

Today we know that laser-beam technology in UFOs is far beyond our conception of its uses. They can lift large objects (cars, trucks) and negate gravity.

Today, Ufologists realise that the hundreds of thousands of people who report UFO experiences cannot all be lying.

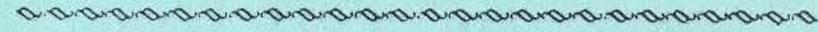
Today we are aware of satellites, meteors, bolides, ball lightning (rather rare), inversions, reflections, giant weather balloons etc. etc. so that misidentification becomes rarer as we go along.

Today too, we know that most people with intelligence realise that something is going on in our skies of which we Earthlings are unaware and even if the major governments are withholding information, it is because they too, do not know!

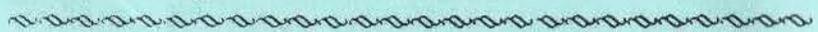
The final solution to the UFO controversy will not come from the sceptics. It will come from careful investigation, logical analysis of the facts, and from you, the Public, with your querying minds and interesting case histories.

Don't be afraid to contact us: your information - if that is your wish - will be treated in the strictest confidence, although it will be used to further this fascinating study.

WE ARE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!

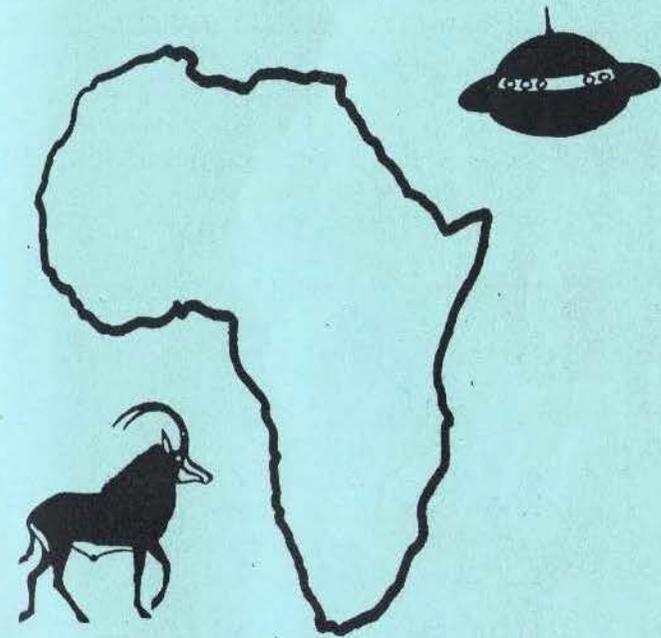


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# UFO

# AFRINEWS



## No.1

## JULY 1988

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COMMENT

Cynthia Hind

Like most investigators over a long period (20 years), my terms of reference have changed subtly. Where isolation, disrespect and ridicule were at one time paramount, I have recently begun to notice a change: a grudging acceptance of the possibility of 'Life Out There' even from the most conservative members of society; a laid-back support, however hopeless in current terms, of what Ufologists are doing.

And most surprising of all, the peripheral cases, i.e. Elizabeth Klarer's liaison with Akon from METON and Carl van Vlierden's investigation into 'Edwin's' alleged radio communications with alien beings - all on a more spiritual than physical plane - are not tossed out with the bath water.

So many people ask if there is a pattern to UFOs. Indeed, if one is prepared to accept many references, for whereas in one case there might be a single witness and numerous entities, in another there are several witnesses and one humanoid. What, in reality, does a 'pattern' represent? My friend, Dr Willy Smith, has come up with 'something' in his computer: 'most contacts are made along a lonely road with two or more witnesses travelling in a car.' I would add that it is generally after dark, and the isolation extends to there being no passing vehicles at all, until after the event.

There have been literally hundreds of cases in Southern Africa over the past forty years and in-depth analysis would take more than a book in itself.

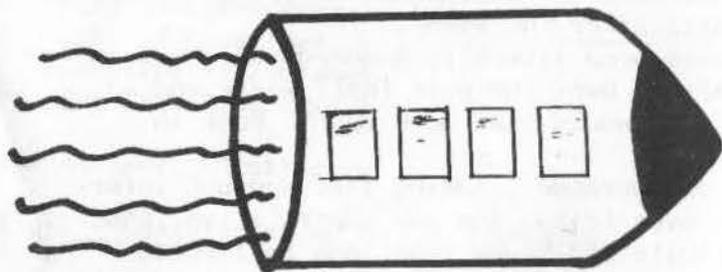
For my own purposes, taking into account interpretations over tribal law and superstition, and including white and black reactions to limited belief systems, I have worked out a reference table which covers most cases and their major reference points.

For the purposes of this article, it would be impossible to show this table in full but some of the collected data include such columns as : Witness Reaction, Effect on Witnesses, Physical Trace Marks and Residue, Strangeness Factor, Logical Explanation, Possible Explanations, etc. etc.

At the recent MUFON Conference in Washington DC, USA (June 26-28, 1987), I was interested to listen to Bertil Kuhlemann's (Sweden) Criteria for UFO reports and this has given me several new references to add to an already comprehensive list. I also have access to Dr Willy Smith's computer programme in Florida, which is certainly proving an excellent basis for establishing a pattern to UFO reports, whether it be in Australia or Zimbabwe.

When I first became involved with UFOs, the 'Lights in the Sky' incidents were a major factor in the reports I received. Most remained unidentified, although often given in great detail, e.g. the 'flying bullet' of 9th July, 1974 reported by Alan Johnson and Bob Sonderup and seen at 23.45 hours near Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

FIGURE 1



It appeared to be an object with a very dark cone-shaped nose, four port-holes brightly lit from within, and an illuminated tail. The body was silverish in colour, passing approximately 500 metres above the horizon. (see Figure 1)

One speculates in retrospect that it could have been the nose cone of an experimental space probe, but it remained unidentified at the time due to lack of knowledge and communications. After all, how many probes were tried and failed; and it is only with total honesty among all nations that UFOs of this type can become IFOs.

On 25th June, 1986, there were numerous reports - I have details from four people - of a very bright light surrounded by a faint blue tinge, in the Durban, South Africa, area. There was no sound and no change of colour. It moved in an arc and appeared to be diving behind a nearby hill, but as no 'crash' was heard, it was obviously much farther away than the witnesses speculated.

There was a strangeness factor in this report: for although the witnesses (names and addresses are held by the Editor) all lived within a short distance of one another - a radius of about 5 km - there was a 28 minute discrepancy in the time. Two reported the object as being seen at 0540 and the other two saw it at 0608. All four witnesses were not in contact with one another.

For most it would appear to be a meteor, bolide or space debris of some kind. However, the object, in the true sense of the word, remains unidentified.

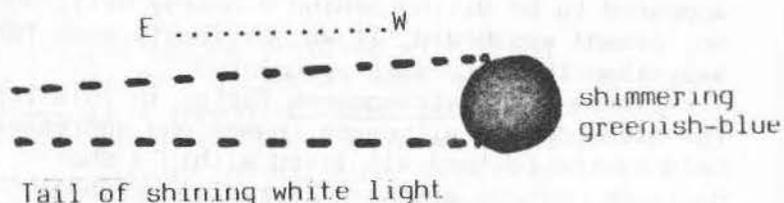
On August 13, 1986 at 0605 hours, near Chivju in Zimbabwe, a lecturer from the University of Zimbabwe saw a perfect sphere; shining, shimmering; a greenish-blue colour, travelling from E to W with a tail of shining white light (Figure 2) There was no sound.

His observation was excellent - the sky was clear, the object 1 - 2 kilometres distant, 5 - 7000 feet high, the size of an average room. His view lasted some 3 seconds. His sighting was verified by Sgt Chari of the Zimbabwe Republican Police, although he felt it was considerably larger in size.

Dr Willy Smith has made an identification here:-

"Very likely the object was a bolide associated with the Perseid meteor shower. The date of the incident was well within the range of the Perseid shower, August 11/12. The trajectory was slightly descending from E to W."

FIGURE 2



My final report of 'objects/Lights in the Sky' is one passed to me by Paul Norman of VUFORS in Australia and not personally investigated by me. It occurred on February 25, 1951 and was reported by Captain Jack Bicknell :

"We left Nairobi, Kenya, at 0700 in a Lodestar. At 0720 Radio Officer D W Merrifield drew my attention to a bright object like a white star hanging motionless about 10 000 feet above Mount Kilimanjaro."

They watched for three minutes and then reported it to the passengers and to Eastleigh by radio.

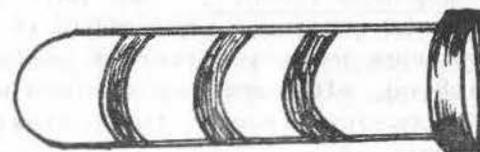
"I examined it for several minutes through binoculars. Through the glasses I saw a metallic bullet-shaped object which must have been 200 feet long. At one end was a square-cut vertical fin. Its colour was a dull silver and at regular intervals along the fuselage were vertical dark bands. (Fig 3) Its whole outline was clear and sharp and there was no haziness about it at all....."

Then the object moved eastwards, rising as it did so. It disappeared at about 40 000 feet.

"The machine left no vapour trail and it had no visible means of propulsion. My impression was that it was definitely a flying machine of some kind."

The report was in the Nairobi SUNDAY POST but I have not been able to verify it, nor to contact Capt Bicknell.

FIGURE 3



Hardly a meteor, or a balloon. And if it were some type of rocket, could it have hovered motionless for such a long period of time in UFO terms (3 minutes)?

There have been literally hundreds of reports similar to these, most of which I have retained.

At the beginning of my involvement with Ufology I was most meticulous about noting each and every 'light-in-the-sky incident', trying to identify the 'light' and involving myself in tremendous time wastage and correspondence. My reason for reporting these incidents is to show that the regularity and frequency of UFO reports are no less in Africa than anywhere else in the world. But as all this work is on a strictly personal basis, and as costs are escalating, I have now cut them to the barest minimum.

My interest leans more to physical trace cases and CE IIIs (in particular where several witnesses are involved) and very recently, since my visit to the Fund for UFO Research/MUFON Conference, the possibility of 'abduction cases' in Africa.

Over the years there have been a number of cases of contactees and physical traces, or one or the other. Some have become well-known and will not be new to the reader but are worth noting as a record of pattern-making UFO episodes. Out of the long list of categories I have for defining a case, I want to emphasize the 'strangeness factor'. Not only is there a significance to the event, but often it is reflected in other cases in many different parts of the world, establishing, although in a limited way, a UFO pattern. For physical traces, the following is perhaps my best case..<sup>1\*</sup>

Date : 12th November, 1972

Situation : Rosmead, a small village in the Karoo, South Africa.

Witnesses : Whites, Afrikaans-speaking South Africans.

Harold Truter, Headmaster of the primary school in Rosmead, returned from a weekend away; he arrived home at about 2025 hours when he noticed an unusual light in the sky with a beam pointing down towards the ground.

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1\* UFOs - AFRICAN ENCOUNTERS by Cynthia Hind

He drew his wife's attention to this and then went to park his car in the garage. He immediately noticed that the practically new school tennis court had been viciously torn up along one side of the tram-line. He called the police and the Chairman of the school's PTA.

Truter was later to find out that there had been several witnesses to what had been happening that evening.

a) At 2015 that evening, Rifleman S.J Rosseau and three other soldiers were lying on mattresses outside the Duty Room at Rosmead Military Camp, trying to find a cool breath of air after the extreme heat of the day (100°F). The night was clear and they were facing south towards the school tennis court some 200 metres away. Rosseau saw red lights circling around inside the tennis court and thought it was the tail lights of a car, but realised there were no headlights. The lights were about 1½ metres above the ground. He drew his friends' attention to this, and the lights then disappeared. There was no sound. The men debated reporting the matter for some time.

b) In Middelburg, at 2120, Police Sergeant Johannes Goosen and Constable Brazelle had both watched an object in the sky changing colour and moving around.

c) When Sgt Goosen went to investigate the incident in Rosmead, he noticed a streak of light from above the tennis court in the direction of the moon. After a while the light disappeared. Goosen's findings are as follows :

- i) The gate of the court was secured. The fence surrounding the court was 1.6 metres high and in order.

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- ii) There were several holes in the tennis court; about five were over one metre in diameter, with a smaller hole equidistant from each large hole. Big pieces of tarmac had been ripped from the court and flung some distance away. In one instance a displaced piece of tar was approximately 60 cms in diameter.
- iii) The edges of the tar were pressed down, as though a weight had been resting on them.
- iv) Alongside the tennis court, about 4 metres apart, were two bluegum trees. Following the incident, the police noticed that the leaves on the trees facing the court were badly burnt.
- v) Harold Truter's house was 20 metres from the tennis court. At the corner of the house there was a large stone which protruded about  $\frac{1}{3}$  above the ground. The Truters's small son often stumbled on this and hurt himself, and Truter had tried to remove the stone once or twice but found it more than he could manage. After the night of the incident, however, the stone was gone and had left a large hole in the ground. The stone was never found. Small pieces of tarmac (match-stick size) were deeply embedded in the garage wall as though flung there with considerable force.
- vi) About 200 metres from the tennis court, on some raised ground, a small copse of bluegum trees were found to have small pieces of tar embedded in the trunk about four metres above ground level.

Although retired, District Commandant of Police at Middelburg, Col B J van Heerden told me that it was the most puzzling case of his police career, although there were plenty of 'ready' solutions :

- 1) A professor from the University of the Witwatersrand was sure it was a whirlwind. When he was told about the burnt leaves he suggested it might have been lightning, despite the Met report of clear, blue, cloudless skies during that day.
- 2) Another solution was that the heat of the day had melted the tarmac and caused the explosion. The pressed-down tarmac edges (photographic evidence) were not taken into account!
- 3) Col Neethling of the Police Laboratory said that there was no radioactivity present in the pieces of tarmac nor in the burnt leaves. Therefore, he said, nothing strange had happened in Rosmead!!!
- 4) He also said that there was evidence of pick-axe marks on the tarmac, but there has been no data available as to how he arrived at this conclusion.

My assessment is that an unidentified object landed on the tennis court and then found itself embedded in the softened tar. In an effort to free itself it virtually jumped from one point to another (5 movements) and then managed to free itself. Some form of rapid rotary movement of the craft flung pieces of tar so that they became deeply embedded in the trunks of the trees and the garage wall.

Strangeness Factor :

- 1) The lifting of the enormous stone from near the tennis court and its complete disappearance.
- 2) The tarmac pieces embedded in the tall bluegum tree trunks some 200 metres from the tennis court at a height of approximately 4.6 metres.

Familiarities in UFO patterns :

- 1) The light beams pointing at an angle to the ground.
- 2) Rotating lights seen on the tennis court.
- 3) Similarity of 5 marks with tine-marks on side.

2.

Date : August 15, 1981

Situation : La Rochelle, a Forestry Commission Station, 9 km from Mutare, Zimbabwe.

Witnesses : Black forestry workers, labourers and foremen.  
Mashona Tribe of Zimbabwe.

On August 15, 1981, twenty labourers returning from work in the fields at 1800 hours, saw a fireball rolling across the grounds of La Rochelle, a Forestry Commission station some 8 kilometres from Mutare in eastern Zimbabwe. \*2

In charge of the group was Clifford Muchena and he was as stunned as the others; they watched the 1½ metre diameter fireball move from one side of the lawns to the other, and then roll up the sloping lawn to an observation tower attached to the main house. "It walked up the wall of the tower", said Clifford, "and entered the top window -- then it burst into flame."

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\*2. Page 93, "UFOs 1947-1987" Edited by Hilary Evans

Clifford rushed to ring the warning bell at the side of the house, to call one of the Game Wardens to come quickly. As he was ringing the bell, the fire "gathered into a ball, came down the tower wall" past Clifford, and then burst into flames again when it reached the Fantasy, an outbuilding which used to house the ex-owner's orchids.

Clifford ran to try and douse the flames, when he saw three men standing there with their backs to him. He was sure one of them was Andrew Connolley, a Game Warden and his Supervisor. He called out, "Mr Connolley, Mr Connolley", and slowly the men turned round, whereupon Clifford fell to the ground.

"I couldn't see their faces because there was so much light shining from them that I had to put my hands up to protect my eyes. They were wearing shiny overalls....."

The power from the light forced Clifford to his knees and he remained there until the light went out. When he looked again, both the fireball and the men were gone.

"All the time I was very frightened," he said. Indeed, the women in the compound, witnesses to the sighting, had run off into the bush with their children and were not easily persuaded to return. All the witnesses I spoke to, Naison Sampindi, Clifford Muchena, Eunice Kachiti, were convinced that what they had seen were ghosts, the spirits of their ancestors. Probably a Shave, a lost spirit who has not found his way home because his descendants have not done their duty by him. There was no question in their minds that the figures were anything else. They had never heard of UFOs nor of men from Outer Space. In fact, they were openly sceptical about men having landed on the moon!

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There are other cases, some quite simple and yet unexplained as to what they could have been, or ARE!

Then there are complicated, on-going cases with numerous phenomena and weird, frightening connotations. \*3

If I did not know how many Ufologists in the world continue to investigate, continue to be my friends, and are often of great assistance to me in these rather isolated and lonely investigations; if I did not know all this, I would have given up years ago.

But my determination to find the truth becomes stronger each year. And until the governments of the world do something about it, the public should be grateful that I, and so many others like me, feel the way we do!

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#### ABDUCTEES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

— Following on the release of the book INTRUDERS by Budd Hopkins, upon my return from the Washington DC Conference in June, 1987, I was surprised to find several abduction letters waiting for me.

The interesting factor is that none of the people involved were aware of Budd Hopkins' book, nor of his serious investigations into these cases. The only case that had reached me prior to my visit to Washington was the 'Janet' case from Durban, South Africa. The other three were totally new to me although they had occurred some time previously.

I knew for certain that Budd's book had not reached Africa. Upon closer questioning, I also knew that none of those involved had read MISSING TIME and in fact, due to the lack of media communication on UFO material, none of them was aware of abduction cases.

\*3. "Phenomenon" Edited by John Spencer, published 1988 by Futura.

Naturally, I do not have Budd's expertise, but I do have access to some top clinical and governmental psychologists and perhaps with their co-operation, and hypnotic regression, we might find that indeed, the abduction experience is a universal one.

One further factor I must mention: all of the abductees involved are of white European descent. However, I find that through personal lectures and radio broadcasts, I am reaching an ever-increasing circle of black African people and with time, perhaps, I may hear more of their experiences too.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### REPORT FROM JENNY, of BULAWAYO, ZIMBABWE.

'My name is Jenny and I live in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe. I will try and relate my experience as briefly as possible, keeping to the point. This will be rather difficult, as it was initially a 'psychic' experience, and as you are probably aware, makes one seem a bit crazy.

Over several years I have been involved with a 'travelling' dream where a man in white would appear in my dream, catch hold of my hand and take me to show me where I would next live. Being an Army wife at the time, quite a bit of travelling was done, and he never failed to show me my next posting. My husband was at first very mocking but soon began to respect the information I received. The dreams of this nature were very few and far between.

One night, not long after arriving in what was then Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) as a new immigrant, (one night in September, either 1973/4), he arrived in my dream again and holding my hand (he never said a word, ever) we were off, flying low over a grey choppy sea, towards an octagonal-shaped building with large windows in each side, sitting there on top of the sea.

Next thing, we were inside.

I saw young men and women in blue suits (like overalls) sitting there at various consoles with computer key-boards and TV screens above them showing what looked like earth seen from satellites; similar to the weather charts we see today. A beautiful woman, dressed in the same blue, about 30-years-old and with long blonde hair, came over to me. She could see me, and explained that they were watching our earth, and this young man - she pointed - was monitoring an earthquake condition about to occur in Turkey. I can't remember all that was said, but I gathered that although they were very kind, some sort of manipulating was going on; 'in our own interests' and helping with over-population too.

I felt rather scared and a little horrified, but they seemed to understand my feelings and were still very kind to me and they took their duty - if that it was - very seriously, as though they were responsible for our welfare.

I woke up with very mixed feelings. The dream was so vivid, I hoped it wasn't real, and my belief in God was very much shaken. I have since come to terms with the whole God/UFO thing. Anyway, when I tried to tell my friend about this dream, or my husband, I suffered the most violent headache; a really stabbing pain. To make matters worse, the dreadful earthquake in Turkey happened. I think the sea we flew over was the Atlantic.

One year later, in September, there was this chap in my dream again. He took my hand and we were flying over a blue sea that turned dark as a violent storm blew up. In the distance was a gigantic water-spout, and below was a small sailing boat, obviously in distress, and caught up suddenly in a whirlpool that was dragging it into a black hole which was the centre. Suddenly, there I was again, inside a small room looking at three young people whom I knew were on that boat. A short time seems to have passed as they seemed well, if a little dazed. On the wall opposite me was a transmitter showing all radio dials etc. and crackling noises were issuing from it.

I think a young man in blue was operating it. He came into the room, walked to the lady with blonde hair dressed in blue (the same one from the dream a year ago). I smiled as I recognized her. The three young people, two men and a girl, all began asking her questions when a man's voice was heard over the radio giving a code name and numbers, and saying something like 'Come in, please'. The youngsters recognized the voice and were very excited. The woman in blue said that although in the past, people could not go back to the other Dimension, they had now perfected a way of transference and they would be able to get back whereas before it had been impossible.

The young girl elected to stay as she said she had no really close family and was obviously very excited about the whole set-up she found herself in. The two young men said they definitely wanted to return. The radio voice was mentioning 'Florida' and sounded very distressed. The lady in blue cautioned the girl about her decision and reminded her that if she underwent the cell-change, she could never return. This process, I was led to believe, was something to do with the non-deterioration of cells, in that they renewed themselves as opposed to our cell structures decaying, and the metabolism slowing down. Anyway, the girl still wanted to stay.

Next thing I knew I was above the sea, watching the small boat on a now calmer sea, with the young men lying in it. Now you will say, the 'Bermuda Triangle'. Fine, but I can assure you that it was a good few years later that I first heard of this, and I didn't know that Florida was anywhere near it. Also, it was a while later when my daughter brought home a book from school on 'Weather Conditions of the World' that I saw the waterspout and found out that whirlpools are a common thing off the coast of Florida.

All of this gave me food for thought! I have often wondered how to find out whether a young girl with shoulder-length dark hair, very pretty, was lost in a storm off the coast of Florida, about September, 1974/75. And have there been any more disappearances?

I suffered a blinding headache when trying to tell my husband anything and that would happen for quite a while. As a post-script, I was watching 'Arthur Clarke's Mysterious World' series on TV and he was showing a programme on UFOs. I was enjoying the programme when they mentioned a woman in the north of Britain/Scotland who had heard a loud noise on her roof whilst she was in the kitchen. I felt my heart hammering in my chest and when they said 'She went outside to see what it was', I literally jumped with excitement in my chair and yelled, 'It's them, the Ones in Blue. I know it's them ...'

The woman was asked what she saw and she said, 'There was this large craft and looking out of the windows at me were people in blue. They were very good-looking; one, a woman with blonde hair, had such compassionate eyes when she looked at me' - or words to that effect.

My family asked, 'How on earth did you know?' I don't know but I knew straight away that they had paid that woman a visit.

I am also sure that if they ever came around my patch, I am sure that I would know them. I have to find out what year the Turkish earthquake was to pinpoint the first dream.

And also, has anyone else seen people in blue?'

\* \* \*

#### REPORT FROM MB, MASVINGO, ZIMBABWE

'One evening when I was living in Vereeniging, in South Africa, about 23 years ago(1964), I was

amongst a group of people and the conversation turned to Elizabeth Klarer and her fantastic claims about outer space-craft visiting her with space beings on board. Everybody wondered if there just might be something to her stories and I expressed the opinion that nothing could ever make me entertain that nonsense. A few hours later I had gone to bed and switched the light off. Suddenly I became aware of a soft, fine, vibrating sound and as I stared into the darkness I saw a round silver object speeding towards me and stopping just above my face. Its shape was like the illustration.



It really was magnificent. As it hung above my face, it whirred and vibrated softly. It was there for quite a long while and the only thought in my mind was: so they are real!

About two years later I received a second visit from this craft. I was quietly in bed with my mind just immersed in the ways of the late evening when I became aware of a far-off whirring vibration and I listened keenly for a moment or two when the thing again suddenly came sailing towards me and hung over my face. The sound was like the humming of a swarm of bees in a hive at night. As I looked at it, I suddenly was inside it, sitting on the surrounding seat and looking out the window at the Earth below.

It was flying so low that I could see ploughed ground and fences and I could even see small pebbles lying about, but in the twinkling of an eye it swept upwards and nothing more was visible but the interior of the craft. Sitting on the seat and facing me was a most handsome man. He was what anyone of us would term perfect in looks, build and immaculate in dress. All the inmates wore green spectacles with square frames larger than usual for us. He had a 'hat' on. He stared at me without letting up for one moment. I felt awfully self-conscious and shy. Besides him there were perhaps three more men on the passenger seat and one woman. She was, to my mind, the epitome of an English (or British) country-woman. She had a silk scarf tied on her head; she wore a pleated woollen skirt in brown tones and a finely knitted woollen twin-set and a pair of brown brogues.

In the pit of the craft was the machinery and the crew. These people were like Earthlings and workmen. One of them manned the steering column which stood upright in the centre.

After some time I was out of the craft as suddenly as I had got into it. These intervening moments resemble moments of loss of memory and I found myself inside a large room, empty but for a white painted dining room table, oval shaped, and six tall-backed chairs around it, standing diagonally across from the corner of the room. From the wall protruded an elbow-arm with a large green disc-light over the centre of the table. I was alone in this room and surveyed it and noted various doors, all closed and painted white.

I went to one door, opened it and there was a long passage with closed doors on either side. I stood looking for a while, then opened a door and went in and at once I was in the craft and it had taken off again. The entire experience was most happy and pleasant but suddenly I became aware that I was returning to Earth and in a panic of terror, I pleaded with them not to take me back to Earth; but as before,

suddenly I was out of the craft and in my bed in my room.

I know people will simply dismiss this with a giggle as a dream.

I feel that to investigate these phenomena from this side of the line will yield nothing because they are not from this world nor this Dimension. They belong to a world of Higher Dimension which is inaudible and invisible to the world of our Dimension.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ABDUCTION REPORT FROM JANET : SOUTH AFRICA

'This occurred in 1969. I was divorced at the time and living on my own in a small flat in central Durban. I have never forgotten what took place although it was so many years ago. I have told very few people about it as it seemed pointless and so many people laugh it off as a strange dream, or that I am soft in the head.

On this particular night I had great difficulty in falling asleep, a useless sort of feeling, tossing and turning, waiting almost for something to happen, but not knowing what. I decided to make myself a cup of coffee and then sat up in bed drinking it.

It was while I was sitting up in bed that I noticed my wardrobe seemed to be fading into the wall. The street lights shone into the room, so it was not completely dark. Instead of the wardrobe being where it should be, there was now a long dark tunnel, shaped like an ice-cream cone. At the end of the tunnel was a tiny light which was getting larger by the minute. I sat with my chin resting on my knees, terribly afraid, and not able to move.

The light grew larger and larger and I saw this man who seemed to step out of the tunnel. He was tall, wearing a greenish jacket and pants, black boots which came up to his knees and he also wore a

thick black belt. His eyes were huge, really huge; his hair was brown and close-cropped, as though someone had put a bowl on his head and cut around it. His ears were also large, lying close to his head and tipped at the ends. His skin seemed to have a tan to it; his mouth was a straight line with no lips.

He raised his right arm and beckoned to me to come to him. Although he never opened his mouth, I could hear the words, "Come, come". I remember answering back in my mind, "Bloody hell, I'm not going anywhere with you!" At that moment, I felt I was being sucked down this tunnel, and I was being half-dragged down a long, long passage brightly lit up, although I didn't see any light fittings.

The passage seemed to go on forever. Two people on either side of me gripped each arm in a vice, and they were walking very fast, as I could not keep up with them, hence they dragged my feet along with them. I was afraid to turn my head to see who they were so I kept my eyes glued in front. I remember a room, also very bright, with a high narrow table with white sheets; the room was cold and it had a strange smell. After that, I remember nothing.

I woke in the morning with a strange feeling which I find difficult to put into words. My arms were painful and felt as heavy as lead. I couldn't raise them to put on my make-up or comb my hair.'

Janet had other experiences since this occasion, but this particular one seems to have triggered it all off. She says she feels she can read people's thoughts, she can sometimes see through walls, and spiritual beings seem to appear to her.

\* \* \*

For the moment, these are the only 'abduction' cases I have received. As you will see these are all treated in confidence, and I would like to hear from others who have had similar experiences. Ed.

SOME UNUSUAL CASES(Not previously reported )  
REPORT FROM : W S Van Heerden, Sunnyside, Pretoria,  
SOUTH AFRICA

' It was while serving as South African Consul-General in Mozambique from 10th May, 1963 to 6th August, 1970, that I sighted a UFO at Lourenço Marques (now called Maputo) on Friday, 13th December, 1968.

I had arranged for a friend of mine, Mr Arrie Mastenbroek, a master woodworker and building contractor then living in Pretoria, whom I had come to know when he did work on my house in Pretoria, to build a 'Thai' catamaran yacht from plans and two fibre-glass hulls which I had imported from the United Kingdom. Boat building was Mr Mastenbroek's special interest and hobby. He had sailed the yacht from Pretoria, and was staying with me in Lourenço Marques during the builders' holidays while we rigged the mast and tuned the craft which was kept at the Clube Naval near to and south of Polana Beach.

On 13th December 1968 at about 3 pm we travelled in the back of the chauffeur-driven car from west to east down Avenida da Republica which was one of the main thoroughfares of the city (and may now have been renamed). Passing the showgrounds and the Clube de Pesca, we rounded Ponta Vermelha (Red Point) and now travelling north with the road right next to the sea and the cliff on our left, we had an unobstructed view of the bay to the east and north-east. It was a brilliantly clear day of blue sky and sea. It was then that I saw this object, stationary at a point which I estimated to be roughly above the small island of Xefina (pronounced She-fee-na) which is situated in the bay of Lourenço Marques, and which was then being used by the military.

The shape of the object was similar to that which would be obtained by placing two saucers or plates together so that the bottoms, i.e. the convex sides, are both on the outside.

The view which I had was from the side, so that the shape was elongated and tapering at both ends. It is difficult to estimate size, but it was large, and to make a clumsy comparison I would say that the size could have been of the same magnitude as that of an ocean-going ship. It was solid, with clear-cut lines and no fuzziness at all such as cloud or smoke. The colour was dark grey. I could not distinguish any detail such as portholes or protruberances. It was difficult to estimate the altitude, but the object could have been, say, 150 to 200 metres above the level of the sea. I saw it probably for no more than 30 seconds.

As I was sitting on the right hand side of the car, i.e. on the side nearest the sea, I exclaimed and drew Arrie Masterbroek's attention to the object, but he too may have seen it when I did. The car then passed behind trees growing on a parking area just south of the Clube Naval and between the road and the sea. I told the driver not to stop at the Clube Naval but to continue on. We passed the Clube Naval and the pavilion on the Polana Beach so that buildings thus obstructed the view from the road. I said to Arrie that I hoped the object would not be gone by the time we regained a clear view.

From the pavilion, the road ascends the embankment towards the Polana Hotel. Clear of the pavilion, and with a view of the bay, the object was not where we had last seen it, but it flashed into view for a split second, climbing and travelling at great speed towards the south-west, i.e. passing directly over the city, but the view of it now was of a completely circular disc. No sound other than the sound of our moving car was discernable and there was no flame or colour.'

\* \* \* \* \*

REPORT BY J S OF CAPE TOWN

' Sometime about the end of November/early December 1980, I had gone to fetch a new maid in Montevista, just outside Cape Town, and was travelling on the national road towards Cape Town, driving slowly and looking out the window and sometimes up into the sky. I don't remember the day of the week or time of day, but it was a clear day and I saw a pinprick of light in the sky through the right-hand side window. It seemed to be moving in an arc around the earth. I thought it was a Sputnik. It vanished and then was visible, and I recall seeing a 'scratch' of light... that's when I became interested. It came down in an arc and it seemed to be doing something very strange before it came down, because it seemed to stop and move and behave strangely. After coming down in an arc, it came down lower and then dropped straight down. When this happened I thought it was space debris, but I wondered why there was so much flame. This was coming from the back.

I think that even before it dropped, I stopped the car, got out with the maid and we stood at the back of the vanette on the left-hand side, watching this 'thing'. It was dropping down much slower than one would expect; at first it seemed to be falling, later on it didn't seem to be going so fast at all. It became clearer and I could see it was definitely a rocket. It came down straight, then it curved or made an arc, then started to move not quite parallel to the ground but at an angle towards the ground, and it came right in front of us; it was still far away but it was enormous! The first thing that struck me was that it looked so big, and so new. There was no burn mark as one might expect from the back of a rocket. There was no paint damage; it looked completely new and clean.

It was mainly white but it had some red, white and blue. It was not distorted by smoke or flames. It was very clear, clean and new.

When it was almost horizontal to the ground I had a very clear look at it for a long time. I was surprised that it was so short and very thick in diameter; it was actually dumpy. The nose was not a long, pointed nose; it was a cone-shaped thing and there was a short nose and it had nothing protruding from it.

The first thing that struck me - I didn't recall this clearly until someone mentioned it - was the letters U S A. I did recall it had a flag on it but couldn't recall that it had U S A written on the side, but when someone mentioned 'letters' over the phone the other day, it suddenly struck me that was what I wanted to remember about it. I remember thinking: hell, the Americans have got an absolute nerve, painting this thing with U S A in such enormous letters; they were very big.

I would compare it with a Jumbo jet. It looked thicker than a Jumbo to me. And the flame - you couldn't see this thing without wondering how this flame was produced, it was so tremendous, I'd say possibly four times the length of the rocket, and of course it was wider than the rocket. The colour appeared to be yellow and orange, not a blue flame. And it wasn't making a lot of noise. The back of the rocket was flat, without any opening, but there was so much flame that one could not see into it. I just thought it was a secret weapon - but I don't believe the Americans would do this over Cape Town. There was no trouble with my eyes, then or subsequently. I was not affected physically either.

I think there might have been some noise but certainly not much. Not what one would expect from something like that.

I wasn't impressed with the noise; I was impressed with the flame.

And with the letters U S A and the cleanliness of it and the flag and the numbers. The flag came after the U S A. The shortness of the rocket also, and about the direction it was going. After it made this curve it went in a dead straight line towards the centre of Cape Town. It was amazing that it went so straight. And I wondered, because of these changes of direction and turns, if there were people on board. The nearer it got to Cape Town, the more anxious I became. There could possibly be a nuclear warhead on the darn thing. And I wondered if I'm far enough away to be affected by a nuclear bomb? I thought, yes I am, and what do I do? It was quite an unreal experience!

The young coloured maid, she knew I was going to be her employer so she was rather shy of me. She was pretty scared to communicate with me. But she certainly didn't run away. I know she saw it, we both got out of the car to look at it. Unfortunately I cannot remember her name nor how to get hold of her. She only worked for me for 3 days because we found she was taking things and I had to let her go.

I didn't try and stop anyone else, but I looked at the cars passing. After a while I realized that no one was stopping; every one was driving on, past this thing and past me, nobody looked up. The maid and I just stood there, on the kerb at the side of the car, looking up, but at that time there was not much traffic going towards Cape Town. Nobody paid any attention to me or to the rocket. In any case, I don't think anyone would notice two people stopping on the side of the road. I would have expected that somebody would have slowed down, and after a time I thought it strange, why the cars kept going, nobody seemed to be worrying about this thing.

It was now coming down at a short angle, not quite parallel to the ground. I'm not completely sure about that, but I think when it came back, it came parallel to the ground, going towards Cape Town.

Then it turned round and came closer to me. It was like a V-shape movement, and this time it came closer to me. It was now heading towards Bellville. The turn was quite sharp, much sharper than I would have expected it to make. When 'In orbit' it made that slight curve, not sharp; when it dropped from there, there was no sharp movement; when it curved towards Cape Town that was a pretty big curve, but it made a sharp curve when it came back from Cape Town towards me. It was an unusual movement; very unusual, a left-angle movement parallel to the ground.

The speed was slower than one would expect and it was extremely controlled, the whole thing. The one time when it didn't seem controlled was when I first saw it in the sky. When it was high up, it seemed like something was struggling to get something right. Then it did not seem to be as precise as when it came down. Then, its precise control was quite impressive: as it came towards me, I looked at the flame a lot; it wasn't the rocket, it was the flame that interested me the most because I thought, where do they store the fuel to generate such a lot of flame? And it was fuel I thought of, not any other kind of propulsion. I wondered if the thing contained mostly fuel, to be burning it up like that.

On the actual 'rocket' there was the flag, the large U S A letters and then there were, I think, letters and numbers, I can't be sure, but there did not seem to be a lot of numbers or letters, it wasn't a lengthy thing. I was able to remember it for quite a while. Thinking back, I feel there were two letters and four numbers.

I didn't say anything to the coloured girl. She was very shy and I guess awed by me... a bit scared of me. The thing that had entered my mind immediately - in fact I was convinced of it - was that this was a Russian rocket. Because why would the Americans test a rocket over Cape Town?

It was so precise in movement, I thought they were testing it to see if they could manoeuvre the thing precisely over Cape Town. It moved in such a dead straight line that I thought they moved it away from the city so people in the city would not see it. If people looked up they could very easily see it. The time might have been three or four o'clock in the afternoon. It was a very clear and hot day, typical of that time of the year. I was convinced it was a Russian rocket, so the lettering surprised me.

The A of the U S A was not sharp at the top but rounded, and the flag was much smaller than the letters, and in front of them. The colours were red, white and blue. The letters were across the body, as if the thing was designed to travel that way, horizontal to the ground.

That night I told my wife about it and she believed me. I tried to discuss it but couldn't find anyone seriously interested. I felt there must have been others who must have seen it, and someone would have contacted the authorities about it... I couldn't be the only one who saw it. I expected something to be in the papers, but there was nothing.

When the object went past me the first time, it was quite far away. Then it came back towards me the second time and I can't recall whether, when it went up, it went straight up all the way out of sight, or whether it curved at the top. But I watched it for a long time and kept saying to myself: is it going up into outer space, or keeping within the earth's atmosphere? And this was very important to me because, if it's in the earth's atmosphere, then it is a secret weapon; and if it's going into outer space, then it's something to be taken more seriously. I was a bit disturbed when it went up so high that I couldn't see it any more.

Now after so many years I think it could have been American but I don't know what to think any more. I feel confused but it doesn't bother me really, I recall most of what happened very clearly but I wish I could recollect if there was anything more on that object, other than the flag, U S A letters and the other letters and numbers. I feel there was something else I should recall.

The thing had no windows, nothing. I felt it was being controlled by people thousands of miles away. Well, they had a damn nerve to test it over Cape Town in the middle of the day. I didn't think it was from outer space, but when I saw it go so high up at the end, then it worried me. It could be from outer space.....

Another thing that's always bothered me: what made it come down? I know it was going across... it was as if there was an argument taking place inside, with one guy saying, 'Look, we go down here', and another saying, 'No, we go straight on into the arc'. There seemed to be some indecision about the way it came down the first time, almost as if they were trying to correct direction. If they were in an arc, I can imagine they were in orbit. To come down in an arc, the way they did - I thought they had run out of space and had come down into the earth's atmosphere... and then dropped... I still feel there was something else about the rocket... it was something on the rocket but I can't recall it. I remember the painting, it was beautifully done.

It must have been tremendously heavy. This was something big, possibly bigger than a Jumbo, and it came much lower than one would expect from a thing that size. About as low as an aeroplane is allowed to fly ... about 500 feet. I also want to add that the letters U S A were enormous on this thing. I'm curious to know if letters are that large on rockets today.

The rocket was painted white, the letters were black, and flag was red, white and blue. But there is a feeling I have about the colours, something about there being more blue and more red, and something more I cannot recall.'

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#### CAROLINE of ZIMBABWE

This incident took place on 1st April, 1988. Caroline lives about 8 Km south of Chipinge, in the Eastern Highlands of Zimbabwe. She says :

"I was lying awake in bed; lying on my back. I had been asleep earlier, but I woke and could not go back to sleep again. The night felt strange and there was a peculiar air about the place. This was after midnight, but I do not know the exact time.

Everything was silent, even the crickets had stopped their chirping. I felt cut off from everyone and I could not even hear the ticking of the clock on the table beside my bed (it normally has a very loud tick).

All this seemed to take place in a split-second. The next thing a ball of white light shot through the ceiling, about 4 or 5 feet from the corner of the ceiling and straight down to the floor.

The object was rather bright but did not really hurt my eyes. I could not raise my hand to shield my eyes as I was unable to move. The only thing I can liken the light to is the fluorescent-tube lights when they first come on. I had the shock of my life!

This ball of light lit up the top of the dressing table - which stood at the foot of the bed - and the area between the dressing-table and my bed.

This light seemed to be suspended in the air at the height of my bed and dressing-table -- this is about 2 to 3 feet from the floor. The rest of the room and the floor beneath this light remained as dark as the night. I noticed the beams of light radiating from the object were longer horizontally than they were vertically. From the time this ball of light had come through the ceiling, I had been unable to move any part of myself except my head which I could move from side to side, but could not lift up. I could not actually see the ball of light although I looked for it.

Next, I looked up at the ceiling where this ball of light had come through and I saw this shaft of light in what seemed like the corner of the ceiling (it was the same type of light as the ball of light). Something told me to look at the foot of my bed: the ball of light was hovering there between my feet. Unable to move I again turned my eyes toward the shaft of light. I followed its length higher and higher, even higher than the bedroom ceiling.

At the end of the shaft of light there was a 'Flying Saucer'. It had several windows, one at each end and either 2 or 3 in-between. They were filled with this rich golden-colour light. It seemed to be made of a dull mustard-brown type of metal. I looked at it for quite some time. Suddenly, I noticed the outline of the top of three trees which were a dark rich-green colour. Behind the top of these trees I could see the sky; it was a mid-blue colour and really clear. A strange light seemed to permeate the sky and give it this unusual bright blue colour.

I felt as though, whoever it was, wanted to take me up in this beam of light. I may have risen above my bed, but I did not take my eyes off this shaft of light so I am not sure. I do know that I could not feel my bed beneath me. I tried to call someone but I could not make myself heard. I felt as though I was cut off from everyone else.

The next minute I could see nothing; I was left looking up at my bedroom ceiling. It seemed as though I had been drained of all my energy so I was feeling rather weak. I could hear the whirring sound of something whizzing around outside. I cannot really associate the 'whirring' with anything as it did not remind me of anything. It was a slow modulating sound, with high and low tones; as I heard it I imagined something going around. As soon as I felt I had regained my energy I managed to look at the time on my bedroom clock. It was about 3:35 a.m. on the morning of 1 April, 1988.

Quickly, I scrambled out of bed and pulled the curtain aside. The sky was the same colour blue as I had described before (I had not looked outside prior to this). The ground and shrubs near the window were lit up with this strange light. Everything was deadly silent except for this whirring sound. I could not see anything on the ground or in the sky, so I thought whatever it was must be above the roof.

I dashed to wake my mother but on the way there the lights went out and I was left standing in the dark. They were off for only a short period of time but it was pitch black while they were off. I woke my mother but the whirring sound had stopped when the lights came back on. We looked out of my bedroom window and the sky had changed back to normal and everywhere was dark. We then dashed outside but could not see anything.

I think the object must have hovered just above the roof because there are so many trees, shrubs and aërials that there would be no place to land even if it wanted to. It must have been hovering because the beam seemed to go to a great height; even though the 'Flying Saucer' appeared small, it gave the impression that it was quite big.

I tried to locate the trees that I saw. I think they were the silver oaks growing together some distance from the house (.15 to .31 km). They are very tall.

The 'Flying Saucer' appeared to be hovering at an angle enabling me to see partially beneath it, but it might have been due to the slope of the land. The slope of land between the house and the trees is great. There is also open land where the trees are growing. We went to have a look but we could not see anything strange or unusual.

The angle of the trees and the position of this 'Flying Saucer' was more or less in a north-easterly direction. The next morning we looked outside for any evidence of the object having been there but we could find nothing at all.

My mother and I had woken my two sisters and we sat in the sitting room discussing the UFO... Later my mother left the room. It must have been between 5:00 and 5:15 on the morning of 1st April, when the next incident took place.

The lamp in the corner of the sitting room (which is almost in the opposite direction from the corner of my room where the UFO had appeared) grew dull but did not go out. We commented on the fact.

A few minutes later, I felt strange and very light, as though I was floating. I could not feel the chair beneath me. I looked at my one sister (Fig 3) who was facing me, to see whether she felt the same effects as I did. Although I could see a grey haze between the two of us, she was not aware of it.

I tried to ask my other sister if she felt anything (Fig 2) but when she spoke her words sounded confused and distorted. Her words ran into each other so I could not hear what she was saying. She said later that she had spoken clearly. Her words were slurred, in a sense. My sister (Fig 3) said that she (Fig 2) sounded as though she was a long way off.

Later, we found out that she also felt weightless but as we could see each other we know that no one actually floated, even though the feeling was there.

My sister (Fig 2) left the room to call my mother who was in the kitchen at the time. While she was gone my second sister (Fig 3) and I (Fig 1) heard the whirring stop.

My mother said that she had not noticed the lights going dull."

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Caroline is nearly 22 years old. She wears glasses but did not have them on when the first incident occurred, although she wore them subsequently. Her impression is that the first incident started after midnight, but as she did not observe the clock-face, she is not sure of the time. She knows that when it was over, the time was 03:35.

She cannot recollect any previous experience in her childhood or subsequently.

She also says that she has not given UFOs much thought prior to this incident. Her feelings are that they are something seen by people 'out of doors' or in the night sky. She had no idea that "they could penetrate physical barriers, i.e. walls and ceilings. This means we have no real protection against them. I feel that some are good while others are evil. At the time I remember saying mentally, 'God, is this good or evil?' I think I should mention that I wear a cross around my neck at all times."

Caroline mentions that she has not read any UFO books. "I have always felt that they are not my scene."

Caroline reports that one of her sisters, wakened by the excitement, commented on Caroline's eyes. She said they were 'large and sort of glowing.' At the time, they were both in semi-darkness.

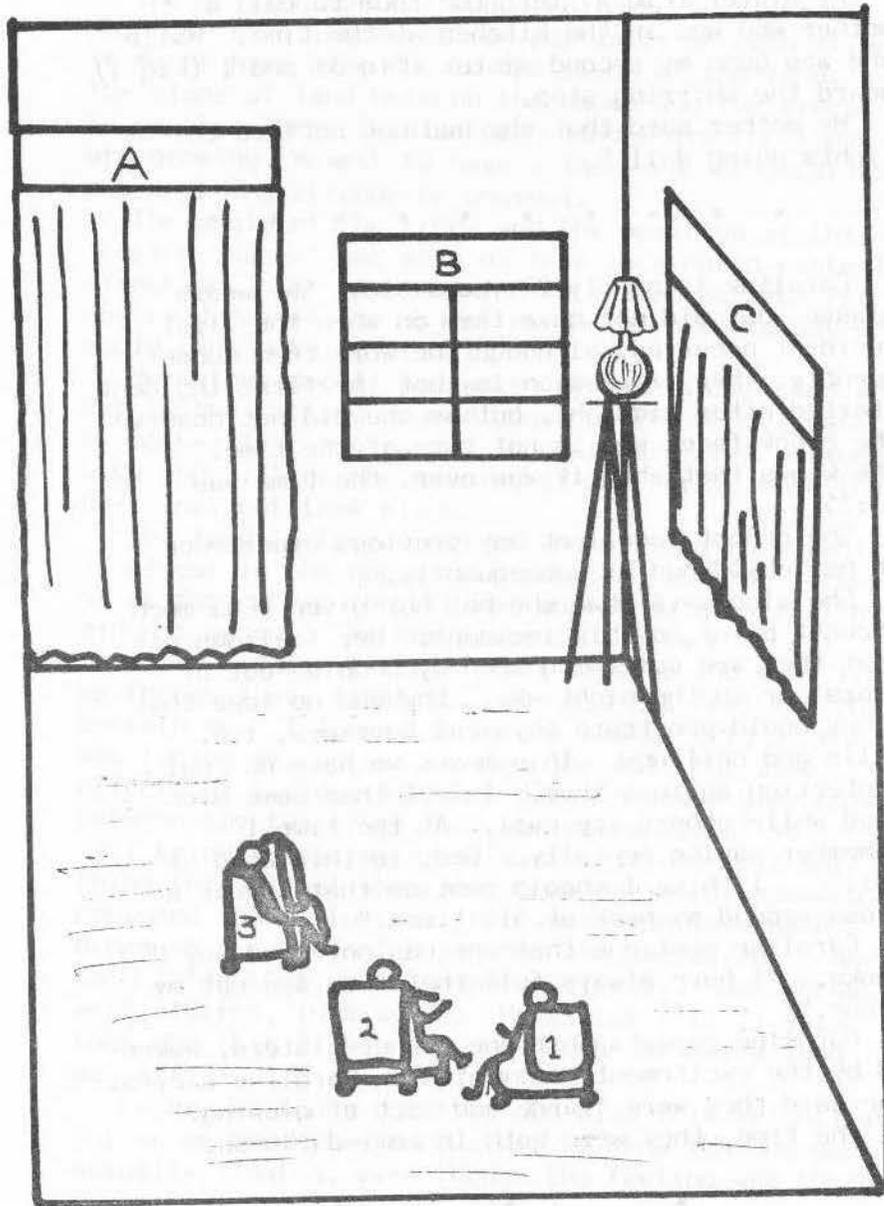
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## THE WHISTLING CASE in the Cape, SOUTH AFRICA

This case was investigated by Prier Wintle of Cape Town, South Africa. It might have no UFO correlation at all, but it is a multi-witness case and intriguing all the same. The report was made by W C Coetzer and the event occurred on 24th May, 1982.

Seven teachers were walking in the Cedarberg, near Clanwilliam, Cape, on an outing. They were near the Maltese Cross ( obviously a local landmark) with four of them 2 - 3 Km ahead. Coetzer's child was with him and his brother was about 50 metres ahead. Another teacher, Miss Lahe, was 50 metres ahead of Coetzer's brother. They were not in contact with one another but all experienced the same thing. They saw nothing but heard a whistling sound of very high frequency. They could hear this for 2 - 3 seconds, like a generator powered by the wind, a 'wh-wh-wh' sound. After about a minute, it came again.

Coetzer's child asked him what it was. He told the child to be quiet so that he could listen. There were no telephone lines nearby which might be the cause. Coetzer heard it for the third time but much louder on this occasion. The sound was clear, like that of a sonbesie.<sup>1</sup> Coetzer looked up at the sky for it seemed as though the sound came from directly overhead, but the frequency was also changing, like a Doppler effect when something passes one, moving rapidly. There was also a strange feeling in Coetzer's hair, like wind. Then he noticed that the hairs on his bare arms were standing upright, yet he felt no fear, which is the usual cause of this effect. He felt a slight vibration in the top part of his body and wondered if it was an earthquake, but then realised it was not the earth that was shaking. His feet were quite still.



1 A type of bird

It was more like an electric shock wave with a definite frequency. Coetzer began walking and it was then it came for the fourth time, but less clearly.

Coetzer and his son then reached his brother and he saw him looking at the ground. Coetzer asked why; the brother replied that he was looking for the stick or pole that Coetzer had been carrying. He thought that Coetzer had thrown it towards him, whirling it over his head. He said it sounded like a whirling kierrie, or walking stick. These kierries are thrown over cornlands and the turning stick kills many sparrows. Children also throw sticks this way while playing.

The three of them then reached Miss Lahe, who had been about 200 yards ahead. She said she thought she had heard a bird, perhaps a vulture or a hawk, just above her head. She couldn't see it but felt the wind of its wings on her hair two or three times.

Coetzer timed the sound as lasting 3 - 4 seconds at 1½ minute intervals. The time this took place was 12.30 noon. The sky was absolutely clear with no wind. One could light a cigarette without shading it with one's hand.

The place was near the Sneeuberg, a plateau with no big trees or bushes. The soil was black turf, the vegetation was water-grass and low biesie (reed) -- lower than 30 cms.

Methane gas can occur in wet areas, collecting in a ball and glowing, but this was not the case here. Coetzer had read of an electrical wind in Italy in 1959. Great heat causes static which discharges on high objects. He does not know if this could produce an effect like the one they experienced.

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(I seem to recall reading about a case where this whistling effect occurred but I have looked through several volumes of William R Corliss' Source books and cannot find this reference.

If anyone can help us with this, we would appreciate it. Editor)

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BOOK REVIEW

by Prier Wintle

INTRUDERS

by Budd Hopkins, published by  
Random House, New York, 1987

Price: \$17.95

Budd Hopkins' interest in UFO study was first sparked by a daylight sighting he had in 1964. He began to read the case literature. At first, however, he was extremely sceptical of 'close encounter' reports. The story of the abduction of Betty and Barney Hill and the quasi-medical examination to which they were subjected by humanoid aliens had hit the headlines in 1961, but Hopkins remained a doubter. Probably that is the mark of a good ufologist. Go on doubting till you have sufficient evidence, or sufficiently well attested information on which to build a hypothesis. And then test your hypothesis against new evidence as it comes in. Gradually, 'as the evidence mounted and case report followed case report' he began to recognise the importance of abduction encounters.

One case might be a hoax. Several accounts, all very different, might be hoaxes or psychoses. But case after case, all presenting a recognisable pattern in which those concerned neither knew each other nor were acquainted with any previous studies of the subject, were a different matter altogether. By 1977 he was concentrating his efforts in this area of research.

INTRUDERS suggests that the main purpose of their study of us is to carry out a long-term genetic experiment.

To do this they have to be around for a long time observing and tagging specific individuals from specific family lines repeatedly every few years - possibly throughout their lifetimes. We do this to animals. We implant tiny transmitters in them so that we can keep tabs on them wherever they are when they migrate. 'They' appear to be doing the same to us. They are also taking samples of our sperm and ova, sometimes to fertilise and develop altogether outside the body, as we do with test-tube babies, sometimes to transplant into other host mothers and then later to retrieve when foetal development has progressed to a certain stage, as we also do with rabbits and other animals; and sometimes to cross with their own species in order to develop a new hybrid race.

We don't know why they are doing that, nor whether they intend that such a race shall live on our world or theirs. But we do it with both animals and plants. There is no doubt of the theoretical possibility of it. However, for it to happen to us implies a traumatic interference with our personal integrity and privacy. To take a human female, remove an ovum, re-implant it at a later date, and then later still remove the developing foetus, is tantamount to repeated rape. Yet there is evidence that this has happened in some cases, not just once but several times to the same woman. And those who have spoken about it have tended to suffer from the same kind of disbelief or taunting cynical ridicule as that which, until recently at least, was all too often the fate of ordinary human rape victims.

Budd Hopkins has studied a very large number of abduction cases -- a sufficient number to establish a distinct abduction pattern. He employs the technique of hypnotism to assist the victims, both male and female, to relax and get over the distressing memory blocks which the mind itself throws up to shut out an experience which threatens sanity itself when it has to be faced alone.

Yet if it is not faced, a permanent condition of anxiety neurosis persists. It can be faced in an atmosphere of supportive belief and sympathy, and this atmosphere is the service which Hopkins supplies.

Sometimes it seems the intruders themselves implant a hypnotic suggestion inhibiting memory. Then persistent anxiety and fear, together with strange scars on the body, may be the only tangible evidence of abduction. The need for help is just as great in these cases, and expert hypnosis is employed to break the implanted hypnotic inhibition.

INTRUDERS is focussed around an in-depth study of one particular case of this kind, that of Kathie Davis, a 39-year old divorcee mother of two children. She, her mother, her older sister, and both her two children have suffered 'intrusion'. She herself may have had ova implanted and subsequently removed as many as nine times. It has taken repeated therapeutic sessions, sometimes with the aid of hypnosis and sometimes without (when spontaneous memories have begun to surface and have simply been assisted to come fully forth in a sympathetic ambience), to uncover most of the picture. Even now there are still areas where both Kathie and Hopkins realise there is still material to be revealed.

Although the book is a scientific study it is not a cold scientific study. It is a warm, human document which startlingly makes us aware that the UFO problem in this aspect of its total impact is a searing human problem. For this reason alone it would require to be tackled, and tackled effectively. Archaic theories are no longer sufficient, and official cover-ups can no longer be tolerated. In this area psychotherapy is in the vanguard of the scientific breakthrough towards complete understanding of the whole UFO conundrum. INTRUDERS is one of the most important of all UFO books.

## THE 'ALIENS' -- A Speculation as to their Origins.

by Maria Sullivan

After years of almost general belief in so-called 'aliens from Outer Space' manning UFOs, other ideas are now being entertained; one being that the UFO entities would be time, rather than space, travellers -- from our own future earth.

Could these truly alien beings, so different from present humanity, be a future type of homo sapiens? Some telling factors make the idea not as far fetched as it would seem: climatic conditions are worsening; openings in the ozone layer over the poles appear to be widening, letting in more lethal ultra-violet rays; the weather is changing, seasons are erratic, their once regular cycles seemingly more haphazard. If these anomalies continue, added to what humanity itself is doing to planetary environment through pollution, what kind of physical bodies would our descendants have?

- a) Stunted bodies: Bodies would tend to decrease in size for lack of nourishing food, badly leached soil, unpredictable weather and erratic seasons.
- b) Rough, grey skins: With less sunlight owing to chemical fog and a choked-up atmosphere; with exposure to increased natural and man-made radiation, skin would roughen and thicken to protect vital inner organs. Lack of sunlight produces a dirty-greyish type of skin. Smaller stature would possibly cause skin to fold in wrinkles and perhaps even be loosened from atrophied muscle and bone.

- c) Large, wraparound eyes:

Lack of sunlight and the polluted atmosphere would produce expansion of the eye to compensate, with possibly extra-large pupils. Because orbital bone is thick on the top, the eye would have to expand laterally, i.e. 'wraparound' eyes.

- d) Lack of hair :

This could be due to over-exposure to radiation. Hair loss is one of the results of radiotherapy treatment even now.

- e) Large head :

Brought about by the need to accommodate speeded-up growth of the brain.

- f) Lack of visible sex organs :

This could again result from a hostile environment, causing possible enfoldment of outer sex organs in a sheath (for protection), as for instance in cats. It could also result from extra-uterine conception and gestation. It will take a long time, but the possibility of totally extra-uterine human conception and gestation is now being actively researched.

- g) Lack of speech:

As we develop more gadgetry to feed us with information, and increase our dependence on these media from childhood, we may well lose the power of speech altogether.

Or we might find lesser value in spoken communication. Since speech would no longer be essential for survival, telepathy might once again become the usual mode of contact.

The foregoing could be called 'natural' mutations produced by outside factors as part of the changes in planetary environment. But what about mutations in behaviour patterns, mental processes and even spiritual qualities?

h) Lack of emotion: Following changes in speech value, it is possible that 'robotic' behaviour patterns would be intensified as emotion ceased to count for survival - or for reinforcing identity - until it was ultimately dropped or just gradually faded out.

i) Lack of 'soul'/ spirit: I quote from Ruth Montgomery's THE WORLD BEFORE, Chapter 14, Prognostications: "The ability to reproduce human life outside the womb... were it to become feasible ... what sort of soul would wish to enter such an artificially created body? Only an evil or robot type who would be a menace to world society."

j) Technical know-how: This would be incredibly advanced, but possibly at the cost of what makes us Human, fallible though we are. Our very fallibility would have been bred out of us to produce a species perfectly adapted to changed conditions. Men might become super-machines.

k) Experimentation with 'primitive' humans:

If our descendants become 'machines' in response to both outer and inner changes, what would they do if they were given a chance to 'work' on people of our present era? Would they not want to study and experiment with such irrational, emotive, beast-like beings? They might not even realize we were their own ancestors!

On the other hand, if they knew, would they not wish to dissect us, take biopsies of unknown organs and study functions totally foreign to them? They might want to revitalise their own stock by using specific genetic material from us; or they might wish to create a new species through hybridisation. Hence the accounts by some contactees, of having ova/sperm taken by UFO 'aliens' for purposes unknown to the victims.

With fresh material for genetic engineering or combination with their own genes - our mutated 'original' genes - they could produce a new human, combining their advanced mental capacity with our present-day 'normal' bodily form. Such experimentation would be perfectly logical and a marvellously adapted 'homo futuris' race could result.

These are only a few of the thoughts that occur as one reads account after account of small, rough-skinned, large-headed, hairless, cat-eyed, emotionless individuals with a knowledge seemingly far in advance of ours, yet unable to communicate with us. One cannot but wonder whether they could be our children's children's children of a far distant future, moving and existing in a different dimension with a different vibrational rate, but still very much ON THIS PLANET. In other words, coming through Time, not Space.

To get to us they would have to step down their vibrations so as to appear to us in some sort of recognisable shape, since we are able to observe only a small fraction of the spectrum. The fact that many shapes, sizes and colours of entities have been observed does not automatically throw out the hypothesis: even today the human race reveals a bewildering gamut of shapes, sizes and colours. There must be many adaptations, many experiments of a natural and artificial kind still to come in the history of humanity. And if, as some claim, in the so-called Ultimate Reality both time and space are non-existent, then all these mutations, old and new, are happening RIGHT NOW. By some process we do not comprehend, homo futuris may well be coming back to say hello to his primitive animal ancestors: us.

One could perhaps find such a hypothesis more logical than the widespread belief that these humanoids have travelled the incredibly vast distances spanning solar systems, just to visit the zoo!!

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#### IN CONCLUSION

Someone asked me recently, 'What have you learnt in the 15 years you have been involved with UFOs? Isn't it all a pointless exercise?'

No, it certainly isn't! Although it's true that we ufologists are no nearer a solution than we were when Kenneth Arnold sighted 9 discs skimming between Mount Rainier mountains in the USA.

But whereas in those days, I was sceptical about the reality of unidentified craft in our skies, today I am absolutely sure of their existence.

Today I think that we know how these craft are propelled; with an electromagnetic power that produces microwave radiation and its various resultant effects on people and animals.

Today we are aware that the majority of UFO occupants are small humanoid types, with wrap-around eyes, almost non-existent mouths and ears and a lack of emotional response. Other close encounters are with animal-type entities, but these cases are in the minority and probably due to the strangeness factor, with one or two exceptions viz. Kelly case in Hopkinsville, have not been studied in any great detail. There are also encounters with robots (Hickson, Pascaquola), monsters and human-like beings.