

FLYING INTO SPACE

by

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Our contributor's first article for "Flying Saucer Review" in the last issue created tremendous interest. In this further article, Dr. Rampa describes an actual journey into space in a flying saucer.

THE VIVID PURPLE of the afternoon sky was suddenly cut by a snow-white line as if a finger of a god had swept aside the dark to show the light beneath. The glittering sliver at the head of the growing line sped across the sky almost too fast for the eye to follow. A sudden flash of light, and the sliver was gone, heading for the blackness of space.

We lamas lay upon our backs upon the soft green sward of the hidden valley some twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Higher still towered the jagged peaks which surrounded this warm and pleasant land and protected it from the bitter cold beyond. Tibet, more than eight times larger than the British Isles, had many mysteries, but none so strange as this, a valley of tropical splendour amid the sub-arctic temperatures without. A valley with a hidden city dating back to the time of the Flood, and, stranger still, where the Gods of the Sky had a base.

For centuries past telepathic lamas of high degree had been in communication with these Gods, and had learnt much from them. Now we, highly favoured men, were meeting them.

We lay upon our backs, thinking of the wonders we had seen. To our right, in an immense clearing, stood strange machines, machines which would be strange even to the highly mechanised world beyond our land. Men of other worlds than Earth walked about, some moving with lithe grace, breathing the air we breathed, and others stumbling a little in cumbrous clothing which, transparent, covered even their heads, and allowed them to breathe a different atmosphere.

For some hours we had lain thus, watching, marvelling, and following by telepathy the purpose of these activities. Our close concentration was suddenly shattered by a deep humming which came from just above us. Turning our heads, we saw a spinning disc approaching. As it passed over us we were flattened to the earth as if by a very strong wind, as if our weight had

surprisingly doubled on the instant. Then it was over, and we raised up, resting upon an elbow to watch the landing of the machine.

It resembled two very shallow Tibetan bowls placed edge to edge, one resting upon the other, and through the centre of both was a transparent dome, or perhaps translucent would be a better description, because, while it was obviously transparent, we could not see clearly into it. Now the whole machine was rotating about the dome, and making a "swish-swish-swish" noise, reminding us of Prayer Flags fluttering in a strong breeze. The deep humming had stopped as the machine hovered above what was quite obviously a landing ground. Gradually the machine sank, lower and lower, until it was obscured from our view by a much larger tubular vessel. From a nearby building a pear-shaped vehicle sped to the newly-arrived machine. Some minutes later it came into view again, going in the opposite direction, and returning to the building.

Our intent watching was interrupted by a man who came towards us and said: "Come now, my brothers, for we have much to show you." We rose to our feet, and once again we felt ashamed of our lack of stature; the Lama Mingyar Dondup was six feet tall, and we were all within three inches of that, but this man was twice as tall as Mingyar Dondup! I felt as if I were a seven-year-old about to enter a lamasery for the first time. The Tall One had apparently guessed my thoughts, or read them telepathically, for he said: "It is not the size of the body which matters, my brother, but the size of the aura, and the soul within. Here we have people ranging from those smaller than you to taller than I."

He led us across the green, moss-covered earth to the stretch which we had seen before. This was as hard as rock, smooth, without mark or blemish, yet it did not jar our feet as we walked across it as rock did. I looked about me in fascination, wondering at all the strange alien activities going on around us. The Tall One was

evidently a man of much importance; all those working nearby touched their heart to him as he passed—a greeting which we in our ignorance thought was our eastern method. We felt very self-conscious in our shabby robes, torn and threadbare through the hard journey from Lhasa.

As we walked, the Tall One amplified the remarks of the day before, telling us that Earth was a colony, a colony which was afflicted with a dread disease which made most of the inhabitants behave like mad dogs. For centuries the Earth had been observed so that at the right time people could be helped. That time was near. Certain of us, of Tibet, were more developed telepathically and esoterically, so we were being given special information and special experiences. "Now," he said, "we are going to show you your world from beyond its atmosphere. For this it will be better if you are in a craft manned by those of your own stature."

Inside The Ship

We were standing before a vessel of tubular shape, some three hundred and fifty feet long by about sixty feet wide. A broad platform led from the ground to the interior. As we approached a man of medium height, but very broad, came down to meet us. He touched his heart to the Tall One, and for a long moment they looked at each other while a message passed between them. Then the Broad One turned to us and beckoned for us to follow him. We, following the example of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, turned first to the Tall One, touching our right hand to our heart before bowing and turning away to follow the Broad One.

The unknown is always fearsome. My own heartbeat increased in tempo as we walked up the sloping ramp, paused a moment, and entered that alien doorway. Inside was a long corridor, pale restful green in colour, and the walls appeared to be luminous. The light was uniform, and there were no shadows. The Broad One led us along the corridor for several yards, then, stopping, he raised his hands and a portion of the wall slid aside to reveal a pleasant room one side and the floor of which appeared to be so transparent that we were almost afraid to enter. "Have no fear," he said, "the floor is very solid and will bear you safely. What you actually see is a special screen which shows all outside. There are no windows here." We gaped, and entered hesitatingly; it was as if we were walking on nothing, and I certainly had the impression that I would fall through to the ground.

The Broad One faced a wall and seemed to become remote from us as if he were deep in thought for a time. I stood idly gazing through what I had thought was a transparent floor, but now knew to be a special screen. I watched other vessels nearby, and people working on them. Suddenly my knees felt weak with terror. Things were moving farther away; the ground was dropping beneath us, and I expected us to fall as well but there was no sign, no sensation of any motion.

The Broad One came out of his seeming reverie and spoke. "We are going to take you out of the earth," he said. "We are going to show you your earth from afar." I replied, "But we are not moving. If we were we would feel something. When I swung at the end of a rope, or when I flew in a kite I certainly felt. But here there is no sensation." The Broad One replied, "No there is no sensation, but we manoeuvre at speeds beyond the ability of any flesh and blood to withstand, and we have special devices which automatically neutralise the effect of sudden turns or of too high-speed stops. You will feel nothing whatever in this ship, nor is there anything for you to worry about. We have long ago mastered the science of gravity. Later you shall see through this ship, but first—" He gestured with his hands towards the screens. We looked.

No Sensation of Motion

Far beneath us the rugged land that was Tibet was sinking. The mighty mountains, some towering higher than the much-vaunted Everest, were becoming flattened by the distance, becoming just pimples on a plain surface. We rose higher and higher until at last we could see our Happy River (as we Tibetans call it) swelling out into the mighty sacred river of India, out into the ocean which we had not seen before. We saw the outline of the coast and could easily distinguish the Bay of Bengal, and see far into China. We could even see the Great Wall of China as a thin crack across the ground.

The sun seemed to be below us, huge, swollen by the refraction of the air, glowing red like the open mouth of a lamasery furnace.

Still there was no motion, no impression of anything. We stood and watched, and thought how utterly remote was all this from our normal life upon the arid earth.

The Broad One gestured to a wall. He touched something and bench-like seats sprang from the previously smooth surface. "Sit down," he said. "We can see more comfortably sitting." We sat,

rather gingerly and rather embarrassed, because as we sat down we seemed to sink into something which gripped our shrinking forms through our thin robes. "Form-fitting seats," said the Broad One. "Very comfortable. They prevent you from slipping off yet they yield to every movement." Form-fitting, indeed, thought I. Certainly I am not used to being held in this manner. Still, I suppose I shall get used to it. Now safely seated, I gazed again at the screens and held my breath in sheer amazement. I had been taught that the earth was flat, now I knew better because I could see myself that the earth was a round globe like the ball with which I used to play. Here we were, far up above the earth, going higher and higher, until at last we were completely free of the atmosphere. The earth turned slowly beneath us, a huge globe largely covered by the grey-green of the oceans. The land masses appeared insignificant, with splotches of green and russet. Large areas of it were covered with white fleecy clouds obscuring much of the surface. Through gaps we could see the outline of Continents and islands. We could see inland lakes, but of cities there was no sign. From our height there was no indication whatever that there was life upon Earth.

View of the Universe

Surrounding the earth was a faint bluish haze, fairly dense close in, but fading out altogether after a few miles. The earth rolled on, turning lazily like a hawk wheeling slowly in the sky. The Broad One said, "You are intent upon Earth, yet the whole of your Universe is before you. Is it not worth a glance?" It brought us to life with a start, and we looked up. About us was utter blackness interrupted with startlingly vivid points of light. Distant planets appeared sharply round and of many different hues, while on those nearer we could distinguish features of their surface. So that we could gaze upon the sun the Broad One caused a dark shield to cover part of the screen. We saw the sun huge and clear, and the sight struck us with terror because we thought it was on fire. Vast tongues of flame leapt from its circumference, while its surface presented itself to us as a writhing mass, freely marked with dark blobs.

"We have a base on what you call the Moon," said the Broad One. "The Moon always presents one side to the earth. Our base is on the other side and we are going there now." The filter was swung aside and we were able to gaze upon the blindingly brilliant face of the Moon, that airless world which still contains life deep beneath its

surface. We approached it at a speed which was so fast as to be quite incomprehensible to us, but there was no sensation of speed.

"You have learned much about us," said the Broad One. "Yet upon earth people are taught that we do not exist. They have to be taught so because of the religious teaching that Man is made in the image of God, and the people of earth think that Man is the earth human. To admit the possibility of Man on other planets would be to prove the various religions wrong. Again, those who hold the power of life and death over nations dare not let it be known that there is an even greater power, for to do so would be to lessen their hold upon their enslaved people."

Propulsion

Later we were taken on a tour of the space ship and were introduced to the large crew. We felt very ignorant in their presence, but they did everything possible to answer our questions and set us at ease. The problem of propulsion interested me greatly, and I was given an answer in much detail. There were a number of methods used, ships for different purposes had the appropriate method of propulsion. That on which we were travelling had a form of magnetism which was repelling to Earth's magnetism. The electricity used on Earth, we were told, was most crude. That used elsewhere was a form of magnetism based on cosmic energy. The force was picked up from the cosmos by special collectors on the surface of the ship and conducted to the "engine room." Here it was fed through induction coils to the two halves of the ship. The half facing Earth was strongly repelling to Earth, and the half facing the planet of destination, in this case the Moon, was strongly attractive to that planet.

On a planet the repelling force could be adjusted so that the machine could hover, rise or sink. The whole interior of a ship was lined with a network of conductors so that no matter what attitude a ship adopted the force of gravity was at all times that most suitable for the occupants. We were shown the remarkably simple device which automatically adjusted the gravitic force.

But there is no more space to go into greater detail. It is indeed a tragedy that Western peoples are so sceptical, for there is such a lot to tell, and it is a waste of time to even start when one KNOWS that one will be disbelieved. Flying saucers are real. VERY real.

UFO FLEETS OVER WASHINGTON, D.C.

by

Professor Charles A. Maney

WITHIN THE HISTORICAL record of UFO sightings in the United States, the month of July, 1952,[°] stands out prominently as representing the peak period for numbers of reported sightings. The United States Air Force issued a statement on July 31, 1952, to the effect that the largest number of sightings of any month since the saucers were first reported in 1947 came in the month of July, 1952, the total of 114 for the month being just three above the preceding June total. Although no similar statement of monthly totals has, to the writer's knowledge, been made since by Air Force officials, it would appear from close informal attention to published reports since that date that the size of the monthly frequency has not yet even approximated that peak frequency of almost five years ago.

For the period of 15 days from July 14 to July 29, 1952, the concentration of sightings seems to be significant in two respects: (1) UFOs appearing in groups or fleets, frequently in echelon formation and (2) unusual concentration of these UFO fleets over Washington, D.C., and vicinity, in the area surrounding the nation's capital.

It does not appear that any attempted explanation of this concentration has been made so far, but to the conscientious student of aerial phenomena these facts can hardly be dismissed as

[°] M. K. Jessup in the *UFO Reporter*, supplement to his book *The Case For the UFO*, lists 18 separate reports of sightings in the state of Florida alone during the period from July 22 to July 30, 1952. He comments: "When the UFOs were plaguing Washington, D.C., in the summer of 1952, there was a veritable rash of UFO phenomena centred around Miami, Florida."

Michigan newspapers reported sightings at seven different localities in Michigan and three places in Indiana on the night of July 27, 1952.

being non-significant. There have been other concentrations at other times and over other parts of the world, and it would be well for those students in other foreign countries who would be in a position to gather more complete data within their own national boundaries, to make known pertinent details of such occurrences. Through co-ordinated correlation of such world-wide happenings, progress could no doubt be made in the interpretation and understanding of UFO phenomena.

Dr. C. Alberts Perego,[†] a specialist in aeronautics, of Rome, Italy, has indicated that during the month of October, 1954, there were hundreds of observations of UFOs in his country. According to Dr. Perego, on November 6, 1954, something like 100 UFOs staged a spectacular performance over Rome in various echelon formations, including a Greek cross formed at an estimated altitude of from 8,000 to 9,000 metres high over the Vatican. Dr. Perego further indicates that during the months following he observed minor groups of UFOs on 31 different occasions.

One of the highlights of the recent board meeting of NICAP in Washington, D.C., was a programme which included a review by Captain William B. Nash, of Pan American Airlines, of his famous sighting[‡] of a fleet of UFOs about 130 miles south of the nation's capital, near Newport News, Virginia, on the night of July 14, 1952, at 8.12 p.m.

The details of this well-recorded incident are well known. This is one of the classics in the history of ufology. The two observers, Captains

[†] Dr. C. Alberts Perego, Via Ruggero Fauro 43, Rome. "I have seen 100 Flying Saucers in the sky of Rome on November 6, 1954"—A report to the Italian people.

[‡] *True Magazine*, October, 1952.