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UFO UpDates Mailing List**Alfred's Odd Ode #225**

From: **Alfred Lehmborg** <Lehmborg@snowhill.com>
 Date: Sat, 21 Feb 1998 07:46:14 -0600
 Fwd Date: Sat, 21 Feb 1998 11:28:19 -0500
 Subject: Alfred's Odd Ode #225

Apology to MW #225 (For February 21, 1998)

I'm borne away, and floating to the house sized flying saucer! Then through it's hull, I'm drawn inside like so much smoke or vapor!

I'm on a promenade (?), somehow, a vast surreal structure, weird *beings* are walking past me unconcerned. I'm about to shout excuse me, what the HELL is going on, and one comes up directly, unobserved. It's *hand* is on my forearm, it *says*, "please to come with me", and I wonder that I've had a stroke, or dream out right, indeed.

I've read of this, a cerebral accident, when part of your brain just implodes. With brain cells requiring free-basing oxygen, strange visions leap forth and explode. Remaining moments linger in this weird hallucination, then comes the dissolution and the final obfuscation. Unconsciousness then slips right in and no one can detect you, and as far as is determined you're then buried -- beyond use, Stu. <g>

Still, did I linger -- and explain what I saw, led, by an alien, along like a dog? I stopped, for a moment, afraid and pissed off, "When was I asked "?, I sputtered, and coughed. "Where was my in-vite, why'd you pick me? What is that smell? What do I see"? What is your program, what is this place, why are you suddenly up in my face"?

"We like your poems (?)", appeared in my mind. "Every *thing* was alright, every *thing* was just fine. This can still work", was then sent as a post script, "we've so much to show you, you asked for your up slip! Could it be we don't know you -- a mistake has been made"? We've watched your beginnings -- you asked for this, mate."

"There's little respect in result of a snatch", I replied in blooming awe at what my eyes could touch and scratch! I shook off the little alien and walked off to the edge. This was really happening then, I began to self allege. I felt my arms, and smoothed my hair, and rubbed my face too hard. Well, I'll be blessed, and filled my lungs, such smells then came like shards. Unpleasant AND enticing completely strange, unknown, pickles in old cinnamon, old pyramidal stone.

Surreal and otherworldly like an international mall, the smells of different shops, other markets, different halls. And then completely pleasant, that I filled my lungs like friends, and asked the little alien, what was that smell again?

"That is simply ships air -- and different through the day -- the ship itself's a living thing, the smells from faraway. This ship has spanned the galaxy, and has lived apart from us, they've spanned perhaps a billion years, alongside us, two million plus."

I was standing at the rim up high, before me spread a basin. It was perhaps ten miles across, but hard to judge, I hasten. A city miles below me, and was grown it seemed from crystal, but blued with reddish highlights like a flashlight or a pistol.

I felt the alien's hand, again, so lightly on my arm, "We must go now," it said tersely, did I detect it was alarmed? "How long have you been watching us"? I asked, but stood my ground. "We watched your dim beginnings. What you'll learn you'll find profound."

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History has always been written by the winners. Just the winners -- not necessarily the ethical, or the just, or the educated, or the wise -- or even the brave =85 just the winners. We have no idea what actually occurred before a time when actual sounds and images could be committed to some kind of durable record of tape, disk, or stone; and much of that has been hidden or otherwise destroyed by, yet again, the ubiquitous winner. Hitler won in the short term; Stalin won in the short term for as long as he was alive. Saddam has been winning for decades his pestilent, short term, and parochial little gains. All write their histories as they would have them written in the same manner as winners in the United States will write theirs. Not as it occurred, naturally, but as they would have had it occur --incomplete and complimentary. It's why our kids hate us. We feed them a thin gruel of impossibly noble and largely fictional role models to measure themselves by, and the kids know (on a level they cannot yet articulate) that it MUST be complete bull shit. For my part, having bought in for so long -- reading some primary references has ignited in me a healthy resentment! And I can articulate mine.

What if there was an off planet repository of what actually went down=85 I'd like to see it, wouldn't you?

Free John Ford!

--
Explore the Alien View?

<http://www.fortunecity.com/roswell/arecibo/46/>

"I cleave the heavens, and soar to the infinite. What others see from afar, I leave far behind me." - Giordano Bruno, while burning at the fundamentalist's stake for going aboard.

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