

ALIENS THEMSELVES ARE THE DIRECT CAUSE OF THIS APATHY AND DISINTEREST - IN OTHER WORDS, A VERY SMART POLICY!).

IF THE PUBLIC REALLY *DID* WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT UFOs. THEN FSR'S READERSHIP WOULD BE ENORMOUS, AND NOT

BE - AS IT IS AT PRESENT - HEADING FAST TOWARDS VANISHING POINT.

AND ONE SEES LITTLE LIKELIHOOD OF A CHANGE IN THIS SITUATION. [Credit and thanks to LUCIUS FARISH'S UFO NEWSCLIPPING SERVICE No. 379. G.C. February 2001]■

SAD NEWS FOR A FLAT PLANET. BY GORDON CREIGHTON.

It takes a brave man to stand up and stand out against what he holds to be stupid popular myths, and this is the story of a few such men and their organization.

On April 18th this year Mr. J.W. Auchettl, Director of Phenomena Research, Australia, informed us of the death, in California, of the President of a particularly superb body, namely the FLAT EARTH SOCIETY. This was Charles Johnson of Lancaster, California, aged 76, who had been the Society's President for almost 30 years. As it so happened, I had enjoyed a lively correspondence with his predecessor, an Englishman whose name I now have forgotten, who lived here, in Dover, Kent. What I had not previously known however is the fact that this venerable society had actually been founded in Illinois, in the U.S.A., and at around the close of the 19th century!

The interesting story of my contact with the Flat Earthers was as follows. It was during the 1960s and 1970s, by which time I was no longer working in Whitehall but was installed in the splendid building of the Royal Geographical Society in Kensington, where I was one of a small group of three specialists engaged in research on world maps for British Government departments - mainly maps in Russian, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Burmese, Mongolian and other Asian languages. Part of our job was also the establishment (in collaboration with the B.G.N, our American "opposite numbers" in Washington) of precise systems for the accurate transliteration into English of all these languages.

The Director of the Royal Geographical Society had invited me to become an FRGS, a member of his Society, and of course the RGS had a well known necktie. (As a sideline I had also already collected, in various parts of the world, quite a few weird and wonderful ties of extraordinary and "way out" groups, like the Ghost Club, the Doghouse Club, and so on. Needless to say also our FSR tie, which used to absolutely madden the Royal Geographical Society!)

It was the time when man was venturing into Space. Yuri Gagarin had led the way, and we were all becoming familiar with something totally new - photos of our Planet, taken by the astronauts, and the newspapers were full of absurd chatter about the great Space Age that was about to dawn, when we would all be spending weekends on the Moon and flipping about everywhere in capsules and rockets - none of which of course has occurred yet or maybe ever will occur, for this particular Naked Ape does not look likely to get very far into Outer Space.

Amid all this talk, we began to see press reports about an astounding fellow, this President of the Flat Earth Society, who was robustly declaring that all this talk of photos of our Earth from Outer Space showing it as round was utter tosh, and the photos all faked. For, as he explained, *the fact of the matter was that our Earth is flat, like a plate.*

This idea delighted me, because I at once perceived that his Society might also have a *necktie*, which, if I joined, I might sport every morning as I arrived at the RGS and would hopefully madden the RGS members even more.

N.B. The concept of a "Flat Earth" was of course in no way new or unfamiliar to me, for I knew that in the vast interior of China where I had spent so many years there were still enormous numbers of folk who firmly believed that the Earth is flat.

The ancient Chinese concept even indicates this, China being called, in their own language, CHUNG KUO, the MIDDLE COUNTRY, the only civilized place, with a cluster, all round it, of lesser barbarian tribes, like Tibetans and Mongols and Indians, fading away into the vast unknown back-lands filled with unknown primitive species such as Europeans, all of them of course hopelessly benighted and savage and incapable of comprehending or attaining to the true and unique level of the sole real culture - namely the *Chinese*.

I had once even had a long chat with the young Abbot in charge of a seemingly remote Buddhist temple lost in the mountains, but less than twenty miles from the Capital, BEIJING itself. Whether this young chap knew even as much as I did about Buddhism is pretty dubious, for I had studied not only Chinese but also Sanskrit. But his priestly chamber was furnished with a fine array of modern gadgetry, a cheap radio (Japanese made) a cheap Brownie box camera (Japanese made) a cheap hand-wound portable gramophone (Japanese made) and half a dozen l.p. records, including one of the "*Star Spangled Banner*", which he played incessantly, alas, while we talked and sipped our tea.

Altogether, you see, he was a most worldly little priest, and probably not more than 40 years old. [Note that I have referred to his "*cheap*" Japanese possessions. Do not get me wrong! I am not mistaken. The year was 1935, and most Japanese manufactured copies of Western goods and gadgetry *were* cheap, and often not too well made. Japan had not got to the point where, as we can

see now, such gigantic strides have been made in the quality of her fine instruments and also fine cars! G.C.]

And it seems the chief pride and joy of this little Abbot was his bicycle (also cheap Japanese make) which he kept in one of the rooms with all the big Buddhist Gods (15th century) and which he lovingly carried down the mountain every weekend so as to be able to pedal furiously across the level North China Plain into Beijing to revel in the fleshpots of life and the swarming streets and markets and the gross glamour and materialism of what the Buddhists so charmingly term "*the dust of life*", the flimflam of the "Unreal", the "MAYA" of our material world. (For, as every wise man knows, like the prisoners in Plato's *Cave*, we cannot, while in this life, perceive the "REAL".)

After offering me the habitual and essential excellent bowl of Chinese tea - sans lait, sans sucre - he began to question me. "*Nin kwei kuo shih na yi kuo?*" - "*Your honourable country is which country?*" to which my standard and unavoidable reply had to be "*Pi kuo shih ying kuo*", "*My miserable country is England*". He continued: "*Na ma - ying kuo shih na-li? Shih tsai ti-li-tou ma*" "*Where is England? It is **inside the Earth?***" To this I found it necessary to give a bit of explanation about geography and about our Planet. I said "*As you may possibly know, the Earth is **round!***" "*Ah- t'ing shuo la!*" he cried. "*Ah yes - I've **heard that!***"

Then he went on: -

"*So how do you get there - to England?*" Those were of course the days before the present vast development of airlines, and all our travelling to and from Asia involved weeks aboard ship - about five weeks to Shanghai, six weeks or so to Japan.

So I explained to him: "*To travel to England, my miserable and altogether despicable country, you have to go the the port of Tientsin and there you mount aboard a "wheel-steamer" (first Chinese term for a "paddle-steamer" of the early type) and you sail around on the great globe of the Earth, down past Shanghai and Canton and Hongkong, and around Malaysia and Singapore, and across the great Indian Sea until finally at last you come to Europe, which is where my country, England, is*". "Ah yes, he said. "*T'ing shuo - la*". "*So I have heard*". (However it still seemed clear to me from his expression that he didn't really believe a word of what I was saying).

Hanging on the wall behind him was a large brown, faded, scarcely distinguishable group photograph showing twenty or thirty European soldiers with their ugly big noses (so awful to the Chinese) and their dreadful great round ugly eyes - the eyes of *devils, as everybody knows* - and some of them sporting vast bushy beards. And they were wearing bush-hats with one side turned straight up, just like the hats of the Australians in World War I. (No Chinese man can grow a real beard. Body hair, under-arm hair, pubic hair - all is minimal in China. And as everybody knows, lots of body hair, hairy arms, and so on - like those folk the Indian Peoples next door - it all proves of course that you are still an *ape*. Of course you don't upset folk by talking about it. But in China everybody KNOWS it. If you are hairy it simply proves that you have not yet evolved to the level of Chinese

culture. You are not yet really a human at all (even though of course you may make your ridiculous claim to be such!).

I knew instantly, from the bush-hats, who those foreign soldiers were! Thirty-five years before, in the "Boxer Rising", the Chinese mob had killed the German ambassador on the streets of Beijing and scores of other whites - mostly Christian missionaries - throughout China. By this barbarous behaviour the Chinese had called down upon themselves the wrath of the outside world. A huge allied military force, led by the German General Count von Waldersee, along with contingents of Japanese, British, French, and Russian troops, had converged on Beijing, saved the beleaguered staffs in the Embassies, and had delivered a severe retribution that the Chinese have never forgotten.

I asked him: "Who are those foreign, outside - country soldiers in that photograph, and when were they here in this your most honourable temple?"

He replied: "*Oh them; Oh, well, just a year or so ago*". We were now in 1935! It had taken a long time for thirty-five years to pass up there in that wonderful old Ming Dynasty temple built in the 14th or 15th century!

When I read with delight about the FLAT EARTH SOCIETY, I at once remembered my young friend the Buddhist Abbot. I was dearly hoping that the Flat Earthers would, like all respectable British clubs and societies, have their own necktie, so I at once wrote off to the dear old man in Dover and told him all about the Abbot, and assured him (I was not lying) that probably millions in Central Asia no doubt firmly believed in the Flat Earth.

The occupant of Churchill House, Dover, wrote back in a frenzy of ecstasy, and at once invited me to join him on a lecture tour in Canada, and I had a very difficult job indeed in getting out of it.

But the Flat Earthers had, alas, no tie. As he explained it, they did not have enough members for that!

But, hopefully the Flat Earth Society must have grown and boomed now that their Headquarters and their President were once more in America. For according to Mr. Auchtell's report, they have today 3,500 members, which is just a shade more than FSR ever had at its best (3,200 for a few months), and far, far more than FSR has today, thanks to the INTERNET which is rapidly killing us.

So, anyway, I can still harbour hopes of getting that necktie, and if any of our many U.S. readers can inform me of the current address of the Flat Earthers Club in California, I will certainly make another attempt to see whether they now have a tie for my collection, and maybe I will be able to wear it when, as a Fellow, I am visiting the Royal Geographical Society.

The problem of such objects as UFOs and UFO occupants has of course been a sadly troubling one for fine solid upstanding citizens such as *Geographers!*

To my knowledge, *two* Directors of the R.G.S. have taken up cudgels in the battle against so ridiculous a subject as UFOs. In the first case it was while I was still working there, and some sharp words were exchanged. The second occasion, in the summer of 1995, involved a different Director-General, Dr. John Hemming, a great expert on Geography and a world authority on the native

tribes in the jungle of Brazil, but who was unwise enough to be quoted as stating in an article by Mr. Adrian Berry, Science Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, not only that “UFOs were non-scientific nonsense”, but that Mr. Stanton Friedman, a well known nuclear scientist “lacked intellectual respectability”. We informed Mr. Jonathan Caplan QC, of this, and the result was that in due course

the *Daily Telegraph* did publish an “apology of sorts”, inasmuch as Dr. Hemming now said his words had not been intended to denigrate Mr. Friedman personally, *while making it clear that he still stuck to his opinion about UFOs.*

No doubt there are still some very unpleasant shocks in store for R.G.S. Directors and Fellows. G.C.■

SHE'LL BLOW SOON!: UFOs ALLEGEDLY PHOTOGRAPHED OVER MEXICAN VOLCANO. BY GORDON CREIGHTON.

POPOCATÉPETL (in Aztec language *popoca*, *smoke*, and *tepetl*, *mountain*) about 50 miles to the south-east of Mexico City (now the world's most populous city) is 17,794 ft. above sea-level and is Mexico's most dangerous volcano as well as being - at least until some years ago - rated as the country's highest peak, and the third highest of North America, and it “dominates the Capital like some hoary-headed sentinel”.

According to the Aztec traditions, there seem to be definite folk memories of the day when “POPO” and its companion volcano ISTACIQUÁTL (pronounced “ISTASHIHUATL, “WHITE WOMAN” *istac*, white, *cihuatl*, woman - 16,200ft. high), suddenly started to come into being after an enormous earthquake presaged by terrifying subterranean noises, and, over the years, grew in height astoundingly rapidly, vomiting lava and rocks and piling up to their present dimensions. (The appearance of another Mexican volcano, PARACUTÍN, only a few years ago, and its amazingly fast growth shows how rapidly the process can go). As the Aztecs had these very definite accounts of these two main volcanoes, I imagine that we can assume they both started up very “recently” indeed, *in geological terms.*

Proof of this might perhaps be provided by the number of eruptions of POPO of which we have record - that is, of course, to say since the Spanish Conquest of Mexico in 1519- 1521. In the years up to 1921 there seem to have been 11 major eruptions of POPO. These were in 1519, 1523, 1539, 1548, 1591, 1592, 1642, 1664, 1697, 1802, and 1921.

These extraordinary figures would seem to indicate that after the frenzied period of the 16th century, with no less than six dates given, POPO has been quietening down

rapidly, so much so that after 1802 there was no further outbreak until 1921 - 119 years later! (In any case we well know that such long periods of quiescence are highly dangerous!)

Since FSR's establishment in 1955 we have however several times reported that POPO seemed to be stirring again, and this situation has gathered momentum over the past decade, during which there have continued to be massive waves of UFO sightings over and around Mexico City. And *during the last five years*, more Mexicans have secured video films or still photos of UFOs overhead than people in any other part of the world.

During these recent years the Mexican Government has clearly shown its recognition of the situation, for it has a network of seismic registering and monitoring devices all over the region and around POPO and ISTASHI. *One thing seems quite certain: whatever the ultimate intentions and motivations of the aliens may be, they are definitely studying the earthquake picture in Mexico.*

This should not be surprising, for so immense is the present size of Mexico City that, when POPO finally does blow in a big way, as likely as not it will take more human victims than any earthquake of which we have knowledge. A holocaust, something far, far bigger than the Vesuvius/Herculaneum scenario of A.D. 79.

NOTE: On the front page of the German *UFO-NACHRICHTEN* for January/February 2001, were published two photographs, allegedly taken of UFOs over Popocatépetl at 1.20 p.m. on June 29, 1999, and at 6.10 a.m. on December 19, 2000. See inside back cover for these pictures.■

THE “UFO-BUSTER”.

Dr. Oscar Rafael Padilla Lara, a UFO investigator resident in Miami, Florida, publishes a small Spanish-language bulletin with the title *COSMOVISIÓN*, and in his Year 3, No. 1 issue (1999) he reports that, on the small island of Vieques, lying off the east coast of Puerto Rico and facing the great U.S. Naval Base of Roosevelt Roads, Ceiba, the U.S. Government have established an installation to operate the H.A.A.R.P. scheme for “*shooting down unidentified objects*”.

The installation is described as “possibly due to commence operating in August 1999.”

(See in this connection, in FSR 46/1, Dr. Richard Boylan's article “*The Shooting Down of UFOs and the “Special Academy*” and, on page 5 of that issue, the sketch of the alleged “UFO-BUSTER” gun, as originally published in Jorge Martín's *EVIDENCIA OVNI* No. 11, 1997). G.C.■