

# MEET THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL

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by Isabel Davis

The contact-communication books are full of references to "science" and "technology"—earthly, unearthly and mixed. The earthly kind comes in bits and chunks and scraps, occasionally in lengthy expositions that give an effect, at least, of knowledge. The information may or may not be correct; it is certainly doubtful, for example, that the explosion of H-bombs could tilt the earth's axis and more doubtful that it could disturb the orbits of distant planets and poison their atmosphere. Spill pepper in New York and Chicago sneezes? The distances, forces, and volumes involved are too enormous. Cataclysmic earthquakes, more powerful than a thousand H-bombs, have many times shaken earth but left her on the same old axis trundling along the same old orbit.

We would not be surprised at scientific mistakes coming from the authors of these books, because their competence in the subject is limited.

One seems to have little background and little interest (Bethurum)<sup>1</sup>; one appears to have taken in more information than he can digest (Williamson)<sup>2</sup>; and the others are self-educated in science, a process that often leaves strange gaps in a student's data, fails to build up a coherent over-all picture, and gives him an impression of his knowledge that is not justified by his real stock of facts.

But it is not the authors who make these blunders; it is the spacemen, supposedly so well informed about Earth, who are quoted by the authors. It is rather surprising to find, for example, that the Venusian "master" is obviously confused as to the exact difference between an element and a mineral, and we wish he knew what he means by the curious expression, "physical mineral vanities." (He also thinks that the legendary "Golden Age," common in Earth mythologies, means an age "when men worshipped gold more than God.") And what can Zuhl and Ramu of Saturn mean when they talk about "a temperate and cooler section or zone on the Moon"? Unless they have "corrected" the Moon's motion as well as its atmosphere, all parts of the Moon must regularly experience the same heat and cold in turn; a permanent temperate zone is impossible.

These omniscient critics ought to make sure of their Earthly science before they start revising it.

The revisions may be wholesale or retail. Sometimes one sentence obliterates all human observations, data, calculations, deductions, theories, and inventions. The process of re-educating us along the correct lines constitutes a problem, however, since the spaceman can only assert our wrongness, not explain it or give more than a few hints about the substitute.

Most spacemen do not even attempt an explanation; with a kindly smile they repeat "our science would be quite incomprehensible to you human beings anyway."

We can do better than this. Desert Bedouins who never saw a spark plug before the age of 20 learn to be competent truck drivers and mechanics. But among all these "supermen," on all their worlds, with all their wealth of experience, there is not one textbook, not one science teacher, not one pedagogical method, that can be used on Earth.

It is impossible to do justice even to those fragments of space "science" and "technology" that these books contain, short of many unavailable pages. Reluctantly, I choose two from Clarion, reported to Bethurum by Captain Rhanes in her off-hand way. There are three kinds

1. Truman Bethurum, "Aboard A Flying Saucer," DeVorss, Los Angeles 1954
2. George H. Williamson & Alfred C. Bailey, "The Saucers Speak!" New Age, Los Angeles 1954

of power, she informs him — "anti-magnetic or gravitational, plu- 12 tonic, and nutronic;" Clarion uses the third kind, nutronic, as in the "nutronic jeeps." We can only guess at the meaning of this double-talk.

But a nutronic jeep is nothing at all compared to Clarion's "retroscope." This amazing machine enables Clarionites to review in their homes "any event that ever happened anywhere" (emphasis mine). You may have thought that time-travel was confined to science fiction; but here it turns out to have been invented and mass produced—"from time untold"—right on the other side of our Moon!

Truman, unfortunately, shows only the mildest interest in this gadget. He asks none of the questions he should — how does it work, what does it look like, how is it used for education, for research, for entertainment, for "touring"?

A scientist with time on his hands might find it amusing to try to analyze the impenetrable muddle that passes for "science" in these contact-communication books.

Only one thing is clear: everything that is quoted, misquoted, or omitted about Earthly science and technology, and every statement that the spacemen make—or excuse themselves from making—about their own, appears to fit far better the theory that these statements originate in the minds of imperfectly informed human beings, who are frequently out of their depths in such matters, than with the theory that these statements come from supremely skilled, competent, and experienced extraterrestrials.

Again and again these "spacemen" behave like inventions. There is always a discrepancy between their claims to great powers and what they are able to do.

They claim to have built spaceships, telepathic machines, and other technical wonders; but when they want to take pictures for Adamski they have to use the Polaroid he had brought along—so unluckily, however, without enough film—because their own cameras and film "are entirely magnetic and you have no equipment on Earth that could reproduce such pictures."

Something is very odd here: we remember that in Adamski's first book<sup>3</sup> the two methods could be used together: Orthon took one of Adamski's first plates aboard his ship, erased the image, and replaced it with some of the famous hieroglyphics. The result was certainly "reproducible," since it appeared in Adamski's first book.

There are frequent claims that disease has been mastered; but Angelucci's good friends Orion and Lyra are unable to restore him to health without destroying his sensitivity to their messages.<sup>4</sup> They cannot help him fix his automobile, either, when he and his family are stranded shivering on the desert at night.

But of course Angelucci did not expect them to help him; he knew by then that "space visitors never in any way interfere in mundane affairs."

They proclaim this policy of "non-interference" often: it is one of the favorite excuses made for them by their human friends. But they do interfere; the contacts themselves are "interference"; instructing them to "spread the gospel" is certainly "interference in mundane affairs."

The spacemen claim they have solved all the ugly, disagreeable problems — at home: poverty, sickness, war, economic inequality. They agree most of the worlds in the universe—some say all other worlds except Earth—have solved them.

3. George Adamski & Desmond Leslie, "Flying Saucers Have Landed," British Book Centre, New York, 1953
4. Orfeo Angelucci, "The Secret of the Saucers," Amherst Press, Amherst, 1955

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All solar systems have 12 planets, say Adamski's friends; but 17  
Zo claims that there is a Solar System Twenty-Two, thus named be-  
cause it has 22 planets (the 15th, we learn further, was once named  
Wogog but is now Elala — a pleasing revision).

Extraterrestrial records about Earth go back 78 million years,  
says one spaceman; 75,000 years says another.

The craters on the Moon were formed by meteorites and by erosion;  
the craters on the Moon were not caused by meteors or volcanic action,  
but came about by "vortical motion."

Statements about Earth's past, too long to quote, give completely  
different pictures.

If these "spacemen" set any boundaries to their own information,  
then omissions and contradictions like the above, and many others,  
might be glossed over as ignorance; but they do not. With the except-  
ion of A-Lan, they all claim to be experts who have travelled through-  
out space, and these statements are made as generalizations.

They don't make mistakes, they don't tell lies, and their words  
are accurately reported. That being the case, how can they be so  
oblivious of each other's existence, opinions, and facts?

Thanks to the Red Queen, Charles Fort, and modern technology, we  
have formed the habit of saying without thinking, "Anything is pos-  
sible." But there seem to be occasions when this is not true; namely  
when two facts, mutually exclusive by definition, would have to co-  
exist. It is impossible for it to be day and night at the same time  
in the same place; it is impossible for the same man to be simultan-  
eously 5 feet tall and 6 feet tall, or to stand on his head and his  
feet at the same time. And it is impossible for Clarion to be there  
and not to be there at the same time.

To sum up: everything about these books is inconsistent with the  
theory that they are true, and fatally consistent with the theory that  
they are inventions. There is not one line that stamps the stories as  
"unearthly." The alleged spacemen are not noble intelligences but  
boastful braggarts, gifted chiefly at making excuses. The authors  
make egregious blunders. They contradict themselves. The spacemen  
contradict each other. The proof offered is inadequate to support  
such astonishing claims. Simple proofs that would be unshakable are  
never offered.

The Germans have a saying about a badly-written book: "Es lasst  
sich nicht lesen" — it will not allow itself to be read. So it is  
with these contact-communication stories — they do not allow them-  
selves to be believed.

Nevertheless they are believed, apparently with no real concern  
over any incongruities, and with indefinitely elastic open-mindedness.  
The disciples seem able to swallow ever-flimsier explanations for  
ever-wilder stories; with no perceptible twinges of protest they have  
progressed from believing in Mr. Adamski's Venusians (who by now sound  
positively sensible compared to their successors) to believing in  
"samples of hair clipped from a 385-pound Venusian dog" (the ranking  
absurdity as this is written, though by the time it is published the  
dog may be eclipsed by a Jupiterian whale).

Why do books that "fall apart in the hand" as they are read, or  
crumble into arrant nonsense under any kind of examination, find pub-  
lishers and a market?

I suspect that many believers have not really read the books at  
all, in any critical sense of the word, but have formed their judg-  
ments from the impressive or "sincere" platform manner of contactee  
lecturers. The books are bought but never really examined.

Or they may have read the books and even considered the objections;  
but the emotional value of the stories to them is great enough to  
over-ride any protests of logic, particularly when high-sounding gen-  
eralities like Tolerance, the search for the Truth, and so on, can be  
rung into the argument.

But all this far-flung, age-old, ripened, tested, successful 13  
experience in problem-solving cannot suggest to them a single  
really effective method of attacking the many problems of Earth!

They claim the most urgent purposes, gravely important to us and themselves; but again, there is a vast discrepancy between those purposes and the methods they use to attain them. If their intelligence were equal to their zeal, for example, they would certainly realize by now that some people can exercise more effective influence in the world than others.

Here is the significance of the obscurity of the contactees — and it has nothing to do with democracy or snobbery. It is entirely a practical matter; why choose missionaries who—through no fault of their own—are bound to exert only a feeble influence?

They claim to have both mental telepathy and, in some cases, telepathic instruments—the famous "thought disks"—both of which would surely be helpful in identifying suitable human beings. But they do not put these to work for this purpose.

They claim to have been visiting on Earth for centuries, studying us and (presumably) trying to help. But they have no grasp of the complexity of human problems. Their chief worry is "the bomb"; but the bomb is only a by-product of war, and war is a by-product of a hundred other bitterly entangled problems.

Sometimes the believers assert that the spacemen have contacted some of our more prominent citizens, and been rebuffed. More often they say, "Why should they contact generals and scientists who only wish to use the saucers as weapons?"

This amounts to saying that there is no one available on Earth who is both prominent and "good" — which is simply not true. The head of the largest church in Christendom is not a warmonger; Gandhi was not; Helen Keller and Albert Schweitzer are not.

For any concrete demonstration of their fabulous powers, we customarily have to depend on the word of the one contactee who reports it — as, for example, the disappearance of Bethurum's flashlight when Aura Rhanes makes it "gone" from his hand.

Not that the contactees or the space people or the believers mind. They all have the same proverb: Every statement is its own proof.

If these space people do exist, and if their behavior is as described, then they are not highminded, noble, powerful beings. They are humbugs!

For all their supposedly massive intellects, the space people cannot make up their minds about the one important point: proof.

As everyone knows, all of the "evidence" offered so far has been unsatisfactory (except to contactees and believers). The few photographs are suspect, and some of them are unquestionably fakes. Witnesses are non-existent, or their standing is ambiguous. The extra-terrestrial "substances" that contactees claim to have in their possession are not available for laboratory or public examination. The reported damage to terrestrial objects due to proximity to a saucer cannot be verified. The famous footprints and camera plate associated with Adamski's first "contact" are almost impossible to discuss at this date; they can be judged only in the framework of the rest of the story.

The highly inspirational quality of the spacemen's messages is not proof. We are not asking whether these messages are beautiful; we are asking whether they are "unearthly." We can discover no such quality. On thousands of bookshelves, in hundreds of thousands of books written by human beings, we can find the same basic precepts, the same religious, ethical, moral, philosophical, and mystical ideas — often expressed much more strongly and beautifully than they are by the spacemen. Occult literature is full of these ideas. The inspirational tone of the messages does not prove in the least that their source

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Where was Clarion, for example, during the night of 23-24 August 1954? On that night, Adamski claims, he was shown both sides of the Moon by Ramu of Saturn, through an instrument on the Venusian carrier ship (he had already seen the familiar side once before, on 21-22 April 1953, from the Saturnian ship). As the ship goes around the familiar toward the unfamiliar side, ahead of it in the sky should have been Captain Aura Rhanes' Clarion. But neither Ramu nor Adamski mention it. Adamski certainly knew about Clarion — for Bethurum had visited Palomar Gardens during the summer of 1953, and Adamski had then accepted Bethurum's story. But with a whole planet missing from where it should be, Adamski is neither surprised nor curious. Ramu even asks "Have you any questions...?" "I could think of none," Adamski writes.

And what about Fowser? Williamson handles Fowser, the "dark moon" of Earth, which is never seen by us because of "certain conditions" (unspecified), and Williamson met Adamski in the summer of 1952 and was present at Adamski's first "contact". Fowser is a busy place; before the attempted contact by Zo, Um, Elex, Noro, Zago, etc., with Williamson's group, on 28 September 1952, the "landing ship" was readied on Fowser and there were 14,000 bells near it. Fowser is prominent in Williamson's book, "Other Tongues," published in 1957.<sup>6</sup>

Then on 8 September 1954, Adamski, eating sandwiches and coffee with Firkon and Ramu in a Los Angeles restaurant, hears from Ramu a long history of Earth. Among Ramu's statements are the following: "Another condition that we had watched with interest in observing the formation and development of the Earth planet was the forming of only one moon as its companion (*Italics mine*). Under the natural law of conditions, this would result in an unbalanced state unless at some future time another moon was formed to complement the small companion of a growing world."

Apparently Ramu had never heard of any second moon.

Adamski, with knowledge of two additional astronomical bodies accompanying the Earth and its Moon, never asks his good space friends, who are so generous with all kinds of other information, to confirm Clarion or Fowser. He never mentions Admirals' Scows or Crystal Bells.

He never mentions "ventlas," either, though ventlas are a prevalent type of saucer vehicle, patronized by Van Tassel's "other-world intelligences." On 13 February 1953, Ashtar, "commandant Vela quadra sector, station Share," tells the Van Tassel group "86 projections, 9100 waves, of 236,000 ventlas" are combining forces to create a "Light energy vortice" near the Earth that will create extensive damage."

Five nights later, with this armada still presumably patrolling space near Earth, Adamski is having a long calm conversation with Orthon, Firkon, Kalna and Ilmuth, and the Venusian "master" — none of whom breathe a syllable about the disciplinary ventlas.

Then there is the problem of Solex Mal. Naturally all the contactees sooner or later ask their friends from space about the language situation; why is communication so fluent? No spaceman actually says there is no such language as Solex Mal; but no one except Williamson's spacemen refers to it at all. Can it be that on Mercury, Mars, and Pluto they have no idea that they are supposed to use the "universal tongue"?

There are also numerous cases of actual flat contradictions between one statement from space and another.

All planets have approximately the same atmosphere, say all of the spacemen except Fry's A-Lan — he has to practice for four more years before he can expose himself fully to the air of Earth.

6. George H. Williamson, "Other Tongues-Other Flesh," Arnerst Press, Arnerst, Wisconsin, 1957.

7. Daniel W. Fry, "The White Sands Incident," New Age, Los Angeles, 1954.

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must be extraterrestrial — unless you make another unproved statement, that similar messages of unknown terrestrial origin have been around a long time because the spacemen have.

As for unequivocal proof, the spacemen never provide it. It would seem necessary and desirable for them to do so — whether out of consideration for their human friends, who could be spared much ridicule if proper evidence were available, or in consideration of the urgency of their own message.

The real question is, do they or don't they want to be recognized? Do they or don't they want to be acknowledged? Do they or don't they want to establish their own existence?

They blow hot and cold. One moment they are commanding a contactee to tell everyone about his experience, regardless of ridicule. This sounds like a desire for recognition.

The next minute they are insisting that they don't care, that recognition is not important, that they never "interfere"; or that they are referring darkly to "certain reasons" why they must continue to wrap themselves in a fog of uncertainty.

Yet there is no difficulty of providing proof. They do not need to land in Times Square, if they are afraid of crowds. All they need to do is give one or more contactees either 1) an object of terrestrial origin that clearly shows the influence of extraterrestrial forces; or 2) an artifact that obviously could not have originated on Earth at all.

In the first category are photographs, of course; enough photographs would eventually silence the loudest skeptic. But the space people are positively neurotic about having their pictures taken; for a variety of "reasons" they fight so shy of the camera that we may as well forget this kind of proof.

Even a modest collection of spaceship objects would be overwhelming evidence, but they are not forthcoming. According to a conversation Bethurum once had with a skeptic, the famous "letter in French" typed by Aura on paper from Clarion, which Bethurum presumably still has, would be no help at all even if subjected to chemical analysis, because "paper on Clarion is made out of just the same kind of trees we have on Earth."

It is a waste of time to continue to mention the endless excuses by which the spacemen, always with the loyal support of their contactees, manage to get out of providing proof. But one kind of missing evidence is so startling, once its absence is noted, that it must be mentioned.

The easiest extraterrestrial artifact of all to provide would be an extraterrestrial book.

Not the clumsy photographs of the "Solex Mal," but a real book of history, poetry, fiction; a treatise or a textbook. Such a volume would be impossible to fake; it would command belief.

But as it happens, books are practically never mentioned at all in these contact-communication stories. The spaceships have "TV," music, dancing, games, paintings, they carry table fittings for banquets. But the spacious lounges apparently contain no bookshelves and no book. No one is ever seen reading, no one ever mentions reading (except Aura, who claims it is one of her hobbies), no one ever mentions libraries or literature of any kind.

Furthermore, Adamski's space friends are completely uninterested in the books he has written about them. They never ask about them, and he never mentions the subject. His first book is actually published—in two countries—while he is making repeated visits to the spaceships. But he never offers an autographed copy to any of them. They never ask to see it. They never comment on its reception, though it aroused fierce controversy. He never so much as takes a copy of the book on one of his "contacts," to show to the people who are the chief

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No author I ever heard of behaved this way at the birth of a 15 book!

In the last chapter of "Inside the Space Ships," Adamski describes his unexpected final visit with his "space friends." This visit, which took place eight months after the publication of his first book (meanwhile he had written the book and sent it to the publisher), was the one when Adamski and Zirkon stood at the portholes of the "mother ship" to have their pictures taken by Orthon, on the "scout ship" (The authenticity of these pictures has been sharply questioned, and on very solid grounds).

Even while Orthon used Adamski's little Polaroid camera, Adamski's second book<sup>5</sup> was being printed, Adamski tells us — "the presses were rolling on its pages." Of course the moment he returned from his last visit, he rushed story—and photographs—to his publishers, for inclusion as the last chapter of the book.

Thus author Adamski's "space friends" give him, at the last second before publication of his book, a unique and breath-taking climax for it. He must have known how important it would be; they should have known. But this last visit passes without one word exchanged between Adamski and his friends about the book, or the effect of the visit on the book!

This extraordinary indifference to books, to written language in general, is one of the most glaring gaps in all the contact stories. No great civilization ever flourished for an extended period without producing a written literature. And these wonderful extraterrestrial civilizations have existed, we are told, far longer than any on Earth. Where, then, are their books? Where is any mention of their books? Why are the "space brothers" to all intents and purposes illiterate?

I suppose the believers would say—I am getting pretty good at this sort of "explanation" myself—that "the space people don't need books. They've outgrown books. They can remember anything without writing it down."

As an explanation this is just as feeble as the others. For my money, the space people are indifferent to books because they reflect the minds and personalities of their inventors — men who are also indifferent to books.

But even if the "space people" are illiterate, they are supposed to be highly intelligent. They should know that proof is needed, proof is desirable, and proof would be absurdly easy to furnish. They have yet to give one good reason for not providing proof; and we can only conclude that they don't really want to be believed in; they are hypocrites as well as humbugs.

If a defender says, at this point, that the UFOs themselves have been playing this same tantalizing and contradictory game for years, refusing to get themselves conclusively accepted, yet skeptics have not denied their existence, he is confused again. For the UFOs are unidentified flying objects. We have no reliable clue whatever to their purposes. We have no reason to expect to understand them.

But the space beings have plainly, specifically, and repeatedly stated their objectives. We know what they want, because they have told us. Their failure to use effective methods cannot be explained.

To what extent do the contactees support and believe in each other's stories? In public, everybody endorses everybody else — they can hardly do otherwise. Belief is another matter. I do not undertake to say how much belief is exchanged among them; only that there are hints in these books of a certain caution, a certain uncertainty that all the other stories are absolutely 100 percent.

More important — to what extent do the "spacemen" support each other? They rather spectacularly fail to do so.

5. George Adamski, "Inside The Space Ships," Abelard-Schuman, 1955



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