

another potential amiable eccentric will find himself close to another dose of radiation, possibly too close.

Perhaps if those hundreds of thousands learned not only about this case but also about all the others of

which they know nothing—or may have seen only when the witnesses and their stories were dressed-up in idiots' clothing—they would rightly condemn those who have withheld such information from the human race.

THE MILAKOVIC REPORT

W. Daniels and N. M. H. Turner

AT about 7.00 p.m. on the evening of November 20, 1968, people in many parts of England saw what was officially described as the disintegration of the Russian satellite Cosmos 253. About an hour and a half earlier, between 5.30 and 5.45 p.m., a Hednesford couple and their young son had an encounter with a flying saucer near Hanbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Milakovic live with their 11 children at 432 Cannock Road, Hednesford, a rather small, drab town surrounded by mine workings and not far from the southern end of Cannock Chase. They are middle-aged, and Milin Milakovic, a Yugoslav, is the second husband, being father of five of the children, including Slavic (11), the third witness.

Working in the scrap trade, and with their large family to look after, neither Mr. Milakovic nor his wife have time or inclination for stories of flying saucers and space travel. Mrs. Doris Milakovic told us that she considered these stories to be rubbish and that she preferred Western or Japanese war "comics". On the subject of flying saucers, however, she said that she has now changed her mind, while Mr. Milakovic has vowed that he will never again go out without a camera. Slavic does read a few science-fiction comics, mainly, as far as we could gather, about extra-terrestrial monsters and interplanetary invasions.

The locality

The village of Hanbury is situated

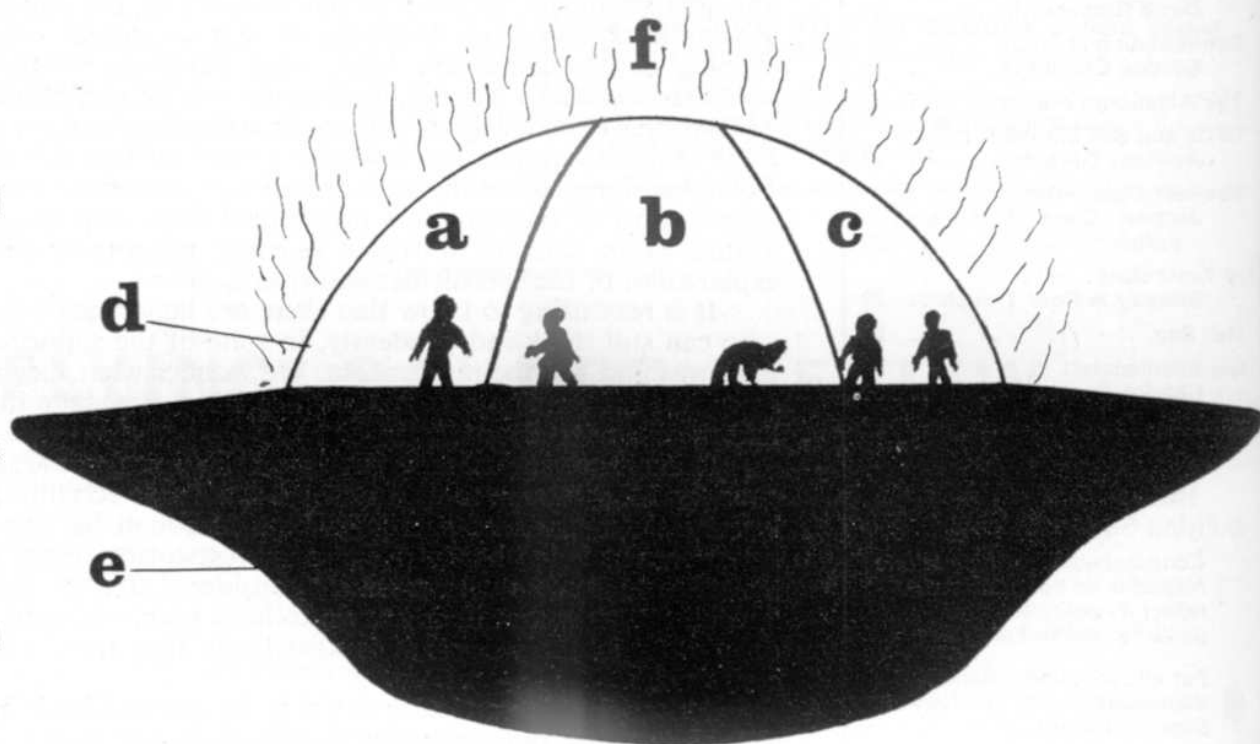
on the Staffordshire/Derbyshire border, almost midway along a line joining Uttoxeter and Burton-on-Trent; on Ordnance Survey sheet 120 its map reference is 172278. Three and one-half miles north-west of Hanbury there is a large army establishment (Central Workshop 32 R.E.M.E.); two miles to the north-west there is R.A.F. Fauld, which is used mainly as an ammunition dump, and three miles almost due south there is an old wartime airfield.

The majority of the ammunition dump is believed to lie below ground and there are very vague rumours about the weapons stored there. As for the airfield, this is still used privately by the brewery firm Ind Coope for light aircraft.

On the afternoon of November

KEY:

- a .. White light
- b .. Amber light
- c .. Green light
- d .. Transparent dome
- e .. Intensely dark underside
- f .. "Wavy" iridescent light like the colours of oil on water—from "behind"



20 the Milakovics went on a house-hunting trip which took them through Rugeley and Abbots Bromley, and ended at Hanbury. After viewing Hanbury Hall they started on the homeward journey, stopping just outside the village to look at another old house that was up for sale. When they finally resumed their journey, the light was fading rapidly.

The sighting

Soon after leaving Hanbury they saw a rabbit run across the road and made comments to one another on their chances of catching it; they were amazed, however, when they saw many more rabbits following it from under the hedge on the left-hand side of the road. Suddenly—so much so that it must have been in darkness an instant before—they saw a brilliantly-lit object in the field on their left. Rising slowly from the field the object then proceeded to pass over the car (which had been stopped by Mr. Milakovic) towards a solitary house standing about 100 yards (estimated) inside a field on the right-hand side of the road. Now out of the car, the Milakovics were able to watch the progress of the object towards the house, over the top of which it stopped and hovered.

We should, perhaps, comment here that the sky was overcast and that it was either starting to, or had not long since started to rain. Mrs. Milakovic mentioned that when they first got out of the car they felt warm but when the object moved further away the temperature seemed to drop. The witnesses are convinced that at no time did they hear a noise or see any part of the object rotate; instead, as it hovered it appeared to "quiver like a jelly".

Here the first useful indication of size may be gained since Mrs. Milakovic was of the opinion that it was as wide as the house and would have crushed it if it had descended. There were no lights

For about five minutes they watched several figures—which they described as human from the form of the silhouettes—walking backwards and forwards across the brilliantly-lit top portion. Occasionally some of the figures were seen to bend down as though

looking at something in the part of the object below the rim, although except the three lights and the figures nothing was visible in the top part.

Once again the object started to move away from the witnesses, only this time instead of moving in a continuous motion its progress was more of a pulsating or jerky nature. As it moved it climbed, and the lights became very intense, so much so that Mr. Milakovic commented that it felt as though his eyes were burning with the brilliance.

Thoroughly alarmed by now, Mr. Milakovic insisted that they leave the area as quickly as possible. As they drove away the object was still visible over the fields. Mrs. Milakovic explained that the feelings of Slavic and herself had been a mixture of excitement, curiosity, and apprehension (a good mixture!) and that at no time did they experience any trouble with the car.

Witness intimidation ?

The original account first appeared in the *Wolverhampton Express and Star* for Monday, November 25, 1968, and we were in touch with Mrs. Milakovic on Tuesday morning, when it was arranged that we should interview the family on Wednesday night. We took with us a tape-recorder and during the interview Mrs. Milakovic told us that she had had several 'phone-calls concerning the sighting; one from Uttoxeter, one from London, one from three students who live at Lichfield, and ours.

The students, it seems, were very interested in the sighting and had told her that they had found another witness to (possibly) the same sighting. They informed her they would be coming to Hednesford on the Sunday (November 31) to take the family to the airfield for the purpose of taking photographs. Finding that Mrs. Milakovic offered no objections to our being present on Sunday, we arranged to meet at the house at the time suggested by the students, about 3.00 p.m.

On the Sunday we arrived in good time at Hednesford to find that the Milakovics had received a threatening 'phone call to the effect that they should not go near the

airfield; the voice was that of a man, but there was nothing unusual about the accent. We persuaded the family that it was probably a hoax and departed for the scene of the incident without the students who, so we were told later, never arrived.

It had been decided that we should travel by exactly the same route that the Milakovics had taken and that they should indicate the area when they recognised it. We travelled to Hanbury, turned round and just after we had passed the last house they had looked over before leaving for home that night, Mr. Milakovic stopped and said that here was where they had seen the object.

Convinced that he had chosen the wrong place, since there was no house for the object to hover over and no aircraft hangar which he seemed to think should be in the vicinity, we persuaded him to continue his journey on the off-chance that he would recognise the house. Mrs. Milakovic, incidentally, did not agree with her husband's choice of site and Mr. Milakovic himself was definitely perplexed, although he was adamant that the place he had chosen *was* the right one.

For about half an hour we toured the locality and finally decided that nothing further would be gained that evening since the Milakovics were becoming worried because they couldn't find the place, and that we should get the impression that it was all a hoax.

Further investigation

With the Milakovics having departed we again drove round the district in the hope of finding this elusive house and the aircraft hangar; no suitable houses came to light, but we did find a hangar which fits the description given by Mr. Milakovic.

Perhaps at this stage we should try to elaborate on this business of the aircraft hangar because it must tend to complicate the situation. Mr. Milakovic, at some stage of his outward or homeward journey, claims he saw an aircraft hangar which initially gave him the idea that he was observing some sort of aircraft. On the outward journey we

Continued on page 24

ANOTHER HOSPITAL VISITED

Nigel Rimes

Representative of *Flying Saucer Review* in Brazil

LINS is an attractive, peaceful country town 450 km. north-west of São Paulo. It lies on the vast rolling Paraná plain which is mainly scrub-covered grassland, with huge areas of sugar cane and extensive coffee plantations. (It is 100 km. beyond Baurú, where José Higgins reportedly had his famous encounter with alien entities from a landed machine on July 23, 1947.)

The Clemente Ferreira Sanatorium lies some six or seven kilometres from the town centre and is approached along an earth road. After investigating the



landing at Botucatu, it came as quite a shock to us to see here an exact replica of the hospital in the Botucatu case, complete with near-by water-tower and trees!

The purpose of our journey was to find and interview a woman named Maria José Cintra, who, according to various press reports, had claimed not only that a flying saucer had landed right in front of the entrance to the hospital building, but also that she had given water to a "foreign woman" from the vehicle. The publicity received by the case in the national press had already been considerable, but we wanted to verify the facts for ourselves and obtain more details.

The witness

Arriving at the gates of the

hospital grounds, we asked the porter where we might find Dona Maria Cintra, and explained the purpose of our visit. He told us that she was not there but at her home, and went on to make it very clear to us that he did not believe the story about the flying saucer, though he added quite firmly that Dona Maria was an honest person of good character, not given to story-telling. I turned the car round and drove off to look for her, noting as I did so the presence of an electricity sub-station some twenty yards inside the gates of the hospital.

Eventually we found Dona Maria at her home in the little village of Guaicara. She is a stout "mulata" (mulatto woman), and did not seem very enthusiastic at first about our visit. She had been given a bad time by a number of reporters and was obviously fed up with the whole business. However, we soon made it clear to her that we had not come to make fun of her, but were seriously interested in her experience. Bit by bit the story then came out.

She is a sort of receptionist and general servant at the hospital. She has a room over the front entrance, and part of her job is to admit new arrivals at the hospital.

The encounter

In the early hours of Tuesday, August 27, 1968, she was awakened by a noise in front of the hospital. Her description of the sound for us was something like the beating of a large bird's wings together with a whistling sound, or like that of the rotor blades of a helicopter turning after the engine has been switched off. It could also have been likened to the sound of a loose fan-belt or a squeaking water-pump on a car.

Thinking that a new patient had arrived, she called out that she

was coming, and went down to the front door. Opening, she was amazed to find a "foreign-looking woman", wearing "light-coloured clothes" and with some sort of head-dress that was tight fitting and left only the face bare. Although Dona Maria could give no details of the dress, she was certain that the face was not covered. The woman was of "normal height" and spoke in a language that she could not understand. In her hands the woman held a bottle and a mug, and it was evident that the visitor wanted water.

I tried to get Maria to sketch the bottle, but as she has only just started to learn to read and write in primary school, the task was beyond her. (She is in her forties, but we did not ask her age as she was obviously very shy of speaking about herself.) However, she stated that the bottle was of glass, "just like an ordinary litre bottle", but was covered with beautiful engravings such as she had never seen before. To her there did not seem to be any particular design in the engraving, nothing such as flowers or geometrical forms, nor were there any symbols that she could recognise, and yet the beauty of the thing was such that she almost forgot the presence of the stranger in looking at it.

At the drinking fount

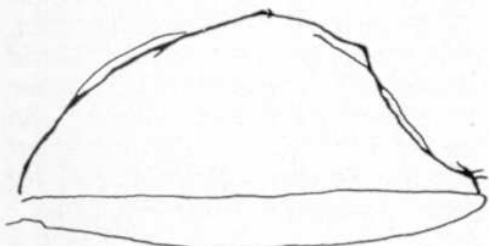
Going to the drinking fount in the corridor near the door of the hospital, Maria began to fill the bottle. As she did so, she noticed the woman looking at the two cars, parked one on either side of the entrance, and she called out to her explaining that one car belonged to the doctor on duty and the other to the hospital administrator.

The woman then came to the drinking fount. Maria handed her the full bottle, and started to fill

the mug. At this point the woman placed her hand on Maria's shoulder and said, over and over again, "REMPAUA". Maria's imitation of the voice would indicate that it was fairly highly pitched but very feminine. Maria's own voice is normally quite low, almost harsh.

The UFO

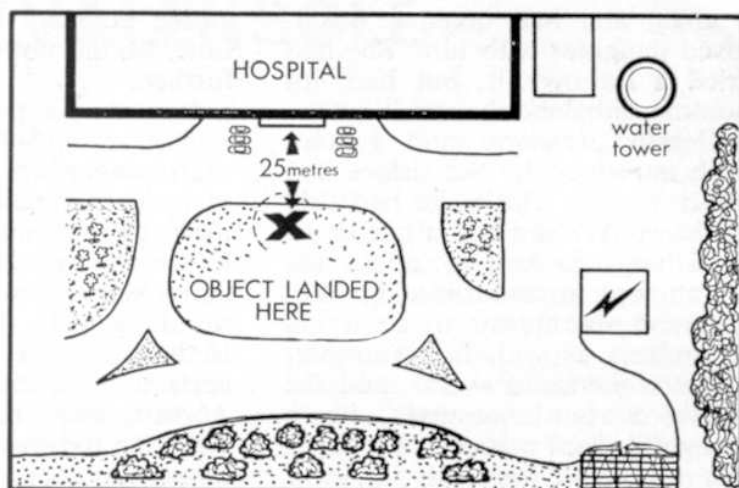
The mug filled, they returned to the door together, and went out. Only now did Maria notice the vehicle that had brought the woman, and she became very frightened indeed. Her fright was such that she can recall very little about the machine itself. It was hovering, about one metre from the ground, of this she is quite sure. She is positive that no part of the object was touching the ground. It was pear-



Old lady's sketch

shaped and brightly illuminated, and about 25 metres distant from her, above an oval grass area in the centre of the drive and opposite the hospital door. When I pressed her for more detail, Maria now grabbed my pen and with considerable difficulty drew the outline of the vehicle (Fig. 1). She does not recall having seen any sort of portholes, or even a door, and yet she watched the woman approach the object and enter it, assisted by another person who could have been either a man or a woman—she was unable to tell. As the two individuals approached the vehicle, they both made a sweeping gesture with one arm (Maria instinctively used her left arm in demonstrating to us, but could not remember which arms they had used) as though each was inviting the other to go first. At this point the events are confused. Maria is not sure whether the second person was inside or outside of the vehicle. She thought the walls of the machine might have been trans-

Diagram of Hospital grounds



parent, in which case the sweeping motion of the arms might have been nothing more than the sliding back of equally transparent doors. But this is all very unclear.

Mode of entry

I asked her whether the woman had entered the machine from underneath, or through the side, or the top. She just did not know. As she had evidently noticed nothing unusual about the entry, it can perhaps be assumed that this took place as might be expected, through the side. Maria did not notice a door, probably because she expected to see one. Had the woman walked through a solid wall, I am quite sure that this would have registered with Maria.

All this time, while the woman was returning to the machine, Maria was shrinking back in terror into the doorway, where she clung for support.

As soon as the woman was inside the object, it took off, and climbed away in a slow vertical spiral. Maria was now sweating profusely, and ran to her room. From the window she saw the object still climbing away. As it took off and climbed, she said, it made the same sound again, like the beating of wings. The first light of dawn was just tingeing the sky as it vanished from sight.

Apart from the sweating, which left her saturated (the Brazilian press hinted at another cause) and apart from the shock, Maria suffered only a lack of appetite for several days. She has slept all right each night since, but she now does so with the window closed. Several times during our

interview she said she hoped the thing would not return; that she did not want to remember what had happened; that she wanted to be left in peace; and that she wished she had not said anything about the occurrence as it would have saved her a lot of trouble.

Dona Maria's ordeal

That same morning, after the experience, she was examined by a doctor, who also tried—unsuccessfully—to find any marks left by the object. She was asked whether she could not have dreamed the whole affair. This she denies emphatically. She is quite accustomed to getting up at night to admit patients, and the first part of her experience had in fact been nothing out of the ordinary. The poor woman had obviously suffered a good deal of unpleasantness from a number of people, including some ill-mannered reporters who ought to have known better, and it is now pretty evident that she is trying to convince herself of her own sanity.

Several times she repeated to us: "I told them, 'I'm not mad. I'm a good Catholic, thank God. I say my prayers regularly and do my needlework when I feel like it. I don't smoke or drink, or go to the cinema or watch television, except when I have to stand in the doorway of the hospital's TV room, to observe patients. I lead a quiet life here in the village, where I do my shopping'."

The press has played up the insanity angle with several broad hints. Maria told us quite frankly that several years before, her husband had left her for another

woman, and had taken a much-loved daughter with him. She had cried a lot over it, but had not become unbalanced over it.

Geraldo Luciano and I were both impressed by the simple and direct way in which she had told her story. When she did not know something, she said so, and made no attempt at embroidering. Not once did she appear to be trying to impress us with her own part in the sequence of events, and she answered our questions in a straightforward manner. Throughout the interview she made it abundantly clear that she did not want to remember anything about the event, and she was certainly not going to receive any more "ignorant reporters".

Other local sightings

Several other people are said to have seen a flying saucer over Lins at about 06.45 a.m. on that same day, Tuesday, August 27. We tried to find two of them, Sr. Aurélio Galo and his wife, who had told reporters of their sighting at that time. Unfortunately we did not have their address, but only the name of the district where they lived, Vila Junqueira. This turned out to be a pretty large place, and nobody whom we asked there seemed to have heard either of the Galos' sighting or of the landing

at the hospital. Being pressed for time, we did not pursue the matter further.

Comment

In conclusion, there are one or two points to make. Of the landing itself, there is only the one witness. However, we can find no reason why Maria José Cintra's story should not be accepted as true. In the first place she appears to be a perfectly sane and honest country-woman with both feet planted firmly on the ground, and she has a reputation for honesty in the district. Secondly, being virtually illiterate, she could not possibly have read about flying saucers before the event and so could not have invented details that are common to other cases on record. Not once during our interview did I even hear her use the words "disco voador" (flying saucer); it was "an apparatus shaped like a pear, that shone with a bright light." The woman visitor was a "a foreign woman", not "a woman from Outer Space". Thirdly, as the encounter ended just before dawn, it is hardly surprising that there were no other witnesses, for the hospital is situated in a very isolated region. Indeed, a UFO was seen over Lins that same morning by a number of witnesses, although at

present we have the names of only two of them.

Another point which is becoming extremely interesting is this large number of reported landings near medical establishments or in some way connected with medical people. Outstanding in the past 13 months, to mention Brazil alone, have been the landing in the grounds of the hospital at La Baleia, State of Minas Gerais, on September 14, 1967¹, the landing of July 1, 1968, in front of the Hospital das Clínicas and Faculty of Medicine at Rubião Junior, Botucatu, in the State of São Paulo², and, finally, this landing on August 27, 1968, at the Clement Ferreirat Sanatorium near Lins, also in the State of São Paulo.

(Nor should we overlook that other remarkable report of a landing in the grounds of the hospital at El Sauce, near Mendoza, Argentina, which was reported in the "World Round-up" columns of FSR for November/December 1968. No entity was seen at El Sauce, but the nurse's eyes were burned by the light from the UFO.—EDITOR)

NOTES

¹ Aleixo, Prof. H. B. *Humanoids encountered at La Baleia*. FSR Vol. 14, No. 6. November/December 1968.

² Rimes, Nigel. *The Landing at Botucatu*. FSR Vol. 14, No. 6. November/December 1968.

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KEEPING WATCH ON VALENSOLE

IN the article *A Visit to Valensole* which Aimé Michel and I prepared for the January/February 1968 edition of *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW*, M. Michel told of an observation of an unusual light which had been reported to him by astronomer friends who had been working at the St. Michel Observatory (l'Observatoire de Haute Provence). It was concluded that the light, seen at 3.00 a.m. on September 18, 1965, was on, or very near to, the field l'Olivol where M. Maurice Masse reported his remarkable encounter with an ovalloid object and its occupants on July 1, 1965.

In *A Visit to Valensole* I disclosed

how we had observed, through a narrow gap in the distant mountains to the WNW, the cupolas of the distant observatory.

Our cover photograph, taken with a telephoto lens *from the northern part* of the Observatory, clearly shows the disused house (arrowed) at the edge of the field l'Olivol, some 23 kilometres distant. The photographer, a friend of M. Michel's and a reader of *FSR*, writes to say that when viewed from the height of the great main cupola more to the south of the Observatory, the disused house appears just at the edge of the mountain (position marked X).

Our correspondent has been making new investigations at Valensole, and we hope soon to publish an article in which he discusses his findings. Suffice it to say for the present that he found l'Olivol in an unkempt state, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph, with the weeds now eclipsing the uncared-for lavender plants. Only weeds grow on the actual landing site, but all around l'Olivol cultivation goes on apace, and our correspondent has many interesting things to report.

CHARLES BOWEN.



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CONTACT CASUALTY ON RÉUNION

This article is taken from the November 1968 issue of the French journal *Lumières dans la Nuit*. Translation by Gordon Creighton.

A SIGHTING of capital importance took place on the Island of Réunion [which is situated in the Indian Ocean between Mauritius and Madagascar] on the plain known as La Plaine des Cafres. The date of the sighting was July 31, 1968, and the time, 9.00 a.m.

The witness, M. Luce Fontaine, is aged 31, a farmer, married, with a family, his wife being a teacher. Everybody is in agreement in considering him a serious, hard-working man, who is completely worthy of trust.

He says: "I was at [the] kilometre 21 [mark], in a small clearing in the middle of a forest of acacia trees, that morning, and I was bending down and picking some grass for my rabbits when I suddenly saw a sort of oval-shaped cabin in the clearing. It was 25 metres from me, and as though

suspended at a height of four or five metres from the ground. The extremities of it were dark blue, the centre part lighter, more transparent rather like the windscreen of a [Peugeot] 404. Above and below it had what looked like two glass feet of shining metal.

"In the centre of the cabin were two individuals with their backs towards me. The one on the left turned right round and so faced me. He was standing, small, about 90 centimetres in height, enveloped from head to feet in a sort of one-piece overall a bit like the suit worn by the 'Michelin man'. The one on the right simply turned his head round towards me, but all the same I had time to catch a glimpse of his face, which was partly masked by a sort of helmet.

"Then both turned their backs to me, and there was a flash, as strong

as the electric arc of a welding machine. Everything went white around me. A powerful heat was given off and then as it were a sort of blast of wind, and a few seconds later there was nothing there any more.

"Then I approached the spot over which the object had been. There were no marks. The object had a diameter of 4 or 5 metres and was about 2½ metres measured through from top to bottom. It was of a bluish colour, with white on the upper and lower parts.

"I told my wife all about it, and then the Gendarmerie, and everyone at once believed me."

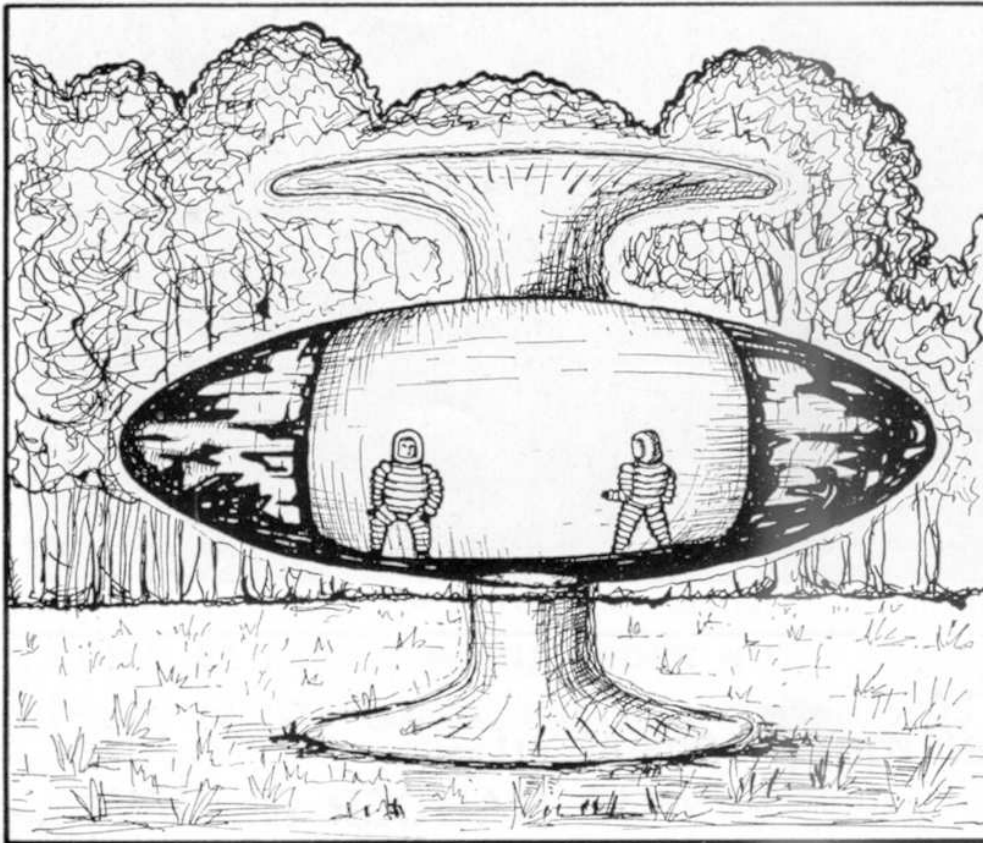
Such was the first piece of testimony given by M. Fontaine, and next day the enquiry began. He then explained more precisely to the investigators that, seen "face-on", the machine, egg-shaped in appearance, looked in fact like two whitish saucers, shining like aluminium, placed face to face.

The Gendarmerie enquiry was conducted by Captain Maljean of St.-Pierre, and Captain Legros of the Service de la Protection Civile went to the site with instruments for detecting radioactivity.

A surprise awaited them. They found a certain degree of radioactivity in a radius of from 5-6 metres from the presumed scene of the near-landing, and also even on the clothing worn that day by M. Fontaine.

According to a correspondent in Réunion who is a subscriber to *Lumières dans la Nuit* and who has been good enough to send us this report, M. Fontaine informed him that only the portions of his clothing that were facing the machine bore traces of radioactivity.

According to Captain Legros, their attention was drawn to eight radioactive points, on tufts of grass



Continued on page 11

LET'S TAKE OFF OUR BLINKERS

Dan Lloyd

FEW would deny that among the multitude of theories advanced to account for the UFO enigma, one predominant idea appears to run like a connecting thread between them. This is that the earth is somehow or other being subjected to some kind of surveillance by entities other than human, this basic theme being elaborated according to whether the theorist is disposed more to a material or non-material interpretation of the phenomenon.

The material view would appear to consist in asserting that we are being visited by inter-planetary spaceships, powered by some form of magnetic force field and piloted by a motley assortment of corporeal beings whose activities range from active hostility to unctuous benevolence. The literature that deals with this aspect is already enormous and a vast amount of ingenuity has been expended in spreading this particular form of gospel, even the Bible being enlisted as supporting proof.

From a "fourth dimension"?

On the other hand, there is the view that UFOs are manifestations from some kind of hypothetical "fourth dimension" of space, and to those who are not satisfied with the material interpretation this theory makes a powerful appeal. Again, an enormous amount of brain-power has been expended on metaphysical arguments seeking to demonstrate the validity of a postulated fourth dimension on the basis of higher mathematics. Those UFO theorists who invoke the fourth dimension can not only point to abstract philosophy in support of their contentions; they can, and do, assert that many behavioural patterns of UFOs are consistent with "another dimension" being the source of the manifestations—e.g. sudden appearances and disappearances attended by phenomenal speed and other gravity-defying characteristics.

Link with psychic phenomena?

There is beginning to emerge yet another viewpoint, which sees in UFOs something intimately linked with such kindred "damned facts" as poltergeist phenomena, hauntings, precognition, telepathy, and many other "aberrations" of the human psyche.

It is, perhaps, symptomatic of the feeling that a new understanding of the human being must arise that a new look is being directed towards the ancient wisdom of the East in the belief that it can provide some key with which to unlock the door to the mystery of man's relation to the Universe. Those UFOlogists who thus turn their gaze backwards to the storehouse of oriental wisdom feel that by equipping themselves with concepts taken from that great treasury of spiritual knowledge they will be able to shed some light on the UFO problem which, in their view, is incapable of being understood by the materialistic concepts of modern science or the abstractions of metaphysics.

Now it could be argued, and I will attempt to do so, that those who borrow their concepts from the past, however "spiritual" those concepts may appear, are simply opposing one abstraction with another—using abstraction in the sense that a particular view is abstracted from the total picture and held up as the truth, whereas the truth must surely be many-sided and embrace all abstractions.

Western and Eastern abstractions

For consider the position. The materialist asserts as his abstraction that intelligent life can only arise through the agency of a physical body which has undergone an evolution from lower to higher forms, culminating in the perfection of man. Therefore, he argues, if intelligent life exists elsewhere in the Universe, there must have been a similar process of physical natural selection in operation, as matter is considered to be the primal stuff from which intelligent life is born.

In opposition to this purely materialistic abstraction, the "non-materialist" who is steeped in the terminology of the East points to the existence of "pure spirit" as being the sole reality, at the same time asserting that matter is simply an illusion which only owes its apparent reality to the fact that our senses are bewitched and cannot perceive the true reality lying behind the senses.

So on the one hand we have the Western abstraction which asserts that matter is the sole reality and psychic activity simply an emanation from it; and on the other hand we have the Eastern abstraction which denies any ultimate reality to matter and concerns itself solely with inner experience. In the East, matter is an illusion; in the West, spirit is an illusion.

Since the impetus given to the development of logical thought by the Greek philosophers, almost every shade of philosophic opinion between these two polar extremes has been expressed. In every direction the intellect of man has exerted itself in order to comprehend the world; almost every metaphysical abstraction it is possible to construct has already been pursued to its logical conclusion. And yet, with our libraries bursting at the seams with catalogued erudition, man continues to pose the age-old question: Who am I and what is my relation to the world?

Philosophy powerless

In what direction can he turn to find an answer to this question? Man feels with a sure instinct for truth that philosophy as such is powerless to help him. Materialistic science is simply the result of the abstract thinking which has dominated the Western world since the fifteenth century, and although magnificent achievements have been made in this domain, nowhere has it been able to grasp the reality of man's being. The situation that has developed whereby knowledge of the physical world, gained through the physical senses, has been held up as the only form of cognition of which