

## An Inhabitant of this near domain?

Michael continues, "I met a strange woman when I was riding home on my bike at 7 o'clock in the evening at the age of 14."

*It was dusk. I was 100 yards from the railway bridge. I spotted a beautiful lady in white running at the bottom of the bridge, so I pedalled harder to see her more clearly. Now all of a sudden she appeared at the middle; when I reached the middle of the bridge, she was now at the far end near the top. When I got to that end she was halfway down the lane in front of me.*

*Then I could not see her anymore and I thought, "Where has she got too?" All of a sudden she was right there on her knees directly in front of me. She was 5 foot tall and had fair hair. She wore a simple white "religious garment" that reached her elbows. Her body glowed like a spot light was on her, the whole place had lit up, and she looked as if she was full of joy. I was going to swerve to miss her then*

*she blinked out again and I crashed my bike into the bridge in fright. I was so shocked I stayed at home for the next 6 months before I would brave venturing out again.*

Other cases mentioned in The Middle Kingdom by Mac Manus describe black hooded figures "hyper jumping" across the landscape in a similar manner while terrifying witnesses. They could also only be seen from certain vantage points and most people would commonly walk right past them oblivious to their presence. Is this how hyper-dimensional "extra-humans" exist; outside our visible light spectrum? Are we unknowingly embedded in their civilisation? Why do these events occur? How do conventional humans accidentally stray into their space?

Is it possible that some humans stray into our near dimensional neighbourhood by getting caught up in the energy effects of UFO visitations? Do these occurrences also happen naturally near springs and geological fault lines a favourite location for paranormal windows and sacred sites (hypothetically containing pressurised natural vortex forces)?

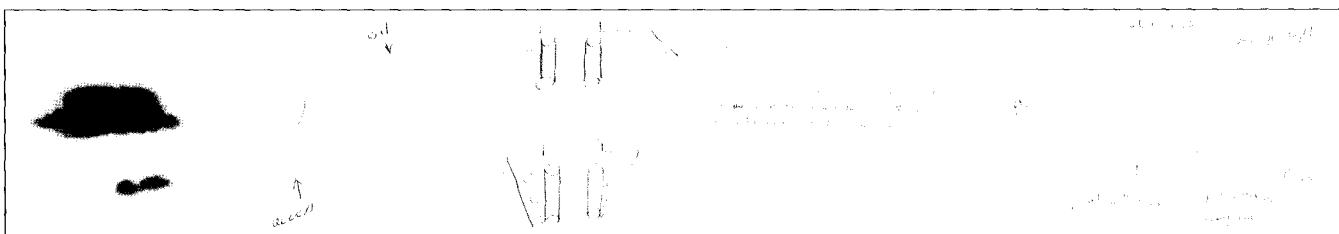
## The abduction of a Spanish national from Tauji beach in The Gambia 2004. Part 2.



In our last FSR we reviewed ocean based UFO reports. In part one of this article, Marife (pictured), recalled her abduction from Tauji beach in The Gambia on September 11th 2004.

A remarkable picture graces the cover of this issue taken moments before her alleged abduction. Captured on this image are the native children playing on a raft; as Marife first consciously recalled the moment she saw the saucer and its strange gold floating 'monolith.' The physical flying object appeared on this film simultaneously to it being seen by multiple witnesses. It raises a further question does this case further invalidate the tenuous argument for all abductions to be explained away as purely subjective an internal mental experience?

We now continue our exploration of Marife's case, as she endeavoured to use hypnosis to release the events of her missing twenty minutes; the time she lost on her watch after taking our cover photo. This material is illustrative of the challenge presented when it is a necessity to draw on subconscious data to overcome induced amnesia. However uncomfortable we are with the concept of retrieved memories, in the absence of conscious recall we have no choice but to attempt to bravely employ reasonable hypotheses from them.



Object in photograph. Marife's sketches of the landed object. The unusual door and symbol. The religious icons and the mind scanner.

In February 2005 I underwent two hypnotic regressions under the care of a clinical psychologist in Madrid. The psychologist spoke to me, "At this moment you are on the beach, today is the 11th September 2004 the day you saw an object in the form of a metallic bird." "You see two very big and powerful spotlights and you take a photograph." At this instant I suffered terrible anguish, the psychologist steadied me, "what do you see Marife?"

I remember a cloud coming from the machine; I am being led inside the object. I see a door with three strange turrets

a dagger through the top of it. I pass through a dark corridor where there are grey and blue figurines. To my right is a statue similar to the gargoyles at Notre-Dame Cathedral. It appears thoughtful. Another statue is the figure of an Eagle. I see a Jewish Menorah, a stone Inca mask and an Aztec mask. At the end of this corridor there is a totem pole in the shape of a cross with an amber light in the centre. I cross in front of the totem and enter a dark room which has a lighted capsule containing an operating table in the centre. I am inside the capsule; I feel my body has gone very small like an ant. There are lights

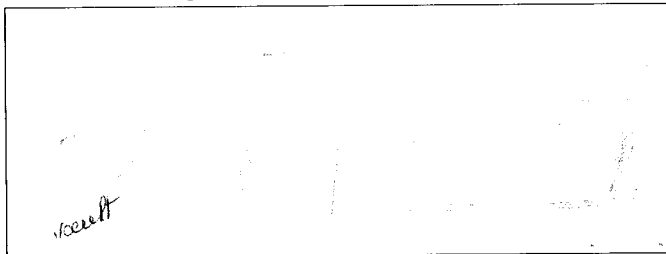
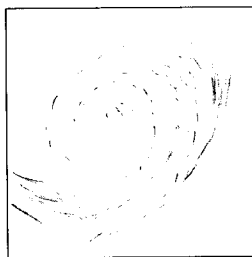
brain. It feels like they are going to extract something.

### **Recalled images from the corridor and the capsule that enclosed her head in a scanner.**

I see my body shrink to a very small size as I feel the sensation of moving up through a red tube. I see peculiar fish shaped circuits as I travel up. I feel like I am swimming in the air, surrounded by a winged spiral galaxy with millions of luminous specks resembling tiny stars. Afterward I travel into a watery grove where I enter a large white light. I see two big hands held in prayer. As I re-enter my body I see a grid made of ruby and gold pyramid structures. There are three figures standing in silhouette at the foot of the operating table. They have luminous auras. They put a plate in front of my head covered in symbols.

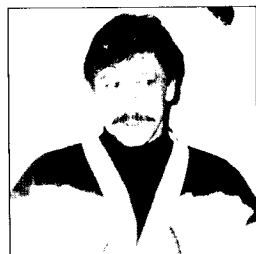
**Right: The spiral galaxy where Marife floated out of her body.**

**Below: The three figures standing at the foot of the capsule.**



The psychologist remarked that what I had described held similarities to a near death experience. I said that I had not encountered anyone human or familiar throughout the entire experience. I took the message conveyed to me by these hidden people as one of shared faith in God.

**FSR Comment: the narrative of this abduction regression exists as a series of recollected images that can be woven together into a hypothetical account or message. Marife's abduction may be seen in this context; after she was taken on board a physical flying object she was placed inside a device that imaged her physical brain but also may have acted as a 'mind scanner.' An orchestrated mystical experience followed featuring a voyage into space and a parade of the icons of our human spirituality taking place within her mind.**



A similar box was described by a Polish abductee named 'Andrew' in an incident that took place on August 13th 1968 on the edge of a Russian and Polish firing range in the Nasielsk region, 40kms from Warsaw. After first meeting a humanoid on a forest path and naively offering her a sandwich, Andrew was rendered unconscious. He was laid out on a cold bed naked and face down. At that moment he saw his astral body like a green coloured ghost which was now floating 2 meters away. In his altered state of mind he said, "It was very cold. I saw that my body was put in a strange box with small silver doors. For a few seconds my body went out of that box, but now my skin was covered by many small ice-drops."

Over the back-side of Andrew's head appeared a small rotating circle of multi-coloured light with a diameter of about 20cms. It rotated horizontally about 25cms above the back of

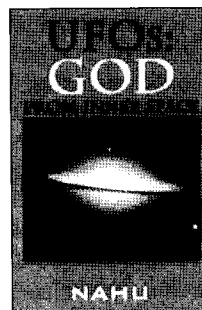
cones of colourful light. The lower pointed end of the cones touched the back of his head and Andrew felt a sharp needle. In my 'green ghost' state of mind I saw a non-metallic worm following a nerve leading to my brain. Following this he was shown a three dimensional star map which featured a star system in the constellation of Cygnus.

### **The nightmare scenario: are all abductees the potential victims of mind control technology?**

Perhaps we should reconsider Marife's visions of religious iconic images and the more common apocalyptic images of human suffering; both of these cause a deep heightened state of arousal. Is this the desired effect of a deliberately planned procedure by her abductors? Somebody practiced in the art of illusion and mental manipulation; a modern day mentalist magician would see her description of walking through the corridor lined with religious imagery as evidence of her mind being primed with a series of emotive religious icons prior to testing.

Remember, that inducing a highly emotional outburst is the key objective of psychological programming and re-orientation methods used by interrogators and mind control experts the world over. Was Marife really being tested or do all these procedures relate more to tests aimed at creating subtle re-programming of the human brain? Was this an attempt to subconsciously implant other information that could have been concealed while receiving these visions? If so then these must be subtle instructions as Marife has reportedly noticed no ill effect.

Given that many accounts suggest that abduction can take place anywhere at any time, the abductees mind and, those of any witnesses can be easily fooled to re-orientate our behaviour. What can be advanced here from Marife's abduction may stand alongside other abductions, that is; she has been attuned to interpret key symbols and non verbal messages. Abductees often find post-experience quirks in how their minds shift focus. Many form a novel mental connection with long dead archaic images and ancient names, historic sacred places, numbers and shapes. As was shown in this case, the abductors use of devices like the "mind scanner" could create latent effects that may relate to direct stimulation of the brain that in turn alters the senses and the exact order of what the brain prioritises. For an as yet undisclosed purpose.



**ISBN-10: 1598001779 Publisher: Outskirts Press**

As has been the pattern in each issue of FSR, we have recently been contacted by an author who experienced a similar mind scan device being used on him during abduction. The story is penned by author Nahu Lanham in his new book "UFOs: God from inner space." He is of Native American ancestry and is based in Oregon in the U.S.A.

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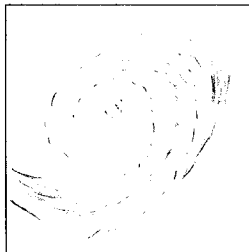
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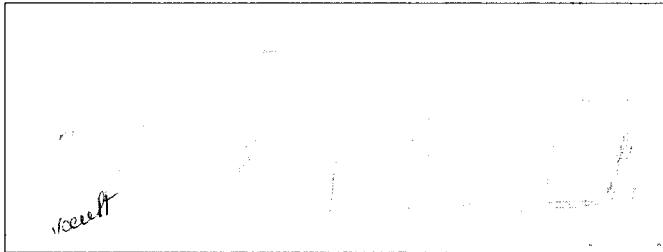
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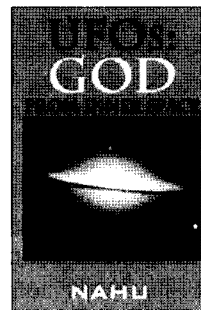
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spiritual transformation, and UFOs are explored in great depth. All this, according to Nahu, is pointing to the HOLOVERSAL SELF - an awakened mind that is fully aware of its multidimensional nature and open to the interpenetrating realities of wholes in the parts. Explaining in extricate detail on how UFOs can be understood in as an inter-dimensional phenomena; this book takes up where Carl Jung left off. In short, Nahu presents a "grand unified theory of UFOs" that unites objective and subjective realities, and links insights into the underlying energetic structures of UFOs to the divinity of our own minds. This book is relevant not just to UFO enthusiasts, but to depth psychologists, open-minded physicists, those interested in the paranormal, and anyone committed to personal and collective transformation of consciousness.

**Nahu's account of a mind scan:** I woke up inside another light craft. I was being examined in an operating room. As for the device; I can only recall being led into a clinical setting, like an office hospital operating room and some sort of device being lowered from behind me onto my upright head. The rest is blackness, except for the feeling of my thoughts being sucked out into somewhere, then darkness. The experience was similar to having one's mind swept clean of thoughts.

I don't remember much after that, except the next evening while out walking with my wife, I saw a black helicopter outside my home that shone a light on me. My wife and I tried to evade it, but we had to run for it. Eventually we got back home, which was several blocks away. We heard the copter roaming around outside the house for a while. There is more to it, but I can't recall the other parts. This was probably fifteen years ago. I had numerous dreams of seeing these beings and recently have received messages about the nature of reality from within what appeared to be a hypercube like area while in a lucid dream state.

**There follows an extract of Nahu's new book, featuring his initial encounter with beings from a higher dimension. He has interpreted the substance of this dimension to being akin to a form of hyper-space where the universal laws of matter equate to pure mind energy. Later in this issue we will examine physical crossings into this mysterious domain of the higher dimension.**

## I ENCOUNTER.

*"If flying saucers are not a physical fact, they are a psychical one, and that in itself is a fact." C.G. Jung*

### The Dream and the Experience

One night, many years ago, while apparently sleeping, I awoke, startled to discover the room filled with a white light; a light that permeated everything, even the walls with its brilliance. In the centre of this light, outlined like the sun with a corona or halo, appeared a shimmering orb. The light pulsated, growing brighter and brighter as my body became weightless, floating slowly upward. I experienced no discomfort, nor did I panic. Certain tranquillity flooded my suspended form. I felt numbness followed by a feeling of bodily expansion as if my mind was observing everything from a detached point-of-view. Then I lost contact altogether with the body, falling weightlessly free. I did not know I had actually exited my physical body at that time. I was distinctly aware of being lifted, as if by some unseen force, levitated toward an opening in the centre of this brilliant circle of light. I know now that my awareness had undergone an alteration. Floating upwards toward the centre I entered an oval, sterile, white concentric ring. The sensation was like being drawn into a whirlpool of swirling light, yet without a feeling of dizziness. Rather than feeling fear, as I recall, that emotion was replaced

circle of concentric light, large, glowing eyes met my own. Floating into this circle of light, I met two small, dark complexioned, Mayan Indian-like beings that I could only describe as asexual, or androgynous. Without obvious means of movement, I apparently levitated until descending to find these two beings seated directly before me. Their eyes immediately projected impressions of benevolent friendship rather than dominant control. They appeared to be of an exceptional intelligence mixed with a sense of curiosity. Their presence was in no way intimidating nor repulsive, or were their features stranger than perhaps those of the ancient Mayan race. Instead, I found myself becoming curiously relaxed and eager to communicate. In fact, something in the quality of the encounter inspired a soothing calmness. In their presence I immediately sensed vast wisdom and, presumably, knowledge of the origin and nature of our cosmos, although how I knew this was not altogether clear at that time. In some unknown way, I felt a definite empathic link much like one might feel in the presence of a sensitive physician or clergyman. The intuitive, empathic rapport was obviously a psychic connection, although in all my experiences I had never experienced such a phenomenon, or for that matter believed in flying saucers, or space beings in any way. I did not have a clear sense of the structure of reality or alternate dimensions.

Their steady gaze probed my direction as if awaiting questions. I had come to rest in a curved, white, one-pieced chair and observed them over what must have been a distance of perhaps three feet. A glazed spherical structure stood between us rising to about mid-body height. I was filled with great wonder and curiosity. As my head filled with these impressions, certain thoughts stood out against a rush of conflicting emotional sensations. I could feel them probing for these predominant thoughts. One outstanding question arose about the nature of mind in the universe; a question, which I later felt, had never been fully answered by any science. Thinking about this question, even while forming the thought, I sensed them following my thought/images coloured perhaps by my feelings, as one might follow the flow of an idea and yet never hear it spoken, scanning my mind better than a professional psychic. My memory of their physical response was the intensity in those great eyes, an intuitive receptiveness to my feelings that came forth simply in a non-verbal nod. At this point, I wish to state that such impressions of what transpired during this unusual state of awareness one might call "hyper-awareness" are, at best, remembered translations, because below the surface of this communication, much more took place. That inner communication aroused by the state of unusual or hyper-awareness, is precisely what motivated me to write this book. There was so much information below the surface that it took years of study and self-development before I was finally able to understand its vast content. However, a sense of alertness grew out of that experience that has stayed with me until this very day.

Following this hyper state of awareness I experienced this persistent, though somewhat vague question which arose in my mind. I found myself wondering about the energy that governed the motion of this strange light. I am not sure whether I received this question from them, or it occurred as a result of what was intuitively shared by the three of us. I sensed a nod as they leaned forward, their eyes darkening, glowing with a certain visual voice of their own as images started to form in my mind with feeling. I now wonder upon looking back, if the feelings I received actually framed clear shapes in letters, or if I translated their mannerisms into a language structure that I visualized. The impression that I received within my mind was: "BY THE POWER OF PURE MIND!" It was more like a simple statement of fact. The craft

I remember feeling utterly transfixed by these words and that initial realization. Their message bored deeply within my mind's eye, as I strove to envision what the power of mind could achieve.

## NOW THEIR MIND BECAME UNIFIED WITH MY OWN!

Suddenly, I sensed that this encounter was extremely important and perhaps would provide a key that might open doorways into many other unusual events. These thoughts passed briefly at first, surfacing to remain strongly years after the experience. The impact of that initial thought-transference was extremely provocative at multiple levels of consciousness, creating questions that would shake the very foundations of my ideas of reality, and perhaps of sanity itself!

The alien duo seemed to bob about, oddly peering with their dark, sensitive eyes, first at one another, then at me as if in mutual understanding of my perplexed curiosity. I recall hearing a strange buzzing noise that appeared to come from their direction, but I could ascertain no visible means of speech, no corresponding facial movements. Their mouths were mere slits. I sensed that this buzzing noise was some form of communication, like ultra-sonic sounds transmitted from another level of communication; similar to white noise.

Suddenly, I found myself inwardly hyper-aware as rapid images began to move into focus on my internal viewing screen. It was as though they projected pictures in a steady manner into my head, much like watching a motion picture of interstellar space. In the centre of these stellar images appeared a tiny, white dot that evolved into a silvery globe, much like our moon on a clear Earth evening. For the same recondite reason, I knew that what was happening was more than the internal transmission of a telepathic image of a planet in space; there was a clear sense that I was being shown a creative process of some kind.

I vaguely felt that these beings were some form of cosmic teachers, perhaps from another dimension, like intra-psychoic space rather than outer space. Concentrating upon these expanding images of light and darkness, I felt an urgent need to understand the information transmitted by my cosmic guides, perhaps receiving an impression of an urgency to follow this creative process of PURE MIND. But at that time any clear notion was somewhat buried in a growing anxiety from the profundity of the visions, though I did consciously try to retain a decipherable thread for future examination. An essential point did stand out, Pure Mind operates at deeper levels of physical reality, how much, I wasn't sure. I was just barely twenty years old at the time of this bizarre encounter.

Time was passing and the intensity of these impressions pounded in my head. My mind remained focused upon incoming impressions of an earth like globe slowly turning a dark, reddish colour, crystallizing as it cracked into pieces. I remember being able to finally see through it. It was like viewing a prism with light filtering through. The colour red stood out the most, while other colours such as blue and white flashed through my mind. Suddenly these impressions became chilling! What was actually taking place? Were they controlling my physical brain, projecting images into my mind telepathically? Did this in fact mean that these beings had power over my mind, maybe even power over the minds of every person on the planet? As these thoughts arose with fear and aversion within me, I felt a distinct reaction from these beings to my emotions. Their response was a stalwart NO! Their purpose was not to control others, but to share psychic knowledge. This impression stunned me: they were not trying to use me, or to control my mind, but to help me use my own latent abilities. That was my impression.

If that were the case, was I involved in a cooperative psychic

event, more specifically, a psychic-level teaching experience about the mind and physical reality that would be eventually understood? As if sensing my inclination to learn, they pressed toward me attentively, eyes keen slits. Were they pleading for me to understand? The encounter seemed to be coming from a multidimensional level, a more complex experience than someone might attempt to glibly explain away, or to construe in contemporary UFO sighting terms. Impressions continued to flow into me at some inner expanded awareness level. They continued to send information much like a computer programmer might send bits of information to memory banks. I intuitively sensed information at multiple levels, like dreams that come in flash of insight, but then are lost. There were visible images, but they were odd, reminding me of fractal patterns rather than actual pictures.

One thing remained clear, it would be impossible for me within my scope of knowledge or ability at this time to understand their full significance. How could I comprehend them? I was obviously not prepared for this kind of experience. Moreover, other unsettled questions assailed me. Was I experiencing physical contact with extraterrestrial visitors, or was this merely the production of an overactive, dreaming mind? The entire encounter seemed to be focused upon the nature of mind and cosmos, rather than on its alien origin and extraterrestrial craft. Could this be a meeting with beings from different worlds coming together for a collective learning experience? Who knows, maybe they were learning something from me. It did appear that I was experiencing a personal contact with what could only be termed intra-dimensional life forms, because in fact, they appeared, by all recall, to come from inner space. And they were, without a doubt, seeking deliberate intelligent contact with me through what can be described as an altered state of mind.

Many questions arose in me regarding the nature of the telepathic transmission during the encounter and continued throughout my life. As I pondered the psychic link between us, the mysterious encounter gradually seemed to fade, along with the ambiance of the lighted interior. However, the odd, vibratory motion increased. A force from somewhere tugged at me. I felt myself being pulled away from the encounter. Slowly the alien beings before me were becoming fused together into one entity. It was as though my consciousness had changed its frequency. Then, the most bizarre aspect of the encounter took place. The glowing interior of this luminous vessel suddenly metamorphosed into a black limousine speeding down an unknown highway in the wee hours of dawn. The aliens appeared in the front seat immaculately outfitted in black bowler hats with matching suits, both faces taking on oriental features. Even though they had changed physically, there was that same enigmatic, yet pleasant look in their features, as they simultaneously turned in their seats facing me. That's when another thought seemed to be transferred to me, as they conspicuously probed my mind with the question, "Now do you understand?"

Yes, at some level I did understand though frankly, I was really baffled by the impact of the whole experience, and more than awed. Did I really understand? But to be perfectly honest, perhaps I did in an abstract way, though I immediately answered in the affirmative, wanting to assure them that it was clear. While all I really wanted though, was to just get out and run away! The door seemed to swing open as if on its own. The car slowed. I jumped out and sprinted uphill to a rough, dirt road that led toward an abandoned house. Behind me I heard a soft swoosh, but resisted looking back. Assuming they drove off, I did not stop, but continued to run toward the sanctuary of that old house. I ran inside and paused, I remember looking anxiously for something; I didn't really understand why. Then somehow I knew it was an old mirror

propped up against the wall like a magical assurance that I really was alive!

That's when I felt an intense shock. I had no reflection! I recall an odd, vibratory effect, which shook me as the room began to fade. Abruptly, I found myself lying on a bed in my room, arms folded. Suddenly I felt elated, yet strange inside, maybe even a little bit sad, wondering whether all this madness had been nothing more than an unusually lucid dream? Deep within my mind there lingered that nagging question, which continued with exasperation. Was this vivid encounter just a dream? It all seemed so very real! After the UFO encounter, I recall lying on the bed for a long time, trying to rest, meditating on the whole experience, which stayed in my mind, filling me with unanswered questions. These questions were to begin my compulsive quest to comprehend this entire experience, and to rid me of deep, gnawing doubts about my sanity. Recalling the progression of events, I looked for an answer that would explain the entire thing as a figment of an overactive dreaming self, though even then, some of the answers to my questions seemed explicit; their substance seemed incomprehensible. I asked myself the obvious question. Am I going crazy? And the answer seemed simple, easily answered by the average response; of course, yes, that's it. Case dismissed. But to tell the truth, it wasn't that easy, and the answer wasn't then, or now, that simple. Consider the questions that went through my mind. Certainly it wasn't hard to accept that one's thoughts can be directed.

At some point, matter must be an extension of the mind, but how might this process operate?

As I was to discover, metaphysicians and mystics speculate that physical form is congealed thought. This information fascinated me. If this was the case, then by directing one's thoughts, one could change one's form or possibly alter

physical matter. Certainly at some level, psychosomatic medicine hints at this when it suggests that much of what ails us mentally originates in thinking patterns and later shows up as actual changes in our physical health. It goes on to state that we can change our condition by changing our thoughts. These cosmic teachers, as best as I can describe them, seemed to be trying to tell me something about mind's ability to control physical matter. They also seemed to be able to move physical matter. This ability is what parapsychologists call teleportation or movement of matter by the power of thought control. They were obviously showing me that our focused mind is a powerful force that can be used to alter the physical body and move it from point A to point B.

At that period of my life, only science fiction novels made such a bizarre suggestion. Telekinesis or psychokinesis has been speculated to exist by many parapsychologists, who maintain that certain individuals have the ability to move, alter or bend objects at will. However, their abilities seem comparatively weak in comparison. Uri Geller demonstrated his ability to use this force to bend spoons, among other things. But this display seemed limited in comparison to what they showed me. Certainly, it seemed feasible that there might be a life form somewhere in the universe that had evolved powerful psychokinetic abilities. During that stage of my life, and for many months after, I contemplated many possibilities. Was it more than just a lucid dream; were my cosmic mentor's mind projectionists of some sort? I decided to investigate my intuitive feelings, which suggested that mind creates physical reality and is a force that can be directed. Feasibly, one might be able to direct the energy of mind and physically materialize at any point in space/time. These thoughts presented an exciting possibility.

## New Light on the Elizabeth Klarer story.



Cape Town Filmmaker Chris Roland is currently (December 10, 2006) writing the screenplay for "Beyond The Light Barrier" based on Elizabeth Klarer's book of the same name. He has written and developed 12 other original feature film and TV projects while partnered with South African and international producers including the acclaimed film "Hotel Rwanda."

We continue our assessment of time/dimension cases with a return to Elizabeth Klarer. FSR first printed Elizabeth

Klarer's story in November 1956, FSR Vol2, No.6. This case alongside that of Cynthia Appleton in Birmingham in 1957 shocked the world as they both involved an 'illegitimate' alien conception by a spaceman.

After finally finishing archiving the last 50 years of FSR this month, a considerable amount of correspondence between Gordon Creighton and the famous South African contactee Elizabeth Klarer (who died in 1994) has come to light

*This is coincidental to 2006 being the fiftieth anniversary of her first encounter with Akon on Flying Saucer Hill at Rosetta, Natal on the 7th April 1956. There was an anniversary gathering in July 2006 at the exact location as well as a special anniversary conference organised by local ufologists. Her book Beyond the Light Barrier is her legacy; it may now become a film script.*

Light Barrier has been most difficult to appraise for ufological merit as it exists both as a romantic memoir as well as an account of her alleged trip to the home world of an alien civilisation. The challenge is to gain a glimpse of her underlying experience that may shine through the emotionally laden narrative. If there was a word to describe the writing of her era it would be 'flat.' This is not meant as a derogatory statement rather a repeat observation of all the writings of all the major contactees of the first age of ufology.

Judging by their photographic evidence many of these people had astonishing experiences. They saw inside the saucers and consorted with their pilots. They were first to see the earth from space before the space age began; yet so much of their written material is described in superficial terms, disappointingly banal commentary in comparison to the true spectacle. This universally remote style of writing suggests that the ability to recall key technological advances and real detail of the activities and disposition of the visitors may have been made deliberately inaccessible in the minds of the contacted. We cannot be allowed to know prematurely the true nature of our hidden observers. Perhaps it is this factual deficiency in the writings of contactees that has done their case so much harm. To redress the balance we should look for correspondences within the detail of these early writings which verify what we already know of the humanoid and saucer