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APRIL 1994

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FIRST WORD

SELLING THE MIND SHORT

Exposing the myth of psychic privilege

By Keith Hanary

Determining propaganda requires subverting rational thinking with seemingly plausible lies. I was a teenager when I first believed the lie that there was something about me or anybody else that could properly be labeled "psychic." A part of me felt sick when the label was used on me—the way I felt when I smoked my first cigarette. There was something compelling and forbidden about the experience, and something I also knew could eventually do me in down the line.

At the time, I was ripe for the slaughter—I was naive, searching for something meaningful to do with my life. More than that, I was about to become a propaganda magnet. The authority figures who sold me this bill of goods were parapsychologists at one of the field's major laboratories, who used the label "psychic" to explain my performance in a parapsychology experiment. I did not yet know enough about the politics of parapsychology to realize that those who present themselves as authoritative are entrapped within their own mythologies and that scientific competence is not the only coin of the realm in the field.

Propaganda is infectious. Reviewing nearly 35 years of experience in psychological research and the findings of more than 100 years of parapsychology experiments, I cannot point to any evidence indicating that humanity can objectively be divided between psychics and nonpsychics. Having once believed the lie about myself, I finally have overcome it. But I continue to find myself cast in the role of a psychic observer in other people's mythologies. I find myself described as a psychic in many recent para-

chology books, even by authors who describe me as such over my objections. One such author privately encouraged me to promote myself as a psychic, saying that by applying the concept, I was making a chance to make some serious money. I also find myself profiled in print with beliefs and accomplishments that have no basis in fact. Propaganda has a mind of its own.

The public's fascination with mystical prophecies triggers reactions of wonder or incredulity whenever the term is invoked. Whether you believe in the existence of these supposedly extraordinary people or disbelieve those who claim to be psychic, we divided or blurred is irrelevant. In either case, you are excluding a variety of other experiences from your concept of normal humanity. That denial diminishes your sense of your own potential. It fuels the sales of cult memberships, related newspaper, magazine, and TV services, and

questionable tests of psychic powers to the public.

The popular concept that there are mental processes called psychic abilities, which are not directly related to other cognitive processes and that transcend the laws governing our relationship with space and time, is logically vacuous. We do not know enough about the underlying structure of reality to conclude that the laws of nature are ever violated. It is far more likely that we do not fully understand those laws. Nor have we sufficiently explained the interrelated foundations of perception, communication, and intelligence. We cannot conclude that something impossible is happening simply because we do not comprehend all the subtle and complicated ways in which the mind processes information.

That the mind is capable of remarkable feats is undeniable. Expanding the implications of this realization does not require resorting to extremes. It should encourage us to create a middle ground—one that defines human potential in human terms. It is a higher perceptual communication, and thinking capability exists within us, then it cannot be distorted to serve anomalous or denied by rational people or assigned to the realm of the psychic and paranormal. It must be understood within the context of normal experience and acknowledge human potential and considered within the emerging framework of mainstream science. Rather than approaching this question as a conflict between an occult versus a materialistic ideology, we may then embrace a balanced vision of human potential and investigate the mysteries of nature with a fully open mind. ☐

Warning:
"To label anyone
a psychic is to
deny the limits
of our understanding
and potential to know
reliable answers
to questions
that have yet to be asked."



FORUM

ANNOUNCING PROJECT OPEN BOOK: *Omni's* inquiry into the UFO phenomenon

By Keith Ferrell

This is a special issue of *Omni*, one that's likely to be controversial, and is frankly designed to be provocative. Our subject is alleged alien presence in our skies and among our population, and the possibility of government cover-ups both here and abroad of alien spacecraft and beings. Our approach is uniquely *Omni*.

It's time, we feel, to clear the air about UFOs, close encounters of any kind, abductions, and all the kinds and classes of alleged extraterrestrial—or

Hearsay and rumor—which run rife in the UFO community—don't count. What's required for a scientific investigation is evidence, documentation, fact. All of which are in short supply in the UFO phenomenon.

At the heart of the phenomenon, fueling many of the stories, lies consistent and unfortunate government mishandling of alleged encounter investigations. (Not just our government: Read Jim Oberg's look at Russian UFO research in this issue.) Whether there are or aren't any encounters, the government's posture has been to classify and confuse its research, leading to an environment perfect for paranoia.

And paranoia is so appealing, so romantic. There is an aura of mystery, of secrets we're not allowed to apprehend, of cover-ups and conspiracies. It's so easy to assume someone else is in control.

It's time for the secrecy to end. It's time for us to take control.

That's why *Omni* is inaugurating, with this issue, Project Open Book. If its name reminds you in some ways of the government's long-suspended Project Blue Book, that's not by accident.

Put simply, Project Open Book is *Omni's* effort to provide a clearinghouse for hard, documented information about alien encounters, and especially about government cover-ups of alleged encounters. *Omni* is ready to take a look, hopeful of arriving at some answers.

One way or the other. We have no ax to grind; we do not approach the topic as "true believers" nor do we dismiss the possibility of extraterrestrial presence out of hand. For better or worse, we are willing to examine the question seriously, to investigate worthwhile reports, to share the information with our readers

and the world. An Open Book.

The Project starts now. We start by laying the historical groundwork. This issue, we begin a multipart series that will, month by month, look back at the leading stories of alleged cover-ups over the past half century. Beyond that, we'll look toward the future, toward avoiding or overcoming the confusion and misinformation that too often surround UFO materials.

We also provide you with the tools to seek information on your own. Check out the "Freedom Fighters Handbook" this month, and add your voice to those calling for government files to be opened to public scrutiny.

You're part of this. We welcome your submissions to Project Open Book. If you have evidence—evidence that can be backed up, supported, and confirmed six ways from Sunday—send it to *Omni*: Project Open Book, 324 West Wendover Avenue, Suite 205, Greensboro, North Carolina, 27408, or join us in the new Project Open Book section of *Omni* Online, available through America Online, where you will be able to post your stories, engage in debates, and add your voice to the mix.

Send copies of your materials, and keep the originals in a safe place. While we promise to treat submissions with respect, we cannot guarantee their return, nor can we guarantee a response to every submission we receive.

We do guarantee that submissions able to stand up to the scrutiny of scientific and journalistic investigation will be shared with the world.

Together, we can put an end to the foolishness that surrounds this fascinating topic.

Welcome to Project Open Book. **DO**

Project Open Book is *Omni's* initiative aimed at clearing the UFO phenomenon of foolishness, false information, mistrust, and groundless paranoia.



extradimensional or extratemporal—visitation. To open the topic to the hard light of rational scientific and journalistic inquiry.

We are not speaking of tabloid sensationalism or special-effects wish fulfillment. No E.T. No supermarket flying saucers.

It's a simple question. Is there evidence of alien presence on Earth, and have governments suppressed that evidence? We can answer that, can't we?

The essence of science is skepticism; the watchword of the scientific method is proof.

COMPUTING THE UNIVERSE

Immense simulations model billions of years of cosmic evolution

By Steve Nadis

Dark, wispylike patterns appear on the screen. Separate strands merge and merge, forming a blob that writhes and contorts like an octopus. Some fragments fly off from this pulsating creature; others are drawn into the tiny blaze at its center. The special effects, although impressive, are no threat to the face of Steven Spielberg. But this picture isn't intended to be entertaining; rather, it's "director" MIT physicist Edmund Bertschinger wants to model the formation of the universe.

Bertschinger's models start about 10 million years after the Big Bang and run forward in time to the present era. All the while, the computer tracks the move-

ments of all the particles. Despite all that they've learned, astronomers still don't have a clue as to what type of matter makes up 90 to 99 percent of the stuff in the universe. All this, hidden material, which provides the glue holding galaxies and larger celestial structures together, remains unseen and is thus "dark matter." The models that Bertschinger play with make various guesses as to what this invisible matter might consist of.

The most successful model to date attributes the formation of large-scale structures to a class of unclustered flying particles called "cold dark matter" (CDM). This model has come under fire in recent years as astronomers have found ever-larger cosmic voids, that CDM theory has

CDM model was only off by a factor of two. The next step is to experiment with other types of dark matter until the picture the computer spits out is consistent with that produced by astronomers diligently mapping the heavens.

The alternative model that Ken Kuo and Bertschinger most expect is based on "fuzzy/dark matter"—that is, "hot" (or fast-moving) particles (most likely neutrinos) as well as the slower-moving cold dark matter. So far, the simulations of a mixed-dark-matter universe look pretty good.

Don't write off CDM yet, argues University of Chicago cosmologist Michael Turner, although he concedes that CDM theory they indeed have serious

Computer simulations model the universe's evolution from millions of years after the Big Bang to the present.



drawings of 23 million particles. Even though the interactions are based on simple laws of gravity worked out by Isaac Newton three centuries ago, the results appear intricate and often counterintuitive.

Bertschinger and many others are focusing on one of the central problems of cosmology: how, in the 10 to 20 billion years since the Big Bang, matter came to arrange itself in the patterns seen today—vast fields and strings of galaxies, galaxy clusters, and clusters of clusters, separated by giant voids.



trouble explaining. However, the calculations of Bertschinger and a former graduate student, James Geller, show that CDM may in fact be adjusted to account for these mammoth conglomerates. But then individual galaxies—about the smallest things in the simulations—become too massive. The picture doesn't turn out right on both the largest and smallest scales.

Cosmologists wouldn't have spotted this problem without computer simulations, explains University of Toronto astrophysicist Nick Kaiser, because the



problems. On the other hand, the problem may lie with the simulations themselves. After all, he adds, "simulating the universe is a very tricky business."

While Bertschinger acknowledges that there are limits to what we can glean from simulations alone, he's confident that science will eventually sort things out. "Although I'm pessimistic about CDM, I'm optimistic by and large because we're learning from these simulations. They're teaching us some new physics that can eventually guide us to new models." □

FUNDS

U.S. GOVERNMENT AUCTIONS

Bargain prices on everything from cars to the Coral Sea

By Linda Marsa

His Uncle Sam got a deal for you. Government auctions offer bargain prices on a wider array of merchandise than you'll find in a Northern Market Christmas catalog. Inventory runs the gamut from cars, office furnishings, yachts, ambulances, Rolex watches, and new homes to guns or beavers, military gear, NASA, trading equities, and the aircraft carrier *Coral Sea*.

With a little luck and legwork, shrewd shoppers can get good deals on pretty or unusual items. And for budgeted inventors, the chance to come through leftovers from government laboratories can be like hitting a hot lead in Delaware. Some Trekkers snap up every electronic gadget in sight, says Bill Tark, chief of sales for the General Services Administration (GSA). "One even used government surplus to build his truck like the ship *Enterprise*."

The GSA, for instance, sells

laboratory equipment like microscopes, centrifuges, and signal generators; office furniture; computers, electronic gear; and more than 40,000 used autos a year.

Other federal agencies like the Resolution Trust Corporation hold public sales to dispose of repossessed houses, condos, hotels, and new land from foreclosures and failed S&Ls. The U.S. Postal Service unloads goods—televisions, CDs, cameras—in unclaimed packages. The Department of Defense would be happy to sell you, among other things, your very own DC-10. And the DEA, the Customs Service, the U.S. Marshals, and the IRS peddle confiscated contraband from drug labs, crime bosses, and tax delinquents.

Though discolored drug dealers tend to adorn themselves with gaudy bracelets, crime keepers' tastes are decidedly up scale. They collect expensive antiques art—an impressionist painting seized from a money launderer recently fetched \$136,000—and rare cars. "Drug dealers like sports because they're easy to transport," says Dean Echols of Machinery Auctions in Atlanta, which handles many government sales. "You can walk through an airport with \$200,000 worth of cars in your pocket and no one will suspect."

But don't expect to pick up a Porsche for \$100 or a yacht for \$200, since professional buyers scour these auctions for resale items and can bid up such undervalued items. And don't think you can outsmart the pros. "Amateurs can get good deals if they're careful," says Echols. "But they're not going to steal anything."

Do take advantage of the inspection period beforehand, which is usually on the previous day or a few hours before the auction begins. Carefully examine the

merchandise and then figure out what comparable items would cost if they were being sold retail. To avoid getting swept up in bidding fever—and overpaying for something you don't really want—determine exactly what you want to buy and how much you intend to spend, and stick to it. It may even be wise to attend one auction as an observer just to get a feel for the action. "Take no money," advises Tark, "and keep your hands in your pockets."

Remember, all sales are final. Once you've made a winning bid, you're obligated to buy the property; the bid won't show much sympathy if you're suddenly shaken up with buyer's remorse. Most prices require a guaranteed method of payment like a money order, certified check, or cash.

Be wary too of those classified ads that promise inside information on how to buy valuable items at government auctions for unbelievable prices, warns Carol Collins of the Consumer Information Center of the GSA. They're usually bogus. "You can get all the information you need about government sales from Uncle Sam's house."

The GSA publishes a free booklet, *The U.S. General Services Administration Guide to Federal Government Sales*, that lists which federal agency is selling what, notification procedures for unique sales, and tips on how to get a good deal and avoid pitfalls. Write to Consumer Information Center, Dept. 8012, Pueblo, Colorado 81008. Major sales by the U.S. Marshals Service are advertised on the third Wednesday of every month in the classified section of USA Today (or call Machinery Auctions at 800-832-8866). And don't be surprised if sometime soon the GSA puts sell-offs from the Super Collider on the auction block. **GG**

Government cars, which are often sold for \$1,000 to \$2,500 less than their retail value, are no longer just being auctioned; they're being sold with vinyl interiors.



ELECTRONIC UNIVERSE

HOLLYWOOD INTERACTIVE
PC-based movie games put you in the action

By Gregg Keizer

Enough talk about interactive movies. I don't think any of us wants to sit in the dark and tell the yahoos in the back row decide as an ending. Movies by definition would be about as much fun as sitting—and as ultimately unreal—as the living room.

It's different on the computer. Although PC cinema shows films with the theater, and TV-based interactive movies that read like movies. You play a part in the outcome, make the actors follow your lead, and so on—on the computer. You're not a slave to the wishes of strangers.

Repped on CD-ROM discs, which take the room for the necessary video and audio tracks, these interactive titles typically put their moving pictures in a miniature window and tie them all about half the speed of television. Such size and speed short-

comings may make you squint at the screen and wonder if the movie's been badly spliced, but they're the fault of current hardware limitations, not the software designer. Down the digital highway, full-screen, full-motion interactive video will come to the desktop, and to the TV too.

Today, though, you can sample several entertaining interactive movies on your home computer. They may come disguised as games, but they're as much for watching as for playing. Take Media Vision's *Critical Path* (for Windows). The plot's boring, but the game is a lot more fun. You're a cop on a tropical island, you guide Kat, your one unnamed comrade, through Garguismo Men's history, a world filled with bloody traps and bloodthirsty goons in orange outfits.

You don't control Kat as much as guide her and watch her back. You can send her into traps, turn right, turn left, you're not sort of there—and when she gets in a jam, you can activate the factory's internal security, blowing bad guys with a remote-controlled incendiary gun or stopping the conveyor belt she's riding toward a fiery furnace. Clues to the secret codes of such internal devices are scattered throughout the diabolical Min's journal, which you have at hand.

The result is an engrossing action-adventure movie. Interactive demands less skill, though. You'll need a top-flight PC or Mac, armed with a CD-ROM drive, sound card, and at least four megabytes of memory to watch and play *Critical Path*. If you have half of your desktop bogged down, so sorry, so do you. Two thumbs up.

Victor New Media's *Disque Unleashed* takes a slightly different tack: In this Victorian mys-

tery, you travel through nineteenth-century London as Alexander Morris, gathering clues and objects as you probe the strange circumstances of your brother's death. You're on the prowl for sweeps the Court accused.

Here, though, the movie is broken into small chunks, interspersed as scenes that you watch. The interaction in *Disque Unleashed* comes from the game's graphic, adventure-style elements, not the video. If you're at the right place at the right time, you'll hear and see clues that will take you to more places more people. You affect the storyline by the sequence in which you visit these places and meet these people.

This approach is a bit less anything in the end, for this game feels less interactive and its video seems less central to the telling than in *Critical Path*. Still, with impressive production values and a professional cast of actors, it's a big step up from the choppy animation of most computer adventures. A split vote—one thumbs up, one down—for *Disque Unleashed*.

A line of other CD-ROM action movies will follow the shelves by this time, you read this. One to watch for is *Acces Software's* Under the Killing Moon, a two-click action extravaganza that stars Morgan Kadder and Brian Fitch. Featuring a combination of computer-generated 3-D animation and realistic video, *Killing Moon* promises to be a killer.

As higher-powered hardware comes of age and CD-ROM becomes a home-computer standard, PC movies are sure to get bigger, better looking, and more ambitious. Just make sure you don't spill the popcorn while you're punching buttons. **DG**

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Who settles for just watching a movie or playing a game? Interactive PC movies like *Critical Path* and *Disque Unleashed* give you some of both.



SPACE

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (BUT SEND MONEY FIRST)

Cooperating with Russia in space may prove less than a bargain

By Jerry Gray

The United States may assist Russia's space rocket design to create a commercial vehicle for the space station.

The collapse of the Soviet Union brought a lot of opportunity to the troubled nation's weary citizens, to its ground-breaking governing officials—and to the U.S. space community. Many in U.S. govern-

ment and industry were rejoiced at the opening of what they saw as a treasure chest, holding opportunities almost beyond number.

It didn't take long for U.S. corporations and government agencies to move in. Among the first was U.S. engine manufacturer Pratt & Whitney after getting a contract to supply engines for the big Russian-British transport plane, the firm teamed with Russia's biggest rocket manufacturer, Energiya, to develop the globe's first space-launch and space-orbit-propulsion markets. And Lockheed formed LRF International with Moscow's Khimaviy to develop and market Polaris rockets to commercial customers.

Currently NASA is studying acquisition of the Russian Soyuz for space-station crew module and is working on integrating Russian Mir-2 space-station elements into the space station program. NASA engineers are also considering space-station designs that reduce dependency on the now-more-expensive and difficult space shuttle by using Russia's big Energiya launcher to



deploy station hardware.

So what's the problem? Some U.S. scientists fear that outsourcing the former Soviet Union's technical capabilities could fuel a reemergence of former Soviet military power, while the U.S. commercial space industry worries about unfair competition from Russian "bargain sales." But the biggest risk faced by U.S. partners is that they depend on critical components manufactured by an industrial complex that seems to be falling apart at an alarming rate, as the former Soviet national economy deteriorates.

Despite these concerns, other Western bloc space planners, dismayed by the budget-driven wobbles of the United States in cooperative programs such as the space station, continue to court the Russians. In November France's Aerospatiale signed a deal to build and market a joint French-Russian launch vehicle based on the venerable Vostok in addition to a French government-industry team looked in recent months to support Russian flight tests of a supersonic combustion ramjet (scramjet).

last year, a technology in which Russia has a two-year lead on the United States.

But many of Russia's new partners are discovering they haven't struck such a bargain. Besides seeing the European

Space Agency for \$52 million for two Mir missions, the Russians charge Russia for everything. The \$17,000 per-seat program carried to the station, \$93,000 for every hour cosmonauts spend over the contract for two hours per day, and so on. The Russian Space Agency also insisted—and the United States agreed—that NASA pay \$100 million per year up front for using Mir and for design work on space-station elements.

Despite the Russians' skyrocketing charges, NASA top brass, along with some members of Congress and other administration officials, seem to believe that the main motivation for using former Soviet space technology is to reduce costs—a highly unlikely proposition. Integrating space systems based on different standards, documentation practices, requirements, operating specifications and manufacturing and testing processes can never cost less than a single system. Apollo-Soyuz, which required only one interface between two dissimilar spacecraft, cost the United States nearly a half billion 1975 dollars and took two years to accomplish.

That doesn't mean NASA shouldn't cooperate with Russia and the other Eastern republics. Cooperation will help sustain those nations' fragile new political structures and all the time that bring to the West valuable technology and capabilities. But the United States shouldn't pursue cooperation on the questionable premise that it will save money. We certainly should cooperate, but we need to do so with our eyes wide open. □

Jerry Gray is director of aerospace and science policy at the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics.

KID STUFF

BRINGING THE MOUNTAIN TO MOHAMMED

Science in Motion carries modern science into schools

By Peter Callahan

I knew the kind of scene every teacher dreams about. A high-school student, sitting a visit with science equipment, pulled up to the campus, ran up to Eleanor Sigelstein's classroom. "The chem van is here! The chem van is here!" the student cried. "Are we going to have the chem van today?" When Sigelstein, a chemistry teacher at Hockaday Junior High School in central Pennsylvania, told the student that the van was just dropping off equipment, the student persisted. "But we have to have it in here!" That's a visit like no other. In addition to the science equipment, the van could inspire the kind of enthusiasm kids usually reserve for the three-o'clock bus. It's a glowing testament to the success of a science outreach program run by Juniper College for the last seven years.

Called "Science in Motion," the program operates two vans in central and western Pennsylvania that travel to some 50 area high schools to lead workshops and introduce students to sophisticated instruments that few schools could afford to own themselves. The vans, each stocked with more than \$100,000 worth of equipment and operated by a teacher who works hard in tandem with the classroom instructor, offer an invaluable supplement to the kind of traditional book learning that often bores students and teachers alike.

Finding new ways to pump life into science education was the impetus behind the Science in Motion project, says Don Mitchell, a chemistry professor at Juniper College and coordinator of the program. Working with high-school teachers, Mitchell and his colleagues found that they all wanted things for their students to do as well as updated learning for themselves—a need Mitchell ac-

quainted firsthand. "I visited a lot of high schools, and I discovered that because of a lack of resources, chemistry teaching hadn't changed. I could almost have been sitting in the same school I was sitting in thirty-five years ago. But the practice of chemistry has changed in that time."

Wanted to get to the National Science Foundation for a grant and soon a visit fleet with state-of-the-art instruments was on the road, setting up labs at a particular school for a day or dropping off equipment that teachers had ordered to use during summer workshops held at the college. From the beginning, it was a hit. Recently a program to support biology teachers was added.

"For the kids, it's a something different," says Tom Runko, who coordinates the western Pennsylvania program. "They know it's something they've never seen before. I tell them that they will get them over the initial shock of using new equipment in a college chemistry class."

More important, perhaps, is the lasting effect the program has on some participants. Ryan Ames, who encountered the chem van as a student at Indian Valley High School, attributes his decision to study chemistry in college partly to the van's visits to his school. My first experience with the van was as a sophomore. It sparked my interest in chemistry and I got interested in doing research.

Inspired by the success of Juniper's program, two schools—Purdue University and Occidental College—have developed similar outreach projects of their own. Many in the education field believe programs like these are vital for the future, where an increasingly technology-driven society demands a better-prepared work force.

"It's the best thing that's hap-

pened to science education in a long time," says Emma Anderson of the National Science Teacher Association's Scientific and Coordination Project. "It is bringing to small rural districts where a big problem is a lack of materials. Bringing the equipment to schools, not in a suitcase, means that scheduling students can't get from a textbook."

This hands-on approach is the backbone of the program; any request providing a much-needed overhaul of the way for students learn science. "Our school and we got better and I had to show them. The van brings a dozen meters and the students can use them themselves, which is a lot more interesting. Wouldn't you rather do something than watch someone else do it?" □

Science in Motion uses portable state-of-the-art lab equipment that schools can use to improve their science programs.



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CONTINUUM

FUTURETALK IN WEST VIRGINIA

Preparing for the millennium. Plus, a decidedly different kind of nuclear power, and how refrigerators fight kidney disease

Berkeley Springs, WV—A casual visitor would not take this tiny upstate town nestled up against West Virginia Mountain for a hotbed of thinking about the future. In fact, it is the past that seems to dominate

George Washington, about 100 years before the first time 240 years ago. He named the town Bath, bought land, and returned repeatedly to take the waters with his Revolutionary War comrades. The local museum faults the town's history tour as accommodations tend to attract the Victorian and country style, and most of the shops visitors also sell antiques, not computers or electronic gadgets.

Yet last winter, on seven different occasions, twice a hundred attended a capacity crowd of 40 people to dine on deli centers such as Jerusalem porked chicken or spicy Thai steak salad and spend the evening talking about "the Future."

In Berkeley Springs, "admits restaurant owner Tim Hays," "writers are very close. We were trying to come up with an idea to revitalize the overnight business. It really started because of the nature of the people who move here—they need more than a typical small town here to offer." And Hays adds because Jerome Moore—freelance astrologer, writer, public relations consultant, and more theater operator—to really into predicting the future.

We saw several reasons from the millennium "Moore said to him, this suggested a shift from dominance to cooperation, from 1 to 2, male to female, ecological thinking as opposed to linear. Nineteen ninety-three was a uniquely significant year because of the coming together of the planets Uranus and Neptune. "With these two planets coming together, you're going to get either dissolution or the blowing apart of the existing form," she said. "This is the time to be thinking about what is on the other side of this change. We have an opportunity—a chance to reinvent the future."

Each program addressed a specific theme, such as Education 2020, Art 2020, or West Virginia 2020. Speakers included a professor of education, a local politician, a mime, a stage hypnotist, a dancer, a homemaker, a public-relations reporter, and a mathematician.

One of the liveliest discussions focused on West Virginia, which sits on or near the bottom not only by many so-



In small towns, the courthouse is the hub of political life.

and economic measures and suffers from an image of backwardness, yet attracts people like one couple who moved there from Colorado because "it has a rural environment and small communities that still have the ability to look at the future and plan their own destiny."

Just what is this destiny? "The world is going to come to West Virginia," predicts poet Pat Lowe, cited as a real place when he was picked as a laureate in the dining room. "We have some of the only clean air, clean water left on the East Coast." Lowe says we all must find solutions to the problems in our communities—we must find the needs in our communities and take care of them.

As the effects winds whirled outside, the Berkeley Springs business in the city dining room had trouble pinpointing either the state's needs or their potential solutions. Better news, to promote economic development, more libraries, to promote literacy, a more aggressive and responsible use of the state's resources. "We're going to stand on location in West Virginia, state-of-the-art laser-optic system to make up for a lag in technology and spur an economic and educational

leap," a consortium of nonprofit organizations to conditions or addressing problems such as poverty, it is environmental degradation, and prevention of further health accommodations for the people who lack them now, and increased but "clean" tourism to add fuel to the economy.

How will all this happen? "This state can take some of the best ideas and incorporate them into how we run things," says Cecilia Mason, Eastern Panhandle bureau chief for West Virginia Public Radio. "I realize there are few good things, we can study them and bring them here."

David Welch, a Berkeley Springs resident who works as a media consultant to Republican candidates across the country, thinks part of the answer may be in continuing discussion for the ones that last winter. "While there's a growing frustration with the political system and those who run it, people are finding this coming together as ordinary citizens may be a better answer than anger and hostility from within their congressmen," he says. "I think a head a blind piglet (in the discussion), but it may take time to break through the ground and bear fruit." —ELLEN HOFFMAN



CONTINUUM



TO NUKE OR NOT TO NUKE

A study conducted in Switzerland could turn some heat on microwave ovens. Hans U. Hentel, who ran the Environmental Biological Research Laboratory in Wädenswil until spring 1993, when he was reassigned European president of the World Foundation for Natural Sciences, claims to have detected some unusual changes in the blood of people who eat microwave foods.

improvised and some real—and then performed blood tests. In general, he reports, the blood samples from the people who ate foods cooked or defrosted in a microwave showed anemia (anemic conditions) and typical signs of stress: The volunteers' erythrocytes (red blood cells), leukocytes (white blood cells), and cholesterol increased—a strong sign of stress, Hentel says. At the same time, the hemoglobin (the oxygen-carrying part of the blood) decreased. The red blood cells in the blood were smaller, and the white blood cells were larger, he says.

Hentel had eight volunteers eat different foods—some

microwaved, some not—and then performed blood tests. In general, he reports, the blood samples from the people who ate foods cooked or defrosted in a microwave showed anemia (anemic conditions) and typical signs of stress: The volunteers' erythrocytes (red blood cells), leukocytes (white blood cells), and cholesterol increased—a strong sign of stress, Hentel says. At the same time, the hemoglobin (the oxygen-carrying part of the blood) decreased. The red blood cells in the blood were smaller, and the white blood cells were larger, he says.

Another researcher, however, says that Hentel's conclusion is well-founded. Bernard Billewicz of the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology and University in Lausanne, who worked on the study with Hentel but dissociated himself from it shortly thereafter, claims that Hentel is spreading "falsified information." Billewicz disagrees vehemently with Hentel's conclusions and says the blood tests don't indicate a "predisposition to the appearance of any pathological state."

At the least, Hentel counters, the study should motivate more research. "Not one other study has been done on the hazards of microwaves with regard to radiation food," he says.

—Jim Stark

OZONE LOSS MEANS KIDNEY GAIN

Under a provision of the Montreal Clean Air Act, the intentional release of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), ozone-depleting chemicals, became illegal on July 1, 1992. Designed to save the earth's ozone layer, the bill also changes the way people dispose of refrigerators, freezers, and air conditioners. The contraptions can no longer be left on the sidewalk, nor can landlords accept them unless special arrangements are made to recycle their CFCs.

While some folks griped

about the measure, Andrew Martin, president of New England Appliances Recovery Systems in Woburn, Massachusetts, saw an opportunity to put the new law to good use. Under an incentive program started in 1981, state residents wishing to get rid of old refrigerators can call the National Kidney Foundation of Massachusetts, which then contacts Martin's company to arrange for a pickup. A fraction of the disposal fee goes to the Foundation to support kidney

DURING AN AVERAGE LIFETIME, A HUMAN BEING BREATHES 500 MILLION TIMES

research. The Foundation has assisted Martin since he became a kidney-dialysis patient in 1979.

"Because of the poor economy here, we didn't want to keep collecting cash donations," explains Andrew Meigs, the Foundation's development director. "We started asking people for something tangible, and what's more tangible than a refrigerator?"

New England Appliances Recovery Systems now takes in some 300 refrigerators a week—a figure projected to rise to 1,500 per week. The company recycles CFCs and saves them for reuse. It also salvages steel, copper, aluminum, brass, plastic, and glass. "We recycle everything possible of the materials in a refrigerator," Martin says. —Steve Nadis

BEE IN CONTROL

A queen honeybee exerts a staggering level of control over the behavior of her subjects. Her secret lies in a substance she produces called queen mandibular pheromone. Now scientists at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver believe the queen's secret is as well. They've identified five major ingredients and thought testing the individual effects of a diluted synthetic spray in increasing the fruit

PhorTech attracts worker bees, which gather pollen from flowers.

Clearly, if we are able to enhance in the beehive the kind of social chemical control the queen exerts within the colony, Simon says, we can dramatically expand the economic value of an already beneficial social insect.

Most of the pheromones produced by the queen are known as "releaser" compounds that help bees more recognize their nest and

THE HUMAN BRAIN CONTAINS SOME 10 BILLION NERVE CELLS, EACH OF WHICH HAS SOME 25,000 POSSIBLE INTERCONNECTIONS WITH OTHER NERVE CELLS

quality and yield of flower crops that rely on the honeybees for pollination.

Chemist Keith M. Doolan and biologist Mark L. Winston report encouraging results from preliminary tests on queen bees and their subjects. The chemical released to a colony called

resound to alarm, says Winston. But queen mandibular pheromone belongs to a class called "primer" pheromones, and it emits the rest of the bees from nesting a new queen much less crowing her. That message spreads through the nest via workers who line up to lick

the pheromone off the queen in a process that bees people call "relaxing response."

The scientists first documented queen mandibular pheromone and the workers' resulting behavior in the mid 1960s. But pinpointing the pheromone's components required running some 3,000 bioassays. It turned out that the compound produced by the mandibular glands, consists of three forms of decanoic acid and two esters, compounds known in chemical shorthand

as HMB and HMB. A synthetic version of the pheromone could prove invaluable not only in managing crop pollination, because it stimulates pollen foraging by worker bees, but also in monitoring and preventing control of honeybee diseases.

—George Nobbe

The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of thinking.

—Albert Einstein

MAKE ELECTRICITY, NOT WAR

Ralph Moir, a physicist at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, has spent the past five decades trying to harness nuclear fusion—the energy of the stars—for electric power generation. Moir has explored the two leading approaches: magnetic confinement and inertial confinement. Both achieving fusion have proved elusive.

Moir wonders whether there might be an easier route to fusion. He teamed up with Lawrence's Albert Sobotik to investigate a nuclear proposition: setting off thermonuclear bombs in a sealed-in underground cavity and using the heat from the blast to create steam that would drive a turbine generator.

Moir and Sobotik figure they'd have to set off a three-kiloton explosion—less than a quarter of the yield of the Hiroshima bomb—every hour to match the electricity



produced by a large power plant. Moir doesn't yet advocate the concept because he still lacks safety and economic analyses. But this is something we can do today, unlike other fusion strategies that are still in the realm of science fiction.

Muir-Sobotik's Institute of Technology/Livermore experiment is to investigate a nuclear proposition: setting off thermonuclear bombs in a sealed-in underground cavity and using the heat from the blast to create steam that would drive a turbine generator. Moir and Sobotik figure they'd have to set off a three-kiloton explosion—less than a quarter of the yield of the Hiroshima bomb—every hour to match the electricity



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CONTINUUM

ARE MANATEES HARD OF HEARING?

Does poor hearing contribute to the underground manatee's unfortunate likelihood of being struck by a boat propeller? Researchers Jonathan Poffin and Edmund Gorman think so—and maybe testing the hearing of two captive manatees to prove it.

If the ivory power-corrected counters involved might be skewed simply by outlining boats with an underwater warning device that emits frequencies the animals could hear, says Poffin, an island scientist at the Mark Manno Laboratory in Sarasota, Florida. Poffin and Gorman, a

researcher at Florida Atlantic University, have trained Stormy and Dundee, two manatees at Tampa's Lowry Park Zoo, to push on a paddle when they hear a sound and to push another when they hear nothing. This way, the researchers can determine the minimum volume of noise manatees can hear, it's called "hearing threshold."

"Once we've confirmed that," Poffin says, "we intend to introduce masking background noise" to find out how well the animals can pick out sounds within the noise.

"And the third test will be in directional consistency," Poffin continues. "We want to determine how well the



Manatees can locate where a boat may be.

A recent census found less than 2,000 manatees living in Florida waters. Contact with humans has doubled the natural mortality

rate," Poffin notes. "This is why they were placed on the endangered species list in 1973—and why they have no hope of ever being taken off." —Donald Vaughan



An herbicide alternative is a new herbicide called lysozyme.

NOT JUST ANOTHER WEED KILLER

In a remarkable example of cross-fertilization between industry and medicine, a substance developed to kill weeds is being used to treat a potentially fatal liver disease. Triggered by overproduction of the amino acid tyrosine, the disease, known as hereditary tyrosinemia, can produce liver failure in infants or liver cancer in children. Without a liver transplant, victims inevitably die. Over

the years, reaching age 30. Researchers at the G. Center for Genetic Laboratory in Chesham, England, formulated a substance called NTBC as an agricultural herbicide. In the process, they noticed that NTBC blocked the production of tyrosine. They alerted tyrosinemia expert Cecil Lindstedt and his colleagues at the University of Göttingen in Sweden, who soon administered NTBC to two patients aged five months to six years.

Although one patient subsequently received a liver transplant, after seven months of treatment the other two showed improved liver function and increased appetite and were more alert and active. Lindstedt has gone on to treat 48 more patients in 19 countries and

is now negotiating with a Swedish drug manufacturer to develop NTBC as a commercial drug. The prognosis? "We've limited too few patients to say how they do in the long run," Lindstedt says. "But so far, we're quite hopeful." —Bet Lerner

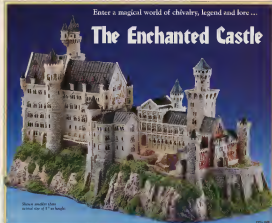
FIGHTING BACK

Women have long been advised not to fight back when confronting a potential rapist. Research has indicated that when women who defend themselves are less likely to be raped, they also experience more abuse and injury. But recent work calls the old data into question. University of Illinois at Chicago psychologist Sarah Linnar studied the cases of 214 women who were either raped or avoided rape and

whose attackers were arrested or convicted. But in the first study of its kind, she looked not only at did the women fight and what happened to her, but at what point the women resisted. Linnar says, "She found that the women who fought back out their chances of rape more than those who didn't resist."

In addition, they suffered no more injury and abuse than the passive women. Even so, Linnar wouldn't advise all women to resist violently. Every situation is unique," she says, "and every woman different."

Julia Segen of UCLA's School of Public Health turned up similar findings. She finds that most research supports resistance, while anecdotal advice promotes passivity. —Paul McCarthy



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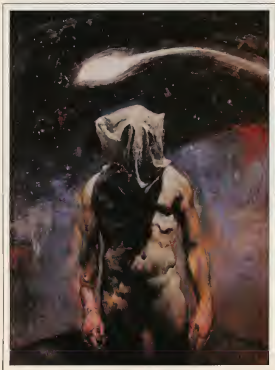
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ARTICLE BY DENNIS STACY

COSMIC CONSPIRACY: SIX DECADES OF GOVERNMENT UFO COVER-UPS

PART ONE

Lighting flashed over Carlsbad, New Mexico, and thunder rattled the thin verandahs of the steel shack where ranch foreman Mac Brazel slept. Brazel was used to summer thunderstorms, but he was suddenly brought wide awake by a loud explosion that set the dishes in the kitchen sink clanging. *Good-folch!* he thought to himself before seeking back to sleep; the sheep will be scattered halfway between hell and high water come dawn.

In the morning, Brazel rode out on horseback, accompanied by seven-year-old Timothy Proctor, to survey the damage. According to published accounts, Brazel and young Proctor stumbled across something unearthly—a field of lashed debris two to three hundred yards wide stretching some three-quarters of a mile in length. No rocket scientist, Brazel still resisted; he held something strange on his hands—so strange that he decided to haul several pieces of it into Roswell, some 75 miles distant, a day or two later.

For all its lightness, the debris in Brazel's pickup bed ensured remarkably durable. Sheriff George Wiley reportedly took one look at it and called the military at (now) Army Air Field, then

ILLUSTRATION BY KENT WILLIAMS

home to the world's only atom-bomb wing. Two officers from the base eventually arrived and agreed to accompany Bessal back to the dorms hotel.

As a consequence of their investigation, a joint military wing in the history of the American military appeared on the front page of the *Roswell Daily Record* for July 8, 1947. Authored by public-information officer Lt. Walter Haut and approved by base commander Col. William Blanchard, it admitted that the many rumors regarding UFOs "became a reality yesterday when the intelligence office of the 509th Bomb Group of the Eighth Air Force, Roswell Army Air Field, was fortunate enough to gain possession of a disc through the cooperation of one of the local ranchers and the sheriff's office of Chavez County."

Haut's noon press release circled this planet, reprinted in papers as far abroad as Germany and England, where it was picked up by the prestigious London *Times*. UFOs were real! Media outlets pointed us to the *Roswell Daily Record* and the local radio station, which had first broken the news, demanding additional details.

Four hours later and some 600 miles to the east in Fort Worth, Texas, Brig Gen Roger Haney, commander of the Eighth Air Force, held a press conference to answer reporters' questions. Spilled on the general's office floor were lumps of a beakless, rubberlike material and crumpled pieces of what looked like a shiny metal wire. Haney posed for pictures kneeling on the carpet with the material, as did Maj. Jesse Melick. Town in town Roswell for the occasion. Also, allowed the general, the Roswell incident was a simple case of mistaken identity. In reality, the so-called recovered flying disc was nothing more than a weather balloon with an attached radar reflector.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS HANDBOOK:

THE OFFICIAL
FREEDOM OF INFORMATION
ACT HOW-TO
FOR INVESTIGATING UFOs

BY PAUL MCCARTHY

Many people think the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), passed by Congress in 1966, gives us American citizens automatic access to any government document. Not so. UFO researchers have found that it gives them the right to request, but government agencies retain the right to deny—as they often do.

In fact, applicants find FOIA requests may be stymied by any number of exemptions. When attention is restricted to criminal investigations, pending policy deliberations, national security considerations, or when it violates an individual's privacy the FOIA application is denied. The applicant can appeal, of course, and if he or she loses, may take the case to federal court—but who has the money? On top of that, FOIA requests are not a priority with the government, so some agencies have backlogs that won't be cleared upon for years. On other occasions, UFO investigators suspect their petitions are acted upon too quickly and end up in the circular file.

Yet thousands of pages of UFO documents have been pried loose over the past 20 years. None clutch the case for a government cover-up of UFO activity, but they along with the cross-referencing of other documents and insider tips, hold out the intriguing possibility that the government is clinging to hundreds of thousands of pages of files for the diligent or lucky to unearth. Hoping to satisfy our readers' fascination for government secrets, new and old, the following handbook details some of the most tantalizing FOIA requests and provides tips on leading the government for more.

government and its relationship to the governed. Anonymous have always been suspicious. If not actively conspirators of their government. On the other hand, forget what the government says and look at what it does. In their very evidence in the historical record that the Air Force or government believed as if it actually owned a flying saucer presumably thousands of years in advance of anything on either the Soviet or U.S. side? If there is, I didn't find it."

Regardless of its ultimate reality, however, Roswell

"Unfortunately the media bought the Air Force cover-up hook line and snitch," asserts Stanton Friedman, a nuclear physicist and coauthor with aviation writer Dan Serfer of *Crash at Roswell*, one of three books written about Roswell. "The weather-balloon story went in the next morning's papers, the phone calls dropped off dramatically and any chance of an immediate follow-up was effectively squashed."

Haney's impromptu press conference marks the beginning of what Friedman refers to as a "Cosmo Warburgs." The ongoing cover-up of the government's knowledge about extraterrestrial UFOs and their terrestrial activities. By contrast, says Friedman, the original *Weathering snafu* and cover-up pales in significance. In fact, if Friedman and his cohorts within the UFO community are correct, military involvement in the recovery of a crashed flying saucer would rank as the most well-kept and explosive secret in world history.

Of course, not all students of the subject see it that way. "You have to get Roswell in a certain context," cautions Curtis Peebles, an aerospace historian whose treatment of UFOs as an evolving belief system in *Which the Secret* was just published by the Smithsonian Institution. "And the relevant context is the role of

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symbolizes the difficulties and frustrations Friedman and fellow UFOlogists have encountered in prying loose what the government does or does not know about UFOs. Memos, telexes, documents get lost or misprinted, witnesses die, and others refuse to speak up either out of fear of ridicule or, according to Friedman, because of self-censorship. Despite a list that lay dead for more than 30 years, UFOlogists still consider Roswell one of the most convincing UFO cases on record. In 1978, for example, Friedman possessed information Maj Jesse Mearns, shortly before his death, "he still didn't know what the material was," says Friedman. "except that it was too boring he had seen such before and certainly wasn't from any weather balloon." According to what Mearns reportedly told Friedman, he had the featherlight material couldn't be denied by a dignitary or blamed by a know-nothing.

Not getting the Air Force staff to say anything about Roswell is tantamount to UFOs in general can be an exercise in futility. Officials are either bureaucratically vague or, maddeningly, afraid. Maj David Thurston, a Pentagon spokesman for the Air Force Office of Public Affairs, could only refer inquiries to the Air Force Historical Research Center in Montgomery, Alabama, where unit historians are kept on microfilm for public review. But a spokesperson there said they had no "investigative material" and suggested checking the National Archives for files from Project Blue Book, the Air Force's public UFO investigative agency from the late 1940s until its closure in December of 1969.

Indeed, the dismissive nature with which U.S. officials treated Blue Book research seemed to indicate they were unimpressed; on that point, believers and skeptics alike agree. But according to Friedman and colleagues, that

YOUR EYES ONLY: OMNISTOP TIPS FOR ACCESSING CLASSIFIED MATERIAL ON UFOs

ON THE DOCKET

UFOlogists let the most dramatic attempts to pry loose documents still remain classified.

The Big Fish. The most important FOIA UFO case ever, according to UFO researcher Stanton Friedman, was filed in 1979 against the CIA, Citizens Against UFO Secrecy (CAUS), an Alexandria, Virginia, organization headed by Leroy Byrnt, joined with others, including Friedman, to go after all UFO documents in the possession of the CIA. The CIA responded that it could do nothing because the documents it had were issued by other agencies and could only be released by them. Of those, CAUS won after 10 National Security Agency (NSA) documents but the NSA would not release them claiming they would reveal "sources and methods." CAUS filed an administrative appeal with the NSA and lost. It then went to federal court, and the judge ordered NSA to search its files for UFO documents. Surprisingly, 299 documents showed up—79 from other unnamed agencies, 20 from the CIA, and 137 unsuspected NSA bonus documents. Still, the NSA refused to release them, and the judge, after reading the NSA's justification, agreed. Under a later FOIA action, the CIA released 9 of its 29 documents, mostly unimportant abstracts of Eastern European press stories on UFOs. Adding the original 10 NSA documents that CAUS sought to the newly uncovered batch of 137 shows that the NSA had on to 155 while the CIA retained 11. In addition, 79 documents from other agencies never saw the light of day—proof, according to Friedman, that the government can keep a secret.

Project Moon Dust. Projects Moon Dust and Blue Fly are purportedly efforts aimed at relieving intermedia space objects that wander the atmosphere and intrude upon our lives.

Project Moon Dust. Projects Moon Dust and Blue Fly are purportedly efforts aimed at relieving intermedia space objects that wander the atmosphere and intrude upon our lives.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

dominate, and Blue Book itself was a nose. Instead far from the eyes of Blue Book officials, in top secret meetings of top-secret intelligence officers from military and civilian agencies alike, UFOs—including real crashed saucers and the mangled bodies of aliens—were the subject of serious study and debate. When's more, claims Friedman, proof of this UFO reality can be found in the classified files of government vaults.

With all this documentation, Friedman might have had a field day. Unfortunately, researchers had no mechanism for forcing classified documents to the surface until 1966, when Congress passed the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA). The FOIA was later amended in the last year of the Nixon administration (1974) to include the Privacy Act. Now individuals could view their own files and some UFOlogists—Friedman included—were supposed to find that their personal UFO activities had resulted in government dossiers.

Be that as it may, UFOlogists see the FOIA as a means to an end and, beginning in the 1970s, they requested and lawsuits resulted pointing in different directions. The Congressional Citizens Against UFO Secrecy (CAUS) and other UFO activists eventually unleashed a flood tide of previously classified UFO documents.

In many cases, notes Barry Greenwood, director of research for CAUS and coauthor with Lawrence Ferrel of *The Government UFO Cover-up*, most agencies at first denied they had any such documents in their files. "A case in point is the CIA," says Greenwood, "which assured us that it was not involved in UFOs until 1963. After a lengthy lawsuit, the CIA ultimately released more than a thousand pages of documents. To date, we've acquired more than ten thousand documents pertaining to

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FIRE, ICE

A STORY TOLD
AS A SONNET REDOUBLÉ BY
JOE HALDEMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC DINYER

*In the first time that I died was fire and ice.
Cancer fire, as pain drugs lost their hold . . .
I told them go ahead and throw the dice;
surrender to the cryogenic cold
these old and torn, worn and stitched remains
of the body that I so gladly wore
through one life's, the first life's, pleasures and pains.
Temporary death. Ice to freeze those sores.
If it's real death, then it is nothing more.
The chance of death was figured in the price:
the price that left my heirs a little poor.
But I would rather put my life on ice . . .*

*I'm old enough to know what life is worth—
quite old, but still too young for ash or earth.*

I HAD TIME. DUST TURNS INTO



STARS. STARS TURN INTO ROCK.

I found their factory. I saw the place where what was left of me would find its rest. A pool of nitrogen, wherein we guests will sleep for eons, waiting for the rise of future not-quite-mortals who'll erase the ill that brought us there, and then reseat our frozen bones with life again. The rest is up to us: to find ourselves a place in that future world.

But what caught a me was the cold. Ice to freeze those cancer souls into limbo. That future paradise was too serene (and wasn't guaranteed). Pure frost and cryogenic reserves. The first time that I died was five and six.

The first months of life. I had to bide and let the cancer win. An accident a stroke, is murder or a suicide—my end that is swift, convenient—would mean the brain would start to die without the tubes and wires in place to save the cells that make us who we are. A final bout with pain: indignity, hospital smells and lights and noise, noise.

Then death. And then the blood sucked out, replaced with slippery stuff that doesn't freeze. The pool of nitrogen, but I could feel? I wasn't dead enough.

All I feel is relief from uncontrolled cancer fire, as pain drugs lost their hold.

I do remember that the doctors said the sickness would be gone, no air, no eye, no skin, no silence, dark, and cold. But I suspect that they could tell I wasn't dead. I wonder if they knew this gold bed becomes a bed of dreams. You don't quite die but live through life again—and magnify with nothing, slowness, pain and shame and dread.

Recalling every kid I talked on. Recapitulating every mean seduction, lie, double cross and vice that soured my eighty years. Would I have gone if I had known what I was getting when I took them go ahead and throw the dice?

Not quite dead. I would live if they knew—for centuries I would live—then for more their centuries I missed, and I swore a sick oath to get my wish, only one who looked me in this frozen cell, this time of slowing cold.

But slowly, reason bore

dull but, since no one yet had come ashore from this foggy sea, they had no clue to hint that we might dream as well as sleep. And though it felt like centuries that soiled along, waiting for this sudden leap of logic—it was moments, rendered old and slow in that frozen brain's deep surrender to the cryogenic cold.

I know I lost my mind, knowing this—that if I slept for just one hundred years before the warming metamorphosis.

I'd see a million centuries of films and pains recalled—a flock of frozen tears and silent screams that created its creeping way to Dorian's first crack. To the birth of ice reserved for those who have to pay the price for playing God.

I screamed away a few millenniums in that cold hell, or maybe megaseconds. I didn't ring chains for longer than flame rose and fell.

Please. There or all these frozen brains these old and lost, worn and stitched, sewers

Time. I had time. Dust turns into stars, stars turn into rock, in the millenniums. I screamed away in madness. But as the sun will one day cool to red, to broken, to black, so cooled my sanity. If I left some, it also paid this precious premium no other sanity was ever seen back from such a long and twisted track.

I do remember crazy people. Poor Bernice, who had it all: cool intelligence, beauty, youth, my love. The way that she despised that body makes me glad to be alive, without the inconvenience of the body that I so gladly wore.

What I'd seen as prison was complete freedom!—inconceivable to those who simply live. Bits of time enclose your cage, your heart will beat, two billion bolts and the green, your mind will stop. My mind cheats the green, my body will not decompose in all this time. I have, time that floats in the mind, but just the dying meat.

The meat still feels, even in this cold, not quite lifeless, cold beyond cold, a function well enough, and still maintains a kind of fond remembrance for the slab of meat that brought me, more or less whole,

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A SOUND, LIKE A FLUTE THAT



IS PURRING LOW AND SOFTLY.

through one Man: the first Mrs. pressures and pain.

Perhaps I think about this body more now that I'm detached from it. The pain that was eight years of a lingering strain that showed my life—spattered it with pain and not—permeated to the core of whatever self we have. The brain is not the "self." I know. But it is plain that something like a self will be restored.

If anything's restored. They gave no bond no guarantee. I gladly paid the tab for this most expensive and, of course, priceless gift, to find myself beyond the cancer pain, even as this daily temporary death ice to freeze those same

Something's different. Something's happening. I hear a sound like a flute that's purring low and softly. Then, dim colors sparkling at the edge of vision. A small of snow—not a small remembered, but a true perception... the small of cold nitrogen? The colors merge into a solid blue. I suddenly feel cold. Feel my skin screaming pain. Beyond the cancer pain, stretching now from skin through gut and bone—and then it stops. The senses dead again, but now the body absolutely gone. A diffusion and numbness from below if it's real death; then it's nothing more.

But then I heard my name. Not a word so much as a thought—but it was an alien thought. That said it come from me! The Outside sought attention: the warm Outside. I said I'd tested and in a microsecond they translated a million bits of truth: the life I'd sought was ready to be denied. I could be allowed at least the brain. The body's dead; instead

Which is what I'd felt. Of course it stops the senses dead, just being bodiless. They had a new young body they could splice me to. A good chance, but I'd die if I flop. Flity? No. A little less. The chance of death was figured in the price.

But this requires some thought. I could remain for centuries in this not unpleasant state. Be content to live within my brain—a metaphor made frozen flesh—my life at any moment to sit and gaze at ponderous serenity. At last!

a simple waiting out. I did debate this for a blink or two. But my bequest to any future self was not a slow summer millennium of icy rest. What's the future like? I had to know. They claimed I could be frozen. So here I was. Let's throw the dice. That was the reason for the price that left my heirs a little poor.

If only worked just away. I felt the cold directly at what seemed a rapid pace—then realized what it was! The old ice-on-skin sensation on my face and body, new body. Facing then I braced for pain, for irritable pain not quite controlled by drugs. It didn't come. The doctors need to save my future self. They lost their hold.

I lost a neuron here and there, but would sound up pretty much the same. In this cold provide oxygenated paradise. They'd offered me a choice: be wheeled around in some robot thing, alive though bound. But I would rather put my life on ice.

Again and then again they tried. Technique improved, and after only forty years—more than twenty bodies—their science bled blinks and was blown by sudden tears the chrome and white and glare, the very truth where I had gone to die two centuries before. I braced for pain, but it didn't come. They'd fixed that part. The body that I bore was male and young, but weak. Too weak to rise. A nurse, in accents very strange, said, Well. A month or two of painful exercise and you will be... whoever you choose. So hurt me. More than anyone on earth. I'm old enough to know what life is worth.

To you who read this, that "future" world is a strange and near-forgotten info. I've survived years enough to see the Pole Star change. This antique brain rebuilt, evolved, moved, until the clever scientists convinced a body that would last. So now we sit up forward to our future life, deprived of death unless we want to die. Life, pain, you leave. I've never heard that. Grow old myself and hope to preserve until the head death of the universe. We all should keep warm until that final chill.

A million stars have risen since my birth. I'm old but still too young for ash or earth.

—JOE HALDEMAN

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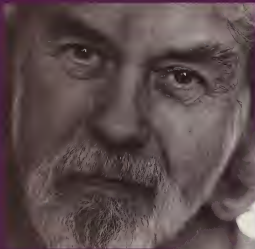
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THREE INSIDERS
DESCRIBE A
MILITARY UNDERGROUND
AWASH IN UFOs

Retired Command Sgt. Maj. Robert O. Dean (above) says NATO met E.T.

IN

1993, Project Blue Book—the 16-year U.S. Air Force investigation of UFOs—came to an end, and so did the government's interest in extraterrestrial flying discs. Or so the American public has been told. In recent years, numerous individuals and documents from

various agencies have emerged from behind the veil of government secrecy to tell a different story. Their spin: that while the government officially abandoned all interest in UFOs, a secret military underground was hot on the trail of suspicious radar blips, saucers, and even the aliens themselves. What follows are the stories of three individuals—two of whom come with impressive military credentials; they say they have glimpsed what seems like evidence of a decades-old cover-up cloaked in the name of national security. The third interviewee, a propulsion-system engineer, claims he was hired by an independent military contractor to study the innards of an extraterrestrial spacecraft being researched and tested on the Nellis Air Range in central Nevada.

INSIDE THE
MILITARY UFO UNDERGROUND

Article by A. J. S. Royl • Photographs by David Michael Kennedy

these objects were spotted on radar and headed in formation from the Soviet Union toward Europe. Flying at about 100,000 feet. The Soviets had closed all borders. Everybody went to bed silent. All hell broke loose. We really thought The War had started. We scrambled. We knew the Russians were scrambling. It was the largest number of these objects that had been seen. Fortunately—and only by the grace of God—we didn't start shooting and neither did the Russians. In nine minutes they were gone.

I was told that then—Deputy Supreme Allied Commander of Europe. So Thomas Pike had been repeatedly requesting information from London and Washington about these objects, but nothing would ever come. We found out later that the Columbia Project, spying in Russia was intercepting everything and forwarding it to the KGB, which often got intelligence information even before we did. So Pike decided I was told to develop an in-house study to determine whether these objects were a military threat.

In the meantime, the UFO matter literally brought about the establishment of direct communication between the East and West in 1962, which I have always found interesting and ironic. We had pretty well determined by that time that these were not Russian craft and the Russians had determined they were not theirs. So we came to an understanding and a direct telephone line was opened between SHOC and the Warsaw Pact Headquarters Command. Of course, a setup was always a possibility, so we had backup ways of checking out whether the Russians were being truthful. But since we were both armed to the teeth and World War III was just kicking away, it was a logical step in the right direction. That was developed into the hotline between the president of the United States and the Soviet premier following the Cuban Missile Crisis.

Well, by the time I arrived in 1963 everybody had been talking about the study, and I had heard the rumors from the lips of radar witnesses the commotions, and some of us occasionally even talked about the possibilities. But nothing really prepared me for what I started to read in the early morning hours one night in January 1964.

It was about 2:00 a.m. and a relatively quiet night when the SHOC colonel on duty went into the vault and came out with this huge document. Take a look at this, he told. The title was simply *Appendix A: Evaluation of a Possible Military Threat to Allied Forces in Europe*. It was numbered 40,

stamped Cosmic Top Secret, had eight inches worth of appendices, dozens of photographs and had been signed into the vault by German colonel Heinz Berger. SHOC's head of security. I quickly learned that it was based on two and a half years of research, was funded by NATO money and that only 15 copies were published—in English, German and French. Each one was numbered. All were classified and ordered to be kept under lock and key.

Every time I got the chance from then until I left I would read a section or two in it. It was the most intriguing document I'd ever read. It was put together by military representatives of every NATO nation and also included contributions from some of the greatest scientific minds. These objects were violating all of our known laws of physics and the study team had gone to Cambridge, Oxford, the Sorbonne, MIT and other major universities for input on quantum physics, atmospheric physics, biology, history, psychology and even theology, all of which were separate appendices.

I read about theories on Einstein's sought-after unified field theory, the high radiation at various landing sites and UFO reports that dated back to the Roman era and up to our own F-105 pilots' sightings and encounters, and on and on I had always been a skeptic but this report, well, it convinced that this stuff was not science fiction.

I read about contact encounters. One incident that had just happened in 1962 involved a landing on a Danish farm. According to the report, the farmer went aboard with the two little beings and two more human-looking men who spoke to him in Danish. The report included parts of his interrogation by government authorities, and their conclusions that he was telling the truth. In another incident, according to the report, a craft landed on an Italian island and offered to take an Italian sergeant for a ride. He went his pants—there's what I said—and was so scared, he didn't go.

The appendix that really got to me was titled *Autopsies*. I saw pictures of a 30-meter disc that had crashed in Tien-min-shen in Germany near the Baltic Sea in 1961. The British Army, according to the report, got there first and put up a perimeter. The craft had landed in very soft, loamy soil near the Russian border and so hadn't penetrated, but one third of it was buried in. We and the Russians, who also quickly showed up, had both looked at it.

Inside there were 12 small bodies, all dead. There were pictures of the bodies, which looked like the beings



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known as the greys, being tied out and then put on stretchers and loaded into jeeps, and autopsy photos too. Some of the little greys appeared to not be a reproducing-capable species. The autopsy guys concluded, according to the report, that it looked as if they had been cut out of a snake's tail—done with no anesthesia had. They did not ingest or process food as we know it, nor did it appear that they had any sperm for stimulation.

The still itself was cut up like a pie into six pieces, put on lowboys and hauled off. Southwest was that it was given to the Americans and flown to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. I looked at these pictures and couldn't believe it. I've seen gold and I thought, My God! I had never really believed we were all alone in the universe, but this was hard to swallow.

The major conclusions in the NATO report blew me away. There were five: 1) The planet and human race had been the subject of a detailed survey of some kind by several different extra-terrestrial civilizations, four of which they had identified visually. One race looked almost indistinguishable from us. Another resembled humans in height, stature, and structure, but with a very grey, puffy skin tone. The third race is

now popularly known as the greys, and the fourth was described as reptilian with vertical pupils and lizard-like skin. 2) These alien visitations had been going on for a very long time—at least 200 years—perhaps longer. 3) The extraterrestrial did not appear hostile since it had never threatened they would have already demonstrated their malevolence. 4) UFO appearances and quick disappearances as well as the flyby weird demonstrations conducted on purpose to show us some of their capabilities. 5) A protocol or program of some sort seemed to be underway since flybys progressed to landings and even fully landed.

I wanted so badly to copy this thing. I'd taken a photograph of the cover sheet, which was in and of itself classified. But I didn't want to wind up in Fort Leavenworth. So instead I would go to the bathroom and take notes—surprisingly very carefully.

I have been through an awful lot in my life, but I've never been able to just walk away from that report. I know that I'm being a chicken by keeping my secrets. But this is the most important of all our times—so damn important that I can't think of anything more important, and the public has been deceived and completely kept in the

dark about all of this for all these years. It's the biggest scientific goldmine scandal ever. Besides, what have I got to lose? I'm 64 years old now. Are they going to bump me off? I have told the truth. My integrity and credibility should make it our government going to tell the truth?

Update: After 27 years of military service, Dean retired and began another 14-year career with the Pinellas County Sheriff's Department Emergency Services in Dunedin, Florida. In 1990, he gave a lecture at the University of Arizona in which he talked about UFOs. The talk garnered local media coverage. Afterward, he was denied a promotion at the Sheriff's Department because, he alleged, he believed in UFOs. Dean filed suit and won an out-of-court settlement in March 1992. Now retired, Dean has become a member of several UFO organizations and has begun giving occasional lectures. He is working tonight on yet another legitimate channel. To uncover a copy of the NATO document and to gather witnesses for an open Congressional hearing on the subject of UFOs.

Official Response: Our list of classified documents generated by SHAFS at that time does not include any with info similar to that cited by Mr. Dean, says U.S. Col. Robert O'Leary, Gerson Air Force's deputy chief, media section of the public-information office at SHAFS. Files on military personnel are in all or completely kept under national control information, on the security clearance that Mr. Dean held myself—I mean—only be released by U.S. authorities.

The Greys Center: There's a fascinating story, but fantastic claims like these need more than one man's testimony to be credible, says Jacomo Clark of the Center for UFO Studies. "Unless independent verification comes forth, this remains only an intriguing anecdote, not unlike many others that have circulated since the early UFO era."

Project Galileo

Neive Bob LeBlond, independent contract scientist and historian.

Claim: To have worked as a propulsion-system engineer in late 1958 and early 1959 on a rare, unexplained test spacecraft being researched and tested at the Nellis Air Range in central Nevada.

Background: From 1952 to 1958, LeBlond claims he worked at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico as the Mission Physics lab with a Q level security clearance. In 1955, while on vacation in Nevada, he wound up buying into a legal Reno brothel. The investment proved so profitable that the client

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hired to return to full-time employment for a while. He moved to Nevada in 1968. He wanted to get back into scientific work and was hired by the staff of the top secret Project Galileo. Ladd passed a 100-question test in 1968, arranged by George Knapa, then an astronomer for RUSV-TV, the CBS affiliate in Las Vegas. Nevada, for a special locally aired series, UFOs: The Real Evidence.

The story in 1968, I decided to enter the scientific community and went resumed to various people. Privately, I interviewed with a placement firm to work for the Department of Naval Intelligence in a civilian capacity, and in the fall of 1968, I was hired on an on-call basis to work on a project involving advanced propulsion systems. At that point that's all I knew.

Not long after, I was flown along with several others out to Area 51 or the Nellis Air Range. There, we were put in a bus with tinted-out windows and driven about 15 miles south to the Popozius (a low hill) bordered by the Popozius Mountains, where there was an installation they called 34.

I was introduced to my supervisor and a co-worker and then given a stack of briefings on various projects including Project Galileo, which was de-

voted to the study of ring disc-shaped extraterrestrial craft that were sometimes acquired by the U.S. government.

I was assigned back engineering tasks on the motor and gravity-propulsion system of one of the discs—essentially to help figure out what made it work. I don't know whether I was a crash assignment, although I doubt it because the disc didn't appear damaged in any way. In the briefing reports, there were pictures of several discs along with some of the information they had merely obtained from back engineering research.

"I was stunned and exhilarated at the same time. But those were well-armed guards everywhere, and the place wasn't exactly the kind of environment you could just start asking any and every question you had. Seriously, in fact, you were oppressive. You were escorted everywhere—even the bathroom. And if you got 10 badges was just the slightest bit out of place, you would be taken to a guard and held with a gun to your head until your supervisor arrived. And the guards had for that.

"At times, the whole thing seemed just surreal. There was a poster of the disc I was working on which I dubbed the Sport Model on several walls. It said, 'They're here.'

"I dealt with only the power sources and propulsion systems on one of the discs, and I did enter that one disc on several occasions. The disc was approximately 18 feet tall and about 32 feet in diameter. It had the appearance of brushed stainless steel or brushed aluminum. I didn't run a test on it, so I don't know if it was metal, but I did run my hands down the side of it, getting in, and it felt solid, like metal, and it looked like metal. It had no physical seams, no welds or bolts or rivets, and it looked as if it were injection molded.

"Inside, there were tiny little seats, much too small to comfortably handle an average-sized human. I banged my head on the ends of the seats, so I concluded that the ceiling curved down to below knee level. 11 inches in diameter. There was not a right angle cut anywhere in the craft. Everything had a smooth curve to it.

"The reactor, which produced antimatter and then annulated it with matter in an annihilation reaction, was only about 16 inches in diameter and 12 inches tall and was located in the center of the disc. It opened like a tiny ball where everything that happened inside on the effect before it. The way it did contained plasma made of it, the way the heat was converted to electricity.

was totally smooth without any welded heat or latent energy. It was phenomenal, approaching a 100-percent dynamic efficiency. Now that seems impossible when you consider the laws of thermodynamics. All I can say is that this technology is well beyond anything that we now know with our twentieth-century knowledge.

"The reactor is fueled with an element that is not found here on Earth. Part of my contribution to the program was to find out where this element plugged into the periodic chart. Well, it didn't plug in anywhere, so we placed it at an atomic number of 115. It has been theorized for some time that elements around 113, 114, and 115 may become stable and radioactive, and it is especially when I was seeing element 115 is a stable element, but one with some interesting properties. It can be used inside the reactor as a fuel, but also as the source of an energy field (antimatter) and applied by the way it's gravity amplifiers. In other words, the craft was both fueled and propelled by virtue of element 115.

There was a storage of silver dollar-sized discs of element 115 from which triangular wedges were cut and put into the reactor. It was a copper-colored color and extremely heavy. While it was not radioactive, we assumed it was a lead material and consequently handled it as such.

"In all the discs at 34, there were three gravity amplifiers positioned in a third at the base of the craft. These were the propulsion devices. Essentially what they did was simply gravity waves out of phase with the force of gravity. The craft operated in two modes—ammon and delta, which indicated how many gravity amplifiers were in use. In the ammon configuration, only one amplifier was used; the other two were hanging out of the way and tucked inside the disc. In delta mode, the crafts can essentially rise and hover, but do little else. To leave the atmosphere, however, all three gravity amplifiers have to be powered up and focused on the desired location. Finally, the crafts do not travel in a linear mode. Rather, we determined that the discs produced their own gravitational fields in order to distort time and space and essentially pull their destinations to them.

"One afternoon, my colleagues and I walked out onto the dry lake bed. The disc on which we had been working the Sport Model, had a window being moved out of the hanger and was be-

coming back again and again. I made no noise. It lifted to about 30 feet off the ground. The hanger opened, and a just hung silently in the air, moving to the left, then right. It was absolutely amazing.

"The only information a computerized-fitted. First of the hands on information and experience. I was allowed to have access to things we were given the chance on occasion and only for short periods of time to read briefing reports that detailed other aspects of this project. The reports I read that dealt with power and propulsion systems were accurate, and I proved that to myself by working on the system. Still, I was a head line, I was afraid I would know to be true and I read in the other briefing reports.

"With that understanding, I did read reports about the origin of this disc. According to one of the briefings, it came from the Zeta Reticuli star system. Now, obviously I don't fly in a craft or go to that star system, so I don't really know

coming back again and again."

"Anyway, the third time we got caught by the Weatherford Security guards out on the Bureau of Land Management land, the sun caught the range. They turned me in. Needless to say, officials at Nellis weren't happy. I went through a debriefing and was threatened at that time. I was scared and felt that I needed to break away from this before I took AR-1.

"Not only did I believe the technology should be given to the greater scientific community, but I also believed my only protection was to get the story out. A friend convinced me to talk to George Knapa at RUSV-TV. I figured if they called it a hoax, I would only prove that what I was saying was true.

"There are many scientists who believe that these things cannot be made. Several discs here that others could not possibly have come from specifically because the designs involved is too great. They're using quantum physics, and that means it's not a relatively slow, and that means it's not a relatively

quick way to go that distance even at the speed of light. What I reported is what I experienced, though in some respects I regret going public. If I had it to do over again, I might be more inclined to stay on as one of the boys.

Update: In 1980, after Ladd says he was released from Project Galileo, he accepted a television job setting up a database and air surveillance system for an elite

"ACCORDING TO ONE REPORT, THE CRAFT CAME FROM THE ZETA RETICULI STAR SYSTEM. THE ALIENS TOLD OFFICIALS THEY HAD BEEN COMING FOR 10,000 YEARS TO ACCELERATE THE EVOLUTION OF MAN."

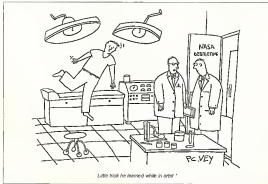
if it came from there. I didn't speak to any aliens or see any, so I don't know if they exist or not. That report also said that contact was made at a certain time, but I don't know the date or code. Also, according to the report these things told our officials that they had been coming here for 10,000 years, that humans are the product of an extremely complex evolution, and that they were integral to the accelerated evolution of man.

My tolerance for the intensive security rapidly diminished. Because of the 24-hour telephone surveillance, they found out I was having mental problems and told me the situation had made me a candidate for institutional stability. They then took the security clearance and told me I could no longer be on the base.

"Well, I knew the real schedule, and I couldn't resist so one night I decided to show some friends from a distance what I had been working on. We all descended out into the desert. The Sport Model, had a window being moved out of the hanger and was be-

ing back again and again. I made no noise. It lifted to about 30 feet off the ground. The hanger opened, and a just hung silently in the air, moving to the left, then right. It was absolutely amazing. The only information a computerized-fitted. First of the hands on information and experience. I was allowed to have access to things we were given the chance on occasion and only for short periods of time to read briefing reports that detailed other aspects of this project. The reports I read that dealt with power and propulsion systems were accurate, and I proved that to myself by working on the system. Still, I was a head line, I was afraid I would know to be true and I read in the other briefing reports.

Ladd currently earns a living from his two small companies, an independent contracting firm that repairs super-antennas and a photo lab. He also builds and races private jets. And, every year since 1984, on the weekend before July 4, he has staged Desert Blast, which he says is "the largest digital fireworks show in the West." This annual proletronic extravaganza features huge fireworks and assorted gas bombs made by Ladd and friends as well as nuclear demonstrations and a little bit of conventional weapons, including



Ladd took no interest while in orbit.



The Great High-Rise

Abduction

Whatever spin you put on it, it's definitely the case of the century

It was cold and clear, about 5:05 a.m., when the car stalled near the South Street seaport in Manhattan. Clinging up, the passengers—a major political figure, who will remain unnamed, and two government agents—spied a glowing oval object hovering over a building a couple of blocks away. As lights on the heavenly vision changed from red-orange to a bright bluish-white, a woman in a nightgown floated out of a twelfth-story window and hovered radar. The awe-struck witnesses watched as the woman, surrounded by several small creatures, ascended effortlessly into the bottom of the craft. The object zipped over the Brooklyn Bridge and finally plunged into the East River. Or so the story goes.

ARTICLE BY PATRICK HUYGHE • PAINTING BY MASAHIKO FUJII

It is an extraordinary case," says Budd Hopkins, a world-famous modern art artist who has recently become known for his books *Missing Wives* and *Intuition*. Detaining his 18 years of investigation into clients' inner thoughts and precepts of the subconscious, UFOs, and the Hopkins studio on Manhattan's West Side reveals the profound influence these so-called abductions have had on his art. Scattered around the room are colorful, pin-up-shaped paintings of "ghosts" and "aliens" that are the artist's questions. Indeed, as Hopkins describes his work, his dark, thick eyebrows dance with enthusiasm these days: it is the bizarre tales of UFOs and the nasty creatures who lurk behind "plucking immortals" that have captured his imagination. "I don't know if this is the most important night in the conscious world of the last

on one talk show after another, and finally writing *insultant*, in 1967 but still that was turned into a television interview in 1982. Clearly no one has done more than Hapsara to bring the strange and the grotesque to the public's eye. Even more to the point, no one has had greater success in getting salience and intellectual-historical attention to take a serious look at abductions.

So it is no surprise that when Hapsara's book was published, it was hailed as the strongest evidence yet for UFOs, their alien occupants, and their systematic abduction of human beings, people believed. But as the pieces of the puzzle were revealed, a more basic changing that could not prove his charges. The book's failure was not the elaborate fantasy of a home housewife or a domestic hawk. Indeed, into this delirious and outrageous view the tale and so fragile the evidence for it that he belittled, destroying his credibility and leaving his body of work like a house of cards.

IT'S A CRAZY, ENDLESS SAGA, INCLUDING SECRET AGENTS, ATTEMPTED MURDER, AND TWO HIGH-LEVEL POLITICAL FIGURES, MIKHAIL GORBACHEV AMONG THEM.

The story certainly is a headliner, with more twists and turns than Collier has a Highway 1 and more mystery than actors from a *Le Cerveau* spinoff. It's a tizzy, endless saga, says Hagins, including such elements as secret agencies, attempted murder, and two high-level political figures. Mikael Gorbachev, one of them.

ly beats penetrating a locked gate and the scurrying of a guard that taking an elevator up 12 stories and winding your way through a corridor to her place. When I knocked on the door, I was greeted by an attractive, forthright woman with brown, almond-shaped eyes and long, flowing brown hair. We sat down on the couch, and as her attendant entered, blasted arctic air and she smoked a dozen cigarettes, I was told

ed to one mind-boggling tale

It started early in 2006. Linda had just bought Lucy Kelly's biography of Prince Seretse and another book, which she took to be a spy novel. The other book was introduced by David Hopkins by the end of the last chapter she was reading. It was a book about the malaria in people's bodies and, indeed, that said little but boomed her. Then, years before, she had found a lump on the side of her nose and had gone to a specialist who said it was built-up cartilage left over from a surgical scar. But she had never had any such surgery, even as a child. She went to Linda then looking for a finger and pull it out. She had a lump on her upper right nostril. But there had to be more than that. It thought. There was.

A year later, Linda finally contacted Hopkins, who decided to explore Linda's claim with his brothers (she—hypnotists, it turns out—has a sister, too). "I says 'It's just a wife and mother' (in my London UKRP) voice," Hopkins says. He learned otherwise. He assigned Linda to stage 6, in which she was to recall an episode in which she brought the glimmered cartoon character Casper of Casper the Friendly Ghost fame. But when she awoke, she notes the evening of Casper turned out to be a large, lip-shaped object that she is stuck flying above the apartment building and that she is in a street from her childhood home in Manhattan. Hopkins came to suspect that she had been abducted by aliens and by June of 1989 had hired her to play the support group for subjects.

"I remember sitting there, beguiled listening to these people," says Lind. "I felt strange the first time, but after that I felt better."

Finally on November 30, 1985, a very agitated Linda called Higgins to report she had been abducted again. She had gone to bed quite late—about 10 minutes before 3:00 a.m.—because she'd been up doing the laundry. Towels and blue jeans for four teenagers to dry in her usual dryer, she explained. Her husband, who normally worked nights, was on duty that night, and so was home and asleep in the bedroom. She showered, got into bed and lying on her back clasped her hands and began reciting "Our Father, be heard," a ritual she created over motherhood from her Roman Catholic upbringing. Then she felt a presence in the room.

900 MHz: breakthrough
New technology for wireless space
Motorola develops breakthrough source for wireless

By Charles Austin

If you had to name just one new product "the most innovative of the year," you would probably

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TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

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 blackbirds were tame with many.

The Changing Market

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Recently approved technology. In June of 1989, the Federal Communications Commission approved a band of radio frequencies matching from 92

to 100 MHz for wireless, in-house product applications. Recently, one of the world's leading wireless speaker manufacturers took advantage of the FCC rules by creating and introducing a new speaker system that utilizes the recently approved, in-ear frequency band to transmit efficient, stronger stereo signals throughout your home.

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"I was nervous but had my eyes closed," she recalls. "I was afraid I wasn't worthy of my husband. He was amazing. This is my last wedding. And I took the door? It's one of the kids?" She asked out the names of her two boys and finally reached out for her husband. "Wake up," she said, "there's somebody in the room."

He didn't answer, and she began to feel a rush of blood. She opened her eyes. After months in the support group exploring her past abductions, she recognized what that meant. His face or never she thought and opened her eyes. As the first of the bed says, Linda, stood in a small dress with a large head and huge black eyes. "But all suspicious vanished one evening a few weeks later she says, when Richard and Dan showed up at her door."

Police," she announced. Linda looked through the people and saw two men in plain clothes looking at her back, suddenly looking back at her. Linda, and they looked at me kind of funny. When they introduced themselves as Dan and Richard, my stomach dropped to the floor." Both were tall, well-built, athletic men in their forties, she says. "Dan sat on the couch but he had in his hand, and said, 'My God, it's really her.' Richard had tears in his eyes and hugged her, expressing relief that she was alive."

But had we not met to discuss the incident with anyone," Linda says now. "If all I could do was tell them to talk to Bud."

In the year that followed, Linda claims she had numerous encounters with the mystery duo—at bus stops, outside her dentist's office, even at church. Hopkins himself never had the pleasure of meeting the pair. Though he says he did eventually receive three more letters from Dan and four letters and an audiotape from Richard. In one letter, says Hopkins, Dan explained he tried to remain anonymous. He and Richard were not New York City cops, he said, nor on that fatal November night had they been seen. They were in fact government security agents and had been monitoring an important political figure, who they would not name, to a downtown hallway, suddenly their car's engine died and the headlights went out. They had seen Linda's abduction unfold after they parked the car to safety under the streetlight FBI Drive.

Dan and Richard just couldn't stay away. One morning after Linda had walked her youngest son to the school bus at 7:15, she claims she was approached by Richard, who asked her to take a ride in his car. She refused, but Richard's grip landed on her shoulder.

over the Brooklyn Bridge and plunged into the East River. They wondered if the woman was alive, though they couldn't remain anonymous to protect their careers. They signed the letter with last names only—Richard and Dan.

Hopkins was astonished. "I looked immediately that the women they had seen was none other than Linda," he said. The account seemed to corroborate the few, dated, and details of her abduction. Her family were independent, seemingly reputable witnesses to an abduction.

When Hopkins first called Linda to tell her she replied, "That can't be possible." Then she wondered if she and Bud were the victims of a hoax. But all suspicions vanished one evening a few weeks later she says, when Richard and Dan showed up at her door.

Police," she announced. Linda looked through the people and saw two men in plain clothes looking at her back, suddenly looking back at her.

It was a quarter to 5:00 in the morning when Linda jumped out of bed and into the kids room, and discovered the boys, that they weren't breathing. hysterical, she relieved a small wonder from the bathroom and placed a order their noses. Suddenly a man formed on the mirror she says, and she heard her husband among in the other room. They were all alive, Linda, in shock, sat on the floor in the hallway between the two bedrooms until dawn. Later she called Hopkins.

Under hypnosis, Linda revealed that there had actually been five men in the apartment. They had led her from the bedroom through the living room and out a closed window, she claimed, where, floating in midair, she saw a bright bluish-white light. She was able of feeling and embarrassing thinking her nightmare had come over her head. She moved up into the raft and then found herself sitting on a table. The creatures around her, she says, were singing her name—like taking out samples, she speculated, and pounding with an instrument up and down her spine—all typical abduction lingo, she says the last.

Gate stayed in what allegedly happened 15 months later. In February 1991, Hopkins received a typewritten letter from two people claiming to be police officers. Later in 1989, the letter read, the two had witnessed a "little girl or woman wearing a full white night gown" floating out of a health-floor apartment window, rescued by three "ugly but small humanoid creatures" into a very large, howling owl that eventually turned reddish orange. The object, the letter added, flew over their heads.

der "You can go quietly or you can go kicking and screaming." Linda claims Hopkins told her. As he dragged her to the open rear door of his black Mercedes, he kicked her. Linda admits, "That's how he got me in the car."

They drove me around for about three hours," says Linda, asking me all sorts of questions. "Did she work for the government? Was she herself an agent? They even demanded this prove herself by taking all her shoes. Alarms they would claim in a letter to Hopkins looked lost. She called Hopkins as soon as they dropped her off at home."

Hopkins told me to call the police." Linda now responds, "But I asked, 'Who would have believed me?' That notion of surreptitiously by Richard and Dan even finally appeared her so much that she quit her secretarial job and simply stayed home. To ease Linda's isolation, Hopkins found a bookmaker who paid for Linda's limited use of a bodyguard as she could go out."

Unfortunately, the bodyguard was not around for what Linda says were her second major encounter with Richard and Dan. On October 15, 1991, Linda reports, Dan accompanied her on the street and pulled her into a red Jaguar. As they drove along, he snarled into his hand or her knee—to distract me

Linda suggests—from following the route to a three-story beach house, which I assume was on Long Island. Dan slipped a pill at coffee and gave Linda a present, a nightgown, she says. "The next a woman might wear if she didn't have any children, especially sons." Dan asked her to put it on so he could photograph her in it as she appeared post-abduction. Floating over New York City, she refused, but finally agreed to put it on over her clothes. As Dan's behavior became increasingly strange, she decided to flee, running out the door and onto the beach.

Dan caught me and poked me up, thinking me like a toy," she says. "Then we read on my face, he drove me in the water once, twice, three times. I don't think he was trying to drown me, but he kept me under for long. This behavior, which critics of the strange tale have termed "attempted murder," Linda could understand. Dan pulled off Linda's wet pants and she says, pulled her down on his lap in the water, together like a baby. Still, by after Linda reports, Richard showed up, apologized for Dan and drove me home."

Linda went straight to Hopkins. She left and all over the year," Hopkins says. "A few weeks later, I received a

half dozen photographs of Linda in the nightgown, running along the beach."

This November, the sign became stronger still. While lunching with Linda, a relative who was also a close friend, she said she had been to the hospital to see the jump in her nose. The x-ray Linda now presents shows a profile of her head, clearly visible is a quarter-inch long cylinder apparently embedded in her nose.

It was weird," says Hopkins, head of New York University who has examined the case. "I've never seen anything like it." But even Cooper admits the x-ray could have been faked by taping it into something in the outside of Linda's nose.

Moreover, she usually happens in UFO stories (the linking bit of evidence vanished so quickly as it had appeared). Soon after getting the x-ray, Linda told Hopkins she'd witnessed with a bloody nose. Under hypnosis, Hopkins says, Linda revealed that the aliens had again whisked her away, later with Cooper's help. Hopkins had further x-rays taken, but the implant was nowhere to be seen.

Meanwhile, another alleged witness to Linda's supposed abduction came forward. That same month

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Hopkins received a large metal envelope from a woman living in uptown New York. On the outside, it large, low-recessed the words "Cookbooklet Re: Brooklyn Bridge."

On the evening of November 29, 1992, the woman—Hopkins calls her Janet Krimble—had been in Brooklyn at a retirement party for her boss, who had headed home via the Brooklyn Bridge around 3:00 a.m. She told Hopkins, her car came to a dead stop in the middle of the bridge and her headlights blinked out. The same thing, she states, happened to the cars coming up behind her. Suddenly, she saw what she described as "a building on fire" about a quarter of a mile away. The light was so bright that she had to shield her eyes, she said. Then she realized what she was seeing: Four "bats" had landed out of an apartment window and inside unfolded into three "cockroach" children and a fourth, larger "normal girl-child" wearing a white gown. While I watched," she wrote, "I could hear the screams of the people parked in their cars behind me. The 'children' were then unhooked up into the subject, who dropped a few over the Brooklyn Bridge and disappeared when her wife was obscured by a white van."

Hopkins says, he telephoned Janet Krimble immediately and later had lunch with her. The tale told by this widow of about sixty who once worked as a telephone operator's concubine stories told by Richard and Linda he says, ruling out the possibility of a hoax. "I had a feeling it was to be believed, another witness to the Linda abduction was actually the first. That person he states, was a UFO abduction, as well, a woman in her early thirties who claims to have been abducted from her Manhattan midtown in the middle of the night. She consequently is now living outside at some point, moving along the streets involuntarily and seeing "to 20 other women all moving simultaneously toward a UFO on the banks of the East River."

When Hopkins tells me this, I can't help but guffaw. He finds my reaction perfectly understandable. "What can I say?" he says. For Hopkins, who is in the midst of investigating another mass abduction in New York City involving a hundred humans, this woman's story is just a little more bizarre than most.

In any event, says Hopkins, this woman at one point looks down the East River

and sees two other UFOs in the sky and a bright orange object at the southern end of Manhattan, "completely the one that abducted Linda."

The two others, if believed and taken in concert, shed an ominous light on the futuristic scene that some critics have based on the Linda case: "Manhattan Transfer." Were the aliens that night abducting Manhattanites and Linda in doses?

By December of 1991 the end of Linda's saga was nowhere in sight. She was now struggling with an obviously disturbed and paranoid human named Dan, who according to Richard, had been abducted to a "real home" in Cheshire, she received a card and note from Dan. It was a love letter actually. He told her he planned to leave the real home "soon and asked her to pack her suitcase—he was coming for her. He wanted to kiss her, alien love and her special language. You make a beautiful bride," he teased Linda, however, was not amused.

"HE WANTED
TO LEARN HER ALIEN WAYS AND
HER SPECIAL
BRIDE," HE
TEASED. LINDA WAS NOT AMUSED."

Dan apparently tried to get Linda in February of 1992, but she was rescued from his clutches by Richard, who says Linda now resides in a "night in shining armor." Linda says that Richard, upon returning from a "mission" abroad, had gone to visit Dan at the real home, found him missing and had come looking for him in New York. When he learned that Dan had disappeared, panic set for Linda and booked two tickets to England. He immediately caught up to Linda and managed to spend her day just in time.

Linda's last contact with the aliens occurred a few months afterward. On Memorial Day 1992, she, her husband, two sons, and one of their guests all awakened at about 4:00 in the morning with nosebleeds. Hopkins says he has subsequently confirmed through hypnosis that the incident was UFO-related. "I really don't try to connect anyone," says Linda, having come to the end of her story. "I don't expect anyone to believe this because, to tell you the truth, if I show you on the other

foot, I wouldn't believe it either. But it happened. It happened."

It really did happen, the independent witness would confirm it. The prize winner, obviously, was the WP and the word in the UFO community is that Hopkins thinks it was Javier Perez de Cuellar, secretary-general of the United Nations, from 1982 to 1990, "I will not deny or confirm that," says Hopkins. "I won't say who he is, but I can say this. All the letters from Rich and Dan refer to the fact that there was a third man in the car. And his position, one letter to me, which was signed, 'The Third Man.' I can make that thing be real public, though. I don't have a strong new knowledge between the lines who he is."

Actually, rumor has it that this third party may be central to the Linda case. According to anonymous sources close to Hopkins, Richard and Linda's passenger seems all abducted on that fateful day of November 30, 1989, right along with Linda. Their delayed recall of the event supposedly would explain why it took 15 months for them to write Hopkins, why they were so intimidated in London, and why they are so reluctant to come forward now.

But all that is constant about Perez de Cuellar is that he was in New York City on the days in question. And he usually sees the Linda abduction?

Joe Sells, spokesman for the secretariat-general at the United Nations, was more than willing to check with the security people, but says he was unable to find out. "I spoke to," he says, "a series of men over being in that part of town at that hour of the morning. It's just not in the kind of schedule that he kept." What's more, he added, Perez de Cuellar could not have been heading for the airport, since he always went to the airport via limousine. U.N. spokesperson Juan Carlos Brindj checked with Perez de Cuellar directly. "He says he never witnessed any incident," says Brindj.

And adding insult to injury, Hopkins can't even prove that the two government security reports Richard and Dan sent him. He had never met or spoken to them, and all efforts to identify them have proven fruitless. In March of 1991 for instance, Linda looked through her hours of cups of tape programs showing security agents at events in New York City. She clapped Richard to one of Hopkins' contacts in government law enforcement. Near the end of the six hours, while watching a network docu-

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mented as "Dan." Despite the fact that the images were taken by a detective, involved crowds and the baffling shade that companions were taking pictures, she apparently had no trouble making her identification. Those who have viewed the tapes have seen a man who appears to be living part in official business, and who is in no way out of place or unusual.

In the months that followed, Hopkins and Linda made the rounds with their pictures of "Dan" in hand. They went to United Nations security and the State Department. Secret Service and Russian delegation offices in New York. At times, Hopkins and Linda would ask a cover story so as not to arouse suspicion. (Sometimes we said we were husband and wife, and that this was a friend we had met a couple of years ago in Casa Club and he had said to look him up when he came to New York.) Hopkins explains, "But the play didn't work. Two years or over with these pictures," says Hopkins. "And nobody recognizes him."

Then there is the woman on the bridge, Janet Krimble. She is a real person and apparently after being released by her own limbs, wants no part of Hopkins' story. When Hopkins tried to arrange an interview for me, she told

him, "I can't help you anymore with this. The first independent witness at the abduction was the wife of the 1982 Mutual UFO Network annual meeting in Albuquerque. Stephen Butler and a friend of mine, anthropologist George Hansen, decided the case needed a more thorough investigation and began talking around Linda's neighborhood. They scooped the security guard and supervisor at Linda's building, went to the offices of the New York Post nearby, and simply interviewed residents to see if they remembered anything about her. He did."

By early 1992, Linda was feeling so helpless at the hands of her human kidnappers that she decided to seek independent expert help. At the suggestion of New York journalist and UFO researcher Antonio Humeau, she contacted Rich and Butler, a former law-enforcement and security specialist for the Air Force and a fellow abductee, whom Linda had met at Hopkins' support group. Butler met with Linda on February 1, 1992, and brought with him Swila, a former special agent for the U.S. Army's Criminal Investigations Command and current head of security for a drug company in New Jersey. During the meeting, Linda asked for safety tips on how to protect herself from dangerous duo and Butler and Swila, in order to give useful advice, asked

Linda a few questions of their own. Several months later, Kathy Hopkins met the couple (plus the 1982 Mutual UFO Network annual meeting in Albuquerque) Stephen Butler and a friend of mine, anthropologist George Hansen, decided the case needed a more thorough investigation and began talking around Linda's neighborhood. They scooped the security guard and supervisor at Linda's building, went to the offices of the New York Post nearby, and simply interviewed residents to see if they remembered anything about her. He did."

Afterward, Hansen, already the author of a number of gripping critiques of both psi research and its critics, wrote a lengthy report on the case. The central issue, says the skeptic, is the lack of large numbers of witnesses to this spectacular event. After all, New York never sleeps. There are people out and about even in the middle of the night. Why did none of the truck drivers at this loading dock of the New York Post just a short distance from Linda's apartment see this blindingly bright object? Why haven't all these other people whose cars were supposedly stalled on the Brooklyn Bridge come forward?

"In such situations, Hopkins was a helpful reply. 'The unwillingness of people to report such fantastic experiences is

ARTICLE
BY JAMES OBERG

SOVIET SAUCERS

Day after day, the waves of UFOs returned to southern Russia. Cosacks on horse back saw them high in the evening sky. Pilots aboard commercial airliners and military interceptors chased and dodged them. Aslian owners at observatories in the Caucasus Mountains noted their crescent shape and their fiery companions.



It was the fall of 1967 and the Soviet Union was in the grip of its first major UFO flap. The extraordinary tales—described on Soviet television, reported in Soviet newspapers, and analyzed in a private nationwide UFO study group soon took on a life of their own.



In one detailed account, an airliner crew from Vorozhik, enroute to Volgograd, flight 104, insisted that a UFO had hovered and then maneuvered around their plane. According to Soviet UFO enthusiast Petr Zigel—who compiled such accounts, the plane's engines died and did not start up again until after the UFO had disappeared when the aircraft was only a half mile high in the air.

PAINTING BY
KOMAR AND MELAMED



These tales and others were reported in Western UFO books and presented as circumstantial evidence in UFO hearings in the United States Congress and in Britain's House of Lords. Then, suddenly, as it had started, the view of Russian UFO sightings ceased. Private UFO groups were banned by the Soviet government and the subject was dropped from the controlled media even as it appeared widely in the westward, the underground Russian press.

But the phenomenon was not forgotten. Years later, exploration (Los Angeles) and a team of investigators from the Academy of Sciences in Moscow released Zogel's UFO files, analyzing evidence to have what they said was "the response motion" of the objects Zogel described in 1978 in the "Glasika Report" were released and distributed around the world. It concluded that no known natural or manmade objects could account for these "anomalous electromagnetic phenomena." Something truly extraordinary and truly alien must have occurred.

But it was too good to be true. Like many other official Soviet government reports, this Glasika Report, turned out to be a controlled science in effect, and probably in intent, it served to cover up one of Moscow's greatest military secrets: an illegal apparatus to hunt nuclear weapons.

While the witnesses really were broke in those exciting days in 1967, were space vehicles all right, but not from some distant alien world. They were Russian missile warheads, placed in a low orbit after false registration names and false identified false locations planned a surface after one orbit of the globe. As they orbited down toward a target zone near the lower Volga River, they leaked their way into the imagination of staring witnesses for hundreds of miles in all directions.

When U.S. government agencies had also been watching the tests, and they weren't fooled by the UFO smoke-screen. Pentagon experts soon dubbed this Russian new weapon a "fractional orbit bombardment system"—or FOBS. Government spokespeople in Washington denounced it as a first-strike weapon designed to evade defensive patrols. Since Moscow had recently signed a solemn international treaty forbidding the carrying of nuclear weapons, the existence of this weapon (whose tests were not did violate the treaty) was a glaring embarrassment of course. So when Russian UFO witnesses concluded that they had been

seeing alien spacecraft instead of baby-busting weapons tests, Soviet military officials were all too willing to permit the Russian to prosper.

Twenty-five years later, with the FOBS rockets long since scrapped and the Soviet regime still on the scrap heap of history, the new purpose-built Russian ships has maintained a camouflage. It's the own Russian UFO literature continues to issue into more glorious accounts of the 1967 "unclassified spacecraft." Military and Russian magazine newspapers, and even museum exhibits contain fearful drawings of such shapes. Zogel himself is credited as the originator of Russian UFO literature, an icon of celebrity and authority.

But Zogel's and Glasika's accounts cast as just one example of the ridiculous notions and outrageous notions. Russian UFOlogy has spread in 1977. For instance, late, the office Russia's space agency, caused a dispatch from the government Russian city of Petrozavodsk (fled "Strange Nuclear

UFO" a corner of high intelligence with crew and passengers, or it was a field of energy created by such a UFO. Zogel, the dean of Soviet UFOlogists, signed it was a true UFO. "Without a doubt," it held all the features."

Sadly, the cause of all this mindless panic was a routine rocket launching from the superior military space center at Plesetsk in northwest Russia. The malfunctioned booster's controls, back by the down sun, seemed to split into multiple glowing flashes.

In 1981, a midnight rocket launch from Plesetsk lit up the skies of Moscow itself and sent the capital city a notification into a haze of unexplained calamity. UFO expert Sergey Dorchin's notebooks contain reports of numerous "independent" UFO encounters during this ordinary launching. "Plots of an oval aircraft reported either a UFO in flight or a UFO (piloting) after launch," an article in 1981 in UFO estimated a truck along the Plesetsk Avenue in Moscow. One witness even reported seeing from a deep sleep to see "a scout ship" with a glass cockpit and small alien pilot chasing down the street.

"The [gulfers] in effect. Time and enormous, secret launches of Russian rockets have unleashed constellations of classic UFO perceptions from the imaginative, verifiable witnesses and their consistent impressions. And consistent with its origins, Russian UFO literature is still characterized by fantastic tales and an utter lack of research into possible explanations. I have no doubts: is the most common figure of speech in the Russian UFO literature, 'UFOlogists' and they doubtlessly sincere, it arguably dated 'the UFOs' report." One who asked not long ago by American documentary filmmaker David Greiss. My colleagues and I don't even think it's a question, he responded. "Of course, they're not capable of that sort of thing," he said.

This apt to last the skepticism of the cautious observer. After all, if Russian UFOlogists cannot or will not recognize the precise stimulus behind these phenomena (UFOs of 1967 and the UFO "epiphany" of 1977) they may be incapable of solving any of their hundreds of ordinary (if rare) causes that account for at least 90 percent (if not 100 percent) of all UFO perceptions. Dooms of major stimuli and hundreds of minor ones are constantly going to be counterfactual. But they may be capable of filtering out the wisdom of true UFOs from the pileups. UFOs pose enormous challenges for investigators

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Phenomenon over Kienka. "While local correspondent Nikolay Milyov" On September 30 at about 3:50 a huge star-like object was seen in the sky over the latterly sending shafts of light to the earth. This star moved slowly toward Petrozavodsk and, appearing out over it in the form of a jetliner, hung there, showering the city with a multitude of very fine rain which created an image of pouring rain.

The "witnesses" witnessing a swarm of notions. People later reported being awakened from deep sleep by telephone messages. They told were reportedly seen in windows and passing stores. Cars were said to have stalled and computers to have crashed, and witnesses shifted course.

Soviet UFO enthusiasts rushed to embrace the case. As far as I am concerned, offered science fiction author Aleksandr Krasovskiy, "it was a spaceship from outer space carrying out reconnaissance." According to Dr. Vladimir Anshin, "in my opinion what was seen over Petrozavodsk was either a

TECHNOLOGY UPDATE



How to get surround sound without buying the theater...

An amazing new surround sound decoder turns your existing stereo system into a multi-channel home theater.

By David A. Jones

As much as I love mixing music, it's just not the same as seeing a movie at a theater. I remember the first time I saw *Top Gun*. I really popped out of my seat when the planes first emerged. One of the reasons movies seem so so much more fun than music is that they're so much more than just a sound. You can't see a movie unless you get that same surround sound in your home.

stream soundtracks. Because the format was patented, it was only available on expensive theater products. Now that the patent has expired, Chase can make the amazing decoding circuit available to a fraction of the cost.

Breakthrough technology. The HTS-1 adds to the Dolby decoder's multi-channel signal a multichannel decoder that takes the signal and splits it into five channels. The HTS-1 adds to the Dolby decoder's multi-channel signal a multichannel decoder that takes the signal and splits it into five channels. The HTS-1 adds to the Dolby decoder's multi-channel signal a multichannel decoder that takes the signal and splits it into five channels.

The sound of surround sound



Surround soundtracks are like the top of the iceberg. The HTS-1 adds to the Dolby decoder's multi-channel signal a multichannel decoder that takes the signal and splits it into five channels.

Now even critical. Ray Fisher, editor and publisher of the most respected magazine on home theater systems, *Video*, wrote that, "the HTS-1 adds to the Dolby decoder's multi-channel signal a multichannel decoder that takes the signal and splits it into five channels."

Passive circuit. In 1977, legendary audio pioneer David Hafler introduced a passive circuit to extract the L and R signals from a stereo signal and

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Most Russian UFOlogists appear unwilling to face the challenge.

And the venture of prominent Russian UFO experts gives little ground for more anxiety. Vladimir Azhazha, probably the leading Russian UFO expert of the 1960s, is an unambiguous enthusiast of UFO missile theories. Some years ago, his favorite UFO story involved a UFO attack on the Apollo 13 space capsule, which he "discovered" was carrying a secret atomic bomb to create seismic waves on the moon.

But it was carrying no such thing. The April 1970 explosion, which destroyed the Apollo 13, was caused by the three astronauts, was caused by a hardware malfunction. When challenged recently by UFOlogist Antonio Huenes Azhazha made a candid admission. "When I gave the lecture I was a teenager in UFOlogy and was mistaking the E.T. hypothesis and did not recognize anything else. I would not tell with pleasure everything I read."

Supposedly reformed Azhazha then published a new book with a glorious new Academic UFO story based on his own largest photographic published in American tabloid newspapers. The pictures show content-enhanced fuzzballs, photographic images that had been snatched in the "radio lab" (a fabricated "radio conversion") in which the astronauts exclaim surprise at seeing alien spacecrafts in a crater near their landing site later appeared in another tabloid, it was slightly bogus too, based on gossamer space junk. The UFO story was long ago abandoned by reputable West on UFOlogists, but Azhazha still loves it and presents it as true.

At a UFO conference in Albuquerque in 1992, Azhazha told astonished Western colleagues that he had proof that 5,000 Russian UFO sightings were UFOs and never returned to Earth. When asked to defend this number, he declared that he took the reported number of ordinary missing persons in the entire Soviet Union, plotted the regions over which major UFO activity had been reported, and then allocated those population proportions of "missing" to the UFOs. It was simple, sincere, and sensible, but the embarrassed American hosts (who had paid his travel expenses) could not imagine too publicly face the waste of money he obviously.

Russian UFOlogists claim to be careful. Azhazha himself has written: "Nothing on faith! One must check, check, and even times check in order to find

an error! But he doesn't seem to check, and neither do any of his colleagues. While their sincerity and enthusiasm are not in doubt, their judgment, balance, and accuracy should be.

Why are people like Azhazha the best that Russia can offer? Russians are heirs to a great creative civilization, but they are also emerging from a socialist state that has had profound effects on their habits of thought. Today's Russians have lived in a reality-oriented and judicious-atrocity culture for generations. Once they were sufficiently brain numbed by a repressive communist regime to accept all and all propaganda, they decided that to them, they were intellectually defenseless against incursions of other brain numbing as well.

UFO enthusiasm prospers in the nurturing environment. And it is not just UFO sightings that get conjured up, but the flying saucer legends, probably dead ones who cannot check, are now constantly being portrayed as "secret UFO believers."

"WHEN I GAVE THE LECTURE, I WAS A TEENAGER IN UFOLOGY AND WAS INTOXICATED BY THE E.T. HYPOTHESIS AND DID NOT RECOGNIZE ANYTHING ELSE."

For example, in 1993, a sick new UFO magazine called *UFO-2* appeared. Confusingly, it had the trend of lying about dead space heroes to UFO studies. The magazine featured two separate interviews with contemporary experts concerning the role played by Sergey Korolev, the founder of the Soviet missile and space programs. It didn't hurt the magazine at all that the two stories were utterly inconsistent.

In one article, noted expert Valery Burdakov presented a detailed account of how back in 1947 Stalin had ordered Korolev to assess Soviet intelligence reports on the Russian New Mexico, UFO crash. Korolev had reported back that the UFOs were real but not dangerous, the article revealed. Yet just a few pages earlier, another expert named Lev Chukov had written: "As early as the beginning of the 1960s, Stalin ordered Korolev to study the phenomenon of UFOs, but Korolev managed to avoid fulfilling this task." Of course, both claims can't be true. Besides, Burdakov

was a recently rehabilitated political prisoner in 1947, and was thus hardly the type of unbiased expert that Stalin would have consulted.

Behind all such disturbing noise, the UFO problem remains a fascinating and elusive puzzle, worthy of serious research. But weaving out true UFOs from the overwhelming mass of "UFOs," or identified flying objects, is a difficult time-consuming task. As Western UFOlogists have learned in the past half century, there now Russian colleagues as far show no indication that they have even begun.

I have put a great deal of effort at that job, advice. Antonio Huenes, one of the West's most prospective pro-UFO observers of Russian UFOlogy. "The Russians themselves lack knocking on my door," Huenes states. They want to sell their stuff here. In fact, given today's flying saucer legends, thousands of people of all classes, but particularly from the military services, are desperately seeking—or deliberately creating—anything they can sell to Western buyers with backs. UFO files are one of the few economic survival materials with a market in the West, so there should be no surprise that there are suddenly so many bizarre items now available and so few Russians willing to be cautious or critical about them.

If these Russian UFO delusions only affected their own research, the silliness would do no worldwide harm. But the intellectual infection has spread far beyond borders and polluted the entire United States. Continuing well. These new commercial conspiracies between Russian talk-show sellers and Western talk-show sellers in the entertainment and pseudoscientific industry will make it much worse.

The more serious Western UFOlogists, for instance, are often embarrassed by their colleagues' name-in-bound enthusiasm for the 1967 "crisis" and the subsequent so-called Gendle Report, with Soviet thermal-coupled weapons tests misquoting as true UFOs. Dr. James McDonald, probably America's top UFO expert of the 1960s, testified that the "crisis" "can not be readily explained in any conventional terms." Dr. J. Allen Hynek, dean of American UFOlogy in the 1970s, reviewed the sightings and wrote: "It becomes very much harder—in fact, from my personal viewpoint, impossible—to lend a livid solution for all the UFO reports to one wave's and considers the caliber of some of the witnesses."

They were scientists, pilots, engineers, and fellow astronauts, and Hynek was absolutely certain they couldn't have been mistaken.

Today's successor to McDonald and Hynek is retired space scientist Richard Haines. American director of the Joint United States-Commonwealth of Independent States working group on "The First Assembly Federation." Concerning the 1967 sightings, he confidently wrote: "the reports represent currently unknown phenomena, being completely different in nature from known atmospheric optical effects or technical experiments in the atmosphere."

Another famous Russian pseudo-UFO case, called the "Case Kennedy UFO," has long been foolishly championed by Western UFO experts. Top American UFOlogist Jacques Villetel cited this encounter in a 1992 book as one of the best in the world. His casebook, reading extremely like a high school student's "I had a personal interview with the witness by a source of proven reliability, who varied by a skilled analyst, and no explanation possible, given on the evidence."

A graphic account of the UFO was given by American UFOlogist William B. Moore based on casebooks compiled by Zigel. On December 3, 1957, at 3:04 p.m., wrote Moore, several crewmen and passengers of an IL 18 aircraft on a test flight for the State Scientific Institute of Civil Aviation reported an extremely bright object approaching them in the night sky. Moore reported that the object "followed, the evasive turns of the aircraft."

But years later, I discovered that the aircraft, passing near Vorukta in the Krasnodar Krai, had by chance been crossing the flight path of the Kosmos-194 spy satellite during its ascent from Plesetsk. The crew had unwittingly observed the rocket's plume and the separation of its strap on boosters. All other details of the encounter were added in the investigation. Yet the casebook UFO story is highlighted as authentic by nearly every Western account of Russian UFOs in the last 20 years.

Of course, not all Russian UFO reports spring from meek and space events. Far from it. But these specific kinds of stimuli are extremely well documented, unlike other traditional pseudo-UFO stimuli such as balloons, experimental aircraft, military and police helicopters, badie legends, and so forth. Thus, they can provide an unmatched celebration test for the ability of Russian UFOlogists to find solutions for these pseudo UFOs.

The Russian UFOlogists have failed. The ultimate test of the Russians' ability

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Fiction By Howard Waldrop

Why Did

Now no thinks on a sudden I am wulmed
as if it were out of a dream, I have had a raving fit, a phantastical fit, ranged
up and down, in and out, I have insulted
over most kinde of men, abused some, offended others, wronged myself and now
being recovered and perceiving
mine error, cry Sobite me! pardon that which is past.

—Robert Burton *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621

Stone Lithograph By Michael Forbes

Leonard:

For a long time he did not remember anything. The moon was just rising. He must have come from the river because his footprints led from it to where he stood. His head hurt.

He walked for a very long way and he was hot. He wished he hadn't left the water, now he needed a drink. He felt something heavy on the top of his head. He didn't think it was his cap. He reached up and his hand came away with something dark and something gray and blue in the moonlight.

"Ahhh!" he yelled. "Ahhh!" He began to run, falling down twice, toppling around in the dirt until he could get up. His left arm did not work. He ran and ran, then he passed out.

When he came to again he was walking and it was either just after sunset or just before dawn; he did not know which. He walked and walked. His head was pounding now but he was afraid to reach up and touch it again. He was so tired and so hungry but he could not stop. He knew that if he stopped he would die.

It was morning.

He hobbled onto the edge of a field. It stretched away forever with the stubble of some crop. There was a man far away on the other side doing something with a tractor. There was a truck parked there, too. He walked toward the man at the tractor and the man heard him coming and looked up. The man's eyes got wide and bright behind his glasses and he put one hand up over his face a second.

"Holy Mother of Christ!" the man said.

"Uhnh! Uhnh!" he said, holding his right arm out.

"Jesus! You're really hurt? How did that happen?"

"Uhnh!"

"Hold still. Don't move." The man went to the truck and came back with a flour sack covered with grit. "It's all I got. Let me put that in your head."

He held still.

The man made a strange noise behind him.

"I don't know how you're waking, buddy." The man said. "It... it looks in case

like you been shot in the back of the head and the bullet came out the top. That's brains hangin' there."

"Uhnh! Uhnh!"

"Easy now. If you come this far you ain't gonna die yet. Ease over into the truck here—I'll take you over to the hospital in Salina. Watch your head gittin' in. There's more of it on top than you think."

He got into the truck. Soon they were bouncing along the road and the gravel was flying in a big V out behind. His head hurt more and soon he was asleep.

All he remembered was pieces of the next few days. There were rooms

and see it. There had been a ranch or a farm. He'd done something that made people mad at him. He couldn't remember. There had been a running through the woods to the river.

And then G—

It was a name. He did not know who the name was.

He couldn't remember and it made him cry.

This place wasn't so nice. There were people who were always making him do things and move from his bed or chair and they talked to him but he could not understand.

A long long time went by, maybe a month or two. He wished he could leave and go find some work or something. He did not like it here.

Sometimes he wished he had a rabbit to hold.

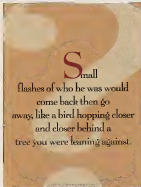
And then one day when they had him outside bouncing the ball he looked up and there standing in front of him was a funny little clown in a black clown suit with a pointed hat and big buttons down the front.

He looked at the clown and he smiled because he knew from then on everything was going to be okay.

Benjamin:

It was day and rain and my sister held me while I held the slipper and the grandmother was in the house then my brother came home mad and I was taken somewhere with lots of doors and white and I didn't like it and was going to say and going and they put the thing on

my arm that hurt and I went away and then it was day again and my pushing-man took me outside in the buggy-chair and put me under the tree like the one in the pasture where the boy and I were walking and he was looking for the money. "Money Money" said my brother "You're all bleeding me white" and then I was in this place under the tree watching and watching for my sister to come to the gate so I could see her and she climbed the pear tree to look in at my grandmother like the horse in the ditch and the people wouldn't let me go to the gate and the men were hiding and calling my sister's name and there was



and lights and doctors and nurses and they put something in his head. Then he was in a big bed and they brought him food and asked all about him.

Then some other doctors came and a state trooper in a smart uniform with a shiny badge, and a few days later they took him to another place.

It was there that something began to happen to his head, not on the outside where all the bandages and the tin were, but inside. Small flashes of who he was would come back then go away, like a bird hopping closer and closer behind a tree you were leaning against but which would hop away before you could turn around

the girl who wasn't my sister who yelled and yelled at the gate and the tree went around and around and it was rain and I couldn't sleep and it was day again and they were saying 'Benjamin, Benjamin, don't yell so, just show us where he hurt' and I tried to tell them and the black woman cook said 'Grab his hand' and I put it in my mouth it hurt so and I pointed where it hurt and they made it stop it was day again and they let me stand at the gate only it was tall and I was like that line and my pushy-men put me under the tree then the man came and the man had a clown with him like the one that came to town only he had on a black suit and he hugged me like my sister used to do in the buggy chair and the clown and the man were in the little box with me that bumped and bumped and houses went by the windows real fast and there was a bridge and a river and hills going by too and then it was day and night again and I was in the big house which was my grandmother's house only it was big and I was little in it and sometimes the clown was big and stuck out of the house and sometimes he was little and walked around and sat in his swing.

The gateman let the car, a new '51 Kaiser, into the grounds.

In the front seat beside the driver from the motor pool, Dr. Ernest Seeker started up the drive toward the mansion.

The motor pool was a three-story stone building. At the front, over the porch was the head of a giant, dead, mechanical eyes slowly rolling, tongue lolling out of the mouth.

The grounds, ten or eleven rolling acres, were surrounded by a twelve-foot-high narrow iron spiked fence. Holes and there as he watched solitary men and women moved on missions of their own.

Far off, near a little copse of trees, someone who was dressed like Koko the Clown from the old Betty Boop cartoons sat in a board-and-drope swing, winding himself up with idle movements of the feet and letting the twisted rope spin him around again.

In another direction, a patch of what looked like wheat bordered the fence. There was no one waiting for him out front when he got to a stop.

Seeker got out. He pulled his briefcase from the back seat. He looked back beyond the gate to the far hill where the construction on the new housing subdivisions had begun.

After waiting a few more moments, he stepped to the wide double doors and went inside.

The place was light and airy and had peculiar, not unpleasant, smells. The hallway led to a large sitting room with overstuffed Victorian furniture, worn looking but clean. From somewhere far off to the left he heard the rattle of a pot or pan, low talk. To the right was another hallway. A man was coming out of the room pushing his hair back with both hands.

'Mr. Seeker?' he said. 'Willard Beemer. Sorry I didn't hear your car—we don't have a telephone at the gate. I wouldn't have known you were here except one of our guests went by the window—he goes to meet every car. Usually that's just the help arriving for work, but it's too late for that so I knew it had to be you.'

Seeker shook his hand. 'I'm sure the department explained why I'm here.'

'They told me we'd need a license

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for the facility. I tried to explain why, but I didn't think it came under your purview but they insisted. So I told them, send their best investigator out and look the place over and we'd talk about it.'

'You realize, of course, that if you were an M.D. or if you were under the direct supervision of a neurosurgeon or psychiatrist, I wouldn't be here?'

I know, I know. But we didn't ask to be licensed, you called us. My guess is it's because of the guy building the houses all across the hills that you got called. Some people are afraid of things they don't understand. See, we don't consider ourselves a place for treatment. We're, like, a big family who lives in a big house with a fence and mind our own business.'

'You can understand the concerns of the county and state when there are complaints that there's an unlicensed mental facility in the middle of what will become a high-density residential area.'

'Well, the county can do anything because they got a grandfather clause in all their zoning stuff. And

you're the state, so I just have to convince you, right?'

'That is essentially correct.'

'Okay. Let's go to it.'

'How long have you been here?'

'Twelve years. Since 1959.'

'How many patients do you have?'

'Twenty-seven. Only they're not patients, they're guests. Five have been here since the beginning, the others came one or two at a time. Either we went out to find them, or some just showed up over the years.'

'You went out to find them? Where?'

'Some from state hospitals. Some from private. One we found lost in a cage out behind an alligator farm in Florida.'

'You got them from state hospitals?'

'Most states are only too happy to find someone to take them off their hands. Look, said Beemer. 'I'm not explaining myself very well. Leave your briefcase here. Come outside with me. Take a look around.'

He followed Beemer back through the parlor, out the double doors to the driveway where the car sat. A man stood near the steps, his head moving back and forth, eyes wide, staring at the car and driver.

'I better start at the beginning. I didn't found this place, my father did—though he died on the trip West with the first five guests. I'm the executor of his estate, which makes me also the guardian of the Democratic Trust. That's where we got the money.'

Seeker looked out toward the field near the back of the grounds. A young person, a lone boy, stood in the middle of the hill-side patch.

'That's the newest one, Holden. I'm not sure he should be here, but the Little Moron wanted him to stay.'

'We don't like to refer to anyone as a moron, Mr. Beemer.'

'That's what he calls himself. He's the one all the stories are about.'

Seeker looked at Beemer. 'You mean, the Little Moron jokes?'

'That's him, Elwood Democritus Jr. His father was richer than Croesus. He appointed my father executor on his deathbed. Elwood Jr.'s mother had died years before. He was an only child on a dead-end branch of the family tree. Then the Little Moron and my father came West, setting up the place, getting the original five guests, setting it all up, then my father died and I came out here and here we are.'

CONTRIBUTED ON PAGE 105

OMNI ASKS THE AGE-OLD QUESTION
IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, AND IF SO, WHERE?

STAR WARTS

SATIRE BY FRANK COTHAM



'Who in God's name are you?'



"All the kids say I'm adopted."



"What's an illegal alien?"



"Yeah... well I'm from the planet Earth!"



*"Are you sure that this is the Great Lord of the
new Galactic Empire a gift to the peoples of Earth?"*



"However superior, there is a resemblance."



*"Nothing you could ever say would convince me that
there's intelligent life elsewhere in the universe."*



*"Obviously they come from a planet with
very little gravity."*



"We come in peace"

INTERVIEW

DR. BRIAN WEISS

According to this Miami psychiatrist, past-lives therapy works. It's quick, inexpensive, and people get better—whether they believe in reincarnation or not

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK CHIN



Testing patients by guiding them through recollections of what appear to be previous lives is about the last thing Brian Weiss thought he'd be doing. The South Florida physician, who before the age of 35 was chief of psychiatry at Mount Sinai Hospital and a professor at the University of Miami's medical school, had always taken the traditional path.

Growing up in New Jersey, Weiss was an overachiever, self-described as "studious, but not geeky." After graduating

magna cum laude from Columbia University in 1960, he received his M.D. from Yale in 1970. It was Ivy League all the way. Publishing papers, becoming a recognized psychopharmacology expert, he considered himself a "show me" kind of guy, believing only in what he could see. He rarely gave much thought to anything paranormal, mystical, or spiritual.

One patient changed all that.

Weiss calls her Catherine in *Many Lives, Many Masters*.



**MOST DESIRABLE
PAST-LIFE
ENVIRONMENT:**

Palestine, 2000 years ago

**MOST DESIRABLE
NEXT-LIFE
ENVIRONMENT:**

Tahiti

LIFE PURPOSE:

To be a teacher and travel agent

MOTTO:

Choose love, not fear

**PERSONAL PAST
LIVES
EXPERIENCED:**

Two

ON RELIGION:

I'm hoping the distinctions among people will disappear. I'd be much happier if there were just one religion, one of love and spirit, hope and wisdom. My work made me more aware of the environment. We have to come back and live on this planet again. So what we do is not just affecting our children.

LESSON LEARNED:

There is no death. We go from life to life, body to body.

BOOKS SOLD:

Many Lives, Many Masters
1988 (400,000 copies)
U.S. 17 foreign languages
Through Time into Healing
1992 (50,000 hardcover)

published in 1988, eight years after her therapy began. Barely budging her golden vandy phobias and anxieties with 18 months of conventional therapy, Weiss instructed Catherine while hypnotized to "go back to the time from which your symptoms arise." She did. The year was 1885 A.C., and she was a 25-year-old woman named Aronda.

Weiss was shocked as Catherine unleashed a flood of memories from other lifetimes as well. He soon discovered, he says, that traumatic events and relationships encountered in previous lives were the source of her present problems. But only after ruling out schizophrenia, split personalities, psychoses, drug use, neurological kines, sociopathic tendencies and just plain acting, could the scientifically trained Weiss begin to accept this notion. "My gut reaction was that I'd stumbled upon something I knew very little about—reincarnation and past memories." During the next three years, he dispelled Catherine's phobias and panic attacks by having her vividly recall events from dozens of her past lives.

But reincarnation was only part of what Weiss encountered during Catherine's treatment. He also met "the Masters," entities who spoke through Catherine, while she was under hypnosis, about the nature of the universe, levels of consciousness, intuitive powers, and the soul, which they said passed from one body to another. Weiss first branded it mumbo jumbo until "the Masters" talked about Weiss's late father and the medical condition that caused the death of his three-week-old son years before—information to which Catherine would have no access. In 1990, Weiss left Mount Sinai to devote himself full time to his patients, about 60 percent of whose therapies include recalling past lives.

Upon our first meeting, Weiss hypnotized me. I did not experience past-life recall but had what he calls "a mystical experience." From my description of the people in two separate scenes, it's clear to Weiss and to me that they are symbolic of an important relationship I'm having with a man Weiss believes I've also known in previous lifetimes and even in between in the "spirit state."

Since treating Catherine, Weiss, 49, has researched not only reincarnation, but Eastern and Western religions, mysticism, quantum physics and intuitive and paranormal experiences. He does not come across as some kind of guru

nor does he want to be. He's simply a doctor, he says, who's become "enlightened." Much to his surprise, his work has been taken seriously by many in the psychiatric community. Even some skeptics find value in his books. "I can't say that these experiences were actual memories of past lives," says Steven Warner, Miami hypnotherapist and expert in multiple-personality disorders. "It's possible they were fantasy material similar to screen memory—an indirect way of obscuring a problem. But there's a purposefulness to the unconscious. Whatever is happening, I don't believe these past-life memories are a sham."

In 1992, shortly before publication of his second book, *Through Time into Healing*, the University of Miami notified Weiss that it wouldn't be renewing his teaching contract. Weiss has no doubt that his work with past-life therapy provoked this action. But a week before, the University of Pittsburgh's Medical School showed interest in a longitudinal study to see if gains by patients in this therapy persist over time. Conducting this study from Miami, Weiss has also spoken at the Yale Medical School psychiatry department and divinity schools.

During our second meeting, he spoke enthusiastically about how even the federal government is taking alternative therapies seriously, citing the NIH's new Office of Alternative Medicine, which he calls "the Office of Far Out Stuff." His work with past-life therapy has helped not only his patients, he acknowledges, but himself—Nina L. Diamond.

Q Why do scientists find reincarnation a hard concept to buy?

W Fear of the unfamiliar. Actually people don't have to be afraid, if only they'd keep an open mind. Meditation can teach people to do that if they can let go of their fears.

Q But that can mean changing one's whole life.

W Yes, it's scary—but totally safe. It's difficult to let go of the familiar, even if it's harmful, restricting and blinding.

Q Where did the concept of reincarnation come from?

W It's so far back that we really don't know. I suspect it's from the same place as now. People who are psychic, having visions of it, dreams or déjà vu, memories, meditations... came upon this knowledge. Plato wrote about reincarnation. Ancient civilizations believed in this. We lost this

believe only recently mostly for political reasons. In Judaism, belief in reincarnation or gilgul remained until the early 1800s. Only with the migration out of Eastern Europe to the West and the need to be accepted in the age of enlightenment and science did the belief go underground—but not in Chasidic (ultra-orthodox) communities.

In Christianity, I went underground much earlier—the Second Council of Constantinople in the sixth century declared reincarnation a heresy. Christianity was becoming a state religion, and the Romans felt that without the who of judgment, people would not behave, would not follow. They'd decided: Well, I'll do it next time around. Omni: How do you think the length of time between lifetimes is determined? Weiss: People who die violently, or children who die, often return much faster. For those who live longer and die peacefully, there can be a longer time between lives, 100 years or more.

Omni: How many past lives do people generally have?

Weiss: That varies, but the number that comes up most often in my work is 100, not the thousands and thousands that the Buddhists talk about.

Omni: Do you think that there is an infinite number of souls or lives?

Weiss: It doesn't matter to me because ultimately we're all connected.

Omni: Are new souls being created, in your opinion?

Weiss: My inclination is to say no. We're probably all agelias and have been around from the beginning of time. Omni: Are some people here now observing their first life?

Weiss: Theoretically, I'd guess yes. May be they're "transferred in" and are here for the first time, but I suspect most of us have been here other times. If Earth is one of millions of worlds, it's like asking where did all those children go to junior high before the new one was built? Well, they were elsewhere. We shouldn't delude ourselves into thinking that were the only place.

Omni: Have some people been around more than 100?

Weiss: Sure, but I doubt this is the only place. There are other places we can go to learn, too. It's like Jupiter or Pluto or another solar system, but perhaps another dimension. All mystical traditions talk about other worlds. There may be other levels, too—different levels of heaven, that's where the expression, "I was in seventh heaven," comes from, even as being an ultimate. Catherine

asked about seven dimensions. Omni: Might 100 souls meet again in new lives? And if so, how would they recognize each other?

Weiss: An energy attracts—you're pulled into a situation where you need to be. Perhaps even from the time of birth, in choosing ones parents. It's not random, you choose because of the opportunity to learn. You may make mistakes. Everybody has free will, even your parents. They may not turn out the way you had envisioned, because they have the free will to not reach that potential. In one workshop as we were talking about the mother's audience and how to handle it, she said, "You choose me, so stop blaming me!" And the daughter turned to her and said, "Then I must have been in a hurry."

I see love or hostility at first sight as a kind of recognition of souls, a working out of debt and karmic ledger. Sometimes it seems thicker than water. That's what really puts us together—sometimes genetically but sometimes not.

I SEE LOVE OR
HOSTILITY AT FIRST SIGHT AS A KIND OF
RECOGNITION OF
SOULS, A WORKING OUT OF DEBTS AND
RESPONSIBILITIES.
SPIRIT SEEMS THICKER THAN WATER.

And you may be best friends. You may be bitter and angry in one lifetime but loving and kind in the next. Reincarnation seems frequent. You may have a past experience that you've lived out the other to see what it's like. That's also true of races and religions.

Omni: How do you explain souls that in the next lifetime occupy bodies that are biologically damaged?

Weiss: If it's me it will learn—as my patients tell me over and over again—to grow to become more and more godlike, then whatever the experience it is a learning experience. Sometimes, though, it's a teaching experience as well, so you may come back into this world, maybe as an act of charity. Omni: Why don't we consciously remember our past lives?

Weiss: More and more people are remembering through therapeutic techniques such as hypnosis, but also through dreams, meditation, dowsing, and when they're in a place they've never been before and they just know their way around. I don't know why we

don't all remember. The Greeks believed that when you were born again you drank from the river of Lethe so you'd forget previous lives.

Omni: If we retained knowledge of past lives, would it be cheating, like taking a test with the book open? Are we supposed to learn in each life without benefit from our previous lives?

Weiss: Yes. Suppose that between lifetimes you say, "Yeah, I've spent ten lifetimes learning about charity. I know all about it. I'm a charitable person." Okay, now comes the hard test. You're born into a situation, is charity explained so deeply that you don't have to act charitably? Is it a topic memory or because it's part of your nature?

Omni: So you think we're born with certain values and ideals?

Weiss: Yes, if gets ingrained, not at the level of the brain, but of the heart, the soul. That's where real learning takes place so that you're not just memorizing, just on what your parents teach you. If one's parents were bigots, for the child to overcome that and become compassionate, understanding, charitable, unbigoted, requires a degree of independence that in this life sounds wild, like we're taught. This is the soul memory in addition to specific talents and ideas, or whatever else the soul might bring back with it.

Omni: Your notion of life is to learn of love in all its manifestations—truth, compassion, generosity, mercy.

Omni: Religions and philosophies say the goal is perfection, to become "one with God," the creator or the divine.

Weiss: That's part of it. But it's like asking a third grader: What are you learning in arithmetic? And he says, "I'm learning about addition, long division, and multiplication tables." He can't even comprehend geometry. Advanced algebra is just calculus. We're limited by what we know. I suspect the reward has to do with love, with merging with higher consciousness, but it may be so far beyond what we can comprehend now, it's hard to put into words. You can sense it when you're on target. You do something completely new and a tear of joy comes to your eyes.

Omni: The Hindus include animals in reincarnation. Have you seen that phenomenon in patients?

Weiss: I haven't found that myself in doing this work.

Omni: How can reincarnation be validated with data to support the claims of past lives?

Weiss: Dr. Ian Stevenson [chairman

emeritus of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Virginia; see Omni Interview, January 1998] has more than 2,000 cases of children born all over the world, many of whom exhibit xenoglossy—the ability to speak a foreign language to which one has had no exposure. Others know details about places they've never seen. No single individual by his or her story is going to prove reincarnation, but it's the weight of evidence—hundreds of therapists with thousands of patients where this happens—children, nonbelievers, skeptics, all who come out with these details of past lives.

It's very difficult to prove reincarnation scientifically because of what we consider scientific. As a psychiatrist, I'm vitally interested in my patients' clinical improvement. There's a question in my mind or those of the physicians and psychotherapists who are writing and calling me that has a tremendous therapeutic effect. If the therapy is quick, valid, relatively inexpensive, and people get better! Right now I'm accumulating evidence that this therapy works and that people, whether they believe in reincarnation or not, can recall details they don't know from the distant or recent past.

Omni: Tell us about your recent project with the physics department at New York University.

Weiss: They're bringing from China experts at what we'd call healing without their energy. They're studying the effects these experts have on viruses or bacteria on people with certain ailments, and measuring the energy. The healers talk about reincarnation. On my last trip to New York, I regressed one Chinese physician who was more interested in that than the physicist's research. He already knows how that works. He was instant, so I regressed him to an interpreter and two lifetimes came up.

Omni: We can't see or feel the energy and we can't explain it.

Weiss: That's why you need a physicist. Take a dog whistle. Because we can't hear it, doesn't mean a sound isn't being generated. If 100 years ago I told you we'd be able to turn on a box with a glass front that captured waves plucked out of the air by a metal rod on the side of your house and turned them into an instantaneous picture right in the box, with sound, so that you could see in Miami what was going on simultaneously in Moscow, you'd say, "This guy is out of it!" What would you

call that wave? And I'd say, "I don't know yet, but that doesn't mean it isn't real. We just don't have the means for these waveparticle phenomena at large is too limited. Well, I eventually use our minds to become aware of and generate those same energies or waveparticle phenomena."

If I said that you are really a mass of electrons, protons, neutrons, and waveparticle reactions, you'd say, "But I'm solid." And I'd say, "That's not true, because at some deeper level you're energy. And some day if they could harness that energy, some enterprising physicist could probably build a bomb out of you. You'd be dead, but it's not a disaster, but that is true at the moment." Omni: Will physicists show that science, mysticism, spirituality, religion, and parapsychology are linked through quantum mechanics?

Weiss: Physicists are the mystics of the 20th century. The new scientists they began to study consciousness, energy, and all the phenomena previously called occult or esoteric. Those things will be scientifically proven to have their roots in nature. Some concepts that seem strange to us now won't be so very strange to more of their understanding physics.

Omni: How do past-life relationships affect one's present life?

Weiss: In every way. Many of our most meaningful relationships are not new. Past lives also affect us in sympathy, emotional and physical. People who are and are not carry over from one or many lifetimes. Physical symptoms where one may have been wounded or hurt in a previous life frequently come up. In about a dozen obese patients I've found two patterns that frequently emerge. A person who's obese complained or there was sexual abuse from a past life. A woman declares, "I will never be attracted to men again," and keeps the weight on in this life as a form of protection.

Omni: Sometimes people who've never been raped or sexually abused develop hypnosis during therapy slip into a past life.

Weiss: Yes, and frequently that's how therapists, physicians, psychologists, and others have themselves accidentally discovered the field. These events aren't seen in 100 years ago from a third state. Many children, when they get a little drowsy at bedtime, when the normal inhibits are relaxed, come out with details of another time and place. Adults too, in the hypnotic state uncover memories. Sometimes a dreamer tells in Miami what was going on and not a Princeton physicist or a wish symbol or manipulator.

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Often while reliving a past life under hypnosis, patients have technical or detailed knowledge about something they know nothing about in this life. One of the best cases is New Jersey physician Dr. Bob Jammon's first. It was when he didn't believe in past lives. A Jewish woman in her thirties was seeing him for hypnotherapy for weight loss, and she started developing another symptom. Her periods stopped, and she developed lower abdominal tenderness. She was becoming more anxious, and Jammon thought she might be pregnant in the Fallopian tube, which can be dangerous because it can burst. When he referred her to a gynecologist, there was no evidence of pregnancy.

She continued to see Jammon, and they were working on her anxiety when he said, "Go back to the time from which your symptoms first arose." She went back to the Middle Ages and was five months pregnant with an ectopic pregnancy. In that past life, she was Catholic and was with a priest who wouldn't allow abortion or surgery, so she died. And just before she died, she repeated the Catholic act of contrition to the priest, word for word. Jammon is Catholic and recognized it. The woman had never heard of it.

This happens all the time. I hear de-

tails of dresses, culture, how to make butter, cheeses, put on socks, hand gaits. But again, it's hard to prove. I've found talents, too, carried over from a past life. I found a young boy who knew the specifications of World War II bombers—he just knew it, because he said he flew them when he was big. Children often say that—Don't you remember when I was big?

Qmr: Give us an example of a dramatic turnaround.

Wess: A woman couldn't button the top button of her blouse. By recalling a past life under hypnosis, she learned she'd been gulldimmed. This had affected her present life's relationships, the ability to trust. Once she remembered the gulldimmed incident, she was able to close the top button right away and that set off a chain reaction. It all began to clear up.

But a past life is not necessary for everyone to remember. The subconscious directs the traffic. If it's important and will help you to get rid of a symptom, of course remembering is necessary, but if it's not, you may not remember the past life. You may remember 5 of your 80 or 90 past lives because only those relate to what you're working on in this life.

Qmr: How does experiencing a past

life affect a person's brain waves?

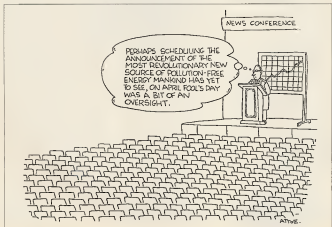
Wess: In hypnosis, you find relaxed alpha and theta brain rhythms. But in past lives, you find all different brain patterns—alpha, beta, theta, visual waves—because the occipital cortex, controlling vision, is stimulated. Using enhanced EEG, I've seen a whole smorgasbord of brain-wave patterns.

Qmr: What are some misconceptions about reincarnation?

Wess: Probably the most famous is that everyone was Napoleon or Julius Caesar. Most of us have been living pretty ordinary lives. There have been even more misconceptions about hypnosis—that it's the only way to have reincarnation memories. Hypnosis is only a state of focused concentration. You're not sleeping; it's not a dream. Your mind is still there, you know where you are. You don't get stuck in a past life or under hypnosis. You don't have heart attacks; you don't actually reexperience the physical pain or disabilities. You're aware of it but can float above it or stop it at any time.

Qmr: Have any patients taken a turn for the worse as a result of this therapy?

Wess: I still haven't found one. This has to do with the wisdom of the subconscious mind. It will not let something out that harms a person.



Orrin: Can we go on to future lives?
Weiss: People are doing this work such as psychologist Chel Snow, president of the APRIT (Association of Past Life Research and Therapy) society. I haven't found it probably because I'm not looking for it. Mostly I'm doing therapy and it seems to have some residue from the past. In this lifetime, we look back. At another level, as physicians tell us, there is no time. I tried going into the future with Catherine right off the bat, and she said it wasn't allowed. You can learn from the past, but the future, that's a series of probabilities. Parallel lives or universes, too, represent alternatives. But to me it's like climbing a tree. The higher up you get the more committed you are to a particular branch. You're not on the other branches, but they're still there.

Orrin: When you stumbled upon past-life therapy, were you seeking something different from life?

Weiss: I was not. I was chairman of psychiatry at Mount Sinai, the youngest professor of psychiatry ever at the University of Miami Medical School. I was publishing, getting national recognition in my field, earning a lot of money, my family life was going very well. In the Seventies, my wife and another couple wanted to see a psychic as a lark. I wouldn't go, saying, "Why waste your money? We can go to a movie, do some thing real." So they didn't go.

That's how closed I was, just floating along, and along comes something to turn you upside down. It didn't come out of a spiritual crisis but a time of comfort and affluence. The change really hinged on my conversation with Catherine, then subsequent patients during the next ten years, my reading, and meditation, too.

Orrin: Why did you decide to go public with *Many Lives, Many Masters*?

Weiss: It was a difficult decision, and it took four years. Even after I finished treating Catherine, the tapes of those sessions collected dust in my closet because I feared for my reputation. But I kept finding people with these experiences, and fear of death seemed so pervasive, and here I was finding out that death is not what it appears. By going public, I'd reach more people, so I started feeling guilty that I had all this information and wasn't sharing it.

Most other doctors are quite reluctant to go public. Still, I've gotten more than 100 letters from physicians around the world who've done this work for up to 20 years, but in the privacy of their offices. They always preface it with, "Don't tell anyone, but..." Then out come these beautiful case histories. My youngest brother, an oncologist in St.

Louis, is finding mystical experiences out-of-body experiences, with his dying cancer patients. A lot of doctors are having them but are afraid to talk about it. Some are in my new book.

Orrin: Tell us about your past lives.
Weiss: The test time was when I got acupuncture massage for an old neck injury that was flaring up. I wasn't telling a soul about my research. I'd go into this very relaxed, almost meditative state, and about the fourth session, I saw an image of myself. I was taller, thin, wearing a multicolored robe, standing in a large geometric-shaped building. I knew I was a priest—very powerful, with the ear of the royal family. I had some psychic abilities and spiritual knowledge in that life, too, and was using it for personal gain and power. It was a very good life [laughter]. Easy but wasted. The word *aggrand* kept ringing in my head. I had no conscious memory of that word, although that doesn't prove I didn't come across it in college or something. I looked it up and found it's a word for architectural structures, temples of the Babylonian era.

Years later, I had a dream of being imprisoned in a European dungeon, my arm chained to the wall. I was being tortured for teaching my religious beliefs, which included reincarnation. As I died in that dungeon, I became aware of a message: "When you had the chance to leech, you did not." I knew that meant I should have taught about love rather than reincarnation and got killed for it. I went too far. The implication was, "Now you can have both."

Orrin: Who are the Masters?

Weiss: Catherine described them as the source of information coming to her and they would come through her to me. She had no memory of them when awakened from hypnosis, but when in between remembering past lives, she'd go into a state where the Masters' spirits would come. The knowledge was unlike her, even the phonetics, grammar, style were different. Other patients tell me things that are coming from a pure source, not contaminated by our brains. The personal information was the Masters' way of getting my attention. That was the turning point, when I started to believe it rather than think it was imagination or fantasy.

Orrin: Is past-life therapy the next great leap for psychiatry?

Weiss: Some marvelous breakthroughs will come with the biological understanding of the brain, with understanding Alzheimer's, other memory disorders, schizophrenia, manic depressive illness. Past-life therapy is also extremely important, and while it may not be the next great leap, it may be the most important. ☐

SOVIET SAUCERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

ity to perform mature, reliable UFO research is how they treat the "smoking gun" of Russian UFOlogy: the Petrozavodsk "jellyfish" UFO of 1977. The "jellyfish" was a brief wonder in the West before being quickly solved (by me) as the launch of a rocket from Plesetsk. Western UFOlogists readily accepted the explanation, but now it turns out that Russian UFO experts never did. They have assembled a vast array of miracle stories associated with the event, including reports of telepathic messages and physical damage to the earth.

But all this proves is that ordinary Russians love to embellish stories and that Russian UFO researchers haven't a clue on how to filter out such exaggerations from original perceptions. If they cannot do it for such obviously bogus UFOs as Petrozavodsk, how can they be expected to do it for less clear-cut ones?

If the UFO mystery is to be solved, there is adequate data from the rest of the world outside of Russia. Serious UFOlogists will have to quarantine the obviously hopelessly infected UFO lore from Russia and disregard it all. Some valuable data might be lost, but the crippling effect of unconstrained crackpottery would be avoided. Every decade or two, the question can be reconsidered with a simple test: Do leading Russian UFOlogists still insist on the alien nature of the 1967 crescent UFOs and the 1977 "jellyfish" UFO? If so, slam the door on them again.

Yet the temptation may be too great, especially for those who are into what I call the "fairy tale mode" of modern UFO study—those who believe the best cases are ones that happened long ago and far away, and thus are far-removed from practical solution. Russian UFO stories have turned out to be exactly those kinds of fairy tales.

And if the purpose of modern UFOlogy is only mystery worship and obsession, only mind-boggling tall tales and mind-stretching theorizing, then it will continue to feed on the baseless blarney coming out of Russia while being madly and unavoidably poisoned by it. The reality test, then, is not of Russian UFOlogy, which has already failed, but of non-Russian UFOlogy, where the issue remains in doubt. ☐

Editor's note: James Oberger, author of Red Star in Orbit and many other books, is an internationally recognized expert on the Soviet space program.

Abduction

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

not new. People do not like to be ridiculed," he says. "Then there's the inevitability issue," which just seems to be part of the phenomenon. Many people who you think should have seen these things just don't," Hopkins explains.

But Hopkins can't explain everything. For instance, how could "Janet Kimble" know that the words Brooklyn Bridge written on the outside of her envelope would attract Hopkins' attention unless she knew or was related to one of the people in the Hopkins support group, all of whom had heard about the case? The answer replies Hopkins is ridiculously simple: "She saw the abduction from the Brooklyn Bridge and thought that the others who had been stilled on the bridge that night might have contacted me about it."

But Butler says the keeper explanation is that Linda fabricated the whole story after reading *Nighteyes*, a science-fiction novel by Gerfield Reeves-Stevens published in April of 1989, just months before her alleged abduction. The novel charts the abductions of an FBI team staying out a beach house in California while a mother and daughter undergo a series of abductions in and around New York City. It concludes with an apocalyptic finale. Butler claims that Linda was very intrigued when the book was brought up at the Hopkins support-group meetings. "I guarantee you that's where she got the basis for her story," he says.

Butler admits the book's storyline is different from Linda's but says there are too many parallels to be coincidence. Both Linda and the novel's Sarah were abducted into a UFO hovering over a high-rise apartment building in New York City. Linda was kidnapped and thrown into a car by Richard and Dan, one of the novel's central characters. Wendy was kidnapped and thrown into a van by two military men. Dan is supposed to be a security and intelligence agent, while one of the book's central characters is an FBI agent. Both Dan and an agent in the novel were hospitalized for emotional trauma. Both Linda and the novel's Wendy were taken to a "safe house" on the beach. The list of such parallels goes on and on.

"But similarity does not prove relationship," replies Hopkins. "Without an important political figure witnessing the abduction—the very essence of the

Linda case, he notes—the comparison with the book is meaningless.

Hopkins is not alone. Walt Andrus, international director of the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), is "absolutely convinced the case is authentic." And David Jacobs, a history professor at Temple University and another researcher on the abduction scene, says the critics debunking the case have twisted the facts. "Over the past several years, I have been a confidant of Hopkins and at times, of Linda's. I can tell you that when Hopkins' report comes out, the inaccuracy of the critics will be apparent and the case will stand or fall on its own merits."

For Hansen, of course, those merits are slim. And, he says, the hearing he believes occurred is the least of it. "For me," he says, "the worst infraction is the reaction of the leadership of UFOlogy. I think this has given us great insight into the mentality—and the glibility—of Eludid Hopkins, Walt Andrus, and David Jacobs, the people who really con-

fronted the government. She was not she said. I'm a Bush Republican."

When I called the Secret Service about their investigation I was referred to Special Agent James Kaiser, media representative in the New York field office. After reviewing the file on the case titled "Special Agent Alleged Misconduct: February 10, 1993," Kaiser told me that Linda "was, in fact, interviewed at our office, and it was determined that her allegations regarding U.S. Secret Service agents having any contact with her whatsoever prior to that day were unfounded and baseless. It never happened. She may have been mistaking us for some other agency or organization. Case closed."

The case is also closed as far as Hansen, Stefakis, and Butler are concerned. They truly believe that Linda is involved in a hoax. "I think she started out with a small lie," speculates Hansen, "a tell tale that grew in the three years that followed. She's been a typist and temporary secretary, so she has had access to a lot of different typewriters undoubtedly. It would not surprise me if there were someone else hoaxing Hopkins as well."

Hopkins flatly rejects the hoax scenario. An efficient hoax has a minimum of moving parts," he says. "You don't want to go into too many details. This has more moving parts than one could possibly imagine."

As for Linda, when asked if she had made up the whole scenario, she replied simply, "No. How could this be a hoax? There are too many people involved. In fact," she added, "I take the suggestion as a compliment. They must think I'm pretty intelligent to pull off such a thing."

Some details of the case frankly do make me suspicious. For one, the drawing of the abduction that Hopkins received from Richard and the woman on the bridge not only look like they might have been prepared by the same person, despite the stylistic and perspective differences, which Hopkins has duly noted, but more importantly, both were done in crayons and used the same colors.

What's more, to actually meet Linda and hear her talk is to be transported to a world where reality is inverted where all we have ever known is flipped on its head. Strain your ears, and you can almost hear the chords from *Twilight Zone* kick in as the underlying chaos of the universe takes control. Fact is outrageous as I find Linda's story. Linda herself seems in

"THE CENTRAL ISSUE, SAY
THE SKEPTICS, IS THE LACK OF LARGE NUMBERS
OF WITNESSES TO THIS
SPECTACULAR EVENT. AFTER ALL, NEW YORK
NEVER SLEEPS. EVEN IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, PEOPLE ARE OUT."

control much of what people actually read about UFOs."

Hansen is particularly upset that, given charges of kidnapping and attempted murder, the leadership did not go to the police. "I recognize there is government cover up on UFOs," he says, "but covering up a so-called attempted murder and kidnapping, as these guys apparently say they've done—that's quite something else."

Hoping to right the wrong, Hansen has, in fact, sent a letter to the inspector-general's office, Department of the Treasury, requesting that Linda's claims of kidnapping and attempted murder by federal agents be investigated. In February of 1992, the Secret Service contacted Linda and she and Hopkins went down to their World Trade Center offices to speak to Special Agent Peggy Fleming and her supervisor. Hopkins and Linda told Fleming the story and explained that they didn't know who Hansen was or why he was involved. Linda also objected to what she perceived as Hansen's insinuation that she was

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own. Her emotions—fright, anxiety and
anger—appear genuine.

I'm not alone in these impressions.
John Mack, a professor of psychiatry at
Harvard University Medical School,
whom Hopkins confided in as the story
unfolded and who now knows Linda
well, insists that "there is nothing unau-
thentic or devious" about her.

Gibbs Williams, a New York psycho-
analytic psychotherapist with a quarter
century of experience, has teased
Linda and also dismisses any notion
that Linda might be hoaxing the whole
affair. "You would have to have the
kind of conspiratorial mentality of Rich-
ard and Nixon to be able to think sixty-
two moves ahead," Williams says.
"Quite frankly, Linda doesn't appear to
have that kind of mind; she does not
have that kind of abstracting capacity.
He notes further that her emotive capac-
ity—her anger, crying and tendency to
get carried away—is not consistent
with the psychopaths' cold mentality of
the 'bomber and liar.' My conclusion," he
says, "is that from her perspective, she
is telling her truth."

Perhaps Jerome Clark, vice pres-
ident of the Center for UFO Studies
(CUFOS) and editor of the International
UFO Reporter, sums up the contro-
versy best. This is an absolutely extraor-
dinary claim and the evidence that you
need to marshal to support such a
claim simply is not there.

Hopkins promises it will be when his
book appears. Until then, Linda stands
alone, ambivalent about her fame. On
the one hand she seems to revel in the
notoriety. She attends national UFO
meetings obviously dressed to impress.
"To tell you the truth, it wouldn't be
that bad if I didn't have a family!" she
admits to me.

Yet she also feels victimized. There
are a lot of Italian Americans and Chi-
nese in my neighborhood, and many of
them even laugh at poggers," she
says. Imagine if anyone in the area
heard that I was abducted by aliens.
Worst of all," she continues, "I these
critics took away the safety of my fam-
ily by taking my real name and publish-
ing it. We are sitting ducks for any crack-
pot in the UFO community. They know
where I live. They know what I look like."
She has already taken her name off her
Internet e-mail, and she fully expects to
move when Hopkins' book on the case
comes out. "I don't know what's
worse," she says finally, "what Richard
and Dan did, what these three stooges
from New Jersey did, or what the na-
tional did." Or what Hopkins has done. I
might add. After all, he promised so
much and has delivered so little.

Poor Linda. **DD**

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Why Did?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

The clown face overhead suddenly straightened to the vertical. Its eyes rolled and the mouth opened. "Yum Yum Yum!" said a voice over the P.A. system. "Yum Yum Yum!"

"Lunchtime," said Beemer. "Want to join them?"

"I've already eaten," said Seeker. From the far corners of the grounds people walked toward the house. Some had hobbling steps. One walked but his arms didn't swing with his steps; they remained at his sides. There were six or eight women. A microcephalic in a spotted blue dress with her hair in a bow came up and hugged Beemer, then went inside. An old man dressed like the Little King in a tiny child's pedal car raced up to the steps, hopped out and ran through the double doors.

The lone boy stayed on in the field. Those that don't want to eat don't have to, said Beemer. "The cooks leave em sandwiches and stuff. Not your pickle loaf or baloney, either."

"How do you choose who stays here and who doesn't?"

"I don't. The Little Man does."

"He chooses them?"

"He'll let me know he wants to go somewhere. We'll go. One in a thousand sometimes. We'll go ten places, nothing. Eleventh place he gets out of the car, walks right up to someone, or they come up to him. He breaks out in a big smile. That's the one."

"And you take procedures to get them here?"

"Yep."

"Don't you find that a little arbitrary?"

"Boss me. It's worked every time."

"All right. You've been here twelve years. How many jobs—guests have died?"

"None."

"How many escaped?"

"None."

"Can you explain this?"

"They're happy here. Why would they want to leave?"

"What kind of therapy do you use?"

"None whatsoever."

"None?"

"Okay," Beemer paused, "happy therapy. They get to do pretty much whatever they want to do. If they're happy, they're okay."

The man in the Koko suit came by. His face was covered with clown white. His baggy black suit had big white buttons on it, and his pointed hat had three white puffs down the front. He walked over, picked up Beemer, clamed him to the stairs and set him down. Then he went inside.

"He wants a step-father," said Beemer.

"Who?"

"Elwood Jr. The Little Man."

"He doesn't talk," said Beemer. "Most of them can't, or won't. Elwood can write though, mostly they scribble rebus or notches that I can make out. Or he'll take me and show me. Sometimes it's hard. But he doesn't ask for much, and not often. I can show you his room if you want me to, while he's eating. I'll give you some idea."

They went upstairs. There was a long hall with bedrooms off each side. They came to one. Outside was a pile of hay. Beemer opened the door. In the

row pointing toward the bottom and a question mark.

"Oh, that's for me," said Beemer. He studied it a moment, then drew a picture: the word NO, a comma, an arrow pointing toward the bottom of the page, and a waterfall of some kind.

"What's that?" asked Seeker.

"That was an essay one," Willard Beemer said. "He wanted to know how you got down off an elephant. I said you don't get down off an elephant; you get down off a goose."

Seeker stared at him a moment.

"You're telling me he thinks on a tertiary conceptual level?"

"No. No. He thinks on a literal level. His father, Elwood Sr., never could figure out a damn thing he was trying to do because he thought on a tertiary level all the time. Me and my father could figure out pretty much everything cause we didn't. There are two or three of these things I still can't answer though."

"Have you ever had him tested? Or any of them?"

"Tested for what? Like I said, if Elwood Jr. wants them here, that's good enough for me. Come on. Let's go outside again. You see how he loves here."

Outside, they walked up the drive. The kid who had been in the wheel (or whatever it was) field was gone now. The clown head on the house was immobile.

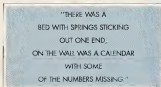
"See, what we got here is like people coming to visit."

"Who never leave. That's the best way I can describe it. The help comes here and takes care of them and leaves at night. Nobody comes to visit, because most of them don't have anybody. We're not trying to put anything over on anyone."

Then Beemer stopped. Just remembered one for Elwood Jr., he said. He took a piece of paper and drew on it. "Then a baby?" NO, then another baby. He put the paper in a crack in one of the wood columns of the portico. The clown head above the porch began to move. "Ha Ha Ha!" it said, its tinny voice echoing over the grounds. "Ha Ha Ha!"

"Playtime," said Beemer. "They'll all be coming out again."

"Mr. Beemer," said Seeker. "I'm not going to advise you on how to run your business, or to circumvent the laws. But you'll have to get at least a private liability license. You'll have to get a physician or psychiatrist to apply for you. I understand your care and concern. But suppose something happens to you



corner of the floor was a carpet with a hole cut in it. There was a bed with springs sticking out one end, on the wall was a calendar with some of the numbers missing. On the other side above the wash basin was a medicine cabinet with a pair of padded slippers on the floor in front of them. At an open window was a box of clocks, and there was another pile of timepieces under the desk in the corner. In another corner was a refrigerator. Beemer opened it. There was no shelves inside. There was a second handle so it could be opened from the inside.

"He thinks of me as his father, sometimes," said Beemer. Seeker didn't understand the reference but said nothing.

At the bottom of the refrigerator was a sack of fish with their noses out off. On the wall above a chair was a huge clock. On the wash basin was a hairbrush and a box of candy bullets.

There were several sheets of paper on the desk. One was a picture of an elephant with a howdah on it and an an-

HANDBOOK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Clifford Stone is a retired U.S. Army sergeant with an interest in UFOs. He has been trying to get the military to admit that it runs these projects and that it also recovers downed UFOs. Stone claims that the 696th Intelligence Group at Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland, makes these recoveries, and he has even submitted an FOIA request for the group's UFO files.

Records from Roswell. The Roswell case, in which a UFO is said to have crashed near Roswell, New Mexico, in July 1947, continues to haunt researchers and to draw numerous FOIA requests. In one of these, Don Schmitt, a researcher from the Center for UFO Studies in Illinois and coauthor with Kevin Randle of the 1991 book *UFO Crash at Roswell*, has filed an FOIA request on behalf of the family of Mac Brazel, the rancher who found the purported UFO wreckage. Specifically, we wanted to see the results of a medical examination allegedly given to Brazel by the United States Army after he made his discovery, Schmitt explains. The Army denied that it had records on Brazel of any sort, even though Brazel served in the Army during WWII.

Secret Sins. Is there a secrecy oath signed by military personnel involved with UFOs? Many UFO investigators, including Don Schmitt, claim to have active duty and retired military witnesses who will talk privately but not openly about UFOs and the government for fear of losing pensions. Schmitt awaits the results of an FOIA request submitted to the Army, Navy, and Air Force on whether or not an oath of secrecy actually exists.

X Marks the Spot. Another facet of the Roswell case concerns a United Press International (UPI) reporter who supposedly told Schmitt that in the early 1960s a public-information officer (PIO) at Holloman Air Force Base showed him a map of the Roswell crash site and even drove him out to look at it. Schmitt's FOIA asks for the name of the PIO and seeks to learn whether he ever worked with a UPI reporter in the early 1960s.

Name, Rank, and Serial Number. Schmitt would also like to obtain the records of and ultimately locate 30 military personnel who allegedly worked at Roswell Air Force Base in 1947. He submitted an FOIA with their names and se-

rial numbers, asking for access to their complete records. The Air Force responded that it had no records on those individuals.

Operation Majestic. The MJ-12 documents—short for Operation Majestic—turned up in microfilm form in the mailbox of James Shaders, a UFO investigator, back in 1984. Although most UFO researchers now believe the documents are phony, some say they may be evidence of a top secret briefing given to president elect Dwight Eisenhower in November 1952 by Admiral Roscoe Hilsenrath, then-director of the CIA.

After spending considerable time and money trying to verify these documents, Stanton Friedman put in an FOIA request in 1989. He thought he could study the authenticity of the controversial MJ-12 documents by comparing them to other CIA briefings of like. Friedman learned the times and dates of these additional briefings in archival research and using that specific informa-

tion the Center for UFO Studies provides three useful tips:

- UFOlogists believe petitions may be screened for buzzwords like UFO, which tip officials off to give the request prejudicial treatment, so researchers try to be creative. "We never refer to Roswell by name," says Schmitt, "and in the last five years I have not made an FOIA request in which I specifically referred to UFOs."

- Schmitt and other FOIA experts often request paragraphs, even sentences, not in classified documents just to see whether the agency has any information on the topic at all. The technique also confuses officials, preventing them from pigeonholing the request as UFO related, thus encouraging them to give it a higher priority and push it through.

- Hoping to stop the government in efforts to pull the wool over their eyes, UFO researchers often request documents they know for a fact exist. "We often try to tip them up," Schmitt explains. "We send in our request, they deny it. Then we send copies of specific documents that refer to the documents they claim they don't have."

IS THERE A SECRECY
OATH SIGNED BY MILITARY PERSONNEL
INVOLVED WITH UFOs?
RESEARCHERS SAY CLASSIFIED ARMY,
NAVY, AND AIR FORCE
DOCUMENTS MAY REVEAL THE TRUTH

SIDE-STEPPING THE FOIA. The frustrations of filing an FOIA being what they are, a number of UFO researchers have now evolved alternative strategies for prying documents from government vaults. A couple of the most prominent efforts are detailed below.

Moon Dust II. Cliff Stone's requests to the Air Force and Defense Intelligence Agency for projects Moon Dust and Blue Fly information were unsuccessful, so he's making similar requests through the office of Senator Jeff Bingaman of New Mexico who is working with the Pentagon's Congressional Liaison Office on this issue. Remember, you are part of a constituency; your representative can help.

Operation Right to Know. In 1992, Operation Right to Know was formed by three Mutual UFO Network members who felt political action was the only way to wrest secrets from the government. They picked out UFO literature on the ellipse behind the White House in 1982, picketed in front of the White House in 1983, and demonstrated outside the United Nations building in New York in November 1993. Operation Right to Know now has more than 200 members, is growing with European chapters, and will probably picket for access to government UFO information in a city near you. ☐

FOIA TIPS

For those sturdy souls who wish to buck the tide, it is sometimes possible to successfully wield the Freedom of Information Act to dredge up information buried deep. To help the uninitiated work the system and uncover as much as possible, FOIA pro Don Schmitt of

GAMES

BACK WORDS

Breaking through walls in the Antimaze and an April Foolery Gallery

By Scott Morris

With progress, as new things come along, we have to find new words for old things. I remember my first tape recorder. If I wanted to buy that same machine today, I'd have to ask the salesperson for a reel-to-reel tape recorder. The word book sufficed for centuries, but when paperback came along, a new word, *hard cover book*, was born.

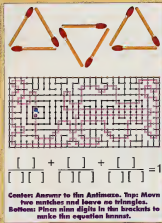
These words, typically adjective-noun combinations, are called *retronyms*. How many can you find in the following story?

I drove my car, which has a manual transmission, down a dirt road and listened to a day baseball game played on national turf on my AM radio. Then I tuned in a stage play which had been pre-recorded before a live audience.

In the back was my road bike, a manual typewriter, a rotary phone, a cloth diaper, an acoustic guitar, a still camera, a straight razor and a fountain pen. Later, at a hot down dinner, I had free-range chicken, a cheese blintz, and plain yogurt. I washed it down with a draft beer, some fresh-squeezed orange juice and a Coca-Cola Classic.

Better retronyms are needed. What do you call a nonmicrocassette oven? I call mine the macrowave. Rollerblade is a trade name for in-line skater. Now we need an updated word for traditional skates.

Can readers come up with words for nondigital tape cassette, non flat screen TV, nonelectronic mail, and other retronyms?



The solution to Scott Kim's Antimaze, which appeared here last month, is above. The path from the square to the circle passes only through walls and never through open spaces.

Nob Yoshigahara, the Japanese puzzle inventor and writer, recently showed me two new creations. First, he amalgamated nine match sticks into three triangles (top). Can you move only two matches and leave no triangles? he asked.

Second, he drew a plan for three fractions (at bottom), each with a one-

digit numerator and a two-digit denominator, which all together add up to one. The challenge is to place the nine digits 1 through 9 in the only way that makes the equation correct. I answer these two problems in June.

Let's wrap up this column with some puzzles appropriate to the month.

1. What runs low to aft on one side of a ship and aft to fore on the other side?
2. If nine thousand nine hundred and nine dollars is written as \$9,909, how

- should twelve thousand twelve hundred and twelve dollars be written?
3. In a deck of cards, two of the Jacks have two eyes and two of the Jacks have one eye. How many eyes are on the four Jack cards?
4. You throw away the outside and cook the inside. Then you eat the outside and throw away the inside. What did you eat?
5. How can you stand behind your father while he is standing behind you?
6. While Keesee was making coffee, her earring fell into the cup. Even though the cup was full of coffee, the earring didn't get wet. How is this possible?
7. A man is found dead in the snow in a remote mountain area. There are no tracks leading to or from his body. He didn't die of hunger, thirst, or cold. The coroner ruled that he died partly because of the pack on his back. What was in it?
8. Coincidentally nearby was the body of a woman who had been killed by the pack on her back. The coroner determined she had been walking alone and that no one was near her when she died. What happened?

ANSWERS

- The story has 23 retronyms:
1. The name of the ship
 2. \$12,212
 3. Twelve. Each card has two Jack faces.
 4. An ear of corn.
 5. Stand back to back.
 6. The cup had dry instant coffee in it.
 7. An unopened parachute.
 8. She was killed by a pack of wolves. ☐