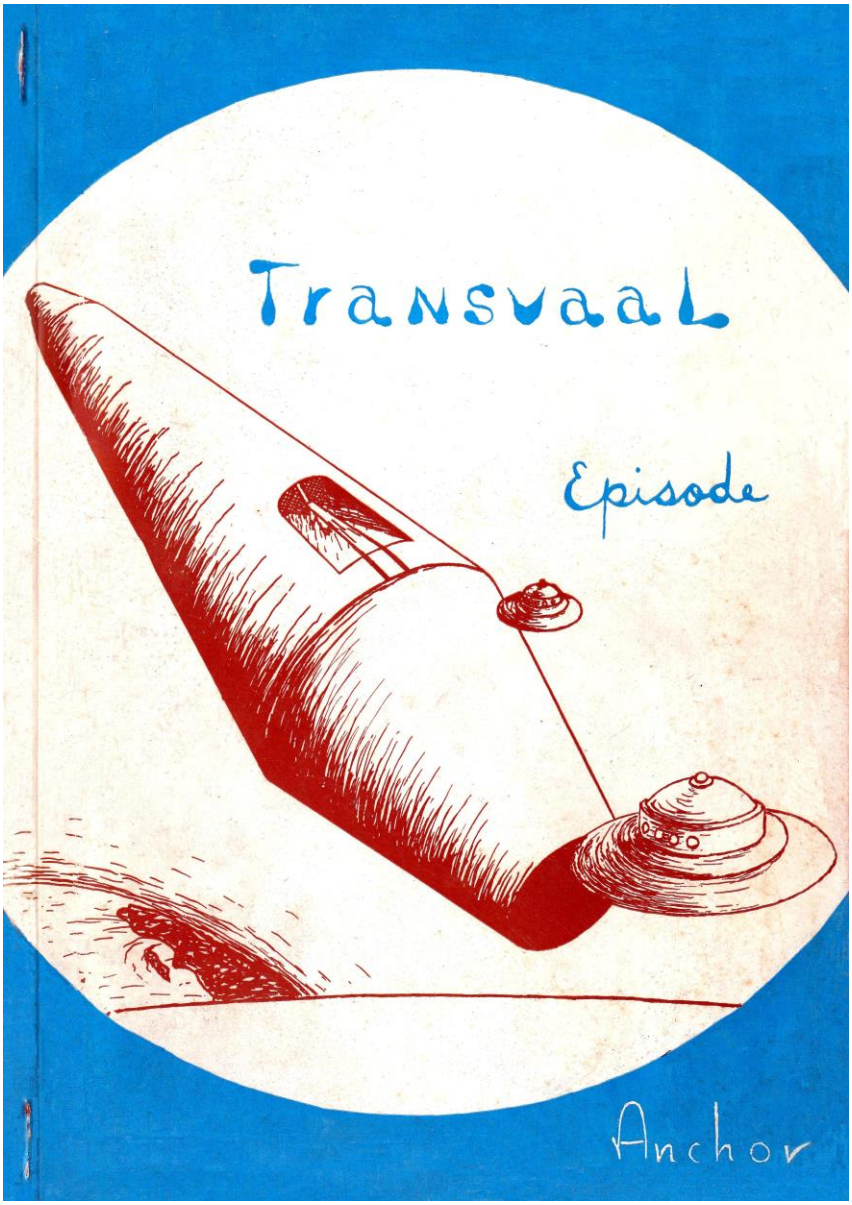
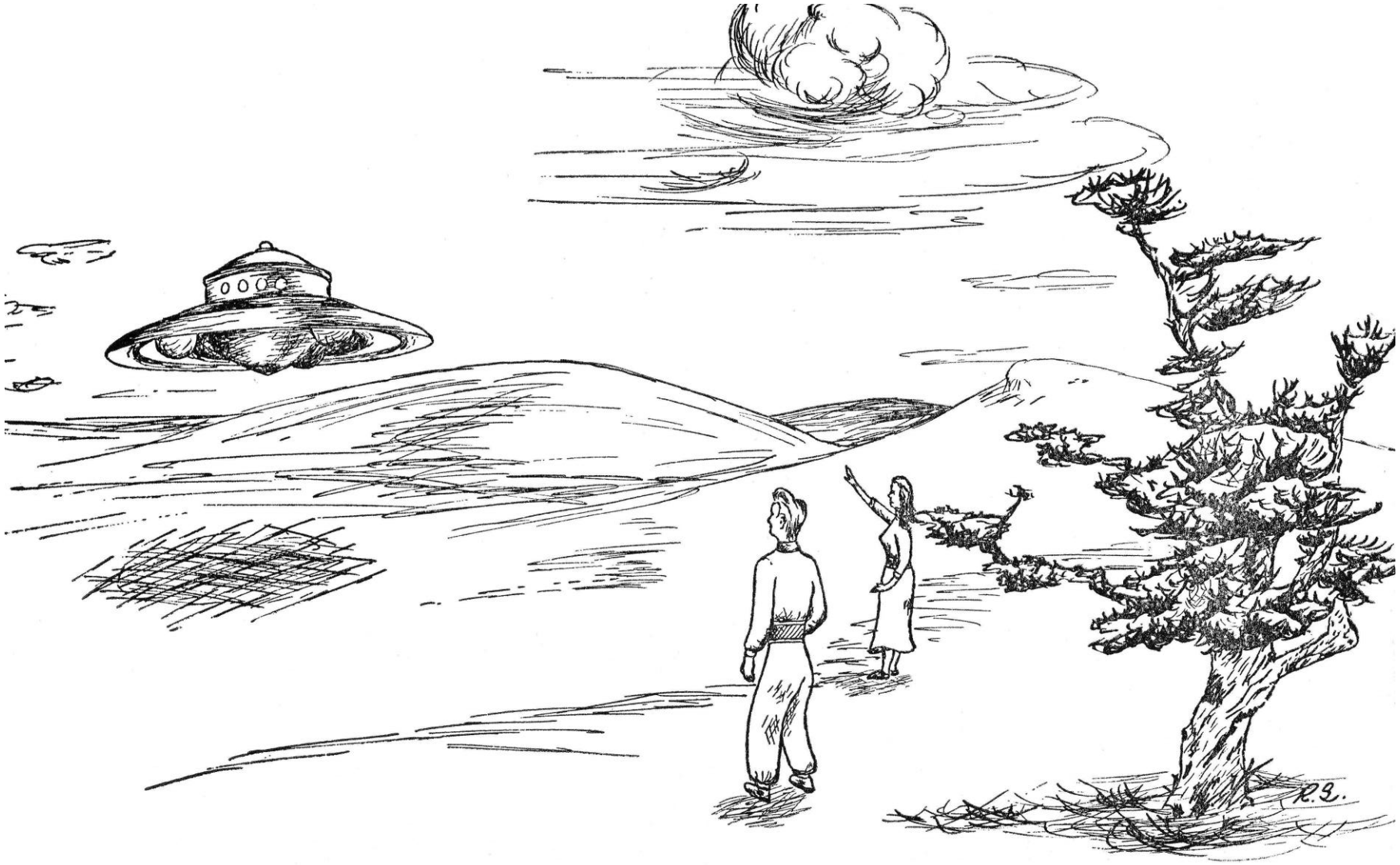
Transvaal episode

(A UFO lands in Africa)



Ann GREVLER
(*alias* ANCHOR)


R.S.

Introduction

There have been a number of flying saucer contact stories published in the last few years in which the individuals involved entered the space craft and even in certain cases, were privileged to ride in them for some distance. Notable instances of this and similar experiences are those of Daniel W. Fry (*The White Sands Incident*, *To Men of Earth*, *Steps to the Stars*, and *Understanding*) ; George Adamski (*Flying Saucers Have Landed* and *Inside the Space Ships*) ; George W. Van Tassel (*I Rode A Flying Saucer* and *Into This World and Out Again*) ; Truman Bethurum (*Aboard a Flying Saucer* and *The Voice of the Planet Clarion*), and Orfeo Angelucci (*The Secret of the Saucers*).

In all of these cases there has been a great deal of controversy as to the authenticity of these gentlemen's experiences. This is perfectly understandable in the light of the fact that in our present commercial society most people seem to have some sort of an « angle ». It is rare to find someone not giving thought to personal gain but selflessly attempting to give out information to his fellowman. From the more materially minded, criticism of anything « out-of-the-ordinary » is always readily forthcoming.

There are really two kinds of critical attitudes. One type is that evidenced by those who are willing to be convinced if the proper evidence is presented ; the other by those who are unwilling to be convinced no matter what evidence is presented. It is rather obvious that this second type is a lost cause. There is little purpose in attempting to present evidence to convince those who are unwilling to be convinced. Therefore, this volume s addresed to those individuals who ar willing to maintain an open-minded attitude, attempting to ascertain the true nature of these events.

There are really three reasons why the story related in this volume has been selected for publication. The first is to present a new and interesting contact story as an example of some of the amazing contacts which are quietly and without fanfare taking place in the world. The second is to offer confirmation to those individuals who have had experiences within the space craft. The third, and perhaps most important, reason is to point out the semantic difficulties encountered in studying the UFO contac stories.

We all know the game where the first person in a long line of people whispers something into the ear of the second in line, who in turn whispers it to the third, and so on. At the end of the line the message comes out completely garbled and unrecognizable as the original message, even though each person attempted to relay it as he heard it. We all color the things which we repeat or relate with our own thoughts and preconceptions, some people, of course, more than others.

There has been much talk in UFO circles regarding seeming contradictions in the contact stories. A favorite argument used by the skeptics is that if the contact claimants really had had these contacts, their stories would have been much more similar than they are. These belligerents may be answered from several viewpoints. First of all, they usually display a general ignorance of the details of contact stories. (Witness an article written by a non-believing lady in a well-known science-fiction magazine not long ago – 1957 – which is notorious among saucer researchers for its rather detailed inaccuracy and broad generalizations. This lady is by no means alone in her « sins ».) When the contactee's name is misspelled and the wrong location is given as the site of his contacts, we begin to wonder how qualified the skeptic is to say anything on these subjects, much less write about it ! In one case, to top it all off, it was said that one contactee is working with a certain group of space people or other teachers when, in reality, it is a highly publicized fact that an entirely different contactee is working with this group and is in no way related to the person named by the skeptic !

It is easy to understand why persons of this type would not be able to « swallow » contact stories. In the first place, they do not have any basis for understanding the stories. This is evidenced by their general misunderstanding of the basic points brought

out by those claiming contact. Secondly, because of the fact that we do inadvertently color things according to our own personalities and ideas, seeming contradictions are evident in the contact reports. These apparent contradictions, coupled with an inherent misunderstanding of the events described, give an illusion of solid grounds for a skeptical attitude. If these two blocks to accepting the contact stories are joined with a will not to believe, then we often have an end product of an inflexible and irrational denouncer of anything connected with space visitations.

After having met and talked with the contactees at length, one begins to see the basically consistent pattern which is present in all of their stories. The person of discerning mind will discover this fact from the books on the subject. If we ask ourselves the question, « What situation would develop if people from other planets did contact inhabitants of this planet ? » we can see how a situation exactly like the present one could come into being.

In this volume we have the story of a lady in Africa who was picked up by a UFO and taken to other planets. It is particularly illustrative of the point we have been discussing, for several reasons. First of all, the lady is from a cultural group different from that of most of the other contactees. Though the English language is still a common factor, there are great differences in colloquialisms and usages. Because of this we would find a great number of observable differences of a minor nature in this account, many more than if the account were written by an American. This should substantiate to some extent the points we have been making.

A second feature of this account is that it deals heavily with the lady's individual interpretations of her experiences. In the United States today we find many people reading the Bible and professing to live by it. There have been hundreds of sects and denominations, varying from the Pentecostals to the Roman Catholics to the methaphysical churches, which have had their origin in this one book. Each one has its own unique interpretation of the Bible. Who is to say who is right ? It would be difficult for a space man to realize, from looking at the summaries of church dogma, that all these organizations stem from the same book. Therefore, when contactees begin to give not a description of their experience but to interpret these experiences in accordance with their personal line of thought, we are really in deep water. I fear that all of us would tend, subconsciously, to emphasize the things which confirm our own thoughts and ideals on various subjects, and to minimize or slide over those which did not.

When contactees express opinions or interpret their experiences we must remember that they are speaking according to their own limited background and comprehension. Many people seem to have the ridiculous idea that if there are differences of opinion between contactees, then their stories cannot be true. In fields of pure scientific research we find that there is even deviation from scientist to scientist in what might be considered as purely empirical data. Therefore, how can we expect relatively untrained reporters and observers to be able to accurately construct a picture of life on other worlds for us ? Particularly, how can we expect the reporters, coming from varying backgrounds, to completely agree even when they do attempt to draw certain over-all conclusions from their experiences ?

Perhaps in the case of Daniel W. Fry we find one of the more able reporters. He was a man trained in the physical sciences when he had the unusual experience related in *The White Sands Incident*. He realized that it was necessary to maintain an objective and scientific viewpoint regarding the entire matter. His report is of great value because of this attitude. It reads not like science-fiction, but like a scientific report made by a trained observer. Today, Mr. Fry holds an executive position in a scientific manufacturing and research organization and is carrying out a number of very interesting projects along several lines. He is an example of a « space contactee » who had been trained in such a way as to make the contact a valuable one from the standpoint of physical science, in that Mr. Fry was far more able than the average person to understand his experience from that viewpoint. Here we will find his interpretations of many portions of his contact very important because he is an expert in his field and thus is competent to comment at least to some extent on the science

of the space people. The average person, having no extensive background in any specialized field, would not be able to comment with the accuracy that we find in the case of Mr. Fry.
We also note that Mr. Fry, on the whole, confines his comments to relating the experience and remarking on those things in which he has been trained. Certainly a physicist could better draw conclusions and ideas from a contact in regard to such things as propulsion than could a housewife who is not even aware of what it is that « holds up » the Earth satellites !
These comments on contacts and contactees are not be construed as chiding them for being inaccurate reporters or common, untrained people. Rather, they are addressed to those who have not realized the facts of this situation and have called the contactees liars or neurotics simply because their stories did not agree in detail. There are many kinds of space men to contact and many ways to relate a single or similar experience. Therefore, let us take another look at the varied stories and ideas to be found in the UFO field. I think we will find that as time goes on, more and more of the valid contact stories will be seen to be compatible and confirmatory.
It is hoped that the interesting account which follows will contribute to some extent to the reader's understanding of the UFOs. Let us remember to maintain an open-minded attitude in these matters where few men are experts. Slowly and surely the seemingly incompatible aspects of various contacts are seen in their true relationship to other experiences. By being dogmatic and very self-assured in these matters, we will often narrow our field of vision a great deal and thus miss a very enriching and rewarding concept or experience.

John McCoy
Editor

TRANSVAAL EPISODE

Driving through the Eastern Transvaal, in that part of the beautiful winding hilly country where one is so alone that, except for evidence of other humans having tarred a road, one could be the only human being on the planet – my car suddenly stopped.
« Great ! » I thought. Not only was I driving alone, but I am – mechanically at least – a helpless female. The car had just stopped. That was all. I know just enough to be sure that a flat tyre flipperty-flops as long as one drives the car ; a blow-out makes the car skid ; and – and – well, that's about it. I had had the car thoroughly checked before I left Johannesburg. There was only one thing left – fire ! Perhaps the engine had caught fire. It was hot enough weather, goodness knows. The car had intelligently chosen to stall itself under one of the few clumps of trees along the wayside. I climbed out of the car and opened the bonnet. I peered in. No fire. Nothing appeared loose. Nothing jumped out at me. All appeared serene. I was still peering into dark engine nooks, when I became half conscious of a buzzing noise. A car approaching, I hoped. But it must be some way off. Then I realized the buzzing noise was a buzzing noise not that a car. Probably a vast swarm of bees, I thought ; that's all I'm in need of – to be stung by a vast swarm of bees at a time like this !
Then there was silence – suddenly. I cautiously looked up – expecting to see the little honey-makers sitting around laughing at me. Instead, to my astonishment, I saw what everyone in the world would now recognize as a Spaceman. There he stood – just the other side of the trees, smiling at me. He had on what can now be regarded as the traditional Spaceman garb – one-piece suit, high necked, long sleeved, copper (?) wire belt. His hair was cut as an Earthman's. We stood and looked at each other. I was so surprised I'd forgotten to start smiling. He calmly folded his arms and waited, still smiling gently and not taking his eyes off me. Suddenly I came back to normal. What have I been preaching to people ? « When you meet Space People, don't be afraid ; be friendly ; welcome them, etc., etc. » And here I was just gawking at one. I looked at my oily hands. Then I smiled at him.
« Hello, » I said. « Welcome here. I won't shake hands because mine are grubby. » I showed him. « Do you understand what I say ? »
« Perfectly, » he laughed – « I understand what you think before you express it in sound. »
« Yes, I said. « I know, so you know how happy I am to meet you. » Funny, I thought, one had looked forward so much and so long to meeting a Spaceman, and now, at this critical moment, I felt flat. I could think of nothing to say, or to ask, and was mainly conscious of the heavy penetrating, midday heat. I wondered if this was his first Earth visit and if he thought all Earth people were such clots.
« No, » he laughed, « not the first – and I think you're just normally surprised and somewhat put out by the sun's heat. »
I became aware that I was barely conscious of his voice, as such, but more as of a musical instrument talking to me. And how restful not to have to talk too much – just think.
« Yes – but realize how careful you Earth people must learn to be of precisely *what* you think, » he smiled.
I smiled back, trying not to think.
He came over and stood beside me.
« What do you think's the matter with the engine ? » I asked.
« Get in and start it, but keep your brakes on ! » he said.
I got in. I kept the brakes on and started the engine.
It started perfectly. « That's funny ! » I said, leaving the engine running and getting out again to peer under the bonnet.
« Why ? » he asked. « It's easy ! » With a look of deep concentration he focussed his attention on a point in the engine – and it just went dead ! Not a movement out of it.

« Could you – er – start it again ? » I asked hesitantly.
A flicker of a smile passed over his face. Within a count of « three », the engine started running again.
« My ! » I said. « I'd like to borrow that look in case my engine stops again.
« It won't – on this trip », he said. « We'll protect you with our thoughts. »
« Thank you, » I said. « Do you mean that there's nothing the matter with the engine ? That you stopped it – with your thought ? »
He smiled. « We thought perhaps you'd like to stop and chat. »
« Of course ! » I said, « thank you – thank you so much ! How kind of you ! »
« Would you like to come home with us – just perhaps for a short while ? »
« Oh yes, please ! » I said. « When ? »
« Now, » he said.
I looked around. No Saucer – and what about my car ? It all seemed so materially complicated.
« Please don't be anxious about anything, » he said. He directed what, I have since come to think of as « his look », to the hill at the base of which we were standing. The buzzing sound started again. I had an indescribable sensation – a feeling of intense excitement. Slowly over the top of the hill, accompanied by the humming sound getting closer, I saw the dome and then the rest of the Scout Ship rise up, clear the hill and settle near us. It did a little wobble as it came near the ground and became stationary about two or three feet above it. A door slid open, steps seemed to roll out to the ground, and another figure appeared in the doorway. The ship was about twenty feet away and must have been the « 36-foot model. » Another figure stood in the doorway and smiled. I smiled back. The two men briefly exchanged words in a strange and most melodious language that I did not understand. The one next to me said, « Drive your car off the road – here », as he moved back to the rough ground.
I got into my car and drove it to where he indicated. Then I got out and waited.
« How did he know » I asked, « when to come over the hill ? »
« He was awaiting a signal from me », he said. « He was, what you might say, « tuned in » to my wavelength. I sent the signal when I was ready, and he came over. »
« It all sounds so simple, » I said.
« It is, » he smiled, « It just needs sincere application. »
« I'll try, » I said.
Then the other one – whom, for convenience sake, I'll refer to as « B », and the first one as « A » – appeared in the doorway again with a small blue-grey, rod-like instrument, which he was pointing directly at my car. « A » drew me briskly away from the area.
« Never get in the blast area of a ray of one of those, » he said.
« What does it do ? » I asked.
He looked towards my car. I followed his gaze – and was so astonished I think I stopped breathing ! My car was dissolving – *de-materializing* – where it stood. I just gaped.
« It's all right, » smiled « A ». « We'll bring it back later. » He answered unspoken questions in my mind. « We can, when necessary, de-materialize objects by thought force – but it is very depleting to us and therefore we use a machine to do the same whenever possible. People ? Yes, people can de-materialize, too, but there is a « death-line », as it were, in the vibrational scale when we deal with living organisms. It is a cross-vibrational band through which one must pass. If one cannot combat it, one ceases to have « life ». If one has the means of combating it, – and we have found such a means », he tapped a disc-shaped mechanism attached to his belt, « then one can safely pass through to the higher vibratory range called de-materialization. Those beings who have attained certain Mastership can at will pass and re-pass this « death-band ».
By the time he had finished speaking, my car, which had been behind me, had vanished. He smiled, « Look for it, » he said « but walk very slowly. »
Before I could query his last remark I knew the reason of it. Although I could see only countryside, I had run smack into something so solid that, feeling a stinging pain on my shin, I looked down and saw there was a small gash on my leg that was

bleeding. I felt in front of me, as if I were blind, for in bright sunlight I saw the ground before me, and yet I could feel the solid body of my car. I had actually cut my leg on the edge of the number plate ! « A » was beside me, half-kneeling, and as he directed the fingers of his right hand at the cut on my leg, I felt a sort of electric current touch my leg. I looked down and saw the blood had « clotted » and the gash sufficiently « knitted » to have stopped bleeding. Though it felt a little tender, the pain had stopped.

« You're terrific ! » I told him.

He looked up at me a little shyly, and said quietly, « There is always more to learn. »

« But it feels so *solid*, » I mused, « and yet, I *can't* see it – even knowing it's there ! »

« Some of your aeroplanes, unhappily, have found too that solid objects can be invisible, » he said. « We are very sorry about those incidents. Some of the times it was that the aeroplanes glanced even the edge of the electro-magnetic field of an « invisible » Space ship. Come, » he said suddenly, taking me by the hand and starting towards the Saucer. « We must take off. »

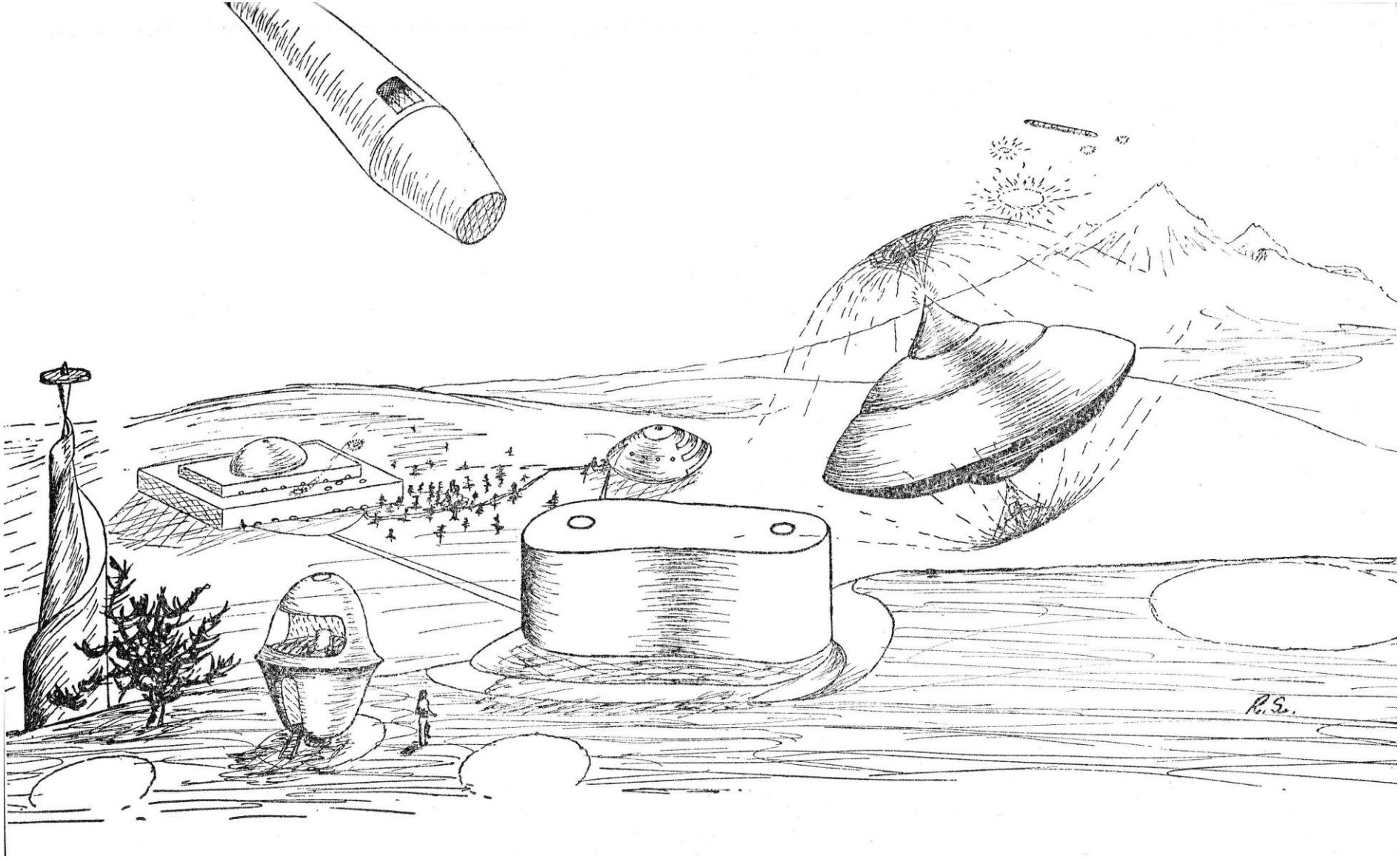
As the door slid and seemed to « hermetically » seal itself behind us the ship gave two or three little wobbles. « Goodness, I must be heavy, » I thought. I looked around the inside of the Saucer. It was as I somehow knew it would be : groups of portholes around ; two people, one of them « B », sitting opposite each other at a ledge which went all around, except at the door, and both looking down intently. In the centre was a thick column from ceiling to floor.

« A » was at an instrument panel. I came and stood beside him. He was giving some dials his *look*. He turned to me and smiled. « No, » he said, « just checking them. They were set before we came aboard. »

Next, I moved to where « B » was sitting. I realized he was looking through a large lens set in the ledge. He seemed to feel my approach, for without looking up he said, « You would care to see your planet now ? » I have seen « take-offs » in many aeroplanes and looked forward to seeing a Saucer take-off. But to my amazement, when I looked down through the lens, which was like an inverted periscope, we were so far off the ground that I could already see – rapidly diminishing – the *whole* shape of the earth globe. « So far, so fast ! » I gasped « When did we take off ? » I still don't know if « B » said, or thought-conveyed through his laughing eyes : « Wobble ! » « The wobble ? » I asked, « the wobble was the take-off ? » He nodded.

Everything was so exciting. I kept touching things to see if they were « real » – which was silly, of course, after my car experience. I hoped the others wouldn't notice and laugh at me – but the three of them appeared very much occupied with what they were doing. I looked through a porthole and the sensation had a dynamic yet dream-like quality – the sky bright blue, and a stream of golden meteorites flashing past and then what must have been a positively huge Mother Ship stationary in Space. We sped toward it. I wanted to ask « Where are we ? » and then an appalling feeling of tinyness assailed me. Everything seemed tiny, tiny… I was tiny inside a tiny Scout Ship which was going at an alarming speed to an enormous, yet tiny, Mother Ship – everything tiny in vast vastness. Indeed where were we ? In Space. Perhaps by now – in Outer Space !

« That, » said « A », « is a matter of opinion. Outer Space to Earthlings means the space between planets. Outer Space to us means the Space between Solar systems. » We smiled at each other – and I think he meant we were only in interplanetary space. Looking out of a porthole, I saw tiny (again !) specks of light darting in a straight line into the great Ship. They were Scout Ships « landing ». Whether to take our turn, or for a better view, I don't know, but our ship had stopped. I realized this only because the picture through the porthole held steady. There was absolutely no sensation of stopping yet we were stationary after a fantastic speed, with no presumable slowing down, and no effect *at all* within the ship. It had a dreamlike quality – yet I recalled this very manoeuvre had often been verified even by such prosaic witnesses as official radar screens. With no sensation of movement, we shot forward suddenly into the great Ship, and berthed by apparently hanging ourselves (our ship) up on a sort of hook. The door slid open, and we stepped out onto a platform. We automatically took our place


R. S.

in a long file of crews, walking along and then up to the deck above. All were dressed in white space suits. Everyone, I noticed, was silent. We followed along more slowly and then came our turn to stop before some white curtains. The crew ahead had just gone in, and apparently we were to wait until the curtains slowly and silently opened. I learned, that, as soon as one group left the other side of this place, the curtains opened to admit the next crew.

We entered. It was a white-curtained, perfect circle, the floor formed of alternate squares of what appeared to be exquisite white opal and sapphire. This was the Temple, visited by returning crews to thank the Creator for a safe voyage. I feel it profane to attempt to describe here What occupies the opposite side of the Circle. Those who know – know. Suffice it to say, a Sublime Radiance issues forth as from a composition of Purest Light – a living Picture. I felt pin-pointed in the centre of my being, stabilized, secure, joyous – knowing the Immanence and knowing that all things are planned. As if the Great Benediction were given, we quietly left by just « knowing » to go. The curtains on the other side opened to let us out as the curtains behind us opened to admit the next waiting crew (This passage contains a great deal of confirmation for Adamski, but due to semantic difficulties, it is almost worthless. Readers familiar with George Adamski's book, *Inside the Space Ships*, will understand this. – Ed.)

One Creator. I no longer felt as an excited stranger. I was home again, one of a family, in a Brotherhood, such as I have never known amongst Earth people.

If I describe in detail my adventures it would fill a book. I have an aversion to writing books, perhaps. I shall therefore, to the best of my ability and as mere vignettes, just describe at random some of my few privileged experiences on other planets.

Regarding education : On any levels of teaching there are what are called Halls of Learning. Colour, as one of the truest and most direct vibrations of the Essence of the Life Force, plays a very important part in all walks of Life. All classrooms and robes of teachers (and often pupils) are in colour harmony – *yellow* for Higher Natural Laws of Science, *green* for harmony, for « earth » teachings on food, hygiene, planting, « botany », etc. ; *red* of a pure scarlet hue for physical exercise and all physical plane manifestations ; *flame* for philosophy and wisdom classes.

I was also taken to a tall, perfectly circular building – I do not know how many floors high – but when I chanced to look out of a window I looked *down* on very beautiful sparkling white buildings, ranging over some gentle hills, and of delightful architecture.

In this great Hall of Learning that I visited, there were corridors running against the outside walls which had windows in them, so that much light came through to the shelves of books that formed the inside walls. A book I was shown was unlike any book I have seen on Earth. It appeared to be of alabaster – but incredibly light in weight for such a thick book. Within the book were small squares, « pages » of them – and each square contained what appeared to be a jewel – about one half inch square – but which on further examination turned out to be a roll of microfilm (the nearest way I can describe it) on which many valuable records are kept.

(This is a very good example of the semantic difficulties encountered in the reports of saucer contacts. From the above description one would assume that books on this planet were composed of small rolled-up strips of microfilm. From other sources we have the information that records and « books » are « stored » in small crystal devices which are activated by being placed in a magnetic field. The fact that the jewels are referred to above, would indicate that this is what is being spoken of in this account. However, we are thrown off the trail a bit by the statement that the jewels « on further examination turned out to be a roll of microfilm (the nearest way I can describe it) on which many valuable records are kept. » Obviously, the lady has little scientific background with which to understand the nature of crystals and magnetic fields. It is probable that she saw the crystals placed in some sort of apparatus and the resulting sequence of pictures « projected » on a screen caused her to associate this event with viewing microfilm in the past. It is difficulties such as this which cause many seeming contradictions among contact stories. In reality the stories are true but the background of the contactee limits him in relating the story. No doubt each individual unintentionally colors his account with his own ideas and beliefs and

educational background. A minister would relate a trip to another planet in a manner different from that which would be used by a medical doctor or an artist. As we broaden our viewpoints and understanding we find that most of these people are saying the same things. – Ed.)

The students here were all adults and wore white monklike robes – men and women – but these robes, I was told, had no religious significance, as we on Earth would understand it. The robes, which reached to the ankles, were full and simply cut, with long loose sleeves and a cord around the waist.

The elevator was an open platform which journeyed to required levels by what was termed, « a central pillar. » An air of great calm pervaded this building, and my mind felt so very clear and alert and receptive that I felt, if I'd had the time to spend there, I'd have been able to study *anything* and understand and retain it.

The science of sound-colour is a major subject. Pupils are trained from childhood in extra-sensory perception as we term it. They learn « Vibration » – that is, the particular rates of vibration apparent to each of the senses – (their range of seeing and hearing and all perception is much greater than what we term « normal ») – and that there is only *one* primary sense – that of *touch*. To touch with the sight wave is to see ; to touch with the sound wave is to hear ; to touch with the thought wave is to send or receive telepathically ; to touch with the heart is to feel and understand.

(This unique concept of perception has been independently received by several other contactees. – Ed.)

They learn Cosmic Language – which is expressed simply by symbols of various forms and colours, so that meanings are the same in any language (*colour* is of utmost importance here) and when I say « in any language, » the reader must realize that most of the Universe – except the majority of us on Earth – understand this Cosmic language as their natural heritage, while we can think of it only as « pre-Babel. » (For more information on this cosmic Language see Geo. H. Williamson's *Other Tongues – Other Flesh*. – Ed.)

Aptitude tests are made on people at a very early age, and although there is a general education, emphasis is towards that in which the person will later specialize as all do.

Fashions are much more stable than here – as is everything else ! Women's clothes for warm weather (on Venus anyway) are usually made, apparently, of a fabric like (« No advertising, please ! ») – well, I will only say we have something similar here ! It is extremely soft, light, non-transparent, non-crushable, and a whole robe can be rolled up into one's hand. The fabric is made in exquisite colours and each woman chooses the colours she wears for harmony with her own vibrations, and the occasion for which she dresses. It is synthetic thread – dyed, as I saw in one factory, by coloured light radiation for differing periods of time and of different intensities. Other materials I saw were a very soft, light, fleecy fabric, a smooth tough nylon-like one, and a thin woolen-like one – though I knew it wasn't woolen.

In a factory where machines – Flying Saucer ! – were being made, I saw the material being cut. One would think that the noise would be deafening if that aluminium coloured, harder-than-anything, (as reputed) material was to be cut. Yet there was no sound – unless I stood still and « tuned in » on the ultra-normal waves. Then I could barely hear, at times, a very fine, high-pitched hum. The cutting was done purely by ultrasonics. For the finer work and polishing and for even colour rays, ultra-ultra-sonics were used.

Food in these more refined places, naturally is more refined. However contrary to Earth standards, where the more « refined » foods are the more complex, in other « places » the refined food means the simpler fare. Pure fruits, fruit juices and I suppose what we would call vegetables and herbs. I saw no killed food of any sort. Before any food was taken « grace » was always said – or thought. It was as though a ray were sent to the food – whatever it might be – to raise its vibrations before intake. Perhaps this latter was the natural result of sending a « ray » of prayer or thanksgiving for it. People are taught from the earliest age to know what their bodies need and to take only those foods that the mechanism of the body can most readily and easily absorb. They give

their bodies the minimum amount of fuel for the maximum efficiency. They try to make their physical vehicles last as long as possible in the best condition, believing, as they do, in reincarnation, and realizing that re-births waste valuable time. Healing is also done by colour and ultrasonics. For inflammations, for instance, cool colours are applied. This works in many spheres, as any opposites can be mixed by ultrasonics in the same way. In Spiritual Law all substances are one at a high enough vibration.
On Venus the daylight has a very white opalescent hue ; in late afternoon there seems a bluish haze – but a high, not a ground haze. At night, though the sky may be completely dark, the buildings shine with a white self-radiance, that makes street – lighting quite unnecessary. I did not see any light bulbs, anywhere. Inside lighting just seems to be diffused ; in homes, a warm rosy glow appears the most popular. It is soothing, pleasant and not too somnolent.
In the beautiful soft white daylight I was taken to a great white building on a hill. It was an interplanetary University. Here those more advanced come from many planets to learn many things. I was taken to a gathering in the *Hall of Dialectics* (Cosmic Language). The huge auditorium was filled to capacity and on the stage were two great figures in white robes, two whom those on Earth who study the Ancient Wisdom would know. The great Master M------ was speaking : « We are gathered here in Cosmic Harmony, in community and communion, ------. » It was like a tremendous Temple of worship – there was prefect stillness and transcendental Peace – a Peace that remained with me a long time after.
In other « wings » of the University were additional Halls of Learning and the living quarters. Those who come from other planets can not always easily breathe in different atmospheres. For this reason, some wear a breathing apparatus, while for those a little more attuned, the living quarters have the suitable planetary atmospheres prevailing there, where the visitors can rest and sleep, while managing without any apparatus the rest of the time. Some visitors need no help in breathing.
Outside, standing on a wooded hill, I saw below me what appeared to be a perfectly round, shining lake. Suddenly the « lake » lifted – and I beheld an enormous perfectly eliptical spaceship – holding, I believe, about 300 people. As it lifted and swung closer to me, the two halves had not quite shut – and many waved to me as they passed. Almost with a deliberate slowness, the ship sealed itself along its circumference – and as if the hand of a giant discus thrower had flung it outward, it became a spinning, momentary-shining speck on the blue-white plain – and was gone.
I had a special reason for wanting to be taken to a certain moon off one of the planets to check on conditions there. I was obligingly taken to it. On the moon itself everything was wet – pervaded by an extremely fine oxygenized mist such as one sometimes sees in an Earthly florist shop. There was such a greyish-blue light that filtered down where I was standing that even the tall gum-like trees looked bluegrey. No sign of green anywhere. I asked someone what would happen if there were no dampness. Something like a rubberized hood was put over my head, in answer, and I felt a heat as if I were standing before a furnace. Then I understood the Divine Gift of the dampness. What must have been the sun appeared through the haze a dull flame-coloured orb surrounded by two flame-coloured circles.
In order to breathe and move in this atmosphere it was necessary to wear skin-tight garments of black rubber. An eye-piece like a wind-shield formed the upper portion of the face and head covering – all part of the one-piece suit. A breathing apparatus, fixed under the helmet, over the nose and mouth, had tubes to either side of the neck below the ears. Here the air was filtered of too much moisture, to a very pleasant cool-air consistency which could be adjusted as one desired by swivelling the little disk-like apertures at the sides. Once one became used to it, it was not at all hard to breathe normally.
I was shown into what appeared to be an igloo – with a spire on top. It was white – the top of the spire – which went up from the dome of the igloo into a straight smooth, silvery rod about twice the height of the igloo itself. Inside the little hut there were windows on one side about midway up the wall, and running nearly the whole half-curve. Cutting off the other curve was an instrument panel reaching from floor to

ceiling, on which were numerous dials. The panel itself was black. My one companion reached up and pulled down a handle attached to a serrated wheel at the top of the panel and all the dials swung into action at once. Either nothing was happening, or much was happening with perfect precision. I soon found it was the latter, for I was beckoned outside and there I *saw* flashes shooting out and around the little igloo in what must have been some sort of code signal. My, my ! I thought – if only our tired, watery-eyed little Earth astronomers were focussing their attention this way now they might indeed see « Signals in Space. » But perhaps they were off for tea !

On another occasion, when I was in a space ship, several of us were sitting opposite a screen, which – according to its erratic behaviour – might easily have been an Earth TV screen. We watched blobs and dashes bespeckle it – then suddenly it held still – and what was a small orb in the centre of the screen became so large as nearly to fill it. We were coming in for a landing on the moon – the other side of the moon. The sky was quite dark. Looking out of a window, I saw below what appeared to be sulphur-yellow open « lotus flowers » – but which exciting sight turned out to be hangars, I was told, to house spacecraft. Here, at this stop, we changed into warm clothes, as we were going very far afield to a cold clime – as indeed it turned out be to. It was a short stop – but a memorable one. Everything was sheer ice ! I don't know how deep the ice on the ground was, or on the hills – but it was clear sparkling ice, except a melted portion where some laughing people were boating. They looked happy enough – but I didn't have time to look at their boats, as I was welcomed into a house nearby and very soon I was called, to leave again.

I have seen about eight or nine types of spacecraft different from the two or three now familiar to Earth viewers – all of them beautifully proportioned and graceful in flight, from the smallest to the largest. I have seen small one-seater eliptical ones as they closed and « hermetically » sealed themselves on the flick of one switch and apparently filled themselves up with air for takeoff on the flick of another. I have seen these little craft used as cars on the streets of another planet, as they were, I was told, on the streets of this planet in a civilization aeons past. They serve a dual purpose, as they can be also airborne, as I have said. These small craft, in taking off, glide out to « air strips ». At the end of each, there is a pole « negative » on top. The craft switch to positive vibration for impetus, and are drawn up and off the ground as a start. Once airborne they switch back to their own controls. They land as take off. They often « garage » against pillars as dirigiles do, but the pillars are usually found in the cities, on the corner of a building of « flats » or « offices ». Each craft is parked at the floor level its occupant wishes to reach. I do not know what the local municipalities do to fill their coffers, for I never saw anyone get a parking ticket !

On another occasion, I was in a ship which had to make a stop on what was a satellite – but really rather large. It was, to put it crudely, at a crossroads in Space. That sounds odd, I know, but sometimes people have reason to visit certain planets and instead of going the long way around, as it were, they wait for a change of ship on a satellite. It was for this reason that we stopped – to pick up some people going home to another planet. There was a waiting ship there – and since we had a short time « ashore », I ambled over to the other ship. It was disc-shaped, and black. It hovered about 12 to 15 feet above the ground. There was an open door, and a ladder out of it to the ground. I clambered up – and, for no reason I knew of at the time, had a certain misgiving. Perhaps the other ship whould leave without me ! I turned on the ladder, and saw a friend from the other ship watching me, a little gravely, I thought. « You won't leave without me, will you ? » I called. He smiled and shook his head. I entered the craft. It was darkish inside, but had an opening opposite to the one I came in. The people in the craft all had black tights on over feet, up to wrists, and over their heads. Their complexions were extremely sallow, greenish in fact. I sent a rapid telepathic message to Professor B. of Johannesburg, Earth : « Dear Prof. – wish you were here ! » But the flaccid, rather unfriendly faces decided me to leave by the first exit available. Dark-ringed, sullen eyes followed my slight scamper out.

At the bottom of the ladder I found my friend waiting for me. « No need to be alarmed » he said re-assuringly, « Not *all* beings in the Universe are as highly evolved

as some are. There are always some further along the way. « Yes, » I said, humbled – and turned back to wave and smile at the sullen faces in the doorway of the craft. A cloud seemed to lift from them and I learned a valuable lesson.

I have seen various types of craft other than the ones usually described by Earth witnesses, but I believe most of them have the same motive power. No matter what shape they may be, these craft are always streamlined against shock and other waves they may come across in their travels through space. The general idea of their propulsion is that cosmic power (electricity ?) is drawn out of the surrounding air, through the top of the central column – which is common to all the craft I have entered except the very small land-air craft. This power is then irradiated via a pump at the bottom of the central pillar, over powdered quartz of a kind, which is spread over the largest possible field within the ship. The result is ionized air. There are no decorative « knobs » on these ships – everything is for utility.

In the most usual scout ships we see in our Earth skies, for instance, the ionized air is pumped through the three hollow rings around the outside base of the cabin structure as well as circulating through the three balls underneath – these latter being for motive power and direction and not used primarily as landing gear. The curl around the skirt of this model is also for extra air lift.

Some of the smaller craft have a central jet which gives them take-off lift. The great motherships have enormous central pillars that are filled with the cosmic power. Navigation is also done by magnetic propulsion and repulsion. Craft are usually painted outside with an ionized substance composed of ingredients which Earth scientists would say it was impossible to mix, but which *can* be mixed ultra-sonically. It is this ionization of the craft which causes the surrounding « electro-magnetic » field – one result of which is that while the motive power is on (i.e., any time the craft is not stationary *on the ground*), it is not possible to photograph the ship with a « clean edge, » as the field sets up a reaction in the silver nitrate of the film, causing a blur on the image of the ship. But another result is that the craft is crash-proof, as the circulating air will always cushion it. The colours that the ships show denote speed and/or vibration, as ultrasonics are also used for power.

Truly, our beautiful Earth is like a village in the great wide world of the Universe. We must re-orientate our entire scale of values – ethically, politically, economically and religiously – and because of this urgent need, leaders in all these fields, in every nation, balk at telling the people the truth about « flying saucers. » Have these leaders the right to consider that because the people gave them power and authority, those people are not sufficiently intelligent to receive the truth ? That may be. Most scientists will, unscientifically, argue that what has not been proven to their own satisfaction cannot exist. Let us face the sad truth that most material scientists have built up the cold hard facts of Science by substituting new errors for old ones. They are constantly proving that their predecessors were not infallible and this will no doubt be the pattern of the future. Their attitude may be termed the Grandpa of all Science-Fiction.

Basically I would say there are three main types of Space People who visit us here. For convenience, let us designate them the Ones, Twos and Threes. The Ones are those whom mortals have oft referred to as gods (perhaps the Olympian gods, the Norse gods, the Atlantean « Lords of the Flame, » etc.), from whose number surely have come our prophets and avatars. These come from the most highly evolved of the Planets not just those of our own planetary system – and perhaps from the Suns as well. Physically (shall we say) they are forward-based on Venus. They come as Masters of Love-Wisdom, and are in the realm of Consciousness that forbids them to harm any living thing.

The Twos are more on the level of ordinary « mortals » – and though more advanced intellectually and in etheric communication are not necessarily more spiritually evolved. They feel it their self-righteous duty to see that the world is punished for « sins » of which many of them are themselves very capable. Whilst the Twos and the Threes, in varying degrees, exchange their knowledge with contacts here, this « help » on their part is very often only a cover for their real work among us.

It is interesting to note that most of those who are destructive like to pose as Venusians – since an Earth legend has grown up that all Venusians are « fair of face and heart. »
There is a light and a dark side to every planet, (Read « The Intruders », *Other Tongues – Other Flesh* for a clearer understanding of this.) but many of the destroyers have no direct contact with Venus. Their destructive work consists among other things of doing structural damage to our planet itself – under the seas, under the earth in gaseous caverns, placing satellites in our orbit whereby to magnify the Sun's rays and set light to our atmosphere and earth. And some there are who – when war (they believe) is declared a few years hence will have so perfected their sabotage network over the world, that at a moment's notice every power plant on Earth will be out of action, and no plane – nor any engine – will be mobile. This latter effect, no doubt will be accomplished by means similar to those beams which, when thrown from « flying saucers » on our airplanes, have stopped their engines in mid-air.
Then the people of Earth will be at their mercy – and then we shall see whether the Spacians have come to destroy or save – perhaps both.
Perhaps when all radio stations are stilled only the voice of the Spacians will be heard, giving the Earthians a final choice.
Perhaps – but if so, why do they prepare these terrible underground gases ? For whom-------- ? If our atmosphere is made unbreathable (either by the Sun's rays, if misused, setting it alight from space platforms – put there by Spacians or ourselves – or by our politicos and scientists persisting in experimenting with hydrogen and cobalt explosions, though warned for many years now to desist of what use will be those gases designed to burn all the respiratory passages ?
Will it be the now habitual race to see who can torment most, soonest ? As it is, our nuclear experiments have apparently torn open rents in the Earth's aura of atmosphere and surrounding gases – and have already laid the Earth itself open to many disasters, including floods and quakes due to shifting weights of atmospheric pressures. (This warning was given by the Space People as early as the beginning of 1953, but no doubt governments tossed it into the « crackpot » basket. Yet witness the enormous increase in these disasters in the last three or four years.)
Perhaps it will be a mercy to have this civilization wiped out ! What a despair and sadness we must be to our Holy Creator, and to Him Who said – « Love your neighbour as yourself. »
Perhaps the trouble is that most people suffer so much a deep-seated guilt complex that in reality they hate themselves – and therefore all others.
The Twos and Threes produce the « Men in Dark Suits, » and all the other mysterious strangers threatening those « who know too much. » We should not be surprised at these « strangers » mentally projecting themselves as silent witnesses to conversations and incidents when they are not bodily present, and repeating details afterwards ; or their projecting a pair of spare moccasins or an occasional dented chair seat, or any other « thought forms » in order to terrorize people. These eavesdropping, peeping-Tom, poltergeist shenangans have been practised by black occultists throughout the Ages on Earth as well – and today these things are more common than the trusting man-in-the-street (any street !) would imagine in his wildest dreams. But common though these abuses of the Divine Gifts be, they are never practised by those who have a sense of decency and morality *on this or any other planet*.
I was once given these explanations of Time and Space : Of Time – to remember the Past is to remember it in the Present ; to foresee the Future, is to see it in the Present ; therefore there is only the Present.
Of Space : it is but a thought, and knowledge is its wings. To know is to think, and thinking – you are there.
A subjective experience to more than one person becomes an objective experience. For the size of the conscious Universe can be measured by the size of cranium – the Macrocosm and the Microcosm. God made Man in His Image.
I believe that the Book of Revelations is a key to much that is happening today – that the time for the Testing of the world is at hand. I feel sure it will be the Threes who

will come up out of the bowels of the earth through sulphurous fissures to torment those without the « Sign on Their Foreheads » (the Third Eye Awakened ?) « for five months. »

Some Spacians come from the « dark » counterparts of planets (the theory of planetary « doubles », I implicity believe.) The skins of some Spacians are brown, leathery and hairy. This condition is caused by prolonged exposure to cosmic radiations ; I believe these types are not too bright mentally – and one wonders if the ape people are really an instance of retarded development – or descendents of an unhappy race subjected to this radiation, perhaps, from their enemies' satellites ?

I was once taken, under special protection, to a destroyed planet – destroyed by scientific meddling and experimentation. The beings left were few – and they were those scientists and others guilty of the destruction. They aimlessly wandered in garish, swirling green mists, with the slowness of men walking beneath the seas. It was a « dead » planet ! What, I wondered, if this heart sickening sight were Earth ! And what difference ? To the Creator, sad to see *any* of His Children in this direful plight of their own doing.

I have found also a strange misuse of thought power on the part of some I sincerely believe were Space People here among us. One can be going along quite happily minding one's own business, when suddenly into one's orbit comes a Spacian, and a line of thought foreign to one's way of thinking in its particular presentation and *not* always on a high level – comes plumb into one's mind as though one had thought of it oneself. It has happened to me a sufficient number of times for me to be now quite *sure* that this is a strange quirk of some space people – and the pity of it is, they set themselves up in self-righteous judgement on one for accepting *their* deliberate thought projections !

I write this as much for Spacians to learn about us, as for Earthians to learn about them.

If I had to compose a Spacians' « Who's Who, » I would be lost ! I wish I could still believe that Spacians only desire to remain anonymous because of a natural reticence and timidity. I believe it would help the « human relations » angle enormously if those at least whose intentions are peaceful would provide *bona fides*. Otherwise nearly all come under the shadow of well-earned suspicion. Who are friends ? Who, traitors ?

I was reflecting on these sad things one day, when a Great Master spoke to me – « Judge ye a tree by its fruits. Throughout the Universe there is a White Brotherhood and a Dark Brotherhood, the latter the less evolved. No matter from which planet they come, judge then not by that. As there are good and bad on Earth – so in other realms. But remember there is One Creator, Who has given one set of Universal Truths to all Mankind. Those who serve the Spirits before the Throne – Honour, Justice, Truth, Mercy, Compassion, Peace, Harmony – these must be of the White Brotherhood. Trust them.

« For the others who dissemble, know them to be of the lesser ones ; yet chastise them not, but disarm them with compassion. All creatures are brothers. It is not for the higher evolved to preach to and punish the younger brothers because they are younger – but rather to teach them, by being a living example of what they wish to have followed.

« To love is not to indulge the weaknesses of others, be they harmful to another or to themselves – but rather to help strengthen what appears to be that weakness, by kindness, tolerance – and *firmness*, lest you find that that very weakness you observe has, – by your laxity of discrimination – become part of your very self, thereafter to become a burden to you until you conquer it. Stand firm – for like all slaves – though they be slaves unto themselves – the lesser evolved will try to overthrow and dominate the higher if they can. Stand firm – and know that All Creation has its appointed place in the Manifest Universe. Do not think of manifestation as only the third dimension of the « physical » realm, as many on Earth still believe.

« As people evolve, the more subtle bodies become the more real, whereas earlier in their development it was of necessity the grossest form. For humans to witness

etherically is to witness truly, to witness through the material vehicle, is to blunt the senses, as if peering through a dull glass. Soon people on earth will begin to realize this more consciously. The physical brain is but the transformer, – not the originator nor true witness – of pure thought into human understanding. Matter is energy or etheric force, condensed – which latter is none the less real, if not condensed.

« Do not be alarmed by those who give directions from the Space People to the Earth people. Test them whence they come, these prophets. Many are false, for it is such a time on Earth as has never been seen – and even the elect will be deceived. The Book has written it surely for all to see who have the eyes to see.

« Many use the cloak of Space People for their dissembling acts, to spy in each others' countries and plan inequities upon the inhabitants instead of living in peace. The wheel that has been turned backwards for so long by the abuse of Divine Power, must needs now run its course. And so the punishment and purification of the world comes, soon now, quickly now ! Yet be not dismayed. All are guilty only of their own crimes and will be recompensed accordingly.

« Live true to the True Laws ; trust your God and follow Him. His All-Seeing Eye is ever awake in all His Creation. It behooves the Earthly consciousness only to be aware thereof.

« Those who kill by the sword shall die by the sword ; – be they of any planet or any pasture – or any plane of existence. Cause and effect is an endless chain ; whether done in passion or dispassion, the deed will return to the doer.

« The Divine Law is irrevocable. Those who seek to dispose of their guilt in confession to priest or doctor, deceive themselves. Each cell must be transmuted in the purifying fires – even as it is the only way that dross shall become gold. Once gold, it shall not become dross again – even as those who sin after the « forgiveness » of the confessional prove they have not been forgiven – else they would not have the wherewithal to sin again.

« The only forgiveness for harming others is to do all in one's power to repair the damage caused to the victims (for no one being is hurt without its harming others also) – whether the damage be public knowledge or not. One cannot hide one's sins – even of thought – from that All-Seeing Eye within each cell. *The Book* from Genesis to the Crucifixion is the Story of the Initiation of the Soul going down into the Sarcophagus of Matter, its long sojourn and many Initiations therein – the White purifying the Black, and the Black purifying the White – until the Spiritual Clarification of the Divine Alchemy is accomplished.

« Then the body is raised up by the purified Christed Soul. That is the triumph of the reality of the Subtle Body over the Material Body. And they say – some on Earth – that the subtle body has no reality ? O My Child, they do not know Truth, nor glimpse it, until this reality is begun to be revealed to them. Pray that it will be !

« A single clay casket would be all too delicate a mortal frame through which to teach the Soul all its lessons on Earth. Yea, Many caskets are used by each Soul in so learning the last Earth lesson : the Mastership of the casket itself, when the Soul conquers the matter that kept it prisoner so long.

« Then the liberated Soul returns Home again, past the Angel of Everlasting Life into the Heavenly Garden – in the full *realization* of Its At-one-ment with Its Father-Mother Creator.

« And again shall the Soul walk with God, and be at Peace. »

So, Peace be unto all who read this ! And may the One Creator liberate all through His Holy Revelation ! AMEN.

END