



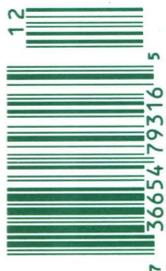
# ★ THE MISSING LINK ★

Number 111

December 1991



Merry Christmas from the UFOCCI

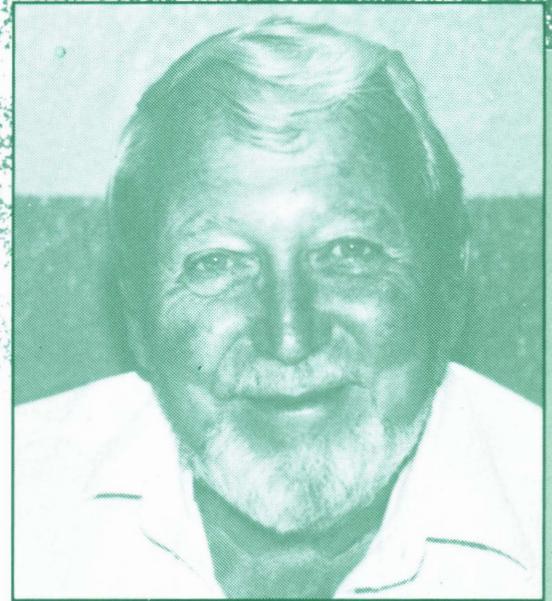


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VOLUME 12

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# UFO

Art by

## Rodney Marchetti



Rodney Marchetti is a native of Rio Dell, a small river town located amidst the redwood forests of Humboldt County in northern California. When he was 10 years old, his family moved to a ranch near the town of Live Oak, California. Shortly after he graduated from Live Oak High School, he moved back to his native Humboldt County. In 1987, he moved to Sacramento, California, where he met his wife, Johanna. He, his wife and their son, Paul, returned to Humboldt County in 1990.

In the early 1970's, Rodney Marchetti's artwork consisted of intricate pencil sketches with a surrealistic theme. In the mid 1970's, he began utilizing pen and ink to achieve the stippling technique, the method in which he excels to this day. He developed the creatures, which he call "dactyls" in the late 1970's. Early in his art career, he displayed his work in local arts and crafts fairs, and later in art galleries. He has displayed his work at several Eureka and Sacramento galleries, and produced a mural which incorporated his dactyl creatures, and more recently, his work has been published in UFO, Starwind, Quantum Leap, Missing Link, and Overland magazines. In 1989, Marchetti produced a catalog of 33 prints of his work.

Rodney Marchetti has been included as an Attending Artist in the 1990, 1991, and 1992 International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts (IAFA) conference in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Rodney Marchetti currently resides in Fortuna, California, and works as a free-lance artist.



# DEAR AILEEN

## THE NEWS IS GETTING AROUND (In the most unusual ways!)

This week we received a call from a man in Arizona. He said, is this "The Missing Link?" I was taken aback, "well... yes it is, I suppose". "Well," he said, "I have a copy of the Missing Link right here in my hand. I found it at "Al's Truck Stop" in Mesa, Arizona. It has been well read." He said, "I see you were just in Arizona! I wish I had of known that."

The man said he was so intrigued that he is going to subscribe!

He also said that he has a friend that has been having all kinds of experiences. She has kept track of them so he is going to have her send them to us to put in the Missing Link.

The man said, "I wonder if I should take this with me or leave it for more people to read??"

What I am wondering is "who" left it there. I guess all that matters is someone who really enjoyed it found it and was able to share what he learned with a person that needed to tell about her experiences.

### Dearest Aileen:

This is just a little thank you note, but it expresses a very BIG desire to show my gratitude. I had a lovely time at Cottonwood and Sedona and was so thrilled to finally meet you and the UFOCCI "gang". Nell is cute as a bug and Lozanna is so dynamic for such a young woman. I still get a buzz of excitement when I think of attending Jorpah for the first time and being awarded with such outstanding honors!! THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU!

We will progress together and continue to love and be loved. That of course includes our families and very special partners.

Blessings to all and thanks again.....Claudia Sanderson

*(Director's note: Claudia was the recipient of the Stayce Borland Memorial Award for outstanding director of the year at this year's Jorpah in Cottonwood, Arizona. By the way, there is talk of having it in the same place next year due to the unfortunate circumstances in Kansas.)*

### Dear Aileen:

Why is it that "The Missing Link" keeps on getting better every month? You have no idea how I look forward to each monthly issue!

In reference to your article entitled "Sighting and an "Extraterrestrial Consultation", by Dr. Leopoldo Diaz Martinez of Mexico, with translation and comments by Richard Heiden. The symbol shown is accurate. Our own physicists have what they call a Plasma Theory regarding electromagnetic current and the origin of the universe. I am a contactee with an on-going relationship. Many times my "little friends' have in futility tried to explain Time and Space to me. Each time it has gone way over my head! (Little pun there!) Seriously, I can verify that I too have been told the same thing. I am not surprised that there has been no follow-up. I don't believe that the aliens give us this information, believing that it will be disseminated and believed. The reason is of a personal nature.

Looking forward to future issues. . . . R.B.

(Editor's Note: Thank you for your kind words in recognition of our constant effort to improve the *Missing Link*. I don't know how long you have been with us but if you could have seen the first issue published you would be shocked in comparison! Very soon we are going to make the effort to syndicate the Missing Link on the newsstands. At that time we will need everyone to send in articles to be included.)

## Dear Aileen:

I've been thinking of Stayce a lot lately and it seems it follows with some one sending ideas to me and the gathering of my own thoughts also. (For those of you who are new, one of our Associate Directors was murdered in 1990. Her name was Stayce Borland of Las Vegas, Nevada) I thought you might be interested, so here goes. The one thing I did get when thinking of her was that it was sort of a warning. I got the "willies" when it came to mind.

Sometimes though, thoughts can become so mixed it takes time to sort them out. Fear is said to be our worst emotion and some one is using it against us to try to control or keep us in shadows, where most of us are anyway. They don't understand why we keep going and to our amazement, some of us don't understand it ourselves.

It seems that it's time for some of us to come out of the shadows and gather ourselves together. I believe in past lives and I believe that we all have been taught, and trained, for a very long time for this time. We should not fear for we have been through many things that are worse. It's hard to hear but when you think of some of the past lives we have lived it makes one wonder. I think that the people before us, and we ourselves, are the foundation layers for the future time. We wait for the ships to land and prove to the world that for once and all UFOs are real. Maybe it will happen, maybe it won't. We just can't keep sitting around and waiting for it to happen. The important thing is to remember, and be sure of ourselves, plus we are not alone.

Something all groups have to do is get rid of ego. Stop looking for mistakes in others encounters, and pull ourselves together. We have to listen and care about each other and learn, even when we don't agree we should listen. Every person has the right to their thought. We don't have the right to decide who is right and who is wrong.

It was explained to me that what some people call negative may not appear to be so to them for they have to have an understanding. They might have to be dealing with such in the future and if you don't know what your dealing with it can cause great problems and can cause harm to others who do not know how to deal with such.

When certain times come you will have to face things and you will not be able to walk away from it. So it is best to try and understand and study something instead of turning your back because it's something you feel isn't right. Those people who you think deal with the negative might be **having** to deal with it. So don't judge too early. They could be the ones in certain points in the future you could be depending on. Everyone is being taught, and has been taught. Everyone is taught in a style best for them to learn. They are told in a way that they understand. It wouldn't do any good if they did not understand the teachings which they are receiving. Even if we don't agree we need to listen and take anything of our understanding that would be good for us.

The Berlin wall has come down and a great healing is taking place. Yet another wall is being built all over the Earth. This wall cannot be permitted to be finished. It's between groups and people who are working for the same cause, just in different ways. I guess I can't say it enough - all of us need to start working with each other - just not here but all over the Earth. We have forgotten who we are and what we are. It is time for us to remember. It's time for us to gather our thoughts and decide in which way, and how, we are going to pull ourselves together. We can no longer call others negative or decide who is right or wrong. It's time for all of us to work with each other. We are not children. If we are then, yes, we are in trouble.

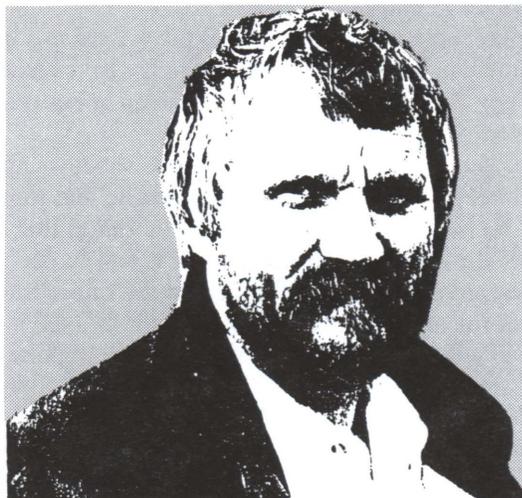
Even though we don't know each other we link around this world and we reach out to the outer limits. We are stronger than we think, and their not wanting us to find this out. If we don't pull together we are cutting ourselves in half and we have no one to blame but ourselves. It's up to us and no one else.

After this period I have been told I shall return home. This I long for, as many others do. Home is a magic word that pulls at our very being and tugs on our hearts till the tears run down our face; for home we can't remember but can only feel the love, and longing for a place we know we belong. Each time we look up at the stars we wonder how much longer and how long will it take to get there. Will we remember, then dream of places, just enough to let you know you're close. The emotions are there that bring out feelings one never knew could grow so deep inside ones self. How could we have forgotten such a place which meant so much. Why can't we remember. All will in time and then maybe an understanding of why we do what we do will come close to some form of understanding for those around us. As all of us say in our hearts many times, "*I want to go home.*"

.. Appleton, Wisconsin

## SWEDISH ABDUCTION AND CONTACT

*(The following case is taken from the AFU Newsletter, Archives for UFO Research, POB 11027, S-600 11 Norrkoping, Sweden, Number 35, Jan-Dec 1990)*



### SWEDISH ABDUCTION AND CONTACT

Dreams or alien contacts?

*By Clas Svahn*

For more than six years Ante Jonsson, 47, resident of the small town of Tingsryd in the Swedish county of Smaland, has had contacts with aliens from another world. Ante Jonsson has produced hundreds of pages filled with notes from alleged travels to other planets, enigmatic prophecies, warnings and an innocent love affair.

Starting out as a rather ordinary observation of an UFO at 1 a.m. on February 3, 1984, the encounter soon developed into something that was to change Ante Jonsson's life completely. This encounter will be described, in detail, later in this article.

To make a brief summary of this highly complicated case creates some problems. Especially since the contacts continue even as I write this article. Ante, himself, is not sure of what is going on around and inside of him. It could be dreams, he says, but doubts his own conclusion.

Although AFU is only at the beginning of investigating this case, there can be no question that something real triggers the events, i.e., journeys to other "planets" and some kind of altered states communication, which have followed on the first encounter.

The main question, however, must be to find out if Ante Jonsson's contacts and travels to distant places are to be considered as "real" in a nuts-and-bolts-sense or if it should be viewed as a part of some highly complex inner trauma.

Several articles have been published on the case in Swedish newspapers, local radio stations have interviewed him, and in 1989 Ante published a book about his experiences in cooperation with a retired teacher from Sundsvall, Sune Hjorth. The book (published in Swedish only) was Hjorth's first involvement with the UFO problem. In spite of all this publicity, the encounters are as mysterious and unexplained as they were in 1984.

What makes this case complicated is not only the recurrent "dreams", where Ante is able to meet his woman contact "Jenny", and to travel to other places in the universe. Even the very first, and most concrete encounter, seems to be as hard to grip as any "dream".

To label Ante Jonsson's experiences "dreams" is not really fair. A dream is something everyone can look forward to having in bed and in the night, but Ante experiences his "dreams" outside of his home.

He can feel when a new contact is coming up, several days ahead, and when the time has come he usually drives his car to a nearby lake where the contact is made.

There seems, however, to be circumstantial evidence that he is going through some kind of altered state, entering a "dreamland" or another dimension, where his contacts can be made.

## THE INITIAL EXPERIENCE

With the help of Antes own account of his experiences, a written police report, and a case record from the hospital in Vaxjo, AFU can now give a concise picture of what really happened on the night of the 3 February 1984. The night when everything started.

This night Ante Jonsson was driving south on Road 30 from Ingelstad to his home in Tingsryd. It was snowing and the road was slippery. Ante slowed his car down as he approached an area where he knew there could be moose. Soon he caught a glimpse of a small figure by the left side of the road. Further out on a meadow he could see a huge, black object hovering in the air. Astonished and curious, Ante stopped the car to watch for the small figure, but couldn't see him.



My first thought was to go and get my camera, which I kept at home, and return to take a picture of the craft out in the field, Ante told AFU researchers during an interview in March 1990. I stepped on the accelerator and headed home.

When Ante returned to the site the time was around 1:30a.m. The craft, which had looked like "a flying submarine", was gone so Ante decided to drive another kilometer and then turn at a roadcrossing.

Reaching the crossing he suddenly spotted the object again. It was now blocking the road. He brakes to avoid a collision with the black craft but the car skids and stops with the headlights on the mysterious craft. In an attempt to flee, the car got stuck in the snow on the roadside.

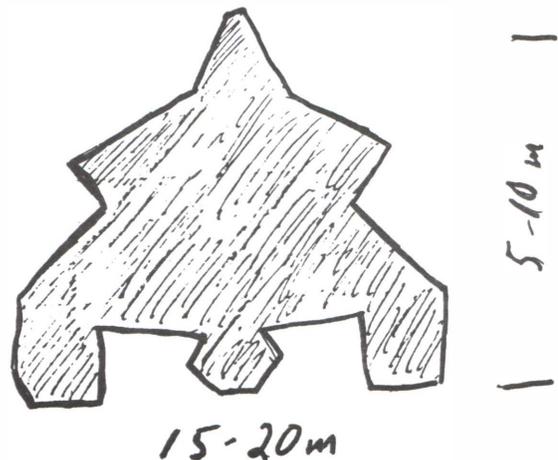


## STRUGGLE WITH CREATURES

When I opened the door and tried to get out I was caught by a creature that grabbed my arm and nearly lifted me out of the car. I screamed as much as I could.

Ante managed to strike himself free and started to run, but was soon caught once again. This time his struggle was to no avail and he lost consciousness. Before fainting he caught a glimpse of his body being dragged towards the craft. He could also spot a truck passing by.

As I woke up I found myself sitting in the car again; cold, wet and with a stinging feeling in my hands. I also have a brief memory of talking to someone, whom I later found out was a police officer. After that, all I remember is waking up at the hospital in Vaxjo.



The policeman, which Ante referred to, was called to the scene in the company of a colleague, after a mysterious phone call had been received at the police station. The call was from a man calling himself "Bengt Johansson from Kristianstad". This "Bengt Johansson" stated, according to the filed police report, that he had seen a car with its lights turned off standing on the road and, quoting the text, "with a black object hovering over it".

"Bengt Johansson" was driving southwards from Vaxjo, heading for Tingsryd, when he spotted the car and the object. According to the report "Johansson" got scared and headed back north until he found a phone booth from where he made his call.

But the police patrol from Vaxjo never found "Bengt Johansson" and in spite of a quite thorough search neither has AFU researchers. This implies that the name is fake. But who did the call? Was it the truck driver that Ante remembers passing by? Or was it somebody else?

## FINGERS BENT LIKE CLAWS

Whoever it was, the scene had changed as the two policemen arrived at Ante's car. The object had vanished. In the car Ante was sitting, frightened and confused. He was trembling and the policemen couldn't get in contact with him.

The report also states that "the muscles in his arms and hands were very tense and the fingers bent like claws". The policemen decided to take Ante to the Vaxjo medical clinic where they arrived ten minutes to three in the morning.

At the hospital, the doctor promptly concluded that Ante suffered from a severe shock, hyperventilated and had a staring look. The doctor also noticed, as the policemen had, that ante's fingers were bent in cramp. He gave Ante an injection of valium, a sedative and tried to make contact with the patient.

Ante had great difficulties to communicate and spoke only briefly to the doctor. In response to the question if he had experienced something terrible Ante answered with a short "yes."

When the doctor considered Ante fit for moving, he was transferred by ambulance to the psychiatric ward at Sankt Sigfrid's hospital in Vaxjo where he had to remain for a couple of days - a stay which Ante describes as one long scene from the movie "Flying over the cuckoo's nest".

This far the vital parts of Antes story can be validated with documents from the police and the hospital. It is without question that Ante Jonsson has been exposed to something very frightening near the road where he was found. To simulate the medical signs, the cramps and the shock, both acknowledged by the police and doctor, would be nearly impossible. The cramps imply that Ante held on to something very hard, most probably the steering wheel.

But the main question remains unsolved: what did Ante Jonsson encounter on the road in the middle of the night seven years ago? And what made him so afraid?

## ABDUCTION STORY

Ante himself asserts that he was abducted and taken on board the large craft by some aliens. This information was given to him in the summer of 1986, two and a half years after the scary meeting.

In a conversation with Jenny (his contact and "supervisor" from another world), minutely recorded by Ante, he was told how he was in such a deep shock that he was carried aboard the submarine-like vehicle. For a moment the aliens feared he was going to die since his heart nearly stopped.

To save his life, Jenny told him, he was placed inside some sort of pressure chamber with bands covering his waist and breast. The rescue operation was successful and Ante released.

According to Jenny the crew took some samples of Ante's hair to "measure his total lifespan"; previous reincarnations included. They also took a sample from his skin to determine his physical and mental condition. When all this was completed Ante was released and taken back to his car, since another driver nearly discovered them.

So far this is Ante's own account of what happened aboard the craft. But this was only the beginning of a series of strange encounters, meetings and travels that were to change the life of Ante Jonsson completely. This we shall look further into, later on.

## ENIGMATIC INFORMATION

Strangely enough, it is not only the travels and "dreams" that are hard to comprehend and explain. Even the very first, and most tangible, parts of the story such as the actions reported by the police on the night of February 3, cause problems for a researcher.

For some unknown reason the two policemen altered their story as time went by. They state that they found a lens case outside the car (Ante says that he never owned such a case), and that they locked up the car as they left the site to bring Ante to the hospital (Ante says that the car was impossible to lock due to a malfunction). Why these details, insignificant as they seem are distorted, is hard to understand.

Interest from the police did not stop with this first intervention. The same day as Ante Jonsson was able to leave the hospital of Sankt Sigfrid he was approached by the Criminal Investigation Department of the police in Vaxjo. For over an hour he was interrogated on the scene, and every detail was measured and drawn by the police.

Since the observation occurred near a sensitive military installation this interest is understandable. This may also explain why the police removed the film from Ante's camera and kept it for a long while.

Thus far, everything indicates that Ante has experienced something real and frightening. But what did he really see?

## New Contacts

A couple of weeks after the first encounter Ante "feels" a voice calling upon him, trying to make contact. He keeps this feeling to himself. It isn't until the night of the March 6, 1984, that he gets to meet with the aliens again. Ante writes;

"This night I was awakened by somebody touching my shoulder and I got up from my bed. There was nobody in the room except for my sleeping wife. I felt that somebody was calling me and went to the kitchen, now fully dressed, and later out into the street. There I see a man in a long, black coat. I start to walk towards him. He disappears for a moment but soon I can see him again. My God, he has no feet! He floats down the street and as I follow him I can see a very pale and long face looking at me."

After a short walk Ante finds himself at a nearby meadow where a black craft is hovering. The pale man is standing in front of it and then he disappears. Ante can see the craft moving towards him until it is right above him.

"It hovers for a while and then something incredible takes place. I feel myself floating in the air but I can't feel any sensations. A moment later I am back in the garden outside my house.

## FIRST UFO RIDE?

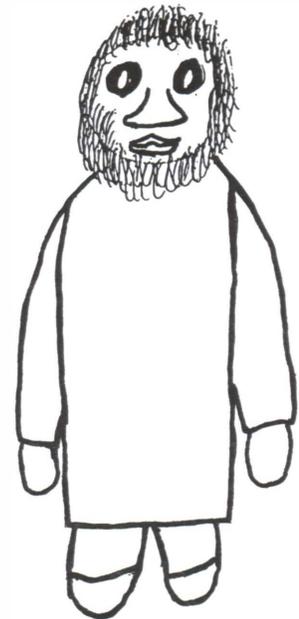
His next meeting was not until nearly two months later, on April 26, 1984. On this occasion he is taken on board.

"I find myself in a room that looks like a big crystal ball. I can feel someone else in the room but as I look around there is no one to be seen. Outside the crystal I can see the ground far below."

Ante finds a bench on which he sits down. The bench is soft and feels like he's sitting in a bathtub. After two hours the black figure from the previous meeting emerges. Ante estimates his length to 160 centimeters, of normal physical structure but with long arms, his hair growing all over his face. Ante can see no ears no chin. Two black eyes, a flat "nose" and thick, prominent lips makes up the face.

This "man" gives Ante some grayish looking fluid to drink and turns to a board on the wall where a test in Swedish, emerges. Ante gets to know that their conversation will be made by some kind of magnetic thoughts on the board.

During this first trip, Ante is told the usual contactee messages that we are not alone in the universe, and that there are other solar systems with inhabitants of higher intelligence than ours. He is also warned of a coming catastrophe if we keep using atomic energy.



## CONTACTS WITH JENNY

This time he didn't meet Jenny, but later on Jenny will be his main contact.

During his trips he has long conversations with Jenny. Subjects differ, from talking about everyday life to nuclear war - of which Ante is not only warned but also given a specific date of when it is going to start. A date he does not want to reveal. He is also taken to a planet devastated by a nuclear holocaust.

He swims, eats and mingles with Jenny's friends in a way that is far away from the often technically complex American abduction scenarios, and seems more like a postcard from a trip to a foreign country.

Since the first event Ante has written several hundred pages about his experiences. When asked where he thinks these travels have taken him he says that he is not sure, but thinks he has been outside our solar system. He has visited three or four different places but refuses to speculate where these may be situated.

In his trips he has come to meet many different human-like creatures. One of which he refers to as "the half-ape", another is called the "fir-eater" and a third one which has a thin body and long arms. And then, of course, Jenny.

## LOVE AFFAIR

It is Jenny everything focuses on. She is the cause of all the contacts. Jenny is beautiful, wise and easy to like. Sometimes it is hard for Ante to distinguish her from another girl, on earth, that he once fell in love with. A love affair Ante cannot forget. Jenny is, without any doubt, the key to his "dream-world".

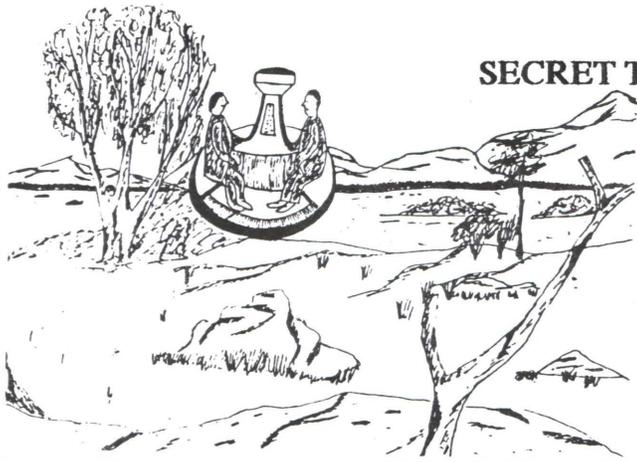
The journeys with Jenny to other worlds are filled with questions. But the answers are often evasive and unclear. During their many conversations he feels that Jenny is avoiding answers, and instead gives him her views and her thoughts. This fact disturbs him. Nevertheless he experiences their conversations as meaningful and very important.

Jenny is as "real" as any living person - at least to Ante. He finds her attractive and strong.

When we discuss his experiences and journeys to other worlds Ante hesitates. He states that he does not know how real his experiences are. Of course, they are real to himself but he cannot say for certain if they are real in a more objective sense. There is no definite way to distinguish them from dreams.

● It can all be a dream. I can't stop thinking that, says Ante. Neither can I stop knowing that it all happens in the real world. Sometimes I don't know what to think.





## SECRET TO HIS FAMILY

CS: In what way has your family reacted to all this?

AJ: I tried not to tell them and kept it a secret as long as I could. But eventually they learned about it. After finishing the book "Fantastic Journeys with UFO Visits to Other Civilizations", 1989) I had to tell them.. My wife really don't want to know that much and there are many things I haven't told her. We don't talk that much about it.

CS: Her situation must be rather odd, living with someone who lives this kind of double life.

AJ: Yes. I have thought about how I would have reacted if the same thing was happening to her. I would have considered her nuts! That I would have told her. But she takes it all right, which surprises me very much even though her initial reaction was that I was going crazy. She never said that out loud. No, she just told me that maybe it all was a vivid form of dream.

CS: And that was your own opinion for a while...?

AJ: Yes - and it still is. I mean, I am not really sure what is happening to me. Maybe it is a dream, maybe not. But I think not.

CS: Talking to you in 1986 you called everything "dreams".

AJ: Some of these things I experience I still consider dreams. But I'd rather keep it all an open question. I really don't know what is going on. You know, when this thing happens nothing else exists around me. It is a mixed feeling between reality and something else.

## ADVANCED WARNING

CS: Your perception of the world around you changes?

AJ: Yes, in some way. And this can happen anytime, day or night. But most of the time it happens at dusk.

CS: Can you describe your reaction when you are being contacted?

AJ: I feel restless and all my body gets a creeping sensation. I can't find the words to explain it. Something starts to move inside of me. In my body and in my head. And when this is happening I know that something is going on. One to three days later I have a contact.

CS: Does this creeping sensation stay until you get the contact?

AJ: No, it passes away. I only feel it for a day or so. Then, suddenly, after another day without the feeling, it all happens. There is no such feeling during the contact, nor afterwards.

CS: Does this change of reality hit you gradually or is it an immediate sensation?

AJ: It comes very quickly, often when I am looking at the TV. It always begins between my toes and moves upwards, as if somebody was stroking your leg gently with a hand. When this feeling reaches my breast I really know that something is going to happen. But it always begins between the toes. It sounds strange but this is true.

In this way Ante is always warned in advance that a contact is going to be made. When he feels that the right time has come he tells his family that he is going for a ride in the car, but never reveals his true destination: a lake ten miles to the north. At this lake most of the contacts have been made.

## TIME DISTURBANCES

Reaching this lake he sits by the shore, waiting. A couple of hundred meters behind him cars pass by on the busy road between Tingsryd and Vaxjo (the same road where he made his first contact). No one seems to pay any attention to the egg-shaped craft hanging over the lake. Except for Ante himself.

The craft, hovering in front of Ante, descends and Ante is taken on board. After a short trip they return to the lake but this time everything has changed. On one occasion Ante told me that it was as if he had been taken back in time. The road and the busy cars were gone, the fields and trees looked different. On another occasion he left a winter landscape for a hot summer's day. But never has he travelled to the future.

The first year or so, he was taken to other places as well. Places far away, at least Ante thinks so, maybe to other planets as we have seen before. Inside the ship he has met other human beings, from other countries, all travelling to distant locations by their own free will.

Today Ante keeps three different files on what is happening to him. Hundreds of pages are filled with his notes. I have only read a part of them since he chooses to keep most of it hidden in a safe-deposit box at a bank.

The first file concerns his journeys and conversations with Jenny. The second is information on previous lives, revealed to him through automatic writing. And the third is all about himself, memories from his life as a teenager. And these memories are often very bright, sometimes painful.

## THERAPY

When I asked Ante about his feelings when writing about his youth it is clear that this is very important to him. There are memories that he would rather not tell about. Writing them down is a relief to him, some kind of therapy and he describes the information he gets as "memories emerging from within, surfacing for him to write down".

CS: Do you feel that this is some sort of therapy given to you by Jenny?

AJ: Yes, it seems so. Here I am confronted with things I haven't been aware of for a long time.

Can it be that this is what it's all about? That this therapy is the climax and purpose of the whole experience? Maybe all that has transpired is a mere framework leading to Ante's inner self, giving him a chance to deal with his traumas and hidden memories? This is not an easy question.

As with any other contact story, Ante's has two faces. Some of them much more tangible than some obscure memories from days past.

## ARTIFACTS

During one of our conversations Ante showed me a stone that he once found in his pocket after one of the trips from the lake. It wasn't big and not very unusual. When I held it in my hand it felt smooth and nice to touch. An ordinary stone as far as I could tell.

Ante says it resembles the stones he had seen on the shore during one trip to the "summer lake". He and Jenny had been taking a swim and afterwards they had been sitting on some stones by the side of the lake.

Maybe Jenny put it in his pocket, maybe it just fell in there - or maybe it is just an ordinary stone from this world. As always Ante hesitates and draws no simple conclusions.

The stone has never been analyzed and I doubt that such an inspection would shed any light on its origin. Artifacts from UFO encounters tends to be no better proof than the witnesses own stories.

A grayish, milk-like, drink was given him on yet another occasion. This time he found a plastic looking bottle standing near his home. The bottle contained the same substance. He was supposed to drink it for a couple of days, preparing, as he had been told, for another, longer journey. It seems that the drink was important for Ante's body before making this longer trip. The bottle was later destroyed by Ante and thrown away.

## UNDERWATER BASE

Ante states that he has visited an underwater base where he saw huge doors in a cliff. The doors were numbered with ordinary Arabian numbers but the numbers had small hooks making them look like the astrology signs. Never has he reported seeing any unusual writings that he has not been able to read.



There have been some signs on board the ships, however, which he has not been able to decipher. One of them, frequently used on some boxes, looks like the sign of Pisces but with its two arches intersected. It sounds strange but it is true, states Ante.

## NEW YORK EPISODE

One evening, the 20th of October 1986, he is taken to a big city where he later meets a girl and eats a meal with her. The "contact" began as a colored cloud suddenly filled the room where Ante was resting on a bed. For a short while everything turned black. Seconds later he found himself sitting on a bench in a park. Around him big houses point to the sky and he presumes that this must be New York

There is no room for discussing this mysterious event in detail here but one interesting thing must be noted. Returning home again (Ante found himself standing on the lawn outside his house at 04.16 in the morning, seven hours after the cloud came into the room), he receives a postcard from New York, addressed to "Ante Johansson", postmarked 20th October 1986. The message on the postcard is impossible to read. The meaning behind the postcard is obscure, to say the least.

The New York episode is but another strange coincidence of which this case is filled.

## HIDDEN YOUTH TRAUMA

One of the most recent episodes happened inside Antes home when he was looking at a video recording earlier this year:

I was looking at this old black and white film when suddenly I got the feeling of being someplace I couldn't recognize, says Ante. The TV set looked completely different. I got worried and started to walk down the stairs to the kitchen. On my way down I passed by a mirror and caught a glimpse of myself.

What I saw scared me. There I was, looking at myself precisely as I looked like when I was 15! My clothes looked different and I was young again. I went to the kitchen, which I didn't recognize, and had some water.

As Ante "woke up" he realized that what he had seen was himself not only being young again, but also in his old house where he had grown up. The TV set and the kitchen all looked like the things he remembered from 30 years ago.

And this is only one of many examples of connections to Ante's boyhood. The notes he makes all deal with his being 15, 16 or 17 years old. Here a trauma, not yet unearthed, may be hidden.

As many other contactees Ante's experiences are only for himself. There are no witnesses. I know of one occasion when Ante brought two friends with him to the lake after getting the "feeling" in his body. This time nothing happened.

Our research into the case continues. This summary above is only a small part of the story thus far. In our investigation we must be very cautious and open minded. Many of its aspects are still hidden in a safe deposit box by Ante himself. Some other materials are not yet to be published. Until we have seen all the material I will postpone any conclusive judgement.



## REMEMBERING MYSELF (Part III)

By Alwyn

You probably noticed that my memory of the dream-that-was-not-a-dream differed a bit from the recollection that came forth under hypnosis. In fact, as I listened to the tape while transcribing it, the experience came back to me in full detail. What emerged during that session is what **really** happened. Conscious memory has a nasty habit of selecting, veiling, essentially confusing strange events. Trust what you recall when you're most relaxed, and you can't go wrong.

Exactly what lay behind that grid I was speeding toward? I cannot say. Yet. It seems as though I did not want to see it, or chose not to recall it. Maybe it was nothing. But some day, I hope to find out.

In my conscious memory of the experience, I did not recall seeing the "little person" in my bedroom doorway. The recollection of that being under hypnosis was extremely difficult, yet extremely vivid as well. I could absolutely see the creature, in three-dimensional you-are-there-while-this-is-happening reality, as if **reliving** the occurrence right there in Aileen's office. Much of the rest of the remembering took place in a two-dimensional I've-seen-this-before recollection, like watching TV or something.

And it turns out that the guy at the control panel had **six** fingers. Six very long fingers. How do I know that? Well, that guy at the control panel was my pal Th'ar. I was formally re-introduced to him a week or so later, during what I call a "show-and-tell" experience.

Once again, late at night, I was awakened. Only this time it was more of a treat; instead of being manipulated, I was shown something.

There, in my bedroom doorway, appeared a cone of light approximately two to three feet high. Inside the cone stood what I can only describe as a miniature holographic representation of the creature who had been at the control panel during my previous encounter. The height of the image was about one foot. It was three-dimensional, and rotated inside the cone so I could see it in its entirety.

It was certainly not a handsome critter, not by our standards. But then, we probably don't look too wonderful to them, either. Standing in reality about six-and-a-half to seven feet tall, the being's overall appearance can best be described as insect-like. Its outstanding facial features were two huge, elongated dark eyes, and a protruding mandible-style jaw. Its skin seemed leathery and criss-crossed, as though sectioned. And, yes, the six long fingers -- two where our thumb would be. I later attempted to draw what the creature looked like to me. It is my own thinking, and I stress this is only a personal theory, that these may be the tall, long-fingered beings who have appeared to so many contactees, only hooded or shrouded in darkness. Now you can probably understand why a hood would be a proper fashion accessory for one of these guys. Why they would choose to reveal the "whole picture" to me, I have no idea.

The creature's name would be virtually unpronounceable in our tongue. But if you were to attempt it, the result would sound something like Ngshtxgashthar. I call him Th'ar, for short.

The religious philosophy of Th'ar's home world is decidedly polytheistic, having many of what we would call "gods." I gather it to be somewhat akin to our ancient Hinduism. This apparently does not sit well with the rest of the Federation, most of which consists of monotheistic cultures. By "Federation" is meant the community of ascended worlds. By "ascended" is meant those cultures who have evolved beyond hatred and warfare and accepted harmony and peace as the only means of co-existence. And have evolved technologically (if that's the proper word; spiritually might be better) to the point where they can traverse time and space virtually at will. By "dazed and confused" is meant my own state of mind, which is not sure it can accept or deal with any of this on its current level. But I must press on.

Th'ar's world is just recently ascended, having been allowed into the Federation only in the last one or two thousand years. You see, they used to be a very warlike species, not unlike our own. Originally a winged race graced their skies. but they were eventually slain to extinction by their earthbound brethren. The guilt and yearning that this genocide gradually engendered resulted in a combination

warrior/spiritual mentality. A dualism much like the one that exists in our own psyche. Which is why, I believe, this race has been chosen as our contact. As an aside, I think it's most curious that the current heroes of our younger generation are the cartoon character "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles". The resemblance of said characters to Th'ar's race is rather uncanny. Perhaps this is no coincidence? Might this represent some sort of conditioning or preparation toward acceptance of something hitherto considered grossly inhuman, horribly foreign? One wonders.

And, oh yes, I forgot to mention that Th'ar's species carries its vital organs in a hard shell on its back. This externalization of what are, to us, the internal life forces, only helps contribute to the mind/body split so prominent in Th'ar's culture.

So much for what I learned about Th'ar. I also learned a few things about myself. For instance, that my name was Alwyn. That my nickname was, roughly translated, "Wrong-Way." That I was good at getting lost, good at getting into jams, good at getting out of them. That, despite my alarming propensity toward ineptitude, I was respected for possessing a quick, bright spirit, a wild sense of humor. Respected for being clever.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Time to return to the hypnosis session. Time to remember some more...

During the next portion of the hypnosis session, Aileen decided to take me back to an experience that occurred in the Fall of 1975 or Spring of 1976. At this point in my life, I had recently finished a year of seminary, studying for the Episcopal ministry at Yale Divinity School in New Haven, Connecticut. I'd become somewhat disillusioned with the idea of entering the ministry. My educational emphasis had always been more theoretical than practical (witness the fact that I received my B.A. in Religious Studies), and I had difficulty with the concept of counseling people concerning their real-life problems. I was more at home debating the relative merits of comparative religions, with a view toward getting the various religions to talk to one another rather than constantly laying competing claims to the Almighty Truth. It is still my hope that this might be achieved by fostering a sense of humility within religious consciousness wherein the claim to know The Truth is subordinated to the desire to share and learn from common human experience. But ignorance and pride, the need to know that we're worshipping the **right** God in the **right** way, always seem to doom such efforts at dialog from the very start. Soon I became extremely frustrated by the whole enterprise, and my faith in the efficacy of organized religion began to fade quite rapidly. Not to mention my desire to continue on as a student.

And so, during late 1975 and early 1976, still wed to my first wife, I found myself celebrating our nation's bicentennial by taking a break from postgraduate studies and working in my first **real** job. At the age of 23, I'd begun as a lowly stockboy in a newly-opened discount clothing store in New Haven, and was quickly working my way up through the ranks. The work was challenging and rewarding for someone who'd spent his entire previous life dealing in abstraction and philosophy. I began to acquire a sense of self-worth and independence hitherto unknown, which bode ill for my marriage. Said relationship, although filled with joy and love, began simply to dissolve in my own mind, so filled was I with my newfound strength and self-confidence. In short, not to put too fine a point on it, I rapidly evolved into a self-involved jerk and behaved like a Class 'A' a h toward my wife. It's a time I look back upon with both wonder and deep regret. And only now am I learning the lessons of the horrible hurt I caused during that first marriage in the aftermath of the dissolution of my second marriage, in which I was the player who felt the stinging pain and agonizing confusion of love lost for no apparent reason.

So apparently one of those religious concepts I studied over the years applies to the "real world." For I've seen the Law of Karma at work, in its hideously poetic way, in my own life. "What goes around comes around," as Mario Andretti once said, and I'm beginning to believe that things have been going and coming around the racetrack of existence for a lot longer than we care to, or are perhaps able to, remember.

Back to New Haven, Connecticut to those many moons ago.

It was early in the evening and I was riding around town with my friend Roger in his old Volkswagen. Just listening to music, as I recall. And it's a good thing Roger was driving, for one moment I was in Roger's VW, and the next moment I was in a very different place far, far away.

Here is my recollection of that event under hypnosis, with Aileen's assistance:

Aileen: Let's go back in time to when you were going to school to be a minister, and you were going down the road. Let's find out what happened that day. Be there now in the car. Can you see your friend?

M (Me): Uh-huh.

A: Where are you? Are you on the passenger side?

M: Yeah, with Roger, my friend. He's driving.

A: OK, are you moving at the time?

M: Yeah, we're driving through . . . let's see . . . looks like, uh . . . it's part of New Haven.

A: OK, let's go down the road now. Very slowly in time. Going down the road. Tell me if anything different happens.

M: (Long pause) . . . There's some music playing. We're on a fairly busy street.

A: Where's the music coming from?

M: I think Roger's got the radio on.

A: OK, keep going now. (Long pause) . . . What's the next thing that happens?

M: The next thing I remember is . . . not being in the car!

A: OK, let's look at this picture now. You weren't in the car, then where were you?

M: I was in a different place. Some kind of spacecraft.

A: OK, let's look at that spacecraft. Describe it to me.

M: Uh, it's . . . it's saucer-shaped, very definitely. It's got, uh, I'm seeing this from the outside as well! And also from the inside. This is . . .

A: It's all right.

M: It's got three, like, landing pods or whatever. Uh, there's a window that I'm looking out of.

A: What do you see out the window?

M: Sort of like a desert canyon. I'm in the canyon; the craft is in the canyon.

A: Is it landed in the canyon?

M: Yes! And I think I'm the only one in the craft.

A: Do you know how it got into the canyon? Back up until you see how it got into the canyon.

M: (Long pause) . . . I'm not supposed to be going there!

A: Where are you supposed to be going?

M: Not that planet. This is the wrong planet. Uh, I was on some kind of mission or something.

A: Back up, back up, till you see, till you remember. It's all right.

M: I was . . . all I can remember is I was supposed to be going some place else, and I was diverted here.

A: You were what?

M: Diverted, like . . .

A: What diverted you?

M: I don't know!

A: Are you responsible for that craft?

M: Yes, I am.

A: Where are you from?

M: (Long pause) . . . That's a good question! (Laugh)

A: You know where you're from. Just let it come out. Where did you come from?

M: (Very long pause) . . . It's a beautiful place.

A: Can you see it better?

M: Parts of it, yes.

A: What are you seeing?

M: It's . . . a lot like Earth. It's, uh, smaller. Uh, mountains, a lot of mountains. Water. It's cold.

A: Look at it carefully. Anything that gives you a clue where you came from?

M: Something about the color green. There are green, uh, rocks. Smooth.

A: Is everything green?

M: It's pretty green, uh . . .

A: How many.. does it have any suns?

M: Yes, it definitely has a sun. I'm trying to look up into the sky. . . the sky is a very bright blue. Uh, it's kind of hazy. I'm assuming it has a sun; it's bright!

A: OK, can you see the ship that you're in when you're there?

(cont. on page 23)

# UFOs, ETs AND YOU

by Tom Dongo



TOM DONGO, Author

SEVENTH PRINTING

**THE MYSTERIES OF SEDONA** - An overview of the New Age Mecca that is Sedona, Arizona. Topics are the famous energy vortexes, UFOs, channeling, Lemuria, metaphysical and mystical experiences and area paranormal activity. 84 pp. \$6.95. Photos, illustrations. Perfect bound 5-1/2 x 8-1/4. ISBN 0-9622748-0-1

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Spending a great deal of time as I do in UFO/alien research, extraordinarily odd things happen to me and around me. I sometimes wonder if something "out there" plays games with me — just for the hell of it, of course. Two examples of this are the following incidents. There have been many.

Several years ago I was spending an evening at a friend's house and they had a visitor from out of state. Their visitor was, in my estimation, not particularly well-grounded in reality. The fellow had heard that I was doing UFO research and began to tell me of some of the things he had been experiencing on a fairly regular basis. It became quickly evident that the man was, for the most part, living in a fantasy world that he had created for himself. I always listen to whatever someone has to say about paranormal activity because even people who are not mentally balanced will often have clear perception into areas a "normal" person might not. I have interviewed persons who were paranoid schizophrenic and even (and perhaps particularly) these people will have flashes of brilliance or insight into paranormal worlds that are quite extraordinary. Thus I listen carefully to anyone who has an unusual story.

The fellow went on about his experiences. When I noticed that the hour was

late, I said that I needed to go home and he asked if I could drop him off downtown. I agreed, and on the way he continued to elaborate on his fantastic experiences. It was really getting heavy for me, because some of the stuff he was talking about was really crazy. It involved ETs. I took him to his destination and dropped him off. I turned the car around and headed home. At the intersection of Hwy. 89A and Hwy. 179. I was waiting for the light to change (it was almost midnight — no traffic at all).

Looking to my right, I saw a man standing with his thumb out, gesturing aggressively for a ride. I thought it very odd that I had not seen him before. He was really giving me the "Come on, buddy, how about a ride?" look. Being a charitable sort, I waved him over. He jumped into the car just as the light changed. It was right then that things got extremely bizarre. Nothing takes me by surprise — but this did.

We hadn't even gotten through the intersection when he picked up exactly the same crazy conversation that the man I had just dropped off had been carrying on. I mean *exactly* where the other guy had left off. I took a close look at my passenger. He looked to be in his late twenties. He had jet-black, shoulder-length hair and black eyes. He hadn't taken his eyes off me since he got into the car. His right arm held a fully stuffed army duffle bag, which he placed on the floor between his knees.

We had gone only about two hundred yards when he suddenly changed the subject. Still looking at me with those piercing eyes, he said, "Look at me!" He said it twice. I looked casually at him, then resumed looking straight ahead. Then he shouted it — loud, "LOOK AT ME!" I turned and looked at him again, more than a bit perturbed. He asked, "Have you ever seen me before?" to which I replied no. Then he asked, as if he knew the answer, "Do you know who I am?" I warily shook my head in response.

Then he added, still intently staring at me, "My name is John" (not the name he gave me). "Can you remember that?" he commanded. I nodded. Then he went on, "Remember this also: John-I.M.E.T.-Circle K. Repeat that back to me," he demanded. I did — and made vivid

mental notes of everything he said and did. He insisted I repeat them back to him several times. Then he said, "If you remember those three things and repeat them three times you can have anything you want."

About a hundred red lights lit up in my mind at that point. I am not gullible and I am not a greedy fool. I began to wonder nervously who he really was, but I couldn't come to a rational conclusion. I've know of ET contactees who had similar offers and usually ended up paying a very dear price for their greed and foolhardiness.

We continued down Hwy. 89A for awhile. He asked if I would drop him off behind the Pizza Hut. I pulled into a spot where the streetlights were bright — I wanted to keep a sharp eye on him. I was also watching my wristwatch closely in case I had any missing time. There wasn't any. He squeezed out with his large duffle bag — and with the door still open, he stuck his head back in and said that he had something in his duffle that would be of great interest to me. He asked if I would like to see what it was. "No, no! — that's okay," I replied, quickly adding that it was late and someone was waiting up for me. He nodded his head and I drove out onto the highway. He was still standing under the light watching me. I have wondered many times who he was. I never saw him again.

In May this year I met a southern California woman who wanted to be taken to Bell Rock. We went there and I was describing some of the odd things that happen in that area. We were standing at its base when she remarked, "Do you see that object coming from behind Bell Rock, near the top?" I strained my vision and saw nothing. Moments later I glanced again and saw what appeared to be a fully inflated 30-gallon garbage bag, carried along, high, by a strong breeze. But what was strange to me was that this bag was moving at a steady northerly speed and was not being changed in size or shape by the shifting wind currents. I replied to her, "Yeah, I see it now." We made some casual remarks about it and continued to observe it.

I took out my binoculars for a better look at the bag. With the binoculars it could be clearly seen. We traded the

binoculars back and forth, watching the object. She passed the field glasses back to me and I brought them up to where the bag should have been. I didn't locate the bag immediately, so searched around the sky with the binoculars still at my eyes. What I finally found in the sky was a very curious object. Instead of a green garbage bag blowing in the wind, I saw a boomerang-shaped object surrounded by a ten-foot-thick brown haze about fifty feet wide. The [boomerang-shaped] object was making unusual maneuvers. It would stop, turn on its axis, or flip over and change direction abruptly.

I watched the object for two or three minutes. I didn't mention it to my companion because at the time I really thought it was a hawk or a buzzard. I looked again, found the bag and watched it disappear in a climbing, northerly course. We didn't say anything more about it until later in the afternoon. I was running the incident back through my mind. Something seemed awfully weird about the whole thing.

I turned to her and said, "You know there was something really strange about that garbage bag we were watching this morning." She stared back at me with a blank expression. After a few moments

she replied quizzically, "What garbage bag?" It was my turn to look blankly at her. "The one we watched with the binoculars blowing past Bell Rock." To my surprise, she answered with no hesitation, "I never saw a garbage bag. What I saw was a boomerang-shaped object with a brown haze around it. I thought that was what you saw all along." I quizzed her further; it seems that while I was looking at a green garbage bag, she saw the same object as a flying boomerang. I can't even *begin* to come up with a sensible explanation for that one!



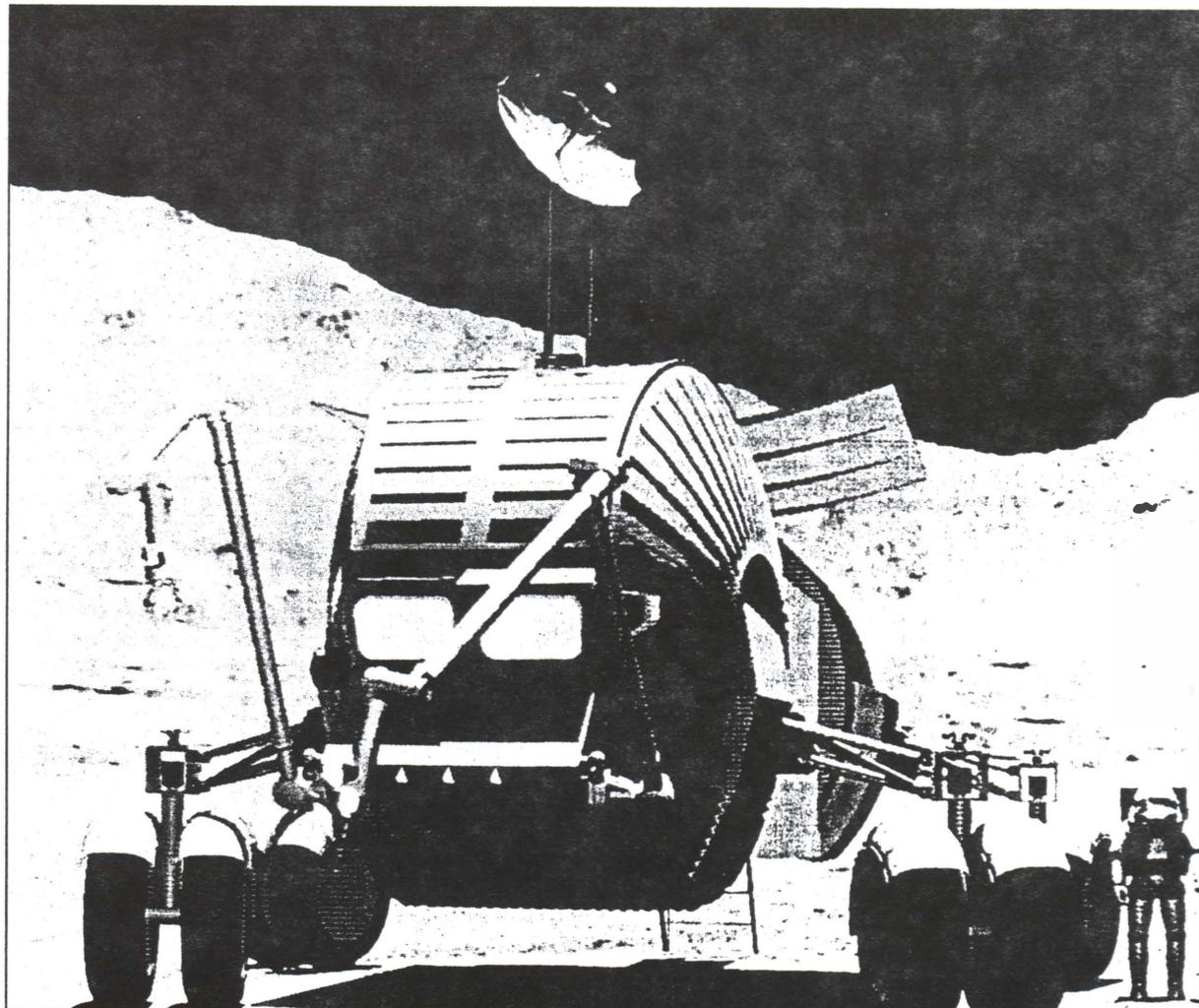
**ROVER:**

## Planetary scout car safe place to be during solar storm

**Boeing News**

A next-generation planetary surface rover, here depicted through computer-aided design, could be America's next space vehicle on the moon. Boeing Defense & Space Group in Huntsville, Ala., is studying designs for a new-generation lunar roving vehicle.

This pressurized, or enclosed, concept features all-wheel independent drive and steering, manipulator arms for gathering samples, an airlock that serves as a solar-storm shelter, and the ability to be operated from Earth without astronauts aboard.



TREMENDOUS NEW POWER SOON TO BE UNLEASHED by Carol Bird

Proving his theory that a man's efficiency and accomplishments should increase and not diminish with middle age, Nikola Tesla, inventor, physicist and one of the world's leading electrical technicians, enters his seventy-eighth year busily engaged on three or four great scientific projects.

Several of these inventions or discoveries will be looked upon as "miracles" by many people, for Mr. Tesla has long been a scientist years ahead of his time, one whose advanced theories have alternately stamped him a "madman" and a wizard.

Just as people ridiculed Copernicus' theory of the planetary system, the unenlightened jeered Tesla's pronouncement, years ago regarding cosmic rays. The pathfinder and the pioneer - and Mr. Tesla is both - are always condemned by the masses.

NIKOLA TESLA, tall, lean, with the face of an ascetic and deep-set eyes, whose expression denotes concentration on a canvas of work too big for most people's comprehension, partially described a new and inexhaustible source of power he has discovered after years of research, revolutionizing modern physical science. At the same time he touched on his own reservoir of energy which makes such monumental discoveries possible at his advanced age.

How does he tap both these deep wells? What is the secret of fine health, keen mind, unusual vitality and mental force at 77, the time of life when most men are sitting in the sun with shawls over their knees or, alas! lying beneath the sod?

Mr. Tesla is the father of the alternating system of power transmission and radio, the induction motor and Tesla coil.

Asked about his startling new scientific discoveries, one of which concerns the "photographing of thought," which will, he maintains bring about a tremendous social revolution, he said:

"My first and most important discovery concerns the harnessing of a new source of power, hitherto unavailable, to be developed through fundamentally novel machines of my invention.

"I am not yet prepared to dwell on the details of the project, for they must be checked before my findings can be formally announced. I have worked on the development of the underlying principles for many years. From the practical point of view of the engineer engaged in power development, the first investment will be relatively very great, but once a machine is installed it may be depended on to function indefinitely, and the cost of operation will be next to nothing.

"My power generator will be of the simplest kind - just a big mass of steel, copper and aluminum, comprising a stationary and rotating part, peculiarly assembled. I am planning to develop electricity and transmit it to a distance by my alternating system now universally established. The direct current system could also be employed if the heretofore insuperable difficulties of insulating the transmission lines can be overcome.

"Such a source of power obtainable everywhere will solve many problems with which the human race is confronted. My alternating system has been the means of harnessing 30,000,000 horsepower of waterpower, and there are projects now going on all over the world which will eventually double that amount. But unfortunately, there

is not enough waterpower to satisfy present needs, and everywhere inventors and engineers are endeavoring to unlock some additional store of energy."

Will the smashing of the atom lead to this new power energy?  
Let Mr. Tesla answer:

"The public is naturally led to expect a great revolution through the harnessing of atomic power, but this is an illusion. Atomic energy is not available for work. I operated many years ago apparatus of a capacity of 2,000 horsepower and tension of 18,000,000 volts with which trillions of atoms were smashed in a fraction of a second. I generated all sorts of intense and destructive rays, but found no trace of any energy which should have been liberated through the shattering of atomic structures, according to theory. For the last thirty years I have warned my fellow scientists that there is nothing to be expected in this field except some specific effects due to changes in the atomic structure which may have more or less value."

Beyond adding that the new form of energy which he has been investigating many years would be available at any place in the world in unlimited quantities, and that the machinery for harnessing it would last more than 5,000 years, Mr. Tesla would say little more on the subject. Just when the power will become available for practical purposes he could not predict with any degree of precision. In a few years, perhaps, he ventured to say.

Mr. Tesla then talked of several other projects on which he has been working by way of relief from too much concentration on the main piece of work. He described one of his other interests, one highly dramatic, which stirs the imagination and which, doubtless, will sound too revolutionary to most people. But it must not be forgotten, as Mr. Tesla points out, that the ideas of television and radio and airplane were scoffed at in their infancy.

"I expect to photograph thoughts," announced Mr. Tesla calmly, in the same tone of voice that a person occupied with some trivial things in the scheme of life might announce that it was going to rain.

Continued Mr. Tesla: "In 1893, while engaged in certain investigations, I became convinced that a definite image formed in thought must, by reflex action, produce a corresponding image on the retina, which might possibly be read by suitable apparatus. This brought me to my system of television, which I announced at that time.

"My idea was to employ an artificial retina receiving the image of the object seen, an 'optic nerve' and another such retina at the place of reproduction. These two retinas were to be constructed somewhat after the fashion of a checker board, with many separate little sections, and the so-called optic nerve as nothing more than a part of the earth.

"An invention of mine enables me to transmit simultaneously, and without any interference whatsoever, hundreds of thousands of distinct impulses through the ground just as though I had so many separate wires. I did not contemplate using any moving part - a scanning apparatus or a cathodic ray, which is a sort of moving device, the use of which I suggested in one of my lectures of that period.

"Now if it be true that a thought reflects an image on the retina, it is a mere question of illuminating the same properly and taking photographs, and then using the ordinary methods which are available to project the image on a screen.

"If this can be done successfully, then the objects imagined by a person would be clearly reflected on the screen as they are formed, and in this way every thought of the individual could be read. Our minds would then, indeed, be like open books."

Besides his discoveries concerning the harnessing of the new energy, television and thought photography, Mr. Tesla is working to produce a type of radio transmitter which will insure the strictest privacy in wireless communication regardless of the number of subscribers; and he is developing some important discoveries in molecular physics which will revolutionize the science of metallurgy and greatly improve metals.

After a discussion of his new scientific findings, Mr. Tesla turned to the subject of his personal source of energy and what he considers the real values of life.

"One of the most fundamental and also one of the saddest facts in human life is well brought out in a French proverb which, freely translated, means: 'If youth had the knowledge and age the power of doing,'" said Mr. Tesla. "Our condition of body and mind in old age is merely a certificate of how we have spent our youth. The secret of my own strength and vitality today is that in my youth I led what you might call a virtuous life.

"I have never dissipated. When I was a young man I understood well the significance of that old French proverb, although I doubt that I had even heard it then. But I seemed to have a clear understanding while still young that I must control my passions and appetites if I wanted to make some of my dreams come true.

"So with this in view, quite early in life I set about disciplining myself, planning out a program of living for what I considered the sane and worthwhile life.

"Since I love my work above all things, it is only natural that I should wish to continue it until I die. I want no vacation - no surcease from my labors. If people would select a life work compatible with their temperaments, the sum total of happiness would be immeasurably increased in the world.

"Many are saddened and depressed by the brevity of life. 'What is the use of attempting to accomplish anything?' they say. 'Life is so short. We may never live to see the completion of the task.' Well, people could prolong their lives considerably if they would make the effort. Human beings do so many things that pave the way to an early grave.

"First of all, we eat too much, but this we have heard said often before. And we eat the wrong kinds of foods and drink the wrong kind of liquids. Most of the harm is done by overeating and under-exercising, which bring about toxic conditions in the body and make it impossible for the system to throw off the accumulate poisons.

"My regime for the good life and my diet? Well, for one thing I drink plenty of milk and water.

"Why overburden the bodies that serve us? I eat but two meals a day, and I avoid all acid-producing foods. Almost everybody eats too many peas and beans and other foods containing uric acid and other poisons. I partake liberally of fresh vegetables, fish or meat sparingly, and rarely. Fish is reputed as fine brain food, but has a very strong acid reaction, as it contains a great deal of phosphorus. Acidity is by far the worst enemy to fight off in old age.

"Potatoes are splendid, and should be eaten at least once a day. They contain valuable mineral salts and are neutralizing.

"I believe in plenty of exercise. I walk eight or ten miles every day, and never take a cab or other conveyances when I have the time to use legpower. I also exercise in my bath daily, for I think this is of great importance. I take a warm bath, followed by a prolonged cold shower.

Sleep? I scarcely ever sleep. I come of a long-lived family, but it is noted for its poor sleepers. I expect to match the records of my ancestors and live to be at least 100.

"My sleeplessness does not worry me. Sometimes I doze for an hour or so. Occasionally, however, once in a few months I may sleep for four or five hours. Then I awaken virtually charged with energy, like a battery. Nothing can stop me after such a night. I feel great strength then. There is no doubt about it but that sleep is a restorer, a vitalizer, that it increases energy. But on the other hand, I do not think it is essential to one's well being, particularly if one is habitually a poor sleeper.

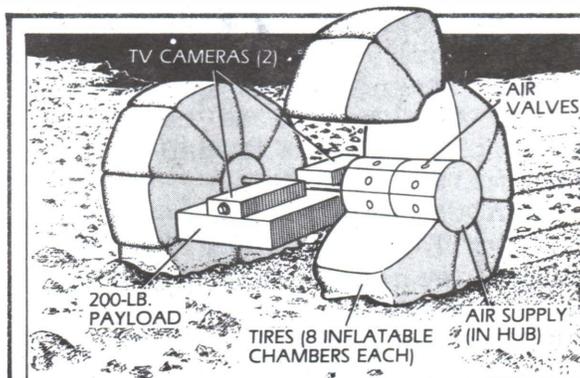
"Today at 77, as a result of well regulated life, sleeplessness notwithstanding, I have an excellent certificate of health. I never felt better in my life. I am energetic, strong, in full possession of all my mental faculties. In my prime I did not possess the energy I have today. And what is more, in solving my problems I use but a small part of the energy I possess for I have learned how to conserve it. Because of my experience and knowledge gained through the years, my tasks are much lighter. Contrary to general belief, work comes easier for older people if they are in good health, because they have learned through years of practice how to arrive at a given place by the shortest path."

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Albert Einstein, dean of American inventors, with Einstein triangle in electrical engineering looking him, as he looked on his 77th birthday, which he recently celebrated

## SPACE



### MARS BALL WILL ROLL

A University of Arizona team is developing a vehicle for possible use on missions to Mars. The tires on the Mars Ball have eight chambers. Each chamber deflates as it touches the ground, and the chamber behind it inflates, propelling the vehicle. NASA is studying a 1990s mission to Mars.

M: (Pause) . . . Yes! Yeah, (laugh) it's down, uh, in sort of a plain. There's quite a few of them.  
A: Where are they?  
M: I guess there's a village there.  
A: Look at it. Is it your village?  
M: (Pause) I think so.  
A: Go back in time till you can see what's there.  
M: (Very long pause) . . . I can . . . I can see people I know!  
A: Who are they?  
M: (Choking up a bit) It's good to see them.  
A: Who is it? Tell me so I can see, too.  
M: (Sobbing slightly)  
A: Just enjoy the feeling; enjoy the feeling of home. Isn't it wonderful? This is who you are. What are you seeing? Who do you see?  
M: (Sobbing) Um, she's an old friend of mine.  
A: Is it someone you love very much?  
M: (Sniffling) Yeah.  
A: Why did you leave?  
M: (Heavy sigh) Uh, we do that. We go (sniffling), excuse me, we go on journeys to other places. Uh, to look and observe; come back and share stories about what we've seen.  
A: OK, now I want you to go back to when you saw her. Does she have a name?  
M: I was trying to think of her name (laugh).  
A: You can hear it. See if she calls you a name.  
M: (Long pause) . . . We're not really talking (laugh).  
A: Do you know her name?  
M: (Long pause) . . . I can't remember. I just remember embracing, and we . . .  
A: What does she wear? What does she have on?  
M: Uh, sort of a, I guess you'd call it a jumpsuit. Sort of a grayish-white, with a, like a, what do you call that, a tunic? Has very white skin, long dark hair. Big, dark eyes.  
A: What do you look like?  
M: Uh. . . Tall! Light hair; pretty much like my hair is, maybe a little bit whiter. Uh. . . medium to thin build. Uh, we both have long fingers.  
A: Is she your mate?  
M: She was then. I guess.  
A: OK, so how did you get to this place, from there?  
M: To Earth?  
A: Mm-hmmm. Go forward in time. You went to the canyon, remember?  
M: Yes.  
A: Where is that canyon?  
M: It's (laughing) on a planet that I wasn't scheduled to go to! Uh, it's, uh, I got out of the craft, and walked down the canyon. I remember hearing the. . .oh, wait a minute, what's that? Oh, there's birds! Big, black birds flying above.  
A: Big ones?  
M: Yeah! And they sound like, uh. . . seagulls, kind of. Sort of a screeching. . .  
A: How big are they?  
M: Uh, I guess the wingspan would be about eight feet.  
A: Do they have feathers?  
M: Yes, I think so.  
A: What are the birds doing?  
M: They're just sort of hovering, well not hovering, but flying over the canyon, sort of looking down at me.  
A: Is it warm there?  
M: You know, I can't -- oh, I've still got my suit on! I've got a suit that I wear; because I didn't know I was gonna stop here, so I wasn't sure what it was gonna be like. And I feel kind of compelled to keep walking till the end of the canyon.

A: OK, when you walk along can you see the terrain?  
M: Uh-huh. It's uh. . . Underfoot I can feel my boots are crunching on a gravelly-like stuff. And it's kind of a brown/orange.  
A: Any trees there?  
M: No, it's pretty barren. I don't see any signs of vegetation or anything.  
A: It's just rocky.  
M: Yeah.  
A: OK, keep going.  
M: And, let's see, the walls of the canyon are probably about, uhh, forty to fifty feet on either side, high. And I'm coming toward the mouth of the canyon, and there's a, looks like a, an ocean.  
A: Does it just kinda open up to that?  
M: Yeah, to a beach.  
A: Like a creek would come out of a little canyon?  
M: Uh-huh, yeah. And the beach is about twenty-five, thirty yards from the mouth of the canyon to the ocean. Uh, it's kind of a finer grain of the gravelly stuff. A little bit whiter, little bit brighter. Oh, and there's a - the sky is dark, but there are rings above.  
A: Rings?  
M: Yeah.  
A: Dark? How do you mean dark?  
M: Like night. It's night time, but there must be illumination from something, because it's bright -- it must be a moon or something. Because it's bright where I am; you know, not daylight-bright, but enough to cast a shadow. Uh, the rings are just amazing, uh. . .  
A: They have color to them?  
M: Yeah, they're sorta like the planet. It's sort of a brownish, with an orange ring, and sort of a grey ring. And you can, even through my helmet I can hear the rings! You can hear them sort of rumble, like a deep rumbling.  
A: How high up are they?  
M: Uh. . . several miles. It's hard to gauge.  
A: So is it kind of like rocks rolling in a river? The sound?  
M: Uhhh, more like if somebody were to grind rocks together, er, I can't, trying to think of something to  
  
A: That's OK. So then what happens?  
M: I look down from the rings and there are people there!  
A: What do they look like?  
M: They look a lot like the people from the other planet. Like -- but I don't recognize them!  
A: You mean as somebody you know?  
M: No. Yeah. No.  
A: Do they have spacesuits on?  
M: No, they . . . I can't tell what they're wearing. They seem to be, uh . . . I don't know what they're wearing! (Laugh) I can't tell. . .  
A: How many are there?  
M: I would say about a dozen.  
A: Do they see you?  
M: Oh yeah! They're coming towards me.  
A: Where are they coming from?  
M: Uh, seems like they must have come from either side of the canyon, because they were just sort of there when I looked down from the rings. And they're very happy; they're glad to see me, it looks like.  
A: Do they seem to recognize you, or just happy to see you, like they haven't seen anybody in a long time?  
M: No, I think they recognize me.  
A: Do they say something to you?  
M: Uh, not in speech, but in thoughts.  
A: So what do they say?

M: Uh, like, "Welcome. Good to see you."  
A: Is it English?  
M: No, it's uh, but I can understand it. It's like thoughts. Like they can give me their thoughts. And, now I understand that they brought me here.  
A: Oh! What'd they do that for?  
M: I don't know (laugh). Uh, they're taking me by the hand now and they're taking off my suit! One's got my helmet.  
A: Can you see them more clearly now?  
M: Yeah, they're the same height as I am so they must be fairly tall. They look like. . .  
A: Do they call you a name?  
M: (Long pause) Huhhhh. . . I don't remember.  
A: OK, go ahead. When they took your suit off, what do you have under it?  
M: Uh, just like uh, shorts. That's pretty much it.  
A: Is it cold?  
M: No, it's not. It's a little bit warm, probably about 70 degrees, around there.  
A: Do you have shoes on?  
M: No, I'm barefoot now.  
A: OK, when you walk does it hurt your feet?  
M: It's kinda crunchy, kinda tingly.  
A: OK, and then what happens?  
M: Uh, they're leading me toward the ocean. At least I guess you'd call it an ocean. It comes in like in waves, onto the beach. But it's not really water. It's more solid than that, like, not oily, but . . .  
A: Is it like Jello? I keep seeing Jello.  
M: Yeah (laugh), it's a little bit like that, but grainy, like sandy, yeah. Yeah, that's a good way to put it.  
A: And what color is it? Orange Jello (laugh)?  
M: Yeah (laugh), pretty much! Yeah, it pretty much is. Not the most colorful place I've ever been to (laugh). But it's sort of a dark . . .  
A: Do they get in there with you?  
M: Yeah, they do! Uh, they sort of lead me in, and one has a hold of each of my hands, and they're reassuring me. As I really don't know why this is happening (laugh).  
A: What do they say?  
M: Uh, just, "Don't be afraid."  
A: How do they say that?  
M: Uh, just by thoughts, and . . .  
A: Do they tell you why they're doing this?  
M: No. They don't. I feel a little bit apprehensive, but not scared, because they seem like they're friendly. Like I should know them almost. Uh, and they lead me in about waist deep.  
A: What's it feel like?  
M: I was just gonna say it feels kinda funny. It's like, uh I dunno, being in a bowl of oatmeal or something. I dunno. And, it's very warm.  
A: It's warm? Warmer than the air?  
M: Yeah, I would say so. It's almost a magma or lava-like substance, you know? And they, uh, very gently take me by the back of my head and...uhhhh, dunk me under the water.  
A: Or whatever.  
M: Yeah.  
A: Well, what does it feel like on your face?  
M: Uh, about the same. It reminds me of something, but I can't think of what it is. Uh, it's like if you -- hoo boy, I can't think of what it is.  
A: I'm gonna give you a suggestion. When you come out of hypnosis you will remember. Maybe not today, but it will come back to you.  
M: OK (Pause). . . And then they bring me back up.  
A: Now when you come out of there does this cling to you?  
M: Yeah, it sort of does, yeah.  
A: How does it feel then?

M: Uh, like cold cream of wheat, sort of (laugh). I must be getting hungry, I have all these food images (laugh). Uh, and they're brushing it away from my face and stuff. And one of 'em's got his or her arm around me.

A: Do they give an impression as to why they did this now?

M: No. They don't.

A: OK, what happens next then?

M: Uh, they're leading me out. And there's sort of a flat rock over to the left. They lead me toward that. And . . . sit me down there, and bring my suit over to me, and touch me, and say the equivalent of, "Thank you," I guess it would be. And, you know, reassure me again, and they're walking away. Sort of like, I get the impression they're leaving me to my own thoughts. Didn't really tell me why they did it.

A: Did they ever come back?

M: Did they come back? No, they didn't.

A: So what did you do?

M: Sat there for awhile. Kind of in a daze. And then, put my suit on and headed back to the ship. One thing I should mention is the gravity seemed to be rather high there, like you couldn't move very quickly. So everything went sort of in slow motion.

A: Heavier?

M: Yeah.

A: OK, when you go in the ship, what do you see?

M: Uh (pause). . . I'm seated in a very comfortable chair. Let's see - there are controls on the arms of the chair.

A: Do you like this ship?

M: Yes! It's a good ship.

A: OK, do you see any insignias, any markings, anything like that in there?

M: I keep thinking of, like a, an upside-down V. But with. . . OK, if you took a V and put it upside-down, and cut off about half of the right leg, so it would be like an upside-down check mark. I keep thinking that comes to me.

A: OK, so then do you take off?

M: Yes.

A: Where do you go?

M: Uh, I'm thinking that I'm just gonna head home. Because I'm a little bit shaken by what I've been through. And, I was supposed to go to this other place, but I don't know, I think I'll just head back.

A: I think that this should be enough for today. OK if we do this again sometime?

M: Yes! I'd like to.

A: And we'll go and we'll find out how you got to Earth from there.

M: OK

A: We have a lot more things to pursue, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

**OFF THE LEASH**



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3.

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4.

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5.

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6.

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7.

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8.

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