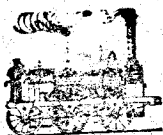


TELEPHONE CALL

FROM MARS?



Rosemary J. Cornelius

"FLYING SAUCERS" (RAY PALMER), AMHERST, WISCONSIN
MAY 30, 1963

BEING A prisoner of undying hope that this world is under the polite and amazed surveillance of ambassadors extraordinaire - sans portfolio - from regions way south and way north of all known borders, I report my own inglorious encounters with some suspected solar traveling salesmen, selling nothing but the exuberance of happier climes.

In direct contrariness and deliberate challenge to the large contingent that regards all contactees as cavalier adventurers and psychic screw-pots, I maintain that there is not one shred of

evidence to justify the constant calumny heaped on the contactees. They have been treated so shamefully that their status is tantamount to social exile and oblivion. They are not even given a "damning by faint praise"; they are ignored by our UFO biographers, who for the most part have remained uncontacted and thereby jolly well don't want to let anyone who has, get into the act, even as bit players. This is a conspiracy within a conspiracy, only dwarfed by the larger treachery of the silence treatment of governmental and editorial pseudo-authorities,

damned by their own mediocrity to derision of more flamboyant and joyous souls who throughout untold cycles have kept the planet grinding away to the obligato of their own requiems.

Those who write and dictate the saucer vocabulary and create the standard thought cliché of contempt for contactees have put themselves in a position tantamount to admitting UFOs in great numbers but without walking and talking pilots. In other words, they admit the presence of these stupendous and complex atmospheric vehicles, but don't dare tell us that they are manned by an intelligent and articulate being capable of opening his mouth or standing erect on terra firma. This outrageous nonsense is as sheer and palpable a piece of naivete as history will ever record and is analogous to placing a sword in the enemy's hand - meaning the opposition - who won't even accept UFOs, and upon hearing that no one is in the blasted machines, wants to forget the whole thing. What a mess!

Where were the lukewarm intelligentsia of the UFO circuit when a trumped-up legal fiasco on the west coast resulted in the incarceration of one worthy, staunch contactee? They reported the matter with ill-concealed glee and made no attempt to present both sides of the case. If an epitaph for the UFO study were written at

this interim time, it could well be, "The government investigated and ordered silence." In Schmitt's case, no one apparently investigated.

Having worked in 50 law offices in six states, being the grandniece of a federal judge who tried the Times' bombing case and sent a governor to prison; and having covered the crime and civil-court beats as a police reporter in Los Angeles and Idaho, I have a "smattering of ignorance" of the law, know something of its pernicious aspects in theory and practice, and am well-acquainted with the duplicity that some press-room boys are capable of in order to scoop a rival or down a foe. To these gentlemen of the press, perjury is an occupational hazard and murder a misdemeanor. It appears to this reporter, being also acquainted with the pettiness and chicanery of the female, in all walks of life, that the charges brought against Reinhold Schmidt could have been and probably were the result of one or a combination of three things:

Another coup d'état manipulated by the dark forces, abandonderos, or the demonic agents (you name them), who have somehow attached themselves to the saucer phantasmagoria. Secondly, the machinations of a would-be femme fatale, undoubtedly aided and abetted, if not possessed, by the

same practitioners of sorcery, the infamous and unbelievable lords of the dark face. Because no one believes in them, except the occult minority and a few old-fashioned hill-billy preachers, they operate without license and with devastating carte blanche. This woman, like her sisters under the skin, myself included, could have been attracted by Schmitt's handsome bearing and disarming manner of candor and friendliness. With me, it was merely platonic admiration for a superior manly specimen of homespun gentility. Others could have had ulterior motives for investing in Schmitt's mineral holdings, and upon being spurned on this score, the plaintiff (s) in the case could have taken umbrage in the charges of fraud. How often has this sent innocent people to prison and the insane asylum? Query any country barrister, or any district judge or friend of the court. The defendant, Schmitt, is a married man, a former elder of his church and quite above the temptations of an extra-marital affair.

The third occult inter-retation, which is way-out speculation, could be that Schmitt's martyrdom is a testing or initiation for a "very old soul", and that the charges brought against him were as fallacious as in the cause celebre case that sent Dreyfus to a penal island until Emile Zola immortal-

ized him and at last, freed him. Or Schmitt's case could be comparable to the more recent, caloused and unjustified imprisonment of William Dudley Pelley.

Are there no fighting altruists or idealists among all those who give lip service to our old and new doctrines of enlightenment, to say nothing of the dictates of the hierarchy, elders or masters, those controversial, and supposedly ephemeral watchmen-what-of-the-world? Was there one voice raised in defense of Schmitt? The periphery of the universe is not reverberating with its solitary echo, if indeed it was.

Contracting Contacteeism

At the risk of being quarantined for having contracted some incurable disease, I offer my own collisions with unidentified free-wheeling objects, very socially conversant. If the reporting of this causes embarrassment to the parties involved, I give them the privilege of denying everything and pleading the 5th Amendment, and state that my status in UFOlogy is lower than theirs, lower than the contactees and comparable to an unguided missile off course. But and so, and however, I have no professional jealousy of those who have been contacted in a more spectacular way.

I have attended many saucer club meetings and UFO lectures in a dozen cities of our western

states. At a lecture in San Francisco and again at a club meeting in Tucson I was certain I had spotted a "space man", both of whom I engaged in conversation. The demeanor and wit of both attracted my attention, although they both possessed more startling attributes which defy and complete confute analysis. The man in San Francisco charmingly deflected me when I accused him of being one of the mysterious personages in the lecturer's outer-world entourage. In Tucson I was restrained by the memory of this incident and did not commit another faux pas. Later the president of the club told me that a rumor was going around, among non-members of the club, that space people were attending our meetings. I thought to myself, now you realize it, for the man in question had by that time either quit these premises or had changed his disguise. I suspected the latter and singled the man out again, along with his cortege, who were also suspect. By this time, they understandably avoided me, for in my delighted enthusiasm to have them in our midst, I doubtless appeared to be a flirtatious impedimenta, if not in their eyes, at least in the eyes of my husband and the hostess - both strong characters, wishing to keep everything, especially me - under control, to prevent any undue fraternization a-

mong the planets.

This man, Horatio, was lost in the shuffle even at first, before his colors were suspected by me, if no one else, because the club was too busy getting organized and disorganized, passing bylaws, and arguing over the speed of light, Einstein's theories and the weird lights seen for weeks over the nearby Catalina Mountains, and other subjects they didn't understand. Horatio was relegated to an obscure corner where he sat expounding in a profound and amazing way that would have clarified all issues and solved the lights, but no one would listen to him but me. The sardonic obligato he was humming to the main theme of bylaws and the challenges he threw out to the scientific element as to what to do about all mysterious lights and the speed of same, to test their validity, kept me convulsed in laughter and speechless with admiration, to the point that I could not take coherent notes as the newly elected, but contested, recording secretary.

Much more recently, shortly after last year's holiday celebrations, the hall telephone rang in the Albuquerque apartment house where I was living. I answered it, and an ordinary male voice told me that it was rumored that someone at this number had information on the February 4th planetary conjunction and he wished to gain an

audience with this person. I knew myself to be the main authority on that subject in at least a radius of two city blocks and elatedly invited him to my apartment, after asking his name and telling him mine.

John Smith came to my apartment shortly. There was nothing outstanding about his appearance. He was pleasant-appearing, and his self-assurance commanded respect and confidence. His face and figure were the universal prototype of a dozen real John Smiths, and I would not recognize him today if I met him on the street. I cannot remember what first made me suspect that he was not a citizen of the Western World, nor of the Near or Middle East, but I felt at once that his name was not John Smith. He was not diffident to have called on such a pretext, but on the other hand, was not of the predatory *cherchez la femme* school, had no axe to grind at all, and/but showed little interest on the subject that was at least his subterfuge to gain admittance to my, at that time, jeopardized and humble salon.

The name he gave me was not John Smith, but it was a name almost as common. It seems hardly necessary to note that all the names used in this treatise are pseudonyms. By this time, I was afraid even to ask the silent question as to anyone's origin and used the utmost delicacy even in my thoughts. If

they are interstellar, and this I do not doubt, they must retain, with most, their incognito status and are understandably on the alert against sociologists, cops, firemen, the FBI and television gagsters. And if they are Martians, constant vigilance must be maintained against entomologists and moss-collectors and those who, with heavy hand, lay the indictment of cultism and lunacy on all contactee claimants.

The trend of the afternoon's conversation was taken out of my hands most of the time, and I could not hold it more than momentarily on the February 4th predictions. As my piece de resistance, I tried to press upon John a late issue of *Fate Magazine* which was headlining a stellar article on the conjunction and was even prepared to loan it to him at great sacrifice. He would have no part of it and wouldn't even condescend to open its pages. He took it in his hands and glancing at its cover index, remarked with a slight, enigmatic smile, "It won't be quite that soon." His words were hushed and with a trace of dynamic pathos. I will never forget that moment, for it was sorrow-freighted and charged with something electrifying and infinitely mysterious.

At that point, if not before, I realized that he could inform me on most any subject, rather than the

contrary, but I was deflected and utterly prevented from asking him the great question, which was almost a categorical imperative hounding me on, "Are you now or have you ever harbored the belief that outer space people would dare visit our planet, without invitation, visa or passport?"

Because it was still the holiday season I had other visitors coming and going. Because of this, and from the discretion borne of bitter experience, I could not and would not ask him outright where in or out of the world he was from, and how in blue blazes he had found out my number. Grabbing at the only straw I could politely use, I teasingly reproached him for having such a common name as John Smith. He accepted my banter and hedged only a slight bit. Determined to make him admit his incognito status, whoever or whatever he was (FBI, CIA, Martian or someone from the Health Department) I said point-blank, "I think that where you come from, they not only do not have such common names as John Smith, but they do not even have names; as we know them." He made some kind of a soft assent and not with too much reluctance, but rather with relief, as if he were saying to his chiefs, "So help me, she pressed me beyond the point of endurance; you have schooled me and hardened me to the occupation-

al hazards of this mission, but there is a point of no return." The subject was quickly and expertly changed, and we were once again discussing the various philosophies but on a home-spun level. He told us nothing of a particularly dramatic nor spectacular nature, at least that I can remember, and he presented nothing but the time-worn, but honored, concepts on which we were all in complete agreement.

My door was open, as I held open house to an assorted number of inquisitive and always-hungry children and teen-agers who brought me stray cats and reports on various apartment-house activities and who had almost depleted my library of *Flying Saucer* magazines, *Fates*, and ghost stories. We, along with their parents, had held many a midnight panel on these subjects, as well as strange sounds that go bump in the night, including especially the ever-snooping landlord. These kids, coming in to stare at my guests every 15 minutes, helped to keep the conversation from ever reaching a very high level of intelligence, coherency or consistency. Needless to say, their mothers took the opportunity to borrow something, and some kids I had never seen before brought me a stray cat I had never seen before, saying it was hungry, and so were they. I was fond of the apartment-

house clique, even though they had caused me some recent travail, and so had to share my space man with them, even though it confused the total proceedings.

All that day I had seen "flying saucer clouds" hovering over the tree-tops in the horizons of New Mexico. I shall not attempt to explain or defend these objects other than to say that they were precise replicas of the oft-described and photographed saucers, but in cloud essence. I have seen them come right down over Denver and Carson City in a way that would scare the living daylights out of me, if I didn't believe in them, and I have seen them on many a solitary desert or mountain hike in shapes, configurations and numbers that have been staggering, incomparably beautiful and dramatic and graphic beyond description. I studiously refrained from mentioning them, on all occasions, to anyone, for to most they are just clouds, so what of it? I have read several logical explanations of these phenomena and have several of my own, but they are not germane to this article.

I did call them to the attention on one occasion of a friend who had flown out from San Francisco to visit my husband and I. We were driving through the mountains around Santa Fe, and I could not resist mentioning them, for they were dominating the superb scen-

ery. Over the past decade I had introduced this sophisticated skeptic to one prominent but persecuted contactee and to a dozen UFO books. He remained my adamant and friendly adversary on all scores. In the vulgar vernacular, he "wouldn't buy it." On this occasion he said lamely, "They're mighty pretty, all right, and they do look like those alleged pictures of saucers you sent me." He added that he wouldn't insult my intelligence by comparing them to migratory birds or to the Planet Venus. I had him at my mercy, but I forebore to triumph.

On this Sunday John kept going to my upstairs windows and peering out at the skies, muttering something about someone picking him up around six P.M. I thought the term he used rather apropos and wondered to myself, "For what Golden Omnibus are you waiting, dear John?" The city busses, taxis and all terrestrial traffic were running on Sunday slow schedules, but not the way he was looking. The cirrus cloud formations were beautiful, but John's interest seemed to be more than aesthetic.

I mentioned to John a prospector friend of mine, Hiram Andrews, who has an unimpeachable reputation as one of the best authorities on southwestern history, legends and lost mines. A deep student of the occult and the metaphysical, he has a great following, but is given

a wide berth by the scientific intelligentsia because he believes, along with an assorted minority, that most buried treasure and major gold deposits are being mysteriously guarded against the time that mankind does not bury its gold at Fort Knox, but uses it freely in all walks of life, including architecture, art and religion, as well as for currency. If this concept were popularly accepted by the thousands of treasure hunters who have run up against constant frustration and strange and tragic occurrences, they would begin to have some understanding of the cause of same.

When mankind's collective moral I.Q. reaches a few more steps toward impeccability, some of the pages of lost history, with its stupendous treasure, now deliberately kept from its greedy eyes, will be unrolled by the still ever-vigilant guardians of the mountains, and their myriads of elementals and elementary ones who go out of their way to bamboozle and punish the mankind they feel has traduced them. Hiram is a great raconteur on many solid Wild West characters, still extant, who guard certain areas in a tangible and lethal way. People have disappeared, in astonishing numbers even in the past two decades, in areas where treasure is hidden, and the karmic effluvia and real gunmen in these areas

make it still unsafe, for anyone, including a posse, or the FBI, to penetrate them, but again, all of this, on which I could write a book, is not germane to this article.

John knew immediately who Hiram was and made a startling pronouncement, "Hiram Andrews will never find the gold he is looking for, until he does such and such." His last words were lost to me because of some interruption on the part of the free-wheeling neighborhood kids. However, his meaning was clear; i.e. that Hiram had to overcome some personal or spiritual obstacle before he could capitalize on his profound knowledge of prospecting. Knowing Hiram to practice a more golden Golden Rule than most theologians and to be a gentleman of the old, old school - western style - I was completely astonished. I reported all of this to Hiram later, and he took it without surprise or dismay but hadn't the slightest idea as to who John was, having never met him to his knowledge.

John also gave me some stern reprimands, privately in the kitchen, about some of my modes of conduct at that time. But in the living room, in front of everyone was performed his coup d'etat, par un coup majestique, which he could never have done if I had suspected him for one instant to have been an ordinary person, or

one of our own miserable evolutions. In brief premising of this, without encumbering this with the burden of total recall, or belaboring the obvious, I will state that I had been in a state of mild shock for the past few days from the bludgeoning of circumstances, forces, and persons beyond my control. My husband had left, ostensibly, because he got a message that the blankety-blank dark forces were coming into Albuquerque full force and he wanted to get out before the occurrence. His real reason, or so I will state rather facetiously, was a retreat to the Las Vegas slot machines to recoup the financial status quo. In the words of El Morya, however, I take umbrage. "Lie thou, against the wall; know that all combinations of circumstances suffer two interpretations, the apparent and the real."

Be that as it may, I missed my husband and was on hourly vigil, listening for the telephone - knowing it would be a collect call, giving me a succinct profit and loss statement. The fact that he would be calling collect would give me a bird's eye view of the whole situation, but nevertheless, I wanted to hear the gruesome details before refusing a merger of family funds.

This was not all. One jeune fille in the apartment house had asked me for financial aid to

assist an impoverished member of her family. With the criminality of innocence and in a sentimental moment I wrote her out a check. I regretted it even before I heard through the noisy grapevine that everyone was laughing at me, for it had gone for a skating party. Before the check, or my befuddled mind, had time to clear, she called for lightning to strike me. She marshaled the kids on her side, and they were putting voo-doo notes under my door. Other things were happening; certain people had received an eviction notice; a certain headless man was seen prowling the halls; the landlord had delivered an ultimatum to all and sundry, and the police had been there twice in one night. John would have not needed a crystal ball to have seen that a demoralized condition prevailed, but he was supplied details of my ill-advised generosity from several sources.

John asked, or rather demanded, to see my check book. I retrieved the pitiful object from the debris, remarking that my stubs were written in a mixture of Arabic, Sanskrit and shorthand, and that even I could not figure them out. He said, "Give me that check." I meekly and without hesitation handed it to him. It was unsigned but had my name printed on it, and as it was my last check, it meant that I could withdraw no more funds without buying a new check

book, which under the circumstances would have been a major undertaking. He pocketed the check and said in a tone of command, "Let your recent experiences be a lesson to you. You are never again to spend your money loosely or give it to undeserving persons."

I was also in Dutch at the office for giving a small sum to an Indian who was in the process of being kicked out of the building on his derriere by the custodian, until I intercepted the maneuver and proffered said Indian subsistence. The consensus of opinion was that the Indian subsisted on liquids and that I had contributed to his eventual downfall. I took umbrage in the fact that I had saved him from falling on the sidewalk upside down, but I knew I had not heard the last of it and that I would have to resign, to save face, and for other reasons. It did no good to tell the receptionist and the Bar Association that an Indian had once saved my life (I didn't say in which incarnation) and that I felt indebted to the whole tribe. Being lawyers, they knew it was a palpable lie and said that this man was a free-loading Apache. Whether or not John knew of this debacle, I cannot say. He already knew far too much for comfort.

When John left I did not show him to the downstairs door. I

let the teen-agers escort him and take care of the social amenities at this point. I knew that whatever source had guided him to my door at one of my moments of deepest disillusionment could light his way back to his pick-up point, whether it was mundane or a flotilla of free-wheeling clouds.

Before John came, I was saying to myself, "I've had it." Things were a little worse than I have pictured. I was humming a requiem for myself and borrowing the swan song of the famous Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce tribe, altering it to fit cases:

"My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no blankets and no food.

"No one knows where they are - perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find.

"Maybe I shall find them among the dead.

"HEAR ME, MY CHIEFS!

"My heart is sick and sad.

"From where the sun now stands, I shall fight no more forever."

I altered it once again: (After the mysterious visitation)

"Hear me, my chiefs, thou Masters of the far-flung skies, From where the sun now sets, I shall fight, Every day of my life, As long as Thou seest fit To make it rise again."