

My Friendship with Oscar Magocsi

by Daniel Kolos

I met Oscar Magocsi, like Lester Maverick did, at the Toronto Lodge Sunday Meditation and Philosophical Discussion sessions in the mid Seventies. Unlike Lester, I was a member of the organization and eventually Master of the Lodge in 1979. In addition, like Oscar, I was Hungarian born, although 16 years younger than Oscar. Moreover, I was doing freelance work for CBC. All these connections made for a budding friendship with Oscar.



We had numerous philosophical discussions off premises, including visits to his apartment not far from the CBC building, which in the seventies was on Jarvis Street, just north of Carlton. There was not a word about UFO contacts in our conversations, and if there was, I would declare that all my life I have heard talk about it, I believed it, but since UFOs did not show up in my own eyesight and experience, or were not interested in me, I saw no reason why I should be interested in them. This early arrogance on my part has dissipated a bit, but I still have not seen or experienced any space craft in spite of surrounding myself with UFO enthusiasts, Lester Maverick among them.

Oscar, in the meantime, introduced me to another Hungarian friend of his who was, as Oscar himself turned out to be, a Spiritualist healer and minister. They took me to a Spiritualist Church in the Annette and Keel neighbourhood of Toronto where I received a 'reading' that I was surrounded by a large number of guides that would destine me to be a leader in my

endeavours. I was afraid of taking responsibility at that time and dismissed the possibility, but as I accepted and assumed responsibility over the years, that 'reading' proved to be true.

One day, in 1990, Oscar came to the Rosicrucian Temple for the usual Sunday Morning event. Afterwards, he pulled out a cerlox-bound book and with a wry smile on his face presented that copy to me. It was "My Space Odyssey in UFOs." He made all sort of excuses about how he is not a writer and that there may be any number of typos and that it is not the best-looking book on a bookshelf until he nearly convinced me not to read it. And I didn't, not for a while. It was only when I next saw Oscar and he asked what I thought of his book that I, embarrassed, said I haven't read it yet. So I fished the book out from a box of 'to do' papers and began to read it.

I could not put it down. OK, so it had typos in that first edition, but the story was fascinating. The very fact that Oscar had kept this side of himself private in what I was hoping would be a deep friendship, bothered me. At the same time I felt he needed to bide his time to come out of the UFO closet until he was certain he could speak with authority – with which his experiences certainly provided him. When I next saw Oscar, I questioned him intensely – practically interrogated him – about his book. He remained calm and understated, humbled by his experiences rather than emboldened. He saw that I was trying not to believe him, but made it apparent that he could not help my disbelief.

Of course, my doubts were in my own intellect. After reading the book, which I loved from the first page to the last, I was compelled to figure out whether it was true or not. Since Oscar did not help me make that decision, I went with my feelings and intuition that it had to be true. In fact, I was so enthusiastic about My Space Odyssey in UFOs that I reviewed it for *Dimensions*, the same magazine whose editor/publisher, Ero Talvilla, gave Lester Maverick Oscar's telephone number. (see Lester's Blog)

Ero published my review of Oscar's first book, My Space Odyssey in UFOs. In my last sentence I asked the question, "Why would extra-terrestrials choose a pudgy, chain-smoking, fifty years old human as their next pilot?" Oscar, of course, saw and read the review, and right before my eyes he changed in less than three months. He turned up at the Rosicrucian lodge slim and fit, gave me a big smile and said, "Daniel, I read your review and gave up smoking!" I was touched and congratulated him. "That's more like it!"

I lost touch with Oscar after he retired from CBC. We both began to travel, he to Germany, me to Egypt. But we saw each other just enough from time to time so that he was able to give me his second and third book, which I sold from my book store, Benben Books, in Toronto. In 1998 I moved out of Toronto and my visits became more and more sporadic. On my last meeting with Oscar, he told me a story of his latest exploits. He said he was piloting a spacecraft above earth, but in a different dimension. He participated in a major battle against the Righteous group where nuclear devices were used. One of these warheads exploded near him and knocked his spacecraft, together with its force-field out of that dimension and he crashed in upper New York State, near Buffalo. He was injured and suffered radiation burns, highly radioactive, but conscious. When I asked what happened next, because the Oscar in front of me looked perfectly healthy, he drew a breath and said, "It was astounding how efficiently I was handled." He proceeded to tell me the story that an ambulance picked him up, asked no questions but took him to a military facility where he was cleared of all radiation. Then another ambulance

picked him up, took him across the Peace Bridge to Canada, all the way to Toronto, where he was dropped off at one of the hospitals to take care of his other injuries. No one asked him at the border crossing who he was, no one asked him to show a passport. "It was a smooth crossing as if everyone in authority knew what was going on." Then he was discharged from hospital and let go as if he was never there in the first place. No OHIP number needed, no signatures, nothing.

Eventually he resumed piloting spacecraft, he said, and when I asked him if he could give me a ride, he just smiled and firmly but kindly said, "No, I cannot do that."

And that was more or less the last exchange we had. I did not even hear of his passing until I met Lester a few years ago and he began to introduce me to other surviving friends of Oscar.

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