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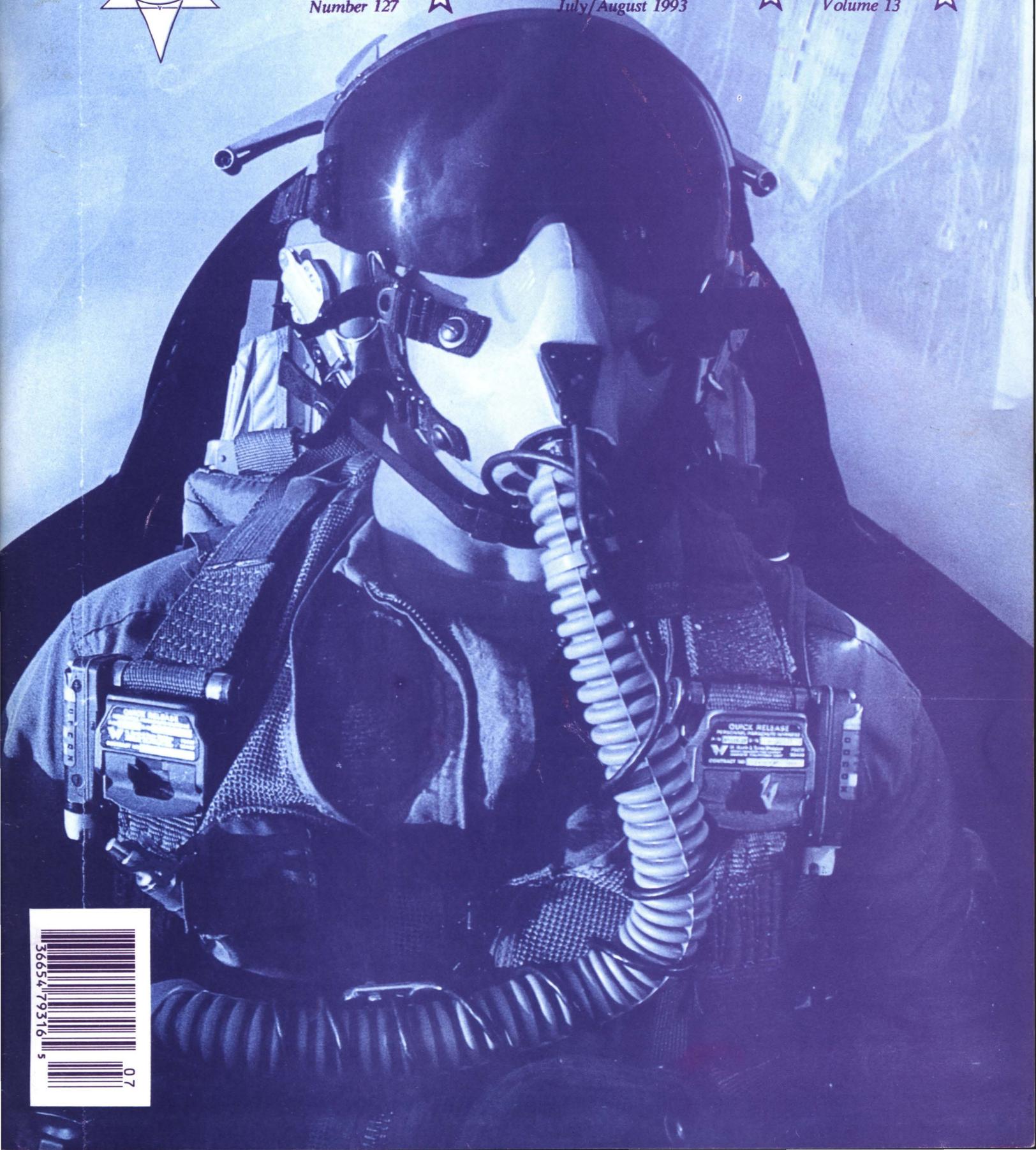


# ★ THE MISSING LINK ★

★ Number 127 ★

July/August 1993

★ Volume 13 ★



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# Dear Aileen:

Dear Aileen

I hope you already have changed your mind and won't resign from UFOCCI. There is just a very few good guys, gals in this field in this country, and we need them all.

Why do you give up? Didn't you know that the situation just would get worse, the chaos would come? Don't forget the chaos is always necessary to establish a new order in this 3-D world.

I just don't like to see that good people go under one after another, while the bad guys just get stronger ..Love. Laslo Steiner

Dear Aileen:

Long time no write! I hope you hang in there awhile longer; there are too many things that are going to happen this year and I think that people will be needing some words of encouragement from you.

I have definitely felt a change in vibrations lately. I have seen it in my own family and many of my friends, although they have no idea what is going on. People are beginning to gather together or to split apart (in the case of negative relationships).

On March 4, 1993 I had a dream:

DREAM: My sister came to me and asked if I saw the five pointed star ship. I ran outside to see (it was night) but what I saw instead were the signs of the Zodiac hanging in the sky. They were bright red and looked like neon tube signs, very bright. I turned to walk away and saw an American Indian man. He was very old and had steel gray hair tied back in a pony tail. His skin was very dark from years in the sun. He wore only a loin cloth. In his hand was a paint brush. He was painting the earth red. His strokes went from the Earth to the sky where the red blended with the signs of the zodiac. END OF DREAM.

Aileen; as you know, I have very powerful dreams but they are abstract and have to be interpreted and something usually happens. For example: Gulf War and L.A. riots.

American Indian -- America?

Zodiac signs -- Months of the year?

Five pointed Star ship -- the fifth month - May?

Red paint -- War paint? Blood?

Well I don't know, I guess we will just have to wait and see. I think now would be a good time for you to start gathering the dreams and visions that people are beginning to have and study them. I feel that there will be an important message to be found that will relate to the same thing over and over again; maybe in different ways but the message will be there. All you have to do is mention it in the Missing Link and people will write.

God bless you, good luck, take care -- love, Linda Solferino

Dear Aileen:

I hear you are getting out of active participation with the UFOCCI. I know it has been a lot of work for you and I want you to know I have appreciated it. I also want you to know that it will be a great loss to the UFO Community. But I also want you to know I understand that you have to do what is best for you. I am sure you have given up a lot all of these years and I know you will still be giving of your energies to the Missing Link. My husband and I have been giving slide shows, doing our hotline and talking to folks for the past one and a half years and it has been a lot of work for us considering we both work full time jobs as well - so I can just begin to imagine all you have been doing. Since you handle national and international affairs you must have been and are super busy. Anyway if you need a career change, etc. you have earned it. You will always be in my prayers. I am sure we will hear from you from time to time. If I can be of any help let me know - okay? Take care and God Bless you - Terri Dorosch-Shupenko, Assoc. Director UFOCCI - Erie, Pennsylvania

Terri: Thank you for the wonderful words of encouragement. You are a perfect example of why you are an Associate Director in our organization! Perhaps after a little R & R I will feel like devoting more time and energy to other projects beside the Missing Link. In the meantime please send in articles and what is happening around the country (everyone) because we need your participation. Without all of you there would be no Missing Link.... Aileen

### To Whom It May Concern

I am writing to you about acquiring at least one sample of your publication and any other associated material. I run a non-profit archive for information dissemination and historical referencing. We are also actively involved in establishing a support association for individuals who have experienced extraordinary phenomena and may be victims of trauma, ridicule and isolation. We have sighted an enormous need within this country for a compassionate response that may not necessarily accommodate research or investigation but empower people to sustain their day to day lives with some sense of dignity and security.

We plead for an active response on your behalf because Australia is a true back water and appears to be possessed by mainly investigators who don't give a damn about any emotional follow up on the individuals stories they obtain literally leaving people high and dry and open to extreme public ridicule.

Hopefully when we are fully established we will have acquired enough funds to interact financially with like minded organizations. At this stage we can offer information exchange and audio-video bartering with a possible newsletter in the works. We have converting facilities for all world video tape systems and we are more than happy to exchange related materials.

We thank you for your time in reading this letter and hope that you can sincerely assist us in our noble venture..... Jaimie Leonarder, MU MESON ARCHIVES

Jaimie's address: MU-MESON ARCHIVES, P.O. BOX 385, PETERSHAM 2049, SYDNEY N.S.W. AUSTRALIA

Jaimie: We know exactly what you mean! This is the very reason we formed the UFOCCI in 1981. The experiencers had no one to turn to. We were the first organization dealing with this phenomenon and we took a lot of ridicule. Isn't it funny how things change! Anyway in the U.S. everything changed because of television informing the public and people becoming more open about their experiences.

### FROM Mc NEAL, AZ:

You all know there are rogue greys and Draco who are very involved with Terra's government. There are other outlaw elements that are helping themselves to whatever they can.

Up to the time of the sponsorship of the Mantis, Terra had no representation in the Universal Courts and therefore not afforded protection under Universal Law.

Your government has signed agreements with these elements, assuming they were gaining advantages over other of earth's countries. The agreements are worthless as these rogues have no authority to represent anyone on any planet in the galaxy. Terra is paying for their short sightedness. Skirmishes between the two factions have ended with fatalities for both.

This is unfortunate as most contact with the greys have been with this lawless element. Not all greys are to be judged by what these few have done.

The world space technologies institutions have developed the means to measure, translate, evaluate electromagnetic energies. Your governments can control, use and track these energies. Any unusual energy can be spotted and tracked to its source. Your light-bodies, magnetic energies permeate everything in and around your presence. Each specie has an identifiable pattern and this can extend to the place of the species origin. It can be measured and photographed. It can be recorded and identified. Your scientists come very close to who and what you are and what you may be doing here. Placing these "Angels", "messengers" under arrest would serve no purpose and create questions they would be unable to explain away. As long as they know your location, observation will expose who comes into your space and when.

To find the subject of the visit is the real goal of this letter.

For each contact, there are contradictions, confusion, fantasy-stories, descriptions, fear and a continuous traumatic fear of another encounter. On review of the material nothing seems to match, make sense, except for a few facts. For the amount of material available a larger more comprehensible picture should have emerged by now. Fear and paranoia has escalated as visitations have increased. Why then do the intruders persist? Why have they avoided the heads of your governments? Who stands to lose the most if contact were made with a well ordered, well organized universe?

The world's governments know:

- Who are contacts.
- Who are emissaries.
- Who are missionaries.
- Who were missioned here and;
- Who were implanted and "born" here.

The world's governments can track you by your energy. They can identify an alien pattern regardless of the vehicle. They have saucer craft to help disguise themselves when they abduct you after alien abduction or contact. They confuse, intimidate, use pain, drugs and brain wash so any contactee will be so unsure of the experience they do not relay the correct information. They have been so successful they have stopped real progress in UFO investigator's research.

Terrians cannot stop earth's move into the Multi Galactic Unified Systems. Certain factions will try. Anyone holding "power" or a large percentage of the value base will try to deter this induction of earth as a third world and world of any unified organization.

The present leaders of Terra are satisfied with the status-quo. They feel that they can consolidate their positions, failing not, to understand if - when - Terra is a part of the Unified Systems, they will have no special position.

This is in part because the rogue-element have promoted the concept of position and money failing to share the real value of Terra man himself.

Re-evaluation of all information, contactees and motives perhaps should prevail. A consideration of the source; and if the information has been edited and if so; by who?

You have contacts with double blocks! How you gain access into the real story is something that may not be possible. There must be a way. Once a double contactee is assured they need not fear "their own government?" Do you see the terrible crime here?

The worlds governments were contacted. They were offered all the cures for Terra's ills. They were presented plans of transition without disruption. Instead of informing the citizen, they chose to repress all bestowals in an effort to turn advantage to a few individuals of each of your nations.

This is the reason for the interest, in part, of the Mantis, and this had a great deal to do with their sponsorship. It is also the reason why the citizen is being contacted on a one by one basis. It is the majorities right to have access.

To the People Concerned:

It is a great honor for me to write to you, my dear colleagues. But speaking from other point of view, we are not real colleagues because I am an interpreter of UFOs controller (WSP). The following is what I want to inform you:

1. A UFO is coming to earth.
2. If you have any interests, please fax. Ms Zhao c/o  
Miss Dong Xiaohua at 0086-0351-642637.
3. I shall be in Beijing around May 15.

With Best Regards..Zhang Minggui, Xingxiang City, Henan, P.R. China

## DEAR AILEEN:

I am writing to the Missing link because I am seeking support and encouragement but, also, direction. For the past year or so, I have been obsessed with the UFO phenomenon which has led me to question the possibility of having been abducted and/or contacted. The obsession began one day when I was working out at a local gym. The radio was playing and suddenly I heard an announcement that UFOs were spotted in the area in which I lived. It was an announcement that immediately got my attention and I found myself looking around to catch the responses of others at the gym. However, I did not see one expression of curiosity, wonderment or puzzlement.

Since I was new in this area I did not know anyone at this gym so I did not venture to ask whether or not someone heard what I had just heard. I chalked up the lack of response to blasé attitudes or my misunderstanding the announcement. I found myself going home and watching the news hoping the same broadcast would repeat itself but it did not. It seemed odd to me. I know what I heard and I could swear that it was not part of an advertisement but I was forced to conclude that it was my mistake. Now, I am not so certain. I waver from believing it was a designed message for me and thinking that I am delusional.

Whatever "it" was, a message or misinterpretation, I have found myself interested in the UFO phenomenon and asking myself some serious questions. All my life I have struggled with depression. I have felt terribly burdened by "something" that consumes most of my physical and psychical energy. I have no memories of trauma nor do I have nightmares or flashbacks but I do have many other symptoms that indicate post traumatic stress disorder. For a long time I thought that I was a victim of child abuse, which may be the case, but I have no instinctive sense about this. It just seemed to be a logical conclusion. However, I did get a strong intuitive "sense" about an involvement with aliens, except, I cannot seem to connect anything tangible with my feelings. I do not seem to have any proof; no scars, no feelings, no flashbacks and, definitely no memories. I have attempted hypnosis and have spoken of aliens. Mostly, I get the intense sensation that I am being controlled and memories are being purposely blocked. I did on a couple of occasions "recall" a vague scenario of alien involvement that did not seem part of a real memory but just a surreal fantasy. As a child I do remember having an invisible alien playmate named "Doo-Daa." I never once believed that he was real but under hypnosis I declared that Doo-Daa was very real and part of my persona. Also, as a child, I never doubted the existence of aliens and believed that they were our creators. This was not something taught to me or even suggested to me. I grew up in the 60's and 70's and aliens were not a topic readily acknowledged, never mind discussed. I always seemed to just "know." I have a natural resistance to organized religion and I'm profoundly uncomfortable in churches. Ironically, in my adult life I have been tormented by a mission that I believe is religious or, I should say, spiritual, that I am yet to realize.

At any rate, I have strong suspicions that I have had an unusual experience of some sort that has affected my whole life but I cannot seem to remember anything. I am working with a therapist on the trauma aspect which has helped my self esteem tremendously but not my memories. My hypnotherapist is sympathetic to those who have had alien experiences and believes that I, in fact, have had some "close encounters" but my sessions with her has not brought me back to any type of recall (except, of course, the stories I have come up with that appear surreal if not totally vague). I realize that it takes time to force traumatic events into consciousness but I am not new to the therapeutic process and I am tired of this "gentle coaxing" that has cost much time and money. I just want to know the truth I have recently tried to convince M.D. types to work with my therapist in injecting me with sodium ambytol but no one seems to want to touch this technique with a "ten foot pole." I guess my question to you is: Do you know anyone in the Atlanta area that specializes in helping abductees to remember their experiences when the memory is resistant? If my memories have been intentionally blocked is there any way of ever recalling them? Are there any psychiatrists in my area who use sodium ambytol to help break through psychogenetic amnesia? I am 38 years old and do not wish to be haunted by ghosts for the remainder of my life. If you could connect me with a person, organization, group or anyone that, at least, would not make me feel so alone in this pursuit I would be very grateful. It would be convenient to have an affiliation here in the Atlanta area but if there is someone out there who has a technique for retrieving past memories other than hypnosis or spending a zillion years in therapy, I'll go anywhere on the hope of resolving this nightmare. Sincerely.... S. Pope.

From Ron W., NASA, TN

During my tour of duty at Ft. Yukon AFS, Ft. Yukon, Alaska from Sept '73 - Sept. '74 there were three occasions that a UFO of relative size appeared on our two radar screens. I was a radar operator, and it appeared on both our search and height radars.

It would appear abruptly at approximately 35,000 feet in about the same location, travel in about the same direction (NW) and at about the same speed (600 mph) - then disappear as abruptly in about the same location each time.

Our radar scanned up (theoretically) to 99,000 ft. and in each direction up to 200 miles. The "sweep" rotated every 12 seconds. One scan there would be nothing - 12 seconds, later it appeared at about 35,000 ft and disappeared just as fast. I have since learned that the location of its path was over the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in NE Alaska.

After "standing down" from the alert that the object put us in - no further word would be said about it by anyone; on all 3 occasions.

A film was made of each sighting by a specially equipped radar screen. Each appearance of the object lasted approximately 10 minutes.

The following was received from Rick Hale after it was published in UFO BRIGANTIA in England. Rick was especially interested in the Aveley abduction case because one of the beings involved was similar to his own experience. Rick has agreed to share his story with us and we thank him for doing so.

## LETTER FROM AMERICA

*Rick A. Hale, Washington, USA*

### INTRODUCTION

Philip Mantle writes: After the publication of the Aveley abduction case in booklet form, the IUN received a letter from a Mr. Rick A. Hale, a resident of Washington in the USA. Mr. Hale was keen to correspond with John Avis, the central figure in the Aveley case. Mr. Hale was of the opinion that his own abduction experience was similar in many ways to that described by John Avis. Unfortunately we were unable to put Mr. Hale in contact with John Avis since we no longer know of his whereabouts (if anyone reading this does know where he is we would appreciate it if you could let us know), but Mr. Hale did agree to share his experiences with the readers of UFO Brigantia. What follows is Mr. Hale's own personal account of his abduction experience, related to IUN investigator Philip Mantle in personal correspondence.

### MISSING TIME

Dear Mr. Mantle:

I would first like to thank you for your time to respond to my letter and to pass on this information to John Avis if he reappears in Britain, plus your very kind offer to help me if possible.

I will first tell you of my encounter before hypnosis which I underwent 12 years later. I was 21 years old and unemployed and in search of a job. I was hoping to get a job working in the woods for a logging company. I was single and had just moved back home with my parents, who lived in Seattle, Washington. Before I was laid off my job, I lived in the small logging town of Darrington, Washington, for about 7 years, and worked as a road grader operator.

After I had finished moving my belongings back home I packed up my car with camping equipment. It was in the month of June, 1976, and the weather was nice and warm so I was job hunting, fishing and camping out, basically enjoying myself. At the time of the encounter I was in the area between the

towns of Ellensburg and CleElum, in a spot called Indian John Hill, on a road just off Highway I-90. It was a dark warm night and I was heading towards a camp ground I knew about, to get some sleep. I was thinking of eventually heading to Idaho, where one of my uncles lived, to try and get a job, but I never made it.

Now before I get too far ahead of myself, let's back up a couple of days. Because this I feel is very important. I was camped at Forks, Washington, near the Pacific Ocean, which is a very popular logging town. I was at the camp when a thought hit me that I never have thought about before. It went something like this, "If E.S.P. or mind reading is true, or a fact" in some people. By the way, I had proven to myself it is possible about a year before this. And "if E.S.P. is an evolved phenomena." That is to say, "Birds of a feather flock together" creating a generation of highly psychic beings in a few thousand years or more, maybe millions of years. Then it should be possible to contact any alien beings whose civilization is older than ours, who might be close enough to Earth to pick up on a person's 'vibes', that are directed towards the alien beings, kind of like S.E.T.I.

My frame of mind about UFOs at that time, was that it would be very exciting to travel in outer space, exploring the different worlds, and I would be willing to leave this planet to do it. So I decided I would try to contact a UFO by directing my thoughts to space and try to convince or entice a UFO down to land and let me come aboard. I would drive around going to different places where I thought they would like me to wait for their craft. I realize this would sound kind of crazy to most people, but at the time it seemed quite logical to me.

So that's when I started heading towards Eastern Washington, because its terrain is wide open plains and desert with less people, compared to the west side of Washington, which has more rain and clouds and people. I stopped and waited at a few spots near Ellensburg, but with no results. It was starting to get dark so I gave up my "vibe sending" and started heading towards a camp ground I knew about. By now it's been dark for about an hour or two and I turned off I-90 on the Tanume Creek exit. I came to a stop sign and a fork in the road. The road to the right went to Tanume Creek, where the camp ground was, and the road to the left had a sign that said Eagle Valley. Since I never have been down that road I had a strong urge to explore it, so I turned left and started heading towards Eagle Valley. The road paralleled I-90 for about a mile, then it headed over I-90 on an overpass with no exits.

At that moment I thought I was back on the Tanume Creek road because it does look like the same thing, it goes over I-90 too, and looks very similar, especially at night, and at that moment maybe 150 yards past the overpass, the road makes a wide turn to the right, then straight. As I was making the turn my headlights shone onto 3 beings to my right. They appeared to be about 6 feet tall, dressed in white suits with white helmets and dark colored visors, very similar to those reported in the Aveley abduction. The beings seemed to be about 10 to 20 yards away, walking slowly in a grassy field towards the road I was on. Now, you would think I would be happy that I had made contact, but my reaction was quite the opposite.

A strange numbing fear swept through my body, from head to toe. Then I felt like I was going to panic. My next thought was to stop the car and turn it around and get the heck out of there, because I did not know where the road was going to end up at. And as far as I knew at the time, no one lived out there and I did not see any traffic along the way either. The feeling of being alone with these beings was too much for me to handle. I wanted to get back to civilization as soon as possible.

As the beings were moving so slow I thought I could turn the car around fast enough and drive past them before they could reach the road and really freak me out. So I stopped about a quarter of a mile or less past the beings. I had to jockey the car back and forth about three times in the middle of the road. Fearing the possibility of getting stuck in a ditch, I finally got the car turned around and started back towards the three beings. That quarter of a mile drive back was the longest drive of my life.

At this point I noticed a beam of white light, "like a large search light in fog", in the sky behind where I had seen the three beings. It's hard for me to tell how far away it was, but it seemed to be about 30 degrees above the horizon, maybe a mile away, making a slow turn. I saw no other lights around it, and it seemed to be heading in my direction. I thought to myself, "hurry up and get out of here". At first I thought I would not make it out, but before I knew it I was back on the overpass and I could see the headlights of the traffic below, which made me feel a lot better.

I made my mind up then to spend the night in a busy motel. So I headed back towards Ellensburg, Washington and checked in at the Holiday Inn, just off the freeway I-90 about 20 minutes drive away on

I-90. Then an odd thing happened while I was down in the lobby paying for my room. There was a band playing in the cocktail lounge and when the band stopped, someone announced that this was the last call for drinks. So it must have been close to 2:00 a.m. I recall thinking that it must be about 12:00 or 12:30 a.m. I did not think much of it, I just lost an hour and a half somewhere - that's all!

There are more strange things that continued to happen but basically that was the main event. Everything written down here did happen, I swear to God.

If the three beings were in fact people, humans pulling some kind of a gag, it sure fooled me! In fact I can find no reason for anyone to dress like that at that time of night or it was one heck of an hallucination.

I realize this story does not sound much like what happened to John Avis but you will just have to wait until I've finished telling you the rest.

Rick A. Hale, Seattle, Washington

\* \* \* \* \*

### ATTENTION: POLICE COMMISSIONER SUFFOLK COUNTY, NY

By Lorne Goldfader, UFORIC

As part of an international network of professional investigators, we are very concerned at the misguided behavior of some of your police officers on January the 9th/93 in the Suffolk area (Police Car #522, reported on Suffolk Blotter #93-13373 at Yaphank Police Headquarters, N.Y.). LIUFON investigators John Ford, Brian Levins and Andrew Cerceoni were detained for questioning, intimidated, harassed and threatened concerning their distribution of leaflets regarding a possible crash retrieval of an unidentified aerial object that took place in South Haven Park on November 24, 1992. All police detachments in the area were informed well in advance by notification from LIUFON of the intended peaceful and democratic actions of LIUFON which involves the right of FREEDOM OF SPEECH and ASSEMBLY and were doing nothing illegal. They were well within their rights as concerned citizens. It is quite evident that your officers did not have REASONABLE GROUNDS for detainment and in a court of law this would not hold up, so the intent was obviously to DISCOURAGE LIUFON INVESTIGATORS FROM OBTAINING FURTHER EVIDENCE AND WITNESS ACCOUNTS ON THE INCIDENT! Through these documented actions your department (under command directives) has only confirmed suspicions that something did indeed occur in the area. We, as an organization will not hesitate in the future to support JOHN FORD and The Long Island UFO Network legally and financially if further incidents of this nature arise in the future. This letter will be reproduced and published in world wide newsletters, magazines and computer networks immediately.

With all the beatings, muggings, rapes, murders, drugs and other crimes, it is indeed curious and disturbing why the Suffolk police would spend time and effort to interfere with actions of civilians going about their business in a legal and democratic manner. Regards, Lorne Goldfader, Director UFORIC.

---

From "Enigmas, Strange Phenomena Investigations" and Malcolm Robinson comes the following article which we are using with Malcolm's permission, for which we thank him very much". Malcolm Robinson lives in Scotland.

### BOB'S TROUSERS IN MUSEUM

Well, I'm quite sure that UFO witness Robert Taylor could never in his wildest imaginations have envisaged that the trousers he wore on the eventful morning of November 9, 197, in which he encountered a landed UFO in woods near Livingston Central Scotland, would end up in a glass showcase in a museum in London! Yes folks, that's what's shortly going to happen. As SPI now own these trousers, I was contacted by John Lundberg who informed me all about the upcoming UFO

museum situated in London. John was quite keen to obtain permission from SPI to show these remarkable trousers, remarkable in the sense that they contain rips on each side below pocket level, made by two small spherical objects (similar to Second World War sea mines).

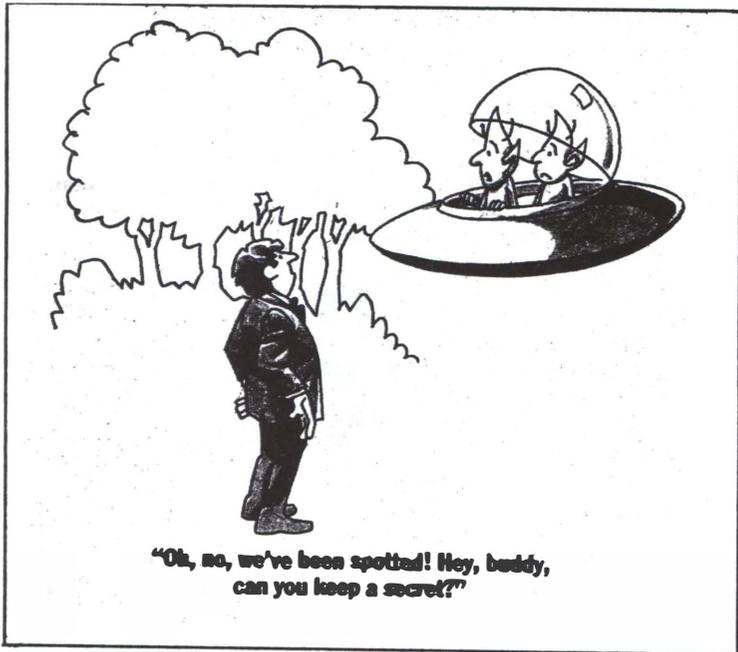
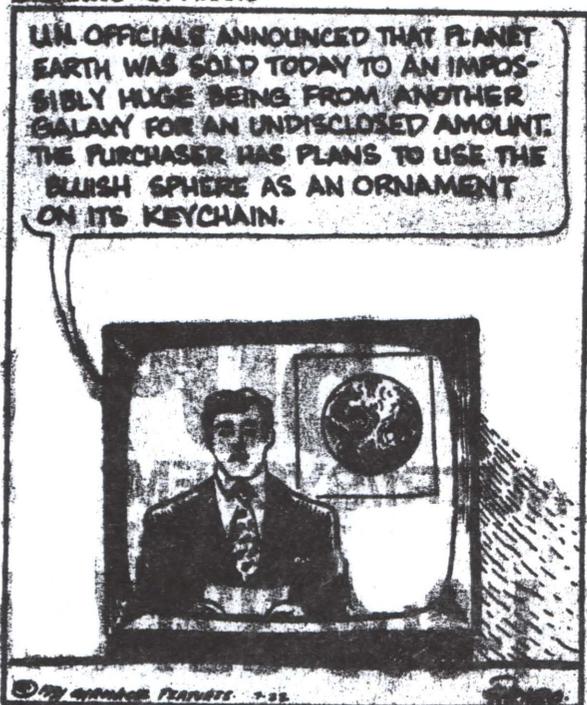
These objects rushed out from beneath this large UFO and "grabbed" Bob, pulling him towards the UFO. (Bob subsequently fainted at this point, and upon regaining consciousness, noticed that the two small objects and large UFO were gone leaving depressions in the grass).

Anyway, it seems to be the flavor at the moment in that UFO museums are springing up left right and center, particularly in America (where else!) one of which is close to Roswell, scene of the 1947 UFO crash. As the public should be continually made more aware of the UFO enigma, I decided to send John these "famous trousers". The following is a letter I received from John which details his UFO museum.

"The trousers will undoubtedly be the star exhibit in the exhibition and your generosity and trust are much appreciated. The idea behind the project is to mount the first of what will hopefully be a long term series of exhibitions addressing the many areas of UFOlogy. The first exhibition "UFOs and How to See Them" is based on a recent book by Jenny Randles. I will be using some of the information contained in Jenny's book, and adding to this other relevant documentation and artifacts to create an exhibition along the same lines. Jenny is assisting me with the project.

"The exhibition will be mounted at "Bipasha Ghosh" a private gallery, project specs located on the Thames is Rotherhithe. This relatively young gallery is dedicated to giving young contemporary artists a forum for their work, and as such specialties in one person shows. I myself am an artist working in a conceptual art tradition. This means my art practice comprises of "ideas" and the realization of these ideas via administration and organization in the form of exhibitions. The exhibition is being funded entirely by myself. The exhibition is to be viewed strictly by appointment and entry is free.

**BIZARRO BY PIRARO**



From Georgia (formerly U.S.S.R.) comes another letter and an interesting case from our friend George Chihladze in Tbilisi, Georgia.

Dear Ms. Aileen G!

I've a delight to comprehend the existence of you and your society. Many thanks for publishing my letter in your magazine. I've got valuable information from it. The article "Aliens in the Basement" is so exciting that I read it several times.

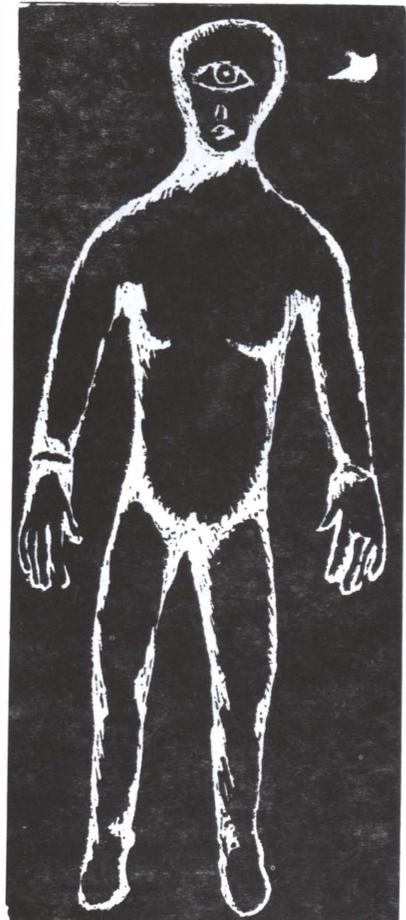
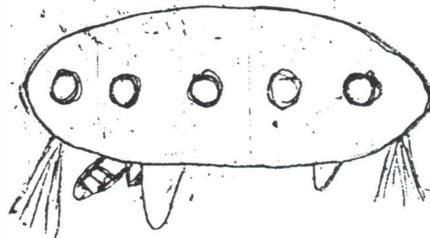
Dear Ms. Aileen! I'd like to tell you the story which was published in Georgian newspaper "Asabel dasabali" (1993, 08.04) The incident took place in 1982. 27.06 and is written by Dr. of Biology. One evening his family is getting ready for the party and it was so noisy that he decided to go out and to do some work in the fresh air. It was 2 o'clock a.m. He began to carry planks, which had been piled up in the yard, to the garden. The garden is near a race course below the reservoir. He stopped his car near the garden. Near the reservoir he suddenly noticed the bright light. Staring at the light he caught sight of very big object. He came nearer to observe it and saw two robots without heads and something like eyes on the breasts and below them headlights of white color. They had short tubes as if aiming towards him. He stopped staring at them. After some time they gestured him to come along with them. He followed them. After a few steps he saw two high creatures (2-3 meters long). They looked like human beings. They wore iron clothes. The door of the huge object was opened. They came towards him. When he observed them he noticed the big eye on the forehead, very big mouth, long legs. Their length was about 3 meters.

After a short talk (they preferred to speak Russian) it was turned out that they arrived from Red Star planet. I would write you their conversation in details if it is interesting for you. (Editor's Note: YES!! It is the utmost interesting to me and everyone reading this magazine.)

Now I am at military service near the capital of Republic of Georgia, Tbilisi but I have the opportunity to visit my home every week.

With respect, Yours faithfully, George Chihladze, 1993, May

*Editor's Note: The accompanying pictures were sent by George, presumably drawn by the person above.*





*Since the last Missing Link was published, one of our dear friends and former Associate Director in Las Vegas, Nevada, has died from cancer. He was so young to be stricken down in the prime of his life. Geoff Graff was a good friend to many people and especially to me.*

*Geoff had sent me his experiences long ago. Now that he is gone I don't think he would mind sharing it, as it will bring him closer to those that knew him well. We wish you Bon Voyage, my friend Geoff, until we meet again... and we will.*

## Geoff Graff's Story

### The Evolution of a Contactee

On the 7th of October, 1970, I left my home in San Francisco to get away from the madness of big city life. I was looking for a more natural, simpler life.

I didn't have any particular destination in mind and just planned to bum around the islands for awhile until I found the right spot to settle down. A stewardess on the plane told me about a beach on Maui that was a great place to camp so I decided to go there for the first few days.

When I arrived on Maui, I was at first somewhat disappointed to learn that hitch-hiking was illegal as that was how I had planned to get around. To compound matters, there was no bus service other than the shuttle busses to the big resorts in Lahaina which wasn't anywhere near where I wanted to go.

Well, I didn't have a schedule or a time clock to worry about, so I figured that I would just hike to one of the nearby beaches to camp for the day as there was one within a couple of miles from the airport. As I was walking down the road a car just stopped and asked if I needed a ride. Since hitching was illegal, people just stopped to offer rides to you. It was really great the way the people were so open and friendly. I knew I was going to like it there.

My second ride took me all the way down to the beach that I was looking for and the guy who picked me up told me about a big wedding that was going to be taking place in a few days and said that I should come. I explained that I really wanted to just stay on the beach for awhile and thanked him anyway but he told me that I really had to go because the UFOs were supposed to show up.

Ookaay - thanks anyway I said and went to the other end of the beach from where he was going. I found a great spot at the far end of the beach from where most of the other campers were and set up my new temporary home.

Maui was really like a little slice of paradise. I had never seen such natural beauty before anywhere. The people were all very friendly but there were some real strange ones too. A lot of them kept talking about the UFOs and how they were coming at the end of the month.

I was always interested in the stories about the UFOs but wasn't really concerned with them because I figured that there had to be intelligent life somewhere in the vastness of the universe but that this was home and that our focus should be here as this is where we are and that our lessons haven't been mastered here yet. Until then, we shouldn't be overly concerned with the thought of leaving Earth.

Anyway, on the day of the wedding a group of my new friends were going to go up to Olinda, which is called Up-country Maui, where the wedding was being held. They all wanted me to go and really wouldn't take no for an answer; so along I went. Once there, I was told that the wedding would be delayed because the Cosmic Ambassadors hadn't arrived yet. Then everyone began scanning the skies. Suddenly the one who was to perform the ceremony said "Here they come now", and when I looked up I saw what appeared to be a star moving slowly across the sky. It came to a stop and then a cloud formed around it. Then the "minister" said, "Now we can begin".

Well, I've got to tell you, that was pretty far out.

Back down on the beach a few days later, I had just finished my evening meditation and went over to where a group of people had started a bonfire to see what was going on and ended up meeting a girl. She had only been on the island for about a week and she asked me what I thought of all this talk of UFOs.

Let me digress just a bit to give you a little more background on what I was doing there as this is actually central to the story as a whole.

One of the reasons I left San Francisco was to try to live a more natural lifestyle. I had been on a vegetarian diet for about six months when I came across a book called "The Essene Gospel of peace." This book stressed the importance of eating mostly raw fruits and vegetables as cooking food destroys the living cells of the foods, leaving dead matter to be ingested. The principle is that only living cells can give life energy to living organisms. I was also practicing meditation and during one of my meditations I was contemplating the UFOs and their occupants when I had the thought that these were not craft made of matter as we know it but were actually a form of pure energy which we see as light thought ships.

Now, back to this girl, Nancy was her name, and her question about what I thought of all this UFO business? I told Nancy of my ideas of the ships being energy vehicles and when I said that was why we were seeing them as points of light... a huge craft, or it could have been a formation of smaller craft, immediately flew over us from the direction of the mountain, Haleakala. Nancy bolted up and said, "Somebody is trying to tell you something". Little did I know just how right she was! I can't tell you how much time passed but we both saw the same formation of lights return from wherever they had gone to and went back in the direction that it originally had come from.

It wasn't until just the past few years now that a series of events, spanning a period of about 18 years began to fall into place.

Within weeks of that first sighting, (conscious at least), I started having a sort of intuitive sense of world events that would be coming. I had a very strong impression to be a part of a kind of cooperative community, dedicated to Spiritual growth and in harmony with the laws of nature. I saw this place as a sort of a retreat at first and then a place of refuge in times of peril. I also felt that it would be a place to take care of homeless children.

I was not a politically motivated individual nor was I by any stretch of the imagination religious either and these were not things that I had ever given any thought to before. In fact, I was an only child and kids actually made me nervous.

Rather than doing what was impressed upon me, I got back into more of the type of life that I had before I came to Maui. After a few months I moved to Honolulu and bounced back and forth between the mainland and the islands for a couple of years. In '72 I ended up on the Big Island which is actually the one named Hawaii and started a small business catching tropical fish. I heard of an individual in Lahaina that supposedly claimed to have come from one of the UFOs. I had heard that his message or mission was to help the people of Earth to realize our true nature and potential; and to help bring about a one world government, by any means possible.

I know that the idea of a world government is not too popular now but eventually we must reach an understanding of the global village and brotherhood of all living beings. When we do, the government that evolves will be to serve the people as our original government was intended to do. The thing that bothered me though was the phrase, by any means possible. This left open too many options such as the possibility of violent overthrow and I was not comfortable with that so I managed to find out how to reach this individual and wrote a letter detailing my concern, asking for clarification. I stated my belief in the karmic principle saying that history has proven, time and again, that anything which was born of the sword would in turn, die by the sword. The reply was that I was closer to the truth than I really realized, but that soon I would remember and know the truth and my place in it. He then asked me if I was willing to do something for them, which I don't wish to reveal here, but it seemed ridiculous at the time so I never had any further contact with him, thinking that he was probably just another fruitcake.

I managed to go until 1980 without giving much thought to this UFO business. I never really forgot about the community but it was not something to worry about at the time. I always planned to move to the country someday but in the meantime I had my life to live. I was married in '76 and my wife wanted nothing to do with moving away from the city and I eventually lost sight of my dream. Then one night while camping on a beach with a friend, we both saw another moving star. Shortly after this I saw an announcement in the Honolulu Advertiser, Hawaii's main newspaper, which started with the following, "Greetings to the Citizens of Earth". I guess I don't have to tell you that it caught my attention.

There wasn't any name or any way to identify who placed the announcement in the paper so I called to find out who paid for the space. It turned out to be a retired civil engineer named Philip Yee. I managed to contact Mr. Yee and asked him why he put the announcement in the newspaper? It was a pretty big space and I knew that it must have cost a lot of money; I wanted to know what was really the motivation behind it as there was no solicitation for funds. People usually don't put out that kind of money without some way to get a return on it. What he told me really took me by surprise. He said he did it because "they" asked him to. I said, "what do you mean 'they asked you to'?" He then told me an incredible story of how a stranger came up to him on the street, greeted him by name and asked if they could go somewhere to talk. Mr. Yee said that this man told him that he came from what we usually refer to as a UFO and that they decided to come to him to ask if he would be willing to help. After talking to this man for awhile, Mr. Yee said that he was convinced of the fellows story and agreed to do what he could. I asked who "they" were and was told that "they" were the Ashtar Command. Now I know what you are probably thinking but before you dismiss this as another piece of UFO garbage let me share my experience with you.

Mr Yee told me of a book of messages which supposedly were sent to us from various members of this Ashtar Command and suggested that I read it. The book was titled *World Messages for the Coming Decade*. Maybe some of you have seen or heard of it. There were a lot of different warnings in it as well as a request for us to practice a daily meditation for world peace. Over the next month I saw about a half dozen things in the sky that I believe were space craft. One of the things they said in the book was that they would show themselves to us if we asked them to. On a couple of occasions a friend and I would go down to Waikiki Beach to see if we could spot them and tried to send a thought to them asking them to allow us to see them. Sure enough, one of the "stars" would move around a little bit then stop and just remain stationary.

By this time I was convinced that they were for real and would practice this meditation every day. The book also said that we could communicate with them directly if we wanted to by telepathy. I would try to send and receive messages but whenever I got a reply I would dismiss it as my imagination. One evening, after completing the meditation, I attempted to communicate with them again but when I started to receive an answer I again doubted the validity and this time I sent another to them explaining that while I knew that the ships were real that I couldn't understand why I would begin to have doubts about whether I was really seeing what I thought I was. I said that when I would receive a reply to one of my questions I would then convince myself that it was really only my imagination. I then apologized for not being able to believe and said that I really needed to see them face to face. When I opened my eyes, there was a man standing in my living room. I almost went into shock! He was no more than 10 feet away from me. I kick myself to this day for the way that I reacted. I was in a state of total disbelief. I rubbed my eyes thinking that I was probably hallucinating but he was still there. I then started thinking that I had gone over the edge and just be imagining the whole thing. Still he remained. Then I started getting a little panicky and that's when he started to leave. He didn't just disappear but slowly became less dense and over a period of about 10 seconds just faded away.

The whole thing really shook me up. I seriously wondered if I was losing my mind. One of the things that had me so shocked was the way he looked. I had this notion of space men wearing some sort of silver suits or something but this was a man with long hair, a beard and a robe. Looking back on it now I think that it may have been a hologram of Jesus. Whoever or whatever it was was enough to make me give away the books I had on UFOs and I ended up joining a very fundamental Christian organization that did not believe in the existence of UFOs or life on other planets. Regardless of the things I had seen, I tried to convince myself that there must be a logical explanation for these objects. As Phil Klass would say, there had to be a "prosaic explanation".

(To be continued next month)

## Mysterious Earthlings Scour the Desert for Alien Tourist

by Carel Masciola  
Orange County Register

It is twilight and Sean David Morton is driving 90 mph through the Nevada desert, headed for a dimension where unearthly flashes appear in the sky and the lone local bar serves alien burgers and a cocktail called the Beam me up, Scotty.

He is hurtling toward a sector where he says extraterrestrials prowl the earth, surgically mutilating cows, conspiring with the U.S. military and watching late night TV.

He is entering the terrifying Area 51.

The Establishment says Area 51 is a testing site for secret airplanes near Nellis Air Force Base. But Norton insists that it's a U.S.-alien cooperative where flying saucers are tested and grotesque genetic experiments take place.

"NASA is a fake. The real stuff is out here," he says.

In the back of his van are seven wide-eyed passengers, a few of them alarmed by the warp speed in which Morton is driving. Each of them has paid \$99 to see the flying saucers that Morton says spin through the desert at night.

The fee also entitles them to an earful of the self-proclaimed prophet's arcane tidbits about space travel and government cover-ups, which he spews forth with a lunar gleam in his eye and a touch of sweat beneath his fedora.

Casually - in a tone you'd use to explain that your Aunt Mavis is from Wisconsin - he explains that Area 51's aliens are probably from Krondac, a planet 800 light-years away.

"They're actually bluish-gray and a little bigger than people think. They're 3 to 4 feet tall."

Morton admits he's never actually seen any aliens in the flesh, but "sources" tell him they're living in Area 51

- little men with the smooth heads and the wrap-around eyes.

His fellow travelers are three students of the paranormal from Mexico City, one guy with a video camera who sells material to the Fox Network series "Sightings," one inscrutable Brazilian and a hairdresser from West Hollywood.

Morton, 34, makes his living as a psychic, a healer, a predictor of earthquakes and a screenwriter. He just finished a book of prophecy for the next 30 years. He also worked on shows about Area 51 for the NBC series "Unsolved Mysteries" and for Geraldo Rivera's "Now It Can Be Told."

"Hidden here is the technology to end all wars, to end hunger, to provide an endless supply of energy," he said. "I'm outraged that they're not showing it to the rest of the world."

Morton says he was raised in a fundamentalist Christian family "of the most rabid variety" but became a New Age thinker after a spiritual quest that took him from Texas to Tibet and various points in between.

"My Mother thinks I'm nuts. She thinks I'm the Antichrist," he said. "She has a publishing company, and she won't even publish my book."

As 100 miles of desert fly by, Morton repeats a story about cow mutilations he told a few hours before, emphasizing the part where the aliens "core out" certain intimate cow parts for unknown purposes. But this time he adds a detail: The aliens are rumored to make a cocktail out of cow blood and hydrogen peroxide.

"By the way, us hairdressers use hydrogen peroxide," Charles Smirnoff, the visitor from West Hollywood, says ominously. "We use it for hair color, definitely for hair color."

Miles later, the UFO van pulls into Ash Springs, Nev., population 11 for supplies. Store owner Goodie Goodman recognizes Morton. He bags groceries and muses.

"I am not a believer because I have not seen anything, but I know people who have," he says. "You have to understand where we are in relation to

Area 51."

More and more desert. More and more darkness. One of the Mexicans nods off. Suddenly, Morton swings the van off the road, kills the headlights and leaps onto the road, screaming, "Look-look-look! Over-there-over-there! What the hell's that? Oh! It's gone!"

The fellow travelers run down the berm behind him.

There are lights all over the sky. Some look like helicopters, some like flares, some like F-16's. Two huge planes, possibly B-1's swoop close overhead in the dark, barely making a sound. And something else seems to hopscotch across the sky, leaving an orange flash at each stop.

"You just saw tiny space jumps," Morton declares.

But skeptics say Morton's the one doing the jumping - right off the deep end.

"For nearly 25 years, my specialty has been the field of UFO's, as a hobby," said Phillip J. Klass, a senior editor at Aviation Week & Space Technology for 34 years and a specialist in aviation electronics. "In all that time, I have yet to find a 'UFO' case to suggest we have any alien spacecraft in our skies. If there were any credible evidence, it would not be a mystery anymore. I think there's no possibility of that being true."

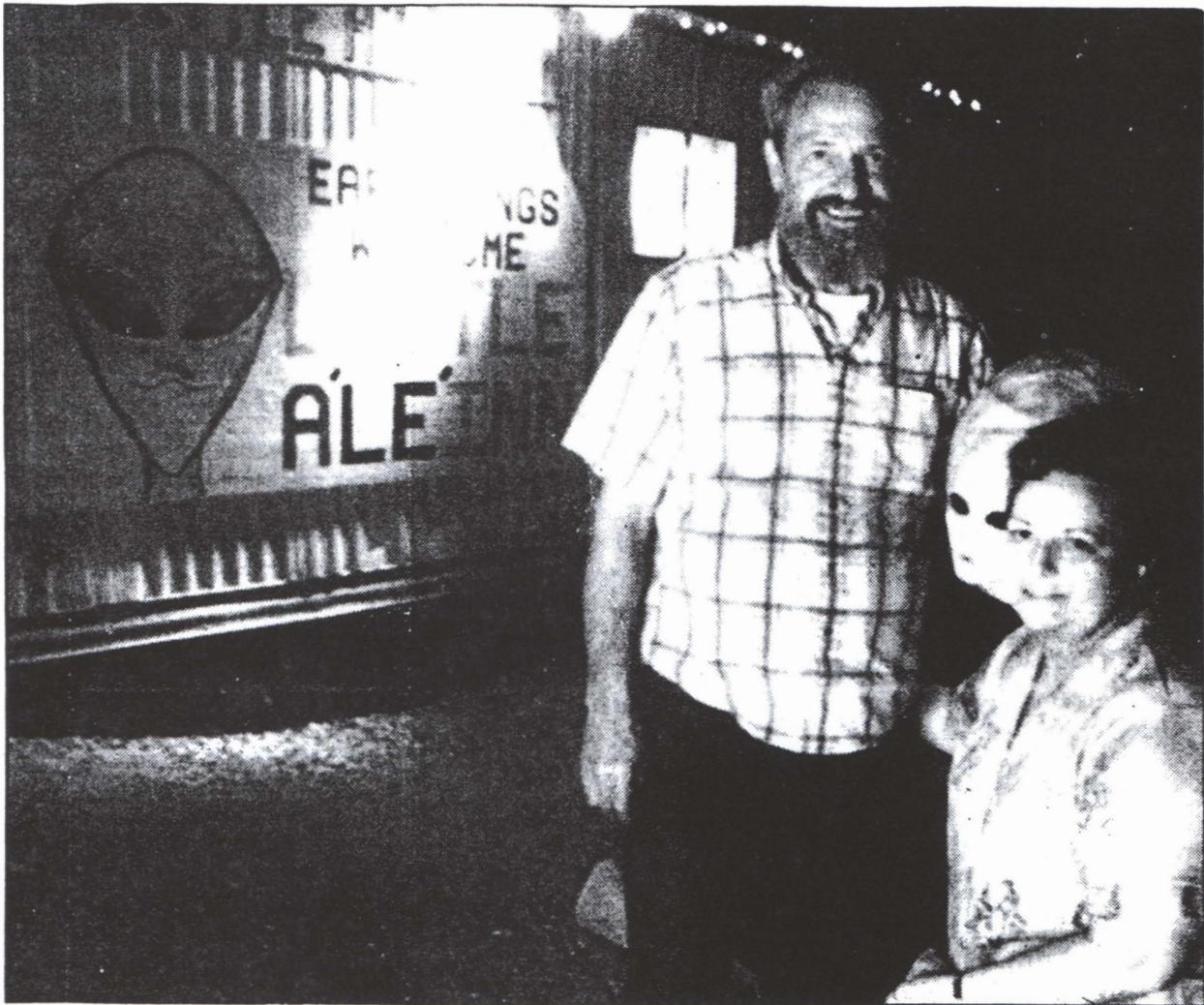
Area 51 is used for testing new covert airplanes, Klass said, and for staging war games and testing electronic jamming equipment.

He said the "skipping" orange lights are most likely airplanes testing decoy flares that fool heat-seeking ground missiles.

But, then, Defense Department officials did not return this reporter's telephone calls inquiring about the phenomenon....

Barry Karr, executive director of Skeptical Inquirer magazine, said con artists are promoting Area 51 to make easy money giving tours and lectures.

Klass suggested that pranksters might be enhancing the military's aerial show with their own



Jebb Harris / Orange County Register

**Joe and Pat Travis put out the welcome mat (and Beam Me Up cocktails) for visitors of all sorts — aliens and alien-hunters alike — at their A'le'Inn in the Nevada desert.**

bogus UFOs and that local businesses might be perpetuating the myth to bring tourists to an otherwise uninviting corner of the desert.

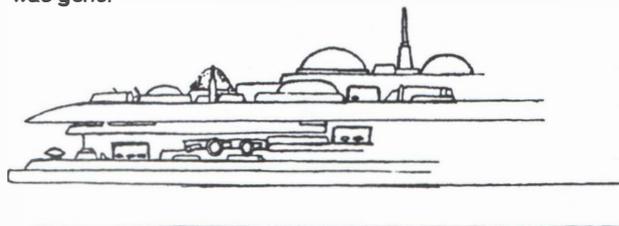
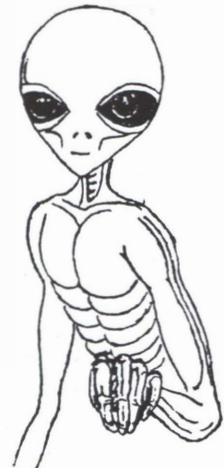
As midnight nears, the van pulls up at the only bar for 85 miles - the Little A'le'Inn, a converted trailer. The signs outside say "Earthlings Welcome" and "Budweiser."

"It's not just kooks and idiots that come out here. These people are genuinely interested," says proprietor Joe Travis, standing behind the bar. Within his reach were dozens of liquor bottles; his wife, Pat; a 12 gauge pump shotgun; and an assortment of .357 Magnums. "We had a man in here last night from another planet. He didn't tell me, but I knew."

Travis is serious. He insists that humanoid aliens patronize his tavern, indulging in the Allen Burgers and the

Beam Me Up, Scotty (Jim Beam, 7-up and a dash of scotch). Joe Travis chain smokes and tells stories.

"I had a friend of mine - he'd come in here for an Allen Burger and a 7-up. This one day he came in and said: 'Last night I went to bed about 9 o'clock. I woke up during the night and there was this alien sitting in my chair watching my TV. The alien looked over at me and nodded. He said he wasn't frightened. He just turned over and went to sleep. The next morning, he woke up and the TV was turned off and the alien was gone.'



## I MET A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

By W. W. Derenberger  
PROBE MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1968

*On the night of November 2, 1966, Woodrow Derenberger, a salesman from Parkersburg, West Virginia, was driving a truck along Interstate Highway I-77 near the city, when a vehicle from outer space landed on the road ahead of him, forcing him to stop. He then conversed with the pilot of the space craft.*

My name is Woodrow W. Derenberger, I am 50 years old. My story began on November 2, 1966.

It was a cold and rainy evening, approximately 7:00pm. On this date, I was driving my Ford Econovan down Interstate Highway I-77, coming from Marietta, Ohio, to my home in Mineral Wells, West Virginia. I was driving up a long hill, at about 50 mph. My truck was loaded with stereos and sewing machines. One of the sewing machines fell off the top of a stereo causing me to turn on my dome lights to see what had fallen. At this time I noticed a car coming up the highway behind me and he blinked his lights to pass. I kept on at the same rate of speed and the car passed me. Directly behind this car, about 50 feet, this ship, as I have come to call it, came up beside my truck and at first, I thought it to be another car. Then I noticed that it had no lights. I then turned my head and glanced at it and saw that it was something that I had never seen before.

At this time I was not frightened. Then it pulled a little ahead of me and turned crosswise on the highway and started slowing down. To keep from hitting this object, I slowed my truck and pulled off the highway to the right onto the berm so that I could go around it, but it completely blocked the road from berm to berm. It kept slowing down until it came to a complete stop, as I also did, not more than 8 to 10 feet from it. As soon as it stopped, a door opened and a man stepped out.

Immediately, as he stepped to the ground, I received a message to roll my window down on the opposite side of my truck. I heard no audible voice, but I somehow knew what the man had asked me. I leaned across the truck and rolled down the window. The man then walked up to the side of my truck and stood very close to the door and said that he would like to speak to me. He asked me not to be frightened, and then asked my name. I was so frightened by this time that I could not answer him. He told me I could either think or speak verbally, whichever was easier for me.

He said his name was Cold. He then asked me if I worked for a living and if I had to -- I told him yes, that I was a salesman. He then said that he was a "searcher". He again repeated that I should not be frightened, that he wished me no harm, only happiness. He had a very pleasant smile on his face and his arms were folded, with his hands tucked under his armpits. He asked me what the lights in the distance were, and although he did not point, I knew the direction about which he was inquiring. I told him it was Parkersburg, a city. He asked me if all the people lived there, and I told him it was a place of business and of trade, and that most of the people lived in outlying areas or the suburbs. He told me that a place of this kind where he was from was called a gathering.

He then said, "Mr. Derenberger, look at me. I am the same as you are. I sleep, and breathe and bleed even as you do." Although he was speaking verbally to me, I could well understand every word he was saying. I felt no pain of any kind. My truck motor was running smoothly. Both of my headlights were on and also the dome lights in my truck. After the man stepped from the ship, it rose off the ground and hovered from 50 to 100 feet above my truck during the duration of our conversation. As he walked in front of my truck, I could see him very plainly in the headlights of my truck. He had a very pleasant appearance. He was approximately 5'10" tall and weighed approximately 180 to 185 pounds. His hair was very dark and thick and combed straight back over his head. He seemed to have a very good tan. He looked normal in every way and was very friendly. The expression on his face changed at times. He then asked me why I was so frightened, and said that his country was not nearly as powerful as ours. He also told me to report this incident to our local officials, and at a later date he would confirm my story. He then said that he would meet with me again. I talked with him approximately 10 minutes. I

did not see him give any kind of sign, but the ship descended, and settled directly beside my truck. Mr. Cold then walked in front of my truck, to the ship. The door opened and I could see another form reaching out to close the door, or to possibly help Mr. Cold on to the ship. The ship then left and went straight up, making a soft, fluttering sound.

As soon as it was at the top of my truck, I very hurriedly left for home. I do not exactly remember driving home. I think at this time I was in a complete state of shock. When I got home, I immediately asked my wife to come to the kitchen, and we sat down at the table. She could see the state I was in, and the first question she asked was "Did you have an accident that has killed someone?" I assured her that nothing of that nature had happened, and then told her of my experience. It startled her very much at first; then she suggested we phone the police. I thought I had settled down by then, but after I got them on the telephone, I began shaking uncontrollably, and my voice quivered, so that she took the phone from me and related my story to them. Also, she was told by the police, that our call was the third one of its kind in this area that evening. They later called my wife and told her she should consult a doctor for me. However, by this time I had settled down and felt more like myself.

The next day, November 3, I was asked to come to the local television station WTAP. Here I met with the local authorities, and the state and city police, a United States Air Force Sergeant, and all the news media of Parkersburg. I was asked to describe my experience in full detail many times. They tried every way possible to break my story, but could not. The Air Force Sergeant said at this time that I definitely had had an experience of some sort. That evening my story was carried in our local newspapers, and was also picked up by UPI, which carried it all over the world. Following this, I appeared on local television and radio, in Parkersburg. The next few days I received hundreds of calls and many, many letters from all over the world. I later talked with many people, NICAP -- who said they would release this shortly, the Air Force and NASA in Cape Kennedy, Florida. These people talked as though they believed my story and were not too surprised by it.

On November 4, I was driving home from Pomeroy, Ohio, and a friend of mine was riding with me. We were going down Highway 7, when I began having a tingling sensation around my eyes and the top of my forehead. I rubbed my forehead and I knew at the same time that this was Mr. Cold trying to make contact with me again with telepathy. I did not want to receive him, but the same sensation persisted and I finally answered him. The gentleman riding with me knew that something was going on, as he later told me he also had some sort of feeling but didn't know what it was.

Mr. Cold then told me to slow down and drive very carefully, that his ship was directly over my truck and that they were following me. At this time he told me several things of his own planet. He told me that the first time he had contacted me, he had only asked me questions to calm me and to settle my fears. At this second meeting, I was not frightened. He asked me repeatedly to drive carefully. I had a feeling that I cannot explain -- it was not pain -- it was as though I was hearing my own voice, but with his words. This is very hard to explain because previous to this, I knew nothing of mental telepathy.

Mr. Cold told me he is from a planet called Lannos; he said this is located close to the galaxy of Ganymede. He told me that his country was practically the same as ours, that they have woods, streams, fields, and oceans, as we do. He also said that he had taken samples of our vegetation, and also some of our animals and with very few exceptions these were as they have them. He told me that he wanted to talk with me later, that I had very good receptive powers of telepathy. He gave me quite a bit of information at this time. He said that he is married, his wife's name is Kimi, and he has two sons, eight and 11 years of age. Since that time, they have had a baby girl, born the week after Christmas in 1966.

Mr. Cold also said that their time is not exactly as ours. They have three climates -- planting, harvesting and cold. He said that his people have a life expectancy of 125 to 175 of our years. At this time he told me his first name was Indrid, and that he was getting ready to break contact, and that would receive a severe shock and to prepare myself for it. I was listening very intently to every word he said, and had begun to think of questions to ask him, when he told me he was leaving.

When he broke contact, I felt very exhilarated. I had a small throbbing pain in my right temple, which left shortly. I decided not to tell anyone. However, I did reveal this to NICAP at the next meeting they had with me. I had almost daily contacts with Mr. Cold after this.

About four days after my initial experience with Mr. Cold, I came from work at approximately 9:00pm. and was met in my back yard by Mr. Cold and his companion, Carl Ardo. Mr. Ardo travels with him as a

navigator. I was very excited and did not notice the cold weather. They were with me for approximately two hours, and would not come into the house because my wife was frightened. Since then she has lost all fear of them and has entertained them in our home.

On this visit, they asked me about our people and our way of life. He has never at any time asked me of our military strength; he has shown no interest or asked me of our weapons, or anything along this line. He asked me how we live, how our people get along together, how long we have to work, and how many hours per day, and many, more questions of our everyday lives. He told me that his people do not understand the word "hate"; they do not know how we can hate one another. As he says, "We are all brothers."

These people do not have a written record of how their planet began; however, they do have a legend. They believe their forefathers came from Earth in a space ship and after they had landed, somehow lost the art of space travel. It was many, many years before they again learned how to travel in space.

Mr. Cold told me that their religion, and their belief in God is the same as our own. They believe there is but one God, who created everything that is good, and is the Father of all. Mr. Cold has told me many times that they would like to land and come and talk with our people, but he has met several times with hostility, has been shot at and also other ships of his friends have been shot at. At one time in Arkansas, he was short with a shotgun and he had to have several pellets removed from his legs and thighs. These people are as much afraid of our people as we are of them. Yet they say they would like to make friendly contact with all our people, and be able to tell their ways and learn ours. They would like to be able to trade with our country, Mr. Cold says that they have things that we would like to have, as do we have things that they need. He has told me things that I have no way of knowing whether they are true or untrue, yet in everything he has told me I have never, never in any way learned that he has been untruthful. He has told me that he made an offer to our Government that if they would guarantee safety for both him and his ship, he would land. But for some reason unknown to him, our Government will not grant him his request. He said that our Government leaders said that no physical harm would come to him, but otherwise he would have to place himself and his ship in their hands and they would do what was best of him and for us. Mr. Cold has declined this offer. I have no way of knowing if this is true.

In their country, they don't have a government as we know it, but a Guiding Council. Their officials are also elected. There are 56 members in their Council, and they are elected every six years (in our time). Any time one of the officials proves to be unfit for the job, he can be dismissed and another one elected. These people are very friendly and have never had a war on their planet, nor have they crime, as we know it here. They not only talk with telepathy, but have a language of their own. I know a few words of their language. When a couple is married, it is said that they are "united"? The wife calls her husband her "united", and the husband calls his wife his "union". Their children are very healthy, but they do have sickness. They also have diseases the cannot control, as we do, and have death they cannot prevent. When their children are old enough to know right from wrong, no matter what age, they are sent to school and go until they are 28 years old. At this time, if they have not reached the standard of learning that they should, they go to school until they do. Everyone works at a job that he himself chooses. If a man does not like his work, he can ask for reclassification and can be assigned to something else.

There is much more to my story, which will be published in a book very soon. These people are very friendly, and are waiting to make contact with everyone. I wish for every one to have the same opportunity as I have had to meet these people and to know them. I only hope that someday they can come here freely, as they so greatly desire.

*(Editor's Note: If anyone knows of the book mentioned "that was soon to be published" please let us know.)*

# High - Tech's Missing Link

By  
Michael  
Kiefer



James J.  
Dilettoso: Him  
with his head  
in the clouds.

James J. Dilettoso stomps bandy-legged through a field in South Phoenix. The sheer volume of his graying ponytail seems to bend his whole body forward as puffs furiously on a cigarette.

The field has recently plowed under; there's not a blade of grass clear down to the canal bordering Baseline Road, but Dilettoso sees studios and housing for movie directors and technicians, high-tech Hollywood in Phoenix, and he thinks he can make it happen with his own Hollywood contacts. It's a grand vision, perhaps grandiose, in keeping with his style.

Dilettoso, 44, is a small, wiry man with a big, soft beard. He favors baggy pants and sneakers, a tee shirt that says, "Everything I need to know I learned from television.

If he resembles a character in a Nintendo game, it may be because over the past two decades, he has bounced and beamed and hyperspaced through the rock and film and space subcultures. What all those fields hold in common is that they are increasingly computer-driven; Dilettoso has a brain that can convert sound and images into the ones and zeros of computer programs.

He designed visual special effects hardware and software for movies- including Tron and Blade Runner- and for the videos and road tours of such rock as the Moody Blues. He worked for NASA, and still investigates UFO sightings. He was one of the developers of the digital musical synthesizer, of digital film colorization. And he's now working on data compression technologies that will allow movies to be modemed over telephone lines, a feat he likens to "trying to send an elephant down a rabbit hole."

Often his stream-of-

consciousness rap-delivered in the knowing and emphatic cadence of Hollywood-is so densely technical and philosophical at the same time that it makes your head hurt. And makes you question his sanity.

Clark Higgins, a film special effects expert who works with Steven Spielberg's Lucas Film, says Dilettoso, " He's as sane as many of the creative geniuses running around. He runs at a very furious pace, but he's one of the most talented fellows I've ever met to bring abstract concepts into reality."

By virtue of his genius and his accomplishments, Dilettoso should be a wealthy man, but instead, he lives a seat-of-his-pants existence. He couldn't drive himself down here this morning, for example, because he has car trouble; seems he was a bit distracted pulling his homemade sports car out from his shop in Tempe and forgot about the median curb down the center of University Drive when he made a left turn. The little white vehicle lies dead in his parking lot with four flat tires and few vital parts scraped off the bottom, (and the cash), he'll get that taken care of.

He's having house trouble, too. The epicenter of the "smart community" he envisions is a ranch just off Southern Avenue, which he'll acquire just as soon as his investors come through on the computerized graphics service bureau he's setting up, and which he sees as the linchpin for Hollywood in Phoenix.

Dilettoso likes to have the companies he does business with pay the leases on the houses he lives in. It simplifies his life, he says-at least until the deal runs its course and the company stops paying and Dilettoso gets thrown out on his ear, which has happened more than once. Just last month, he was tossed out of the

Paradise Valley ranch he'd lived in for a couple of years and claims he was to buy, but a check bounced and the owner defaulted, and so on.

Clearly his business sense is not as highly developed as his vision. He is charismatic, able to rope in investors with the scope and enthusiasm of his projects, and just as likely to piss them off a year down the road.

He can conceive of an entire marketing strategy; then lose interest in its execution. His computer programmers complain that he'll think up computer software that will do something no one else has been able to do, then give it away rather than exploit it financially. He'd rather have someone else work out the details just so long as he can incorporate the finished project into the next stage of a picture no one else can see.

"I think Jimmy is a perfect person to be paid X number of dollars and be put in a think tank," says Dr. Gary Berg, dean of faculty at Western International University. But it's not likely to happen, partly because Dilettoso is the sort to suffer "failure to thrive in captivity syndrome," partly because regardless of ability, he doesn't have the credentials. His persona and biography may be his greatest inventions.

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Jim Dilettoso's bio is a tangled circuit board of fact and fiction, disputed achievements, inventions and connections that can't be documented, others he won't talk about. He claims he has a Ph.D. in biomedical engineering from McGill University in Montreal, but the registrar's office there never heard of him. He claims an undergraduate degree from the University of Hartford, but its records show he took a single math

course there.

When confronted with these apparent fabrications, he admits he'd never have the patience to sit through so many years of classes. Then he just digs in deeper and deliberately raises more questions. On another occasion, he offers that these are notions put forth by others, left uncorrected, until by some logic, they become true.

It's as if there's only so much room in a persona and if more space is devoted to intellect, then there's less left over for social convention. Clearly the capacity for abstraction and creativity comes out of open mindedness. Another local computer graphics artist simply says, "All those superbright computer guys are into weird mystical stuff," as if they're bored with the merely terrestrial and looking for more complex puzzles to ponder.

Dilettoso certainly darts back and forth across the borderline between hard science and paranormal research, between the bastions of conservative science and the fringes.

He worked for NASA out of a Phoenix office, and claims to have worked on top secret projects for the agency out of Jet Propulsion Laboratories in Pasadena. Other former NASA employees have confirmed that claim, but calls to JPL to verify it sound like Monty Python routines: "Who do you think he is?" Do you think he's telling the truth? I'm not going to tell you."

His invention of colorization is disputed, as well. American Film Technologies, the company that holds the patent on the process, claims that his work was "a failed R&D attempt", while Dilettoso swears his technology was ripped off and he was paid in mostly worthless stock. However, the company executive who fired

Dilettoso from the project confirms the importance of his contribution - though he stops short of confirming the allegations of theft for fear of legal retribution.

"He's fun to be around," says Michael Malin, a NASA scientist whom Dilettoso consulted while analyzing photographs of UFOs. "He's not at all crazy, but half of what he says is bullshit and half of it is probably not far from the truth. The problem is trying to figure out which is which. He does tend to get involved in more fanciful notions than you or I."

Indeed: Dilettoso wonders if the iron in human blood contains human memory like a magnetic floppy disk, then posits at how to feed data into that memory. He claims that a Filipino faith healer cured him of a deadly lymphoma by magically passing his hands through the skin and pulling out tumors without leaving wounds.

The cast of characters that wander in and out of his home and his studio are equally peculiar: a retired Air Force colonel; a blind TV Director who has a show about UFOs.

Jeff Harris, chief sound engineer for a major Hollywood recording studio, recalls going to Dilettoso's ranch to meet a former Navy SEAL who claimed he had guarded an alien spacecraft.

"When I got there, the man had his ear pressed up against the wall to hear if anyone was coming. He had weapons strapped all up and down his legs," Harris says.

Dilettoso keeps current with every government conspiracy to cover up UFO research that "would change the meaning of life." His girlfriend, Susan Gordon, claims to be a UFO contactee and lectures nationwide as to whether extraterrestrials are really angels.

One visitor on a recent afternoon is a man researching

ways of electronically communicating with the dead - but he won't explain how, because the world isn't ready yet.

"Sounds funny, huh?" Dilettoso asks, straight faced, almost as a dare. It raises a question as to where the line falls between genius and lunacy.

"I wish I knew," he answers. He thinks a minute: "I'm not marching to a different drummer," he continues. "Maybe I just have an octave on my piano that you don't."

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Dilettoso began his career as a piano player. He was a musically precocious Connecticut punk who spent his high school weekends playing with bar bands in Greenwich Village; since he wasn't old enough to drive, let alone drink, his stepfather would drive him into Manhattan and wait as he performed.

He already had a flair for scientific sleight of hand; his mother remembers the robot he built as a child, but Dilettoso admits it was merely a vacuum cleaner adorned with various gadgets. In high school, he won science fairs with night before throw-togethers that were supposed to be the culmination of a semester's research.

What better place to combine gadgetry and music than in the rock scene of the late 1960s? "By the summer of 1967, I had become a hippie," he says, living full-time in the Village. He toured with the Box Tops ("My baby, she wrote me a letter") and other rock groups, until he realized he was draft bait, and enrolled in college, bouncing from school to school and taking courses he knew he could pass so that he could keep his college deferment.

He eventually wound up in Hartford and worked in a

psychology lab at the university, dabbled in video production. In the mid-'70s, he opened a pair of nightclubs in run-down Hartford movie palaces, but when the IRS read about his success, it realized he hadn't been paying taxes and brought him to court. The judge was lenient with the young entrepreneur, but when he was caught violating the terms of his probation by promoting concerts in Massachusetts, Dilettoso landed in jail.

He spent the bicentennial in a 200-year-old cell in Hartford wondering what he was going to do with the rest of his life. And if he ever reached a decision, he keeps it to himself. The next decade of his life is deliberately murky, told in no certain chronology.

He wandered to Los Angeles and became a musical and electronic jack-of-all-trades for the music and movie businesses. He came to Phoenix to design speakers for Motorola, and then was recruited into a three man design team building the world's first digital synthesizer for a company called Micor. Until that point, all synthesizers produced sounds electronically instead of with a computer, and they weren't capable of playing as many notes simultaneously.

He bounced back to California to do contract work at Jet Propulsion Laboratories and NASA. He claims he helped design flight simulators. He may or may not have been involved in the Voyager imaging, but certainly had access to the Voyager team, because in the late '70s, he produced a Las Vegas gala that featured live Voyager pictures of Jupiter projected on a big screen. And other former NASA employees confirm that Dilettoso did in fact work on secret projects, it's hard to say how much, which is how

Dilettoso likes the story told.

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One of the consequences of life on the borderline is that neither side claims you as its own. One JPL scientist on the Voyager project scoffingly asked how anyone could take Dilettoso seriously if he believed in UFOs and other such New Age claptrap. Yet Dilettoso claims that JPL sent him to work on analysis of the Shroud of Turin. And it's unclear whether he became embroiled in UFO research because NASA asked him to or because the UFO underground sought him out for his JPL contacts.

In 1977, Wendelle Stevens, a retired Air Force Lieutenant Colonel, a former intelligence officer who had been looking into UFO sightings since the 1940s, came to Dilettoso to help sort out the case of a Swiss farmer who had taken photographs and home movies of flying saucers, and who claimed to have hundreds of encounters with humanlike extraterrestrials.

Stevens, who is based in Tucson, says, "We were looking for a team of scientists - and university types are too close minded," Dilettoso's work on the case is documented in the book *Light Years*, by Gary Kinder, who portrays Dilettoso as a go-between for scientists at NASA and JPL, as a bit of a true believer who truly wanted the farmer's photos and movies to be real. None of the tests were conclusive, because the photo prints were not made from the original negatives, which fits well into the mystic and somewhat paranoid world of Ufology.

In the mid-1980s, Dilettoso still worked for NASA, running an information center out of his own Computer Graphics Lab at ASU's downtown computer institute. He

shared space with ASU because he had helped obtain a Cray Supercomputer for the ASU center, and he used it for his own work on movie special effects and medical imaging hardware and software. He was promoting and producing musical road shows and creating video special effects for acts that included the Moody Blues, Todd Rundgren, Toto, and Pink Floyd.

Dr. Gary Berg is now dean of faculty at Western State International University, but back then he headed the ASU computer institute. When Dilettoso would forget to pay his rent, Berg would try to convince the landlord not to evict him because of the computer spectacle he provided for the institute.

"He could make sounds come out of the computer that shouldn't have been there," Berg remembers. "One night I went to see him and he had this graphics program he had developed. All of a sudden, on a PC, he's demonstrating the ability to run interactive graphics that the rest of the world hadn't been able to do yet. I went away wondering why he could figure that out with no formal training and no one else could. He just did it."

Dilettoso has no answer to the question. "About ten years ago, I came over a technology hump where it all became clear almost at a zen level. It all kind of came into focus," he says.

By 1986, Dilettoso was working on film colorization for American Film Technologies, which provided the process to Ted Turner. Until that time, most colorizing attempts required that every frame be hand-tinted. Dilettoso figured out a way to colorize digitally.

AFT now downplays his contribution, but Joseph Mintz, who was president of AFT at the

time, say, "Jim definitely developed the first stages, the basic early technology required to do what ended up being American Film's coloring system. Jim is extremely bright and charismatic, just bubbling with ideas. He went forward in his quest to figure this stuff out with all the enthusiasms of the early American inventors."

Dilettoso claims he received \$75,000 for his efforts, the balance paid in worthless stock. However much it was worth, he probably would have blown the money, anyway.

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Downtime at Dilettoso and Company. An erstwhile employee is out back fiddling with a small furnace he's rigged up to smelt an alloy of platinum and other semi-precious metals out of bags and bags of what looked like dirt. Depending on the day of the week, the story is that they're going to sell the platinum to finance other projects and/or use the smelting process to plate circuit boards.

Inside computer graphics flash across a video screen - wild colors, animation, a melange of images that Dilettoso and his programmers designed or that other artists created using Dilettoso's software.

Dilettoso is tooling at a keyboard of another sort, a synthesizer he's set up in the back studio of his building. Over and over he toys with a descending series of chords with an organlike tone, at once New Age and slightly sinister, as if he were the phantom of the laboratory. He and his girlfriend, Susan Gordon, and a third musician have formed a New Agey band they call UFaux, and they've just come off a gig in San Diego.

He's thinking about an upcoming Billy Idol tour he's

supposed to work on. Mostly, he's wasting time because he recently moved into the building from a studio down the street, and the telephone's not hooked up yet. Meanwhile, three big deals are threatening to erase themselves from the hard drive of his schedule. He's fiddling while circuit boards burn.

A producer from the TV show *Unsolved Mysteries* is trying to reach him for a long-in-the-works segment about the Swiss UFO case. Another producer is trying to telephone him about an interactive audio project involving Fleetwood Mac, and so are the Maryland investors lining up the cash to set up a computer graphics service bureau.

The bureau essentially will make it possible for people with ordinary personal computers to send still and moving images to each other over telephone lines - rapidly - through Dilettoso's supercomputer, "To get from my medium to your medium, or from my head to your medium," as he puts it.

Maybe this is the project that will make a rich man out of Dilettoso. The Maryland investors think it will; they see it developing into a system to provide video on demand - movies sent to your TV and your TV only over the telephone lines.

Dilettoso's not sure. "Why should I make it easier for a couch potato to watch TV without driving down to the video store?" he asks. He's walked away from projects before, most recently a video telephone that is allegedly better than AT&T's. He doesn't talk about it, but the investors have seen it and were blown away.

His technovision goes into fast forward, imagining a day in the near future when a news reporter at a remote location could record an event with a hand held video

camera, digitize it with a lap top computer, modem it through a cellular phone and beam it to a satellite with a hand held antenna to be picked up by his network. He has been negotiating with the investor of just such an antenna, he notes.

He envisions the day when all music will be recorded directly into a computer, and rather than imprinting it on tape or CD, it will be sent directly from the computer to the radio station or to a speaker in your home.

He's got other plans, too, nothing sinister, but he won't say what because we wouldn't understand.



Dilettoso (seated) in 1981 with drummer Graeme Edge of the Moody Blues: The gold and platinum records were won for *Long Distance Voyager*; Dilettoso designed and coordinated the electronics for the album tour.

## AN EXTRACT FROM "THE SILENT COUNTER-REVOLUTION."

By Roman Storch  
Tempe, Arizona

Sunday was beautiful weather over the Rokytnice town. Sunday, July 17, 1956 at 9:00 am in the morning. I walked and passed the garrison's back gate to the nearby forest to collect mushrooms. I took along with me a sack from the kitchen. The boys talked a lot about it, that there are plenty of them in the nearby forest.

The forest smelled of fresh resin; wild thyme and wild strawberries. I walked down the hill through the forest to the large meadow surrounded by high Pine trees and at the end rose a tall rock. Suddenly I had a strong feeling that I was being observed by someone. I checked the time and it was 9:35 am - long time nothing - then it is 3:50 pm in the afternoon and I am slicing mushrooms in my garrison unit room on the table by the window. Beautiful looking Boletuses. I am slicing them in strips and spreading them on newspapers. Charlie Paroubek came to me watching what I was doing. "You idiot, those are not just any Boletuses, those mushrooms are poisonous "Satans" mushrooms and if you don't believe me, try to bite one." Charlie said it very seriously. "Where were you Roman? I put aside a dinner for you?"

I bit into a slice of "Satan", and I felt on my tongue immediately the sharp bitter and sour touch. Typical for poisonous mushrooms. I tried to remember where I collected them, and for "God's sake" I couldn't remember how I came to the garrison; to my barracks and where I was for more than six hours. I talked to my spirit, that I was not drunk. I had normal coffee for breakfast. I know absolutely nothing, only that I had a beautiful feeling for nature, about the rustling of the trees, a cold and gorgeous odor of the summer forest. I tried so hard to remember that I had a headache, but only with zero results. Caput.

Almost thirty years passed and under hypnosis I received back my "lost" memory and returned to the long "lost time". Exactly, six hours and fifteen minutes. Some of us are not so fortunate. Long enough time to realize that everything was absolutely different.

At the end of the meadow, close to the rock, which raised up to the sky, stood a shining object of an unbelievable shape in all colors of the rainbow. Around the object moved a group of little beings in silver green like uniforms. I tried to run out, but I couldn't make any move. On the contrary; they waved their hands and they invited me inside the object. And I in "free will" walked into an absolutely (to my knowledge) unknown object, which was activated in all the colors of the rainbow. Gently there droned some aggregate. Never in my life had I seen even something similar. They set me in what looked like a medical chair, something like ambulant chair. They moved me to a half-lying down position. Then the little beings left this environment quickly, which was absolutely empty. I felt a lot of peace in that weak fizzing noise.

Suddenly before me appeared a tall, like a giant Being in the gray blue purple silver suit or uniform with a huge golden chain lacing around the neck with some big medal like material shining with two bluegreen like buttons or dots on it. His big grayblue eyes, like chrome steel "sucked" into me. I recognized what it meant; absolute psychical power for the first time in my life, far beyond my simple imaginations. His big eyes were concentrating on me, radiating the energy, and the power, as I had never experienced. His little mouth was closed without any motion, but "He talked" to me. I absolutely and perfectly understood him. I attempted to "return" my humble earthly "psychical power", I felt a mad powerlessness, as my teacher told me (Prof. K.), who was metaphysicist and also parapsychologist; a passionate follower of Steiner.

The Being (today known as EBEs or the Extraterrestrial Biological Entity) gave me a little smile as I frantically attempted to return the power and then he began to question me.

I was in my military walking-dress uniform with the clean "black facings" (their distinctions and rank, marks, are just the opposite of ours, top rank chiefs have a clear golden purple facing, very simple. That's why he possibly mistook me as a high ranking officer by his own logic, as I recollect the situation. They didn't "believe" me, when I told the truth, that I was a simple PTP (military camp for forced labor) soldier. When they couldn't break my simple truth I suddenly, for sure, received from them "higher credibility" and with all possibility it is, what then saved my life.

I looked around my environment and there stood other beings. They touched my legs, hands, and head. They put to my nose a light on a cord from the unknown material inside me. I had no pain.

The being continued to ask me the details from Adam and Hanicka (huge military bunkers). What I did in this fortress in the Eagle Mountains under the earth. In a very short time, they knew absolutely everything. I couldn't even talk; there wasn't any need. They read my thoughts like the "Bible". What do I know, about rockets" What I did in Stribro town (near to Germany's border)? This is what I experienced in those unusual six magnificent hours of missing time. It was S.C.R.E. which means by the evaluation of the MJ-12, the REAL EXPERIENCE. I received S.C. D.M. or the Distinctive mark. as such, I was hall-marked (or branded like Cattle) in the end of my life and therefore they could contact me when they wished, and all that without my permission and without my full knowledge. I wished to know if we would meet again. The being told me that I don't need to worry, if they would like to do that, then I shall meet with them. After all, when they "read" me from the "A" to the "Z", I received instructions, which I didn't know how to fulfill. In any case, I didn't feel myself to be under their "Command" like some ordinary "Spy". All that was done against my "free will" and without my personal permission and against my understandable knowledge". As a gift they somewhat cured my two big scars on my face; both of which I had from a teenager. With the instructions, that it could show up to me when I shall be older. Against the E.I.P.P. which means THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL IMMEASURABLE PSYCHICAL POWER there is absolutely none for the normal mortal beings, any defense.

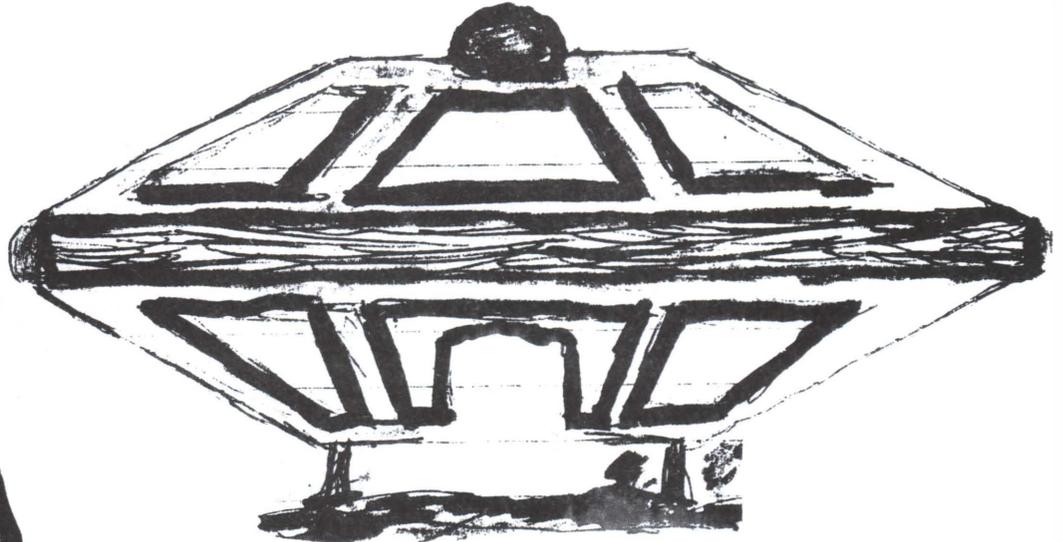
Exactly how I, without my own free will and knowledge, but still freely (but compulsory) I entered the object or I.F.O. so I left the same object in the company of the little silvergreen Beings. I was "returned" to my garrison. Today I only know, how lucky I was. How many soldiers and officers of all kind of the weapons in that time "deserted" to the West behind the "Iron Curtain" from the whole Eastern Block. I am certain, that the same happened from the West to the East. This is the undisputed mystery and secrecy of the Cold War.

So I sliced the poisonous "Satans" mushrooms and my best friend Charlie Paroubek called all boys around the house if they come to see, how many "Satans' mushrooms that "expert" from Prague collected. Next day afternoon, in the Order of the Day was written: "that Soldiers are strictly prohibited to collect any type of the mushrooms under the punishment of the Exempt Confinement".

The first account of the abduction, or of the contact, I described in my book "The Silent Counterrevolution" in the form of the recollection of these events on the daily basis of simple military life. It was a miracle that I was not observed by somebody from my garrison. The contraversion of diversity of that event make me always in a disbelief of what really happened and of what "happened".. it took me a lot of time (30) years of self meditation and repeated recollection to separate the truth of what happened to me in the action to separate this from other contacts later after the five years and so on. The circumstances are different, but what I can recollect in my "missing time" is for me personally a blessing. Otherwise the "blackened memory" drives people crazy. Unless there is an answer in the proper true way the focus is on the survival from this situation. As a military service man, if I told my encounter account to any officer in 1955, I would be interrogated by the military counter intelligence and with all the reality shipped to the Soviet Union and later killed. In socialist military vocabulary any contact with the "enemy of the people" made me instantly a spy or a traitor.

I can conclude, that what happened to me was based on the psychical power of E.B.E.s and with no possibility for my physical and spiritual coordination. My reactions was very primitive if none. I was out of "control" and out of my paralyzed memory for a long period of time. I was not physically ill. I was without therapy and without medical treatment and medication. I do not need any such "second hand touch" without the professional understanding, because there was not any treatment seriously recorded, described and defined. Therefore I recommended to the International Congress of UFO in Las Vegas, Nevada, U.S.A. in December 1991 to establish the "International Commission against defamation of contactees and abductees". As the guardian organization for protection of human rights, misuse by governments, organization, groups or persons. We must together support each other against vicious attacks of hatred groups. Our numbers growing rapidly globally in the recent decades. We cannot be punished for something we witnessed or observed or experienced, of what happened to us all without and against our free will. No state organization, or the governmental service has the right to forcibly question. No doctor, or whomever, official or pseudo-official has jurisdiction to apply the investigation against any person's will. While there is no law, established by the parliament, senate,

high court or constitutional amendment giving the power to the military, police, Secret Service to confiscate property in the time of peace or whatsoever, is concluded as a special proof of identity of interests. We are still citizens of the most free nation in the world (supposedly).



## THE CONTACTEES

We are not alone  
anymore, we astrosentients  
because we witnessed  
a fabulous shine.  
Memory as diamond clear  
in the deep solitude.  
Dreaming that all is just fine  
we overcome parade of black fear  
as a gift for our missing time.  
Black uniforms, black cars,  
black souls, black orders, black lies  
black choppers behind black skies.  
Black shadow, black secret, black mole,  
black arrogant, black torture, black tear,  
black presence, black hole.  
Black law, black judge,  
black assassin, black terror.  
All it is real, black cake  
and topping is black fudge  
and poisonous black widow touch.  
If only one word  
has power of the lightning  
let thundering from clouds  
with hundredfold echo:  
The truth is only eternal  
or DEUS VERITAS EST.



*Roman Storch, Tempe, AZ*

# Spirit vs. Technology

by

L. L. Wood

In the past few years, there has been an explosion of information in any given field. When we take a look at what we knew about medicine in 1950, it seems like light years away from what we are doing now. Any technological field you choose is the same way.

As late as 1960, the New York Times was setting type with hot molten metal. These archaic machines are now museum pieces. Today the entire printing field has been revolutionized by computers and "desktop publishing".

In the last 40 to 50 years, our comprehension and innovations have drastically changed the way in which we live. We are using microwaves for cooking, satellite dishes to receive images from space, magnetic resonance to peer into our bodies, and cellular telephones to make calls from our automobiles. All of these common everyday items would seem like science fiction if presented back in 1950.

In all of our advancement and technology, what have we learned about the soul? What advances have we made towards achieving higher levels of Spirituality? It would seem to anyone on the outside looking in that we were totally devoid of any spirituality. Usually the only time you hear anyone call out the Lord's name, or think about their mortality is when they are in trouble. Wouldn't it be marvelous to enroll your child (or yourself, for that matter) in a school that taught astral projection, or how to increase your capacity for love, meditation, and materialization?

If we, as a people, would demand the academia to offer study into things we don't understand, such as psychic energy, clairvoyance, telekinesis, and the like, we would have a quantum leap in evolution. There would be fewer wars, and crime would drastically be reduced.

I often wonder at the mentality

of television producers to put such violent, and negative programs on the air. I make it a personal boycott to switch off shows like this. It is even more objectional to see parents letting their young and impressionable children sit down for hours in front of the TV without supervision of which shows they watch.

Recently, in Washington D.C., one of the Senators stated that the violence in our society today was directly attributed to the violence seen on TV. People that are on the edge to begin with get their ideas for crime and sinister activity from the bilge that is spewed out over the airwaves.

The violence has pervaded the music industry as well. When the record companies put explicit language warnings on the cover, you had better heed the warning! Listen to the "music" your teenagers are listening to. If you can understand the words, you may be shocked at what they are saying. If you can't understand the words, have your kids tell you what it means to them. A whole new insight into your child's mind may open up to you.

The peer pressure our children have to withstand these days is enormous. They want to be accepted by the popular kids. Sometimes to do that, they must compromise their own values. Even if that means using dope, or joining a gang, or some other rite of passage the group may pressure them into.

With all of our technology, and wonderful gadgets, it seems like a bankrupt society that does not put more attention to the training of the Mind and Spirit. As long as we are waging war and generating hate amongst ourselves, we will never be able to elevate our souls from this plane.

I feel that the visitors we have here from other star systems are here to

show us that there are more highly advanced civilizations than ours. They can be a wealth of knowledge for us, if we will open our minds to new ideas, and dispel our thoughts of hatred and prejudice. We can learn from them how to enlighten our *society as a whole*. Perhaps this *is* why they are here.

Until we are able to expand our consciousness, and at the same time our capacity for Love, we will continue to live in darkness, and have clandestine visits in the night from beings light years ahead of us.

I would like to see all of the people that have had an experience with visitors from another world, or are continuing to have experiences, ask for guidance and tools that will help us to elevate not only our own vibrations, but those of others around us as well. I would like to see schools open where one can go to learn how to open the chakras of the heart and mind, to astrally project our essence to places beyond our material world, and to materialize harmony on this planet.

Science fiction you say? So were cellular phones in 1950.



*The richest person in the world,  
is the one who has  
Love in their heart.*

CHILDREN OF A KING

By Kaila Dene'se

There is a place in my mind  
I live while I am sleeping.

Children live in the African sun  
playing, jumping, leaping.

Beautiful, royal, rich, and black  
there energy is so contagious.

They are the children of a dream  
children of the Masters, children of the ages.

These are the children of the greatest Ring,  
The one who made and rules everything.

Then I awoke to see through the windows of the world  
The struggle lying in wait for little black boys  
and little black girls.

Their parents strive to do all they can  
realizing their boy must one day be a man.

As a single parent I must dig very deep  
to provide the balance between success and defeat

What of my dream, that I mentioned before  
Do I live in a magic realm and awake outside the door.

My dream is how I want to live and what I'll do with my time.

Transforming my dreams into reality  
constantly rules my mind.

The stars were put into the sky, the birds were made and they do fly,

All the water it still remains in the sea  
I too will live out my destiny.

The mountains stand high unto this very day  
I'll keep my dream alive, I too will find my way.

I see dimly now, just what I am to do.  
I see my part of the puzzle  
In your dreams there's a part for you.

No, I am not alone, I share this great Logic  
Other parts of the puzzle linked,  
have formed The Unity

Someway, Somehow, Sometime, Someplace I will live in my dream

For I believe, I am one of those children reciting poetry for a Great King.



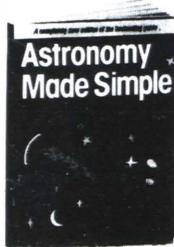
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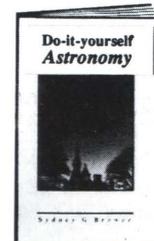
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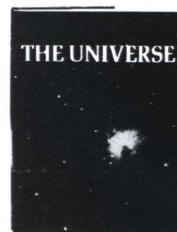
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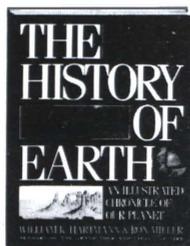
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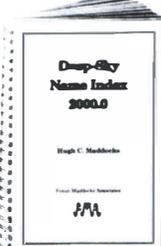
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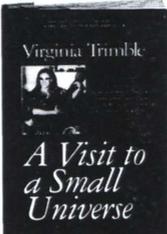
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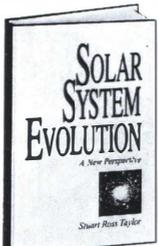
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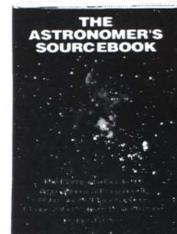
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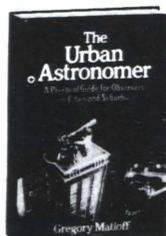
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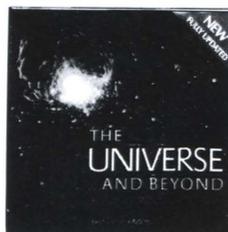
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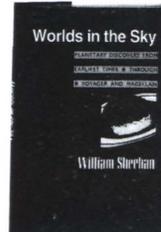
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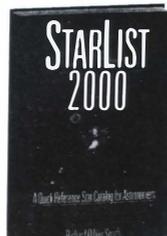
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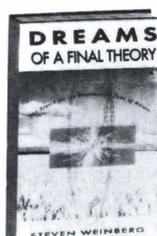
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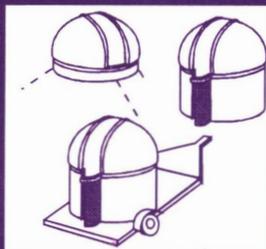
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