

"THE PSYCHIC SASQUATCH"  
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had to know my true intentions and had to learn to trust me. Mark said he had seen the creatures many times.

One time, he and his wife were driving on a dirt road in the rain and saw what appeared to be a different creature than what he had previously encountered. It appeared to be smaller in size and was sitting under a tree about 60 yards away, seemingly enjoying the down-pour. They observed it for several minutes, then turned away for a few seconds. When they looked again, the Sasquatch was gone. It was nowhere in sight. They could not fathom how the creature could vanish so quickly.

Mark asked me numerous questions about evolution and life in the universe. He asked me if I believed that people from another world could possibly look like us. I told him that I believe there are numerous races of Starpeople that have evolved independently of each other in different times and places throughout the vastness of intergalactic space. I told him I also believed that some races have evolved in other dimensions. Within the universe are thousands upon thousands of trillions of stars—some two hundred billion or more in the Milky Way Galaxy alone. Further, it is estimated that at least another ten billion galaxies exist in the universe—to say nothing of the possibility of other universes. The center of our star system, the sun, has nine planets revolving around it. However, other suns may have fifteen, two, or no planets at all around them. The Smithsonian Air and Space Museum hypothesizes that if only ten percent of the stars in the Milky Way Galaxy are like our sun, then there are ten billion sunlike stars. Out of these similar solar systems, potentially five percent could well be inhabitable. If twenty percent of the five percent had evolved civilizations on them, then there could be just in the Milky Way Galaxy alone approximately one hundred million planets, in addition to Earth, that have intelligent life on them. I find it unnecessary to boggle the mind by computing these figures with the other ten billion galaxies. This mathematical perspective is by no means proof, but it is an aspect to consider when attempting to understand the "extraterrestrial hypothesis."

After my technical dissertation on my understanding of cosmic evolution, and my belief in interdimensional space travel, Mark told me a bizarre story that he swears is absolutely true. He said that the strange generator sounds we had been hearing were from a subterranean city, a part of which extends to the edge of his property! He said that a year earlier he had met a Forest Service geologist who was conducting a survey of the area. The geologist told him Medicine Mountain was an extinct volcano and was most probably hol-

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Legend Of Medicine Mountain  
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low. Interestingly, Indian legends state that there is a family of Sasquatch that have lived inside the mountain since long before the Indians arrived in that region thousands of years ago. The traditional Indians in the area also say that "the little people" live in and around the mountain and that anyone seeing these little people should quickly leave because to look at them would mean that you would die! This is the Indian legend of Medicine Mountain.

Mark said he had been curious about what the geologist said and decided to climb the mountain and investigate for himself. After a long search for signs of anything unusual, he sat down to rest. He reports that during that time a Sasquatch came and spoke to him. The giant said his name was "Nie-Tie" and that he had been monitoring Mark since he moved into the area. The creature invited Mark to visit with the people who lived inside the mountain. Mark claims he was taken to a cave entrance that was very well camouflaged—in fact, he did not recognize it until they were almost beside the entrance. Another Sasquatch stood inside, guarding the entrance to the cave. Inside the cave Mark could see no visible lights, just a mysterious glow, which provided adequate light for them to see. To his surprise, three six-and-a-half-foot-tall Starpeople walked up to him. Each one of them appeared to be human in every respect, except for their tall stature. Mark said they could easily pass on the street for basketball players. Two were male and one was female. They spoke English and were very polite; however, in the beginning they spoke only telepathically, just like the Sasquatch he reported. At one point, he forgot that every time he had a thought, they could actually read his mind—which means he was "talking" (thinking) to them without his knowing it. Then he began to speak verbally, and they answered him in the same manner.

They purportedly told Mark that they had been there for thousands of years and that their subterranean city ran a mile and a half underground, extending to the edge of his property. They gave him a tour of the underground city. Mark said there was a lot of machinery that was being run by hairless beings, three-and-a-half- to four-feet tall, who appeared to be technicians. They reminded Mark of worker bees, each one doing a set task, going about their business without interacting with one another or paying any attention to him. At one point, one of the tiny creatures, dressed in a tight space suit, walked close enough to Mark for him to reach out and gently touch him on the shoulder out of curiosity. When he touched the being, Mark said a strange electrical charge or vibration went through his system, as if he had touched a mild electrical current. This startled him. He felt cer-

tain that these little creatures were all clones, produced and trained to do all of the technical work.

The tall, human-like beings took Mark to many different chambers, pointing out equipment that had no meaning to him. At one point, they told him that he was in their library, even though no books could be seen. He sat down, and they showed him how to press buttons that produced "books" upon a screen. Each page of the book was visually produced upon a screen subtitled with an undecipherable language. Mark said he was intrigued by this computerized library with a television screen that also displayed pictures from all over planet Earth. The beings told him they have recorded the history of Earth and how man is evolving. Mark told me he had been in the subterranean city a total of three times and, on one particular visit, he stayed for as long as three and a half hours. The beings told him that some of the time radiation was being used inside the city and he was not allowed to enter during those times. The leader told him that one of the purposes of the underground city was to continue with their experiments in the laboratories, but that they were also preparing for the aftermath of a nuclear war. They told Mark that if they could not stop the oncoming war, specific Earth-people would be taken by them—those who were spiritually evolved and open-minded enough to accept them. These chosen few would be taken into the subterranean city to be protected from nuclear fallout. Few people would be selected, because most would be afraid of them and would resist. The Starpeople also told him that if the war were too brutal and destructive, they would transport some of the Earth people to their planet in spaceships—away from the dangers of nuclear fallout and death.

On one rare occasion, Mark claims he was invited to the mountain and, when he arrived, a Sasquatch came and escorted him to a clearing. There, the tall Starpeople showed him a landed UFO. He says that they took him through the spaceship, which had three layers, or floors, to it. He was fascinated by what he had experienced, and subsequently walked around in a daze for over a week. He said he did not share this experience with his wife because he was afraid it would upset her. He admitted it was still too much for him to digest at times.

What does a researcher do with a report like this? My immediate thoughts were: "Could Mark be fantasizing?" However, I too had heard the generator noise. It was a replica of the Mount Hood incident. I had located Sasquatch tracks in the area, and I had heard unusual beeping sounds around me when nothing was visibly there. Mark seemed honest and sin-

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cere. By the way he expressed himself, I could see he had a cathartic need to release his pent-up emotions by sharing with someone like me who could empathize with him, as I have heard similar reports of this nature in the past. I had no way of knowing if Mark was delusional or had consciously concocted the tale to impress me. If so, why was his "tale" so familiar? I was impressed with his insistence that I not share his story with anyone or reveal his name. As a social scientist, I wanted verification. The only way I knew was to climb the mountain myself, see what was up there and see if I could locate the entrance to the cave.

Preparing for my ascent up the 7,000-foot mountain was not easy. Although the weather was mild at the bottom, I knew it was freezing cold on top. In addition to warm clothes, I needed enough water to last one week as I had no knowledge of a water source in that region. I wanted to avoid using fire to melt snow for drinking water so as not to frighten the Bigfoot. Topographic maps did not show any streams. I brought a few books along, thinking I could read to pass the time. The idea was to take my time, set up a camp in a leisurely manner, and wait for the creatures to come to me. From the time I departed from the base of Medicine Mountain until reaching the place I intended to camp, I planned to telepath to the Sasquatch my intent, asking to be taken by them into the alleged subterranean city. I was asking permission to enter their domain, sending love and respect to them as I hiked. My mission was one of good will and learning from them, if accepted. I purposely took no guns or camera. If they were truly there, I wanted to interact with them, not drive them away.

A rancher friend drove me to the base of the mountain. I started the tedious climb, carrying a 104-pound backpack. The weather was cold, and the climb up the steep mountain was arduous. I rested frequently. Half-way up, I encountered waist-deep snow. It was extremely frustrating getting stuck in snow this deep, struggling and pulling myself out, using low branches from surrounding trees. In addition, the higher I climbed in elevation, the more exhausted I became. When I was one-quarter of the way up the mountain, I began hearing the striking of large sticks against trees. I had heard this many times before, and I had been told by other researchers that the Sasquatch did this. When I lived in the Great Lakes region with traditional Indian people, they told me the Bigfoot would hit large sticks against hollow trees to signal that someone was coming into their territory. The Indians had told me that they would leave out of fear when they heard this

difference, as it will annually move back to the original point. Wherever the nucleus is located is the gateway for anomalies to manifest, which might be an explanation as to how this bizarre-looking fish entered our world. I have seen this situation numerous times. The "water-monster" phenomenon worldwide could also be explained by aquatic vortices.

I once map dowsed three thousand miles away for a Bigfoot researcher in Georgia. Psychically, I discovered a vortex in a field not far from a dead-end road in what was the beginning of a huge forested area with several streams, lakes, and reservoirs—a very unique survival situation for a group of clandestine Sasquatch. I indicated for my associate that this was a key source for Bigfoot/UFO activity. When he interviewed the people in the last two houses on this dead-end street, they related incidents wherein they had seen space ships, Bigfoot-people, and other alien animals in the same field that I targeted as having the mysterious vortex. I have seen a repeated pattern when a vortex is involved. This is how elusive phenomena enter our world and magically leave again without being caught. So the doors to a real-life "twilight zone" do exist. Most Amerindian cultures knew about and once utilized these vortices.

Many events occurred on the ranch that were very perplexing to the Wilson family. ETs would occasionally appear suddenly on their television, whether it was turned on or off. Sometimes a message was given; sometimes not. In the spring of 1994, Irene met with a male Sasquatch in the forest. While talking, she was shocked to see a woman who appeared to be in her forties walk out of the woods and stand beside the Sasquatch. Before she could say anything, a female Sasquatch with a newborn infant joined the group. When Irene spoke to the woman, she discovered she had a difficult time making her words come from her mouth. Soon everyone was communicating telepathically.

The woman with the Bigfoot said her name was Sally and that sometime in the late fifties, when she was five or six years old, she was taken by the Bigfoot people. After living with them for a short time, they told her they would return her to human civilization, but that she had rejected this offer. As the years went on, they made several offers, but she was very content living her life with these beautiful nature people. Irene said that Sally looked very unkempt. Her hair was knotted and messy, and she wore mismatched clothing that looked like odds and ends that people had left behind at wilderness campsites. She encountered this woman twice.

I became very excited when Irene related the "wild woman incident." Previously I had heard stories of women and children who were purportedly kidnapped by Sasquatch, but I had never put any credence into these stories. Yet I know of an elderly gentleman and a manager of a store in Seattle who claim to have gone with the Sasquatch people and returned safely. The manager refuses to discuss what transpired after he was taken. Something clandestine is happening of which science is completely unaware. UFO abductions are well known, but apparently abduction by hairy giants is a new and valid area to explore.

One of the final experiences that Irene had is what every researcher desires—a reliable witness observing a Sasquatch in or beside a spaceship. The following episode has also been documented by MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) researchers and published in their newsletter.

In the spring of 1989, Irene was at home during the daytime hours with her three-and-one-half-year-old granddaughter. The child walked into the living room, took her grandmother by the hand, and said to come quickly, leading Irene to the back door. When she stepped outside, she could see a transparent outline of a spaceship (slowly materializing). The ship was 75 to 100 feet in diameter and it was approximately 150 feet away from the house, she told me. Irene stood watching until it appeared to be a solid object in her field.

Initially, she saw no openings in the ship. Then, suddenly, windows and doors appeared. Through a window, she could see a Sasquatch looking out at her. In the doorway stood a very human-looking man, wearing a silver one-piece suit. Irene said he looked so human he could have easily been one of us. She observed the solid space ship for a few minutes, then it slowly faded back into another dimension. The purpose of this short visit remained unclear to Irene, but I suspect it was merely another way the Starpeople "communicate" by illustrating the reality of interdimensionalism and by revealing to her unequivocally, physically, and unquestionably the reality of a Bigfoot/ET/UFO connection. Again, the pattern is clear! Many of us would like a photograph or a "grand tour" of a spaceship ourselves, or some type of more definitive, scientific proof by a credible person. If empirical scientists work with reliable percipients like Irene they may also have an opportunity to experience a greater truth. Holistically speaking, they will then become experiential scientists in order to "graduate" by validating elusive phenomena for themselves in a more complete empirical way.

tion or something in the foot. Kelly showed the police the cast that she had made of the footprint.

"At a later date, people who lived in a certain area on the banks of the Connecticut River next to The Meadows began to have Bigfoot encounters. In one incident, Bigfoot was looking in some people's windows. They ran to the windows and watched the creature walk over and look in the garage windows. They quickly called the police and reported it. The police came out and found footprints. At that point, they contacted Kelly because they knew of no one else who had ever had any information about Bigfoot. Kelly called me and said, 'What do I do now?' At that point, I suggested the police contact Lee Frank, a Bigfoot researcher in New York. He came out and, even though it was wintertime and there was snow on the ground, he camped out in the general area to see if he could see Bigfoot.

"There was tremendous publicity. People were coming from all directions. Hundreds came down to the area to get themselves a Bigfoot. In order to quiet things down, the police publicly stated that the whole thing was a hoax, that the mystery had been solved, and that it had been the prank of a 14-year-old boy who lived in the general area. Because of this statement the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. People who had been on TV and in the press telling of their sighting of Bigfoot, were furious that the police were now saying it was all a hoax done by a 14-year-old boy. At that point, the police demanded to see me. Most of these people are Sicilian Italians, and they were furious!

"When the weather got warmer, I went to visit. They had found big prints leading from the Connecticut River up a very steep bank, and these prints led up to windows of houses and garages, and around cars. They would circle the general area and then head down back to the Connecticut River as though the creature had returned to the water there, maybe swimming.

"One man told me that while he was sitting in his living room, he looked up and Bigfoot was looking in his window. He got a very good look at him. The only way he could describe him was huge, tall, rugged, with a hairy body and the face of a man, long straggly hair, and a beard. When Bigfoot saw that he was being observed by the man, he backed up, went over and looked in the garage window, and then wandered off. This man was yelling to members of his family to come and look out the window to see this creature. After I interviewed the witnesses, we all went out to an area where footprints were leading to and from the Connecticut River. They said these prints were about five feet apart. We all tried, under the best of conditions,

## MUTILATIONS

Bigfoot In New England

to take steps that would be five feet apart. It was absolutely impossible for any one of us to do this, regardless of height. Also, the steep bank of this river is such that in order for a person to go up and down without slipping, one has to hang onto the trees that are growing out of the bank.

"After I had talked with all the witnesses, I dropped into the police station and talked with the chief. He admitted that all the witnesses were furious, and that it was not of their doing—the whole situation was getting way out of hand and the way things were going, somebody was going to get seriously hurt. So they thought it was time to put a stop to the whole thing.

"Over the years the police had received many reports of Bigfoot. They believed he traveled up and down the Connecticut River, and that somewhere north of this area there were some kind of man-made tunnels built under the ground that had some purpose at one time—I don't remember what it was. They believed that Bigfoot was possibly staying in these tunnels. Over the years, they had made casts of the footprints of Bigfoot on many occasions. The chief believed that there could be some serious danger associated with this creature because (he said this was not known publicly; this was given to me on a confidential basis) near these tunnels near the river where they believe that Bigfoot would stay at times, they had found animals that he said had been mutilated far beyond the point of death. The bones and the bodies of these animals had been pulverized, as though they had been crushed by a tremendous weight. They found the body of a large German Shepherd dog which had all its bones pulverized! He said it was frightening, and they didn't want to take any chances with people when it was unnecessary. So this information was not made public.

"While I was there meeting with these people, I did a lot of listening. People kept saying to me, 'Go see Joe, who owns the gas station.' Before I left, I went to see him at his station. Before Joe bought the gas station, he had owned and operated a car-crushing business. He had all his heavy equipment set up down in The Meadows and he had a trailer down there that he used as an office.

"One night he and some buddies were riding around town. He said that in those days they tended to be hell raisers and the police knew it. It seemed that no matter where they went there was a police cruiser. It was a hot night and they decided to get some beer and go down to Joe's trailer on the banks of the Connecticut River. They figured it would be cooler there. They took some chairs outdoors and were sitting outside the trailer drinking beer when suddenly they heard a great rustling of trees and branches. To their amazement, a

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Bigfoot came out of the water. It walked up the bank into the clearing and stood there looking around. The huge creature saw these piled up bodies of crushed cars and stood there looking at them for a moment. Then it bent over and picked up one of the crushed car bodies and started walking off with it. Joe said that at this point, he and his buddies had gone into a state of shock. They couldn't talk; they couldn't move! They were standing there watching this Bigfoot carry a car body around as though it was a trinket, when he knew it weighted at least 1500 pounds. Bigfoot walked about 30 feet with the crushed car body in its arms. Then it stopped suddenly about 25 feet away and looked up, noticing the men sitting outside the trailer. The creature dropped the car body and stood there looking at them. Joe said Bigfoot then put up its hand and scratched the top of its head as though it was very puzzled. It stood there for a few minutes more, shrugged its shoulders, then went back to the river and swam off. Joe said they had spent all evening trying to avoid the police, but as soon as Bigfoot left, they fell all over each other trying to be the first one to reach the phone to call them.

"The police came out and made casts of the footprints, looked the area over, noting the body of the crushed car that had been moved. Joe said that the amazing thing about this creature was, first of all, that he was really tall—eight feet, or maybe a little more. He made it very clear that the creature *did not* have fur; it had HAIR! It looked like it had human hair all over its body. That was one of the things that really startled him. He expected that, as an animal, it would have fur. He further described the Bigfoot as having a human face with long hair and a beard. The hair covering its whole body was the same type of hair as that on its head! Joe said that within a week he had cleaned out his business, sold the car bodies, got rid of the equipment and the trailer. He then bought a gas station in the middle of town in one of the most densely settled areas he could find. He said that he had never returned to The Meadows.

"Another report comes from a woman named Lorraine who lived in a house located way back from the road and bordered on The Meadows. Lorraine had a large vegetable garden for her own home use, of which she was very proud. At one point, she was awakened in the middle of the night by horrendous snarling and growling sounds, like animals fighting. She did not turn on her light, but got out of bed and actually crawled on her hands and knees across the floor so that if anything was looking in the window it would not see her. She went into the bathroom and looked out the window where she saw two Bigfoot creatures fighting in the middle of her vegetable garden.

She became terrified! They were growling and snarling, fighting and clawing. She said that most of the time they were rolling around on the ground. When they did stand up, she could see that one was probably about two feet taller than the other. She could see that they were two very tall, massive, hairy creatures with rather long faces which were hairless, except for beards like human men, definitely *not like an ape!* After a while, one of them ran off, and, finally, the other one also left. The next morning she went out and found that most of her vegetable garden had been totally destroyed. Within a month, Lorraine found another rental home and moved away from that area.

"These Meadows are in the center of many UFO sightings and landings. I have gone over there myself and have stood and watched the UFOs flying around, and coming in and landing. Over the years we were actually able to pinpoint a pattern in their activity. They would come in every two weeks and would stay for three or four days. Then they would just leave. Fourteen days later, they would return.

"Another strange thing happened on the Connecticut River, I don't think there was ever any publicity about this, although people who lived in the area all knew about it. My informant said that at one spot in the middle of the Connecticut River there was a good-sized island that was uninhabited. Then suddenly one day it was inhabited by small, prehistoric-appearing people. They don't know how many of them there were, maybe 50. They lived on the island for three years. No one ever succeeded in getting near them. The police had gone out to the island on boats and had gone onto the island. These small, primitive people could outrun anyone. They would take off running and then could not be found. There were many caves on this island, and it was believed that maybe they were hiding in the caves, but the police just could not find them. Anthropologists went to the island and could observe them at a great distance but couldn't get close to them. No one ever succeeded. It is not known how they lived or what they did for food. No fires were ever seen on the island, but they lived there year-round for approximately three years. Then, just as suddenly as they appeared, they disappeared.

"It was as though somebody had picked up a group of early cavemen and had set them down on the island in a New England countryside. Planes and helicopters had flown over the area, hoping to get pictures, but these little people—they're not really tiny people, but maybe four feet tall or so—would just take off running at such speeds that no one could even get pictures of them. These prehistoric-looking people would be there one instant, then would start running and in the next instant they would just disappear!

This went on for three years. The main hobby of the people who lived in the area was to go out and park along the banks of the Connecticut River, hoping to get a glimpse of these unusual people. Some people waved to them and tried to show friendliness, but just could not approach them.

"After the little people left, teams went out and searched the island, thinking that maybe some great catastrophe had killed all of them. But there were no signs of them, not a trace. The main mystery is how they survived the winter in a harsh New England climate without fire and without clothes—just sparse hair covering on their bodies. Their food supply was also a complete mystery. The chief of police said that he himself had seen them, not close, but through binoculars. I wish I had known about this while it was going on. I would have loved to have gone out and attempted to see these little people. The information about these little people was given to me by the same police chief who gave me the information about Bigfoot.

"It is important to note that I promised the people I interviewed that I would protect their confidentiality in order to get them to talk with me. They told me that I could use the information they offered if I promised not to use their names. Incidentally, all of these Bigfoot experiences happened within a three-year time period, between 1975 and 1978. I am not aware of any reports before that and I've had no further reports since that time."



## Spiritual Keepers

### OVERVIEW

In early 1987, I received an exceptional letter from a man in Texas who had a Bigfoot encounter and swore he would never tell anyone about it. After a lengthy correspondence and a few telephone conversations, Ed eventually came to Oregon to be interviewed so I could document his unique telepathic conversation. He had struggled with the encounter for years. We finally developed enough trust so that he could share his personal story.

### EPISODE

"I've been an interstate trucker for a number of years, hauling out of the Eugene-Albany (Oregon) area to the east coast, southeast and into Texas. The company had opened up a terminal in the Eugene area. There were times I got tired of driving a truck—occasionally getting into what we call a burnout situation. In the early summer or late spring of 1964, I decided to take some time off to go up into the mountains. I'm a rock hound. I like working the rivers and streams looking for gemstones and items like that. I was exploring the area called the North Fork of the Willamette River, approximately 60-65 miles east and north of Eugene. Everything in the area was in bloom. After being out on the river for quite some time—I guess four or five days—I set up camp. Soon after, I began feeling a little uneasy. As I cooked my evening meal, I started to smell something strange. It wasn't really a sickening smell, but more of a musty, damp odor—like a dog that had been out in the rain, but not quite as pungent. It was just around sunset—about 6:30 or 7:30. I could still see the sun just over the edge of the mountains to the west. I knew there was about another one-half to three-quarters of an hour of sunlight left. As I ate, I kept smelling the strange odor. Looking around, I noticed some kind of being out in the trees about 25-30



"The day after my encounter with the creature, as I headed up the trail, I had the feeling that I was being watched. I also felt something else, and I'm not sure if it was a concern on their part for me, or an apprehension of me. It seemed as though they were thinking, 'Well, is this guy really doing what he says?' I picked up some gemstones and different things along my way. I came out of the area a different way.

"I didn't say anything to anyone for many years about this incident with the Bigfoot creature. A few years ago, however, I read something about some person who wanted to go out and shoot a Bigfoot. I guess he thought the only way to prove that they exist is to shoot one, cut it up, and bring it out of the forest. I don't agree with this at all. I feel it's downright murder! These beings are definitely humanoid. Even their teeth are like ours, no fangs or anything wild looking. Also, when I communicated with the being, he would sometimes grin when he answered some of my questions. That's how I was able to see his teeth; some were yellowish and worn down.

"Although I knew the being was male, I didn't really notice any genitalia. I didn't look at that area for that particular reason. I didn't want to be impolite or offend him in any way. That part of his body was the furthest thing from my mind. There was hair over its entire body, some of it four to five inches long, maybe even longer. It was matted with pieces of branches and leaves in it. It wasn't really dirty, it was just hanging sort of loose. I was looking at its feet most of the time. I could see that down around the ankles there was hair and just a little bit on the tops of the feet, but none on the sides. The front of the legs had less hair than the backs. As I said, its feet were basically the same as mine, the same shape, with a big toe and everything. Its hands were more or less like a human's. Its thumb was similar to my thumb, but longer and closer to the first finger. When he closed his hand, the thumb automatically grasped to the inside, like a person's. I could never guess what the age of the being was; I wouldn't even try.

"Its appearance wasn't really scary, and somehow its demeanor conveyed to me that there was nothing to be afraid of, although I'd never encountered anything like it before. All I can say is, I saw what I saw! If people want to believe me, then fine, and if they don't, then that's fine too. Since that time, I have done some reading about the Bigfoot creatures. Based on what I've read, I've decided I don't want my name used in connection with this story, because I don't want people to come up to me and tell me I'm crazy. Of course, I understand that anyone who would do this would be someone who is narrow minded and who has had limited experiences in life.

"I think that science can prove the existence of Bigfoot if the scientists are honorable by trying to communicate with them, and then they would come forward. But if they are going to start sticking needles in them or putting lights in their eyes, or dissecting them in some impersonal way, that's wrong. I could see cutting a little hair off here or there if one were to speak with them and make an exchange. This is enough proof to me. Why commit murder for the sake of science when the being is a humanoid? A nonviolent approach is what is necessary.

"I think the Bigfoot's purpose in life is to live, just like we do. I don't think they're destructive. I have not seen where it has taken down acres of trees or plowed blacktop down through the middle of the forest. It seems to coexist peacefully with its surroundings. If anyone were to shoot one of these beings, I believe they should be charged with murder. I don't think it would be fair to them or to us as human beings to do this when I'm certain there are better, nonviolent, ways to prove their existence. We've put a man on the moon, we've got spaceships that go up there; surely if we can do this, we can approach the Sasquatch phenomenon in a peaceful, humanistic way by communicating with them first. They are not animals; this I will say! It's just not human to kill something else human just to prove that it exists.

"Over the years, I moved to Texas and continued my adventures as a rock-hound. Then, in 1987, a good friend of mine—a captain of a commercial fishing boat in Miami—invited me to vacation in Florida and to go out on his boat to watch the operation. It sounded like a nice change, so I went. The incident I describe below took place near Bimini, at the edge of the Bermuda Triangle. I agreed to never reveal the captain's name or the name of the vessel. He does not want publicity, nor do I, because the following event really happened.

"It was early November. The captain of the fishing boat would drag for bottom fish—different kinds of fish—and also for shrimp. The boat went a little to the north, by northeast, of Miami, approximately 60 to 80 miles. We spent the night around the island of Bimini, which is in the Bahama chain, and he was fishing in approximately 40 to 60 fathoms of water with a drag-net. After several good pulls of fish, the fishermen noticed that the pull on the net on a particular pull was different. They pulled the net up on the deck and emptied its contents. Then they do what is called "culling of catch"—getting rid of unwanted things. It was during the culling that everyone present was shocked to see a funny-looking 'sea-being' in the net. It was somewhat of a humanoid-type being in that it was an upright creature. It had a round head, with an area like a ridge down the center. The ridge

seemed to be more pronounced toward the front, then slowly disappeared toward the back of the head. The skin was a greenish-brown, with a little of a blue tint. As the creature came up on the boat, still tangled in the net, the captain let the net down on the deck to try to free the creature. We could tell that the thing, being out of water, was affected by the hot sun. It made sounds like some kind of language we could not understand. The amphibious creature began reaching out, trying to catch water which was washing across the deck from the deck holes. It tried splashing water on itself, but to no avail. I took the deck bucket, filled it with water, and slowly poured it on the creature. After that, it seemed less frightened—not really at ease, however. Nobody seemed very scared—only a little apprehensive. The part we were cautious about were the arms, although they weren't really arms as we know them. They were just appendages coming out, with no elbow, just a sort of hand, similar to a lobster's claw but with odd-looking fingers, on each arm. The digit finger was approximately one-half to one-quarter of the way to the hand. Four were webbed. The feet had four digits, which were webbed also. Overall, the creature was approximately four and one-half to five-feet tall and weighed about 150-200 pounds.

"Six people witnessed this creature: the skipper, me, and four others. Two of the others were from one of the islands—the Bahamas, I guess. The captain and the two other witnesses were American citizens. While the captain and crew were trying to untangle the creature from the net, I took some pictures of the creature with a Polaroid camera and some with a 35-mm camera. It literally tore the net to pieces with its claw-like appendages. The crew was trying to untangle it so it could be thrown back overboard, but then the captain told them to try to save it. He wanted to bring it back to shore. When this half-fish, half-humanoid creature was finally untangled, it was in a very weakened state—not really unconscious, but barely able to move. The crew was able to get it into the empty bait tank and the tank was filled with water to keep the creature wet. The being struggled to get out of the tank, and we all watched as the captain placed the vented tops onto the tank and securely fastened them down. He then summoned the U.S. Coast Guard from Miami. A Coast Guard helicopter arrived, and one of its officers was lowered down onto the boat. He took a look at the creature, then, using a portable radio, he reported his findings back to his superior officer. We were met by a Coast Guard vehicle approximately eight to ten miles from shore in an area known as the Sea Channel Buoy, or the approach buoy to Miami Harbor. Some Coast Guard personnel came aboard the boat. Using a

net, they moved the being to the holding tank of the Coast Guard vessel. The officer who seemed to be in charge asked if anyone had taken any pictures of the creature. I told him I had taken some pictures and had also recorded some of the sounds made by the creature. All my equipment was then confiscated—the Polaroid photos, the 35-mm camera, the Polaroid camera, and my tape recorder. Although I didn't understand this procedure at the time, I later came to understand, after talking with various individuals, that the government was taking the creature somewhere to perform experiments on it in order to determine what it was. All of us who had been on the boat that day were told not to say anything to anyone about what we had seen. I thought this was kind of ridiculous, because I think that if we have information about anything that comes from the sea, or from space, or even from inside the Bermuda Triangle, the public should know about it.

"When I returned to Texas, I discovered that I had another tape recorder with me—a micro-mini tape recorder, which I had in my pocket and had forgotten to mention to the Coast Guard officials. I found that it had picked up the sounds made by the creature as well as the conversations with the Coast Guard personnel. The recording included all the people's names and what they were saying. I had a recording of the Coast Guard personnel telling us what they were looking for, asking for all the photographs, cameras, etc., and telling us not to say anything about the incident. Shortly after my return to Texas, I called a friend on the telephone to let him listen to the tape. A couple of days later, I had to leave town for a few days. When I returned from this trip, I realized right away that someone had been in my apartment and that the cassette tapes documenting the evidence of this sea creature were missing. All of the notes, drawings, and tape recordings that I had made regarding this shocking encounter were also missing. Because my apartment was located on the 11th floor of a 15-story building, it would have been impossible for anyone to have entered from the outside. They would have had to enter from inside the building, using a special key.

"I checked with the personnel in the office of the apartment complex to find out if they had given my apartment key to anyone and was told that they had not and that, as far as they knew, no one had been in my apartment during my absence. My next-door neighbor, an 86-year old woman, told me that she had heard some men in my apartment while I was gone. She had heard some noises and, when she came out to see what was going on, a man in the hallway told her not to worry about it and to go back into her apartment. I have no idea who it was or why they wanted these other tapes.



a new planet. It was called by them E.R.I.D.U —“Home in the Far-away”—a most appropriate name. And so it was that in time the whole settled planet came to be called after the first settlement—Erde, Erthe, Earth. To this day, whenever we call our planet by its name, we evoke the memory of that first settlement on Earth, unknowingly, we remember Eridu and honor the first group of Anunnaki who established it.<sup>16</sup>

Both the Bigfoot people and the ETs told three separate contactees that the Earth is a living organism that is being “attacked” by its own insensitive inhabitants to a point of imminent destruction. Interestingly, Zecharia Sitchin says that Earth is indeed a living entity:

But the exploration of the planetary system in recent decades has, in fact, revealed worlds for which the word ‘alive’ has been repeatedly used. That Earth itself is a living planet was forcefully put forth as the Gaia Hypothesis by James E. Lovelock in the 1970’s (*Gaia - A New Look at Life on Earth*) and most recently reinforced by him in *The Ages of Gaia: A Biography of our Living Earth*. It is a hypothesis that views the Earth and the life that has evolved upon it as a single organism; Earth is not just an inanimate globe upon which there is life; it is a coherent if complex body that is itself alive through its mass and land surface; its oceans and atmosphere, and through the flora and fauna which it sustains and which in turn sustain Earth. ‘The largest living creature on Earth,’ Lovelock wrote, ‘is the Earth itself.’ And in that, he admitted, he was revisiting the ancient ‘concept of Mother Earth, or as the Greeks called her long ago, Gaia.’<sup>17</sup>

The Starpeople and Sasquatch related this to me and others as *fact* and in no way was it meant as a cute metaphor. Our primitive concept of ourselves and this planet is distorted and incomplete. Keep in mind that the Sasquatch can reason and synthesize environmental data just as we can—only they do it better, because they operate on other levels that aid them in monitoring their surroundings to elude unwanted visitors. The Sasquatch can psychically “communicate” with the living flora and fauna within their environment. I refer the interested reader to Eliot Cowan’s seminal work *Plant Spirit Medicine*<sup>18</sup> wherein he demonstrates proven methods by which humans can communicate with plants in their environment so as to invoke their healing assistance via telepathy rather than by destructive ingestion of plant material.

16. Sitchin, 1990, p. 88.  
17. Sitchin, 1990, p. 106.  
18. Cowan, 1995.

A Sasquatch told me and one other person in 1985 that by 1990 the Earth, environmentally, would be at a point of no return if we did not drastically change how we treat each other and the environment. We could avert this disaster by drastically reducing the global population and dramatically slowing down our exploitation of natural resources. Then the present resources would better sustain a smaller world population without depleting it to a life-threatening level. We are at the very brink of some stupendous calamity—something that will strongly landmark all of human history. Both the Starpeople and the Bigfoot creatures have talked about such catastrophic events occurring over the next few years. Christians might label it Armageddon. The Amerindian tribes call it The Great Purification. Because everyone and everything is cosmically connected, all living organisms will be profoundly affected.

When I lecture and write articles relating these concepts, it often angers the Bigfoot hunters because I have spoiled their violent game of shooting a monster. They can’t stand the thought that Sasquatch has human traits and more natural abilities than we do. *Homo sapiens sapiens* is really very helpless in nature with no shelter, weapons, or elaborate equipment, whereas the Bigfoot people are not! What is so difficult about the conceptualizing a humanoid Sasquatch with unique psychic survival abilities? We don’t have a problem with whales and dolphins using sonar to monitor their environment, or bats using biological radar. I think Henry Beston expressed himself beautifully and succinctly in his powerful book *The Outermost House*, when he stated:

We need another and a wiser and perhaps a more mystical concept of animals. Remote from universal nature, and living by complicated artifice, man in civilization surveys the creatures through the glass of his knowledge and sees thereby a feather magnified and the whole image in distortion. We patronize them for their incompleteness, for their tragic fate of having taken form so far below ourselves. And therein we err, and greatly err. For the animal shall not be measured by man. In a world older and more complete than ours, they are more finished and complete, gifted with extensions of the senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear. They are not brethren; they are not underlings; they are other nations, caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendor and travail of the earth.<sup>19</sup>

19. Beston, 1928, p. 25.