

\$2.95



THE MISSING LINK

Number 128

September-October 1993

Volume 13



ALTER FOREVER YOUR SENSE OF SPACE AND TIME

Flowing time and motion brings life to the sky and solar system.

Through the power of gravitational simulation, break your bounds to the present. Seasonal motions, retrograde epicycles, comet and planet apparitions, eclipses, occultations, conjunctions... ephemeral events, all a pleasure to watch in the natural flow of time.

Go *beyond* the calculable to find orbital precession, resonance, and chaos. See where asteroids and comets are at any time; study the satellite and ring systems. Learn how Jupiter keeps things stirred up. Find lost comets, and witness future orbit-changing encounters. And of course enjoy a beautiful, starry sky, from space or Earth, with constellations and deep sky objects.

Blending visual and technical accuracy, *Dance* is for everyone.

Accompanied by an acclaimed manual and tutorial tours of the sky and solar system, *Dance of the Planets* has become the standard wherever there is abiding interest in astronomy.

Rated Best Overall Package and Editors Choice, Astronomy Now (UK) review of thirteen astronomy software packages, August 1992

Finalist, Discover Magazine's 1992 Awards for Technological Innovation

Richard Berry, Astronomy Editor in Chief, August 1991... "most imaginative and imagination-inspiring software I have yet seen running on a PC..."

John Mosley, Sky & Telescope June 1992 review... "it remains an order of magnitude better than any other solar system simulator. It's a must have."

New

The Observer's Companion

An on-line calculating almanac to find past and future eclipses, conjunctions, occultations, risings, settings, meteor showers, lunar circumstances, and much more. A welcomed companion to the powerful *Dance* simulation capabilities.

Limited Time Offer

The Observer's Companion is being introduced at no extra cost when ordered with *Dance of the Planets* (a \$30 value).

New

Stars8.0 Extension

Enhance *Dance* with additional stars to 8th magnitude for a total of 45,000. Includes click-on-stars feature to bring up information boxes and enhanced star chart hardcopy. No other software has stars faster or as realistic as *Dance* with *Stars8.0 Extension*. A \$35 option when ordered with *Dance of the Planets*.

New

Windows-Ready

Dance of the Planets operates smoothly as a DOS application in Windows 3.0/3.1, and is configured for uncompromised performance. Just click on the handsome *Dance* icon.

ARC Support

Registered users—call or write for update privileges.



IBM compatible, 640 k,
EGA/VGA, HD, Math
coprocessor recommended.
\$195 + s&ch.
Literature, demo available.
1-303-667-1168
FAX: 1-303-667-1105

 **arc** SCIENCE
SIMULATIONS

DANCE OF THE PLANETS™

Order Today, Call 1-800-SKY-1642
P.O. Box 1955A • Loveland, CO 80539

Editor

Aileen Garoutte

Art & Layout

Lozanna Elwood

Publisher

Living Light Productions

Contributing Writers

*Tom Dongo
Lorne Goldfader
Jim Greenen
Helga Morrow
L.L.Wood*

The Missing Link (USPS 8417) is published bi-monthly for \$20 (USA/Canada): \$35 Foreign; per year by:

***Living Light Productions
3001 South 288th, Suite 304
Federal Way, WA 98003
USA***

Opinions and factual statements expressed herein are the responsibility of the writers and are not necessarily endorsed or verified by this magazine. Advertisements do not constitute endorsement by the magazine or its publishers.

Second class postage paid at Auburn, Washington.

ISSN 10633502

Subscriptions, articles and artwork, send to:

***Living Light Productions
3001 South 288th, Suite 304
Federal Way, WA 98003
USA***

Postmaster: send address changes to:

***The Missing Link,
3001 South 288th, #304,
Federal Way, WA 98003***

Table of Contents

Dear Aileen 4

Miracles Still Happen
by Aileen Garoutte 5

Upcoming Conventions 6

The City That PRAYS Together,
By John Bridgeman 8

Geoff Graff's Story
Part II 9

Algonquin Reservoir
UFO Experience 13

Taking Control of Alien Encounters
by Bonnie Collins 15

Evolution of the Hu-Man Soul
by L.L.Wood 22

Letter from America Continued
by Rick Hale 24

Astronomy News for
September and October 28



Dear Aileen:

Dear Aileen,

In your recent issue of *The Missing Link*, there was a letter concerning a red star. Back in January of 1993, I had a dream and in my hand was two red stars. I had no idea what it was relating to. I keep notes of all my dreams hoping that something will show up.

I hope there are more out there that can relate to this also. Thanks for all your help in past and future to come.

Joanne Van Hook

Dear Aileen,

Enclosed you will find my check for a years subscription to the *Missing Link*. My wife and I thoroughly love reading "*The Missing Link*". Keep up the good work you are doing with this fine publication ... Best Wishes to All,

Snuffy Smith

Dear Aileen,

I am Gianpiero Spicci, and I am one of the members of

the *Associazione Culturale Rama*, which is interested in UFOs.

We are writing to you to

exchange ideas, opinions, and possibly material related to the subject of UFOs.

Almost everywhere in the world UFOs are a subject too hot to handle, underestimated, or in many unfortunate cases, laughed at.

We want to extend our contact with UFO study groups and research centers, to learn more about UFOs, and exchange ideas.

We are trying to awaken the Italian population, who mostly refuse to accept that life may exist elsewhere, other than just on Earth. We are trying to do so through videos, magazines and any other reading materials you may have, or could recommend. We would like to purchase VHS videos, magazines, books, or any newspaper articles that you may have. Please include information necessary for ordering these from Italy.

We anxiously await your reply at the following address:

*Associazione
Culturale Rama
c/o GRAAL
Mr. Gianpiero Spicci
P.zza Statuto 15
10122 Torino, Italia*

(phone number is on file for those of you wishing to contact Mr. Spicci in person - ed.)

Dear Aileen,

I want to tell other abductees that they don't have to put up with being taken out of their beds at night. The thought of being abducted by aliens seems crazy, but being able to control the situation is too!

Bonnie Collins

Dear Aileen,

I would like to commend you and your staff for bringing to light the larger issue concerning this UFO phenomenon - our place in the "Galactic Neighborhood".

I personally have never had a close encounter with a space ship from another world, but I know they do exist. My life has been dedicated to spiritual awakening and understanding. I would like to meet with and question any visitors from other star systems to see if their views on mortality and evolution are similar to ours.

I would like to know more about our spirit's journey to other levels of existence, and what must be done to obtain the higher vibratory brain frequencies. You have done much to open minds. Please continue to bring us any information pertinent to this topic.

Angelina Giancarlo

Miracles Still Happen!

All of the subscribers received a letter stating that due to financial difficulties The Missing Link would no longer be published.

Well, the "Boys Upstairs" had something different in mind! They set wheels in motion that would enable us to keep bringing you The Missing Link. Here's the story...

Four days after I had sent the letter out to all of the subscribers, I was sitting at my desk typing away. For all intents and purposes The Missing Link was totally dismissed from my mind. When I type, other things fill my mind. A friend of mine kept flitting through my mind like a spiral; he came and went all day long.

When I had come home from work that evening, I was very tired. I knew that I was going to go out that evening to find singers to be on my television program, "Rising Stars of the Northwest". I decided I had better take a cat nap so that I could stay up as late as I needed to.

I had just laid down to take a nap and not even five minutes had passed, when the phone rang. It was my friend that I had been thinking about all day! My friend said that he had just gotten the letter stating the demise of The Missing Link. He was calling me to tell me that this situation had to be rectified.

He said that the "Space Command" had issued a strong suggestion that he was to help finance The Missing Link. I almost couldn't believe my ears!

I told him that it cost a lot to publish, and I couldn't expect him to pay for it all. He said that he feels honored that the "Boys" chose him to help and that it must have been meant to be.

I told him later that he had been in my thoughts all day long. After he heard that, we both knew that it was some external force influencing him to help out the magazine.

This person is very dear and has helped others in the past that really needed it. He never asks for anything in return, and wishes to remain anonymous. We will respect his wishes.

The facts that I have just related to you shows me that someone cares about us, and the work we are doing. They actually *do* help us when we need it, and least expect it.

Our benefactor did have one small request in return for his help - he wants me to set up a date for him with Semjase! His request must have been "heard" as soon as he thought of it, and if it's meant to be, he shall be the recipient of one Grand Adventure!

I know that all of our loyal readers are happy to hear that the Link has been reincarnated. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for your support, and patronage.

However, we are still asking for help in the way of donations. We need to raise \$2,000 for additional publishing costs. I know that seems like a lot of money, and it is. But this magazine is a vital link to the many isolated readers all across the country. It is the only one that isn't loaded with advertisements, and is written by persons with first hand experiences.

We are asking each of you to donate whatever amount you can to insure that The Missing Link will continue to be published.

I would like to mention a few people at this time that have tirelessly devoted many hours of their own time and plenty of financial help as well.

Laura Cyr, a bulk mail clerk in the town of Auburn, Washington, has been sorting the stuffed envelopes for bulk mailing for the past 3 years. (Believe me, if you saw the complicated forms and sorting requirements for 2nd Class permit holders, you would want this lady helping you too!).

Art Max, prepares the films and plates for the printer. This is where the pictures get turned into works of art. All of those lovely covers you've seen in the past 2 years are direct results of Mr. Max's expertise. The plate work Mr. Max donates each issue is over \$700 alone!

Lozanna Elwood does the

paste up, where all of the over-size artwork gets scaled down to size. She does typesetting for articles that are of such poor quality they can't be used. She lays out the pages, and decides which order to place the articles, so that the whole issue is cohesive. Any last minute editing, or extra little graphics that need to be added to spice up a page, or story, she always finds time to do.

It is these tireless, selfless donators that work behind the scenes that make the Link

possible. None of them get paid for the work they do. Somehow, they all find the time to give that extra little bit to see that The Link goes to each of you on time, and in a pleasing fashion. Thanks to each of you for all of your help, and friendship(s).

If each one of our loyal readers will take a few minutes out, and donate what you can, like those outlined above have done, we will be able to continue to bring you a unique and wonderful publication.

I look forward to hearing

from each and every one of you in the very near future. Show us that you care about the magazine as much as the people that have worked on it for so many years.

So, The Missing Link has been reincarnated and shall continue as long as we can. I know what has happened this past week is for all of our benefit, and I believe now more than ever that *miracles* still happen!

Aileen Garoutte
Editor

Upcoming Conventions

National UFO Conference (NUFOC)

October 16, and 17th

Bordentown, NJ

Held at The Days Inn, just off Exit 7 on the New Jersey Turnpike

11:00 - 2:00 PM Daily

Admission: \$40 Saturday

\$35 Sunday

Call (609) 888-1358 for more information

David Huggins, Friend of the UFOCCI will be one of the speakers

UFO Expo West

October 30, and 31st

San Francisco, California

San Mateo Unfey Hotel

Two Day Pass - \$35

One Day Pass - \$30

Workshop Tickets - \$25

Call (415) 905-8875 or (310) 454-6034 for more information

Gulf Breeze UFO Conference

October 22 - 24th

Pensacola Beach, Florida

Clarion Suites Resort and Convention Center

Reservations for Hotel, 1-800-874-5303

(Advise them you are attending the UFO Conference)

Registration Fee: \$55.00

Workshops: \$15.00

(Make Checks payable to Buddy Crumbley, and send to POB 730, Gulf Breeze, FL 32562)

3rd Annual International UFO Congress,

Film Festival and "EBE Awards"

November 28th thru December 5, 1993

Las Vegas, Nevada

\$249 per person, double occupancy before October 15th

\$379 per person, single occupancy before October 15th

Early Registration Includes:

7 Nights Deluxe Room at the "Las Vegas Showboat Hotel "

(Includes daily Breakfast Buffet)

Daily Admission to all Congress Speakers

(Approximately 24 speakers, sessions last 1 hour 45 minutes)

Nightly Admission to the UFO Film Festival

Admission to the "Meet your Speaker" Cocktail Party

(UFO magic show by Master Magician, Bob Borgia)

Admission to the "EBE Awards" , Keynote Speaker Dinner

(Music by "UFAUX": Jim Dilettoso, Susan Gordon, and Jerry Wills)

For Advanced Registration Information:

Call (510) 428-0202

The "International UFO Congress" is a non-profit corporation that researches, documents and disseminates UFO information worldwide.

The City That Prays Together

Sent in by
John Bridgeman

The most prolific graffiti artists ever to walk the earth - more prolific even than Keith Haring - are alive and living close at hand. Uncomfortably so.

You may find what follows hard to believe, but it's true: a band of religiously inspired vandals has succeeded in scratching the word "**PRAY**" at least once on the exterior of every single building in New York City. **Every single building.**

No matter where in the city one goes, from the South Bronx to the Coney Island Boardwalk, one is never more than a few yards from the nearest of these tiny commands.

See for yourself. Approach any New York building at random and examine the threshold. PRAY will usually be found scratched on a

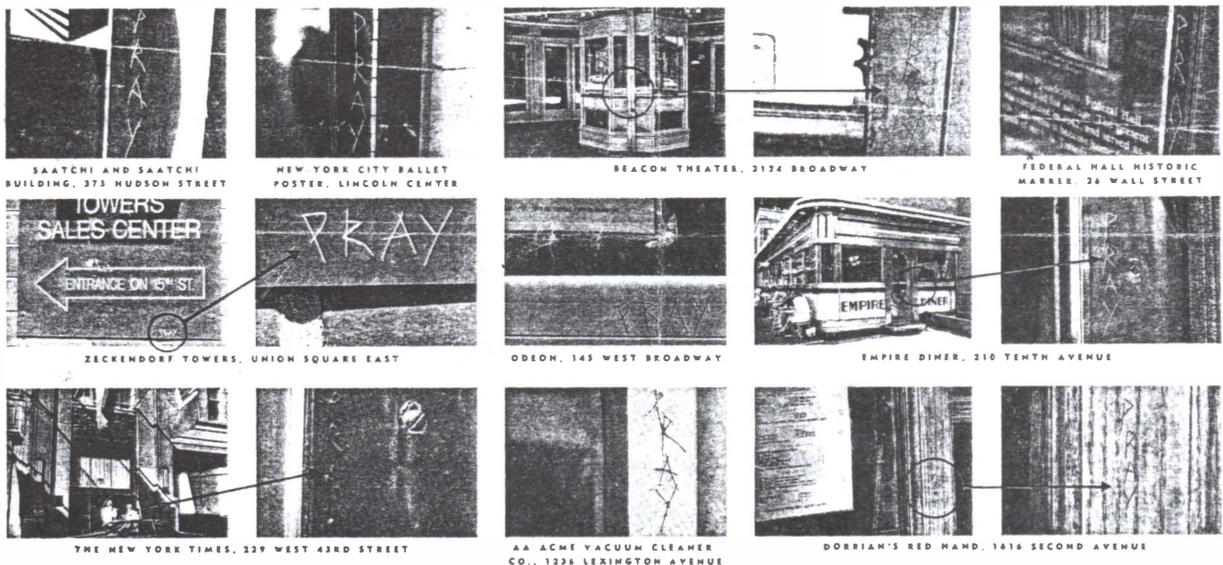
metal surface within an area from four to four and half feet above the pavement. Pay particular attention to doorjambs and the edges of the doors themselves. Storefront window casings are another common site, as are the vertical tracks along which storefront window gates slide shut. Usually PRAY appears vertically, one letter below the next. You'll have to look carefully, PRAY is almost always scratched very faintly and in tiny letters, often rendering it barely perceptible. (Once you've spotted a few, you may want to branch out and begin scrutinizing the city's 44,428 public pay phones, and 13,001 mailboxes, because scratched on virtually every one you will find PRAY or the phrases WORSHIP GOD, LOVE GOD, THANK GOD, TRUST GOD, or PRAISE GOD.)

New buildings, it seems, are christened promptly. Last year, 9 weeks after the construc-

tion barricades came down from around Zeckendorf Towers on Union Square, PRAY appeared more than 20 times on the buildings exterior.

The eeriest aspect of the PRAY pandemic is that nearly everyone is oblivious to it - indeed, this is apparently the point. After all, PRAY could easily have been rendered more visible, with Magic Marker, say, or fluorescent spray paint. So either PRAY makes the most successful subliminal advertising campaign ever waged, or else the people who scratch PRAY simply don't care whether anyone is paying attention.

Who are they? Why do they do it? City officials and religious leaders we contacted claimed to have no idea. The only thing one can say for certain about the PRAY people is that they have plenty of free time. And they are out there somewhere!



Geoff Graff's Story Part II

I remained with the church for about three years and I finally had to leave as I knew that there were things that I didn't agree with and I couldn't pretend that I was a good member of the flock any longer. I still didn't give any more thought to the UFOs.

Then about two years later I became interested in Buddhism because of an article in a Buddhist newspaper about the Bodhisattvas of the Earth. The article said that the Bodhisattvas were those who had a mission to travel from developing world to developing world to help in the unfolding of enlightenment of the mortals on these worlds. I'm sure that many of you have had some sort of a sense of mission or purpose for your life, but if you are like me, you just didn't, or maybe still don't know what it is. The article went on to say that if the reader felt some recognition with this then they may be a part of this team of Bodhisattvas. That was the first time that I had the feeling that I may have discovered what my purpose was.

During the early seventies I started on my spiritual quest and for a time trained to be a Christian missionary. I left that behind as I had a problem with the concept of this angry, and vengeful God. The idea of the Rapture bothered me as well; it's not that I was sure that it wouldn't happen but I felt that if it did that I would remain behind to help those who were afraid and confused. It didn't

seem to me that a God of Love would turn his back on his creation because they were confused and lost in this life.

It did seem to me that many would then become aware of the errors they had made and that they would need someone to help them. The problem was that I also felt that I was crazy for even thinking that I had a place in this because I was at least as screwed up as anyone else and how could God use a mess like me?

Actually, I figured that if there was such a thing as the Rapture that I would probably be left behind for being such a screw up. Never the less, I still had this sense of mission even though I tried my best to deny it. Reading about the Bodhisattvas really had a profound effect on me though, and even though I still had a deep belief in the teachings of Jesus, felt that I had to learn more.

For the next two years I immersed myself in the teachings of Buddha. I found that those who called themselves Buddhists were about as messed up as those that consider themselves "good Christians". I found that no matter what the name of the religion, they all though they had a monopoly on "The Truth". I began to see a common thread that runs through all the religious teachings and realized the error in making Gods out of the messengers. As I began to distance myself from the organiza-

tion I read a book by Budd Hopkins called "Intruders".

This was the first time in seven years that I read anything concerning UFOs. As I read about the fear that the people were experiencing from their encounters, I felt unexplainably angry by their reactions. I had always believed that if they were out there that they must have evolved past our level of madness and have reached a level of universal brotherhood. I know now that I was somewhat naive. Anyway, when I got to the photos of the scars, particularly the scoop marks, I remembered the scooped out scar on my leg. I lifted my pants leg up to compare marks and it looked like it could have been a photo of my leg. The reason that I got so excited over these pictures was because of the circumstances surrounding the discovery of my scar.

I first noticed the scar on my leg one day while sitting down and wondered where it came from? For some reason I couldn't seem to remember anything about it. From the size and location of this scar I knew that it must have hurt and was puzzled as to why I didn't remember getting it. I know where every scar on my body came from, but for some reason I had no idea about either how or when I got this. The more I thought about it, the more confused I became. I tried different memory association games, but nothing seemed

to help. In fact, the more I thought about it, the more anxiety seemed to well up inside of me. I was totally perplexed! It really was very strange. I knew that I had to be able to remember and racked my brain trying, but the more energy I put into it, the more frustrated I would become. I'm not exaggerating when I say that every day for about three months I couldn't stop thinking about the scar and why I was unable to remember anything about it. As time went on, I realized that I would just have to give up and tried to accept the fact that I couldn't remember. I told myself that one day it would come back and over time I gradually forgot about it. Once in a while I would see it and wonder, but it seemed to lose its importance.

Seeing the pictures in Hopkins' book was the catalyst that put me back onto the UFO road again. From that time on I became almost obsessed. I had to learn all that I could. I spent almost all of my free time either reading whatever I could get my hands on, or talking to anybody who was also interested. About the same time as this was going on, John Lear began speaking at the local library about his UFO research. It seemed like everyone was coming out of the closet with their stories of sightings and abductions.

It was really an exciting time, as I was meeting so many others who had experiences and I didn't feel so alone anymore.

Then I had my second encounter with another person

just appearing before me. This time it was even weirder than the first time. It happened when I was in the shower! That's right, in the shower. I had just finished washing my hair and tossed my head back to get the water out of my face and when I opened my eyes, there was a head floating in front of me. I almost passed out! I rubbed my eyes, looked again, and it was still there.

I remembered the first time something like this happened and started thinking that every time I would get into UFOs, I'd start seeing things. I was really beginning to panic because it wouldn't disappear, and I really wanted it to.

Then he said, "Don't make me leave. I won't be able to come back." All I could think of though was "PLEASE GO", and he did. In the same fashion as my first visitor, the face slowly faded away.

That's it, I thought, here I am involved with this UFO business again and this happens to me *again*. I knew that I had to get out of it and told myself that this was the last time I would dabble in anything that even hinted at being a little weird. Guess what? It was too late. There was no way I could pretend that it hadn't happened.

I had been invited to a small, private lecture that Ed Slade was giving and even though I was freaked out and told myself that I wasn't going, I just **had** to. Ed talked about Billy Meiers, Bashar, and a few other cases that he had investigated. During the break he passed

around his photo album which contained a picture of Asket, one of the female UFO-nauts that Meiers had contact with. On the same page, right below the picture of Asket, there was a drawing of a man. I just kind of glanced at the drawing, as it wasn't as exciting as a real photograph but I did take a real fast double take because this drawing looked exactly like the guy who was in my living room seven years earlier. I started wondering if it was just my imagination; after all, when it happened I said that it could have been Jesus. As I kept looking at this drawing, it became clear that this was the same person that I had seen earlier. I sat back for a moment, took a couple of deep breaths and asked myself if this could actually be for real. As if in answer, a voice inside my head said to me, "Yes, this is real". At that point, I kind of melted in my chair, my mind literally spinning and said to myself, "My God, this *is* for real!"

From that day on, things began to return to me. I knew that in some way I was connected to these Beings and their ships. I started having lucid dreams. Since that day in early 1988 I have seen well over two dozen craft. I say 'well over' because I stopped counting at 15 and some of these sightings were of multiple craft. Most of them were night time sightings, and I wondered why I had never seen a ship during daylight.

It was shortly after that I had a daytime sighting right in front of my house. My two daughters and I were going to

visit a friend. While we were walking to my car I noticed a jet taking off from Nellis AFB. At the time, we only lived three miles away. Something made me look at the airplane. I had seen an AWAC a couple of days before and it has always amazed me how something like that could fly, so I checked out this plane that was taking off to see if it was another AWAC. It was plain to see that it wasn't, but something said to look again. I did, but it still wasn't, it was a KC135 (*aerial tanker*). Again, I was compelled to look again. As I did, I noticed something glimmering just a little behind and below the plane. As I was watching this shining object which seemed to be fluttering back and forth in a rocking motion, I asked myself what could have fallen out of the airplane? Even if something had of fallen out of the plane, it would drop like a stone rather than gently rock back and forth in what has become to be known as a "falling leaf motion".

"What are you looking at, Dad?", my daughter asked me.

"I'm not sure", I told her.

She then asked me if it was a UFO? I told her that I didn't think so, because it was so close to the base. As we were discussing the possibilities of this being a UFO, it stopped getting lower and hovered in one spot for about 30 seconds, then it rose straight up, went straight down, straight up again, and again straight down. It then moved at a 45 degree angle up and hovered there when something caught my eye on the right. When I turned my attention to that direction, three more

discs came out of a cloud. They were in an inverted triangle formation and these three, along with the first one, all went straight down, stopped, and rose straight up. Then two of the discs flew off right over the airbase.

My daughter went, "Whoa!", and when I looked at her, she was looking right over our heads. When I looked up, there was nothing there, but she said that it flew right over us and went over Sunrise Mountain.

Exactly one week later, the whole family was getting ready to leave the house when my girls started yelling for us to come outside quickly to see a UFO. I didn't take them serious, but they kept on yelling for us to come quick. I still thought they were joking, and told them to be quiet, as I didn't want the neighbors to think that my whole family was as crazy as they thought I was. When my wife and I got outside we saw a very large cylindrical craft moving directly over our condo. This thing must have passed right over Nellis AFB and then continued its course directly over town. This was my second daylight sighting.

Since that time I have had just as many daytime sightings as nighttime.

I also felt as though I was receiving telepathic messages again. This time though I paid close attention to what was being said. I never did receive any long or really detailed messages like some others I have heard of. They were actually fairly concise. I did take them to heart. The gist of these messages was that the time was

here to prepare and to form a conscious network of groups of Light Workers.

A small group of contactees had gotten together here when John Lear was presenting his series of lectures. We all felt as though we were drawn together for a purpose. None of us knew at the time just what we were to do but we were open to exploring different ideas and usually started our meetings with a prayer for guidance. We would then have a group discussion, and end with a meditation. Since we all considered ourselves seekers, we named our group SOUL, for Seekers of Universal Light.

As time passed we found that we had fewer and fewer new things to share. As a result, we had fewer meetings. Now we get together about once a month.

One day I received a phone call from a girl that was visiting Las Vegas from Bora Bora. She had gotten my number from a friend of mine who moved back to the islands. It turned out that she was living with a group of contactees in a cooperative community on Bora Bora. They had originally formed their group 20 years ago in France with the intent of forming a model community dedicated to spiritual growth. As a result of this, they began having not only extraterrestrial but also intra and ultra dimensional contacts. These contacts continue to this day. Francois and I felt, and formed, an immediate bond.

I introduced Francois to

our group and we shared and compared notes. She told us that the group in Bora Bora was growing and that they were also told to form a network of Light Centers around the world. The name of their organization is Galacteus. My meeting with Francois was the confirmation that I needed in that it served to awaken me to my forgotten mission.

Since that time, I have shared the idea of building a light Center with everyone I know that is into spiritual development, UFOs or both. A lot of people have expressed interest and two even said that they knew of land that would or could be made available to us for this purpose. The major stumbling block has been the funding. Not only would we need a substantial sum for the initial building, but there was also the additional problem of how to become a self sustaining, self sufficient community. I certainly didn't have the money. It has been a major task just keeping the roof over my families heads since I was injured on the job. I have felt a sense of urgency but have been at an impasse for two years now.

One day while I was talking to Aileen, the Director of the UFOCCI, I told her of this vision and she got excited about the idea. She came up with the same obstacles, like how to support this community once we were there. Aileen offered to donate her land in Colorado for the center but the funding was still missing.

As most of you are

aware, one of the primary messages from our space friends is to AWAKEN. This means to awaken to the reality of who we really are and take responsibility for our thoughts and actions. We are, each and every one of us, individual expressions of the ONE. There is really only One and that is the I AM., As individual fragments of the I AM, we are co-creators with the I AM and each other. We need to awaken to the reality that as co-creators it is within our power to create an alternative to this system of madness that prevails upon our planet. Many of us have come here for this purpose. Because of the overwhelming amount of confusion among men, in their thought as well as actions, there is a field of static in the mass consciousness or the collective unconscious, which prevents mankind from receiving direct communication from the higher vibratory planes. The signals have always, and are still, being sent. Because of the static interference only those who specifically practiced a discipline such as meditation were able to pick up these transmissions.

There have been a few through the ages that focused transmissions have been directed to for specific purposes but most of mankind have been unable to receive these vibrations. Because more and more of us are awakening to these unseen realms we are decreasing the amount of interference in the mass consciousness by adding another degree of clarity for each one of us who becomes awakened. This oper-

ates on the same principle as demonstrated in the Hundredth Monkey Theory.

In the early fifties, on a group of islands off the coast of Japan, there was a research project taking place with the monkeys that lived on these islands. It was actually in 1952 that a group of scientists began their study. These scientists would drop off supplies of sweet potatoes for the monkeys. On one of the islands named Koshima, an 18 month old female named Imo, discovered that by washing the sweet potatoes in a stream which was nearby that she could remove most of the sand which would stick to the potatoes. She then taught the new trick to her mother and soon almost all of the young monkeys knew how to do this. By 1958 virtually all of the monkeys on Koshima had learned to wash their potatoes. Something strange happened. On the other islands that the researchers were monitoring, the other monkeys began to wash their potatoes as well. This demonstrated the existence of what Ruppert Sheldrake termed the "Morphogenic Field".

This indicates that up to a given number, as they become increasingly more aware, add to this field. At an unknown point, just one more, upon their awakening will be the one that raises the strength of this new level of awareness to a critical mass. Then an explosion of new knowledge spreads simultaneously like wildfire throughout the planet. One of us is that 100th monkey.

Algonquin

On the evening of July 17, 1991, I had another UFO dream. I've had these dreams many times in my life, but this dream was unique in that it left me with words that are important - they mean something.

In the dream I was nine years old and running down Reservoir Avenue with my best friend, Ann Marie. Ahead of us was a small cluster of trees and hovering above the trees was a bell shaped UFO. The craft glowed a pinkish tint that turned to white then pink again. I pointed to the craft, asking Ann Marie if she could see the beings looking at us through the windows on the craft. Excited and curious, I ran toward the craft. I felt beckoned to the UFO and as I ran faster, the word "Algonquin" came into my vision. "Algonquin" ... I knew it was important and that it meant something.

The next scene, Ann Marie and I were running back to tell the folks what we saw. As we ran, every

thing turned to slow motion. Ann, in slow motion, cried out, "I'm afraid!".

I answered her, "Don't be afraid, it's just the aliens. Don't be afraid".

The last scene, I was in a room. There were no corners in the room. Ann Marie was not with me and I wondered where she could be?

I stood next to a table which measured approximately five by seven feet. Hanging

around the rim of the table were gadgets. I couldn't figure out what they were. There was a slight chill to the room. About two feet from the table were three humans. Two women were sitting, and a man standing next to them. I said 'Hello' to them, but they stared straight ahead, dazed.

Across the table from me stood a small being. I knew it was a male. Don't ask me how I know that, I just sensed it. He stood about my height, about four feet tall, had a small frame, and a hairless large head. He was a pasty gray color. He had large, protruding, wrap around eyes. They wrapped around to the temple area of his head. Even now when I think about that dream, I quiver when I think about his eyes.

"Take off your clothes, and get on the table", the little being telepathically told me.

"No", I said.

"Take off your clothes and get on the table", he repeated.

Again I replied, "No". I looked to the humans for help, but they sat there still in a stupor unable to respond.

The alien's eyes caught me in the midnight blackness of his enormous eyes. I stared into his eyes not of my own volition, mesmerized by his gaze.

"Take off your clothes and get on the table. The doctor is very nice", he thought. I was trapped by the liquid blackness of those eyes.

The last thing I remember of this dream is taking my

tee shirt off.

I awoke from the dream crying, a cold sweat covering me. My husband heard me and asked what was wrong. I panicked, telling him I had another UFO dream. I covered myself with the sheets up to my neck, determined to stay covered, but not knowing why.

"Reservoir... Algonquin... they mean something", I cried.

"What do they mean? Are you alright?", my husband asked me.

"Reservoir... Algonquin... those words mean something. I sobbed and shook and kept myself covered with the sheet.

It took awhile for my husband to calm me down. He's very familiar with my UFO dreams. Though he doesn't remember having UFO dreams himself, he has seen strange lights over our house while walking our dog at night. Sometimes, at the same time, we both wake up at night positively certain that there was a presence in our home.

Eventually I went on with the plans we made to vacation in Florida. The words Algonquin and Reservoir were imprinted on my brain as I continued to pack for the Florida trip.

I'm an artist and besides painting in oils and sculpturing, I design and decorate doll houses. I'm a miniaturist at heart. So, naturally, after arriving in our hotel, I scanned the yellow pages for mini shops. I found one.

My husband and I found the plaza without getting lost. Business was brisk and while I browsed about the first display, I heard someone call out, "I know you!". I turned to see the owner of the shop pointing her finger at me.

"I know you!", she called out again as I walked toward her.

"I know you! Now where do I know you from?", she questioned.

We spoke for more than an hour about our lives and concluded that our paths had never crossed.

I left the shop shaken and pale.

"What's wrong?", my husband asked me.

"Remember that UFO dream I had two weeks ago? She was one of the ladies in the dream!".

Three months later, my local supermarket was having a sale on canned goods. Friday evening my husband and I were shouldering our way through the crowd when a woman spoke out.

"Hey! I know you!", she called, pointing her finger at me.

"Oh no, not again!" I looked at the ceiling and silently asked God why this was happening to me.

"I know you", she continued. "We met at a gathering, and we were sitting at a table.

Now where was that? Do you remember?".

I wanted to scream out at her that we met in a UFO 'dream', and the table was an examining table! I wanted to ask her what they did with my friend, but I didn't. In the dream I was nine years old, but these people were still adults. I feared telling her the truth. I didn't want to be the subject of ridicule, or worse yet, be labeled a "kook".

We spoke for twenty or thirty minutes. Our had paths never crossed either.

Turning the next aisle in the market, I left my cart of groceries and fled out of the market, my husband following closely behind me.

Shaky and sweaty, I sat in the car.

"Hon, are you OK?", my husband asked me.

"That lady! She's the other lady in my UFO dream!", I blurted out, the words sticking in my throat as I wrestled with the reality of our meeting.

"I think I'm going crazy!", I cried.

"No you're not crazy! There has to be some explanation for this! We're going to find it!"

"I'm so glad you're with me", I sniffed and sobbed. "When they come to put me in the looney bin, you'll be my witness that this really happened!".

Two months later a fellow

artist friend wanted to introduce me to a friend of his. Three times we made an appointment to meet, but events happened and we had to cancel our plans.

One rainy Sunday afternoon, my artist friend called to say his friend was in town and asked if I wanted to meet him. Thinking our spontaneous visit would turn into a happy exchange of paints and clays and ideas, I never answered the door as I saw him walking towards my studio. He was the man in my UFO dream.

The following day I explained to my friend that I was called away unexpectedly. That seemed to satisfy him. His friend never returned to my home state and I never ask about him.

It's been two years since I had that UFO dream, and the dreams continue. None of them have been as intense as this one.

Even now, no matter where I am, if there's any reading material within my reach, I always look in the index.

Reservoir ...

Algonquin ... these words are important. They mean something.

(If anyone has an idea what these words refer to, please send them to The Missing Link and we will print them in the next issue -- Ed.)

Taking Control of Alien Encounters

By Bonnie Collins

There are many people that have been visited by "Alien" beings. Some of these visits have not been pleasant. I am talking about the abductions, sperm and ovum extractions, total paralysis, genetic experimentation and general disrespect for human values.

I know, because it has happened to me. For years I have put up with the abuse, believing that I had no choice in the matter. Somehow I felt that I was doing these beings a favor; they must really need those eggs badly for some reason. They smile at me, sure, because they got what they wanted! I started thinking good and hard about all this (finally). What right do they have to do these things to me? Or anyone for that matter. If some human being had done this, they would be spending quite a while "behind bars". No kidding!

I have begun to see a distinction between some of the "visitors". Some of them come and do nothing but take from me. Others come and talk with me. We smile together and they give me spiritual guidance.

They have never harmed me in any way. I am their friend and I feel that I love them.

I have come to the conclusion that these are obviously not the same two groups. I am going to name the groups - "Good", and "Bad". The good beings are those who smile, laugh and actually know a few good jokes. The bad beings are those who are only interested in their own gain and smile to deceive.

The whole point of my speaking out is to tell those people that have experienced the negative alien visits that there ARE peaceful, loving entities out there that are also coming to help and guide us now.

Also, that **THERE IS A WAY TO AVOID THEIR ABUSE!** These beings use our fears against us. We become frightened and vulnerable, and this allows them to take complete control.

This can be changed by refusing to be taken advantage of. We need to learn how to raise our own vibrational frequencies. Be happy, positive, love life, be strong and work on fac-

ing your fears. The higher level, "Good" beings teach that fear is our worst enemy. Do not be afraid to stand up to the "Bad" beings. Be strong; say "NO!" to them with strength and conviction. Let them know that you are in control over what happens to your own body, not them. We are each capable of deciding what is going to happen in our lives. Believe in yourself. These beings are no better than you or I. You *can* say "No". I am realizing that I can take control, and I am doing just that.

All you need to do is to believe in yourself. Talk out loud to those negative forces; YELL! Let yourself be heard. Fill the air with those vibrations. Tell them that they no longer have permission to see you. You are filled with Love, and Light, and NO ONE can touch you, without your consent. You WILL be heard. Try it.

The good visitors may give love and advice every now and then, but they will never disrupt your daily life or hurt you in any way. Love yourself; you deserve it.

(This aspect of Bonnie's ordeal is similar to the dream in "Algonquin Reservoir" story appearing in this issue on page 13, when she "disobeyed" the alien trying to get her to take off her clothes and get on the table.. In the dream she said "No". Isn't it interesting that more people are learning that they do have the power to attract the right kind of entities by thought waves, and also learning that they have power to stop whatever influence is against their very nature. - Ed.)

Mostly they are called aliens, these mysterious extraterrestrials that many people claim to have encountered, but A.R.E. member Bonnie Collins prefers to think of them as star people. She reports having had 165 dream encounters with star people, whom she considers friends. She's not alone. When she published a request in our Sharing column in 1989 to correspond with anyone who had such experiences, she received many responses. Harvard psychiatrist John E. Mack, who wrote about working with individuals who report alien abduction experiences (March/April), says that Ms. Collins' experience is typical of this phenomenon. While she believes the star people seek to be helpful, John White (see page 39) believes that a great struggle is going on for control of the planet by "gray abductor aliens." Below, columnist Lin Cochran, who interviewed Ms. Collins, offers her impressions of this young woman.

STAR PEOPLE

There is a Madonna-like quality about Bonnie. She is hauntingly beautiful in a mysterious sort of way. It's not that she has perfect features, although very attractive; it's more of an inner thing, but one which surpasses the usual peaceful glow. The more I looked at Bonnie, the deeper I saw her, the more I liked her and believed her. There is a simplicity and humility about her that makes it impossible to imagine her in any other setting.

The trailer home she and her family lived in during my visit was clean, neat as a pin, and full of learning toys for her children. My impression is that she takes care of her family well. She lives in the same town, Chincoteague, Virginia, in which she grew up and went to high school. She plays guitar and likes to draw.

As for her alien experiences, she doesn't know of anyone else in her town – but has a number of pen pals – who have had similar encounters. Bonnie has no sense of being con-



Bonnie Collins

tacted other than while sleeping, or in twilight sleep. But she says they are always there listening.

There isn't a bit of ego in her about any of this, even when she says she was chosen by the aliens. She somehow walks that line of knowing herself to be special, without claiming to be more special than anyone else.

She definitely seems to be in possession of her own will, and in no way feels victimized; but she did resent it when they did something to make her forget. And there are the scars that she wants explained. She wants to cooperate, however, because she feels she is part of some-

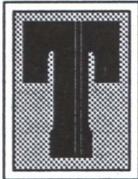
thing bigger, but she insists that they don't trick her or use her against her will.

While I went to interview her with all my skepticism intact, I came away willing to learn more about this phenomenon. She, and people like her, seem very relevant and certainly as believable as those of us who believe we communicate on some level with Spirit. She says only that she wants to help people who are having such experiences to be unafraid.

Lin Cochran

STAR PEOPLE

By Bonnie Collins
as told to Lin Cochran



here are those who believe that what we perceive as our physical reality is but a dream. How can we argue? Therefore, I offer my story with neither apology nor attempt to explain it, for I myself do not know why I am on this particular path of spiritual development. Yet, that's what it is. My star friends show me myself!

They come to me in dreams, which I've recorded: 15 times in 1988, 53 times in 1989, 54 times in 1990, 33 times in 1991, and 4 recorded dreams in 1992. Unfortunately, I did not keep a dream book in 1992. The visitations were very slow and my daily life was very busy. The 4 recorded dreams were memorable and I happened to write them down.

The star people take many forms: male, female, neutral, short, tall, intelligent, ignorant, fat, thin, human-like and non-human like. Their spacecrafts are circular, triangular, rectangular, octagonal, or "crab"-shaped, with lights of all colors. Some crafts have more unusual formations: tentacles, like jellyfish, hanging from them, small white lights that form together making pyramid shapes, crafts that seem to be large cameras, eyes that come out to look and even a "battleship." They have ranged from being small enough to fit into my hand to large enough to fill the sky. Animal imagery has often accompanied the visitations: large cats, rabbits, raccoons, bees, goats, geese, and, of course, the owl imagery often associated with alien visitation, as reported by others. In fact, I have been "forewarned" many times before going to bed by hooting owls outside. The visits always happen afterwards.

In fact, much of my story is similar to others: I experience the strange lights, sounds, and sensations that author Whitley Streiber has described in *Communion* and *Transformation*. I, too, bear physical evidence that experiments have been done on my body. I have awakened with triangular scars and rashes which have disappeared in a couple of days. Four scars remain: one behind my knee and three on my right hand; one is triangular in shape.

There is, however, one difference between my experiences and most other accounts: I usually remain in control of my own will during contact. My contacts have been with both good and bad aliens. There are star people who are not concerned with our betterment. I don't know what they are up to. I see mostly good ones, however. I really can't recall seeing gray ones. (John White warns about gray abductor aliens on page 39.) I know for sure that the white and yellowish star



This drawing by Bonnie Collins illustrates a dream in which a friendly alien appeared from one of three glowing triangular-shaped space ships.

people are good. They make me smile just thinking of them. As for the bad ones, the only thing I can suggest is for people to fill themselves with white light and ask God for protection.

On occasion, I am not in control, but I am always treated with respect throughout it all. I think of them as my friends, though I haven't always accepted their antics. In July 1988, I recorded a dream where little star people were bothering me. So I grabbed their ship, which fit right into my hands, and tried to crush it. Then I tried to make them hot by putting them under a light. I began to feel sorry for them, so I straightened them out and sent them away.

Another time, in 1990, I awakened aware of absolutely no

memory of dreaming anything at all, which is most unusual for me. I then remembered that I had been awake earlier that morning and had heard owls. Peering outside my window, a large owl stared back at me with big, bright slanted eyes, and he was shaped somewhat like a cat. I must have gone back to sleep. Later, as I thought about the owl, I realized that he must be a screen memory, something my mind had made up to cover up what had actually taken place, though I couldn't recall what that was. Suddenly I became angry and upset and spoke aloud to the star people, just hoping they would hear me. I told them they no longer had my permission to do any "tests" or experiments with me, that if they were going to visit secretly, not to visit at all.

M

uch of my story is similar to others: I experience the strange lights, sensations, sounds, and physical evidence that author Whitley Streiber has described in *Communion and Transformation*.

The next night's dream was of a UFO flying by very slowly (deliberately, so I would see it) with two star people inside. I was sitting in my living room, which filled with a soft, orange glow. The two star people, who were tall and slender males with normal size heads, came in and apologized for the previous night. They said they had not known I was uncomfortable. After apologizing, they left. I felt comforted to know they considered and honored my feelings about their presence.

Though I consciously became aware of their presence in 1988, I now know that they have been with me much of my life. I recall visits in my younger years. When I was four years old, I was startled and sat up in my bed one night. All was dark except for two "stick people" with very large heads. They were holding hands as they walked up to the edge of my bed. I screamed, and that is all I can remember. I am now 24 and from what I can remember, I've had about 165 visitations from a variety of star people. It seems to be internal, all in my mind, so to speak; but then, what isn't?

As for discovering their purpose for being here, my experience is somewhat different from other reports I've heard, but more people are coming out with positive experiences. As far as I can tell, there is a global purpose as well as individual purpose for their being here. On a worldwide scale, the star people seem to be trying to help us prepare for the pole shift, which I've been told, may occur in 1998. My dreams tell me that the world as we know it will come to an end. I have felt both elation over the new world and sadness for the death of the old one. And while it is true that they seem

to have an interest in human reproduction — they have, I believe, "taken" eggs from me for study and for possible fertilization — the experimentation almost seems to be in exchange for spiritual guidance. Rather than a sense of being used, I feel strongly they're trying to help me develop spiritually.

One example of their assistance is an incident where for no apparent reason I was acting like a big bully all day. I was feeling badly about my behavior, but not enough to apologize before going to bed that night. In my dream, two star people grabbed me and pulled me into my own bathroom. They made me look at myself in the mirror. My eyes were becoming very large and slanted. They were bloodshot and watery, and it was as though my face were melting. I was terrified (to say the least). I was screaming, "that's not me! that's not me!" The more I said it, the uglier I got. I could feel hatred pouring out of me and into that mirror. I was grotesque. I felt anger leaving my body. It was a horrible, terrifying experience. The star friends were sympathetic, but insisted that I look at my image in the mirror as they were trying to teach me a lesson about my behavior. The next day, I felt like an angel. (And I knew I'd better keep it that way!) Some experts in these matters would say these star people were aspects of myself "mirroring" a mean-spiritedness. And I wouldn't disagree. But as I offer no explanation for these occurrences, I leave it to others to judge. However, my spirit-friends tell me that the star people are real and that I have nothing to fear from their assistance, as I always distinguish between good star people and bad.

Much of what happens with the star people happens at a level outside the realm of comprehension, so that it is impossible to recreate specifics; however, I have recorded dreams where I was being chased by aliens disguised as humans who were trying to kill me. The star people have also appeared to me in forms that might seem pleasing to me. On one occasion a lady walked up to me and I knew that she wasn't in her true form. I asked her to "change" and she said that if she did, I might not like her. I asked her to change again and she did. She became much shorter. I picked her up and we went towards a ship.

In several dreams, a giant eyeball with legs has appeared out of nowhere and chased me. Again, this sounds metaphorical to seeing myself, but I understand from reports that others have also experienced the "eyeball." If the purpose is to see, it certainly is working for I'm seeing what needs to be changed in myself, and it has enhanced my relationship with my self, my family, and with the loving force called God.

I grew up going to church, but as a teenager began to question some of its teachings and prayed to God, "If you're up there, show me." I believe all of this has happened as a result of that prayer. God speaks to each of us in language we can understand. There is nothing in my background that I can consciously identify as influencing my willingness to believe the star people when they told me I was chosen before birth to know, for instance, the date of the pole shift. Nor do I understand why I don't question their sincerity when they indicate that they have known me and guided me throughout many lifetimes.

• Cayce on Space Travel •

The term UFO or flying saucer had not been coined before Edgar Cayce's death in 1945, for it was not until the late 1940s that the first reports of UFO sightings were made. Hence, no questions on this topic appear in the Cayce readings.

Nonetheless, several readings refer to space travel, often in connection with Atlantis, notes Doug Richards, co-author of *Mysteries of Atlantis Revisited* and former research director for Atlantic University. For example, a man in 1938 was told in reading 1681-1 that he had been in Atlantis, working as "the keeper of the portals as well as the messages that were received from the visitation of those from the outer spheres." He later directed an expedition of Atlanteans, "leaving for the many varied lands just before the breaking up of the Atlantean land" — expeditions "to the Pyrenees and to the Yucatan and to the land of Og."

A woman was told in reading 1616-1 that she had been a Mayan priestess living in the Yucatan region of Mexico when there were "those that were visiting from other worlds or planets. The entity journeyed with those from her own abode."

Edgar Cayce's secretary, Gladys Davis, years later inserted a note at this point: "Space ships, flying saucers?"

A man in 1939 was told in reading 1859-1 that he had been an Atlantean who had lived in the Yucatan, the Pyrenees, and Egypt, and that "the manners of transportation, the manners of communications through the airships of that period were such as Ezekiel described of a much later date." Ezekiel (1:4) says: "a great whirlwind

came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire."

In 1927 a man who asked for an interpretation of a dream, about what sounded like a rocketship, was told in reading 39-3 that it symbolized "the impelling force that drives the body and the mind through those spaces necessary to make the individual one in all of its applications in the various fields of endeavor." In applying this, the reading added, the entity would learn what is necessary "to bring about the changes in mechanical appliance of that force known as the earth-side force as has been applied in eons ago to those crafts that soared through the ether."

In 1933 a member of the first Search for God study group asked Mr. Cayce: "One night some weeks ago I saw floating above my head in space an exceedingly bright sphere or planet. It seemed to be moving within itself as well as through space. Please interpret this to me."

The reading, 262-40, suggested that it was a sign of growing awareness of "the very lessons, the very truths that are being given out, that are to be made manifest in the experiences of selves and in the lives and experiences of others."

"So, in the vision seen, it is the world without and the world within — their movements as one coordinating with the other, the brightness of the orb itself as reflecting that which is the movement within self, that makes for the shedding abroad of the light, the understanding, the enlightenment that is obtained from within."

My spiritual life has grown and the star people have taught me that every living soul is a part of God, all religions and all backgrounds, we are all brothers and sisters and we should love each other and live in peace.

The star people suggest that we all envision planet earth in white light, filled with love.

I am not alone in my experiences. After I became a member of A.R.E. I began to communicate with friends who share my beliefs. Some of my pen pals are visited by the same star people as I am. I have human friends, spirit friends, and star friends who all know about each other. If that makes my reality larger than some, then I accept that. But I also hear from people that are terrified for their sanity, and I find that disturbing. My hope is for all of us to reach out and strengthen each other, to network and support one another as we share perspectives about whether things are happening to us or with us — or both.

My relationship with the aliens seems to be progressing in levels. I feel that one day they will materialize while I'm awake. Admittedly, there is some apprehension, if not fear, associated with that. However, of all the emotions I've experienced during these encounters, the strongest emotion is love. I love them and believe they love me. I've developed a real relationship with them. Where it will lead, only time will tell.

Bonnie's Dreams

Bonnie Collins' dream journal describes her encounters. These excerpts appear as she dated and recorded them at the time.

• • •

Did Alien Experiments Leave Scars?

2/3/89 VERY REAL

[The dream opened with a neighbor doctor's son, who was not a physician, making a house call on Bonnie that frightened her husband.] I woke up, briefly. After going back to sleep, the "doctor" came back. He was sitting at the end of the hallway, dressed in a black trenchcoat and hat. I thought, "Oh, it's just an alien" and I was not scared. The next day, while awake, I suddenly remembered being operated on. I was on a table, lying on my back. I think three aliens were standing around me. My lower stomach, or maybe my ovaries, felt like they were filled up with air and then it was sucked back out. I had lumps in my stomach. I still could feel a lump while awake; to the left and a bit lower than my belly button. [Her husband] found a triangular scar on my stomach, that was upside down to me. It disappeared in two days.

3/22/89 VERY REAL

Little aliens were in the house. I could hear a noise, like a

magic wand going up and making stars. (That night, *before* going to bed, I set up the video camera.) A little guy ran down the hall [in her dream] and turned the camera off. (The video tape *did* go dead; full of static, for a few seconds.) I woke up (I heard a *big* noise on the roof). I dreamt that the aliens had visited me, and I forgot about it (in the dream). I looked out the window and saw two V-shaped craft going across the sky. I lay back down and was thinking that I was cold. Two of the ships landed in the field and an alien came out and came to the back door. I went to the door. I wasn't scared. It was an *old* alien, covered in cloth. A lady. She was *short* and chubby and did not have huge eyes. She came in smiling and joking. She said that she heard me thinking that I was cold, so she came back. She said that the aliens liked me so much because I had a lot of feeling or was "electric" or something. She said that she's known me for a *very* long time and she's very proud of me.

In the dream I had a shape on my stomach and some other little marks. An alien put them there.

3/10/90

A "respectable" man came to my house to talk to me about aliens. He said that more people are "visited" than I realize.

3/14/90

Upon awakening, I could remember *no* dreams at all, which is very unusual for me. All I could think of was "aliens." I then remembered that I was awake, very early in

the morning, and I heard the owls outside. I looked out my window and saw a big owl staring at me! He had big, *bright* slanted eyes and was actually shaped somewhat like a cat. I thought, "Oh, it's just an owl." I don't remember going back to sleep. Next day, figured out that the "owl" was actually something that my mind (with a little help) had made up, to cover up what had actually taken place.

This made me *very* upset. I talked to my alien friends (out loud, just hoping they would hear me) and told them that they no longer had permission to do any tests or experiments on me, nor did they have permission to take eggs from me. If they were going to "secretly" visit, to *not* visit at all!

3/16/90

"Dreamt" that a UFO came over. It came by very slow and I could see two aliens inside. [We] were in the living room and it filled with an orange "glow." I told H. to stay with me. I next remember the two aliens (tall and slender with "normal" heads) talking to me. They were "representatives" sent to apologize. They did not know that I was uncomfortable; so they said. I was thinking that they were very "clean and straightforward." After apologizing, they left.

11/28/90

I woke up around 3 a.m. and found a *fresh cut* on my inner thigh. I was a bit upset and I started speaking out loud. I told "whoever did it" that I wanted to know who they were and why they did that to me.

I went to sleep and dreamt this: My daughter and I were in bed. A very skinny alien lady came up to my bed and was explaining what had happened to me. I woke up in a very good mood.

Pole Shift: Virginia, Indiana Safe

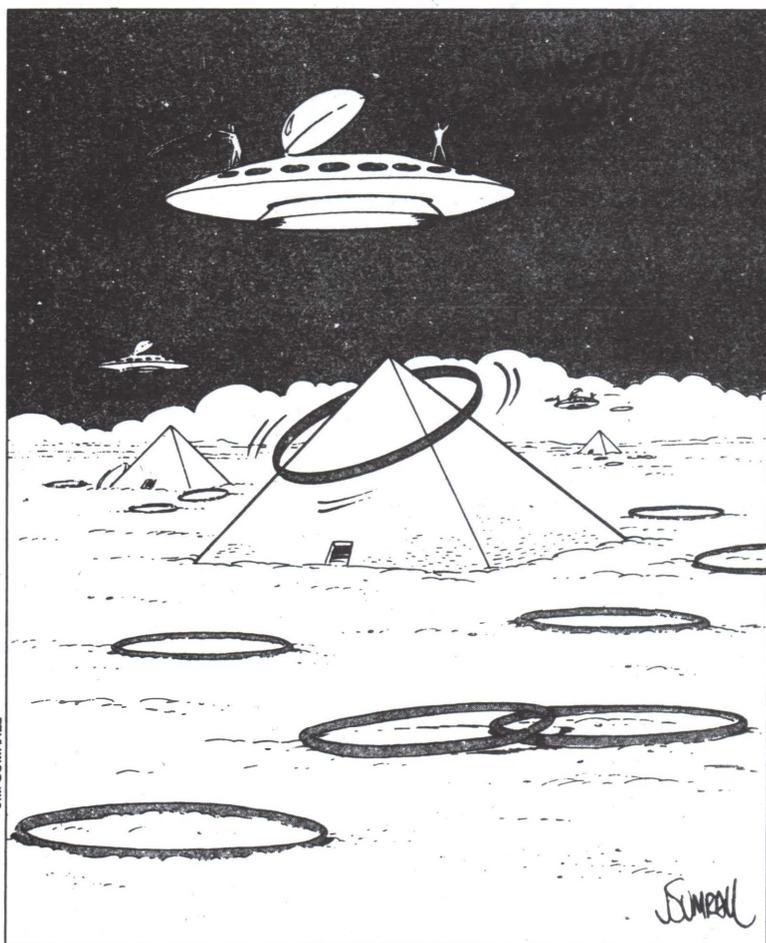
12/7/88

I was in Alaska at the time of the pole shift. There were three aliens, two girls and a man, dressed in human bodies. They had been there before, in other bodies and I'd met them. I felt like I really loved them. They wanted me to survive the shift, so they told me to go back to Virginia. It would be safe, and so would Indiana. They gave me some clothes and sent me off. The alien guy told me that at one time he was a dog.

Destroying Instruments of War

9/10/91 VERY REAL

Dreamt that I and some other people were looking up at the night sky and saw an awesome sight. Red arrows of light were moving across the sky. They would stop in a certain place in the sky and we people on ground would see a picture. Infrared or just red outlines of military aircraft. There would then be a huge explosion. The arrows were focusing on military bases and blowing up all kinds of aircraft. We saw many different types of craft being destroyed. The aliens who were doing this were walking toward us on the ground. There were apparently ships in the air that had sent an "elite troop" to the ground. We hid in some kind of bunker. The troop reached us. They came into the bunker and started smashing things, but they did not hurt us. They paid no attention to us at all. I have never seen them before. I felt that they were a very very powerful race. It took no exertion on their



The real reason the pyramids were built

part to do these things. They were about my height (5'9") and very slender. They were dressed in some kind of desert uniforms, with loose cloths on their heads (white cloth). The sight was just awesome to see.

Alien Babies?

4/8/90

I was having chest and stomach pains. I had a bit of trouble sleeping. Going into another "dimension," I dreamt that the aliens were watching me, *very* closely. It was scaring me. They were around; I could "feel" them, but could not see them.

Three times, I woke up and went back to sleep. One time, there was a small person (a spirit, I thought) standing on my bed. He was clinging to the wall and looked pretty scared. I was also scared and yelled "Go Away!" and he did. Another time, after going into the other "dimension," I was lying in my bed and there was an alien standing in the doorway. He said that my family and I were very important to them. Including, the baby boy, who was lying next to me. I screamed, he isn't even born yet!! I woke up at 3 a.m. and stayed awake for quite some time. I was very frightened.

1/19/89

There were strange things going on at the NASA base. A lot of aircraft were flying over. Trucks that were going over

had some toys in them. They said that the toys were for local schools. Somehow, I got into the base and into a back room. A UFO had landed there and brought some alien babies. I was so overjoyed about it, that the guy in charge brought me out to some field and let me hold an alien baby. I was scared at first but then I started to like him. It was like he was growing before my eyes. He was almost like a human baby. Then we started playing on a swing set and I started flying around. I saw the boy grow from 1 month [to] 7 or 8 years of age.

9/7/91 *Real*

I called my Pleiadian friends for help. Saying that I needed a place to go and wanted to have another baby. Dreamt that B. and I were lying on an operating table with our legs tied together, his right leg and my left leg together. A nice lady, seemed to be human, was there and said to me, "Don't worry, it'll be just like last time."

(Spirit friend Karen says that we were tested to see if we are "compatible" and we are).

• • •

Eight months later Bonnie had her second child, followed by a hysterectomy due to a pre-cancerous condition. "I wonder if star people had anything to do with that," mused Bonnie. "I don't know." 

• Angels vs. Aliens in Life-and-Death Struggle? •

John White, the author of *Pole Shift* and other books, thinks that there are good aliens and bad ones, "just as there are good and bad people," but he thinks some aliens are bent on conquering the planet earth and the human race.

"Some of them may be motivated by vision and values in keeping with our own most transcendent insights and sacred wisdom," says White in the *Flying Saucer Review*. "Others, however are not – and this is my point. If alien abductions are the work of angels, let us be clear about who they are: fallen angels or demonic entities."

White conducts an annual UFO conference in Connecticut and has invited Dr. John E. Mack, the Harvard psychiatrist who has been working with people who believe they have had encounters with aliens. White charges the "gray abducting aliens" with "a vast, subversive plot of long duration and careful coordination which aims at nothing less than the complete enslavement of humanity." He said their behavior in allegedly conducting experiments on humans indicates "total disregard for human values, personal property, and our concept of respect for the inviolability of personhood." He has heard of no acts by them that show respect for personhood or moral values.

What does John White think motivates the abducting aliens?

"Depending on the scope of the aliens' work, which I take to be happening on an enormous scale since abduction reports are worldwide, the abducting aliens could have hundreds, even thousands, of their people infiltrated into science, industry, finance, government, education, the military, etc., with some undoubtedly in positions of great power and influence. These people, in turn, would have

recruited others to various degrees, creating in classic fashion the cells of a resistance movement preparing to overthrow the establishment."

White does not visualize a violent takeover attempt but rather a bloodless coup, "conquering through deception, manipulation, and propaganda." Otherwise, he says, the aliens would have to contend with some 5 billion humans held captive as POWs. "So, the more intelligent approach to total control would be to co-opt the human race – to subvert it through a cultural conditioning control system such as Jacques Vallee suggests in *Messengers of Deception and Dimensions*."

So, when aliens appear to be conducting medical exams on humans, White suspects they are engaged in "brain-washing and mind control."

White also believes in "benevolent 'alien intelligences' here as well – forces of light trying to assist us in this struggle for psychobiological integrity, spiritual advancement, and true planetary unity – not a new world order but a new world community. We are 'surrounded by angels, unaware.' These agents of godliness seek in gentle, non-coercive ways to guide us, protect us and enlighten us." It all adds up to a colossal life-or-death struggle for conquest of the planet.

While Bonnie Collins and other abductees may disagree with his hypothesis and regard alien behavior as well-intentioned for human betterment, White notes that "abducting aliens always come to us under cover of darkness. They never tell us precisely why they abduct us. The whole thing is as suspicious to me as a Trojan Horse, so I'm simply voicing my concern."

Evolution Of Our Hu-Man Soul

by L.L.Wood

Recently, I read a book by Annie Kirkwood, called "Mary's Messages to the World". It is a wonderful book that tells of mankind's transgressions, and what meaning that has on the Karmic, or Akashic levels, and how one can get into direct communication with God.

It describes forthcoming events that will take place on this planet. It outlines the steps the planet will take to rid itself of the harmful negative vibrations that have plagued mankind over the centuries.

One of those events to happen is to be a realigning of our planet in the heavens. The souls on this plane right now are at a dividing point. As our planet nears this split in dimensions, those souls not ready for higher levels of being will be relocated on another planet, through presumably, reincarnation. Those ready for the next level, the Fourth Dimension, will be allowed to remain here, and instructed as to how to achieve the higher vibratory frequencies.

This theory, it would seem, is also endorsed by the author of "We the Arcturians", Dr. Norma Milanovich. She also goes on to say that the 4th Dimension is a mental one that they have attained. They are immortal beings, and have mastered the ability to create various thought waves that benefit the whole of their species. The thought created becomes instant reality.

Now if you think about this it can be quite a responsibility to control one's thoughts enough to virtually create your own reality! Just imagine what would happen to you if at this instant in time, all of your thoughts were projected for all to see and hear. Your emotions, and desires would have to be very carefully managed to bring you good Karma, and not be detrimental to any other humans. Your mental capacity for Love and compas-

sion would be foremost on your mind.

As I was reading this, the thought struck me that reincarnation would NOT be allowed to go on forever, as we weren't learning from our many lifetimes how to get closer to God. Instead, it seems like we are on a steady backslide towards animalistic behavior, and fear.

One day, in the post, I received a newsletter that dealt with the very nature of man's evolution. Within the content of this newsletter, there was a question or statement about the reincarnation of man's soul, and would it be allowed to go on forever?

The reply was no, because of the law of Karma that's working. That means the law of consequences. Think of life as a school for the soul, then equate it with physical school.

You start the first grade. You have your share of success and failure, but by the time you finish the first grade you're counting on the fact that when everything's averaged out, you will have enough points to move onto the next level, or second grade, if you will.

Now, what if you always stayed in the first grade? What if you never learned your lessons, never admitted that one and one equals two? Can you see how frustrating that would be? Never to move forward when you see others doing so? Don't you think eventually you might see the light?

Now imagine multiplying this frustration six billion times over for those souls on this planet right now. Basically, you'll always suffer the consequences of your actions, whether it's at this time on Earth or another time. Infinite Karma. Eventually the time will come for a final roll call, when all souls are called home. Do you want to be one of the lost souls, one of those who'll for Eternity live in fire and frustration, knowing then that you don't

even have the power to move in any direction? Never to move toward the Light, towards Love, towards warmth. Does any soul deliberately wish to damn itself? And remember, you don't know when the final roll call will be called. Why not do what's right when the opportunity presents itself?

Why not learn that one and one equals two and move onto the second grade, learn those lessons and move upward? Who wants to fail time and time again? For the soul to continually fail brings the most suffering of all. The soul *knows* when it's heading toward darkness - it feels empty, it feels unloved, alone, frustrated, angry, and abandoned. The biblical term "gnashing of teeth" describes this very failure to achieve the spiritual lessons of our lives.

On the other hand, those who have used their light, God's Light, are people that glow, who're full of life. They emit Light and Love, their eyes sparkle, their handshake is warm, they smile easily and everyone wants to be around them. They actually exude an electricity that can be felt on a psychic level.

These people are a link to God. People feel it, and want to bask in the positivity they emit. Often they are termed "Charismatic".

Spirit is the gift from God. We can squander it on the pleasures of the Earth, and gluttony. Or we can nurture it and watch it grow as we do things for others and give selflessly, knowing that our actions will manifest positive Karma 100 times over the goodwill we generate by our actions.

This century will be ushered in by some of the most mind bending realities we have yet to grapple with. Our own immortality, and spiritual growth will be on the vanguard of new techniques available for study and research. It would be a pleasure to have our species enter the fourth dimension, and move on up the

spiritual ladder towards the source of all life, the Great Central Sun of All Universes, God. Afterall, that is where we are headed, wouldn't you like to "graduate" early?

We are rapidly learning what we are capable of due to the huge morphogenic field our minds have created in the past 10-15 years. Some in the former Soviet Union have been studying certain phenomenon associated with mental concentration (telekinesis, clairvoyance, remote viewing) for over 20 years now. They are well on the way to understanding this power as a God given talent. With a concerted effort by each one of to raise our own consciousness, we can add to the collective consciousness and help to expedite this process of steady evolution.

Our task is to get more humans to recognize the problem caused for all of us by negative spirit. I have read on other planets (take this with a grain of salt), they have thought monitors, and those that continually generate evil thoughts are taken in for "atti-

tude adjustment". We must learn to change our minds to the positive vibrations of Love, and with the change of mind, comes a change of heart, and eventually a change of Spirit.

All of us are connected, as recent DNA research by scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have discovered. We all have common genes that hold the fabric of our very cells together. Our DNA string that tells cells to separate and divide can successfully interact with yeast cells that have this portion of their genetic code removed. This technology is in its infancy, but if you realize the implications of this genetic engineering, you can begin to visualize what lies ahead for us in the next 20 years!

I believe the only way to achieve a mass shift in consciousness is to raise our own levels of vibratory frequencies. With more education, a society can eliminate crime and come closer to a peaceful co-existence with the

rest of the hu-mans on this plane, or the next one. Surely there are two things that must happen before that can take place .

1. Raise your own mental control to a place where you would not be ashamed if everyone could hear your thoughts.

2. Learn to Love others and treat them exactly as you would treat one of your beloved children.

We will seed the stars one day, but we must overcome our hatred and intolerance for anything different than what we are accustomed to. It can begin as soon as *now*, with *you*. Afterall, you are the only canvas you have to work with. Why not let God's masterpiece become the shining star it was meant to be? When we have accomplished this, we will be well on our way to the Fourth Dimension and planes beyond the stars.



Los Angeles Times

Hypnotherapist Yvonne Smith leads support groups in Southern California for people who believe they've been abducted by extraterrestrials.

Letter from America to Philip Mantel, UFO Brigantia

(Continued)

by Rick Hale, Seattle Washington

In the morning, after finally getting a few hours sleep, I ate, took a shower, got in my car and headed back to Seattle. I wanted to go home. From that point on I've been afraid of being alone. Especially camping. It has really changed my life, maybe it's for the better, but I don't know.

I was afraid to report this to the police or the government. I was sure they would think I was crazy. I had to try and forget about it or it would drive me nuts. It would always flash back for the next twelve years; always late at night when I would be sitting around a campfire, I would remember the night I saw the three beings. The I would look up at the stars knowing there is life out there.

I will relate to you what was uncovered during hypnosis. It is still hard for me to accept what happened under hypnosis. I want to believe it was all just a dream and never happened. When Aileen [Garoutte] showed me an article of the Aveley abduction after a recent hypnosis session, and I saw the drawing of the "Examiner", my jaw hit the floor! I wondered what the heck was going on here?

To me, the hypnosis was like a flood gate opening up and a lake of forgotten memories poured forth. It took about six

months for all of the information to come out. It was like I was still in a trance after I was brought out of hypnosis, remembering things that had happened, as far as UFO events were concerned. I remembered dreams where I was shocked so badly as to wake up in the middle of the night. I remembered things that were familiar, and I'm sure really happened but I can't remember if they were dreams or reality. That aspect of this whole scenario really bothers me. Where did these memories come from? I guess that's the million dollar question everyone with this type of experience keeps asking.

While I was under hypnosis I was very emotional when the hypnotist brought me back to the first meeting of the three aliens. I would always break out crying. It would happen every time, and it's hard for me to say just why. That's one reason why I discontinued my hypnosis sessions and the fact that it would leave me feeling (excuse the pun), "spaced out".

When I turned my car around after seeing the three aliens, I started down the road. My car stalled and the three beings were standing just outside my door. I reached deep down inside myself for the courage to face my visitors as bravely as I could, knowing

they could read my mind and feelings. I was at their mercy; the feeling of death was at hand.

Hoping to get the first word in to show them I was not scared, and to hopefully change what I thought might be "deadly intentions", was, absurdly enough, "I might be the reincarnation of Christ". There was a short silence. Then one of them spoke in a deep, calm, male voice, "OK, follow me". That little conversation seemed to calm the tension in the air.

I followed the beings through a grassy field up and over a ditch and barbed wire fence into the pine trees. We stopped out of sight of the road, and there was a small craft only about six feet long and three feet wide. It was open at the top with sides about three feet tall and open in the back so you could walk into it without stepping over the sides. It had a single large headlight in front that was whitish in color.

The same being spoke again. He said, "If you were Christ, you would be more afraid than you are now". I took that as a compliment to my courage and I said nothing in return, trying to leave them guessing.

I did not want to get too good of a look at these creatures fearing the fact that if I did, they might not let me go. Something

I learned from watching too much television, I'm sure! During this whole abduction, I tried to keep my eyes to myself and did only what they asked. I guess you could say that I turned into a coward at some point. Here was my big chance to greet aliens from outer space, and all I could think of was saving my own life. Then I remembered walking on to the craft and looking down. The craft was flying, transporting me to the main ship which was not far away. It had landed in an open spot among the trees.

During hypnosis I remembered the small craft transporting me, flew slowly over a large craft and shined down a white light illuminating the larger craft below. The larger craft reminded me of a grasshopper with its hind legs removed. It was kind of an oblong triangular shaped object that was a dark olive green in color. The smaller craft landed about 50 feet in front of the larger ship. I got out of the small craft and started walking towards the big one. I walked up a dark colored ramp which was very smooth, like highly polished marble. Once inside, it seemed like I was alone. I saw a large translucent, aqua blue table about four to five inches thick and perhaps four feet off the floor. It was approximately five feet across with a thick stem supporting the table in the center made of the same material as the table.

The walls were a light gray color, with white square panels in the ceiling for light.

This entrance room was circular in structure with a long, slightly curving hallway. The hallway had a row of windows that were shielded by black visors. The windows were about four feet from the floor. I estimate the window dimensions to be four by four feet. One of these windows were open, and I could see into a large room where I saw three bald headed white beings dressed in white overcoats standing around a table that reminded me of a hospital gurney. These beings looked like the aliens called "The Grays", by the looks of their heads, but I can't be sure.

I then experienced some type of block, because the next thing I remember was being on a table. I don't remember how I got there. I saw a human looking male dressed in a doctor's attire. He was quite muscular. His arms were very hairy and he had short black hair with a Van Dyke style beard. I am sure he told me his name was Carl. The room was almost pitch black with some type of light behind me that was shining on me. The wall in front of me was illuminated. Next to that wall stood a hairy being. I stared at it because I could not make out any facial features. Apparently the being was looking up at the ceiling at something because then it looked down at me and smiled - I guessed that it was a smile. You know how a dog looks when it opens its mouth and it looks like its smiling. That's what this creature did. It had teeth like a wolf. Its claws were over an inch long

and looked very sharp and dangerous. It closed its mouth and then removed the blanket that was covering me. I was completely nude.

The wolf being was at the end of the gurney in front of me. It was not wearing any clothes that I could tell. I could only see it from the waist up. I think it was examining a skin condition that I developed when I was about 13 years old, a type of rash.

The wolf being grabbed my knee to spread it apart, and I became very afraid of its claws. Then a voice, just like the one that came from the three beings I saw in the beginning said, "Don't be scared, he won't hurt you". That, for some reason, calmed me down, and the wolf being finished his examination of my body and left. At this point the voice told me it was OK to get up and get dressed.

(Continued in the next issue)

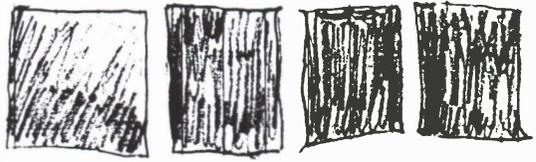
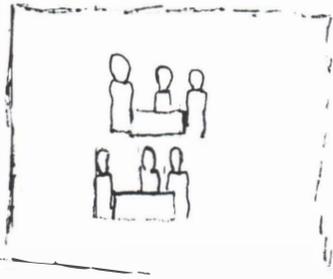


The examiner seen in 1974 by the Avis family in Aveley, Essex, England. This classic abduction case in Britain was the first case known to use regressive hypnosis.

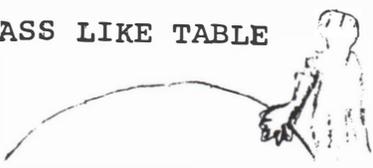
IN SIDE OF HALLWAY



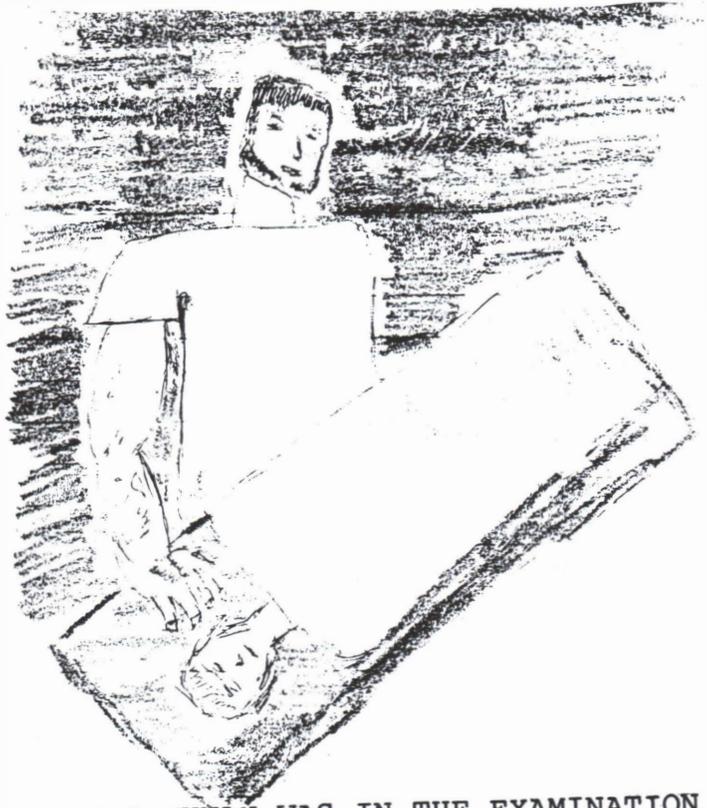
WHITE FLOOR



THICK GLASS LIKE TABLE



THIS IS THE EXAMINER BEFORE HE LOOKED DOWN AT ME.



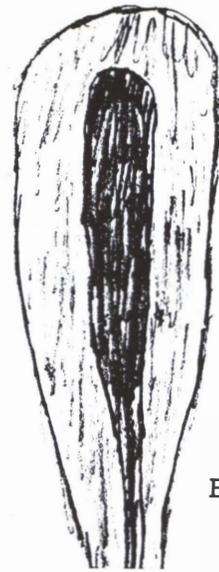
THIS HUMAN WAS IN THE EXAMINATION ROOM WITH ME. IT WAS HIS JOB TO CALM ME DURING THE EXAM. I THINK HIS NAME WAS CARL.



MY CLOSE ENCOUNTER NEAR ELLENSBURG

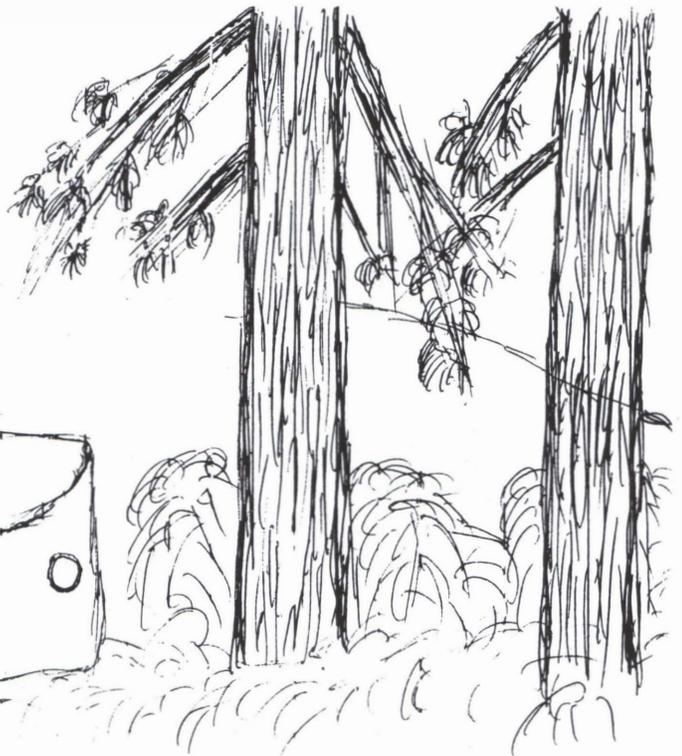
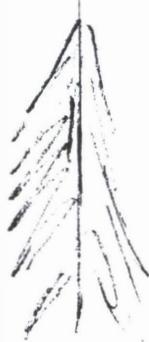
FRONT

TOP VIEW



BACK

FRONT VIEW



SIDE VIEW

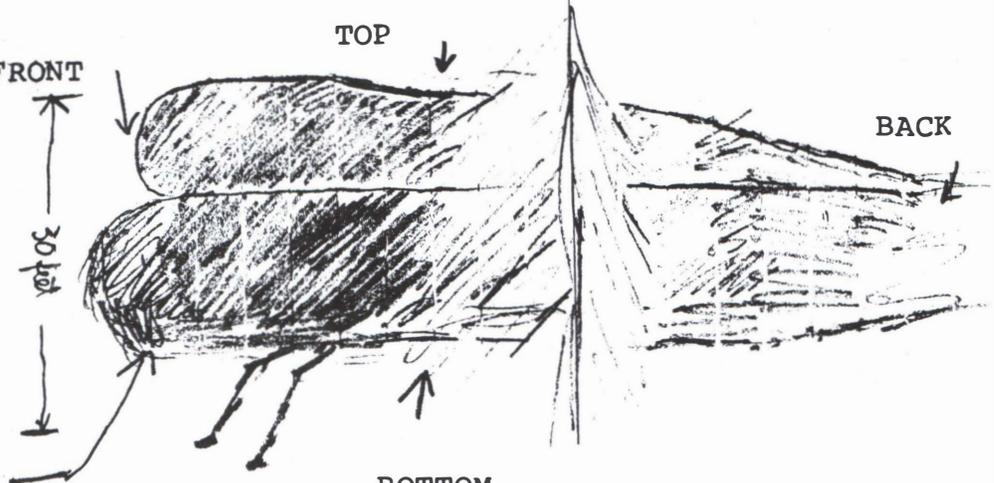


FRONT

TOP

BACK

30 feet



BOTTOM

SHINY B

Return to the Red Planet

An armada of orbiters, landers and rovers will be flying, floating, and roaming over Mars in the next few years. Some of the craft will be from the United States. Most will be from Russia. Mars Observer begins a new age of Mars exploration, an age involving nearly every spacefaring nation in the world. Some of the most exciting upcoming missions will be led by engineers and scientists in Moscow.

It seems that the Russians had some early failures that were kept secret due to the cold war. In 1960, they made attempts to launch spacecraft towards Mars. Two launches in October of that year failed to reach Earth orbit.

In November of 1962 the Russians launched the Mars 1. The craft was set to fly by Mars the following June. Just 10 weeks before the encounter, contact was mysteriously lost. The scientists were beginning to wonder if a craft could be successfully sent that far into space.

Three years later, Zond 2 was sent up, and may have contained a lander. But in April of 1965, contact with the probe was lost before it reached Mars. American scientists joked about a Great Galactic Ghoul lying in wait to ambush unsuspecting spacecraft heading for Mars.

They laughed nervously however - the first U.S. attempt was also under way.

Eventually the US was able to launch Mariners 4, 6 and 7, that returned to NASA over 200 pictures of the Red Planet. Then in 1971, NASA's Mariner 9 became the first probe to orbit Mars, apparently able to sneak by the Galactic Ghoul.

With the recent loss of communication from America's latest attempt to reach Mars, perhaps the Great Galactic Ghoul theory isn't too far fetched!

Arriving two weeks after Mariner 9, the Soviet made Mars 2 and 3 reached Mars orbit. These spacecraft were designed not just to fly by or orbit, but to land. Unfortunately, a raging dust storm occurred after the landers had already been automatically deployed. Mars 2 crashed, but became the first human-made craft to touch the red soil of Mars. Mars 3 landed successfully. After reaching the surface, the lander began to transmit the first images of the Martian landscape. Excitement over this accomplishment soon turned to frustration. After only twenty seconds, the lander went silent. That was five years before the US Viking missions, which placed two landers on Mars in 1976.

Only recently have Russian scientists revealed that both the Mars 2 and 3 landers

contained the first Mars rovers designed to scoot over the sand and test the soil.

Fourteen countries were involved in the challenging 1988 mission to send two probes within 150 feet of the surface of the Martian moon Phobos.

From this short distance, the craft would conduct a remote sampling of the 17 mile long orbiting rock with a laser system and would deploy small landers onto the surface. Sadly, the landers never made it to the Martian moon.

Contact with Phobos 1 was lost en route to Mars when an errant command was mistakenly sent to the craft. Phobos 2 achieved orbit at the end of January 1989. For two months the robot imaged Mars and Phobos, studied the Martian atmosphere and surface chemistry, and searched for magnetic fields. On March 27, while the craft was doing a final reconnaissance of the little moon prior to its encounter with the Red Planet, Phobos 2 was also lost.

At the recent UFO Congress in Las Vegas, Nevada, former Soviet Air Force Lt. Commander, Marina Popovich displayed photographs taken of the Martian surface by Phobos 2. Clearly shown in the photograph was an elongated shadow from an unknown craft that was located behind Phobos 2. This was one of the last photos taken before communication with the probe was lost.

Another guest speaker from Russia mentioned that humans would "never be allowed" to colonize Mars. Perhaps this speaker knows more about the mysterious planet than our own earthly scientists are beginning to discover.

The project called Mars '94/96 may turn out to be the most exciting Mars exploration of the decade. The intricate plan calls for a single orbiter to settle into orbit around Mars in 1995 bearing a series of small landing stations. This mission will be followed two years later by an orbiter, rover, and balloon probe. If all goes well, the transmissions of these robots will be relayed, at least in part by NASA's Mars Observer, which by 1996 should have completed the most extensive geological mapping of Mars in history.

In October 1992, NASA administrator Daniel Goldin met with Russian officials to sign a \$2.3 million contract for the purchase of a Russian Mars lander. "It was part of a cooperative agreement calling for U.S. instruments to be put aboard the Mars '94 mission," explains Don Miller, senior Russian desk officer at NASA's Department of International Affairs. "The second part of the arrangement is for us to purchase an engineering model of their lander so that personnel at the Jet Propulsion Lab can put instruments together that work with the Russian hardware."

Mars '94 will carry two small landers. The ingenious devices are not soft landers - each will impact the surface

with a force of 200 Gs, or 200 times the force of Earth's gravity. An airbag will cushion the blow. Once on the surface, the beachball-sized landers will unfold petallike legs to right themselves.

Mars '94 will also include two penetrators. These spearlike devices will drop at over 300 miles per hour carrying seismometers and other instruments to a depth of several meters. Each penetrator will split in two - the bottom half of the spear shooting into the ground and the top half with weather instruments and a camera remaining above the ground.

Mars '94 is scheduled for launch a year from now, in September 1994. Arrival at Mars will come 11 months later just as Mars Observer is finishing its first Martian year of mapping from orbit.

The ambitious scope of Mars '94 is dwarfed by what is to follow. The international Mars '96 program headed by Moscow's Institute for Space Research calls for a massive orbiter to deploy both a rover and a balloon probe. "Mars '96 is by far the most complex Mars mission to date," says Louis Friedman, executive director of the Planetary Society, a private U.S. based organization. "A lot of interest has been generated by the balloon project," remarks Friedman, "but I think a full understanding of just what an accomplishment this is has not caught on . . . yet."

In September 1997, the craft will release a massive package in an

aeroshell that will protect the rover and balloon from the heat of entry as it hits the atmosphere at 8,900 miles per hour. Once the craft reaches the lower atmosphere, a timer releases a parachute that pulls the rover out of the aeroshell. Cushioned by a wrap around airbag, the rover begins its parachute descent to the surface.

After landing, the rover unfolds and begins its exploration. It is completely self-contained - there is no lander for it to return to.

Another parachute will pull the balloon probe from the shell. When its speed has slowed sufficiently, the balloon gradually inflates with helium, blossoming to its full 140 foot length. The parachute jettisons at 10,000 feet, the cruising altitude of the balloon.

From its high vantage point, the balloon will measure wind, temperature, and pressure. It also carries a camera system to take what promises to be spectacular aerial photographs of the Martian surface below. But the balloon is more clever than first meets the eye. By day, the heat from the Sun will aid in the craft's buoyancy. After the Sun sets, air temperatures on Mars can drop by nearly 100 degrees Fahrenheit. In the cold night air, the balloon slowly descends. As it approaches the ground, a long guide rope called The Snake, acting like a stabilizer anchor, drags along the ground. Its segmented design should prevent it from becoming snagged.

The Snake also acts as an antenna for an experiment on the balloon that will beam radar signals off whatever lies beneath the Martian surface. At the moment, the Snake itself has no instruments. Early plans called for it to carry a gamma-ray spectrometer to analyze the soil, an experiment that may yet find a place on the final version.

The seed money for developing the Snake came from the member supported Planetary Society, making it the first privately sponsored planetary exploration in history.

The second novel element of Mars '96 is the rover, a six-wheeled 150 pound vehicle. It's called The Marsokhod. It is four and a half feet long. Its six ribbed, titanium wheels are independently powered by electric motors. The wheels' conical design allows the vehicle to roll over many types of difficult terrain. Much of the science equipment will actually be inside the wheels, making it low to the ground and stable.

Scientists and engineers from Russia, France, Hungary, and the United States met in Death Valley, California, for a series of Planetary Society-sponsored tests of the Russian rover design. Present were representatives of I. S. Robotics, a California company that manufactures small industrial robots called microrovers that could be mounted atop the larger Russian rover. as I. S. Robotics' Bruce Bullock explains, "The smaller rover can be sent to areas where the large Russian

rover can't reach, like a narrow canyon or rough terrain. It can then return with samples."

The Planetary Society's Louis Friedman acted as a liaison between the then Soviet Union and private companies such as I. S. Robotics.

"It turns out that if you intend to plug a piece of U.S. hardware into a Russian one, suddenly you're saddled with incredible export restrictions, even now," says Bullock. "Building an arm would not have been workable." Instead, the robotics company suggested a five kilogram autonomous microrover.

In addition to remote sampling, the little rover can serve as a video scout, assessing the risky paths ahead of the larger Russian vehicle. If the big rover gets stuck, the microrover can provide video from other vantage points to help the craft steer clear.

Since 1985, Jet Propulsion Laboratory's Donna Pivrotto has been working on U.S. planetary rovers. She now manages JPL's microrover programs. According to Pivrotto, JPL's sophisticated Rocky IV vehicle could be modified to fill the bill. JPL is developing Rocky IV for NASA's upcoming MESUR missions to Mars. A Rocky IV might be included with the first MESUR mission, called Pathfinder, tentatively scheduled to land on Mars in mid to late 1997, the same year Mars '96 arrives. Will Mars '96 also carry a Rocky IV piggy-backed on the large Russian rover?

"Our rover is the size

that could be flown," says Pivrotto but stresses that NASA and the Russians haven't started any official negotiations about flying U.S. hardware on Mars '96 mission. But as Bruce Bullock puts it, "Russia is probably tickled pink that NASA is at least now picking up the phone and returning their faxes. My guess is that the first microrover on a Russian Mars rover will be built by NASA/JPL. They have the knowledge to move to a space-ready version quickly."

"Unfortunately, the Russians can't afford to support development of a space ready version of our rover," says Bullock. "If NASA decreases its support of microrovers at JPL for budgetary reasons, the U.S. could miss the Mars mission altogether. That would be tragic. Here's a chance to put something on a planetary surface - something we haven't done in decades - for comparatively little money. Let's hope it doesn't slip through our fingers."

What stands between the Russian multinational rover and reality is not some exotic planetary alignment or technological barriers. It's money. For Mars '94/'96 to be successful in today's global economy and in light of Russia's current economic crisis, the missions must be international. Gone are the days of "us against them". This mission benefits Russia financially, and the U.S. scientifically.

Yes, the Russians are going to Mars, and due to the thaw in the Cold War, we can all make the journey together.

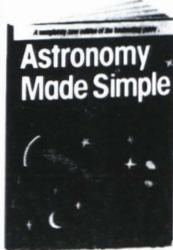
TAKE ANY 3 BOOKS FOR ONLY \$1 EACH!

as your introduction to the **ASTRONOMY BOOK CLUB**

You simply agree to buy 3 more books — at significant savings — over the next 12 months.

**VALUES
TO \$89.90**

(Publishers' prices shown.)



34624 \$12.95



80470 \$24.95



40842 \$23.00



79472-2 \$34.95
(counts as 2 choices)



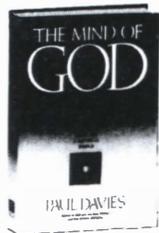
85347 \$25.00



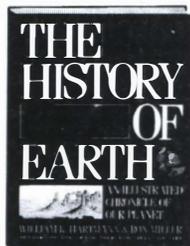
42461 \$17.95



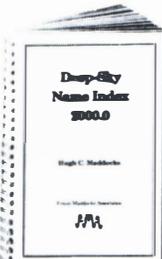
67015-2 \$45.00
(counts as 2 choices)



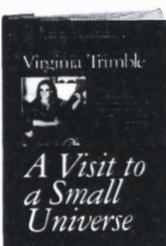
62720 \$22.50



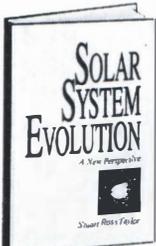
53020-2 \$35.00
(counts as 2 choices)



41793 \$16.95



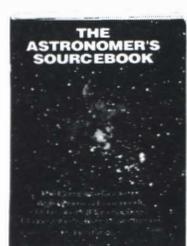
85837 \$24.95



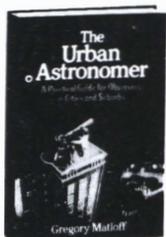
79282-2 \$50.00
(counts as 2 choices)



57025 \$22.95



34650 \$19.95



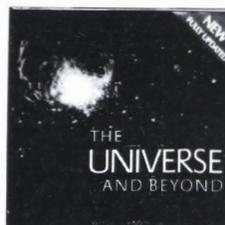
85608 \$24.95



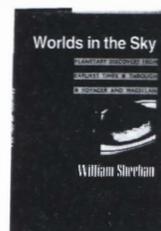
69295-2 \$34.95
(counts as 2 choices)



34626-2 \$45.00
(counts as 2 choices)



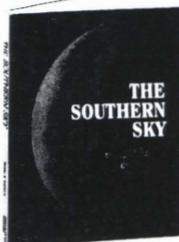
85360 \$22.95



87540-2 \$35.00
(counts as 2 choices)



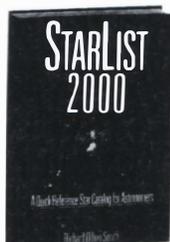
79730 \$30.00



79437 \$29.95



66539-2 \$34.95
(counts as 2 choices)



80190 \$29.95



42637 \$25.00



64701 \$24.95



33517 \$22.95

ASTRONOMY BOOK CLUB

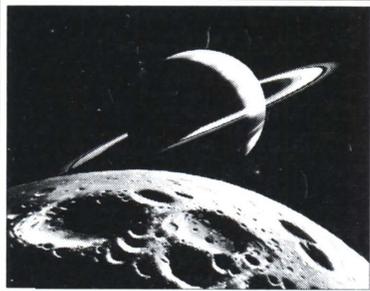
A Newbridge Book Club

3000 CINDEL DRIVE
DELRAN NJ 08075-9889

MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS In addition to getting 3 books for only \$1.00 each when you join, you'll also receive discounts on books you choose to purchase. Discounts generally range from 15% to 30% off the publishers' prices, and occasionally even more. • Also, you will immediately become eligible to participate in our Bonus Book Plan, with savings of 50% off the publishers' prices. • Moreover, our books are always identical to the publisher's editions. You'll never receive an "economy edition" with inferior paper and bindings from us. • At 3-4 week intervals (15 times per year), you will receive the Astronomy Book Club News, describing the coming Main Selection and Alternate Selections, together with a dated reply card. • In addition, up to three times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections which will be made available to a group of select members. • If you want the Main Selection, do nothing, and it will be sent to you automatically. • If you prefer another selection, or no book at all, simply indicate your choice on the card and return it by the date specified. • You will have at least 10 days to decide. If, because of late mail delivery of the News, you should receive a book you do not want, we guarantee return postage. ©Newbridge Communications, Inc.

NOVAGRAPHICS

Space Art Galleries



Beautiful, collectable, affordable
SPACE ART delivered to your door,
framed and ready-to-hang!

NOVAGRAPHICS is the largest dealer of space art collector's editions, posters, and cards in the world. We feature over 20 top space artists, and offer prompt shipping. Archival framing is available on limited editions. Your satisfaction is guaranteed!

SHOP AT HOME AND SAVE!

Send \$3 for a two-year
subscription to our beautiful and
informative magazine/catalog.

(\$4 Canada, \$5 International airmail U.S. Funds only)

NOVAGRAPHICS PO Box 37197-S
catalog #11 Tucson, AZ 85740

visit our galleries in Houston & Tucson



International Dark-Sky Association

You can help:

- conserve energy
- reduce air and light pollution
- save the night skies for everyone to use and enjoy.

To learn about *light pollution, energy waste, light trespass*, and related issues, or to join, (\$20 basic membership), write to the non-profit **International Dark-Sky Association**, 3545 N. Stewart Ave., Tucson, AZ 85716 U.S.A.

KITES

FREE COLOR CATALOG

Choose from over 200 exciting kites.
• Many unusual & innovative designs.
Call or write for your catalog today!

Into The Wind • (800) 541-0314
1408-A Pearl St., Boulder, CO 80302



METEORITES!

Irons. Stones. Stony-irons. Tektites.
Quality display and study specimens.
• Space jewelry, books, slides.
Authenticity guaranteed.
Color Catalog \$2.

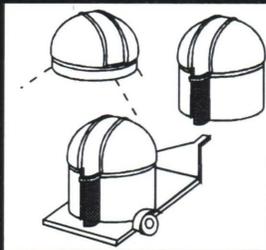
Bethany Sciences
P.O. Box 3726-A
New Haven, CT 06525 (203)393-3395



WATCH A FALLING STAR!

HOME-DOME

THREE NEW 6' MODELS...
MORE AFFORDABLE THAN EVER



- On-Structure (46" h)
- Stand-Alone (82" h)
- Roam-Dome (82" h)

All Domes Feature

- Easy Assembly
 - All Fiberglass
 - Complete Systems
- 6' - \$1950 up
10' - \$3750 up

Technical Innovations, Inc.
22500 Old Hundred Road
Barnesville, MD 20838
301-972-8040

FREE Brochure

Horoscopes!

Your personal birth chart
for only \$10.00!

Send your name and address,
along with the date, time,
and place of your birth to:

Galaxus Communications
P.O. Box 5845
Parsippany, NJ 07054

ODYSSEY TELESCOPES

Seeing the *real* Universe

NEW! ODYSSEY 8" f/7!
BEST BUY AT \$239.50!

ADVANTAGES:

- SUPERB LUNAR-PLANETARY VIEWS
- STRONG DOUBLE STAR SPLITTER
- 1/8 WAVE OPTICS, GUARANTEED!
- LOWEST PRICED 8"
- ALL ODYSSEY 8" 1/4.5'S FIT MOUNT!



FREE INFORMATION

- ODYSSEY GUIDE
- OWNER COMMENTS
- FREE TELESCOPE TESTER
- DOBSONIAN INFO.
- COULTER OPTICAL NEWS
- PRODUCT LIST

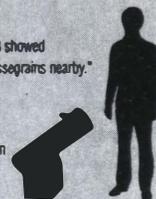
ASK FOR IT!



8 INCH - \$275.00

"On the Moon and Jupiter, the Odyssey 8 showed as much detail as several 8" Schmidt-Cassegrains nearby."
David McGough, Millington, N.J.

"It is worth twice what I paid, but please don't raise the price. I want to get my son one in a few years."
Tom Johnston, Boulder, Colo.



10.1 INCH - \$345.00

"Careful star-testing of the 10.1" Odyssey Compact I received last March and of the 10.1" my neighbor Doug Barnes picked up in mid-October suggests a high level of quality control which is astonishing. Diffraction patterns are virtually interchangeable, and both scopes show textbook optical results (both in-focus and out-of-focus)."
Lee Johnson, Coquitlam, B.C. Canada



EASY TO ORDER...Phone or mail your order in today. Visa/MasterCard accepted. All telescopes are shipped freight charges collect. All mirrors are shipped prepaid in the contiguous U.S.A. No sales tax on out-of-state orders. Phone orders Mon.-Fri. 8 am-4:30 pm local time.

Call 1-909-659-4621

- 30 days returnable
- 30 days exchangeable
- 2 years materials and workmanship



Coulter Optical, Inc.

P.O. Box K • Idyllwild, CA 92549

"OPTIMUM OPTICS AT MINIMUM COST SINCE 1967"