

TELL THEM—WHEN THEY ASK

Says Charles Fuller

“ARE BEINGS on other worlds or in other dimensions concerned with us?”
It may well be that all our destinies, and the destiny of this wheeling world itself, will be determined by the answer to that question.

Why are people apathetic regarding it? Why are many so difficult to convince?”

Why indeed! Arthur Constance puts this leading question in his article published in the Sept.-Oct. issue of *FLYING SAUCER REVIEW*, a question which has ricocheted through the ages whenever the swirling mists of ignorance have momentarily lifted to reveal hitherto unknown landmarks of truth for coverage by man's experience, ever widening, ever deepening towards Ultimate Truth.

A question which nonetheless beholds an answer rooted, for the most part, deep in the debris of shattered institutions built of conventional findings, and exploded fallacies born of superstition—both maintained to support in power those factions of State, Church and other dogmas which could not—must not—be opposed by the rules of logic . . . for logic reveals, not persuasive arguments in favour of the fanatic's worship of the graven image, nor blind obedience to mortal authority limited by mortal scope; but a series of truths laid down once and for all about the remarkable Universe we live in.

The modern dilemma noted by Mr. Constance bears comparison with the case of that eminent seventeenth-century astronomer, one Galileo Galilei, who observed (contrary to the suppositions of Aristotle) that the sun—not the earth—was the central immediate figure in the cosmos around which revolved the planets of our solar system.

History shows that the all-powerful Roman Catholic Church, as constituted at that time, followed Aristotle as a guide to philosophy in such a way as to render unto itself null and void the new discoveries of a Catholic scientist who founded the word “telescope” and opened up

further inroads to the laws of celestial mechanics.

Nor were these Galileo's only sins with which an irate Catholic Cardinal confronted him—for he had also “blasphemed the Holy Scriptures” by sighting, with his telescope, for the first time on conventional record, the satellites of Jupiter.

In today's questioning “Why?” ringing out as an urgent appeal to reason, we hear again that same desperate cry uttered, in the name of truth and freedom of science, by an embittered, persecuted Galileo: his soul “condemned to eternal damnation” by a false god born only of man's petty egotistical notions about himself. Notions which refused, arbitrarily and in all finality, to so much as consider a centrally disposed sun, let alone the possibility of systems beyond the range of human eyes, and other systems beyond those, containing other worlds; other life-forms; until, today, we stand upon the threshold of a renewed awareness to dimensions extra to those assumed by common ken.

The reasons why many are so difficult to convince can assuredly be arrived at by the sociological expert who, on presenting his findings to the individual possessed of emerald-truths for the world's benefit, may well suggest an approach to the multitude which may succeed, by nature of unique audacity, where other oft-tried methods fail. A certain kind of approach which could not lack in effectiveness more than in the present age when catch-phrases from radio shows, for example, cling with the unique audacity of barnacles to the vocabulary of everyday speech.

It would seem almost possible to win extensive favour if the “naughty-type” of the microphone were elevated to withstand the mighty keynote of the Universe . . . rather than attempt to reduce the latter to an octave as readily acceptable as a catch-phrase gimmick.

By presenting an issue in a manner likely to prove popular we must avoid all thought of popularising the issue itself—popular, that is, in the easily digested sense of the word, so reduced in stature as to be easily contained in a nutshell

and pocketed as a sort of novel keepsake or lucky charm comforter when the day's turmoil threatens to unhinge ordinary intelligence.

Meantime, intellectuals co-exist almost as a race apart with reserves of moral strength in abundance drawn from the bottomless well of certain "classics" in art and other sciences, viewed or applied in a manner which tends to spotlight the human arena as though expecting the patronage of the gods and no less.

The more certain kind of approach, however (unique and audacious, shall we say, in that it seeks to be neither ephemeral nor exotic), might well manifest itself in a hundred different ways every day of the week to win the confidence of ordinary people with the right to judge, not only by the stature of the point at issue but also by the stature of the person who makes it; stature as distinct from "standing." Let me illustrate by giving an instance of personal stature detracting from the point at issue.

Will not believe

Two friends of mine—both exponents of the graphic arts—were talking most sceptically between themselves about the probability of flying saucers existing, when I intervened.

The various points which I raised in support of such a probability only served to increase their scepticism further . . . this in direct proportion to my intellectual stature. It became plain enough that better brains than mine were needed for the argument and so next day I loaned one of them a well-known book on the subject—if only to lend simultaneous grist to his mill of argument. That book, persuasively written by a sensible, talented UFO researcher, convinced him as nothing could, short of an actual first-hand experience.

My second friend, on the other hand, felt that the time involved in reading its 230-odd pages could the better be employed in some other activity and he therefore declined to read it, commenting: "The title alone is enough to put anyone off."

Had the Arts Council of Great Britain allowed someone of appropriate standing to read a paper on, say, *A Short History of Reportage Evidencing the Probability of Entities Beyond the Fourth Dimension*, I daresay he would have found time to take it in and be duly impressed—particularly if the author were likewise expert in the graphic arts. However, the noteworthy point is, he became much less sceptical after listening to my first friend's enthusiastic descriptions of reports on UFOs.

There we have an instance of one book affect-

ing the opinion of three people; two of whom were not included in the coverage anticipated by its title and presentation.

Contained in this episode, I feel, is the evidence of conviction brought about by sheer literary stature of a kind which made no bones about its own conviction printed upon the page in black ink for anyone's asking. My own line of argument would have similarly carried weight had I first *waited until asked* whether or not I believed in the probability of flying saucers.

A matter-of-fact reply in the affirmative followed by (again if asked) my reasons for so believing, would have assuredly produced a reaction sympathetic to the issue rather than towards my state of mental health.

And how many, I wonder, were truly convinced that "there must be something in it" when, as a surprise for those who hardly noticed the programme displayed outside, a London News Theatre featured a "short" of the unknown flying objects seen by Norwegian scientists during their airborne observation of the eclipsed sun's corona? This at a time when many had taken their seats to be entertained by a funny animated cartoon; to be informed by an authentic documentary about faraway places; but finally to be enlightened—as to the existence of UFOs—by an equally authentic film disposed before them without preamble and which spoke, with the finality of recording equipment, in terms they had banked upon to understand for the price of a ticket.

Evidence available

The approach is similar: information at ready for those who care to enquire. Information at ready for those who care to overhear someone else's conversation. True, those News Theatre audiences hadn't necessarily asked for UFOs, but they *had* asked for entertainment at the discretion of the management by way of taking pot-luck; while thousands of others viewed the screen after being attracted by the programme outside spelling "Flying Saucers."

Our sociological expert may suggest an approach of this kind—unique, audacious, or both—to create an extra upsurge of realisation among the multitude weltering beneath the scorching dogmas of twentieth-century Cardinals, and who will in the final outcome demand, by the sheer mass of opinion, a release from those insidious machinations of conventional thought which threaten the egos of souls heaven-bent on their difficult missions beyond the outermost stars of human knowledge, guided by beacons of common sense, shining hopefully as tributes to past Galileos pointing the way to Ultimate Truth.