

How to Make the Most of a Flying Saucer Experience

by **Professor Solomon**



Your Complete Guide to UFOs!

A RIDE IN A FLYING SAUCER can be a valuable experience—educational, uplifting, empowering. But only if you're *prepared* for it. Hence this guide—the most comprehensive and PRACTICAL ever offered to the public.

In it you'll find tales of contactees, facts about the Space People, and amazing photos.

You'll learn about Buck Nelson's ride, Orthon, mother ships, the Encounter Kit, boarding etiquette, Little Men, propulsion systems, Cosmic Consciousness, UFO detectors, Giant Rock, interplanetary birds, a special handshake, women and UFOs, the Pyramid Hat, sightseeing on Mars, abductions (the *real* story), Madame Blavatsky, the Moon train, exercise pills, Ray Palmer ("the man who invented flying saucers"), the Saturn conference, Music of the Spheres, the Mystery Tower, your legal rights in Space, George Adamski, jumpsuits.

And you'll get Professor Solomon's tips for MAKING THE MOST of your encounter.

Read this book and be ready—for *your* ride in a UFO.



How to Make the Most of a Flying Saucer Experience

by Professor Solomon

Illustrated by Steve Solomon



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Why This Book

You stagger to your feet. The floor begins to rumble. There are flashing lights—a high-pitched hum—an approaching figure in a jumpsuit.

It's happening. A flying saucer is about to take off. And who's aboard? Who's staring in disbelief at the alien decor? Who would prefer to be elsewhere?

That's right. *You*.

Moments before, all was fine. You were driving along a lonely road, savoring the night air, marveling at a skyful of stars—when a disk appeared overhead, glowing and pulsating.

Mysteriously, your car stalled and coasted to a halt. The disk swooped down. From it came a ray of light, gripping you and drawing you inside.

Now that disk is rising into the sky. It is *carrying you off*. And my question is this:

Are you prepared for such an experience?

Will you be able to deal with it? Meet its challenges? And even (as with any remarkable experience) profit from it?

Let's face it. Probably not.

Indeed, you've probably given scant thought to the matter. A flying saucer experience? Oh, that's something that happens to other people. Or doesn't even happen at all—a bunch of nonsense. In any event, you've seen no reason to worry about it.

Yet to anyone who has examined the evidence—taken a close look at the photographs, eyewitness accounts, and statistics—nothing could be further from the truth. Encounters with flying saucers *do* take place. They happen daily. And they can happen to anyone.

Including *you*.

Which is the reason for this book. I want to demonstrate that (as the evidence attests) these are real experiences, happening to people in every walk of life. And I want to prepare you for that experience. So that you'll be ready.

Ready to enhance—not merely endure—your flying



saucer experience.

Ready to empower, improve, and *enrich* yourself—both spiritually and financially—through that experience.

In short, ready to **MAKE THE MOST** of it.

Interested? If so, read on.*

* And please, as you read through this work, don't skip the footnotes. They are intended as informative (if digressive) tidbits—*not* as scholarly baggage.

1. Do They Exist?



Things in the Sky

Mysterious objects in the sky have been puzzled over since prehistoric times. Yet the UFO phenomenon may be said to have begun on June 24, 1947, when Kenneth Arnold, a businessman in a private plane, spotted a formation of disks (or craft with swept-back wings) near Mount Rainier, Washington. His report was featured in a local newspaper, picked up by the wire services, and carried in newspapers around the country. During the next three weeks, UFOs were reported over 25 states. By the end of the year, there had been hundreds of sightings—a wave of them. Unidentified Flying Objects (as the Air Force classified the phenomena) or flying saucers (as a journalist dubbed them) had arrived.*

In the years that followed, the sightings continued... until they were no longer news. Everyone was seeing UFOs—farmers, pilots, politicians.† In a Gallup poll taken in 1966, 5 million adult Americans—or 2.5% of the population—claimed to have seen a UFO. By 1973, the figure had risen to 7%; by 1990, to 14%.

What were these objects and lights in the sky? Almost from the start, the prevailing explanation was *ships from Outer Space*. An incredible notion? Americans didn't seem to think so. That 1966 Gallup poll found that 25% of them believed UFOs to be craft from other planets. By 1974, the figure had risen to 54%. By 1984, it was 80%.

* The earliest known use of the word *saucer* to describe a mysterious object in the sky was in January 1878, when John Martin of Dennison, Texas, claimed that something swift and circular—resembling “a large saucer,” reported the *Dennison Daily News*—had flown over his farm. The newspaper described Martin as “a gentleman of undoubted veracity.”

† Jimmy Carter saw one, hovering outside a hall where he had just delivered a speech. “It was the darndest thing I’ve ever seen,” he said (according to the *National Enquirer*, June 8, 1976). “It was big; it was very bright; it changed colors; and it was about the size of the moon.”

So the majority of Americans had come to believe that extraterrestrial ships were plying the skies. And many claimed to have actually seen those ships.

Clearly, they had seen *something*. The question is what. Let's take a look at the possibilities.*

* The Extraterrestrial Hypothesis, as it is called, was first promoted by a science-fiction editor named Ray Palmer. Palmer (whose *Amazing Stories* had abounded with ships from other planets) started *Fate* magazine, which reported on UFOs and other mysteries, and the second issue of which featured Kenneth Arnold's "Are Space Visitors Here?" He also coauthored a book with Arnold; founded a press that specialized in UFO publications; and (in the opinion of some) mischievously transformed the alien spaceships of science fiction into the flying saucer phenomenon. A hunchbacked dwarf (due to a childhood accident) with a wicked sense of humor, Palmer has been accused (by Daniel Cohen in *Myths of the Space Age*) of having "programmed the imagination" of "an entire generation of flying saucer enthusiasts"—a programming that spilled over to the general public.

It is fascinating to look through issues of *Amazing Stories* edited by Palmer, and come upon a disk-shaped spaceship, bug-eyed alien, or abducted Earthling—from the decade before the UFO era began. Was the man prophet...or progenitor?



FATE MAGAZINE, SPRING 1948, © REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION COURTESY OF LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Explanations

An Unidentified Flying Object is simply that—unidentified. It *could* be a flying saucer (that is, a ship from Outer Space)...or something more mundane. Even believers admit that only a small percentage of reports are of extraterrestrial craft. Debunkers, on the other hand, insist that *no* UFO reports are prompted by such craft.

The most dogged of the debunkers is Philip Klass, editor of *UFO Skeptics Newsletter*. Says Klass: “After rigorous investigation, that’s invariably what UFO reports turn out to be: misidentification of natural or man-made phenomena, or outright tall tales.”

Another debunker, psychologist Ernest Taves, lists some of those phenomena:

UFOs are all around us, by day and by night—apparitions in the sky, just waiting to be seen. The observant person sees them and sometimes he identifies them for what they really are: planets, stars’ reflections, mirages, meteorological optical effects, the aurora borealis, shooting stars, planes, balloons, wind-borne bits of shiny paper, flying tumbleweeds, ball lightning, St. Elmo’s fire, clouds, the moon partially obscured by mist, burning oil wells, satellite re-entries, parachute spiders, rocket tests, searchlight reflections, birds, clouds of insects, kites, contrails [vapor trails left by aircraft], blimps, bubbles, airborne flares, fireflies, luminous birds, fireworks, eye defects, dandelion seeds, dust devils, and so on and so on. With so many possible stimuli, one isn’t surprised at the large numbers of sightings; 100 a night on a world-wide basis is incredibly small.*

Not only is there no evidence for flying saucers, the debunkers tell us, but for every sighting an explanation is available—including the possibility of a hoax. One out of every sixty sightings, according to an Air Force study, is a hoax—a false report. Still other reports may be sincere, but

* Klass and Taves expressed these views in a panel discussion on UFOs in the January 1978 issue of *Playboy*.

prompted by a prank. For example, teenagers have been known to fashion hot-air balloons from plastic bags and candles. Launched at night, these mysterious lights move about in the sky, to the awe of some and the hilarity of others.*

Klass is so sure that flying saucers do not exist—are either misidentifications or hoaxes—that he once offered to pay \$10,000 to anyone with proof to the contrary.†



* UFO hoaxes date back to 1897, when Alexander Hamilton of Yates Center, Kansas, swore that an exotic airship had hovered over his ranch. He described it as cigar-shaped and 300-feet-long, with a glass carriage “occupied by six of the strangest beings I ever saw. They were jabbering together but we could not understand a word they said....I don’t know whether they are devils or angels or what, but we all saw them, and my whole family saw the ship, and I don’t want any more to do with them.”

Hamilton was a former state senator and a respectable citizen. Equally respectable were the twelve men—including the town’s sheriff, banker, and pharmacist—who signed an affidavit attesting to Hamilton’s “truthfulness and veracity.” Was his mysterious airship a harbinger of flying saucers? Some authors still cite it as such. Yet it has been discovered that Hamilton and those twelve respectable men constituted the membership of the local Liars Club—deadpan practitioners of the tall tale.

† *UFO* magazine reports that the acerbic Klass has become a familiar face at UFO conferences, which he attends “in his customary role as the skeleton at the feast.”

My Own View

Until recently, I agreed with the debunkers. Extraterrestrial craft, cruising about the sky? A lot of nonsense, it seemed to me. People who believed in flying saucers were either credulous or willfully uncritical. They *wanted* to see mysterious objects in the sky, in order to lend excitement to their lives. Or perhaps their belief in otherworldly visitors arose from a craving for the miraculous—a need for awe in an age of declining religious faith. Whatever their motivation, these people were deluding themselves.*

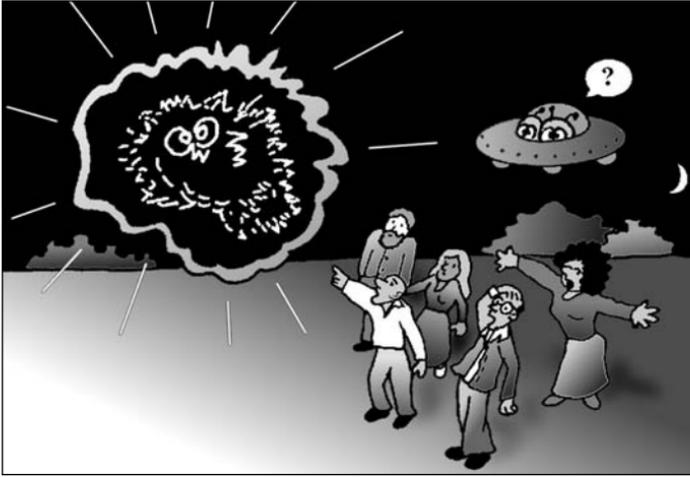
And the objects—the lights in the sky—that they were seeing? What was prompting these reports of flying saucers? Obviously, it was a mixed bag of meteors, balloons, satellites, mirages, and other ordinary phenomena that were mistaken for spaceships. But in particular, I became convinced, these people had been seeing *luminous birds*. For of the various explanations on the debunker's list, that seemed to me the most plausible.

Let's take a closer look, then, at the Luminous Bird Hypothesis, which once seemed to me the best explanation available for flying saucers.

The bird in question, for the most part, is the owl. An unknown number of UFO sightings are thought to be prompted by luminous owls, flying overhead at night. Whence such prodigies? It seems that owls have been known to roost in dead trees infested with *armillaria mellea*—a luminous fungus. The fungus adheres to their feathers, causing the owls to glow in the dark.

Consider now the numbers. An estimated one million owls make their home in North America. Nocturnal crea-

* "Close encounters with UFOs," says astronomer E.C. Krupp, "are the sacred reemerging by hook or by crook in a secularized world." In other words, mystical experiences have been recast with technological imagery, to make them presentable to the modern age. As psychologist Carl Jung has noted: "Anything that looks technological goes down without difficulty with modern man."



tures, they fly about after dark. If a mere 1% have become luminous, that's *10,000 luminous owls* moving about the sky each night.

Add the prank saucers launched by teenagers; the airborne tumbleweeds, glinting in the moonlight; the occasional blimp or weather balloon...and you've explained flying saucers. No ships from Alpha Centauri are necessary.

So if the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis is superfluous, why drag it in? Why not obey what logicians call Occam's Razor (or the Law of Parsimony), and go with the simplest—and therefore likeliest—explanation? Such was my reasoning.*

Besides, I had a fundamental objection to that hypothesis. It seemed to me that Man was unique in the Universe. There simply were no intelligent creatures besides ourselves. We were the goal—the purpose—the *raison d'être* of Creation.

It followed that those unidentified objects in the sky could not be ships from Space. They were weather balloons, shooting stars, wind-borne hats, satellites, swarms of insects, luminous owls—whatever. But certainly not ships.

Such was my considered opinion.

* *“Non sunt multiplicanda entia praeter necessitatem”* (“things should not be multiplied beyond necessity”) was the principle enunciated by William of Ockham, a fourteenth-century philosopher.

I Was Wrong

But I was wrong!

Mysterious craft *were* flying about the sky...as I discovered to my amazement, upon examining the *photographic evidence*.*

For it is a startling fact that flying saucers—spacecraft—ships from Outer Space!—have been photographed. In amazing detail. By men and women from around the world.

These photos constitute *overwhelming evidence* for the reality of flying saucers.

Seeing is believing. And as I examined photo after photo—with their images of spacecraft; their glimpses of landing gear, portholes, humanoid figures—I began to believe.

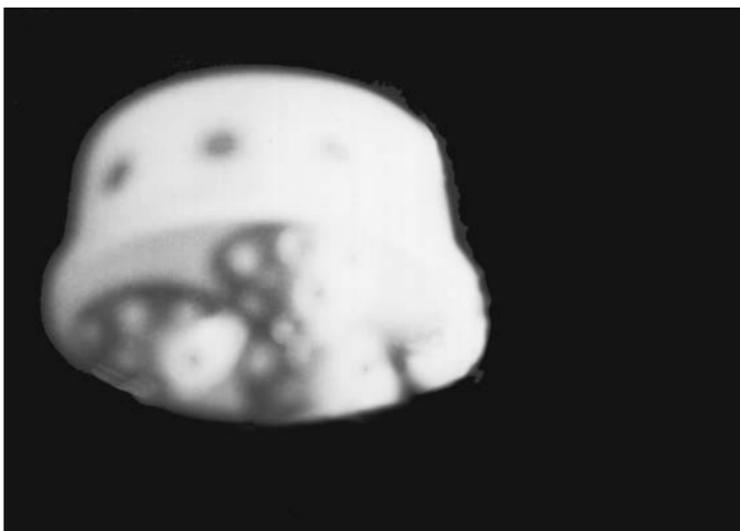


* 95% of UFO photos are frauds, says Ground Saucer Watch, an organization that performed computer analysis on a large number of photos. No doubt. But it is the remaining 5% that interest us here.



Confronted with these incredible images, I began to change my mind.

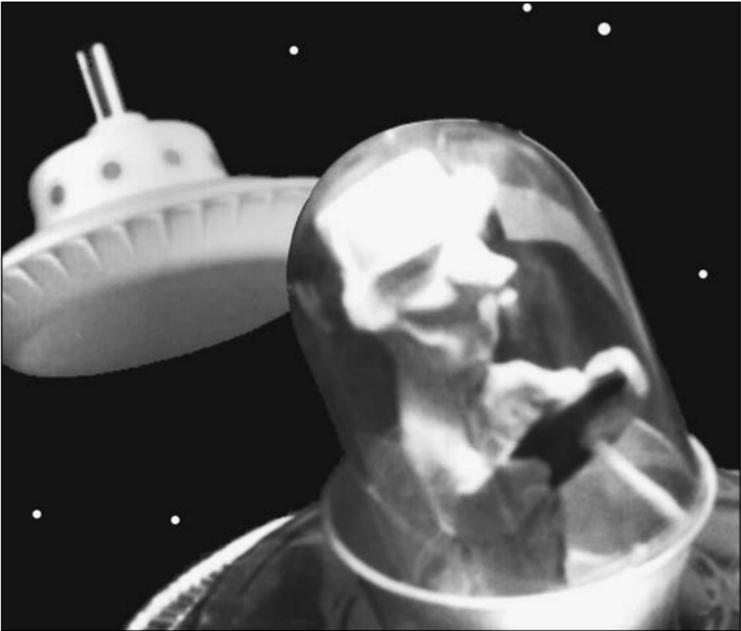
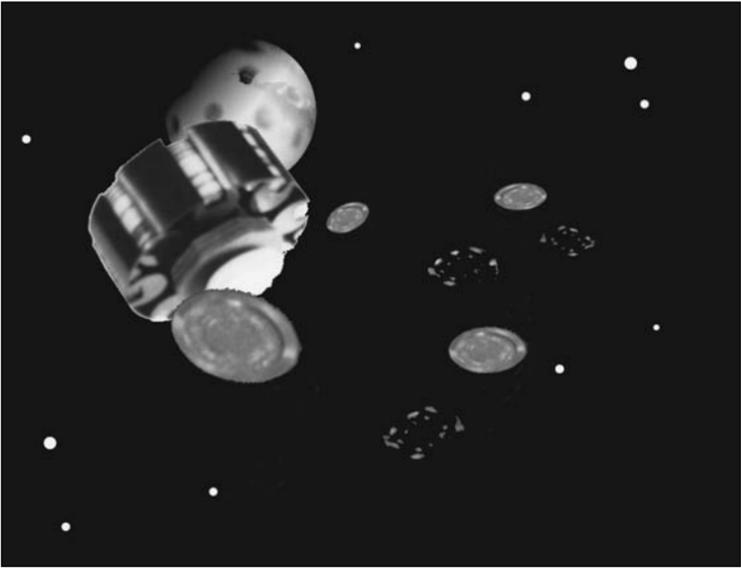
So perhaps will you. Take a look at the following examples, and decide for yourself. Remember, these are *actual photographs*.*



* They have been computer-enhanced—for purposes of clarity or enhancement—but are otherwise unaltered.







There's Something Out There

After examining these photos, and others like them, I came around at last. Flying saucers were not a myth, mass delusion, or hodgepodge of misidentifications. They were real, I realized. They were *ships*.

But then I said to myself:

All right, mysterious craft are plying our skies. But what exactly are they? Where do they come from? Who pilots them? And why are they flying about like this?

In Part Two we shall tackle these questions. Join us...if you dare.

2. What Are They?



Local?

The photos had convinced me that flying saucers were real—were some sort of mysterious aerial craft. Fine, I accepted that. But *extraterrestrial* craft? Spaceships from another planet? Wait a minute, I found myself saying. Isn't that a bit extreme?

Were there no other possibilities? Couldn't flying saucers be real, yet originate closer to home?

Dr. Herman Oberth, the scientist who headed an investigation into UFOs for the German government, said he and his colleagues had concluded not only that the objects were craft, but that they were “conceived and directed by intelligent beings of a very high order.”

That, too, I could accept. But intelligent beings did not have to originate in Space. Where else might they be coming from?

I began to search the UFO literature, looking for middle-of-the-road theories—explanations for flying saucers that neither debunked them nor bought into the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis.

Interestingly, I found a number of such theories. The following struck me as worthy of consideration:

1. Russians

One of the earliest explanations put forward for flying saucers was that they were experimental aircraft, developed by the Russians. Our Cold War adversaries were conducting test flights, or spying on us.

2. Americans

Or maybe *we* were doing the testing, of some new and secret aircraft.

3. Italians

Joe Simonton, a Wisconsin chicken farmer, reports that on the afternoon of April 18, 1961, a flying saucer (actually, it was egg-shaped) landed on his property. From it

emerged a pair of humanoid figures. Simonton says they were five-foot tall; wore hooded uniforms with black turtle-necks; and “resembled Italians.” Approaching Simonton, they held up a silver jug (which appeared to be made of the same material as their ship) and indicated they wanted water. Simonton gave them water. Noting that a third individual had remained inside the craft and was frying something on a grill, Simonton asked for food in exchange for the water. He was given several pancakes. His visitors then returned to their ship, which took off and disappeared into the sky. When one of the “space pancakes” was later analyzed in a government lab, it was found to contain flour, water, and salt—“an ordinary pancake of terrestrial origin,” stated the lab report.

4. Ancient Mayans

It has been suggested that flying saucers are piloted by ancient Mayans. Centuries ago, according to this theory, the Mayans were forced to flee their homeland. Abandoning their farms and pyramids, they departed in two waves. One group traveled to California, where they settled in caverns beneath Mount Shasta. The other emigrated to a distant planet, via spacecraft built by their superscientists—and have been returning to aid their brethren in California. (That’s why UFOs are often sighted in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.)

5. Time Travelers

Proponents of this theory maintain that flying saucers are temporal, rather than spatial, craft. They come from either the future or some Golden Age of the past.

6. Other-Dimensional Beings

Some ufologists (*you-FAHL-o-gists*) believe that flying saucers are craft, manifestations, or beings from another dimension—from a different plane of existence, a universe parallel to our own. After sighting a UFO, investigator Fay Clark wrote: “I do not believe that we observed a craft made by people from some other planet. I believe that we were watching a living creature, a form of life that moves

into our dimension....they are probably around us all the time, just outside of our own dimension.”* And astronaut Edgar Mitchell (whose experiences in Space led to a belief in the paranormal) has stated that flying saucers may “originate in another dimension.” He believes it probable that “they belong, like ghosts, to another order of matter.”†

7. Hollow Earth Residents

Ray Palmer, the science-fiction editor who promoted the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis, later changed his mind. The saucers came not from Outer Space, he decided, but from the Earth’s interior. The Earth was hollow, insisted Palmer in the pages of *Flying Saucers* (a magazine he published from 1957 to 1975). It had openings at the North and South Poles, and a small central sun (of which the aurora borealis was a reflection). Inhabiting this subterranean world was a mysterious race of humans.

Other authors (including Dominic Lucchesi in his *Flying Saucers from Khabarah Khoom* [New Age Publishing

* Quoted in Brad Steiger’s *Mysteries of Time and Space* (Prentice-Hall, 1974).

† An early supporter of the other-dimensional theory was Meade Layne, founder and director of Borderland Sciences Research Associates in San Diego. (Billed as “a loosely organized group of persons interested in facts and events which ‘orthodox’ or official science cannot or will not investigate,” Borderland was interested in such subjects as auras, gravitational vortices, underground races, mysterious disappearances, clairvoyance, Hawaiian magic, etc.) Layne believed that flying saucers *emerged* into our world from what he called the Etheric Plane. They did this by lowering their rate of vibration—a process he compared to the blades of a fan becoming visible as they slow down.

The late Thomas Edison agreed. Speaking in 1947 through a trance medium associated with Layne, Edison said of the aerial disks that were being sighted: “They are etheric in nature, and they materialize spontaneously upon entering the vibration rate of your world of dense matter.” (For Edison’s complete remarks—channeled by Mark Probert—see *The Coming of the Guardians* [Borderland Sciences Research Associates, 1964].)

Co., 1984]) have supported the Hollow Earth theory. But its chief advocate was Palmer.*



* Palmer had flirted earlier with a similar notion—*before* his promotion of the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis. From 1945 to 1947 he had run a series in *Amazing Stories* that became known as the Shaver Mystery (or to many, the Shaver Hoax). Author Richard Shaver wrote of an underground world inhabited by a stunted race of idiots. Traveling about in flying disks, these creatures were responsible—by means of secret rays—for most of the ills of Mankind. Shaver claimed to have actually visited “the caves,” and insisted his stories were factual.

And Palmer (who edited and rewrote the stories) presented them as such. “THE MOST SENSATIONAL TRUE STORY EVER TOLD,” announced the cover of one issue. He also printed letters from readers who claimed to have had contacts with the inhabitants of this world, or to have spotted their ships in the sky. “We all know something strange is going on,” editorialized Palmer. “It has happened to thousands of us.” The circulation of *Amazing Stories* skyrocketed, until an embarrassed publisher quashed the series.

Years later, Palmer’s assistant editor told how the series had originated: “Early in the ’40s, a letter came to us from Dick Shaver purporting to reveal the ‘truth’ about a race of freaks, called

8. Fairies

Ufologist Jacques Vallee believes that the occupants of flying saucers could be one and the same as the entities known as fairies, elves, gnomes, leprechauns, etc. Both, says Vallee, could represent the same *paranormal event*—as experienced by individuals in different cultures. Thus, “extraterrestrials” may be akin to ghosts, spirits, and religious apparitions; and UFOs may be a theological or philosophical issue, rather than a purely scientific one.

9. Sky Creatures

It has been suggested that the radiant ionosphere (extending from 12,000 to 40,000 miles above the Earth) is home to an “energy civilization” of nonmaterial beings—amoebalike life forms in a plasma state. Occasionally, these Sky Creatures foray closer to the surface (driven down perhaps by solar storms), and—on account of electromagnetic interactions—become visible to us.*

‘Deros,’ living under the surface of the earth. Ray Palmer read it, handed it to me for comment. I read a third of it, tossed it in the waste basket. Ray, who loved to show his editors a trick or two about the business, fished it out of the basket, ran it in *Amazing*—and a flood of mail poured in from readers who insisted every word of it was true because *they’d* been plagued by Deros for years.” (Quoted in *Cheap Thrills: An Informal History of the Pulp Magazines* by Ron Goulart [Arlington House, 1972].)

For those who consider Palmer to be “the man who invented flying saucers” (as ufologist John Keel has dubbed him), the Shaver episode speaks for itself. It was the *succès de circulation* of a magazine editor whom skeptic Martin Gardner has described as “a shy, good-natured, gentle, energetic little man with the personality of a professional con artist,” whose “primary motive was simply to create uproars that would sell magazines.”

It is interesting to note that Kenneth Arnold—whose sighting of flying disks in June 1947 opened the UFO era—is known to have been an avid reader of *Amazing Stories*. And what might he have been exposed to at the time? The June issue of *Amazing* featured several Shaver items, along with an article—“Visitors from the Void”—about sightings of mysterious objects in the sky.

* Sky Creatures are not to be confused with Space Critters. The latter are hypothetical beings that drift through Space, searching

10. Flying Canoes

UFOs could be the airships, or “flying canoes,” of an Indian tribe called the Hav-musuv. According to Piute legend, the Hav-musuv live in a vast cavern, somewhere in the Panamint Mountains of California. Except for occasional flights in their airships, they remain hidden—to avoid the turmoil of the world. An elderly Piute has described them: “They are a beautiful people. Their skin is a golden tint, and a headband holds back their long dark hair. They dress always in a white fine-spun garment which wraps around them and is draped upon one shoulder. Pale sandals are worn upon their feet.”*

11. Atlanteans

In the view of a fringe group of ufologists, Atlantis has survived as an advanced, underwater civilization. Its saucer-shaped craft emerge periodically from the sea, to keep an eye on us and to gather raw materials. That’s why saucers have been sighted leaving or entering the Atlantic Ocean.



for electrical energy—on which they feed. The Space Critter theory serves to explain why saucers have been seen hovering over power lines.

* Quoted in “Tribal Memories of the Flying Saucers” by Oge-Make, *Fate*, September 1949.

These, then, were the major alternatives to the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis. Were any of them plausible? One by one I pondered them.

Russian, American, or Italian aircraft. A doubtful proposition. The maneuverability of the saucers—their rate of acceleration, 90-degree turns, and dematerializations—suggest a technology beyond the capabilities of any terrestrial nation.

Ancient Mayans. The Mayans still inhabit their ancestral homeland, now part of Mexico. They didn't go anywhere!

Time travelers. Theologians, metaphysicians, and spiritualists agree that time can be *transcended*. That is, we can move beyond the realm of which it is a dimension. But it is unlikely time can be traveled, in any physical sense.

Other-dimensional beings. Such entities doubtlessly exist. But they or their craft—being of a different order of reality—would not register on photographic film. We would have to observe them by psychic means.

Hollow Earth residents. A preposterous notion.

Fairies. An intriguing idea. But the saucers in the photographs appear to be nuts-and-bolts craft—physical rather than paranormal phenomena. Unless the fairies, leprechauns, nature spirits, etc., have acquired material bodies and advanced technology, it is doubtful they are involved with UFOs.*



* There is, however, a possible correlation. The fairies of Ireland—known as the Sidhe (pronounced *shee*)—were believed to come in two varieties. One was tall, handsome, and gay. The

Sky Creatures. Plasma beings may indeed inhabit the ionosphere. But the objects in the photos appear to be ships, of the nuts-and-bolts variety.

Flying Canoes. A poetic legend. It is hard to believe, though, that an undiscovered tribe is living in a cavern in California.

So I had eliminated all of the alternative theories... except one.

Atlantis.

Hmm, I said to myself. Ships from Atlantis.

Why not?

Surely, here was a more plausible explanation for flying saucers than the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis.

Atlantis. I tried to picture that ancient civilization as it might be today. And I saw a city beneath the sea. I saw its proud towers, shimmering under a glass dome...its temple to Poseidon...its poets, philosophers, and superscientists, strolling about in togas...its saucers moving in and out of airlocks. An advanced people, hidden beneath the waves, but keeping an eye on us.

Atlantis.

Why not?



other was small and mischief-prone. As we shall see, the two main groupings of extraterrestrials have similar characteristics.

Wrong Again

But I was wrong again.

The flying saucers were not from Atlantis. They *were* from Outer Space—a fact that became apparent as I delved deeper into the literature. As I waded through books from self-publishers and obscure presses, pamphlets with crudely-drawn covers, sensationalistic magazines. As I marveled at factual accounts that read like science fiction.

And as I became aware of the contactees.

What is a contactee? In its strictest sense, the term refers to anyone who sees a *being* emerge from a flying saucer, then has a conversation or other interaction with that being. Contactees are often invited aboard and given a tour of the saucer—or even a ride! They may also be given a message, to deliver to humanity.

Despite the disbelief, ridicule, and accusations of delusion or outright fabrication that are sure to be heaped upon them, dozens of contactees have come forward. They have provided us with detailed accounts of their encounters, and with *overwhelming evidence* for the extraterrestrial origin of flying saucers.

Let's take a look at some of these accounts.



Amazing Tales

I have selected the following accounts for their credibility, and for the *explicit evidence* they provide—evidence that flying saucers are spacecraft from other planets. (All date back to the 1950s, the heyday of contact literature.)



Truman Bethurum

A husky, jovial-looking man, Truman Bethurum was employed—during the summer of 1952—with a road crew in the Mojave Desert. One afternoon he left the work site and drove off into the desert. After spending some time in search of souvenir shells, he fell asleep in his truck.

Bethurum awoke to find the truck surrounded by eight or nine short, “Latin looking” men, with expressionless faces. They wore uniforms that resembled those of Greyhound bus drivers. The men escorted him to a flying saucer that was hovering over the desert brush.

Inside the ship, he was led down a hallway and through “a doorlike opening” into the office of the captain.

“I think my eyes fairly popped,” he tells us in *Aboard a Flying Saucer* (De Vorss & Co., 1954), “as I saw their captain was a gorgeous woman, shorter than any of the men, neatly attired, and also having a Latin appearance.”

The captain—stylishly outfitted in a beret, black velvet blouse, and red skirt—introduced herself as Aura Rhanes of the planet Clarion. Her ship had landed, she told Bethurum, in order to replenish its air tanks; to allow the crew a respite; and—the reason for his being contacted—to help the people of Earth reaffirm old-fashioned values.

She talked about her home planet. Bethurum would learn (during this and subsequent contacts with Rhanes) that Clarion is a utopia. It has no poverty, armies, nuclear devices, cars, or taxes. Its people are religious, friendly, and trusting. They love to dance. And they *never* hurry.

Finally, she assured Bethurum that they would meet again; and he was escorted back to his truck.

George Van Tassel

In 1947 George Van Tassel—a mechanic for an aircraft manufacturer—decided he had had enough of Los Angeles. Quitting his job, he moved with his wife and three daughters to the sparsely populated Yucca Valley, in the Mojave Desert.

The land he had leased came with a natural wonder: a 60-foot-high boulder known as Giant Rock. Beneath the Rock was a grotto; and in it the family set up their home, gracing the rough stone with furniture, books, and piano. Also on the property was a dirt airstrip. Alongside it Van Tassel built a restaurant and other facilities, and opened an airport.

The Van Tassels were pleased with their move. They had exchanged the ills of the city for the austere beauty of the desert. Surrounding them now were miles of unspoiled terrain, with its wildlife, cacti, and sculptured rocks. At night the sky was crowded with stars. The air was clean and invigorating.

But dwelling in the desert had another advantage—one that had become important to Van Tassel; and that was the improved radio reception. For he had begun to scan the bands, and monitor *messages from Space*. Extraterrestrial beings, he had discovered, were trying to communicate with us. He wrote and published a book on the subject.

Then, on August 24, 1953, the beings themselves arrived.

Van Tassel, along with his wife, was sleeping outdoors that night—when he was awakened by someone standing over him. “I am Solganda. I would be pleased to show you our craft,” said the stranger, a tall man in a jumpsuit.*

Van Tassel tried to rouse his wife; but she had been

* Jumpsuits were already familiar to many Americans as the standard garb of spacemen—thanks to such sartorially prophetic films as *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1951).

placed under some kind of control. Climbing out of his sleeping bag, he followed Solganda to a luminous disk that hovered near Giant Rock. Van Tassel stared in amazement. Was he dreaming?

Solganda led him inside, introduced him to the rest of the crew, and explained that the ship was from Venus. Van Tassel was given a tour. He viewed the ship's main cabin (a circular space with a central column); the control room; and the propulsion chamber (where he noted with professional interest a set of "counter-wheeling rotors").

He was told that the Venusians were visiting Earth in order to help us achieve membership in the Interplanetary Federation.

Then Solganda led him back to his sleeping bag.

Howard Menger

Howard Menger was a New Jersey sign painter. He was visiting his parents' farm one day—when a flying saucer appeared in the sky and landed not far from him. Menger stared dumbfounded as three figures—two men with long blond hair, and a shapely female—emerged from the craft. They were tall and garbed in jumpsuits.

The woman approached Menger and shook his hand. "A feeling of relaxation and well-being consumed me," he would recall in *From Outer Space to You* (Saucerian Press, 1959). They chatted. The woman claimed to be over 500 years old—a longevity she attributed to the living, thinking, and eating habits of her race. In the years to come, she told Menger, he would be instructed in those habits; and when the time was right, he was to pass the knowledge on to his fellow Earthmen.

It was the beginning of a decade of contacts between Howard Menger and the Space People. He would rendezvous with their ships; chat with these envoys from a distant planet; and provide—for those of them assigned to live among us—clothing, health food, and haircuts. On one occasion, he delivered to them an entire box of sunglasses (apparently for disguises). He also briefed them on our customs and slang. In return for these services, he was given

rides in the saucers.

During one of his rides, the saucer approached Venus—making Menger the first Earthman to have viewed the planet close-up. “I saw beautiful dome-shaped buildings,” he reports, “with tiers spiraling upward. The planet was fantastically beautiful. I did not get the impression of cities. I was reminded of beautiful suburban areas I have seen on our own planet, though, of course, wondrously different.”

Different too were the vehicles he could see moving about on the surface. They lacked wheels, and seemed to be floating just above the ground. His hosts explained that the wheel—far from being the boon portrayed in our history books—is inimical to a civilization’s progress; and the Venusians had been fortunate enough to bypass it.

On another occasion Menger was flown to a base that the Space People had established on the Moon. There he joined a tour group, comprised of scientists, engineers, and astronomers who had been assembled from the nations of the Earth. Everyone exchanged smiles and handshakes. They were served refreshments by space women in flowing gowns. Then the group piled aboard a wheelless train.

The train glided along a copper highway, touring a complex of buildings that reminded Menger of a world’s fair. Inside the buildings they were shown otherworldly art, and technological wonders such as a sonic wash machine. The train then continued on to the dark side of the Moon. Sticking his head out a door, Menger discovered that the lunar heat was intense. With its “strange beauty” and “air of desolation,” the Moon reminded him of the Nevada desert.

The visit concluded with a banquet:

After four days of this lunar junket, we were finally treated to a huge dinner by our hosts, with such a spirit of happiness and good will permeating all of us it made me wonder if what I was seeing and hearing were not just all a beautiful dream. If it were, I dreamed it with others.

And in 1956 Menger was privileged to meet with a “space teacher.” Clad in a white jumpsuit and blue cape, this advanced being lectured to him via telepathy. Menger



learned that Supreme Consciousness was identical with Love, and that the divine plan of which the Space People were emissaries was “routed in love.”*

In a New Jersey sign painter, they had found someone to help further that plan. As he left the saucer one night, Menger recalls, “a glorious uplifting emotion permeated my whole being, and again I felt humble and grateful for the privilege of being a small part of such a movement toward universal peace and understanding.”

Los Angeles Aliens

In January 1953, the missing persons bureau of Los Angeles (according to one of its officials, who requested anonymity) temporarily engaged two strange men. Tall, emaciated, and shabbily dressed, the pair were remarkable

* Menger probably means *rooted*.

for their pointed ears and bluish-green complexions. Hired to track down missing persons, they astonished their co-workers with a singular ability to do so.

And they demonstrated another ability as well. Sitting around the office one day, one of the men scored a deep indentation in a metal filing cabinet—*with his finger*. It was noticed now that their hands were oddly shaped and jointless. Questioned about this, the pair revealed that they had come to Los Angeles from another planet—having landed their flying saucer in the Mojave Desert. They had learned English, they said, from radio and television broadcasts.

The FBI was notified; but the men disappeared before the agents' arrival. An analysis was performed on the dent in the filing cabinet, and "unknown elements" were detected.*

Buck Nelson

Buck Nelson, author of *My Trip to Mars, the Moon, and Venus* (Quill Press, 1956) was a former ranch hand and saw-mill operator, who had retired to a small farm in the Ozarks. One afternoon he was startled to see a large disk hovering over his barnyard. Nelson (who says he had never heard of flying saucers) snapped a photo and signaled to the disk with his flashlight. It responded by zapping him with a ray that knocked him to the ground. When the disk had departed, Nelson picked himself up—painlessly, to his surprise. For his lumbago and neuritis—maladies from which he had suffered for years—were gone.

Months later the disk returned. This time it landed; and out stepped three men, who struck up a conversation with Nelson. Two of them, he learned, were Venusians; the third

* Strictly speaking, this is not a contactee report—no one actually saw these fellows emerge from a flying saucer. But the pointed ears, unearthly complexion, and singular abilities would seem to confirm their claim.

Several versions of this tale have circulated—a kind of urban legend; but common to all is the sheer otherworldliness of the pair.

was an Earthman who had emigrated. They asked why he was using batteries for his radio, instead of tapping the free energy of the Universe. After describing life on Venus, they got back in their craft and disappeared into the sky.

On their next visit they told him to prepare for a trip into Space. And on April 24, 1955, the Venusians returned; dictated to Nelson the Twelve Laws of God; and took him aboard the saucer.

He was flown first to Mars and introduced to some of its inhabitants. Nelson says he so resembled them physically that—despite his Western drawl and bib overalls—the Martians were initially unaware of his being a stranger. Then it was on to the Moon and Venus. On Venus he was shown cars without wheels; a machine that read books aloud; and a 17-hour clock—the period of the planet's rotation, he explains.*

After three days of this extraterrestrial tourism, he was returned to his farm.

Chief Frank Buckshot Standing Horse

Standing Horse was an Ottawa who lived in a camp in Oklahoma. On July 12, 1959, he was approached outside his home by three men. They wore uniforms similar to those of bus drivers. One of them introduced himself as Othra of Venus, and offered Standing Horse a ride in a flying saucer.

At first he resisted the offer. "Oh, not me," Standing Horse told the Venusian. "I'll keep one foot on the Earth, sir." But he soon yielded to a strange urge to accompany the men.

Standing Horse was led to a waiting saucer, taken inside, and strapped into a chair. The saucer took off, with a sensation he describes as like that of an elevator starting up.

A woman appeared and introduced herself as Mondraoleeka. She was the ship's captain, she said, and a native of the planet Oreon.

* Despite Nelson's testimony, astronomers still cling to a belief in a far lengthier Venusian day.

Standing Horse looked her over. “The lady was tall with pitch black hair,” he would recall. “She was dressed with a blue sort of jacket with an insignia on her right shoulder. I noted a belt that looked as if it was jeweled, with a long dress.” Mondraoleeka was youthful in appearance—though she turned out to be 417 years old!

They talked and listened to music. Then Mondraoleeka led him along a circular corridor, on a tour of the ship. They stopped in the control room, the kitchen, and a bedroom where Standing Horse lay down and napped.

He was awakened by Mondraoleeka. “Get up now, Brother,” she said, “for we are nearing Mars.”

On Mars he was treated to an elaborate meal, and shown corn *eighteen-feet high*.

After a brief visit to other planets, he was returned to Earth.



I have not included here George Adamski, the best known and most controversial of the contactees. His tale

will be told in Part Three.

Nor have I included any abductees—a type of contactee whose experience is involuntary and often grim. They, too, will be looked at later.

The preceding accounts are detailed, vivid, and *absolutely attested to* by the contactees. After reading them, can anyone doubt that flying saucers are real? Or that these craft are extraterrestrial in origin?

Or that ordinary Americans—people like you and me—may be *taken aboard*?

3. Messengers



It Can Happen to Anyone

Howard Menger, sign painter.

Buck Nelson, retired ranch hand.

George Van Tassel, mechanic.

Truman Bethurum, highway worker.

Frank Buckshot Standing Horse, Indian chief.

These were men from all walks of life. Yet they had something incredible in common. All were contacted by the Space People, they tell us, and taken aboard a flying saucer.

Why were they chosen for this experience? On account of their superior virtue? Their willingness to cooperate? Their open-mindedness?

Or did they just happen to be in a particular place at a particular time?

The last seems to have been the case. Which means a flying saucer experience can happen to anyone.

Including you or me.

So...are we ready for that experience? Ready to *deal with it*, and to do so in an effective way?

Dealing with It

For most of us, the thought of being taken aboard a UFO boggles the mind. We can scarcely conceive of such an experience. The contactees have published their accounts; and we can read these and shake our heads in wonder. But to imagine actually being on a ship—approaching a port-hole and seeing *our own face* reflected there—is something else again.



Yet the contactees whose tales we have examined—folks much like ourselves—seem to have adapted readily to their situation. Perhaps there is something in the “vibes” of the Space People that induces calm and confidence. Whatever the case, the contactees quickly put behind them any anxieties or doubts, and embraced with enthusiasm the chance to learn about Space—improve their health—inspect the propulsion system of a saucer—tour other planets—absorb the wisdom of an advanced race of humans. In short, they put to good use their time aboard a saucer.

Fine, you say. But what about later? What about after their return to Earth? Were they able to resume a normal life? Were they able to deal with being publicly identified

as a contactee?

The answer is a resounding “Yes!” For most of these men not only resumed their life—they *thrived*. One way or another, upon returning home, they MADE THE MOST of their flying saucer experience.

Let’s look at how.

The Contactees Thrive

Truman Bethurum

Bethurum told friends about his encounters with Aura Rhanes of the planet Clarion. They told others. And word began to spread.

Then one day he received a letter from George Adamski. A philosopher who lived on a mountain near San Diego, Professor Adamski (as he styled himself) had been through an encounter of his own; and he wanted to meet with Bethurum to compare notes.

Bethurum drove down and told his story. An enthusiastic Adamski recorded it, and asked permission to make the tape available to others. Bethurum told him to go ahead.

Adamski had connections among the New Age community of Southern California; and Bethurum was soon receiving letters, telephone calls, and unannounced appearances on his doorstep—from persons wishing to know more about the Space People. A UFO club in Hollywood invited him to speak. The speech brought him newspaper and other publicity.

Finally, Bethurum decided to publish an account of his experiences. He hired a ghostwriter to assist him in its preparation. And in 1954 De Vorss & Co., a small press in Los Angeles that specialized in the metaphysical, published his *Aboard a Flying Saucer*.

Despite the inclusion of an affidavit from Bethurum's union—attesting to his reliability (as a welder)—many readers of the book were skeptical. But others accepted as factual this astonishing tale of contact with the Space People. They saw its author as “simple, sincere, and forthright,” or as endowed with “too little imagination to have invented his story.”*

* Among the believers, apparently, was Bethurum's wife. In 1956 she divorced him, naming as correspondent Aura Rhanes.

Bethurum went on to found the Sanctuary of Thought, a meditation center inspired by the ideals of the Space People.

George Van Tassel

Not long after his encounter, Van Tassel was able to establish *psychic* contact with the Etherians (as he called the human inhabitants of Space). And he began to write about them. His best-known book is *The Council of Seven Lights* (De Vorss & Co., 1958), a profile of the governing body of the Solar System. He also published a newsletter, dedicated to “the Diffusion of Universal Wisdom gained through the medium of space beings.” Each issue contained an editorial that had been dictated (telepathically) by an Etherian; an article—on some spiritual matter—by Van Tassel himself; and the latest news from Space.

Like much contactee literature, Van Tassel’s writings are long-winded and abstruse. But they are fervent, too—the enthusiastic outpourings of a (depending on your view of the man) visionary, crackpot, or humbug. Basically, he takes traditional religion and gives it an Outer Space spin. Biblical events are interpreted along extraterrestrial lines. (The Star of Bethlehem, for example, was actually a UFO.) And warnings from the Etherians—about atomic testing and such—are passed on to humanity, by this modern-day prophet.

Van Tassel also founded something called the College of Universal Wisdom. This institute, or ongoing event, attracted a loose assortment of UFO buffs, New Agers, and the curious. They would drive out to Giant Rock for communion with one another and instruction—plus some cosmic titillation. On Friday nights Van Tassel held a channeling session in the grotto, during which he received messages from the Etherians. (Giant Rock, he explained, was a “natural receptor.”) The session included cabalistic ceremonies.

Amazingly, these goings-on seem to have been tolerated by his desert neighbors. Perhaps it was the live-and-let-live code of the West. Or the fact that—despite his role as

prophet—"Van" was in many respects a regular guy: clean-cut, casually dressed, vigorous and cheerful. He was a practical fellow, with a personality that has been likened to that of the manager of a farm-equipment company. And indeed, he *was* a businessman, operating still the airport and a dude ranch.

As his fame spread, Van Tassel began to receive visitors from afar. Among these were Bryant and Helen Reeve, a retired couple from Detroit. Fascinated by the UFO phenomenon, the Reeves had climbed into their car and driven about the country, visiting contactees. In their book *Flying Saucer Pilgrimage* (Amherst Press, 1957), they declare: "We have just seen a great man—a cosmic minded soul—George Van Tassel. He is an advanced apostle in the 'new age' if there ever was one!"

A busy apostle, too. During the course of his career, Van Tassel traveled around the U.S. and Canada, giving hundreds of lectures and making more than 400 radio and television appearances. He continued to publish his newsletter, and to go into trances at the College of Universal Wisdom. Indefatigable, he lectured, wrote, and murmured messages from the Etherians. Yet it was not for his teachings that Van Tassel was best known. Rather, for an annual event he presided over at Giant Rock.

Known as the Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention, it was held every spring from 1954 to 1977. *The* get-together in saucerdom, the Convention never failed to attract thousands of enthusiasts.* The scene was reminiscent of a religious camp meeting of old, as believers (a new breed of them) arrived by car, recreational vehicle, or airplane, and camped out in the desert. Van Tassel served as genial host. Featured guests were contactees such as Adamski, Bethurum, and Orfeo Angelucci,† who gave talks and ped-

* And a few extraterrestrials, too. According to contactee Kelvin Rowe (author of *A Call at Dawn* [Understanding Publishing Co., 1958]), three Plutonians were present at the first Convention. They mingled secretly with the crowd, indistinguishable from ordinary convention-goers.

† Angelucci was the most poetical of the contactees. A Los Angeles factory worker, he had a series of UFO experiences that



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dled their books. Pamphlets and souvenirs were hawked to the faithful from makeshift booths. And the carnival atmosphere included a skywatch at night, during which UFOs were frequently sighted. Van Tassel insisted that Giant Rock was a magnet for them.*

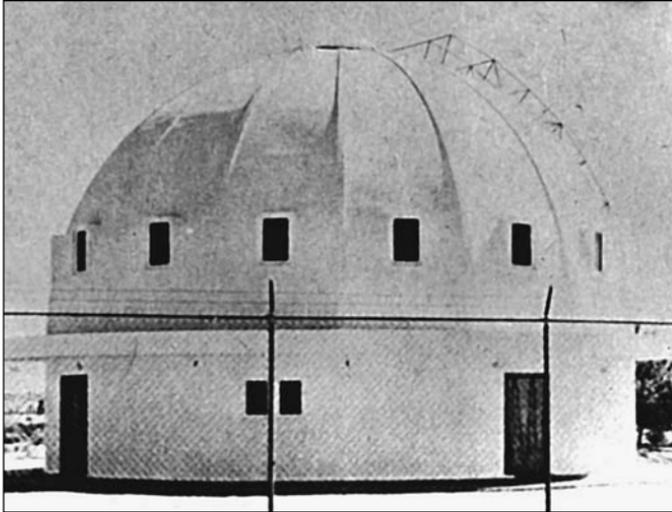
read like medieval visions. Transported on one occasion to another dimension, he awoke—clad in a white robe and golden belt—on a luxurious couch in a fantastical city. “This is my real world, my true body,” he realized. “I have been lost in a dimension called Time and a captive in a forbidden land called Earth. But now, somehow, I have come home. All is serenity, peace, happiness and indescribable beauty here. The only disturbing factor is a troublesome memory of an unhappy shadow named Orfeo, a bondsman in a prison world of material called Earth.” (Orfeo Angelucci, *The Secret of the Saucers* [Amherst Press, 1955].)

* Also drawn to Giant Rock were a group of Caltech students, with a prank in mind. They arrived one year with a weather balloon that had been painted black, a 10-foot aluminum dish, a flare, and a stick of dynamite. These items were rigged together and surreptitiously launched during the night. The students were beside themselves with mirth, as their saucer drifted across the sky—to the excitement of the crowd, some of whom fell to their knees in awe—and then exploded.

Thus, George Van Tassel provided a rallying point for the UFO subculture; and that was probably his most enduring contribution to the New Age that was unfolding. It overshadowed even the project to which he devoted much of his energy and funds, and that should have been his greatest achievement: the Integratron.

The Integratron was a rejuvenating machine—an “electro-static magnetic generator” that retarded the aging process by means of “universal energy.”* Van Tassel worked for years building this thing (the plans for which had been communicated to him by the Etherians). He never quite completed it. Construction was financed with donations, and with proceeds from the Interplanetary Spacecraft Conventions. The apparatus was housed in a barnlike dome that resembled an observatory. Van Tassel pointed out that no metal—not even screws or nails—had been used in the construction of the dome; and that it was similar in this respect to the ancient Tabernacle of Israel.

When Van Tassel died in 1978, the Integratron was abandoned and fell into ruin. The dust-blown shell served



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* Universal energy is the same mysterious force that has been called *prana*, *chi*, Odic force, orgone energy, *élan vital*, animal magnetism, etc.

as home to a succession of squatters—hippies, hobos, local Indians.

Finally, the structure was sold to an entrepreneur, who has tidied it up and is running it as a New Age tourist attraction and workshop site. The Integratron is also available for weddings, parties, and bar mitzvahs.

Howard Menger

Having been directed by the Space People to disseminate their teachings, Howard Menger set to work. He founded and led a UFO study group, the purpose of which was “to awaken within each member a desire for learning more about the universe and its true meaning; our purpose on the earth; where we came from and where we were going.” He appeared on radio and television shows. He recorded and marketed an LP titled *Music from Another Planet* (featuring tunes taught to him by a visitor from Saturn). In 1958 he organized the East Coast Space Convention. And he gave lectures, showing audiences his photos and an actual “moon potato.”*

He hobnobbed, too, with his fellow contactees—including George Van Tassel. The Space People had told him to get in touch with Van Tassel, who was visiting New York. The two met, hit it off, and wound up giving a joint lecture. Before heading back to California, Van Tassel suggested to Menger that he write a book.

Menger sat down and wrote one. *From Outer Space to You* is the story of his meetings with extraterrestrials. It contains some startling photographs—of spacecraft, a building on the Moon, the Earth framed by a porthole.† Ads for the

* At one of these lectures Menger spotted a young woman whom he recognized as a native of Venus, and as his wife from a previous lifetime. Apparently, he was able to convince her of this; and they married.

† His photos of spacecraft are slightly blurred—a mark of their authenticity, Menger insists, explaining that the energy fields around the craft tend to blur photographic film. His shot of the Earth is also blurred, and resembles a brightly-lit tennis ball—precisely what his detractors, of course, have accused it of being.

book made this offer: “The names of the first thousand persons who buy his book will be placed on a special scroll. This scroll will be presented to the Space People during one of Menger’s forthcoming contacts.”

Howard Menger was also an inventor. Tinkering in his sign shop—and applying principles taught to him by the Space People—he came up with an electro-ray disintegrator; a motor that ran on the free energy of the Universe; and a working model of a “circularfoil craft.” This last led to his employment in a secret government project, says Menger; and with the earnings, he and his family were able to move to Florida.

Buck Nelson

Nelson began by writing a book, of which he declared: “Every bit is TRUE!!!” A slender but intriguing volume, *My Trip to Mars, the Moon, and Venus* was published by an obscure press in Missouri. In it the former ranch hand describes his experiences on other worlds. And he tells of visits from scientists, who questioned him about his trip to the Moon:

They asked me questions for a long time and some times they would nod to one another and say, “He’s been there.” ...One astronomer drove from the west coast, and asked me what it looked like in outer space. I told him that it was inky black. He thanked me, bid me goodbye and left.

Supplied with copies of his book, Nelson hit the UFO lecture circuit. In his work shirt and bib overalls, he presented a unique figure at the lectern. His posture was erect now, and he had thrown away his glasses. For since being struck by that ray, he had undergone a marked improvement in health.*

In his lectures Nelson stressed the utopian nature of society on Venus. He described how the Venusians—with their Twelve Laws of God—were able to live without war, dis-

* A man in Spain was similarly struck by a ray from a saucer—and developed an extensive knowledge of science! So if a UFO

ease, prisons, or refined food. Taxes were low; and the average Venusian worked but one hour a day.

Besides lecturing, Nelson became a regular at the annual Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock. He is still remembered for the packets of Venusian dog hair that he sold at his booth.

In 1962 he held a convention of his own, at his farm in the Ozarks. When only a few hundred persons attended, Nelson got stuck with 9000 hot dogs—one of the few setbacks in his career as contactee.

Chief Frank Buckshot Standing Horse

Several years after his encounter, Standing Horse was taken on another trip—to Jupiter. But that seems to have marked the end of his involvement with UFOs.

Standing Horse moved to California and fell into obscurity. He never came out with a book (although his widow would contact publishers about a manuscript he had com-

should try to zap you, don't dash for cover—leap *into* the ray. I can almost guarantee you'll be glad you did.



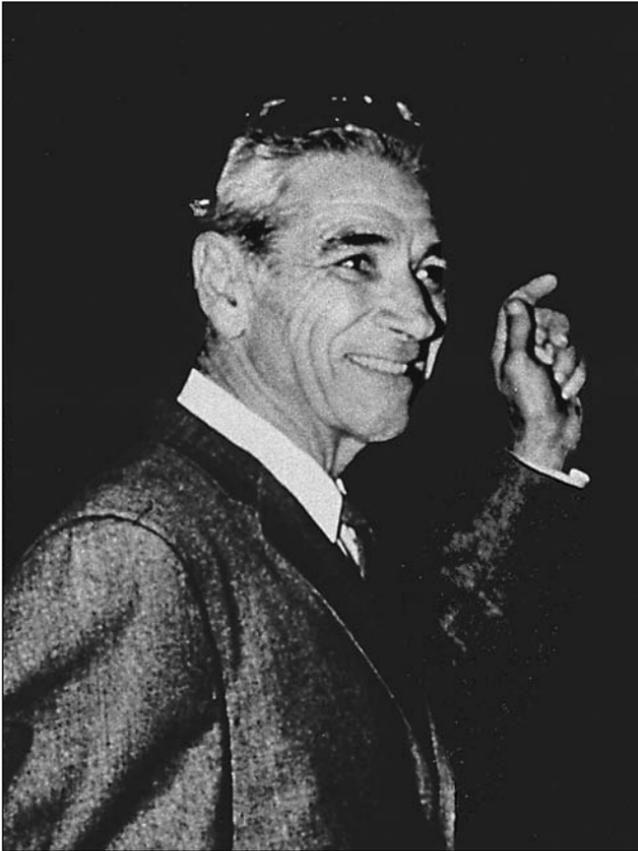
pleted). Nor did he acquire any fame, special knowledge, or health benefits as a result of his contacts.

Yet Standing Horse—with his Ottawa heritage—may have been satisfied.

For he had seen the celestial corn.

Adamski

But if anyone can qualify as the chief emissary—the messenger *par excellence*—of the Space People, it is George Adamski. Nor can a better example be found of someone who made the most of a flying saucer experience. Let us examine his life story, his encounters with the Space People, and his writings. And let us learn from him.



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Early Years

Adamski was born in 1891 in Poland, to parents who “possessed an unusual and deeply religious approach to the wonders of creation,” we are told in a biographical sketch (by Charlotte Blodget) appended to *Inside the Space Ships*. Two years later the family emigrated to America; and George was raised in Dunkirk, New York, in modest circumstances.

At an early age he dropped out of school. Yet Adamski had begun a regimen of self-education that would continue throughout his life. Already he knew that to learn about nature’s laws would be “the enduring quest of his life,” and that his aim in acquiring that knowledge would be to serve Mankind. No doubt he was a familiar figure at the public library in Dunkirk, and in subsequent places of residence.*

At 22 Adamski joined the Army, serving with a cavalry regiment on the Mexican border. And towards the end of his enlistment, in 1917, he married.

What little is known of his activities during the next decade comes from his FBI file.† During this period Adamski moved about the Western states in search of work. He served as a maintenance worker in Yellowstone National Park; a laborer in an Oregon flour mill; a concrete contractor in Los Angeles. According to that biographical sketch, his travels and variety of jobs gave Adamski an insight into the ways and problems of his fellow man. Adamski worked hard on these jobs. Yet his mind was always active. He was an eager and energetic student, in “the university of the world.”

Finally, the teacher emerged; and in 1926 Professor Adamski (as he billed himself in his pre-contactee days) began to teach philosophy in Los Angeles. His students were anyone

* A number of the contactees have been self-educated. Daniel Fry, author of *Alan’s Message: To Men of Earth*, tells of spending his evenings in “a night school class of one” in the reference room of the Pasadena Public Library.

† He was investigated in 1953 after claiming that the material in a talk he had given on UFOs had been “cleared” by the FBI and the Air Force.

who cared to listen to the impromptu lectures of a sidewalk philosopher. A few years later, in nearby Laguna Beach, he founded the Royal Order of Tibet. The Royal Order met in a building called the Temple of Scientific Philosophy. There the professor expounded upon the mysteries of Universal Law, to seekers of esoteric knowledge. And he traveled about California, New Mexico, and Arizona, giving lectures in behalf of the Royal Order. These early lectures Adamski would describe as “philosophical talks on the laws of life from a universal concept.”

What were his qualifications for this lofty calling? Adamski would claim to have lived and studied in Tibet. In any event, he had mastered (from whatever sources, in that “university of the world”) a vague body of generic wisdom and philosophy. (His teachings contain little that is specifically Eastern.) This knowledge he communicated via lectures, informal discussions, and self-published tracts and booklets. One of the booklets, published in 1936, was *Questions and Answers by the Royal Order of Tibet*, as “compiled” by Professor G. Adamski. The work was intended, declared its author, “to enlighten the student or seeker of truth,” and to aid him in “awakening from the dream-life to the reality which leads to Mastery.”*

One day a student presented him with a six-inch reflecting telescope; and Adamski began to explore—and to photograph—the heavens.

Amateur Astronomer

In 1940 Adamski and a few of his closest students—wishing to separate themselves from the travails of the

* Here is a sampling from *Questions and Answers*:

“What is conscious consciousness?

Consciousness as a Totality of Being is merely a state of passive awareness....”

“What is the law of cosmic brotherhood?

Universal love, harmony, unity, the oneness of all things....”

“What is man’s greatest enemy?

HIMSELF!”

world and devote themselves to philosophy—moved to a ranch near Mount Palomar. There they farmed and studied. Four years later the group acquired a 20-acre property on the mountain itself, with funds provided by Mrs. Alice Wells, one of the students. They cleared the land, built simple dwellings, and dubbed their new retreat Palomar Gardens. They also built a restaurant, which became a gathering place for the group. Called the Palomar Gardens Cafe and run by Mrs. Wells, it catered to both tourists on the mountain and visitors to the retreat. Adamski served as its handyman and all-around helper; but in the evenings he gave informal talks in the dining room.

At the top of the mountain was the Hale Observatory. In his opening remarks in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, Adamski would seek to dispel the confusion that had resulted from his sharing an address with the Observatory:

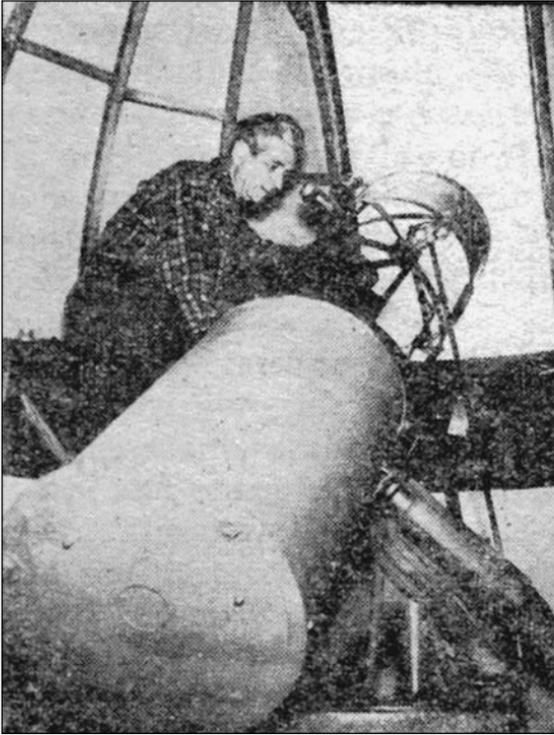
I am George Adamski, philosopher, student, teacher, saucer researcher. My home is Palomar Gardens, on the southern slopes of Mount Palomar, California, eleven miles from the big Hale Observatory, home of the 200-inch telescope—the world's largest. And to correct a wide-spread error let me say here, I am not and never have been associated with the staff of the Observatory. I am friendly with some of the staff members, but I do not work at the Observatory.*

Yet Adamski was an amateur astronomer. He had acquired by now a larger telescope: a fifteen-inch reflector. When night came to the mountain, he would head over to the dome in which the telescope was housed—to scan the heavens and ponder their mysteries.

One night in 1947, he watched as a series of lights moved across the sky. When one of them stopped abruptly and reversed its course, he said to himself: “This must be what they call a flying saucer.”

It was a notion Adamski was able readily to accept. His years of studying and teaching philosophy, he explains, had

* Desmond Leslie and George Adamski, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* (Werner Laurie, 1953)—my source for most of the information on this phase of Adamski's career.



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convinced him that beings similar to Man must inhabit countless planets of the Universe, and that some of them would have developed the means of interplanetary travel. Adamski began to scan the sky in earnest, looking for spacecraft. And it was not long before he had spotted, and photographed, a number of them.

The local Rotary Club heard about the photos and invited him to give a talk on his sightings. A seasoned lecturer, Adamski was pleased to comply. The talk was well received by the Rotarians, and was given newspaper coverage.

Adamski applied himself now to obtaining more detailed photos of the spacecraft. In all kinds of weather, he scanned the sky through his telescope. And he began to entertain a hope—that one of the ships would land. That its occupants would emerge and speak with him—and maybe even give him a ride!

For the observations and photography that had become

his obsession, Palomar Gardens was the perfect site. Its 3000-foot elevation afforded a clear view in every direction. The view was inspiring as well: mountains, sea, distant San Diego. Night after night the philosopher spent with his telescope, often napping beside it in a hammock. In winter months the stars shone with an icy brilliance; and as the wind roared, not even the hot coffee that his wife (or a female follower) brought out to him could allay the cold. But on spring and summer nights the breeze whispered through the trees—owls hooted—coyotes yapped at the moon. These were “nights of magic to recompense for those of discomfort as I continued my watch for the mysterious saucers.”

The saucers were increasingly visible (they were moving in closer to the Earth, he believed); and by 1952 Adamski had obtained a large quantity of photos, some of which showed “well outlined forms—but not much detail.” Many of the craft he sighted were in the vicinity of the Moon.

Word of the photos spread; and Adamski—an unpolished yet oddly compelling public speaker—became in demand in Southern California as a lecturer. In his talks he displayed blow-ups of his best photos—*proof* of the reality of flying saucers—photographic evidence! He also published an article in *Fate* magazine. Titled “I Photographed Space Ships,” it created a stir and brought in requests for copies of the photos (which Adamski supplied for a dollar each). As he became a figure of note in UFO circles, enthusiasts began to appear on his doorstep, often having driven a great distance to meet him.

Adamski knew, of course, that the response to the photos was mixed. Many people were scoffing and accusing him of fakery. But his lectures—however received—were serving a purpose, he insisted. They were causing people to take an interest in flying saucers, and to keep an eye out for the mysterious craft.

He continued to lecture, and to observe the sky at night, camera at the ready. And he was still holding forth at the Cafe. His subject, as before, was Cosmic Consciousness or the like—but with added reference now to our fellow inhabitants of the Universe.

Then, in 1952, Adamski began to hear “reports of saucers apparently landing in various desert areas not a great drive from Mount Palomar.”

At last. They were landing.

Contactee

On the afternoon of November 20, 1952 (he tells us in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*), Adamski had his first encounter—face-to-face contact—with a man from Space.

During the previous year he had journeyed on several occasions into the Mojave Desert, to areas where saucers were said to be landing. Nothing had come of those excursions. On this day he was trying again. Accompanying him were Alice Wells; his secretary Lucy McGinnis; and four UFO enthusiasts, including Alfred Bailey and George Hunt Williamson.*

They drove about in the desert, watching the sky and following Adamski’s hunches as to a possible landing site. Finally, he ordered that they stop and get out of the car.

They roamed on foot now, in the rocky desert terrain. Mountains loomed about them, deceptively close. A strong wind was blowing; and the women tied scarfs around their heads. After a half-hour the party returned to the car for a picnic lunch. But the saucer watch continued as they scanned the sky and ate.

Suddenly, everyone turned to look over a ridge—and gaped. As Adamski describes it in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*:

Riding high, and without sound, there was a gigantic cigar-shaped silvery ship, without wings or appendages of any kind. Slowly, almost as if it was drifting, it came in our direction; then seemed to stop, hovering motionless.

Like a long, narrow cloud, the object hung there in the sky.

* Bailey (a railway conductor) and Williamson (an amateur anthropologist) had recently exchanged radio messages—in Morse code—with the occupants of a flying saucer. See their book *The Saucers Speak!* (New Age, 1954).

Voices trembling with excitement, they debated the identity of the object. George Hunt Williamson was sure it was a spaceship. Lucy McGinnis deemed it an airplane; but unable to discern any wings, she suddenly changed her mind. Yes, a spaceship!

They stared in amazement at the long, narrow craft—not a flying saucer, but a mother ship.

It began to move off.

“Someone take me down to the road—quick!” said Adamski. “That ship has come looking for me and I don’t want to keep them waiting!”

Adamski, McGinnis, and Bailey hopped into the car and drove a half-mile down the road. The ship seemed to be following them. Turning onto a dirt road, they drove along a shallow canyon. Adamski pointed to the base of a hill—that was where he wanted to set up his telescope and camera. As they arrived at the spot, the ship was directly overhead.

Adamski leapt from the car and unpacked his equipment. He told McGinnis and Bailey to leave him and rejoin the others—he wanted to be alone. They should return for him in an hour.

The car sped away with a trail of dust. Meanwhile, the silver ship was drifting off, like a cloud in the wind. Soon it had disappeared over the mountains.

Adamski was alone with his equipment and thoughts. He attached camera to telescope, adjusted the eyepiece.

Then his attention was caught by a flash in the sky. And he saw something—“a beautiful small craft”—drifting between two mountain peaks and settling into a cove.

A flying saucer!

He began to take pictures. With another flash the saucer moved out of sight.

Adamski stood there, camera in hand, awed by the proximity of the saucer. He wondered if its occupants knew he had been taking pictures. And he fell into a reverie.

His thoughts were interrupted. Someone was standing about a quarter of a mile away, motioning for Adamski to come over.

As his companions (who would later sign an affidavit

attesting to having witnessed the encounter) watched from a distance, Adamski walked toward the man. Strangely, he felt no fear. Hands thrust into the pockets of his wind-breaker, he walked confidently and expectantly, as if approaching an old and trusted friend.

The man was wearing a jumpsuit. His long, blond hair was blowing in the wind. He was smiling.

Adamski halted an arm's length from the stranger.

Now, for the first time I fully realised that I was in the presence of a man from space—A HUMAN BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!...The beauty of his form surpassed anything I had ever seen. And the pleasantness of his face freed me of all thought of my personal self. I felt like a little child in the presence of one with great wisdom and much love, and I became very humble within myself ...for from him was radiating a feeling of infinite understanding and kindness, with supreme humility.

The spaceman extended his hand. It was slender, with fingers like those of "an artistic woman." Adamski reached out to shake it. But the spaceman shook his head, and gently placed his palm against Adamski's.

Adamski regarded the man with awe. He was clean-shaven and youthful in appearance. He had a high forehead, green eyes, and a smile that revealed glistening teeth. His jumpsuit was brown, with a radiant sheen. He wore no jewelry, carried no weapon.

The two men began to communicate, via a combination of telepathy, gestures, and facial expressions. The spaceman was from Venus, he informed Adamski. His visit was friendly, but serious in purpose. For he had come to warn us of the dangers of nuclear explosions—dangers for both the Earth and its neighbors in the Solar System.

Adamski noticed now the saucer in which he had arrived. Bell-shaped and translucent, it was hovering just off the ground in a cove. A scout ship, explained the spaceman, that had emerged from the mother ship seen earlier.

As the wind blew their hair and ruffled the bushes around them, Adamski put questions to the spaceman. How did his ship operate? Did the Venusians believe in



a Deity? Did they experience death? The spaceman answered the questions. But when Adamski asked to take his picture, he shook his head.

He led Adamski over to the saucer. It wobbled in the wind; and prismatic colors flashed on its surface. Adamski found himself speechless, overcome with joy.

Could he go for a ride? The spaceman shook his head. Could he just step inside and take a look around? No, not at this time.

Then the spaceman said goodbye and reboarded his ship. It rose, glided over the mountains, and disappeared from view.

Adamski was soon rejoining his party and filling them in on what had happened. He and the others returned to the site, to examine the spaceman's footprints and to look for traces of the saucer. Then they drove into town for dinner.

Two days later an Arizona newspaper ran a story about the encounter. More newspaper coverage followed; and it was not long before Adamski himself was writing a full account of his experience.

The manuscript found its way to the desk of Waveney Girvan, editor-in-chief of a British publishing house. A UFO enthusiast, Girvan says that it “made an immediate appeal to me: I felt I was handling dynamite.” Though fearing the book might bring ridicule upon his imprint, he decided to publish it.*

And in the fall of 1953, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* appeared in bookstores. Coauthored by Adamski and Desmond Leslie (a British ufologist who wrote the historical portion of the book), it describes in detail the encounter in the desert. It also included the latest—and most sensational—photos of spacecraft that Adamski had taken through his telescope. In its concluding chapter we are told:

Now I am hoping that the spaceman will return again, and that then I will be granted more time to visit with him. Believe me, I am saving up questions. And many of my friends are also accumulating questions. Couldn't it be possible that he might actually let me have a ride in his ship of the Great Ethers? He would not have to invite me twice.

Aboard the Ships

The book sold well; and Adamski's fame spread. Newspapers ran features on him—the amateur astronomer who claimed to have photographed spaceships and to have chatted with a spaceman! He began to receive lecture invitations from around the country, in particular from the UFO clubs that were springing up. And increasingly, people were appearing on his doorstep—saucer enthusiasts, the curious, and the just plain batty.

Meanwhile, his contacts with the Space People (or Space

* One of his reasons for doing so, explains Girvan in *Flying Saucers and Common Sense* (Citadel Press, 1956), was to elucidate saucers to members of his club who had been looking at him askance.

Brothers, as he liked to call them) continued, and grew more spectacular.*

And in 1955 he published (with Abelard-Schuman) another book, to describe these further encounters. It was titled *Inside the Space Ships*.†

If *Flying Saucers Have Landed* strained his credibility with many readers, *Inside the Space Ships* (which included additional photos) stretched it to its limits. Desmond Leslie, in a foreword to the book, puts his finger on the problem. This “amazing document,” says Leslie, may be taken in one of two ways. It may be either believed or disbelieved. The reader must make up his own mind on this fundamental question.

Inside the Space Ships takes up the tale three months after the desert encounter. In his home on Palomar Adamski was feeling restless. And he found welling up inside him an inexplicable urge to visit Los Angeles.

Taking a bus into the city and checking into his usual hotel, he recalled a certain student of his—a young woman. Unable to get away to Palomar, she had asked Adamski to telephone her the next time he was in town.

He did so; and the student was soon joining him at the hotel. They talked; and he advised her in regard to some personal matters. She expressed her gratitude, and said she had been thinking of him and hoping he would show up to help her.

* His wife Mary is said to have fallen to her knees on one occasion, begging him to stop meeting with the spacemen and discontinue his writing on the subject. But Adamski replied that a mission had been thrust upon him; not even for the sake of his family could he desist.

† *Inside the Space Ships* was ghostwritten by Charlotte Blodget, to whom Adamski expresses his appreciation for “framing my experiences in the written words of this book.” His other major works, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* and *Flying Saucers Farewell*, were also ghostwritten. (The serviceable prose of these books contrasts sharply with the ungainly style of his philosophical works, which were written apparently by Adamski himself.) And his secretary, Lucy McGinnis, is said to have been responsible for the “clear formulation of his thoughts” in Adamski’s letters.

Walking her back to the trolley, Adamski wondered if a telepathic message from the student had brought him into the city. But upon returning to the hotel, he found that inexplicable urge to be with him still.

He stood there in the lobby, beset with restlessness and a sense of anticipation.

Suddenly, two men in suits walked up to him. One of them smiled, addressed Adamski by name, and extended his hand. Adamski did likewise, and received a familiar greeting: a pressing of palms.

These strangers, he realized, were not of the Earth.

The smiling man asked if he was available to come with them. Adamski said he was. They led him outside to a black sedan. The three got in and drove off into the night.

As the sedan headed out of the city, the pair revealed their identity. They were “contact men,” living secretly among the people of Earth. One was from Mars, the other from Saturn.

The three men traveled on in silence. Urban sprawl gave way to desert. Stars began to be visible in the sky.

Leaving the highway, they drove along a rough road. “We have a surprise for you,” said the Martian. In the distance Adamski could see something glowing on the ground. His heart beat faster as they approached it.

The sedan pulled up beside a flying saucer. It resembled the one he had gazed upon in the desert.

And standing beside it was the very Venusian with whom he had chatted that day. With a radiant smile, the jumpsuited figure greeted Adamski.

Adamski was escorted aboard by the three spacemen—by Firkon, Ramu, and Orthon (the Venusian). Passing through a curved passageway, they entered the main cabin. It was circular with a domed ceiling. On the wall were graphs and charts. At the center of the cabin—connecting lenses in the floor and ceiling—was a column: the magnetic pole (he would learn) that propelled the saucer.

Firkon and Ramu invited Adamski to join them on a curved bench beside the column. Orthon, meanwhile, had approached the control panel. Adamski felt an indescribable joy. It was dawning on him that his dream was about

to be realized. *He was being taken on a journey into Space.*

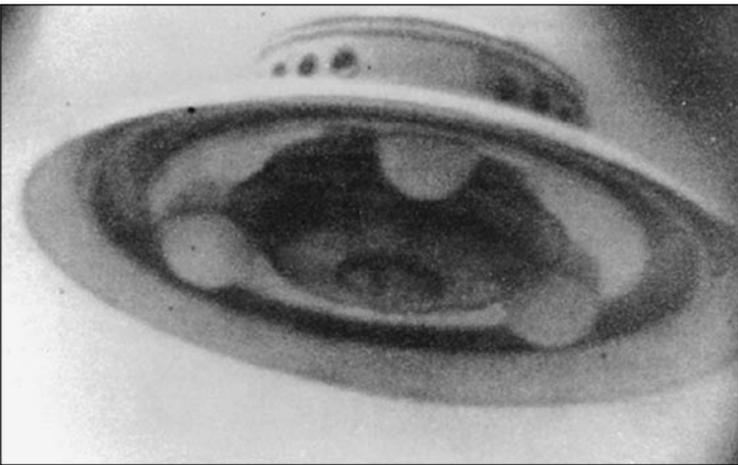
With almost no sensation of movement, the ship took off. Adamski looked down into the lens and saw rooftops skimming by. Through the lens in the ceiling he saw myriads of stars.

As the saucer rose, Adamski was briefed on a few of its features. Then he was told to prepare for a landing—in the mother ship. The same one that had passed over the desert, and that was now floating eight miles above the Earth. He looked out a porthole and caught his breath. There it was—half a mile long.

“The spectacle of that gigantic cigar-shaped carrier ship hanging there motionless in the stratosphere,” he writes, “will never dim in my memory.”

The saucer passed through an opening in the great ship and docked inside. The four men disembarked; and Adamski was led through the forbidding interior of a mother ship. He was shown tiers of platforms filled with instruments, and a control room.

Then they entered a lounge. Adamski’s attention “instantly was absorbed by two incredibly lovely young women” who rose from a divan and came toward him. One of the women kissed Adamski on the cheek; the other brought him a goblet of clear liquid. Both were tall; had long, wavy hair; and wore gossamer robes and golden san-



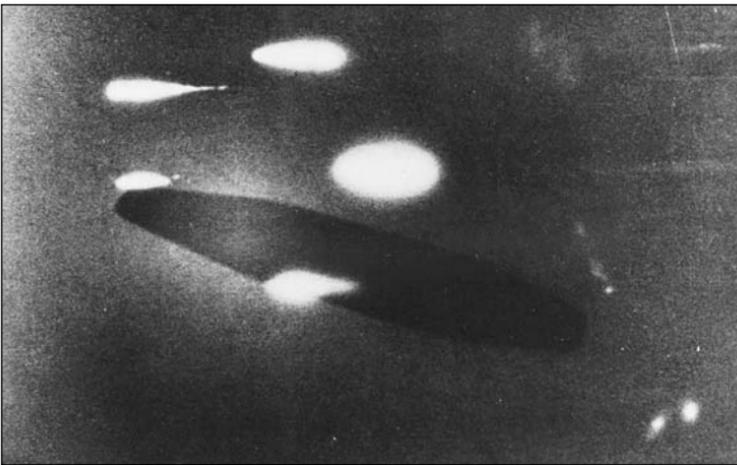
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dals. They looked at him with merry eyes; and he had the feeling these women could read his innermost thoughts.

Adamski was motioned onto a divan. He sipped on his beverage as one of the women—Kalna—explained to him the purpose of a mother ship. It cruised about Space, she said, for the pleasure and edification of its occupants. Every citizen of the Universe got to spend part of the year visiting and learning about other planets. The inhabitants of such planets were always friendly—with the sole exception of Earth. That was why the mother ships never landed on Earth.

Adamski was taken to the pilot room, for a spectacular view of Space. Through the window he gazed upon millions of colored lights that flickered in the blackness. And amidst this “celestial fireworks display” was the Earth: a ball of light shrouded in clouds. (By now the ship had risen to an altitude of 50,000 miles.)

They rejoined Ramu in the lounge. The Saturnian was seated with a man in loose, comfortable-looking clothing. (The Space People wear jumpsuits only while working, Adamski would learn.) The man appeared to be about the same age as Adamski—the first person he had encountered on the ship who was not youthful in appearance. The goblets were refilled. Adamski sipped on the beverage, finding it “delicately sweet with an elusiveness that was tantaliz-



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ing.” The nectar of the gods!

About an hour had elapsed since his departure from Earth. Yet in that short space of time, he tells us, “my whole life and understanding had opened to a far greater concept of the Universe than I had gained during the sixty-one years of my total life on Earth.”

But more understanding was about to come his way. For Adamski was addressed now by that older-looking man—who turned out to be a highly-evolved, thousand-year-old Master.

The Master began to speak; and Adamski and the others listened, attentively and humbly. “My son...” he said, looking Adamski in the eye.

And he launched into a discourse on the philosophy, wisdom, and ways of the Space People. He revealed to Adamski that the entire Universe is populated by human beings. Each planet, however, is at a different stage of development. Indeed, the purpose of human life is to develop. And how does a human develop? *By adhering to Universal Law.* The Space People, said the Master, wanted to help us understand Universal Law—wanted to share their wisdom with us. And why had they arrived at this moment in our histo-

ry? To warn us of the perils of nuclear testing.

The Master spoke on and on. He touched on perfection ...paths that led upward...nonviolence...tolerance. Occasionally, Adamski would think of a question—and the Master would read his mind and answer it.

The lecture concluded with an injunction. Adamski was to return to Earth with a “message of hope” for his fellow man. The Space People were giving him a mission—an urgent one. He was to convey their wisdom to the human race.

The Master rose and gazed deeply into Adamski’s eyes; and the philosopher felt a new sense of strength. The Master gestured farewell and departed the lounge.

Everyone was silent for a moment. Then Kalna remarked that it was always a privilege to listen to the Master.

Adamski chatted with his hosts. They commended him for standing up to the ridicule that had been heaped upon him, and for his refusal to use his contact for self-aggrandizement or commercialism. “In the face of all derision, disbelief—even when the validity of your photographs was challenged—we saw how staunch you remained to that which, within yourself, you knew to be true.”

More drinking of the nectarlike beverage followed. Then Ramu announced it was time to return to Earth. Adamski was led back to the saucer.

He was flown back to Earth and driven to his hotel. Few words were exchanged during the drive. Adamski was absorbed in his thoughts; and Firkon, at the wheel of the sedan, left him alone.

In his hotel room he sat on the edge of the bed, reflecting on his meeting with the Space People. And he realized that—unbelievable as it was—he must speak of it to Mankind. For the Space People had made him their messenger.

Adamski slept for a few hours, then took the bus back to Mount Palomar.

He was soon at work on *Inside the Space Ships*. It would relate the events of that memorable night; describe the Space People and their philosophy; and tell of subsequent journeys into Space. During one of these, he was flown around the Moon (more than a decade before the astronauts

of Apollo 8) in a saucer. During another, he was shown an awesome scene on a television screen: the surge and swirl of interstellar dust and energy—the basic force of the Universe.

And in the book's most inspiring passage, Adamski describes his return to Earth after one of those rides aboard a saucer:

I returned to my room in the hotel, but not to sleep. My experiences of the night had so strengthened and invigorated me that I felt like a new man, my mind awake and alert with thoughts more vivid and swift than ever before! My heart sang with joy, and my body was freshened as though from a long rest. There was much to be done this day, and tomorrow I must return to my home on the mountain; but from now on I would, to the best of my ability, live each moment as it came, complete in its fullness, serving the One Intelligence as man is intended to do, and for which purpose he was created.

Truly, the philosopher had made the most of his flying saucer experience.

Pinnacle of Success

And he would continue to make the most of it—as author, lecturer, and celebrity. His books were selling, and drawing national attention to Adamski—the man who had traveled in flying saucers! Who had photographed them! Not only was he in demand as a speaker (in 1958 he and C. A. Honey, his chief assistant, completed a 4000-mile lecture tour), but as a guest on radio and television shows.

He and his followers had sold Palomar Gardens, and purchased a property further up the mountain. Among the buildings they raised on the new site were accommodations for a growing number of visitors. These included persons who came to study Cosmic Law (some of them widows with large bank accounts), and also a longhaired, bearded contingent: West Coast beatniks who “dug” the outrageousness of Adamski. Other marginal types were also showing up. Lamented Lucy McGinnis: “You would be sur-

prised to learn how many mediums come with ‘special messages’ for G.A. People of all branches of religion and metaphysics drive up to enlighten and save him. Some are very difficult to talk to, but we do our best to be patient and friendly at all times.”*

And visiting from time to time was Adamski’s brother, a Catholic priest. He and George would engage in long discussions. No doubt they touched upon organized religion, of which Adamski seems to have strongly disapproved.†

For some time now Adamski had been coordinating a network of correspondents. These devoted followers—known as “co-workers”—received from Mount Palomar a newsletter, the *Cosmic Bulletin*, that kept them posted on the activities of the Space People. They corresponded with one another and organized study groups. The network extended beyond the borders of the U.S., and was to prove useful in 1959—when George Adamski embarked upon a world tour.

The tour had been prompted, he insisted, by the Space People, who had told him to go forth and explain the reasons for their coming. It began in New Zealand, in January, then moved on to Australia, England, Holland, and Switzerland. Co-workers in each country had arranged meetings, lectures, and publicity.

From its start the tour was a success. The lectures (which included a film) were attended by overflow crowds. Australia was particularly gratifying. When his plane landed in Sidney, a crowd of reporters, curiosity seekers, and saucer enthusiasts (whom Adamski describes in *Flying Saucers Farewell* as “wonderful men and women who are dedicated to seeking out the peaceful, productive means by which we shall earn our rightful, dignified position among the civilizations of other planets”) converged on him; and he held a press conference. The ensuing publicity helped fill the lecture halls.

* Quoted in Lou Zinsstag, *UFO... George Adamski, Their Man on Earth* (UFO Photo Archives, 1990).

† Zinsstag reports that he had a “peculiar idiosyncrasy against entering any church.” When he did so once during a visit to Rome, he turned pale and left as soon as possible.

Then it was on to England, where he lectured to large crowds and appeared in a television debate with an astronomer. (Adamski claims to have won the debate through “sheer dignity.”)

But the high point of the tour came in Holland. Just before his arrival, Adamski learned—to his surprise and glee—that the country’s ruler, Queen Juliana, wished to meet with him. Juliana had a penchant for the mystical. (Her attachment several years earlier to a faith-healer had prompted calls for her abdication; but she had weathered the crisis.) Having heard that the man who had gone up in a flying saucer was about to visit her domain, the Queen wanted to talk with the fellow.

Adamski checked into a hotel in The Hague. The next day a royal limousine picked him up and drove him to the Palace. As he was led inside, Adamski (pleased with himself) was saluted by guards, doormen, and attendants.

The audience took place in the library. Wearing a stately blue frock, the Queen was flanked by Prince Bernhard, her science advisers, and the Air Force Chief of Staff. Unable to dissuade the Queen from meeting with an obvious charlatan (as they viewed Adamski), these men had sought to form a protective group about her.

Adamski was “nervous with anticipation” (he recalls in *Flying Saucers Farewell*), “but a feeling of calm and ease came over me as I stood in the presence of the Queen.... I completely forgot all the instructions and could not remember the formalities that should have followed. Instead, I acted upon my feelings, for here was a feeling of welcome as among friends.”

Coffee and pastries were served. Then, for nearly two hours, Adamski regaled Her Majesty with an account of his adventures in Space.

The Queen listened politely and attentively. Her advisers, however, kept asking Adamski questions designed to discredit him. The space traveler remained undaunted. At one point he insisted officials in the U.S. were withholding information on UFOs, and asked the Queen if the same situation might not exist in Holland.

Her Majesty gave “a tiny smile of acknowledgement.”

When the audience was over, both the Queen and the Prince shook Adamski's hand. The firmness of their handshakes impressed him. Of the Prince's he would remark: "It was one of those handshakes which mean more than words. I felt he was in agreement with me."

And climbing back into the royal limousine, Adamski was returned to his hotel.

Meanwhile, word of Juliana's meeting with a *flying saucer contactee* had spread—and Holland was thrown into an uproar. Declared one newspaper: "A shame for our country." Another paper was more accommodating: "We are not opposed to a court jester on the green lawns of the Royal Palace, provided he is not taken for an astronomical philosopher." In an interview the Air Force Chief dismissed Adamski: "The man's a pathological case."

But Juliana seemed to have enjoyed her meeting with the man who had been to Space. Said one of her advisers: "The Queen showed an extraordinary interest in the whole subject." And Adamski—who went on to lecture before sold-out houses in The Hague and Amsterdam—stated that Her Majesty had been "very interested...I wish everyone had a mind as open to progress—and I don't mean gullible—as I experienced today."*

The next stop on the tour was Switzerland. He was picked up at the train station and taken to a hotel by co-worker Lou Zinsstag.†

In her *George Adamski: Their Man on Earth*, Zinsstag has described his stay in Switzerland. A memorable moment, she says, came in Basle, where she and Adamski encoun-

* Adamski's meeting with the Queen brings to mind Groucho Marx's encounters with the society matron played by Margaret Dumont.

† Zinsstag was cousin to Carl Jung, the noted psychologist. In his book *Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies* (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1959), Jung posits that UFOs are archetypes—"psychological projections" that express the fears and yearnings of the Unconscious—visionary images of wholeness and order. Zinsstag tried unsuccessfully to convince him they were actual spacecraft, piloted by extraterrestrials. She also sought, unsuccessfully, to get him to meet with Adamski.

tered one of the Space People. They were sitting in a sidewalk cafe at the time, having a conversation. The only other patron was a blond man in sunglasses, whom Adamski kept eyeing. The man finally got up and left, smiling at them as he walked by. Adamski explained to her that the stranger was one of the Space People.

But Switzerland was also the scene of something new in Adamski's career: organized hostility. The first sign that trouble was brewing came at his opening lecture in Zurich. The lecture was attended by a sympathetic audience; and when it was over, a question-and-answer session was held. Suddenly, a man stalked to the front and insisted that the questioning was a stage-managed sham. He also accused Adamski of being not the real Adamski, but an impersonator. The man refused to give his name and departed hastily from the hall.

The following day Adamski delivered a second lecture, at a larger hall that was filled to capacity. But many in the crowd were university students who had come to disrupt the event. They proceeded to do so. After each of his sentences they stamped their feet and clapped. They hollered, sang, tossed fruit. Adamski gave up trying to speak and called for the film to be shown. But as the lights dimmed, trumpets and noisemakers began to sound. Firecrackers exploded. A searchlight was beamed at the screen. After a woman was struck by a tossed beer bottle, the police ordered everyone to leave.

The students, it would seem, were simply out for some raucous fun. But Adamski blamed the disruption on "the Silence Group," a cabal dedicated to suppressing the truth about flying saucers.

His next scheduled stop was Rome. But the rigors of touring, the incident at Zurich, and the summer heat had taken their toll on the 68-year-old lecturer. He cancelled his remaining appearances and flew back to America. Zinsstag describes his departure from the airport: "While standing in a queue, he suddenly took me in his arms and gave me a huge kiss. I have seldom been so astonished in my life—of a kiss, I mean."

She was one of those "wonderful men and women" ded-

icated to spreading the word about the Space People; and Their Man on Earth was appreciative.

Last Years

Adamski was soon at work on another book. And in 1961 *Flying Saucers Farewell*—perhaps the most interesting of his works—was published by Abelard-Schuman. It touches on such matters as farming on Venus; the mission of the Space People; the principles by which they live (avoidance of negative thoughts, etc.); their architecture; their attitude toward work; UFOs and the Bible; telepathy; vegetation on the Moon; the propulsion system of the ships; and scientific confirmation of Adamski's findings. The book includes a refutation of charges of fakery that had been leveled against him, and an account of his world tour.

The *farewell* in the title refers, he explains, to his having completed a preliminary study of the UFO phenomenon. Henceforth a “new program of greater intellectual expansion, along technical and philosophical lines, will be carried out by myself and my associates.” He would continue to explore Man's place in the Universe, but from a new perspective.

That same year Adamski self-published a philosophic treatise called *Cosmic Philosophy*. Unlike his saucer books, it is abstract, didactic—and almost unreadable. Here is a sample of its prose:

Always you are One, you are All, as a centralized point of being. Undying, unchanging—and the Consciousness, Cause, and the Action—evolving, transmuting a form to a unified state of awareness.

The main idea of the book seems to be that the ego must be transcended, allowing the mind to “vanish into the illumined vastness of Cosmic intelligence.” The reader is urged to tear away “the veil of mystery that separates himself from the Cosmic Halls of Wisdom.” For some 87 pages Adamski expounds (or blathers) in this high-minded fashion. Toward the end Firkon appears and relates a parable.

Cosmic Philosophy does conclude with some practical advice. Adamski suggests keeping a daily ledger of your thoughts. Divide a page into two columns—one for positive thoughts, the other for negative. Constantly monitor and assess your thoughts, making marks in the appropriate column. At the end of each day tabulate your score. “Over a period of time you will find that your old thought habits that caused confusion and disorder in the mind and body have disappeared.”

He also disseminated, via the newsletter, a series of articles on Cosmic Philosophy. The reaction was mixed. “I for one found his elaborations becoming repetitious and, sometimes, too abstract,” writes Lou Zinsstag. She complains of having grown “tired of Adamski’s articles on Cosmic Philosophy. They were moralizing and often singularly pointless.”

The network of co-workers was still alive and well. They continued to correspond, publish bulletins, hold meetings—and await the arrival of the Space People. But Adamski’s communiqués to them became briefer and less frequent; and finally he put C. A. Honey in charge of the network. He had decided to concentrate, he explained, on Cosmic Philosophy and other vital concerns.

The nature of those concerns soon became apparent. In March 1962, Adamski announced that he was about to leave for Saturn—to attend an interplanetary conference. He would bring back, he promised, “the highest teachings ever given to Earth people.” He would also attempt to send, from the conference, a telepathic message to co-workers around the world. They were told to meditate at a specified hour, and to have pencil and paper ready.

Only one of them succeeded in receiving the message. (It was a brief greeting.) But all were soon receiving in the mail a copy of “Report on My Trip to the Twelve Counselors’ Meeting of Our Sun System.” The Saturn Report, as it became known, was disturbing to many of his followers. The problem was not that he had gone to Saturn (they expected no less), but that he had gotten there by a disreputable means. For Adamski had traversed the millions of miles via a kind of astral travel.

to accept. But astral travel? Reincarnation? Possession by spacemen? These were beyond the pale of belief. C. A. Honey, who was editing the newsletter, wrote to Lou Zinsstag: “Recent articles by George were so far out I could not publish them.”

Was Adamski exploring the borderlands of human experience...or (the view of his detractors) cracking under the strain of an on-going imposture?

Then came the matter of the postal box.

In October copies of a mysterious note were received by co-workers. The note was written in hieroglyphic characters, with an English translation:

You are doing good work. Adamski is the only one on Earth that we support.

The return address was a postal box in Glendale, California. Around the same time a classified ad, offering to put “qualified persons” in touch with the Space People—for a fee—appeared in newspapers. The address was that same postal box.

Adamski denied any connection with the note or the ad. But it was discovered that he had secretly rented the postal box. Could the old man be “going off the beam” (as fellow contactee Sonja Lyubein, who was staying with him at the time, was telling people)? He was acting like a two-bit charlatan.

His followers began to doubt Adamski. They saw him as defecting from his mission and betraying the Space People. Even Lucy McGinnis—his devoted secretary of many years—left him, unable to bear what must have seemed to her a self-betrayal.

Adamski’s career was in decline. Yet a final moment of glory awaited him.

In 1963 he flew to Copenhagen and delivered a series of lectures. Afterwards he stopped in Switzerland, for a visit with Lou Zinsstag. She greeted him with enthusiasm. But it was not the Adamski she remembered. He had become, she says in her book, boastful, flippant, inattentive to others. Zinsstag found herself dismayed by this new persona.

Why the change? She speculates that he had come under the influence of malevolent spacemen. And she knew that some of his recent projects had come to naught. (It does not seem to have occurred to Zinsstag that he might be sagging under the weight of decades of deception.) Whatever the case, his visit was proving a disappointment.

At times, however, he became his old self—sincere, jovial, friendly. He would tell jokes or address some fascinating topic; and the two wound up passing a few “wonderful hours of perfect understanding.”

Then Adamski made a startling announcement. He wanted her to accompany him to Rome, where he was scheduled to meet with the Pope.

Zinsstag looked at him in astonishment. The Pope?

Adamski nodded and insisted that a meeting with the Pope had been arranged. From his pocket he took a package. It contained a message, he said, from the Space People, who had asked him to deliver it to the Pope.

Zinsstag was dubious. But they flew to Rome, and were soon making their way to the Vatican. As they approached the Apostolic Palace, Adamski looked about for the papal representative with whom he was supposed to rendezvous.

“There he is, I can see the man. Please, wait for me at this very spot in about an hour’s time!”

He descended the steps and, going to the left, entered a doorway—from which Zinsstag thought to discern someone gesturing to him. She was puzzled, though, having expected Adamski to turn right and go in at the main entrance where the Swiss Guards were posted.

After an hour she returned, to find Adamski waiting for her and “grinning like a monkey.” On his face was an unforgettable look of sheer joy. The Pope had received him, he said, and accepted the message from the Space People.

Adamski showed her a commemorative coin, and described how the Pope had given it to him—in appreciation of his having delivered the message.

Had this meeting truly taken place? The coin dispelled any doubts Zinsstag may have had. It could only have come, she told herself, from the Pope. George had met with him!

Adamski returned to California with his memento. And

he sank deeper into questionable activities. He peddled instructions for traveling (via self-hypnosis) to other planets. And he published a study course that was an updated version of *Questions and Answers by the Royal Order of Tibet*—with all references to Tibetan Masters altered to “Space Brothers” or “Cosmic Brotherhood.”*

His final years were marred by a schism in his organization. It began with a dispute over copyrights. Adamski accused C. A. Honey of publishing, under Honey’s own name, ideas and materials stolen from Adamski. The two men split. Co-workers sided with one or the other; and everything began to fall apart.

Even Lou Zinsstag, appalled by his descent into mysticism, broke with Adamski. Yet she felt beholden to him. “I can still call him friend. Never in my life can I forget the

* The Tibetan Masters themselves, say Adamski’s critics, were borrowed from Theosophy (via one or another of its offshoots that flourished in Southern California during the thirties).

Theosophy was an influential mystical movement founded by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831–1891). A trance medium and occultist, Madame Blavatsky claimed to be in contact with the Ascended Masters—advanced beings with powers such as telepathy and astral projection. Based in Tibet (yet traveling widely—to other planes, other planets, and Blavatsky’s apartment in New York), they manifest themselves to specially favored individuals. The Masters that appeared to Blavatsky were a wisdom-speaking pair named Koot Hoomi and Morya—the predecessors, say those critics, of Firkon and his friends.

Like Adamski, the cigar-smoking Madame Blavatsky (whom the Society for Psychical Research called “one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting imposters of history”) was reviled by many as a charlatan, and revered by others as a spiritual teacher.



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thrill and the happiness his books and former letters brought into my life.”

He continued to travel and lecture; to meet with followers who had remained loyal; and to dwell on Mount Palomar.

Over Mount Palomar, on cloudless nights, hovered the Moon. A pale orb that astronomers scrutinized...that coyotes yapped at...that owls hunted by.

And that George Adamski—who had *sailed around it*—gazed at dreamily and nostalgically.

In 1965, while in Washington, D.C., for a lecture, Adamski died. He was buried (as an ex-soldier) in Arlington National Cemetery.

Who Was This Man?

What sort of man was George Adamski? Did he truly travel on a flying saucer and meet with the Space People? Was he a contactee—or a con man?

In her introduction to *Inside the Space Ships*, Charlotte Blodget (its ghostwriter) admits that the book will elicit “incredulity in varying degrees.” Some will believe Adamski, she says; others will see him as the victim of delusions or the perpetrator of a hoax. But she knows her own mind in the matter. She has met the man, and found him to be of “unquestionable integrity.”

Blodget goes on to describe Adamski. He is handsome, kind, patient. (That patience, she says, must have influenced his selection by the Space People.) He is well-balanced and approachable. He has a sense of humor. And he is a man of wisdom, whose lack of formal education has left him “free of the fetters which too often shackle the academic mind.”

Others who knew him have added to this portrait. Lou Zinsstag reports that his manners were impeccable; that he was “the perfect gentleman” in his relations with women; that he was at once quick-witted and naïve. But the quality she found most remarkable was his ability to play down his own courage and dedication. Instead, he came on as a light-hearted fellow, sprinkling his conversation with expressions such as “to hell with it” or “what the devil.”

Desmond Leslie tells us that Adamski was physically strong, with “burning black eyes.” He was a down-to-earth sort, and—beneath his public persona of a talkative, colorful celebrity—a “great human being.”

William Sherwood, a ufologist who met with Adamski on several occasions, praises his integrity. He describes (in a letter reprinted in Zinsstag’s book) how Adamski had been offered money to repudiate his photos and claims, but had turned it down. (The money had been offered, speculates Sherwood, by business interests opposed to the low-cost sources of energy that the Space People might reveal to us.) Sherwood sums him up as a “self-taught, many sided man of destiny”—a visionary who faced courageously the ridicule and antagonism that came his way.

And Bryant and Helen Reeve (that retired couple who visited contactees) found him to be a “sincere and unruffled man.” They were taken with Adamski’s winning smile, and found his answers to their questions to be sensible and convincing. “He is truly an extraordinary individual,” they concluded, “a man of many contrasts, many moods, many ideas, and many experiences—different, so different.”

For many who knew him, then, Adamski was almost a noble figure. Yet even his admirers could admit that the “man of destiny” was not perfect. Sherwood noted that the pressures to which he was subject caused him to make mistakes—though never to become dishonest.

And Major Hans Peterson, the Danish Air Force officer who organized the lectures in Copenhagen, saw the entire man:

George Adamski was a remarkable person. He owned nothing, had no money, not in a bank. Without being slovenly he dressed as he wished, even at high level parties. He swore, he liked a drink, he made love with any woman who approached him and whom he liked, and they were not few. And at the same time we find a man who entertains deep veneration of the Creator, of Nature and of his fellow man and for the Cosmic Laws in a degree, which one normally does not see on this planet.*

* *UFO Contact*, Spring 1980. Reprinted in Zinsstag.

Even Lou Zinsstag recognized the ambiguities in the man, realizing there was “probably another story to his story.” She mentions his skill at evading direct questions, and tells of a conversation that “added to the somewhat oppressive image of a mystery man and kept me at a distance for the rest of our friendship.”

So we are left with a mystery man—a down-to-earth sage and high-minded emissary of the Space People, with an unknown side to him.

Yet for many who heard about him, George Adamski was no mystery at all. In the view of those who scoffed at flying saucers (and of many who believed in them), he was clearly a fraud—a humbug—a rascal! His claims of having met the Space People were preposterous. His detractors were amazed that such nonsense was given the slightest attention—much less credence. Seeking to discredit him, they accused Adamski of all manner of sins and disreputable activities. Major Peterson has listed some of the calumnies leveled against him: “Dishwasher, hot-dog seller, restaurant-keeper, religious fanatic, drunkard, illegal alcohol distiller, liar, rich author and much more is, what his enemies have called him—every word a lie.”*

Peterson also raises the question of Adamski’s photos. He tells how those astounding images of spacecraft were maligned by skeptics—labeled as blatant fakes. Not true, says Peterson. The photos were genuine.

And certainly, the issue is central. If the photos are genuine, Adamski must be telling the truth about flying saucers. If they are fake, doubt is cast upon his entire story. So what about them? What are we to make of those photographs of spaceships?

Desmond Leslie called them “the most priceless pictures of all time.” William Sherwood compared Adamski’s zeal in attaining the photos with that of the most dedicated of scientists. And Pev Marly, a special-effects cinematographer, said that if the photos were fake, they were the most con-

* The bootlegging accusation came from a visitor to Palomar Gardens, who claimed that Adamski had confessed—during a drinking spree—to having started the Royal Order of Tibet as a front for making wine during Prohibition.

vincing trick photography he had ever seen. To have faked them, said Marly—to have gotten the shadows right—would have required expensive equipment that Adamski did not possess.

But others were not so sure. The famous shot of the scout ship (see page 66) was scrutinized by the British UFO Society. Their verdict? A model, fashioned from the lid of a soda machine. Other analysts saw the lid of a beer cooler, of a chicken brooder, of a tobacco humidior. But clearly a lid!

Adamski dismissed these attacks. Everyone was free, he allowed in *Inside the Space Ships*, to judge his photos and his stories; but a skeptic's "personal conclusion in no way alters *the fact of their reality*." The average mind, he noted, always finds it easier to "scoff at new wonders than to face the fact of its own limited knowledge of the miracles that await discovery in the unlimited Universe in which he dwells."

The attacks on Adamski were not limited, of course, to his claims. His character, too, was denounced. He was labeled a crackpot, a confidence man, a "self-styled professor of Oriental philosophy." But the most common disparagement—and the one that served to discredit him most in the eyes of the public—was that George Adamski was the *mere* proprietor of a hamburger stand.

Now it was no secret that he was closely connected with the Palomar Gardens Cafe. For years Adamski had held court there, holding informal discussions with guests and lecturing in the evenings. He once described to Lou Zinsstag how he had sold refreshments, and performed other menial tasks, at the Cafe. And she was dismayed to learn that such employment had harmed his reputation in America. Why would a democratic people, she wondered, find problematical a humble background?

But it was an aspersion Adamski did not allow to go unchallenged. On one occasion a UFO investigator had described him as someone who "ran a hamburger stand on the road to the Mount Palomar Observatory," and who kept his telescope on the roof of the stand—all of which showed him to be a rude, untutored fellow, sniffed the investigator, scarcely to be taken seriously as a student of the Cosmos. An indignant Adamski responded to the

charge (in *Flying Saucers Farewell*). First of all, he pointed out, the Palomar Gardens Cafe was *not* a hamburger stand. It was a full-scale restaurant that had been mentioned in *Holiday* magazine; indeed, many “notable visitors” had dined there and signed the guest register. Secondly, he neither owned nor worked at the Cafe—he simply lived on the property, and spent time in the restaurant conversing with guests. Thirdly, his telescope was not kept on the roof, but under a dome in a nearby clearing. And even if he were a hamburger vendor, what would be wrong with that? America had been built upon “little fellows who made good.”*

And a final charge that has been leveled against him involves a novel Adamski wrote and self-published in 1949—four years before his first (alleged) ride on a saucer. *Pioneers of Space: A Trip to the Moon, Mars, and Venus* is a work of fiction about a voyage by rocket ship. Encountered on the planets are high-minded humans, living in utopian societies. Their philosophy and customs resemble those of the Space People who would appear in *Inside the Space Ships*. For Adamski’s detractors the novel was the smoking gun—proof of his humbuggery. He had simply rewritten it as a “factual” account.†

So...who *was* George Adamski?

The question would seem to have only two possible answers. He was either the real thing, or an egregious fraud. He was either a genuine contactee, who met with the Space People—or a cynical fake. A guller of the gullible. A charlatan who was in it (and had been ever since his Royal Order of Tibet days) for the money, women, and fame. One of these—and one only—was the real Adamski. No middle

* Surely the example of a self-taught sage, employed in a restaurant and holding forth there, is worthy of respect. Do we look down upon Socrates for having earned his living as a stonemason? For having taught in the marketplace of Athens? For having pondered the deepest matters with a mind, like Adamski’s, “unfettered by academic shackles”?

† Copies of *Pioneers of Space* are hard to find. The Library of Congress has one. Examining it, I wondered if I were not peeking behind the scenes—gazing into the hidden effects of a literary conjurer.

ground was possible. As Desmond Leslie said: "He must either be accepted *in toto* or completely rejected."

Yet isn't it conceivable that Adamski was neither a completely sincere individual nor an utterly venal one? That he was some *curious combination* of the two? According to this view, he started out as a genuine street philosopher—one of those working-class intellectuals who used to haunt public libraries, lecture from soapboxes, hold forth in taverns. But a streak of mischief (or daring) had impelled him to dramatize his teachings—by embroidering them with fantasy. His initial attempt at this had resulted in the Royal Order and the Tibetan Masters with whom he claimed to have studied. Then, as flying saucers captured the public imagination, he had simply updated his imagery. Such concoctions were justified if they helped to convey the vital truths—about nuclear peril, the brotherhood of Man, the perfidy of the ego—that he saw it as his task to teach. It was a question of pragmatism.*

As for the money and other benefits that his books had earned him, what was wrong with those? If delivering an urgent message brought you worldly success, the more power to you. Success was no sin.

So what's the verdict? Was George Adamski a purveyor of truth or a perpetrator of fraud? Or some outrageous combination of both?

It is a question the reader must decide for himself. As Adamski put it in *Inside the Space Ships*:

At all times I have felt very humble for the privilege which has been granted me to listen to their words of wisdom and to visit and travel in their beautiful ships. All that they have asked of me is that I pass their knowledge on to my fellow Man, whoever and wherever he may be. This I shall do,

* Writing to a student in 1951, Adamski speaks of the book he is currently working on: "Its purpose is to alert earthly men to the manifesting of the universe as it is now being revealed to him through the presence of saucers and space ships in our own atmosphere....It will be all fiction but based on fact and might open up the minds of earthly men; whereas nothing else probably would ever be able to do so." (Quoted in Zinsstag.)

leaving to each man the privilege of believing or disbelieving, of benefiting from a higher knowledge or casting it aside in derision and skepticism.*

Yamski

George Adamski died on April 23, 1965, in a suburb of Washington, D.C.; and there his tale might be expected to end. But it has an epilogue.

On the following day, an Englishman named Arthur Bryant was walking in the Devonshire moors—when a flying saucer appeared (“out of thin air,” he would insist) and landed near him. Three men hopped out. Two were tall,



* Interested readers may obtain copies of Adamski's books from the Adamski Foundation, P.O. Box 1722, Vista, CA 92085.

with high foreheads. The third was of normal height and features, and introduced himself with a name that sounded like “Yamski.” The three seemed to *glow*.

They chatted with Bryant, explaining that the ship was from Venus, and took him aboard briefly. Then they flew off into the sky.

Bryant reported the incident to ufologists (who were quick to discern its connection with Adamski). He also told them of his discovery of a glass phial that the Space People had left behind. Inside it was a piece of paper, with an inscription in classical Greek:

ἀδελφος ἀδελφῷ

Adelphos adelpho. Brother to brother.

And on that enigmatic note concludes the tale of George Adamski, messenger of the Space People.

4. “Let Me Outa Here!”



Different Types

Thus far we have encountered but one type of extraterrestrial—the Space People. Yet as Winfield S. Brownell, author of *UFOs: Key to Earth's Destiny!* (Legion of Light Publications, 1980), has pointed out: “There are infinite variations in types of ships, planets or other sources of origin, characteristics of the occupants, frequency of vibration or the dimension on which they operate, and other variables.” In other words, a *variety* of intelligent beings have been visiting the Earth.

These beings come to us from around the Universe. And they can differ from one another in every respect—physically, psychologically, and culturally. For convenience’s sake they may be divided into two categories: human and humanoid. Let’s examine these different types—so you’ll know what to expect, depending on which of them you get involved with.

In the human category are the Space People—the extraterrestrials described by Adamski and other contactees. Again, the name is one of convenience. Space People come from a wide range of planets and cultures, and can differ from one another in significant ways. However, they share the following characteristics:

1. Physically, they resemble us (with a tendency towards a robust, Scandinavian look).
2. They live by a set of moral precepts called Universal or Cosmic Law.
3. They are missionaries, bringing Universal Law and Cosmic Consciousness to less advanced planets such as our own. The Space People are usually portrayed as “supremely wise and benevolent,” notes Robert Shaeffer in his skeptical but otherwise astute *The UFO Verdict* (Prometheus Books, 1981), “urging Mankind to end all wars, abolish poverty, distrust, and atomic energy, adopt socialism, and live in perfect harmony.”

4. They are vegetarians.

5. They wear jumpsuits.

For some fifty years now, this high-minded race has been contacting us. They have been landing their saucers, welcoming aboard a select few, and sharing their nectar and wisdom.*

But the Space People have enjoyed no exclusive access to the Earth—no unique sphere of influence. During the same period, our planet has been visited by another type of extra-terrestrial: the humanoids. These are beings that resemble us in general form, yet are clearly not human.†

The first humanoids to receive extensive publicity were the Little Men. Encountered mostly in France during the fifties, they were described as short, manlike creatures in “diving suits.” Their features, obscured by helmets, were said to be “alien.” The Little Men would land their saucers, venture outside, and—à la Jacques Cousteau—conduct scientific surveys of flora, fauna, and terrain. Their contact with humans was usually accidental and brief. Having no desire to communicate, they avoided us—scampering back to their ship when spotted. For nearly a decade, France was beset with these pint-sized explorers from the sky.**

Yet the Little Men were not the only humanoids being

* Erich von Daniken, the archeo-archeologist, believes they visited the Earth in prehistoric times as well, inspiring our myths of gods and goddesses.

† Why all these visitors began to arrive at this point in history is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps our radio signals, rockets, or nuclear explosions attracted their attention. Or it could be that only recently has the Earth become accessible to space travelers. Explained Rama Ka Lo, an extraterrestrial who spoke through trance medium Mark Probert in 1946: “The earth is now sending forth a strong ray or column of light, and this makes it easier of approach from other planets.”

** The Little Men became the “little green men” of popular parlance. But they were never green. Ufologist Leonard Stringfield examined 1500 reports of flying saucer occupants, looking for little green men. Of the handful he found, all were either extraterrestrials who *reflected* green light emanating from their craft, or else hoaxes.



sighted, in locations around the world. A bizarre assortment of space travelers seem to have chosen the Earth as their destination. They ranged from apelike creatures with eyes that glowed—a kind of interplanetary Bigfoot—to zany little fellows with party horns for noses!

So the humanoids vary considerably in physical type. But a trait that is shared by most of them—and that further distinguishes them from the Space People—is a lack of missionary impulse. As researcher Isabel Davis has pointed out (in her article “Meet the Extraterrestrial” in *Fantastic Universe*, November 1957), they “utter no lofty messages, no explanations of ancient riddles, no admonitions, warnings, reassurances, prophecies, or esoteric doctrine.” Instead, the humanoids seem content to scare, astound, or study us. Rarely will they seek to communicate, or to interact in a

meaningful manner. Thus, their reasons for visiting the Earth remain obscure.

Except, that is, for one race among them.

A race whose purpose has been all too clear.

The Space Aliens.

Who are the Space Aliens? Their homeland, philosophy, and customs remain unknown. (We are not even sure what dimension they come from!) Abundant testimony, however, is available as to their appearance. Like the Little Men, they are said to be short and humanoid. But there the resemblance ends. For the Space Aliens—who wear no helmets—have large, pear-shaped heads. Their eyes are big and black; while the rest of their features—slits for nose and ears, a tiny mouth—seem to be vestigial. (Have they evolved into a weird race of *observers*?) Their faces are expressionless, prompting one investigator to refer to them as “inscrutable, bug-eyed creatures.” Thin and wiry, with smooth gray skin, they tend to wear tight-fitting uniforms. Like cartoon characters, they have only four digits on each hand. Their speech has been variously described as consisting of growls, grunts, buzzes, cackles, or hums.

But what distinguishes them most from other extraterrestrials is their behavior.

For the Space Aliens abduct people.

The Abduction Phenomenon

On a night in September 1961, Barney and Betty Hill were driving through the mountains of New Hampshire, when they spotted a bright object in the sky. As they continued along the highway, the object seemed to be following them. Finally, they stopped and examined it with binoculars. A flying saucer! And discernable in the windows, they insist, were *humanoid figures*.

Peering at them.

In a panic the Hills drove off into the night. Unable now to see the saucer, they were sure it was directly above them. They heard a beeping sound, and began to feel tingly and drowsy....

The next thing they knew, they were still driving along the road—but miles further on. They arrived home at daybreak, *two hours later than expected*. It was as if those hours were missing.

During the weeks that followed, Betty Hill had dreams of being aboard the saucer. Her husband, meanwhile, was feeling anxiety and having nightmares. They submitted to cross-examination by investigators from a UFO organization, who noted those missing hours and the “inexplicable scuff marks” that had appeared on Barney’s shoes. Betty had begun to worry that her dreams might relate to something that had actually happened. Finally, they went to see a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist decided to hypnotize the Hills and regress them in time—in search of a traumatic event. Each was put into a trance. And when taken back to that night in September, each recalled an incredible sequence of events.

The flying saucer had *landed*. And its occupants—short, bald, bug-eyed creatures—had blocked the road; removed the couple from their car; and taken them into the saucer.

“In the part we entered,” reported Betty from her trance,

“there was a curved corridor that appeared to go around the craft on the inside.” The Hills had been led along this corridor, into rooms illuminated with a bluish light. There they had been laid out on tables (the surface, Betty recalled, had been “hard and smooth and cold”), and subjected to medical examinations. Barney had kept his eyes closed during most of the encounter. Betty, less frightened, had examined a star map and conversed with one of their captors. (“I said to him that this had been quite an experience.”) They had then been returned to their car—with *memory blocks* that blotted out the events of the last two hours.*

The Space Aliens had arrived, and performed their first abduction.†

Several more abductions took place during the sixties, most notably that of Betty Andreasson, a housewife in Massachusetts. On a wintry night in 1967, a group of Space Aliens entered her home—by passing through a closed door! They were clad in uniforms with eagle insignias, and led by a “tall one” named Quazgaa. The Aliens floated her into their ship (parked in the backyard); subjected her to a medical exam; and took her on a journey to an otherworldly realm. She was then returned to her home. Andreasson, too, was given a memory block, and would remember little of her experience—until years later, when hypnotically regressed.**

* The Hills’ tale is recounted in *The Interrupted Journey* by John Fuller (Dial Press, 1966).

† Ray Palmer was a prophet of the abduction phenomenon, too. Fifteen years before the arrival of the Space Aliens, he and Shaver had published “Earth Slaves to Space.” It was a “fictionalized account” of spaceships that landed, abducted humans, and spirited them away to other planets.

** A memorable (though forgotten) feature of her abduction was that visit to an otherworldly realm. Two Space Aliens in hoods had taken her into a passageway—a long tunnel lit only by the Aliens themselves (who glowed in the dark). Gliding along in silence, they passed through a mirror and entered an eerie landscape of sea, mist, and distant city.

As they approached a dazzling light, a giant bird appeared. The bird was engulfed by fire, until only a pile of ashes remained. A

During the seventies sporadic cases of abduction were reported. The most publicized was that of Travis Walton, snatched while working with a woodcutting crew in a National Forest. But it was not until the eighties that the phenomenon moved into full swing. Suddenly, *hundreds of Americans* were being kidnapped by Space Aliens.

As the cases accumulated, a standard scenario emerged. A person would be lying in bed (or driving along a lonely road). Without warning, Space Aliens appear. They paralyze the hapless individual and float him up to their ship. There he is laid out on a table and medically examined—by a team of Aliens with a “tall one” in charge. The abductee may then be given a tour of the ship, a visit to another world, or a message (often relating to abuse of the environment). Finally, he is returned to his bed (or car)—with a memory block to suppress any recollection of his experience.*

wormlike creature crawled from the ashes. And Andreasson heard a voice call out her name.

An American housewife had encountered the Phoenix, the mystic bird of ancient Egypt. According to legend, once every 500 years the Phoenix flew to the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, where it consumed itself in fire. A worm would then emerge from the ashes and grow into a new Phoenix. Shakespeare refers to this resurrection:

But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself.

* Raymond Fowler, author of *The Andreasson Affair* (Prentice-Hall, 1979), has described the memory block:

“The actual contact or abduction experience has somehow been erased—perhaps mercifully—from their conscious minds. Later, flashbacks, dreams and intuitive feelings cause witnesses to suspect that something unusual has happened to them. And nonetheless, details of the abductees’ experience remain locked in the deepest recesses of their minds.”

The Space Aliens routinely impose such blocks. The Space *People*, on the other hand, use an opposite technique in regard to memory. Having given George Adamski a message for Man-

The abductee wakes up (or drives on), oblivious to those memories...until they surface during hypnosis.

What was going on here?

kind, the Master told him not to worry about remembering it. When he began to write, assured the Master, a clear memory of the message would come to him.

Theories

The abductees were undergoing a new kind of flying saucer experience. Involuntary and intrusive, it was a far cry from that of the contactees of the fifties. Adamski, Standing Horse, and the rest had been *invited* aboard, not kidnapped. Moreover, their hosts had been the Space People: a high-minded, benevolent folk, who resembled us, respected us, and were eager to share their wisdom. By contrast, the Space Aliens had a forbidding air about them. They were brusque and uncommunicative—*alien* creatures, who seemed interested only in examining us.

Who were these bug-eyed creatures? Where did they come from? Why were they doing this?

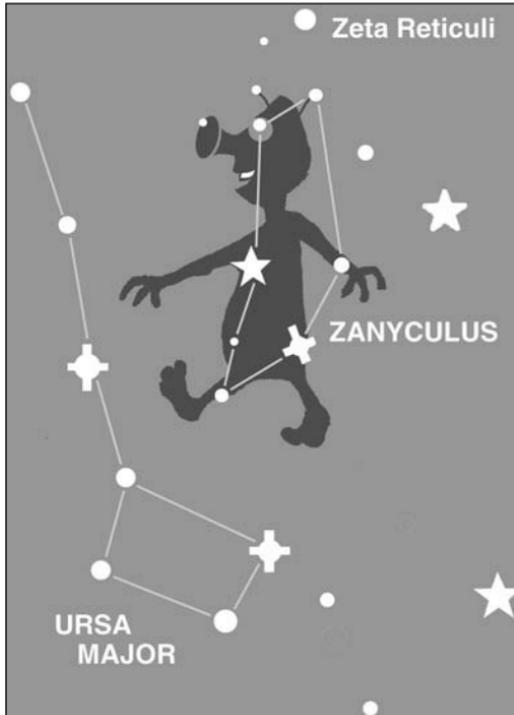
A number of explanations have been offered for the abduction phenomenon. Ufologists, psychologists, parapsychologists, sociologists, skeptics—all have attempted to elucidate the matter. In the following pages I shall examine their theories. Then I shall present a theory of my own.

The most obvious explanation, of course, is the literal one. What happened to the Hills, Betty Andreasson, and scores of others is exactly what they say happened—they were abducted by Space Aliens! Against their will they were taken aboard a UFO and medically examined. Such is the tale they tell; and many ufologists accept it. As to *why* the Space Aliens should be conducting medical exams, the ufologists disagree. Some consider their motivation to be unfathomable—these are Aliens, after all, with an alien agenda. Others believe the examiners to be scientists, seeking to learn more about our biology (or extracting genetic material for use in experiments). But whatever their purpose, these are real, physical beings—visitors from another planet, who land their ship, pile out, and look around for someone to abduct.*

* Serving to bolster the extraterrestrial theory was an article in *Astronomy* magazine, by an Ohio schoolteacher named Marjorie Fish. Fish was intrigued by the star map that Betty Hill had seen

Initially, this literal view—nuts-and-bolts spacecraft, flesh-and-blood Aliens—prevailed among students of the abduction phenomenon. But in recent years a new school of thought has risen to prominence in ufology. Known as the New Wave, it accepts that abduction experiences are real, but believes them to be *psychic* in nature. That is, they are *paranormal* events, akin to apparitions, visions, shamanic journeys, fairy encounters, etc. Such experiences take place in another dimension—a nonmaterial plane—a realm beyond time and space. (Betty Andreasson said of her ab-

during her encounter and reproduced during hypnosis. Comparing Hill's drawing with astronomical charts, Fish found it corresponded with a particular section of the sky. (Skeptics groan that it was bound to correspond with *some* section of the sky!) Thus, the original map—and the experience associated with it—must have been real. Fish was able to pinpoint the home star of the Aliens as Zeta 2 Reticuli. (That would make them neighbors of the party horn-nosed aliens', who are thought to originate in Zanyculus.)



ductors: “The future and the past are the same as today to them.... Time to them is not like our time.”) Of a different nature than our everyday world, this place is nonetheless real. It is reached via altered (or “nonordinary”) states of consciousness, and is inhabited by entities like the Space Aliens. New Wave ufologists note that the Aliens—with their grotesque appearance and obnoxious behavior—are reminiscent of demons. Could it be, they wonder, that those rude spirits of old have returned—in a modern guise? That they are again flying about and tormenting us—but with spacecraft now instead of wings, and medical instruments instead of hot pincers?*

New Wave ufologists have also noted parallels between abductions and out-of-body experiences. One example they give is the journey taken by shamans to an otherworldly realm. Another is the near-death experience. Yet another is astral projection. Could it be that whatever is going on involves our astral rather than physical body?†

* A problem in understanding all this may be our Cartesian notion of the strict division between mind and matter. As Dr. John Mack, the Harvard psychiatrist who is studying UFO abductees, has written: “We may be left with the choice of searching—vainly, I think—for ways of explaining the phenomena within our existing world view, or, instead, of collapsing our rigid separation of psyche and reality, of inner and outer, and opening ourselves to expanded ontological possibilities.” (*Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens* [Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1994].)

† An Atlanta policeman (quoted in the Winter 1995 issue of *UFO Universe*) gave this description of an out-of-body-style abduction: “I was sitting comfortably in my favorite easy chair, facing the open window and the night sky. An erratically moving light caught my attention. Then a very strange thing happened. At first I thought I was fainting. My entire being seemed to be rolling up from my feet as if my body were a toothpaste tube and my consciousness was the paste being squeezed from it. Finally my consciousness seemed to burst free and to soar through space. The next thing I knew, I was standing inside some kind of craft. I was aware of a lot of smallish people with big heads standing around me... I was being touched, stroked, poked, and prodded.... Then I was aware of my wife shaking my shoulder and telling me that I should come to bed instead of sitting there dozing.”

But for skeptics, neither the literal nor the paranormal view will do. Alien abductions? Preposterous! they cry. The skeptics may concede an experience, but will insist it was *psychological*—i.e., imaginary—in nature. They draw our attention to the fact that most abductions are recalled only during hypnosis, the subject having no prior recollection of the alleged event. And they remind us that hypnotism is not the truth serum of popular supposition. One of the most outspoken of the skeptics is Dr. Robert Baker, psychologist and hypnosis expert. Stories elicited via hypnosis are highly suspect, insists Baker, since the subjects are capable of involuntary fabrication. Any legitimate psychologist with experience in the area, he says, “would be the first to tell you that the abduction phenomenon is utter nonsense.”

The problem, in the view of psychologists like Baker, is one of suggestibility. They cite an experiment in which a group of nonabductees—persons with no claims involving UFOs—were hypnotized and told to *imagine* an abduction. You’re aboard a flying saucer, they were told—what do you see? What’s happening to you? Their stories were compared with those elicited from “actual” abductees, and found to be similar in detail. It was concluded that suggestibility was the operative factor in both sets of tales.*

Another explanation offered by skeptics is the Siesta Theory. It allows that the memories uncovered by hypnosis are genuine. They are memories of *dreams*, however, not of actual events. The subject dreamt of being abducted, then forgot his dream. Upon being recalled during hypnosis, it is mistaken for reality. And the “missing time” he is unable to account for? Simple—the hour during which he nodded off and dreamt!

Or what about the birth trauma? Some psychologists believe that primal event—which hypnosis allows one to relive—to be the source of abduction memories. Others

* Of course, the supposed nonabductees might have had *suppressed* abduction experiences of their own, from which their “imagined” accounts were drawn. If it is true that *millions of Americans* have been abducted and given memory blocks (see page 115), this could constitute a flaw in the design of the experiment.

believe a syndrome called sleep paralysis is involved. In sleep paralysis a person is awake but unable to move, and becomes convinced a threatening being is in the room with him. He may even see this being, which has been variously described as a hag, amorous ape, dark form, mist, or gremlin.

Or how about waking dreams? “Since the Middle Ages,” says Dr. Baker, “people have been abducted by dragons, ogres, leprechauns, fairies and so on. They’re not crazy; they’re victims of what are commonly known as ‘waking dreams,’ delusions you have when you’re in a hypnopompic [waking up] or hypnagogic [falling asleep] state.”*

Or even an allergic reaction? In his book *Allergies and Aliens* (Discovery Times Press, 1994), Albert Budden theorizes that sensitivity to electromagnetic emissions triggers a neurological attack—of paralysis, visions of aliens, and missing time.

Whatever the case, psychologists find the abduction phenomenon interesting, even significant. But they refuse to grant it any reality beyond the ordinary workings of the mind. They seek instead to direct a spotlight on the underlying psychology.

And the most illuminating spotlight to have been directed? In the view of many, it is that provided by Philip Klass, the debunker whom we met earlier. Klass (in *UFO-Abduction: A Dangerous Game* [Prometheus Books, 1988]) has explained abductions in terms of media influence and a suggestible populace. He claims that most reports derive from the tale told by the Hills, and that *specific media events*—in particular, a widely-seen television movie—

* Quoted in “Carried Away?” by Frank Huznik, *USA Weekend*, June 25–27, 1993.

Supporting the waking dream theory are the frequent reports of abduction from automobile. For it is known that driving along empty stretches of highway, alone at night, is conducive to waking dreams.

It is also conducive, Dr. Baker has pointed out, to episodes of “missing time.” What driver has not experienced such periods of blankness—realizing with a start that he has been traveling in a trance, *utterly unaware* of the road or anything else.

were responsible for that tale being impressed upon public consciousness.

The public first heard about UFO abductions in 1965, says Klass, in a series of newspaper articles about the Hills. The articles attracted much attention. As Betty Hill would recall: “Public reaction was instantaneous—everyone wanted to know about our experience. We received telephone calls from Europe, Canada, and all over the United States; we were contacted by TV and radio stations; newspaper reporters visited; and letters—from everywhere....”

The Space Aliens were out of the bottle.

The following year *Look* magazine set circulation records with excerpts from a forthcoming book about the Hills. When the book—John Fuller’s *The Interrupted Journey*—came out, it was a bestseller.

The Aliens were loose in the land.

It was during this period that Betty Andreasson and others had their abduction experiences. But the phenomenon was still relatively rare. Then, in the fall of 1975, a movie based on Fuller’s book was broadcast on television. “Millions of persons who saw the NBC-TV show,” says Klass, “learned that UFO-nauts are shorter than Earthlings and have large bald heads and large slanting eyes. This stereotype would emerge in many claims of UFO-abduction that were made shortly after the TV program was aired.” One such claim was that of Travis Walton (who would admit to having seen the movie two weeks before his own abduction).

The boom was on.

Klass submits that the Hills’ tale percolated into the public’s imagination, and that all subsequent “abductions” (whether hoaxes, dreams, or hypnotically-induced fantasies) can be traced back to it. The movie in particular “provided millions of viewers with a script for UFO abductions and with visual images that would find a niche in their memories for their own UFO-abduction nightmares and fantasies.” Thus, the similarity of detail in abduction reports is not, as believers contend, a mark of their genuineness: the result of their reference to a common reality. Rather, that similarity is the result of their common descent

from *the dreams and hypnosis fantasies and much-publicized tale of the Hills*.*

Believers will grant that the publicity accorded the Hills did spark a wave of abduction reports—but only because that publicity caused abductees to “take courage” and face their own blocked memories. Popycock, says Klass, rolling his eyes. It’s all a media-fostered delusion!†

So there are numerous theories as to the true nature of the abduction phenomenon.

Yet none of them, in my view, have adequately explained it.

The real story? Read on.

* And where did the Hills get their imagery? Barney described the Space Aliens as resembling the inhabitants of the Magellan Straits, whose photo he and Betty had seen at an anthropology lecture. Could that photo—of primitive people with bulging eyes—have provided the raw material for their fantasies?

It has also been noted that *Killers from Space*—a 1953 movie with bug-eyed aliens, an operating room, and memory blocks—bears striking similarities to the story told by the Hills.

† Convincing as it may be, Klass’s theory is not incompatible with a paranormal explanation for Space Aliens. Might not some psychic entity engendered or set loose by the mind, derive its *form*—but that only—from the imagery at large in a culture?

My Theory

My old impulse would have been to agree with Klass. Convinced that UFOs were luminous owls and that Man was alone in the Universe, I would have nodded smugly at his analysis. Alien abductions? Really now! Media influence, suggestibility, and credulity had given rise to an absurdity.

But that was before the evidence—those amazing photos, the testimony of contactees, a potato from Space—had convinced me that flying saucers were real. And if the contactees were believable, why not the abductees? Take them at their word, I told myself—what they were describing was factual. These people had been abducted by Space Aliens, and subjected to medical exams.

Yet the question remained: *Why* was this happening? Why were the Aliens conducting medical exams? Why would they travel thousands of light-years, and kidnap people, for so prosaic a purpose? What was going on here?

The matter was perplexing. But as I pondered it, I saw that:

1. Abductions were an *American* phenomenon. Cases reported outside the U.S. were rare, and tended to follow other patterns.
2. The phenomenon did not begin until the early sixties.
3. Central to it were those medical exams. Performed quickly and mechanically, they had a perfunctory quality to them—as if the Aliens wished to perform as many exams as possible.

What significance might be gleaned from these facts? Could they be linked? I racked my brains. What event or set of circumstances involved solely the U.S....began during the sixties...and related to medicine?

Then it came to me.

Medicare/Medicaid.

America's health-care program for the needy.

I was vaguely familiar with the history and provisions of this government program. Investigating further, I learned that it had begun to take shape in 1961. That was the year Congress and the new administration had begun moving towards a health plan. Support had been gathered, studies had been made, bills had been drafted.

(1961...the same year the abduction phenomenon had first manifest itself, with the kidnapping of the Hills.)

The legislative process took several years. But finally, on July 30, 1965, President Johnson had signed into law Titles XVIII and XIX of the Social Security Act. To emphasize the historic nature of the occasion, he had signed the bill with one hundred pens—inscribing a small portion of his signature with each pen. The pens had then been passed out as souvenirs, to those instrumental in the bill's passage.

Medicare/Medicaid—the program Johnson would come to see as the crowning achievement of his presidency—had become a reality.

It was now possible for a physician to perform a medical procedure—or *simply to examine a patient*—and receive payment from the government.

A billion-dollar program that provided health insurance for the poor, the elderly, and the chronically-ill, Medicare/Medicaid was a boon for many Americans. But it was also a golden opportunity—for unscrupulous persons to enrich themselves via a scam.

Unscrupulous persons...*or beings.*

Which is what I suddenly perceived UFO abductions to be. An insurance scam. Perpetrated by beings from another planet.

In a flash, it all became clear to me. The Aliens were performing unnecessary medical exams. On randomly-selected persons. In an assembly-line fashion. They then submitted the necessary paperwork to the government, and received payment.

And if it was true that more than *three million Americans* had been abducted, this was a multimillion-dollar operation!

As for the details of the scam—how the Aliens delivered the paperwork into the system, where they received their

payments, what they did with the dollars—I had no idea. Presumably, somewhere on Earth they maintained a base, where the clerical work was performed. Perhaps this base was located at Mount Shasta, the site of so many UFO sightings. I could imagine a vast cavern beneath the mountain. In it forms were filled out by Aliens hunched over typewriters. Or by human slaves. Or by captured beings from around the Universe. Whatever. But something of the sort *had* to be going on.



The question will be asked: How could the Space Aliens have known—light-years away on their home planet—that we were ripe for such a scam? The answer must be *they are able to detect government programs from a distance*. It is comparable to the ability of the Space People to detect nuclear explosions. And just as the Space People had hastened Earth-

ward—to save us from destruction—the Aliens, too, had hurried over. To make a bundle!

The more I pondered this theory, the more convincing it became. 1966 had indeed been a watershed year for abductions, as Philip Klass maintained. But not on account of a best-selling book and suggestible public. Rather, *that was the year the new health plan began to be implemented*. And the dramatic increase in abduction reports during the seventies—the result of a television movie? Not at all. That was when the various states had gotten their plans in place, and Medicare/Medicaid had become fully operational. Whereupon, the Aliens had gone to town!

Quazgaa told Betty Andreasson in 1966: “We love the human race. We have come to help the human race.” Had they really? I don’t think so. They had come to conduct an insurance scam and rake in dollars.

Why would they come so far for so venal a purpose? My guess is that the Space Aliens occupy a peculiar niche in the ecology of the Universe. They are a species that has evolved in a parasitic fashion—sustaining itself through *interplanetary fraud*. I am reminded of the Space Critters, drifting about the galaxy in search of power lines from which to feed. The Space Aliens, too, travel about—looking for societies with a susceptible health plan. Among the millions of inhabited planets, there must be many of these. The Aliens are able to locate and exploit them.

Anyhow, that’s my theory. If it’s correct, President Johnson’s health program has been suffering—since its inception—from unimagined abuse. And poor Johnson—who waged an unpopular war, and left a legacy of debt and social dependency—must be blamed, too, for attracting the Space Aliens.

Our health-care system is currently being reformed. The new set-up will probably make this sort of abuse impossible; and the Aliens will move on to some other planet.

Until then, we must endure their shenanigans.

Spiritual Benefits

Whatever they are—demons, scientists from afar, interplanetary crooks—the Space Aliens would seem to be prime candidates for avoidance. Forced medical exams are nobody’s idea of fun (except maybe theirs); and for the average abductee, the only good thing about the entire business is that he is made to forget it.

Yet it has become increasingly evident that—disturbing as they are—UFO abductions can have a positive side. Incredible as it may sound, an abductee can profit from his experience. For there are *spiritual and psychological benefits* to be gained.

In recent years a number of mental health professionals have been studying the phenomenon, and counselling its victims. One of these is Dr. Leo Sprinkle, who hosts the annual Rocky Mountain Conference of UFO abductees. Sprinkle feels that important lessons may be learned from an encounter with Aliens. One can acquire a sense of being part of a larger reality, and become what he calls a “cosmic citizen.” Sprinkle encourages abductees to view their experience as a transformative journey—a source of personal growth.

Similar sentiments have been expressed by Dr. David Gotlib, a Canadian psychiatrist, writing in the *Bulletin of Anomalous Experience*:

Maybe it’s a personal growth challenge....One of the things I’ve seen happen in the therapeutic process is that when you begin to suggest that to them, they begin to develop an insight not only about their abduction experience, but about other aspects of their life as well....All experience, positive or negative, is an opportunity for transformation. This, because it grabs you and shakes you so much, is profoundly transformative, if you let it be so.

The benefits may go even further. Dr. John Mack is the Harvard psychiatrist who specializes in the treatment of

abductees. In *Abductions: Human Encounters with Aliens*, Mack describes the experience as a “cosmic correction,” whose purpose is to push us up the evolutionary ladder—to help develop our consciousness. Abductees, he reports, may “undergo profound spiritual development, including intense sensitivity to the destruction of the earth.” And they often become aware of “other realities”—dimensions beyond our own universe—or even develop psychic abilities. They also gain a sense of oneness with all things, and cease to identify with a narrow social role. Given all this, Mack urges abductees to see themselves, not as victims, but as “pioneers in a new human endeavor.”

And Dr. Kenneth Ring, a psychologist interested in the similarities between UFO and near-death experiences, sees abductees (or “experiencers,” as he prefers to call them) as likely to develop a sense of the sanctity of all forms of life, and a heightened concern for the environment.

But what about the abductees themselves? Would they agree? Examining their statements, we find that many have testified to just such benefits. Listen to Barney Hill:

Philosophically, it has given me a broader appreciation of the universe. After the incident happened, Betty and I would many times visit the Hayden Planetarium, listening to the lectures. The more we learned, the more fascinating the universe became to us. We bought books on the stars and planets, and our outlook broadened considerably.

Betty agreed:

I think the most important thing to me is that I've taken a broader look at the world....Before this experience, my attitude was that anybody who believed in anything I don't understand, anyone who seemed too far-out, I considered sort of a kook. Now I think I have more tolerance toward new ideas, even if I can't accept them myself.*

Whitney Strieber is the novelist who was abducted in 1986, and who wrote a best-selling book about his experi-

* The Hills are quoted in John Fuller's *The Interrupted Journey*.

ence. He believes the Space Aliens have come from another plane of existence, to help us attain a higher state of consciousness.

And Skye Ambrose (her real name) is a Missouri resident abducted in 1989. Ambrose believes the Aliens are here to bring about evolutionary change, and to “make sure we humans don’t destroy the planet in the meantime.” Her abduction experience, she says, has enriched her life. The anxiety and insecurity that once plagued her have yielded to a sense of spiritual growth. Ambrose has abandoned a career in real estate to become a massage therapist, and is currently writing a book. She is avid to learn more about the Aliens’ plan for our progress. “I know now that I chose to go through with this,” she says of her abduction and its aftermath. “I’m cooperating with a universal purpose.”*

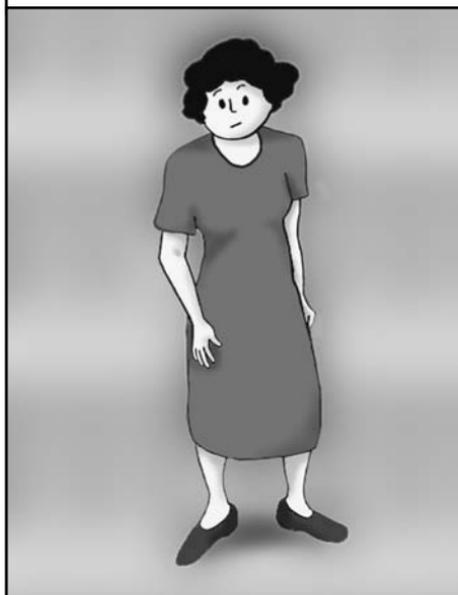
So there are benefits to be had from a UFO abduction. You must simply be able to recognize them—and be open to personal growth.

Nobody wants to be abducted. But if it happens, there are two ways to go. You can avoid remembering the experience. Or you can seek to recall, deal with, and MAKE THE MOST of that experience.

It’s up to you.

* Quoted in “Carried Away?” by Frank Huznik, *USA Weekend*, June 25–27, 1993.

5. Flying Saucers and You



Me?

You may be saying: “Okay, so people get taken aboard flying saucers. Fine. But it probably won’t happen to me. So why should I worry about it?”

Let me tell you something. It could *easily* happen to you. For it has already happened to a multitude of others.

Let’s take a look at some figures.

According to ufologist John Weldon, 2500 persons are known to have had a UFO contact experience. His survey covered the years 1897 to 1979. Thousands of additional cases have been reported since.

But that’s only the tip of the iceberg. Fearing ridicule, many contactees choose not to come forward. The number of “silent contactees” has been estimated, by another ufologist, at 50,000.

50,000! Yet we still haven’t considered the largest group of all. These are persons *unaware* of their flying saucer experience, on account of a memory block. The Roper Organization conducted a survey relating to this phenomenon. Looking for telltale signs (such as missing time or dreams of UFOs) in a random sampling of Americans, they determined that as many as *3.7 million* of us have been abducted—unknowingly!—by Aliens.

And if that figure doesn’t grab your attention, how about this one? By my own estimate, nearly *80 million* Americans have either boarded a flying saucer, been in direct contact with someone who has, or read about such a person in a supermarket tabloid.

That’s one in every three Americans.

And you’re still insisting it doesn’t concern you?

“Yes, I am,” you reply. “It’s not going to happen to me. I’m not the type.”

You’re not, huh? In a study conducted during the early seventies, researchers examined data relating to contactees. They found as follows:

There are thousands of people throughout the world who

attest to having communication with extraterrestrials.... What type person would you expect to see contacting space beings? According to our files at Other Dimensions and the contact we have had with contactees, there is no set pattern. Some contactees are young, some old; some are tall, some short; and they come from all ethnic and religious backgrounds.*

Thus, no type of individual has been found to predominate among contactees. And among abductees? Are any of us more likely than others to be taken aboard a saucer against our will? A study has shown that abductees tend to be in their 20s or 30s; show a slight preponderance of outdoor types; and are more often male than female. Yet these are merely general trends. After studying hundreds of cases, Coral Lorenzen of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization warns simply that "every human on this planet is a potential kidnap victim."

In other words, a flying saucer experience *can happen to anyone*.

Including you.

Are you ready for it?

* Glenn McWane and David Graham, *The New UFO Sightings* (Warner Paperback Library, 1974).

Being Prepared

The key to success in any endeavor is preparedness. Going for a hike? You take care to be physically fit, and to bring along any equipment that may be needed. Traveling to a foreign land? You study the language, and get inoculated against local diseases. Such measures can make the difference between a rewarding time and a disaster.

The same is true of a ride in a flying saucer. Your encounter can be deeply satisfying, or woeful from start to finish. The key lies in *being prepared*.

Now there are two kinds of preparation: psychological and practical. Both are needed to insure a gratifying experience.

Psychological preparation involves your attitude—which has got to be positive! As the encounter starts to unfold, stand tall. Have a glint in your eye. *Look forward* to what is about to happen. Contactees should tell themselves that a unique experience is in the offing—one that will expand their consciousness, broaden their horizons, and leave them with an incredible story to tell. Abductees should remind themselves that they are about to receive a complete diagnostic examination, performed with advanced technology—and that they'll soon be back in their bed or car.*

The idea is to relax and let it happen. Seek to view the encounter (bizarre as it may be) as a welcome break in your routine. A learning experience. *An opportunity for growth*.

So a positive attitude is important. Yet it's not enough. One must be prepared, too, in a practical sense. And for

* Really, you will be. There is no known case of an abductee who was not returned. It is true that a permanent abduction might go unrecognized as such—the victim merely deemed a missing person. But the Space Aliens *will* return you. All they want is to complete another medical exam, send in the paperwork, and get reimbursed. The last thing they need on their hands, on the way back to their home planet, is you.

that there's an excellent model—the Boy Scout.

The Scout's motto says it all: BE PREPARED. To that end he acquires various skills. But he also assembles *a kit*. In it go such items as compass, string, bandages, matches, map—anything for which a need might arise during his sojourn in the wild. With this kit tucked away in his backpack, the Scout is prepared.

And you should be too. How? By putting together what I call an Encounter Kit.

An Encounter Kit is a bagful of items that could prove useful—even vital—during your stay on a UFO. The Kit is assembled in advance, then kept where it will be most accessible—by your bed, near the front door, under the car seat. (A smart idea is to assemble several Encounter Kits, and keep them at different locations.) Any sort of bag will do—gym bag, tote bag, plastic shopping bag. Here's what I suggest it contain:

NOTEBOOK

PEN (get one of those Space Pens developed for NASA—it'll write in reduced gravity, a vacuum, and other extreme situations)

SWEATER (the saucers tend to be over-air-conditioned)

CAMERA AND FILM (be sure to ask your hosts if photographs are okay)

TOOTHBRUSH

CHANGE OF UNDERWEAR

ASPIRIN, ANTACID, ETC.

CRACKERS AND WATER (abductees are rarely given anything to eat or drink)

MARTIAN DICTIONARY (Theodore Flournoy's *From India to the Planet Mars* [University Books, 1960] transcribes a number of Martian words and gives their English equivalent)

PARTY HORN (for communicating with the party horn-nosed aliens)

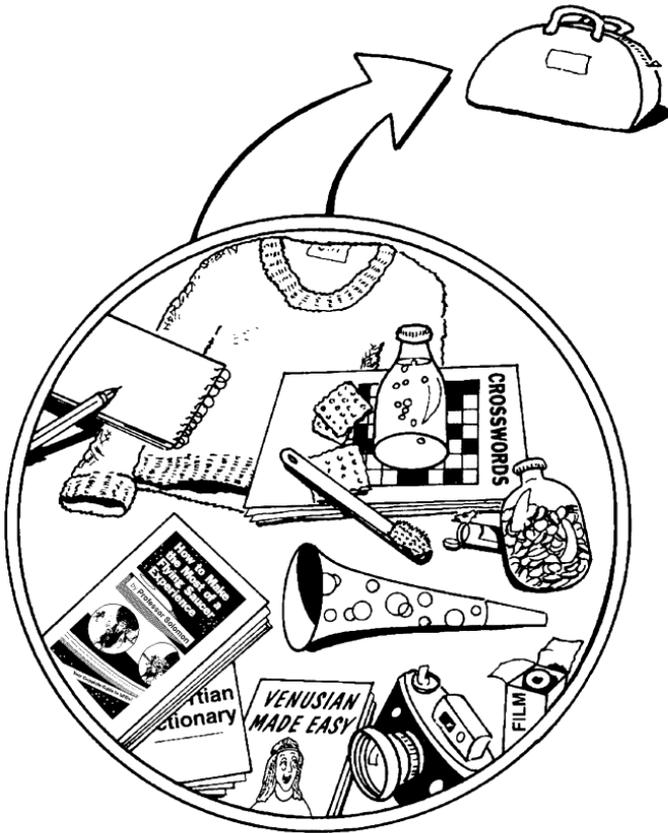
PRODUCT TIE-IN (see page 146)

MAGAZINE (you may be kept waiting for your medical exam)

THIS BOOK (you'll want to refer back to it)*

Put together this Kit and keep it handy at all times—ready to be grabbed at a moment's notice.

You should also consider installing a UFO detector in your home or automobile. Upon sensing the type of electromagnetism associated with saucers, these devices sound an alarm. Without one, you could get taken by surprise—*not* the best way to begin an encounter. Detectors are advertised



* If you assemble multiple Encounter Kits, be sure to place a copy of my book in each of them. Hang the expense. It could prove to be the single most useful item in your Kit.

in UFO magazines.*

Actually, there is one other type of preparedness that could prove useful—and that's psychic. If you're eager for an encounter, get in touch with your intuitive faculties. Contactees have reported an "overpowering urge" to drive to a particular site. They do so, and find a saucer awaiting them. Be alert to such feelings—they're surprisingly reliable.

Speaking of alertness, an extra measure of it may be called for under certain circumstances. Ufologists have determined the following:

1. The highest rates of both sightings and contacts are found in Ohio, New Mexico, and the metropolitan Los Angeles area.
2. The peak months for sightings and contacts are September and October.
3. The peak day is Wednesday (20.7% of all reports).

* Or you can build your own. Basically, they are magnetometers capable of detecting any changes in the magnetic fields between .1 Hz and 10 Hz. Below is a typical concoction.



4. The peak hours are 8–11 in the evening.
5. The likeliest sites are isolated locations—in particular, lonely roads. 38% of contacts are of the Lonely Road type.



So if you're driving on a lonely road in Ohio, and it's a Wednesday night in October...keep an eye out for extraterrestrials.

One final word on preparedness. Entire communities have taken steps to prepare for (or to attract) a flying saucer. The town of Lake City, Pennsylvania, built a landing site, and held a UFO festival. And a city counselor in Nashville has been trying to get a landing site built there. (To lure back Elvis?)

But the bottom line is this: flying saucers don't need a landing site. They can set down anywhere. And take aboard anyone—you, me, that Boy Scout—who happens to suit their fancy.

So be prepared.

Coming Aboard

Boarding a UFO can be a daunting experience. A prospective contactee is not sure what to expect from the strange craft (which he has approached with as much hesitation as anticipation) looming before him. Nothing in his prior experience has prepared him for this moment. His mouth is dry, his heart beats rapidly. He considers taking off in the opposite direction!

Such feelings are understandable. Yet they can and should be avoided. Let's take a look at the boarding process, and try to dispel some of the mystery and anxiety that surround it.

Flying saucers are boarded in one of two ways. If the ship is sitting on the ground with its door open, you can walk right up to it. Howard V. Chambers, author of *UFOs for the Millions* (Sherbourne Press, 1967), advises contactees to approach a landed saucer "with optimistic caution." Maintain your poise, he says, by thinking friendly and curious thoughts—thoughts that may be monitored by those inside. And Chambers offers this empathetic observation: "Remember that the contact may be just as exciting for your visitors as it is for you." When you reach the ramp, simply climb it, hop inside, and look about for a crew member.

But increasingly, contactees are being tractor-beamed aboard. A hovering UFO emits a ray—which strikes you, renders you immobile, and draws you inside. The experience can be disconcerting. But try to relax and enjoy it. Think of it as an amusement park ride.

The following is a description of being tractor-beamed aboard. It is from *Seven Hours Aboard a Space Ship* by Dan Martin (self-published, 1959). Two men from Mercury had appeared at Martin's door and announced: "We have come to take you on a journey in a space ship. It will be interesting and helpful." Leading Martin into an invisible beam, they positioned themselves on either side of him.

As soon as they took hold of my two arms, we went up; no

time was lost. The sensation was just like going up in a fast elevator. It might scare you a little, or make you feel as if you were being turned wrong side out. This was the sensation I had. I looked down and could see the waters of the Rio Grande River flowing between the two cities. I knew that we were traveling fast, as the lights were rapidly becoming dimmer. I did not have any particular sensation of traveling at this time, only at the start. It was a matter of minutes until we were out of sight of the lights of the cities and the river. I began to feel very cold and I knew we were quite high.

The three were soon entering the ship, via a tube equipped with spiral shutters.

Being tractor-beamed is perfectly safe. Associated with the procedure, though, are some minor ills—headache, nervous stomach, fatigue. Be sure your Encounter Kit is equipped with the appropriate pills.

Once aboard, you may be taken aback by the exotic technology that will surround you. So here's an idea of what to expect. This description of a saucer's interior is taken from Reinhold Schmidt's *Edge of Tomorrow: The Reinhold O. Schmidt Story* (self-published, 1963):

Besides the leader there were three men and two women in the ship. The women were sitting behind a big desk on which there was a large frame which enclosed what looked like a viewing screen. At the same end of the ship were four columns of colored liquid: red, green, blue, and orange. These tubes were approximately 4½ feet high and 6 inches in diameter. The ladies seemed to be watching the liquid very closely as it moved slowly up and down, like the pistons in an automobile. The three men were working on an instrument panel that filled one side of the room. I saw one of them clip off some short wires. The panel was filled with clocks, dials, buttons and switches. In the center was a large screen which looked like our television screens, but it was not working while I was there.

The walls of the ship were about a foot thick and looked glassy. Oddly enough, I could see through them...the sky, the surrounding scenery, even the weeds and brush beneath us were visible! But, I remembered, looking at the ship from the outside it seemed to be made of a solid piece of

metal. There were no portholes or windows. The only opening was the doorway.

While you're gaping at all this, the ship may take off. Grab onto something. You don't want to go flying into those tubes of colored liquid (and get billed for breakage). Or worse yet, go flying out the doorway.*

The main thing to remember is that a *unique experience* is about to come your way. If the Space People are your hosts, that experience can be positive and empowering. Something more ambivalent may be expected from the Space Aliens.

So try to relax as you come aboard. Get ready to deal with—and to MAKE THE MOST of—your encounter.

* I am often asked: "Professor Solomon, just where do you stand on flying saucers?" And I reply: "Away from the door!"

Making the Most

A ride in a UFO is a once-in-a-lifetime event. For some, it is an unnerving event—a misfortune to be endured, then mercifully forgotten. For others, it is the *opportunity of a lifetime*.

Your experience can be good, bad, or indifferent—depending on your attitude. You can decide from the start that this is the worst thing that has ever happened to you—and it probably will be. Or you can decide that good fortune has sought you out. The choice is yours.

Look, you're aboard a flying saucer. So why not calm down and accept that? And once you've done so, go a step further. Resolve to make the most of the situation—to derive *every possible benefit* from it.

"Fine," you may be saying in a doubtful tone of voice. "But just how do I go about doing that?"

It's a question I hear all the time. And the answer is:

Check out the following suggestions—my 37 PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS for making the most of a flying saucer experience.

I have assembled them into two sets. The first consists of things to do while an encounter is still unfolding—that is, while you're still aboard the ship. The second is for when you're back on Earth. Read through these suggestions. Mark those that seem appropriate to your own needs, temperament, or lifestyle.

Then, when your encounter begins, you'll be ready.

Ready to MAKE THE MOST of it!

Okay, here are my suggestions. To begin with, things to do while still aboard:

- 1.** To establish an initial rapport with your hosts (or captors), make an effort to learn the rudiments of their language. In the case of the Space People, that won't be easy. Their language is a complex arrangement of multisyllabic

abstractions (a single word can take up to half an hour to pronounce); formulaic clichés (every sentence must include one); and meditative murmurs. But your efforts to speak it, however clumsy, will demonstrate a general willingness to learn.

You'll have an easier time with those aliens that have party horns for noses. Just get out your horn and exchange some honks with them. They'll love it!



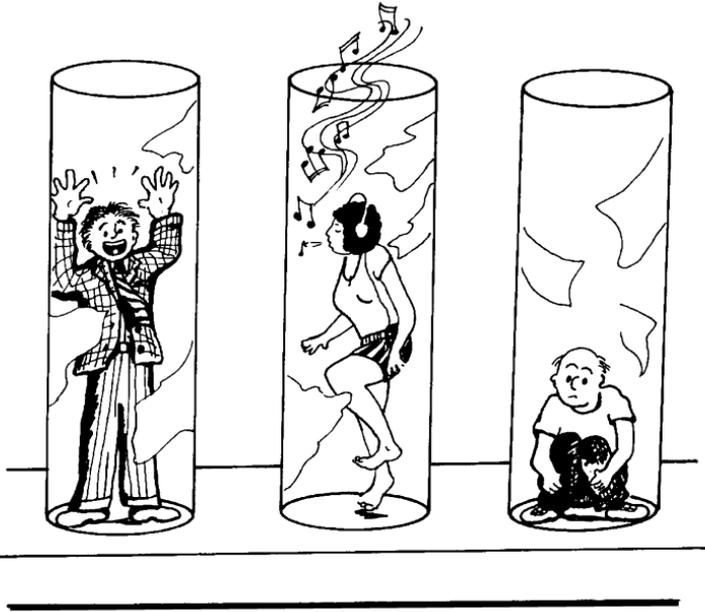
As for the Space Aliens, try cackling, humming, or gesturing at them. No communication may result; but it could dawn on them that you're an intelligent, articulate creature like themselves—someone worthy of decent treatment.

2. Question the Space People about their home planet. What's its name? In what constellation does it lie? Does it have different nationalities? What are its television shows like? Once reminded that Clarion or Thantex or Bibulos is exotic and interesting to you, they'll be more than happy to talk about it.

And maybe even to take you there.

3. That circular corridor along the perimeter of most

saucers? It's perfect for jogging. So how about a few laps? They'll help to counter the effects of artificial gravity on your musculoskeletal system. And for abductees, there's no better way to dissolve stress. (If you're confined to a capsule, try jogging in place. Pretend you're waiting for a traffic light to change.)



4. The Space People will probably give you a tour of the ship. While being led about, note the location of any recreational or snack facilities. You'll want to make full use of these during your stay.

And observe closely the propulsion system and other advanced technology—for the benefit of the scientists who, upon your return to Earth, will be *lining up* to question you.

5. The Space People can help you develop your psychic powers. If you're serious about it, and willing to make

the effort, you can learn ESP, clairvoyance, or spoon-bending. Just let them know you're interested.*

6. Ask for a jumpsuit—there's usually a spare one aboard—and wear it about the ship. You'll feel less like an outsider.†

7. Be adventuresome when it comes to the Space People's cuisine. Based on a type of bean curd, it takes getting used to. But at least sample everything on the table. Highly recommended is the nectar, which is drunk throughout

* Uri Geller, the noted spoon-bender, tells (in *My Story* [Praeger Publishers, 1975]) of having acquired his powers from extraterrestrial entities.

† The jumpsuit will be useful, too, back on Earth—so hang onto it. You can wear it to parties, as a conversation piece. And it will enhance your stage appearance, should you go on tour as a spoon-bender.



the meal—and is helpful in achieving the Extraterrestrial Glide (see #8).



Some of the more advanced Space People avoid food entirely—they consume only pills. Should you find yourself on one of their ships, be sure to observe the proper etiquette. Each pill—starting with the smallest—is levitated into the air, then given a gentle tap into the mouth. (It’s a chance to show off your newly-acquired psychic powers.)*



* The *most* advanced Space People avoid even pills. According to Thomas Lake Harris, a nineteenth-century spiritualist, the inhabitants of Cassiopeia “feed chiefly upon the aromas of exquisite flowers.”

8. Learn to do the Extraterrestrial Glide—a form of levitation that’s both stylish and practical. I have come across several references to the Glide.

In *The Winged Life of Cosmos: Testimony of Sister Hope* (Chatfaut Press, 1974), Hope Troxell offers a tantalizing glimpse. Troxell was walking along a path, when she encountered a well-dressed, smiling extraterrestrial:

My eyes kept being drawn to his feet—for I could not quite tell—but he didn’t seem to be touching the ground, yet every time I tried to watch exactly, his eyes called mine back to his face. Yet it was also strange that there was no sound of his footsteps! Was he, or was he not, walking on the path? As he came closer there seemed to be several inches of space between his feet and the ground.

Reinhold Schmidt, a fertilizer salesman who was taken by saucer from Nebraska to the North Pole, notes:

Another thing that fascinated me was the way the crewmen glided, instead of walking, across the floor when they stepped back from the instrument panels! It seemed as though they were on a moving sidewalk, although I saw no moving parts...and when I tried it, it didn’t work! I wondered if they had something special on their shoes.

Howard Menger witnessed the Glide:

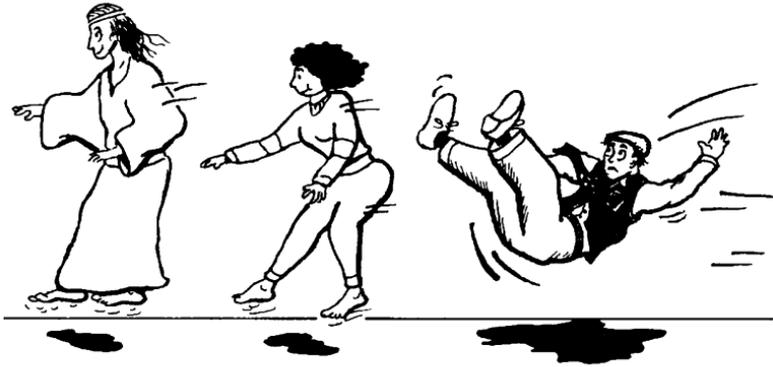
A tall handsome man with long blond hair over his shoulder stood towering at the entrance. He looked directly at me as he stepped out of the ship. He proceeded toward me, but he seemed to float or glide, rather than walk. His body appeared to be weightless.

And in New Mexico, Air Force Sergeant Charles Moody was abducted from his car one morning in 1975. He reports: “It’s going to sound ridiculous and I hope nobody sends me a straight jacket, but these beings did not walk, they *glided*.”

Ask the Space People to show you how to do the Glide. It’s useful for sneaking about (avoiding your boss, coming home late, getting a midnight snack), or for just look-

ing cool.

The trick, apparently, is one of *mind over matter*. Just keep telling yourself: “I can do it, I can do it.”



9. Most saucers have a lounge with comfortable chairs and a viewing window. Be sure to spend some time in this room, sipping nectar and gazing out the window. It will be a memorable experience. You'll see more stars than you can imagine—all bright and unflickering. And in the midst of them, this cloud-clad Earth of ours. A glorious sight!

Sit there and meditate on the nature of the Universe...on Man's place in it...on the meaning of things. Pour yourself another nectar, and allow the sheer wonder of the Cosmos to engulf you.

In *The Secret of the Saucers*, Orfeo Angelucci describes his feelings as he gazed out a viewing window and contemplated the blaze of stars:

All was brooding silence, order, and indescribable beauty. A deep feeling of reverence possessed me. I had never been an actively religious man, but in that moment I knew God as a tangible, immutable Force that reaches to the furthest depths of Time and Eternity.

And the lines of Edward Young in *Night Thoughts* come to mind:

Devotion! Daughter of Astronomy!
An inddevout astronomer is mad.

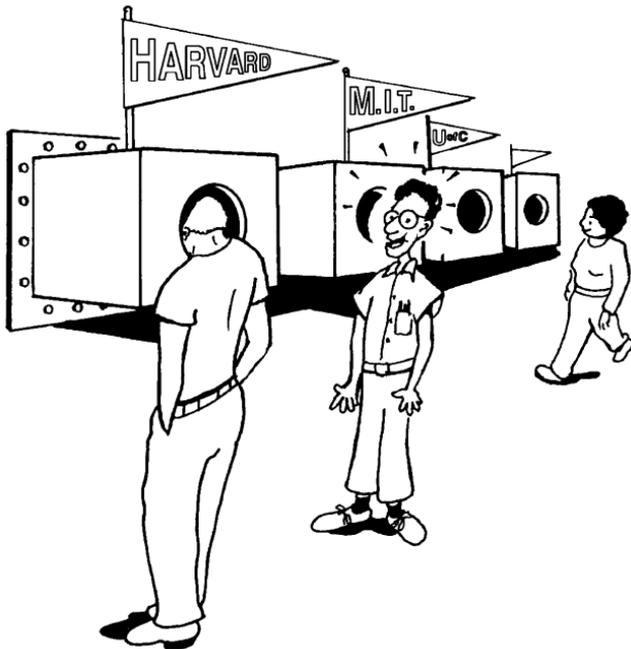
10. Keep a space diary—a detailed record of everything that happens to you aboard the saucer. (Use that notebook and pen in your Encounter Kit.) Should you decide to write a book or give lectures, such a record will prove invaluable.

It will be useful, too, in case of a lawsuit. Let's say you wind up having to sue the Space People, for mental distress suffered during an accident. If you testify, "I vaguely recall being dematerialized during the afternoon of my first—no, my second day—on the craft," the jury may have its doubts. But show them a scrawled

Tues. 2:30—got dematerialized while being shown the propulsion system—whew!

and you've got yourself a dozen believers.

11. Acquire a *college education*. How? It's easy. The Space People have this machine—a box with a hole in it—into which you stick your head. Ninety seconds later you



remove your head...and are educated! It's as simple as that. There's even a choice of curriculum: traditional, multicultural, or "pop."

Don't miss out on this opportunity. It's free, fast, and painless. You'll return to Earth with improved prospects for a job. (The machine leaves a faint mark on your ear that serves as a diploma. Just lean forward and show the mark to prospective employers.)

12. Some flying saucers are capable of time travel. Should you find yourself aboard such a craft, take advantage of that capability. How? By going back in time...and *becoming your own grandfather*.

Why would anyone want to become his own grandfather? Because it can lower your income tax—due to a quirk in the laws defining a dependent.

And small businessmen can benefit from being their own grandfather. It exempts them from certain federal regulations, thanks to a "grandfather clause" attached to the original legislation.

13. Get rejuvenated. The Space People have an elixir that will restore your youth. (Remember Mondraoleeka, 417 years old and still youthful in body and mind?)

There's a side effect associated with the elixir: spontaneous levitation. (See "Things to Beware" for more on this phenomenon.) But the newly youthful soon get the hang of keeping their feet on the ground.

14. Get the Space People to share their wisdom with you. They are an ancient and savvy civilization. So sit back, sip on your nectar, and listen to them expatiate. Get a sense of how they approach the fundamental questions. Seek to comprehend their vision of life—to view the Universe through their twinkling eyes.

The goal is not to cram your mind with more information, but to *expand your Cosmic Consciousness*. How will you

know when you've done so? A strange tingle will spread over your body...the chair will seem to have come alive...and you'll become convinced that you and the chair—indeed, you and the Universe—are One.*

15. The Space People may offer you a trip to Mars. Take them up on it. Mars is a fascinating place; and a flying saucer, the perfect means for sightseeing.

Be sure to visit the Happy Face (see photo on page 159). Carved by the Martians as a symbol of their utopian ideals, it's the largest monument in the Solar System. If the rigors

* Mind and matter are a continuum. So as your Consciousness expands, your body may do likewise—and become stuck in the chair! Just shimmy about until disengaged.



of your encounter are starting to get to you, a big smile could be just what's needed.

Mars, of course, is covered with canals. They serve to transport water from the polar ice caps—which melt periodically—to millions of backyard swimming pools. (A pool is a constitutionally-guaranteed amenity of every Martian.) You'll want to visit a canal and ride in a gondola. Your gon-



dolier will serenade you, beneath a romantic *pair* of moons.*

16. Go to the lounge, activate the jukebox, and listen to some Space Music. This stuff is different, but oddly satisfying once you get used to it.

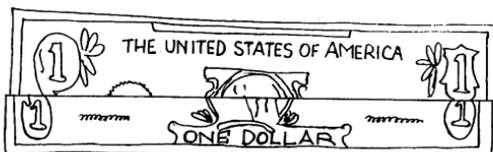
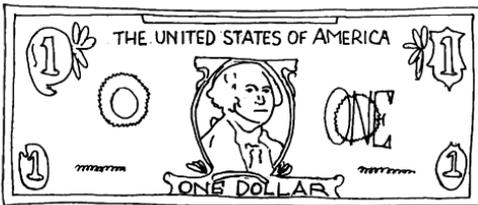
What is Space Music like? Orfeo Angelucci describes it in *The Secret of the Saucers*:

But as my ears caught a startling, unfamiliar strain, I listened intently to music such as I had never heard or could imagine. It is beyond description, for it was not music as we know it, nor was it played to our musical scale. It was strange, haunting drifts of melody that brought visions of star galaxies and planets spinning in notes of perfect harmony.

And George Adamski (who heard Space Music while aboard the mother ship) describes it as “like no music I had ever before heard.”

Should you acquire a taste for it, Space Music is available on Earth—on recordings by terrestrial musicians who have tuned in to the celestial vibes. Playing such instruments as

* Mars is not on the money system (everything is free); so you won't have to pay the gondolier. But he will appreciate a dollar bill—for its picture of George Washington. (Martians like to fold George into a mushroom.)



the Harmony Harp (with its hundred-note octave) and the Cosmic Beam, these artists have given expression to a gal-limaufry of (to quote a blurb for one of their recordings) “deep drones, galactic winds, thunderous rumblings, harmonic choirs, and elegant electronic motifs.” Check the New Age section of your music store. And be prepared for something...different.

Space Music is great for meditation or stress reduction.

17. But an even more exhilarating musical experience is available aboard the saucer. For you'll be in a position to listen to *the real thing*—those harmonies of which Space Music is a pale reflection.

I am referring to the Music of the Spheres.

What is the Music of the Spheres? Does it even exist? Modern-day astronomers scoff at the idea. But for thousands of years, the planets and stars were thought to be attached to invisible spheres. Propelled by angels, these spheres revolve. And their motion produces heavenly harmonies—an ethereal music. Due to our mortal nature, however, we cannot normally hear these sounds.*

But aboard a saucer, you'll be able to hear the Music of

* Our deafness to the Music of the Spheres is described by Shakespeare:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings....
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Yet we may be granted intimations of that music—in dreams. Here's Milton:

But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres
And sing...
...the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mold with gross unpurgèd ear.

the Spheres. Just open a porthole, hold your breath, stick your head into Space, and—enjoy!



18. Get your hosts to give you a message—an urgent communication to be delivered to Mankind. Message-giving used to be routine. Today it's often neglected, by Space People who act more like tourists than benefactors. But if you prod them, they'll come up with a few stern injunctions—to stop waging war, polluting the atmosphere, wearing furs, etc.

Sit your Space Person down. Fetch him a goblet of nectar (to get him going). Let him see from your sober expression that you're a serious, competent sort—someone he can trust to faithfully record and deliver his message. Now write down everything he says.

Try to get him to make his points clearly and succinctly. If there's something you don't understand, now's the time to

Speak up—not when you’re back on Earth, watching the saucer disappear into the sky. Urge him to avoid clichés. (Good luck!) When he’s finished, thank him in behalf of humanity. (Sounds sappy, I know, but do it. Say, “Thank you, sir, in behalf of humanity.”)

And you’ve got yourself a message.*



* If you’ve been abducted by Space *Aliens*, you may still be able to get a message. They *occasionally* give them out. Betty Andreasson, for example, brought back the following message from Quazgaa, conveyed to her in his native tongue:

“Oh-tookurah bohotutah mawhulah duh duwa ma her duh okaht turaht nuwrlahantutrah aw-hoe-noemarikoto tutrah etrah meekohtutrah etro indra ukreeahlah.”

Andreasson had no idea what this meant; she was simply repeating it, she said. (Quoted in Fowler, *The Andreasson Affair*.)

19. Discreetly pocket some small object (food pill, bar of soap, chunk of antimatter from the propulsion system) as a memento.

Your grandchildren may someday ask you: “Gramp, is it true you once rode in a flying saucer?”

You can nod slowly; show them this memento; gaze wistfully into the sky; and murmur: “Yeah, I rode one. And you know what? If they came back tonight...I’d do it again.”*

20. If abducted by Space Aliens, refuse to be intimidated. Ignore their brusque manners and forbidding looks—that kind of behavior is their problem, not yours. Do what they tell you (after all, you *have* fallen into their clutches). But try to maintain your dignity, equanimity, and good humor. You’ll soon be done with this nonsense and headed home.

The Aliens will give you a medical examination. It can take anywhere from a few minutes to an hour. When it’s over, tell them you wish to see the results. Insist on this. *It’s your legal right.* Have the “doctor” in charge—the tall one with the clipboard—show you his notes and explain them to you. (He’ll speak no English; but you can communicate via telepathy or gestures.)

If a problem is indicated, *get a second opinion.* Yes, that will mean another examination, by another impersonal team of Aliens. But it’s worth it. And you’re an old hand by now at being examined.

The original diagnosis will probably be confirmed. At that point insist upon *immediate treatment*—and at *their* expense. (If they start to frown, shake their heads, and cackle like geese, point out that you didn’t ask to be here—but that as long as you are, you’re *their* responsibility.)

* Lou Zinsstag was drinking coffee with Adamski, when he reached into his pocket and brought out a crystalline stone, wrapped in a silk cloth. The stone was from Venus, he said, smiling broadly. He let her handle it, and explained that his space friends had given it to him.

The point is to make the most of a distressing situation. Obnoxious as they are, the Space Aliens represent a technologically advanced race. Their diagnostic equipment and medical procedures are far superior to our own. So take advantage.



21. While waiting to be examined, abductees have noted the presence of other humans in the room—lying on tables or standing in glass capsules. If possible, go over and strike up a conversation with these people. They're as bewildered and apprehensive as you, and will welcome any human contact.

Your conversation could go something like this:

YOU: Hi there.

GUY ON TABLE: Hi.

YOU: This is bizarre, ain't it?

GUY ON TABLE: I'll say.

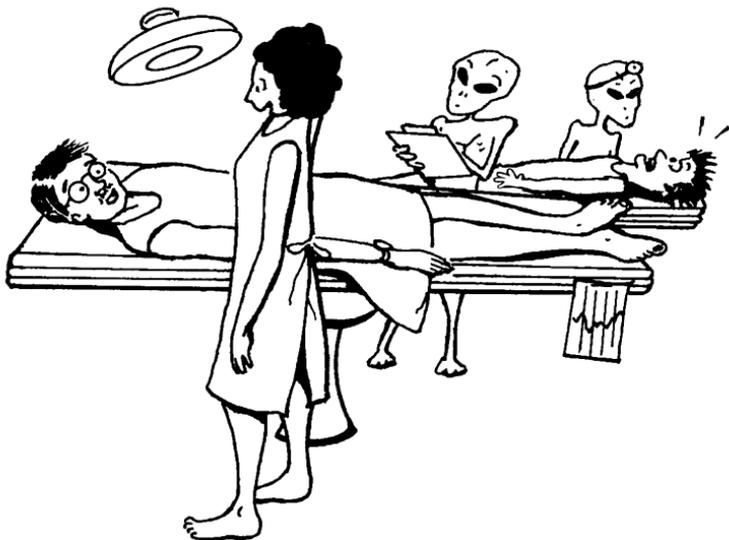
YOU: Been here long?

GUY ON TABLE: Too long.

YOU: I hear you, pal. Hang in there.

GUY ON TABLE: You too.

YOU: Okay, better get back to my table. Here they come.



22. An abductee with drawing skills? Do portraits of the Aliens; and let them have these as gifts. They'll appreciate the gesture and treat you better.



23. On a ship belonging to those party horn-nosed aliens? Join them in a jam session. You'll have a ball!*



Those are some ways in which to profit from your flying saucer experience, while still aboard.

But you can continue to reap benefits after returning to Earth. Remember how Adamski and the others turned their encounters into both personal advantage and public service? You can, too. Here are my suggestions for doing so:

24. Bring back a new food—something supernutritious, easy to grow, and tasty—and market it. You can make a profit, while rendering a service to humanity. Look at Howard Menger and his moon potato—it had *six times* the nutrients of an ordinary potato.

* Though limited to a few notes, the fellows are able to produce some expressive sounds on their noses. One group of them is said to appear regularly at a jazz club in San Francisco.

25. Bring back a new material and develop it commercially. Don't make the same mistake as William Denton, a New England spiritualist. Members of Denton's family traveled to Mars, via astral projection. (He describes their voyages in *The Soul of Things, or Psychometric Research and Discoveries* [self-published, 1873].) There they learned about aluminum, which the Martians used extensively. But Denton failed to follow up on this discovery. He made a modest living as author and lecturer, leaving the commercial introduction of the metal (in 1886) to others.

26. Come back with proof that you rode in a flying saucer. (A jumpsuit, a goblet, a photograph of the Space People.) You could win one of the cash awards offered periodically to anyone with evidence that the Earth is being visited by extraterrestrials.

(The *National Enquirer* had a standing offer of a million dollars for "positive proof" of flying saucers; while arch-debunker Philip Klass offered \$10,000 to any abductee whose story was repeated to, and confirmed by, the FBI.)

And be sure to sign an affidavit attesting to your experience. While not proof of anything, such a document—properly notarized—will enhance your claim.

27. That message the Space People gave you? Write it up and publish it. As a leaflet, a pamphlet, a book—whatever. The point is to get it to the public.

If the prospect of being a messenger is daunting, consider the case of Daniel Fry. While living in New Mexico, Fry had several contacts with an extraterrestrial named A-Lan (or Alan, as Fry called him). Finally, A-Lan asked him: "Dan, how much longer are you going to hide your light under a bushel?"

Fry was unfamiliar with the Biblical allusion. So A-Lan explained that when you light a candle, you don't hide it under a bushel basket. You put it on a candlestick, that everyone may benefit from the light. A-Lan went on:

“We have expended considerable time and patience in the effort to light a few candles among the races of your planet. It has been our hope that the light of these candles might grow in brilliance until it exposed the terrible abyss toward which the peoples of your world are so blindly rushing. We have given you information which is both of interest and of value to your people. Why do you keep it to yourself?”

“But what can I do? I am unknown. How can I reach the public, and who would listen if I could?”

“Those who are not blind to truth will recognize the value of the message, regardless of who the messenger may be. Write what you have learned from us in a book.... Tell the story through your newspapers, your radio and television stations, and if necessary, shout it from the house-tops, but let the people know.”*

Fry took this exhortation to heart. He wrote several books, founded Understanding Unlimited, and lectured around the world. He also made more than 1000 radio and television appearances.

Don't let the Space People down. Remember, you are their messenger. Scrawled in your notebook is that communication of theirs—that urgent message for Mankind. Yes, it's rambling, vapid, and cliché-ridden. But it's what they wanted to say, and what you agreed to deliver.

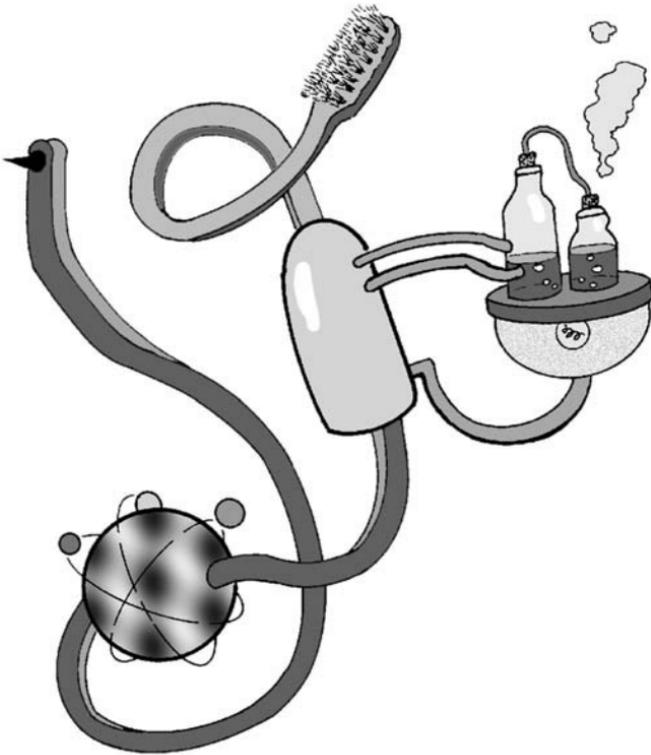
So...what are you waiting for?

28. Open a restaurant with an Outer Space theme. Give it a name like Celestials or the Jupiter Deli or Chez Andromeda. The menu could be shaped like a flying saucer. Wear your jumpsuit and greet customers at the door.

29. Install a universal-energy accumulator in your home, and save up to 100% on utility bills.

* Daniel Fry, *Alan's Message: To Men of Earth* (New Age, 1954).

30. The Space People use a toothbrush with an advanced design. Ask for one during your stay, and bring it back to Earth. Then reproduce and market it as the “Astro-Brush.”



31. Reinhold Schmidt noticed that the coffee served aboard the saucer was MJB brand. But he failed to follow up on this. He could have approached the coffee company and offered to do a commercial:

Scene: Reinhold Schmidt is seated in the lounge of a flying saucer, sipping on a beverage. Enter Firkon, an extraterrestrial.

SCHMIDT: Say, Firkon, this is excellent. What is it, a type of nectar?

FIRKON: No, just coffee.

SCHMIDT: Oh. Then it won't help me to levitate?

FIRKON: *(laughs)* I'm afraid not. But it'll give you a lift

in the morning—or whenever you need one.

SCHMIDT: What brand do you use?

FIRKON: MJB.

SCHMIDT: Is that available on Earth?

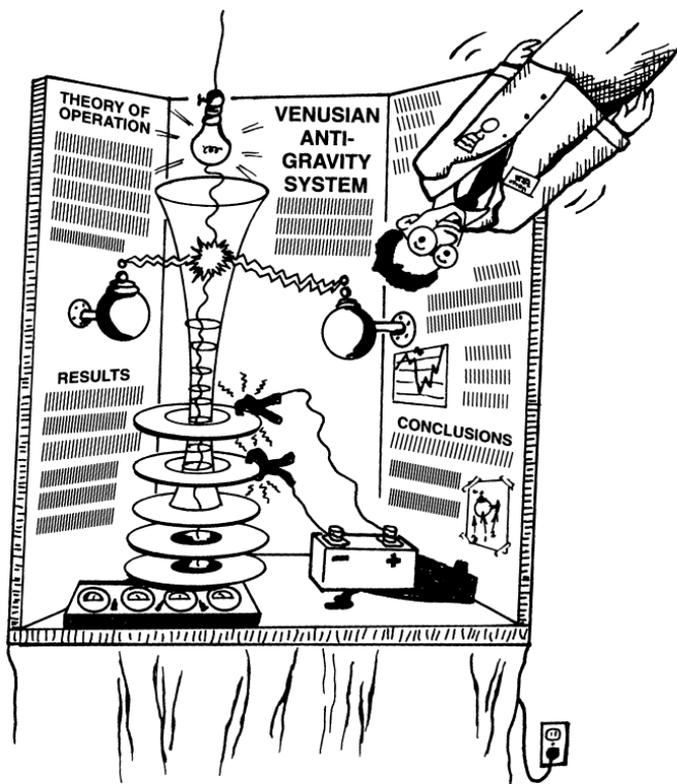
FIRKON: O yes.

SCHMIDT: MJB. I'll look for it....(*frowns*) Sure would like to levitate, though.

FIRKON: Try the nectar.

Look for a product tie-in, and go after it.

32. If you are a contactee who attends high school, how about a science-fair project inspired by your experience?



33. Design and market a line of Cosmic Clothes. You could sell fluorescent jumpsuits, caps with antennae, sneakers called The Glide. Or simply lend your name to such a line.



34. Support groups for abductees have been springing up everywhere. Join one. You'll find out how others are coping with (or better yet, making the most of) their experience.

You may spot a familiar face at one of these meetings. It's that guy on the next table, with whom you chatted while awaiting your medical exam. Go over, clap him on the back, and reminisce:

YOU: It was all so unreal.

GUY ON TABLE: I'll say.

YOU: Did you get the tall one with the clipboard?

GUY ON TABLE: Sure did. Know what I said to him?

YOU: What?

GUY ON TABLE: I said, "Baldie, do what you have to

do. But get it over with and let me out of here.” He just kinda cocked his head and started making these clucking sounds. And it dawns on me he doesn’t speak any English. Right? So I start singing. I go:

*Jeepers, Creepers!
Where’d ya get those peepers?
Jeepers, Creepers!
Where’d ya get those eyes?*

*Gosh all git up!
How’d they get so lit up?
Gosh all git up!
How’d they get that size?**

YOU: Hoo hoo!

GUY ON TABLE: Hope I never see that clown again. Or any of ’em.

YOU: It was like a bad dream.

GUY ON TABLE: Tell me about it.



* JEEPERS CREEPERS, by Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren
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35. Conduct workshops in the Extraterrestrial Glide.

36. Upon your return to Earth, take on a space name and start a new life. Change your name to something like Orlon or Xantar or Fromilex.

Friends may go on calling you Jim or Lisa. That's okay—so long as it's understood that you've undergone a transformation. That you've grown into a new, cosmically-conscious individual.

37. Write a book, give lectures, conduct workshops, appear on talk shows, start an organization, go around with a signboard. Anything—just don't keep your light under a bushel!





It could be only a matter of time before you get taken aboard a UFO. If so, I hope these suggestions prove helpful. Yet feel free to improvise with ideas of your own. Every flying saucer experience is unique. So do some brainstorming...and figure out how to benefit from your particular experience.

But my point is this:

Don't just have a flying saucer experience. MAKE THE MOST of that experience.

It could be a golden opportunity. To undergo personal transformation, empower yourself, and prosper.

And maybe even do some good while you're at it.

Things to Beware

Don't let a misadventure mar your encounter. Here are a few things to beware:

1. Hot hulls

When Daniel Fry first approached a flying saucer, a voice rang out from a loudspeaker: "Better not touch the hull, pal, it's still hot!" Passing through the atmosphere causes friction, which generates heat. So resist that impulse to touch the saucer.

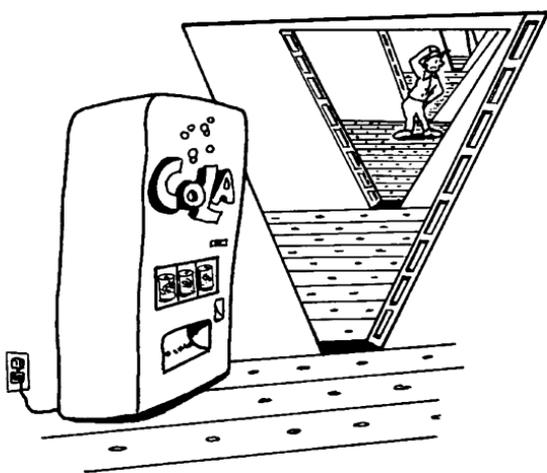
2. Spontaneous levitation

Frank Edwards, in *Flying Saucers—Serious Business* (Lyle Stuart, 1966), mentions a contactee who "experienced levitation...unexpectedly and uncontrollably."

Should you feel it coming, grab onto something.

3. Getting lost

If you visit a mother ship, be careful. With their endless, identical corridors, these colossal craft are easy to get lost in. The best advice is to stay with your guide. Don't wander off in search of a soda machine.



At Risk

A flying saucer experience can happen to anyone. No one is exempt—not even skeptics! However, certain people are more likely than others to have an encounter, and should be especially prepared. Are you one of these at-risk types? Let's find out.

Ufologist John Keel examined and analyzed more than 10,000 UFO reports. For North America he found that:

1. Most sightings are reported by Protestants. Jewish and Catholic percipients, says Keel, are rare.*
2. Gypsies and Native Americans have a higher rate of sightings and contacts than the general population.
3. So do left-handed, blond-haired, and red-haired people.
4. The majority of abductees are male. They tend to be young, outdoor types.
5. Percipients and contactees tend to have unusual names (Bethurum or Van Tassel, say, as opposed to Smith or Jones).
6. Many schoolteachers have reported seeing UFOs. (Are they a sharp-eyed lot? Or are their students simply driving them nuts?)

* This could be explained demographically by pointing out that most sightings occur in rural areas, which tend to be Protestant. But isn't that begging the question? What drew the saucers—the location or its inhabitants? That is to say, are rural areas attractive because they are rural (isolated), or because they are Protestant?

Interestingly, *lapsed* Catholics see UFOs as often as Protestants do. Again, the demographic argument would be that lapsed Catholics gravitate—for some sociological reason—to rural areas. But that seems unlikely. Something more profound may be at work here.

Skeptics, of course, will argue that rural inhabitants have simply preserved a venerable American tradition—the tall tale.

7. Policemen and night watchmen often spot UFOs. (This is probably due to their being active at night—prime time for sightings—and watchful. Barbers and auto mechanics—day-workers who focus on what is directly in front of them—are rarely percipients.)*

And I would add a finding of my own. For some reason, *men whose first name is George* are contacted out of proportion to their numbers in society. Consider the following:

George Adamski and George Van Tassel were among the earliest—and most notable—contactees.

George Hunt Williamson was that associate of Adamski's who made radio contact with extraterrestrials.

George King was a London cabdriver who began to receive telepathic communications from Venusians. He founded the Aetherius Society, still active in Los Angeles.

Dr. George Marlo, director of a shadowy organization called U.F.O. Research, claimed to have "been on the space ships known as flying saucers more times than most of the contactees of this world."

Dr. George Wilkins was involved with saucers and pyramid power. (See "The Pyramid Hat.")

There are others. What does it mean? Evidently, if your name is George, you stand a good chance of being contacted. Don't ask me why.†

But the fact remains: *It can happen to anyone.* So be prepared.

* Keel presents these findings in "The People Problem," in *Phenomenon: Forty Years of Flying Saucers*, edited by John Spencer and Hilary Evans (Avon, 1988).

† Skeptics will insist that this apparent favoring of Georges is an illusion. They will argue that such conjunctions are due to coincidence and a biased selection of data, and that the mystery tends to vanish after an informed calculation of the probabilities involved. For an introduction to the laws of probability, see chapter 7 of George Gamow's *One Two Three...Infinity* (Viking Press, 1947).

Three Special Words

The first moments of an encounter are usually the most challenging. As that Space Person beckons you aboard—or that ray draws you up—or those Little Men carry you off in their net—it's not easy to keep a cool head. One is more likely to start sputtering with anxiety!

So I want to give you *three special words* to use during the initial phase of your encounter. I call them the U-F-O words. They are Yiddish, and have been time-tested in problematical situations.

These words are meant to be pronounced aloud and with feeling. They'll help to express emotion; dissolve tension; and promote an acceptance of what is happening to you. To summon them up, simply think of the letters U-F-O.

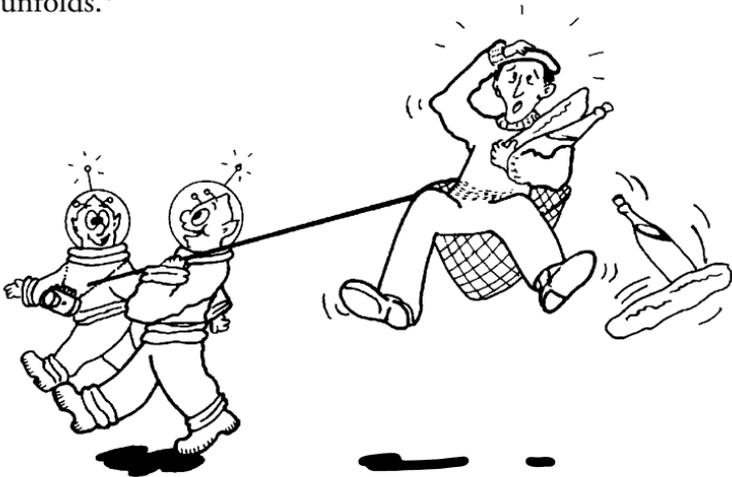
U is for *Umglük!* meaning “Unlucky me!”

F is for *Fartootst!*—or roughly, “I'm discombobulated!”

And O is for *Oy!* As in “Oy! I don't believe this is happening to me!”

Umglük! Fartootst! Oy!

Use as needed—singly or together—as your encounter unfolds.*



* Isaac Bashevis Singer has described Yiddish as the “language of us all, the idiom of frightened and hopeful humanity.”

6. Q&A



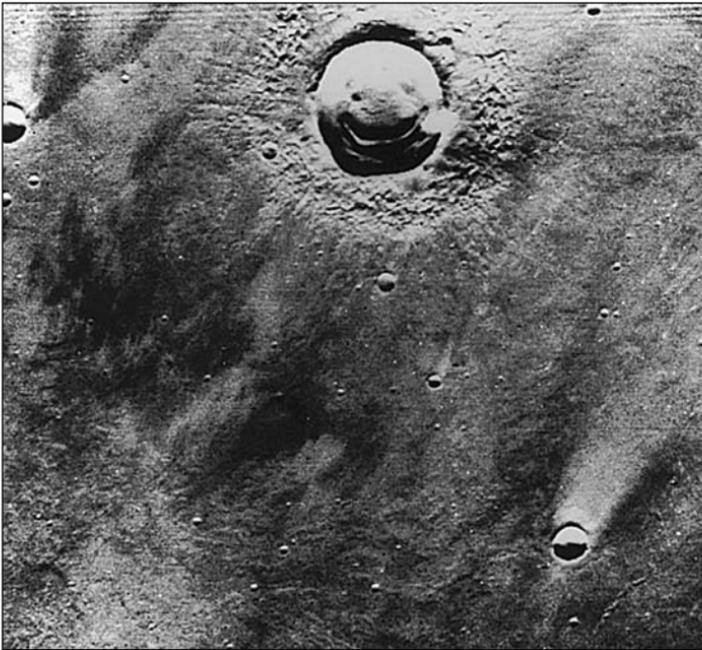
Q&A

In this section I shall try to answer some questions that are commonly asked in regard to flying saucers and Outer Space.



Is there really a giant Happy Face on Mars?

Yes—and not just according to contactees. It has been photographed by NASA! Skeptics attribute the face to random fractures caused by a meteor impact. But close examination of the photo leaves little doubt that this is a monument, built by Martians.*



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* Close examination will also reveal a UFO, passing over the monument. (Look to the right of the smile.)

I have noticed that many UFO experiences begin while the person is in bed, asleep. Doesn't this imply that the experience is merely a dream?

Not at all. For some reason, both the Space People and the Space Aliens prefer to conduct their encounters at night. (Probably for secrecy's sake.) Since most of us are asleep at night, it stands to reason that the majority of encounters will involve sleeping individuals.



Are there any psychological benefits from simply being aboard a saucer?

Contactees have reported a sense of well-being that lasted for weeks after their return to Earth. This mild euphoria could be a result of exposure to the Space People's philosophy; a reaction to cosmic radiation (which space travelers absorb at a high rate); or simply the lingering effects of nectar.



I'd like to take a ride in a flying saucer—but only if it's one of the Space People's. No way with those bug-eyed creeps! My question is: How can I tell the difference, so that when a saucer lands, I'll know whether to approach it or run?

As a general rule, saucers belonging to the Space People are silver-hued and silent. Those of the Space Aliens, on the other hand, are usually reddish; make a hissing or whining sound; and smell like burning rubber. So if it smells funny or makes a noise—skedaddle!



What determines who gets selected to be a contactee?

It varies. A milkman in Sidney, Australia—contacted while making his morning rounds—asked the spacemen why they had chosen him. They replied that it had to do

with his aura.

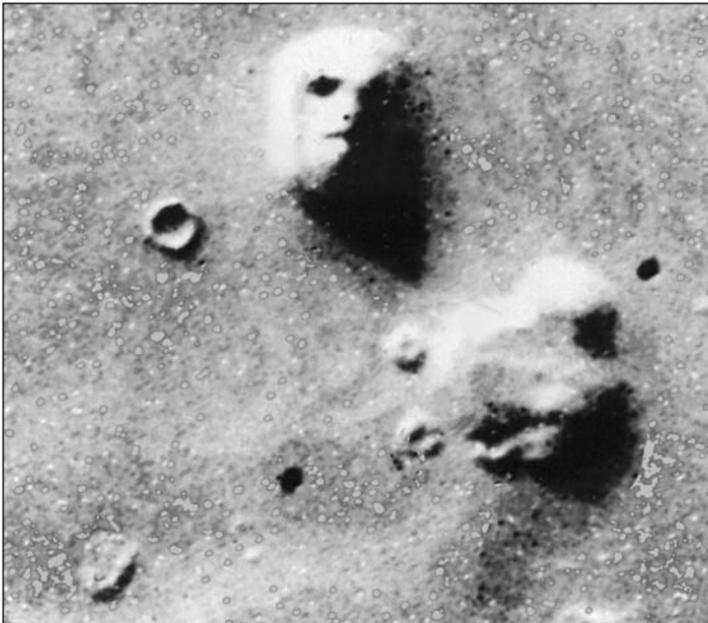
George Adamski asked himself the same question—and decided it didn't matter. "I found myself wondering," he writes in *Inside the Space Ships*, "why I had been singled out to receive this friendship and been given this knowledge by men from other worlds. Whatever the reason, I felt very humble, and very grateful."*



Is it true a second monument has been discovered on Mars—this one of a Sphinx?

Yes—it too has been photographed by NASA. Though eroded by time, the features of a Sphinx are clearly discernable.

The Happy Face expresses the utopian side of Martian civilization; whereas the Sphinx reveals their sense of the *ineluctable enigma* of human existence.



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* In the ironic view of one of Adamski's detractors, he was chosen because his philosophy of life was so similar to that advocated by the Space People.

Hablo español. No hablo inglés. ¿Podría comunicarme con la gente del espacio? Parecen ser muy habladores—pero siempre en inglés! [I am Spanish-speaking. I have no English. Will I be able to communicate with the Space People? They seem to be very talkative—but always in English!]

Don't worry—the Space People are accomplished linguists. Consider this case. On August 23, 1965, some students in Mexico City were given a ride in a spaceship from Ganymede. According to the students, the occupants of the ship communicated with them in fluent Spanish—and claimed to speak more than 700 terrestrial languages.

And back in the fifties, Salvador Villanueva Medina, a taxi-driver who has been called “the Mexican Adamski,” had no problem in palavering with a shipful of extraterrestrials.*

* Some of the ships reported over Mexico have been described as “sombbrero-shaped.” These could be instances of a Jungian archetype: the circle that represents order and wholeness, manifest in visions that are culturally bound.



Speaking of archetypes, it is conceivable that Adamski—if he was a fraud—was nonetheless in touch with the Collective Unconscious, via his *imagination*. Thus, he was indeed an instrument—for the manifestation of meaningful archetypes.

Can I take my car with me on the ship?

Apparently so—Reinhold Schmidt did. He drove his '58 Buick up a ramp; and it accompanied him to the North Pole. Although he had no occasion to use it there (or at the Great Pyramid, his next stop), Schmidt was spared the worry of leaving it parked alongside a lonely road.

On the other hand, you may *have* to take your vehicle with you. Consider the case of Penny Harper, editor of a UFO newsletter. Harper was driving along a Los Angeles freeway, when (to her delight—she had been avid for an encounter) she and her van were tractor-beamed aboard a ship from the Pleiades.



Does one need a high-school diploma to serve as a messenger for the Space People?

Of course not—*anyone* can be selected. As contactee Kelvin Rowe pointed out: “I am quite without what is conventionally called education.”



During my first meeting with the Space People, is there any special etiquette or protocols to observe? I don't want to offend them with my “primitive” ways.

Contrary to their image as aloof, superior beings, the Space People are friendly and informal. Just be yourself.



Do you shake hands with the Space People—or what?

In 1954 Dick Miller of Ann Arbor, Michigan, took a ride in a ship from Alpha Centauri. He reports:

The man seated at the circular desk in the center of the room seemed to finish his particular duties, and then got up and walked toward me. He raised his right arm and I thought he was going to shake hands. But he laid his open palm down on my left shoulder, which was evidently their

form of greeting or salutation. I felt rather foolish with my hand sticking out in front of me to shake his, but he noticed my embarrassment and said in perfect English, "Please do not feel foolish, for we have a great deal to discuss." Then he motioned me to one of the chairs.*

George Adamski, on the other hand, has described a pressing of palms.



Do the Space People have a sense of humor?

There are indications that they do. For example, in the summer of 1983, Joyce Updike of Ovid, Colorado, sought to establish telepathic communication with them. She asked to be put in touch with "Hatonn, the Record Keeper of the Intergalactic Fleet or Space Command or Whatever," explaining that she had forgotten his exact title.

A Space Person responded and carried on a conversation with her. When it was over, he signed off: "This is Hatonn of the Intergalactic Fleet or Space Command or Whatever. You see, we enjoy a good laugh, too."

And here's Buck Nelson's description of his first ride in a saucer:

I was told I could take the ship up, and to sit at the control panel. . . . After I got the ship high into space, I was told I could play with the controls. Meanwhile they had put safety belts on all of us, which they told me was for the first time in three years. It was a good thing too, for I had the ship upside down and every which way. I punched every button I could see and turned every dial. I got results one way or the other from everything I touched. When I got the ship upside down, I got no help, only lots of laughs from the space-men.



What kind of exercise do the Space People prefer?

They do not exercise as such. What they do is take exercise pills. Each pill provides the equivalent of one hour of

* Quoted in Brownell, *UFOs: Key to Earth's Destiny!*

vigorous exercise. It is taken along with a pep pill—to counter the fatigue it brings on.



Do the Space People all speak the same language?

Humans throughout the Universe speak many languages. They are able to communicate, however, via a lingua franca—an ancient tongue known as Solex-Mal.*

* According to George Hunt Williamson (in *Other Tongues—Other Flesh* [Amherst Press, 1958]), Solex-Mal was once the universal language of Man. This was millions of years ago—an era we dimly recall as the Golden Age.

All human languages—terrestrial and extraterrestrial alike—derive from Solex-Mal, says Williamson. And the terrestrial language least divergent from it is that of the Ainu, the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan.

If he's right, the myths and legends of the Ainu should be examined—for what could be our clearest recollection of that Golden Age.

Do the Space People have pleasant voices?

They do indeed. Orthon, says Adamski, had “music in his voice.” And remember Hope Troxell’s account of that spaceman floating along a path? She goes on to describe how they drew closer and closer—he gliding above the ground, she quivering with anticipation. Finally they met.

“As he passed me on the path,” Troxell reports, “he spoke in the most melodious voice, saying like a chord of music: ‘Hello.’”

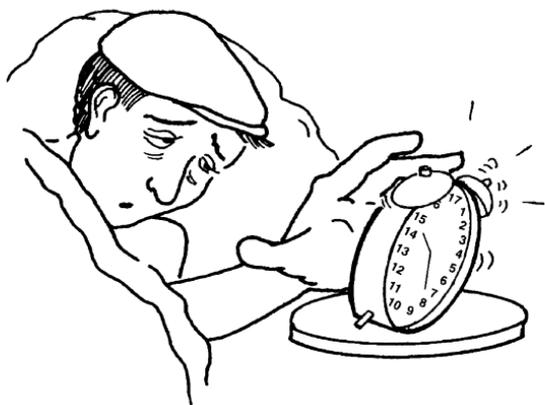
(Seconds later, she turned about for another look at this mellifluous being...*and he was gone.*)



Will my wristwatch keep running aboard the saucer— or does time cease to exist?

Time will continue to flow; but your watch could get magnetized. Stay away from the propulsion system.

Your watch will be confusing, of course, during any stop-over on a planet. (Venus, for example, has that 17-hour day.) Try to borrow a local clock.



Should I bring a flashlight?

You won’t need one. During your stay aboard the saucer, you’ll glow in the dark.

Are there laundry facilities aboard?

The Space People's jumpsuit is made of a self-cleaning fabric. (They simply empty a bucket of soapy water on themselves; and the suit goes through a rapid cycle of wash,



spin, and dry.) So they don't have washing machines. But here's what you can do:

Open a porthole and toss your laundry into Space. (Reshut it quickly, or the air will rush out.) Your clothes will float about out there, absorbing cosmic energy and loose hydrogen. Come back in an hour, and they'll be clean.



Can I smoke aboard the saucer?

Sure—if you don't mind being tractor-beamed back to Earth, immediately and unceremoniously. Neither the Space People nor the Space Aliens tolerate smoking aboard their ships. Firkon and his friends are committed to a healthful, holistic lifestyle; while the Aliens—with their insurance scam—are careful to enforce a federal regulation that bans smoking in medical facilities. So don't even *think* about smoking on a saucer. (And remember, they can read your mind.)

If you must smoke, go outside—you can survive in Space for up to a minute.



Are you a certified professor?

The title of professor is often acquired—in an informal fashion—by those professing knowledge, skill, or compe-

tence in some popular art or science. Our ranks have included conjurers, dancing masters, auctioneers, banjo players, jugglers, phrenologists, dowsers, band leaders, and trainers of performing fleas. And while none of us have been certified, all have sought to contribute their expertise to the public weal, in an accomplished and responsible manner.



Should I report my flying saucer experience to the authorities when I get back?

Why bother? You'll be either ignored or labeled a kook. Instead, get in touch with one of the grassroots UFO organizations (MUFON, CUFOS, BUFORA, etc.), and tell them what happened. Their address can be found at your local library.*



I want to believe that George Adamski had those encounters with the Space People. But isn't it improbable that extraterrestrials would look just like us?

Not at all. Lou Zinsstag quotes Adamski as explaining: "The human model is very suitable for its purpose, why shouldn't it be current also on other planets under similar conditions?" (Many scientists have come to agree with him.)



Did Adamski ever meet with the Space *Aliens*?

No, but he knew about them—and tried to warn us. In 1960, according to Zinsstag, Adamski began to talk about a new and strange type of extraterrestrial. This species was visiting us, he believed, with some nefarious purpose.

* Librarians are trained to view you as a patron, not a kook. During my research for this book, I found them to be invariably helpful and friendly.

If abducted, what can I expect in the way of an examination table—comfortable or uncomfortable?

An abductee told Dr. Mack that the table was extremely comfortable, molding itself to the contours of his body. (It will be cold, though, so insist upon a gown.)



As an abductee, might I be billed for my medical exam? If so, will my insurance cover it?

The Aliens can usually get the government to pay. If not, they'll bill your private insurer. Check that you're covered while traveling out of state.



Are the Space Aliens who perform the medical exams really doctors?

Not as the term is generally understood. They are technicians, trained in the operation of diagnostic and therapeutic devices. What is lacking is any rapport with the human being on their table, or any sense of the *art* of healing. If these things are important to you, see a doctor—not an Alien.



If I'm abducted, are dental exams also available?

Only over certain Western states.



Do the Space Aliens ever return an abductee to the wrong house—to somebody else's bed?

It has happened on occasion. The house was located on the same street and was similar in appearance to that of the abductee. Should you find yourself in this awkward situation, simply apologize to your neighbor and explain what happened.

Is it true that Space Aliens have disguised themselves and infiltrated human society?

Apparently so. In what numbers we don't know, as they are indistinguishable from ordinary citizens.



Has a Tibetan monk ever traveled to Venus aboard a flying saucer?

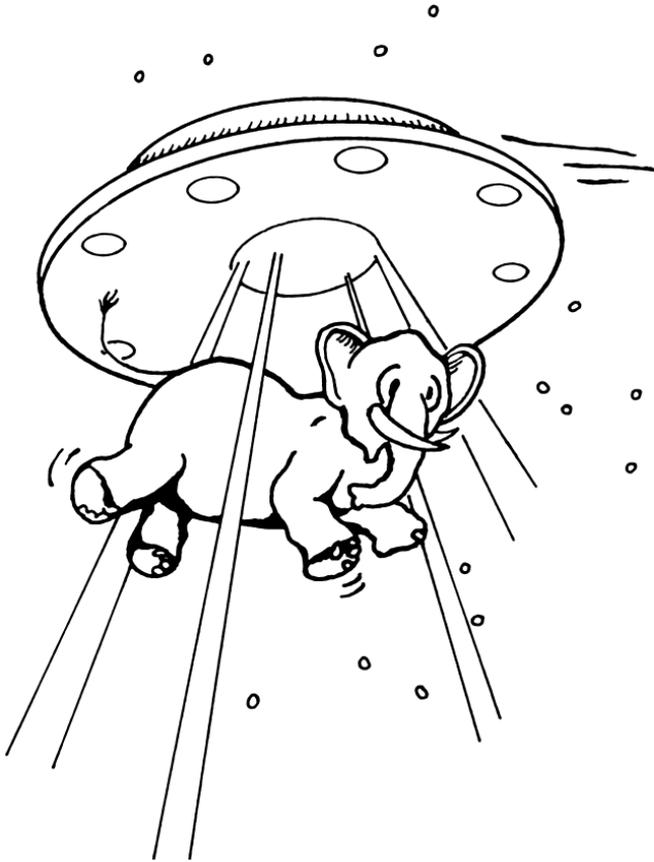
As a matter of fact, yes. T. Lobsang Rampa, best-selling author of books on Tibetan mysticism, describes his experience in *My Visit to Venus* (Saucerian Press, 1966).*

* Rampa's status as a Tibetan monk has been questioned. After the success of his first book, he was accused of being a journalist named Cyril Hoskin, who had never been outside of England. The author admitted the charge, but with an explanation. He had fallen from a ladder, he said, and suffered a concussion—whereupon his body had been vacated by the Englishman and taken over by the wandering soul of the Tibetan.

My barber claims that a UFO abducted an entire herd of elephants from a safari park. Did this really happen?

Yes, it did—according to a story in the July 26, 1988 issue of the *Weekly World News*. The “pilfered pachyderms” were struck by an orange ray and “sucked into the belly of a hovering starship.” Witnesses were said to be speechless.

The reason for the abduction remains a mystery. Perhaps the Space Aliens are experimenting with that memory block of theirs—on the terrestrial creature most renowned for its memory.



Why are flying saucers constantly being sighted in the vicinity of Mount Shasta?

The phenomenon has yet to be explained. A possible answer involves those ancient Mayans (see page 22). Another (suggested by Adamski) is that Mount Shasta is a remnant of ancient Lemuria. Having retained the “vibes” of that mysterious civilization, it attracts UFOs. Still another is that entities from another dimension are drawn to this sacred place. (Mount Shasta is sacred to local Indians.)

Or it may be that a certain refreshment stand—located at the foot of the mountain and famous for its chili dogs—has been attracting even the Space People.*



* Though vegetarians, Space People are permitted to deviate from their diet for purposes of research into a planet's culinary customs.

I know that extraterrestrial craft can be fairly large—up to a mile long, in the case of mother ships. My question is: how *small* do they get?

In 1965 a small disk—about 1.5 meters in diameter—landed near an old fortress in Cuzco, Peru. Two diminutive creatures, say witnesses, emerged from the disk; but upon realizing they had been detected, they scampered back inside and flew off.

And an even smaller craft was photographed recently, hovering over a breakfast table.



Is Space a vacuum or does it have air?

Contrary to scientific opinion, Space contains a significant amount of air. In a letter to a student, George Adamski reveals that certain species of bird migrate from planet to planet—proof of the existence of an atmosphere in Space.



Do flying saucers pollute a planet's atmosphere?

Absolutely not. The Space People are concerned for the environment—both their own and that of the planets they

visit. They were recently awarded a Pleiades Prize for their method of trash disposal. What they do is launch all non-recyclable material towards a black hole. Drawn into the hole, it disappears into another universe.



Many of the flying saucers in photographs look like pie plates to me. In other words, they're fake! Is this possible?

Actually, it could be the other way around. Pie plates may resemble flying saucers—having been modeled on them! Pies were first baked during the Middle Ages, an era no stranger to prodigies in the sky. Bakers (the theory goes) shaped their plates to represent those prodigies.*

* The tradition is still with us. In Houston a bakery called the Flying Saucer Pie Company has explicitly modeled its product on UFOs.

A friend of mine is currently aboard a flying saucer. I'd like to mail her a letter. Can that be done?

Yes. A number of special boxes are maintained by the Space People, for the posting of such letters. Their locations are:

Mount Shasta
Stonehenge
The Great Pyramid
Graceland

Pickups are daily. No stamp is required.*



How do you say “flying saucer” in some languages other than English?

Soucoupe volante (French), *fliegende untertassen* (Ger-

* Incidentally, you might be able to reach her by telephone. After a trip to Jupiter, Standing Horse telephoned his wife—from the control room of the saucer—and told her he'd be back around eight o'clock that night.

man), *bludza* (Russian), *dischi volanti* (Italian), *farfurii zburatoare* (Rumanian), *fay dea* (Chinese).



Why do flying saucers land?

To make repairs, gather geological or biological samples, pick up supplies (sugar, MJB coffee), attend poetry readings, create crop circles, or take aboard a contactee. While on the ground, they sometimes masquerade as a barn, restaurant, or other type of building. (The “doughnut shop” shown below is an example of such mimicry).*



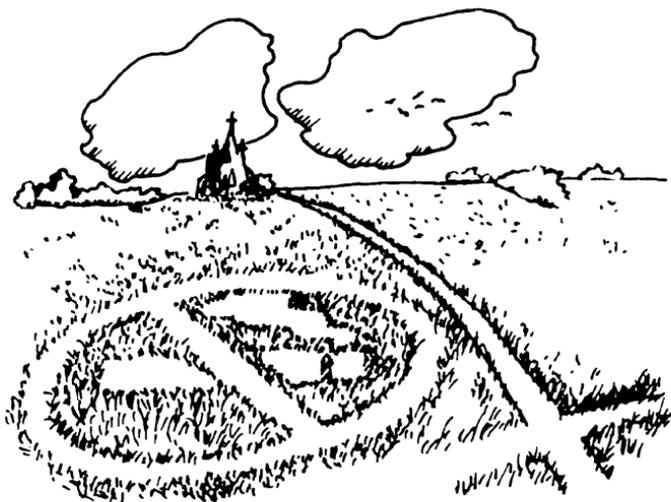
* A vacationing family were driving one night near Crater Lake in Oregon, when (according to a report on file with the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization) they rounded a bend and came upon a restaurant—a large, circular building that was brightly lit up. They parked their car and went in. Seating themselves at an oddly-shaped table, they ordered dinner. The waitress who served them (identical in appearance to the other waitresses) was short, blond, and clad in a silver uniform. She had a musical voice.

Eating, paying, and piling back into their car, the family drove on. At a crossroads they mentioned the restaurant to a highway worker, who looked at them as if they “were nuts or something” and insisted no such place existed.

Then one of the daughters discovered she had left her purse at the table. They drove back. But the restaurant was gone.

What are crop circles?

Crop circles, or “agriglyphs,” are mysterious symbols that have been found etched in fields—mostly in England. They are believed to be messages left behind by UFOs.



If you could offer one piece of advice, to someone about to take a ride in a flying saucer, what would it be?

Maintain a positive frame of mind. As the Dell Purse Book on UFOs (which fits nicely in an Encounter Kit, by the way) recommends:

From a psychological vantage point, it seems that anyone finding himself or herself involved in a UFO encounter would be well advised to maintain a positive mental attitude in order to bring out the highest and best potentials of the confrontation.*



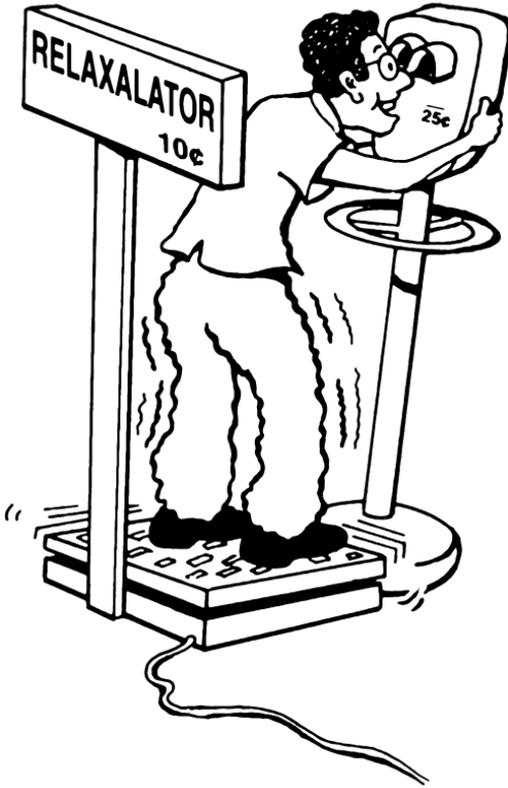
NASA has photographed the surface of Venus—yet no sign of any Venusian civilization. What gives, Professor?

The Venusians and their cities exist at a higher rate of

* F. Richard Nolle, *UFO Encounters* (Dell, 1978).

vibration than we do. Thus, they are invisible to us—under normal circumstances. So if you want a glimpse of them, you'll have to *raise your vibration rate*.

The easiest way to do that is to take your telescope to an amusement park. Locate a Relaxalator (one of those coin-operated vibration machines); and stand on it while viewing Venus. As the true features of the planet reveal themselves, you'll feel like a regular Galileo!



7. This and That



The Mars Restaurant

On a busy street in a Midwestern city is a luncheonette called the Mars Restaurant. The name is proclaimed on a sign that hangs over the sidewalk. On several occasions I had driven past this restaurant and wondered: Why the name Mars?

A whimsical choice?

Or had somebody traveled to Mars, and opened a restaurant upon his return? (See suggestion in "Making the Most.")

My curiosity was piqued. So I decided to pay a visit.

Accompanied by a photographer, I drove to the Mars Restaurant. We parked across the street and approached the place.

I was reading the sign in the window (SPECIAL, TWO



FRIED EGGS, POTATOES, TOAST AND JELLY, AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES, \$1.85), when a customer emerged and urged us to go in—the breakfasts were great. Try the gyro omelette, he said.

We entered and sat at the counter. A youthful waitress took our order: coffee and doughnuts.

I looked around. The restaurant had been remodeled at some point, but had since sunk into a mild decrepitude. No Outer Space decor was evident. In fact, the Mars Restaurant had no decor at all—just booths, stools, and counter.

The waitress returned with coffee and a single doughnut—the only one left. We split it.

The photographer bantered with the waitress. Her name was Anna, we learned, and she was from the neighborhood. I asked how the restaurant had gotten its name. Anna had no idea. Ask the owner, she said.

She pointed out a man who was going back and forth between kitchen and counter. He was wearing an apron. Alas, no silver jumpsuit.

I went back and asked him why it was called the Mars Restaurant.

“Is name,” he replied, with a Greek accent.

Yes, I persisted, but why that particular name? What was the significance?

He shrugged and said he didn’t know. He had bought the place a year and a half ago, and the name had come with it.

I returned to my stool. We finished our coffee and left.

Out on the sidewalk I pondered what we had learned—or failed to learn. I was puzzled. How had this luncheonette come to be named after the planet (or the god) Mars? Nobody seemed to know.

It was a mystery, I realized.

Heaven and Earth abound in mysteries...and here was one of them.

Women and Flying Saucers

Most of the luminaries of the UFO scene have been male. Yet almost from the start, women have played a significant role in our relations with extraterrestrials. As both contactees and ufologists, they have made an enormous contribution to our understanding of those with whom we share the Universe; while as pilots of the saucers, they have helped to guide us towards a saner future. Women have also brought to the study of UFOs their unique perspective—a point of view at once intuitive and intellectual, down-to-earth and metaphysical.

The following is a brief survey of their accomplishments.

Pilots

Jean Dixon, the tabloid seer, insists that many saucers are piloted by women. The testimony of contactees would seem to confirm this. Truman Bethurum has told us of Aura Rhanes, captain of the ship from Clarion; while Standing Horse has described his encounter with Mondraoleeka.

Contactees

Sonja Lyubein was an Australian who went to Saturn in a flying saucer. Accompanying her was Adamski's friend Orthon. (Lyubein later traveled to the U.S.—by conventional means—and spent six months with Adamski.)

Elizabeth Klarer Fielding, a South African, was given a ride in a UFO. It was manned, she reports in *Beyond the Light Barrier* (Timmons, 1980), by two elderly men in jumpsuits.

Helen Mitchell, taken by saucer to a mother ship, was urged to speak out against atomic bombs—which she does in *We Met the Space People* (Saucerian Press, 1967).

And Hope Troxell was founder of the School of Thought, and president of the Church of Cosmic Origin. She was in

communication with Mohada of the Galaxies, an Eleventh-Dimensional Being.

Ufologists

Coral Lorenzen was founder of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization—a major investigatory group—and author of numerous books and articles.

Margaret Sachs edited *The UFO Encyclopedia*.

But the most notable woman in ufology was Laura Mundo. Her involvement with flying saucers spanned three decades, and is worth looking at in detail.

Mundo

In 1953 Laura Mundo was a housewife, living in a suburb of Detroit, raising two teenagers. She did some acting on a local television show; but that was the extent of excitement or challenge in her life. All that changed with the publication of George Adamski's *Flying Saucers Have Landed*.

Mundo avidly read the book, as did several of her friends. Enthralled by his tale, they decided to invite Adamski to come deliver a lecture in Detroit. Mundo, with her experience in television, offered to handle publicity for the event.

Adamski accepted the invitation, took a train to Detroit, and delivered his lecture to a sellout crowd. 4500 people came to the Masonic Temple to hear the lowdown on flying saucers—from a contactee; and Adamski, with his slide show, anecdotes, and sly charm did not disappoint them.

When Mundo got home that evening, her phone was ringing. Someone wanted information on UFOs. She gave it to them—and was soon taking another call, and another. As publicist for the lecture, she had been thrust into the role of information provider.

It was the beginning of an involvement with flying saucers that would become for Laura Mundo a consuming passion.

That involvement manifest itself in several ways. To begin with, she became a booking agent for lecturers. Mundo sought out further speaking engagements for Adamski, and set up a tour for coauthor Desmond Leslie (whom she describes in *The Mundo UFO Report* as “tall, handsome, suave...quite a contrast to Adamski, who was uneducated, used bad grammar, with a heavy foreign accent...gruff”). As the saucer craze grew, she brought to Detroit other contactee-lecturers: Buck Nelson, Truman Bethurum, Howard Menger.

Her own home, meanwhile, had become a UFO clubhouse. Her living room served as a meeting place for enthusiasts, who would show up unannounced at her door. Shelves brimmed with UFO literature. On the wall was a

bulletin board—for reports of sightings—and Adamski's spectacular photo of a saucer. The phone was constantly ringing, as newspapers referred queries to what Mundo was now calling the Planetary Space Center. (The name was later changed to the Interplanetary Center, then to the Flying Saucer Information Center.) Mail poured in from everywhere. Her home had become what was probably the first clearinghouse for UFO information. She and her friends were doing the job that the Air Force should have been doing, said Mundo, but that had fallen by default to dedicated civilians like themselves.

One of the main activities of the Center was the publication of a newsletter. Known successively as *Saucer Tidbits*, *The Open Letter*, *Emergency Press*, *The Mundo Monitor*, and *The Interplanetary News*, it was sent free to anyone interested in flying saucers, and exchanged for other newsletters. (The newsletter is still being published—under the name *Update!*—by one of her former associates.) Thus, Mundo promoted communication between individuals and groups who were interested in UFOs. In her book *The Mundo UFO Report* she describes the purpose of the Center: “We are not organized to prove or disprove your sighting..only to bring together those who want an opportunity to discuss what is happening if only for psychological release..”*

In addition to the newsletter, Mundo was producing pamphlets and books. The pamphlets, mimeographed in her basement, bore such titles as “Sex and the UFO” and “How to Contact a Space Person.” Her books included *Flying Saucers and the Father's Plan* (Saucerian Press, 1956); *Earth Woman!* (Interplanetary Center, 1967); and *The Mundo UFO Report* (Vantage Press, 1982).†

Her writing is interesting (if at times unreadable), with

* The abbreviated ellipses are a stylistic quirk of Mundo's.

† Vantage Press is a subsidy (or “vanity”) house. Mundo had parted ways early on with Saucerian, the leading UFO press. She complained that Gray Barker, its proprietor, had not proofread her manuscript, nor shared the profits with her. She may also have been offended by his condescending reference to her as “my favorite Ufology gal.”

a curious mix of UFO gossip and abstruse metaphysics. She is an excellent source on George Adamski. A major theme in her work is that the Space People have come to save us—from “accelerating sunspots” (a solar condition that will cause earthquakes, storms, and madness), and from ourselves. The Space People are already living among us, ready to help inaugurate a utopian way of life.

Some of the pamphlets were transcripts of lectures that Mundo herself was now delivering. Her audiences were UFO clubs, civic and church groups, and even schools, in Detroit and elsewhere. It was the fifties, and interest in UFOs was widespread. While not entirely respectable, they were a sensationalistic novelty that had captured the public’s imagination.

By the end of the decade the novelty had faded; and interest in flying saucers had waned. But not for Mundo. For her they remained a consuming passion—and something more. They had become a cause. While recovering from a heart attack during the early seventies, she told a reporter: “My work must continue....I have a mission here on earth.” Everything else was secondary to that mission. “As the work came more and more fully into my life,” she says in *Flying Saucers*, “I gave up my television work..and slowly sold my possessions..until my sons, and others (who would want no credit) have extended me patronage in order to continue to write full-time.”

The work was not without its indignities, hazards, and frustrations. Mundo describes being laughed out of newspaper offices and television studios. On one occasion her house was stoned. There were malicious letters and phone calls. And government officials ignored her attempts to alert them to the UFO situation.*

* An exception was Jimmy Carter (who, as mentioned earlier, had had a sighting of his own). He passed her letter on to an Air Force colonel, who responded: “On behalf of President Carter, I am replying to your recent letter concerning unidentified flying objects (UFOs) and wish to thank you for sharing with him your views and comments. Your concern and support during this trying period are greatly appreciated. Thank you for taking the time to write.” (Letter quoted in *The Mundo UFO Report*.)

Mundo's writings were those of a ufologist, not a contactee. She never claimed to have ridden in a spaceship, nor to have communicated with its occupants. Yet she did have experiences that confirmed her belief in the existence and significance of flying saucers. One of these came at the beginning of her ufological career. Just before Adamski's first visit to Detroit, she was awoken during the night by the ceiling lamp—a burnt-out bulb had come on. From over the house she could hear a humming sound. *A flying saucer!* Its energy flowed through her; and for a brief moment she felt ecstatic—"raised to the Prime Atomic state."

And some months later she saw her first flying saucer: a bell-shaped Adamski model, passing over the house.

But her most memorable experience was a meeting with Orthon. In March of 1956 she arrived at a restaurant in Detroit, to dine with attendees of a UFO convention. Among those present was a tall, blond-haired man, garbed in a zoot suit that seemed to glow. She instantly sensed him to be Orthon—the Venusian with whom Adamski had chatted in the desert. Orthon kept smiling at Mundo the entire evening; and as he left the restaurant, he paused beside her and gazed deeply into her eyes.

Mundo continued to spot the occasional spaceman, and to expand her information network. But at the center of her ufological universe remained the man who had introduced her to flying saucers—their chief prophet, George Adamski. She never flagged in her admiration for Adamski, and worked with him—or kept in touch—until his death. (On a number of occasions he came back to Detroit to lecture.) Despite revelations about his character, Mundo remained a devoted acolyte.

Those revelations began as early as 1954, when she traveled to California and visited Adamski. One night he and his wife Mary took her to a restaurant. When Adamski left the table for a moment, Mary leaned over to Mundo and whispered a warning. Her husband was not a good man, she said, and Mundo should avoid having anything further to do with him.

Also, tales of his sexual shenanigans had begun to circulate. (In "Sex and the UFO" Mundo reports that at Palomar

Gardens “Adamski’s women followers [were] offering themselves to the spacemen present and Adamski taking what was left over.”) And there were rumors of the prophet having confided that he was in it for the money. Mundo accepted that some of this might be true. But she still believed in him, rationalizing that Adamski had been selected by the Space People for the force of both his negative and positive energies.

The reports of his lustiness had come as no surprise to Mundo. In “Sex and the UFO” she recounts:

I worked with George Adamski for five years, knew him for nine years prior to his “death” in 1965.* I promoted his public lectures for many years and saw him in all kinds of situations. In my booklet, *Flying Saucers*, I wrote about him suddenly grabbing me and kissing me smack on the lips in the hotel suite I had arranged for him to stay in....Another time he “accidentally” put his hand on my bosom as he helped me from the car. And later he rubbed my knee under the table with his knee, when the committee and I took him out to dinner after the lecture.

But this playful behavior had never gone any further; and she decided it was part of a public persona Adamski had



FLYING SAUCERS AND THE FATHER’S PLAN

* Mundo believed that Adamski had not died, but had been taken aboard a spaceship (along with other notables)—to be brought back to Earth in the days of the Space People’s arrival.

adopted, to disconcert his critics.

Yet other aspects of his personality did bother her. In the same pamphlet she writes:

I first met Adamski in March 1954 at the Detroit train depot when he arrived from California to lecture for the first Detroit-Adamski committee, with me handling the unprecedented pioneering promotion of the lecture itself. Adamski drew in his breath sharply when he met me and I knew he had met his opposite polarity. I had to fight personality-wise to survive all the time I escorted him about locally to radio, tv and newspaper interviews..or introduced him from the platform. He was a male chauvinist and tried to push me into a corner wherever/whenever he could..which I learned not to allow. He began to discuss me unflatteringly behind my back..which always got back to me, of course, and insulted women in general and me in particular whenever he could.

Mundo gives another example of that chauvinism. In *The Mundo UFO Report*, she tells of Adamski's reaction to her claim of having met Orthon:

Adamski became furious. Orthon was "his private property," he apparently felt, and he was not going to share him—especially with a woman. Adamski had a tendency to be a male chauvinist (or the Negative Polarity of Atomic Energy Being through him). I was with Adamski in California when Elizabeth Klarer (Fielding) reported her ride in a flying saucer (like the ones he saw and rode in) in South Africa in 1956. Adamski became furious at that time, also. She had stolen his ideas from his books, he insisted. But if it was the same type of ship and the same type of space people, how could she have told it any differently?

Despite all this, she continued to admire Adamski. His critics, she believed, were unfairly putting him down.

Some people did not believe Adamski because he was rough edged, or because his story of a ride in the space people's ship was too farfetched for their infrared electronic (intellectual, skeptical) minds, considering him a poor choice by the space people; their egos showing!

For she had decided that, whatever his shortcomings, *he had to be telling the truth*. How did she know? “I had my own proof beyond my intuition, of his authenticity,” she explains in “Sex and the UFO.” “The same type of bell-like saucer he had photographed over his home in California came over my home in Dearborn, Michigan, later in 1954.”

And seeing was believing.

What, then, are we to make of Laura Mundo—of this woman who describes herself as “a pioneer interplanetary researcher.” Some will see her as typical of the credulous individuals attracted to subjects like flying saucers. Credulous she may have been. But I prefer to see her as typical of something else—of the dedicated amateur. The ranks of ufology and other such movements are composed almost entirely of enthusiasts like her. They are people who work out of a passion (however misguided that passion may be). Mundo never charged for her newsletter, pamphlets, or lectures. She gave completely of her time and funds, in behalf of a cause—a consuming passion.

That cause gave shape and meaning to her life—lent excitement and challenge to her days—brought her face-to-face with Orthon!

The Pyramid Hat

While in Space, you'll be exposed to cosmic radiation. That may sound scary; but in fact it's a golden opportunity. For cosmic rays—*properly focused*—can benefit you immensely.

How are cosmic rays to be focused—to be gathered and utilized? Simple. With a pyramid hat.

I'll tell you how to make such a hat. But first some background.

The ancient Egyptians believed that asleep in every soul was a god. This god could be awoken—by the power of a pyramid. So they buried their kings in pyramids. Moreover, the priests who conducted the burials wore *pyramid-shaped hats*. The hats attracted solar energy and put the priests in contact with Ra, the sun god.

With the advent of Christianity, the pyramid hat fell into disuse. Yet a version of it would survive in the occult tradition: the conical cap of wizards. Such a cap was worn by John Duns Scotus, a medieval philosopher. But Duns Scotus had his detractors; and their mockery of his outdated cap and views led to *dunce* becoming a term of derision. Thus, the priestly headwear devolved into the schoolboy's cap of shame.

Yet in recent years, the pyramid hat has been making a comeback—thanks to a Czech engineer named Karel Drbal. In 1959 Drbal received a patent for the Cheops Pyramid Razor-Blade Sharpener. This was a tabletop pyramid, made of cardboard. When a used razor blade was placed inside it, *the blade sharpened*.

How was that possible? No one really knew, not even Drbal. But Dr. George Wilkins—hypnotherapist, UFO contactee (in touch with Sanat Kumara, Lord of Venus), and pioneer pyramidologist—has offered an explanation. He says a pyramid acts as a resonator for cosmic energy—in the same way that a violin does for sounds. Thus, the energy is focused on the “live crystals” of the blade; and they are recharged. This positive effect, claims Wilkins, can be

extended to people. He recommends placing a pyramid under your bed, to promote spiritual and physical regeneration.

Drbal's sharpener was marketed in Europe and America. Word about pyramids spread; and New Agers were soon erecting open-frame versions, inside which they slept, meditated, and watched TV.

Then Drbal came up with another idea—the pyramid hat. In their book *Pyramid Power* (Warner Books, 1976), authors Max Toth and Greg Nielsen tell us that Drbal—having launched the craze for household pyramids—became interested in the possible benefits of wearing a pyramid on one's head. Wasn't the cone-shaped hat of wizards, he asked himself, essentially a pyramid? Drbal began to experiment with pyramid hats. His work was carried on by an American researcher, who reported powerful flows of energy spiraling down from the hat. Explained the researcher: "Apparently, the pyramid acts like a kind of cosmic antenna tuning into sources of energy of vaster intensity and then focusing it into its center."

In other words, the hat gathers cosmic rays and focuses them on your head.

Now such a hat can be used here on Earth. But it is *especially* effective out in Space, where cosmic rays abound.

And that's why a ride in a UFO is your golden opportunity—your chance to reap the *full benefits* of cosmic rays. All you need is a pyramid hat; and they're easy to make. Scrounge about the saucer for some cardboard, scissors, and tape. Cut out four triangles. Each should measure 10 inches by 9½ inches by 9½ inches. Tape them together into a pyramid, with the 10-inch sides forming the open base.

Now go sit in the lounge, pour yourself some nectar, and don the hat. As cosmic rays are focused on your head, you should experience a surge of mental energy.

The potential benefits? Users of the hat have reported expanded consciousness, enhanced psychic abilities, and relief of cold symptoms. Some have even heard a mystical intonation—a deep and distant *ommmmm*—the hum of the Universe!

So why not give the pyramid hat a try? It could provide

a memorable moment in your UFO experience. And even the Space People will be impressed!



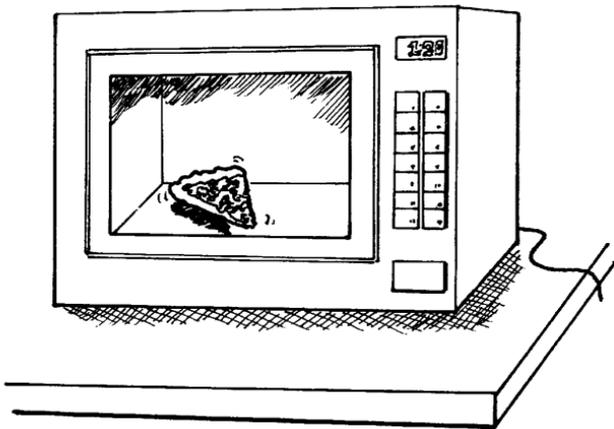
How Do They Fly?

When asked about their propulsion system, the Space People are deliberately vague. So we're still not sure by what means the saucers fly. Dr. Herman Oberth believed they were powered by the conversion of gravity into energy.

Other theories put forth have involved plasma dynamics, antimatter, reversible electromagnetism, the piezoelectric effect, orgone energy, etheric force, photons, and the "pro-gravitic principle" (Adamski).

Also suggested has been the use of a paradox engine. Such an engine would generate a time-travel paradox—forcing Nature to avoid paradox (as Nature must) through the release of huge amounts of energy.

But our best guess is that UFOs nullify gravity with *microwaves*. (Even microwave ovens, to a small degree, nullify gravity. Look closely and you'll see that slice of pizza hovering slightly.)



A Martian Temple

Near the harbor in Newport, Rhode Island, is an old stone tower. Known locally as the Mystery Tower, this antiquity is of unknown origin. English colonists, Algonquins, Norsemen, Welshmen, Knights Templar, Phoenicians, Atlanteans—all have been credited with its erection. But the archeological evidence is ambiguous; and no one really knows.

According to Buck Nelson, though, the riddle is solved. The tower was built by Martians.

While on Mars, says Nelson, he was shown a temple; and it resembled the Newport tower. Thousands of years ago,



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he goes on to explain, a group of Martians sojourned on the Atlantic coast. They built a temple in which to conduct their religious rituals; and the Mystery Tower is what remains of that temple.

You might want to travel to Newport and visit the Mystery Tower. Its stones will give you a sense of the *tangible reality* of Martian civilization.

Elvis

Is there a link between Elvis and UFOs?
Did he receive his early songs from Space?
Was he abducted by a UFO during his lifetime?
And is he flying about *today* in one?

Questions like these have been raised by the tabloid press—and by serious ufologists. Laura Mundo, for instance, thought he may have been a cosmic changeling. In *The Mundo UFO Report* she speculates: “Elvis Presley (a twin) might have been a transplanted space baby...not allowed to remember who he was as part of his and our spiritual education.”

And Richard Daniel, author of *The Elvis-UFO Connection* (Castle Rock Enterprises, 1987), draws our attention to the “sobering possibility” that Elvis had been abducted and influenced by aliens. Much of his life, the author points out, was “clouded in mystery.”

Since his supposed death, that mystery has continued. Reports have circulated of UFOs hovering over the tomb at Graceland. A guard told *People* magazine: “I have seen the spacecraft around here several times. They always come between two and four o’clock in the morning when hardly anyone is around.”

And Laura Mundo believed Elvis was aboard a flying saucer. In *The Mundo UFO Report* she declares:

It is my understanding that such popular leaders as Presley, John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Sir Winston Churchill, etc., have not died but have been taken for a rest into the space people’s ships to return after the planetary peak to help bring in the universal way of life, along with others.

Maybe so. And maybe Elvis will be aboard *your* saucer. If so, be sure to seek him out. Imagine peeking into the lounge and there he is—sitting on a sofa, strumming on his guitar. Elvis in a glittering jumpsuit! Ask him for his

autograph, and some words of wisdom.

Talk about making the most of a flying saucer experience!



A Summing Up

We have come a long way since the days when Man deemed himself the sole inhabitant of the Universe—the *raison d'être* of Creation—the creature for whose existence the entire Cosmos served as a mere backdrop.

Today we recognize that the heavens teem with intelligent life. That the Earth is but one of countless inhabited planets—surpassed by many in technological and cultural attainments.*

And we have come to realize that beings from some of those planets have been visiting us, with important lessons to convey.

Let us learn from these beings.

Learn (from the Space People) to banish negative thoughts—to expand our consciousness and horizons—to live wisely.

Learn (from the Martians and Venusians) to embrace utopian ideals.

Learn (from the aliens with party horns for noses) to greet each day with joy and simple gusto.

And learn (from the Space Aliens) to spot the flaws in our health-care and other social programs.

A flying saucer experience may well come our way. If it does, we must strive to MAKE THE MOST of it—to use it to improve, empower, and *enrich* ourselves (spiritually, remember, as well as financially).

And lastly this:

* Of course, it is conceivable that my original view was correct—that we *are* alone in the Universe. Who knows? Maybe those photos that so impressed me *are* fakes. Maybe Adamski *was* a charlatan. Maybe sightings *are* prompted by luminous owls, weather balloons, and such. Maybe encounters *are* psychic or psychological in nature. In these days of rapidly evolving knowledge and shifting paradigms, it is hard to be sure of anything.

For more on this question, see Appendix.

Should an extraterrestrial ever reach out to press our palm, let us reciprocate with enthusiasm...in affirmation of *the brotherhood of all beings*.



APPENDIX

The Extraterrestrial Life Debate

Are there *really* beings like ourselves throughout the Universe?

Only in recent centuries has the idea become respectable. Formerly, the Universe was believed to be a lonely place, with intelligent life existing on one planet only—our own. It would scarcely have occurred to an ancient Greek, for example, that other worlds might exist; that the Earth might not be the center of the Cosmos; or that anyone other than gods might inhabit the heavens.

It is true that a dissenter from this view would occasionally arise. Such was Lucretius, who in his *De Rerum Natura* wrote: "So we must realize that there are other worlds in other parts of the Universe, with races of different men and different animals." But until the dawn of the modern era, few agreed with him. The Earth remained central; Mankind, unique; and the heavens, heavenly—inhabited solely by gods or angels.

But as astronomers delved deeper into the secrets of the sky, more rumblings of dissent were heard. One of the rumblers was Nicholas Copernicus, who insisted that the Sun—not the Earth—was the center of the Cosmos. It was a minor adjustment, though, in what remained a traditional scheme of things. The heavens revolved still about the neighborhood (if not the actual abode) of Man.

Thus, our exalted view of ourselves was not threatened by the new thinking—until Giordano Bruno leapt into the fray. The sixteenth-century iconoclast insisted (among other heresies) that the Solar System was not central; that other worlds existed throughout the Universe; and that those worlds were *inhabited by intelligent beings*. Alas, the

Universe soon had one less such being, as Bruno—arrested for heresy and unwilling to recant—was put to death for his views.

Why were views like his considered dangerous? Because the heavens were deemed to exist solely for the delight and contemplation of Man, who dwelt at their center. By suggesting that we were but one of countless inhabitants of the Universe—and not central to it—Bruno was deflating our dignity and upsetting the order of the Cosmos.

But the idea was loose; and our self-image was about to change. The key figures in that change were astronomers—starting with Galileo. Prior to his aiming of an optical toy (the telescope) at the sky, little was known of the dimensions or constitution of heavenly bodies. But as they were observed in increasing detail, these distant worlds were perceived to be of the same nature as our own—and deemed inhabited. And it was not long before a once-heretical notion had become widely accepted.

By the eighteenth century, even such traditionalists as Cotton Mather had come over to the new model of the Universe. Writes Mather:

*Great GOD, what a Variety of Worlds hast thou created! . . . How stupendous are the Displays of thy Greatness, and of thy Glory, in the Creatures, with which thou has replenished those Worlds! Who can tell what Angelical Inhabitants may there see and sing the Praises of the Lord! Who can tell what Uses those marvellous Globes may be designed for! Of these unknown Worlds I know thus much, 'Tis our Great GOD that has made them all.**

Meanwhile, astronomers were seeking evidence of those inhabitants. Sir William Herschel, the leading astronomer of the day, kept an eye out for extraterrestrials:

I hope, and am convinced, that some time or other very evident signs of life will be discovered on the Moon....By re-

* From *The Christian Philosopher*. Quoted in Michael J. Crowe, *The Extraterrestrial Life Debate 1750–1900* (Cambridge University Press, 1986)—my source for much of this information.

flecting a little on the subject I am also convinced that those numberless small Circuses [craters] we see on the Moon are the work of Lunarians and may be called their Towns.

And certain individuals were soon claiming to have *seen* extraterrestrials. Emanuel Swedenborg, scientist and visionary, encountered (in his trances) dozens of them. And Ellen Harmon White, the founder of Seventh-day Adventism, had a vision of Saturn and its “tall, majestic people.”

Yet the notion of multiple worlds—with intelligent inhabitants—was still considered heretical in some quarters. And midway through the nineteenth century, the debate grew heated. It centered around two men: William Whewell and Sir David Brewster. Whewell, Master of Trinity College and one of the most learned men in England, held fast to a modified view of the traditional Cosmos. The Earth, he conceded, might not lie at the center of the Universe; but it *was* the sole home of intelligent life. Brewster, an eminent physicist (and the inventor of the kaleidoscope), believed just as strongly in multiple inhabited worlds.

In 1853 Whewell published *Of the Plurality of Worlds: An Essay*, in which he maintains that we are “the sole and highest product of the universe.” It *required* an entire universe, he explains, to fashion so noble a creature as Man:

The elevation of millions of intellectual, moral, religious, spiritual creatures to a destiny so prepared, consummate, and developed [the ascent of their immortal souls to Heaven], is no unworthy occupation of all the capacities of space, time, and matter.

He presents both scientific and theological arguments against the existence of inhabited worlds other than our own. A proliferation of such worlds is unlikely, argues Whewell, given the exacting conditions needed to support life. Moreover, proliferation would be irreconcilable with the Christian scheme of salvation. A single seat of intelligent life is all that is required from the Universe, to provide an “arena of moral contests for the highest prizes” (i.e., for immortal life with God).

Whewell began his essay by quoting the Psalmist:

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

And he goes on to answer eloquently the question. Man, declares Whewell, is the *very purpose* of God's creation. Our earthly abode is "a worthy and sufficient product...of all the Universal Scheme"; while the stars—awesome as they may be—are mere "sparks that had darted from His awful anvil when the solar system lay incandescent thereon."

Of the Plurality of Worlds—with its impassioned denial of plurality—caused a stir among intellectuals, and elicited numerous replies. Of these, none was so widely read and influential as that of Sir David Brewster, who—after groaning at every line and pronouncing the book "Quite disgusting!"—penned a scornful review of it. (The review was personally abusive of Whewell, describing his thesis as the product of "an ill-educated and ill-regulated mind...a mind dead to feeling and shorn of reason...utterly inept and illogical.") The following year Brewster published a book of his own—*More Worlds Than One: The Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian*—in which he presents the case for a plurality of worlds.

The Universe, insists Sir David, is *filled* with inhabited worlds. Every star has a planetary system, which is the home of intelligent life. For it was to be populated that stars and planets had been fashioned in the first place. Why else would God have bothered to create them? Even the Solar System, he assures us, is a plurality of worlds—there are Jupiterians, Lunarians, Solarians! This proliferation of life is to the greater glory of God; and only a small mind—like Whewell's—could believe otherwise. As for the objection that pluralism is incompatible with Christianity—is each world to have its own Savior? its own salvific religion?—Brewster replies that Christ's redemptive act extends throughout the Universe.*

* The Catholic Church has come to agree with Brewster—at least, according to the *Weekly World News*. A recent issue describes how the Vatican has trained a team of outer-space

In the debate that ensued, most scientists sided with Brewster; while clerics were divided between the two points of view. Finally, it was Brewster's scheme of things (or a modified version of it—minus the Jupiterians, Lunarians, and Solarians, and the insistence that *every* star was inhabited) that won the day, and would become the prevailing cosmology of the modern world. Though no proof had been obtained, the matter seemed obvious to any "regulated mind" that contemplated the immensity of the heavens.*

In the present century, astronomers have been virtually unanimous in their adherence to that cosmology. Some of them even created a branch of science called exobiology, which ponders the probability and nature of life on other planets. The best known of these astronomers is Carl Sagan.

Sagan has estimated that a billion habitable planets are to be found in our own galaxy. (A habitable planet fulfills such basic criteria as being the proper distance from its sun; having enough water and oxygen to sustain life; and possessing an atmosphere thick enough to protect life from dangerous radiation.) Of those billion, as many as *one million*, he believes, are home to intelligent life and advanced civilizations. Now these figures are for our galaxy alone. The known Universe consists of 200 billion galaxies. That's

missionaries. These "astropriests" will take the gospel to the inhabitants of Mars and other planets.

But in a reply to Brewster, Whewell pointed out the problem with his idea of a redemption that radiates from the Cross to the ends of the Universe. It grants the Earth a centrality that pluralism would preclude.

* Earlier in the century, it had been thought that such proof had at last been obtained—by Sir John Herschel, the son of Sir William and himself a noted astronomer. During the summer of 1835, the *New York Sun* had run a series of reports in which Sir John was said to have observed—"by means of a telescope, of vast dimensions and an entirely new principle"—various creatures on the Moon. Among them were clusters of winged apes "evidently engaged in conversation." The reports had created a sensation in New York and elsewhere. But they were soon discovered to be fictional—a satire aimed at the plurality-of-worlds idea.

a trillion trillion stars, around which could be orbiting *quadrillions* of planets—the same proportion of which, says Sagan, may be expected to have evolved creatures not unlike ourselves.

The exobiologists argue, then, from numbers and common sense. They reason that if Earthlike planets exist in such abundance, a significant number of them will have produced life similar to our own. Surely there is life—*intelligent life*—throughout our galaxy and beyond.

As one scientist summed it up: “We would be very vain creatures to believe we are the only human beings in the universe.”

Thus, a belief in multiple worlds became the prevailing view among both scientists and the general public.

Yet not everyone would accept that view. And with its ascendancy, a new kind of dissenter appeared on the scene: the Bruno in reverse. These were thinkers bent on returning to the old Universe—the Universe whose sole inhabitant was Man—whose very purpose was Man! The foremost of the dissenters was Alfred Russel Wallace, co-discoverer of the theory of evolution.*

In 1903 the eighty-year-old Wallace—influenced by his conversion to spiritualism—published a book called *Man's Place in the Universe*. In it he repeats many of Whewell's arguments, reinforcing them with new scientific data. The Universe, declares Wallace, exists for the sole purpose of evolving the human inhabitants of Earth. We are the “unique and supreme product” of Creation (whose ultimate product is our immortal souls). To the objection that it would be wasteful of God to create so many unused stars and planets, Wallace points out that waste is the norm in the natural world. He gives the example of a tree that produces millions of acorns, in order that *one* of them might become a new tree. The Earth, in Wallace's view, was that single acorn, from which sprang the Tree of Life.

* Alfred Russel Wallace had arrived at the theory of evolution independently of Darwin. They published it jointly; but Wallace has been largely forgotten—perhaps on account of his backsliding cosmology. Or his unscientific insistence that evolution had been guided by a Higher Intelligence—a Grand Designer.

Another dissenter was George Gaylord Simpson, a paleontologist and zoologist. Simpson debated the exobiologists on their own terms—by weighing probabilities. In *This View of Life* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1964) he writes:

There are four successive probabilities to be judged: the probability that suitable planets do exist; the probability that life has arisen on them; the probability that such life has evolved in a predictable way; and the probability that such evolution would lead eventually to humanoids....the first probability is fair, the second far lower but appreciable, the third exceedingly small, and the fourth almost negligible. Each of these probabilities depends on that preceding it, so that they must be multiplied together to obtain the over-all probability of the final event, the emergence of humanoids. The product of these probabilities, each a fraction, is probably not significantly greater than zero.

More recently, a theory has arisen in scientific circles known as the Anthropic Principle. Its proponents note that carbon-based life was able to evolve only by dint of a remarkable set of “coincidences” in the physical structure of the Universe. The Universe seems to have been *designed* so as to produce life. And conceivably, to produce it in one place only.

And that’s where the matter stands today. The scientific community has largely accepted the idea of multiple inhabited worlds. But there are voices on both sides of the question. The fact is that nobody knows.

At a conference to discuss the possibility of extraterrestrial life, Dr. Lee Du Bridge, president of California Institute of Technology, said: “Sometimes I think we are alone in the universe, and sometimes I think we are not. In either case, it’s a staggering thought.”



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