



a magnetized bubble -- the heliosphere -- around the Sun. Eventually, the solar wind encounters the electrically charged particles and magnetic field in the interstellar gas. In this zone the solar wind abruptly slows down from supersonic to subsonic speed, creating a termination shock. Before the spacecraft travel beyond the heliopause into interstellar space, they will pass through this termination shock.

"The data coming back from Voyager now suggest that we may pass through the termination shock in the next three to five years," Stone said. "If that's the case, then one would expect that within 10 years or so we would actually be very close to penetrating the heliopause itself and entering into interstellar space for the first time."

Reaching the termination shock and heliopause will be major milestones for the mission because no spacecraft have been there before and the Voyagers will gather the first direct evidence of their structure. Encountering the termination shock and heliopause has been a long-sought goal for many space physicists, and exactly where these two boundaries are located and what they are like still remains a mystery.

Science data are returned to Earth in real-time to the 34-meter Deep Space Network antennas located in California, Australia and Spain. Both spacecraft have enough electricity and attitude control propellant to continue operating until about 2020, when electrical power produced by the RTGs will no longer support science instrument operation. At that time, Voyager 1 will be almost 150 times farther from the Sun than the Earth -- almost 14 billion miles (more than 20 billion kilometers) away.

On Feb. 17, Voyager 1 will be departing the Solar System at a speed of 39,000 miles per hour (17.4 kilometers per second). At the same time, Voyager 2 will be 5.1 billion miles (8.1 billion kilometers) from Earth and is departing the Solar System at a speed of 35,000 miles per hour (15.9 kilometers per second).

JPL, a division of the California Institute of Technology, manages the Voyager Interstellar Mission for NASA's Office of Space Science, Washington, DC.

[W 8]\*\*\*\*\*

Source: Daily Telegraph  
Publish Date: Thursday 29th January 1998

ET can't phone home

The increasing number of satellites is adding to the background noise in space, spoiling the work of radio astronomers and hindering the search for life elsewhere. Tom Standage reports

THERE was a time when astronomy was a relatively straightforward business: astronomers (down on Earth) looked at celestial objects (up in the skies).

But ever since the launch of Sputnik in 1957 the number of man-made objects orbiting the Earth has increased steadily - crowding the skies, causing problems for astronomers, and even hindering the search for extraterrestrial intelligence (SETI).

It is the radio astronomers, who observe celestial objects by tuning in to their radio emissions, that are experiencing the greatest headaches. With several competing satellite networks under construction, each of which will use dozens of orbiting satellites to support mobile phones that work anywhere on Earth, the skies will soon be full of radio sources.

Admittedly, the radio spectrum is divided up by international agreement in such a way that the frequencies most important to radio astronomers - such as the 1610-1613MHz band - cannot be used by communications satellites. However, Iridium, one of the satellite networks being built at the moment, has been allocated the 1621-1626MHz band - right next door. This means side-lobe or "out-of-band" emissions produced by satellites are picked up by astronomers.

"It's a massive problem," says Dr Derek McNally of the Royal Astronomical Society. "The radio astronomy people are really very far from happy."

In the case of the 1610-1613MHz band, such interference affects astronomers' interstellar yardstick. "This special band is associated with a particular type of star, and it provides radio astronomy with a way to measure distance," says Dr John Ponsonby, of Jodrell Bank.

What's more, the 1610-1613MHz band would be a good band for interstellar communication - a situation in which cutting out man-made interference is vital. "The people who have been putting money into SETI have mostly been putting it into how to filter out the sort of signal they might be expecting from the man-made junk," says Ponsonby.

Of course, the astronomers aren't suggesting that all existing satellites should be shut down and all future launches cancelled. "Obviously, we can't have exclusive use of everything," says astronomer Dr Tom Muxlow. "It's a question of both sides being helpful and sensible and trying to find a happy medium."

A conference in Geneva last month saw the latest round of negotiations between astronomers and satellite operators over the issue of frequency allocation. With more global satellite phone systems on the way, astronomers have been fiercely defending their turf. "It's a continuous battle for astronomers to protect their bands against encroachment from commercial concerns," says Muxlow.

Klaus Olms of the International Telecommunication Union, the body which decides who can use which bands, says the astronomers have done a good job of fighting their corner. He insists the ITU's procedures are working well in safeguarding the astronomers' interests. Iridium, meanwhile, says it has been working with astronomers to try to reduce the impact of side-band emissions.

But even the full co-operation of the commercial satellite operators won't solve all the problems. "There's one signal we get interference from that no one will own up to," says Ponsonby. "It's been there for years. It's presumably a spy satellite, but it's in a band allocated to radio astronomy."

Evidently, the battle between astronomers and satellite operators will continue. In the mean time, any extraterrestrials out there trying to make contact with us could have trouble getting through.

[W 9]\*\*\*\*\*

Source: Las Vegas Sun  
Publish Date: 21st February 1998

Former Heaven's Gate follower kills himself

Dressed like the 39 Heaven's Gate cult members who killed themselves near San Diego last year, a former follower apparently committed suicide, nine months after a failed attempt.

Charles Edward Humphrey's head was wrapped in plastic with tubes running to a car's exhaust pipe and a tank marked "carbon dioxide" when his body was found Tuesday, Lt. Don Davis of the La Paz County Sheriff's Department said Friday.

Authorities had been alerted by Humphrey's daughter, who had received a note from him that read: "'I'm returning to my mother ship,' and all that stuff we had with Heaven's Gate." His body was found in a small tent sealed with duct tape in the desert near Ehrenberg, just across the Colorado River from Blythe, Calif., Davis said. A note next to the body read "DO NOT REVIVE."

Next to Humphrey, 55, in the tent was a purple shroud, an item found with the cult members whose bodies were discovered March 26, 1997, in a mansion in the posh San Diego suburb of Rancho Santa Fe. He was wearing black sweatpants and a black T-shirt with a patch on the sleeve saying "Heaven's Gate Away Team," Davis said.

Humphrey carried a \$5 bill and five quarters, Davis said, similar to the money Heaven's Gate members had on them in the mass suicide.

Authorities said Humphrey apparently had rendered himself unconscious with chloroform so he couldn't tear off the bag as it appeared he had done in an Encinitas, Calif., motel room nine months earlier.

Another former cult member with him at that time, 56-year-old Wayne "Nick" Cooke, died, but Humphrey survived.

Mike Downing, an investigator with the Pima County medical examiner's office, where Humphrey's body was taken for autopsy, said Humphrey apparently committed suicide, although other possibilities hadn't been ruled out.

Humphrey had been in and out of Heaven's Gate since 1975 before leaving in 1995. Formed by Marshall Herff Applewhite in the early 1970s, Heaven's Gate followed a bizarre theology of Christianity and UFOs. The cult members left videotaped messages saying they were shedding their bodies - which they called "containers" - for a trip to a "level beyond human" aboard a spaceship trailing the Hale-Bopp comet.

In a site Humphrey left on the World Wide Web, he wrote: "One thing I know for a fact. I still have permission to leave, any time I want to and there is nothing this world (can) do that will keep me from ultimately returning to the Next Level."

Alien Humour  
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Q: How many Greys does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three..If they climb on each others shoulders.

Q: What do you get when you cross a Grey with a Human?

A: The smartest dwarf in the world, or a Grey with a conscience.

Q: What is the Reptoids favourite soup?

A: Human noodle

Q: How many Reptoids does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: None....They'd get the Greys to do it.

The greys are so short, when they sit on a curb, their feet dangle.

Aliens are so short, they can be put on a trophy.

The greys are so short, when they blush, they look like a match.

Q: What does Ross Perot and a Grey have in common?

A: They both want to take over the world!

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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/>

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## CHAPTER 11

Daylight couldn't arrive soon enough for me. At the first hint of sunlight through the window, I hastily dressed, grabbing the first clothes at hand. Leaving the bed unmade and dishes undone, I rushed to the office an hour early. My post-abduction fear was almost a tangible presence, and I fought to regain self-control. I simply couldn't be alone. Without the safety of being in a crowd, I was terrified the alien entities would return. I worked feverishly throughout the workday, vainly trying to shut out that small, insistent voice that reminded me my husband would not be home until late that evening.

Unable to face entering my home alone, I drove to Mother's house after work. She had been ill since the Convention, and I thought I would see if her respiratory condition had improved, and also keep my post-abduction fear at bay by having company. One glance at my ashen face told her something was gravely wrong. As we sat at her table, I blurted out what had happened in an emotion-charged voice. As I concluded my story, I told her I also knew my brother would be having an alien encounter soon. Mother asked what made me think that, and I replied, "Mom, when I thought of his dachshund, I asked the aliens to prove to him that they were real."

As the hours slowly passed, darkness surrounded the point of light that was Mother's house. The quiet was shattered by the ringing of the phone at 9:30 P.M. My husband was home, and trying to locate me. With relief, I told him I would be there right away--and that I had something to tell him. I was bemused by his answer. He had something to tell me, too.

Rushing home, I met my husband in the doorway. Without pausing for breath, I began my story. As I progressed with the narrative, he became pale, and unsteadily sat down. The dog, only moments before excited and frisking about, tucked her tail between her legs and slunk down at the foot of the couch. I paused, wondering at her uncharacteristic actions.

"Well," my husband said, "Jack told me something interesting this morning. Sometime between 11:00 P.M. and midnight, he had what seems to have been an encounter with aliens." As I collapsed on the couch, he continued with the story Jack had told him that morning enroute to St. Louis. When Jack had gone to sleep that night, he was awakened by a sensation that something was standing at the foot of his bed. As his eyes flew open, startled, he felt what he described as a vibration--like driving over a rumble-strip. He had become very frightened, and realized he couldn't move. He recalled saying, "Please, don't!", and then everything went black. When he next came to, the surroundings were back to normal, but he knew something was wrong with the time element.

Sleep came fitfully that evening. My husband and I were both tense, and afraid that if we relaxed our vigil the aliens would strike again. Every sound--every move--brought us both wide awake and anticipating that altered reality. With bleary, bloodshot eyes we faced the morning together, and stumbled off to our jobs.

A few days passed in weary oblivion as I slowly calmed down enough to face the dark without cringing. On October 7, John was able to return the frantic call I had placed to him immediately following the encounter, and I shakily related to him what had transpired. I requested a session with him relating to this incident. Due to conflicting schedules, the earliest possible date was November 22.

On October 8, my sister telephoned me at work with urgent news. Mother's respiratory condition had worsened, and my sister had rushed her to see the doctor. Although she had not been admitted to the hospital, the doctor was concerned and asked that we monitor her condition. After work that day, I dropped by her house to check on her. I was surprised to find my brother there. Family relations with him had been strained since my embarking on this "journey," and he had not spoken with any of us since the Convention, so was unaware of her illness.

"I have to tell you something," my brother said, as I entered the house and sat next to him at the table. "On the 6th, I went to work early. I did something unusual--I took the main road through town, instead of the shortcut I always take. I don't know why; I just decided to take the different route.

"It was still dusky out, and as I drove past the school, I noticed a brightly lit object in the sky. It was an orange-white color. As I continued driving, I caught glimpses of it through the trees. I thought about how people sometimes think an object's moving, because of their motion, and then realized that the thing actually was moving.

"I couldn't get a good look at it, so I decided to pull into the driveway of the funeral home just down the road. As I pulled to a stop in the driveway, the object flew directly overhead. After passing over my car, it began to gain altitude. The glow made it hard to tell what shape the thing was.

"After it disappeared, I noticed a yellow car near the door to the building. I thought it was Mom sitting there. Her arm was in view in the driver's side window, and her fingers were forming a 'V' sign. It reminded me of the signal for 'victory'.

"I freaked out. Suddenly, I knew it wasn't Mom, and whatever I had just watched fly over didn't look like an airplane. I gunned the engine and got the hell out of there!"

I asked my brother if he got to work on time that morning, and he replied that he had--as far as he knew. He had not paid that much attention to the duration of the close encounter, but didn't feel he was missing any interval of time. We chatted for several more minutes about the possible psychic implications of his experience, and then I left.

Mother's condition deteriorated over the next few days, and on October 10 she entered the hospital in acute respiratory distress. Our half-brother and half-sister joined the rest of us at the hospital, where we maintained a constant vigil. The following day, Mother appeared to be resting more comfortably, and in the late evening we all went to our homes to try to get some sleep.

When the phone call jarred us awake around 3:00 A.M., my heart gave a sickening lurch. Mother had suffered respiratory failure, and was in the Intensive Care Unit. As we rushed to the hospital, my concerns were purely human--I didn't care about anything except Mother. Everything else had been banished from my mind. Standing beside her bed where she lay so passively, I recalled my brother's "vision." With a certainty unfounded by normal means, I somehow knew she would pull through.

We all breathed a collective sigh of relief on Thursday, October 15, when Mother was released from the Intensive Care Unit, and was placed in a private room. Although she was obviously tired, she was adamant that she needed to tell us something. As we gathered to listen, she related what had happened to her, as she lay fighting for her life:

"While I was in the ICU room, I left my body. There was a void, and I travelled through it without form. There was a source of light far, far away. It reminded me of outer space, but there were no stars.

"I knew I was there to learn something. There were other essences, or souls, lining this passageway on both sides. I felt an all-encompassing sensation of love. There were several souls that were warm, with an outreaching 'light' emanating from them, and other souls were chilly. They had no 'spark'. I didn't want to connect with these dark souls, and rapidly flew on past them.

"I saw all of you at the beginning of this journey. As I went further down the passageway, I became aware that there truly is a judgement. I already knew it was not my time to go, and I was not judged. I was being allowed to see a part of what comes after.

"I finally reached a place in the void that I couldn't get beyond. I turned around and started back, and came back to my body. Shortly after that, I was awake."

I stood in stunned silence at Mother's words. I had only days before experienced a conscious alien abduction, my brother had experienced a close encounter with psychic overtones, and now Mother was telling us she had just had a Near Death Experience (NDE). The sensory input was occurring at such a fast pace, I was having trouble assimilating it.

In the days that followed, as Mother recovered from her ordeal, I

noticed a distinct change in her personality. Always a somber, serious individual, she now seemed to radiate an inner peace. The sound of her laughter was prevalent, as her life took on new meaning. Our differences of opinion had disappeared in the wake of her illness and recovery, and we were again able to talk to each other about the unbelievable phenomena going on in our lives. I told her about three words that had "popped" into my head in the last few weeks: tabula rasa, Fibonacci numbers, and tripartite. I joked with her, saying I was sure they were the answers to the enigma of the Universe--but I was only being given the answer one word at a time! As we discussed all the new aspects, we began to wonder what would happen next.

The next several weeks were uneventful, and the lack of stress was a welcome relief. I had time to contemplate the coming session on November 22, and looked forward to it with anticipation. In my previous hypnosis sessions, I had recovered memories of events that had occurred many years in the past--and I was curious what the difference would be in examining more recent happenings. It seemed to be an ideal opportunity to test my memories under regression--to find out if my older memories would retain the feeling of reality after comparing them to the current ones. I knew without doubt the experience on September 29 was a physical reality, and I felt undergoing hypnosis on the experience could prove the reality of my older memories, also.

The 22nd arrived finally, cold and with a depressing gray overcast to the leaden sky above. The traffic enroute to Springfield was heavy, and the creeping mist and fog made the drive hazardous. More than once I found myself wishing the aliens would pick us up and drop us off at our destination--but leaving out the rest of the abduction. We had told John about Jack's possible encounter. Jack and Mary had accompanied us, so they could meet John and give him a more detailed analysis of what had occurred to Jack earlier on the same night I had my experience.

After a brief group conference, we separated for the actual hypnosis session. Before inducing hypnosis, John asked more in-depth questions concerning the conscious memories I recalled:

John: Can you describe for us a little more about the paralysis?

Lynne: I was laying there with nothing much on my mind, and the next thing I knew, I was hit with this wave, an instantaneous wave . . . It was like . . . I felt like I had been slam-dunked. It was a feeling as if something had thrown me into a brick wall. It started at the feet, and it was instantaneous from the feet all the way up to the head. And it does hurt. It really . . . It's a very tight . . . um . . . bound. I kept thinking, "My God, I've been wrapped up in a sheet! What's going on?" It just felt that tight. And I kept thinking, "I can't move! What is wrong?" But, the weird thing was, the minute it hit, I knew what it was. I had no doubts.

John: Did you remember feeling like that?

Lynne: Yes. That's what it was . . . that evidently the memory . . . the minute it hit, I knew I had felt it before.

John: Did the wave start in any particular area?

Lynne: It started at the feet. Right at the feet. It was deep, a very deep feeling. Almost at bone level. It's a very strange feeling. It hit so hard and so fast. I felt not only like I had been slammed into a brick wall, but also like I was tipping over backwards.

John: Were you "slammed into the brick wall" from the front or behind?

Lynne: From behind. There was never a moment where I could have done anything. Not one second. 'Cause once that hit, it was over. I was totally conscious, but when I felt like I hit the headboard, it also felt like I went up and over something.

John: Could you open your eyes at this point?

Lynne: No, not at this point. I panicked and started fighting the paralysis, and that's partly what hurt, because the harder you fight it, the worse it is.

John: Did you have any soreness the next day?

Lynne: Yeah, I did. I can't remember my body hurting so much, but my hands hurt throughout the encounter. I don't know if it's because the aliens were doing something with my hands, or because I had clenched them right as the paralysis hit. But they hurt for about two or three days afterward, especially the left thumb. It felt like it had been almost pulled out of its socket.

John: Was there any temperature difference at any time?

Lynne: I was cold throughout, from start to finish.

John: And what did you see, once the spinning stopped and you opened your eyes?

Lynne: I saw the gray alien on the right-hand side. It surprised the crud out of me, because I didn't really expect to see it. I guess hope dies hard. When I saw it, it was backlit, and there was also a bright, white light coming down from above. The alien was about at my waist area, bending over, with one arm reached out toward me. It was so real and so horrifying, that I thought, "Goddamn, they're real!" That thought was so overpowering, I felt that it heard me. It kind of flinched.

I looked at it long enough to tell that my drawings are fairly accurate, but that the head is much longer, elongated. (Sigh) . . . It's very big. The body is very small, very attenuated and emaciated. They're very thin. I'm not sure about the height, because I was lying down. I had the feeling the gray one was just a little shorter than the other, different-looking one that I saw next.

John: How did it compare with the aliens on the television movie "Intruders?"

Lynne: The biggest difference I can think of is seeing something alive and seeing something on TV. God, I don't know. It's just so weird, seeing them alive. It just really changes your belief. I didn't, at any point, see what looked like respirations.

John: Did they appear mechanical?

Lynne: Not really. I had thought the grays were more mechanical; had less of a thought pattern to them, but this one did not move mechanically. It had a mission in mind--and it was going to do whatever that was. I had an instantaneous dislike for it. The minute I saw it, I thought, "Oh, ick!" It's horrible. I just don't like those grays!

John: What about its eyes?

Lynne: This time the eyes didn't look unnatural. It was dimensional, had depth to it. It seemed to be an eye, and not just a lens. I have seen, in other experiences, what looks like a lens-cap, though, instead of a true eye.

John: What about the face? Did it have any expression to it?

Lynne: It had some, but not like humans. Not with that range of motion. But it did not seem like a robot. It didn't have that mechanical feeling. I had the distinct impression it was a living creature. And when I thought, "Oh, yuck!", I also thought, "Uh, oh. It didn't know I was conscious, and I've given myself away." Without volition, my eyes closed. My sense of hearing was totally gone through all this. And I smelled something, too, about that time. It was a very sharp, pungent smell. It almost reminded me of smelling salts. And it was also a somewhat electrical smell. Kinda burned smelling.

John: Did you have your glasses on?

Lynne: No. I had taken them off.

John: And you can see okay without them?

Lynne: I'm nearsighted, and they were very close to me-- probably no more than two or three feet away.

John: And what happened next?

Lynne: That's when I decided I had to look again, to prove they

were real. And I saw the one with the different head shape. He was a bit taller than the other one. Almost Oriental-looking. The head was more compact, and his eyes were smaller. They were dark brown, instead of black. He had wrinkles in the forehead region, and for some reason that comforted me. I thought . . . "Oh, he's nice-looking." And he had on white clothing, like a smock. His lips were fuller; almost semi-human in appearance, and he had a vestigial nose. Not big, but more than just the little holes. I felt like he was older than me. He was three-dimensional . . . And I had this thought that everything was okay, and I could just close my eyes and not think about it.

John: Did those feel like your thoughts?

Lynne: (Sardonic laugh.) At the time, they did.

John: But you don't think that now?

Lynne: No. What really got to me, was that all along I had been thinking that maybe their funny, nice little brainwashing ways hadn't been exactly, totally working on me. And I was enjoying that thought. And when that happened, it kinda blew that out of the water. I thought, "Right. I'm as brainwashed as the rest of 'em."

In fact, after I told my husband about this experience, I was saying, "It wasn't so bad." And he looked at me and said, "Was it a good experience, or a bad experience?" My jaw just fell open. Up to that time, I was adamant that none of it was good.

In fact, after I told my husband about this experience, I was saying, "It wasn't so bad." And he looked at me and said, "Was it a good experience, or a bad experience?" My jaw just fell open. Up to that time, I was adamant that none of it was good.

John: So what was this other alien's purpose in being there?

Lynne: He was there to calm me. To let me know he'd been with me forever. He's the one who brainwashed me.

John: What did the hands feel like?

Lynne: They're not warm, like a human's hand. It's really dry, normally. The suction cups on the ends of the fingers don't have that much of a different feel. They don't . . . suck . . . or anything like that. Um, it's more like a fleshy pad that has more tactile sense to it. And it had that gelatinous stuff on its hand . . . made it look slimy, which is very unusual.

John: What happened next?

Lynne: It started palpating my belly area, rapidly from right to left. I realized I didn't want to watch this part--and there was a feeling of anesthesia that made me drift in and out. When the movement stopped, I looked again and saw a small piece of tissue of some kind. It was red and black, and looked bloody. It would have about covered a female palm (in size), and was maybe an inch thick. I just kept thinking of it as a piece of meat. It looked like smooth muscle, and the black part was a little more formed. I don't know if it was an embryo or fetus. At one point, I even thought of cancer.

John: Are you aware at what point in your regular cycle this would have been?

Lynne: I had a delayed . . . I was worried I might be pregnant, and had just taken a home pregnancy test. The test was negative. But I had a couple cycles in there that were . . . unusual.

-[continued in part 3]-

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