & Movement.  
See the current HTML "Apology to MW" with illustration.  
Take a ride in the Teleporter.

Explore "Alfred Lehmberg's Alien View" at his Fortunecity URL.

<http://www.fortunecity.com/roswell/arecibo/46/>  
<Updated 17 July>

John Ford Restoration Fund -- Send your checks and money orders to me, Alfred Lehmberg (cut out the lawyers, they got their's) at:  
304 Melbourne Drive, Enterprise AL, 36330. Strict records kept.  
\$350.00 pledged -- \$200.00 collected!

"I cleave the heavens, and soar to the infinite. What others see from afar, I leave far behind me." - Giordano Bruno, burned at the fundamentalist's stake.

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