

people let scientists and journalists do their thinking for them. But these walls, shutting us in from Universal Reality, are only two of the malevolent influences which confine the spirit of Man, which is surrounded by so many concentric walls that we might well imagine him to be contained in a nest of boxes, of the "Chinese puzzle" type if it were not for one thing—the concentric rings or walls which confine Man's spirit are neither material nor rigid. They continually expand.

Successful Precognition

Here and there in human history individual souls break through the (from all logical viewpoints) impassable walls, but the vast majority remain imprisoned as the ideological prison expands, outwards, into the impossible. The greatest obstacle to Man's realisation of his spiritual nature, and his appreciation of the full implications of such realisation, has always been *his reluctance to admit his ignorance of things to come*. We say, in effect: "People of the past have failed to reach forward into the future from their own viewpoints in time, but this failure to forecast the enormous changes which have always awaited any generation does not apply to *us*. We have the future weighed up. We fully realise that the future is theoretically unpredictable, but although we cannot predict what is going to happen in detail we have a shrewd idea. We have our Orwells. And on second thoughts we do not agree that people of past generations have not been able to foresee the future. What about Jules Verne? What about H. G. Wells?"

And so, in any contemplation of their own powers of precognition, millions of people blind themselves to the truth, and surrender themselves to the Ventriloquists. It is, of course, very easy to select isolated instances of successful precognition. It is as simple as rolling your eyeballs to extract passages from Wells, or Verne, or F. Anstey, or other writers queuing up for the honour in a line reaching back to the ancient Egyptians—passages which suggest that because one person, or a dozen, in any generation of millions has had a glimpse of the future, then we of *this* generation have sound judgment of what is likely to happen a hundred years hence.

We feel that the selection of such successful forecasts from world literature of the past justifies our assumption that we can divide the possible from the impossible regarding the future.

It is very much like examining the results of football matches and "proving" from an analysis of them that *this* particular forecast from among thousands made in the popular Press (or by ad-

vertising sharks who mass-produce entries and cover themselves with mass-permutation methods) was uncannily accurate. Or one might compare such successful forecasting of future events by the world's H.G.W.'s with the "successful" guesses made by the astrological columnists of modern journalism. *Some* readers born in the Libra period will have good news or meet new friends on that particular day—and the rest will be content to wait until the stars are kind to *them*.

A few weeks ago a letter written in 1858 was found in a suburban house in Washington, D.C. The letter was written to George C. Maynard, who was a close friend of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. The writer of the letter is unknown. He or she wrote these words—a hundred years ago:

"Could you or I look 100 years into the future, what do you suppose we would see? No telling . . ." So far the letter-writer represented his or her generation. It was true of the vast majority of people in 1858 (and peculiarly true of the scientific wiseacres of that year) that there *was* "no telling." That fact is unaffected by the words which follow in the letter, in which the writer went on to tell: "News flying from Europe to America and from America to Europe through the upper air, and men and freight rushing through the air at the rapidity of 300 miles an hour. The thought is sublime and rather preposterous."

Scientific Forecasters Wrong

So with most of the prognostic guesses of individuals throughout history—they have been sublime and rather preposterous. And sublime and preposterous indeed have been the scientific prognostications of the conventional scientists of all ages, although so *inaccurate*, when compared with the guesses of the unconventional and unscientific forecasters among their less distinguished contemporaries, that one might say with truth that the consensus of scientific opinion in any generation during thousands of years of prison-expansion has been infallibly *wrong* in regard to events to come.

Even more sublime and certainly more preposterous have been the guesses of conventional scientists regarding the past. This may not seem acceptable to many of my readers, but I cannot believe that scientists, archaeologists or any other humans, all of whose life-spans are mere microscopic specks of existence compared with the lives of suns and planets, can look backwards through what they call "time" and describe what was happening on this spinning ball

millions of years ago any more accurately than they might describe happenings millions of years hence.

In either direction the walls are millions of miles thick, and the conventional evolutionary guesses are so evidently designed to square the (comparatively) few facts which are known to us with the ingenious "explanations" of the guessers, that they have no scientific validity. The prognostications of the world's Nostradamuses and Joanna Southcotts have been fulfilled with at least as much accuracy as the more "scientific" forecasts of the world's H.G.W.'s.

It may well be that the guesses at Man's origin made by some of the world's comparatively-unknown and certainly despised eccentrics (religious fanatics, "inspired" domestic servants, and Hyde Park Corner philosophers) have been nearer the truth than the guesses of the world's Haeckels and Huxleys.

Antedeluvian Ventriloquists

Any human confined in one of our modern prisons for a few years, and dependent on the meagre news of the outside world which came to him during his confinement, would be regarded as no competent "authority" on world events. Whatever a briefly-living human may call himself ("scientist" or "ethnologist" or "physicist," or what have you), and despite any strings of letters he may have added to his name, he is confined within an intellectual prison. Concentric walls within walls within walls surround him, and if he has little faith or vision he lives and moves in appalling darkness: the darkness of the Ignorance which thinks it Knows.

Whether thousands or millions of years ago matters little: Far back in what we call "time," men sat around wood fires and discussed the meaning of existence and the future of the human race.

Among the squatters were some who were the Ventriloquists of those primitive generations—the wisecracks who pulled the strings while the others nodded and registered appropriate facial expressions of approval. The Ventriloquists, of course, were the Authorities. They were the first psychiatrists, for they had, in their own fashion, analysed the heads of their dummies and knew what was in them. Those early wisecracks lived in a very small prison: they "knew" that the stars were quite close to the earth, and they "knew" that anything existent beyond their physical sense regions was mystical and shadowed, and could only be "explained" by their own witch-doctor theories. As generations succeeded generations the fire-groups became more "civilised"—what-

ever that means—so that the talkers wore different garments and ate different food and lived more comfortably; and, of course, used new scientific phrases. But through thousands of years there have always been the Ventriloquists and the Dummies, and so it is today.

We live in a vastly larger prison, but the walls are just as formidable and Impassable. Beyond the walls lie the regions of the Impossible. We glimpse those regions and feel that we, the world's Last Worders, are competent to distinguish light from gloom, outline from ambiguity, out there in the Infinite.

Sitting around our modern wood-fires, listening woodenly to our modern witch-doctors, our modern Ventriloquists, our heads nod and our jaws drop as the strings are pulled, as the Authorities tell us what is and what is not Impossible. We roll our eyes and grin as we talk, as we are made to talk, of "conquering space."

That is "possible." The Ventriloquists say it is possible, and it must be so. We are so wooden-headed that we can only waggle our ears and pass on the phrases. Possible for humans to traverse millions of miles in space ships. Possible for us to shoot out into space and pass through myriads of swarming meteorites without injury to our space ships.

Futile "Conquering" Concepts

Rockets, far smaller than the "Queen Mary"-sized ones that Man would have to shoot into space to reach the nearest planet, are sent up a few miles (comparatively) into the atmosphere. Some explode and come to earth again, showing the futility of the "conquering space" conception, but we go on "conquering." The nearest planet is about 160 times as far as the moon. The nearest star in space is so distant that light, speeding at nearly 187,000 miles a second, takes over four years to reach us, but we go on "conquering."

The world is torn by crucial problems which baffle Man's efforts at solution, but it matters less about solving *them* than "conquering" space—and, of course, "conquering" space will materially help us in our endeavours to create ghastlier and ghastlier methods of destroying ourselves.

The Racialism Abyss remains uncrossed, but we must expend vast research and human energy in dipping our scientific toes into the Space Ocean. Multitudes die of cancer, tuberculosis, malnutrition, and a thousand other diseases, but we shoot millions of pounds into space and count pennies in our feeble attempts to conquer disease. We are, of course, justified, because we may send

out a dog or a monkey one of these days, in a projectile which may even circle the moon and may even return to our world again. That would be News. Millions for healing is more often Nuisance.

After I had written *The Impenetrable Sea*, the MS. was read by a Very Big Authority indeed. I trembled and suffered insomnia while I awaited his expert opinion. He condemned the book as being "full of errors." He expressed what he called his "detestation" of some of my fantastic facts, particularly one relating to a small creature which inhabits the Charybdis—that weird whirlpool which lies in an area of the Strait of Messina. I wrote in my book: "It is about an inch long, transparent, and . . . seems (until it opens its mouth) quite innocent and delicate. But when the mouth opens it is enormous in relation to the animal's size: in fact, it has a ratio of mouth to body far exceeding that of any other fish. Within its gaping jaws a complete battery of tiny lamps is revealed." I went on to describe how this creature, of the genus *Cyclothone*, dazzled its tiny victims by opening its mouth, and then swallowed them. The Very Big Authority was scathing in his comments on this passage in my book. "I am an authority on the *Cyclothone*," he wrote, "and state positively *there is no such fish* as this one described by Constance. The fish has a *small* mouth. Neither it nor any other fish has an array of tiny lamps in its mouth."

Regarding this "error" and many others in the book he was more than dogmatic; he was, in fact, scornful and even vituperative.

Reply to Big Authority

Fortunately, my publishers had faith in me and gave me the opportunity of answering the V.B.A.'s "criticisms." I was able to produce evidence from recognised authorities fully substantiating my facts. For the *Cyclothone* evidence I had an article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for November, 1953 (which the V.B.A. had evidently not read). In that article, by Paul A. Zahl, the distinguished American biologist and physiologist, Zahl's expedition to the Charybdis was described. Describing the *Cyclothone* fish. Zahl's actual words were: "The ratio of mouth to body size exceeded that of any other fish I encountered. When the great maw was agape a whole battery of tiny glowing light organs was revealed. . . ." And so with all the other "errors": I had abundant proofs for my statements. Zahl's article had a coloured photograph of the *Cyclothone* fish and its light organs.

That kind of thing has happened again and again regarding UFO facts.

As Waveney Girvan has repeatedly pointed out, a scientist may be an expert in his own field yet know nothing, or almost nothing, of the UFO's.

For more than a decade now, the world's conventional scientists have scorned or scoffed at facts regarding visitants from other worlds or dimensions which have been laboriously collected and analysed by researchers in this specialised field. *Such scientists, of whom Menzel is typical, have ridiculed and dismissed any scientific facts in the UFO field which have been outside their own reading or experience.*

To them, anything beyond the walls is impossible, while they set their own arbitrary limits to possibility and (having erected the walls) declare them to be Impassable. Yet as we survey past history we can take consolation from the fact that the prison is indeed expanding, while many of the inner walls are already crumbling. We must press on through the Impassable into the Impossible.

Neglect not the Improbable

That there is hope for conventional science, even now in these Last Word days, is indicated by a statement in *Secret Weapons—Secret Agents* (Hurst and Blackett, 1956), in which the author, Jacques Bergier, uses these significant words:

"Since their recent modernisation, the departments of the intelligence and psychological warfare in the U.S.A. have been meticulously going through the annals of the American Fortean Society, an organisation named after the American eccentric Charles Fort, collector of strange facts and sworn enemy of orthodox science, who specialised in the phenomena rejected by science. The British, too, have been bringing their psychological dossiers up to date. . . . Since the fall of Beria it is very likely that Russia's secret service has developed in the same direction. The Peenemunde affair has the great merit of having taught the intelligence services of the world that the improbable should never be neglected."

Now that science is investigating the improbable there is a chance that they may consider facts beyond the walls, facts usually dismissed as impossible. But it is a strange and pitiful thing that the impetus towards this greater tolerance should arise in that field of science in which thousands of millions of pounds are being expended in the perfection of weapons for mass-murder and widespread devastation.