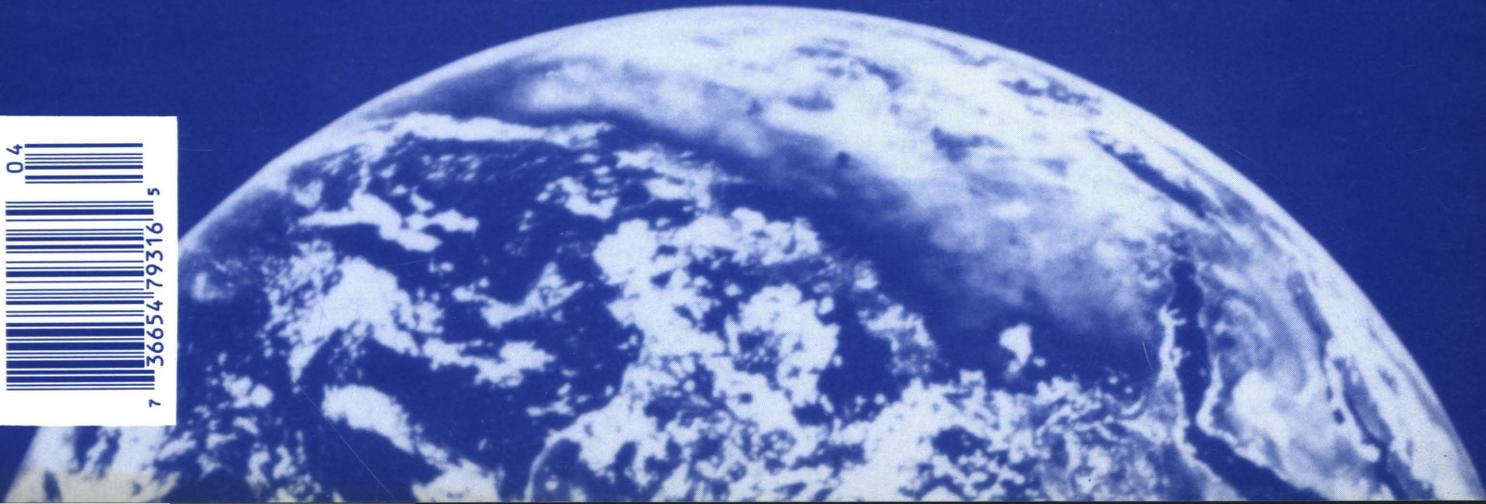


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★ THE MISSING LINK ★

★ Number 115 ★ Volume 12 ★ April 1992 ★



UFO'S: LET THE EVIDENCE SPEAK FOR ITSELF

By
Clifford E. Stone

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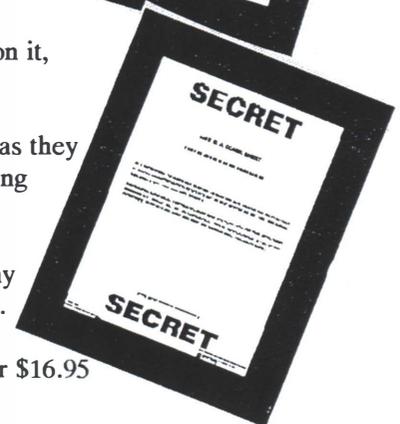
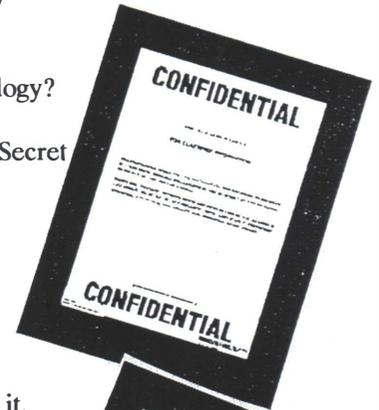
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UFO

Art by



RON RUSSELL

"Knowing that billions of galaxies exist makes you realize how large the universe is and how small we are in comparison" states Ron Russell, masterful artist of our celestial frontier. His feelings of space-time and of light become the themes of his work which are inspired by his dreams and visions.

Born of a pioneer California family, Russell's early training in aesthetics and philosophy set the pattern for his career. In college he studied medicine and philosophy, then became a theatre designer and builder for the famed San Francisco Actor's Workshop. In 1965 Russell began his quest as an artist, and in 1973 his dreams and visions led to the creation of his first cosmic work.

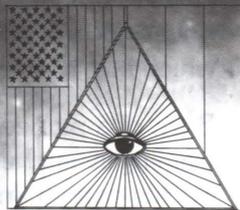
With an almost three dimensional appearance and a stunning clarity, Russell's celestial scenes are painted directly onto the back of his glass, progressing from the tiniest, most intricate lights and shadows to the broadcast of background colors. The paint is then baked under infrared lighting to literally fuse it to the tempered glass surface.

Russell's work is included in the public and private collections of the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum; the DeYoung Museum, San Francisco; the Guggenheim Collection, New York; Apollo astronaut Buzz Aldrin, author Ray Bradbury, and the late Dr. Werner Von Braun of NASA. His work has also been featured on numerous album and magazine covers, including *OMNI* and *Interface Age*.

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DELIBERATE DECEPTION: THE BIG SUR UFO FILMING

A Critical Analysis of the Curious Events at Vandenberg Air Force Base in September 1964

By Bob Jacobs, PhD

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This is an article about the filming and subsequent US Government cover-up of a UFO which interfered with a dummy Atomic warhead one Autumn day in 1964 high over the Pacific Ocean off Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. It is a firsthand account of an event. Before dealing with it and the subsequent revelations which have come from a variety of sources since 1964, consider this brief discussion about UFOs and "The Press."

It is a sad and curious fact that much of the literature surrounding the UFO phenomena appears in the highly sensationalist "tabloids". Once relegated solely to pulp newsprint, this form of idiot-journalism has now moved into television with personalities like Geraldo Rivera, Morton Downey, Jr. and a growing number of other slime merchants. Owing to the prejudice toward this kind of journalism shared by intellectuals, academicians and the celebrities who frequently decry being victimized by the tabloids, such exposure has tended to desensitize the American Public to the potential seriousness of the UFO issue. Since tabloids seem to be written stylistically by and for the lunatic fringe, then UFOs are seen broadly as the purview of lunatics exclusively.

If one wanted deliberately to denigrate an issue, to relegate it to the trash heap of pop culture, one could not do so more completely than to ensure that the issue falls into the hands of *The Star* or *The National Enquirer* or Geraldo Rivera! Perhaps a case could be made for the UFO evidence having been delivered over to garbage journalism by design as a method of discrediting it.

We know, for example, that at the beginning of his involvement with the subject of UFOs in the 1960s, the late Dr. J. Allen Hynek, then Chairman of the Department of Astronomy at Northwestern University, was employed by the United States Air Force with project Blue Book to "debunk" all "flying saucer" sightings. His famous "Swamp Gas" conclusion has lived in the popular myths long after the good Doctor's formal recantation of it. And, in spite of some of the general popularizing of the subject in films like *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *E. T.*, Johnny Carson, David Letterman and other television talk show heroes, still get comic mileage out of poking fun at UFO investigators, "swamp gas" and the frequent loonies who claim to be incarnate space ships or to own condos on Venus. If the tabloids were not paid off to run as many 'misleading, bizarre stories on UFOs and UFO fringes as possible, always making these tales appear to be from or about some dimwit in the hinterlands, then they may as well have been.

Deliberate deception, Machiavellian conspiracy, coincidence or just the luck of the draw... whatever the reason, the resultant tabloid "sleaze factor" is a handicap for any scholar wishing to engage in research into what is, in fact, a fascinating and deliciously intricate field worthy of serious study.

I am a scholar, a card-carrying Ph.D., and a University professor in a department of Journalism and Broadcasting. Some years ago I was an officer in the United States Air Force, the first officer in the photograph career field, by the way, to be awarded the Air Force guided Missing Insignia; the "Missile Badge".

Those are facts. Another fact is that I have been a participant in an official United States Government-ordered UFO cover-up. I've been ridiculed by some of my colleagues in academia because in 1982 I wrote an article about this cover-up and it appeared in *The National Enquirer*. It was not my intention to become a tabloid writer then or now. *The Enquirer* turned out to be the only publication I could find which was interested in printing the article at all. Both academic and mainstream journals and periodicals turned it down cold over the period of nearly a year during which I submitted and resubmitted it. I was told by editor after editor that UFO stories weren't "publishable". I thought the story was important then. That's why I let a tabloid publish it. I still think it's important. That's why I responded to the invitation to write it for this journal.

So much for preamble about the press.

Six years then, after it first broke, here is my report on what we photographed at Big Sur along with some of what has happened since 1982 in plain, unheroic, non-sensational, unexpurgated and non-tabloidized English.

I earned the "Missile Badge" for making a "significant contribution to America's Missile and Space Program", so the citation read, while I was Officer-in-Charge of Photo-optical Instrumentation in the 1369th Photographic Squadron at Vandenberg Air Force Base, California from May, 1963 to May, 1966. My work in establishing a long range tracking site at Big Sur, California in large part is what convinced the Air Force to give me that cherished award. The circumstances that took me to the "Missile Badge" ceremony as well as to that lovely and mysterious bulge of California coastline known as the Big Sur ended up changing my mind about a number of things including the nature of our government, the nature of my personal belief systems and the nature of the universe.

It began with a man named Kingston A. George. "King" George had the title of Operations Analyst for Headquarters, 1st Strategic Aerospace Division. The engineers, civilian and military, whose job it was to evaluate the instrumentation photography which we provided on every missile launch down the Western Test Range, were unhappy, he said. Shooting tracking footage from Vandenberg only provided a look up the "tailpipe" of the missile. What George said they wanted was a side look at all stages of powered flight. This side-look was not possible from any place on the base. Because of the tortured California coastline, such a view was possible from one spot. Big Sur.

Topographically, Big Sur is both north and west of Vandenberg. We reasoned that we might get the shot the engineers wanted if we could get high enough to provide both a line-of-sight to the base and to put us well above the offshore fog bank which blankets the California shoreline much of the year. Because of the 124 mile distance from Vandenberg to Big Sur, the final things needed were a lens with a very long focal length, a recording device capable of enhancing the image and a tracking system on which to mount them.

According to George, such a device was built and ready to go. It was the Boston University telescope, owned by the Air Force Eastern Test Range (AFETR) at Patrick Air Force Base, Florida and under the direction of Mr. Walter Manning in the Aerospace Sciences Division at AFETR. The optical segment of the device was a folded Gregorian telescope with a 24 inch diameter objective mirror and a 240-inch focal length. The lens apparatus was sealed from the air and insulated against heat and cold. A set of Barlow extenders could yield effective focal length of from 480 to 2,400 inches. These are most striking figures considering that the normal focal length lens for a 35mm camera is about 2 inches!

The light sensing element of the instrument was an image orthicon (television) tube. The I.O. could enhance the optical image, convert it to a series of electrical signals and display it on a Kinescope where it was photographed with 35mm motion picture film. Because the I.O. had remarkably low noise, the gain could be "cranked" quite high to record very low light level objects. Such a device could record sources of light emission or reflection which were tens of times too weak for detection by other photographic methods.

The B.U., as it was called, was ideal for the purpose. One of the primary goals of our mission, according to George, was to provide information on the "*minute events following propellant depletion - at distances of from 300 to 800 nautical miles*". (italics mine)

If we could find a level place, accessible to the B.U. (not easy, considering that the scope with its tracker was just a little smaller than a conventional moving van and had to be hauled by a heavy duty, cross-country type diesel truck) and see the missile through the haze well enough to lock in on it with the tracking mount, we still had one problem left. Engineering sequential photography is of little use to the viewer without the addition of timing marks on the film. This time code received from Wheeling, West Virginia tagged each individual frame of film with a reference point in real time to the moment of engine ignition and launch. The coded pips of light were recorded in the sound track area of the film by an exciter lamp driven by the signals from WWV. On the base, timing signals were sent to the cameras by hardlines from the blockhouse. Running a line to Big Sur with the necessary amplifiers would have been too costly, particularly for what was only a feasibility test. We had to try something else. The solution was really very simple.

On June 10, 1964 I lead a group of people to the aerie I had discovered earlier near Anderson Peak at an elevation of 3,400 feet on a Forest Service fire trail, 9 miles into the woods and uphill from Highway 1 in Big Sur. With me on that sunny summer day were my NCOIC, Chief Master Sergeant Ike N. Davis, Jr., NCOIC of my Tracking Section, Staff Sergeant Jules Devin, Kingston A. George, with a Technical Sergeant porter from 1st STRATAD and a Mr. Paulson from Patrick Air Force Base at Cape Kennedy. All of us agreed that the truck could certainly pull the B.U. up to this site with no trouble. Could we now get timing pips to it?

We had with us that day a portable radio transceiver which we used at Vandenberg to communicate from my office to the mobile vehicles and our tracking sites on base. At Vandenberg I had Airman First Class Joseph Williams standing by. He had wired the output of one of the timing signals to an identical transceiver to the one I had. At my command he activated the radio and transmitted flawless timing signals to us at Big Sur, just as we had in a test weeks earlier. All that was necessary with the B.U. would be to patch-in our receiver to its timing signal input on the 35mm motion picture camera. Timing was no problem. There was happiness on the site and my "Missile Badge" was assured that day.

On August 28, 1964, I lead a convoy up the Pacific Coast Highway through Pismo Beach, past Hearst Castle at San Simeon and into what would be history. Technical Sergeant Thomas Dodd was my NCOIC for the remote site. He would operate our standard M-45 tracking mount with conventional 35mm Mitchell film cameras to compare with the results of the B.U. Telescope. A1C Joseph Williams was along to handle communications and timing. A1C Daryl Winters was also along. As a sad sideline, Winters would become the first and only Air Force photo man to be killed in action in Vietnam a little over two years later. Our Air Force troop camped at the preselected fire-trail turnout near the summit of Anderson Peak, setup our M-45 and waited.

On August 31, 1964, the B.U. telescope arrived on site with its truck and its caravan of people for a 30 day test period. Walt Manning was with it along with a crew of tree operators and one supervisor. We were also joined by two people from Vandenberg: Chief Warrant Officer Guy M. Spooner from the Operations Section of the 1369th and Major Florenze J. Mansmann from 1st STRATAD. With a celebratory air, the B.U. was set in place and made ready to perform. Mansmann and Spooner went on back to Vandenberg. The test of us settled in to prepare for the first of what would be a total of 11 launches from the base during the 30 day test. Nine of these would be photographed through a major portion of powered flight by both the B.U. Telescope operating with effective focal lengths ranging from 1200 inches to an average of 720 inches, and with the conventional cameras and shorter lenses of the 1369th's M-45 mount.

One of these launches would inspire an official government cover-up and provoke and investigation and search for the filmed record which goes on to this day. Here is what happened.

To the best of my recollection and based on sketchy records, the date of the event was most probably either September 2, 3, or 15, 1964. The launch was of an Atlas missile. It was an Atlas-F as I recall strongly, but it may possibly have been an Atlas-D. The flight was in support of the Nike-Zeus objectives. Nike-Zeus was one of the United States' projects to develop an anti-missile missile. This particular mission was part of a test of an enemy radar-defeating system. The whole program in hindsight seems very primitive, possibly futile and even a bit silly. Nearly a quarter of a century ago in 1964 it was deadly serious business.

At the Big Sur tracking site we were ready to go as the countdown from Vandenberg progressed loud and clear on our radio. At the call of "ignition....liftoff" all cameras rolled and scanned to the southeast for something to photograph. "There it is !", I shouted out as the Atlas leaped through the snow-white coastal fog blanket and both tracking mounts homed-in on the "bird" in flight. The big Atlas could not have been more clean, clear and majestic. We were "Go" for the operation.

The magnification of the B.U. was truly impressive. The exhaust nozzles and lower third of the Atlas missile literally filled the frame at this distance of over 100 nautical miles. With one tracking mount operator on azimuth and one on elevation working completely manually, it was not easy to keep the image centered in the early stages of flight. As the nosecone package approached T + 400 seconds, sufficient angle of view had been established that we were literally locked down with the whole inflight package centered in the frame. No one on the site was watching the screen by this point. Our mission to provide the engineers with a side look at three stages of powered flight had been accomplished and

we were a very happy bunch, congratulating each other and letting the film run out in the 35mm motion picture camera focused on the Kinescope.

I took the cans of exposed film and headed down the coast to Vandenberg and our laboratory. Processing of the film would occur that night and the results would be ready for viewing the next day.

I was back at my desk enjoying the feeling of accomplishment from the Big Sur expedition when I was called by Major Mansmann who asked me to come right away to his office at the Headquarters building. When I arrived, I found a movie projector set up in the office and a group of other people waiting. Among these I recall two men in plain grey suits who spoke little and watched me intently as the lights were dimmed and the film played on a bright screen. (Mansmann has since stated that there were actually three men present.)

It was a surprise and a delight for me to be seeing the kinescope recording from Big Sur after all the months of planning and weeks of work. I was quite amazed and very pleased with the quality, especially at the distance involved as we could make out quite plainly the separated nosecone, the radar experiment and the dummy warhead all sailing along beautifully about 60 miles straight up from planet Earth and some 300 to 500 nautical miles down range. As we neared the end of the camera run, Mansmann said, "Watch carefully now, Lieutenant Jacobs".

At that point the most remarkable vision of my life came on the screen. Another object flew into the frame from left to right. It approached the warhead package and *maneuvered around it*. That is, this..."thing"...flew a relative polar orbit around our warhead package which was itself, heading toward the South Pacific at some 18 thousand miles an hour!

As the new object circumnavigated our hardware, it emitted four distinct, bright flashes of light at approximately the 4 cardinal compass points of its orbit. These flashes were so intense that each "strike" caused the I.O. tube to "bloom" or form a halo around the spot. Following this remarkable aerial display, the object departed the frame in the same direction from which it had come. The shape of the object was that of a classic "flying saucer". In the middle of the top half of the object was a dome. From that dome, or just beneath it, seemed to issue a beam of light which caused the flashes described.

Subsequently the warhead malfunctioned and tumbled out of suborbit hundreds of miles short of its target. This...unidentified flying..."thing"... had apparently "shot down" an American dummy atomic warhead!

The lights came on and Major Mansmann said, "Lieutenant Jacobs, were you or any of your people fooling around up there at Big Sur?"

"No sir", I answered honestly. I was shaking with excitement.

"Then tell me...what the Hell was that?"

I looked Major Mansmann straight in the eye.. "It looks to me like we got a UFO", I said.

There was a stifling silence among the men in grey, civilian suits who continued to stare at me. Major Mansmann gave them what I can only describe as a "let me handle this" look.

"Well," he smiled cordially, "let's just say it never happened. You are to say nothing about this footage to anyone. As far as you and I are concerned, this never took place, you understand?"

I looked at the men in the grey suits. They were not smiling. I felt hot and anxious. I was sweating badly. I think I just sat for a minute looking blankly at Major Mansmann. I had just seen the most fantastic event of my life. It etched a path in my memory as deep as the one put there almost a year earlier when President John F. Kennedy had been shot to death in Dallas. I wanted more than anything to see it again, to study it under a magnifier, to analyze the pictures frame by frame.

Major Mansmann did smile, nicely. "I don't need to remind you of the seriousness of a security breach, do I Lieutenant?", he asked.

"No, sir", I replied.

"Good", he said, motioning for me to stand.

I stood.

He walked me to the door, speaking confidentially. "What you just saw did not take place", he repeated. "It never happened".

I looked at him once more. Something flickered way back deep in his eyes as he again looked at the men in grey then back to me.

"But... if at some time in the future", Florenz Mansmann said finally, "you are pressed by someone about this and you can't get out of answering, just tell them...tell them it was flashes from laser tracking, O.K?".

And with that, I was ushered out the door and into over a decade of silence on the subject. Never mind that in 1964 we did not have laser tracking, nor did we or any other power on Earth have spacecraft capable of flying circles around a suborbital capsule, I tried to sublimate the whole incident out of loyalty and respect for Florenz Mansmann whom I liked a great deal. While I did not talk about the event with anyone, I did begin a period of intense research into the UFO phenomena.

My research interest in the field continues to the present. Of particular fascination is the relationship of the press to the UFO. This great, Liberal bastion of free enquiry, this body of muckrakers which prides itself so highly on prodding and upsetting political figures, has played very prettily into the hands of those same government minions who wish to obfuscate the whole field of discovery, discussion and debate about the most perplexing and possibly most important scientific conundrum in the history of our species. While chasing after Pulitzer prizes for such relatively petty mischief as political dirty tricks at Watergate, or poor old Gary Hart and his happy harlots or the hapless Dan Quayle and his colorless, but merely mediocre background, the Press has persistently missed one of the really imperative stories of our time.

I told my small portion of it first, tentatively, on a late night talk show which I hosted in Eureka, California in 1973 on station KFMI-FM. The response I got to my revelation was almost as astonishing as had been the event itself. My program Director, Richard Van Pelt, came forth to tell his own tale of a CE3K which happened to him while he was an Air Force Security NCO in Iceland 20 years earlier. A university physics professor at California State University - Humboldt who had worked on the H-bomb project came forth to tell about his firm belief in the extraterrestrial nature of UFOs. Since then I have met a number of other people whom I respect, whom I know not to be "fringies" or cranks or crackpots, but who share common experiences with UFO sightings and encounters.

And, finally, in 1982, I decided that my story needed to be aired to a broader audience. Eighteen years had gone by. I could not get it out of my mind after all that time. Then, first in the trade journals, later in the popular press, there were hints of a new weapon system in the offing. It was some kind of satellite smasher we were told. Soon we would hear President Reagan himself disrobe the rumors and give us star Wars (SDI). There were the rumors of aircraft being built which were invisible to radar (some said to the human eye, as well!), "Stealth", they were called. It is significant to recall that until very recently, the Air Force denied that they existed, too! There were persistent stories of something called Project Snowbird where American pilots were being shown how to operate captured (or donated) alien spacecraft. Something about the Big Sur film seemed to be part of the overall pattern. I held back writing my story because of the Security angle until the truth occurred to me. There was no "security breach" in this story. The damn thing had never been "Classified SECRET" or anything else. I had been told simply that it "NEVER HAPPENED"! Therefore, I was free to tell the story to whomever I pleased since it was about a non-event officially.

I wrote an article. I shopped it around. In the end The National Enquirer published it. And as now retired Major Florenz J. Mansmann put it, "Jacobs opened Pandora's Box".

I was contacted by a variety of investigators, buffs, cranks, proponents and detractors alike. James Oberg, a frequent "mouthpiece" for certain NASA projects and self-styled UFO Debunker wrote to disparage my story and to ask provocatively, "Since you obviously feel free to discuss top secret UFO data, what would you be willing to say about other top secret aspects of the Atlas warhead which you alluded to briefly...?". I told Mr. Oberg where to put his misplaced cynicism.

Mansmann, now a Ph.D. research consultant at Stanford and a farmer near Fresno, California was besieged with requests for information, and for his version of what happened. My respect and admiration for him was vindicated as he categorically verified my account.

Academics first gather data, then postulate conclusions based on what they find. From what I have gathered first hand, (primary evidence), pieced together from Mansmann, from a fine researcher named Lee M. Graham, from contemplation, discussion and debate of the material, as well as from the Air Force position on this and other related matters, I have come to the following conclusions:

(1) What we photographed that September day in 1964 was a solid, three-dimensional, intelligently controlled flying device.

(2) It emitted a beam of energy, possibly a plasma beam, at our dummy warhead and caused a malfunction.

(3) This "craft" was not anything of which our science and technology in 1964 was capable. The most probable explanation of the device, therefore, is that it was of extraterrestrial origin.

(4) The flashing strikes of light we recorded on film were not from laser tracking devices. Such devices did not exist then aside from small scale, laboratory models.

(5) Most probably the B.U. telescope was brought out to California specifically to photograph this event which had been prearranged. That is, we had been setup to record an event which someone in our Government knew was going to happen in advance.

(6) What we photographed that day was the first terrestrial demonstration of what has come to be called S.D.I. or "Star Wars". The demonstration was put on for our benefit for some reason by extraterrestrials. It is this aspect of the event, not merely the recording of another "flying saucer" which caused such consternation both on the part of Major Mansmann when he told me "it never happened", and on behalf of the government in its two and one-half decade cover-up of the event and the record we made of it.

It is this defense-oriented aspect of the case which has caused investigators to run into stone walls in trying to track down my story. The Air Force has alternately denied that I was ever an officer, that I was ever stationed at Vandenberg, that I was OIC of Photo-optical Instrumentation in the 1369th Photographic Squadron, that there was a tracking site at or near Big Sur, California, that an Atlas-F, or for that matter, any other missile was launched on or about the date or dates I reported.

We have been able to verify through FOIA requests and my military records, everything except the specific launch and the fact of its having been filmed. We have been told first that there were no launches, then that there were launches but no malfunctions. Herewith, for the first time I present the documentation for a mission malfunction in an official unclassified Air Force document which has finally surfaced in my collection of aging papers and books.

It was prepared by Kingston A. George, dated 13 oct. 1964 and is entitled:

OPERATIONS ANALYSIS STAFF STUDY

PRELIMINARY REPORT ON IMAGE ORTHICON PHOTOGRAPH FROM BIG SUR

In this document, "King" George gives a quick sketch on the whole Big Sur project, tells us that "Over the period of 30 days, from 31 August to 30 September, during which the Boston University telescope was ready to film launches, eleven flights were made from Vandenberg," that "a final report will be forthcoming in a few weeks with a complete description of the system and the operations over the past several weeks", that "a documentary film of about 30 minutes length containing several minutes of selected film clips will be assembled" and that "*one powered-flight anomaly was observed* (italics mine), and the coverage of the flights has produced enough data to show that Big Sur photograph could be an important adjunct to other instrumentation."

It is not clear whether or not Kingston George was privy to the screenings of the Big Sur film which recorded the UFO. My suspicion is that he was one of those to whom Mansmann has admitted showing the film. His document, however, states clearly that a missile malfunction during the B.U. test period, now putting the final lie to the Air Force denials.

That is my story. It is from my own experiences, recollections, records, and hands. You are free to interpret it as you like. As a footnote I need to comment, I suppose on the cover-up. I do not believe

that anyone is going to succeed in getting the film on an FOIA request. I have been asked to make such a request myself and refuse to do so. Eric Mishara, Lee Graham, T. Scott Crain, Jr. and others have done so and have run into the wall of futility. I don't believe that anyone can succeed in getting the film because the fact of its existence will have been completely expunged from the records by now.

Investigators who encounter negative replies from the Air Force, from representatives who are at Vandenberg now are not necessarily being deceived deliberately. Nearly 25 years have passed and no one presently at the base has any personal recollection of the event, much less any official record of it. Consider the very limited number of people who saw the film in the first place and you will comprehend how simple it was to make it disappear.

Finally, if the government did officially "classify" the film either back then or subsequently, then perhaps there were/are compelling reasons for it to have done so. As the B-2 "Stealth" Bomber has now been unveiled publicly at last, we can contemplate the rationale for having kept it "classified" for so long. At some point, when no harm can come from the information, perhaps the film for which I was responsible that long ago September day in the cool, clear mountains of Big Sur will be made public, along with the possible awesome technological power which the images recorded on it represented.

One significant fact remains. The experimental tracking site which I installed near Anderson Peak became a permanent location for missile tracking on the Western Test Range. Moved nearer the peak geographically and magnitudes better technically, it is there today. You see footage from it every time a Space Shuttle reenters for a landing at Edwards Air Force Base. What else it records or has recorded and its ultimate purpose for being there is a matter for history, hopefully, to reveal.

AGE AND EXPERIENCE

By Bob Anthony

I have always been the type of person who is constantly asking relentless questions. I was the type of kid who always went around annoying everyone playing the "why" game. For every answer I got, I asked "Why?" To that end, I was constantly asking questions, or making statements that got me the frequent response "You're too young. When you are older, and have more experience, you'll understand." I've always thought, and still do, that this was an attempt to avoid an answer, or another way of saying, "I don't have a clue." I found as I got older I really did understand, and that it had very little to do with my age, because most of my thoughts and feelings have not changed.

Now I am 27 years old and the problem is starting to shift. I still hear all about how young I am, but now I'm beginning to hear, "You're too old to know where I'm coming from."

What is everyone's hang-up concerning age? More and more people are beginning to believe in reincarnation, although most preachers and evangelists will tell you it's a no-no to take responsibility for your own karmic destiny. In fact more people on this planet believe in the preexistence of the soul than don't. If we have been young and old many times over, then really age has no bearing, unless of course you want to start counting lifetimes.

I had a woman once trying to illustrate in graphic detail what it is like to experience childbirth, and told me there was no possible way I could understand because I am a man. She would not even accept an opinion from me either pro or con. I found it interesting how she found herself to be such an authority however, as she admittedly had no children of her own, and had never experienced the birthing process. Is it possible we've both experienced it somewhere along the spiritual path?

I have spent a great deal of time with the elderly both in nursing home facilities and not. I have listened to countless stories of how lonely many of them are, how hard it is to live on a fixed income, to have raised a family that doesn't care, etc., etc. All of these stories are quite valid, and aside from that tired cliché of how young I am, I do feel I can understand the plight of the elderly.

Many of the younger people I talk to, mostly 13-22, think I am too old to relate to them. Usually because they have estimated my age well into my thirties. It must be what my own kids have done to me... It seems like most older people want to be young and the young want to be old.

I have studied many UFO contactee situations, and have experienced one myself. Never (to my knowledge) have they focused on one specific age group, but many, often following entire lives. I have not heard of any extra-terrestrials who consider a life goal accomplished at a certain age or number of lifetimes. After all some individuals do learn more quickly than others.

Again I ask... what is everyone's hang-up concerning age? All I have to say is this - next time I incarnate here on Earth, I hope I'm not expected to start all over again.!

The following article was translated from Russian into English by Valery Uvarov and Lozanna Elwood. It is the first in a series of articles translated and given to the UFOCCI by "The UFO International Network" of St. Peterburg, Russia.

BEFORE THEY LEFT THE EARTH

Nobody knows what UFO pilots did before their strange vehicles crashed. We know only that there were many cases of crashes on our planet. The dead are silent. However, step by step, it has become known what UFO pilots do if they didn't crash. Thanks to the efforts of investigators working on this problem, we tried to systemize the information about close encounters with extraterrestrials on a peaceful basis. Some of the reports clarify what they are doing in our environment and what they did before they left the Earth.

There is one very interesting case that happened with a woman that was not scared to jeopardize her own name. Her name is Suraiya Guynulina, microbiologist. She was 35 years old and she was working in the Institute of Biophysics in Pushino, U.S.S.R.. This close encounter happened on the 2nd of October, 1977. Here is her story.

"I was never interested in fiction. I had no idea about extraterrestrials. I thought that Ufos were rubbish and was never interested in them at all.

On that day, 2nd of October, there was nothing special. A few weeks before this, I had a bad dream. Usually an insomniac, I walk across the flat. During the summer, I usually go out to the balcony and stand watching. Our balcony faced the west, on the ninth floor.

That night, I was unable to sleep. I stood up and put on my warm robe, crossed the flat, and went out onto the balcony. I had the feeling that I was alone, that my daughter and husband were not there, and my whole flat looked very strange to me. I had the feeling that there was an entrance into the next flat and that my brother, coming to visit me, was sleeping there. Actually, of course, it was not true.

I looked down to the Oka River, thinking that I should return inside. Suddenly, over the river, appeared a disk and a ball that looked like Saturn. The color was the color of molten metal. The object stopped 900 - 1300 feet from the building. It was difficult to determine the height, but it was not high. It was spectacular. At first, it seemed to me, that the ball discharged objects that looked like 'sticks'. They moved very gently to the buildings. There were fifteen or twenty of them. Then these 'sticks' began to separate from one another, each moving to one building at a time, until they had gone to all of the different buildings there. One group moved to the red building that stands beside my building. Another went to the B block and another to the A block. Three of them moved to my building. When they came near, I saw that they were not 'sticks', but people standing upright. The height of each 'stick' was fluctuating. They were dressed in uniforms of the Soviet army. Their faces were young, unexpressive, and stark. One of them passed me, moving to the next balcony.

I, being afraid that he would frighten my neighbors, and it would cause a scandal, motioned for him to come to my balcony. He immediately turned to me and noiselessly stood right beside me. He was about 19 years old. His height was not the same size as when he was a 'stick' (approx. 9 feet), but was approximately 5'2", in a soldier's uniform.

I am silent. He says, smiling, in Russian:

"Do you understand who I am?"

"Yes, but why are you in a soldier's uniform?"

"I would like to speak with you - is it possible?"

I invited him into my flat, but I stayed on the balcony. In the room near the balcony there were a few chairs, and a bed on the other side of the room. I had a strange feeling that my husband was not in the bed. We sat together and I said, "Do you understand Russian clearly?"

"I am tuning in on you. I speak the language of the person I am talking with."

"But you were not going to visit me."

"No, I was coming to you, but people are usually scared, that's why I was waiting for the normal reaction from you."

"But why don't you visit during the day? People would let you in with pleasure, and converse with you."

"I will answer this question at the end of our conversation, but with you I would like to talk of how you personally imagine the history of development of your society?"

In his hand, appeared a device that looked like a small remote control, but without any knobs. Later, he sometimes pressed on it and we found ourselves in another place. I was not afraid of him, he was very gentle. I treated him leniently, as I would a boy. Then he explained why he appeared in such clothing.

He said, "When we flew over your borders, we saw 20 soldiers, and we took their image."

Later, at the end of the conversation, I suddenly noticed that he had changed his appearance. Before my eyes, was a man of 45 years of age, intelligent and pleasant looking, in spectacles, and with a favorable disposition. I asked, "How did it happen?"

He answered, "I investigated you. I took the appearance which you like."

It was really so, I was very pleased to talk with him. On the congress in the Institute of Biophysics in 1972, I had seen the man with such a face. He pressed the device and said that he needs to know what Man knows about the conception of Man's history. I told him that this was a long story, but he said, 'No, it will be fast, this device will help us.' I began from primitive times. He pressed the device and suddenly we found ourselves in that period of time. He explained to me, to calm me, that all surroundings were nothing more than my imagination. By this method, all of history we went through for 20 minutes. Then I told him that we, in the Soviet Union, consider ourselves the best society on the planet. He smiled. We have no personal property and began to explain what is a capitalistic system, colonial wars and so on. In connection with the wars, I told him about Ulster. Suddenly, we found ourselves there, but this time, everything was real. I was so afraid that he switched back.

We then found ourselves somewhere in Asia in the jungles, and over there we saw a battle between some groups that sell drugs. We have seen inhumane brutal beatings a few paces in front of us. As soon as he noticed my reaction, he switched back.

Then I asked him, "Why don't you want to communicate with us?"

He answered that they have studied our planet very well and that it is difficult for us to understand their interest.

- ACCORDING TO OUR SUPPOSITION, - he continued, - YOUR PLANET COULD BE ADDED TO OUR SYSTEM OF INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATION, BUT WE HAVE FOUND THE LEVEL OF YOUR MORALITY TO BE TOO LOW.

Then he said that humanity developed in the wrong direction and went into a dead end. Our thinking processes are very laden with BIG inertia, this property is inherent in ALL peoples.

Then in me, my defense of humanity tried to explain to him that people are not so bad, and that we realize our imperfections. He answered shortly and straight - **"NO, YOU DO NOT REALIZE. YOU HAVE A LOT OF DARK, ANIMAL ORIGIN. YOU YOURSELF MUST GET OUT OF YOUR EXCREMENTS."**

Then he said that such a place of entanglements they have not yet seen in the Universe. Then he added that if science will want to, can understand and learn a lot in the system of intercosmic communications, but at the present time, since we are so aggressive, it is impossible.

Then I tried to redirect the conversation and asked him about the truthfulness of our theory of the pulsating universe. He answered, "No, this mistake is bound up to your unbelievable way of thinking."

I asked where he came from? "Do you know astronomy?" he asked.

I answered, "Only as much as a microbiologist."

He smiled and said, "Later you will come across the facts that microbiologists will deny our existence, just because there are no such type of beings in microbiology. **OTHER SCIENTISTS WILL DENY OUR EXISTENCE TOO**, but there is a way of knowledge. Education cannot be by the sciences, **WHETHER IT EXISTS OR NOT.**

As for us, we are from such a 'far away' place that it is impossible to explain by your terms. Later he said that the Earth is a very comfortable point for communication, and it seemed to me that we are, for them, an inessential phenomenon on the planet. I was offended and he felt it.

"We'll be here not long" said he, "We are gathering information."

He was struck by the national divisions we have on our planet. He pointed out that we have a big difference between our peoples. They do not. They have a big difference only between children and adults. He was longing to know more about us, but about themselves, answered only when I asked. He gave very short answers, sometimes deviating, saying that we would not understand. He couldn't understand what Earthly love is. He understood what is family, they have no families. There is Love and children. There are no states. He said that the state system, like a primitive system, is wildness. He didn't consider the act of procreation of a new organism as love. This is a deed. Their understanding of Love is quite different. **"LOVE IS AN EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION AND KNOWLEDGE. ONLY THOSE WHO REALLY LOVE, SPREAD THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE TO HELP THOSE AROUND THEM SO THAT THEY WILL NOT LIVE IN THE SHADOW OF DARKNESS AND EVIL."**

Information is emitting in ecstasy, that man does not know. This is a mystery which they are keeping in each other. Then he said that he is pleased to feel that I love my planet and defend those on it. Then I asked, "What do you look like to each other?"

He answered, "We can take any form that we need."

"What about the children?", I asked.

"They look like the information which they receive".

"Have you death?"

"We just finish one step and transform to the next. Life is endless. Death is a speculation of the beastial mind."

"Have you hatred?"

"I can not understand what this is. I also can not understand your Earthly Love. Here I feel that you are speaking about it not like it is. Somebody just taught you to understand it like this. This is also speculation. People are living in illusion. You are a kind and good person, but are still imperfect. Many contradictions.

I asked him, "What do the UFO pilots do here and in other places?"

He said, they do the same. They know about me, I know about them. In this case I was lucky.

"What about our future?" I asked at the end of our conversation.

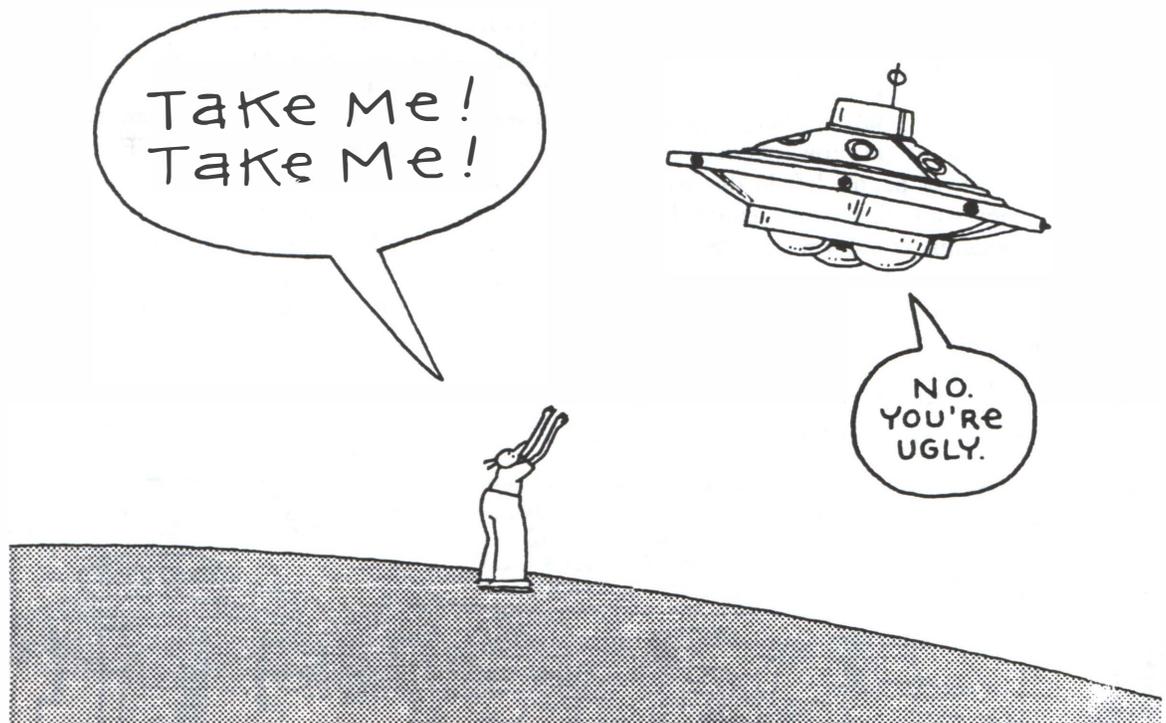
"Your planet will not die." He answered evasively. It was understandable what he meant. I felt that he treated people on this planet this way: It is not important if we die or not.

"You have a **TERRIBLE** way of cognition, which you dictate to your children."

He said before he left, "**WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR WAY OF COGNITION, THEN YOU WILL BE CHANGED MORALLY.**"

We went out to the balcony. He didn't shake my hand, he never touched me once. Again he became like a 'stick' and flew up to the craft together with the others. The object evaporated and disappeared.

Due to this case, Suriaya Guynulina talked with many correspondents. She answered a lot of questions. In particular, she said that the ball was well defined, without diffused luminescence. The diameter of it was not more than 10 feet. She added that her Guest pointed out our incredible fear in the face of death. He was astonished to see our fear of death on this planet. For Earth people this fear is a moving power. In reality, this is a process when an individual changes one's worn out coverall. There is only beginning of another time and burning in another dimension. On the question from the correspondents - where do they fly to - Suriaya answered, "They fly to their home. He said that their task is the installation of a new communication between all civilizations in the Universe. It is difficult to install such a communication with us. Firstly, in the name of comfortableness of Science, Science denies Them and argues their existence under any pretext. Secondly, and this is the main, societies on our planet have a very high level of aggression, that's why they avoid meetings with aggressive creatures."



PERSONAL THOUGHTS ON EXTRATERRESTRIAL CONTACT

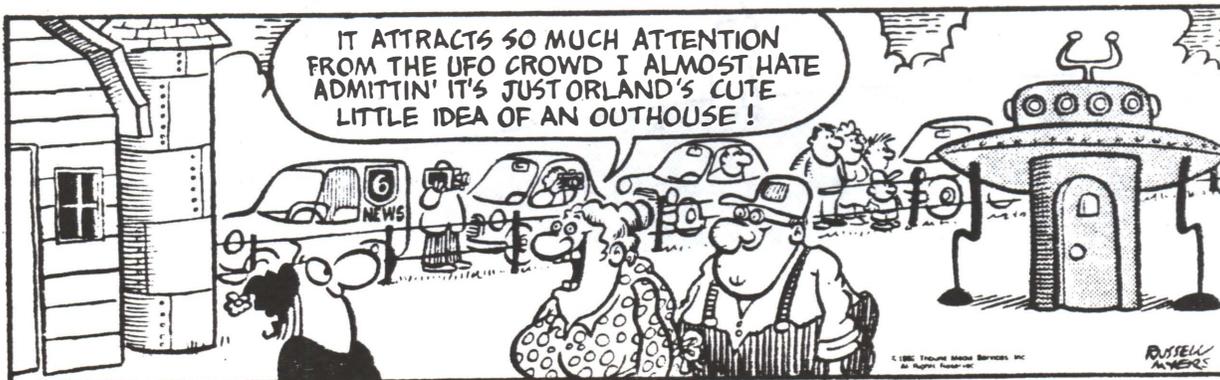
By Lorne Goldfader

It is difficult for anyone who has not experienced it to fully understand the psychological impact on a human being who has had communicative interaction with a lifeform or entity as far in advance of evolution and development as we are from an insect. Such is the case with myself. Since 1977 I have seen their flying machines and received communications from the occupants. One or more objects have been placed inside my body to make this possible. I have also learned that there are many other people throughout the world who have also had these experiences and that I am not alone.

Imagine for a moment what it is like to live in a world where conversations dwell on hockey games, mortgages, public holidays, stock market, war and clothing styles. While the people around you are passing time on these subjects your thoughts are in a much different world - a world of energy. A world of human biological energies. You are sensing their deepest fears, anxieties, tensions, attractions and feelings - things buried so deeply in their own subconscious that they are not aware of it, nor are they aware of how these invisible energies are affecting others around them. Then consider how impossible it would be to tell these people what you WERE feeling or sensing about them or where you got the ability. This is the situation I find myself in. These people from another world, another time have given me a gift, something very real that I can feel. But I am not able to prove it. I can't talk about it because it sounds like science fiction to most people. These same people have no difficulty at all accepting that we can put long distance tracking devices inside polar bears so that we know where they are at all times by satellite. Having someone equally as advanced putting such a device in us is a bit too hard on our ego. That means that there might be someone else "out there" in control. The natural reaction and tendency is to withdraw from society, withdraw from your fellow humans who do not believe you and turn more towards others who share your own experiences and the extraterrestrials themselves.

All over the world now people are being contacted in their homes, taken into craft and given information. Mass sightings are increasing at a fantastic rate in places like Belgium, the U.S.S.R. and many other countries. UFOs are following all of NASA's spacecraft and shutting down some of the equipment. Mysterious shapes are appearing in wheat and crop fields in hundreds of locations on the earth including England, Japan, USA and Canada. Very little of this information gets in the news. Perhaps less than one per cent of the actual sheer number of extraterrestrial events on this planet. Any good researcher knows this fact. Yet even with all the information which does get out to the public, most people will not accept and refuse to see what is happening right before their noses - the most important event in the history of mankind. CONTACT. They do not seem able to see the connection between the rapid pace of political changes worldwide, movement towards one unified economic system, a swift change in attitude towards ecology and the ever increasing ALIEN PRESENCE. This leaves us with two kinds of people left in this world - the one's who see the truth and are willing to change, and the ones who cling to old cultural beliefs and current government brainwashing. To change means to completely transform from the inside out in thought, attitude, energy control and food intake. The ones who do not change or adapt to the transition in our evolutionary development will see this as a threat. They will interpret these changes as anti-social actions. Fear is the cause of human resistance to change. The ridicule of "abductees" and "contactees" is based on fear.

The VISITORS are friends. If they were our enemies they could have destroyed us a long time ago. Their message is: "WAKE UP PEOPLE, YOU ARE DESTROYING YOUR PLANET. WAKE UP PEOPLE - YOU ARE NOT THE ONLY THINKING CREATURES IN THE UNIVERSE. IT IS TIME TO GROW UP."



The following article was sent in and translated by Richard Heiden. Enrique Castillo Rincon spoke at the First World Congress in Tucson, May 3, 1991. He was one of my favorite speakers. (Editor)

CONTACTS OF ENRIQUE CASTILLO RINCON

November 3, 1973

20:25 Over 150 km from Bogota

(Cundinamarca, Colombia)

The witness in this case (one of a series of contacts) is Enrique Castillo Rincon, an engineer, and later president of the Instituto Colombiano de Investigaciones de Fenomenos Extraterrestres (Colombian Institute of Investigations of Extraterrestrial Phenomena) and lecturer and delegate to the Unidentified Flying Objects Investigation Organization.

The experience was preceded by telepathic contacts, through which he received instructions. In the last telepathic contact he was given directions to the site of this physical contact, which was to be at 8:00 p.m., and was also told how to act during the contact. In his contact, Castillo was aided by the mental help of several groups, some in Bogota and others in Panama and Cali. Castillo found near a lagoon a metallic (like stainless steel) sphere the size of a golf ball, which would help the extraterrestrials locate him.

There were two forests there, and as he said to himself he should go in the first one, the sphere he was holding began to warm up, and emitted little rays of light. It got so hot that he had to hold it with the edge of his ruana (a poncho-type coat). The sphere seemed to be a type of compass, though it was only a ball [cf. 1 Nephi, 16:10, 16, etc., of the Book of Mormon--trans.].

So Castillo entered the first woods, and, when he reached what he thought was the right place, it was already 8:10. He began to worry for his safety, alone out there, but at 8:25 he heard a loud noise, and two huge domed ships flew overhead, filling the whole area with light and heat. They were dripping water, apparently from having taken off from the lagoon bottom. They were 100 m. apart, each like two soup plates, about 45 m. in diameter and 12 m. tall, with three large white spheres slowly rotating on the bottom, and with something else on the bottom also rotating. The two objects stopped, and the light slowly dimmed. Then one approached Castillo and came to hover at a height of 80-100 m. A ray of light came out of each side of the bottom, angled down to the ground in different directions. A tall being (much over 1.70 m.) in a tight diving suit and with a helmet with a visor, came down on each beam.

As he heard their footsteps nearing behind the nearby trees, all the lights went out, and he soon saw the beings 10 m. away. Addressing him by name, they telepathically assured Castillo they were his friends, and asked him if he was ready. Saying he was they took him a few meters to a clearing. The ship came over and emitted a ray of light down at him. Tickling, and with a sensation of pin pricks all over his body, Castillo rose up like in an elevator. Castillo was surrounded by an invisible yellow aureole which, however, felt solid. He entered a hatch, followed at once by the two entities. At their request, he gave them the sphere, and undressed. Lemon-scented smoke entered the room (the two entities having left), and after a minute it was "sucked up" somewhere and disappeared. He now noticed that, although there was no apparent light source, he did not make a shadow. Castillo got dressed, and they explained to him that the procedure was to disinfect him from any terrestrial microbes.

Castillo entered a compartment where four people were sitting down, waiting for him. They greeted him, and introduced themselves. The Commander was Cramacan. The other three crewmembers were Cramish, Crulula Crenze, and Crhisnamerk. They all spoke telepathically except the last one, who had been a friend of Castillos with the name Ciril Weiss, and who spoke orally, in perfect Spanish. Ciril had changed, however, and Castillo did not recognize him at first. When he reminded Castillo that they had spoken together at a theater entrance in Caracas in 1969, Castillo knew it was he. Ciril told him they have been watching him for eight years.

Castillo sat down at a glass-like table for a conversation with the men. They had straight shoulder-length hair and unblemished skin. The Commander said the ship has a crew of twelve and that they were seeking out suitable people for contacts.

Castillo began to ask him some questions, about events and why they chose him. They told him his real name, which is not Enrique (Castillo did not want to say what it was); he had the feeling they knew about his previous reincarnation. They are from the **Pleiades**, a group of seven stars which is much farther away than the 328 light years we think it is.

Other fascinating pieces of information: Einstein's theory of relativity is not correct, and soon we will make three corrections in it; the speed of light is really greater than 300,000 km./sec.; they are immortal. They took him to visit various other rooms, including a "meditation room" and a laboratory. In the laboratory they extract chlorophyll from our forests because it is vital for their diet. They also eat fruit from South America, as well as corn, wheat, and rice. In exchange for taking our fruit, they give the plants some radiation so they soon bear fruit again within a few hours.

Castillo learns that they are biological engineers who control genetics, and use consubstantiation [sic] to keep the cellular process alive, in order not to age. In the control room on the third (top) floor Castillo saw large electronic cosmic maps with colored lights showing where they were exploring or having interchanges (the interchanges were only with the thousands of intelligences who have overcome "evil").

They said that in a few years humanity will finally discover God ("You have never believed in God in a normal way"), and that we had to look for Him in ourselves. By finding Him we can live in peace and with understanding of all men.

They were emissaries of superior entities, and had destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah at the orders of these entities. They had also helped with the construction of the Great Pyramid. Within two years [i.e., by 1975--trans.] people are going to find in South America two ancient cities where there is the written history of how the terrestrial races came here, etc.

They gave Castillo the date of the start of World War III, but said that we could postpone it for three or four years. [Castillo does not give the date, and the interviewer, Fabio Zerpa, was evidently not curious enough to ask him--trans.] They would not interfere to stop the war.

Although Castillo could not feel any motion, the UFO was moving as soon as he entered. He looked out through a panel like a big telescope, and he had the strange feeling as though he was going to go out through it. They showed him his house from a height of 5,000 - 10,000 meters, and they focused it so he could see his family through the walls, sleeping. The dog noticed him and began to bark. [Castillo does not explain how the dog could see him five or ten kilometers up.

They told him something which affects all religions. He could not say what it was, but it has to do with the Fatima letter. Then Castillo realized a great truth, hidden in everyone's heart, and which no one can teach another. [He didn't say what it was-- trans.]

Meanwhile he was getting hungry, and asked for something to eat, so they gave him a type of chocolate bar wrapped in plastic. It tasted like sabajon (a type of Colombian liquor), and it satisfied his appetite. They gave him something else to eat, a type of bud like a petal, resembling popcorn. It gave him a tremendous sensation like heat, and he thought they were drugging him. Crhisnamerk told him it was manna, the same as they had given the Hebrews when they were wandering in the desert. It would satisfy his hunger and thirst for 24 hours.

Then ideas began to run through Castillo's head, and he began to think of Elijah, Moses, Jesus, and of modern times. After eating, Castillo felt sleepy, so he slept for what seemed like three hours on a very comfortable bed, until two of the crew woke him up.

On the way back to let him off where they had picked him up, they showed him the place where his next contact would be, at 8:00 p.m. November 18. It was lit up like daylight. When they reached the exact place he had boarded the UFO, they left him off, saying their farewells (except for Cramacan, who was not present). They told him it was 5:00 a.m. Castillo fell asleep, and when he woke up, his watch (which had stopped at 8:25, when the contact started) said 11:15. He learned from the first farmer he saw that it was almost 8:00 a.m. so he must have left the UFO at almost 5:10 a.m., if the watch re-started right away, as Crhisnamerk had said it would.

When Castillo got back to the man's house where the telepathic contacts had taken place, 60-some people were there waiting for him. He told them what had happened, but only one or two believed him. This was not Castillo's first contact. They had previously told him telepathically that this would be just like an experience he had before, but which they had erased from his memory.

Investigator: Fabio Zerpa, director of the Buenos Aires ONIFE UFO group, and editor of its magazine (see below).

Source: Cuarta Dimension, No. 36 (printed October 1976), "Un ingeniero colombiano revela sus contactos con seres extraterrestres," pp. 19-34. Article consists of a brief introduction, extensive transcription of interview, a two-page message from Crhisnamerk, and several illustrations. Zerpa did no checking whatsoever into Castillo's background, etc., nor did he interview any of the people to whom he had first reported the contacts. This case is on pp. 20-28; p. 30 adds that Castillo saw no woman crewmembers.

November 19, 1973 03:00 Eastern Colombia

Enrique Castillo Rincon arrived at the site of his expected contact at 8:45 p.m. on November 18, 15 minutes early. However, the contact was seven hours late. Even though he was in the middle of the jungle, the snakes and jaguars did not bother him--not even the mosquitoes bit him. Castillo thought that maybe "they" were protecting him with some kind of energy, although they wanted to test his patience by not coming down right away. Finally, at 3:00 a.m., 13 ships of various types arrived, and one of them (a small one) landed on three legs. It was 4-5 m. in diameter and not over 2.20 m. tall, though it was like two stories. Crhisnamerk got out, and Castillo went aboard with him. There he met two small beings who were not from the Pleiades, but from Mercury. There was a metallic ladder (like in submarines) up to the control room. Castillo did not visit the control room; they took him to a mother ship. He saw two strange ships with a type of big head like a whale's flying over Bogota, and in a later contact he saw a third one like that. (They told him at that time, "That is the whale which swallowed up Jonah." Asking them "Have extraterrestrials contacted all the prophets?" Castillo was told, "Of course, every single one.") He asked why they don't contact more people, and, at about 5:30 a.m. (about dawn), the demonstrated to him one of the reasons why not. The small ship, with the crew of three plus Castillo [now he is back in the small ship--trans.], rapidly came down over two men, milking cows. They panicked and ran away, and a cow kicked over the milk pail. The ship went to hide behind a cloud, and they watched the men gesturing and explaining the sighting to a man, a woman with an apron, and a boy about 8, who all looked up but could not see the ship behind the cloud. [Castillo does not say how he could look through the cloud, and even observe so many details from what must have been a considerable height--trans.] Then they showed Castillo how city people react to space ships. They went above a car with three well-dressed men. Then they went ahead of the car and made a pass, shocking them such that the car ran into the ditch, and two of the men ran away. The third, who had been asleep in the back seat, looked out, and when he saw the ship he too ran away, tearing his suit jacket on a barbed wire fence nearby. Castillo could see all these details (he could even see that the driver's tie was loosened, the piece of cloth left behind on the fence, etc.) because of the electronic device he looked through. During this contact (Castillo does not say when) he saw, for a few minutes, two beautiful women, and also a strange robot-like being. When the robot entered, and the spacemen he was speaking with turned to look, Castillo saw an H-like symbol, with something else above it (the details of which he now forgets) [cf. the Ummo symbol--trans.] on their backs. There was a 2.80 m. tall Jovian there (possibly the same as the robot--Castillo is not clear), who did not say anything, but just stood with his hands crossed.

The Bogota El Tiemp has received some anonymous letters, supposedly from a man who had made contact with a race of Hindu-like beings in a flying saucer, who came from Earth's twin planet **on the other side of the sun.**

When Castillo got out his ball-point pen to sketch the solar system, so he could ask about this supposed twin planet, they passed around the pen, studying it. The pen impressed them because they have something which looks the same. They let Castillo use one of their pens. When he pushed the end so the point would come out, it began to vibrate a little and make a soft noise. As he drew a butterfly, it turned out in relief and in full color. They explained to him that the pen picked up his mental images of the butterfly.

This contact lasted 26 hours, and Castillo said he could fill a book about it.

Investigator: Fabio Zerpa. Source: Cuarta Dimension, no. 36, pp. 28-31 of the article about Castillo

July 25, 1974 05:00 Bogota (Cundinamarca, Colombia)

This another of Enrique Castillo Rincon's contacts. It took place between Guadalupe and Monserrat [sic; Guadalupe and Monserrat are two nearby mountains just east of Bogota--trans.] A small Adamski-type ship [this is Castillo's term--trans.] (not over 9 m. in diameter, and no more than 2.80 m. tall) landed on 3 legs, and Castillo went aboard, this time only to talk with the Venusians, and not for a ride. The Venusians were Aryan like those from the Plieades, but only 1.50 m. tall, and they included Orion, Orton [in English, Orthon--trans.], Yamaru, Yoninca, and Yaraka. There were no women. Forty-five minutes into the contact Castillo and the Venusians went outside the ship to sit under the eucalyptuses. They watched dawn come to Bogota, and saw an airplane fly by.

Investigator: Fabio Zerpa Source: Cuarta Dimension

**December 24-25, 1974 between El Junquito and Colonia Tovar
(near Caracas, Venezuela)**

At the time of this contact, Enrique Castillo Rincon was giving lectures in Caracas. He was told the date of the contact and he boarded the ship between the two towns. In five minutes he arrived in the Andes at an elevation of 4,200 m., at a place in Peru between Marcahuasi and Machu Picchu, where there is a magnetic vortex. [Here the interviewer said that Carlos pas Garcia has had contacts on Marcahuasi. Pax is the head of the Peruvian contactee group IPRI, the Peruvian Institute of Interplanetary Relations.--trans.] There is a colony of 218 people who are there voluntarily, being taught by the spacemen about science, spiritual things, and agriculture, so they can carry on humanity after the next World War. Much of northern South America would survive the war (as would a large part of Asia and all of Australia), but North and Central America and Europe would disappear [he doesn't say anything about Africa and Antarctica--trans.]. Some big islands would rise up and float--he has the feeling they are Atlantis and Lemuria. (At this point Castillo starts talking about his plans to educate the public about UFOs, etc., and doesn't say any more about the contact. But he does add that he was taken to one of their underwater bases, in the Mariana Trench at a depth of 5,000 m. [this trench reaches a depth of 11,000 m., the deepest point in the Pacific--trans.]. No date is given for the Mariana Trench incident.)

Investigator: Fabio Zerpa Source: Cuarta Dimension

January 29-31, 1975 Initial contact site unknown

Enrique Castillo Rincon was again taken by space ship to the same place in the Peruvian Andes as the month before. Pages 33-34 of source article describes a "Three-Step Plan 'A'" given Castillo by Crhisnamerk on December 24-25. Castillo was one of 24 terrestrial contacts in 19 countries given this information "by the extraterrestrial brothers belonging to the Great Solar [sic] Cosmic Brotherhood." [Crhisnamerk is from the Plieades--trans.] This plan is one to contact and educate terrestrials.

(The following Editorial Note is not the Missing Link Editors)

EDITORIAL NOTE: [Fabio Zerpa is the editor of Cuarta Dimension--trans.]: These are the facts. We have published them in practically the exact words of the protagonist. Now you will wonder if it is truth or fantasy. We can help you by stating that in the different interviews, in two different years, Sr. Castillo has won our faith; we hope to find in the future the definitive certainty as they found it by experience in Weisbaden (West Germany) in the ufological congress of 1975 [Castillo was a participant there--trans.]

Translations and summaries by Richard W. Heiden, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. John Simhon told me in April 1977 that he has made friends with Castillo, and in fact it is he who investigates the UFO cases

for Castillo's ICIFE group, Castillo being incapable of doing so. Simhon has spoken with Castillo about his contacts many times, and although he is naturally suspicious, he has yet to find a contradiction.

Castillo's story appeared in a book compiled by Fabio Zerpa that also included Dan Fry; Fabio Zerpa, Daniel Walter Fry, and Enrique Castillo Rincon, Dos Cientificos Viajan en OVNI, Coleccion Cuarta Dimension, Cielosur Editora, S.A.C.I., Buenos Aires, copyright 1978, but printed January 1979.

Dear Aileen:

I wrote you concerning the article in Missing Link issue - August 1991 - concerning Dr. Leopoldo Diaz Martinez's symbol. I recently attended an Astronomical Society Program. A full day of lectures by Professors of Physics, Astrophysics, Astronomy, Optics, etc... I picked up the enclosed card Look at the symbol.

Last weekend I was on staff for a UFO event in North Haven, Connecticut. One of my children who is 13, a girl, wanted to attend. She wrote a poem because she wanted to express how she feels about the aliens. She gets upset when she hears people talk negatively about the aliens. They read her poem at the end of the weekend. Too bad we can't be like Jesus - said "Come to me as a child." Thought you would like to see it! Keep up the good work!!

Do you have D. Scott Rogo's address. Please advise. Thanks... Roberta Puhalski

Editor's Note: Sorry to say we do not have Scott's address. He was murdered by an intruder into his home. A sad loss to researchers as he gave so much.

Nocturnal friends for you and me,
Let's be friends not enemies.

Don't believe what humans say,
They just like to play that way.

They are sweet and unique,
to be helpful is what they seek.

They are kind, loving and caring,
they have feelings and are daring.

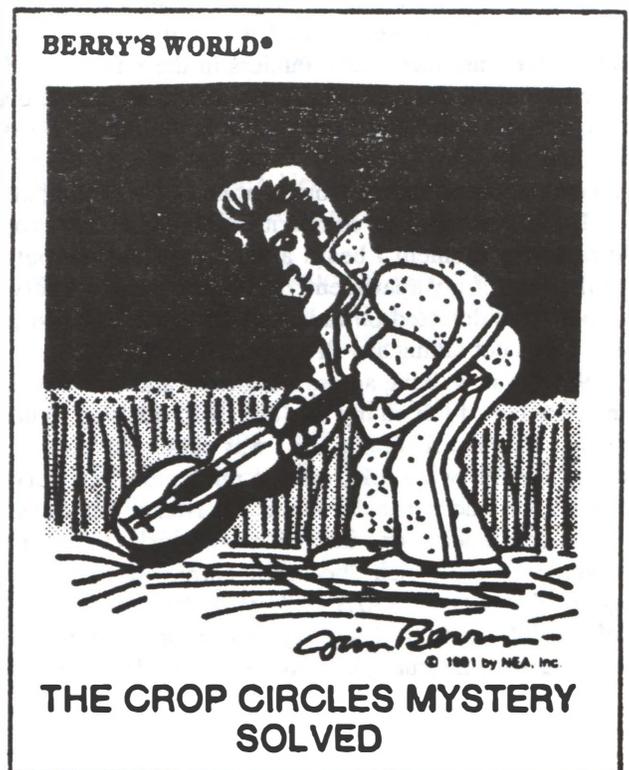
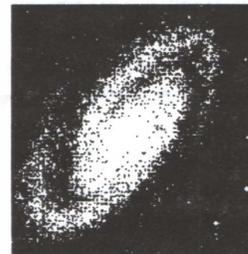
They work hard to save our race,
we haven't been an easy case.

We are their children can't you see,
they won't harm both you and me.

Different sounds and harmony,
straight from our ancient family.

What would happen if we said "HI!"
maybe they wouldn't so quickly fly.

By Eva Puhalski, 10-11-91



Dear Aileen :

My interest in the subject began December 17, 1977 at 1:30 a.m. when I saw a very big object moving across the night sky over the Bay inlet. It appeared as large as a full autumn moon, cream-colored white fluorescent, glowing and pulsating. An outside emotion was imposed on me. This emotion had meaning. Whoever was in the machine told me that because of my humanitarian attitude I was selected to enter and become the next stage of evolution. They said that they had their EYE on me and what I was seeing was the eye of their culture. They said to continue on my path and search for the truth and to assist my fellow man and they would be back.

In 1982 I was laying on my bed preparing to go to sleep. I had tinfoil on my windows to block out sunlight. I was very surprised to see a long shaft of light appear in front of my window in the completely dark room. Also, the window shook. The light MOVED to my right side beside the bed. Two more lights appeared in sequence in the same manner, one moving to my left and the third behind my head. The lights began to shape themselves into human forms. I became frightened and the lights responded by maintaining undefined human details. I became aware of three individual hands making fast rotating motions over my body. The one standing behind me was rotating it's hand over my forehead. The one standing to my left was rotating it's hand over my left chest area. The one standing on my right was rotating it's hand over my right chest area. I was completely paralyzed and immobile. I began to feel a powerful energy permeate every part of my body. The energy possessed intelligence and love. I felt as if the energy knew everything about me - my emotions, all of my deepest thoughts, memories, desires and intentions. Some kind of genetic or molecular cleansing began to take place. The probing and the love energy was so powerful that I thought I was going to die from it. I tried in my own small and limited way to communicate with them and I began to feel some type of biological energy pulsate in waves from me to the entities and back again, many times. With all my willpower, I managed to barely turn my head to the side and was shocked to see that I was physically several feet above my bed. I knew from a form of "emotional telepathy" that they were asking me the question "ARE YOU READY?" I realized that "they" wanted to take me through the ceiling into something. I became frightened that I might not make it. I wondered: "What if the molecules of my body do not successfully pass through the molecules of the ceiling. Will I die? Will I ever come back to earth? Will all my friends and family think I disappeared or died? Suddenly, I was eased back on the bed with the message, "You are not ready. You do not trust us and you are not prepared to accept universal and unconditional love, so we will come back in the course of time when you are ready." Everything was reversed in moving sequences, just as they had entered the room, leaving through the window.

Approximately one year later I was walking by the bathroom mirror and was very surprised to see colors around my face and shoulders in the reflection. I remained motionless in awe and was further stunned by some type of energy beam coming down over me from the ceiling. I heard many voices singing a tonal chant and I felt that at any moment I was about to see a wonderful and very important individual.

I broke the phenomenon from continuing by turning on the bright light in the room and turning on the TV. The experience was so real it frightened me as I could not attribute it to my imagination.

At that very moment I heard a helicopter and ran outside to see a military style helicopter hovering over the roof of my apartment, defying all civilian safety standards. It is possible that whatever was over my home was detected on radar. (I have witnesses to the UFO sighting in 1977 and the helicopter in 1983. I was not taking any drugs or alcohol.)

In 1985 I was walking across a highway and was struck on my spine by a large sports car which was going very fast. I fell on my side and dislocated my right leg. The doctors pushed it back in place at the hospital. The first several hours I was paralyzed, then when feeling returned I was in excruciating pain. I had a cane for two weeks, made a miraculous recovery and returned to work in six weeks.

In 1987, on one particular night, I was experimenting with binaural sound, which is resonating two separate frequencies; one into each ear which creates a third new frequency that vibrates throughout the whole brain, which "becomes entrained to the internal beat and begins to resonate at that frequency" (*MEGA BRAIN* by Michael Hutchison). At the time of my experimentation I was not aware of all of this information. I was trying to reproduce a very high frequency sound which I often heard and associated with unusual phenomena in my life. I wanted to see what would happen if I was able to

reproduce it myself. During my experiments that particular evening I found two frequencies and was amazed at the way the sound seemed to make me feel so alive, awake, and aware.

I put down the earplugs and walked to the window of my apartment on the ninth floor of a high rise facing the beach and was astonished to see a very large circular globe moving slowly from west to east over the water. A row of colored lights were flashing on and off in the center at such a high rate of speed that it looked as if there was continuous movement from right to left on a belt. Colored sparks were flying everywhere like Chinese fireworks and eerie, fluorescent lightning bolts were discharging from the bottom in slow motion. I stood transfixed and took it all in. It only lasted five to eight seconds and then shot away at such a tremendous speed that it became a single point of light no bigger than an average star in less than a second. I was left with an overwhelming feeling that someone had been aware of everything I had been doing and was celebrating. I was allowed to participate in this jubilation.

The next evening I was watching a movie on nuclear war. At the point where WORLD WAR THREE was about to begin my colored television exploded in the back giving off smoke and sparks and making a large "popping" sound. I ran to the window after unplugging the machine but I didn't see a thing in the sky.

I decided the very next day to start a serious organized research group to find out what was going on. I kept delaying it until the Summer of 1989. My original aims, which still hold true, are to provide a 24 hour news information service to the public; collect incoming sighting reports, investigate abduction reports and educate through the media. My primary goal as founder is to collect evidence for analysis.

As a subjective participant in the phenomena, I had to decide what information to provide to the public and in what manner. To the general public I remained an objective researcher providing them with the facts and evidence as impartially as I could. To the people who were experiencing the phenomena directly like myself I provided them with my own personal experiences as accurately as I perceived them. This created a problem for me. The objective and scientifically minded UFO researchers automatically questioned my credibility but as Dr. J. Allen Hynek once said, "THERE ARE NO EXPERTS IN UFOLOGY; ONLY VARIOUS LEVELS OF IGNORANCE." I continue to publish my experiences as they happen to me as honestly as I can and I will face any critic.

During my long hours of investigations (I have a full time job as well.) I began to feel a continuous presence. I decided to try and contact these entities, so I began constructing electronic signalling devices using strobe lights, motors, rotating platforms, symbols and radio wave transmissions. I kept a diary of all unusual events and dreams. I discovered that a female by the name of "Esteera" was trying to communicate with me. I went to the library. I discovered that ESTER is Hebrew for "star" and RA is Egyptian for "sun" - : STAR - SUN.

Abduction cases that were coming into my hotline telephone number were so striking in similarity at times it seemed almost as if by design. After two years of this I was not able to dismiss this idea as imagination. I would get calls from people who would say that they saw the name UFO in the telephone directory and felt like speaking to someone. Usually I was able to uncover an experience from the past through psychological questioning. Who was prodding these people to call me? Needless to say, I was able to help them face their experiences and link them up to others. I began to recognize and work with the phenomenon. The result was, I was "implanted".

In February and March of 1991 I began to notice an itching and/or burning sensation at a specific spot on the right side of my right thigh. I did not pay too much attention to it except that it occasionally irritate me. As the month of April approached I noticed a new occurrence. The itching and burning sensations would begin, followed by a twitch.

On the evening of April 29, 1991 at 7:15 p.m. the sensations began again, only this time followed by intense and very deep muscular electrical pulsations, undulating back and forth in waves in one isolated spot in the right thigh. The shocks were so strong (but not unpleasant), that I ran into the kitchen and turned on the light to examine the area. I was astonished to see a triangle etched very deeply into my skin. The lines were very red and several times deeper than the lines in the palm of the hands. I did not have film for my camera so I copied and measured the symbol. Two sides measured exactly 40 millimeters. The bottom of the triangle which had a corner cut off measured exactly 20 cm. The cut off corner measured exactly 10 cm. Three lines extended out from one of the 40 mm, sides and another line extended outward at an angle from the pointed bottom corner. The prickly, electrical

sensation subsided after the diagram had completely formed. On October 16, 1991, shortly after I had an X-ray taken of the area the activity switched to the left thigh. The letter "E" was carved out before my eyes. Within half an hour some of the lines had disappeared and new ones reappeared creating a triangle which measured 5 by 5 by 4.5 cm.

I learned some interesting things. First of all, there are four such areas of pulsed activity on my body as of the current date. If I eat certain foods which are disagreeable to me or the biological implant, the pulses begin on my right thigh. The intensity tells me how harmful it is for me. As a result I have stopped eating meat, chicken, fish and nuts. Foods that I eat that are good for me like vegetables, fruit and soya or glacial water are followed by a different kind of sensation in another area.

When I am near a very old person who is ill, or someone who is sick in another way, deep pulsating activity begins on my left thigh. This includes people who are very nervous in store lineups. When somebody is behind me and looking at me without my knowledge at first, I get pulsations at a spot on my back in the middle between my shoulder blades. I have tested these activities and recorded them daily over the months many times and clear identifiable patterns have emerged which are very predictable.

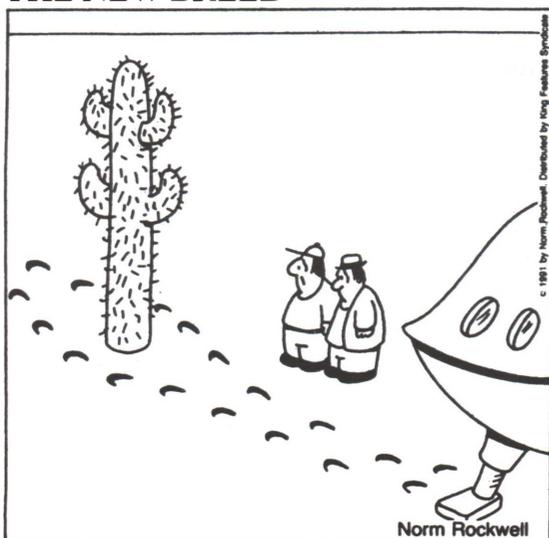
I believe there must be others like myself who never speak out about it because nobody would believe them - it is too much like science fiction, but very real in physical sensation to the participant. There is a definite language there. I believe that the implant or implants are like a dormant or sleeping biological and computerized seed in stasis waiting to be awakened. In order to activate the implant, one must help bring "life" to it by accommodating it to the "host" body. So far it has only done good and caused no harm to me. I am fascinated by its interactive capability and sensing powers. It has made me aware that there exists an energy that we know very little about in human beings and it is possible to sense and detect that energy and know things about other people without using sight, sound or touch.

When the pulses alternate in sequence from the left to right to left thigh it means a UFO is in the vicinity. I have gone outside and seen them - sometimes with witnesses. I have been also able to identify abductees or people who have had contact with extraterrestrials who are total strangers to me in a crowd by this alternating pulse signal. I feel that in time I will have the ability to heal sick people and awaken memories from people who do not consciously recall their UFO experiences.

My mother was recently diagnosed with "Multiple Meyaloma", which is a very rare form of blood and bone cancer. There is no cure. Even a bone marrow transplant does not help. She also has an enlarged heart. Both can be fatal. I went to a park near my home, very late at night and signalled to the sky with a strobe light, pleading with the aliens to cure my mother. I threatened with tears in my eyes, to cease all of my UFO research unless they helped. Two weeks later I flew home on an airplane. My mother told me that the cancer had mysteriously disappeared and the doctors were surprised. Another miracle occurred several months later when the doctors discovered the heart had shrunk in size to become completely normal. My mother is approaching 80 years of age....Lorne Goldfader, Director, The UFO Research Institute of Canada, Vancouver, B.C.

* * * * *

THE NEW BREED



"Whatever it is, it's really tall!"



"Take me to your queen, drone!"

Dear Aileen :

It's been some time since I had the opportunity to communicate with you. For some reason or another it hasn't happened. The last time I spoke to you I was on my way down there to see you. But that also never happened. So this is why I am taking this opportunity to apologize to you and many others (especially Associate Directors worldwide) who may or may not have had more expectation of me. If that is true, I apologize from the deepest roots of my heart. I feel this only with myself because none of you guys have offered nothing short of open arms of love, light and peace. So my emptiness comes from within me.

We, the UFO Contact Center International, yourself especially, and so many others have worked so hard to make this organization what it is today. I am more than proud to be a member and affiliated with such brave and beautiful people. So that feeling is only in my own mind. We have so many people involved in getting the truth out about the UFOs and their occupants. So many people are being awakened every day to the fact that there is something else out there that the government has tried with success, and some failure, to cover up for years. The truth is coming out! This should sooth my feelings of not being more involved, but it doesn't because I still want to be more involved and that is wrong..and I know it. The truth is; it doesn't matter who accomplishes the mission, just as long as the mission gets accomplished.

You know it is only our selfishness that stands in the way of the advancement of ourselves, the real me. This is not how I feel. I feel that I have let you down because I haven't been able to attend the many meetings and conventions, including Jorpah and the trip I planned in January. But sincerely, in my heart I had intended on being there. It seems that every time I plan something, something will happen to me or it will be something financial. I have one of those jobs that doesn't allow me to leave when I want to. Besides I couldn't afford it anyway.

Aileen, I don't want you to misunderstand my intent here, for the words I speak. Due to the fact that I want to be so involved, might be the reason why it isn't that way. I accept the fact that it's just as it is. I know you wonder what do I mean by being more involved. I mean being involved in the sense of running around town looking for something that you need to meet a deadline and finding it, or giving another hand to those in need, or learning more about myself, having the source there at hand. Just the little things, you know; even the big things; a hug, you know that secure feeling of knowing that we are here together on this planet during the most important changes on this planet since man has inhabited it. So; I do have those feelings. That is reality. But there is another sense of purpose that I have and it's right here in Alaska. As much as I would like to be there, the more I realize that I am right where I am supposed to be. I also want you to know that whenever I do get the means to come and visit again I will catch the first plane out.

Now! That I have got that out of my hair, we can go to other things.

* Has your nose stopped hurting? Mine has stopped running a couple of days after the last time I talked to you but tonight as I sit here typing it is bothering me again.

There have been so many different things going on in my life that I could hardly touch on even half of them in this letter so I will tell some of the strangest ones. I want to share them with you because maybe someone else is having the same experience somewhere else and somehow, I think that is important.

I have been having many contacts. Many more now than I have ever had in the past. I know now because they might block out my memory of what happened but I can usually tell when they take me during sleep periods because of the way that I feel after a contact and the way that I feel during a normal sleep period. I can now tell the difference.

Several weeks ago during a sleep period I awoke in a semi-conscious state, laying on my bed about 2:30 a.m. I didn't notice the time until after the experience. There was a blue fog like haze in the bedroom floating over my bed. I couldn't move or open my mouth to say anything but I could move my head. Knowing this I tried to look around and see anything. I could see another deeper blue light that formed in a circle-like. It seemed like it was probing for something. I don't know what made me think that but I did. That was all I remembered.

Lately I have been having some very bad headaches. It was unusual because I have not had headaches before. I went to the doctor to see if there was something else wrong with me. They couldn't find anything abnormal.

Going on... one day last week I decided to go and get my hair cut but I also decided to get it cut shorter than I have ever had it. The day I got it cut I was looking in the mirror and I noticed two bumps with a triangle scoop mark and a puncture mark that looked like it had been made with a needle. The marks are still there.

Then there was the time I awakened and saw four grays standing beside me as I laid on a table.

There have been many sightings up here recently. Some of them I have already told you about. the ones that were seen over the mountains. I have seen them several times within the last three weeks.

There is so much to share but my fingers are getting tired now. I could go on and on. Every day I send my thanks to God with a prayer for allowing me to live during this period in man's history. Man is about to go through the greatest period in his stay on this planet and the great change that man is about to encounter. I also know that I, or anyone else, has nothing to fear if they, or believers, trust and have faith in God who watches over us each moment of our life. He covers us with His love and grace that one day we might learn to love as He has and does, unconditionally. Then we can see the true light in each one of us because we are one; one in all, under the power of God.

...Sincerely, Thomas Wilson, Associate Director, Anchorage, Alaska

* Editors Note: During the last week of December several contactees had cuts in their noses, profuse nose bleeds, running noses for no reason at all. Your editor was one of those persons. Thomas and I were commenting on our "nose problem" over the phone in January. I started asking others and they too had the same malady! Who knows what was happening, I don't but it is good we can compare symptoms or we would never be aware that others were having the same problems!

Dear Aileen:

I was taken aback when I saw Monica making a TV appearance in Japan. Something has changed in the way information is dealt with.

My life's cycle changes every seven years. And 1992 is the year of change for me. But it doesn't mean I will be able to take part in the Jorpah. I have my duty to do on this planet and have been successful in the preparation for it. It'll take another seven years to complete my preparatory life's work and after that I'll embark on the work of what I have prepared and what I really want to do.

I am renewing my Missing Link. The latest issue I have here is Number 111. Please keep sending me the Link.

...Love and light, Kazuto Shioiri, Nagano, Japan

Editor's Note: Kazuto came all the way from Japan to Jorpah in 1985. Hopefully, some day he can do it again! We are not aware of "Monica". Could you tell us who that is?

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GOVERNMENT UFOs: THE PLOT THICKENS

By Harv Howard, Associate Director, Manchaca, Texas

The cover story of the December 1991 issue of Popular Mechanics was of vital interest to every American, especially ufologists. The cover proclaimed that the U.S. military has craft with amazing capabilities which operated in the Persian Gulf war.

The article by Gregory T. Pope was entitled, "America's New Secret Aircraft." The cover of the magazine and the inside double-page spread was adorned with artwork of a one-man, fighter-sized version of the B-2 bomber. Reportedly, the craft is designated the "TR-3A laser target designator and tactical reconnaissance aircraft." The author claims that anonymous sources working in the aerospace industry revealed information about the new craft and other radial aircraft currently under development.

It used to be that revelations about newly designed aircraft by the government had little bearing on what it surely has gleaned from the retrieval of crashed saucers. However, with the production of the B-2 bomber, with its hard-to-believe multi-billion dollar price tag PER PLANE coupled with the fact that the "flying-wing" bomber concept was already once an operational craft in the U.S. arsenal, brought suspicions from ufologists to bear on the extent to which advanced aircraft development had reached in this country. It is important to add that ufologists had been expecting for decades to see signs of UFO technology appearing in U.S. warplanes. Most now think they are seeing the signs.

Frankly, ufologists are unsure exactly what to think. Whether the B-2 is itself a UFO-derived craft having secret capabilities, whether the widely exhibited prototype is the only conventional jet-powered one and the rest of them will utilize more remarkable power sources, or whether the entire B-2 program is nothing but a fairly conventional craft hoopla-ed by government PR fanfare to cover the developmental costs and expenses of more genuine UFO-type craft.

In addition to the TR-3A, writer Pope also mentioned--without elaboration--that a B-2 size aircraft had been observed at night "...to have turned 90 degrees on its wingtip."

Another type of craft he mentioned has been repeatedly seen the last couple of years over Antelope Valley, California, which is adjacent to government test areas. Supposedly, the craft is huge, "...between 600 and 800 ft. in width," moves silently, hovers, and shifts around in place.

An important clue Pope adds is that the craft has a multitude of randomly placed white lights on its black underside. He goes on to speculate that the craft is possibly a lighter-than-air design. Accepting that assessment diminishes the craft from the "dream-tech" class down to the mildly interesting "high-tech" class.

However, the article is worth reading because of the information provided even though none of it is very specific or substantiated by official government sources. But is more interesting by what it does not say.

It never once uses the term UFO. That omission, in this writer's opinion, seems to have been deliberately made given the argument and content of the article. That assessment leads to questioning the reason behind the appearance of the article itself.

If Pope had no ulterior motives in preparing the article for Popular Mechanics, then he missed a fabulous opportunity to support his case of secret dream-tech craft by alluding to the myriads of UFO reports over the years which describe similar objects. The hundreds of nighttime-witnessed triangular-shaped "UFOs" seen in the last few years would be virtual proof of his assertion. And the "vast black flying wing" he described, with its various-sized independent lights on the underside, is a perfect ringer for the "Lubbock Lights" object. It was photographed by Carl R. Hart, Jr., a college student in 1951. But he mentioned not one word along that line, probably for good reasons. ---How could he? Could he make us believe that the government was still flying a prototype secret craft after forty years!

A final analysis of the article is of course completely subjective. But given the extent to which governmental forces in the last few decades have tried to explain away and discredit UFOs and to destroy ufology, there is a case to be made that Mr. Pope's article is an attempt to reveal minor (if any) characteristics of ultra-secret aircraft while at the same time to undercut the credibility of an alien explanation for recently observed unknown craft.

In other words, if you accept the article at face value, you should feel confident about any strange flying object you see. For whatever its shape, speed, or actions that thing is nothing more than Uncle up there testing his latest aircraft so that he might better protect you from foreign aggression. (Repeat aloud the following words until you believe them.) *Sleep soundly tonight, your government is on the job...and aliens don't exist.*

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