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**UFO UpDates Mailing List****Alfred's Odd Ode #306**

From: **Alfred Lehmborg** <[Lehmborg@snowhill.com](mailto:Lehmborg@snowhill.com)>  
 Date: Sat, 05 Jun 1999 05:53:37 -0500  
 Fwd Date: Sat, 05 Jun 1999 13:39:50 -0400  
 Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #306

Apology to MW #306 (For June 5, 1999)

Everything is UFOs from caps on down to shoes. It's written into histories we didn't hide or lose. It's tied to an environment that evolves beyond the few to a brand new kind of living that is right for me, if not for you. It's wrapped up in psychology -- philosophy, etiology. It redefines these liberally, makes them strange and other worldly. It turns your world inside out, and makes new rules that you can't flout. Floating in your airy castle, crashing down is such a hassle, but you built up in the air advised by demons selling there.

You must give up your pride, I've found, that you should wear creation's crown. You are not the dead lock nut. You'll stake no claim beyond the rut of that which you will not admit -- denial, and you're filled with it. Around you monstrous rocks profound are coasting in a dance, they've found, that threaten us right here on Earth with mayhem like a god's foul curse. Threatened like some brainless chickens, we cluck and scratch and fake admissions that we have lit the torch of *\*light\**, and strive for *\*God\**, and *\*truth\**, and *\*right\**. Nothing's further from the truth, we stand unmasked, too proud -- aloof. Too proud by far -- our small advancement loses it's attached enhancement as we find we're mewling infants wallowing in our filth's contentment.

Edit all your moldy tomes for evidence you keep alone. Write your works of snide derision; accuse the rest of imprecision. Pepper speech with fallacies that prove your thoughts have callused knees. Dredge up *\*facts\** all out of context; cite them like you have no pretext; hide behind a noxious nym like "Love lies Squealing, or "anonym." Spew the proof you have no stones; that you're a pest and not alone. A cyber bug that sucks the blood of spirit you have lost now -- bud. Write your message, spread the lie that we see nothing in our sky. Laugh at a conspiracy; pretend that you're not on your knees; deny the scales affixed to eyes to push away some fear you hide.

Fix your eyes on starry skies, and watch the blackness uncontrived. Time is what you witness there -- time enough and more to spare. Moons and planets, gassy clouds, cosmic dust -- there is no doubt. Beings from space look back towards you, and wonder that you're there -- it's true. Energy exists in time, the frequency we see -- sublime. Power's found at zero points? We light our farts! We're out of joint! Busy with our ethnic cleansing we strut and preen in strife unending, holding out for just a few what blessings grace elitist's views.

In our histories it's been written, we turn our eyes away -- we're smitten. Too much truth there slaps our faces filling holes and gaps or spaces. What we cannot cop to yet, and where

our bloated hubris rests, are questions on our lofty status, what we now accept free gratis. Banking on old Aristotle (forgetting as a footnote, Plato) we're buried in our crystal spheres containing what we choose to fear. Wrapped in \*blessings\* of a church that hates the world as devil cursed, we pillage, rape and pour abuse on that which nurtures! It's so abstruse!

UFOs are everything! From ancient times they wail and sing. Through the years they've shown themselves, we've pictures, film we stack on shelves. Anecdotes abound in waves, from Presidents without disgrace, to airline captains coming clean -- these craft are NOT a stupid dream. I, myself, have had some sightings. They're not balloons, and gas or lightning -- UFO's are everywhere, they wash your clothes, they set your hair! They've watched us through such trying times, they've likely got our history, Clyde. And there's the rub -- explains all reticence. This is why we hide the evidence. We're afraid we'd be found out -- that all would know what we're about!

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Everybody has questions to answer. The more you manipulate and control the more questions you should have to answer. The more you hold yourself up as an example to the world of compassion, intelligence and decency the more examination you should you should be able to sustain. Our culture abuses its societal privileges. In the interests of a "National Security" or a "return to traditional values" there hides an impetus so rich with arbitrariness, unfairness, and unethical practice that it can scarcely be believed. The drive is to maintain a status quo so ridiculously canted that it is beyond the limits of rational sensibility. We're so dirty now that the mere admission of these dereliction's and travesties explode the status quo like a penny balloon. Folks from space, watching and perhaps recording our ancient four million year old advance from the African Savanna would have quite a tale to tell -- told as it was from an unjaundiced "Alien View." I'd sure like to hear that story, wouldn't you? Heh! All the news that fits.

All the news.

Restore John Ford!

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Ponder the Wit & Wisdom of Ching Chow!  
View "Unstill Life" -- Animation . . . and more.  
Consider Matter, Mind & Movement.  
See the current HTML "Apology to MW" with illustration.  
Take a ride in the Teleporter.

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

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

<Updated 27 May>

John Ford Restoration Fund -- Send your checks and money orders to me, Alfred Lehmborg (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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