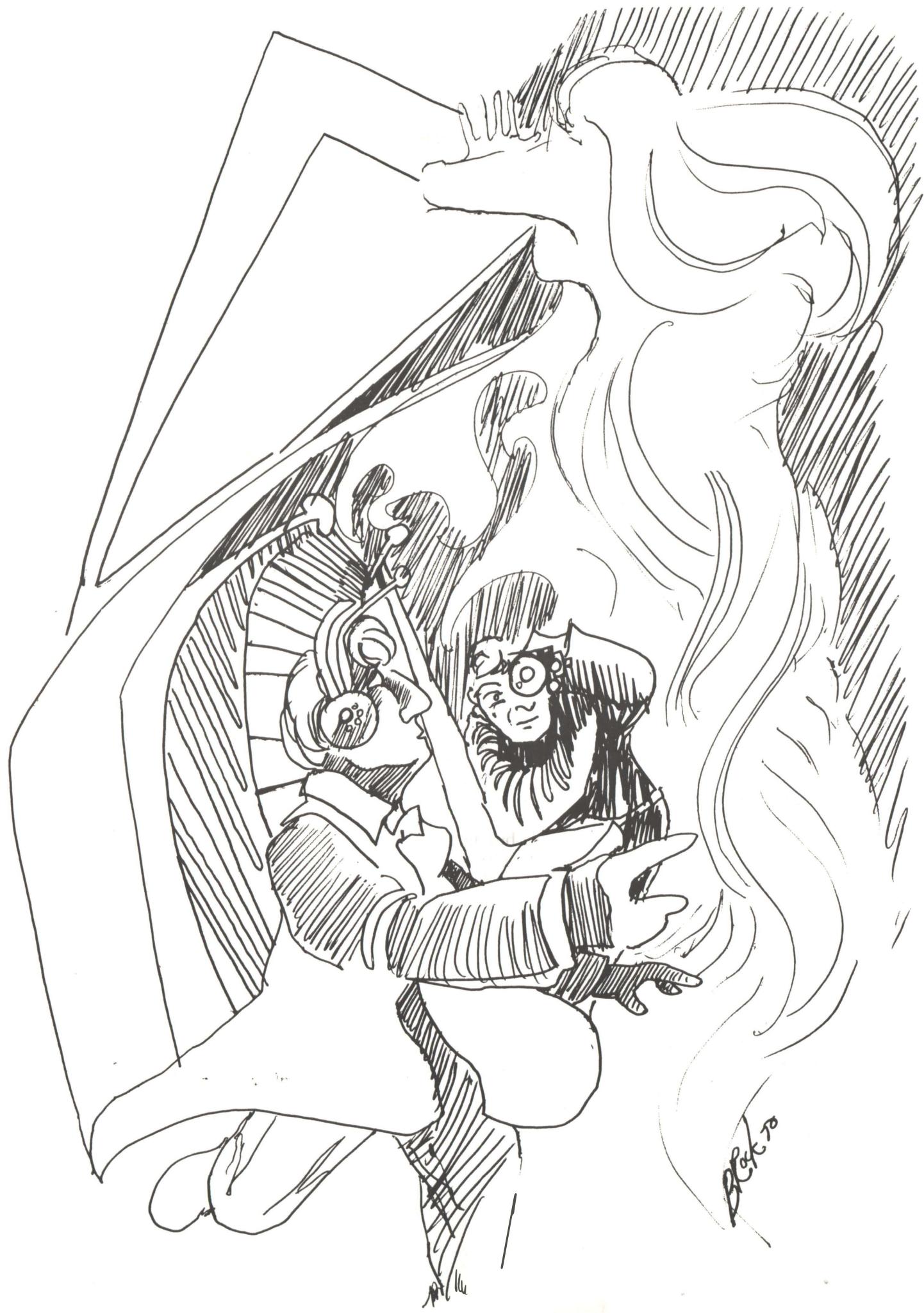


THE
PARAUFOLOGIST

**VOLUME ONE
NUMBER FOUR**



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In this issue, among other things, I am printing some material from my novel, THE SHAMAN'S FACE. TSF could well be described as a "paraufological novel", and involves an investigation of a contactee case and other unusual phenomena in a fictional setting in South Carolina.

UFO investigator Louderton from Columbus, Georgia is first skeptical of the alleged contact experience of one Henry Kenasis, but is brought to the area after local ufologists come up with a more favorable view of the Kenasis claims, and after a local outbreak of unusual phenomena.

We pick up the story as Louderton visits the home of a ufologist living in the area.

II. JEFFY

I've known Jeffrey Margretson — Jeffy to his oldest friends — from the earliest days of my involvement on an active basis with the UFO problem. Whatever knowledge I had of this part of South Carolina had come, in fact, through my visits at irregular intervals with him.

Jeffrey is about my own age, but had been involved with the ufo problem somewhat longer than I have. His views, however — and his experiences — have been comparable to mine. We hit it off pretty well together, so I was glad to see him both on these personal grounds and because he appeared to be the ufo investigator closest to the Kenasis situation, from both a geographic and investigative standpoint.

There weren't very many preliminaries, however. I could see right off that Jeffy was in a rather sober mood, so over coffee (laced with rum) in his kitchenette we hashed out the problem.

"It's like this, Jeffy," I explained. "The first time I heard it, I wouldn't have given you a dime for the whole Kenasis yarn. But then I started hearing about all this other business going on around here, along with your letters and other stuff from the crowd over in Charleston. What gives?"

He looked at me. "Have you met Kenasis yet?"

I wasn't anxious to put it off. "Why not tonite?" I asked.

"Because I have something else planned. You know those 'other reports' from this area I've been mentioning? Well, one of them involves a yeti, an abominable snowman' right here in the neighborhood.

"In fact," he laughed, "some of my neighbors, knowing my interests, probably think its a hoax by me."

"That would be a stupid thing to pull. You could get yourself killed that way. Seems like every time one of those poor creatures — whatever they are — get reported, some sadistic nuts invariably go around with guns trying to shoot the thing.

"Which," I said, changing tones, "brings me to a point.

"I'm all for going out and trying to get a picture of one of these things, but if you've got a 'yeti-hunt' in mind in a literal sense, count me out. If these things exist, they may be quite intelligent, and shooting one would be no less murder than shooting a fellow human — which they might be, for that matter.

"Not only that, but damn if I'm gonna go prowling around in the dark with over-enthused yeti-hunters all around me. I can see the headline now: UFO NUT SHOT WHILE CHASING MONSTER. I mean now, holy shit! No sir! Not me."

Jeffy was laughing. "Relax, relax. No guns, nothing more lethal than a camera. I promise. It'll be just you, and me, and a couple of the neighbors I'm still on speaking terms with. Period."

"O.K., then. When do we get started?"

He stood. "Now, if you're ready."

To make a long story short, the yeti-chase or hunt or whatever it was didn't end with a startling sighting of an abominable snowman prowling through South Carolina. It was more like four wet, weary, dirty crackpots walking around in the dark, followed by a farmer through his fields to a remote spot where he said he'd seen "This here big hairy thing" as he so elegantly put it.

Well, there was no "big hairy thing", no tracks, no nothing. We looked around, I enjoyed the sunset until it clouded over, and Jeffy went all over the place snapping photos that I doubted would show anything, it being rather dark by then.

Finally we gave up, and the farmer invited us to come in for a drink.

Over the latter, he told us the story of the local monster.

It appears that the reports of the "hairy thing", which local people said looked

not at all like any animal they'd ever seen, began to appear just shortly after Kenasis made his original report. At no time did the farmer suggest a relationship, or even mention Kenasis, but I think Jeffy as well as myself saw the connection right away.

Anyhow, the farmer had seen the thing twice himself, both times at about sunset, and both times at the approximate location he had taken us to. In the gathering dark it looked a bit like a bear, a bit like a gorilla, but could not be described as really looking like either of these two animals.

"Which way did it go when it left?" Jeffy asked.

"First time, Mr. Margretson, it was me that left, not the thing."

Then his brow wrinkled.

"But you know," he said, "it's a funny thing. Second time, I weren't so surprised, so I stood my ground, and you know what?"

"The dang thing just — disappeared. Vanished."

"One second this big old thing is standin' there, and the next, it was gone."

What could we say to that? Shortly after, we vanished: Jeffy's neighbors to their respective homes, and Jeffy and I adjourned to a local diner for dinner. Chalk up one more mystified farmer, one more unexplained story.

(from THE SHAMAN'S FACE by Allen H. Greenfield)

THE MYTH OF UFOLOGY

I. THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM

Now if I remember it correctly, it was while I was sitting in front of the tv set watching a documentary program about psychic phenomena — alone — when I hear this loud — L-O-U-D — moan or cry coming from my right in the general direction of the family breakfast room. It shakes me up somewhat, I suppose. Somewhat.

Then, awhile later, the same thing happens again.

Only twice. Then nothing.

There were no kids around the house to play a prank, but there was a dog in the general area of the sound, inside the house. So, maybe it was the dog. It could have been. Or maybe my mind was playing tricks on me. The atmosphere was, after all, right for something of the sort.

Then I go chasing a ghost story down, don't see any ghosts, but something odd

shows up on a photo I took. Something caused by a reflection? Quite possible, I don't know. But this time it's in black-and-white; no product of my mind, anyhow.

Or is it that simple?

There is Ted Serios and the whole psychic photography saga. Maybe I'm in a haunted graveyard, looking for ghosts, I snap a picture and — BAM! — a ghost in my head becomes a ghost on film.

But if UFOs, winged creatures, yeti-like beings, little men and the whole brotherhood are the products of mental processes, does this then mean that the UFO problem is "solved" and in a "conventional" manner, to boot? This is just what the UFO field really needs to hear right now, morale being so high as it is.

However, exploration of such theoretical lines as this (A) does not inherently mean that the answer lies in this area, and (B) in light of the facts, such an explanation would be most unconventional and could ultimately challenge the very toehold man has on what he considers "reality".

Before dealing with this theory itself any further, though, let's itemize a few aspects of the phenomena being dealt with.

(1) The UFO phenomenon as such is of a very broad and deep nature. The phenomenon appears to date from very early times, possibly as early as the stone age. (reference — Flying Saucer Review, Volume 15, Number 6, cover and pages 3-11). In modern times thousands, possibly millions of persons have seen UFOs.

(2) Despite seemingly extensive efforts to deal with the UFO problem to date no clear-cut explanation has emerged, though various theories have been offered.

(3) Other forms of unusual phenomena — such as so-called "ghosts" — have also manifested themselves over long periods of time. These, too, are yet to be explained definitively.

(4) In recent years a body of research work in the area of parapsychology suggests the possibility ("possibility" as used here should not be taken to mean "proven reality") of the existence of a non-apparent sense within man, the exact function of which is unknown at present, and the nature of the medium through which it operates being also unknown.

✖ II. REBIRTH OF A MYTH

In the Spring, 1971 issue of the Merseyside UFO Bulletin, Peter Rogerson states the following:

It is clear from the accumulating body of evidence that the phenomenon of the UFO represents a far more profound challenge to our physical and psychological concepts of reality than

has hitherto been assumed. As I have pointed out previously, much of what is now occurring in this field violates the traditional sharp dividing line between objectivity and subjectivity. Indeed, it seems probable that the various manifestations of the UFO such as fiction, dream, hallucination, hoax and 'objective' reality, far from being mutually independent phenomena only coincidentally linked, are in fact facets of a single, mythological event.¹

This statement begins Mr. Rogerson's article, "THE UFO AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE APOCALYPTOPHILIA AND IRRATIONALITY OF THE MID TWENTIETH CENTURY". He goes on to say:

The myth arising from the depths of the subconscious mind of the percipient can ascend levels of 'reality', even to the point of affecting the objective universe

The present upsurge of 'controversial phenomena' would appear to be due to the reappearance of mythological forms long buried in the subconscious.

But just what are "mythological forms"? Furthermore, just what is the "subconscious mind"? And, also, it might well be asked: if phenomena on the fringes of human experience are seen to be of questionable objectivity, where does one draw the line? Is objective reality to be decided by majority vote? I would hope not. Can we define reality only in terms of the readily repeatable experiment? Suppose an objective event were to occur in nature once and only once. It would, in my book, be an objective phenomenon, but it would not be repeatable, now or ever again. Are objective phenomena those divorced from the human mind? If so, what is the human mind?

The UFO phenomenon, viewed in terms of reactions to it, does constitute a mythic cycle, perhaps only the latest manifestation of a cycle that has accompanied mankind from his dim and uncertain origins right to the present moment. In his article, "REALM OF THE SAUCERS", which appeared in the May, 1966 issue of Flying Saucers, Peter Kor made these observations:

. . . let us trace the progressive development of the Saucer Saga:

1. A real, unknown phenomenon is "loose" in the world.
2. Experiences of this phenomenon have generated a mass movement in the tradition of the various mystic and religious sects which have spontaneously arisen throughout history.
3. By seeking to answer the archetypal questions which flying saucers have posited, this movement is unknowingly creating a modern existential world-view of Man in the Universe — complete with its own cosmology, philosophy, and apologetics.
4. From this activity of thought, a modern myth is taking form. The elements of this myth are cast in the language and situation of the 20th century, but its central theme of "life

beyond our realm" is as old as the history of Man!

5. This myth, and those which have preceded it, are symbolic expressions of the mysterious phenomenon which is generating them. The only reason we have come to explain the ancient lore in "mythological" or "spiritual" terms is because — like flying saucers — it was never accompanied by tangible proofs!²

But what is the myth we are dealing with here? Is it the "myth of the UFO"? Perhaps, in a sense. But a more accurate description might be that this constitutes not the myth of the UFOs, but the myth of ufology; the myth-cycle that, in its present form has been called ufology. In earlier times the same myth-structure may have been known under other names: Freemasonry, Witchcraft, Christianity. Today we see the same thing in "scientific" dress — suitable to our age, and it is called "ufology". All of it is there, the messiahs (Adamski), their prophets (Leslie), the historians of the sect, the whole works.

All of this is reaction to a web of phenomena which has yet to be explained.

We have here two entirely different considerations: First, there is the phenomenon itself. It is reported. It allegedly manifests itself at times in very unusual forms. Beyond that, we know nothing. But, secondly, there is the consideration of the human reaction to the phenomenon, and it may be here that, by the nature of things, we will best be able to accomplish something meaningful in terms of general scientific knowledge, but also in terms of understanding the ultimate nature of the ufo phenomenon.

If UFOs and other unusual phenomena are from, not Mars, but the inner portions of the human mind, what implications are we to draw from the recent massive increases in "sightings"? Peter Rogerson suggests that ". . . the UFO is an integral symbol of the growing irrationality with its associated apocalypticphilia of the mid-twentieth century." There certainly may be some truth in this, but does this reach through to the cause — the root cause of the discontent?

But, before we get too far into a totally subjectivistic framework, let's not be unduly quick in dismissing the possibility of an objective—though perhaps subtle—origin for the myth. Some quotes, again, from Kor's article:

Our experience and comprehension is governed by the nature and limitations of our physical-psychic constitution . . .

. . . Our scientific probes and instruments have augmented and extended the spectrum of our experience. They have introduced us to an invisible world of substratic forces. But while these instruments can detect effects and measure quantities, they cannot perceive forms or sense intelligence.

Flying saucers "live" in this "underworld" region of the earth — safe, beyond the range of Man's ordinary experience.

Now, before we close, go back to my comment earlier — on in this article on psychic phenomena (point 4): ". . . parapsychology suggests the possibility . . .

of the existence of a non-apparent sense within man, the exact function of which is unknown at present, and the nature of the medium through which it operates being also unknown." The "fringe" phenomena may well be subjective manifestations occasioned by contact between some underlying faculty of the human mind with subtle but nevertheless objective forces.

Such manifestations would be of a psychological nature. But they would also be parapsychological, which is something else again.

notes:

- 1) Merseyside UFO Bulletin, John Harney, Editor, 53 Woodyear Road, Bromborough, WIRRAL, Cheshire, L62 6AY, England.
- 2) Flying Saucers, Amherst, Wisconsin

THE MAN IN THE NEXT CELL

By Allen H. Greenfield

I don't know why the blazes I'm writing this down; nobody'll ever read it.

Not even, I suspect, the next to occupy this cell after I'm dead, because there's no place to conceal it, and the notebook was given to me in the first place, I presume, to keep me shut up.

A lot of good that does the jailers, whoever or whatever they are. There are always, at whatever hour (as if "hour" meant anything here) some kinds of disruptive noises from one or another of the cells, screams, laughs, shouts, pleas, moans. Currently, as I write this line, I am trying to shut out as much as possible the ghostly wailing of the new prisoner in the next cell.

I should begin at the beginning, but there just isn't one. One day I'm dead tired when I get in from work back in Kansas City (for all I know I could still be in Kansas City), so I go straight to bed.

----Then I wake up here, in this dungeon.

First I thought it must be a dream. But it just kept right on happening, so I eventually dropped the dream notion, and started asking questions of my neighbors and the attendants or whatever-you-call-them.

I soon found out that the latter don't — apparently can't — talk. Ever. Even when a prisoner down the corridor got his hands around the neck of one of them and slowly choked the life from him, he made not one sound, not even a cry for help. Nor, in truth, did he struggle for his life. When the other attendants found him, they merely dragged him off in the same manner they do dead prisoners, and the inmate who did him in received no special punishment, though there was, of

course, the daily beating we all get, as regular as our meals, once every day.

Anyway, so as I was saying I tried to get some information from my neighbors. The cell on my left contained a fellow who had forgotten his name, how he had gotten there, and just about everything else. His English, furthermore, was heavily accented, though in no distinct way — leading me to suspect that it was basically slur, not accent.

The fellow across the corridor from me called himself Tommy Hamilton, and his story was pretty much the same as mine, only he had been taking a nap in his London office one afternoon — in 1958.

On the right of me was a strange old fellow with a long beard and a soft, kindly-but weary voice. I asked him what his experience was and he said something like "Well, I'd been creating a world in a galaxy far from here when suddenly, in a flash, I found myself here in this cell. This was, of course, centuries ago, though I've lost track of time. I guess the universe has really gone to hell without me since then. Sure wish I could get out of here."

"Come again?" I asked, not quite sure what I'd just heard.

"Oh." he said, in a lower, more forlorn tone. "I did forget to mention it." He took a deep breath and sighed "I really don't expect you to believe me either, none of the others do — they all think I'm crackers, but I am none other than Almighty God."

"Oh," I said. What else could I say?

Anyway, God — or whoever he was — seemed to be otherwise perfectly rational, and we became good friends. Also, by way of the relay cell-to-cell grapevine, I was able to establish the following, for what good it did me:

A) Wherever we were, it was honeycombed with cells extending in corridors going in all directions as far as the grapevine extended, which was a very long way indeed, judging by the days and days it would take for messages to go up and down the line, cell-to-cell.

B) Nobody ever saw where the attendants came from or went to. All that was known was that they were there when needed, at mealtimes, a beating-time, and during the occasional attempted escape, which, apparently, always failed.

C) Nobody ever knew why they were here. In my immediate section everyone spoke English, but from the 'vine I learned that various languages and ethnic types, various age groups, both sexes, all kinds of people were represented in various sectors. It was said that, in far distant sectors, there were strange non-human inmates as well, but I emphasize that as far as we here are concerned, this is only rumor. At any rate, each cell contains one and only one prisoner, all getting exactly the same treatment.

D) Nobody had the foggiest notion as to where we actually were, though theories abounded. The most widespread was that this was hell, and we were all here for eternity. However, I noted, people died here just like anywhere else. Other theories were as numerous as the inmates: we were being held by the Martians, it was a CIA plot, the communists were to blame, the Jews were responsible, etc. One man in my sector claimed it was all an enormous hoax concocted by his brother-in-law from Mobile, Alabama.

The first "year" (a year being defined as a non-specific long period of time that could be as short as about a month or as long as two or three years) I was able to keep my head pretty well, even with the unexplained daily beatings administered by the silent attendants.

But after awhile, I began to go a little crazy, like everyone else here. An atheist, I began praying — aloud at first, but I stopped that quickly after saying "Oh God, help me please." only to have my neighbor to the right answer, "How the hell can I help you? I can't get out of here Myself!"

After that, I prayed silently, hoping that I wasn't muttering aloud.

In any case, as the years went by, I began to develop a hate in my frustration. It was at first a diffuse hatred, since I didn't really know who my jailers were. But it soon became focused on those most visible, those responsible for my daily beatings, the attendants. Even though I was all too aware of their individual strength and unknown-but-huge numbers, I became more and more determined to find the right moment, grab one of the clubs they used to beat us, and fight my way out of here no matter how many of them I'd have to get past to do so. At the beginning, I knew it was pretty hopeless, but soon whatever remained of my rationality was submerged in the sea of my madness, of my hate, of my raw determination.

The first time I tried was a complete failure. As one of the attendants held me while the other beat me across the shins with the small, baseball-bat shaped clubs, I pretended to faint, going limp. As I had hoped he relaxed his grip, thinking me unconscious, but I was over anxious and moved too soon. He had yet to completely let go, and he felt my muscles twitch in anticipation of my leap for the club. Instantly his vice-like grip tightened again, and the beating continued at the same, even pace.

I vowed not to be so clumsy a second time. I would wait at least "two months" (about sixty beatings, or, more pleasantly, sixty meals — though the exact spacing of either is unknown and perhaps not exact), before trying again.

And this time, I'd be more careful.

Sometimes, for meals, there would only be one attendant. Usually, in such cases, the attendant would not have a bat with him, these being apparently primarily for beating and not for protection, their unnatural strength being sufficient for that purpose.

But, very occasionally, the mealtime attendant would have a bat tucked into his belt, having apparently come off a "beating" cycle and gone immediately to a "feeding" cycle. As I said, it was rare for a meal-time attendant to be armed, and it was fairly rare, though less so, for one to come alone. The combination of the two was very rare indeed. So, I waited.

It wasn't sixty days, but more like 94 or 95 when a single attendant showed up at mealtime with a bat in his belt. I saw him feeding the inmates in the adjoining cells, saw the bat, and licked my lips in anticipation.

I guess I had planned well. I socked him suddenly, just as I had envisioned; socked him with everything I had (I'd been getting myself into shape for months as well as I could under the circumstances), and he went down, momentarily stunned.

As he fell, I grabbed the club, raised it, and gave him a smashing blow to the head. He stopped moving, though there was no blood. I grabbed his keys, in anticipation of releasing as many as I could who wanted to make a try for freedom, and I shouted up and down, seeing no other attendants, "I've got the keys! Who wants out?"

Not a sound. They all just stared, too frightened or too insane to care. Except my friend God. Quietly he said, "Let me out, friend. I'll go with you." So, God and I went out of the block, around a corner, and away from what had been our whole world for an endless time.

We walked, crept, ran for a long time, past many cells, all looking the same as our own. None of the inmates asked questions, and not once did anyone say "Let me out too." We avoided some corridors, where we saw attendants, and lingered in others, which were empty and seemingly abandoned. Finally we came to a distinct fork, with two unlighted tunnels headed off in different directions. I looked at God.

"Well," I said "if there's a way out of here, this may be it. But we don't know which way, if either, is right. Maybe both are, maybe neither. I think there may be a better chance for at least one of us to get out if we split up here. That way, if only one tunnel leads out ---".

"At least one of us will make it." He finished, smiling sadly. I shook hands with my friend and cell-mate.

Than, as he was starting off, I suddenly thought of a question.

"Hey, God?" I called after him. "Why did you decide to break out with me, when all the rest chose to stay put?"

He smiled again, pulling at his beard.

"Because," he said, "I am Almighty God, as I told you the day you got here. And I've been trapped in here for half of time. I've got to get back to the universe."

There's been, I would imagine; untold suffering. It's got to end, and I'm the only one who can do anything about it."

With that he turned and disappeared into the darkness of the left fork. Shaking my head, I followed suit, turning right.

On and on I went, walking in pitch darkness and dead silence. After a long while, I could no longer feel either wall, and even the ground beneath my feet seemed none too real. Gradually I grew tired and sat down to rest a moment.

Instead I dozed off.

----- And awoke back in my cell, just as others had reportedly done before me. I climbed wearily to my feet and went to the cell door.

"God?" I said, but there was no answer, and I could see that his cell was still empty, though the door had been reclosed.

I didn't allow myself to be hopeful right away, perhaps he had yet to fall asleep, or do whatever it was that would bring him back to the cell. But, as more and more time passed, I began to feel better. Perhaps God never sleeps, but if that's true, how'd he ever get here in the first place?

Some weeks have past since then, and a couple of days ago a new fellow appeared in God's old cell, so I guess "they" (whoever "they" are) have given up on getting him back. It doesn't mean, however, that he made it; for all I know he may be wandering the endless passages to this day, lost in the darkness as I was. Perhaps he would've died of hunger by now, but, being who He is, I rather doubt that.

In any case, that's about it to date. I've got another escape plan going, but I definitely don't intend to invite my new neighbor along.

Yesterday I asked him who he was, and he spat back at me: "Idiot! How dare you speak to the King of the Netherworld, Satan Almighty!"

So, I shut up, and I don't intend to bother this unpleasant character further. I really wish they'd move him to another block.

Damn. There goes the neighborhood.

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