

Contact in Helsinki

Timo Pyhälä

This interesting account is taken from *Vimana*, the journal of the Finnish "Interplanetarians" Society, issue No. 2, of 1971. Mr. Pyhälä is chairman of the Society. Fortunately an English translation was also sent, and a carefully edited version of this appears below. Readers will appreciate that we are unable to check the claims of this witness, and we do not suggest that they are accepted uncritically although we feel they should go on record in view of their interesting content.

THE contactee "N.N." who is featured in this report is a 47-year-old Helsinki man. The incident related below occurred on the evening of October 17, 1969. N.N. states that he had just come home, and was squeezing fruit juice at the sink when something pulled him forwards, at first lightly, but then so vigorously that he was forced to take a few steps backwards. At the same time he passed his hand closely in front of himself and says he saw a streak of light that came from underneath his armpit and coiled around his chest. It measured about 6 cms. by 2 cms. The streak was not transparent, but clearly defined. On a blackish base bright golden-yellow spots of light were rippling symmetrically lengthwise, and close to one another. The black base was visible only when examined closely.

N.N. tried to wipe the ray away from his chest, but in vain; it could not be felt by the hand. N.N. turned around and saw behind him at a distance of four metres, and about half a metre above the floor, a bright, colourless light, which was not clearly defined. This light dimmed at its edges at about 10 cms. width. The streak of light had its origin in the left lower edge of the dim part of this light.

Suddenly, says N.N., he heard quietly spoken words from the direction of the ceiling above the light:

"We are from another solar system and we have something to tell you."

N.N. walked past the light to open the window to see who was playing jokes outside. He saw no one. The voice said:

"You open in vain, for you do not see anything there."

N.N. thought this to be a joke too, and went behind the table to sit down. He was about three metres from the light.

"Well, let me say 'welcome'," he said, and added, "Now . . . what gives?"

"We have tried many times. Finally you are alone." (N.N. really was alone for the first time for over a month.) "We have arrived here on a big craft and at the moment it is behind the planet Mars. For the present we cannot bring it nearer to Earth, for we know that the Earth scientists would observe it with their telescopes, and this would create fear and panic among the people here. At the moment we are in the Earth's atmosphere, having come here in a smaller device."

"What is there on the planet Mars?" asked N.N.

"You will know later," was the reply.

At this stage N.N. began to believe that this was not a joke, and he asked:

"Why do you contact just me?"

"Because you are one of those men of Earth who are not afraid of us."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because we know you. We have followed you for a long time, although you do not know it yourself. Do not be surprised, for you are not the only one; by now we have many acquaintances among the men of Earth."

"Who, for example? Do I know one? For instance, is there anyone in Finland?"

"You will know later. All we ask is that as soon as you have the opportunity, you spread information about us. Tell them about us this way: we exist and we wish the people well, and we wish that they would stick to the facts regarding us, making neither religions and legends, nor campaigns of fear about us. Do not force them to 'believe' in us."

"Is there nothing else that I could tell?"

"This time we will not tell you anything else, but you will learn more next time."

"I would like to see you in the same way as you know and see me: come to the courtyard."

"It is not possible."

"Come to that rock."

"Not even that is possible."

"There is a lot of space on the sports ground."

The voice did not reply and N.N. says he went behind the skating rink where he waited for 10 minutes but nobody joined him, whereupon he thought: "Is it like this when one goes mad?"

He then walked very slowly back home, and after about an hour the same light fell on the same spot and rippled in a way resembling the rippling of air in sunshine. N.N. switched off the ceiling lamp and sat down. At the same time, so he says, the streak of light approached him slowly and coiled around his shoulders. The feeling was like a pressure on the shoulders which, however, was not enough to pull him.

"You did not go out there," said N.N.

"We could not come, as there are so many dogs in Töölö."

"What on earth have the dogs of Töölö to do with where we meet?"

"We investigated the situation there. It has something to do with it. The device with which we are moving can be made soundless and, if need be, invisible also, but it is emitting such a high-pitched noise that it can be heard by animals, especially dogs, and we cannot eliminate this sound. Dogs become furious on hearing

it. They can be dangerous and attack men."

"What is this thing?" asked N.N., and he touched the streak of light with his hand, although he did not feel anything. There was no reply. "O.K., let it be whatever you like. Perhaps it is a massaging apparatus. Could you massage my back with it? My back has been ailing of late."

The streak of light began to squeeze. It loosened its grip, moved and squeezed again, and continued this way over the whole back.

"We will keep your back in good condition."

N.N. states that at the conclusion of the massage the light got brighter.

"Can't you reduce that light of yours? It hurts my eyes," he grumbled.

"Does this suit you?"—whereupon the streak of light began to squeeze hard.

"Do not squeeze so hard, I'm suffocating." The grip returned as it had been.

"How can we arrange that meeting?"

"We haven't time on this trip," said the voice. "We have to leave soon, as we have to stick to the timetable. We will come back after two years."

"Why not until then? Why not sooner?"

"The solar system from which we come, and this one of yours, will be in the most favourable reciprocal position. Go then to a desert, to the kind of place where there are no people, and no domestic animals near you. We will join you there."

"How would you like it if I were to smell of liquor, or tobacco?"

"It would not disturb us. It is no concern of ours, because it is a matter for you yourself."

"Now tell us something . . ." There followed a short pause, then: "We have to leave now, as we have agreed on a meeting in another place. Farewell."

Suddenly, says N.N., the streak of light was no longer present and the bright colourless light went out as suddenly. All that was left was a slight smell of disinfectant at the spot near where it had been.

Ocean Oddity

OUR thanks are extended to reader David Weidl of Hopewell, New Jersey, U.S.A., for drawing our attention to the following item which appeared in the locally-circulated *Evening Times* (issue of August 23, 1971):

"MANASQUAN — A fishing trawler working off the coast near here has dredged up a mystery of the sea, a U.S. Navy spokesman said today.

"The fishing boat, the Zerda out of Gloucester, Mass., late yesterday netted a three-foot-diameter metal sphere weighing about 1,500 pounds

which the Navy has been unable to identify.

"According to Martin Monahan, information officer at the Earle Naval Ammunition Depot, the object was first thought to be a bomb or mine.

"But, Monahan said, a Naval explosive demolition team, flown out to the trawler last night by the U.S. Coast Guard, couldn't identify it.

"'Right now, we're not sure what it is,' he said. 'The team went through our ordnance records to see what it might be but it doesn't look like anything we've heard of. The only thing we're sure of is that it's old.'"

"The 92-foot-long, 159-ton trawler radioed the Coast Guard that she found the device about 5 p.m. yesterday, 33 miles southeast of Manasquan."

In his covering letter Mr. Weidl writes that John A. Keel's article on "Mystery Aeroplanes of the 1930s" [in four parts in FSR] reminds him of a foo-fighter account of two pilots who, on the night of December 24, 1944, sighted a glowing red ball, which changed into an aeroplane shape, did a "wing over, dived and disappeared." [Any further information on this?—EDITOR.]

YOU'LL AGREE . . .

. . . that **FSR CASE HISTORIES** is an excellent magazine of varied content from home and abroad. Complementary to *Flying Saucer Review*, it is designed not only to "share the load" with the senior magazine, but also to provide a vehicle for greater reader participation in the investigation and provision of reports.

To ensure the continued success of this venture we need many new subscribers as soon as possible.

WE RELY ON YOU TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT FSR CASE HISTORIES and to encourage them to join our ranks!

IN THE FORTHCOMING JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1972 ISSUE OF FLYING SAUCER REVIEW . . .

Stella Lansing's UFO motion pictures: a repeatable experiment?
by Berthold E. Schwarz, M.D.

Project Dick
by Aimé Michel

Ufophenomena 1971
A preliminary report on the Banbury wave
by John D. Llewellyn

Did a laser create the "Devil's Footprints"?
by George Lyall

Doubts about the Lifjell Film
by Charles Bowen

With many other interesting features