



**THE SECOND
COMING**

Whimsy

All the best from *the Skeptic*

1986 - 1990

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Whimsy

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&
Richard Saunders





Vol 6 No 1 - 1986

NOT ONE OF OURS

In the last issue of *the Skeptic* we reported on a story from an American tabloid of a gorilla making Ginette Jourdan pregnant in the African nation of Cameroon. Ginette was described as a doctoral student in anthropology at the University of Paris.

We wrote to the Department of Anthropology, Ethnology and Religious Studies at the University of Paris for confirmation and received a reply from Monsieur R. Vaulin who stated he hadn't heard of the problem.

He stated he had passed the letter on to the Department of Biological Anthropology at the university.

Perhaps it was one of their postgraduate students who got herself "potted" by a gorilla.



Sir Jim Wallaby's 1986 Prediction Kit

You have read all the usual New Year Predictions by all the usual tame "psychics" in all the usual newspapers and magazines. They range from the undefined and likely "major natural disaster" to the defined and unlikely "US President meets extraterrestrial".

Now is your chance to prove your own psychic predictive power. Read the statements below and, using your best crystal ball/chicken entrail, tick the prediction you "know" will come true.

Sir Jim R Wallaby is a widely acclaimed psychic and international knotted string consultant. Private readings can be arranged through his agent, Barry J. Williams, NSW Chairman of Australian Skeptics.

1. Bob Hawke will
 - (a) call an election;
 - (b) stop saying "aaahhh in respect of";
 - (c) balance the budget;
 - (d) enter a monastery;
 - (e)(your prediction)
2. Princess Diana will
 - (a) give birth to triplets;
 - (b) appear on the cover of the "Woman's Weekly";
 - (c) fly in the Space Shuttle;
 - (d) sing at Covent Garden;
 - (e)
3. The Australian \$ will
 - (a) \$US1.50;
 - (b) be renamed the "Royal";
 - (c) reach \$US0.25;
 - (d) disappear altogether;
 - (e)
4. Alan Bond will
 - (a) give up yacht racing;
 - (b) take over Switzerland;
 - (c) buy a monastery;
 - (d) build a winged keel Space Shuttle;
 - (e)
5. The ABC will
 - (a) achieve ratings of 50;
 - (b) achieve ratings of 0;
 - (c) broadcast its programmes in Sanscrit;
 - (d) run at a loss;
 - (e)
6. Ronald Reagan will
 - (a) meet an extraterrestrial;
 - (b) visit Bulgaria;
 - (c) balance the budget;
 - (d) sing at the Met;
 - (e)
7. Various "psychics" will
 - (a) lie;
 - (b) cheat;
 - (c) defraud;
 - (d) become very rich;
 - (e)
8. The Australian cricket team will
 - (a) be beaten by Fiji;
 - (b) be beaten by Vanuatu;
 - (c) be beaten by Bulgaria;
 - (d) sing at Covent Garden;
 - (e)
9. Mikhail Gorbachev will
 - (a) meet an extraterrestrial;
 - (b) win the America's Cup;
 - (c) defect to Bulgaria;
 - (d) sing at the Bolshoi;
 - (e)
10. The Qld Education Dept. will require schools to teach
 - (a) astrology;
 - (b) witchcraft;
 - (c) flat earth geography;
 - (d) pyramid power;
 - (e)
11. A UFO will
 - (a) land in Canberra;
 - (b) land in Melbourne on a Sunday
(and leave again because it was closed);
 - (c) land in Bulgaria;
 - (d) land on the front page of the "Daily Mirror";
 - (e)

12. The NSW Railways will
- (a) run at a loss;
 - (b) run at a large loss;
 - (c) run at an enormous loss;
 - (d) run on time;
 - (e)
13. The Melbourne Cup will
- (a) be won by the Australian cricket team;
 - (b) be won by an UFO;
 - (c) be run in Bulgaria;
 - (d) be wrongly predicted by various psychics;
 - (e)
14. Halley's Comet will
- (a) cause wars, disasters, destruction and pillage;
 - (b) be mispronounced as "Haley" by radio pundits;
 - (c) spell "Coca Cola" in the sky;
 - (d) increase sales of telescopes;
 - (e)

Vol 7 No 4 - 1987

Beelzebub's Bisatanary - tomfoolery with a tape machine

Barry Williams

The revelation that the Bicentennial jingle, if played backwards, contains "satanic and sexually explicit" subliminal messages must have caused concern to all sceptics.

The concern would have been generated by the thought that anyone could have taken this sort of drivel seriously.

For a start, subliminal messages have been shown not to work. Backwards and subliminal messages are even less likely to have an effect.

For a second who, apart from a dedicated satanist (or presumably a dedicated religious fundamentalist) would go to the trouble of taping a record on reel-to-reel tape (expensive) and then play it backwards. In either case, what harm would it do. Presumably a dedicated satanist is already beyond corruption and a dedicated fundamentalist is immune.

But that hasn't stopped the fundamentalists - they have a large stock of jingles and songs ready for the tape treatment.

Is our society at risk of collapsing through terminal stupidity?



The Great Skeptics Santa Claus Competition

Sir Jim R Wallaby

Warning: This article should be kept out of the reach of young children and Shirley MacLaine.

The Skeptics national committee dropped in to Wallaby Manor the other night, and as all sat around the yuletide log (it may have been iron bark - I'm no botanist) the conversation turned to the Santa Claus legend.

Young Mendham, an inquisitive lad, queried whether the task ascribed to Claus could be accomplished. Walker, being from Yorkshire, said "nay".

Edwards, who was practicing his psychic act for the popular press, muttered in his spirit voice something about "energies unknown to science".

Whittle, speaking as the one time mother of small children, enlightened us as to the legend. It appears that Claus, during the 24 hours duration of December 24th, visits every household containing one or more children of Claus Believing Age (CBA) and delivers the little blighters a gift.

Vels checked his computer and declared that there are 1×10^9 children of CBA on Earth, that they inhabit 5×10^8 households and that they are spread across the 5×10^9 km² the surface of the globe.

Dickson, who knows a lot about mass from his firewood buying experience, estimated that if each child received a gift of average mass 1kg, then the total delivery load would be 1×10^9 kg - about a million tonnes. Seems a lot but we Wallabys were never mathematicians.

Bryce, who is something in space, spoke about the aerodynamics of the sleigh and said that each visit would consist of a cycle containing a deceleration from top speed, a desleigh, a chimney ingress, a gift delivery, a lemonade ingestion, a chimney egress, an ensleigh, and an acceleration to top speed. This cycle, he averred, had to be repeated 5,800 times per second for 24 hours.

Champion questioned Claus' motivations for undertaking such onerous duties, and Gordon claimed that modern physiological studies proved that the genus Rangifer was a non-avian species and was incapable of the task.

Now was the chance for Garrett, who claims acquaintanceship with Einstein, to air his knowledge. Crying "E=mc²", he calculated that a reindeer of 500kg mass, if converted to its energy equivalent, would provide 4.5×10^{19} Joules. Seems like a lot of jouleery to me, but I never understood physics.

Rodgers paused in his cutlery bending activities to point out that the release of energy on that scale, at the North Pole, would probably have a less than reassuring effect on world peace and might cause some sea level problems.

The meeting tended to degenerate after that, with the uncouth Williams chap telling off-color jokes.

The Competition

1. Readers are invited to write a monograph of not more than 500, words with an accurate or at least plausible description of how they would reconcile the facts contained in the above article with a workable Claus Rapid Access Present System.

2. The answer must include the names of all eight reindeer (NOTE: Harpo, Groucho, Sneezy and Dopey are not acceptable.)

The Judgment

The entries will be judged by an incorruptible panel drawn from the national committee as named in the article.

Closing Date

January 26, 1988

The Threat

The judges' decision will be final and no long-winded academic debates will be entered into.

The Prize

The winning entry will be published in the next issue of *the Skeptic* and a book token for \$40 courtesy of Abbey's Bookshops, Sydney (local retailer of Prometheus skeptical books - (02) 264 3111) will be awarded.

Sir Jim R. Wallaby is a round jolly man with a beard, who comes from "up north".



Vol 8 No 1 - 1988

The Great Santa Competition

We received many entries in our Great Skeptics Santa Claus Competition; so many in fact that we would have had an irrefutable argument for Santa's existence if only all the entries didn't disagree with each other. But then, that's what makes being a Skeptic so much fun. The judging panel was so confused, they couldn't decide which was the best entry, so they awarded two prizes, who each received \$40 gift vouchers from Abbey's Bookshops, Sydney, distributor of Prometheus skeptical books. Printed below are the two winning entries:

I

Abstract: The literal interpretation of the Santa Claus story has had such overwhelming success in the past hundred years that it has become well established in the community. Claus Literalists, particularly those of the fundamentalist Claus Science Foundation (CSF) are using a scientific approach to 'prove' their case. In this discussion, the author will demonstrate that the 'literalist' approach is scientifically invalid and explanation for 'Santa' phenomena lies within the current scientific paradigm.

Claus literalists base their interpretation of the Santa story on the Golden Books Authorised Version (1951), translated into the American by Disney. Their current research program attempts to validate scientifically just one phenomenon - the disappearance of carrots and lemonade and the appearance of plastic toys in living rooms throughout the western world on or about December 25th each year. The literalist model requires the existence of a non-aging bearded male like a bowl full of jelly, a chimney and flying reindeer named Rudolph*, Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen. It has to thus provide mechanisms within this model which are scientifically law-abiding to explain the 5800 home visits per second, the ingestion of 100 megalitres of soft drink, the excretion of 100 thousand tonnes of urine, a delivery load of 1 megatonne. A Relativistic solution has appeared to account for the 5.8kHz delivery time but the mass increase will lead to a scientific dead-end.

Within the current scientific paradigm, there exists a plausible explanation to the one-and-only confirmed observation - that is, the disappearance of lemonade and carrot and the appearance of presents.

The Copenhagen Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics allows for the lemonade and the gifts to co-exist in the same space and time prior to Christmas. The probability wave function of the lemonade is at a maximum and that of the gift, zero. On Christmas Eve, the lemonade wave function collapses to zero while the gift wave function rises to a maximum and the gift actualises. It is false to say that the carrot and lemonade no longer exist - they exist in a parallel universe in the same way as Schrodinger's dead cat at one time co-existed with the same cat alive but went to a parallel universe on the opening of the cat box.

Non-Abelian gauge symmetry calls for an invariance with respect to local transformations of mass (mass must be conserved). Statistically, this conservation must occur, not within each household, but within every thirty or more households. Particle physicists believe such transitions occur via 'Rishons', particles more elementary than quarks (*Scientific American*, Jan 1980, p.26).

Transformations are brought about by a field, which scientists have theorised but are yet unable to detect. The N-rays, first predicted by Blondlot at Nancy University, are able to trigger such transformations but whose detection remains ambiguous (*Scientific American*, May 1980, p.122). Peter Brock has been able to put these rays to good thermodynamic use.

Hence, the problem is solved within the current scientific paradigm.

Richard Walding, Qld

* Rudolph is a bit of a ring-in for the literalists, but the judging panel decided to let that one through.

II

It surprises me to see just how far a bunch of closed minded cynics have sunk in an effort to disseminate their propaganda - spoiling the anticipation and joy of the little children by insinuating that Santa Claus does not have the means with which to fulfill his annual deliveries.

To reject a time honoured empirical happening simply because the Australian Skeptics' committee are unable to reconcile it with scientific formulae, only demonstrates their inability to come to terms with the reality of paranormal phenomena.

Coming home late one evening, I observed a pair of black boots disappearing up the chimney in my lounge room, Suspicious, I questioned my wife who assured

me that it was Santa Claus. As a holder of a Creation Science degree, any suggestion that she would deliberately misrepresent the facts was inconceivable. Furthermore, she had no difficulty in explaining quite specifically that which you are unable to comprehend.

Edwards obviously knew the answer when he referred to “energies unknown to science”; the following should suffice to explain the feasibility of a good CRAP [Claus Rapid Access Present] system.

Setterfield has shown that the speed of light is decreasing; Dr Ken Smith (a skeptic) acknowledges this in his book “Creationism” in which he devotes two whole pages to Setterfield’s work.

Claus and his reindeer, being from another age, have not been subjected to the same de-acceleration; thus their ability to travel faster than the speed of light which precludes us from perceiving them in motion.

The conclusion of these two premises is evident in the fact that Claus can be seen simultaneously at all Grace Bros stores throughout Australia during Xmas week.

Bryce and Garrett’s calculations leave much to be desired; levitation, telekinesis and dematerialisation were not taken into consideration.

Levitation is taught by gurus, Professor McCusker has witnessed it, and the former Australian Skeptics national president has been photographed doing it (levitating, that is!).

Uri Geller moves objects using his psychic powers, his greatest feat being the moving of \$350,000 from the Zanex Corp to his own bank account while flying high over Bougainville.

Contrary to Bryce’s assertion, that the aporting of solid objects is hampered by non-aerodynamic configuration, it should hardly be necessary to point out that an iceberg will dematerialise in hot weather, then reappear in solid form elsewhere when the temperature drops to freezing.

The reindeer, according to Gordon, are a non-avian species, and therefore cannot fly. Using the same logic, neither can the *Piscis Volans* - but it does, as many a sober seafarer will testify.

Dancer, Prancer, Donner* and Blitzen, Cupid, Comet, Dasher and Vixen, as that great intellectual Shirley MacLaine will tell you, are the reincarnated spirits of the Norse gods; their horns according to Von DÑniken are, in fact, complex protein antennae used to receive extraterrestrial signals transmitted by orgone energy from Alpha Centauri, Claus’ real homeland.

Now that you have the facts, it should be fairly obvious that to comprehend paranormal phenomena one must not be restricted by the constraints imposed by scientific disciplines.

Incidentally, the black boots fitted my neighbour perfectly. He explained that he had lent them to Santa Claus who had cut his own to shreds trying to get out of Sir Jim’s Claus trap.

Leon Morgan, NSW

* Donner is also a recent ring-in, but as the panel allowed Rudolph they couldn’t cavil at Donner.

Vol 8 No 2 - 1988

Science Breakthrough Trouble with your Homeoroidis?

Sir Jim R. Wallaby

I used to be a skeptic. No energies unknown to science ever disturbed my world view. Then I began to think “If distinguished people like the Prince of Wales believe in homeopathy and equally distinguished people such as the President of the United States have faith in astrologers, who am I to deny them?”.

Calling on the assistance of that distinguished guru, Mohammed Thynti, the Assyrian necromancer, I embarked on one of the most comprehensive research projects in the history of parapsychology. The results are astonishing, as I will presently reveal.

While my former colleagues in the Skeptics are perfectly correct in their assumption that traditional astrology and homoeopathy are absurd propositions, of value only to the feeble minded, they have overlooked the grains of truth that lie within each practice. From astrology, we have proven that certain celestial objects do indeed influence our lives. Astrologers make the fatal error in selecting the wrong objects. This is where homoeopathy, with its insistence that the smaller the better, makes its contribution. It is not the planets that influence our activities; it is their satellites and the asteroids that are homoeopathically to blame.

Thus we have invented the brand new science of *homoeoroidology*.

Our findings have been comprehensively tested, under the most stringent of scientific controls. At parties up and down the land, we have put our findings to everyone we met and every single person agreed that we were spot on. The tests were both double blind and exhausting. You do not have to take my word for it; try it out for yourself.

You do not need to know your time of birth, only the date on which you first tasted beer. At that time, one or more asteroids or satellites were on the cusp of your ascendant trine, within the Placidian house correspondence of the triadic relations in the equator. If this is not clear, send a nominal sum of \$100, in small denomination, used notes to PO Box 268, Roseville 2069 and your very own Homoeoroidal Chart will be sent by return post. Act now! It will change your life.

The following list of important homoeoroidal bodies and their influences will surely convince even the most hardened skeptic:

Body	Effect
Deimos	You will develop an unnatural affection for fat, falsetto Greek singers.
Europa	You are an Italian cowboy.
Callisto	You love steel bands.
Io	Io! It's off to work you go.
Titan	Avoid maiden voyages of large ships.
Enceladus	You will become addicted to Mexican food.
Triton	You will open a stationery shop in Yorkshire.
Miranda	You are a good dancer but you will go bananas.
Mimas	You are a real mummy's boy.
Dione	You are the mother of quintuplets.
Rhea	You will fall for a South American bird.
Tethys	You will be a children's dentist.
Ariel	You are attached to your Walkman.
Vesta	As you are frequently on strike, you will live on packet food.
Flora	You ought to be congratulated.
Hestia	You will steal underwear from clothes lines.
Doris	You will make a fortune as a psychic fraud.
Prometheus	Keep away from hot stuff or you will have liver problems.
Pathenope	You worry about your golf scores.
Leda	The first extraterrestrial visitor will want to meet you.
Aussat	You will wear corks on your hat and say G'day.

Sir Jim R. Wallaby is a known raconteur, bon vivant and demi-wit, who is in possession of an astronomical body of spherical shape which forms part of the rings around Uranus.

Vol 8 No 3 - 1988

World War III averted - skeptics blamed!

We certainly receive some peculiar correspondence at the National Secretariat. Among the more curious was the letter we received from a correspondent who assured us that God had warned him of the outbreak of World War III in July 1986.

The correspondent, who lived in an upper floor home unit, noticed a peculiar pattern of what appeared to be bird droppings on his balcony. Being aware that God moves in mysterious ways, our correspondent sought to interpret these motions. Imagine his horror to discover that the pattern meant that WWIII would start as a result of the South African navy sinking several ships in "Zambia's harbour".

Realising that Australian Skeptics did not have a particularly notable record in averting nuclear holocaust, our correspondent sent his warning to the President of the United States, but doubtless feeling that \$20,000 would come in handy in the post-nuclear world, he sent us a copy, just in case.

One or two inconsistencies in the letter caused us to doubt the veracity of our correspondent's divine revelation. The first and most obvious flaw was that the letter to President Reagan, warning of the July 1986 hostilities, was dated November of that year. Our copy was delivered in early 1987. We were concerned that WWIII had been going on for more than six months and no-one had noticed! The second problem was how the South African navy had reached the only sizeable body of water that abuts land-locked Zambia, Lake Tanganyika. Shades of the African Queen.

In any event, we were not too concerned because we knew that the followers of Transcendental Meditation were preventing nuclear war by the power of their thoughts.

Vol 8 No 4 - 1988

Balls!

Harry Edwards

Where would we be without balls?

Homer reported back in ancient Greece that his contemporaries valued their balls highly, and that playing with them was appealing. In his *Odyssey*,

Princess Nausicaa and her maidens were unable to resist their attraction, and the early Egyptians venerated them in their monuments.

Throughout history, man's balls have played a major part in the development of his culture, amusement and leisure, and no matter how they are handled or by whom; they never cease to arouse the passions of all concerned.

Rarely, however, has excitement reached the point where one's imagination is enticed beyond the constraints of mundane existence to perceiving oneself enjoying a life of opulent indolence as it did on October 31, when seven little numbered balls dropped from a cage to change the lives and destinies of a lucky few.

The first division of the NSW Lotto draw on that night was worth \$8,000,000, and prior to the draw, advice on how to pick the lucky balls flowed as freely as wine at a Roman orgy among them, "the experts". The one below, by numerologist Victor Voets, appeared in the *Daily Mirror* on October 28, and should, in view of the results, dispel once and for all any preconception of the correlation between prospective winning numbers and planets, physics, significant dates and probability.

EXPERTS' SIX PRIZE TIPS

A NUMEROLOGIST today picked six numbers for Daily Mirror readers which he believes will help them clinch Monday night's \$8 million draw.

Victor Voets, of Bondi Junction, tipped 31, 22, 19, 2, 7 and 11 as the lucky numbers for the cash prize because:

- 31 is the date of the draw and is also the least drawn number in Lotto history
- 22 is a number closely associated with the most far-flung planet in the solar system
- 2 is significant to the Moon being placed in the Cancer region and Cancer is ruled by the Moon.
- 7 is associated with Neptune which is influenced by the Moon on the 31st
- 11 is related to speed of thought, energy, the unexpected and media coverage.

Out of the six numbers tipped to win, one eventuated, and even that was the supplementary and wouldn't have qualified for first prize! The winning numbers were 1, 19, 20, 34, 35, 37 and the supplementary 22.

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LOTTO STD MON/WED
08/44
1: 03 06 18 25 26 39
2: 05 10 17 20 29 32
3: 01 16 19 34 37 38
4: 12 17 22 26 27 31
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Above is my own entry, which won a third division prize (game three) - four out of six!

As any clairvoyant versed in the use of hindsight technique could have told you, the winning numbers would have to be:

01 The cubic capacity in centimetres of Sir Jim R. Wallaby's cerebral cortex.

19 Had a 40:1 chance of being a winning number.

20 The length of Pinocchio's proboscis.

34 Is exactly half of the same figure doubled. 35 The size of the first footprint on the moon. 37 Being the average IQ of believers in numerology.

Vol 9 No 1 - 1989

Do It Yourself Pseudoscience

In the Spring 1988 issue we ran a competition for the best do-it-yourself pseudoscience invented by a Skeptic, as suggested by a couple of articles in that issue which referred to *Cube Power* and the *Micro-Brain*. The following articles have won for their authors a free year's subscription to the *Skeptic*, which is probably the smallest reward anyone could expect from inventing a pseudoscience. (Australian Skeptics accepts no responsibility for the misuse of these new branches of science - you have been warned!)

*We have reason to believe that the authors' names associated with the following articles may be nom-deplumes. We believe this is an example of synchronicity.

Vacuum power: the Ultimate Energy Source by R.H. von Krankewitz*

Vacuum Power is the great universal energy form. It is the most fundamental energy, from which all others derive. Its manifestations have always been with humanity, but only now, with the recent increase in Universal Consciousness following the Harmonic Convergence, allied to the brave efforts of a small group of scientists willing to risk the ridicule of their colleagues, has it come to the fore.

The idea of Vacuum Power is simple. You don't need any scientific training to understand it, and any living being can feel it.

A vacuum is, by dictionary definition, the absence of matter. According to Einstein's theories of relativity and the equation $E=mc^2$, matter and energy are equivalent. Thus a vacuum would also seem to be the absence of energy. This is, however, untrue. Einstein showed only that the change in energy is c^2 times the change in mass, leaving open the possibility that to zero mass there corresponds a non-zero amount of energy. This is the source of

Vacuum Power. It also relates to modern quantum theory, which postulates a “zero point energy” throughout the universe. Thus, the two great physical theories of the twentieth century both allow for Vacuum Power.

The vacuum is the only “pure” state that is possible, and the mystics of the Eastern religions, who will soon be recognised as great scientists, have understood its essential purity over the ages. “The sound of one hand clapping” is a well-known Zen koan, and a massive advance on Western insistence that two hands are needed. The Buddhists were halfway there: Vacuum Power represents the sound of no hands clapping!

Vacuum Power can be understood from many other viewpoints, thus emphasising its great unifying power. Atoms consist of a tiny nucleus, and electrons, which orbit around it. But what composes the great bulk of the atom, through which the electrons move? A vacuum. And it is only natural that 99% of the energy in that atom comes from 99% of its volume: the vacuum.

In addition to explaining all the facts of orthodox science, Vacuum Power also rationalises the many observations, which science cannot, or which it narrowly denies. Homeopathy, recently in the news through its rejection by High Priests of orthodoxy in carefully controlled experiments in France, is another consequence. Successive dilution of a biologically active solution is practiced until there is almost certainly no active material left in solution. Yet this solution retains its biological activity. This is precisely because there is nothing left: a vacuum of active material, whose associated Vacuum Power effects the cure.

Astrology, too, works by Vacuum Power. Astrology is the effect of the heavens upon a person at the moment of birth. But most of the firmament is the purest vacuum we know, and it is the disturbance of the Vacuum Power Field Configuration by the Heavenly Bodies, which imprints itself on the infant. Small wonder that astrology is today such an important science.

It is also likely that ghosts and other mysterious phenomena are localised perturbations of the Vacuum Power Field; but more research is needed into these phenomena before this can be confirmed.

Can we learn to harness Vacuum Power? The benefits would be great: an endless supply of free, clean energy for mankind in perpetuity, anywhere in the universe. We can see all too easily the damage done by fossil forms of power - the greenhouse effect - and of nuclear power- radioactive waste disposal. Vacuum Power suffers no such disadvantages. Provided only we can make a vacuum pure enough, a

vacuum probe can be inserted into it to extract the energy. To date, man-made vacua have been insufficiently pure, but we are currently on the threshold of breakthroughs in vacuum technology, which should make this possibility a reality. Vacua could also be brought to Earth from deep space satellites, which could themselves run on Vacuum Power once free of the Earth’s atmosphere. Should an energy probe begin to run critical, air can immediately be let into the vessel to damp it.

A word of warning is necessary here, though it may ultimately lead to further advances. Early this century a massive explosion, centered on the Tunguska region, devastated much of Siberia. The scientists of the day confidently predicted a massive meteorite strike; but no remnants were ever found, and mystery has surrounded the event ever since. Documents newly leaked to me by colleagues inside Russia, in the spirit of glasnost, indicate that a secret research laboratory had been set up in the area to look into Vacuum Power. Either the Russians had discovered a way of concentrating the power, which then ran out of control and blew up, or the method was perfected and delivered to the KGB, which used it to dispatch the researchers and prevent the method leaking to the West. Doubtless, the CIA knows more about this than it is letting on, and the time has surely come for the files to be declassified. A way of concentrating Vacuum Power would be invaluable.

Vacuum Power will win!

Frogs Can Tell Your Future

By Dr Rich I.R. Chinwag*

Ever since the turn of this century, when physical scientists decided that they understood the nature of electricity, the strange phenomenon discovered by Galvani has gone largely ignored. However, for those who are seeking after the eternal truths of how energy in the universe is connected together, the behavior of severed frog’s legs is a valuable, if hitherto undiscovered, tool.

Some background information is necessary here, so that others may understand the significance of what I have discovered.

Electricity is known to be one of the fundamental forces of life. All biologically living matter produces electrical currents, as does much so-called “inert” matter, in which electricity is a manifestation of the common spirit of the universe (from lightning to stars, many things show the power that is in all things). Galvani in the last century demonstrated the connection

between life and electricity when he showed frogs' legs twitching when connected to a battery; however, this vital discovery was never treated as anything more than a scientific curiosity.

However, electricity is known to be a common force throughout the universe. Galvani missed an overwhelming hint when he first saw the frog's legs dancing to the tune of the all-soul; for he simply thought he had discovered a physical property. Now, with the benefit of hindsight, it is easy to see that he missed out on the spiritual implications of his observations.

The moment of revelation came to me when I was trying to faith heal the toaster by the laying on of hands; I never unplug it when I am doing this, as I need it to be connected to its energy source so as to identify the place where the current is not getting through. Anyway, when the acupuncture needle went in, the toaster objected to my interference in its autonomy, and left me twitching on the floor like one of Galvani's frogs.

When I had recovered enough to think clearly, I realised that I had jumped in the *opposite* direction to when I had tried to fix the juicer. This obviously had some deeper significance, and so, in the spirit of true scientific enquiry, I decided to find out why.

However, one should always try and avoid gratuitous connection to electricity, as it interferes with the body's natural processes, and so Galvani's frogs suggested themselves as a way of observing the things that effect the direction of "jump" when external electricity is applied to an organism. Of course, I didn't kill the frogs to get their legs; I had ample supplies by finding frogs that died of natural causes.

Armed with the frog legs and battery, I went to work, and what I learned amazed me. From day to day, very slowly, the amount and direction of the twitch varied according to the procession of the stars. This should not be surprising, since the stars produce their own electricity, and this obviously affects us here on earth, since we know that the stars do the same thing. This gives us an extremely powerful tool in the search for truth, since we cannot always view the stars; sometimes, they are obscured by clouds, and anyway, the lights and pollution of our cities prevent an accurate fix of their position.

However, with frog's legs, we can measure the effects that the stars are going to have on our own lives. Here's what you do:

- 1) find a frog with the same astrological characteristics as yourself. Since this is not always easy for the non-psyched to determine, I can supply frogs to order.
- 2) put the frog on a macrobiotic diet - not only does this ensure that the frog will be in tune with the whole universe, it also kills them quicker.

- 3) when the frog dies, cut off its legs and stimulate them with a battery. You must be most careful here, since an artificial battery won't work. The best thing to do is to buy some of the natural wires which I can supply, and put them in a lemon which has been grown without any artificial assistance. This will ensure the purity, and thus accuracy, of your measurements.

- 4) the frog's legs should be placed on a chart which I can make up according to your astrological details for stimulation.

- 5) then, send your observations in to me for analysis. Although at this point your measurements will be processed by a computer, I can personally vouch for the ideology of the programmer.

A complete frog observation kit costs only \$850. Once you are used to it, there is also a program available for the Apple (Stephen is one of us) Mac computer for an extra \$200. It will prove an invaluable aid in plotting the course of your life, and helping *you take your future into your own hands*.

Kits, information and a book entitled "Frogs Can Change Your World" are available from Dr Rich I.R. Chinwag.

Lineology and Omega Potential Theory

By Gill Wimeray*

Omega potential theory provides the first comprehensive explanation of the source of the cosmic energy which can be harnessed to promote universal health, well-being and harmonic convergence.

As is well known, many scientific claims plausibly postulate the existence of a benign force which pervades the universe and underlies the basic cosmic interconnectedness of everything.

There have been many proposals to fathom the way this force expresses itself, familiar to readers of these pages (astrology, numerology, and so forth), and numerous attempts have been made to harness this force in various ways (including crystals, pyramids, energy polarisers and other proto-technological devices). Suggestions to date, however, have clearly been crude and phenomenological, and the evidence advanced in their support, though suggestive, is limited and inductive.

The predicament faced by scientific theories here is obviously comparable to the predicament of phlogiston chemists of the eighteenth century: they are still at a preparadigm stage of theoretical development. Phlogiston chemists were clearly aware that they were on the brink of developing important insights with the power to transform the world. However, progress was slow and laborious prior to the theoretical innovations

on the brink of developing important insights with the power to transform the world. However, progress was slow and laborious prior to the theoretical innovations of Dalton and Mendeleev.

The importance of the present theoretical innovations lies in the development of the underlying mechanisms of psi phenomena. Only when these fundamental mechanisms have been established will psience develop to its full potential and take its rightful place alongside physics and psychology.

The basic challenge to psi is of course to explain trans-temporal and trans-spatial synchronicity: what are the deep connections which link causally distinct events? These events may obviously be widely separated (temporally or spatially) without attenuating their mutual embeddedness. This of course is similar to the problem which confronted Newton, and calls for comparably bold conjecture to the Newtonian response. (We must be alert to the “psychic apples” which are falling all the time, and whose significance is so easily overlooked. How many times did someone step into a bath before Archimedes?)

The answer to the problem is stunningly simple and extremely elegant. Indeed, it is hard to understand how it can have been overlooked for so long. Once we appreciate the dual role of the 4⁺ Kelvin cosmic background radiation and its relation to the eleven-dimensional space-time manifold proposed by super string theory, everything falls into place. This pure cosmic background radiation energy, bathing the universe and extended through eleven dimensional space-time, is the manifold by means of which distant events (eg celestial configurations) affect terrestrial events (eg human destiny). We can call the manifold vector the Omega Potential, following Teilhard de Chardin.

The Omega Potential provides the carrier wave which can be modulated, eg by pyramids, and which can be focused through the “psychic lens” of gifted exponents (eg Yuri Geller), to produce observable telekinetic effects (eg starting watches and cutlery deformation). Other means for focusing this energy include crystals, which create natural meridians along which astral traveling (or solar-wind surfing) can most readily be accomplished.

It is of course an elementary methodological principle that extraordinary theories call for extraordinary evidence. And what evidence could be more extraordinary than the existence of previous incarnations, astral traveling, meridians, dowsing, clairvoyance and ESP? The very diversity of this range of phenomena demands the unifying explanation provided by Omega Potential theory.

The power of any theory lies in its capacity to explain, and Omega Potential theory is no exception. Not only does it successfully explain the underlying universal cosmic synchronicity, clearly evident to all but the most dogmatic skeptic; it is corroborated by a number of important predictive consequences. These include an explanation of Bell’s Theorem, the electromagnetic photo-fields effect, the (weak) anthropic principle, morphogenetic fields, Nrays and the distribution of cepheid variables in the local galactic supercluster. Proof of these additional results is left as an elementary exercise for the reader. They are certainly an added bonus to the theory!

Just as classical thermodynamics was absorbed into statistical mechanics, and subsequently into quantum theory, so I conjecture the full range of “classical” psychic theories (astrology, tarot, etc) will come, in time, to be absorbed in Omega Potential theory.

Like the special theory of relativity, the basic inspiration of Omega Potential theory was not experimental but the result of a high level theoretical synthesis. (It is of course well known that Kekule solved the problem of the benzene structure with a vision of snakes grasping their tails; the cognate “vision” for Omega Potential theory occurred in the course of untangling a fishing line.) Since Omega Potential theory is based on superstring theory, it clearly follows that the basic means of gaining knowledge of the manifold (eg clairvoyance) and for exercising control over it (eg to promote universal health, well-being and harmonic convergence) is through manipulation of appropriately chosen pieces of string.

The awesome possibilities of these techniques (generically known as “lineology”) are still being developed.

If you want a basic lineology experimental kit to validate Omega Potential theory, just send \$50 (special offer for this month only) to Box 2069, Roseville NSW

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The Atlantis Falcon

Raymond Channeller

POSITIONS VACANT

Psychic detective wanted for private investigation bureau. Must have ten years experience.

- classified advertisement, Sydney Morning Herald

She shimmied into my office like a lady Yeti with lust on her mind. Her aura was signaling like a traffic light with shorts in its circuits. She was blonde and beautiful and 38-24-36, a perfect 8, the number for love and football pools. She held out her hand. I could tell that she would live a long and fruitful life and would meet a handsome stranger.

“Mr Ramtha,” she purred - that’s me, Sam Ramtha, Psychic Third Eye - “I want you to find out who abducted my old man.”

“Take a seat, lady,” I said, “And tell me your date, time and place of birth.”

She undulated towards my desk like the sacred snake of the Aztecs, giving me her vital statistics on the way.

“Holy Hubbard, honey,” I exclaimed. “Did you know that you were a Gemini with Venus ascendant in the ninth trinal aspect?”

“Drink?” I asked her, motioning towards the cocktail cabinet which contained only organically distilled hooch. “I only take coffee,” she replied. I poured her a cup of decaffeinated and as she stirred in the non-chemical sweetener, I noticed the spoon was bending. This dame had energy.

She threw a Kirlian photograph on my desk. It looked like an inkblot.

“Mr Ramtha, you must help me find him. My name is J.Z. von Stokes, but you can call me Doris.”

“Not the wife of megamillionaire psychic entrepreneur Uri von Stokes?” I queried, noting the dazzling crystal that perched precariously on the upper slopes of her perfect frontispiece.

“The same,” she averred, making a secret sign. “My husband disappeared while flying from Chicago to LA last night. He telepathed me just before he left but the cosmic vibrations were very bad and I didn’t get him too clearly. He was excited and he said something about the Atlantis Falcon.”

“What sort of plane was he on - Boeing or Astral?” I wisecracked.

“He boarded TWA Flight 19 at O’Hare and he was not aboard when it landed at LA,” she sobbed; “Oh, Mr Ramtha, I am so worried that my bio-rhythms are all upset.”

I tore my eyes away from her quivering chest and began to think hard. “Could it be the Bermuda Triangle?” I mused. But no, that couldn’t be right. Last night’s weather had been lousy all across the country, and the Triangle only operated in dead calm conditions.

“This is a real mystery,” I said, gazing into her lovely

violet eyes. I noticed that she was suffering from a mild liver infection and had a serious in-growing toenail problem on her left big toe. “Tell me, does your husband have any enemies?”

“Of course he doesn’t have any enemies,” she ejaculated. “He is a great healer; he owns health food stores; he franchised the Psychic Pshopfront Pstore chain; he owns the world’s largest crystal mine; he is a channeller. He made his money by helping people and everybody loves him.”

“Hmmm,” I murmured my mantra. “I have an intuition that there is something sinister about this case.”

“Wait a minute though,” she recalled. “He did say something about having some problem with a psychic psurgeon.”

“Right,” I said. “I divine that this is the time to get on with the case. All the planets are converging.” We crossed to the window and delevitated to the sidewalk below.

“How did we get through the window without opening it?” she questioned.

“Baby, I am in harmony with the cosmic vibrations,” I responded. “It helps with matters like that.”

The sidewalk was deserted, except for Elvis Presley and Craig the Creationist, who was walking his Tyrannosaurus, Rex.

To me, Rex looked like a Doberman but Craig swore he was a Tyrannosaurus and you can’t argue with faith like that.

I bundled Doris into my beat-up convertible. It was an ’82 Chevy. The fusion powered one with the Energy Polariser that guaranteed to turn an old clunker into a smooth running unit. I never had to fill the gas tank, which, in my business, was a plus.

My sixth sense told me which way to go. As we headed down Sunset, towards the Hollywood Hills, I noticed bright lights in the sky. Some were saucer shaped; some were like cigars; some were flashing; some were not; some had portholes; some had none. They were performing all sorts of aerobatics -figure eights, inside and outside loops, Immelman turns. No wonder every USAF base in the country had hangars full of alien bodies, the way these guys flew. Could this be the answer? Had aliens abducted von Stokes to perform weird sexual experiments on him? Somehow I thought not. The answer was much more down to earth.

Shortly afterwards, with only about thirty five minutes of time unaccounted for, my psychic antenna told me we were close to our destination. A vast, pyramid shaped pile bulked large against the night sky.



The cassette radio in the car was playing Beethoven's twelfth, which had been received by some Limey broad. I turned it off and stopped the car. "Play it again, Sam," Doris begged, but I had other fish to fry.

"You shtay here shweetheart while I cased the joint." I often channelled Bogart in moments of stress.

Silently, I crept through the shrubbery. There was tansy and mandrake and ginseng. I could feel them doing me good. Then, without warning, the lights went out. I saw stars. They were the Pleiades, where, my friends told me, most of the undercover aliens in our midst came from. Funny, I thought it was Mexico.

I seemed to be floating through the air. A silver cord tethered me to a body lying face down in the borage. It looked familiar. It was. It was mine. Then I was falling down a dark tunnel. At the end was a bright light. I could see figures beckoning me on. There was Velikovsky and Reich and Conans Doyle and the Barbarian. I felt at peace and wanted to join them. But no, I couldn't shuffle off the mortal coil just yet. I had a job to finish back in the Vale of Tears.

I struggled back to consciousness. My head was pounding like voodoo tom-toms. My mouth tasted like the Pharaoh had cursed it. I was lying strapped into an Orgone Accumulator. Strange machinery flashed lights. Current arced between two huge electrons. Acupuncture needles lay around. Chiropractic and phrenology charts covered the walls. A giant crystal stood on a pedestal, malevolently channelling energy. It was like the antechamber to Hell.

"Aha! You are awake at last, Mr Ramtha, and in my power."

The voice came from a tall, cloaked individual, light glinting from his abnormally long canines. By his side stood a wizened, bent figure, drool dripping from his slobbering lips. He looked like a televangelist just winding up his pitch for the bucks. Who were these guys and what were they going to do to me? I could tell that they were up to no good.

But, wait a minute! Hadn't I seen the tall guy just recently in the social pages of the *New Age Chronicler*? Of course, he was the psociety psychic psurgoen, Dr Frank N. Stein, who, with his wife, Phyllis, was the darling of the crystal set. Once a respected professor at Nostra Dame University, he had left academia under somewhat of a cloud. Something to do with clandestine cattle mutilations in Texas. That meant that the gargoyle at his side must be his assistant, Igor Blighmy. Blighmy spoke "Can you prove tomorrow is not coming? Do you have the courage to face your manifested destiny? Beware of your altered ego."

The rumours I had heard must be true. Blighmy was a nut. Ignoring Igor, I turned my attention to Stein.

"What's up, Doc?" I queried.

"So, Mr Ramtha, you seek to interfere with my plans to dominate the world, with the assistance of my friends from the hollow in the centre of the Earth, who have been abducting and interbreeding with our women to produce the master race. It is too late to stop me now, but you must die. Heh, hch!" he raved.

Stalling for time, I asked him "What have you done with Uri von Stokes?"

"Never heard of him," spat Stein, advancing on me with his psychic fingers aimed straight through my chest at my heart. What a horrible way to die, with your heart squeezed between those hands. I must fight back. In my next incarnation I might wind up as a politician.

But wait, what about the psychokinesis course I had taken last year. Of course, the buckles of the straps holding me down were metal. In my third eye, I visualised "buckles". Bend the tongue. Make it bend. I could feel Stein's fingers entering my chest. Loosen the buckle. Was something happening? Were my bonds loosening? Bend the buckle. Bend it.

With a shout of rage, Stein tore his fingers from my chest and clasped at his rapidly descending trousers. At the same time, my bonds were loosened. With one bound I was free. Snatching out my trusty, environmentally safe .38 equaliser from its concealed holster in my sock, I fired at Stein. "You dirty rat" I snarled. As he lurched away, his shoulder hit the pedestal in the corner. The giant crystal teetered once, then fell, crushing Stein's evil skull like an overripe melon. So perish all those who put their psychic gifts to evil use.

But I was not out of the woods yet. There was still Igor to contend with. I could not see him anywhere. Only a whisp of smoke curling up from behind a screen in the corner. As I peered around the screen, I saw that there was only a pile of ashes, with one misshapen shoe lying, unharmed, beside it. There was no sign of any source of heat anywhere. A real mystery.

Choking, I left the building. I had solved one problem, by saving the world, but what about my main job. Where was Uri von Stokes? And what was the mysterious Atlantis Falcon? All my psychic powers could provide no answer. I did not feel well. I would have to see my naturopath in the morning.

As I reached the street, I noticed a maroon Rolls Royce parked behind my heap. By the light of a streetlamp I saw Doris sitting in the front of the RR with a strange geezer. I sauntered across.

"Oh Sam," she cried. "I have made a terrible mistake. This is my husband Uri. When he esped me from Chicago last night, I thought he said something about the Atlantis Falcon and a psychic psurgoen. What

he really said was that he was returning via Atlanta so he could meet Malcolm, the cycling verger of the Fifth Street Born Again Fundamentalist Anabaptist Church.”

Suddenly it all fell into place. As I wearily climbed behind the wheel of the Chevy and drove away down those mean streets, I knew I had fouled up again. I had forgotten the first rule of investigation when dealing with psychic mysteries: “Never jump to conclusions unless you have all the facts.”

The End

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Working on the chain gang

Sir Jim R. Wallaby

Simon Saubern of the Victorian branch sent us a letter recently in which he enclosed two versions of a chain letter which seems to be circulating in the Garden State. By one of those strange twists of fate, which cause the mentally confused to proclaim loudly, “Synchronicity”, on that very same day we received a copy of the journal of the Great Lakes Skeptics from the USA. This newsletter also contained a story on the same chain letter. Well, nearly the same letter; there are subtle differences in each version.

This letter has been around for a long time, I am sure I first saw a copy in the 1960s, and I expect that most readers will have seen it at some time. Briefly, the letter claims to have originated with a South American missionary from Venezuela named, in these three versions, variously as Saul Anthony de (or De) Group, Group or Ciro. The letter stresses the importance of making twenty copies and sending them out to others, within 96 hours. It goes on to list some of those who benefited, within days, from obeying the instructions and the doom and gloom which befell those who ignored them. The first problem arises here. If, as it is claimed, this is a copy of the original, how did the originator know what was going to befall those latter-named, recipients? The earliest date mentioned in all versions is 1953, when Constantine Dias obeyed the instructions and won \$2 million (all versions). The latest date (1987) refers to a young woman in California, who got a new car. This is not mentioned at all in the American version.

A cautionary tale, one which really tugs at the heart strings, is the case of one Gene Welch, who, while in

the Philippines, ignored the letter and lost his wife after six days (according to two of the letters) or 51 days (according to the third). In the American letter, his grief was mitigated somewhat by the \$50 000 he won, while in the Australian versions, he won \$7.755 or \$7.555 million. This strange discrepancy may reflect the value placed on wives in different cultures, or it may be a warning about some future currency exchange rate.

The Australian letters ascribe all this luck to St Jude, who, if my memory serves, is the patron saint of the Beatles. The US version makes no such attribution. The proposition could be argued that all the bad luck that exists in the world can be attributed to the failure of many people to pass on copies of this letter.

Clearly the citizens of Ethiopia and Bangladesh are tardy correspondents. Imagine, if you will, what sort of world it would be now if everyone, starting in 1953, had passed on letters within four days and had received some good luck. For the purposes of this speculation, let us set this level of luck at a modest \$1 000, which would not have been bad even in a wealthy country in 1953. Assume that all postal services are as efficient as Australia Post and that all letters are answered within 14 days.

Gather around gentle readers and Uncle Sir Jim Wallaby will spin you a wondrous tale.

Jan 1, 1953

In a crude hut, outside Las Bombas, a small town on the banks of the mighty Orinico, a young man sits at his table, writing. He is Saul Anthony de ?, a missionary from the Brotherhood of the Indeterminate Surname. Last night, in a dream, he was visited by St. Jude, who spoke unto him saying, “Bring luck unto the world my son. Yeah, yeah, yeah.” He is just completing the last of 20 letters, which he has addressed to his old friend from high school, Con Dias.

Jan 15, 1951

Constantine Dias, a Graeco/Hispanic theatrical agent, sits at his desk in a seedy office in the Latin quarter of Maricaibo. His delight, as he peruses again the cheque for \$2 million is palpable. No more will he have to try to book dates for Pasquale and His Performing Peccaries. He is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. “Conchita”, he roars at his sultry secretary, “take a letter.”

Meanwhile, in scattered parts of Venezuela, 19 other citizens are also contemplating their luck.

Jan 29, 1953

At Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Squadron

Leader James Bigglesworth, an RAF exchange pilot and the only foreigner ever to inspect the alien bodies in Hanger 18, considers the letter he had received from his old chum, Arbuthnott “Ginger” Lacey. In the other hand he holds two cheques, one for \$ 70 000 and the other for A\$470 000. Ginger and he had flown Spitfires together in the Battle of Britain and had been great pals. Now the redhead had a job flying oilfield supplies into South America. Could the letter from Lacey and the unexpected wealth be somehow connected? Scattered across the western hemisphere, 399 other people are also wondering.

Feb 12, 1953

On the island of Mindanao, expatriate American freelance chiropodist Gene Welch ponders the events of the past two weeks. First he had received a strange letter, then \$50 000 from a mysterious source.

Distracted by investing this windfall wealth with young Ferdie Marcos, in a shoemaking scheme that was guaranteed to net him nearly \$8 million in a few days, he had forgotten to send on the copies. Then his lovely wife, Racquel had fallen gravely ill. Torn by indecision, he had taken her to the local psychic surgeon, who had removed tumours from her abdomen, but, for insurance, he had copied the letter and sent 20 copies to friends. Racquel was now well on the way to recovery and he was on his way to wealth. But what was the cause of the luck?

Similar thoughts occur to 7 999 other people.

Feb 26, 1953

Carlo Daddit, a junior filing clerk, is worried. His supervisor has discovered Carlo’s secret. After work, Carlo returns to his lonely bachelor flat and dresses up in women’s clothes and ventures into the night as Amy Daddle. Carlo is a transvestite. His boss has threatened exposure, which will lead to instant dismissal from the Commonwealth Public Service. Now he has received an offer of a new job as a model with a large fashion house. It is worth an extra 500 pounds per annum. Should he take the job? And what did the mysterious letter have to do with his change in fortune?

159 999 other people were equally nonplussed.

Mar 12, 1953

Joe Elliott is in a quandary. A mild mannered haberdasher from Parramatta, he has just come into \$40 000 from an uncle in America. How should he invest it? Only last week a clairvoyant told him that his future lay in brewing but he doesn’t even drink beer. Better to just send out the 20 letters and address one of them to his cousin John in Melbourne.

Around the world, 3.2 million people marvel at their luck.

Mar 26, 1953

64 million people have struck it lucky during the last two weeks. Stock market analysts have noticed that the profits of paper manufacturers are on the rise. Conservationists are concerned at the increasing inroads being made into forests.

Apr 8, 1953

1.3 billion people, more than 25% of the world’s population, came into some money. Finance ministers are heard to mutter darkly about “excess liquidity”, “implicit price deflators” and “J curves” as \$1.3 trillion of new money feeds the inflationary spiral.

Apr 22, 1953

This morning, every person on earth received four mysterious letters and \$4 000. Postal workers unions are demanding higher wages and more time off so members can answer their own letters.

May 6, 1953

80 letters and \$80 000 per person. Everyone is happy except for one thing. They each have to write 1600 letters in the next four days. Franc Xerox, an itinerant inventor from Prague, bemoans the fact that he hasn’t got time to perfect his new “photocopier”.

May 20, 1953

Everyone has \$1.6 million. Capitalists are delighted because everyone is rich: socialists are ecstatic because everyone is equal. Politics seems to be pointless. In his lonely room at the Sverdlovsk Institute for the Propagation of the Faith, Boris Timofeyovitch Ivanov, the Last Surviving Marxist, is heard to mutter in Russian, “If you can’t beat `em, join `em. Bugger the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.” Finance ministers would be concerned about the \$8 000 000 000 000 floating about, but they, like everyone else, have 32 000 letters to copy in the next few days.

June 3, 1953

All people now have \$32 million but have to copy 640 000 letters to keep the good luck coming. “You can’t get good help these days” is the universal catchcry. Of course you can’t. Who, with multiple millions in their pocket, would want to work for someone else? There is nothing to buy as there is no-one available to make anything. Trees are disappearing, ink wells are dying up. All there is, is money. And “money can’t buy me love”, as St Jude, or one of his disciples, once said.

July 31, 1953

XZXC%REP/298, commander of the First Intergalactic UFO Fleet, in orbit around the lifeless third planet, sends the following message to his base. “No life evident. All we can see is the planet covered in small rectangles of what appears to be paper. Some of the paper is coloured and has numbers on it and the rest is covered in writing. The only words our translation can make out appear to say ‘St Jude’. We do not know what it means. I guess the poor inhabitants just ran out of luck. Message ends.”

Which is probably lucky for the rest of the universe. Before the end of 1954, every atom in the universe would be required to make the paper to supply the letters.

Sir Jim R Wallaby is well qualified to discuss chains. Many of the world’s leading anthropologists consider him to be the missing link.

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Scientific breakthrough?

Skeptic reader, Brian Robson, discovered the following notice attached to the wall of a Bondi Rd Post Office:

"FRICTION FROM AEROPLANES CAUSE THE OFF BALANCE OF OUR PLANET AND CAUSE MOST WEATHER DISASTERS, WINDS AND EARTHQUAKES. IMMEDIATE ACTION MUST BE TAKEN".



Jonestown Revisited

The Sydney Morning Herald, Today’s People column of August 31, reported that Channel 7 had shown an episode of the series *World of the Unknown* in the early hours of one morning of that week. The episode dealt with the topic of miracle healing and featured the talents of one Rev Jim Jones. Both the *SMH* and *the Skeptic* feel that some disclaimer should have been inserted, which mentioned the ultimate fate of Jones and his followers. We believe that mass suicide adds a new dimension to the concept of “healing”.



I.C.A.O. Rules! O.K.!

Barry Williams

Belgium, it would seem, is the location of the latest rash of UFO sightings. A recent report in the Sydney Morning Herald describes an operation in which the Belgian Air Force and the Belgian Society for Studying Special Phenomena combined to track down the mysterious sightings. The operation appears not to have been particularly successful, but television pictures have been obtained of an object described as “a triangle 30 to 50 metres in diameter, with red, green and white lights at the corners, ten times brighter than any star. It has a convex underbelly and makes a whistling noise.”

Apart from wondering how one determines the diameter of a triangle, one can only be heartened by the news that our extraterrestrial visitors have so much respect for earthly laws that they have fitted their craft with navigation lights which conform with the International Civil Aviation Organisation regulations. Good on you, Alpha Centauri.

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Shakespeare the Seer

Sir Jim R Wallaby

I can’t, for the life of me, understand all this media attention being paid to this Froggie chappie Nostradamus. If you were to believe the yellow press, you would think that he had predicted everything from World War III to the winner of the Ashes Series. The trouble is, when you read his doggerel, it could be anything, up to, and including the shopping lists Mrs Nostradamus gave him every Saturday morning. Mind you, I find anything written in a foreign language to be suspicious. What’s wrong with English, I ask? It’s not as though we did not have a great futurologist writing in our Mother Tongue. Not only that, but his predictions are as clear as crystal and do not require any interpretation at all. I refer of course to The Immortal Bard. There had to be something special about Will Shakespeare. How many people manage to die on their birthday, to make things easy for historians?

Let me give you a few examples of the Bard’s

amazing prescience:

The Bard actually tells us he can predict the future:

In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read (Antony & Cleopatra)

O, my prophetic soul (Hamlet)

But he was a true skeptic, as the next quotations will prove:

Our remedies in ourselves do lie

Which we ascribe to heaven (All's Well That Ends Well)

A warning against the faith healing charlatans of our time!

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars

But in ourselves, that we are underlings (Julius Caesar)

An equally obvious warning about the stupidity of astrology.

And Twentieth Century events were an open book to our Will:

She is alone, the Arabian bird (Cymbeline)

The status of Iraq!

That unmatched form and figure of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy (Hamlet)

The drug crisis!

Thou art in a parlous state (As You Like It)

I can get no remedy against the consumption of the purse

Borrowing only lingers it out;

But the disease is incurable (Henry IV Pt 2)

The Australian economy.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny path to heaven,

Whiles like a puffed and reckless libertine

Himself the primrose path of dalliance tread,

And reck's not his own rede (Hamlet)

What better description of the plethora of recently fallen evangelists could one ask for?

Neither a borrower nor a lender be (Hamlet)

Has this fellow no feeling for his business? (Hamlet)

Advice to former mega-millionaires!

But man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,

His glassy essence, like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As makes the angels weep. (Measure for Measure)

This tells us to beware of all the authoritarian pests of

modern life, from bureaucrats to creationists.

Even technology did not escape his prophetic eye.

For the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured (Much Ado About Nothing)

Incontestably a reference to digital watches and mobile phones!

Readers are invited to submit their own contributions from the great prophetic writers from our past.



ALAS, POOR URI!
I KNEW HIM, SIR JIM:
A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST,
OF MOST EXCELLENT SPOONS:

