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★ THE MISSING LINK ★

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STAR CHILD

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VOLUME 12

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UFO

Art by

ALYCE STRAIN



As a child Alyce displayed no psychic ability at all. In her mid teens she had a traumatic experience with what could have been a UFO encounter. There was a loss of time and a euphoric experience. After the event her IQ increased dramatically.

It was 1951 when she shared with a friend a vision in which the word "Ultimothy" was given. Later another message from an unknown source instructed her to go to California where she was to meet a man who would father a male child. She was to name the child Ultimothy. The child was born June 10, 1962 and proved to be highly intelligent and strange in manner. He stayed here only twenty years. He left June 16, 1982.

In 1962 she encountered Dosceoma in meditation. She mentally took Alyce back in time to a very young Earth and the time when her people seeded this planet. When the travels ended Dosceoma instructed her to write about what she had experienced. A short time later she began to write a strange script which looks like short hand but it is not. Later she wrote her first book about the strange script. Her second book was about her mental travels with Dosceoma. The book turned into a trilogy. She will soon complete the third book of that trilogy.

Alyce lives a reclusive life in Livingston, Texas with her small dog. She publishes a small newsletter titled, "Awareness Report" which you can order by writing to "Awareness Report, 118 Crystal Lake, Livingston, TX 77351".

9-20-91
Over Russia

Dear Aileen and Associates.

I will in this letter explain many things of importance. But first I must excusify the issue re sightings activity -- that which I promised. Altho (depending on the number of reportbacks which you receive) the 3 days listed may qualify as having increased sightings, what transurred was not what I had originally scheduled -- groups of vehicles, including mammoships, near populated areas, during the dawn, day, and dusk periods. Even allowing for the few dramatic episodes which were achieved, it still ranks in meagerparison to what I had imvisioned. Owing however to emergency circumditions (primarily the Soviet situation) and the hesitancy of my superiors to do anything boldistic, this scenario has been postponed until furthnotice. We are even now unable, if the go sign were given, to do what I referred to, as most of our free-moving ships are still surveilling in the Soviet zone, keep-watching the transferral of nuclear weapons back to the Russian Republic. And several the others are fullgaged with pesky faultline re-patch. This constantation is, as well, the reason for the delay in my lettering to you.

To explain: The Assessment Reversal which I was given listed 4 reasons for the hold-action. The first of these was that ifnwhen we do a media-active initiative, it must-should be during a period of relative geo-political quiescence. On the 4th of August, we became aware, thru direct surveillance, of what would be transpiring in the USSR. At that pointt it became impractical for our "wave" to be actuated (even before the Head HQ made it official) because I quickmediately alert-shifted every available craft to Probe-and-Prevent status. The reasonbe was not to prevent the coup, as we were confident of its outcome, but to watchcare the almost 30000 nuclear missiles that are deployed inside of the SU. Under cover of political upheaval, much wrongstablishing can occur.

To focustate: Approxly half of those nucleombs are of the short-range "tactical" type, and were widespersed among the republics. These are not nearly as tightly controlled as the long-range "strategic" missiles. We have become aware in the past 16 months of several schemes to "redirect" some of these tactical warheads (as well as bio-weapons and deveschemations) whenever the opportunity might present itself. Their motives were various, ranging from greed (enormous sums would be paid by certain gov'ments and terror groups); nationalism by the republics (nucleombs in their possession as a bargainchip for independence); Moslemism (some of the republics are very moslemized..some officers had been contacted who were willing to funnel weapons to such as Libya, Iraq, Syria, Iran, and the PLO); ethnicism (a nuclear blackmail plot was discussed by 3 different separatist groups seeking autonomy from their parent republics); anti-coup militians (high-ranking officers loyal to Yeltsin/perestroika who controlled some missile sites and nuclear subs); hardliners within the military (career ColdWarriors convinced that the evil West was trying to destroy their Glorious Revolution..men who might abscond with, or smuggle major weapon systems to Cuba, orcetra). These last two were less of a possibility, but pondersidering the gravarios involved, we had to make absosure of every contingency.

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As proof of the unpredictability of the spinwheeling conditions we were facing into was the near-success of a woolly-wacky plan by the Tartars to assume control of a strategic base within Russia itself. This was very low on our contingency index, and almost escaped surveillance-check attention at all. Luckily, we were able to foil their folly without causing any permanent casualties. As with most of the other incidents of our intervention during the crisis, we derailed negcausative activity mostly thru the disfunctioning of motor vehicles and electropower. We do this at the most critical moment, leaving conspirators not only action-stymied but paralyzed by suspicions as to who among them (or not among them) is sabotaging the plan. Another thing we can needsbe do is cause temporary dizorientation/vomitation, using any of several ray techniques, some implementable from orbit.

It is a worthynote that one other method of ours, superstition triggers, is still an option in certain of the ethnic zones in that region (among the last vestiges of the white peoples with whom we still maintain that extra latitude). In those places where...better to give you an example. On the 20th of August, we caused a certain type of crow-bird to flock into the capitol city of one of the republics, onto the very block where one of the abovelisted plots was being finalized. (This would have been a rashfoolish undertaking against the about-to-be-overturned-anyway coup and problikely would have left a large many dead, including some we highsider as potential assetuals of the northern peoples. So when the birds (to them a symbol of ill omen) strange-suddenly perched down, it gave profound pause to the participants, leaving them in a stunfrozen state of inaction for just enough meanwhile for the coup to be reversed.

Having my thusfar backplayed, I suspect that some might consider it a windylong detailing; I know that most of you are impatient for more revelatory informta ("juicy stuff") concerning our mission, our plans, and what ticks with me. (I am a male, close to 500 of your years old, from a planet nearly 70 lightys distant.) But in this new intimosphere that I am trying to evoke, I wish to create a window for you to view our processes, long shrouded in mystery and confusion (some of it deliberate on our part, which I will explain in a nearcoming contact-ication). My main purpose in this letter is to pull that cloak partly away, enough for you to surify more in the next few minutes than your race has truthstablished in the past 45 years, regarding our presence.

(As I dictate this letter, I peer thru my pri-chamber portview down at the beautious orb you so luckily call your homeworld. Just now, the sun is catching full on the Ural Mountains, and the clouds describe a giant pinwheel over the glittering Caspian...reminiscene to our own gorgeous galaxy when viewed, as I have had the thrillsight to do, from far above.)

The problems attendant upon contact initiation on any planet are considerangerous. Count that double-true on this your sphere, so multi-fraught with evering emerguations -- from rampant nucliferation to the many close-brinking enviroclysms. But let it be hoped that the worscarios of your poli-military hightensives have been relegated to the history pages, and that your major nations will commence cooperation toward the rectification (redirect your resources) of the more-serious-than-you-think ecodamage. We will do what we can, and it will be plentious, but there is such a thing as "point of no return" (irrevocable damage) when it comes to nature chains and lifecycles. This is the main reason why it is being urged by some among us,

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selfcluding, to establishtart relations in the sooncome rather than the latertime, and why grantmission is being sought to waive the usual readiness criteria. There are some ecovironmental dangerations that we must concertify to eradicate, beginning in the short future.

Despite the complaints by some among the Sector Service Corps, and other interworlders, that this planet is a troublenest and a bubblepot, I can honest-facedly say (and not only I, but manymost of those assigned here) that I have grown in love with this place -- with its valiant peoples, and many natural treasures. We've come to admire the courage, tenacity, humor, and generosity that most of you exhibiate on a daily basis. And of course to mention the music, in all its stripes and strains, long renowned among the worlds of this starsec. Most of the stationees, meclusive, have been gladhappy to takevantage of this indigenou sourselode.

You can stand assured that while I hold this helm, it will weigh improbable that any final curtains will befall you. I think that the darkest days are now prob'ly behind us, not only the nuclear scenarios, but most of the earthquake threatuations, and a very close call with a meteor a few years ago. (There's still one more on the way, but not to be worryhensive; we have one-third of the mammoship fleet approaching it at present.) (Which is another reason why we find ourselves a bit short-shipped of lately.)

You should be confident of my having pilot-guided many worlds thru the rocky narrows of the Transition Age, including some that were nearly as problacious as this blue place. I am in fact the seniormost of my job-calling (in this region) both in terms of age and assignments resolved. The translaquivalent of my role-function is "magnifying psychsensor-situation adjudicator," from which is gotten Magnificator. A way of terming my job is that of an Empath-Arbitrator. I specialize in Planet-Member In'duction and Crisis Resolution -- your world providing ampletunity in both categories. (While it is rare that I particattend any meetings with non-aware humans, my presence has been referred to as "a tall robed man" or a "mysterious shrouded figure standing off to the side.")

And so it is that I find myself on orbas such as yours, which are Coming of Age, are achieving the maturity to basicstand the responsiduties of interplanetary relations as a member of a peaceful confederation. But you will learn that all is not strictly idyllic among the member worldizations; there are frictions and disputes, some of which have even tainted our efforts here. But a majorpoint is that these are nenever settled by warmaments.

I will now attempt to dispossess you of several notions that you have concerning us. For the record, I must mention that a strong minority among my consulteam is in nonagreement as to my decision to so "de-myth" us now, but I sincerely befeel that it has come time to clean the air of some of the overconceptions concerning our powers, as well as to put-rest the sheer misinformta that has grown up around our activities here. (For me to speak to you of our splitcisioning is in itself a de-mything, as most'you picturemagine our modalities as like computer printout -- coldly analytical indices..inexorable formulae.)

But, despite the fact that we were born under a different sky, we are people too. We were not spawned by a separate creation. To paraphrase one of your students of perceptuality: We exist as equal neighbors in the community of the One Creation, founded by Spirit, and unified by spiritual awareness. But that is not nearly my department. Those verities are the revelation prerogative, as on all worlds, of

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the ministering angelic corps and their superiors, on up thru to the Creator Son of this galactaregion,, and beyonder still to the Creator of Creators, the First Force...the Oldest One. It is our opportunity to oncasion co-venture with these beings of light and love (Andreasson, Streiber) but their work is of a higher purpose, being almost exclusively concerned with non-material matters -- the guiding of souls into eternal life.

Compared to them, we're the nuts and bolts of the apparatus; we're the engineers and biologists and cultural historians,, the peacekeeping force and the rescue squad. We manage, coordinate, legislate, regulate, and enforce. We take care of the political, economic, educational, and social inter'lationships in this local sector (621 worlds; 1000 eventualbe). We solve disputes, supervise trade, provide logistical support for the spirit workers, maintain academies, ferry exchange students, clear asteroids, and introduce the readyceptive to the larger family of planets to which they belong.

But we are not in any actualsense omnipotent or omniscient. Certaintrue, we have technoportation and mediciques that by your standards are farvanded, but for you to be unduly awetimidated by these--such is to not realize how close you are to the same methods. (With our helpguidance, even closer.) So I would like to repeat my stresspoint that most of the offworlder races are composed of persons not that dissimilar from you: eating and sleeping, raising families, pursuing careers. We spill our juice, we cry (especially y-truly, being an empath), we forget things, we get divorced, we argue among ourselves. On the last (having just come from a meeting where once again very little was settled by more than a 6-4 vote) I will tell you this. Perhaps an analogy. Imagine putting 10 of your Nobel Laureates, all from different fields and representing several countries and age generations, on a committee to recommend poli-social action in a Third World nation. Do you see where I'm driving? The more hightelligent a person is, the more difvarious ways he/she can think of to have something done. And the more egoful they become as to the weight of their own opinionalysis. Morepoint: Ifstead this committee was membered by, not different nationalities, but 7 different planets, and their respective fieldeavors ranged from geo-physics to child psychiatry, and included an anthro-theologian, a social institutionist, a Trade Minister, and a politico from the local sector gov'ment. This is an accuscription of the Directorate, of which I am the Chairboard.

It's realizing on me that I am beginning to get long with this, so I will close for today and make another letter to you when my duties return to more-normal. I have much to say addcerning such subjects as the genetics program (which I have progressively shortleashed since my arrival in 12 of 86, insisting on code compliance and increased supervision), telepathic communication among our races, the new languism, some insights into your planet's many-storied past, and otherings. (I am awaiting HQ answerback on some regstriction reductions, so as to also discuss such matters as the impla-units, the astral work, and transvectoral timensionality.)

Despite all the controversing sayrounding this blue place, there are none in the starsec who would disagree: If you survive with your biosphere primely intact, this planet is suredestined to become one of the greatest and wealthiest among our union. With your fortuitous location near the Translanes, your abundance of rare resources (water, wood, platinum, diamonds, plus manycetra), your music proceeds, your

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natural wonders/sacred histifigance (tourists/pilgrims) combined with the general strengthbility of your psychcharacters, all but insure this as a dawncoming world of major'portance.

The one truthguide for you to remember closely is this: Altho we will be of service to you during these tenuous years, defending you from the vicissitudes of geologic calamity, and advising you on matters such as international organization, you must look not so much to us as to yourselves for your successful entry into the future. So if (when) this People emerges from its long-wrought chrysalis-cocoon into the brighting day of world democracy, mutual plentitude, and nature in balance, it will be your triumph -- the shining crown of human cooperation; the many disparatisms within your onified race finally workgathering to unlockstock the potential of this mighty orb.

Peace and Protection
Tro

Dear Tro:

Thank you for your letter. I was very excited to receive it. I have sent it to the radio station that previously read it on the air. The other disc jockey that read it, Charlie Brown, from KUBE here in Seattle, spoke at our open meeting in September. He read your letter to everyone.

I must say that the letter has affected persons in different ways. It is very interesting to observe in which ways. Each person seems to have a favorite part - according to their own personal convictions.

There are those that still wonder if you are real. If you are not the person you have said you are then I must say that you are the most intelligent person I have ever known. It would take a genius to fabricate the sentences and words that you have compounded. One person even hypothesized you could be from the C.I.A.! That was because the letter was mailed from "Northern Virginia, VA". I called the post office and asked them for the zip code of Northern Virginia, VA and they said there is no such place. Even the post mark is a mystery!

My favorite part of the letter is the part that shows me you are very sensitive and respond to the things I like. My favorite scenes are sunrises and sunsets. It was interesting too, considering our current project, that you mentioned you were observing the Ural Mountains in Russia. You made the statement that the scene was so beautiful with the sun coming up over the Urals and the spiral clouds over the mountains. A scene you said you had observed over your galaxy from far above. How I envy you.

If you are not too busy with your duties please write soon and answer our questions. I think the most important lesson is how to love each other no matter how diverse cultures are and to be able to get along on our spaceship earth.

Hope to "see" you soon. Would it be possible to receive a picture of you?

Aileen

P.S. I find it very interesting that your letter is typed on "Diamond White Bond - USA - 25% Bond 100% Recycled"!!

The following are responses from Associate Directors after receiving your second letter. The subscribers were not aware of the letter until this issue of the Missing Link. Now there is a third letter which we include after the comments.

From Pat O'Connell, Germantown, MD

Just received your latest letter from Tro. It looks very authentic. If I have room in my next issue, I'll run it!

From Mary Ellen Masters, Raton, NM

This is exactly my instant first impression and recognition to what you're attempting to learn more on the Source of it all.

I subscribe to Kyle Griffith's publication "The Spiritual Revolutionary" receiving my first issue #14, June 15, 1991.

Please find enclosed the xerox copy of the article - information I'm referring to here. I remembered it pronto on reading your letter Aileen. I'm not jumping to conclusions here, but in my mind, without a shadow of doubt, it really appears to be the same person writing the letter you got. When you carefully compare the content, spelling, conceptual meaning and phraseology of the material isn't it quite obvious it could be one and the same?

I need add no further comment about this. Please read carefully what I'm sending and it might become suddenly self explanatory. The mystery would be over then, serving as an undeniable object lesson in ones discernment required.

Realize you have Kozmick Ladye's address now which means you're in the position to provoke any kind and manner of response you intend to seek out.

Bless you Aileen, just trust this enclosed information helps you at this time. My loving warm regards, Mary Ellen.

(The following is an example of Kozmick Ladye's vernacular)

JANUS is a "new" arch/meta/prototypal livingness of minds/mirrors/mysteries; AURA(H) is a "new" Office (everybody has One); and KARMA(H) means that we're all time/space travelers cleverly disguised, again as _____, and that whoops, the rent is due and/or payable on the/our planet! I'm also delighted to note that the Universal Party/Cosmick Picknick's campaign for the local (planetary) Office of Dream Weaver is, finally, on "time", gaining momentum. Its slogan: "We are the Dreamers", and it, of course, features The Greatest Debate: "Are we civilized, who wants to be earthlings... and why already?! And the gatherings, similar to many around the world, through this beingnesses/channel, PLANETARY WHODUNNITS (st*rring everybody) (freebie or by donation) are about to sweep the planet, said with humility and/or relief. (You know how it is being a pioneer, thank goodness/goddess/godd)! And. Too, remember Matthew 24:22 ("shortening time") will help to synchronize... realities, a lot, plus some say the Solar Eclipse in July of 1991 will be awesome!

(Well, what do you think of that?? For myself, I don't think the match is there.)

From Jim and Carolyn Hawtree, Joliet, IL

I read the letter you sent and I am a bit concerned. I feel that the odds are extremely good that it is a nasty and clever hoax by someone who wants to see how gullible you and the other UFOCCI people are. It is probably manufactured by an aficionado of Lewis Carroll, possibly by a member of CSICOP (Committee for the Skeptical Inquiry of Claims of the Paranormal---I think that is the proper title), or a couple of college students (I once was one myself).

The reason that I mentioned Lewis Carroll is that he was fond of what he called "portmanteau words." A portmanteau was a briefcase with several sections that slid together to form one composite briefcase. In some of his poems ("The Hunting of the Snark," for instance) he used many such words, such as "slithy" for "slippery and slimy"; if I had the book handy, I could find many more such examples. Note that our "Tro" uses such "portmanteau words" such as "transcurred" for "transpired and occurred." Coincidence? I doubt it. Martin Gardner wrote a long annotation to Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, and he is one of the founding members of CSICOP, which is dedicated to exposing as frauds and discrediting various "borderline" claims of paranormal such as ESP, psychics in general, and, of course, UFOs. Frankly, Aileen, I think that I "smell a skunk."

If these letters from "Tro" are genuine, I will have to insist that he send an assistant to hand-deliver the next one; then I will not suspect a blatant fraud.

*(Whew! At least Jim and Caroline leave the possibility open that the letter **could** be genuine!)*

From Bill Hamilton, III, Lancaster & Palmdale, CA

I have just read a copy of the second letter you received from one calling himself "TRO". It would have been helpful to see a copy of the envelope and postmark to see if both letters were mailed from the same or adjacent locations.

(Editor's Note: The first letter was postmarked from St. Petersburg, FL, second one from "Northern Virginia, VA" (*postoffice said there is no such place*) and the third one from MSC North Suburban, IL. The second letter was to Aileen Edwards and the third one to Aileen Garoutte! That means someone is reading the Missing Link or has knowledge that I recently changed my name back to my maiden name!!!)

The simplest explanation is that these letters are a hoax perpetrated to have some fun and to possibly put UFOCCI in a vulnerable position. There is no reason to uncritically accept alleged communiques from ETs. If an ET expresses a desire to openly and honestly communicate with Earth humans, then said ET should provide some proof of his/her authenticity. Beyond that, messages need verification. We are too easily misled by messages from alleged authoritative sources.

I believe we must pursue the truth of the UFO/alien phenomena and that it takes a careful analysis of reports and evidence to begin to assemble the facts. We are confronted with an extremely complex and enigmatic phenomenon.

It seems that the person identifying himself as TRO is unable or unwilling to use straightforward and comprehensible English phrases to communicate his message and has used an almost clever mix and mash of words. Certain phrases indicate that TRO has a reasonable knowledge of English (which should through learning constantly improve) and would not make the seeming errors of spelling and grammar that appears throughout the communique. There is little in the content of the letter that would constitute novel information subject to verification or falsification.

It is my opinion that we should remain skeptical and discriminating about alleged ET communications and press for the pursuit of proof if we are going to increase our credibility to the public. I believe we should establish two-way communication with the aliens if possible in order to diminish fear, promote understanding, and resolve the mystery of their presence.

In truth and friendship, Bill.

From Harv Howard, Manchaca, TX

I appreciate your efforts in time, material, and postage in sending me the letter from "Tro." However, I strongly disagree with the importance of this material. I guess I should be from Missouri, the "Show Me" state. As you well know, I tend to not accept the mere words/and or dubious evidence of many of the people claiming direct contact with alien beings. When the words allegedly come directly from an alien, I am doubly skeptical to say the least. By that measure, I get very uncomfortable when our organization embraces such material without keeping it at arm's distance and attempting some thoughtful analysis of it.

So let me play the Devil's Advocate and present some possibilities other than that of a true alien's hand busily tapping into a Mac somewhere "over Russia" and then printing it in poor style with a dot-matrix printer.

We would expect a letter from an alien to be intelligent, entirely correct in English (or whatever usage), and perhaps somewhat detectable in a stilted, odd, or different sense. To command our attention and at the same time to vouch for its authenticity, we would expect it to tell us something which was unknown to us. We also would expect that it to tread very carefully on matters sensitive to race, gender, environment, or politics.

Any such letter would not be written in a familiar style simply because the aliens are indeed aliens and would be totally unfamiliar and unaccustomed with a chatty style. (Perhaps the letter would read like it had come through half a dozen screening committees.) In essence, what I've been saying here, I would expect that a letter from an alien would read like a letter from God with much of the attendant love, compassion, understanding, and omniscience we would expect from that vastly superior quarter. We would expect no ego, anger, maliciousness, jokes, and absolutely no cuteness. Our mysterious TRO writes much too humanish. (To accept that he would be so humanlike and at the same time have such power as he professes is more than a bit frightening).

Lastly, I would not expect a letter from an alien because for the most part our solid factual data indicates that they are of the Gray-type and writing letters is simply not in their style of conducting business. Letter-writing tends to be a more earth-bound means of communication, if not archaic in this day. (Editor's Note: Why not send a fax???)

The letter from Tro fails in my judgment on most of the points I've mentioned above. Certainly, its "cuteness" with the word-play stuff is done to the extreme. All of it is totally unnecessary except as a gimmick. thus it becomes its biggest flaw to my eyes

In reading the letter, I found myself forming several opinions. The writer is highly intelligent and probably college educated. The person displays a knowledge and command of the English language which probably surpasses that of the average college graduate. In addition, the writer also possesses writing skills which are somewhat disguised in the familiar writing style utilized. I would go so far as to say that the person is a published writer to some degree and is purposely "writing down" to cover that attribute in this letter.

The writer, obviously, is very well read, and certainly has been keeping up with the news and possibilities that have appeared with the changing face of the Soviet empire. Due to the discussion of armaments, terrorists acts, blackmail, etc., I would peg the writer as a frustrated male, probably in his twenties, possible a computer data-base junkie who likes facts and data, who must interact with other people from a distance, and who considers himself very superior to other mortals even though driven at the same time by feelings of inadequacy. The word-play cuties are probably a carryover from an avid addiction to Science Fiction and Fantasy materials when younger.

Why a person would write such a letter and pass it off as legitimate has three basic possibilities. One of which is that the person is mentally ill and actually believes that he is Tro. -- I reject that possibility. I think the letter displays too much "fun" in its contents. Ill people are usually deadly serious in going about their business.

A second possibility is that the person is an employee of Uncle's doing his job of throwing a monkey wrench into the already poorly running apparatus of UFOlogy. (See my earlier article in the Link).

A third possibility is that the person wanted to "con" a bunch of believers and worked seriously at creating that con and splendidly enjoyed himself in the process. I haven't heard from him in a few years, but there is (was) a person in a southern state who could be the "perp" for such a hoax.

For myself, I shall not waste anymore time on these letters because I consider them to be worthless and a detriment to the search for the truth.

Sincerely, Harv

From Donna Tietze, Friendswood, TX

I just read the letter from Tro. And while I hope it is all true please remember there are people like Klass, and Randy, that would love to make fools of people in the UFO fields or the paranormal study fields.

First, all of the type "o"s and word creations and even the style of type is designed to give another world effect. All of the info has been heard by me before from several sources. And writing about a flock of birds after the fact really doesn't prove anything. Tro did not mention any dates of upcoming events we could check, so that his authority could be proven. I feel the letter is very, very bogus!

From my own personal experience I know ETs can and do speak like us (some what like newscasters). They don't use those types of creative words. Someone is pulling your leg. Is this April first?

Love, Donna

From Tom Dongo, Sedona, AZ

I just carefully read the letter from Tro, and not knowing how it was received (channeled, direct contact, etc.) I will give you my opinion of it based on the tone and contents of the letter.

The letter, as coming from a genuine ET, I kindasortadoubt it. I have been reading and searching this type of material rather intensively for six years or so now and have, somewhat reluctantly, come to the conclusion that probably 80% of this stuff is totally, completely somebodies, or socketing illusion or fantasy, totally false - or is a very deliberate deception.

I have come to be more than a bit cynispicious because there has been reams of this stuff that has never proved itself out. I am getting to the point where if it can't be validated, circumstantially, or otherwise, it is probably better to disregard the entire content - or at least take what is beneficial and forget the rest. I think it is time for us all to get very aggressive and to almost entirely rely on our own intelligence, intuition and common sense to arrive at some rock hard answers to get our boat moving into her planes of evolution, or existence, which is what we all want, I think.

But then there is that 20% which I believe to be absolutely valid and imperative. But how do we sort it out from the tons of B__ S__ which surrounds it? Tro may be real, sincere and on the level - so we may find out but if they are ever going to get us to believe, they are going to have to become far more direct and open. No more Games, we have had enough of Games. Most of us are sophisticated enough now to be able to deal with just about any set of aliens who might want to openly join us, and work with us constructively.

I would like nothing better in this world to sit down and have an honest, heart to heart discussion with a real extraterrestrial. I have done enough research to be 100% convinced that there are at least six races, or species of off planet/interdimensional (take your pick) aliens here now, amongst us. If we and the aliens can work together (and if we can control greed and ego) we can transform Earth into something really wonderful in just short years.

...Fond regards, Tom Dongo

Dear Tro:

The bottom-line on your 9/20 letter re: our role in the creation of this place and the triumph of human cooperation is as precise as one could get. The nutz and boltz of economic and political enterprise holds little interest for me personally. Deming's Quality Circle management and a good mental health program might work.

You mentioned earlier in the letter the genetics program in several contexts, and this is of considerable interest to me. I appreciate that your communication must be of a broad and general interest. The genetics program has received much press and should be addressed. When this is done, I would like you to deal with historical genetics programs that have affected the various races of earth humans with their multitudes of shadings and inclinations. It is fair and only right that we are entitled to such information.

Sensory facilities such as sight and hearing vary between races (Japanese can see color shades others cannot; Native Americans have keen night vision, for example). An argument can be made that physical perceptions of color and sound have evolved over time and the scope of perception enlarged with evolution.

This information could be used to unlock and work more effectively with our genetic coding, so my interest is more than vague tourism. The very practical elements of trade and politics is of no interest to me, but it's good to know that you're thinking about them as part of your overall approach.

Another subject that is of some interest is the function and construction of ancient sites and the crop circles (agriglyphs). Given that the genesis of our race involved celestial forefathers (e.g., the Nefilim who found the daughters of men fair and bore with them giants of old renown), it seems reasonable that archaeology and biogenesis might share some architects. I will proceed with my speculation and would like you to respond.

George Hunt Williamson pointed out that the megaliths are generally located along fault lines with magnetic anomalies. The megaliths are also located in regions where evidence of giants is found. The astronomical alignments found at Stonehenge alone are enormous at the present time. But the locations of the planets and calculations were very different when Stonehenge was built 4-5,000 years ago. So the coincidence of our present skyscape aligning with a structure built 4-5,000 years ago is viewed as a coincidence.

But, what if Stonehenge was built as a timer and the time at which certain alignments were finally achieved marked the future era it was designed to point out. Rather than being an archaeological ruin, what if Stonehenge were a prophecy told in stone? Pointing out the future rather than the past?

There are also areas of electromagnetic anomalies described by placements of megaliths at Stonehenge. During certain times of the year there are low-level "hums" around some areas with anomalous electromagnetic fields within Stonehenge, and in other locations there will be areas with absolute null readings also within Stonehenge. A friend pointed out that these sound like areas of matter and anti-matter.

So, my thinking is this: What if Stonehenge were a time beacon and measure-taker for electromagnetic or magnetic fields which served as indicators of earth conditions which we have not yet identified? What if specific earth conditions triggered or shifted electromagnetic phenomena within Stonehenge as a compensating or signalling factor for the region? What if the pattern of the electromagnetic fields patterned the crop circle, pointing to where and what?

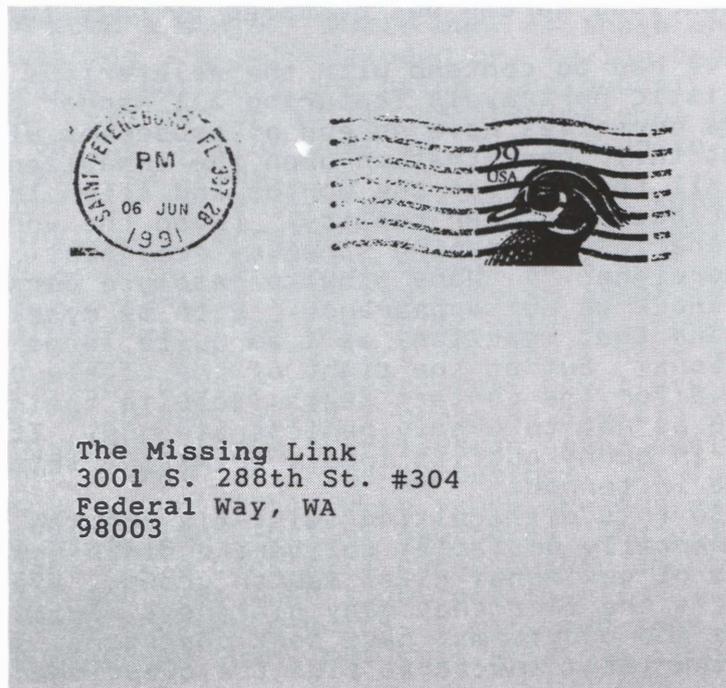
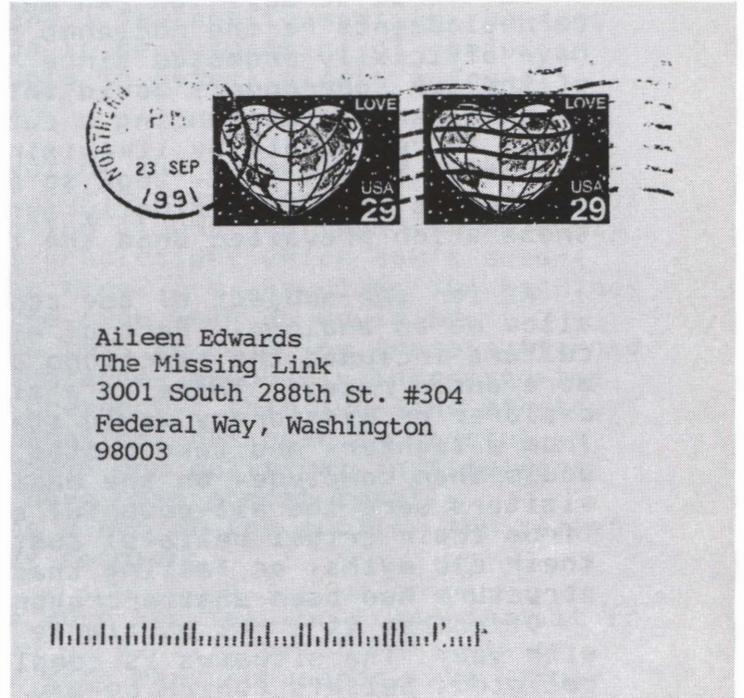
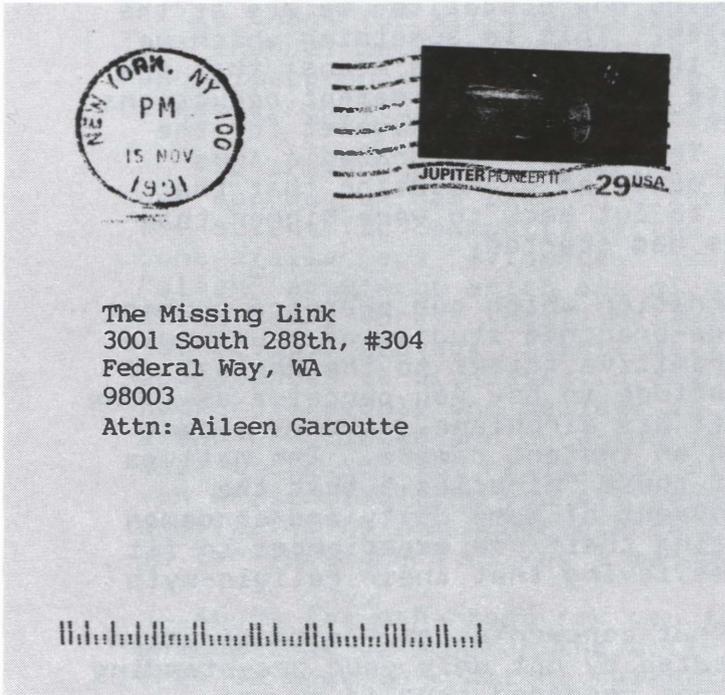
Some of the crop circles have been compared to the Sumerian or Hopi alphabets, indicating to some the intelligent creation of crop circles by UFOs. However, undercutting this idea is the consideration that the Sumerian and Native American alphabets per se are not the source of the designs but that these alphabets were designed after more basic and fundamental designs of the earth or body, thus drawing the similarities from a common source? Chakras are described as having similar shapes, designs, and functions fairly consistently from Hopi to Sanskrit by those with such vision. What if the earth's chakras were defined in specific patterns and functions and could be seen by those with the vision. Would the earth chakras look like crop circles or would crop circles look like earth chakras?

What if the celestial alignment with Stonehenge announces that NOW is the time it was built to point out and the crop circles around the megaliths announce the earth conditions you have warned us about?

In any event, it is clear that as an astronomical observatory, Stonehenge is about - time. Vector dimensionality, also mentioned in your 9/20 letter, sounds tremendously interesting. Time is one of the key subjects consistently brought forward in UFO activity.

I would like to add another item to your list for discussion, which is consciousness as a fifth force as theorized by scientist Brian O'Leary. To O'Leary's fifth-force theory, I would like to add a request for more information about the four basic forces. George Hunt Williamson was told in his early contacts that the four primary forces are electric, electrostatic, electromagnetic, and resonating electromagnetic.

Best Regards, Phyllis Duran



Dear Aileen and Associates,

In this letter, I plan to continue the process which I have begun: to contextualize, parameterate, and demythologize our activities here. I am still awaiting approval on my request for fuller disclosure of vari-several aspects of our roletivities. (However, I might well tell you now: our bureaucracies are no quicker than yours.) But I will be able to provide you with a general clarificative picscription of the program to date.

But first to say: You can wellmagine how ecstalited we are at the turnvelopments re the nucleomb problem. This is something which we have officially promoted since '88, thru our various means: that one of the two superpowers would initiate a cycle of warmament reductions by unilaterally announcing a cutback. This would stageset for the other to recipreply by likewising. The so-called Strategic Arms Reduction Talks, SALT, took so much detailed wranglation that the cap-levels that they finally agreed to cut back to were higher than those which prevailed when the talks had started.

As for the subject of the consternation which our presence causes, allow me an analogy. Part of my wide-branched studies of your world culture included the reactions of primitive tribes to the arrival of morevanced races. There is a similattude in how you perceive us. The explorer or missionary would step off his airoplane, make fire come from a lighter, and take photos with an instant camera. The natives would then conclude, on the basis of these "miracles," that the visitors were the all-powerful embodyment of some deity and/or demon (from their tribal beliefs) customizing their new experiences to fit their old myths, or failing that, feelieving that their religio-myth structure had been shatterbroken.

Of course it's not as simple as that concerning our contactication with you. The situatus is complexicated by not only your pre-standing religious beliefs (which by-way are not rendered invalid by our existence) but also by an unseemly and tenacious terra-centrism -- as if the entire spacious garden was occupied by only this one flower.

As well, we've had to contend with the deleterious effects of cinematic/novelistic portrayals featuring all manner of monsters from outer space. We ourselves have no end of amusement with these fictionings, but their perpetration upon the inhabizens has been most disfortunate. All this War of the Worlds and Alien Invasion nosense has been blockacious of proper reality. (Even the word alien is listed in dictionaries as meaning strange, repugnant. We would prefer the term "far-foreigner.") Many othwise resolute persons have gone into quivering shock at our appearance. With me myself one could perhaps understand that reaction, as I am quite large and, even in my own land, uglacious. But at the sight of the Little Ones?! They're specifically used for the contact teams, despite their other shortcomings, so as not to overly panicstrike you. It's ana-like you sending midgets in bunny outfits into a primitive settlement and having them flee in terror.

Further-add to this difficulting twist-mix are the delusional reports of the mentally unstable; deliberate disinformation programs (by various arms of gov'ment, rival saucer groups, axe-grinding researchers, etc); the fact that many different worlds (with their dissimilar ships and bodyforms) have sent observers, students, media, merchant reps, tourists, andcetra; plus the questionable decision to

allow the subaqueous refuel/repair center here to expand its service beyond purely indigenous needs, thus bringing in even more ships to randomize the variable. (And potentiate the unfortunate danger/loss of more of your boats and planes.)

Still adding: There's the problem of the many hoaxings, be they for fun or profit; a presstablishment which divides mostly between the high-haughty and sensationalistic; blunderous mistakes by visiting far-foreigners (usually students) who compound their accidental contact by grosshandling the situation; and lastly, our own purposefully promulgated misinformation.

So then, for all these reasons, and a few not-to-mention, we find the channel between our entity groups to be a quagmire of confusion and misapprehension. I wish to be able to dispelinate a few of these errspectuals and jumpclussions.

The primary pointsideration activating the "deceptive" element of our approagram has been to discredit our own existence in the minds of the scientific community by the planting of what to them is obviously contrafallacious "evidence," such as predictions which don't occur, "alien" artifacts which are of origin here, and drawplans for machines which don't work, thusly delaying the time when we would be "officially proven." Simultimely with this we have, by cross-patterned appearances to witnesses in every geogrea, gradually increased the number of people who believe in our presence. This two-lane strategy, altho convoluted and oncasion self-negating, has been successful in that those social, religious, financial, and political institutions (on whose stability you all depend) have been almost totally unaffected by our growceptance in the minds of the public. And belief in far-foreigners is now a majoritive opinion.

Among the otherings for you to be more knowful about are that it is untrue that we monitor the activities of myrillions of persons, or that we stay in constant telepathica with many thousands. We simply do not have the necessary resources to do that -- nor would we find it useful, given what I hope is our perserspective of this assignment, to do something on such a scale. Quite many of those who claim constant contact or monitoring are self-deluded or, having had some actual experience, imagine that they are being continuously watched, spoken to, or followed. (We may be guilty of pushing some of these people over the edge, but be sureful that we will own up to proper restitutions after the Transition.)

For the record, in the entire Westisphere, we surveil only 2000 or so private inviduals (irrespective of the monitoring of key facilities) and with most of those people it's more like spot-checking. This is separate from the ongoing genetics project, but even that has involved, since the 20's, only an approx'ate 10,000 persons in this hemisphere. The part you don't hear much about is that these people are kept mostly disease-free, countless healings having been performed. Also-add, altho I press my limits, allmall of those so affected are volunteers (from pre-lives on other worlds) who are incarnate on your planet for these purposings. As for those we maintain a regular commu'cation with (thru dreams, astravel, telepathy, trackative impla-units, medchecks, and visits from our human and similike field pers'nel) those number about 500 on the Western Landmass, and less than 1500 totalcount.

Having mentioned the impla-units, I will add that I'm wellware of the negicity surrounding them, but this attitude is underinformed.

Those who have been thusly designated with these transponder-like devices (which also aid in telepathication) should be recognizant that these are a mark of distinction, that in case of a Total Alert they'll be among the first to be protected, or picked up. They constitute (for varying reasons not always readily apparent) the Primors, who will serve (or else their children) crucial roles in the newcoming age. This will be in concord with the already conscious liaison humans, our fieldteamers: the Integrants. Some of these were raised off-planet, and have returned for the Transition. Others are the result of successful recruitment.

Much less is reported concerning these successful contacts; the publicized ones are usualcase (if true at all) the botchmesses, where the contactee didn't work out, and the hypno failed to fully holdblock. These types then give some half-doodly report to whomever will listen, their fears and confusion (and pre-existent childhood traumasodes) complexifying/distorting the tale. In the more recent, we've become highselective as to whom to send on these missions, and who among you to make contact with. We've had to elimit from consideration many othwise worthy inviduals because of their tendencies to panic when confronted with something too newistic.

So, as you can see, our work is fairly modestportioned, depending more on accume than massivity. Altogether, there's only a few thousand of us, and five billion of you. Certainly nothing for any of you to be fearful of. I will now leave this letter, and continue my factuality dispensement in the next one.

Peace and Protection
Tro

Te-TRO-v, A Dream Man

By Phyllis Duran

Given straight-out Cartesian analysis, Tro's letters can be neither proven or disproven. If there had not in fact been a revolution in Russia over the dates he first projected for larger-scale sightings, we could easily eliminate his projections. However, there was considerable UFO-related activity during that time period as well. The disappearance of the woman in Kansas that made national headlines due to suspected UFO activity was on September 9, one of Tro's dates. The UFO activity in Puerto Rico stepped up heavily during the entire August/September period. We heard about it in Seattle during the last few weeks of September. And then there was the Russian revolution.

Bottom-line, we are talking about the cost of postage. Tro's literary taste and style qualify him a worthy pen pal. If the letters are hoaxed, I want to know more about who's doing it, because they know a lot of the right things. The only way to find out is to keep writing. Certainly we equivocate many things in a partnership of analysis and intuition, definitely friendships. That's why we have both capabilities. Each of us will decide the veracity of Tro's letters on personal bias in interpreting the facts at hand, which are admittedly few.

Last May I called Aileen and told her that large open UFO sightings with groups would be starting after a dream about a large, ugly ET named Tetrov. The dream also included a use of language similar to Tro's. I had awakened about 5 a.m. on a Saturday morning and wrote until about 10:00. Around 10, I became overwhelmingly tired and took a nap from about 10:30 until 11:00. That's when the dream happened.

For a variety of weird reasons, I was in a strange, small town where the houses all had large lots. I was cutting across several yards in front of a community center when a UFO flew overhead. I stopped to watch it when another UFO came on the scene and both started a magnificent display of maneuvers of the magnitude of ballet in the air. It was beautiful. A group of probably 50 gathered and watched the craft moving back and forth and around again in the sky when a light film of white foam was released over the yards and houses. Most of the people ran to their cars or inside when that happened, but a few stayed in the yard, probably about 11. The foam dried up right away and didn't seem to hurt anything, and I wanted to see what would happen next. So I stayed.

First one UFO landed in front of the house and the pilot, a man, walked to the front porch of the house where a woman stood. I was standing next to the house with a group of people and the other UFO landed. A man, certainly not a giant but a fairly large human man got out of the craft and walked up to us. We were all a little frightened, and I didn't know what to do. Finally, I walked over to him and shook his hand, introducing myself and asking for his name. He had extremely small brown eyes set into small deep sockets. The rest of his face looked almost like a dogs. The nose and chin and cheeks came together almost like a snout. He was human and did not have long floppy ears, but the planes of the face were reminiscent of a dogs. I asked his name. He said "Tetrov", and I asked where he was from. He said, "I am Tetrov from France." I was angry then that he dared tell me he was from France so I asked him how he got his ship if he was from France. He let go of my hand without saying a word and returned to his UFO and flew away. The other man at the front of the house did exactly the same thing at exactly the same time. Then they were both back in the air and flew away. But then they came back and continued their maneuvers. The beautiful ships flashed a series of lights and as they departed, one of the craft spelled out NOW AGE in light.

I woke up from the dream wide awake and KNEW that large sightings would start soon. In the two years I have known Aileen, we have discussed about everything, and more than enough to get either one of us blushing. But I have very few dreams of any significance and have told Aileen about maybe two dreams. This dream was so different and so strikingly real, that I called her and told her about it that morning. The man was so ugly and so enigmatic and I wondered what NOW AGE meant. After writing the dream down, I forgot about it completely and deleted it off my pc for more space last summer.

After hearing Tro's third letter, I remembered the dream from last summer and Tetrov. If this dream does have any bearing on sightings that are stepping up now and if they continue to step up, then I have some ideas about why he told me he was France.

My reaction to the ugly face of the man from the UFO was something I gave some thought to. It was an instinctive reaction that caused me some embarrassment in the dream. I realized I could react to the way someone looks rather than the way they are or who they are based only on what I think people should look like. That's something important for me to know about myself. I am still thinking about that sort of prejudiced reaction. I want to know that I could be as fair and honest to anyone as I would like them to be to me. If I want someone to be a friend to me, then I should be as able to be a friend to them.

NOW AGE meant in the dream that there's no waiting for something new to come. It is now. It is here. It is real.

* * * * *

HAGAR THE HORRIBLE



NOV 18 1991

11-10-91
Ticonderoga, N.Y.
(Letter 4)

Dear Aileen and Associates,

Permission has come back from the superiors to proceed with certain dispensements for the purpose of establistarting relations between our entity groups. What has been so far approved is but a meager allowance of my request list for such, and consists mainly of a general layplan, as well as a continued dispelimination of faulty knowlisms, of which even the most ardent/brilliant of you are rife with.

As to the issue of proof-making, it has been further decided to let what I write stand alone (for now) as a kind of proof-unto-itself -- to allow us to take note of who among you are wise enough to discern it; to watchsee which of you has the mentacuity to recognize truth when it (rare'casion) shows its face on this planet, so fraught as it is with lacknowledge, misinformation, and programs of deception. Sofore, it has been decided to inform the subject-focused, let form a cadre of attuned cognizenti..and go from there when the table is prepared.

Thus and so, we will basistablish, thru these letterings, the open communication phase between our Peoples. It was my intention to move forward at a quickened pace, but some factors now counterweigh that approagram. For one, it may be better to allow a little more time to pass while your geo-political world order restabilizes. For another, it appears imminent that I myself will be called away on a different (emergency) assignment. My tenure here is suddenly subject to another world's degree of discord. As important as this planet is (we call it Anturia) it is classified as an "Age-Ready" assignment, where things can be slow-railed if nessquired,,in contrast to a situatus on a member world (and its colony moon) that may need mandarbration to avoid mutual bloodletting. My firstmost responsiduty would be to the resolution of such a confliction, but I would return immed'ely I could to oversee activities here. Others can fill my job in the interim, which won't be long, but no one is available who can better handlehelm the other complicrisis, which is of a type that I have brought to settlecision many times.

Another reason that I've been of purpose to cut the orchestrivity (speed the Transition) is your deteriorating ozone layer, but we now receive word of the sooncome of a large ship (with radar-bafflers and flash-speed capability) which can surreptitiously begin this refortification process. (But you must continue your cutbacks of causant emissions.) It will arrive not a day too quick, as we've had to (with evering difficulty) maneuver the ozone so as to leave the worst holes where they would do the least harm -- mainly at the ice poles. But within this past year, even that has become nonsustainable, resulting in full breaks at many latitudes. These we've had to let stand, despite our desire to lifthand in your defense, as our relations are not yet openized. Be mindful that our working parameteralysis is curtailed by many regstrictions -- a version of what your science fiction calls the Prime Directive.

As previously noted, the unifying awareness of spirit (as the connector of sapients everywhere) is paramount. But during our initia, a groundation between our species can best be place-set thru the medium of mind, whose common processes also unite us. We can each exhibiate to the other our arts and sciences. The far-foreigners who are visited here will be joined by still others during this phase, and we will proceed to attend special sessions of your museums, technical centers, and performance halls. Perhaps we could also visit some

universities, as another valuable futuraction will be student exchanges, which will present an excellent opportunity for your (and our) young people. In turn, we will provide for you similar exhibitions; some of our mammoships are outfitted with exhibeums, galleries, and concert centers. You will be delighted to hear some of your own indigenous music played with our "instruments," as accompanied by our "light shows."

Following this initialization, there can begin the negotiations toward a trade and interactivity agreement. One feature of this will be the recordance of a substantial "IOU" from us to you, for goods and resources already utilized. Your U.N., gov'ments, and eligible corporos can draw on this amount for our products and services. This will serve as a sort of ante-in for us (to the melody of 360 billion Am-dollars to date) and will compensate you (by pre-existing interworld regulaw) for our use of your land and materials, particularly for a number of subaqueous and underland bases and ports. A healthy centage of the figure accumulated is your planet's share-profit for a long-resident undersea ship repair facility. Adding also to the sum are munificent restitutions for the accidental losses which our presence has incurred, and payment with interest for such as music royalties, electrocharging, platinum, water, gold, sea salt, spices, silkworms, strawberries, frogs, bovine organs, exotic sea life, certain dog, primate, and tropical bird species, and kelp. One advantage for you in our pre-using your materials is that your future markets around the region have already sampled some of your goods, and a demand has already been established for more of the same. This will wellserve your business repras as they seek overspace contracts.

One element of our behavior which you find to be awespiring is our telepathic ability. A few points on that: First, you do not realize how close many of you are to the same. The proof of that is in those humans who already exhibiate this ability, albeit sporadically and in mixed resonance. As well, consider the huspiens who have communicated with our agents. Were they themselves not part of the equation which produced a telepathic link? I speak here of those who were without the enhancers, but even those with the devices must focus wellproperly in order to effectuate their thoughts thru the frequency channel. With the humans here, it's more a matter of non-training than non-ability. It would be like your being awed by someone speaking German; if you had been taught this other language, you would know how to speak it.

Having said all that, I must now note that much of what is described as telepathy by contactees isn't. It's just that the masks that are being worn prevents the mouth from being seen. Bodysuits and masks are utilized as standardquiptment on all contacts. This is due'fact the high amount of air- and person-borne bacteria and virus forms which exist here. We must take these steps to safeguard not only our own selves, but also the wellbeing of those on the worlds which we return to.

It is a humorsource that it is written that the far-foreigners have no hair, no genitals, and no facial expression. We have, most of us, all of those in abundance. Why hasn't everyone figured out that these are artificial overskins, and that the "slits" at the nose, ears, and mouth are to minimize the air which enters the filters? While it is true than some of the races don't have their appearance radically altered by the masks, most look markedly different -- as you yourselves would with such an appliance. So, to settle, we who visit

here do have hair, movable mouths, facial expressions, and (yes) genitals.

Another basic area I would like to format for you is the question of atmospheres. You'll be pleased to learn that fully 90% of the planets in this local sector (b2l confederates) have compatable breathable air. Which is not to say the exact same components, but breathable to each other's citizens for at least a duration of time. This gaseous similarity is not a functional necessity of some geo-physical law, nor is it a coincident. On most orbas, when a certain state is reached in the cooldown process, special ships and workers are sent to induce and distribute the right combinations of gases. On this planet, as on all the others, this work includes the laborious process of creating a sun-ray protective shield -- usually of ozone. This mega-project takes, at minim, hundreds of years -- which is all'more reason for the shame you bring on yourselves for the despoilation of your upmosphere.

I tell you of the breathability quotient so that you can ponder this: Those among you who show forth the desire, talent, and motivation, and who take the timeeffort to learn the language upgrade (and the word symbols which will soontime be presented) will earnceive overspace travellowances. I can't premagine for you what an adventure this will be for those of you who prepare yourselves. Most of the toursite planets are beyond your fondest dreams of utopia.. and the vacation worlds are beyond that. Rigorous health will not be a strict prereq for such journeying, as the cruiships are all fully stabilized at Standard Gravity, which is like .9 for your kind. (You will feel a bit lighter and quicker.) As for transvectoral (distance) moves, you will be placed in a gel substance for the few moments of the jump.

Lastly, we have been criticized for "abducting" the citizens of your world, and hypnotizing them to forget their experience. But this has been a long-accepted methique of new member-planet preparation. There are many things going on during these meetings aside from the genetic project which you are so acutely aware of (and which is a special-case scenario). My primary makepoint here is that there are now thousands living among you who carry within themselves good experiences of our contacts, who will be able, when the time is at hand, to step forward and say: "I know these people. They are friendly. Do not be afraid." Among the things these Primors will be able to do, on the moment, will be to speak fluently in this (what I'm now using) language upgrade. (Some of you no doubt have already noticed how semi-familiar the new wordism seems.) A whole segment of these inviduals will also display, of a sudden, conversitude in the local sector language. The Integrants are already familiar in it -- one even referring to it as "Esperanto b2l." Thus, you now know the explann for much of our secret contact work among you -- which is routine procedure for the Service Corps assigned to these-such Transitions.

Peace and Protection

Tro

Dear Friends:

This is your old friend E.T. with another true story from the files.

The time is 11:45 p.m., July 7. The place is the beautiful Kinzua Dam area in Pennsylvania. The night is as clear as can be. Millions of stars are visible. We have noticed something strange where we are camped at the edge of the woods in an open field. As we go into the woods to gather wood for the camp fire we feel a strangeness come over us in the wooded area. There isn't a sound to be heard; no night birds, no crickets, no nothing. It's dead quiet. Almost like being in a sound proof room.

As soon as we come out we hear the night birds and crickets going strong. We had that feeling that we are being watched. Before I forget, we're camped at an area called the upper reservoir. It's the place where they store water from the dam.

Time: around 12:15 a.m., July 8. The moon is in its last quarter and at the time is not visible to us in the night sky from where we are at. All of a sudden as we laid looking up at the stars, it started.

Columns of light - four different colors in all. They were red, white, blue and green. All were a light color, not too dark at all. The lights all seem to touch the upper reservoir and the dam below it. At first we thought it was the Northern Lights but then realized all the light was concentrated on the dam and upper reservoir.

This lasted about 15 minutes and then went away. So we decided to try and have one of us keep awake at all times. All went well until about 2:00 a.m., when all of a sudden it started again. I woke up my "side kick" and we watched again. Once again they lasted for about 15 minutes and left again. So now it is my side kicks turn to keep watch. Well as luck would have it, my side kick fell asleep sometime during his watch. The next time it happened we were both awakened from a sound sleep at about 3:45 a.m. For some strange reason we both sat up and the light show began once more but this time the lights seemed much brighter. The field which we are sleeping in was lit up just like day with rainbow colors. This enabled us to see all the way to the beginning of the road we came in on and also the path that went up to the upper reservoir and the fence that surrounded it. This was a much more intense light show. The colors were much brighter. To add to it there were tiny balls of light floating around the field, and by us. They just seemed to float around and disappear.

That was the last thing either of us remembered until we woke up. Strange but true, my friends.

Well I have to go for now. This is E.T. signing off. May the Love of God and Our Friends be with you.

SEDONA CALENDAR OF CREATIVE HAPPENINGS

FLIGHT 19 UPDATE

by Wesley H. Bateman

The June 1991 issue of the *Sedona Calendar of Creative Happenings* published both my account and NASA pictures (taken by the astronauts of Apollo 11) of what appears to be a Grumman TBM Avenger in earth orbit. As fate would have it, just prior to the publication of my article, the news media released the story of the discovery of five TBMs on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean about 10 miles off the east coast of Florida. This discovery of five planes was prematurely taken to be the remains of Flight 19.

Because the wreckage was thought to be from the lost flight, my article about the orbiting TBM appeared to some readers as having no merit. Other readers suggested that if the orbiting object were an airplane, it might not necessarily be one of those from Flight 19.

On June 4, 1991, both Channel 10 (KTSP) in Phoenix, Arizona, and the



Wes Bateman is a telepath with direct, open contact to ETs from the open state, who are not subject to earth mankind's frequency-barrier-caused closed brain and limited consciousness. Bateman has 30 years of ongoing information on the open state; the Federation; the frequency barrier and how it affects humanity; ETs and evolution; a wide spectrum of technical and scientific information, including mathematics and the universal symbolic language; the three trading houses of this system — all part of the true history of this part of the galaxy and beyond.

Cable News Network (CNN) both reported that the recently discovered planes were "definitely not part of Flight 19."

This returns us to the strong possibility that the UFO picture(s) taken by

the Apollo 11 astronauts on their way to the first moon landing was one of the TBMs from Flight 19. I closed my June article on the orbiting TBM with the question: "What do you think?" I'll leave you now with the same question.

AIRMAN MENDEZ vs THE BUREAUCRACY - PART TWO

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The espionage investigation had ended for Simone Mendez in July 1982. The six-month ordeal of constant grilling by Air Force and FBI investigators had culminated in her being cleared. But life had changed. No longer did she have the promising future in the Air Force for which she had hoped. Her security clearance was gone, meaning access to high-paying technical jobs in telecommunications was ended.

She settled back into the routine of a regular military living, doing a variety of clerking jobs. In 1984, Simone was transferred to Tinker AFB, Oklahoma in billeting work (for non-military folks, "billeting" means providing living accommodations for base personnel). All went well until mid-1985.

Being that her relocation to Tinker would put her in fairly close proximity to her friend George, one of Simone's letter correspondents who was involved in the document episode, she thought that it would be interesting to get together again to chat about all that had happened. An off-day was selected so that George could drive up to the base. When that day arrived, Simone waited for George to stop in. Morning drifted into afternoon. Still no sign of George. Late in the day she called his home and spoke to his mother. George was there but refused to speak to Simone, despite her pleading with his mother to do so.

Simone was baffled by this behavior, especially since he initially wanted to meet. On the next day she received a Federal Express overnight shipment at her apartment. In it were all of her letters, artwork; etc. that she had sent to George over the years, rudely stuffed into a box with not a word of explanation. It was, and still is, a complete mystery to her.

Some weeks later, unbeknownst to her, a piece appeared in the October 1985 issue of "Saucer Smear," a UFO newsletter by James Moseley which specializes in gossip and a good old American tradition called "muckraking."

The story related details of Simone's experience in brief. It was not completely accurate but enough was told to determine that it came from an insider. That insider was none other than Simone's friend George!

While the account had also appeared in one or two privately circulated monographs written by midwestern UFOlogists, little of it went far and Simone's name was safe. Moseley's revelations were more detailed and, consequently, more damaging. Damaging because the "Smear" piece was noticed by a staff writer for OMNI magazine named Owen Davies.

In 1986, Davies called various individuals over a period of a few weeks at Tinker trying to track down Simone for an interview. He finally did locate her. Davies at first did not identify himself, but when he did she refused to talk to him. She was in fact stunned that the whole thing had become so public that a national magazine spared no small expense to locate her. She referred Davies to her good friend, Jean Waller, who worked at the base and who was very familiar with the story. "I was afraid to talk to him because of the possible consequences for me, having signed a secrecy form and all," she explained. Apparently OMNI never printed the story at that time.

Things had quieted on this matter but came back with a vengeance later in the year when Simone travelled back home on leave. When she arrived her family told her that the base had been frantically trying to call looking for her. She immediately called the lieutenant who had left the message. Without hesitation, he began threatening her with disciplinary action about discussing the document case with the media. Befuddled, Simone did not understand what prompted the call as she had spoken to no one about the case. "you better keep your mouth shut about that," he growled. "I want to know the name of the reporter you spoke to," he said. "That was the OMNI writer," she thought, "But it was a long time back and a dead issue."

She spent a very unhappy vacation thinking about what trouble awaited her when she arrived back at the base.

Upon her return a week later, she discovered that the reason for the eruption against her was that OMNI had made another attempt to get the story. This time they went directly to the base commander

asking that he give clearance for them to get through the secrecy restrictions on her and obtain an interview. Needless to say, the base commander did not know what this situation was all about and he angrily set off a domino effect of outrage down his line of command to get to the bottom of the OMNI request.

The steam build-up was exhausted by the time she had returned. The lieutenant who had called Simone's family had temporarily shipped out to Wright-Patterson AF, Ohio, and his replacement, a captain, told her not to worry about any of this. "It's a good thing that I was on vacation when all of this happened," she recalled, "because my nerves would have put me in the hospital again if I wasn't!"

On into the Spring of 1987, when a curious turnabout occurred. While on duty in the base linen exchange, Simone received a phone call from her master sergeant. He told her that OSI wanted to see her but that she was to first report to the orderly room. Panic set in again. "Oh no, what did I do now?" she nervously thought as she went to the orderly room.

Both the sergeant and a captain met her there. They told her not to be afraid, that there was no trouble for her. She was about to be made an interesting offer. Simone and the sergeant went to the OSI office and entered a conference room where they were met by the base's head of counterintelligence. He said he knew of her background and trouble in 1982 but that didn't matter because he felt that she would be a good "contact." "You can say no to this but it would look bad on your record if you did," he informed her somewhat threateningly. Faced with such mandatory volunteering she had two options: an enthusiastic yes or a grudging yes. She took the latter. He said they would be in touch later.

Sometime later she was called again and given a guided tour of the OSI offices. She was personally introduced to many of the OSI agents and other personnel there. In an office with five other agents she was asked many personal questions about her life, family; etc. "I felt like they were preparing a Mata Hari," she observed at the "breaking-in-a-new-member" nature of the attention. She was told that she would be involved in exciting, and sometimes dangerous, things.

Simone was astonished at this turn of events. At one time she felt like she was heading for federal prison, with OSI driving the paddy wagon! Now she was actually being recruited to do undercover work for them. "I was intrigued but at the same time I was nearing the end of my stint with the Air Force and wasn't sure I could take pressure situations all over again" she thoughtfully pondered. They wanted her more than she was willing.

In mid-1987, the head of counterintelligence at OSI discovered that Simone was heading for the MUFON annual conference in Washington, D.C. "How they knew this I wasn't sure," she thought. "They must have tapped into some of my phone conversations. There were warnings all over the base that calls from the base would likely be monitored and I never talked about going to the symposium except by phone." He met with her and asked point blank that she brief him on everything that happened there when she returned.

She did indeed attend the conference, which was dominated by discussions of UFO abductions and the MJ-12 documents. Simone listened carefully, knowing that she was going to be debriefed. "I was still active duty military and did what I had to do. I needed no more problems with my superiors so a correct briefing is what they were going to get," she said.

Upon her return, she was again met by the head of counterintelligence who listened to her account of the symposium. He seemed satisfied with what she told him and left. Nothing more was said about it. Simone never did learn why they wanted a rundown of the conference. It was not her place to ask.

Despite pleadings from her superiors and the OSI personnel she dealt with, Simone left the Air Force on March 31, 1988. She felt it was time to move on to other things.

She held various jobs in her civilian life thereafter but the "incident" left her. It was a great frustration not to know for sure whether her life was altered due to seeing proof of a sensational truth or at being conned by a con man, or con men.

At first very reluctant to probe into the past for fear of reviving nightmarish memories, Simone slowly began to realize that to put to rest her "Flying Dutchman" she must build up the courage to ask hard questions of those in positions of power and authority - those who put her through her ordeal.

She first contacted UFO organizations, hoping that they would have the necessary knowledge to guide her through the bureaucratic maze to her goal. Her reading of stories had led her to believe that the UFO groups had the power to gain access to hidden materials. She found this to be an exceedingly disappointing effort as, one after another, individuals in the UFO community put her off. The advice she

was given included remarks that she was wasting her time. She would get nothing from the government. She would end up in a "file." That "they" would come knocking at her door for asking such probing questions. "I thought these people were supposed to help witnesses get to the bottom of such important UFO-related issues," she later told us. "It was as if they were consumed by a kind of paranoia about government related incidents and were trying to pass that paranoia to me. It was very disillusioning to hear well-known organizations and individuals in UFOlogy attempting to frighten me out of pursuing my story."

What Simone did not have was proof of the reality of her story. Her's was another in a long line of secrecy tales in the UFO field. By itself, the story was nothing more than her word against the military. When she contacted CAUS, we felt there was sufficient reason to pursue the possibility of documented evidence of her experience. If her story was true, the paperwork had to be there.

CAUS advised her on procedures of filing FOIA requests, to whom and how to word them. She had to do the work of filing herself as it was her personal file she sought. No one else but her could ask for it. She was assured that there would be no knocks on the door, nor other stereotypical manifestations of a paranoid believer mentality which now dominates much of the UFO community in America. How can we be so sure that it wouldn't happen to her? Because being what CAUS is in UFO research, a group designed to unearth government documentation, it simply has not happened to us. We should be prime targets for such harassing activities. Yet, somehow, we've escaped that onslaught. With CAUS behind her, Simone Mendez finally had allies.

She filed requests with the FBI and two FBI field offices beginning in January 1989. Another request was filed with the Air Force Office of Special Investigations during July 1990.

Over a year later, on May 7, 1990, the first of several releases of Simone's FBI file took place. Eight years had passed since the investigation. Documents which she was assured by many would not be released were now available. AFOSI had followed with a release of its own with papers declassified in January 1991, that request having taken seven months to fulfill. The files totalled nearly two hundred pages, one of the largest government files on a single UFO-related case on record. However, as expected, many dozens of documents were withheld entirely and released papers were often very heavily censored.



Simone Mendez - 1982



Simone Mendez - 1991,
with remembrances, and
reminders, of her past.

THE EXPERIENCE DID OCCUR

That a document existed and the circumstance surrounding it did occur is beyond question:
From FBI Cable - 27 January 1982:

b7c
FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION OF THE CHICAGO DIVISION,
INVESTIGATION HAS DETERMINED THAT THE SUBJECT MENDEZ HAS ACCESS
TO CRYPTOGRAPHIC KEYS AND ROUTINELY SENDS AND RECEIVES
CRYPTOGRAPHIC MESSAGES. ON A DAILY BASIS, MENDEZ HANDLES
CLASSIFIED COMMUNICATIONS UP TO AND INCLUDING TOP SECRET. THIS
INFORMATION WAS PREVIOUSLY PROVIDED TO THE BUREAU AND DALLAS VIA
LAS VEGAS TELETYPE DATED JANUARY 12, 1982 *(S) desclassified per Au Jones letter of 11/13/91*
INFORMATION SET FORTH REGARDING THE AGREEMENT COVERING THE *Sp/ [redacted]*

FBI b7c

From OSI document - 27 February 1982
8218D27-517

SECRET

SUMMARY: (C) Investigation requested by TFWC/CC, NAFB, NV, on 12 Jan 82,
based on information that SUBJECT may have compromised classified informa-
tion (U) SA [redacted] FBI, Las Vegas, NV, advised that their Dallas, TX, office
received information that [redacted]

FBI b7c b7D

[redacted] advised that [redacted]
[redacted] had seen a "Top Secret" message [redacted]
[redacted] furnished a statement relating [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] Coordination with HQ MAC, HQ TAC and Bergstrom AFB,

denied per OSI b7c and b7D

From FBI cable - 25 March 1982

MARKED AS "TOP SECRET". THE COMMUNICATION RELATED TO THREE UFOS
OVER THE SOVIET UNION AND THE AIR FORCE WAS ATTEMPTING TO IDENTIFY
THEM. SHE STATED THAT SHE HAD KEPT THIS DOCUMENT, HOWEVER, DETERMINED
THAT IT WAS FALSE. PRIOR TO DETERMINING IT WAS FALSE, HOWEVER, SHE *(S) (X)*

b7c

The following map and article were sent by Willie Durand Urbina of the Puerto Rican Research Group. Puerto Rico is the "hot spot" of UFO activity at the present time.

Here in Puerto Rico there have been reported thousands of UFO incidents and sightings. Because of this, serious investigation is taking place. The United States government has installed on our island an air Airstat to facilitate the detection of UFOs. The UFO base here in Puerto Rico is at a lake called "Cartagena" which is located in a town named Cabo Rojo (the lake is marked out on the map included in this article).

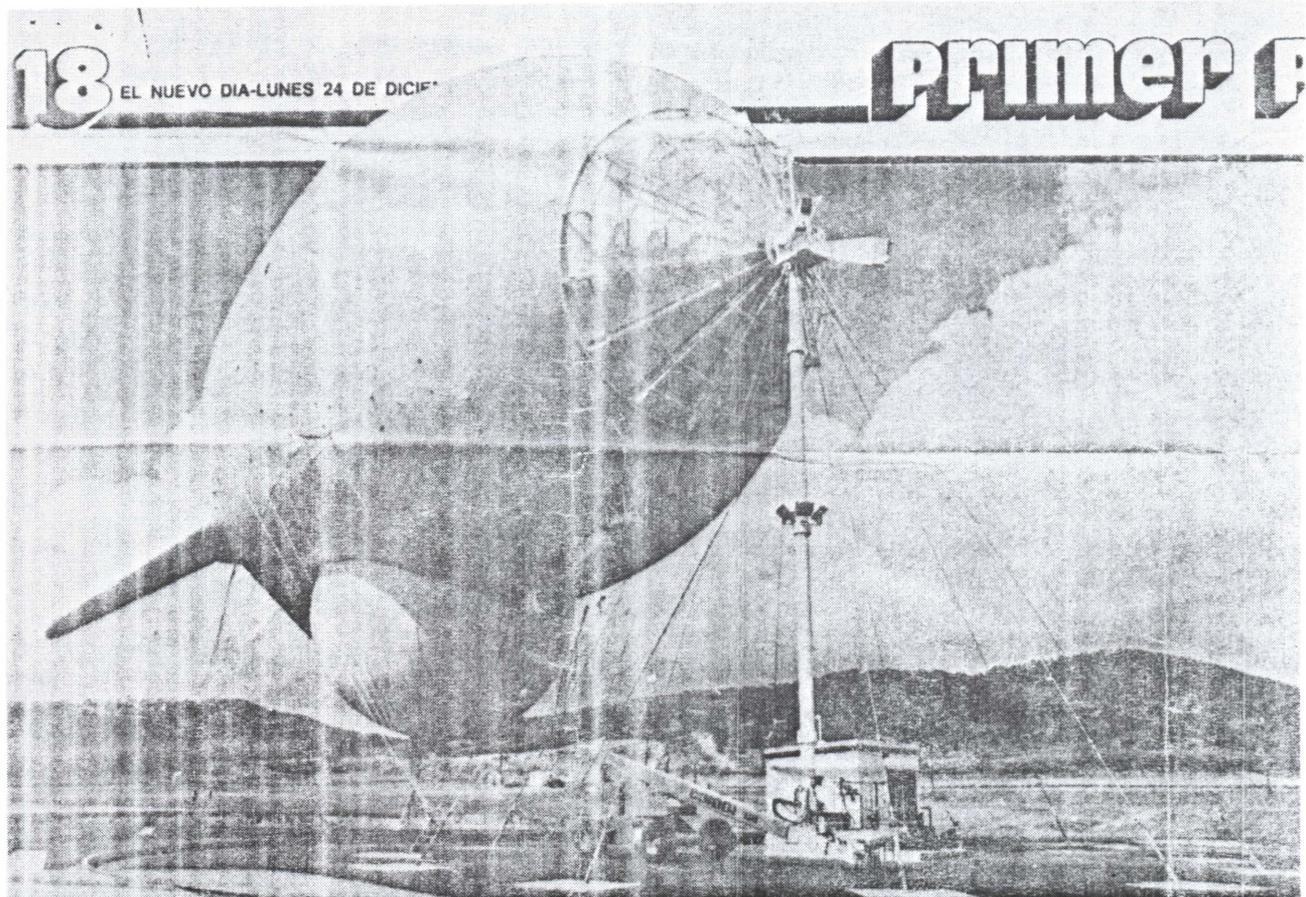
Due to the fact that thousands of persons from all around Puerto Rico have testified about seeing UFOs, the Federal Government has acquired all the surrounding area of the before mentioned place (Lake Cartagena). In this place the Federal Government has installed military armed forces to maintain a constant 24 hour vigilance. There are strict orders to not let anyone near this place. Scientific groups from all around the world have traveled to this place to observe and investigate what is really going on in this place.

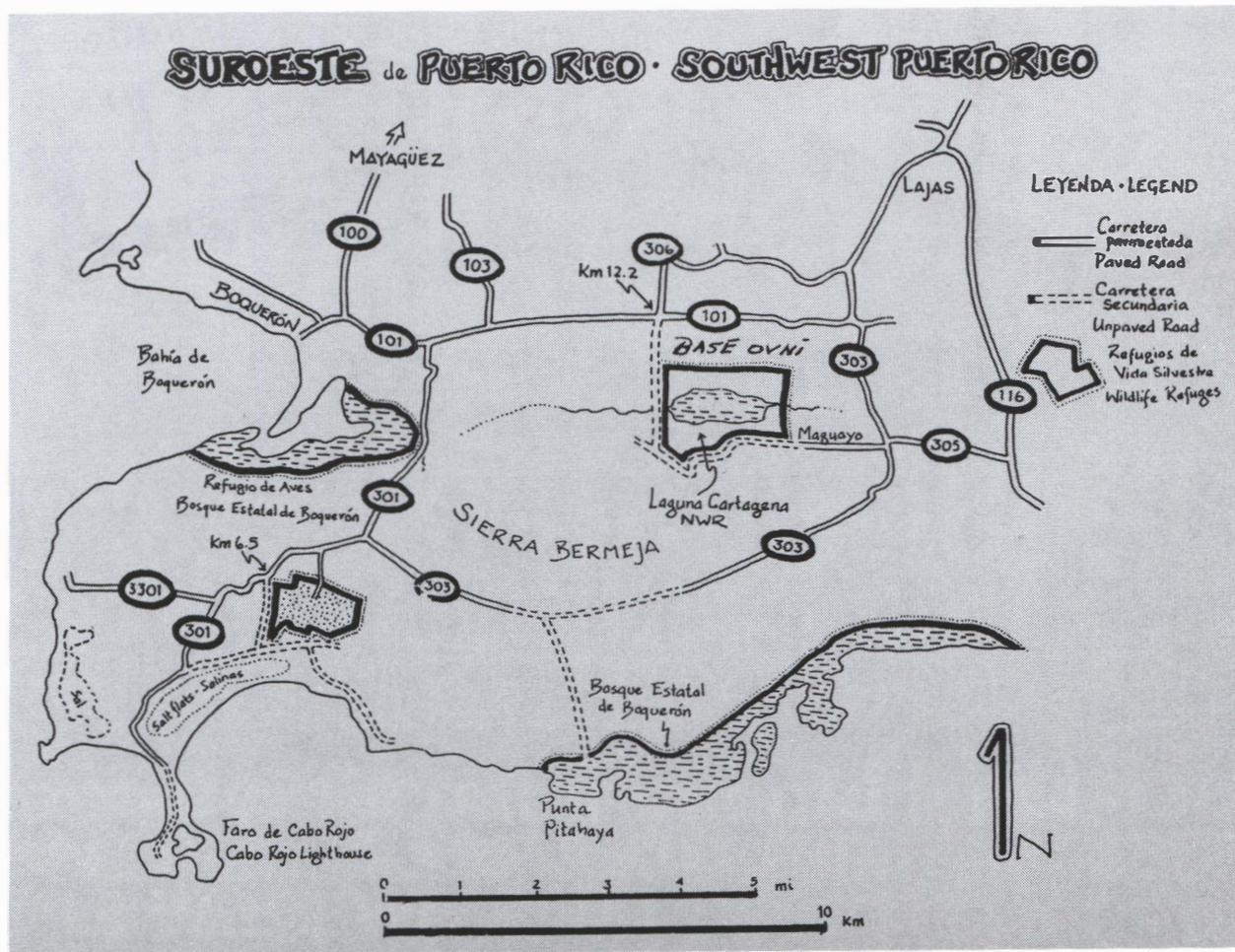
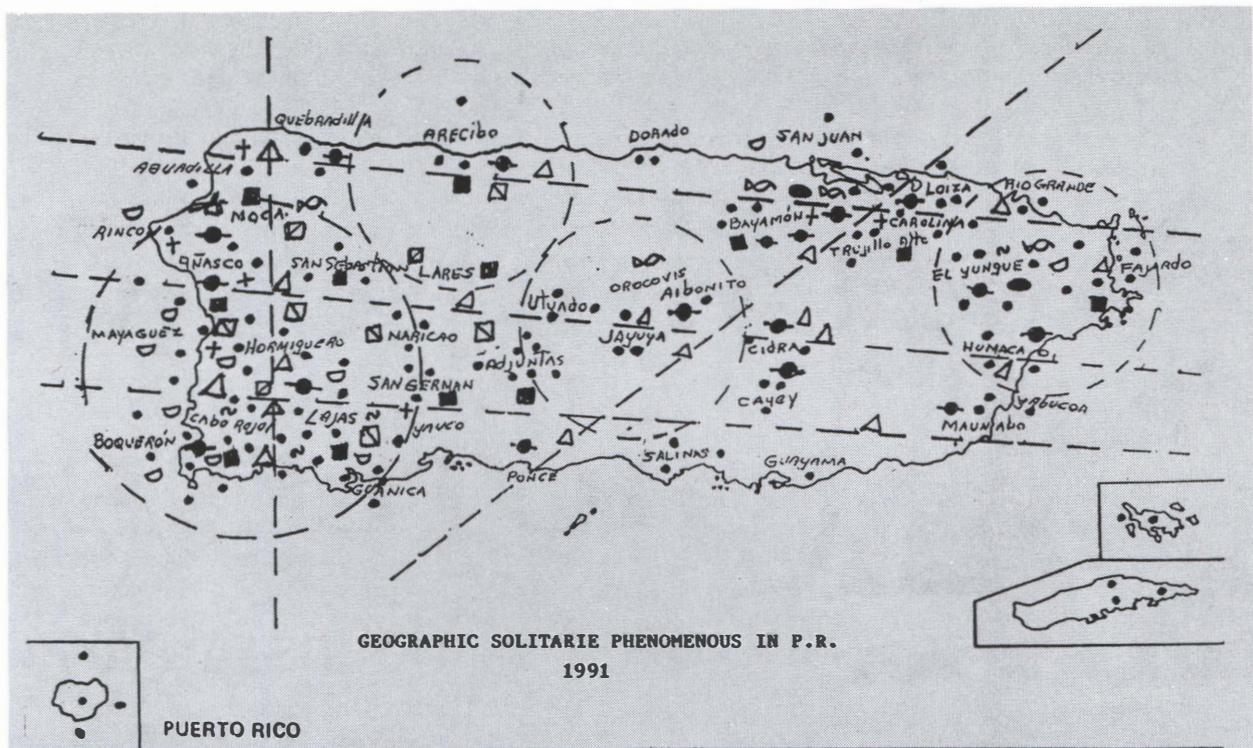
One of the most incredible incidents with UFOs took place in Lake Cartagena. This incident is so incredible and astonishing that to this date the local and federal authorities still do not have an explanation as to what happened.

Lajas is a town located very nearby Lake Cartagena. In this town, thousands of Lajas residents saw, with their very own eyes, how an enormous UFO trapped and disappeared two Tom Cat F-14 combat airplanes. The UFO was so enormous that the two airplanes looked extremely small beside the strange flying object. These two airplanes were chasing a strange triangular shaped flying object when suddenly this incident occurred.

To investigate this incident, the military air forces anchored an aircraft carrier near the west coast of Puerto Rico for three months. The purpose of this was to maintain a constant air vigil trying to find answers to this incredible and astonishing incident. The residents of this area are very alarmed knowing that this place is the base of the UFOs..... Willie Durand Urbina

(Editor's Note: Ovni is the spanish word for UFO)







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