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Journal of
SPACE

FLYING SAUCER REVIEW

INCORPORATING FLYING SAUCER NEWS

Edited by
The Hon.
Brinsley le Poer Trench

First Editor
Derek D. Dempster

CONTENTS

	Page
Landing in South Africa ...	2
World Roundup ...	6
The Conspiracy of Silence By John Lade ...	10
Unanswered Questions ...	12
World's First Flying Saucer Exhibition By Desmond Leslie ...	13
Current Status of the UFO Field in America By M. K. Jessup ...	14
The Phenomena of Angel Hair By Charles A. Maney ...	16
Astronomer's Note Book By W. Schroeder ...	19
This Amazing Universe By Arthur Constance ...	22
Panorama ...	26
Book Reviews ...	29
Mail Bag ...	31

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THE SETTING of patterns is of the greatest importance in the world today. The old patterns, highlighted in recent weeks, have brought mankind to the brink of disaster. Now the kaleidoscope changes, new patterns are being set and conscious co-operation with these can yet lead us away from the abyss.

Einstein's mathematical formula ($E=mc^2$) has already revolutionised both physics and cosmogony. New conceptions of time-space, conscious infinity and continuous creation, are having their effect on the spiritual, mental and physical terms of reference in which man lives, moves and has his being. Not least among these is the virtual world-wide acceptance of extra-terrestrial beings. This acceptance may bring forth new patterns as revealing and astonishing as the patterns of our current civilisation seen through the eyes of one of the "stone age" tribes lately found in New Guinea.

From what we can now deduce of their being, the space people are cognisant of the energy world of patterns, and, indeed, both mould and work this medium, as we do those of sound and motive power. Speech is a means of transferring ideas by sound symbols, and this method is used by us in the world today; if we assume space people can utilise the universal life-energy forces to propel their craft, they can similarly sustain themselves without being immersed in air as we know it, making speech useless as a means of communication.

Many people have been wondering why there has been no apparent pattern to the contacts that the space people have made with us. If you sit behind a café window and try to attract the attention of a particular, or even of any passer-by without gesticulating, you will find the pattern of those who respond is by no means uniform. The sensitive and the subjective will be convinced you spoke to them in person, others will just get an uneasy feeling that they are being watched and the vast majority will merely plod past.

Assuming that you deemed it inadvisable to make a *public* landing, what then would you as a space-man do for humanity?

LANDING IN SOUTH AFRICA

A FLYING SAUCER landed in South Africa on April 7, this year, according to reports that have just reached FLYING SAUCER REVIEW. The occupants contacted Mrs. Elizabeth Klarer, whose personal account of the contact and her subsequent flight in the saucer is given below in her own words. Her story is strongly backed up and vouched for by Mr. Edgar Sievers, of Pretoria, the well-known South African saucer investigator, whose book, *Flying Saucers über Südafrika*, is shortly to appear in an English edition.

The setting for this epochal event was the Mooi River area in Natal, at the foot of the Drakensberg Range. When Mrs. Klarer was a child of seven she saw a spaceship—a great orange-red wheel as large as a football, move slowly across the sky over the rolling foothills of the Drakensberg. That changed her whole life and she always hoped that one day a craft would return.

It was in a familiar spot near the old estate, where the family lived, that a preliminary attempt to contact Mrs. Klarer was made on December 27, 1954. At about 10 a.m. Elizabeth Klarer had her first surprise on a lonely hilltop when a saucer came gliding down.

“When I saw the flash in the southern sky, but nothing more,” she said, “there was plenty of fairweather cumulus about—then what I thought was a white bird caught my eye. Looking at it very hard, I realised it was no bird. The sun glinted on the craft as it glided down to hover a few feet above the northern slope.

“The craft was so close to me I could see clearly the face of the pilot through the porthole. Yet, through uncertainty and fright, I instinctively stepped back or recoiled from the strangeness of it all, but my gaze remained fixed in a fascinated stare upon the face of the pilot. The most handsome man I have ever seen. He was blond, his

eyes gave me the impression at that distance of being light grey. He smiled at me to reassure, but I backed away.

“Then the craft slowly rose and moved away in a southerly direction, until it disappeared in the distance. I stood rooted to the spot. I was left with my remorse and my reproaches for being so stupid.

“For 15 long months I reproached myself, but always hoping that possibly I would have another chance. I continually went out in all weather and dreadful storms. But I have a family of two dependent on me, so their demands took first place, and I gradually became more patient.”

Mr. Edgar Sievers, commenting on Mrs. Klarer at that period, emphasised most strongly that she is a normal healthy woman, who does not suffer

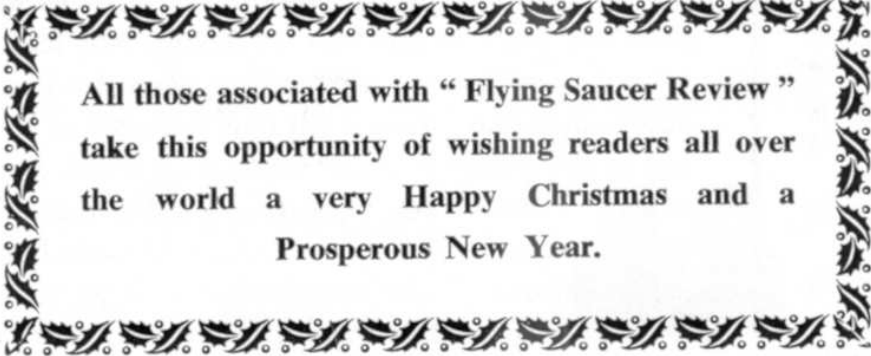
from any “psychicisms.” He describes her as a “gifted pianist and music teacher, with studies accomplished in Italy and England and with a wide range of intellectual interests ranging from history to astro-

nomy, an enthusiastic traveller, a lover of nature in general and of horses in particular, attractive Elizabeth Klarer has both her feet on the ground, no less than any other woman would who has to look after her family.”

Mr. Sievers said that Mrs. Klarer did nothing but think of this saucer, hoping and longing that it would return.

“For all those who have noticed already that they are able to establish with their dogs or their horses an inner contact all of its own the following point will be a familiar and sensible one; and it is this point which most definitely enters the picture from here on,” he affirmed.

“There are modes of awareness between living beings which are transensorial, i.e. which take place beyond the usual boundaries of sensual and sensorial control. Where a rider and a horse are



**All those associated with “Flying Saucer Review”
take this opportunity of wishing readers all over
the world a very Happy Christmas and a
Prosperous New Year.**

at one in this way, the horse acts prompted by the mere intentions of its human friend. Mrs. Klarer, too, is gifted to a point where she establishes immediate contact with horses. Where that particular awareness is spanned from man to man to such a degree that it becomes a somewhat conscious link, we have usually been talking of telepathy and thought transference.

"Not only from George Adamski do we know that this mode of awareness comes into play, too, where relations to spacemen are concerned. There are many people in this world already who do have sensations of an indefinable kind whenever a saucer is near. Stephen Darbishire, in Coniston, England, acted on such promptings, another youth in our country, Ernst van Zyl, aged 17 then, did so and, following the hunch, had found a saucer, and likewise is Elizabeth Klarer affected when there is something 'in the air.' At least on two occasions she took friends along with her when prompted by those sensations, and saucers were actually seen.

"In an unbroken period of almost four years, in which Adamski has been talking to all who were ready to listen with discerning ear and an attentive mind, a period in which he has not hidden himself, as an impostor would have done, nor faded from public memory, as could have been expected of a hoaxer duly found out, his words have not only been ringing true, they necessarily were and are the truth. Because only truth could have withstood such a barrage of



suspicion, scorn, mockery, disbelief, ridicule and slander from every corner of the world converging on Mount Palomar in print, sound waves and by mind force.

"While Elizabeth Klarer has mustered the courage to come forward and to henceforth stand this very same test of acid publicity, there are many who know her personally and who will vouchsafe for her sincerity, as well as her truthfulness, and her integrity. Like Adamski, she will likewise stand and fall with the veracity of her claims and the absolute truth in her spoken word."

"This personal angle is so all-important," said Mr. Sievers, "because this encounter with a man from space is without direct evidence. Nor is it very likely that, had she direct proof and evidence, any of those who either cannot or else do not want to believe would let themselves be convinced.

"The restraint of the spacemen in their appearances is proof enough that they do not intend to interfere with our inner development forcibly, rather is all this being wisely measured to such a pace as will give everybody the chance to get accustomed to the thought and the fact that human beings are living on nearby planets.

"Mrs. Klarer had taken her daughter Marilyn, who is a medical student, and son David, aged seven, to Durban for a few days by the sea, when on Friday, April 6, this year, she experienced a compelling feeling to return to the farm and to her familiar hilltop, and so back they all went to the homestead.

"Early next morning, Saturday, April 7, that particular feeling having persisted, Elizabeth Klarer slipped out and after a brisk walk reached the hilltop, about 2½ miles away."

Now Mrs. Klarer takes up the story again:

"On reaching the top of the southern slope, I saw the scoutship resting on the ground near the eastern slope of the dip. The rising sun had not topped the slope, so the craft was in the shadow. My immediate reaction was not to hesitate as I had done the first time, but to run as fast as I could—I felt as if I had wings to my feet—down that very rough slope, straight to the tall blond man standing near the craft. It was the most natural thing for me to do, because I felt that I had known him all my life.

"I stretched out both my hands to him, and he took them saying, 'You were not afraid this time.'

He helped me step into the craft—the automatic door closed—and he gently sat me down on a soft circular bench, where I was able to regain my breath. What helped me more than anything was the wonderful invigorating freshness of the air in the cabin.

“An awful doubt assailed me when I saw the other pilot sitting at the controls. He was dark and stocky. So, without thinking, I asked the tall spaceman, ‘Oh, you are not a Russian, are you?’ He smiled and answered, ‘I am not from any place on this planet that you call Earth. I am from Venus.’

“The interior of the craft was simple, and beautiful to my mind. None of the mass of instruments and wires over dashboard and walls as in modern aircraft, but simple rows of push-buttons on some kind of a desk. None of the stuffy smell of fuel—it was all clean, efficient and simple. A gentle humming sound, soothing and pleasant, emanated from the floor of the craft, which gave me a sense of power and security.

“The porthole covers were open. Three sets of four. I looked out of one. I could see for miles, but it was far too hazy, and I was unable to see immediately below, because the hull of the craft was in the way. I did not think at first to look through the floor lens, until the Venusian gently drew my attention to it!

“The wonderful sight of rolling green country was breathtaking—I could now see clearly for miles—even the line of blue sea in the distance.

“The tall spaceman and his companion were wearing dark-brownish suits, the trousers narrowing down to the ankles, the shirt sleeves narrowing to the wrists and a high neckline. They were close-fitting garments, but light and comfortable, made of a material not unlike a coarse shiny nylon.

“I was given refreshing water to drink, and a delicious red apple and other fruit similar to bananas. They are vegetarians. No wonder that they live and enjoy health so much longer than we do, with their diet and breathing such wonderful air. Yes, the tall, soft-spoken Venusian told me that the air I had been enjoying so much in the craft was Venusian air! He told me that there is a higher oxygen content in the Venusian atmosphere—that is, in the lowest strata of the atmosphere. That lower strata of the Venusian atmosphere is out of reach of the instruments used by scientists on Earth. The upper atmospheric envelope is poisonous and hot—ex-



tremely hot. He told me there is a great deal of water on Venus, and many rugged, high and beautiful mountains.

“The houses on Venus are built in a circular pattern—some are made of a special material that permits the light to come through, but does not expose the occupants to the view of anyone on the outside. I said that I would love to go to Venus and to the Moon. Our Moon is not a dead world. Space people are based there. How kind, civilised and cultured they are!

“They are wise and understanding. They are watching us closely now that man is moving into space, and we have stated that the Moon is our first target. This will concern them vitally. Man will take war into space.

“The tall Venusian, who spoke perfect English, told me how for a limited period he had lived and studied on Earth, travelling to various cities to see for himself how mankind lived and behaved. He was sad to see the mode of existence, precarious, and always with the threat of war. Aggressive, dominating nations would continue to rise to power, nations that are still uncivilised. The power of brute force still was rampant in the world. That was the tragedy, he told me, therefore how can the space people land amongst us?

“There was plenty of room to walk around in the cabin, but my whole attention was held by the personality of the spaceman. We talked about music, real and beautiful music. Not about the primitive jungle noise that is so popular through-

out this world. The space people are highly sensitive to sounds—and music is a realm in which they all excel. Music is a part of their life. To most earth people it is an education that takes many years to accomplish—if not a lifetime—and there are those on earth who can never understand music.

“I felt no movement in the craft at all, beyond the gentle humming. I was told they used natural forces to propel the saucer. How wonderful to harness these forces that the universe is made of. That is why eventually man must have a complete understanding of nature and the universe—until he does, he is tied to limited mentality and capacities.

“The Venusian, who was sitting next to me as we conversed, said, ‘I must now return you to the hill where I found you. Our time is up. Also David needs you. He is ill.’ With sadness at leaving mingled with anxiety to return to see my son, we descended to land with a gentle touchdown on the hill.

“Both spacemen were very kind, gentle and considerate. The younger, shorter one had an olive skin and the older, taller Venusian had a fair golden-hued one. The metal of the craft was smooth polished to touch, like a mirror. The automatic door opened and the tall Venusian led me through. Sadly, I waved goodbye, as I backed away from the craft and then stood to watch them take off. Without a sound she rose slowly to hover for a moment—the rays from the setting sun flashing in rainbow colours on her sides, then



gathering speed glided away into the southern sky.”

Mrs. Klarer hurried home and found all as had been told her. David had a severe sore throat, which she was able to attend to.

Mr. Sievers concludes the narrative:

“There is no need to try and assess the feelings which had accompanied these experiences, or those that must have filled her heart for days and weeks on end.

“The family was back on the farm in the summer. Mrs. Klarer was strangely expectant. On the morning of July 17, about 11 a.m., when everybody was settling down for a nice cup of tea, she however preferred to get up and go out into the open. On her way she picked up the box camera of her daughter. She had climbed an elevation, this time not very far from the homestead. While she was watching a storm brewing in the south with massive thunderclouds forming over the Berg, out from among the clouds a saucer, *the saucer*, appeared. It flew all around her, showing its paces and doing various manoeuvres. It was coming and going, in and out of the clouds, generally offering her the opportunity to use up the film, which she did, ‘shooting’ away at the craft. Of seven photographs taken, two or three were particularly good, sharp, defined and convincing (as illustrated), while the rest were blurred.

“Negatives and object have been examined and studied. Nobody could find anything that would arouse his suspicions. The family of Major Flowers, Elizabeth Klarer’s brother-in-law, is in the position to testify that she took the photographs all by herself. No, there was no one to ‘help her throw the hub-cap into the air,’ as it immediately has been advanced, of course.”

“Apart from Mrs. Klarer being of too frail a stature to be able to handle hub-caps and a box camera at the same time, we have,” Mr. Sievers stated, “despite long-lasting effort, yet to discover that particular make of hub-cap which she could possibly have used. There simply is none that would come even half as near to the design of the saucer as it appears on the negative. The craft is of the type about 50 to 60 ft. in diameter, with a flat and wide dome, not with the half-sphere dome as seen on Adamski’s and Allingham’s photographs. Incidentally, saucers and a carrier ship have been seen over Major Flower’s estate on more than one occasion. The hope is that these developments will not yet have come to their end.”