

# OMNI



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## UTOPIA

ACCORDING TO:  
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AND MANY OTHERS

FREE INSIDE:  
**THE  
WHOLE  
UNIVERSE  
CATALOG**

A WISHBOOK  
FOR THE NEXT  
CENTURY

**EIGHT WAYS  
TO HAVE AN  
OUT-OF-BODY  
EXPERIENCE**



•*Ida's alien wanted to talk to me, so she offered to channel him. I accepted without hesitation.*•

## ANTI MATTER

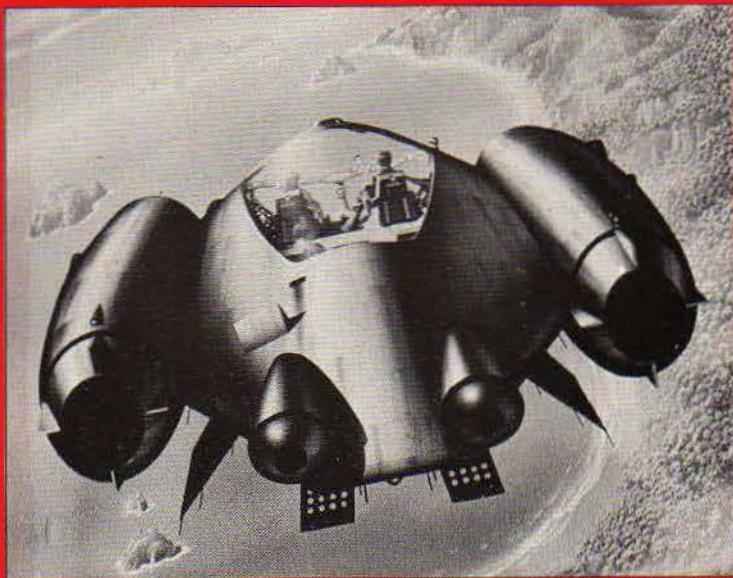
Aliens made all the headlines that week. But they were Mexicans. I was after aliens of another sort—the nonhuman kind. A good place to start, I thought, would be a conference of contactees and abductees held at the University of Wyoming. So I packed a tape recorder and an open mind and headed off for Laramie.

I was not disappointed. The highlight came in the course of introductions, when several people insisted I should talk to Ida Kannenberg. We had something in common, they said. So I met Ida. Ida is a pleasant, somewhat

serious elderly woman who claims to have met the aliens in 1940 on Highway 10, near Desert Center, California. Later, under regressive hypnosis, she learned that two beings had come to her car and guided her to a "round cabin." Implants were placed in her nose, ears, and brain to let "them" hear and see through her. For eight years Ida has been in constant telepathic contact with one of those aliens.

When I introduced myself to Ida, she was startled. The reason? Her alien and I had strikingly similar names. My last name is Huyghe. His name is Hweig. I was born with mine. He had made up his from random letters. Ida then told me her alien would be interested in talking to me, and she offered to channel him for me. I accepted without hesitation.

So it was that at 11:45 on the night of July 12, 1987, I went to room 1720 of the Wyo Motel in Laramie and conversed, through Ida, with an alien with a name like mine. Huyghe meets Hweig. His first word, "Hello," was spoken in a voice more measured and slightly deeper than Ida's. Following



chitchat about our names, he asked if I had any questions.

I did, though I felt quite silly asking them. Where do UFOs come from? I began. He explained that they come from different planets, from interdimensional worlds, as well as from Earth. The latter are "pseudo-UFOs," he said. They are manufactured in Brazil by German refugees and are manned by depraved and power-hungry alien renegades who have interbred with the natives.

Should we fear the space people? He replied: "Some of the space people are here more for their

own purposes and interests than they are to help Earth people. They are more clinically and scientifically minded. They do not have the compassion and emotions of Earth people. They are therefore ruthless in their abductions and examinations. But mostly you have to fear people of the earth."

I asked how to contact the space people, forgetting that he was one of them. He didn't catch the slip. "Don't call us, we'll call you. You are acceptable. You will be contacted," he replied. Thanks. *Acceptable* is such a flattering word.

I had one last question. Does the government know about you? "We have worked with the U.S. government since 1926 in various ways. They don't know all about us—no one does. We have had occasions to give them information but never information that will lead to weapons or warfare."

At the end, Hweig said we would meet again. Later Ida told me more about Hweig. He looks like we do, she said, and for good reason. Hweig is half-human. His mother is Russian, and he was born on Earth.—PATRICK HUYGHE