

side for transmission to Earth from the other side of the Galaxy, 70,000 light years away. For closer transmissions out to 1000 light years it would be slightly bigger than a football field. The closest star is about 4 light years away.

The total number of ET civilizations spread across the Galaxy is a matter of speculation. Guesses run between 1 and 100,000,000. No matter how big or small the actual number, Cohen suggests that there is a good chance a vast majority of them above a modest technological threshold are capable of trying to contact us or others with radio transmissions from aperture engines. Even distant and humble ET's will have the chance for a cosmic contact. Cohen adds: "ET contact is not just the plaything of the few super-smart civilizations, but even the far more numerous ones at our level or slightly above it." Asked to speculate on the number of detectable ET's Cohen guessed between 100 and 100,000. "But we have no useful data which constrains that number. Until you find any ET's and survey the sky correctly no one knows", he cautioned.

Cohen also cautions that the optimized effort on the transmit side has to be matched by one on our end, and that the conversation is one-way, because of the great distances and time scales. "For a chance to find even one ET signal, you need patience, the largest radio telescopes and to look at thousands of stars at a time", explains Cohen, "also you have to be smart enough to know that the changing, thin plasma of space requires a special spread spectrum method called polychromatic SETI." At the moment, says Cohen, ongoing Earth SETI's are receive-only and fall substantially short of optimized efforts. The most comprehensive survey has looked at less than 700 stars out of 500 billion in the galaxy. "The amazing thing is not that we've found nothing so far, but that we're not doing the receive effort the right way." Cohen believes SETI will be successful within a generation of changing its observing strategies.

Copies of the SetiQuest issue may be purchased through its website (<http://www.setiquest.com>). SETINOW sponsors dissemination of important breakthroughs in the SETI through its in-construction web site, scheduled for a September debut.

Letters =====

From: Ivo Westerlaken.

Referring to Mr W.E. Bimson's <W.E.Bimson@liverpool.ac.uk> [issue 94 uk.ufo.nw] interest of any natural formation on Earth which appears to be a face from space.

I did see a TV documentary, in which a gigantic ice formation near Greenland broke off the main ice. The formation looked like a pencil drawing of a writer [I believe it was Edgar Allan Poe]. The detail was terrific (I could never draw a face so well). I'm sorry I can't remember more details about it, or the programme.

Url: <http://www.casema.net/~cold/>

Description: Critical research and publication site in Dutch, with the only online UFO database for the Netherlands and Belgium. Also articles on Free Energy, Cryptozoology, mysteries, anomalies and Fortean events. All in Dutch, of course.

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From: Steve.Chesworth@jba.co.uk

I am interested in contacting any ufo groups in the Worcester area and wonder if you would know of any. Thanks for any help you can give me,

--

From: Federico Provvedi" <federico.provvedi@telecomitalia.it>

Caponi Case

In the article <http://www.psispy.com/ufo/updates/1998/mar/m27-038.shtml> dated Sat, 28 Mar 1998 appears: "... But sightings literally cover the globe. In Italy, photographer Filiberto Caponi claims to

have met an alien creature several times outside his house in Abruzzo. He captured it on Polaroid film in 1993. ..."

I'm a friend of Filiberto and he's from Pretare di Arquata del Tronto in Marche and not in Abruzzo. Filiberto is not a photographer, but a ceramist. Anyway I have investigated that case since 1993 and my conclusion is : it's true in every aspect.... In the July 1993 from a Radar of Rome (Pratica di Mare) and a Radar in the Marche (Falconara marittima) the Italian aeronautics destroyed a UFO flying from Lazio to Abruzzo... and with 2 air-to-air missiles it was destroyed. The fragments fell in the canal of Monte Vettore (a mountain) near Arquata. The pilots of the Caccia aioplain saw 3 balls leaving the UFO before the explosion. Three days later Filiberto encountered the first alien... after several encounters in the area, I managed to take six photographs....

For more information contact Federico at the above address.

A FEARFUL SYMMETRY

A TRUE STORY OF ALIEN INTRUSION INTO HUMAN LIVES

By D. Lynne Bishop

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CHAPTER 16

The entire group met with John and Ann following my sister's session, to relax and mull over the information my sister had provided. We all enjoyed a good laugh, when my sister declared, "You know, this explains it all. My sister probably got my legs! I was supposed to be 5'6"! I wasn't supposed to be only 5' tall!" Laughing, I replied, "That's it! Instead of being switched at birth, we were switched at sixteen!" It was wonderful to be able to laugh after a session--and it showed how far we had progressed since the first, tremulous hypnotic regression we had each experienced. The memories that were recalled this time were no less provocative than those recovered in other sessions, but our coping abilities were vastly improved.

Nothing unusual occurred on the trip home, and the next several weeks passed without incident. Then, on March 10, the black helicopters started appearing. It was 6:42 P.M., and my husband and I had been home from work for only an hour or so. Dusk had already fallen, when we heard the unmistakable sound of nearby rotors. The helicopter passed over the house low enough to rattle the windows, and continued in a northerly direction. Ten minutes later I received a telephone call from my sister: a black helicopter had just made two passes over her house and Mother's house. Attracted by the noise it made as it flew over, they had run outside in time to note it was "lit up like a Christmas tree." We all laughed it off; certain that it had only been coincidence.

I wasn't so certain it was mere coincidence on March 24, when two helicopters flew over my place of employment at 3:00 P.M., and continued, passing over my sister's house again. She ran outside with a camera, but they were too distant to capture a decent photograph. She was able to discern that the helicopters were black, with no markings. The sudden prevalence of helicopters was peculiar, but nothing, I thought, to concern ourselves over.

March 25 arrived. The month was almost over, and the alien encounter I had been expecting had not surfaced. It was with a certain amount of relief that I went to bed that evening. My husband and I had discontinued the experiment with the tape recorder, after the strange silence on the tape during my previous encounter. I slept very soundly that night, and had a very lucid "dream," in which I was given a manuscript by one of the familiar gray alien entities. This manuscript was extremely thick and oversized, and had marginal notations throughout, as if it had been proofread by someone and returned to me. In the presence of this entity, I perused the manuscript, and became aware that it seemed to pertain to me and my family members. Parts of the book were indecipherable by me, and after skimming the entire sheaf of papers, I came across a letter directed to me. I was very puzzled by the opening paragraph, which partly stated, "I assume you got my address from 'Cat'." I had no idea who "Cat" was. Upon waking, I told my husband about this enigmatic dream and quote. We were standing in the bathroom, and I suddenly realized I had a nosebleed. I was mystified--I hadn't had a bloody nose since I was a child. My husband gave me a bemused glance, but made no comment.

There was no further discussion about my "dream" or my nosebleed for several days. On Friday evening, as my husband and I prepared for bed, he gave me a sideways glance, and asked, "Has anything else happened to you, besides the dream and your nose?" I replied that I had noticed a couple small bruises on my legs, but that was the only thing different. Hesitantly, as if fearing the implications of his next words, he told me the following tale:

"The night you had your 'dream', I was very tired when we went to bed, but I couldn't get to sleep. I kept tossing and turning, and looked at the clock, noticing it was about midway between 10:30 P.M. and 11:00 P.M. After several minutes, I was laying face-down on the bed. You were against me on my right side, and the dog was on my feet.

"Suddenly, I got the feeling someone was in the house--and not just in the house--but in our bedroom! I tried to open my eyes, but couldn't. I tried to push myself up off the bed, and found I couldn't move! I was desperate--I kept trying to rise, and finally was able to push up from the bed and open my eyes.

"But before I could focus and adjust to the darkness, some 'force' shoved me back down onto the bed. It felt like the gravity increased, and when I was smashed into the bed, there was no answering 'bounce.' Once down, I heard the covers rustle, and the sheet was pulled over my head. I couldn't see anything, except the sheet, but I sensed three 'beings' in the room--one on my side of the bed, behind me; a second one by the doorway on your side of the bed; and a third by the foot of the bed, also on your side.

"Then, everything became quiet, as if I had gone suddenly deaf, followed by total blindness. Nothing I tried seemed to work, and as I continued struggling, the warmth and pressure I felt from you faded away. Sometime later, I was able to move again and look around. It was just past 12:30 A.M., and you were laying on your side. At first, I was calm, but my breathing and heartbeat increased as I looked around the room."

I was grateful I wasn't standing as he recited his experience. Besides the shock at corroboration of an abduction, all the impotent anger I had held inside since the beginning of this affair surfaced, as I railed against an invisible foe that hid, like a coward, behind the sheltering facade of darkness. We had asked for this, my husband and me--by playing with a force beyond our understanding. And this force had answered us, in unequivocal terms. I was suddenly reminded that a person

should always be careful in wishing for something, because they might get it! My husband had an almost dislocated shoulder as proof of the aliens' power.

On Sunday, March 28, I visited with my mother, and filled her in on the latest events. After several hours, I prepared to leave, and she followed me to my car. Again, the loud sound of an approaching helicopter filled our ears. It came from the North, headed in a southerly direction. Rushing inside Mother's house, I grabbed her binoculars, and sped back outside, just in time to catch the helicopter as it moved over her house. It was gloss black and large, resembling the Apache or Cobra type. The cockpit area was composed of tinted glass. It appeared to be a surveillance helicopter from the private sector--not military in origin. I could make out no markings on its body. Driving home, I jumped out of the car and ran inside to check with my husband, to see if any helicopter had passed over our house in the last few minutes. I wasn't very surprised, when he stated that a black helicopter had, indeed, passed over only about five minutes prior to my arrival.

I told my friend and co-worker, Linda, about the recent helicopter activity in the vicinity, and we discussed the possibilities. The area did have occasional flyovers of National Guard units, and the local police groups used helicopters for aerial reconnaissance on rare occasions. Still, it was odd. I had seen more aircraft in the past few weeks than I'd seen at any time in the past, except while living on military bases.

April arrived, along with a delayed spring season. We attended the Eureka Springs UFO Conference amid a flood of rain, sleet, and snow. We could hardly believe our ears the first night of the Conference--surely that wasn't a helicopter flying over the hotel! This was becoming ridiculous!

With the approach of May, I began to mentally prepare myself for another abduction. The vague pattern we had discerned many months ago seemed to be holding true, and based on that pattern, an encounter would be due at any time. I hoped it would be a conscious event for me this time, but more than anything, I didn't want a repeat of the encounter in March.

As the days passed, agonizingly slow, I watched vainly for the signs of a pending abduction. The altered reality that began with an unearthly silence had not appeared, and I wondered if the entities had decided to change the time-frame for the encounters. The prospect of having to watch for a new pattern dismayed me. I had spent so many nights wide awake, waiting for their presence, in order to discover the original phase, and I was tired of staying awake. I was tired of the aliens, tired of being afraid, and just plain tired.

On May 25, I awoke from a heavy sleep and discovered several small bruises on my right arm and leg. "Probably just ran into something," I thought. "Maybe they're not going to bother me, anymore." I enjoyed this thought until June 2.

It was 11:00 P.M. After tossing and turning, I had finally found a comfortable position, and closed my eyes. Within seconds, that eerie, abrupt silence fell around me, cutting me off from the natural surroundings. My mobility frozen, I floated off the bed in a prone position, and rapidly slipped through the molecularly changed wall. This floating continued at a rapid pace, and I was surprised when I didn't go upward. Instead, the movement remained level, as the speed increased. I became nauseated, and, for once, I welcomed the paralyzation. My body made several rapid banking movements, as if being aurally corrected in flight. My eyes were open, and I saw a meadow, or a field-like area, many feet below me. My body descended over this meadow, toward the thick, luxuriant grass. I thought it was a hayfield that had not yet been cut.

As the descent abruptly ended, my eyes closed. I sensed several alien presences around me, and my consciousness faded away. When I next "came to," one of the most bizarre experiences in my life had begun.

For several weeks, my mind had been filled with dinosaurs. Every store contained paraphernalia about them, and my senses had been dominated by their presence. Upon regaining

consciousness, I found myself communicating with the alien entities on the ship about dinosaurs. I had trouble describing what these massive creatures were, and I finally had expressed the thought that I could draw a dinosaur for them. The aliens seemed to enjoy this concept, but evidently had no paper or pencils on board. To my amazement, they led me to a small area that was composed of sand--like a child's sandbox. Delighted, I sat in the "sand," and began etching a Tyrannosaurus Rex for them, its toothy snout facing left, and the tail sweeping in an arc from right to left. Upon completing the sketch, I turned toward the dominant alien. He was pleased with the rendition; so pleased that I dared to make a request. I asked him if I could take back some kind of proof with me; something to indicate this encounter had truly occurred. I was astonished by the warmth in his acquiescence. I was overcome by a pervading lethargy, and I again "passed out."

Startled, I woke in bed. My husband wasn't there, and in a panic I shouted his name. More alert, I realized he stood by the open window in our room, staring out into the night sky. I jumped out of bed and ran toward him, words tumbling from my mouth as I told him what had just taken place. I gestured as I rapidly spoke, and suddenly noticed my forearms were completely covered in a shimmery, dust-like coating--as if some of the "sand" I had drawn in was still clinging to my arms! As my husband and I stared, wide-eyed at the "dust," it started falling off my arms to the floor below. The powdery flecks sparkled golden as they fell, and disappeared before touching the floor. Glancing at each other in awe, we noticed a light out the window. It was the old orange disc, passing effortlessly from left to right.

Needing no further impetus, my husband and I raced for the front door, and ran outside. Breathless, we watched as it slowly crossed our field of vision. Behind it appeared four or five other lights, that appeared to be following in close pursuit. As these crafts drew nearer, we could see that they were black helicopters--with one lone white helicopter off to the side. I heard no sound emanating from any of the strange crafts. Suddenly, the irony and humor of the entire situation struck me, and I began laughing. We were getting the entire show; a staged presentation for our benefit!

After watching for several moments, the orange sphere disappeared from view, with the helicopters following behind. My husband and I turned to reenter the house. In the light cast by some nearby streetlights, I noticed a sandy area near the house that I'd not noticed before. Drawing abreast of the sand, we stood stock-still in silence. There, etched deeply into the sandy patch was the dinosaur I had drawn for the aliens, but with an added feature. I didn't recall having drawn it, but there, to the right side of the dinosaur was a sketch of an alien. After several seconds, we reentered the house.

Suddenly, I was laying in bed again, bolt awake. My husband was curled up beside me on my right, and the dog was by my feet, at the end of the bed. I had only time to glance at the clock--it was 12:32 A.M.--when the dog fell off the bed, landing with a loud thump. My husband woke up, as I jumped from the bed to make sure the dog was not injured. I told my husband I needed to tell him something in the morning, and he mumbled something incoherent. He drifted easily off to sleep again, as I lay there, amused by the aliens' idea of "proof."

When I arose in the morning, I was still laughing as I told my husband about the encounter. Once again, I had been bested by these alien beings, but there had been such a humorous twist to the entire event that I couldn't be angry. I had been fairly beaten.

At work that day I spoke with my co-worker about the abduction, and we joked together about the "proof" the aliens had given me. As the day progressed, I noticed that I felt itchy, as if I were having an allergic reaction to something. I glanced at my arms, and was shocked to see that a rash had developed, extending from my wrist down toward the elbow on both arms. The rash was inflamed and itched intensely, breaking through my concentration. With a mixture of excitement and horror, I realized it was located exactly where I had seen the shimmery "sand" on my arms!

The rash lasted until the following Saturday, and finally disappeared after a severe stomachache developed. As the "proof" worked its way out of my system, I wondered just what had caused the allergic reaction: landing in an unmowed hayfield, or golden, shimmery "sand" in which I had drawn a dinosaur for the aliens. It was a mystery, and like all the mysteries I had encountered in the past year, I would probably never know the answer.

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