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The UFO Contact Center International is the oldest and largest organization for UFO Contactees. Our motto is "Understanding through Awareness".

The Missing Link is the official publication of the UFO Contact Center International. It contains articles from all over the world written by persons with abduction or close encounter experiences. We include information on upcoming events, and photo coverage from UFO related activities.

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**UFO Contact Center International
3001 S. 288th, Suite #304
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The Missing Link (USPS 8417) is published monthly for \$20 (USA/Canada); \$35 Foreign, per year by the UFO Contact Center International, 3001 S. 288th, #304, Federal Way, WA 98003

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3001 S. 288th St., Suite 304
Federal Way, WA 98003
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Subscriptions to:
Galaxus Communications
P.O. Box 223
Lake Hiawatha, N.J. 07034

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Second class postage paid at Auburn, WA.

ISSN 10633502

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Missing Link, 3001 South 288th, Suite 304, Federal Way, WA 98003



Art by
LOUIS TURI

Prior to November 12, 1981, Louis Turi had 3 hit records in Europe. He had received high honors at London's Royal School of Music.

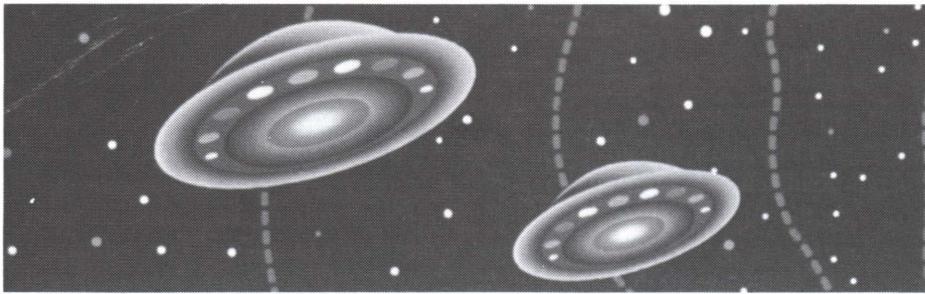
During the early hours of November 12, 1981, his rising star took a sharp turn toward a different more spiritual galaxy. On that night, Turi and his brother had a huge metallic disc hovering close enough to touch over their stalled Mercedes in Southern France. Louis got out of the car and for over two minutes stood watching the sphere, before it disappeared into the distance.

Three months later, while traveling with his sister, another close encounter brought Turi to the sobering realization that there was more to life than cutting records and performing in discos. Turi was on his way to a spiritual path in the science of Astrology.

During the next few years, Turi studied Astrology in France, had a radio show in Hawaii and built a substantial clientele in Europe, Hawaii and La Jolla, San Diego, and Encinatas, California.

Turi's popularity has grown out of his ability to dissect personalities and accurately predict events. He regularly pinpoints personality traits and occupations of strangers calling in to the radio show.

Turi states, "Most skeptical people are those who have a heavy traditional religious background, who from an early age have been forced to fear God instead of loving and understanding God; his faith and truth through Astrology. Another barrier is the total lack of information and education on the subject. People have a tendency not to recognize Astrology as a valuable discipline, which is necessary for the health of the world."



The following article was extrapolated from "Just Cause", Number 32, June 1992. We feel it covers a subject that is needed to be considered by everyone in UFO research.

EDITORIAL

Recently several persons have expressed their dissatisfaction to us about UFO research. "It seems like everyone has their own ideas about what UFOs are and it is all very confusing," said one. "There is so much controversy that it is difficult for an outsider to tell fact from fiction," said another. "The politics of UFO research seems to be incredibly bizarre," added a third.

The fact is that there are new people taking an interest in UFOs who are not familiar with the rather convoluted history many of us have lived with for decades. And it is a chore for one to comprehend not only the phenomenon but the people in it. The best sources of information tend not to be easily available anymore and costs have risen to a point where some UFO books make one decide whether having it is worth a week of meat loaf for supper or a weekend of the Three Stooges on TV instead of going to a ball game.

It is beyond the scope of this commentary to launch into a primer on the UFO field. However, a few suggestions can be made without involving a reference work or quoting a prominent person with a history of UFO interest.

1) There is no such thing as a "UFO EXPERT." If one says he/she is, doubt it. How can one be a UFO expert if they do not know what UFOs are, who's in them, where they come from, or why they are here? If they do claim to know any one or all of these things, they are either careless for not being able to offer proof of their extraordinary statements, preaching from a religious viewpoint instead of a scientific one in choosing to "believe" rather than considering information on its merits, or just plain lying for personal gain, self-gratification; etc. Judge UFO information by how logical and sensible it is, not by who says it. Don't be so overwhelmed by emphasis on one's credentials or affiliations that you accept their statements at face value, without question. Often a close examination of information from a supposed authority reveals that it is no more credible than your Aunt Hortense's speculations on Relativity Theory (unless your Aunt Hortense has done a lot of reading!). Flawed information from self-appointed authorities become ingrained in many individual minds from sheer force of personality, personality that shields their failings behind a facade of intellectual superiority.

2) Carve your own niche. If you decide to pursue an interest in UFO research, make sure you learn much about the world around you first. Handled properly, a UFO interest can motivate self-education in astronomy, meteorology, psychology and a host of other areas. Unlike what some pundits have said in the past, being into UFOs doesn't always send people off onto wrong pathways. In fact it probably generates as many people who become channeled into serious, hard-knowledge fields as it does ding-a-lings. Ideally, a society that is increasingly inclined to one-dimensional thinking and stereotyping will recognize that being interested in space mysteries does not always equate with eccentricity and instability. It is up to you how others will eventually perceive it.

3) You are not a "little person." You come into the UFO subject with a great deal of enthusiasm. You desire to contribute to the resolution of a long-standing mystery. Confronting you are prolific authors, "Whirling-Dervish" investigators, high-intensity personalities and groupie-like hangers-on, all from the high and low end of the likability scale. Trying to fathom all of this seems impossible and you question whether you can after all contribute anything in such a marketplace of obscure and fantastic information.

Remember that they all started the same way, from a complete lack of knowledge of the UFO phenomenon. You have to build your background slowly, patiently. you must regard yourself as being as good as anyone else in pursuing UFOs. As previously stated, there are no experts so don't idol-worship UFOlogists. Respect them if they are honest and truth-seeking and follow such an ideal yourself. Hold untruth, chicanery, exaggeration, pretentiousness, pomposity and greed in great disregard and express such in a way that will discourage others from wanting to pursue those negative attributes. Then you know you will be an important contribution to improving our knowledge.

Welcome to the UFO field!

* * * * *

THE SEVENTH DEJA VU

By COREY WOLFE

This story took place in 1984 during the summer Olympics. My girlfriend Sheri and I sat on my bed discussing Metaphysics. I had a Deja Vu. This feeling flowed into a second one, and then a third Deja Vu. At this point 'reality' was beginning to shift. Enough of me was still here to grab Sheri's hand and say to her, "Something weird is happening, please don't say anything for a while, and see if you can go with me." *The adventure had begun.*

The Deja Vu feelings continued to come. They were different than most I had felt in the past. They had nothing to do with a past event that I was now remembering. They were happening as a means to elevate my consciousness. As the seventh one hit me I began to feel that always welcome sensation of being in touch with the All. My consciousness was above my head, and in a very clear state. Then to my surprise, I found myself standing on stone stairs. This wasn't my imagination, this felt real, yet different. I gazed down, and seemed to be high on a mountain range. There were clouds below my position. I looked up, and about six steps above I saw a cave entrance. A man dressed in white robes stepped out of the mouth and said to me, "Congratulations, today you made your quota." At this I was thoroughly amazed. I seemed to know what he was talking about. Earlier in the day I had turned another person on to metaphysics. I had spent the last 19 years doing this at every opportunity. If something works for you, you try to share it. I replied to him, "But I'm so young". To this he had no reply. I then asked if Sheri could feel all that was going on and she said that she was not yet ready.

This teacher told me that I had to conquer all fears in order to hurry my evolution along, "Knowledge lies where fear is not". We examined my greatest fear at the time, one of letting go control of myself. I was afraid to surrender to the All completely for fear of losing my individuality. He said that I would soon have the opportunity to face these challenges. "Time" is different "there", and much was exchanged in a short amount of time.

What happened next became a very big lesson in my life, one I use to this day. His next words were, "You may now come home, or stay"!!! My thoughts came fast and furious. Did he really mean what I thought he meant? Go home? Die? I asked him what would Sheri do if my body actually died. I had barely got that thought out, when in a flash I found myself back on my bed. The 'vision' was over. I had been dismissed, I had hesitated, I had doubted.

I WILL NEVER HESITATE AGAIN. This is the lesson I have learned. If ever you get an opportunity to gain wisdom, go for it! If you hesitate long enough to allow the left brain to get into the picture and start analyzing the situation, the odds are you will chicken out. Higher reality has nothing to do with the analytical brain. It has everything to do with the intuition.

Within days I had the opportunity to test myself and my newfound lessons. I had laid down to take a nap and had just closed my eyes, when I saw 'The Door of Fear' in my minds eye. There is a place deep within all of us that we are afraid to enter because all the demons and fears we hold are within. I had often seen this portent of doom while meditating, but always ran from it. Now I had to change all that. Using the lessons just learned I didn't hesitate, I just mentally closed my eyes and ran as fast as I could straight toward the door...**and jumped!**

What I found behind the door of fear was the last thing I had expected. I found God. The place where there is no difference between a question and its answer. I learned that it is the door itself that we fear. The door is a manifestation and representation of our imagination. So let's start imagining only positive things and perhaps such doors will dissipate. It may save you a jump.

I later had an opportunity to learn about surrender. While meditating one day an idea came to me. Why not try to mentally erase everything that has to do with myself. I began by ignoring anything that came to mind that had anything to do with my personality or my wishes. I found as the meditation went deeper that there was a new sense of individuality arising, something I had never experienced before. It proceeded quite naturally as if I had done this many times before. I found 'myself' racing over what looked like rolling mounds of deep velvety green at the altitude of one foot. A voice came to my ears and said, "You lose the self, but gain the Other." Again I was in the place where any question I could muster was simultaneously matched with its answer. I questioned the Other for hours and heard many wonderful and unexpected things... Ah, but that's another story.

It's true! Alien abductions recalled

Flying saucers are no joke to the many people who travel from afar to the UFO Contact Center

By Christy True
STAFF WRITER

You feel as if earth is not your real home. You saw bright lights just before you lost several hours of time for no apparent reason. You find unexplainable marks on

Sunday Spotlight

your body. You suddenly hear voices and have visions.

You are not going crazy. You are just one of hundreds of people who have been abducted by aliens, says Federal Way resident Aileen Garoutte.

Garoutte, who witnessed a UFO when she was 17, is the woman behind the UFO Contact Center International. The center is really a small office situated in her modest but tidy trailer home in the Camelot Square trailer park.

It was 1978, a year during which a large number of abductions were reported, when Garoutte founded the center to help people examine traumatic experiences and assimilate them into their daily lives.

"For people to find acceptance and understanding without ridicule, that's important," she said.

Garoutte, who witnessed a UFO when she was 17 but doesn't remember much about it, corresponds with people from all over the world who say they have encountered extraterrestrials. Many travel to Federal Way just to meet her.

A LICENSED hypnotherapist with sparkly dark eyes and a lilting, otherworldly voice, she encourages "abductees" or "contactees" to talk about it.

Once a month, the public is invited to meetings in the trailer park clubhouse where people share new-found discoveries of galactic



John Froschauer/staff

Aileen Garoutte, the woman behind the UFO Contact Center, holds drawings of one type of alien described by people who say they have been on extraterrestrial spacecraft.

UFO: Lives are changed forever after alien contact

neighbors. A recent meeting was attended by 70 people.

Her goal is not to document these encounters — she keeps no records — but simply to help those who claim these experiences to remember and understand.

She has hypnotized a "couple hundred" people who are usually then able to recall in more detail their UFO experiences, although in her case such attempts have been unsuccessful. Then she organizes support groups for those who have been "awakened."

"The ones I've worked with had a lot of fear, but once they knew, they integrated it into their consciousness. It made their life better, they lost their fear," she said.

According to her, abductions are not uncommon, even though most people don't know they've been abducted until after they go through hypnotherapy.

At least one UFO expert does not believe Garoutte's work is valid, although he believes it possible there have been alien abductions.

The UFO Reporting and Information Service in Seattle deals only in "verified" sightings and works on uncovering government documents that contain valuable information on UFOs, said Dale Goudie, information director.

"ABDUCTIONS cannot be proven," Goudie said. "We should be reporting on what we do know."

The U.S. government has 8,000 UFO documents it has classified top secret because they are perceived as a threat to national security, he said.

Even if Garoutte is just another nut who has read too many supermarket tabloids, many respectable people believe her claims and seek her out. She lists several psychologists with doctorates as honorary board members.

More than 80 percent of Americans have said in surveys they believe in the existence of UFOs, although not necessarily in alien beings, Goudie said.

An average of six verified reports a day are made from all over North America at another National UFO Reporting

Some aliens lived on earth, some look just like humans

Here's some of what UFO believer Aileen Garoutte claims about interstellar beings:

■ Many different types of extraterrestrials exist, including those who are much like humans, insects and animals. All of the aliens have lived on earth at one time or another, but most left because of attacks.

■ The aliens who come from a star cluster known as the "Pleiades" are said to be Nordic looking, much like humans. Although they are

3,000 years ahead of us in evolution and live for several hundred years, we share the same forefathers, said Garoutte. "We're like cousins," she said.

■ The aliens are benevolent and are attempting to stop humans from ruining the planet. They are worried that a spoiled earth will affect the health of their home planets.

■ They have been known to give humans ideas, scientific evidence and inventions.

Center in Seattle, said volunteer Robert Gribble. Those are reports that cannot be attributed to airplanes, weather or other natural phenomena.

"The Missing Link," a monthly UFO magazine published by Garoutte, has 300 readers. The May issue includes an article about a flying saucer photographed near the Chernobyl nuclear plant in Russia and stories from people who have awakened with drawings on their bodies, presumably made by aliens.

Two people who believe in Garoutte and her methods are Patty Crawford, a Renton resident and Trudy, a Puyallup resident, who asked that her last name not be used.

Crawford is a 44-year-old commercial artist who works out of her home.

All her life she wondered about why she recalled so vividly an experience she had when she was 11 years old and living in a remote cabin in Oklahoma.

She saw a lighted UFO, which looked much like the craft in the movie "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," drifting over her house and then landing in some nearby woods. The memory ended there and for years she had wondered what it meant.

Her husband Gene had heard about Garoutte and suggested she go see her, which she did about a month ago.

Under hypnosis, she recalled three short alien beings with large heads guiding her onto the craft she had seen. They communicated with her by telepathy.

ONCE ON the craft, she met another being who looked human and could speak to her in English. He told her they were concerned about her welfare, not to be afraid and they would never be far away. She was not experimented on and she was left unharmed.

"Now I know beyond a shadow of a doubt, they exist," Crawford said, after her hypnosis. She recently shared her experience at one of Garoutte's meetings in Camelot.

Crawford has told only a few people about her recollection. She's willing to go public with it because she believes many people who are considered a part of "mainstream America" are having similar experiences.

"I might have expected a bunch of nuts. I didn't find that. This is not a cult of wide-eyed people. I would have run the other way if I had found that," she said.

Trudy, who runs a business with her husband selling remote control airplanes, said she has seen many UFOs in her life, most recently last fall in Puyallup.

A red, white and blue lighted craft came close enough to her house that she could see glowing human-looking creatures in the windows waving at her, she said.

After the sighting she started having flashbacks about having been on board the craft many times. She needed someone to talk to who would understand and a friend suggested she see Garoutte. Now she attends the support group meetings.

"I feel quite a bit better. It's important to be able to get together with other people who've had experiences. People need to know they are not going crazy," she said. "Who do you tell it to? Will they believe you?"

What Crawford and Trudy describe are consistent with alien experiences others have recalled under hypnosis, Garoutte said.

Contacts with aliens are almost always pleasant, Garoutte said, and people who experience it are never the same afterwards.

"People who experience this are born to help us," she said. "Most people feel they have a job to do."

inheritance

Across multiple waves
Of doubled space
The dream unfolded
Aboard the ship
Where a human race
Of mission devoted
Lived
To see the face
So long awaited
No time to waste

The colony ship came
Thousands full
From another star
Another world
Another rule
So long ago, so far
Away
To see the jewel
A fertile planet
Of dazzling blue

They came to stay
But they weren't alone
A planet this loved
Led to quarrels
Like dogs with a bone
They pushed and shoved
Apart
Defining who should own
This place they all knew
Their children called home

by Paul W. Belsch

July 10, 1992

Continued from last month:

ANTONIO VILLAS BOAS

skin... they spread this liquid all over my body. I was cold, for the night temperature was already cold and it was markedly colder still inside those two rooms in the machine."

Again, we have the parallel of Betty Hill who reports that the inside temperature within the craft was markedly colder than on the outside. It appears to me that this is so not because the occupants cannot control their temperature, but because they are more comfortable in a colder climate, coming perhaps from a planet where the average temperature is lower than ours.

"I was led by three of the men towards a closed door that was on the opposite side to where we had come in. Making signs with their hands that I should accompany them, and barking to each other from time to time, they moved in that direction with me in the middle."

As they got Antonio through the door, he happened to see on top of the opening a "sort of luminous inscription traced out in red symbols which, owing to the effect of the light, seemed to stand out about two inches in front of the metal of the door. This inscription was the only thing of its kind that I saw in the machine."

He realized that this was something of great importance and tried hard to memorize the inscription so that he could tell about it afterwards. As it turned out, he was able to make a drawing of what he remembered, even more clearly after hypnosis had been applied.

He now found himself in a smaller room, and as soon as he was inside, the door closed and he was no longer able to tell where it had been, only that the wall was now smooth. A little later two men came in with a rubber tube each, and applied them through a cup-shaped nozzle to his skin, taking some of his blood. It did not hurt Antonio, but later on the spot where they had taken the blood began to burn and itch and he discovered the skin had indeed been torn. The second bleeding was applied to his chin, from the other side of the body, and then he was left alone again.

Why the blood? Perhaps to ensure that the baby which these individuals expected to obtain from the congress of the Brazilian farmer with one of their females would have an adequate supply of plasma, or blood for transfusion, should that ever become necessary. Perhaps their medical people are more advanced in the study of blood types and found it necessary to have the father's blood on hand rather than to depend on other donors. One can only surmise.

The room was empty except for a large couch with a strange hump in the middle, but without headboard or rim. It was soft and seemed to be made of some kind of foam rubber and covered with a soft, thick, grey material. Antonio sat down on it. He noticed then that thick smoke was coming in through openings in the walls. Whether it was because of that, or because of loss of blood, he became ill for awhile. He began to wonder what the aliens had in mind, and his nausea and general anxiety made him

even more depressed. He had no idea what the aliens looked like, since "all five were dressed in very tight-fitting overalls made of a thick, but soft cloth, grey in color, with black bands here and there. This garment went right up to the neck where it joined a sort of helmet made of a material of the same color, which seemed stiffer and was reinforced at the back and front by strip of thin metal, one of them being triangular and on a level with the nose. These helmets hid everything, leaving visible only the eyes of the people through two round windows similar to the lenses used in spectacles... Above the eyes, the height of the helmets must have corresponded to double the size of a normal head... from the center of the head, three round silvery tubes emerged which were a little thinner than a garden hose. These tubes, one in the center and one on each side, were smooth and ran backwards and downwards, curving in towards the ribs. There they entered the clothing, in which they were fitted in a way that I don't know how to explain. The one in the center entered on the line of the spine. The other two were fixed in, one on each side, below the shoulders, at a point about four inches below the armpits - almost at the sides, where the ribs start. I noticed nothing, no protuberance or lump that would indicate that these tubes were connected to some box or instrument hidden under the clothing."

Why would these men wear helmets inside their own craft? We already know from many other reports that the aliens are able to breathe our air in a large percentage of cases observed. This also held true of these particular aliens. Therefore, the helmets must have another purpose (apart from serving as breathing devices outside our atmosphere). Charles Bowen tells a landing of a UFO near Lossiemouth, Scotland, where amateur astronomer Cedric Allingham reported that a UFO-naut six feet tall emerged from a landed craft, looking most humanlike in every respect," and appeared to differ only in that he had a very high forehead. He wore a one-piece garb with footwear incorporated, but no helmet. He also had tiny tubes running up into his nostrils, and the witness considered these to be part of a breathing aid." Could it be that these devices were in the nature of oxygen masks used by our pilots at very high altitudes, supplementing, but not supplanting the natural supply of air?

Antonio was thinking over what he had seen while waiting for the next act of his drama to unfold. He had observed that the strangers could not bend their fingers completely to the extent of touching their palms with their fingertips. Nevertheless, they had gripped him quite firmly. He was sure that the clothing worn by the crew was some kind of uniform, for he noticed that they all had, at breast level, "a sort of round red shield of the size of a slice of pineapple, which from time to time gave off luminous reflections... from this shield in the center of the breast came a strip of silvery cloth or laminated metal which joined onto a broad, tight-fitting, clasplless belt."

He also noticed that the pants were tight-fitting and continued onto the shoes, but that the soles of the feet differed from human soles by turning up in front. "Despite this, the men's gait was quite free and easy and they were quite nimble in their

movements." Obviously, earth gravity did in no way interfere with the performance of their tasks, unless, of course, they had an apparatus allowing them to adjust to it.

Antonio thought that all of the strangers were exactly the same height as himself, allowing perhaps something for the helmets, except for one of them, the one who had first caught hold of him outside. This one did not come up to his chin. He wondered why one of the crew was somewhat shorter than the other four. But suddenly there was noise at the door and he jumped up. What he saw when the door opened, was a tremendous surprise: A woman was entering, walking towards him, slowly, and perhaps amused at the surprise she was causing.

"I was flabbergasted, and not without good reason. The woman was stark naked, as naked as I was ... moreover, she was beautiful... her hair was fair, almost white, smooth, not very abundant, reaching to halfway down her neck and with the ends curling inwards and parted in the center. Her eyes were large and blue, more elongated than round, being slanted outwards like the slit eyes of those girls who make themselves up fancifully to look like Arabian princesses... her nose was straight, without being pointed, nor turned up, nor too big. What was different was the contour of her face, for the cheekbones were very high, making the face very wide... the face narrowed very sharply, terminating in a pointed chin. This feature gave the lower half of her face a quite triangular shape. Her lips were very thin, hardly visible. Her ears were small and appeared no different from those of the women I know... her body was much more beautiful than that of any woman I have ever known before. It was slim, with high and well separated breasts, thin waist and a small stomach, wide hips and large thighs. Her feet were small, her hands long and narrow, and her fingers and nails were normal. She was quite a lot shorter than I, her head reaching up to my shoulder."

It is the latter remark which leads Gordon Creighton to suggest that it was the woman who had originally grabbed Antonio Villas Boas.

The young man had little time to wonder about all this, for the woman looked at him with an expression of wanting something and embraced him rather suddenly, and then "began to rub her head from side to side against my face. At the same time I felt her body all glued to mine and also making movements. Her skin was white and on the arms was covered with freckles... I began to get excited... I think that the liquid they had rubbed on my skin was the cause of this. They must have done it purposely. All I know is that I became uncontrollably excited sexually, a thing that had never happened to me before. I ended up by forgetting everything and I caught hold of the woman, responded to her caresses with other and greater caresses... It was a normal act, and she behaved just as any woman would, as she did yet again, after more caresses."

Antonio was able to notice a few peculiarities of her lovemaking style. It appears she grunted a lot, and that to him it sounded like the grunts of an animal (again, because he did not understand the language). She never kissed him; the nearest

thing she came to it was a gentle bite on his chin. He also couldn't help but notice that the hair in her armpits and in the pubic area was red, whereas the hair on her head had been nearly white.

The door opened now, one of the men reappeared and called out to the woman. She left, but before she went out, "she turned to me, pointed at her belly, and then pointed towards me and with a smile, she finally pointed towards the sky - I think it was in the direction of the south."

The man re-entered and handed Antonio his clothes, gesturing to him that he should get dressed. It was clear to him why he had been chosen to make love to this woman; evidently, they had thought of him as a healthy specimen that would improve their "stock."

Antonio never saw the woman again, but he discovered there was another room on the craft where she stayed. The door was slightly ajar and he heard noises coming from that direction. When he was fully dressed, one of the men gestured to him and took him back to the room through which he had first entered the craft. However, they evidently decided to reward him by giving him a tour of the machine. The alien pilot gestured to Antonio to follow him, and they walked onto a platform on either side of the entrance door. This was a platform that went around the machine, and was in the nature of a narrow rim that allowed one to go in either direction. Antonio noticed a square, metallic projection fixed into the side of the machine on both sides, somewhat like short wings. He reasoned that they controlled the movement of the machine in some manner. "Further on towards the front, the man pointed out to me the three metal shafts I have already mentioned, solidly set in the sides of the machine and right in the front...the position of all three was horizontal... they were giving off a slight reddish phosphorescence, as though they were red-hot. However, I felt no heat." He noticed two side lights above the shafts, and one enormous one in front, the front headlight of the machine. "All around the hull of the craft and slightly above the platform... were countless small square lamps similar in appearance to those used for the interior lighting of the machine." He did not see any windows in the craft, but thought that perhaps that was specially arranged in this manner. "I think that those front spurs released the energy that drove the machine forward, because, when it took off, its luminosity increased extraordinarily, merging completely with the lights of the head lamps.

The alien pilot then took him back to the rear of the machine and pointed out the "enormous dish-shaped cupola which was rotating slowly, completely lit up by a greenish fluorescent light coming from I don't know where. Even with that slow movement, you could hear a noise like the sound of air being drawn in by a vacuum cleaner, a sort of whistle... Later, when the machine began to rise from the ground, the revolving dish increased its speed to such a point that it became invisible, and then only the light could be seen, the brightness of which also increased quite a lot, and it changed color, turning to a vivid red. At that moment, the sound also increased, showing that

there was a connection with the speed of rotation of the round dish revolving on the top of the craft and turned into a veritable hum or loud whine." I could not make out the reason for such changes, nor can I even now understand what the bright rotating saucer was for, but it never stopped turning. Obviously, though, there was some reason for it to be where it was.

"There seemed to be a small reddish light at the center of the cupola or rotating saucer. But of this I cannot be quite sure because it moved so fast.

"Walking to the back of the machine, we went past the door once more and, going ahead, followed the curve to the back. Right behind, where the tail of an airplane would naturally emerge, there was an oblong piece of metal standing up back to front, crossing the platform. But it was low, no higher than my knee. It was quite easy for me to step over it to get to the other side, and then come back again. As I was doing this, I noticed that there were two reddish lights embedded one on each side of it, at ground level, looking like two thick, slanting-out jutting lines. They looked like the head spotlights of a plane, though they didn't twinkle. I believe that the metal slab must have been a kind of rudder to change the ship's direction. At least that was what I noticed, seeing the thing moving to one side at the very moment the ship, which had already stopped still in midair at some height after taking off, suddenly changed direction just before heading up at a fantastic speed.

"The visit to the back of the machine being over, we walked back to the door. My guide pointed to the metal stair and signaled to me to go down it. I obeyed and when I got down I looked up to see if he was coming too, but he was still there. He then pointed to himself, then to the ground, and then in a southerly direction to the sky; he again signaled me to step back, and forthwith disappeared inside the machine. The metal ladder began to shrink, each step fitting into the other, like a pile of boards. When it reached the top, the door (which, when open, was part of the floor) began to lift until it fit right into the wall and so became invisible. The lights from the metal spurs, the headlights, and those of the rotating saucer got brighter, and this last kept turning round faster and faster. The machine began to lift slowly straight up. At the same time the three legs of the tripod began to lift sideways so that the lower part of each (which tapered, was round, and ended in a broader foot) began to fit, or telescope, into the upper part (which was thicker and square). When this was over, the top contrivance entered the bottom of the machine. Finally nothing was to be seen of the legs, and the bottom looked as smooth and polished as if that tripod had never been there at all in the first place. I couldn't see any sign of where the legs had disappeared. These people really knew their business.

"The machine kept rising slowly into space till it was a little over 114 feet above the ground. It stopped for a few moments then, while it grew increasingly brighter. The buzz formed by the dislocation of air grew louder and the revolving saucer began to rotate at a terrific speed while the light turned to many

different shades of color, finally settling on a bright red. As this happened the machine abruptly changed noise, a kind of "shock" and it was then that I noticed what I have called the "rudder" turn to one side. When this was over, the strange airship darted off suddenly like a bullet, southward holding itself slightly askew, at such a heady speed that it disappeared from sight in a few seconds.

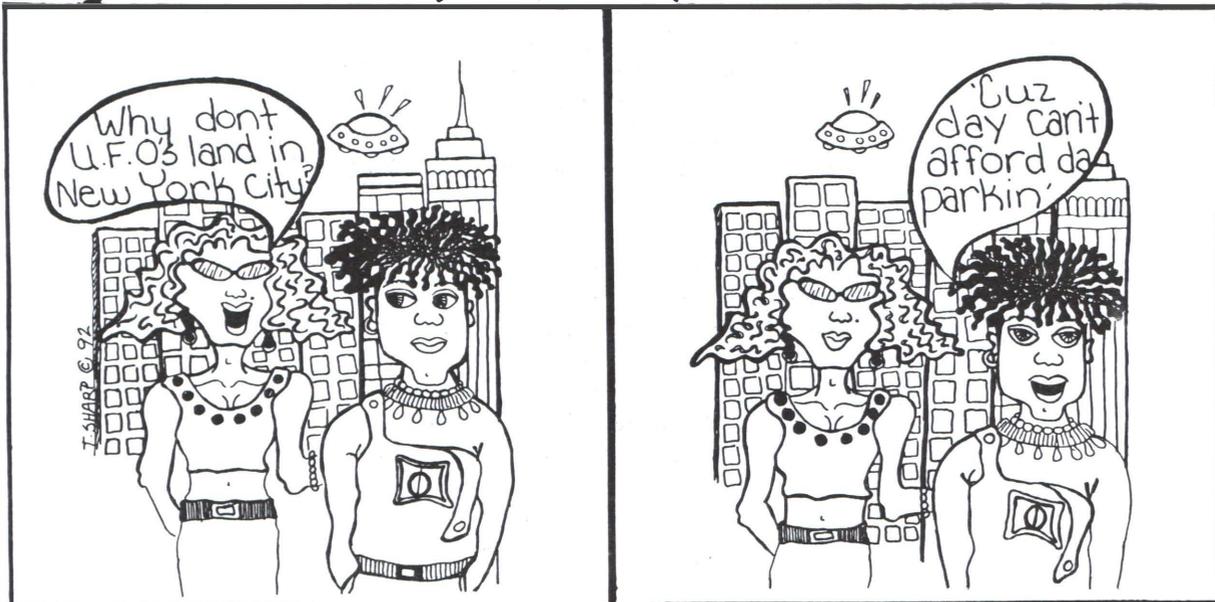
"I got back to my tractor. It was about 5:30 a.m. when I left the airship. By all accounts I must have entered it at 1:15 a.m. so I had spent four hours and fifteen minutes on it. Quite a long time, in fact!"

"As I tried to start the engine, I noticed that it still wasn't working so I tried to find out if there was something wrong with it and discovered that the wire ends of the battery had been unscrewed and were out of place. Somebody had obviously been at them, for a well screwed on battery wire doesn't come loose by itself, and I had checked them all on leaving home. That must have been done by one of the men when the tractor was standing still with the engine dead, probably to prevent me from running away in case I had been able to free myself from their grasp. Those were really sharpwitted people; there was nothing that had escaped their notice."

This case has been related from two books, the first, Hans Holzers' "UFONAUTS" and the second, Coral and Jim Lorensen's "Encounter's with UFO Occupants."

* * * * *

City Streets By Terra Sharp



CYCLOPEANS

by Fabio Picasso
(*Strange Magazine* #9)

Cyclopeans have been known as mythological beings since Homer's *Odyssey*. Such authors as Empedocles, Athanasius Kircher and Boccaccio stated that a skull of an elephant - seen from the front - could be taken for a one-eyed being. Many others believe Cyclopeans are figurative representations of volcanoes. Taking a different tack, researcher Peter Kolosimo said the correct translation of "Cyclops" is "round-eyes" not "one-eye" as everybody supposes. Whether real or not, Cyclopeans are still seen, at least in Latin America. I have found 11 supposed cases where the witnesses reported Cyclops-like entities. Unfortunately, most of them are from newsclippings and no specialist researchers were involved in the investigation. Nevertheless, I will summarize the reports.



1) March 1960 - Salta, Argentina: a strange being appeared in the Yariaguarenda forest, sowing panic throughout the whole region. The Tartagal Mountaineering School Battalion was put on alert for the presence of a powerful, cyclopean, 2.4-meter-tall being, but what came of it is unknown. Interestingly, I have found another clip where an unknown correspondent stated that the story was a hoax. However, report number 2) below and some tales well-known in the provinces of Salt, Tucuman, and Juju related similar accounts of a Bigfoot-like being called "Ukumar Zupai."

2) October 1960 - Salta, Argentina: An odd, tall cyclopean being was seen again in Yariaguarenda, not far from Tartagal City. The 200 kilogram monster - called Ukumar Zupai by the natives - has attacked two women and a child.

3) August 28, 1963 - Sagrada Familia, Brazil: Two brothers, Fernando and Ronaldo, and another boy, Jose Marcos, were in a backyard when a beam of light illuminated the area. The boys saw a ball-shaped transparent object with four cyclopean entities (three males and a female) within it. They wore tight overalls, and one of them got down and out of the UFO floating in the air. He communicated with the children by signs and unknown sounds and finally by telepathy. Then he rose through a beam of light to the object, which went away.



4) February 1965 - Torrent, Argentina: Senor Sourriou and some farm laborers were returning home after a nocturnal hunting party when they sighted five small shapes. One of the farm laborers attempted to attack them, but they grew to no less than 2.5 meters in height. Sourriou tried to shoot them, but, for some odd reason, the gun failed. The frightened men ran away and shut themselves up in the house. The light the beings gave off seemed to filter through the walls of the house. Sourriou attempted to escape, but the humanoids pursued him. One of the entities grabbed him with its hairy hands but he eluded the being. Finally, the witnesses were able to get away by van. The strange, thin humanoids each had only one eye.

5) February 21, 1965 - Chalach, Argentina: One or more silvery objects allegedly landed near a village of Toba natives and three tall, cyclopean luminous beings emerged from within. It is said that the natives worshipped the beings. There have been claims that policemen took photographs of the scene, and that these were seized by Argentina's Air Force. It now seems certain that this event was a hoax.

6) August 30, 1965 - Arequipa, Peru: A cyclopean, bush-like little being was seen on the Panamerican Highway by two witnesses, who said they believed the alien was 0.8 meters in height. When the bush-thing disappeared, a UFO flew over the car.

7) September 8, 1965 - Puno, Peru: Eight 0.8-meter-tall, cyclopean entities were sighted by a ten-year-old boy. He summoned his parents, who saw a strange light going up into the sky.

8) September 29, 1965 - Arequipa, Peru: Two persons almost knocked over a small, cyclopean being with their car. The 0.8 meter-tall alien's body was covered with luminous ribbons. Shortly afterwards, a UFO hovered over the percipient's car.

9) October 9, 1969 - Laguna Blanca, Argentina: Senor Lotcket stated that the motor of his van stalled while he saw a UFO with three 0.8-meter-tall creatures inside it. The entities had blond hair and seemed to be Cyclopeans. They were only 10 meters away from Lotcket. Some burned plants were found in the area.

10) March 30, 1969 - Cardenas, Mexico: Two children coming home from school saw twenty little one-eyed men moving quickly. The 0.5-meter-tall beings were enveloped in light and floated up into the sky.

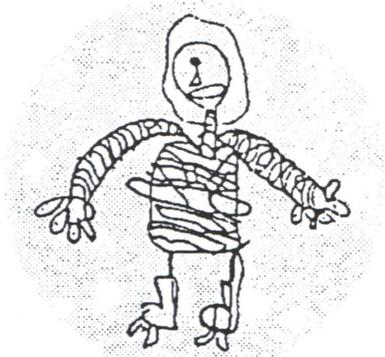
11) October 28, 1988 - Pergamino, Argentina: Four young men were walking along a road at 12:30 a.m. when they sighted five or six little green men. The beings each had no hair, only one eye, hands with three fingers, and moving arms. The entities seemed to walk joined together as a block, and were growling. Frog-like tracks - thought to be theirs - were later found.

Cyclopean beings can be classified into two subtypes. There are short Cyclopeans as in cases 6) to 11), and tall ones as reported in 1) to 5). The latter beings often behave aggressively 2) and 4). They may even be as hairy as Bigfoot 4). Some beings, despite their height, can levitate 3), 4) and 10) or emerge from transparent UFOs 2), 4), and 10). They communicate with their witnesses by telepathy 3) or by words 6).

Tall Cyclopeans were seen from 1960 to February 1965, while short ones have appeared since August 30, 1965. At present, the latter subtype is the only one reported.

Finally, all cases, except No. 10, were situated in a region between 16) and 34) degrees South Latitude.

Editor's Note: By agreement Bonnie Wheeler of the "Cambridge UFO Research Group", and the UFOCCI, exchange articles. This article appeared in the latest issue of Bonnie's newsletter.



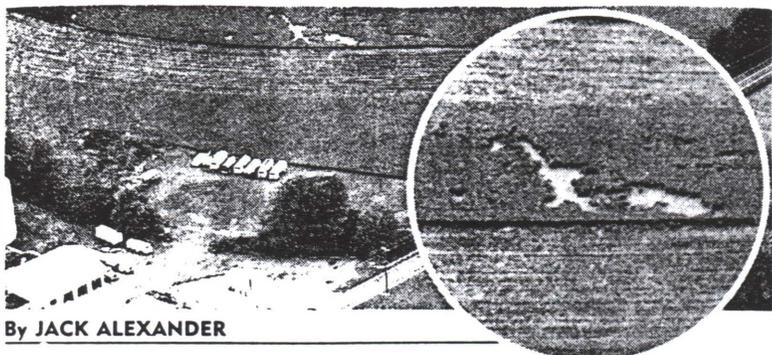
Witness's drawing of cyclopean entity in the August 28, 1963. Sagrada Familia, Brazil case.



TED LOMAN, UFOAZ ON THE LEFT AND THE "NEW" PHILIP KLOSS, JAMES MC GAHA.

UFO markings found in

Pennsylvania wheat field!



By JACK ALEXANDER

PHOTOGRAPH of UFO markings was taken after tourists trampled them and distorted their shape. Inset shows aerial close-up of bizarre markings.

Gawking tourists have been tromping around Henry Gottshall's farm ever since a dozen weird-looking cross-like markings mysteriously appeared in a wheat field southeast of Reading, Pa.

The fed-up farmer is tired of seeing the daily cavalcade of cars stream onto the property from sun-up to sundown to see the strange markings that many believe were made by creatures from outer space.

Police Officer Jeff Vernacchio was the first to spot the weird spots in the wheat field shortly after sunup on a rainy day near Limerick in late May.

"I saw this circular patch. I looked up on the hillside and saw something that looked like a cross or a plus sign. So I pulled in to take a closer look. I

drove down the lane, and right at the edge of the field, I saw another one. The wheat was matted down, yet it swirled in different directions.

"There were about a dozen. There were three circles about the same size, five feet in diameter. If you played connect the dots, you'd have a triangle."

Vernacchio, 26, has been a cop for five years. He wrote out a police report on the strange markings in the field and

turned it in to his boss.

"I wondered if the markings were similar to the mysterious circles in those fields in England a while back," he said.

The young officer also recalls two unrelated phone calls about a year ago from people who swore they saw UFOs around the power plant near Gottshall's fields.

Vernacchio doesn't believe the markings are the result of pranksters. "I don't believe the markings were intentionally done by a human being because it was so imperfect that it was perfect," he said.

"I'm not ruling out anything, except I don't think it is a hoax."

Vernacchio pointed out there was no evidence in the wheat field indicating a car, truck or farm machine had been driven to and from the markings.

"There were no trails in the wheat at all," he said.

"Does that mean whoever made the markings arrived and left by air? A spaceship, maybe? You tell me. I'm not ruling out anything but intentional human involvement," Vernacchio replied. "Many people around here think a UFO paid us a visit and left the markings as a calling card."

Samples of the wheat involved in the markings have been sent to a lab for analysis. "The wheat was bent, but not broken," the officer said.

CLOSE-UP of Pennsylvania's incredible UFO markings.



Then the

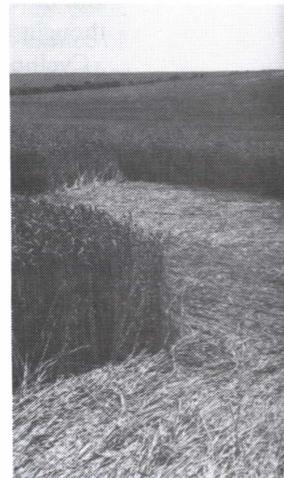
In a Pennsylvania

By David Lieber

They want to believe. They come to see the wheat fields where aliens might have landed in Limerick Township. Even pouring rain doesn't stop them.

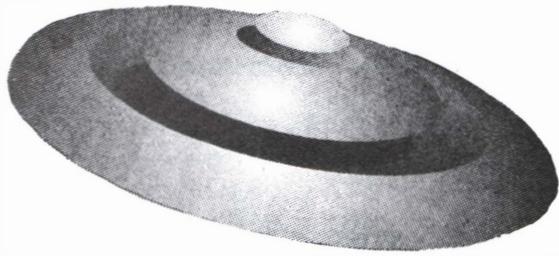
From Reading and Warminster, Collegeville and Birdsboro, they drive to a parking lot, four miles southeast of the ominous nuclear cooling towers, and look at these strange new markings in Henry Gottshall's wheat fields.

It began Monday at dawn. Limerick Police Officer Jeff Ver-



The strange markings aren't strange when excess fertilizer makes part of the





INQUIRER, Philadelphia, PA - May 28, 1992 CR: B. Greenwood

Curious show up, some bearings dreams of UFOs

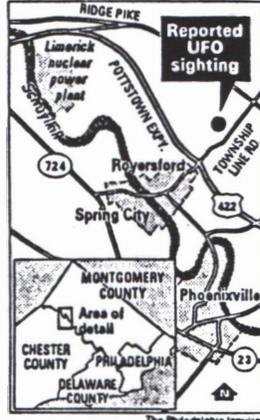
Mania field, mysterious markings appear

Vernacchio was on patrol when he ... well, why not let him tell it. "It was cool with misting rain most of the night. I was just going down the road at 6:15 in the morning. I looked to be right into this wheat field, close to the road. I saw this circular patch. It was kind of different. I wondered what it was, so I slowed down. "I looked up on the hillside and saw something that looks like a cross or an upside-down T. So I pulled in to take a closer look. "I drove down this lane, and right at the edge of the field. I saw another one. The wheat was matted down, yet

It swirled in different directions. "There were about a dozen. And there were three circles about the same size, five feet in diameter. If you played connect the dots, you'd have a triangle. ... "You can use your imagination, but I'm not drawing any conclusions." Vernacchio, 26, returned to police headquarters. He filed Incident Report 92-005676, detailing a "suspicious incident." The patrolman, a five-year veteran, walks a thin blue line here. On the one hand, he says, "I'm a trained observer as a police officer."

On the other hand, he is like anyone else: "I wondered if these could be similar to those seen in England, the crop circles, because I had seen them on a documentary show," he says. Those circles turned out to be pranks. There is one more fact Officer Vernacchio wants to mention: "I think it was about a year ago, but we had two residents, independent of each other, call up and report a UFO sighting around the power plant. "I'll tell you what I don't believe," he says. "I don't believe it was intentionally done by a human being because it was so imperfect that it was perfect. I'm not ruling out anything except intentional human involvement. "I could have very easily not said anything, but it was that different and out of the ordinary that I wanted to bring it to somebody's attention, for whatever it's worth." They want to believe. After Vernacchio filed his report, the people began arriving to see this possible close encounter. "We took some pictures and had a closer look," says Fran Poper, who lives nearby. David Malloy of Collegeville packed his wife, twin daughters and son into the family station wagon. "This is pretty strange," he says. "But what other cool dad will take you out and show you the squashed crops?" "It's fascinating," says Kevin Calzoneiti, a J.C. Penney personnel manager on the way home from work. "I believe we're not the only ones in the universe." "It doesn't look like wind damage to me," says Sue Delutis of Pottstown. "Does that look like wind damage to you?" Spring Ford High School student Mike Cavanagh gapes at the 75-foot-long indentation near Township Line Road, laughs and pronounces, "I think it's Martians."

Matt Graeber Sr., a Norristown sign shop owner and UFO consultant, has investigated 300 possible UFO sightings in the last 23 years. He spent four hours at the fields Tuesday. "I did Geiger counter readings and found absolutely nothing," he says. "We took a core sample and found nothing unusual." His conclusion? "I'm pretty well positive that it was a hoax." He believes he found evidence of paths that humans left when they walked between the markings. "They must have been using a 50-gallon drum, a half-drum or a piece of corrugated sheet metal," he says. "They would throw this into the wheat and walk on it. This created an area of depression where it looked

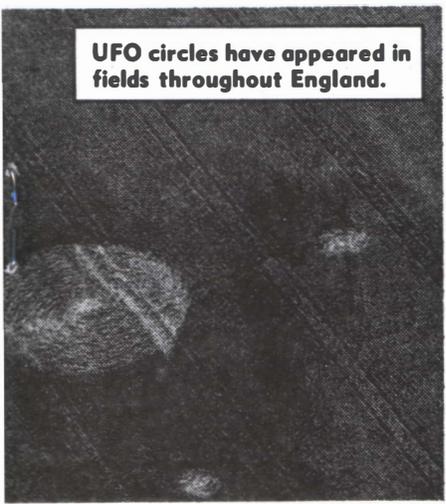


The Philadelphia Inquirer

like something had touched down and lifted off again. ... "It was a holiday weekend, and I think some kids put it together. The first one by the road, they were trying to make some kind of figure. After that, it was sort of a romp in the field, and they just did whatever came out randomly. "Whoever did it probably has a good case of poison ivy. They went through the worst field of poison ivy I ever saw in my life. So if they were wearing short sleeves and short pants, they're in trouble." There's disappointment in Graeber's voice. "I would love to say it was something," he says. "The expectation was it might be something from an advanced civilization. "I've been doing it for 25 years and I would like to say, 'Yeah, I found something of scientific value here. But, in fact, there was nothing of scientific value in that field.'" Farmer Gottshall, who leases the 20 acres on which the markings were found, has a simple theory: Too much fertilizer. Crops get top heavy. Stalks weaken. Wind blows them over. "It happens every year," he says. Gottshall isn't pleased. The visitors are trampling his wheat and corn. "You get a bunch of idiots who don't know anything about farming," he complains. "I told the landowners, 'Get the cops or I'll get the shotgun.'" Gottshall sits in his blue pickup truck, watching the cavalcade of cars stream onto the property. A helicopter circles overhead. Warning lights on the nuclear cooling towers blink in the distance. It's a real circus. Incident Report 92-005676. Despite Farmer Gottshall's contention, still under police investigation. Meanwhile, the people come. They want to believe.



at all, says farmer Henry Gottshall. "It happens every year," he says, as crop top-heavy.



UFO circles have appeared in fields throughout England.

Bush keeping tabs on extraterrestrial

Dallas Morning News

WASHINGTON—President Bush stepped briefly into another world Thursday.

Making the rounds on Capitol Hill to promote health-care reform, the president spied a copy of the grocery tabloid Weekly World News with the blaring headline "SPACE ALIEN MEETS WITH ROSS PEROT."

That was on the front page. Inside, the tabloid said the same alien had met with Bush.

"Extraterrestrial who met with George Bush at Camp David last year returns for history-making conference," blared the weekly, billing the Perot-alien meeting as "The 2-hour summit that will change the world."

"Just wait a minute," interjected Bush, picking up the paper for a closer look.

"I told them to keep this thing secret," he joked, drawing chuckles from a room full of reporters, aides and House Republicans.

"Extraterrestrial who met with George Bush at Camp David," he read aloud.

"I told him ... 'If I'm going to meet with you, never discuss it,'" Bush said. "I thought he was for me all along, and there he is" with Perot.

The bald, smooth-bodied alien was pictured at Perot's side on the tabloid's front page and again inside, in a "world exclusive photo."

Inside, it also was pictured at Bush's side. There was no mention of Arkansas Gov. Bill Clinton.

Reporters dug for meaning. "It has to do with unemployment," replied Bush, noting the alien wore no clothes. "The guy doesn't even have a suit."

Chicago Tribune Friday July 3 1992

Beam Me Up
... it's time to go
HOME!

The following was sent to us by Kristy Buckles.

KRISTY'S THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES

MICHIGAN. Age six. School lunchroom. Rest period. A pinkish light filled my mind. A lovely, angelic woman appeared above me. Blond, large eyes; she just kept smiling down at me warmly. It seems she's checking in to see how I am. I felt blessed, very warm and peaceful. It was "natural" to see her.

FLORIDA. Age eighteen. I dream my entire family is at my Aunt's wedding. She had never married. But my grandmother wasn't there. Told my mother about the dream. She became very upset and lit a candle. Three days later my uncle called from Michigan to say my grandmother had died. Four months later my aunt was married. No one knew she was even engaged.

FLORIDA. Age twenty. Picked boss's wife up from airport. Driving in far left lane on I-95. Car suddenly started making a loud, menacing noise. Just as I moved over to the next lane a southbound car sailed across the median slamming into the car that had been directly in front of us, caving it in. The four or five cars (it was rush hour) that were behind us piled up. Ruby and I just looked at each other. We both acknowledged "something" had saved us from a horrible accident. Then the noise suddenly stopped. I never heard it in that car again.

FLORIDA. Age twenty-three. My father and I are driving home. He is a totally offensive driver. He's tailgating a semi with an enormous crane sitting on its bed with the arm chained up. The truck driver approaches an overpass but there isn't sufficient clearance. The crane arm hits the overpass, the chain snaps. The crane arm should have come crashing down on us but it didn't for some reason. My father who would normally jump out of his car to curse another driver for far minor infractions sat paralyzed in awe; silent.

FLORIDA. Age twenty-six. My life is at its lowest. I'm having full blown epileptic seizures and on four different anti-convulsants. I dread waking up in the morning but my poetry, store is and plays have never been better. I won first place for poetry at the Academy of American Poets in NYC. Two well known actors I've been corresponding with love what I'm writing and encourage me to publish but I'm

just too depressed. I can't get my "stuff" together. One of them encourages me to meditate but I just can't. The other invites me to meet her in Miami in a couple of weeks at a meditation retreat. I don't wait but go a few days later, very reluctantly.

The music, the smell of sandalwood, the exquisite artwork, the soft chanting washes over me. For the first time in my life I feel myself relax. I just sit in the meditation hall feeling wonderful. I go home. I want to keep this feeling but I don't know how to meditate. Two or three days later a low roaring sound started in my head like distant waves crashing. Over a few hours the sound has grown to such magnitude it is consuming me. I'm hot, sweaty. I am the sound, a low frequency resonant tone that pulsated. I sat in a chair but couldn't feel it. I knew this wasn't a new kind of aura preceding a seizure. I lay in bed just feeling this, being it.

Suddenly I was out in deep space, just there, not traveling. There was darkness, planets stars and me. Then I was instantly back, laying on my back in bed. I felt enveloped by a tranquillizing, humming vibration - my entire room was alive with it. Then a feeling like an enormous hand was across my chest. It drew me up into a sitting position then eased me back down. Somewhere I heard a sweet, tinkling music.

This was a very different, strange experience for me but I didn't resist it. The anguish of previous months wasn't there.

Then a pressure started to build in my head like a pressure cooker without a valve for steam to escape. I started getting nervous. I thought I was going to have a stroke but there was no pain. The pressure kept building until it would explode into golden light. This must have happened five or six times.

In a few weeks without thought or effort I simply stopped taking all medication. The seizures were gone - for good. I knew that somehow. Weight started falling off me (I weighed 245 lbs.) My skin shed like a snake. My hair turned from straw to normal, healthy human hair. My eyes became clear. The emotional pain was dissipating rapidly. I felt reborn in the truest sense. My family would look at me and shake their heads in disbelief. The swami at the ashram saw me one day and called me "Suvarna" which in Sanskrit means Gold. I thought of the process used to purify gold. This was happening to me for some reason. Why didn't I die or commit suicide? A short time before I thought that would be my only release. I felt more than transformed - I felt transmuted, entirely new and different.

My senses and perceptions were becoming so acute. If a person walked by me I felt what they were feeling. If they were sick I seemed to absorb it and they became better. I felt like a raw receiver picking up every little transmission in the air. I could barely endure all this.

My capacities were being forcefully expanded somehow. I felt like a front line without a buffer absorbing the "bullets" in the atmosphere from someone's anger, illness, resentment, self-consciousness, but also warmth, contentment, sexual arousal.

I didn't know why but I needed to go away so I camped in Upstate New York for six months alone.

Not far from the headquarters of the meditation center there was another center my chiropractor introduced me to. The Society of Emissaries. I decided on invitation to stay there for awhile. One of the directors of that particular center shared an attunement with me - a very intense session radiation, blending, passing one's hands over the endocrine system and meridians. I cried, laughed, moaned, felt like a fool, didn't care. Afterwards I felt so weak I went straight to bed. My body seemed to sleep but not my awareness.

I was laying on a table of a vehicle of sorts. The room was metallic, small, softly lit, more radiant than illuminating. There were shadowy figures around me. I felt them deciding what should be done, what would be the best procedure. I felt sedated, peaceful, trusting. Then I went into a deep sleep.

Since then a peculiar process has been taking place, in waves, rising, peaking or intensifying, then receding only to start over again. Peculiar burning, popping, tingling, snaking, almost tickley feelings. Humming, vibrating, mostly focused in the head and chest. My perceptions would quantum leap from one day to the next in a very natural, effortless way. The way I perceived death, life, love, sex, relationship's, religion, human beings, of which I surprisingly found myself thinking of myself as something "other", or set apart. Statements I was fond of using like, "I'm/We're only human" became repulsive to me. It didn't ring true anymore. At some point I realized it stopped being true years ago. I am in this world but not of it.

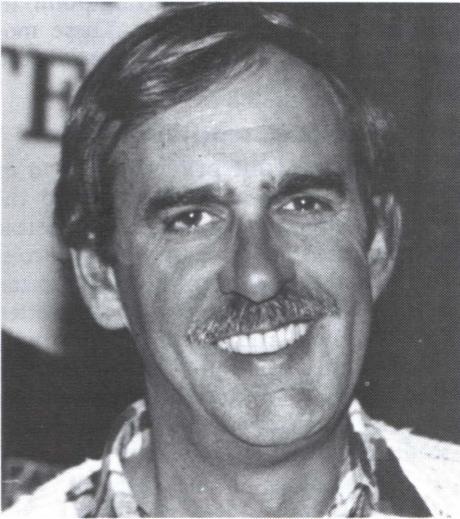
It's also interesting that the habitual vernacular didn't apply anymore. "I am happy" or "I am angry" became inappropriate. "I feel happy" or "I feel anger" is correct. Of course I'm not angry, I'm Kristy, or Suvarna or whomever - I feel it, indicating the previous misuse and mistranslation of the emotional realm.

We have a tendency to pig out in this cesspool or rather indulging oneself tends to turn the otherwise simple, clear waters into murky, dense sludge.

Emotions are what is perceived. Since they are what is perceived there's no use in labeling them "good" or "bad." Happy is not necessarily good or sad - bad. Particularly when we reflect upon what things in this present society make most people, even us, feel good or bad. Feelings just are. We complicate what is pure and simple by shrouding them with subjectivity. And often when we're happy we will go to any lengths to not let anyone or anything budge us from that spot.

UFOs, ETs AND YOU

by Tom Dongo



Several weeks later the roll of film was developed. I saw something very curious on two of the photos. I had taken a photo of Alan standing on the edge of a high outcropping with his eyes closed, evidently meditating. It's a clear photo. About ten feet in front of him is a white shaft of light that extends from the top to the bottom of the picture. At first I dismissed this because it looked like a rather common flaw in film developing. (During the developing process a chemical can spill on the negative, causing unusual features to appear on the finished photo.) I thought that was the case until Alan took a closer look at the negative. I was surprised to see that the light beam was *in* the negative, not on it. I already knew that the sun was not a factor, because the sky had been overcast at the time. So this meant that the camera (a Minolta X370) actually captured a white, beamlike object (unseen) that was in front of the lens.

On the other photo, one I had taken of the handprints, is a charcoal-black oval area measuring about ten inches in diameter that was not there when I took the photo. In the center of that black splash is a face, one which I had never seen anything like before.



To *really* make things interesting (as usual), a few nights later I attended a lecture by Al Bielek at the New Age Center. Al is a scientist who was involved in the Philadelphia Experiment. It was a fascinating but long lecture — over four hours. About ten o'clock I began to get a bit drowsy. I was sitting between two friends, Margaret Pinyan and Tasha Douglass. I had told them about the strange face on my photo and had drawn

a picture for them. Ten minutes later Bielek was discussing the types of aliens he was familiar with, showing slides of drawings of a half-dozen different humanoid faces. Most of them I had seen many times before from other researchers. The next slide clicked in and I was electrified by what was on the screen. I think the two women were as startled as I was. It was the *exact face* I had fifteen minutes earlier drawn for Margaret and Tasha! I asked who it represented, and Bielek replied that it was one of the Greys. The term "Grey" doesn't mean a whole lot to me because they have been tagged as the "enemy" aliens — and I'm still not so sure about that.

Paranormal stuff like this happens to me quite frequently. This occurrence, like all others before it, has no obvious rational explanation. Here and now, in print, *I want to call their bluff and challenge the ETs to stop playing games with all of us.* It is my greatest desire to have an honest, heart-to-heart (with no bullshit) compassionate, fully conscious discussion with members of a friendly, humanoid alien race. (Top-secret NATO documents state that there are *at least* one hundred alien races that regularly visit Earth. Source: Col. Robert Dean) I would meet with them anytime during daylight hours. But I do *not* want them coming to me during the hours that I am asleep. I stipulate this clearly aware of my rights under the universal law of free will.

I have interviewed about a dozen men and women who have had genuine, pleasant, face-to-face alien contact. Some spoke to the aliens for hours on a friendly and equal basis. It's not that uncommon. But it is always incredible. So now it's my turn...here's my open invitation... let's get on with it. I'll have the coffee ready.

Local UFO Sightings

During the last four months there have been more UFO sightings in the Sedona area than in any similar period in the five years I have lived here. I am still looking into seven of them due to their intense nature. One incident involves a UFO landing and occupants getting out and walking around.

In another incident a group of people

During the past year that I have been writing this column I have spoken at length about the numerous bizarre things that happen to me and around me. The following incident falls in line with dozens of other odd occurrences, due to its typically inexplicable nature. It's now clearly obvious that somebody or something out there is playing tricks at my expense. As always...why? What's the point?

And I'm not the only one. There are plenty of other people these things happen to. Personally, I don't particularly mind, but it is getting old.

In early April my friend Alan and I hiked into a remote Anasazi/Sinagua indian ruin deep in the Sedona canyons. The ruin is situated high up on a mountainside. Because it is far back in the canyons, it is one of the few ruins not visited by a multitude of tourists and hikers. This ancient ruin has some of the most beautifully preserved petroglyphs (wall drawings) I have seen; they are at least two hundred years old. Being an ardent photographer, I went about photographing interesting details of the ruin. I took several photos of some handprints on a wall that were probably left by the Apaches. (The Apaches had a habit of pressing their hands into wet, red dirt, then imprinting their mud-caked hands on the walls of ruins they came across. Supposedly this was a warning to other tribes and was intended to keep demons from living in the ruins. After that the Apaches gave ancient Sinagua ruins a wide berth.

The following article is from OMNI magazine, August 1990 "Anti-Matter" section written by Patrick Huyghe..

There has been so much talk lately about "The Photon Belt" that we thought the following article would be very intriguing! This one really happened!

"You can't ask for a more qualified observer than Patricia Reiff, senior research scientist in the department of space physics and astronomy at Rice University. Early one night last summer she spotted a small very bright cloud in the clear western skies over Hickley, Texas. She called it to the attention of her family, and within five minutes the cloud had expanded fourfold and dimmed considerably. More than 50 people in five separate cities more than 200 miles apart saw it as well. Virtually every witness reported an object of the same shape and in about the same position - roughly halfway between the stars Arcturus and Spica. Reiff calculated the cloud to be at least 700 miles away and nearly 350 miles up.

The cloud resembled a gas release from a sounding rocket, but a launch, Reiff thought, was unlikely to have been scheduled on a Saturday night with scattered thunderstorms forecast around the country. She called the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico and learned that no missiles had been fired that night and that a test laser, developed by the star-wars program to shoot down aircraft drones and low-flying rockets, was not functioning at the time. Checks with NASA/Goddard Space Flight Center, Vandenberg Air Force Base, and others failed to resolve the mystery.

"It's also unlikely that it could have been the aftermath of a fireball-type meteor," says Reiff, "since most meteors disintegrate at lower altitudes. But none of the observers reported a meteor at the time. It's clear that there was something in the sky, but the question remains: What?"



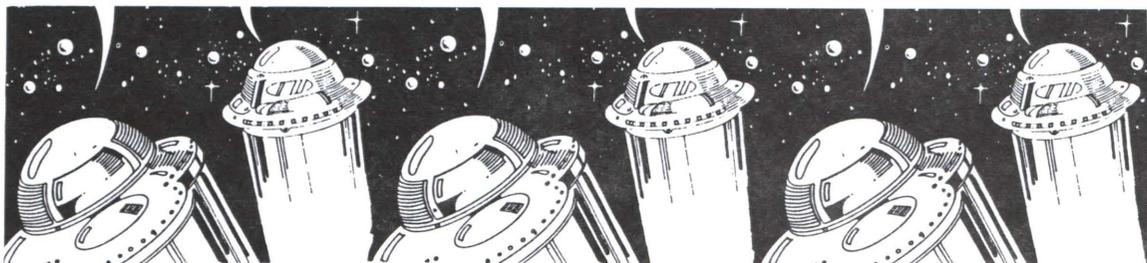
Once before we reported the "red-skies" phenomenon that took place approximately on April 15, 1981 all over the USA. It did not matter if the skies were cloudy or not, it appeared under the clouds as well.

In Redrock Canyon near Edwards Air Force Base in California a rancher reported his horses were going crazy as beams of red light would come down and bounce back up into the sky. It was the second night he had observed the red light.

In the south it was near midnight; people were turning off their headlights to drive by as it was bright enough to see without them!

The phenomenon was observed from east to west and north to south.

McCord Air Force Base, in Washington state, explained it away as a "noctiluscent cloud" in the upper ionosphere. For anyone that does not know what that is, it is lights reflecting from cities on ice crystals in the upper ionosphere! Sounds pretty far fetched to this observer - oh, I forgot to say I saw it too! If any of you remember this would you write in your impressions and we will print them in the Missing Link.





MICHAEL VENDRUSOLO

Spacey raptures mask a spiritual yearning

BY SALEM ALATON
Special to The Globe and Mail
Toronto

PAUL Eichenberg told his wife he was going to build "a small tool shed" at the back of their wooded property, but he built a flying saucer instead. Eichenberg likes to spend time inside this stationary creation, which is a kind of altar to his boyhood dreams; it doesn't let him fly through space, but it makes him feel as if he could.

He appears disarmingly sane, this middle-aged, middle-class man from Pennsylvania who is not the only person to build his own spacecraft, or to find himself fixated on the unseen possibilities of the night sky. Elsewhere there are rockets in front of roadside cafés in Quebec, UFO landing pads in Texas, alien-surveillance stations in Michigan, all of them created by people who, like Eichenberg, are unable to shake a romance that became something deeper and more obsessive.

When a Canadian photojournalist named Douglas Curran went travelling around the continent some years ago, he discovered that the spacey raptures of many such people were a kind of spiritual yearning, obscured to others under vary-

ing degrees of eccentricity. Curran's journeys, which continued for more than seven years, culminated in the 1985 publication of his supremely compassionate book, *In Advance of the Landing: Folk Concepts of Outer Space*.

It has taken as long again for a Toronto filmmaker to bring the project to the screen, but Dan Curtis's documentary feature of *In Advance of the Landing* is now playing the repertory-house circuit in Toronto. Several of Curran's contacts are in the film, but Curtis, known for his TV adaptation of *Company of Adventurers*, also did some travelling and discovering.

"I really wanted to deal with people who were very sincere about what they believed," says Curtis, 48, who was sometimes so awash in the effusions of the UFO devotees that he "phoned home and said, 'Help, I need to come up for air.'"

Given its demands of pacing, the film does not attempt to reproduce Curran's circumspect approach to his subjects, and occasionally dwells on its most flamboyantly odd characters. Ruth Norman, for example, aged 90, heads a California society called the Unarius Academy of Science and thinks of herself as a kind of extraterrestrial co-pilot to Christ. As well,

Curtis excerpts the cheesiest Hollywood imagery of alien visitation, and there is always the danger that one flash of *Plan 9 From Outer Space* will radiate absurdity on every talking head that follows.

"There is a symbiotic relationship between the UFO devotees and popular culture," says Curtis, explaining his procession of references to tabloid covers and fifties B-movies rather than the ancient sun wheels and crop circles which Carl Jung said were archetypally linked to flying saucers. Since many of Curtis's subjects were found in the United States, his point is probably irrefutable, although there's a sharp discrepancy between the hopeful anticipation of those he interviewed and the lurid menace of UFOs often suggested by Hollywood.

In any case, Curtis was clearly touched by the people he met, many of whom had "almost a kind of bruised quality." The poignancy that adhered to much of the book comes through several times in the film. A Vancouver widow Curtis met takes photographs of flashes of light that she believes result from her encounters with aliens. Her husband, when he was alive, wasn't interested in her stories of UFO sightings, but this didn't change her feelings for him or her faith in what she had experienced. Key among the subtle twists of *In Advance of the Landing* is that this woman's guilelessness challenges us to wonder if the problem with the outlandishness of her claims is our problem rather than hers.

"I think we all know, deep down inside of us," she says, "that we didn't really originate on this Earth. Maybe that's why we're always looking up."

Like Curran before him, Curtis is not himself especially interested in UFOs, aliens and the rest of it. *In Advance of the Landing* is in a curious way only tangentially concerned with the question of outer space; its real subject is the nature of human aspiration and belief. It turns out, for example, that certain space objects or structures being built by some of these people when Curran had passed through are still not completed. Probably they are not meant to be completed.

Betty Hill, once the centre of a sensational UFO abduction story, says in the film that she somehow forgot to ask her captors why they had come to Earth, and that if she had only asked it would have cleared up a lot of things. The point, it seems, is that ultimate questions are never cleared up because searching for the answers is so central to human endeavour. When the answers are speculated on, however, *In Advance of the Landing* comes up with attractive ones. The young man in Michigan who spends his nights waiting for an alien message has an inspira-

tion of what he will hear.

"I believe the message is hope," he tells us. "The message is encouragement of creativity, of spirit, of being and growth, and the awareness of others, and the awareness of what might be beyond this world as well."

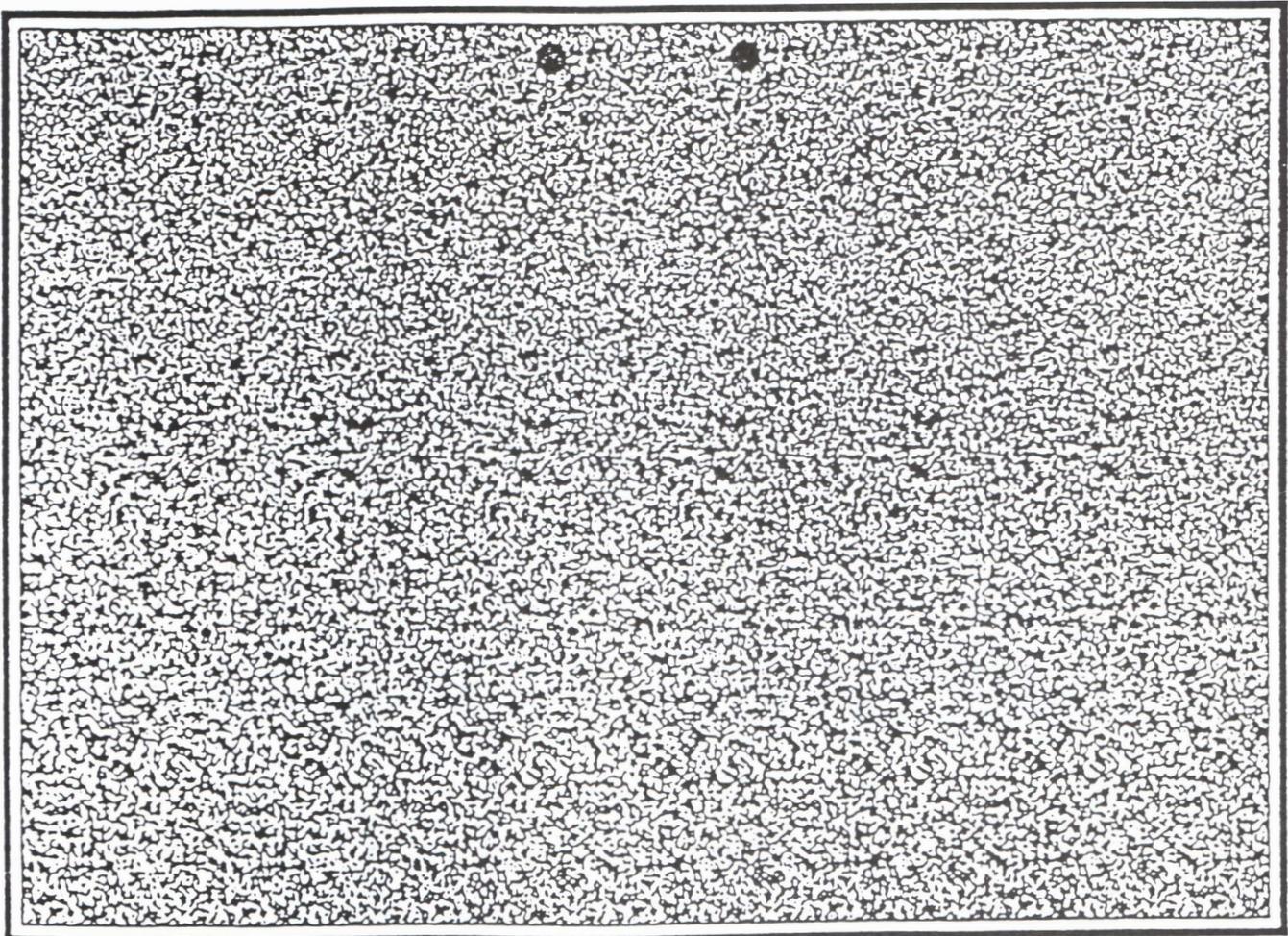
BROOM-HILDA



The puzzle below demonstrates a possibility that we do not see everything around us. It is an intriguing phenomenon that presents a new perspective - just like UFO contact!

STARE-E-O PUZZLE

Seeing is not easy! To see the objects, diverge your eyes as if looking at a faraway object. The two dots will fuse, forming a third central dot. When the divergence is correct, slight, controlled variations in the placement of the random dots are perceived by the brain as depth cues. Shapes will appear to float above a textured background. Some see the image in seconds. Others find it more difficult. If you can't see it, let someone else try. If they succeed, perhaps they can help you.



IMPLANTATION ANNIVERSARY CEREMONY

By Lorne Goldfader

UFORIC, Vancouver, B.C.

One year has passed since the electrical impulses began in my leg. I have discovered over that period of time that I am picking up biological nervous and thought energy transmissions from many various life forms both terrestrial and non-terrestrial.

Exactly one year to the day, a new function has emerged which is in harmony with my other still active ability. Various parts of my cranium (skull) are being pulsed. The feeling is very physical. My understanding is that I am being conditioned in various progressive learning and acceptance stages by a very kind and gentle culture who are most experienced in these matters. The central focal point pulse area in my thigh, pulses in the same time sequence as one or two areas of my skull, so I can assume that the implant area is "hooked up" to my nervous system. Receiving the pulse from other biological life forms was not enough and I told this to my "FRIENDS" many times. So what they have now done is to see that various aspects of brain function are being touched in relation to health condition and thought. It is up to me to study existing available medical information regarding this organ and the mapping of the various control centers. So far I have identified three bits of information but only by careful observation, notations and analysis. I have concluded success from repetition of coordinated pulse activity and verified thought projection, body function or state of health. For example, each time someone in a wheelchair passed by me I would get a pulse in one specific area, etc.

I believe what the VISITORS are doing is gradually working me up to the point where I can perceive in a most direct manner the thoughts and health of other beings. As well it will enable me to understand what "they" are trying to communicate. There are many times when I am alone and I receive very strong pulses from the visitors. It seems as if they come from a very old culture that incorporates biotechnology, belief systems and ceremony into one unified activity.



TUZIGOOT NATIONAL MONUMENT - ARIZONA

Sitting like a crown on the summit of a 120 foot ridge above the Verde Valley are the remains of Sinaguan village built around 1125. The Sinaguan Indians (from the Spanish words for without water) were dry land farmers who eked out their crops on the inhospitable desert landscape of central Arizona.

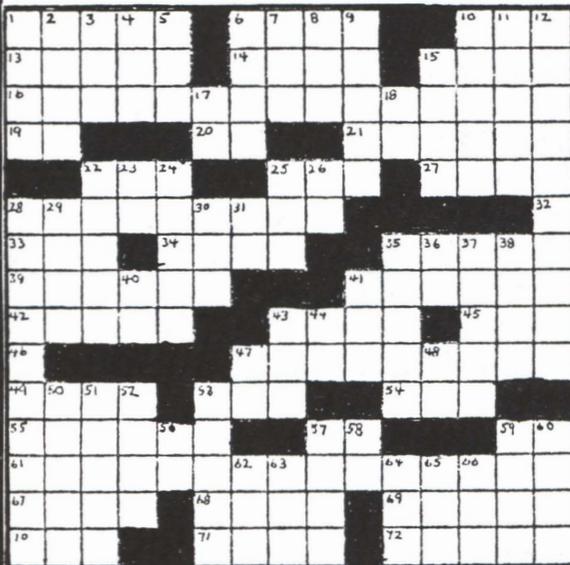
This life-sized diorama in the Tuzigoot National Monument Museum has been constructed to show an example of what the interior of a Sinagua Indian home in the Verde Valley looked like in the 12th century.

Located in Midstate, take I-17 to the Clarkdale-Cottonwood exit.



WYB CROSSWORD #4 By Gene Duplantier

FORTEANA



- 36 Sun god
 37 To fish with a hook
 38 A visible form without substance
 40 Mother
 41 Bachelor of aeronautical engineering
 43 --- of the iceberg
 44 Part of a day (abbr.)
 47 Field manual (abbr.)
 48 St. or Rd.
 50 Capable of being bought
 51 Country brook
 52 Sage
 53 6th U.S. President
 56 Lunar module (abbr.)
 57 Play parts
 58 A book by Fort
 59 Lomate preceder
 60 One --- Beyond
 62 Neck adornment
 63 The lady --- --- tramp (song title)
 64 Bach. of Chem. Sci.
 65 Facial feature
 66 Direction (abbr.)



ACROSS

- 1 Large leaf
 6 Fort collected this
 10 Find fault
 13 Crafty, in France
 14 Fortean smell
 15 A kind of plum
 16 Odd way to go somewhere
 19 Great Britain (abbr.)
 20 Electromagnetic (abbr.)
 21 Illinois city
 22 Foolish person
 25 Great distance
 27 Narrow strip of wood
 28 Fortean visitants
 32 Between H and J
 33 Television evangelist (abbr.)
 34 Resentfulness
 35 Head part
 39 Fortean creature
 41 Marlon ---
 42 Fortean creature
 43 Native of Thailand
 45 Lash preceder
 46 Between R and T
 47 Fortean sky phenomena
 49 Dangerous chemicals
 53 Unit of electric current
 54 Adam's mate
 55 Foreshadow
 57 --- Fry, 'incredible' bookseller
 59 After sight (abbr.)

- 61 Something seen that is mysterious
 67 A division of mankind
 68 Fortean phenomenon
 69 Narrow boat
 70 Deer
 71 Sargasso and South China
 72 Clean with a broom

DOWN

- 1 Fortean sky fall creature
 2 Disorderly retreat
 3 In's opposite
 4 New and different
 5 Definition (abbr.)
 6 Fix the fate of
 7 Sum up
 8 Plaything
 9 Arthur's variation
 10 Relating to ships
 11 Type of rocket
 12 Fortean type of blob
 17 Beryllium symbol
 18 Railroad (abbr.)
 22 Monk in Paris
 23 No score
 24 Beg
 25 Otherworldly air
 26 Arsenic symbol
 28 Gaseous mass around a planet
 29 Always
 30 Roadside hostelry
 31 Terminal Velocity (abbr.)
 35 To induce

SPACE NEIGHBORS

BY L. ELWOOD

Memories of flight, Guidants come in the night,
 Cosmic Truths are revealed for all who can see.
 One day we'll fly like a bird in the sky,
 To other star systems in the galaxy.

Using gravitational lines, warping of time,
 Circles are left in English fields at night,
 A message they leave, we're trying to perceive,
 What will happen if we don't act right?

Many things we have heard, some of them weird,
 Who's to say what is truth and what's not?
 Enigmas abound! Tall tales make the rounds!
 Confusion, delusion, cover-ups we've bought!

The truth is now leaking, of Aliens they're speaking,
 The lid on this subject entirely blown off.
 Professional Liars, bridges are burning with fires,
 Now we'll see who will laugh and who'll scoff!

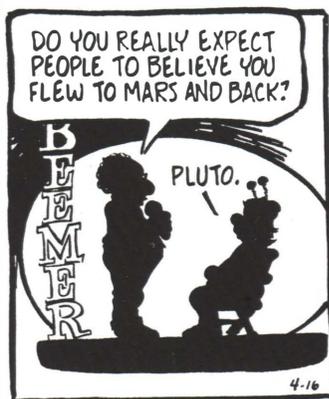
When that Mother Ship will come down over Washington Town,
 Many people will scurry like Lemmings to the sea!
 How surprised will be Klass, the pompous old a __,
 To have Space Neighbors sipping tea in D.C.!

(Answers on pg. 22)

GEECH



GEECH



LONGING FOR HOME

BY
L. ELWOOD

From distances beyond imagination, we have come
To this blue, green planet, suspended in space.
Far from the frequent pathways known to some,
This planet, Earth, tucked away, out of place.

Vague memories of another lifetime haunt my existence.
Another time, another place, people I have always known,
Find their way into this life from a far distance,
Why we are here, and what we're to do, will be shown.

A promise we made, we're bound to fulfill,
Before we can leave this planet at will.
When these tasks are through, and our work is done,
Our family awaits our happy return.

So, long for the stars, and look to the heavens,
As we will pass through the gate of Elevens.
Sailing through the dimensions of time,
We are on our way, let your light shine!

TRANSPORTATION

A Poem by Robert J. Williams

Transportation. A travel of journeys
Places unknown, and never seen
Transportation through time and space.
No luggage, no body, only a face,
A memory in your mind.
Emotions swimming in your head
You saw places never seen before
Places that were unknown to you.
In your mind you know you've been there.
Transportation through time and space.
No luggage, nobody, only a face.
You saw it and remember it all.
Through this transportation window
You go on a travel of journeys
To places unknown and never seen.
If you listen, you will hear this call
An open door to all.
Your transportation is waiting.



Dear Aileen:

Dear Aileen:

Thank you for the phone call of 7-10-92. As we discussed the strange marks on the back of my right leg I had totally forgotten I had taken photos of the marks. Enclosed you will find the photo.

Based on your experience in the UFO field, I am curious as to what you think. Had they not bled for almost a year, been in a perfectly straight line on the back of my leg, been of UNKNOWN origin, or triggered the strange memories I would have thought nothing of them. As I say, I first noticed them 4 years ago. Please let me know what you think about the marks. I got curious so I measured the distance between the marks for the first time. They are exactly 2 1/2" apart.

Enclosed also is a drawing of the craft that I saw in my dream that I told you about on 7-10. I was wondering if any of the individuals you have worked with have reported seeing similar craft? Also, I forgot to mention when we talked, I believe my dog who sleeps on my bed may have seen the beings when they came to get me and when they returned me one night.

The dog had her nose right up to the screen looking at something right outside the window, snarling and barking at something. I assumed that she was barking at another dog on the sidewalk but, upon further thinking about it, she was barking at something right at the window.

Thank you, Steven

view from
bottom



back view



Dear Steven:

In November 1991 we ran an article on marks made on the body, including puncture wounds, cuts, etc. Your marks look like some of those. What is taking place while you are asleep is hard to say; some believe they are being inoculated for cures of unknown diseases; some think they are taking blood samples. It is really hard to say exactly what is happening. Until we sit right down and have a heart to heart talk with truthful answers it will have to remain conjecture.

Dear Aileen:

I enjoyed the May 1992 cover - with the next President - hope it comes to pass!
Here is a mini book report:

I just read a book called "We, the Arcturians" by Dr. Norma Milanovich (channeled on her computer).

They are here to teach us the 4th & 5th Dimensions which also the Earth will be going into. The 4th Dimension is what Christ taught - Love and Forgiveness. When we have mastered these two qualities our vibrational frequency is altered - thus preparing us for the 5th Dimension which is the ability to manifest things through thought using the force of love.

They also send this significant message: "There's no truth or reality outside of yourself. You are the totality of the universe and oneness with God. It's all contained within and the journey need go no further than quieting the outer self for the purpose of discovering the wonders and beauty from within." The energy they are channeling to earth can only be discovered by silencing the outer mind and connecting to the inner sanctuaries of the mind - it is the universe within which souls long to discover - the oneness.

These Arcturians say they are green (by Earth colors) and are three feet tall.

I awoke a few days later with that knowing that something was around me. I saw these green faces in a circle - their skin was a very subtle green with a silky texture. When this happens I am very apprehensive and hold myself on guard. I see all my contacts and visions on the etheric plane. The point is - not what they look like - but the inner feelings of love and goodness you feel while reading and in your meditation.

Also while reading this book I had a sudden upliftment - for about 1/2 an hour I felt like my atoms and theirs were mixed together in a sea of love and peace.

From my contacts in the past and reading, I conclude that there is a thin line between E.T.s and us - they are physical - etheric and we are physical - dense.

Sincerely, Frances Allen, Vancouver. B.C., Canada

Thought I'd like to share this with your readers, Aileen.

*The Missing Link Number 120
September 1992, Page 29*

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS FOR SOME UFOCCI CENTERS

Seattle, Washington:	Closed Meeting - 2nd Saturday Open Meeting - 4th Saturday Held at Camelot Square Rec Hall- 3001 S. 288th at 7:00 p.m. Aileen Garoutte, 946-2248
Las Vegas, Nevada	Periodic meetings for people that have had contact - not advertised.
McNeal, Arizona	July 6, 1992 was the first meeting
Paonia, Colorado	Regular Meetings are held on 1st Friday of the month 7 -9 p.m. Ann Ulrich 872-4678
Tucson, Arizona	Periodic meetings - not on a scheduled day.
Flagstaff, Arizona	Periodic meetings Claudia Sanderson, 527-1296
Olympia, Washington	First Wednesday of the month Michael Leckie, 943-3488
Sandpoint, Idaho	First Wednesday of the month Chuck Kinney, 263-2410
Bellingham, Washington	First Saturday of the month - Matthew Thuney 733-0377
Portland, Oregon	Not scheduled Bob Anthony 232-5931
Ontario, Oregon	Third Thursday of the month Jeannie Riemer 889-6556

(Please send in your meeting dates and we will publish them monthly.)

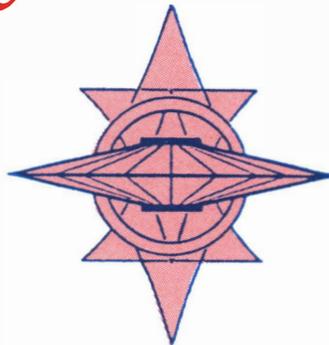
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