

the escape velocities of Jupiter's gargantuan children are very low—2.9 km./sec. for Ganymede, 2.2 km./sec. for Callisto—compared with Earth's (11.2 km./sec.), journeys between the satellites would require almost as much power as a voyage from Earth to Venus or Mars. This is a result of the giant planet's influence, its gravity being 2.64 times that of Earth and its surface to

free space escape velocity 60 km./sec.

Undoubtedly Ganymede and his companions will provide much unexpected information in the future and it is to be hoped that their exploration will receive sufficient priority as soon as practicable. Already there can be no doubt that they are more correctly described as planets than satellites.

CONVERSATIONS WITH DR. JUNG

(1958-59)

By Lou Zinsstag

DOCTOR CARL GUSTAV JUNG was the cousin of my late mother. I had never met him in my youth but I remember well how my mother and her sisters talked about experiments in spiritism which he had carried out as a student at Basle with their younger sister Helene as his medium. In Jung's last book, a post-mortem publication, he tells about those experiments without giving away the name of his medium.

The early death of the pretty and beloved Helene had always been partly ascribed by my mother to those strenuous experiments. Considering, however, that Helene had lived another twelve years after the experiments had been suspended I doubt this. Anyway, this was the reason why my family lost touch with Carl Gustav, a fact which I later often regretted.

My interest in flying saucers arose in 1953. Within a few years I was in the possession of a remarkable documentary collection, including UFO photos. A friend of mine, a pupil of Jung, told him about this and in the summer of 1958 I suddenly received an invitation to come and have tea with him on a Sunday afternoon. It was to be one of the best Sunday afternoons I had ever spent.

Jung's personal charm and human appeal were such that few people could help falling under his spell. Yet there was

nothing of the magician about him. Notwithstanding his warm welcoming smile I noticed a sober and discerning look in his blue eyes when we shook hands. After a few brief remarks and questions on family matters he promptly started talking about UFOs. We did not stop any more for the best part of four hours. His secretary was with us. She was English, and Jung made the suggestion that we should use her language in conversation, because, he said, "the language of air travel is English everywhere in the world. . . ."

From the beginning, Jung made it clear that he was still a sceptic and that my position would be difficult. This was true up to a certain point but, on the other hand, his wonderful sense of humour, his witty way of arguing, and above all his impartiality and matter-of-factness made our conversation the most delightful one I ever had had.

Jung told me that until recently he had believed that saucers were made of a soft, fluffy material rather like silk, and not of metal. However, some time ago he had a visit from a close friend from the United States, a man of high rank in the army and a well-known scientist at a famous university. This man (he withheld his name) described to him a personal and most impressive UFO sighting which had lasted for more than half-an-hour. Jung added that this person's judgment was as trustworthy to

him as his own, and as his friend had strongly maintained that the object had been metallic he was now ready to drop his own belief in the silky material.

His readiness to confess to me, a newcomer, his former and erroneous belief pleased me. I asked him if he was prepared to receive a shock in looking at some pictures of such a metallic ship? "Yes," he said, "I like getting shocks," and he laughed. I then spread out on the table the seven original photos made by Monguzzi on a glacier of the Bernina massive in the Alps. He gasped at them as if out of breath and gave me a long look. The smile vanished completely from his face. He took his magnifying glass and scrutinised the pictures carefully for nearly five minutes. "It is unbelievable," he said several times slowly. "But you are probably right, the object looks metallic." "So you would accept those photos as genuine?" "There seems hardly to be any doubt about this," he answered. "I fail to find any fault with them." He remarked that the blurred outline of the object showed the same grain consistency as the rest of the picture and that the photo with the figure in front of the object looked especially convincing to him. I had never expected such a straightforward acknowledgment.

He then asked for Monguzzi's story and for technical details. I handed him out the book by Alberto Perego, *Svelato il mistero*



“I fail to find any fault . . .” One of the Monguzzi photographs shown to Dr. Jung.

dei dischi volanti, where he read all the particulars. He also scrutinised the enlargements in this book. Never before had I seen a person giving any pictures such a thorough and methodical examination.

After that it was a pleasure to show him the rest of my pictures. He doubted some of the night photos but he was impressed by the unexpected variety in models and also by the fact that no one seemed to try to make money out of them.

Jung told me that he was unable to accept contact stories as true, especially those involving human pilots. As I did not want a controversy to arise before he had seen the best of my photos, I had kept back those of George Adamski. But Jung's truly objective and impartial attitude made it easy for me to ask him after a while if he would care to see them. After a slight hesitation he agreed and I felt that he did so in order to please me rather than out of real interest (he had mentioned several times the devastating, yet false, description Keyhoe had given in one of his books about Adamski's personality and background). So I spread the pictures out in front of him and said nothing. Again I noticed how the smile vanished from his face; Adamski's pictures were examined with the same intensity and sincerity as those by Mon-

guzzi. He again took a very long time. Suddenly, with true amazement, he looked at the back of one photo and then of all the others where Adamski puts his stamp with name, address, and phototechnical details. “Well,” he said, “these stamps look awfully genuine, even professional. . . .” Then he gave me one of his stares. I still kept silent but after a while I showed him the photo by Stephen Darbishire and the comparison of the two photographs in Cramp's book, *Space, Gravity and the Flying Saucer*. At that Jung made funny noises with his teeth and tongue; his secretary and I laughed. Later he remarked: “Adamski's pictures could be true but his story is an invention.” To my question if he had read his books, Jung answered: “Partly, but when I came to the beautiful young man with the silken hair I could not go on reading. This sounds so ridiculous to me, like a fairy tale. . . .” “Can't you believe that there are creatures superior in beauty to ourselves? Do you really think we are the top in beauty?” I asked. He laughed good-heartedly. “You got me there,” he said, “I never thought about it in that way.”

It was, however, evident and understandable that Jung, the professor and scientist, was not ready to disavow the theories of his colleagues in astronomy and

physics. He maintained the statement that life as we know it is possible on earth only. This was in 1958, remember. When I took my leave he asked me urgently to ring him up as soon as I came across new photographs or other interesting material. I gave him this promise with pleasure.

A few months later, with the splendid colour photo by Mrs. Agnes Sanborn in my bag, I went again to Dr. Jung's house. He was truly amazed when he looked at the picture and noticed at once the resemblance of the object with the Adamski model, as he admitted. On this afternoon he spoke to me about his forthcoming book on the strange “myth” of the twentieth century and remarked smilingly that I probably would not like it much. Yet he took the trouble to explain to me how, as a psychiatrist and a specialist in dream interpretation, he had for years collected material of dreams about a particular archetype, the symbol of eternity which is the circle or the mandala. It was fascinating to hear him talk in this connection about alchemy and its symbolism. In conclusion he added that in his opinion many sighting reports of recent date belonged to the realm of religious vision as coming from people “who in day- or night-dreams perceived the symbol of eternity in the sky.” “And what about the cigar-shaped forms?” I asked rather subbornly. He hesitated before saying in good humour: “To tell you frankly, they worry me. I admit that only the round objects fit into my category.” Again I admired him for his honesty.

Later, he explained to me that to write about UFOs as such was not his business; he would always leave this to the experts in physics or astronomy, respectively. He himself would not want them to meddle with his own branch of science. “I took care not to meddle with theirs and this is why I did not disclose in my book my private research and interest in the physical nature of the UFOs,” he added.

My third and last visit took place in March, 1959. We came

to talk about myths and legends concerning people who come from above, bringing sometimes help to the distressed or solutions to world problems. He knew scores of them. When I mentioned Lohengrin and the, to me, intriguing air of Wagner's opera, "Nie sollst du mich befragen . . ." he took it first as a mere joke, but then he suddenly exclaimed: "Wait a moment, he indeed came on wings from above and he fled as soon as he was recognised . . .

he must have brought a false passport with him. . . . "This was an allusion to a statement of mine that true spacemen never give their names away. We laughed at the idea of Lohengrin's passport.

But when I insisted on the possibility of a factual reality behind such legends he did not agree fully. "Things are not so simple as you think they are. Myths are not only based on racial memories of prehistoric happenings. There

is much more to it. Neither the individual nor the collective subconsciousness is merely made up of submerged memories. Our sub-consciousness is also the place where our God lives."

From there on our conversation took quite another turn; UFOs were not mentioned again. I left him with a feeling that I had spoken to a true prophet of our time, and also with a hunch that I had seen him for the last time. This proved to be correct.

A PHOTOGRAPH FROM HAWAII

A reporter's full account

By JEANNE BOOTH JOHNSON

In the May-June issue of the *Flying Saucer Review* (World Round-Up feature) there was printed an account of sighting over Oahu on March 11, 1963. The *Honolulu Advertiser* on March 13 carried a photograph taken a year earlier by a reporter on the *Maui News*. The later sighting had revived interest in the subject of UFOs and the photograph which is reproduced below appeared in the Hawaiian press for the first time. The author of this article tells in her own words how the photograph came to be taken and all the attendant circumstances.

BRIEFLY, the picture was published in the March 13, 1963, issue of the *Honolulu Advertiser*. It was never published in the *Maui News*, at my specific request.

The circumstances surrounding the photograph are as follows: It was taken on March 9, 1962, some time between 5.15 and 5.30 p.m. As a newspaper reporter I always carry a camera in my car, even though *Maui News* has an excellent photo-engraving department. After leaving the office, I drove past the harbour at Kahului, Maui, and noted that it was unusually crowded for such a small harbour, and decided to take a picture of the traffic-jammed situation. In my camera, a Rolleicord, was a roll of 120 Tri-X (400). On March 3, previously, I had taken seven exposures, and since the subjects

were guests at a birthday party and not a matter of urgency, had left the film in the camera until I found use for the remaining five exposures.

The Rolleicord, as you may be aware, is only semi-automatic. Friday, March 9, 1962, was quite overcast, and it was late in the afternoon. I was in a hurry to snap the harbour pictures while there was still sufficient light, and although I looked at the lens aperture, which was at F-5.6, I failed to look at the speed. I took four exposures before suddenly noting that the camera speed was set at 1/500th which, I felt to my dismay, was too fast for the lens opening with darkness setting in. I immediately slowed it to 1/250th, hoping on my last exposure to have a reasonably well-balanced picture. This exposure, No. 12, is the only one of

five in which the UFO appears.

Since I was concentrating on the ships in harbour, and not looking at the sky, I was not at any time aware of the object, if, indeed, it was visible. I heard no noise other than the usual sounds of the harbour. I saw nothing that would have indicated something unexpected in the sky.

The roll of film was developed commercially (I do not do my own developing) and a "proof sheet" of contact prints was made of all twelve exposures. Subsequently, on examination I noted the unusual item in No. 12, which I at first thought was careless printing, possibly a chemical splash. Such was ruled out later, after careful examination under a retoucher's magnifying glass. The negative was in no way marred and there was no