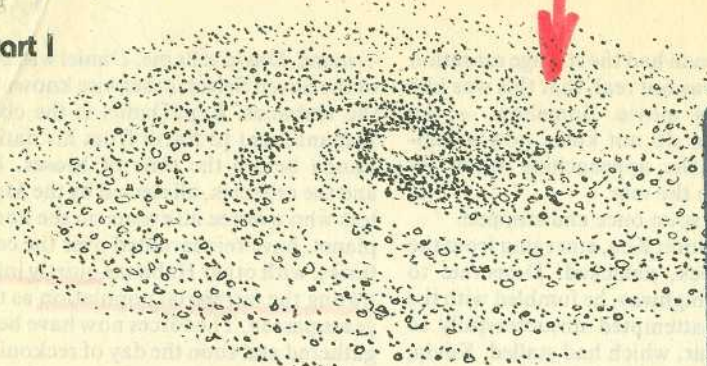


FATE, MARCH-PC

Part I



WAITING FOR THE SPACE BROTHERS

Space Age prophets are spreading the word:

extraterrestrials are coming and the end of the world is at hand.

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By Jerome Clark

THE BUMPER-to-bumper rush-hour traffic was clipping along up I-94 just northwest of Chicago. It was 5:30 in the afternoon of August 2, 1985. Ken Macmillan,* a successful car salesman who works in one of Chicago's wealthy North Shore suburbs, and his 20-year-old son Kevin were in the right-hand lane keeping pace with the traffic when suddenly a red pickup truck immediately to their left swerved in their direction. Startled, Ken yanked his steering wheel sharply to the right to avoid collision, only to see his car about to go down a steep embankment. The car was moving sideways and almost certainly it was going to flip.

He jerked the wheels to the left, in the direction of the oncoming traffic, and at that moment lost control of the car. It shot across all three lanes of traffic directly toward the concrete embankment that divides the northbound highway from the southbound. He yanked the wheels to the right and the car spun around twice. During the second spin a semi hit it in the rear, causing it to spin another half-turn, this time on its two left wheels.

"Hang on, Kevin!" Ken shouted. "We're going over! We're going to flip!"

Instead the car stopped. It was now in the center lane facing south, directly into the northbound traffic. Another semi was coming. It was too late to do anything but watch the smoke shooting out under the truck tires as the driver frantically tried to stop. As it was hap-

*A pseudonym.

WAITING FOR THE SPACE BROTHERS

landings and natural or man-made cataclysms — and they have always been wrong.

"It was wrong of us of Landa to try and put dates in the way the human kind would understand. Time is nonexistent to us," David says. He sounds sincere; the very word "time" comes to him with difficulty. He continues in his oddly fractured but formal English, "At the same moment, constantly we of Landa... truly, truly continue to work with these human kinds that made the choice to be worked with and give them hope... It is a most confusing issue when such as we of Landa try and create an image within the mind of Ken and other — as you speak, contact... What is that word?"

"Contactees."

* * *

THE UFO AGE dates from Kenneth Arnold's famous June 24, 1947, sighting of what were soon to be called "flying saucers," by newspaper reporter Bill Bequette, and thereafter renamed, more soberly, "unidentified flying objects" by Project Blue Book's Capt. Edward J. Ruppelt.

In the nearly four decades since then, UFOs have remained elusive and seemingly inexplicable. Persons who see them experience the emotions one would expect such phenomena to elicit: puzzlement, excitement, fear. In some cases, individuals who appear sane and sincere describe brief, terrifying encounters with UFO occupants, usually described as short, hairless humanoids with oversized heads. Sometimes claimants even tell of being abducted into UFOs, there to be subjected to medical examination by coldly impersonal beings.

Abductees, whatever the true nature of their experiences, are clearly part of the "UFO phenomenon," whatever its true nature. If one accepts UFO reports at face value (which of course all skeptics and even many proponents refuse to do), one can only conclude that non-human beings with advanced technology and inscrutable motives are visiting the earth. Anyone who has studied the sightings or interviewed the witnesses will be struck at some point by the alienness of the phenomenon being described. Seekers after comfort from extraterrestrial sources will not find it in the UFO evidence; all they will be left with is a profound sense of unease.

Three years into the UFO age, a little-noted story was told by an elderly Centralia, Wash., man named Samuel Eaton Thompson. Thompson claimed that, while passing through a remote forested area on March 28, 1950, he came upon a spaceship and its occupants, lovely nude men, women and children who identified themselves as Venusians. Strangely innocent and oddly ignorant — they only vaguely understood how their ship flew and had no idea who had built it — the Venusians were possessed of great good will. The earth was a bad place which Venusians and peace-loving beings from other planets in the solar system were visiting in hopes of redeeming. This would be accomplished by contacting earthmen one by one. Thompson was the first earthman to be contacted, they said.*

Thompson, a poorly-educated, unsophisticated man, made no effort to

*For a full account of Thompson's story, see my "The Coming of the Venusians, January 1981 FATE.



pening, Kevin had the strange sensation that this was not real, that this was like being in a movie. Somehow — the Macmillans do not know how it happened — the approaching truck hit their car in the rear.

The car spun once and stopped. At this point Ken, emerging from the initial shock, panicked. Desperate to get off the highway, he fumbled with the keys and attempted unsuccessfully to start the car, which had stalled. Kevin, who remained calm, reached over to the transmission shift and moved it from drive to neutral. His father then started the car and drove to the shoulder of the road.

The semi pulled up and its driver, looking bewildered, stepped out. He asked if they were okay and when they assured him they were, he drove off. The Macmillans surveyed the damage to their car. The taillight lenses were broken. And that was it.

"We couldn't understand it," Ken says. "It was miracle enough that we made it. But why didn't we hit any other cars? When I shot across the lanes, I would have had to run cars off the road. But no cars smashed up. On top of that, nobody stopped! Except for the truck driver, everybody just kept going right by us as if nothing happened."

Three days later David explained what had happened. It was a demonstration, he said, to show Ken how much protection he had. He escaped harm because time had been slowed down.

David is from the planet Landa. Ken Macmillan is his son.

* * *

DANIEL (pronounced Dan-yell) is Ken's real — that is, Landanian

— name, David tells me. Daniel was one of the Seven Select, otherwise known as the Habanas. Ken/Daniel is the chief Habana, sent to Earth from his native Landa before the time of Moses. He and the other six, all elected by the Masters who oversee all events on the home planet, have reincarnated over the centuries, with other Habanas quietly infiltrating the terrestrial population as the years passed. The forces now have been gathered and soon the day of reckoning will come.

"Soon" is as close as David is willing to commit himself as we converse on the evening of August 12. To Ken, who says he has seen him, David is a strikingly handsome figure who resembles a Greek god. To me David is Ken Macmillan, lying on a couch in the living room of a house in a small northern Illinois town. Ken's eyes are closed and he is speaking in a voice unlike the one he uses in normal conversation. When the communication — the "channeling" — is over, Ken will not remember what was said.

"There is no such thing as time," David says. "Time is irrelevant." He and "we of Landa," as he always refers to his associates in that distant world, have never been able to master the human concept of "time" and it is impossible for them to pinpoint the exact time at which a future event will occur.

This is why, David replies when I ask him about the long history of failed prophecies from extraterrestrial sources, people have been misled in the past. I have pointed out to him that people have been given specific dates on which extraordinary events will occur — usually involving mass extraterrestrial

exploit his story for publicity or financial gain. A brief account of it was published in a local newspaper. Shortly afterwards Kenneth and Doris Arnold interviewed him at length and concluded that, as outlandish as Thompson's claims were, it was obvious he believed them to be true. Having listened to tapes of the interview, I am inclined to agree.

Two and a half years later, on November 20, 1952, George Adamski, itinerant occultist and amateur astronomer, met Orthon, a Venusian, in the California desert. Six "witnesses" attested they had seen the meeting and Adamski even provided a photograph of Orthon's "scoutcraft." To unbelieving eyes the scoutcraft bears a distinct resemblance to a large desert rock.

Soon, however, Adamski was producing ever clearer photographs of scoutcraft and motherships. In due course he flew around the moon and attended a conference on Saturn. He attracted an international following of believers who attended his lectures, bought his books and hung on his every word. (Beyond being blond, beautiful and here to save us, Adamski's sophisticated — and clothed — Venusians were nothing like Thompson's nature children.) Meanwhile charges of fraud swirled around him, documented most devastatingly by James W. Moseley of *Saucer News*, and photoanalysis merely confirmed the obvious: that the flying saucers in his pictures were small three-dimensional models and cardboard cutouts.*

"Sincere" was not a word Adamski's

*Adamski's remarkable career is discussed in David Stupp's "The Man Who Talked With Venusians," January 1979 FATE, and in Richard Thomas' "Pioneer or Profiteer?," July 1983 FATE.

legion of critics used to characterize his claims — or, for that matter, the claims of the other flamboyant contactees who were quick to follow Adamski on the New Age lecture circuit. In the late 1950's, as a reporter for the *Oakland [Calif.] Tribune*, Rodney Stark, today a University of Washington sociologist, spent considerable time in the company of the professional contactees, who backstage made little secret of what they were up to. "It was all a big joke to them," he recalls, mentioning, besides Adamski (who died in 1965), the names of several still active in the contactee business. "They even called their followers 'marks.'"

These Space Age flimflam men, with their wild tales and ludicrous "proofs" (including, in one case, hair from a 385-pound Venusian dog), created a stereotype of the contactee as a headline-hunting sociopath. But the reality is — mostly, at any rate — otherwise.

While the contactee con artists were garnering the bulk of the publicity, all across the country — indeed all across the world — otherwise-normal persons were entering into communication with what they believed to be extraterrestrial intelligences. Their stories were little noted because few of these "silent contactees," as John Keel has called them, sought publicity; in fact, many did not even confide in friends or neighbors. When they did seek publicity, it was because they believed their interplanetary friends had directed them to do so. And that usually happened when a prophecy was about to be fulfilled and the results, inevitably, were disastrous.

In one celebrated example, a Chicago woman named Dorothy Martin began receiving communications, through

automatic writing, from Sananda, an extraterrestrial who said he had been Jesus in an earlier incarnation. Mrs. Martin was told that cataclysmic earth changes would take place on December 20, 1954, and that she and her faithful followers would be rescued by a flying saucer just before a massive tidal wave destroyed the city. As the date approached, the group was instructed to inform the press of the imminent end of the world.

When none of the prophesied events occurred, the contactee group had to face not only massive public ridicule but, in some cases, sanity hearings. Mrs. Martin's chief follower, Dr. Charles Laughead, was forced to resign his position on the staff of Michigan State College Hospital. Others had quit their jobs, given away their money or dropped out of school in anticipation of what was to come.*

But the most tragic contactee story of all is Gloria Lee's. In 1953 Lee, a model and airline stewardess, began receiving communications from someone identifying himself only as "J.W.," a resident of Jupiter. Lee had her doubts about this, however. She knew of other persons who had actually ridden in flying saucers and met their occupants in the flesh. But J.W. was only a voice inside

her head. She insisted on a physical visit from him. When he refused to visit, she vowed to ignore him.

Then one day she was in the backyard of her Westchester, Calif., home hanging the family wash on the clothesline when she heard a voice say, "Well, you've been wanting to see one — look up!" As Lee told the story, "And when I did, there was a saucer, big as life, flying north towards Santa Monica!"

Soon afterwards, through J.W.'s guidance, Lee joined a psychic-development group where, Lee later wrote, "I was utterly flabbergasted when someone described a person who claimed to be a 'space man' and identified himself as J.W.!" That settled the matter as far as Lee was concerned, even though she was never to see him as anything other than a "manifested light form." In her 1959 book *Why We Are Here*, a collection of J.W.'s teachings transmitted through automatic writing, Lee conceded that "for those of you who may still doubt the existence of J.W., I can give you no concrete proof which would satisfy only the five senses." But at the level of the sixth sense, Lee believed firmly, J.W. was very, very real.

So she did not question him when in the fall of 1962 he instructed her to go on a fast for peace. The fast would end when a "light elevator" arrived to take her to Jupiter. Some weeks into the fast he told her she was to travel to Washington, D.C., and present spaceship blueprints to government officials. On November 28, as she waited for word in a Washington hotel room, she slipped into a coma and on December 2 she died. Her fast had lasted 66 days.

Two months later members of a Miami-based contactee group an-

to be about 18 or 20 years old. She stood there quietly for a few moments knowing, no doubt, that I wanted to drink in the details.

"Her hair was shoulder-length and softly wavy. Her skin appeared to be light, and such a figure I've never seen! Talk about stacked! I asked her earlier (in a radio contact) to describe herself and this is what she had said: 'I am five feet, four inches tall, 122 pounds, 37-22-26!!!' Yes, 37-22-26! Then had come another shocker. 'I am the equivalent of 74 of your years of age which, in our society, is the prime of life.'"

In due course Renaud was meeting personally with the Korendorians and riding in their spaceships.

A reclusive figure who shunned the contactee lecture and convention circuit, he confined his activities to writing (gratis) several articles about his "experiences" for the small-circulation *UFO International*, published by the contactee-oriented Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, and to contributing occasional letters to Jim Moseley's *Saucer News*, whose editor did not trouble to hide his skepticism.

Reading Renaud's material at the time it appeared, I assumed that it was bad science fiction written by someone who was amusing himself at the expense of gullible contactee enthusiasts. As "evidence" all that Renaud had to offer were a handful of "UFO" photographs which would have challenged the faith of even the truest believer.

But Grise, who spent some time with Renaud in 1967, thinks that, bogus pictures notwithstanding, he was not essentially a hoaxer. "If Renaud was engaged in fraud," he says, "it was preposterous, unrewarding fraud."

Grise visited Renaud at his home and found, as the contactee's writings claimed, a basement room full of electronic equipment, including the television set and the short-wave radio over which the communications supposedly were effected. Grise, an engineer by profession and ham-radio buff by avocation, found that "everything seemed to make sense. The circuits were all appropriate to extend the receiving range." In other words, if he was getting messages from an aerial source, he had the equipment with which to receive them.

More remarkable, however, were the books Renaud was writing on Korendorian life and philosophy. There were a dozen or so of them, all single-spaced, each 500 to 600 pages long. There were, so far as Grise could discern from studying their contents, no typographical errors. But that was not all.

"When he wrote these books," Grise recalls, "it was like his hands belonged to someone else. He'd sit there in front of his typewriter and pay no attention to what was coming out of him. He'd be on the phone or talking with me and all the while his hands are going, producing all this perfectly-typed, clearly-written stuff on alien philosophy. It was just unbelievable."

Grise was perplexed by Renaud's attitude. "He showed no signs whatever of wanting to promote himself," he says. "There was no show biz, no snake oil. He didn't even seem much interested in talking. He'd answer questions but he wouldn't offer anything. He was hesitant to entertain visitors and he sold nothing, made no money. He said the whole business was imposed on him; he hadn't gone after it."

*This episode and its immediate aftermath are recounted in *When Prophecy Fails* (1956) by Leon Festinger, Henry W. Riecken and Stanley Schachter. In the book Mrs. Martin is called "Marian Keech" and Dr. Laughead "Dr. Armstrong." Despite their traumatic disappointment both went on to pursue active careers in the contactee movement. In December 1956 Mrs. Martin and the Laugheads, with George Hunt Williamson (one of the "witnesses" to Adamski's initial contact and himself a contactee), moved to the shores of Lake Titicaca in Peru (where, Williamson averred, "the space confederation has a gigantic base") expecting, yet again, cataclysmic earth changes. After a period of months all returned, undiscouraged. Mrs. Martin, who calls herself "Sister Thebra," continues to communicate with extraterrestrials and directs the Association Sananda Sanat Kumara, headquartered at Mount Shasta.

nounced that Gloria Lee was communicating through them, having found peace and happiness on Jupiter.

OF ALL the contactees he has ever known, Allan Grise remembers Bob Renaud the best. "I think anybody who ever knew the guy was in awe of him," Grise says.

Grise, who has been following contactees for the past 25 years, is not easily awed. He knows that in the contactee game grandiose claims and supporting evidence are, in respective order, abundant and scarce. He thinks their cosmology — which has virtually every planet in this and other solar systems inhabited by humanlike beings — is right out of a comic book. And he acknowledges that Renaud's story, at least on paper, is no more believable than any other contactee's.

In July 1961 — the story goes — Robert P. Renaud, a Pittsfield, Mass., electronics technician who worked for General Electric, heard beeping sounds emanating from his ham radio. When they stopped, a lovely female voice said, "Bob, we'd like you to stay on this frequency for a while." The voice went on to say, "I am called Lin-Erri and my associates and I come from the planet Korendor. We are speaking to you from our spaceship many miles above your earth at this time."

Lin-Erri told Renaud that she and her fellow Korendorians had chosen to contact him because they knew of his interest in UFOs, world peace and the future of mankind. Lin-Erri introduced him to other members of the crew. "Then," Renaud would write, "for the next half hour they gave me explicit instructions on how to build both a sub-

space converter for my receiver and a companion sub-space transmitter so that I could have two-way communications with them during future contacts."

In the months to come Lin-Erri and friends recounted the history of their planet and described their mission, which was to save the earth from destroying itself. "We had hoped that seeing our craft in your skies would cause you to consider that your race is not alone in the universe . . . and that any international quarrels would shrink into insignificance and you would see the folly of your ways," Lin-Erri said. "Unfortunately our cause has not been an easy one. We have met with unforeseen skepticism among your people. . . .

"The Venusians and the Martians have been contacting some of your people regularly but this skepticism and ridicule has [sic] caused many of them to conceal their experiences. The number of 'contactees,' as you say, who are known publicly is not even 10 percent of the total number who have actually been contacted."

On December 3 Renaud was given instructions on how to fix an otherwise-nonfunctioning television so that it could receive their transmissions. Now he would be able actually to see the Korendorians. Later that month Master Kalen-Li, in a transmission from Venus, promised Renaud that he would be contacted personally within the year.

The first television transmission came through on January 6, 1962. Renaud was shown scenes of the earth from space and of the interior of the spaceship. Then:

"At this point the camera swung directly on Lin-Erri. She was a breath-takingly beautiful blonde who appeared

Renaud also had a large collection of tapes allegedly of his space communications. Grise listened to some of them and heard what was supposed to be the voice of Lin-Erri. He recalls, "These were good-quality, reel-to-reel recordings. The woman's voice had a kind of hesitancy in speech patterns suggesting a foreign person doing well in English. It had a singsong, melodious quality."

When Grise asked if he could meet the extraterrestrials — in whom, despite a deep natural cynicism about such matters, he was almost ready to believe — Renaud said he could request a meeting but could not guarantee that the Korendorians would agree to one.

"Besides," Grise chuckles, "these guys always showed up at inconvenient times, like 3:00 A.M. And I don't meet anybody at 3:00 A.M."

Soon afterwards Renaud broke off their brief association and told him not to call or visit anymore. Renaud ceased all contact activities, telling his publisher that he had done his part and wanted no more of it. "He treated the whole thing like a contractual agreement he'd entered into with the ETs," Grise says. "He'd done what he was supposed to do and now he wanted to be left alone." Renaud now lives somewhere on the East Coast, his moment of contactee stardom long forgotten.

Grise has spent his adult life listening to preposterous contactee stories. Renaud's story, too, is mostly preposterous. Yet it puzzles Grise even now, nearly two decades later. "Something quite out of the normal was going on," he says. "Whatever it was."

This is Part I of a three-part article.



HUMANITY'S GREATEST MYSTERY

By W. Ritchie Benedict

KENYAN newspapers revealed in the spring of 1984 that fossil hunter Kiptalam Cheboi found two molars and a bit of jawbone that may be enough to change history. There wasn't much left of the five-million-year-old man when he was found in Kenya's archaeologically prolific Rift Valley. Until Cheboi picked up the 2.9-inch fossil on February 23, 1984, near Lake Barigo, the earliest known human relic was about 3.5 million years old.

"This find goes back at least another million years," said Dr. Andrew Hill, a Harvard University research fellow. "It extends the known human lineage by about 25 percent and that is quite a lot."

Hill, who heads the joint Harvard-

Museums of Kenya project, said in an interview in Nairobi that Cheboi's find destroys the controversial theory that humans diverged from apes less than five million years ago. The right-side jawbone and first and second molars are clearly human. Preliminary dating indicates they are at least 4.5 million years old.

The fossil, Hill says, is similar to more complete specimens found by Dr. Don Johansson in Tanzania. Johansson's find, known internationally as "Lucy," has been dated at 3.5 million years.

The finds are important clues in humanity's greatest mystery. Sometime during the vast stretches of prehistory, humans became distinct from apes. But why, when and how?



FATE, APRIL-86

WAITING FOR THE SPACE BROTHERS

To a select group of earthlings extraterrestrials reveal their plans for our future.

Part II

By Jerome Clark

AFTER a bizarre traffic accident on the Illinois tollway one afternoon in August 1985, flying-saucer contactee Ken Macmillan (pseudonym) is told that he and his son survived because his extraterrestrial benefactors slowed time down, keeping his car from being destroyed in the rush-hour traffic. Macmillan psychically channels messages from David and other beings from Landa, a distant planet. David tells Ken that he is his father and that Ken was sent to earth before the time of Moses, reincarnating over the centuries to prepare himself for the day of reckoning, soon to come.

Since the early years of the UFO controversy, many persons have claimed to be in contact with benevolent beings from other worlds. Some of these, such as George Adamski and other flamboyant figures from the 1950's, were almost certainly conscious frauds. But most contactees are sincere and are willing to act on their beliefs even in the absence of earthly reward. In 1954 as Chicago-based contactee group was warned of the imminent end of the world, attract-

ing much attention and suffering much embarrassment when the prophecy failed. Another contactee, Gloria Lee, starved herself to death while undergoing a fast ordered by J.W. from Jupiter, with whom she communicated by automatic writing.

Another contactee, Robert Renaud, claimed to be in contact, via radio and television, with people from the planet Korendor. Although uninterested in publicity, followers or money, Renaud produced a dozen large volumes of material describing Korendorian life and philosophy. He wrote these on the typewriter, his hands producing reams of error-free, clearly-written pages while his conscious attention was elsewhere. Investigator Allan Grise, who witnessed this automatic typing, heard tapes supposedly of alien voices. Although Renaud's story was unbelievable he did not act, in Grise's view, like a conscious hoaxer. "If this was fraud, it was preposterous, unrewarding fraud," he says. Renaud eventually dropped out of sight, saying he wanted nothing further to do with the Korendorians.

think they themselves are extraterrestrial. Some are convinced that they merely occupy terrestrial bodies, having assumed the occupation by prebirth agreement with a terrestrial soul who agreed to move on at an early age. Others believe that they have been here hundreds or thousands of years, their souls reincarnating again and again until the day of cosmic reckoning — which is now.

If they note the fact at all (and in my experience none has ever done so, unless specifically challenged on the point), contactees are not troubled by the myriad contradictions an outside observer notices when he compares the various accounts. After affirming that "everything Adamski says is true," a contactee (who claims herself to have lived on Venus, home planet of most of Adamski's space friends) goes on to say that of the nine planets in our solar system, three (Venus and Saturn, besides Earth) are inhabited by physical beings of humanlike appearance; Adamski's solar system had 12 inhabited planets. The same contactee says "white-light beings" live on Mars and "airlike beings" on Jupiter — again contradicting Adamski.

Few contactees wonder much about the fact that the cosmos they describe, if we are to credit massive astronomical evidence, could not possibly exist. If there is life on any other planet in the solar system, which is highly unlikely to begin with, it is probably not intelligent life; but even if it were, given the conditions on those planets, such life would have to take unimaginable forms. Furthermore, if intelligent life exists in other solar systems (a more reasonable possibility, but one a growing number

of scientists have begun to question*), it is inconceivable that evolutionary processes there would produce beings who look or think anything like us.

* * *

I AM HAVING lunch in a Laramie restaurant with four contactees, one of whom is describing the beauty of the Venusian climate and the niceness of its inhabitants. When I politely ask how scientists ever got the idea that the planet has a surface temperature of something like 900 degrees F., the contactee explains that terrestrial probes "are beamed by the Venusians to land in the desert, where it's so hot that the earth metal in those machines was melting and malfunctioning two minutes after landing. The Venusians have lived there for millions of years and they don't want the humans to come flying over there messing up everything."

She remarks that no less than J. Allen Hynek, the noted astronomer and UFO authority, can attest to the reality of an inhabited Venus, since recently he has spent two weeks there attending a conference. I respond mildly that I know Dr. Hynek fairly well (I am on the board of directors of Hynek's Center for UFO Studies and edit its journal) and am unaware of any recent unexplained two-week disappearance on his part. "He wasn't in his body," the contactee replies, speaking as if to one unusually dense.

Of course it takes no great wit to spot the innumerable improbabilities and contradictions in contactee accounts. More interesting are the similarities which, if only general (each story is a variation on a grander theme), are still

*See James E. Oberg's "We Are Alone," June 1980 FATE.

AKIKO Arakawa is a shy, pretty 27-year-old Japanese woman whose life is the property of beings from distant space. This life that is not her own has brought her, in July 1985, to Laramie, Wyo., where she and other persons who believe they are in contact with extraterrestrial intelligences have gathered to attend the Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO Investigation.

Akiko smiles often but her eyes are sad. Her English is broken and when she speaks, it is always with Japanese-English dictionary in hand. She has come to America, she says, because her lover is here. She has met him only once, two years ago, when he appeared in her room and spoke with her. She remembers that he wore an astronaut suit and helmet and he was handsome, with Eurasian features, but she remembers nothing of what he said to her. Later she was to learn that he will not have her now because he has another lover, an earthwoman, but one day he and Akiko will marry. Their child will rule the earth — “of course,” Akiko adds.

For much of her life Akiko has received daily telepathic communications from the Elohim, wise beings who represent seven regions of space. (Elohim is Hebrew for “gods.” Akiko says she does not know this.) They monitor her daily life and sometimes laugh good-naturedly at her doings. Although the Elohim are not evil — they protect the earth from hostile aliens — they have, in effect, enslaved her. “I am a robot,” she says.

Her contacts have opened her and her family to dangers from malevolent elements, including violent men who kidnapped her father, a farmer, and

took him to faraway Tokyo. Before releasing him, they warned him that his daughter must stop her contacts with aliens. Akiko says the kidnappers were members of a fanatical Buddhist sect which feels threatened by reports of extraterrestrial communications.

The contactee conference is full of strange stories but — with two or three exceptions — the people telling the stories are not themselves strange. They do not wear funny costumes or bear the pop-eyed countenances of fanatics. Were it not for their peculiar idea that they are instruments of extraterrestrial powers inhabiting a universe right out of *Star Wars*, they would seem “normal.” Well, not entirely; they are, one feels, a little nicer than most people, kind, sympathetic and sincere to a fault.

They may be naive but they are not ignorant. The contactees I meet range from the well-educated to the reasonably-educated to the self-educated. Many describe themselves as having been spiritually restless in their pre-contact lives, convinced that somehow they were “different.” This feeling led them to investigate occultism, Spiritualism and other New Age doctrines. When they finally met the extraterrestrials, the contactees felt somehow that the information given them simply confirmed what they had known or suspected all along.

Typically a contactee is told by his extraterrestrial benefactors that he is the most important person on the earth, their representative on the planet; yet, knowing this, contactees do not quarrel with others claiming like honor. They are just happy to be together and to be able to speak freely.

I meet few contactees who do not

apparent to anyone who is paying attention.

The contactee universe, beginning with some or all of the planets in our solar system, is densely populated. Many of these worlds have inhabitants who resemble us but are better-looking. These beings, often called “Space Brothers,” are wise and benevolent. They believe in God and they share an occult-religious philosophy (recognizable to knowledgeable earthlings as a sort of Christian Theosophy). They possess an extraordinarily advanced technology which enables them to fly anywhere they wish in space. They also have psychic powers and usually communicate telepathically. Some of them live in our midst.

The Space Brothers have a far-ranging alliance which they call the Galactic Federation. The Federation exists to maintain order in the universe, do good deeds and fend off evil forces. The evil forces are variously defined but almost always they turn out to be aliens who do not have human appearances. (The cynic may wonder if this is not the first hint of an incipient exobiological racism.)

One thing the evil forces want to do is to destroy or enslave the earth. Many contactees hold that UFO abductions, which are different from contacts because they involve persons being taken against their will by grotesque humanoids, are committed by the evil forces who implant devices in abductees’ brains to turn them into helpless pawns. The evil forces have agents on earth.*

*The flamboyant contactees of the 1950’s sometimes called these agents the “Silence Group,” an arm of the “International Bankers.” The “International Banker” theme was picked up from anti-Semitic mythology; indeed, the anti-Semitism of some of the ‘50’s contactees was very thinly veiled. Among the latter-day contactees I have known, however, I have never heard expressions of racial or ethnic bigotry.

These agents, sometimes known as “men in black,” wear dark suits, drive big black cars and harass contactees. Sometimes the men in black claim falsely to be agents of the United States government.

We are living now at the most crucial moment in the history of the human race. Soon, probably between now and the turn of the century, great changes are going to occur. Human hatred and corruption have given the earth a hellish reputation everywhere in the universe, but we earthlings are not irredeemable; what we require is a change in consciousness, a “raising of vibrations.” The Space Brothers and the contactees are working to help us achieve this.

But we are on the brink of some major catastrophic event, such as a pole shift or a nuclear war. Millions of people will die.* Contactees and their followers will be saved, however. At the last moment they will be picked up in flying saucers and flown to safety, perhaps on the planet from which, years or centuries ago, they sprang. The world will not end, though. The contactees will return and with the Space Brothers usher in a New Age of peace and harmony.

* * *

LEO SPRINKLE laughs. “My attitude about these conferences,” the University of Wyoming psychologist says, “is that for a week we’ll allow people to talk and all we’ll do is listen to them. And then, only when it’s all over and everybody’s gone home, we’ll say, ‘Shit, that can’t be true!’”

Dr. Sprinkle, a jovial, enormously lik-

*But they will not suffer. Their souls will leave their bodies before their bodies are destroyed.

able man who insists that everyone call him "Leo," has been listening to contactees for years. Leo became aware of them through his interest in UFOs, psychic phenomena and altered states of consciousness. In the 1970's he entered into correspondence with a number of contactees, who were puzzled and disturbed by their experiences. "Why me?" they wanted to know.

Leo couldn't answer that but he could put contactees in touch with each other and so through him an informal network was established. Soon some were urging him to hold a conference so that contactees could meet face to face. In 1980 the first Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO investigation, sponsored then (but no longer) by the University of Wyoming's School of Extended Studies, attracted about 20 participants. Since then a conference has been held every summer and attendance has steadily grown. The 1985 conference which I attended drew between 80 and 90 persons. Not all were contactees, of course. There were also occult seekers, psychologists, writers, ufologists and the idly curious.

Leo says this is "both therapy and science." The therapy is for the contactees, who need the reassurance and reinforcement their fellows can give them. The science is for Sprinkle and June Parnell who are investigating the personality profiles of over 200 contactees. These contactees have all been given three widely-used psychological tests which measure mental health.

Leo is supervising Parnell's Ph.D. dissertation, which compares the profiles of contactees with those of a sample of noncontactees. Parnell had expected to learn that contactees are psy-

chologically abnormal (i.e., "nuts"). She was surprised to find no detectable psychological differences between contactees and "normal" persons. In other words, you don't have to be crazy to believe you have had outlandish experiences.*

The two psychologists agree that the typical contactee is sincerely convinced he has had extraordinary experiences. What those "experiences" really are, however, is another question entirely. There is, they point out, "no evidence" these are physically real events, however much contactees might think that they are.

"Still, there is a certain amount of consistency in these stories," Leo says. "And the people who are telling the stories come from all walks of life and from all over the world. These experiences have tremendous effects on their lives; yet most of them don't have anybody to talk to about it. I think these people deserve to be heard and I certainly think this is a phenomenon social scientists should be investigating."

ONE LEADING characteristic of the contact experience is its transformative character. Those to whom it happens undergo dramatic changes in personality and outlook. Divorce often is one immediate consequence. Contactees may move to other states and take

*J. Gordon Melton, who directs the Institute for the Study of American Religion at the University of California at Santa Barbara, is probably the leading scholarly authority on the contactee movement. He points out that attempts to characterize contactees as "kooks" are "reminiscent of the way Pentecostals were dismissed as psychopathological by psychologists who had never studied Pentecostalism. Recent studies have indicated that as a whole Pentecostals have a higher mental-health rate than the general population. When people claim that contactees have a pathological bent, it would be a very good idea to ask, 'Where are your data?' since unorthodox behavior and beliefs are no sign in themselves of psychopathology."

Soon afterwards Merry Lynn returned to Denver, where through, she says, a "series of 'coincidences'" her life took an abrupt turn for the better. She got a good job and joined Alcoholics Anonymous. There she met Dan McLarren. "The Voice told me he was the one," she says, "but he was too shy to ask me out. I had to ask him out." They are now happily married. Neither has had a drink in 3½ years.

McLarren, himself visibly moved, says to me, "This is only the second time

I've heard the story. Before now, before this conference, it was too difficult for her to tell it."

Merry Lynn, now an English teacher and still in regular psychic contact with extraterrestrials, is busy writing her autobiography, titled *Sex, God and UFOs*. "The original title," she confides, "was *If Sex Is So Wonderful, Why Am I in Jail?*" And the merry lady who was saved by a flying saucer roars with laughter.

This is Part II of a three-part article.



THE GAY DECEIVER

A NEW WAY to get out of a boring meeting — or any situation — made news in October 1985. It's a fake beeper which can be activated anytime, anywhere.

The small black device, called "False Alarm," looks like a real pager. A switch activates a beeping tone — but not immediately. "To avert suspicion," reads the advertising, the tone sounds 20 seconds after it's switched on.

About 13,500 False Alarms have been sold by mail and through stores nationally, according to its manufacturer, Omega Contract Design of Sunset Beach, Calif. The \$29 item is merchandised by The Sharper Image, a slick retail and mail order chain. In its Washington, D. C., outlet, manager John Whitaker told UPI's Russ Kazal, "Washington is the kind of town where you've got the kind of people who could really use something like this."

Social graces are adapting to changing times, adds store clerk Jonathan McVity. The fake pager, he notes, is "a new kind of polite gesture to replace

conventions that have been worn down by life in the 1980's."

The device gets mixed response from customers. One distinguished-looking man said, "Not bad," when the pager went off in his hand. A woman viewing the decoy called it "snaky," adding, "My boss would probably use it."

False Alarm is the brainchild of Omega's President Gene Grant, who got the idea when bored one day in church. "I wanted to go fishing," he says. When a man next to him left the church after being paged, Grant wished he had a convenient beep to summon him from the service. It was then he decided to produce his own.

While facilitating quick exits from long meetings, False Alarm serves as well to impress the opposite sex. It may also help create an executive image for those who lack one. Store clerk McVity says some buyers "give the impression of being anything but powerful — or busy."

And others? McVity says, "The rest are in it for good clean fun."

up new lives. They become deeply religious and they orient their lives toward fulfillment of the mission they believe the extraterrestrials have given them. In its initial stages the contact experience may be upsetting and disruptive but psychologically stable contactees usually find a way to incorporate it into their day-to-day living and it ends up benefiting them.

Not untypically the contact occurs at a crucial moment in the percipient's life. That is how it was with Merry Lynn Noble of Aurora, Colo.

Merry Lynn was, by her own description, "an expensive hooker, one of the leading call girls in the western United States." She was also wretchedly unhappy, an alcoholic who consumed large amounts of drugs in order to endure an unbearable existence. Finally, desperate to put that life behind her, she turned to spiritual studies, hoping that through them she could cure herself of her many ills.

In February 1982, depressed and exhausted, she went to visit her parents in Montana. One evening, "for old times' sake," they decided to go rabbit-hunting. So they drove through the back roads on a clear, dark night searching for rabbits. When they found none, they stopped the car and talked.

"We started talking about God and spiritual things," Merry Lynn tells me. "My father didn't believe in God but he did believe in Jung. I said, 'I believe in some Power that unites the universe. And I believe God is connected with UFOs.' Dad said, 'You've been in the city too long.' We all laughed.

"At that moment there was a *whoosh* sound and the car was covered with white light. I tried to look out the win-

dow but the light was too bright. I did get a glimpse, no more than a few seconds, of a saucer-shaped outline, a dark gray disc. It was about 100 feet over the car.

"I looked at my parents. They were just frozen there. It was like a movie that's suddenly stopped.

"Then I felt my astral body rising through the roof of the car. I felt a sense of freedom that I'd never felt before. The light was no longer blinding. I began communicating telepathically with a source inside the UFO — a Presence. I was saying things and answers were being given.

"It's hard to describe in words. It was absolute ecstasy, total peace, womblike warmth. I felt a sense of relief. 'I'm so glad to leave that body,' I thought. 'No way I can go on, no way I can handle this life.' I put my hands up and said, 'Thy will be done.'

"The Voice said, 'That's all I wanted to hear — that you would give up and do My will. Now go back to your body and do My will.'

"I said, 'I need help, strength, support. I can't go back to my old life.' Then I received a sense that I would have help. My old soul went on. It had a big ego and it was worn out with emotional problems. A new soul came into my body, with new energy, new humility."

Merry Lynn's voice breaks and tears run down her cheeks. She stops talking briefly, catches herself and goes on:

"At that moment I was dropped with a jolt into my body. The first thing I thought was, 'This body is so heavy.'

"My parents had no awareness that anything had happened. It was like their memories were blanked out."

MAY-8C

WAITING FOR THE SPACE BROTHERS

Beings from a distant world deliver

warning: a deadly earthquake soon will destroy San Francisco.

Part III

By Jerome Clark

CONTACTEE *Ken Macmillan* (pseudonym) communicates through trance channeling with *David* and other beings from *Landa*, a distant planet. He is one of a number of persons who believe in a densely populated universe whose inhabitants are guiding the earth's development and preparing us for coming cataclysms, to be followed by mass landings and the resolution of conflict between good and evil extraterrestrials.

Every summer several dozen contactees attend the Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO Investigation in Laramie, Wyo., where they are free to discuss their beliefs and experiences. Psychological studies of over 200 contactees indicate these people are not mentally ill, according to psychologists R. Leo Sprinkle and June Parnell.

IT IS Wednesday evening, July 10, 1985, and Ken Macmillan is lying in bed, exhausted. He is in a dormitory room on the campus of the University

of Wyoming, where he is attending the Rocky Mountain Conference on UFO Investigation. He has flown to Laramie in a private plane the day before and in the hours since has scarcely been off his feet. There is too much to talk about, too many people to see — people who till now have been nothing but voices on the phone. People who, unlike the people he knows in his other life as a middle-aged car salesman in the Chicago area, unlike even his immediate family, understand what it is like to be in continuing contact with beings from other worlds.

Ken is happy to be here. Two times before he has wanted to come to the conference, held every summer, but at the last moment something has happened to stop him. This was on purpose, he now knows; the people from the distant planet Landa did not want him to go. He wasn't ready. Now he is. Events are moving fast toward the climax the Landanians have described to him. Soon all the world will know of them and it will know too of Ken Macmillan, whose human body harbors the

soul of an extraterrestrial, who knows the true history of humanity and who will become the most important man in the world.

At 9:45 Ken goes to the window to watch a fireworks display. Fifteen minutes later it is over but Ken stays where he is, looking absently out into the mountainous countryside north of Laramie. He can see car lights on the rural highways. His gaze shifts to the left, away from the roads, where suddenly a ball of orange light appears. Smaller red lights are spinning around it. As Ken watches, the phenomenon explodes without a sound.

The next morning Ken describes what he has seen to his friends Doug and Connie Tipton, a Laramie couple. The Tiptons nod knowingly. They've seen it too, although not recently. The last time was a couple of years ago. They call it "the fireball." These things are nothing out of the ordinary to Connie, who has been a contactee since she was three years old.

The three carefully study a map and decide that the fireball must have been 30 miles away, over Pat McGuire's ranch.

It isn't, strictly speaking, his ranch anymore; the bank owns it. He lives in town now, working odd jobs. He's divorced and remarried and his life is very different from what it was when UFOs were landing on his property. Once they even stole one of his calves. The space people told him to dig a well at a spot where geologists assured him there wasn't enough water to make it worthwhile. They were wrong. McGuire tapped into an underground river at 350 feet and eventually was able to pump 8000 gallons of water a minute.

What had been a sagebrush desert turned into 5100 acres of irrigated grassland.

It was not enough to save him, however, and like thousands of other farmers and ranchers, he was undone by the depressed rural economy. For a time he was famous, as contactees go, and his story was even told on ABC television's *That's Incredible*. That was a few years ago, though. Today his name is prominent only in America's contactee underground, even though McGuire himself has no interest in discussing UFOs or space people any longer. In fact, although Pat McGuire has passed from the scene, Pat McGuire's ranch lives on.

To contactees it is something akin to a shrine. The space people have said that it is not McGuire's ranch as such, only the general area, that is important to them. But it is to the ranch that contactees make their pilgrimages. What remains of the ranch, set in gorgeous mountain country in which it is possible literally to see the deer and the antelope play, is mostly litter, a trailer house that is ripped apart, its contents scattered over the ground. There is what was once a well. On a ridge beyond there is a grave, with statues of Jesus and Mary, of a small child born to Pat and his then-wife Wanda.

In the distance is a mountain pass through which, according to the McGuires and some of their neighbors, the spaceships arrived. Contactees call it the Entrance. This is all in Pat McGuire's past but it is a living reality to those contactees who have yet to see their extraterrestrial friends as shadow rather than substance.

* * *

FRIDAY MORNING Ken, Connie and Roy Ochs* leave Laramie and drive north toward McGuire's ranch. Ochs, an intelligent, self-educated man, private pilot, skilled hypnotist and lifelong spiritual seeker, is Ken's closest friend. He has been with Ken since the beginning. He was there the day in 1981 when David, from the planet Landa, first came through.

Ken had gone to the rural Illinois town where Roy lives, hoping that through hypnotic probing he could uncover further details of a UFO sighting he and his family had had late one night in 1974. The incident had obsessed Ken for years and he was convinced that he had been taken out of his townhouse and into the UFO. All he consciously recalled, however, was that he, his wife Nancy and son Keith had seen strange lights maneuvering over a vacant field nearby. Nancy and Keith eventually went to bed and Ken stayed up. The next thing he remembered, he was in his own bed, about to fall asleep and feeling a strange sense of loss, as if someone he cared for very much had just departed.

As Roy directed Ken to review the events of that night in 1974, Ken suddenly declared that they could go no further because "they're here — right here in the room with us!" At that moment David began speaking through Ken.

When David wanted to speak to someone else (almost always Roy), Ken would lapse into a trance and he would not consciously recall what David said. Roy would have to explain it to him after Ken returned to normal consciousness. But if David wished to

communicate only with Ken (as a telepathic "voice" inside his head), the trance state was unnecessary. In due course Ken would psychically "see" David and other Landanians. The men proved to be strikingly handsome, the women beautiful. They wore robes and looked like Greek gods.

Usually Ken sensed when David wanted to speak and he and Roy would arrange to be together. Ken would lie down on a couch in Roy's house, settle in, enter what seemed to be a light sleep and proceed to talk in a voice unlike his normal speaking voice. Roy would ask questions and record the proceedings.

Sometimes David appeared spontaneously when Ken was conversing with Roy on the phone. At first the "channelings" — a word Ken and Roy had not heard until they attended the Wyoming contactee conference in 1985 — were relatively infrequent. With the passing of time they occurred more often, on occasion three or four times a week.

David was not the only extraterrestrial to speak through Ken. There was also Corinthian, David's wife. Others were Pauline, Lenoir, Chieftain, Isaiah. Some would not give their names, insisting names are unimportant. But it was David who did most of the communicating. Whenever a particularly sensitive question was asked, he would excuse himself and say he had to clear the answer with higher authority. After a pause of from a few seconds to a few minutes he would return either to answer the question or to announce he was not permitted to answer it. Other times, though rarely, the entity with whom David had conferred, the Master, would speak, always briefly. The

*A pseudonym

Master's voice had an eerie quality and a tone of absolute authority.

Over many dozens of hours of channeling, this story emerged:

Just before Moses was given the Ten Commandments, seven citizens of Landa were elected by the Masters for a mission on earth. The leader of the Seven Select, also called the Habanas or the Warriors of God, was Daniel (pronounced Dan-yell), the son of David and Corinthian. Once on earth, the Habanas' souls occupied human bodies. With the passing of centuries, during which the Habanas reincarnated repeatedly, other Habanas arrived, filling the earth with extraterrestrial agents who with each life gained new knowledge which would be useful when the day of reckoning — the cleansing of the human race and the final showdown with the evil forces in the universe — comes. In our time the climax will arrive. And in this life Daniel is Ken Macmillan.

* * *

AS THE PICKUP TRUCK turns off onto the long narrow gravel road to McGuire's ranch, Ken is feeling edgy. Roy says he can see a blue haze at the base of the mountains but when he blinks it isn't there. He blinks again and it returns. It looks like a blue lake, he says. Connie remarks that other people have seen this effect and it indicates that the entryway from other dimensions is open. This kind of talk makes Ken nervous.

He starts to pray. What if something happens? He needs assurance that he will be protected. David has always said protection will be provided but now Ken feels weak and helpless.

Then, as if out of nowhere, a hawk

appears, swooping down in front of the truck and sailing off into the sky. This is the sign he needs. The hawk is the symbol of the Warriors of God.

They park the truck by the well and the three step outside, taking in the scenery. Roy climbs up the ridge and stands by the grave. He suddenly feels tired and decides to climb into the back of the pickup to rest.

A few minutes later Ken, who has been taking pictures, sees something. It is like an electrical field outlining an invisible body. A feeling of beauty and joy comes over him as he senses the presence of many beings. From their outlines he can tell there are 30 or 40 of them, some short, some tall.

Connie asks, "You see something, don't you?"

"Yes," Ken says.

"This is what we call the colony," she replies. She cannot see them herself but because she is psychic she knows they are there.

Three of them step forward. A voice inside Ken's head instructs him to pick up a certain rock. When he does, the voice tells him to hold it up to the Entrance. The rock is nearly identical in shape to the mountain just to the left of the Entrance.

"Kenneth Frank Macmillan, you have just received a gift from the universe," the voice says. It tells him he has now "graduated to a new plateau of learning." He is told to turn around and walk up the ridge.

On top of the ridge a wind starts to blow, alternating between hot and cold. Ken has never experienced a wind like this before. He looks around him. Nothing is moving; all is still. Suddenly he realizes the wind is going through

To prove the Landanians are serious, David points out that three prophecies, made in 1981, have come true. There have been earthquakes in China, just as he predicted, and there was a "natural disaster" in Japan. This natural disaster, according to David, was the crash of a Boeing-747SR airliner 70 miles northwest of Tokyo on August 12, 1985. The third prediction has also been fulfilled. David had said that there would be "great bloodshed in Poland." Actually, he explains, he meant Africa. The Landanians made that mistake because the earth is spinning so fast that "it is hard to pinpoint exactly the exact location of events."

* * *

KEN HAS tossed and turned in bed for hours. It is now 2:30 A.M. on Sunday, September 22, and something has entered his bedroom: three small balls of light. Ken is used to seeing odd lights in his room, so he is not especially excited or alarmed. For a while he watches them move erratically, then falls asleep. When he wakes up, he feels as if a message has been communicated to him but he doesn't know what it is.

The next evening Ken comes home depressed from the hospital, where his father lies gravely ill. Suddenly he is aware that two extraterrestrials are in the family room with him. He can see only their outlines but these are enough to identify them as David and Corinthian. They communicate messages which they tell him he must keep to himself. But they do permit him to inform others that there will be a devastating earthquake in San Francisco very soon. He is being given this prophecy so that he can prove to the world that he is, indeed, a prophet.

"One is called a prophet because he prophesies things to come," David says.

Ken is upset at the thought of the massive loss of life the earthquake will bring. "Does this have to happen?" he asks.

"It is inevitable," David says. "You must pray for the souls of those who will be lost and for those who will miss them."

The Landanians vanish, leaving Ken with a very strong impression that the earthquake will occur any day, perhaps within the week. Not long afterwards, as Ken is driving down a country highway on his way home, a huge white hawk flies overhead. He has never seen a bird with so wide a wingspread.

Ken talks with a contactee friend in Arizona. She says she is convinced too that something is going to happen "any day."

A few days later Ken opens his wallet and finds there, wedged in the plastic with his Social Security card, a small cross. He has never seen it before. He remembers that David had promised a long time ago that he would receive a gift from Landa just before the fulfillment of the prophecies.

All week the sensation of impending disaster in San Francisco grows. Ken pleads with the Landanians not to let it happen but they keep telling him there is nothing they can do.

The days pass and there is no earthquake. Then on Monday morning, October 7, Ken gets up to let the dog out. As he opens the door, a blinding light shoots out of the sky and hits him in the face. He knows what this means: the first of the three Landanian craft that will carry him away is in place.

The next day, as Ken is talking on the

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phone with Roy, David takes over. He informs Roy that a physical, in-the-flesh meeting between Ken and David and Corinthian will occur two days from now, in Ken's house.

The following morning, at four o'clock, Ken wakes up and reflects on the events to come. An hour later, without realizing what he is doing, he takes off his wedding ring. He hasn't done that in 23 years of marriage. He remembers that David told him very early in the course of their association that when he boarded the craft at the time of the Lifting, he would have "nothing of worldly means" on him.

David and Corinthian do not keep their appointment.

In the days and weeks that follow, Ken dreams. One night he dreams that he has been accepted back into the military. He knows this symbolizes his role as a Warrior of God about to "fight." Another night he dreams he is on a college campus and he knows where everything is; every building, every door, every room. He hears professors lecturing and he knows every word they are saying. He understands that he has "graduated" far above college.

He dreams that he is gazing over a crowd of hundreds of people. He can see deep inside them and recognizes them as fellow Warriors of God, brother and sister Habanas who will be coming together in the great events to occur as the earth meets its cosmic destiny. A voice inside the dream tells him this is a "reunion."

A blinding light cuts through the dream. Ken bolts upright in bed. The light is still shining, so bright that he has to put his arm over his face.

Strange things keep happening.

Twice on the evening of October 23, as he and Roy are talking, the phone suddenly disconnects, each time with an eerie squealing sound. It happens just as they are discussing key points about Landanian objectives.

Lights shine through the house. Ken tries but fails to find a conventional source. Twice he sees strange objects in the sky outside his house. One is a huge cloud, the other a small light which Ken thinks is not moving like an airplane.

He is on the phone every evening, talking with contactee friends in Western states. They tell him they are sure something big is going to happen soon.

Every night David speaks to Ken, talking about the coming earthquake. Ken hates it. He cannot stand to think about all the innocent people who will be killed.

One night early in November David says, "We're 500 feet away. All you have to do is reach." Ken goes to the bedroom window and sees a huge white light over the field where the Lifting will take place. It shoots across the field and vanishes in less than two seconds.

On November 19, at 2:30 A.M., Ken sits up in bed and lights a cigarette. Something compels him to go to the window. A voice inside his head says, "Use what you have in the faith of God. You have received so very much. Continue to use it."

He goes back to his bed and sits down. A ball of light flashes through the room.

Landanians appear in his house frequently. His wife does not see them and when Ken takes pictures of them, the pictures show the inside of his house, nothing more.

David tells him that the evil forces in

the universe outnumber the good forces nine to one. But the good forces, consisting not only of Landanians but of beings from many other planets and dimensions, will win.

Ken and I have lunch together. As he is talking, he accidentally knocks over my glass and Coke spills over my food and me. Later Ken tells me he has learned this was deliberate, the Landanians' way of letting us know we were discussing sensitive matters. He also reports that the word is out on the contactee circuit that I am a government agent. He doesn't believe this, he says, and has vigorously defended me. Then he says, "Even if you are a government agent, I trust you."

Early in December, at last, the date appears. It is there in brilliant light before his eyes: DECEMBER 22. Not only can he see the date but he experiences all the sensations of being in the earthquake. As the days pass, the vision of the date appears repeatedly and he has visions of devastation. He also has a sense, although a less pronounced one, that something will happen in New Orleans. He prays that none of this will come to pass but fears that his prayers will go unanswered.

Friday evening, December 13, as Ken is driving back from the hospital, he observes the huge white hawk again.

Ken carefully monitors UFO sighting reports around the country. In October, 40 to 60 UFOs are observed in Arizona. Ken sees this as evidence that the craft of Landa are positioning themselves for the Lifting. Meanwhile, at his place of work, where he never discusses UFOs, people come up to him out of nowhere and describe their UFO experiences. Ken thinks this is significant.

December 22 comes and goes. There is no earthquake. But that night, in Des Moines, Iowa, a police officer and other witnesses see two brilliant lights in the sky. David tells Ken that he misunderstood the December 22 date; the real date is January 3. The 22nd was the date on which the craft would begin to show themselves — thus the Iowa sighting. Besides, David explains, Ken should always remember, "There is more than one meaning to a sentence."

* * *

KEVIN, Ken's 19-year-old son, remembers the car accident he and his father had on the Illinois Tollway on August 2, 1985.* His father has described it as a miraculous event. His vehicle had slid across three lanes of northbound rush-hour traffic, spun around twice and yet escaped with barely a scratch. A few days later David told Ken this had been a demonstration by the Landanians to prove he was being protected. To save the car and the lives of Ken and Kevin, the Landanians had slowed down time.

"There was nothing strange about it," Kevin says of the incident. The car had gone out of control but the cars in the other lanes had enough advance warning to slow down and avoid collision.

"The other cars slowed down to about 10 miles an hour," he recalls. "Everybody did a good job of driving."

He doesn't believe his dad's claims of contacts with beings from other worlds. "I think he's under a lot of pressure from work and instead of a hobby, he goes through this. I've told Dad this but he says I don't understand. He doesn't talk about it much with us. Mostly I

*See Part I.

overhear him talking about it on the phone.”

Kevin says he has never seen or experienced anything strange around the house.

Nancy, Ken's wife, shrugs it off. "Either you believe in it or you don't," she remarks. "I'm not really into it. I don't know whether it exists or not. I know Ken really believes it. If it exists, I really don't care."

The only unusual thing she has ever seen is a "funny light. It gets real light outside our bedroom window. It could be headlights except there's no road there. And it's too bright for a flashlight. I've seen times where it's gotten real light out there and I lie in bed and wonder if it's something unusual. But I don't want to get up to see if it's something unusual."

If strange intruders are appearing in their bedroom at night, Nancy is unaware of them. "I sleep very hard, so I don't notice much," she says. "But Ken moans a lot and laughs a lot in his sleep."

He has always been fascinated by UFOs. Nancy remembers that when they were dating, he would take her out looking for UFOs.

"There's been a lot of tragedy in the Macmillan family and Ken's had to handle it all. In a crisis he's always the calmest person. But he's very complex. He's under a lot of stress. I encourage him in this [channeling]. It takes his mind off difficult things in life. His health hasn't been the best and his blood pressure gets too high. This has a calming effect on him.

"My husband's always been the kind of person who interprets things his own way. Something will happen and he'll

interpret it completely differently than we will. I'm talking generally, not just about this. But there have been times when he was right and I was wrong. Who's to say?"

Ken's older son Keith, a student at the University of Illinois, says he remembers his father's original UFO sighting in 1974. He saw the objects in the sky and still thinks they were something out of the ordinary. But he is mostly skeptical of his father's later experiences.

"He gets into it and gets a little carried away," he says. "Something that has a rational explanation, he gives a wild explanation."

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KEN MACMILLAN is talking: "If I were to die tonight, how could I explain to anybody what I've been through? What is the point of this whole thing? How could others understand? I'm trying to find the proof I can give you. Right now I'm stalemated.

"If you were going through this every day, who would you call? Who would you talk to? How long before they think I'm nuts? I don't want it to affect my everyday life, my earnings, my family. I have to place these things in a different category of my life.

"But I *know* it's going on. I'm not looking for money, for my name to get out. My interest is in helping people who are going through this, to help them cope with their situation so when they talk with people they don't get called crazy."

He stops talking. When he resumes, his voice is firm:

"The Lifting will occur."

This is the conclusion of a three-part article.