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Joseph Polanik <jpolanik@mindspring.com>
List Moderator

[W 4]*****

Source: Las Vegas Sun
Publish Date: 8th January 1998

Toxic data at Area 51 ruled confidential

By Bob Egelko

SAN FRANCISCO - An attempt to pry loose information about alleged toxic waste burning at a secret Air Force site in the Nevada desert - said to be the "Area 51" of extraterrestrial lore - hit a stone wall of secrecy in a federal appeals court Thursday.

Lawyers for five current and former workers at the base, and the widows of two workers allegedly killed by toxic wastes, are not entitled to learn whether hazardous substances exist there or how they are handled, the results of a federal toxics inspection or even the name of the base, the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals said.

The 3-0 ruling upheld the Air Force's claim that giving out that information could endanger national security and a 1995 order by President Clinton further restricting disclosure. Before arguments in the case last November, the judges reviewed confidential government statements, while Air Force security officers guarded their conference room.

Besides the classified statements, the court cited an unclassified filing by Air Force Secretary Sheila Widnall, who said information about certain chemicals in the soil or water "can reveal military operational capabilities or the nature and scope of classified operations."

The court, in an opinion by Judge Pamela Rymer, said the disclosure of even "seemingly innocuous information" can be barred if it is part of a "mosaic" of classified information.

"The court cannot order the government to disentangle this information from other classified information," Rymer said. She said the court was persuaded not only that the information was properly withheld, but also that "any further proceeding in this matter would jeopardize national security."

Jonathan Turley, a Georgetown law professor who represented the workers, said the ruling "sets an extremely dangerous precedent" for anyone seeking information from the military.

"This case has nothing to do with national security," he said. "I obviously know what happened at Area 51. My (clients) worked at Area 51. ... This case has to do with criminal violations" of hazardous waste laws. He said he would seek a rehearing from the entire court and, if unsuccessful, appeal to the Supreme Court. But Turley said the two lawsuits have also accomplished an important goal: forcing the government to acknowledge the site and conduct a toxics inspection, although results of the inspection were not made public.

Justice Department spokesman Joe Krovisky declined comment, saying government lawyers had not seen the ruling.

Area 51, about 90 miles north of Las Vegas, is a base where military aircraft such as the U-2 and Stealth fighter were tested. Its secrecy and remoteness have been prime fodder for UFO buffs, who link the site to the supposed crash of an alien spacecraft at Roswell, N.M. - a scenario played out in the movie "Independence Day."

In the current case, the government identified the site in question as "the operating location near Groom Lake" and denied it was Area

51. The court left the denial unchallenged after reviewing classified material. Turley scoffed at the denial, saying the name was verified in a government security manual as well as declarations from workers and security officials.

The lawsuits said employees at the base routinely put hazardous chemicals in open 55-gallon drums and burned them. The suits said the exposure killed two workers, Walter Kasza, 73, and Robert Frost, 57, whose widows Turley represents, and injured the other plaintiffs.

Turley said Frost, before his death, lost a workers' compensation claim for his injuries, and Kasza never filed one. The workers sought no damages but requested a court finding that the Air Force stored toxic wastes without a permit, and orders forbidding transportation and burning of toxics.

U.S. District Judge Philip Pro denied the requests but ruled that the results of an Environmental Protection Agency inspection of the site, conducted in response to one suit, would have to be made public unless Clinton intervened. The president then barred disclosure under a law that lets him exempt any federal facility from requirements of a federal toxic cleanup law.

The government appealed Pro's ruling, saying the report should have been declared secret under national security without the president's intervention, which must be renewed annually. The court declined to decide the issue, saying it was no longer a live controversy because of Clinton's action.

Rymer's opinion denying disclosure and ordering dismissal of the case was joined by Judge Harlington Wood of the 7th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, temporarily assigned to the panel. In a separate opinion, Judge A. Wallace Tashima said secrecy was proper but should require a presidential order rather than a subordinate's declaration of national security.

The case is Kasza vs. Browner, 96-15535.

[W 5]*****

Source: alt.alien.visitors"
Date: 14th January 1998
From: bernhard.nahrgang@ob.kamp.net (Bernhard Nahrgang)

Transmit An ET-mail Into Space

Email ET only at the Alien Contact Network

For a limited time we are offering the users of this newsgroup the opportunity to transmit an ET-mail (for free) into space using our very powerful 12Kw 2meter transceivers. The signal is relayed by at least four other high power radio stations in a 50 mile radius. If they are out there, they will hear us. We also listen 24Hrs.

This is a genuine World's First !!

Let's see how soon we get shut down..

<http://www.alien-contact.net>

Any other 2m radio stations out there who want to join the fun please email webmaster@alien-contact.net

uk.ufo.nw says: At the time of publishing we have not visited this site but would be interested to hear from anyone who has.

[W 6]*****

From: Mark Lee Center <enzoab@ix.netcom.com>
Date: Saturday 17th January 1998

MEXICO CITY UFO VIDEO WILL AIR IN MARCH

Another major special, this time on the UPN network, will feature the already-famous daylight UFO videotape shot over Mexico City on August 6, 1997. Though stills from the video and a quick-time version have been posted on the web, this UPN special, scheduled for Wednesday, March 11, will provide the first opportunity for most Americans to learn about this Mexico City event.

Posted promo on the show reads as follows:

"From executive producers Henry Winkler and Ann Daniel ("Sightings"), this riveting one-hour special centers around never-before-seen video footage of a recent UFO sighting in Mexico City, and explores the phenomenon of unidentified flying objects while examining other recent, mysterious observations in the night sky. Stephen Kroopnick is the co-executive producer. The special is produced by Fair Dinkum and Ann Daniel in association with Paramount Network Television."

Since the UFO video was released to Paramount by famed Mexican newsman Jaime Maussan, CNI News expects the TV special will also include excerpts from Maussan's videotaped interviews with Mexico City eyewitnesses who saw the August 6 UFO. This should be a good program. The special, titled "UFO Sighting!" airs Wednesday, March 11 at 9pm Eastern time. Check your local listings.

[W 7]*****

Source: QVC Inc
Date: February 3rd 1998

edited for length:

Mir Cosmonauts to appear live on QVC

Company press release

Live From Outer Space: MIR Cosmonauts To Appear On The First Intergalactic Edition Of QVC's "First Friday: Extreme Shopping" - MIR Cosmonaut Aleksandr Lazutkin also Scheduled to appear from NYC's 'Catch a Rising Star' airs Friday Night, February 6th from 1 am - 2 am (ET)

Somewhere in Outer Space -- QVC will take shopping to new heights as it welcomes Russian cosmonauts, live via satellite from the MIR Space Station, to take a break from their navigational duties and join the party at ``First Friday: Extreme Shopping.'` The February edition of QVC's late-night series will focus on out-of-this-world treasures including Mars rocks, meteorites, space uniforms and the famed ``astronaut'` space pens. This special ``Extreme Space'` edition will air live from legendary Catch a Rising Star comedy club in New York City on Friday, February 6th from 1:00 a.m. ET/10 p.m. PT - 2:00 a.m.ET/11 p.m. PT.

Russian Cosmonaut Aleksandr Lazutkin, flight engineer on last summer's historic edge-of-your-seat MIR mission, will also share his harrowing adventures with QVC viewers. Lazutkin will appear live on the telecast from the Catch a Rising Star comedy club in New York City along with five rising young comics whose spacey observations will provide comic relief.

``QVC not only scours the planet, it scours the universe in its search for unique products,'` said Fred Siegel, senior vice president of marketing for QVC. ``In the true spirit of interplanetary detente, we are delighted that the Russian space agency has accepted QVC's invitation to 'go live' from the MIR.'`"

MIR Cosmonauts will demonstrate the uses and features of the Fisher Space Pen, the only pen to write in the gravity- free void, freezing cold (-50 F) and extreme heat (+250 F) of space. Since 1967, astronauts on manned space flights, including the moon, have used the Fisher Space Pen, with its sealed pressurized ink cartridge, to write at any angle, even upside down.

For viewers looking for a more complete space experience or just unique evening attire, QVC will make the Sokol KV- 2 Pressure space suit available. The standard launch and reentry suit is used by all cosmonauts and worn by American astronauts for emergency reentry from the MIR Space Station. The suit weights approximately 22 lbs., includes a pressurized hood and is complete with boots, gloves plus all fittings. QVC will make three suits available for \$25,000 each.

Straight out of the heavens, viewers will also have an opportunity to buy meteorites and chunks of Mars. A limited amount of meteorites from Earth's most recent meteorite shower will be available, which occurred in China on February 15, 1997 (Valentine's Day in the U.S.). Many Chinese believed the shower foreshadowed the death of Communist Party Leader Deng Xiaoping. Three meteorites of three inches in diameter will be on sale for \$2,500 each and twelve smaller

meteorites measuring one and one-half inches will be sold for \$850 each.

Letters
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UK.UFO.NW have received a mail in confidence requesting that we ask if any of you out there know of a Roman Catholic priest, English speaking and preferably resident in the United Kingdom who specialises in counselling Roman Catholics who have experienced abductions.

If you are able to help with any information please mail us here at:

ufo@holodeck.demon.co.uk

In the subject area please put: ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST

From: Tim Nightingale <tim.nightingale@virgin.net>
Date: Saturday 31st January 1998

Any East Anglia UFO groups

I'm interested in joining a UFO interest group in East Anglia. Are there any such groups. If so could you provide me with a phone number or e-mail address?

Thanks in advance, Tim.Nightingale@virgin.com

This Time last year
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January 1997

(UK) - Police baffled by massive explosion which rocks a Midland Housing estate. Local BBC news reported it as either a sonic boom or an unknown phenomenon.

(UK) - Ministry of Defence scientists blow up a Boeing 747 in an attempt to find a bomb-proof passenger jet.

(UK) - More than 200 giant asteroids all at least two-thirds of a mile wide could be heading towards the Earth's orbit. The asteroids broke away from two giant clusters which follow Jupiter's orbit around the sun.

(Tel Aviv) - Israel's Channel Two TV, stationed crews across the country on Sunday night to capture any arrivals. Predicted by mystic Helinor Harar who grabbed the spotlight with her extraterrestrial News Years forecast.

(Italy) - Italy indulged in a bout of UFO fever on Tuesday after witnesses reported seeing a strange green light flash through the evening sky near Rome's main airport. It did not show on radar.

(Java) - According to tests on fossils found, not one but three different human species co-existed on Earth around 35,000 years ago. In other words, homo erectus survived for 250,000 years longer than anyone thought.

(US) - Astronauts building an international space station high above the Earth are to be protected by a massive ray gun. It is not that they fear an attack by aliens, but rather space junk from screwdrivers to asteroids.

(UK) - A photograph of a mysterious triangular-shaped object taken by a landscape photographer is being treated by UFO experts as proof that Britain is secretly developing a stealth-type warplane that is light years head of the opposition.

(US) - The US Air Force became the latest victim of a series of hacking attacks on government computers last week. Its home page was covered in obscenities and bizarre allegations of alien landings.

(Paris) - (Reuter) PARIS - Earthlings will get a chance to send messages to space aliens this year on a rocket bound for Saturn's biggest moon, the European Space Agency (ESA) said Thursday.

A FEARFUL SYMMETRY

A TRUE STORY OF ALIEN INTRUSION INTO HUMAN LIVES

By D. Lynne Bishop

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First Printing September 1995

Printed in the United States of America

BOOKFINDER PUBLISHING

<http://bookfinder.simplenet.com/>

Lynne Bishop's home page

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/3862/>

CHAPTER 10

The next several days following the Midwest UFO Conference were quiet and uneventful. Each of us digested the information we had obtained--and I realized that, like an appetizer, the Conference had only taken the edge off my hunger for knowledge. I had been introduced to vast new expanses of space and time, and with each flight, my horizons were expanding. I could see no end in sight, and I was aware of how infinitesimal a speck I was in the universe I had, willingly or unwillingly, become a part of.

On September 26, my husband and I visited with some friends in a neighboring town. We had been close friends for several years, and because they knew us so well, my mood swings had been apparent to them. I had been unwilling, in the beginning, to tell them what was causing the moods, but had finally thrown chance to the wind and blurted the story to them--warts and all--so the topic of UFO phenomenon had become common.

My husband and Jack never miss an opportunity to get together to pursue their favorite pastime of playing with and talking about computers. This night was no different, and Mary and I sat on the couch, trying to tune our husbands out. We had watched television off and on most of the evening. It was a warm, Indian-summer night, and the windows were down, letting in the faint breeze. During a lull in the conversation, we heard a distinctive click, and the lights dimmed as the power fluctuated, and a surge protector connected to their computer shut off. We noticed it was around 8:30 P.M. My husband and I laughed, telling our friends that the power at our house fluctuated constantly. They replied that they very rarely had brownouts. We forgot about the incident and continued our visit, while my husband and Jack continued talking about the latest advancements and updates in computer software. Mary and I have a tendency to doze off when they get started using "computerese" language, so we were startled by the next power drain that occurred about 9:30 P.M. This was beginning to seem a little odd, but still fell within the purview of a normal happening. When the third, and final outage struck at 10:30 P.M., we were really mystified, and our hackles were rising. This just couldn't be a normal occurrence!

Nothing further happened to alarm us, and my husband and I said our farewells at 11:30 that night. Jack and Mary followed us outside, as we walked toward our car. I had just opened the car door on the passenger side, when Jack exclaimed, "Look at that strange light!" Following his gaze, we all turned toward the northern sky. There in front of us was an orange-red sphere, floating silently in space. There were no strobe lights and no other color, other than the single orange glow. Its movement was eerie--it seemed weightless. I gulped as I stared at it in fascinated, rapt attention. With a recognition

born of sightings twenty years in the past, I knew this was the same disc I had watched as a teenager. Mary said, "That's the same thing I used to see when I was around eleven or twelve years old!" I stared at her in amazement.

Jack ran back inside to get the binoculars, and the rest of us continued watching the object, as it moved between the constellations of Cassiopeia and The Big Dipper. The sky was clear with no overcast and no moon, and our vision was impeded only by some large trees in the distance. Only a few seconds passed, before he returned with two pairs of binoculars. We progressed on down their driveway, as we attempted to keep the glowing object in sight. The sharp gravel suddenly reminded Jack that he had no shoes on, so he returned to the house again. As he returned for the second time, the orange "light" had passed on out of view behind the range of trees. The entire sighting had probably only lasted between two and three minutes.

We all walked back down the driveway toward our car, talking excitedly about what we'd just seen. Speculation was running rampant for a few seconds--could this be a true UFO? There were no red, white or green lights on the object. It had been just the one solid, steady orange glow. There were no strobes that would be indicative of regular aircraft, so we were non-plussed.

My husband and I got into our car and waved to Jack and Mary. During the drive home, I scanned the sky frequently, hoping beyond hope that it would show up again, but it remained an elusive enigma.

During the next few days, my husband and I settled back into our regular work routine. I seemed to have reached a plateau in my search for answers to the alien abduction phenomenon. The fence I was straddling had become familiar, if not comfortable, and I wasn't sure there was an open avenue to follow. Throwing myself into my daily job seemed the best idea, so I began focusing my attention on more mundane matters.

My husband and Jack planned to attend a computer seminar in St. Louis, Missouri on September 29, and for several days our energies were devoted toward preparation for the trip. Due to the distance involved (roughly a six-hour trip, one way), my husband would need to leave by 2:00 A.M. that morning. Having never needed an alarm clock, I awoke at 1:00 A.M. and told my husband it was time to get up. He mumbled something incoherent, and rolled over. I again tried to wake him up, and he growled at me. About that time, the alarm clock he had set went off--and he got up in a slight huff. I decided it was an excellent time to make him a cup of something with caffeine in it.

I headed toward the kitchen and microwaved (technology is a wonderful thing!) a cup of tea for him, which he drank in a somewhat better humor. He finished dressing, and having forgiven me for waking him ten minutes early, gave me a cheerful goodbye as he headed out the door. I turned to retrace my steps to the bedroom, and noticed the digital clock in the living room. It was 2:01 A.M. Contemplating several more hours of restful sleep, I had no clue that all hell was about to break loose.

My little half-breed mutt padded along behind me as I returned to the bedroom, her footfalls adding a syncopated beat to the heavier tread of my feet. She joined me on the bed, taking her usual, (but not favorite), location down at the foot of the bed. After some scrambling for position, she finally settled in, straddling my legs. I closed my eyes, but was restless--and my legs had a cramped feeling not related to the dog lying there. I shifted position a couple times, and finally came to rest in the center of the bed. It had turned off cool that night, and the dog seemed intent on sharing body heat, for she again plopped down on top of my feet. I closed my eyes, thoughts of the dog and my husband revolving through my consciousness.

With no warning at all, I was suddenly and painfully jolted by a shock wave! In a panic, my thoughts screamed out, "It hurts! It hurts!" I had no idea what was happening to me. With a jolt beginning at my toes and working immediately up my body to my scalp, I was paralyzed. It was instantaneous and complete--there was not a hair on my head capable of moving.

I lay there, screaming in my mind, "What's going on? I can't move! It hurts!" As if wrapped in a blindingly bright, white cocoon, my only sensation was of light through my closed eyelids--yet there were no lights on in the bedroom. With a sickening lurch, I felt as if I had been upended, and slammed into the headboard of the bed. The motion

continued into a twisting, spiraling, upward movement. Nauseated, I thought frantically, "Oh, God--don't let me throw up!"

In horror, I realized I was spinning toward the ceiling. My eyes flew open for one brief moment, and I saw the ceiling fan and light only inches from my face. As I rapidly approached the ceiling, I closed my eyes again. Awaiting the inevitable pain of smashing into the ceiling, I was instead wiped out by the realization that I had passed through the ceiling and was continuing a twisting, turning motion upward--higher and higher into the night sky.

There are moments in life that are transcendent--when a human being comes into contact with something so far beyond the pale, that he cannot survive the event without having been forever changed. This was my moment.

My screaming thoughts became more coherent as the spinning slowly began to ebb, and my nausea lessened. My fear was overwhelming--I knew what had happened, but tried vainly to deny it. My consciousness swam in and out, and I blacked out. Upon regaining consciousness, I was lying prone on a hard, smooth surface. I sensed motion around me, and struggled against the invisible bonds that held me tightly in place. Nothing happened! Desperation set in, and I fought harder against the paralyzing grip that bound me--to no avail. The harder I struggled, the tighter the force became. I was tiring rapidly, and gaining nothing.

With more guts than good sense, I decided to try something different. My proof of the entire alien phenomenon was here before me--if I would just take that chance. All I had to do was open my eyes and look. Such an easy thing . . .

The decision to do just that was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. Feeling like my eyelids were made of lead, I eased my eyes open a faint crack. "Oh, Goddamn--they're real!" I screamed in my mind. The gray-white, doe-eyed alien standing by my waist on the right-hand side flinched, as if a force had hit him. Panicked, I closed my eyes, fighting to regain some composure. Several minutes passed, and I reasoned, "I can't believe it, just because I saw one alien. I'm going to look again, and if it's still there, I'll know they are real."

Summoning up every ounce of courage I possessed, I again opened my eyes. To my left, at about waist-level, was another gray-white alien. In the short moment before my consciousness faded, I was able to see that his head was flatter on top and he wore a white outfit, similar to a smock. As I stared directly into his Oriental dark-brown eyes, I was soothed by an intense wave of relaxation and peace. I knew this alien. He was my protector, my friend--my companion of past years, and guide for the years to come. With the cessation of fear and anxiety, I closed my eyes and drifted, his promise of, "No harm will come to you," ringing through my head.

"Fingers!", I mentally screamed, as I came bolt alert, both eyes wide open and focused on the smaller, large-headed alien. With astonishing dexterity, the long fingers beat a rapid rhythm across my belly, from right to left. Having finished one circumference, they began again, in fast succession. Disgust and horror rose within me, completely stifling any thoughts of peace and goodwill. With each palpation, the clear, gelatinous goop adhering to its hand left a sticky, wet residue behind.

Depression overcame my senses. I was completely impotent, at the whim and mercy of an entity that was not human. At that moment, I surrendered. I closed my eyes and went away mentally--away from a creature whose motivations I could not understand, and away from what it was doing to my body. My proof had been established on a conscious level, but I could not watch further.

Some time passed, and I again became clearly aware of my surroundings. As my eyes blearily peered ahead, I saw a piece of striated tissue, red and black, lying near my feet. "Surgery," I thought dimly. Feeling woozy and anesthetized, I tried to make out features of the tissue, but could not identify it. With my head swimming, I sank again into oblivion.

And awoke to find myself somewhere else. With my sense of hearing returning, but still paralyzed, I was being half-lifted, half-dragged through a room containing numerous small end-tables. These tables were stacked with odd equipment and books, and flanked the left-hand wall. As my unseen escort dragged me through the room toward a doorway,

three men--dressed in black--watched impassively, no hint of emotion warming their cold features.

Completely in my escort's power, I was dragged past these men into the room beyond, and dropped on the floor, like a piece of baggage. From my vantage point, I could barely discern the hint of a laboratory in the gleam of metallic equipment. I heard and saw what appeared to be a stream of water, running down a sluice. Clear at first, the water quickly turned a murky, dirty color, and strange clumps of a vaguely meat-like substance floated through. An apparatus with a suction-cup device attached to the end was lowered into this liquid, perhaps suctioning out the tissue. A salty, tangy smell assailed my nostrils, and I was momentarily nauseated again.

The sound of a male voice drifted from behind, and a swarthy, middle-aged man entered my field of vision. As I gazed at him--thick black hair, full mustache, heavy jowls, possibly a Latino or of Mediterranean extraction--the hatred I felt for this man was a palpable force. I knew this man--knew I hated him. And I was in his power.

Within seconds, a woman joined him. Also of dark complexion, she was a fitting companion for this man I detested. Her long, jet black hair was parted severely down the middle, and fell past her shoulders, flowing into the black dress she wore. She stood there arrogantly, as if daring me to recognize her. With a gut-wrenching sense of betrayal, I knew this woman had in the past been a trusted friend--and now knew her to be a traitor.

The two conferred with each other briefly, and my still unseen escort roughly lifted me from the floor.

Upon regaining an upright position, I realized I had some mobility, and the ability to speak was returning. As our strange group exited the laboratory and reentered the room with the end-tables, I purposefully gazed into the woman's face. "I will remember you. I will remember this!", I said to her with vengeance in my heart. Shock was evident in the startled glance she threw at me. Regaining her composure, she all but sneered, "No, you won't." With utter conviction, I replied, "Yes, I will!"

We exited a very human-looking high-rise building, and the man and woman walked toward a very sleek, highly polished black car. My escort manhandled me into a nondescript black car, and got behind the wheel. As the couple drove by us, heading in the opposite direction, with a last defiant gesture, I stuck up the middle finger of my right hand. The look on the woman's face told me I had broken through her self-control.

I had no time to congratulate myself--for quite suddenly I was lying on the table in the ship again. My silly, familiar, always-in-trouble dog was walking toward my face--and I suddenly thought of my brother's dachshund, its features appearing in my swirling, nebulous thoughts. My thoughts became less substantial, finally drifting away.

At 4:00 A.M., with no transition from a sleep state to an awake state, I was back home, in bed. The dog was unusually quiet, and made none of her characteristic movements. I was scared to death and angry--and no longer straddling the fence. Alien abduction was a physical reality.

UNITED KINGDOM UFO NETWORK

STATEMENT

uk.ufo.nw statement: The articles or text appearing within these pages are not necessarily the views or opinions of United Kingdom UFO Network.

REPORTS

Please forward all reports to: ufo@holodeck.demon.co.uk

WWW

Visit us on the World Wide Web at
<http://www.holodeck.demon.co.uk/>

BACK ISSUES & FILES

For information on receiving back issues and other files send mail with REQUEST INFO in the subject area to: ufo@holodeck.demon.co.uk

IRC - (INTERNET RELAY CHAT)

The meetings take place at 11pm (2300hrs) each and every Saturday night. Times will vary depending on your location in the world. If you would like to know the time in your part of the world send a mail to:

ufo@holodeck.demon.co.uk

In the subject section put: IRC TIME INFO

In the message of your mail please put:

- a) Your Country
- b) Your location
- c) Nearest major City

Connecting to our weekly UFO meetings on the IRC (internet relay chat) is now easier than ever.

If you are using at least one of the following web browsers:

Netscape 3 ++

MS Internet Explorer 4 ++

Simply visit one of the below url's (world wide web) addresses. When the 'ultrachat' page has loaded you will see a large grey filled box somewhere on the screen. It may then take a few more seconds for the java script to load and run.

The grey area will then turn white and you will be asked to enter a nickname. Your own name or a nickname will suffice here.

Once you press return you will be presented with various bits of information scrolling up the screen. After a few seconds you will be connected to the uk.ufo.nw #UFO channel.

Down the right hand side of the screen you will see a list of the people currently on channel. At the bottom of the screen is where you type your messages. The large upper left section of the screen is where you read and follow the proceedings of the meetings.

Don't be shy. We are all a friendly bunch. Give it a go. You'll soon get the hang of it. We'll be happy to offer any assistance that you may need.

<http://www.holodeck.demon.co.uk/ultrachat.html>

<http://www.maygale.org/07/eyesonly>

<http://www.geocities/Area51/Cavern/2646>

<http://www.tedric.demon.co.uk/ultrachat.htm>

<http://www.ultranet.org/webchat/ufo.html>

<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/colin.light/ultrachat.htm>

<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/phil.light>

<http://www.ufo.grid9.net/ufo.html>

<http://www.us.ultranet.org/webchat/ufo.html>

<http://www.no.ultranet.org/webchat/ufo.html>

<http://crowman.demon.co.uk/ultrachat.html>

If you are using one of the dedicated IRC programs such as the excellent MIRC available free from: <http://www.mirc.co.uk/index.html> enter one of the below irc server addresses into your program. The nearer the server to your location the faster the connection. If one fails then try another.

London.UK.EU.UltraNET.Org

Belgrade.YU.EU.UltraNet.org

Kalemegdan.YU.EU.UltraNet.org

Singidunum.YU.EU.UltraNet.org

Bor.YU.EU.UltraNet.org

Zemun.YU.EU.UltraNet.org

Gloucester.UK.EU.UltraNET.Org

Uppsala.SE.EU.UltraNET.Org

Johnson-City.TN.US.UltraNet.Org

Haifa.IL.AS.UltraNET.Org

Mons.BE.EU.ultraNET.Org

Neuilly.FR.EU.UltraNET.Org

Hofors.SE.EU.UltraNET.Org

Bergen.NO.EU.UltraNET.Org

Once you are connected to a server join channel:

#UFO

The uk.ufo.nw #UFO channel is open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Visit the channel at any time. There is usually someone there to talk to.

For those of you needing help connecting to our IRC meetings send your questions to:

ufo-irc-advice@crowman.demon.co.uk

If you want to be a little more adventurous and perhaps use one of the dedicated IRC programs such as the excellent MIRC visit the below urls for advice:

<http://www.crowman.demon.co.uk/ultranet.htm>
<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/phil.light/irchelp.htm>

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

The UK.UFO.NW free fortnightly e-zine covering UFO reports and information from the UK and around the world is now available by subscribing to our new List Server.

Send mail to:

listserv@sjuvn.stjohns.edu

In the main body of the mail put:

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