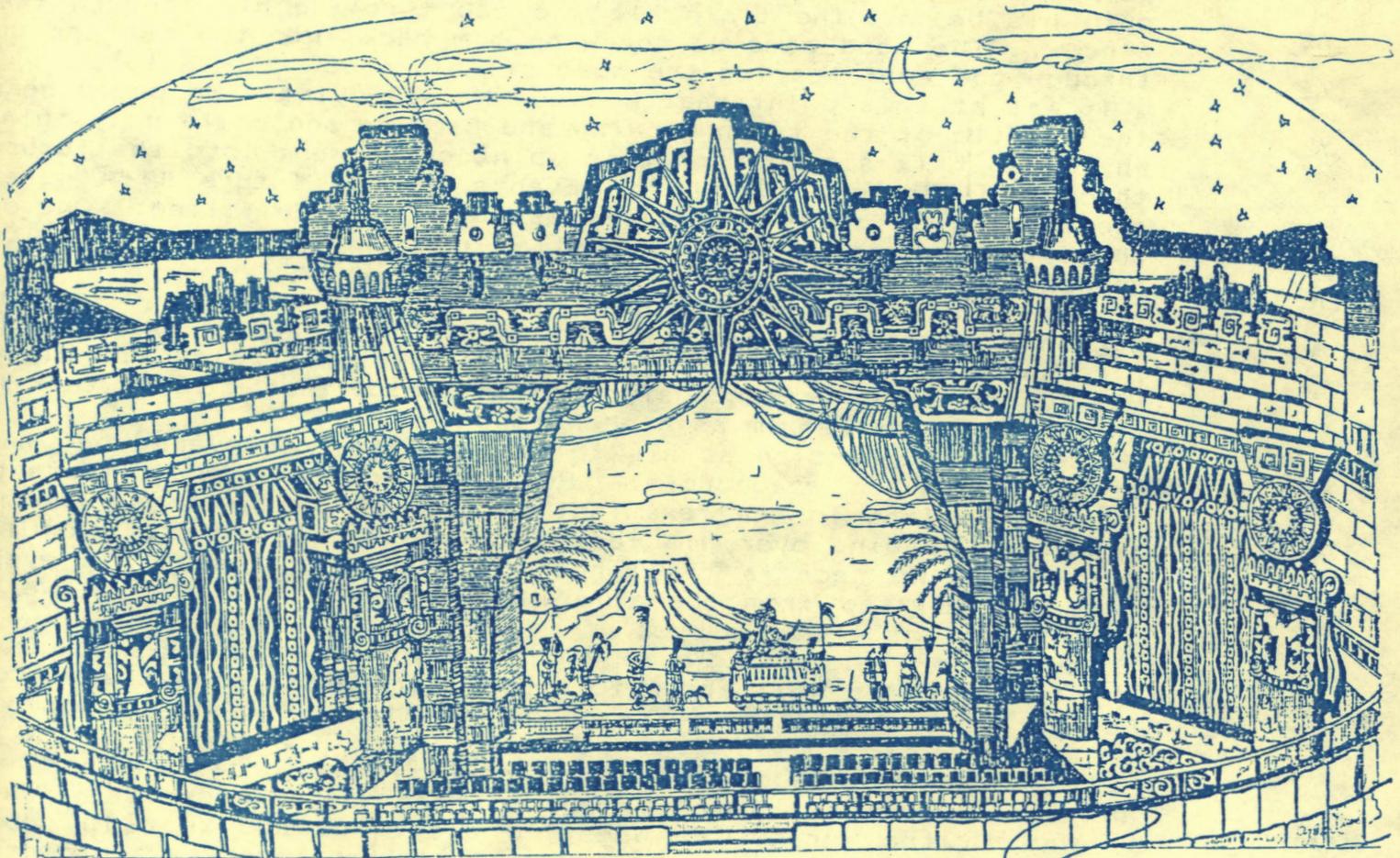


★ THE MISSING LINK ★

NUMBER 78.1

APRIL 1989



ATMOSPHERIC THEATRE *Sicuseo*

◆ ◆ ◆ UFO CONTACT CENTER INTERNATIONAL (UFOCCI) ◆ ◆ ◆

3001 South 288th St., #304, Federal Way, WA 98003

RICHARD ROSS, D.M.

By Aileen Edwards, Director

It is my pleasure to introduce you to a person that you will become very familiar with in the ensuing months.

Richard Ross is a most extraordinary person, having had extraordinary experiences! How can mere words tell what is involved in making up the personality of this complex person? I will make an attempt but only he can really express to you "who" he is and "what" he is.

Ross wears many hats - perhaps that is the place to begin. The first hat he wore was as a Chief of Police. He is "street" smart and knows the psychology of dealing with the criminal mind. He knows what makes a person tick! And even further than that, he knows how to deal with problems caused by drugs, brain washing, etc.

The second hat he wears is of a Near Death Experiencer. His story has been written up for the Missing Link. A brief description is as follows: Richard was riding in a taxi cab when the cabbie tried to beat the train. Seeing that they were not going to make it Richard was going to jump but the cabbie held onto his belt. The train hit the cab throwing him through the window. The hood came up throwing him back into the car and up through the roof tearing the nose off his face.

It was at this point that he knew he was dying. He could hear the whistle of the train blowing and blowing and could only think why doesn't it stop? From this point on he went into the future through dimensions of time. Events of his future life were spelled out in graphic detail; most have been fulfilled. One of those events was moving to Seattle from El Paso and what would happen while living here.

When Richard was brought back to "life", he became a different person. Before his NDE he could do high school math but afterwards he began writing reams of quantum physics formulas. His IQ increased tremendously - to the point that a think tank in California studies him as a phenomenon.

During a regression at his think tank they discovered he had been on board a spacecraft. He remembered the two different types of aliens in the "examination" room. One of those two he remembers bending over his face so close he was almost touching his nose. He recalls the force that he felt between his eyes that was emitted from the alien. Afterwards he could do very strange things with his eyes.

Because of this experience Richard wears the hat of a quantum physicist who is well known to top researchers around the world. He carries on an active correspondence with scientists on various topics.

It is hard to realize that this scientist also has another hat and that is the mask of "El Medico", the masked wrestler! When he was in the Marines he wrestled and since has kept in good shape. Recently he was asked by his neighbor, who was a promoter to substitute for a missing-in action wrestler. Richard explains that the whole thing is for show and nothing to worry about. I don't know about that....!

Richard is a wonderful impersonator. He can imitate any voice - including a woman opera singer! His humor is unique and refreshing in today's world of ribald jokes. He makes you laugh whether you feel like it or not. The voice I personally like the best is "The Lone Ranger and Tonto." Of course, I would because Tonto is a Native American and most people know the affinity I have for them.

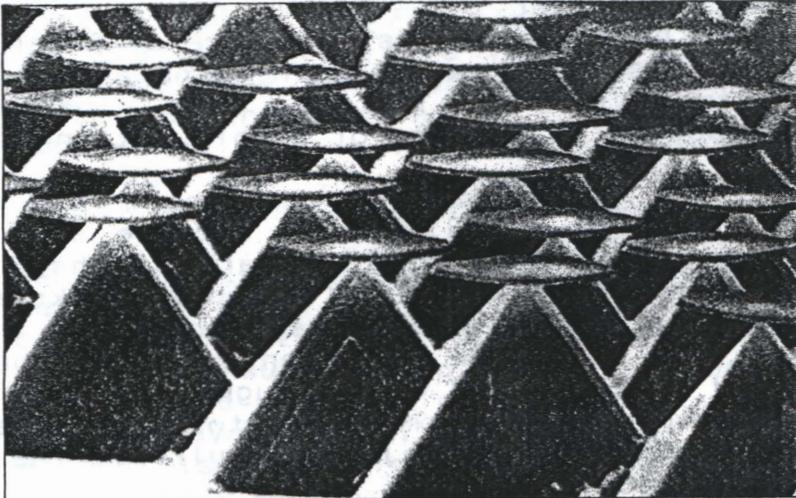
And now, last but not least, Richard is a well known artist. His profession is artist extraordinaire. In El Paso, where he has lived for 17 years, he is the number one artist appearing on television quite frequently and showing up on the front page of the local newspaper half a dozen times a year. He was even asked to run for Mayor!

It is with sadness that he has left the town that has become home to him for so many years. He knows it is his destiny to come to Seattle and therefore, he is looking forward to the future with great expectation.

In the future you will be seeing Richard's art work on the pages of the Missing Link. An example is the front cover this month displaying one of the atmospheric theaters in Texas. Richard has drawn many of these theaters depicting the glory of a bygone day. Through his drawings persons familiar with the theaters will remember and reminisce.

Welcome to Seattle and the UFOCCI Richard!

* * * * *



This rare photograph of a UFO bomber group headquartered in Egypt was captured from an alien spy posing as the winner of the 1985 Polaroid International Instant Photomicrography Competition. Struggling for

plausible deniability, Anita Brandes of the Gould Research Center (Arlington Heights, IL) claimed the photo was a 3500X SEM photo of etched silicon. Ha. We know UFOs on pyramids when we see them.

ME March 1989

* * * * * **FLASH** * * * * *

Since there has been so much concentration on the "grays" and the negative side of UFOlogy, we want to concentrate on the positive side. This is your chance to express yourself.

Please send in your "positive" contact cases and we will devote as much room to them as we have the negative side. The UFOCCI and your editor strive towards being fair to each and every one.

If you do not send in your article then we will have to run what we have backlogged - whatever that might be!

* * * * *

IN APRIL THE PRICE OF THE MISSING LINK WILL BE \$19.00 U.S./CANADA AND \$30.00 OVERSEAS INCLUDING AIRMAIL.



UFOs A PROPOSAL FOR THINKING ABOUT THE UNTHINKABLE

By Donald Dewey

(Reprinted from TWA Ambassador, November Issue)

The setting is a huge stadium. More than one hundred thousand people have been packed up in the middle of the playing field. The first speaker of the evening walks onto the center of the stage and announces that he believes in the existence of charloteers racing across the sky because he has seen them. The stadium roars with laughter. The man is followed by a woman who announces that she believes in the existence of Satan because she has seen Jack Nicholson look-alike with horns and a tail hanging around her apartment house. There is more riotous laughter, though not from scattered pockets of people sitting in the lower grandstand.

Next on stage is a man who says he believes in the existence of a bearded deity wearing a white shirt because a lot of other people have seen him. Half the ballpark laughs; within the silent half, some smile sympathetically, some nod knowingly, most look perplexed. The fourth speaker is a woman who says she has no doubts about the existence of alien creatures because they have communicated with her and even brought her into their space vehicle. A few people laugh, some smile tolerantly, a couple nod knowingly and the overwhelming majority squirm in their seats and wish that the woman would go away.

From leprechauns in Ireland to Madonnas in Portugal, the declared sightings of nonearthly beings have almost always had a strong mythological or religious character. Even testimonies involving ostensibly secular apparitions - for instance, the "return" of a dead loved one or nemesis effected during a seance or through some reputedly preternatural medium - have usually suggested an emphatically religious idea of an afterlife that has or has not been achieved. One exception to this religious association has been the chemically induced vision - the comical elephants and very uncomical snakes of the alcoholic, or the

glimmering topographies and harrowing incorporation of those under the influence of hallucinogenic drugs. Another exception is the avowed sightings of alien creatures.

We all know where alien creatures belong. They belong in science-fiction stories. They belong in Steven Spielberg's mind. They belong in amusing recollections of Orson Welles's famous radio broadcast. They belong in those newspapers displayed above the checkout counter in the supermarket.

We also know where the spotters of alien creatures belong. They belong in isolated mountain cabins or on deserted back roads. We expect them to have only an elementary school education, an old car or pickup truck with rundown batteries, and some traumatic incident in their childhood that has fueled a need to be different. They belong on a psychiatrist's couch.

Unfortunately, these stereotypes today have no more credibility than those supermarket weeklies that have discovered that a Vulcan has hosted Johnny Carson's show for the last 10 years. Among those who have had their names tied directly or indirectly to alien sightings in recent years have been a former president of the United States, senators, astronauts, college professors, scientists, military hierarchs, best selling novelists, and one of the most popular entertainers in the United States. Moreover, many of these people have lent their names, time, and/or money to organizations that only a short while ago sounded like cheese and quackers, but that today boast some of the most brilliant minds in the country on their letterheads. At the very least, alien creatures have become a growth industry.

But they have also become a lot more. For decades now, UFO's have hovered like amber lights around the edges of the popular imagination. To travel beyond those lights, even in terms of private thought, is to venture into areas that would call into question some very fundamental premises of human life, not the least of these being a trust in personal reasoning and a confidence in the logic of evolutionary progress. Most of us have declined the adventure. We might be tantalized by the notion of other, nonearthly species, but we are hardly seduced by it. In a philosophical moment we might even concede that "anything and everything is possible," but we certainly do not lead our lives on the basis of such an assumption. On the contrary, in the concrete we move along day in and day out on the egocentric supposition that we, along with our animals and our plants, are the only manifestations of creation. Even more than the achievements of our physics and technology, it is this egocentrism that is jostled every time somebody steps forward with a tale of having met them. Who needs it?

The trouble is, the alien-spotters keep stepping forward. Moreover, they corroborate one another on so many details that they often seem to be recounting an identical experience spread out over different times and places. Eerie lights. Small creatures combining insect and androgynous features. A dominant visual faculty. an ability to communicate (and even feel) through thought as much through speech or gestures. Antiseptically clean travel conveyances with a furnishings accent on tubing. A scientific interest in earthlings. Many observers



report waking up to the next morning with a strong sense of uneasiness—the stuff that lingering dreams (or nightmares) are made of. With one exception; the dreamers want to keep talking about what they dimly remember, even at the cost of being heard only with the strictures of psychological sciences as the ranks of the natural sciences skeptically look on.

One particularly curious testimony emerged (sort of) when Tom Snyder interviewed actor-comedian Jackie Gleason on the "Tomorrow" show in February 1978. Between anecdotes about his show business career, Gleason dismayed the normally voluble Snyder by suddenly asserting that Washington had absolute proof of the existence of alien beings and had had it for some years. Asked what his sources were for such a claim, the entertainer unhesitatingly named ex-president (and frequent golfing buddy) Richard Nixon, Moon pioneer Neil Armstrong, and Pentagon higher-ups. He went on to say that other chief executives dating back to Harry Truman had been in possession of the evidence.

Such charges would seem to ink the presses for a bizarre news story — whether the slant be a colossal hushup or a colossal entertainment figure who has gone around the bend. In fact, however, not a single word about the allegations ever appeared in the daily press. Certainly, nobody bothered to call up Nixon, Armstrong, or the other people cited by Gleason for confirmations or denials. Snyder's network program might as well never have happened.

But Gleason was to be heard from again, if only posthumously.

Shortly after the comedian's death in June of this last year, his ex-wife Beverly McKittrick told reporters that she had completed a biography of "The Great One," in which she recounts a 1973 visit made by Gleason and Nixon to the Homestead Air Force Base in Florida. As related by McKittrick, Nixon showed Gleason the bodies of four space aliens recovered by the military some years before and explained to him that it was in the national interest to keep the existence of the corpses top secret. Private UFO research groups immediately linked McKittrick's story to the long-rumored existence of alien remains recovered by the military near Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947 (during the Truman presidency).

At the very least, the Gleason stories touch on another fairly common theme in any discussion of UFOs and space creatures — the suspicion that government leaders here and in other countries have been in possession of a lot more knowledge about interworld travelers than they have been willing to divulge. However convenient it might be to write this off as some kind of paranoid compensation for personal insecurity on the subject, the fact is that the suspicion exists on a large scale. Not too long ago, the Pentagon indicated its growing concern about such an attitude by jumping in with both feet to assist Jack Webb in producing a fictional NBC television series on reported UFO sightings. Week after week, the series portrayed enormously sympathetic Air Force investigators delving into the experiences of alien-spotters and winning over everyone to their open-minded but inconclusive point of view. By the final fade out of each installment, the home viewer didn't know too much more about interplanetary visitors,

but he had the consolation of knowing that the Defense Department was doing its utmost to arrive at the truth.

Those not swayed by such public-relations efforts have attributed various motivations to what they insist has been a gigantic cover-up. One theory, advanced by people who do not believe in the existence of alien beings, is that the United States has been engaged for years in secret tests involving ultra-sophisticated devices that, in the last analysis, Washington would rather have associated with improbable aliens than with the Defense Department. One interpretation by those who do believe in the aliens is that the United States and other nations are simply apprehensive about panicking the public. A variant on this reading is that open acknowledgment of an alien life force would wreak havoc on the political, economic, scientific, and technological priorities that the governments of the world have been pursuing for generations; governments fear that everything from superpower rivalries to the latest tax bills would lose some of their urgency. (In his interview with Snyder, Gleason observed that "the world economy might go to hell" if there were any open admissions.)

In his highly publicized book, *Communion*, published last year, Whitley Strieber suggests still another possibility. Strieber, author of such best selling novels as *Wolfen* and *Nature's End*, wrote *Communion* as a documentary record of the physical, psychological, and intellectual torment that he endured as the result of an experience that for all his initial disbelief, he concludes was indeed a close encounter of some third kind. After weighing a lot of new and familiar evidence about the official stance on UFOs, including revealing correspondence between government scientists, Strieber joins the accusation that the official silence has been a calculated silence. He then goes on to point out how a natural reluctance on the part of human beings to accept the existence of an alien life form has been fundamental to the success of any such massive cover-up, commenting:

"The idea of intellectually and technologically advanced visitors who hide their knowledge from us is threatening and infuriating. It suggests that there is something ignoble about mankind, or even that we are prisoners on our planet... We human beings have a very natural stake in the value and validity of our species and our minds. And this is doubly true of those whose sense of personal worth stems from intellectual work. If the human mind is second-rate, then so are those who live by it."

In other words, the official silence might not be aimed so much at heading off a mass panic as at containing a destruction of self-esteem that would undermine social initiative far more radically than any shrieking in the streets. It is the ego, not the gates of the Winter Palace, that is at stake.

Or is it just the unimaginative ego, the ego that refuses to travel beyond the amber lights?

Nobody wants to think about unpleasant things. But for close to half a century now, we have been living with the most unpleasant of all possibilities - the annihilation of the human

race by nuclear warfare. More than just living with it, we have been forced in various ways to predispose our lives to such a threat. Even when we do not dwell on the subject, we know that the threat is there, that it has absolutely no saving grace, and that its evil must be thwarted. Our egos, in short, have already had as much cause for modesty as might be conjured.

The argument here is not that we should suddenly tighten our belts, lift up our chins, and assume that that new neighbor across the street arrived from another galaxy. Strleber, for one, suggests several alternatives to actual space travelers as the entities he encountered. He doesn't know whether he is right or wrong; all he is convinced of is that he encountered some kind of species unknown or unadmitted by the overwhelming majority of mankind. In a sense beyond that meant by Ray Bradbury at the conclusion of *The Martian Chronicles*, he leaves open the possibility that the "Martians" are those staring back at us when we gaze into the pool. But in a final declaration calling for both more candor from official circles and more of an imaginative atmosphere around our governing representatives, he voices a confidence that we only have to begin showing a predisposition to the truth for it ultimately to emerge:

"Blind denial is as empty a response as blind acceptance, and operates on the same level of validity. There is no real intellectual difference between the haughty psychiatrist or physicist and his refusal to accept the truth, and the nervous 'contactee' eager to see the phenomenon as a dimensionless cartoon of space friends. We must break through both distortions - and we certainly can."

* * * * *

Donald Dewey is a free-lance writer based in New York.

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Space debris could have serious impact

Serious concern about the increase of man-made orbital space debris has been put into graphic terms by England's Flight International magazine. An aluminum sphere about an eighth-inch in diameter and traveling at about 6 miles per second would have the kinetic energy of a bowling ball traveling at 60 mph. A quarter-inch sphere of the same material and traveling at the same speed would be equivalent to being hit by a 400-pound safe at 60 mph, the magazine said. The European Space Agency, NASA and the U.S. Department of Defense are studying the space-debris problem. It is estimated that 3.5 million objects are in orbit around Earth, and the number grows as large pieces of space debris continue to break up.

Letters



Dear Aileen:

In the last few years I have come to realize that I may have had a contact many years ago while camping with my parents. (For the usual reasons I have not told anyone about this.)

Last August, while observing a meteorite shower at Joshua Tree National Monument I saw a strange craft that passed my campsite at about 100 to 150 yards about seven feet off the ground going about 20 MPH. It looked like this: →

I was laying in the back of my truck when I saw it coming across the desert. It traveled in a straight line.



My first thought was "It's just a crane, go to sleep", then I realized it's the middle of the night, the middle of the desert. There's no roads out there. It's not making any noise and it has no lights.

When these things rushed through my head I felt I was being paralyzed. I could only follow it with my eyes to the point of its nearest approach. After that I wanted to look around but could not. After a minute or so, against my will, I laid back and closed my eyes. I woke up in the morning. I remembered nothing.

Later that day while looking down from the nearby hills at the campsite I flashed on the image of the craft moving across the desert near my camp. Immediately I remembered my every emotion, fear and action. I remember wondering "Why aren't my dogs making any noise?" (as they had been all night).

I've thought this thing through over a thousand times and I'm positive it was no dream. I have told only a few close family members of this sighting. I have not told anyone about being "paralyzed".

For several years now I have felt deep inside a strong connection with UFOs and space people; like I have a space brother or I'm part alien. Sounds nutso? Ya, I know, but that's why I've never discussed this aspect with anyone. Not even close family members.

I would like to find some people in my area to talk about these things and I would like to find a hypnotist that's done some work in this area.

I am a 28 year single male and just a working man.

I would greatly appreciate any information that may help me. Thank you... Orange County California Subscriber

Dear Aileen and Friends:

I have had the same kinds of wounds on my body upon awakening in the morning - sometimes bruises also. The wounds sometimes look like "snake bites". This has been going on most of my life a few times a year. Kind regards, Nick Edwards, Tacoma, WA. (Editor's Note: This reply is in reference to the February Editorial by yours truly concerning the physical anomaly of awakening to find puncture wounds, bruises, etc. on body.)

JOURNEY TO HAWK MOUNTAIN

*By Cary Dickey, A.D.
Delmarva UFO Contact Center
Wilmington, Delaware*

Way back in August, 1988 there were numerous sightings reported coming from the area of Hawk Mountain with craft going north and east; south too. I remember Bob Gribble had tracked these craft back then. In my opinion, there is a definite connection.

The penciled in arrows on a quickly drawn map indicates some of the directions where most sightings had been reported; including those reported in Delaware.

On March 22, 1989 (Wednesday), a friend and myself visited Hawk Mountain Bird Sanctuary located East of Port Clinton, PA. Hawk Mountain is part of the Appalachian Mountain Range that lies in the southeastern edge of Schuylkill County, just north of the Berks County boundary line. We could feel the positive energy flow through our bodies and unusually "weird" feeling of peace and tranquility.

We hiked over a rocky trail to a cliff that was an elevation of 1,521 feet. Looking north, we could see "clouds" rising into the sky from the nuclear power plant located in Bloomsburg, PA. Directly above those "clouds," a UFO was spotted in another group of clouds. Most of the sky was clear with few clouds. Telepathically, I notified the occupants of the UFO of our arrival. They acknowledged my message by means of a showing of six circling eagles that seemed to appear out of "nowhere". Other people were on the same cliff and acted surprised to see six circling eagles all at once.

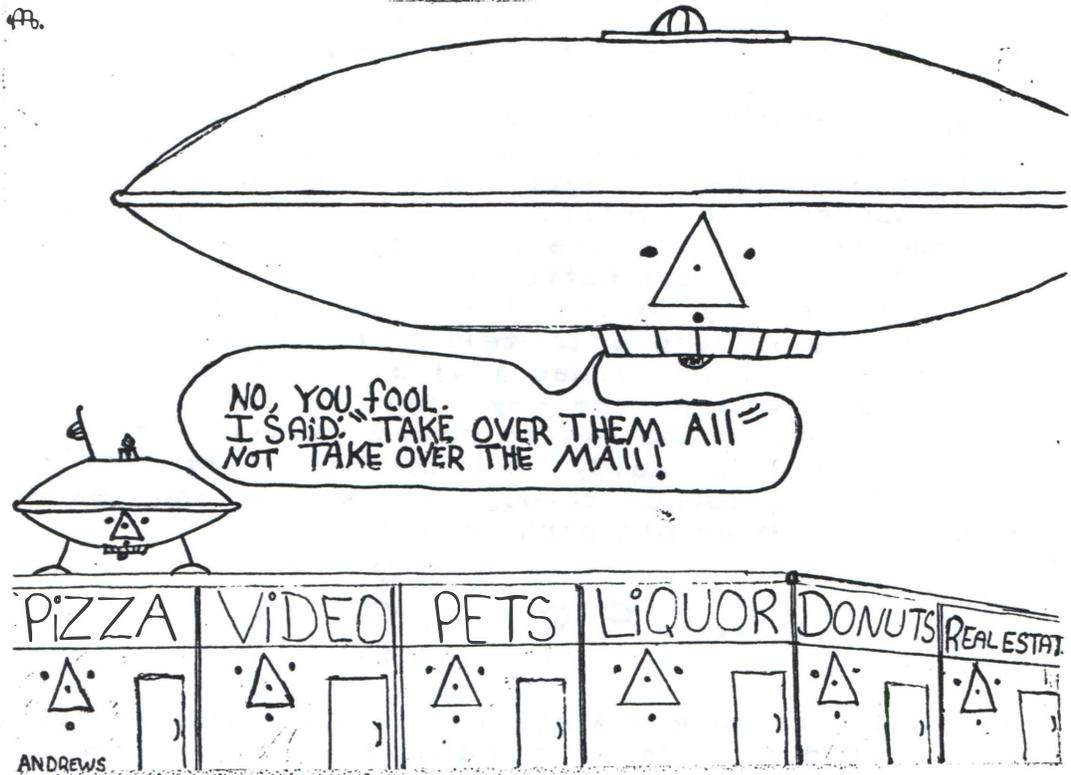
Later we hiked over a rocky trail to another cliff overlooking another valley and mountain range. This cliff was an elevation of 1,300 feet. Below us was a section of the valley that appeared to be charred by a forest fire. Suddenly, the blackened area expanded to the size of three football fields. We could see the road in the valley through the "charcoal cloud". It was like a fog or mist. Inside the "charcoal cloud" were two space aliens waving to me (Preying Mantis type and Lizard Person type aliens). This was when we experienced "missing time." Although it seemed like 2 minutes elapsed, realistically 30 minutes had elapsed according to my watch. Again, we looked at the section of that valley that appeared to be charred and it slowly shrunk and dissipated. Obviously, that section of the valley had not been charred by a forest fire as all of the brush and trees were perfectly intact. Incidentally, the movement of the sun and clouds did not cause this effect.

For reasons unknown to us, three diamond-shaped UFOs followed my car from Hawk Mountain south to the intersection of Route 4.. and Route 1.., several miles north of Downingtown, PA in Chester County. We didn't realize we were being followed until we turned off onto Route 6.. South. In my opinion, they may have materialized at that point but could have been invisible from Hawk Mountain to that intersection of Route 2... and Route 6... They followed us until dusk (approximately 2 hours).

It seems like Reading, PA and Berks County is about to enter a period of heavy UFO activity, unless it is already happening.

The largest UFO was huge and resembled a gigantic ferris wheel with lights around the edges (approximately 3 telephone poles tall). Before disappearing, it came within 100 feet of my car. The other two were similar in appearance but only one telephone pole tall. This is the same type of craft I had seen in Wytheville, VA. It is my belief that a UFO base exists in Hawk Mountain. Since I was being followed for such a distance by such a craft, there is no doubt in my mind that a UFO base exists there.

ALIEN MESSAGE; "WE ARE HERE. NOW IS THE TIME TO TELL ALL."



★ THE MISSING LINK ★

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Dear Aileen:

I have received the Missing Link today and thought it was terrific. I was reading the article about the girl who was visited by ETs. I also have a lump on my right arm and I don't know where I got it. Also I would like to inform you of a sighting that happened to "Arlene", my girlfriend and myself.

We were coming home to Maine and we just entered East Rochester when we noticed a craft that looked like a big city. I pulled to side of the road but other cars came by. As I got out of the car I looked up and saw a much smaller craft that went under the bigger one. The smaller craft had about 10 lights on it and the bigger one looked like a city. I thought to myself it was beautiful, at the same time I was scared. I don't know what I would have done if it would have come down.

When we got home I called the airport in Rochester but only to get this "Line 13 is no more contacted."

I don't know what to do, I feel excited but scared at the same time. Maybe my subconscious mind remembers the encounter and my conscious mind is afraid to remember. I'm going to see Dr. Mundy in May of this year because it hurts to think, and talk about, this encounter. Why? Did I get my mind damaged by this encounter - I wonder. Do you have any answers, or have you someone who feels the same way? Maybe after my visit with Dr. Mundy I will feel better (I hope).

I wonder why do they follow me around so much?

I almost forgot to tell you an incident that happened last year. The house I was living in was out in the country in West Lebanon, Maine and my landlady and myself were watching television in the living room when all of a sudden she looked out the window and said "What is that?" At that time I jumped off the couch, looked through the window and saw a craft that was bigger than an old barn in width.



The lights were different colors and was the length of the barn. I rushed outside in my stocking feet to observe those lights slowly moving away from the barn to an open space and then they disappeared. The noise was a loud humming noise and then nothing. The next day I went behind the barn but there was no evidence that it had landed.

Thank you for listening.... Leonard L. Lessor II.....

* * * * *



"Everything looks great down here, Colony Ship.
You can go ahead and..."

WAYNESBORO, TENNESSEE

ABDUCTION REPORT

By Brent Raynes, Associate Director

(Brent Raynes, Associate Director, Waynesboro, Tennessee has been working on the following case. Name is eliminated to protect the identity of the abductee.)

Date of Birth: 03-04-57, Weymouth, MA

Father German, Mother part Indian, French & German

High school graduate. Interests include art, music, UFOs, and the Bible. Right-handed, scores her own health as good. Has suffered some insomnia.

The following is an excerpt from a letter written to Brent on Feb. 9, 1989:

"... I would like to help you in every way possible, but wish for no pay or credit publicly.

"On Saturday night, October 7, I saw a little gray-skinned being in my dining room when I was praying. It was around 10:30 and terribly early for us to go to bed, which in itself is odd. I said while praying for 'them' to 'cut it out' and 'let me finish praying' for it was something I had been faithfully doing for years and didn't want them messing me up. They evidently obeyed since the last thing I remembered was saying 'Amen.'

"Next morning we awoke with bald spots. My husband's was small like a dime but mine was the size of a silver dollar. It is February and I still have the bald spot! Anyhow, a day or two went by and he came home from work starting to tell me a story of someone at work who had found a small dog out in the desert -- actually all he was able to say was 'how the lady had found a dog' and I finished his story most accurately. Evidently coyotes had gotten a hold of the Pekinese dog -- male -- one eyed -- lids (other eye) sewn together and it could not bark. I was of course correct. Totally! I cannot make it happen -- it just does. If I were tested for it I'd probably fail the test.

"I was 'told' one night that my husband is going to die before his oldest son reaches the seventh grade. That he will die of a heart attack. 'They' told me to tell him to change his diet, but 'they' also told me 'he would not listen and eventually will die because of his poor diet.'

"Today a girl I work with told me that she had had out of body experiences, as well as some kind of battle with something which felt evil or wicked. She mentioned how this presence kept trying to break into her aura. I too have battled this wicked thing. I can't explain it any better than that, though I can say I couldn't actually see anything, but I could sense it and it knew I could.

"Some things I can tell you about all of us that we have in common -- these examples came from meetings I go to (UFO meetings).

"We all were outcasts. We all keep to ourselves. We don't have many friends, or we can't seem to keep them. We all have insecurities or low self-esteem. We have all quit smoking (me

after 16 yrs. of doing it -- just stopped.) We all no longer drink coffee or eat white cane sugar (some). We all eat little or no red meat. We all have had 'Shaman' dreams. Shamanism is to do with Indian witchdoctors. Beings seem to come most during fall season.

"Personally I don't believe these beings are from another planet. I believe they are from another dimension. I believe they are tied into the Bible's Revelation. I believe there are good ones and bad ones. I believe the people who are having intense and frequent encounters will be missing one day. All of them. I read the Bible nightly you see, and in the Bible it mentions how the Lord sends his angels to the four corners of the earth to gather up the believers.

"To answer your question about my encounter with what I believe to be the Holy Spirit; you asked what had I done to cause such guilt. Well, personally I am a sinner to begin with and while in his presence I was measured by his cleanliness just how filthy I am. It was incredible. However, to get right down to my own dirty deeds - I have committed adultery. I have lied before. I used to take drugs (smoked pot once or twice -- possibly three times -- abused prescription drugs). Things like that. I wasn't someone you'd want to know. Now that I am, I have no friends except my husband.

"I once saw a symbol on the side of a silver space craft. It also was in red, like a lightning symbol. As for my other encounters - well I've got so many to tell you about - and those are just the ones I remember. I can just imagine what would happen if I were hypnotized! Here goes..

"Monday, Oct. 17, 3-3:30 a.m. I awoke and was told to go over to the sliding glass doors which leads out to our small patio. I did this. I was told to push back the drapes. I did. I saw a white globe and thought it was the moon but soon realized the moon never comes that close. It glowed and was about 30 inches in diameter. I don't remember letting it in but I must have. I think it scanned me and my husband, and then went into the kids room. I heard drilling, or a grinding noise coming from their room, but was told not to be alarmed by it that it wouldn't hurt them. Next thing I remember is someone asking me why my husband smelled that way (we bought some acidophilus and it affected him terribly)(please forgive my bluntness) so I told them about the acidophilus and they wanted a sample of it.

"I went to the refrigerator and that is when I saw the little beings--they were all in white this time--they themselves were very white, so white they glowed! While giving them some of the acidophilus I was telling them to go look at it through a microscope and they would see a whole new world; that acidophilus were living bacteria -- good bacteria -- I also told them to be careful with it since I wasn't sure how it would affect them. At that point they were so dang happy that they could have danced! I can't explain 'how happy' they were! Incredible!

"They got in their ship -- also white. They kind of performed for me. They made it change shapes -- they also made it real small like 4 inches long and then huge! They then said goodbye

and told me that they personally would never be back. They made me feel like I passed a test. With flying colors!

"October 24, early morning. First thing I remember is being outside somewhere. Someplace I'm not familiar with. I met a little slimy looking guy. He too had big eyes. He was dark green and looked like a frog. He was too playful and very, very ugly! I did not feel comfortable with him. I remember walking into some woods where there other UFOs. I got into a black car though and they were driving it. Next thing I know we are on another planet, or maybe a mother ship. But for some reason this place looked like the moon.

"We went inside. I was in a room -- a huge room like an aircraft hanger. There were many crafts sitting around. Everything in that room was white. I couldn't see where the light came from. I was led into a room to the left. The entire room had Cosmic wallpaper. The being said it was a map or picture of the area all around earth where all their ships are stationed. There were so many thousands of ships too!

"They wanted me to stay with them but I said no. They showed me this animal which looked half dog, half raccoon and were trying to bribe me by telling me I could have it if I stayed. I said no.

"They showed me a room with robotic arms coming out of the walls. Everywhere! They had three fingers on top and one on the bottom. The arms had a ball and socket elbow or hinges and not like the robotic ones I've seen before.

"They told me that they had altered the air in that place for me. They kept wanting me to stay with them and I kept saying no, I want to go home. They finally said okay and put this helmet on me which had wires and tubes coming out of it. Next thing I knew I was home.

"February 7, 10:30 p.m. Paul, my husband, stated that while I was at work he had an encounter. He said a UFO (I think he said gray and black in color) landed or hovered, and though he never saw anyone come from it he did hug someone, someone small, and that they gave him a green egg-like thing that looked as though it could be opened up in the middle."

Dear Aileen:

I found "Above Top Secret". What a fantastic book! Well, once again my mind has been blown!

On page 454 & 455 are two different pictures that I recognized. I think you were supposed to tell me about this book for a good reason.

When I was 9 or 10 years old (1957 or 1958), I saw something at night that looked a lot like the picture on page 455, only it was night time and brightly lit with white, blue and red lights (possibly a few amber). It rolled like a satellite.

Then in September 1986 I had one of my dreams. To make a long story short I saw the picture on page 454 - only the man in the dream told me it was his house! I didn't forget the dream because the "house" was so incredible looking. I drew a picture of the dream last summer. I've been trying to keep a record of these dreams. Anyway, I know this doesn't look exactly like the picture in the book - but don't you think there is a resemblance?

THE DREAM

I was walking along the bank of a creek. It was daytime and it was clear and cool outside. Behind me, and just out of my sight, walked a man with dark hair. He was always one pace behind me, but I knew it was a man.

I was looking down so that I wouldn't trip. I could actually feel the gravel crunch under my feet. I then realized the man had stopped walking so I did the same.

I looked up and saw this huge thing in the middle of the creek. It looked like a tower. There was a structure on a long pole. I was amazed and asked him what it was. He said, "That this is my house." Well, I took him at his word and just assumed that it was some kind of futuristic house. It was incredible, it must have been at least 50 feet high. It seemed to be solid - the pole blending right into the structure. It had dark windows all around. They seemed to be tinted. The 'house' was round with a flat roof. There were lights around the top. I thought they were like porch lights or something.

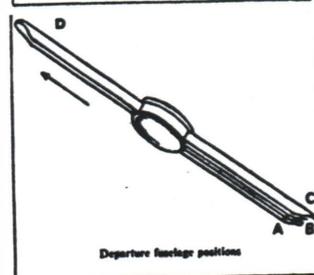
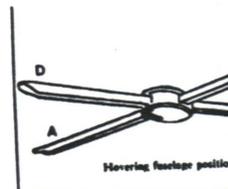
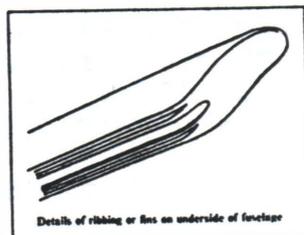
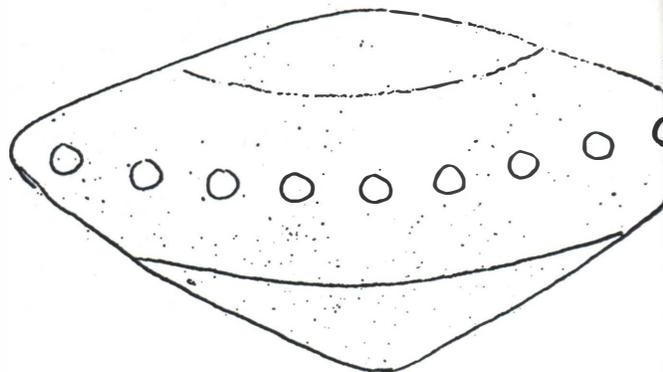
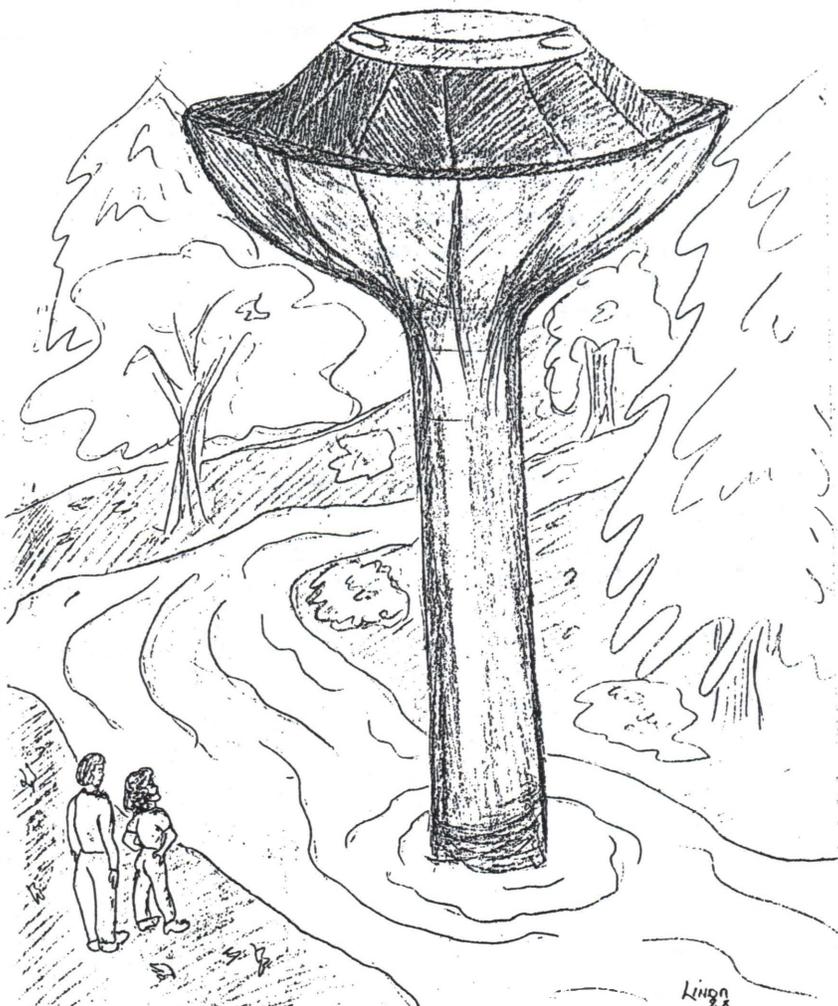
I didn't see any kind of door or opening so I asked him, "how do you get up there?" He never answered me. I remember that it really bothered me not knowing how to get up into the house. Then I realized that I was floating up to the windows and trying to see in; but I saw nothing but the exterior of the structure. When I looked down I got scared (I have always been afraid of heights) and panicked. I started to fall then I woke up.

My drawing does not do the structure justice at all. It was so much more detailed than that but basically that is the shape. The color seemed to be white. The pole was solid and white also. It was very slender in comparison to the top part.

.....Linda Solferino.....

LINDA'S DREAM

* * * * *



EXTRATERRESTRIAL SIGNALLING MACHINE

By Loren Goldfeather
Vancouver, BC.

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This article will be devoted to the construction of a unit whereby anyone without electrical or mechanical knowledge can contact an alien lifeform.

- Parts List:
- (1) one roll of tin foil
 - (2) Four bright yellow Bristol boards, approximately 2 ft. high.
 - (3) One Radio Shack strobe light
 - (4) One turntable (record)
 - (5) One plastic bowl, approx. same diameter as turntable
 - (6) Sharp paper or cardboard cutter.

Directions: Set the turntable on a coffee table. Punch a hole through the center of the plastic bowl. Fit onto center piece of turntable. Cut out a circular piece of Bristol board. Make sure its diameter is bigger than that of the turntable. Double the thickness with 2 pieces glued together for support. Now glue this base on top of the bowl's rim. Take two complete Bristol boards and glue them, the longest sides together, overlapping on both borders, to make a wide cylinder, a little smaller than the circular base.



Now glue this to the base. Line 1/2 of the inside of the cylinder with reflective tinfoil, shiny side out. Hang a strobe light from the ceiling so that the box just sits inside the top of the cylinder, never touching it (center). Cut out the desired message or symbol, on the cardboard face opposite the tinfoil. As the machine rotates, and the strobe flashes, the symbols will appear as a lighthouse beacon and communicator. Colored filters may be used to convey specific emotion, feeling, vibratory message. Face the machine low enough not to be seen by others, at the window, facing the sky. A variation is to cut out a large hole on the face, and place objects inside the unit, to be seen from the sky.

My first symbol was the I Ching sign for "Union". Later, I grew crystals inside the machine, as it rotated.

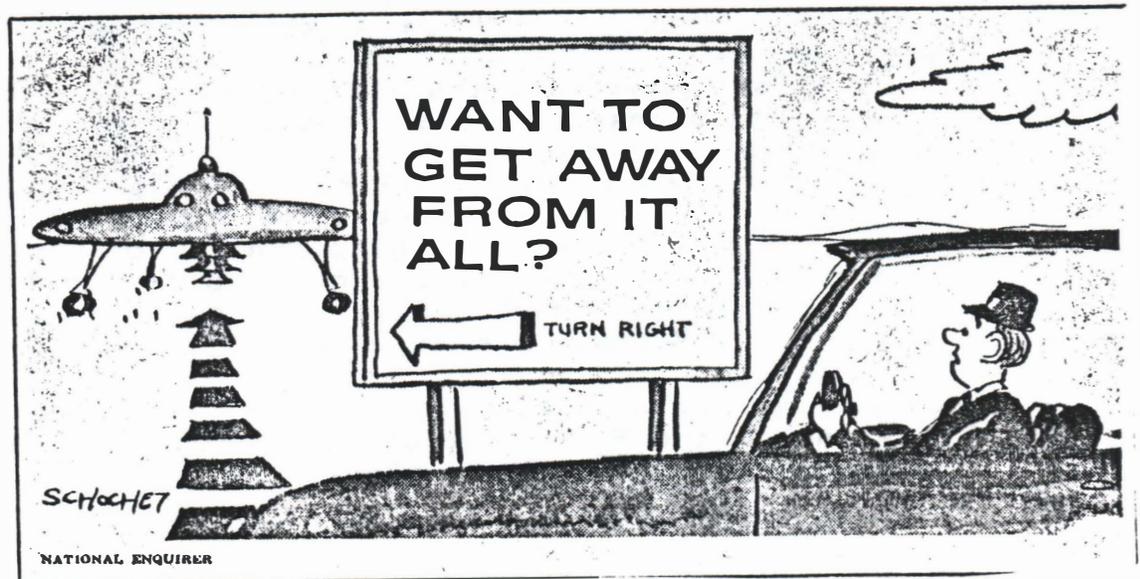
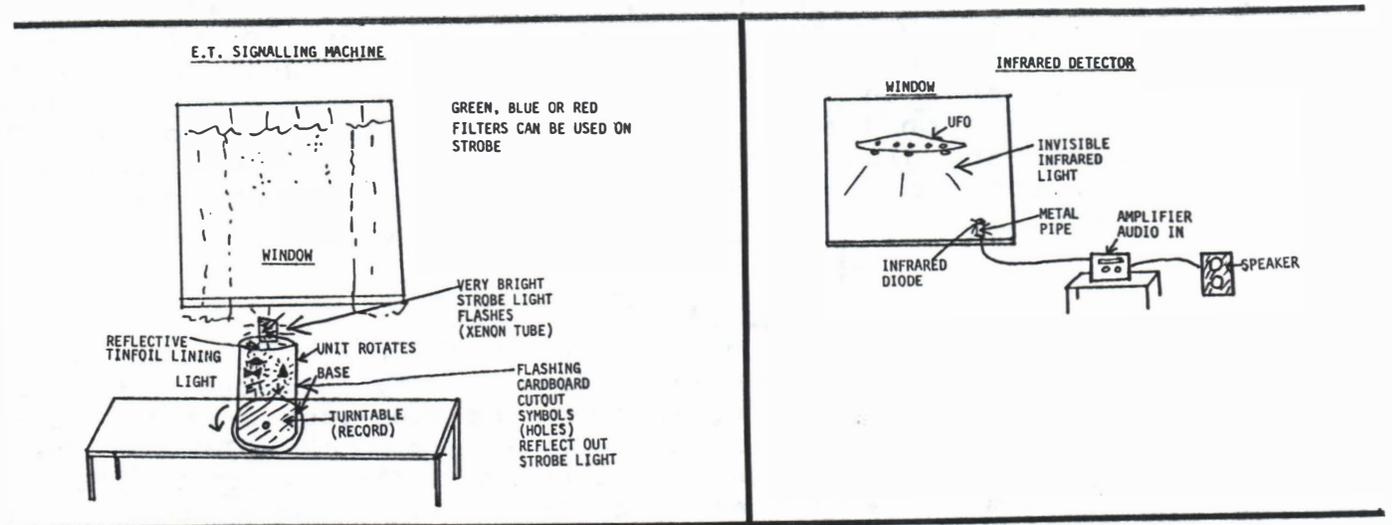
A simple infrared detector is useful to find out if your home is being probed by invisible rays of light. Cut off a 2 - 4" piece of metal pipe. Insert an infrared diode inside the tube and close off one end, punching a hole for the connecting wires. Attach an RCA plug so it can go into the amplifier (audio in). When you aim the detector at a heat or infrared source, you will now "hear" a sound. One may also set up an alarm system, so that a buzzer will go off if infrared light hits the detector. Set it on your window sill and aim it at the sky.

Although the E.T.s may be somewhat amused by your primitive attempts to reach them, they will also be monitoring your

Intentions and sincere desire. A somewhat electronic ritualistic drumbeat is operating on the biological level. The auric vibrations emanating from the individual as he performs his repetitive operations are picked up by the Watchers (my term for the E.T.s) and they will eventually respond to you, at first in an indirect manner, such as dreams - and later more directly.

A warning to the reader, he or she would be wise to pay heed to. Not all lifeforms are friendly with good intentions. Rather than help, some E.T.s spend their allotted lifespans de-evolutionizing mankind. Don't go deep sea diving without your scuba diving gear. That means protect yourself mentally, and be prepared to face your own fears. Even the best ETs will test you. Your ego will be the first thing to go. Tread the right path and you will find the driving force that motivates the highest evolved cultures -- unconditional love.

You may publish my new telephone number: 604-685-4528. (Note: 685-1278 is no longer in service)



DREAM LINKING HISTORY

James Van Avery

True Life Situation

My wife, Dianne and I are both in the same bed and completely asleep. Totally in slumber land, you know, that state when if the house was burning down, you wouldn't care and would rather just lay there and burn up.

I heard a knock on the front door, very sharp, four knocks to be exact. Just like one that a neighbor would use wanting to gain entrance, almost friendly.

Both Dianne and I suddenly awoke. Both of us looked at the clock, 4 AM exactly. I assume Dianne to be TOTALLY asleep. She assumed I was also asleep. We said nothing to each other, only listened for more sounds. None were heard.

A friend, Cathy Nelson, was sleeping in the guest room who also awoke to the knocks. She said the next day that she saw light from a flash light coming through the blinds of the front room window and radio sounds as if coming from a police car. None of us got out of bed, however all of us were very frightened and expected to hear more noises.

This is when an INTERESTING thing started to happen. Dianne and I have been previously discussing Whitley Strieber's book *Communion* and I had

just recently heard the audio tape version of Roddy Mc Dowel's description of Whitley's book, so the preceding thoughts are not new to either of us.

While I was waiting to hear more sounds from outside the house, my mind still in a dreamy state, pictured little gray men in the front room. I imagined them coming into the bedroom just as in Strieber's book, then carrying me out of the room above their heads. I thought this rather strange at the time because I have very little fear of this and have never visualized this to ever happen to me. However, I did experience this very vividly and in color in my imagination.

Conclusion

It turns out that this complete scenario of circumstances was exactly what was going on in Dianne's mind also at exactly the same time. This circumstance of being awoken out of a deep sleep by a knock is the same thing that triggered my first conscious out-of-body experience with my apartment land lord in 1984.

There seems to be a connection in the state of consciousness. I contend that studying this state of mind by being in the half awake and half asleep mode, may

give superb results in mind linking if it could be automatically triggered and predetermined before a sleep period. This will allow both participants to use the calm lucid semi-conscious dream state, to perform out-of-body or dream linking episodes.

Try this as an example. Set the alarm to go off at some very early hour, unknown by both which just barely awakens both participants. Have a predetermined meeting state or send receive interaction such as one person chasing the other with a stick. Make up a scenario which has lots of motion and emotion. Try this and RECORD the results. Refer to a movie dramatization of this sort of transaction, called *Dream Scape* ideas.



BLOOM COUNTY by Berke Breathed

